

Chapter 197 Sabrina Was Missing

Upon their return to the campsite, the guide joined forces with fellow tourists to make room for a bonfire.

Sabrina and Bettie brought some food, bacon and roast kebabs. This was considered quite a feast in the wilderness.

Raul assisted the guide in distributing the food.

"Ladies, here's your coffee," Raul said, approaching Sabrina and Bettie with two paper cups. "Should you need more, the drinks are available over there."

"Okay, thank you," Sabrina replied, taking a sip before setting it aside.

Raul's eyes grew shadowy.

Lorenzo, having suffered a bout of anxiety, had packed sleeping pills for the trip, but it turned out he didn't need them during the journey.

Now, the pills came in handy.

After dinner, as Sabrina was enjoying her coffee, the guide retrieved several bottles of beer from the car. "Anyone up for a beer?" he asked, glancing at the tourists around the bonfire.

Only five or six people showed interest.

Handing out beers and surveying the scene, he continued, "Not drinkers, are we? Considering the moonlit view and the company of fellow travelers, isn't this a splendid chance? Are you sure you don't want to drink? You won't get drunk on just one."

Heeding his words, a few more raised their hands, and Bettie grabbed two, offering one to Sabrina. "Such a rare occasion. Let's drink."

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Sabrina accepted, opening the bottle.

Seated amidst strangers in a foreign wilderness, they were all at ease, sharing conversation under the picturesque night sky.

At that moment, Sabrina's desire for beer was undeniable.

Yet, after only half a bottle, she found herself inexplicably inebriated, overwhelmed with drowsiness, constant yawning, and fatigue.

"Why so sleepy?" Bettie questioned.

"I had a restless night," Sabrina confessed, without being dishonest.

The previous night, she told Tyrone tearfully, "I just want you to stay away from me."

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Tyrone stayed quiet for a while. After making his promise, he turned around and left lonely.

Sabrina couldn't quite grasp his demeanor. As she lay in bed at night, shutting her eyes, she couldn't shake off the memory of Tyrone's eyes filled with disappointment and his solitary departure. She tossed and turned until the late hours of the night.

"Don't let those crazy fans frighten you. Head back to your tent and rest. It's getting dark anyway," Bettie said.

They were merely chatting and gaming. Sabrina didn't have to participate.

"Then I'll head to my tent," Sabrina said, putting down her drink, bidding the guide farewell, and heading off.

More than a dozen tents were scattered around, Sabrina and Bettie's situated far from the bonfire, nestled in the forest, alongside two others even more remote.

With insect repellent warding off creatures, they were free from concern about snakes and mosquitoes.

Sabrina unzipped her tent and, once inside, zipped it back up. She drew the blanket to her body, set her cell phone aside, and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

Soon, warmth overcame her, causing her to cast off the blanket.

Half-awake, she discerned the sound of someone unzipping the tent and mumbled, "Bettie, is the bonfire finished?"

The person paused, and no one answered.

Sabrina turned and fell back to sleep.

The tent's silence resumed, broken only by the sound of the zipper once more. A man crept in.

It was Raul, breath held, daring not to turn on the light, surveying the tent in the moonlight.

Seeing Sabrina sleeping peacefully, he cautiously began to remove her clothes.

It was his first time doing such a thing. His hands trembled with nervousness.

"I'm so hot," Sabrina whispered, wiping her forehead, though there was no sweat on it.

A burning sensation coursed through her body.

Raul went rigid, fearing any movement might awaken her.

Had the drug finally begun to work?

In the small town of Moorwald Bay, a bustling locale frequented by many travelers, mostly couples who seemed quite liberal, an adult products shop existed. Raul visited it since returning from the light tower.

When Sabrina withdrew her hand, she brushed against Raul's arm, feeling an immediate chill.

Her thoughts scrambled, unable to resist seeking the source of the cold.

Observing her, Raul cautiously extended his hand.

Sabrina latched onto Raul's hand, pressing it instinctively against her face to lessen her body's heat.

Yet, it wasn't enough. She craved more coldness.

Raul's delight grew, and with newfound courage, he whispered, "Sabrina, don't worry. I'll help you right away."

As he prepared to undress Sabrina, footsteps sounded outside.

Raul's breath caught in anxiety.

Had Bettie returned?

What should he do?

He hastily lay down, pretending to be asleep as if he'd mistakenly entered the wrong tent.

If someone merely passed by, or if Bettie came back, he could easily explain.

The footsteps drew nearer, halting before the tent and then unzipping it.

Raul's heart sank in disappointment and desperation.

The bonfire wouldn't extinguish so quickly. He hadn't anticipated Bettie's early return.

His plan failed, and all he could hope for was that Bettie wouldn't notice anything wrong with Sabrina. After tonight, all would be well.

Suddenly, an arm rested on his body.

Raul's heart missed a beat.

Sabrina, feeling as though she were in a sweltering desert, searched instinctively for relief, an oasis.

Once found, she went towards it.

Raul didn't dare to move, his nerves a fray.

He reassured himself everything would be fine. As long as he maintained that Sabrina was merely drunk, Bettie would remain unsuspecting.

The tent flap opened, but silence lingered.

A chill shot through Raul.

Had Bettie been horrified by the sight within the tent?

Seconds later, a rustle reached his ears. Raul surmised that Bettie had taken Sabrina.

Another soft noise, followed by Sabrina's faint hum, the footsteps retreating.

The surroundings quieted down.

After what felt like an eternity, Raul opened his eyes cautiously. The tent stood open, Sabrina gone.

Perhaps Bettie took Sabrina away quietly to protect her reputation. The guide did have extra tents.

With no one around, Raul peeked out and retreated to his own tent.

Lying down, guilt gnawing at him, he was consumed by wild speculations before sleep overtook him.

Some time later, Raul was jolted awake by a piercing scream.

Groggily, he glanced outside, discovering a frantic Bettie.

The guide hurried over, inquiring, "What's wrong?"

"Sabrina... My friend has gone missing!" Bettie blurted, panic edging her voice. "She said she would come back to sleep!"