

## Chapter 344 You Win

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Sabrina meticulously sorted out her evidence and dispatched it with a touch of digital elegance to the photography competition's host via email.

Her arsenal included the competition's designated email thread, the unadulterated EXIF data, and the sacred RAW file. These three could decisively prove her as the real photographer behind the mesmerizing work.

This, she mused, appeared ostensibly uncomplicated. A mere procedural formality.

After she conscientiously powered down her computer, Sabrina retreated to the lavatory to wash up.

As she lounged on her bed, craving a moment of reprieve, a Facebook message pinged on her screen. It was from Tyrone, saying, "Could you step outside for a moment?"

A follow-up message read, "I'm right outside your place."

Sabrina snapped to attention, her senses heightened. "It's rather late. What's going on?"

"Join me for a spin. Dress warmly when you step out."

She couldn't believe her eyes.

"What on earth are you thinking?"

What drove his sudden desire for a nighttime excursion?

"I'll give you ten minutes, then I'll knock on the door if you're not out. If you're worried about waking Bettie up, just sneak out."

"Fine!"

Gritting her teeth, Sabrina retorted icily, "You win!"

She sprang into action, swiftly donning her attire, then stealthily slipped out the door.

Tyrone lingered by the window near the fire escape, a cigarette in hand. When he caught the faint sounds, he hastily extinguished the glowing ember and approached Sabrina. Observing her well-insulated clothing, he beckoned to the elevator, murmuring, "Let's go."

Sabrina gazed at Tyrone, puzzled. "What's the sudden urge for a joyride?"

"A spontaneous idea."

"I'm not interested."

"You're already here. Let's have a little fun."

The elevator door opened, and Tyrone ushered Sabrina in, pressing the first floor.

"Aren't we going underground?"

"You'll find out when we arrive."

The elevator deposited them on the first floor, and Tyrone led the way outside, approaching a nearby shed.

Sabrina was intrigued by his mysterious actions.

She shadowed Tyrone, and her eyes widened as he approached an impressive motorcycle.

The bike was a marvel, clearly not a budget purchase.

It soon became apparent that he was referring to the motorcycle.

Tyrone grabbed a helmet from the handlebars and beckoned to Sabrina. "Come over here."

Facing him, Sabrina surveyed the motorcycle and inquired, "Is it yours?"

Tyrone placed the helmet on her head and replied, "It belongs to a friend of mine. I borrow it from him."

Her curiosity piqued, Sabrina asked, "Can you actually ride a motorcycle?"

"Absolutely," Tyrone affirmed.

He reached for another helmet and effortlessly donned it, smoothly guiding the motorcycle into position. With a casual, inviting glance over his shoulder, he beckoned Sabrina.

Sabrina found herself in awe as she beheld Tyrone clad in this new, distinct attire, a stark contrast to his demeanor during dinner time.

Her fingers lightly grazed his back as she settled herself behind him, gripping his jacket.

"We're taking off?" she inquired, curiosity dancing in her eyes.

"Indeed," Tyrone replied with a hint of adventure in his voice.

He ignited the engine, a powerful hum filling the air as they prepared for their escapade.

As the engine roared to life, they sped away from the confines of the community.

Sabrina couldn't help but be surprised by the sudden burst of acceleration. She clung to Tyrone's waist, leaning snugly against his back, her silent complaints fading into the wind.

The gusts of wind howled around them, almost drowning out Sabrina's muffled protests.

The streets, sparsely populated with vehicles, stretched out ahead of them, inviting the thrill of the open road.

They cruised freely along the open road, the resonant engine's song enveloping them in a world of their own.

Tyrone's voice broke through the symphony of the engine.

"How are you feeling?"

"It's incredibly exhilarating," Sabrina confessed, even though her fingers betrayed her, their slight chill evident.

Tyrone, ever perceptive, noticed her discomfort. "If your hands are cold, you can slip them into my pockets."

Sabrina gingerly nestled her hand into the warmth of his pocket and inquired, "When did you first learn to master a motorcycle?"

She couldn't help but find the motorcycle's bold energy at odds with Tyrone's usual disposition.

"In high school," he responded, offering a glimpse into his early adventures.

The scenery whizzed past as they sped along the road. Sabrina couldn't resist her curiosity any longer. "Where are you whisking me off to?"

Tyrone shrugged, his spirits of adventure evident. "Anywhere, really."

After half an hour of exhilarating travel, they found themselves beside a tranquil river.

Sabrina dismounted the motorcycle, removing her helmet to take in a deep breath of the fresh air.

"How are you feeling now?" Tyrone inquired as he hung both helmets on the handlebars, a faint, playful smile gracing his lips. "Feeling a chill?"

"Not at all," Sabrina replied with gratitude, relieved that she'd chosen thick attire for their adventure.

Sabrina strolled leisurely to the railing, gazing out at the sparkling river as she stretched her body. Tyrone joined her, concern in his eyes.

"So, are you happier now?"

At that moment, Sabrina realized that Tyrone had taken her on this ride because he'd sensed her low spirits.

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A warmth spread through her heart, and she couldn't help but smile.

"Much better. Thank you."

Her gratitude extended beyond the motorcycle ride, encompassing Tyrone's afternoon visit to support her and Jennie.

Tyrone gazed at her, his eyes unwavering, as unspoken emotions passed between them.

On the other side of the river, the city lights illuminated the night.

Tyrone's gaze was as clear as the flowing water, the brilliance casting his profile into sharp relief, enhancing its angular and profound features.

For a fleeting moment, Sabrina found herself captivated by him, her attention wholly absorbed.

It was then that Tyrone broke the silence with a hushed suggestion, "If you really want to thank me, just give me a kiss."

Sabrina was caught off guard, and in that instant, all the gratitude she had for him had swiftly dissipated.

Regaining her composure, she rolled her eyes at Tyrone and retorted, "You're just daydreaming."

With a swift turn, Sabrina continued her stroll along the riverbank.

Tyrone, however, couldn't contain his smile and hastened to catch up with her.

The two walked in silence, enveloped by the gentle symphony of the wind, water, and distant whistles.

As the minutes passed, Sabrina's racing thoughts gradually subsided.

Not far ahead, a figure materialized by the river's edge.

As the footsteps grew nearer, the figure turned, disbelief flickering in his eyes. Tentatively, he called out, "Sabrina?"

Sabrina halted and approached the man. "Trevor, it's been a while. I

didn't expect to run into you here."

Trevor looked noticeably slimmer and more mature than she remembered.

As Trevor's gaze shifted between Sabrina and Tyrone, a tinge of sadness welled up within him. "It's been a while. I come here occasionally."

"Trevor, I'm sorry," Sabrina's expression turned somber as she spoke earnestly. "I owed you an apology all the time."

She had longed to reach out to Trevor but was haunted by the idea that he might shun her.

Her past actions had inflicted pain upon him, and she couldn't shake the feeling that an apology might prove futile.

Trevor met her words with a solemn nod, his voice softening. "I should be the one apologizing. I had no idea my father was involved in those kidnappings. I only learned about it through the news..."

He closed his eyes briefly and then inquired, "Have there been any updates about him?"

Sabrina shook her head. "Not yet. But this isn't your burden to bear, Trevor. You don't need to apologize. It's me who took advantage of your kindness."

Taking a deep breath, Trevor summoned a reassuring smile. "It's all in the past now. Let's put this behind us. It's getting late. You may resume taking a stroll. I'll head back first."

Sabrina contemplated stopping him, but she found herself at a loss for words, their complicated history weighing on her heart.

"Take care," Sabrina bid farewell.

Trevor quietly faded into the night.

Tyrone turned to Sabrina, who appeared lost in thought. Clearing his throat, he gently admonished, "Don't look in that direction anymore. He's left."

Regaining her composure, Sabrina averted her gaze and sighed.

Arching an eyebrow, Tyrone inquired, "Are you feeling sorry for him?"

Sabrina rolled her eyes and then turned to walk away.

"I feel sorry for lying to him."

Tyrone's response was measured. "You might feel remorse, but remember, you had no choice. His father is a kidnapper. You did what you had to do not for your own gain but for your father, for justice. There's no need to downplay it."

Tyrone was right. If she had to do it all over again, she wouldn't change a thing.

Breathing a sigh of relief, she expressed her gratitude. "Thank you."

Tyrone responded in a teasing tone, "If you really want to thank me, just give me a kiss."

Without hesitation, Sabrina stood on her tiptoes, planted a swift kiss on his cheek, and continued forward without a word.

Tyrone was momentarily taken aback, the warmth he had sensed seeming almost like a figment of his imagination.

