

Chapter 179

Misunderstanding

After descending from the snow slope, Sabrina received a message from Damon.

As anticipated, his friend declined their invitation.

"That's a shame. We'll have a chance to get together in the future," Sabrina responded.

Damon replied with an emoji.

Tyrone wasn't pleased when he saw the reply that Sabrina wrote to Damon.

Sabrina and her two companions went to the hotel's restaurant for dinner. The restaurant boasted a large French window that offered a breathtaking view of the scenery outside.

Since the island's residents didn't adhere to conventional timekeeping, visitors chose when to dine, whenever they pleased. As a result, the restaurant wasn't very crowded.

The girls were enjoying their meals when someone suddenly exclaimed excitedly, "Look! Is that the aurora?"

Against the dark blue sky, a subtle hint of green peeked through, barely noticeable without close attention.

However, it caught the attention of many tourists.

Before long, the aurora borealis intensified, transforming the

vast sky into a spectacular display of magical shades. The air shimmered with vibrant greens, delicate pinks, deep reds, ethereal blues, enchanting purples, and hints of pristine white. The captivating dance of colors painted a mystical scene that left onlookers in awe.

Several tourists who were resting in their hotel rooms rushed outside. They were eager to witness the awe-inspiring spectacle and determined not to miss a moment of the mesmerizing display.

Sabrina and her friends were swept up in the enthusiasm of the moment. Leaving their half-finished meals behind, they hurried outside to capture and observe the breathtaking natural phenomena.

While Sabrina sought the perfect angle to take a photo, a sense of being watched washed over her. It was the same uneasy feeling she had felt the night before.

Subconsciously, she glanced around, attempting to locate the source of her anxiety.

Yet, the bustling tourists around her were engrossed in capturing the spectacle, paying no attention to her.

She turned her gaze to the second floor of the hotel.

Then, the sensation of being watched disappeared as quickly as it came.

After a moment's reflection, she turned back and focused on photographing the aurora.

Suddenly, the feeling of being observed returned.

Sabrina felt eyes on her, yet she maintained a facade of indifference, determined not to betray her awareness of being watched. She pretended to be engrossed in taking photos while keeping a watchful eye on her surroundings.

She continued this charade and then suddenly turned to focus on the second floor again.

Several guests had their lights on, and many had open windows. This allowed them to gaze at the aurora from the comfort of their rooms.

Yet some, in a hurry to go outside to take photos, forgot to turn off the lights in their rooms.

Other rooms remained dark with the curtains drawn.

Sabrina was unsure from which room the person was watching her.

With her phone in hand, she aimed its lens toward the hotel, creating the illusion of capturing shots of the establishment and the aurora. However, her true intention remained hidden as she manipulated the zoom, carefully examining each window.

Her attention was suddenly drawn to a gently moving curtain in one of the hotel rooms. It was as if it had just been disturbed.

The room was dark, its windows shut, and the curtains drawn closed.

But there was someone inside.

Sabrina recalled the room order and calculated its number

based on the hotel's layout. The room in question should be 0207.

As Bettie and Aylin happily snapped pictures, Sabrina excused herself, claiming exhaustion, and returned to the hotel.

Due to stringent privacy regulations, Sabrina couldn't simply inquire with the receptionist for the specific information she was after.

After a moment of contemplation, Sabrina devised a plan. Swiftly, she made her way to the dining area and approached a staff member. "Excuse me, my friend isn't feeling well. Could you please take a glass of water up to Room 0207?"

Sabrina anxiously peered outside the window, mumbling, "I'm running out of time. The aurora is almost gone."

Then, turning to the staff, she pleaded, "Please take it to the room as quickly as possible. I'm stepping out to take photos!"

Before the staff could reply, Sabrina rushed outside, feigning urgency.

In a hidden corner outside the restaurant, she leaned against the wall, secretly observing the staff's movements.

The staff member had no reason to be suspicious of her. So, as requested, he prepared a glass of water and stomachache medicine, then ascended the flight of stairs.

Sabrina quietly followed him, positioning herself at the corridor entrance. She peered into the corridor and watched to see who would answer the door.

The staff knocked on the door of Room 0207, and shortly after, a young man appeared. When he opened the door, he was surprised and asked, "What's going on?"

The staff member presumed that Sabrina's friend must have been a young lady. But when he saw the robust man, he was stunned and stepped back. "Sir, your friend requested that I bring a glass of water up to you for your stomach ache."

The young man was astonished and immediately guessed what had happened. He didn't expect that Sabrina would be so vigilant.

Smiling, he accepted the tray, thanked the staff, and closed the door.

Sabrina remained flat against the wall.

She recognized who it was. It was Damon!

Her suspicions about Damon had only deepened.

Sure enough, he was the one who had been watching her that previous night.

He probably knew more about her than he was letting on.

Suddenly, Sabrina received a message.

Damon took the initiative, asking, "I have a stomach ache?"

A jolt of surprise coursed through Sabrina when she realized she had been discovered. Nervously, she replied, "You stayed in your room. I was concerned about you. How did you figure out it was me?"

"I've been watching you. How did you know I was staying in this room?"

Sabrina hadn't anticipated Damon's straightforward admission. She replied, "I saw you enter this morning."

Seeing the message, Damon smiled and quickly glanced at Tyrone. Then he replied, "Thank you for your concern. I wasn't feeling great. I retired early and heard the commotion outside. So I decided to check it out."

Damon was staying in Room 0208, and he did go to Tyrone's room this morning.

While typing, Damon said, "She's quite perceptive."

Tyrone had enough. He snatched the phone from Damon and scanned the screen to find another message from Sabrina. It read, "When you're rested, come and join us."

Sabrina sought to understand Damon's intentions.

Tyrone's expression grew darker as he responded, "No. My friend isn't comfortable hanging out with strangers."

"It's a pity you came here with your friend, and you can't leave him behind. Someday, when the opportunity arises, we can hang out together."

Tyrone's expression soured further, and he quickly typed, "I have a girlfriend."

But after a moment's consideration, he deleted his initial response and wrote a new one. "I'm sorry, but I prefer not to hang out with women either."

He sent the message.

Damon noticed Tyrone growing increasingly agitated by Sabrina's replies, but he didn't intervene as Tyrone continued

to text her. Instead, Damon smiled and remarked, "Looks like she's fond of me, huh?"

Tyrone's grip on the phone tightened as he struggled to contain his anger. Beads of sweat formed on his upper lip as he said in a low growl, "You will return tomorrow, and I will stay here alone."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "So you won't be needing my company? Then I'll join Sabrina. You don't have to pay me for the trip, and you don't need to interfere with my plans."

Tyrone pulled a long face.

Reading the message, Sabrina felt confused.

When she initially invited Damon, he appeared interested.

Furthermore, his words did not match his usual style. He was not typically so uptight.

To gauge Damon's stance, Sabrina prodded, "Do you dislike hanging out with women in general, or is it just me? Am I unappealing as a friend because I am a divorced woman?"

When he read the message, Tyrone was furious and nearly lost his mind with jealousy.

He knitted his brows and stared at the phone. Anger and frustration coursed through him. He felt sick to his stomach.

What did she mean?

Did she fall for Damon?

Didn't she have feelings for Bradley?

How could she fall in love with another man so soon?

Tyrone was so jealous.

Damon was amused. "Well, I think Sabrina is genuinely interested in me. Tyrone, when will you let go of her? Once you're over her, I'll make my move right away. Honestly, I really like her."

"Stop dreaming!" Tyrone growled through gritted teeth.

Then he typed quickly. "You're right! There's no point in hiding it anymore. I don't like you. Please stay away from me!"

Sabrina's confusion deepened, and she asked, "Are you Damon's friend?"

