

Chapter 80 Missing One-half Inch

Sabrina hesitated before declaring, "Seven inches."
"So long? Really?"

Their enthusiasm sparked once more.

Nonchalantly, Sabrina gave the bottle a spin. She had intended to withdraw after her question, but, remarkably, the bottle pointed to Tyrone.

Suddenly, they found themselves locked in each other's gaze.

"Mr. Blakely, truth or dare?" Sabrina questioned, maintaining eye contact.

"Truth."

Given a different setting, Sabrina might have probed about his feelings for her.

Bystanders whispered amongst themselves, suggesting questions for Sabrina.

She was advised to question Tyrone about his genital size, his sexual history, and his number of sexual partners.

She was aware of his size. Though she had no control over his past, she preferred ignorance.

But since she already knew most of Tyrone's story, she needed to ask about an unknown detail.

After musing for a moment, Sabrina inquired, "How did you meet Ms. Clifford and start dating?"

Curiosity piqued, the employees leaned in, waiting for Tyrone's story.

Tyrone glanced at Sabrina, prompting a flutter in her heart and a hush in the crowd.

After a pause, Tyrone began, "We were part of a school event together. That's how we met. Our relationship started after that performance."

"Did rehearsals breed affection over time?" someone chimed in.

"Yes."

That explained things.

Sabrina felt a swirl of emotions.

College romances, pure and memorable, were hard to forget.

Before she fell for Tyrone, she had envisioned a fervid college romance.

But that became impossible after she fell for Tyrone.

When she was a student, he was already a graduate and working. She was constantly chasing him.

As Galilea had pointed out, she had walked with Tyrone through his youth, which probably made her irreplaceable.

Subsequently, Sabrina drifted through the next few rounds.

Out of the blue, her phone buzzed with a message. With nothing else on her plate, she picked up her phone and read the message.

It was from Tyrone.

His text read, "You were off by half an inch."

Seeing this, her melancholy faded.

Despite the teasing from the crowd, Sabrina hadn't blushed. But now, her cheeks were aflame. Unseen, she sent Tyrone an emoji, turned off her phone, and cast him a surreptitious glance.

As the game progressed, everyone wanted to see their leader embarrass himself. They were no different. They were determined to involve Tyrone, and they succeeded once more.

Cason wondered if they knew the woman.

If they did, guessing would be a breeze.

But before he could ask, Tyrone chose for a dare.

"Mr. Blakely, carry the fifth girl on your left and perform twenty squats. Does that sound manageable? It's quite simple."

This dare seemed less taxing than previous ones.

But who was the fifth girl on the left?

Someone shouted out, "It's Ms. Chavez."

"Ms. Chavez, would you be so kind?"

"Ms. Chavez, your boyfriend won't object, will he?"

Standing up, Tyrone commanded, "Come here, Sabrina."

Sabrina walked over.

Effortlessly, Tyrone hoisted her up and started squatting.

She clung onto his neck, too nervous to move.

Before long, twenty squats were completed.

His exhales weren't chaotic, merely somewhat intense, the warm air cascading onto her face.

Cason could only chuckle in surrender. "Mr. Blakely, you're making this way too easy!"

"Let's keep going!"

They continued playing the game until four o'clock in the afternoon.

The employees, a mix of fatigue and joy, dispersed to enjoy some well-earned rest.

As Sabrina went to her hotel room with Gerda, her phone buzzed with a message from Tyrone. "How about a dip in the hot spring in my room?"

Sabrina was all too aware of his intentions, answering quickly, "No, I need to rest."

"Are you certain you don't want to join? There's only a day left. Would you rather go to the springs with someone else?"

After a lengthy deliberation, Sabrina finally responded, "I'll visit the hot spring tonight." ©

"There's leftover food at the bottom of the spring. The hotel manager says eating in the hot spring is off limits."

Tyrone was concerned she might leave right after

dinner.

"Alright, I'll go after eating."

Sabrina reclined against her headboard, idly swiping through her phone.

A hot topic caught her attention. "Galilea speaks German."

Intrigued, she clicked in.

After her return, Galilea had appeared on a variety show that had aired that day.

The trending topic showcased a clip where Galilea admitted her German proficiency.

Prompted by other guests, she offered, "Then let me narrate a tale in German."

She proceeded to tell her tale in German.

The familiarity of the language struck Sabrina, probably because of Tyrone's German stories.

"It's the classic tale of the Crow and the Fox," Galilea began.

"A crow stole a piece of cheese. Perched atop a tree, the crow prepared to savor its stolen treat.

But, true to its nature, the crow could never stay quiet while enjoying its meal. Hearing the munching sounds, a fox was drawn to the scene.

Deviously, the fox addressed the crow, 'Oh, crow, I have never encountered a bird as radiant and elegant as you! If your song is as enchanting as your appearance, there's no doubt that you'd be

elected as the king and hailed as the leader of birds.'

The crow was overjoyed at the flattery. How it yearned for others to appreciate its melodious song! As it opened its beak to sing, the cheese slipped and fell. Instantly, the fox seized the cheese, chuckling at the foolish crow as it munched away. Surely, this story must be familiar to all."

Another guest chimed in, "Yes, I remember it was from the elementary school book."

Another guest, curious about her language skills, asked, "You've been in the U.S.A for a few years. Why did you choose to learn German? Is there a story behind it?"

A pang of sadness gripped Sabrina. She had an inkling of what was to come.

Galilea said with a smile, "I learned from a friend. He knows four languages. When I struggle to sleep, he tells me a German story."

The guests had a sudden realization and responded with profound understanding.

As expected, the revelation was a punch in Sabrina's gut.

Tyrone's German stories weren't exclusive to her. They were Galilea's leftovers. ^①

Sabrina wanted to laugh at the irony.

Here she was, feeling superior for Tyrone not sleeping with Galilea.

She was the fool. Tyrone hadn't slept with Galilea. So what?

Tyrone was in love with Galilea, his affection for her evident.

Sure, she had sex with Tyrone.

But in his eyes, she was just a mistress to be toyed with, not a wife to be cherished.

She had his body but not his heart. ①

News about them caught her eye.

There was an update.

Some fans had discovered a video of Tyrone speaking German, concluding that Galilea's friend was indeed him.

Fans were captivated by the romantic gesture of him telling her bedtime stories in German.

This was a love story straight out of a fairy tale! Sabrina felt foolish. Here she was, believing she was special. ①

