

Chapter 172 Make Him Pay

"A few uncertainties are cast over this issue. Firstly, Sabrina had a close female friend during her time overseas. Once she returned home, this old friend attempted to reconnect, but Sabrina was noticeably distant.

Secondly, there wasn't any medical documentation on Sabrina in the hospitals in the city or the neighboring cities. It's either she gave birth in a distant city, or her records were intentionally erased.

Moreover, she had been absent from her studies for a significant period, yet on her return, she achieved straight As. It was a peculiar occurrence."

Kylan's words hung in the air, and Tyrone offered no immediate response.

Following a prolonged silence, Kylan finally broke the quiet. "Mr. Blakely?"

"Continue your inquiry. Moreover, this information must not reach anyone else's ears."

"Understood."

Disconnecting the call, Tyrone tossed his phone onto the bedside table and engaged Bun in playful interaction.

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
Tyrone closed his eyes, reflecting on Kylan's revelations. A startling hypothesis emerged. Sabrina might be oblivious to the fact that she had given birth to a child.

Or, perhaps some circumstances had caused her to forget about her time studying overseas.

Hence, she never spoke of her international studies, acting as though it never occurred.

Therefore, she maintained a cold front towards the friend she'd made during her time abroad.

That could be why she abandoned the child and chose to marry him. It was because she was ignorant of the child's existence. 

existence. 

This also shed light on her unfamiliarity with her current pregnancy.

Tyrone rubbed his temples; the realization that Sabrina had not intentionally concealed anything from him providing a hint of relief.

Yet the question remained. Who was the man?

His instinct argued it wasn't either of the men Kylan had mentioned.

Who had managed to scrub all the records and traces?

Was it that man?

Where was the child currently?

How could Sabrina have forgotten about her time studying overseas?

However, it would be best if she never remembered.

As for the child, he'd conduct a secret search.

If the child had passed, it would be for the best.

If still alive, he'd ensure the child remained overseas, never to cross paths with Sabrina.

His train of thought was disrupted by a string of incoming messages.

He saw several pictures sent by Damon.

Tyrone clicked on one randomly.

A snapshot captured at a ski resort, shimmering under the sunlight. Two figures in ski gear stood at a distance, clearly a man and a woman in a close stance, the man's hands resting on the woman's waist.

Damon wouldn't have sent this without a reason. Tyrone was already forming an idea of who the woman might be.

His forehead pulsed with tension.

He swiped left to reveal the second photo.

The man's hand lay on the woman's shoulder, his head bent as if to place a kiss on her forehead.


Tyrone gloomily reviewed all the photos.

Damon's message popped up. "Sabrina hasn't been here long, and already she's attracted a suitor. That guy is a college student, a whole three years younger than her. I heard they've planned to watch the aurora together tonight. Isn't that romantic? And it's happening at night... I heard they're both booked in the same hotel!"

Imagining the possible events of the night, Tyrone's expression turned stormy.

A surge of jealousy flashed in his gaze as he studied the man in the photo.

If his sharp gaze had the power to take lives, Trevor would have met his end countless times over.

Damon continued, "I've heard that the best way to move on from a relationship is to start a new one. I believe she's decided to move on from you!" 

Tyrone's teeth clenched in a mix of fury and torment.

The realization that she was prepared to forget him was like a knife twisting in his heart.

She was prepared to move on, while he remained here, pondering about her and their past.

But she had lost hope in him to the extent of never looking back.

Despite knowing she would never forgive him, Tyrone found it impossible to release her from his heart.

Tyrone commanded Damon, his voice steely. "Prevent them from getting together, no matter what! I'm heading to Norwen immediately."

He made a silent vow to make Trevor pay if he dared to steal Sabrina from him.

"Understood," Damon responded promptly. "I'll ensure someone buys you some time. You'd better hurry up."

Next, Tyrone dialed Kylan's number. "Arrange a flight to Violetness. Immediately!"

"Right away, sir," Kylan replied, unfazed by the turn of events.

Tyrone, unlike before, seemed less occupied by the past, instead focusing more on what lay ahead. He knew dwelling on bygones would not alter them.

What he needed was time to unravel his tangled emotions about Sabrina. He might take days, but he was certain he'd figure it out.

Unable to let go of Sabrina, he was ready to embrace her past because her future was all that truly mattered to him.

In no time, Kylan had secured a visa and air tickets.

Tyrone rose from his seat and packed his bags. He entrusted Karen with Bun's care and headed straight to the airport to meet Kylan. From there, he boarded the plane to Violetness.

Meanwhile, Sabrina and her friends, along with Trevor and his group, had arrived at the ski resort.

The sight of individuals donning ski gear, traversing the expansive snowfield, stirred in them a longing for freedom.

However, skiing proved to be more challenging than it seemed. The ski boards were slippery on the snow.

Sabrina had underestimated its difficulty and promptly fell as she exited the changing rooms.

Sitting on the ground with the snow stick being too tall, it was challenging for her to stand up on her own. Her feet were on a long ski board, which made it take a while for her to get back up.

On the way to the slide, she was extremely cautious after the lesson.

Bettie tumbled on the snow, eliciting laughter from Sabrina and Aylin.

As soon as she finished laughing, Aylin also fell onto the snow and even accidentally flung away her snow stick.

Eventually, they decided to hire a ski coach for guidance.

Despite the influx of visitors, the coach was proficient in English.

Sabrina paid close attention and quickly got the hang of the basic maneuvers.

Then the coach guided her to glide slowly on the snow, and eventually, she could glide on her own, steadily and gracefully.

As the skis sliced through the snow, a squeak filled the air.

Lifting her gaze, her vision was filled with the winter scenery. She savored the thrill of the speed, the rush of adrenaline, and the exhilarating freedom.

Now, she understood why people were so drawn to this sport. They craved the thrill.

