

Chapter 198 Antidote

Suddenly, Raul's sleepiness vanished.

Wasn't it Bettie who had taken Sabrina from the tent?

A surge of annoyance welled up within him. How had he let someone take Sabrina away like that?

At midnight, someone slipped into Sabrina's tent. Their intentions couldn't be good. Perhaps they had a similar scheme in mind, just like him.

Everything he had done was prepared for someone else..

If only he could have caught Sabrina and accused that guy of drugging her, maybe then she would have been moved to be with him.

A pang of regret struck him for having missed such a golden opportunity.

The guide looked into the open tent, finding it empty. "Has she taken her phone?"

"No."

Sabrina's phone remained in the tent.

"Could she have gone to the bathroom in the woods?" the guide wondered aloud, while the driver and others gathered around.

An elderly man offered comfort, saying, "Don't worry. Let's wait here a while. If she doesn't return in ten minutes, we'll go look for her."

Raul joined the conversation, suggesting, "Her phone's here. Perhaps she went to the bathroom and mistakenly returned to the wrong tent."

His mind raced, convinced that the person who had taken Sabrina must have been a member of their tourist group. He had counted everyone,

after all. Sabrina must be hidden in a tent by that person.

The guide suggested, "Let's look for her in the tents now. Maybe she's simply in the wrong one."

Everyone began to help, searching the tents and shaking their heads in disappointment.

Raul kept his thoughts to himself, fearful of speaking.

Was Sabrina hidden in the forest?

Or had a stranger from a nearby town or another traveler taken her?

Minutes ticked by, and Sabrina hadn't returned. If she'd just gone to the bathroom, she would have been back by now.

"What should we do? How could she just vanish?" Bettie asked, anxiety etched on her face.

"Could she have fallen on her way to the bathroom?" someone speculated.

The guide pondered for a moment before instructing, "Well, some of you rest while others come with me to the forest to look for Sabrina."

Along with the guide, the driver, an elderly man, and three young men volunteered to search, with Bettie tagging along.

Their search lasted more than half an hour, yielding no sign of Sabrina. It seemed impossible for her to have wandered so far.

"How about calling the police?" Bettie, on the verge of tears, proposed.

The guide, feeling responsible for the tourists' safety, agreed. "Then call the police."

Just then, Bettie's phone rang. It was Tyrone.

Bettie picked up, exclaiming anxiously, "Tyrone, Sabrina is missing!"

"I have her." Tyrone's voice came, restraining some emotion.

Bettie's breath caught in relief. But then she frowned, asking, "What?"

"Listen first. Sabrina was drugged. Call the police now, and keep all the food she's eaten. Don't worry. She's safe with me."

Though Bettie disliked Tyrone, she believed him when he said Sabrina was safe.

She ended the call and asked the guide to contact the police.

Tyrone's revelation that someone had drugged Sabrina had everyone on edge, and Bettie's eyes narrowed as she scrutinized everyone's expressions.

Raul's face twitched at the mention of "call the police," and he discreetly approached the bonfire.

Bettie, noticing his movement, returned to her spot beside the fire. Sabrina's dishes and drink remained untouched, evidence of the evening's unsettling turn.

Raul, having glimpsed the scene, was filled with desperation but dared not approach.

He reassured himself that perhaps the police wouldn't discover the truth.

The Great Ocean Road was teeming with tourists, and every small town along the way boasted a tourist center.

Moorwald Bay's tourist center was a short distance away, and the police were swift to arrive on the scene.

Meanwhile, inside the helicopter, Sabrina clung to Tyrone, her eyes filled with distress.

"It's so hot," she whispered, slipping her hand into Tyrone's shirt to caress his muscles.

A contented sigh escaped her lips. It felt wonderful, yet not enough.

Unconsciously, she ripped at Tyrone's shirt, breaking the top two

buttons, and pressed her face against him.

Tyrone's arms cradled a sexy woman, writhing and restless. Desire threatened to overtake him, but memories of Sabrina's tearful accusations held him back. He feared causing her pain or increasing her hatred towards him.

Earlier, when he had witnessed the scene in the tent, fury had consumed him. Had he not realized Sabrina's urgency, he might have killed Raul right then.

His thoughts turned dark, contemplating what might have happened if he hadn't been there.

Sabrina's touch stirred him from his reverie, tantalizing him again.

Veins throbbed in his forehead as he strained to resist. Gently holding her arm, he murmured, "Sabrina, good girl, we'll arrive at the hospital soon."

A painful twist and groan came from Sabrina.

Tyrone was stunned.

Her hand slipped from his control, eagerly reaching for him again. Tearing at her own clothes, she panted, "Hot... I feel so hot... I don't feel good..."

Sabrina wasn't wearing much. Tugging at her collar, her breasts became visible.

Oblivious to her exposure, she guided Tyrone's hands to her.

A mental buzz overtook him, and he pinched her involuntarily.

"Hmm..."

Her sexy moan made his eyes flare, but he struggled to control himself, querying the helicopter pilot, "How long will it take?"

"Twenty minutes to Geelong," the pilot replied, referring to the nearest city among the surrounding small towns.

Half-conscious, Sabrina called his name. "Tyrone?"

"Yes, it's me," he assured, clutching her hand.

After the divorce, she always addressed him as her brother. Only in moments like these would she refer to him as Tyrone, as if their divorce hadn't happened.

"I'm so hot. Hurry up..." she murmured, tearing at his shirt.

For her, Tyrone was salvation.

Tyrone's mind went blank, and his blood started to heat up.

His throat bobbed with nervousness, and his forehead glistened with sweat. He clasped Sabrina's hand firmly and assured, "Hang in there, Sabrina. We're almost at the hospital."

"I don't feel good. Can you help me?" Sabrina wept, on the verge of tears.

Tyrone's torment was both physical and emotional.

He closed his eyes, feeling torn inside.

Suddenly, Sabrina wrapped her arms around his shoulder and bit his lip. Tyrone dodged, and she bit his neck instead.

Unable to resist any longer, he grasped her chin and kissed her, his other hand venturing under her dress...

