

## Chapter 165 Tracker

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Departing from Wanda's place, Sabrina transported her belongings to Bettie's.

Bettie had her own large apartment, devoid of any parental oversight, boasting ample room, abundant light, and comforting ambiance.

A thought crossed Sabrina's mind, suggesting that maybe she too could purchase a sizeable apartment and live by herself after her trip.

However, that was merely a contemplation for the moment.

Bettie had already planned their tour.

A few days prior, she visited Sabrina, gathered her passport, secured a visa, and arranged for the flight tickets.

At Bettie's apartment, Sabrina repacked her luggage once again.

In the evening, Sabrina, Bettie, and Aylin were headed to the airport, bound for their destination, Norwen.

Famous for its tourist attractions in the wintertime, Norwen was the chosen spot for their adventure.

The main attractions of the trip, according to Bettie's plan, were the aurora and skiing.

The aurora, a natural spectacle, created a dazzling display of lights in the night sky near the Earth's poles. The spectacle

was unpredictable and came in a variety of colors, providing a visual feast for spectators.

Sabrina had only ever seen images of the phenomenon, so Bettie's plan to view the aurora live piqued her interest.

While waiting to board, Bettie expanded a map on her phone and eagerly detailed their itinerary. "We'll go to Oslo and linger for a couple of days, then head to Violetness to witness the aurora. After that, we can rent a car and journey to Shadowlake and Sagecoast, embark on a cruise ship to Walse, and eventually land on Roveld. There, we can rent another car and tour for five days. On our return journey, we can stop by Peterburg for a few more days. How does that sound?"

"Sounds fantastic, let's go for it," Sabrina responded.

"This should take us about a fortnight. My annual leave is exactly 15 days, so that works," Aylin chimed in, evaluating their schedule.

"You could catch a flight home from Peterburg, and Sabrina and I will continue on our journey," Bettie said. "Are there any specific places you'd like to visit, Sabrina?"

Sabrina took a moment to ponder, then shook her head. "Not particularly. I'm good with your plan."

"Give me some advice!" Bettie urged, shaking her arm lightly. "This trip is to celebrate your being single again. You should participate actively!"

"Hmm... Let's discuss it further after we leave Norwen."

"Okay." Bettie took a quick glance at her watch. "We should be

getting ready to board soon."

"I need to use the restroom," Sabrina announced, pulling out a tissue from her bag and rising to her feet.

"I'll join you," Bettie decided, immediately following her.

After Sabrina had finished in the restroom and was washing her hands, Bettie asked, "Are you finished, Sabrina? Please wait for me outside."

"Sure," Sabrina replied, exiting to wait for Bettie.

Her gaze roamed around as she waited, a sense of boredom creeping in.

Suddenly, a man entered her line of sight.

A cursory glance suggested familiarity.

Upon a second look, her complexion drained, resembling someone who had just witnessed a horrifying event.

That face was not one she could forget.

At the intersection, in the horrific moment when the car and the truck collided, an explosion ensued with flames shooting up into the sky.

Before losing consciousness, Sabrina looked up to witness the terrifying grin on the truck driver's face.

That image was seared into her memory from that day forward.

Each time she was haunted by nightmares, his visage would return relentlessly, tormenting her repeatedly.

The aftermath of the vehicular mishap yielded no apology

from the driver, only a monetary settlement.

Moreover, due to Sabrina's insistence on seeking justice, the compensation was scant, amounting to nearly all of the truck driver's possession.

Without her status as a notable orphan, she pondered how long she would have waited to receive such compensation.

During that period, due to her father's identity, the car accident received significant attention from many people. The assistance of Cesar, public opinion, and media coverage led to the truck driver being handed a stern sentence of seven years.

Seven years had elapsed, and logically, the driver had completed his prison term.

While such heavy punishment could not replace her father, it was the best outcome she could hope for.

Evidently, Sabrina was a forgotten entity for the truck driver, who bypassed her to head into the men's restroom.

"Sabrina, what has caught your attention?"

Bettie, emerging from the restroom, noticed Sabrina's absent-mindedness. She tracked Sabrina's gaze to the men's restroom but found nothing amiss.

"It's nothing." Sabrina dismissed. "We should be getting to our flight."

"Alright."

As Sabrina took three steps, glancing back at the restroom, she was clouded by confusion.

From the inquiries of the police and prosecutors, it was clear that the truck driver was from a modest, if not impoverished, background. Why was he present here?

Domestic flights were budget-friendly but they were currently in the departure lounge for international flights. The passengers for the scheduled flights in this lounge were all travelling to distant locations. Considering the peak tourism season, the fare would be steep. How could a newly-released prisoner afford such an expense?

Lost in her thoughts, Sabrina collided with a man. Bettie was quick to prevent her from tumbling.

"My apologies." Sabrina, regaining her senses, offered an apology.

"It's alright," the man replied, before taking his leave.

"Sabrina, what were you thinking about? You seemed distant. You didn't respond when I tried to catch your attention."

"Nothing."

Upon seeing Sabrina's silence, Bettie queried skeptically, "Are you still hung up on Tyrone?"

"No, absolutely not. Why would I be thinking of him?" Sabrina refuted.

"Just checking, relax. Were you indeed thinking about him?"

Sabrina was left speechless.

After enduring a nearly twenty-hour long journey, they arrived in Oslo at around two in the afternoon, as per local time, and proceeded to their hotel.

In the ward, Tyrone, seated on the sofa with eyes closed, rhythmically tapped his phone, as if anticipating something.

His phone chimed. Tyrone picked it up. His movements betraying a hint of anxiety. "Yes?"

A young man's voice echoed from the other end. "Tyrone, congratulations. You've become the chairman of Blakely Group."

"Damon, let's cut to the chase. You know what I wish to hear."

From the other end came the clicking sound of a lighter and Damon's chuckling. "I was just about to. Sabrina and her friends are heading to Norwen. They boarded the plane. They are expected to stay in Oslo for a few days before heading to..."

"No, that's not the point."

"Alright, alright! I have carried out your instructions. The tracker has been placed. She won't discover it."

