

Chapter 185 Do You Dislike Me

Clap.

A sound from the next room echoed as something shattered, and a waiter quickly hurried to clean up the mess.

Meanwhile, Damon had no concern for Tyrone's sentiments. His mind was overwhelmed with shock.

Did Sabrina have feelings for him?

How could she possibly be attracted to him?

His hands found their way to his knees, and he sucked in a deep breath in an attempt to regain composure. Looking at Sabrina with a perplexed expression, he asked, "Sabrina, are you serious about this?"

"Of course, why else would I be here alone today?" Sabrina's eyes twinkled as a smile graced her lips.

Gasping for air, Damon pleaded, "Sabrina, please reconsider. I can't fathom why you'd be drawn to me. I just..."

"Do you dislike me because I'm divorced?" Sabrina interjected.

"No, it's not that..."

"In fact, there's no need for concern. Tyrone's not good at sex."

Damon's jaw dropped. "Uh..."

"You doubt me, don't you? At first, I couldn't believe it either. Tyrone might look strong, but he is absolutely inadequate. Even surgeries and medication didn't help. Throughout our three-year marriage, we never had sex," she said, leaving Damon's mouth agape.

In the next room, Tyrone was seething with rage.

He hadn't anticipated that Sabrina would fall in love with Damon, whom she'd met only a handful of times.

In order to get Damon's approval, She had even fabricated lies to defame him.

She was getting bolder and bolder.

Damon was still pondering the veracity of her words when his phone buzzed.

Seeing Tyrone's name, he realized how furious Tyrone must be.

But the timing of the call was fortunate, considering he was having difficulty responding to Sabrina.

"I must step out to take this call."

"Please hurry back," Sabrina urged softly, her eyes following Damon as he shakily rose and hurried out.

Once alone, the smile faded from Sabrina's face as she stared at the screen in the room.

She pretended to make a call. "Hey, Bettie, I won't return tonight... Don't worry. Damon is attractive and in good shape. I won't lose anything. I'll fill you in later. He might not be wealthy, but I have the money Tyrone gave me as a parting gift. If you hadn't suggested coming here, I'd never have met him. Bye now."

Listening in, Tyrone's head spun with anger.

Was Sabrina planning to sleep with Damon tonight?

They had only met a few times. Was she familiar with Damon? How well did she know him? Was she aware of Damon's habits? Didn't it frighten her that Damon might be a scoundrel? How was she able to make such a decision so swiftly?

How could she back Damon with the money he had given her?

Impossible!

Tyrone's anger manifested in his gritted teeth. Meanwhile, Damon, concealed in the bathroom, declared with surprise, "I was right! She really does like me."

Tyrone's face twisted in anger. "Get lost!" he spat and hung up, standing abruptly. But then, suddenly, he was frozen, a chill overtaking him.

At the door of the private room, Sabrina gazed at him through the bead curtain, her eyes calm and piercing.

Tyrone felt a leap in his heart as he met her steady gaze, his thoughts scattering, leaving him momentarily at a loss.

"Sabrina..." he stammered, guilt in his voice. His thumb rubbed unconsciously against his sleeve as he nervously awaited her judgment.

With her arms crossed, Sabrina elegantly lifted the bead curtain with one hand, taking a few unhurried steps forward. She scrutinized Tyrone and asked, "Here on business, are you? Conveniently dining with a client?"

Tyrone's lips tightened. "So, you've figured it out?"

Did she intentionally say those words just now? ⓘ

"Damon's your friend. Have you been following me lately?" Sabrina inquired.

Her earlier suspicions about Damon had been appeased by Bettie's words, only to be reignited when Tyrone appeared at the airport.

She doubted him because it was clear that Tyrone didn't seem like he had just gotten to Norwen that day.

And Damon's response to her attempts at affection seemed off. Something was wrong.

"Yes," Tyrone confessed, his voice low, as he took a deep breath.

Moving closer, his eyes alight with emotion, he said, "Sabrina, I can't bear

being apart from you, but I'm scared of upsetting you by showing up. I've been watching from a distance..."

So, the presence she had sensed was always him.

Sabrina's head dropped.

He had followed her to such a distant country without intruding for so long.

Once, she would have found it touching.

Now, she doubted his motives.

Even though he professed his love, it was too late.

"Tyrone, we're divorced. We need to lead separate lives. Your actions are pointless."

"It's not your place to decide if it's pointless. You don't want to remarry, and I don't expect forgiveness. I just want to see you every day, content just to see you happy."

Tyrone had a way with words, and it was hard to tell their sincerity.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have fallen for his charms for three years.

Even knowing his skill at deception, she felt a pang at his words.

How she had longed to hear such declarations from Tyrone once...

But it was too late. His repetition of those words to Galilea numbed her feelings.

With that thought, she replied coldly, "If you follow me, you will only cause me trouble!"

"I'll keep my distance and won't bother you. Moreover, I'm free to go wherever I please. You can divorce me, but you can't prevent me from loving you."

Sabrina was at a loss for words.

Was Tyrone going to continue following her?

"Tyrone, stop this."

Tyrone grinned. "What?"

"Don't you have a life? Why do you have to follow me?"

"I lost my wife. I just want to win her back."

His tone shifted, his smile turning ominous as he advanced. "Sabrina, you are getting bolder and bolder. Am I not good at sex? We never had sex for three years?"

Sabrina instinctively retreated a step. "I merely wanted to test Damon..."

"I thought you were unhappy with me. Couldn't I satisfy you thrice a night..."

Reddening, Sabrina sprang up to silence him. "Shut up!"

Tyrone caught her hand, easily moving it aside. With a gentle pinch, he teased, "Remember that time in the kitchen, with you on the table..."

"Enough! Shut up!" Sabrina shouted, hurriedly muffling him.

