

Chapter 195 Stay Away From Me

"I saved you, yet you thanked me only with words and even tried to send me away. Sabrina, are you certain this is what you want? To cut off all ties?" Tyrone asked.

Sabrina was speechless for a few moments. "You broke your promise too. You said you wouldn't follow me again. Are you pretending that this business trip just happened to bring you to the airport?"

"If I hadn't followed you, you would have faced more trouble and sustained further injuries. You've lost your wallet and you're hurt. How can I be at peace?"

"We are divorced. What happens to me is none of your concern. Leave me be."

"You..."

Tyrone's expression changed suddenly, his face darkening.

Sabrina's face went pale, and she instinctively took a step back.

Tyrone moved closer and demanded, "Say that again!"

A hint of uncertainty in her eyes, Sabrina repeated, "We are divorced. What happens to me is none of your concern. Leave me be."

Her voice quivered, revealing a hint of uncertainty in her demeanor.

Tyrone's face twisted in anger.

Sabrina sought to retreat further, only to find herself backed against a wall.

Her head bowed, she edged to the side, but Tyrone reached out, grasped her chin, and moved in for a kiss.

Sabrina was momentarily frozen, her eyes widening as his face loomed closer, but she reacted with a strong push.

"Hmm..."

Tyrone's shoulder was unyielding, and no matter how hard Sabrina fought, he didn't budge.

He kissed her lips with abandon, his tongue exploring her mouth. 

Sabrina's breath quickened as she struggled for air.


Seizing his opportunity, Tyrone deepened the kiss, parting her lips.

"Hmm..."

Sabrina closed her eyes and bit down hard on him.

Despite the pain, Tyrone persisted, the kiss growing more intense, the taste of blood mingling with their breaths.

Suddenly, something salty fell onto their lips.

Tyrone released Sabrina, only to see her eyes red, tears streaming down her face. 

He panicked, hurriedly wiping her tears. "I'm sorry, Sabrina. I was wrong. Please, don't cry. I'm so sorry..."

But Sabrina continued to cry, her silence heavy and suffocating, leaving Tyrone feeling a painful constriction in his chest.

"I'm sorry, Sabrina. I shouldn't have forced you. Hit me, yell at me, just don't stay silent."

"What good would hitting or yelling at you do? Will you even listen to me?" Sabrina snapped, her eyes icy. She wiped her tears and continued, "You won't! You claim to care for me, but you've never respected me! You stalk me, invading my privacy. You disregard my wishes, making me feel trapped and controlled. This is not the life I want..."

Tyrone's heart pounded in alarm at her words. "Sabrina, I just want to be near you. If it upsets you, I'll stop. Don't cry. I'll do whatever you ask."

"I want you to stay away from me!" Sabrina yelled, tears threatening to spill from her eyes.

She had struggled long and hard to divorce him, to let go.

Yet he persisted in intruding into her life and disturbing her peace.

Tyrone's expression was one of frustration. After a moment's pause, his voice tinged with bitterness, he finally conceded, "Alright, I promise you."

The following day saw Sabrina and Bettie excitedly enrolling in a tour group, a two-day adventure ahead of them.

Interestingly, every tourist within the group hailed from their own country, creating a sense of camaraderie.

On the bus, about a dozen passengers were spread out, engaging in lively conversations. Although they were in a foreign country, the presence of fellow countrymen negated any sense of unfamiliarity. Laughter and chatter filled the air.

When Sabrina and Bettie boarded the bus, conversations momentarily hushed, only to resume soon after.

The two of them took seats side by side.

A young man in the front seat turned, a friendly smile on his face. "Hello, ladies. Where are you from? Are you here for work or leisure?"

The man next to the young man stole several glances at Sabrina before returning to his window.

A middle-aged man, his face aglow with enthusiasm, chimed in, "You two don't look like students."

Bettie's smile was warm. "We're here for a trip. Our hometown is Mathias. How about you?"

The mention of hometowns sparked an energetic exchange among the tourists.

Once the last of the passengers had boarded, the tour guide took a roll call, and they were on their way.

The bus fell into a comfortable silence, filled with the soft sounds of people chatting, listening to music, or capturing glimpses of the passing scenery.

A whisper from the young man's companion caught his attention. "Hey, see those two girls behind us? The one inside seems to be Sabrina."

"Sabrina?" the young man echoed, puzzled.

"Don't you remember? She's Tyrone's wife!"

Recognition dawned, and the young man stared, astonished. "Is that really Sabrina?"

"I think so. That's her friend Bettie, the makeup artist."

When everyone heard about Tyrone and Sabrina, they even chatted about it in their dorm room, secretly wishing they could have the luck of Tyrone being born into a wealthy family and enjoying a life that regular folks could only dream of having.

"But didn't she divorce Tyrone recently?" the young man asked, curiosity piqued.

"Yep." The young man's friend breathed out and murmured, "She's getting a ton of property from Tyrone, so now she's really rich!" Even though she's a young and wealthy divorcee, people in the wealthy circle would not marry her. But as long as she's got the money, she can keep a young guy around. If someone can win her heart, they'd save decades of hard work."

The young man quietly turned his head and glanced back.

Sabrina and Bettie were engaged in conversation. Sabrina's side face was flawless. Though the content of their discussion was a mystery, Sabrina's smile was captivating, her eyes and brows arching gracefully,

her lips a vivid red, her teeth perfectly white. She bore no resemblance to a woman who had recently divorced.

"Even without wealth, her beauty alone would make her a desirable partner," the young man's friend murmured, contemplating her as a potential girlfriend.

His friend continued, "Her husband was unfaithful. She's freshly divorced and emotionally vulnerable. Now's the perfect time to win her over, to be the shoulder she leans on. If you could win her heart, your future would be set."

The more the young man pondered, the more restless he became.

If he could win over Sabrina, he would never have to struggle to make a living.

He couldn't resist checking his reflection in his mobile phone, admiring his good looks and the puppy-eyed charm that had won him so many admirers at school.

His decision was made, a secret determination forming within him.

Since the tour group had two days, they made a brief stop at Anglesi Beach.

By noon, the bus reached Lorne, where the guide and driver began unloading barbecue grills, one by one, to set up a buffet seafood barbecue on the beach.

With a limited number of grills, they had to be shared among groups.

The young man, eager to make his move, gathered his friend and Sabrina into one group. In a polite and energetic tone, he told the women, "You two can enjoy the beach. Leave the grilling to us!"

