

Chapter 204 Wait For You Until My Last Breath

Bettie's voice came through the door, interrupting Sabrina's work. "Sabrina, should we cook something ourselves or order takeout?"

Sabrina let out a deep sigh and stretched her back. She closed her laptop, stood up, and opened the door. "I don't mind. Either will do."

Bettie chuckled. "Then takeout it is."

"Okay."

Sabrina wasn't in the mood to cook at the moment. She joined Bettie in discussing lunch options. Then she sat on the sofa, lost in thought.

Since the kidnappers were so capable, the hostage must be an important figure.

If she wanted to continue her investigation, she knew she couldn't do it alone.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Bettie asked.

"Just pondering a few things." Sabrina's lips curled into a faint smile, her composure returning. "By the way, do you know any private detectives in Mathias?"

"Private detectives? Why do you ask?" Bettie widened her eyes, curious. "Who do you want to investigate?"

"I want to investigate the truck driver who killed my father," Sabrina answered, her voice firm.

She didn't elaborate. A knowing glance passed between them, and Bettie nodded in silent comprehension.

After Connor died, Sabrina was adopted by the Blakely family and received donations from various people. Additionally, she inherited savings from her deceased father's estate. As a result, she didn't have to worry about money or survival. She wanted to seek revenge against the truck driver who killed her father.

Despite the heavy sentence imposed on the truck driver, it paled in comparison to the loss of Sabrina's father. He meant everything to her. It was understandable that she found it difficult to let go and accept the situation.

"Unfortunately, I don't know of any reputable private detectives, but I can help you inquire about it," Bettie offered.

"Thanks. But be careful and discreet. I don't want anyone to find out about it."

"Of course. I'll tread carefully," Bettie assured. "By the way, did Bradley tell you that he asked us out for dinner?"

Furrowing her brows, Sabrina quickly checked her phone. She realized that Bradley had sent her a message. She had been too focused on the kidnapping investigation to notice it earlier.

"Did he say what time? Why don't we invite Aylin and make it a group dinner?"

"Great idea. I'll ask Aylin if she's free tonight."

"Okay."

At 5 p.m., Sabrina and Bettie arrived at the restaurant where Bettie had made a prior reservation.

Shortly after, Aylin and Bradley walked through the door and joined them at the table.

When Bradley saw Sabrina, he asked with concern, "Sabrina, I'm sorry about the other day. Are you alright now?"

At the airport, he found himself surrounded by a frenzied crowd of fans, unaware that Sabrina had been knocked over in the chaos. After disembarking from his flight, Bradley messaged her to check on her well-being, but she never mentioned the incident. It was only later, through Bettie, that he learned about Sabrina's fall and the injuries she had sustained.

Sabrina offered a reassuring smile. "I'm much better. Just a few bruises."

Reflecting on the incident at the airport, Bettie expressed her frustration. "Those fans were out of control. Have you been able to figure out how your schedule was leaked?"

"Yes, it was one of my assistants. My agent has already dealt with it." A sense of relief washed over Bradley's face. "I'm just glad you're okay. I would never forgive myself if something happened to you."

"It wasn't your fault. You were just as much a victim as I was," Sabrina replied.

The incident nearly caused Bradley to miss his flight.

"Enough about that. Let's focus on what we're going to order," Bettie interrupted.

"You're right."

After placing their orders, Aylin changed the topic. "Tell me about your trip to Austrain."

Bettie's enthusiasm couldn't be contained as she recounted their thrilling adventures. Animatedly, she delved into their Austrain itinerary, eagerly sharing snapshots from the group chat. Aylin's eyes gleamed with envy as she feasted on descriptions of vibrant corals and graceful turtles they encountered while diving.

The attentive waiter had promptly brought their meals by the time she finished all the exciting stories.

Sensing the need for a quick refresh, Sabrina excused herself to the ladies' room.

After washing her hands, she emerged from the bathroom.

Bradley stood beside the door, an air of expectancy about him.

Hearing her approach, he pivoted and called out, "Sabrina."

"What are you doing here?" she asked, surprised.

"I have something I want to tell you." Bradley gazed at Sabrina with a look of affection.

Her expression momentarily froze, but she quickly regained her composure. "Let's talk at the table. We should eat before our food gets cold."

However, Bradley was determined not to let the moment pass. He held her hand and said, "Sabrina, you know what I'm going to say."

Waiting for Sabrina to finalize her divorce had been a challenge for Bradley. He had given her the space she needed to move on from her previous relationship, but he couldn't wait any longer. He feared that unforeseen circumstances might arise and further delay their relationship. ⓪

Although she cared about Bradley, Sabrina didn't have romantic feelings for him. She withdrew her hand from his grasp and regarded him earnestly. "Bradley, I value our friendship too much to risk losing it."

If he expressed his true feelings, they would no longer be able to maintain their friendship.

Bradley's face turned slightly pale, and a hint of sadness filled his eyes. "You've never considered being with me, have you?"

Sabrina looked away and said calmly, "Don't waste your time on me."

"He cheated on you! Do you still hold feelings for him?"

Sabrina was resolute. "It has nothing to do with how I feel about him."

"I've just come out of a marriage. I'm not ready to jump into a new relationship."

"I'm willing to wait for you until you're ready," Bradley declared firmly, without a hint of hesitation.

Sabrina asked, "What if I'm never ready?"

"Then I'll wait for you until my last breath!"

Sabrina had a headache.


She was not kidding just now.

The conclusion of her marriage left her emotionally drained. The prospect of entering another union held no appeal for her. Possibly not in the future, either.

Solitude seemed to suit her better.

Besides, she had no interest in contemplating it at the moment. Her sole focus was on seeking justice for her father.

As Sabrina was on the verge of responding, the air was suddenly filled with mocking applause.

Turning towards the source, she saw Tyrone. His expression was laced with sardonic amusement. His gaze shifted between Bradley and Sabrina. "I'll wait for you until my last breath. How utterly touching!" 

Sabrina was momentarily surprised by Tyrone's unexpected appearance. Unwilling to entertain his sarcasm, she turned to Bradley and suggested, "Let's go have dinner."

"Yes, let's go before we lose our appetite." Bradley and Sabrina made their way back to their table.

Frustration and anger welled inside Tyrone as he watched Sabrina walk by while ignoring him. He called out, "Sabrina!"

She continued to pay no attention. Tyrone was seething. "Don't you care

about Bun?"

Her temper flared as she approached him and demanded, "Where's Bun?"

Tyrone's smile was malicious, his voice dripping with condescension. "Why, at the pet hospital, of course. Where else would she be?"

"Then what did you mean by saying that?"

"Let's go and get Bun. If you don't come with me now, you'll never see the cat again!"

Fury ignited within Sabrina, her words laced with venom. "Tyrone Blakely, are you using Bun to threaten me? You're such a jerk!"

She was enraged!

Bun was more than just a pet. It was like a baby to her. Bun was a symbol of comfort during her darkest days.

Tyrone raised an eyebrow. "Are you coming to get Bun with me or not?"

Sabrina glared at him. Her eyes were filled with a mix of anger and determination.

Taking a deep breath, she turned to Bradley and said, "Bradley, you should go back to the others and tell Aylin and Bettie that I have something that I have to deal with."

Concern etched Bradley's features as he gazed at Sabrina. Catching her wink, he shot a disapproving look at Tyrone and spat, "Tyrone, you've divorced Sabrina. Why can't you just let her go?"

Tyrone's response took on an unexpectedly composed tone. "Divorce doesn't always mark the end, does it?"

Seeing that Bradley wanted to say something more, Sabrina stopped him and said, "Bradley, you shouldn't waste your time talking to him. It's okay. Just go back to the others."

Bradley fought hard to suppress his anger and frustration. "Be careful, Sabrina."

With that, he shot Tyrone a glare filled with resentment, turned on his heel, and left.

Looking at Tyrone with contempt, Sabrina said, "Let's go! Take me to pick up Bun."

Tyrone didn't move. With his gaze fixed affectionately on Sabrina, he said in a jealous tone, "You've harbored feelings for him for such a long time. Now, you finally have the opportunity to be with him. It must be touching to know he'd wait a lifetime for you."

Sabrina rolled her eyes and retorted, "Yes, I'm touched. Now, let's get Bun."

Tyrone's eyes darkened with jealous rage, and through gritted teeth, he asked Sabrina, "So, are you really going to be with him?"

"It's none of your business. Are we going or not? If not, I'm going back to be with my friends."

Tyrone took a deep breath to calm himself down. Then he grabbed Sabrina's wrist and demanded, "Let's go."

Sabrina struggled to break free from his grip. But Tyrone only held on tighter.

She let out an exasperated sigh and rolled her eyes, frustrated with the situation.

When they arrived at the parking lot, Sabrina quickly opened the door and sat in the passenger seat, her expression blank. "Hurry up!" she urged.

However, Tyrone remained seated behind the wheel without starting the engine.

"Are you in a hurry to take Bun home so you can make a clean break from me?" he asked, self-ridiculing.

Looking ahead, Sabrina frowned. "Tyrone, sometimes I don't know what goes through your head. Didn't you decide to sell the villa? I thought you had it all figured out."

"Figured what out?"

"You said you cared about me, but that's just because you felt guilty and because of your possessiveness towards your ex-wife. You love Galilea. You're about to marry her, aren't you? Then why are you still holding on to me?"

Tyrone fell silent as Sabrina confronted him with her misconceptions. Sabrina misunderstood him so much that he didn't even know where to begin explaining.

