

Chapter 174 She Will Be Unhappy

Cloaked in a heavy coat, Sabrina's form resembled that of an adorable penguin. Periodically, she would extend her arms to pat her own body for warmth.

Tyrone observed her from a distance, aching to hold her, but held back.

Sabrina's happiness was too fragile, and he feared his presence would tarnish it.

Suddenly, a bus obstructed Tyrone's view.

The guide, having confirmed Sabrina's identity along with two others, gestured for them to board.

Over a dozen people were already seated within.

Bettie led the way and chose a row of unoccupied seats, settling down in the innermost seat. Sabrina took a seat beside her on the outer side, with an aisle separating her from Aylin.

Observing the vehicle, Bettie remarked to Sabrina, "This bus is surprisingly classy, with air conditioning and all. I've seen folks in much humbler minibuses, munching on biscuits as they go."

"That surely means we're paying extra, doesn't it?" Sabrina asked.

From the moment she left the hotel, Sabrina couldn't shake the eerie sensation of being watched, but a glance around revealed nothing out of the ordinary.

A passenger in front chimed in, having overheard their conversation. "Actually, we're not. I paid the same when I was here last time."

"So, is this a new tour group?" Sabrina said.

If the bus had been running for a while, it would probably be packed with passengers, and they might struggle to find available seats.

Meanwhile, regular tour groups would slash their prices to entice potential customers.

The passenger in front nodded and chimed in, "I heard it's the first day."

Hearing this exchange, the guide stepped in to clarify, "You know, our team has been around for ages, but we just got a new vehicle sponsored by a new boss. You're among our first guests since the upgrade."

Raising an eyebrow, Sabrina absorbed the information but remained silent.

Bettie chuckled and said, "Wow, aren't we lucky?"

The guide concurred with a smile, her gaze flickering towards Sabrina.

The bus then departed to pick up more tourists.

Meanwhile, Tyrone sat in a black car trailing the bus, eyes fixated on his laptop screen.

It had live footage from the bus.

Damon, the driver, grumbled, "After all this effort, you still haven't shown your face. What's the point?"

"I don't want to ruin her happiness," Tyrone responded, his gaze never leaving Sabrina's image on the screen.

"But she doesn't know what you've done for her."

"But I know."

"So, you came to Norwen just to be closer to her?"

"Yes."

This left Damon speechless.

Their presence, however, went unnoticed by all but the bus driver and the guide.

Once the final passengers had been collected, the bus ventured out of the city.

The best spots for viewing the aurora were in the suburbs, where there was no light pollution or dense cloud cover.

As they journeyed through the snow-dusted landscape for roughly an hour, a passenger's excited shout pierced the air. "Look! Aurora!"

Sabrina looked up, peering out of the window.

Emerald hues danced across the blue-purple canvas of the sky, twining like ribbon amongst the stars. It was an ethereal spectacle, crystal clear, vivid, and shrouded in mystery.

But in an eye's blink, the aurora vanished, leaving no trace behind.

The tourists, taken aback, hadn't even found time to turn on their phones.

This brief, powerful encounter left them all in awe.

For a while, everyone aboard the bus peered through the windows, exchanging whispers about the wondrous phenomenon they had witnessed.

About twenty minutes later, the elusive aurora returned, casting its magic far away in the horizon. A mix of emerald and violet hues, the light was fierce, illuminating half the sky and tinging even the mountains beneath with a purple glow.

The sight sent a wave of excitement through the tourists, leading to a flurry of mobile phones clicking photos through the bus windows.

This streak of aurora lasted longer this time around.

As the bus progressed, the aurora appeared to draw closer and closer.

Eventually, the bus came to a stop in an open space, and the eager tourists got off.

Sabrina was left stunned by the sight before her.

The sky was limitless, seemingly close enough to the ground to touch.

A majestic blend of blue, purple, and green, the aurora cloaked the entire sky, blending with the stars to create a sight akin to the Milky Way. It was breathtaking.

The enormity of the universe was suddenly apparent, and their human insignificance was palpable.

Photographs were a necessary part of documenting this encounter.

Cameras and smartphones were out, capturing the beauty.

Among the crowd was Aylin, carrying her camera.

Having taken enough photographs, Bettie handed her phone to Sabrina, wishing to have her picture taken against the stunning aurora.

The captured images left Bettie pleasantly surprised. "Sabrina, you're a genius! Such a perfect angle!" she exclaimed, admiring how the photos accentuated both the subject and the stunning backdrop of the aurora.

Curious, Aylin looked at the images, remarking, "Such a shame the phone doesn't capture it with enough sharpness."

She then offered her camera to Sabrina, urging, "Sabrina, take photos!"

"Hey. Stop flattering me," Sabrina protested, flustered at holding the professional camera.

"We aren't. You have a knack for capturing fantastic shots!" Bettie insisted.

"Absolutely. Never forget your talents, Sabrina!" Aylin chimed in.

Apart from her role as the director for MQ Clothing, Sabrina also worked with video games, jewelry, and other products as a marketing consultant. She excelled particularly in advertising design and photography.

Industry insiders often lauded Sabrina's ability to create visually stimulating advertisements.

Whenever MQ Clothing scheduled a photo-shoot, Sabrina was actively involved, guiding the photographer personally. And among all photographers, Aylin was the one who best understood her vision.

"You're brilliant with a phone. I can only imagine how stunning your shots would be with a proper camera. Too bad you didn't study photography, Sabrina. You could've outshone me!" Aylin added.

Sabrina merely offered a shy smile in response.

Back in the day, her sole focus was Tyrone, and she strove to master skills that would benefit him.

It was only then that Sabrina remembered her forgotten hobby. As a child, she was quite taken by photography.

Back then, her family didn't have a lot of money, making a camera a luxury.

But her father owned a camera. Every time he returned home, she'd eagerly wait to play with it.

Despite valuing the camera greatly, her father indulged her curiosity, albeit with repeated warnings to handle it with care.

Until his demise, she occasionally sought comfort in capturing moments through his camera.

But after he passed away, the camera was forgotten. She immersed herself in her studies, driven by the desire to match

up to Tyrone's expectations and earn his praise.

In this pursuit, she had lost touch with her hobbies and, consequently, a piece of her identity.

Was it the grief of losing her father that made her abandon her passions? Or was it the obsession with Tyrone?

Or both of them?

