

## Chapter 181 Feeling Guilty

After a delightful meal together, it was time for Bradley to catch his flight. Aylin drove him to the airport.

As she pulled into the bustling airport parking lot, Sabrina turned to Bradley, seated beside her. "Well, it was truly wonderful catching up. I can't wait to see you in Austrain."

Bradley paused a moment, then pushed the car door open and stepped out. "Hey, Sabrina, could you walk me to the gate?"

Sabrina hesitated briefly before getting out of the car without overthinking it. She was about to suggest Aylin accompany her when Bradley added, "Aylin can wait in the car."

"Sure thing!" Aylin responded with a smile. "It's pretty chilly out there. I'll stay put. Go see Bradley off, Sabrina."

Feeling a bit torn, Sabrina turned to Bradley. "Okay, then I'll walk you to the gate."

"Sounds good." Bradley smiled.

Inside the car, Aylin exchanged a knowing look with Bettie.

Sabrina and Bradley headed to the airport gate in awkward silence.

During the walk, Sabrina attempted to strike up a conversation. "Is this job your last one before Christmas?"

Bradley shook his head. "Nope, I've got a couple more lined up. I hope to free up the rest of the month to travel with you. For leisure and not work for a change."

"Why are you in such a hurry? You shouldn't overwork yourself, or you might make yourself sick. Your vacation times are flexible. Besides, you

might not get any time off before Christmas."

"I'm tired of traveling alone and want to tag along with you." Bradley looked at Sabrina, eyes full of affection.

Sabrina was stunned for a moment, but she pretended not to understand Bradley's underlying meaning. "Sure, it would be more fun traveling with a friend. Well, here's the airport. You should probably go inside now. I'll head back to the car. It's freezing out here."

"Wait, Sabrina." Bradley reached into his pocket and pulled out a small box.

The box bore the logo of a luxury brand.

Opening the box with care, Bradley revealed a delicate necklace inside.

"I picked this out for you. Do you like it?"

Sabrina's eyes widened in surprise as she glanced at the necklace. "It's too extravagant. I can't accept it."

"It's no big deal. I can afford it. If it makes you feel any better about accepting it, you can get me a gift of similar value in the future."

"What would be the point of that, then?"


"The point is that you should treat it like a divorce gift from a friend. And if you refuse me again, I'll be very sad."

Sabrina was left with no choice but to accept the gift. "Okay."

She resolved to eventually return the gesture by getting Bradley something of equal value.

"Let me help you put it on." Bradley removed the necklace from its box.

Sabrina leaned her head forward.

With a tender gesture, Bradley pulled her hair to one side. He delicately draped the ends of the necklace around her neck. 

As the cool metal made contact with her fair skin, she could feel his

warm breath on her neck.

Bradley couldn't help but notice Sabrina's red ears. Whether from the chill or the intimacy of the moment, he couldn't be sure.

From a distance, one could easily mistake them for a couple kissing or hugging in this position.

"Are you done?" Sabrina had her neck stretched in an awkward position and was starting to feel cold and stiff.

Bradley snapped out of his trance and said, "Nearly done."

When he fastened the clasp, he gently turned her to face him, then stepped back and smiled. "It looks good on you."

"Thank you. You should go in now."

"Well, I'll see you in Austrain then. Goodbye," Bradley said as he took a step back and waved. "You'd better get back to the car."

Sabrina watched Bradley's figure disappear into the airport. But as she turned to go back to the car, she suddenly stopped. Her heart skipped a beat, and her facial muscles tightened with uncertainty. She didn't know what to do.

Tyrone was nearby, observing her with an intense gaze.

Leaning against the door of a black car, he wore a black down jacket with a fur-lined hood. His jacket was unzipped, revealing his sweater and belt.

Knowing that they left Shadowlake ahead of time because of Bradley, Tyrone's heart seethed with fiery anger. A sense of suffocation gripped him, mingling with a subtle trace of jealousy aimed at Bradley.

Witnessing Bradley and Sabrina embrace and kiss ignited an uncontrollable fury within him. He could no longer restrain himself.

Bradley took time out of his busy work schedule to fly out and see her.

Was she moved by his gesture? Were they a couple now? ⓘ

The mere thought of Sabrina becoming Bradley's wife and sharing intimate moments with him shattered Tyrone's heart.

He clenched his teeth, determined to prevent it from happening.

Sabrina could only belong to him!

He didn't want to show up in front of Sabrina so early, considering her mood. But he couldn't help it.

Sabrina had not expected to run into Tyrone and was unprepared for the encounter. In a moment of panic, she swiftly made her way to her car, unsure of what to do next.

Oddly, she felt a twinge of guilt, as if she had been caught having an affair by her husband.

But she quickly reasoned that she had no reason to feel guilty.

She was divorced from Tyrone, and her relationship with Bradley was that of friends.

Even if she and Bradley were more than that, it wasn't any of Tyrone's concern.

With this realization, she stood tall, walked to the car, and opened the door, all under Tyrone's intense scrutiny.

As Sabrina was about to settle into the back seat, she heard Tyrone call out her name.

Sabrina took a moment to compose herself before shutting the car door and turning to face Tyrone, who was approaching. She smiled, greeting him. "What a coincidence, my dear brother! Are you here on a business trip?"

As Tyrone approached, Sabrina couldn't help but notice that he appeared thinner.

Hearing her indifferent greeting cut him like a knife.

He remembered how she used to call him that before they made their relationship public, and at that time, he didn't think much of it.

However, now the term sounded harsh in his ears and hurt him deeply.

What he didn't know was that in the past three years, every time Sabrina called him that, her heart ached. ☹

"No," Tyrone answered, his voice heavy.

Sabrina taunted, "So if you're not here for business, you must be going on a holiday. I didn't expect that you would have time to travel after becoming the chairman of Blakely Group."

Tyrone didn't want to engage in small talk or argue, so he got to the point, his expression serious. "I came for you."

"For me?" Sabrina's expression froze momentarily. His words caught her off guard. "Why would you want to see me?"

"Sabrina, are you in a relationship with Bradley?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Yes or no?"

Sabrina avoided giving him a direct response, and Tyrone could sense her evasion. To him, her silence spoke volumes and confirmed his suspicions. He clenched his fists, feeling wounded with disappointment.

"I don't owe you an answer. Remember, we're divorced."

Sabrina's resolute expression left him feeling a profound emptiness that gripped his heart. In this very instant, he understood that if he were to claim concern for her solely as a brother, his words would come across as weak and pointless.

An urgency grew within him. He knew he had to find a way to convey his feelings for her before it was too late. "Sabrina, I never wanted the divorce. You know that."

Having anticipated Sabrina's response, Tyrone had rehearsed his words a hundred times in his mind. With genuine sincerity, he asked, "Sabrina, could we find a place to talk?"

