

Chapter 183 The Wallet

Damon said, "The thief was indeed skillful, having made off with your wallet while you were taking photos on Sagecoast. I saw him with my own eyes."

Sabrina's eyes met his as she inquired, "Were you at Sagecoast as well?"

Doubt crept into her mind, and for a brief moment, she wondered if it had been Damon who'd taken her wallet. The coincidence was uncanny.

"I was there just yesterday."

"Thank you, truly," she said.

They had only visited Sagecoast today.

Was this truly a mere coincidence?

"It's nothing. Helping a fellow countryman abroad is only natural," Damon assured her, handing over the wallet.

Grasping the wallet, Sabrina looked up at him, gratitude in her eyes. "If you hadn't arrived in time, I'd have booked a flight to Oslo. How about I treat you to dinner tomorrow? If your friend doesn't mind, he can come too. My treat."

Damon's eyebrows lifted as he answered, "We'll see. I'll talk to my friend first."

"Your friend is strict with you? He sounds more like a wife, fearful of you flirting with other women," Sabrina teased, half in jest.

At this, Damon thought of Tyrone's stern face and couldn't help but smile. "He's harder to please than a girlfriend. You'll understand when you meet him."

Sabrina was doubtful, but she quickly masked her emotion with a gentle smile. "I was only joking. You've helped me so much. Dinner is the least I can do. If your friend objects, I'll speak to him myself."

Damon grinned playfully, nodding. "Alright, I'll get back to you later."

"Okay," Sabrina responded, closing the door and leaning against it, deep in thought, her eyes fixed on the wallet.

Was it all just a coincidence?

Meanwhile, Damon headed straight to Tyrone's room, settling on the sofa. "I've returned the wallet."

"Okay," Tyrone responded quietly, lounging in his armchair, elbows on knees, cigarette and lighter in hand.

"Didn't you see her yesterday? Why not deliver it yourself?" Damon asked, lighting his own cigarette.

He remembered Tyrone's swift punch to the thief, a memory accentuated by the imagined sound of breaking ribs.

Tyrone drew heavily on his cigarette, exhaling slowly as the smoke twirled upwards and vanished.

The chill of Sabrina's words from yesterday, "I don't want to remarry you," lingered with him, colder even than December in Norwen.

After a pause, Tyrone asked, "Did she say anything else?"

"She offered to treat me to dinner tomorrow," Damon replied, anticipating Tyrone's response. "She insisted, since I helped her. If you object, she'll speak to you."

Tyrone paused once more before taking another drag, his face serious.

Damon playfully glanced at Tyrone and inquired, "What do you think? You have to agree this time, right?"

Tyrone's expression darkened. "Tell her that you'll choose the

restaurant.”

“Okay.”

They had intended to go to the sea to observe the whales the following day. A large ship had been reserved by Bettie for the whale-watching trip. The departure was scheduled for approximately eight in the morning, with the journey expected to last anywhere from six to nine hours.

Consequently, Sabrina and Damon planned their dinner for that evening. Upon hearing Damon’s desire to select a restaurant, Sabrina found herself puzzled once again.

However, she did not object and requested that Damon inform her once he had made his decision.

The next morning, precisely at seven-thirty, Sabrina and her friends gathered at the assigned dock.

There, numerous individuals awaited their turn, clearly anticipating their upcoming whale-watching adventure.

They had secured a catamaran for their tour.

By seven-forty, they were aboard the ship, embarking precisely at eight o’clock. The vessel accommodated over 30 people in total.

As the boat’s hull sliced through the water, creating white waves that parted in two, they steadily drifted away from the dock.

On the deck, Sabrina stood, the sea breeze caressing her face, tinged with the unique salty aroma.

She glanced back to see the dock receding into the distance, gradually vanishing from sight.

A vast sea surrounded her, and in the distance, where the blue sky met the horizon, faint outlines of snow-capped mountains seemed to merge

with the sky itself.

With some distance still to cover before reaching the whales' location, Sabrina felt a chill and headed for the lounge.

A small lounge on the ship held over ten passengers, while the remaining ten stayed outside, absorbed in the landscape.

Time passed unmarked until they reached the spot where the whales were expected. Sabrina returned to the deck as their guide alerted them.

Right now, the dock was nowhere in sight. The ship bobbed alone on the vast sea, and the surroundings were obscured.

Sabrina couldn't help but let out a sigh, realizing how immense the world was and how insignificant people could feel.

Watching whales, like witnessing the aurora, was a game of chance.

The tourists, eyes wide, focused intently on the sea, but despair set in as the day wore on without a single sighting.

Hours went by, and lunchtime arrived.

Though the meal was lavish, disappointment overshadowed their appetite.

Then, a shout from the guide, amplified by a megaphone, broke the gloom. "Look! Southeast!"

Following his cue, Sabrina spotted a colossal creature leaping from the water, its body forming a graceful arc before plunging back into the depths, leaving behind white waves.

"Wow!" they exclaimed in unison.

Frozen in awe, Sabrina momentarily forgot to snap photographs until Bettie's reminder.

Having only seen pictures of whales before, she knew they were the

largest animals on earth, but she had never fathomed how huge they were.

The experience was far more profound than any photograph could convey.

Their guide exclaimed, "You are so lucky. There are several whale babies beside it. See?"

As he continued to detail the whale species, the tourists were consumed with taking photos, giving him little attention.

The ship cautiously approached the whale pod.

The creatures seemed accustomed to the attention and showed no signs of fear. A baby whale, trailing behind, came so close to the ship that when it leaped, Sabrina felt the water splash on her face.

Time near the whales seemed to fly by, and it was already five in the afternoon when they returned to shore.

Sabrina and her friends got off, and she said to Bettie and Aylin, "You can head back first. I've got a meeting scheduled with Damon."