

Chapter 208 Is Anyone Else At Home

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As she knelt and peered under the table, a large pair of curious eyes stared back at her.

Sabrina couldn't help laughing.

The kitten finally ventured out upon seeing Sabrina. "Meow."

With Bun nestled in her arms, Sabrina settled onto the sofa, gently stroking her soft fur. She reached for her phone and dialed Wanda's number.

After a few rings, the housekeeper answered, "Hello, Sabrina?"

"Hello, is Grandma at home?"

"Yes, I'll give her the phone."

The housekeeper glanced at Tyrone and then handed the phone to Wanda.

"Hello, Sabrina? Have you come back from your trip? How was your trip abroad? Why are you calling me?" Wanda pressed her finger to her lips, motioning for Tyrone to remain silent.

"Grandma, nothing important. I just wanted to see you, but I thought I'd check if you were home first."

"I am home, dear. Come and visit. I've missed you."

Tyrone, observing the interaction, couldn't help but smile bitterly.

Though he couldn't hear Sabrina's side of the conversation, he could sense the underlying emotions.

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Actually, Sabrina called to know if Tyrone was at Wanda's place.

"By the way, Grandma, is anyone else at home?" Sabrina asked, her tone carrying a meaningful undertone.

Wanda immediately understood the implied question behind Sabrina's

sense the underlying emotions.

Actually, Sabrina called to know if Tyrone was at Wanda's place.

"By the way, Grandma, is anyone else at home?" Sabrina asked, her tone carrying a meaningful undertone.

Wanda immediately understood the implied question behind Sabrina's inquiry.

She glanced at Tyrone, and with a firm resolve, she answered, "No. Just the housekeeper and I are home."

"Okay, I'll be there soon."

Sabrina hung up the phone. Then she turned her attention to Bun, feeding the kitten before grabbing her keys and heading out the door.

Wanda put down the receiver, and with a sharp glare, she looked at Tyrone. "Why are you still sitting there?"

Tyrone felt helpless. "Grandma..."

"I won't help you hurt Sabrina. What's the use of regretting now? Why didn't you realize that earlier?" Wanda let out a sigh, her tone heavy with disappointment and frustration. "Cesar and I forced you two to get married. We hoped that Sabrina could have a good husband. Little did I anticipate the divorce. I feel ashamed for Sabrina."

Eventually, Tyrone said, "I apologize for not meeting your expectations."

"Given her feelings, I won't ask her to come here when you're around. Likewise, you won't be here when she visits."

Tyrone knew his grandmother well and had expected as much from her. After a brief pause, he said softly, "I understand. I'm leaving now. Jennie flies in tomorrow morning. I'll bring her along."

"Very well. You've stated your intention. Now go," Wanda said, dismissing him with a wave.

Tyrone rose and walked out of the room.

Tyrone headed to his car and drove down the road. Soon, he reached a bend and parked the car.

Adjusting the seat slightly, he leaned back and closed his eyes, his mind burdened with regret and disappointment.

From this vantage point, he had a clear view of the entry gate to the house.

Approximately half an hour later, a familiar car pulled in at the gate, catching Tyrone's attention.

Stepping out, Sabrina retrieved a gift from the trunk and made her way inside.

Later that day, after leaving Wanda's residence, Sabrina returned to her apartment. As she passed the security guards, they informed her there was a package for her.

Sabrina collected the parcel. It had a logo indicating that it contained fragile goods inside. A surge of excitement washed over her—it was her camera.

As soon as she unboxed the camera, she began taking pictures of Bun, capturing the kitten's playful antics on film.

Sabrina loved the stunning photos her new camera produced. The quality was vastly superior to those taken with her cell phone. There was one picture that she particularly liked. It captured Bun staring at the camera with her big, round eyes, her legs tucked under her long, fluffy fur, and the E-collar adorning her neck. Sabrina couldn't resist admiring how adorable her kitten looked in the picture.

After some contemplation, Sabrina opened Twitter and logged in to her

main account. There, she posted some photos of Bun.

Following the scandal, Sabrina gained many fans, and her followers were eager to see more of her life.

Earlier, when she tweeted about her divorce, many people expressed their sympathy and support, admitting that they had previously misjudged her.

Initially, she hesitated to use this Twitter account, but now she was glad she did.

Sabrina was acutely aware of the risks associated with conducting a private investigation to uncover the truth about her father's death.

If what she was doing was exposed, she might get killed.

Although she was unsure who was responsible for her father's murder, she knew that she needed to prepare for any eventuality.

If she got killed, her investigation would come to light.

Another scenario could be that Darren uncovered a lead, yet the case remained uninvestigated due to procedural constraints or the interference of a mole.

In that case, Sabrina would use her fame and influence as powerful tools in her quest for justice. She was prepared to use her platform to pressure the relevant authorities and demand they reopen her father's case if needed.

The internet was a double-edged sword.

Despite her concerns, Sabrina recognized the importance of tending to her main Twitter account to keep her supporters engaged and informed.

After posting the photos of Bun, Sabrina received an outpouring of support from her followers. Many praised the kitten's cuteness and shared their stories of comfort and encouragement.

As Sabrina was scrolling through the comments on her Twitter post, she noticed someone asked her about her trip in Austrain. Most likely, they saw it mentioned in Bettie's tweet.

Sabrina pondered the idea briefly before making a decision. She resolved to write an article about her trip to Austrain with Bettie, providing a detailed account of their itinerary and including captivating photos of the scenic spots they had visited. After posting the article on her Twitter account, Sabrina was delighted to receive positive comments from her followers.

The following morning, a black Cayenne pulled into the airport parking lot.

Tyrone stepped out, making his way into the terminal's arrivals area.

He wore a gray coat, and his towering presence made him stand out in the crowd.

Kira sent him a message. "The flight departed on time and will arrive on time."

Tyrone checked his watch, his gaze locked on the arrivals hall.

Minutes later, a group of passengers emerged, including a young girl about four or five years old. Bundled in a thick coat and leather boots, she resembled a little penguin. Her small hands rested on her backpack straps as she trailed after an airport staff member. ④

"Jennie," Tyrone called out, waving his hand.

When Jennie spotted him, her face lit up. She rushed over and threw her arms around Tyrone, planting a kiss on his cheek. "Uncle!" she said with a toothy grin.

Kira applied for airport service. The staff didn't leave until they confirmed that Tyrone was Jennie's family.

Tyrone lifted Jennie into his arms, inquiring, "You traveled alone. Were

you scared on the plane?"

Jennie shook her head, wrapping her arms around Tyrone's neck. "Nope. Grandma said you'd be here to pick me up."

Tyrone's smile grew as he carried Jennie out of the airport. "You're a brave girl. Let's head home."

Jennie looked around and pouted. "Uncle, why didn't Aunt come too? Is she at work?"

Tyrone's smile faltered momentarily. Gently pinching her cheek, he assured her, "You'll find out when we get home."

Undeterred by the mystery, Jennie's face beamed with innocence. "Sure. I brought gifts for you and Aunt!"

"You're thoughtful, Jennie. You can give it to her when you see her."

