

Chapter 285 A Spy

Sabrina eagerly anticipated her upcoming workday, where she would be working in Galilea's company. She had a pressing request, wanting Tyrone to take care of Jennie.

After their journey, Kira was determined to bring Jennie back to Hojery. The question lingered: would Tyrone insist on Jennie staying or opt for a compromise?

Glancing at the rearview mirror, Sabrina made a fascinating discovery. Tyrone's car was faithfully trailing behind them.

Swiftly, she retrieved her phone and composed a message for Tyrone and then turned to Aylin, uttering, "Aylin, kindly pull over. I'll get out of the car with Jennie."

"Must I wait for you?" Aylin inquired.

"No need, I have matters to discuss with Tyrone," Sabrina replied.

"Very well."

Aylin discerned an appropriate spot and brought the car to a halt.

Sabrina alighted from the vehicle with Jennie and as Aylin drove away, Tyrone's car came to an immediate stop right before them.

With an elegant gesture, Sabrina opened the rear door, allowing herself and Jennie to step inside.

While deftly managing the steering wheel with one hand, Tyrone showcased his exquisite wristwatch and removed his Bluetooth headset with the other. His eyes, as if seeking answers, rested on the rearview mirror. "What would you like for dinner tonight?"

"I'm okay with anything," Sabrina responded.

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"I'm okay with anything," Sabrina responded.

"And you, Jennie?"

Jennie tilted her head thoughtfully and responded, "I'd love to savor some roast duck."

"Excellent choice! Roast duck it is," Tyrone affirmed.

Jennie, a true epicurean at heart, thoroughly relished her meals.

Seizing the moment, Sabrina broached the subject, "Jennie, would you be willing to come back with Tyrone today and stay with him for a while?"

Jennie appeared momentarily bewildered, casting her wide, innocent gaze first at Tyrone and then at Sabrina. "Why?"

"I have some impending commitments that will keep me occupied in the coming days," Sabrina explained.

Before Jennie could vocalize her inquiry, Tyrone interjected, "What seems to be the matter?"

Sabrina turned a deaf ear to Tyrone, her focus unwavering on Jennie as she reassured her with tender words, "This matter is of utmost importance, my dear. I promise, once my work is done, I'll play with you, alright?"

Jennie nodded earnestly, her voice filled with affection, "Sabrina, please finish as quick as you can. I'll be looking forward to it."

"I will," Sabrina affirmed.

Having comforted Jennie, Sabrina noticed the inquisitive expression gracing Tyrone's countenance. She proceeded to dine with an air of tranquility, her intentions veiled.

Tyrone's lips pursed in response, his outward demeanor appearing composed, though, beneath the surface, curiosity gnawed at him.

The melodious ringtone of Tyrone's phone disrupted the atmosphere. Tyrone swiftly answered it in the hallway.

On the other end was Damon.

Ever since the ominous threat had reached Sabrina, she had instructed the property manager to scrutinize the surveillance footage. The assailant, disguised in black, had knocked at her door, rendering himself unrecognizable. His movements within and outside the premises skillfully skirted the surveillance's gaze.

It had taken Damon a considerable amount of time to identify the assailant as a denizen of a local bar. Following his apprehension, a series of inquiries extracted from him the revelation of an instigator, also masked. The instigator's concealed anomaly was a telltale clue. His left hand was adorned with six fingers that had been concealed surreptitiously within the folds of his sleeve.

A complex web of suspicion briefly danced across Tyrone's gaze.

Sabrina had been imperiled while delving into her personal investigation of the abduction.

Regardless of her motives, the kidnappers had eluded justice, a thorn embedded deep within Tyrone's heart.

At that time, the police had devised a meticulous plan, yet the kidnappers had managed to elude capture completely.

During that moment, a notion began to crystallize within Tyrone's mind that a spy lurked in his vicinity.

He was acquainted with an individual sporting six fingers on his left hand, the very same man who served as Larry's chauffeur. Could this man possibly be a covert operative?

Was Larry embroiled in this intricate web of intrigue as well?

Damon proceeded with a somber revelation, "She recently had an audience with the head of the police station overseeing the case. Insider whispers suggest that the kidnapping may have links to her father's untimely demise. It appears her father possessed certain incriminating photographs, which led to his tragic demise..."

Tyrone was left staggered.

It was an unforeseen revelation that Connor's car accident had, in fact, been a premeditated murder.

Tyrone's emotions were a tempest, a whirlwind of anger and concern. Why had Sabrina taken such a risk alone?

Did her actions signify a desire to distance herself from him?

Anger welled up within him but beneath it lay a deep sense of compassion.

Given Sabrina's profound love for Connor, how would Sabrina cope with the devastating knowledge that her beloved father had been murdered?

Sabrina was a woman of unwavering determination.

Yes, her resolve was indomitable.

Her focus had never wavered. She delved into her studies, work, life, love, and cherished memories with relentless dedication.

She had pursued justice for her father tenaciously, even though a decade had passed since Connor's tragic demise and her quest for vengeance might ultimately lead her down a similar perilous path as Connor's.

After concluding the call, Tyrone walked outside, seeking solace in the quietude as he indulged in a contemplative cigarette. ①

Meanwhile, Sabrina and Jennie engaged in a spirited discussion about the peculiar sideways movement of crabs.

Tyrone, casting an affectionate gaze upon Sabrina's profile, harbored a maelstrom of emotions within.

Before the dinner's end, exhaustion overwhelmed Jennie, her eyelids drooping heavily.

With tender care, Tyrone scooped Jennie up and placed her in the back

seat before embarking on their journey.

The clock had already struck 9:00 p.m. The neon lights outside cast a hazy glow through the car window, while the occasional car whooshed by, punctuating the silence with their distant whistles.

Within the confines of the car, a profound stillness enveloped Tyrone and Sabrina, disrupted only by the rhythmic cadence of their breaths.

In a subdued tone, Tyrone ventured to ask, "What are your plans in the following days?"

Sabrina chose not to respond directly but instead posed her own question, "I recall aunt mentioning her intent to take Jennie back after our excursion. What are your thoughts on the matter? Are you in agreement?"

"No, I won't agree on Jennie's return."

"I'm concerned that she may not share your perspective."

"I will manage it," Tyrone assured. Glancing at Sabrina through the rearview mirror, he pressed, "But you've yet to answer my initial inquiry."

Sabrina brushed off the question with nonchalance, stating, "That's not your concern."

"Allow me to pose another question, then. On that fateful day at the restaurant, when Galilea shoved you down the staircase and caused you harm, why did you keep it from me?"

While en route from Orden, Kylan had relayed the unsettling news to Tyrone.

Sabrina arched an eyebrow. "Why should I have informed you? You seemed quite taken with her. Despite her alleged involvement in Cesar's demise, you chose to forgive her. My injury was minor."

Tyrone pursed his lips, his sigh a gesture of resigned helplessness.

"You've misconstrued my sentiments. I didn't harbor any affection for her. Why did you endure her mistreatment?"

Sabrina remained silent, her gaze fixated on the passing streetlights beyond the window.

Of course she didn't want to, but she had no choice.

Tyrone surmised that perhaps it was the unresolved case that compelled Sabrina to endure Galilea.

Ever since Sabrina's grandfather's demise, Galilea had occupied a place of resentment in Sabrina's heart. In Sabrina's relentless pursuit of justice for her father, Sabrina had found herself willing to endure being slapped by Galilea and being pushed down the stairs. Tyrone's heart ached, bearing the weight of her self-imposed isolation. She chose to suffer in silence rather than seek his aid.

"Sabrina, of late, it seems you've been keeping something from me. Are you delving into the kidnapping incident from that year? And if so, why?" Tyrone inquired, his tone purposefully measured.

Before Sabrina could formulate a response, a stirring in Jennie signaled her imminent awakening.

Gently, Sabrina caressed Jennie's tiny form, coaxing her back into slumber.

Jennie succumbed to sleep once more, Sabrina's hands remaining in motion until they reached the Starriver Bay villa.

Tyrone refrained from further questioning, focusing his attention on navigating the car along the winding road.

As the vehicle came to a halt at the villa's entrance, Sabrina discerned Tyrone's unspoken intention. She offered, "Hand me the car key and I'll make my own way home."

Tyrone didn't say anything, exiting the car to carry Jennie upstairs and

retrieve the car key.

Several minutes later, he returned to the car, igniting the engine to transport Sabrina back.

"Can you provide an explanation now? Why have you embarked on this investigation into the kidnapping case?" Tyrone inquired once more.

Sabrina, visibly exasperated, rubbed her forehead. "It has no bearing on you whatsoever."

