

Chapter 349 Sabrina, You Didn't Do Anything Wrong

At noon on Sunday, Sabrina and Tyrone took Jennie to Wanda's place.

"Great-grandma, we came to see you!" Jennie exclaimed, running ahead as she let go of Sabrina's hand.

"Oh, Jennie, I've missed you so much."

Wanda was reading a newspaper out on the balcony with her presbyopic glasses when she heard Jennie's voice.

She quickly put down the paper and removed her glasses, then entered the living room. When Wanda saw Jennie, she smiled warmly, waving at the latter. "Did Tyrone and Sabrina come with you as well?"

"Yes!"

Jennie blinked her large eyes and giggled as she skipped toward Wanda. Standing on her tiptoes, she leaned forward to whisper something in Wanda's ear.

Wanda bent down to listen attentively.

"I call Tyrone uncle and Sabrina auntie. Now, she doesn't object anymore."

In the past, Sabrina would always correct her and object to being called aunt.

"Oh, that's lovely news, dear."

As Wanda straightened up, her eyes sparkled with joy upon hearing the news.

She would be delighted to see Tyrone and Sabrina reconcile with each other.

As Wanda gazed fondly at Jennie, noticing the resemblance between the child's eyes and brows and Tyrone's, a hint of unease shadowed her thoughts.

Kira's behavior toward Jennie had heightened Wanda's suspicions about Jennie's true identity.

However, Wanda hesitated to bring it up since no one else had mentioned it. She was worried that her suspicions might be confirmed and that the situation could become more complicated.

What would happen to the relationship between Tyrone and Sabrina then?

Tyrone and Sabrina soon entered, greeting Wanda with a smile and snapping her out of her thoughts.

"What a lovely surprise to see you two here today."

Wanda gazed at them. She smiled as she took a seat on the sofa. "Have you two made an appointment to come here together?"

Sabrina felt a little more at ease when she heard Wanda say in a normal tone.

Tyrone glanced at Sabrina. "Grandma, it's best not to ask about it," he said with a smile.

"Okay, okay, I won't ask anymore."

Wanda noticed that Sabrina avoided making eye contact with her and assumed it was shyness.

Shortly after, Karen entered the room with a tray of refreshments. The four of them gathered around, taking a seat to engage in friendly conversation.

While Sabrina listened to Wanda's caring words, her sense of shame intensified.

She was in a foul mood, knowing that Wanda was still unaware of what had happened to Larry. Sabrina tried to conceal her emotions so Wanda wouldn't notice them.

Sabrina would prefer that Wanda know the truth and scold her. That way, she wouldn't feel as guilty for keeping it from Wanda.

However, Wanda was getting older and couldn't bear the blow. Therefore, it was best to hide it from her.

After spending some time with Wanda and sharing lunch, they bid their farewells.

On their way home, Tyrone glanced in the rearview mirror at Sabrina. "Don't worry. Even if Wanda learns the truth later, she won't blame you."

"I just... Well..." Sabrina sighed, feeling the weight of her concealed truth. It was true that Larry had something to do with her father's death, but Cesar and Wanda didn't know about it yet. Sabrina struggled, not wanting to hurt those who had treated her as their own by exposing the truth to them, especially Wanda.

"It's not your fault, Sabrina," Tyrone reassured. "If someone can't understand you and even blame you, it only shows they're not on the same page. You can't force closeness with someone like that."

Sabrina pursed her lips and remained silent. She knew Tyrone was right. Yet, her childhood experiences had shaped her into someone who often sought to please others, particularly within her circle of friends and family. With her relatives deceased and a distant relationship with Leroy and Claire, Wanda stood as her elder figure, making Sabrina's rapport with her immensely significant.

"What are you talking about?" Jennie interrupted, her curiosity piqued.

Tyrone smiled gently. "Well, your aunt did something that may upset your great-grandma."

Hearing this, Jennie snuggled into Sabrina's arms and gazed up at the latter with her big eyes. "Sabrina, don't worry. I'll always be here for you. If my great-grandma is upset with you, I'll help you smoothen her and make things right."

As Sabrina listened to Jennie's innocent words of support and gazed at the latter's delicate skin, she felt a sense of relief wash over her. She affectionately pinched Jennie's nose and expressed her gratitude, "Thank you, Jennie. You're a sweetheart."

"Don't mention it. That's what I should do!"

Then, Jennie grinned and inquired casually, "I have to go to school tomorrow. Will you drive me there?"

"I'm sorry, Jennie. But I can't. I have a flight to catch in the morning."

Before Jennie could say anything, Tyrone asked, surprised, "You're flying out? Where are you going?"

"Violetholt. I have to attend the photography competition's award ceremony."

Tyrone's reaction was one of shock. He tightly clenched his teeth, his eyes fixed on the road, and his face devoid of any expression.

However, deep inside, a whirlwind of emotions stirred as he recalled that Blayze, one of the judges of the photography competition, would also be present at the award ceremony.

Tyrone gripped the steering wheel tightly.

"Wow, you're amazing!" Jennie exclaimed.

The following day at kindergarten, Jennie sat next to her deskmate and posed a question, "Who drove you to school this morning?"

"My mother. Why do you ask?" The child was confused.

Jennie sighed loudly on purpose. "A nanny brought me here. My mom had to go to Violetholt today."

Commented [Ma1]:

All the children that attended this kindergarten were from well-off or influential families. It wasn't unusual that they had a driver and a nanny at home.

Jennie's deskmate asked, "What is she doing in Violetholt?"

"She will be attending an award ceremony. My mommy won the first prize in the competition."

"Wow, your mother is so awesome!"

Jennie curled her lips and sighed deliberately. "Although she promised to show me the trophy, I still wish she could spend more time with me."

Her classmate immediately said, "Your mother knows everything. I envy you so much. My mother does nothing except shopping."

Jennie said politely, "Then your mother must have plenty of time to spend with you. That's good."

The flight from Mathias to Violetholt took about three hours.

After disembarking the plane, Sabrina powered up her phone and headed to collect her luggage.

When her phone turned on, several messages popped up.

Blayze had inquired about Sabrina's flight yesterday. About five minutes ago, he sent her a message, asking, "Have you arrived yet?"

She replied, "Getting my luggage. Give me a few minutes."

"Okay, I'll treat you today. What would you like to eat?"

"What about roasted duck?"

"Sure. Sounds good."

Pulling her suitcases into the hall, Sabrina paused, scanning the area.

Not too far away, Blayze was waiting, dressed in a suit. His tall, handsome stature attracted the gaze of passersby.

"Blayze."

"Sabrina."

Their voices intermingled.

Sabrina, grinning, approached him with her luggage. "Hi, Blayze."

"Let's head for dinner."

He took her suitcases, and they moved along.

Inquiring casually, Sabrina asked, "When did you return?"

"Yesterday. Nicole had to go to school. I came back with them."

Sierra has also returned.

"Is your younger brother doing better?"

"He's recovered. No need to worry."

"That's good."

Blayze took Sabrina to the most famous restaurant in Violetholt. The restaurant's reputation extended across the country and attracted many tourists from various regions. Due to its popularity, it was often challenging to secure a reservation during the holiday season.

Having been here before, Sabrina craved the delicious roasted duck while in Violetholt.

Blayze had already reserved a chamber and ordered some of Sabrina's favorite dishes.

While they were having their meal, Blayze apologized to Sabrina for her once-stolen work again. After all, the host of the competition was somewhat at fault.

"Are you going back tomorrow? I want to introduce you to some people tonight."

He decided to introduce Sabrina to others as a way of demonstrating his sincerity.

As a senior photographer and the heir of the Fowler family, Blayze had an extensive network of contacts.

Sabrina reluctantly agreed.

