

## Chapter 450 Try To Buy More Time

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After the plane took off, Tyrone remained buried in his work. When the stewardess offered refreshments, he declined with a dismissive shake of his head.

Meanwhile, Keilani couldn't help but nibble at her lip, casting glances at Tyrone. "Can I get a glass of milk, please?" she sweetly asked the stewardess.

Casting another look Tyrone's way, she sighed inwardly. He was still engrossed in his laptop, completely oblivious to her presence.

Frustrated, Keilani tried to grab his attention with a few noisy gestures, but her efforts were futile.

Half an hour later, she asked for a lunch box.

She then requested assistance with picking up the trash from the stewardess after her dinner.

Seeing that Tyrone was still on his work, Keilani quickly thought of an idea.

Keilani pretended to rummage through her bag as if wanting to touch up her makeup. In a well-devised mishap, she lost her balance and dropped her lipstick right by Tyrone's feet.

"Hey, could you help me pick that up?" she implored, finally drawing Tyrone's gaze away from his work, his brow furrowing slightly.

Tyrone scowled when he saw it was Keilani.

Keilani pretended to be surprised. "It's you? Well... Can you help me pick up the lipstick?"

Without a word, Tyrone picked up the lipstick and handed it to Keilani before returning to his task. He treated Keilani as though she were just another stranger.

"Thanks," Keilani said, disheartened by his aloofness. She hoped he would be nice to her and didn't want him to think less of her.

"Just wanted to clarify. I'm here to visit family. I didn't expect to see you," she quickly added, hoping to break the ice.

Once Keilani finished her words, she sneaked a glance at Tyrone's reaction from the corner of her eye, eagerly awaiting his response.

The first-class cabin was as quiet as a tomb, save for the plane's roar. Occasional noises drifted, including some dozing passengers' snores, the tapping of keyboards, and the rustle of book pages.

Tyrone didn't respond as if he didn't hear Keilani. He remained stoic, engrossed in his tasks.

Truth be told, not only did Tyrone not misconstrue Keilani, but he also wasn't bothered by her unexpected presence on the plane.

Keilani's face turned red. A tinge of embarrassment crept over her. She shifted her gaze, stifling a scoff internally. Had Tyrone known who her uncle was, he wouldn't have dared to dismiss her like this!

After all, her uncle was Royce Nelson.

Even though the Blakely Group wielded immense power with numerous overseas branches, respect was due to Royce.

After a few hours of work, Tyrone shut down his laptop. Rubbing his weary eyes, he adjusted his seat, draping himself with a thin blanket, and settled for some rest.

Upon landing, his chauffeur awaited him at the airport.

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Tyrone headed straight back to the Blakely Group. Only departing at five in the evening, he directed the chauffeur to the kindergarten where Jennie attended.

The kindergarten day ended at half past five.

Arriving a few minutes early, Tyrone stepped out of the car, waiting for Jennie.

His simple shirt and suit pants accentuated his height and good looks. As he stood there, the women who came to collect the kids would often glance at him.

Soon after, the kindergarten gate was opened, and a large group of children emerged to wait for their parents.

Clad in a lovely dress, Jennie scanned the area for Karen.

Suddenly, Jennie spotted a familiar figure. In disbelief, she hurried to Tyrone, flinging herself into his arms with joy after informing the teacher. "Tyrone, you're back! I've missed you tons!"

After leaving the police station, Tyrone made brief arrangements and headed for Philade.

Although Wanda and Jennie had returned to Mathias only two days ago, they hadn't seen Tyrone yet.

Tyrone scooped Jennie up, saying with a grin, "I missed you too."

Jennie wrapped her arms around Tyrone's neck, peppering his face with kisses. "I missed you loads! Where were you lately?"

"Just tied up with work." Tyrone helped Jennie with her schoolbag and carried her into the car.

"Aren't you busy now? Will you leave again?" Jennie blinked her big eyes, looking at him.

"I'm here to stay. Everything's back to normal, okay?"

Jennie smiled happily. "Okay!"

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Her smile soon faded, and a hint of sadness crept onto her little face. "But... Will Sabrina come back? Hmm... I miss her too."

"Don't worry. She will be back in a few days." Tyrone ruffled Jennie's hair reassuringly.

"Really? You mean that? For real?" Jennie's eyes widened in astonishment. "Is Sabrina really returning?" Jennie yearned for Sabrina's presence.

"Yes." Tyrone smiled. "I won't lie to you."

"Then..." Jennie eyed Tyrone suspiciously. "Will she forgive you?"

Tyrone was rendered wordlessly.

Tyrone directed the driver to drive back home, where he dined with Wanda and Jennie.

The photos of the launch were done and Tyrone's personal photos for the magazine were awaiting review. He hoped Sabrina could finish her job swiftly and return home.

Sabrina had almost completed her work and was contemplating booking her flight home. She intended to secure her ticket before informing Bella and others.


Simultaneously, the entertainment magazine featuring Sabrina's shoot hit the stands, and she received a copy from her office. She'd captured a few shots of an actress. Upon the magazine's release, the actress's studio posted additional photos online.

Sabrina closely monitored public feedback.

Fans mostly praised the actress's beauty and grace. Only a handful mentioned the photographer positively.

Sabrina was as content as ever. When her work involved celebrities, delivering top-notch photos was her duty. Failing to do so would draw ire not just from the celebrities but also criticism from fans. If the backstage crew went unmentioned by fans, it signified a job well done.

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Just as Sabrina prepared to buy her ticket, she received a call from an unknown number. She answered, learning that a clothing brand invited her for the new season's advertising film shoot.

The brand was moderately known, and Sabrina wondered why they approached her.

The caller explained they'd already finalized a photographer who abruptly canceled near the shooting date. Others were unavailable. They stumbled upon Sabrina through a friend's recommendation.

Sabrina inquired, "When is the shoot?"

"Next Tuesday to Thursday."

Today was Sunday. Despite some hesitation, Sabrina accepted. She didn't want to miss this chance.

It would set her back by a week, but Tyrone had promised his support, so delaying her return didn't bother her.

After ending the call, the person contacted Keilani, saying, "I've done as you asked."

"Good." Keilani grinned slyly. "Do your utmost to buy as much time as possible." She was determined not to let Sabrina return so soon.