

Chapter 451 Tyrone Is The Best

"Hello, Tyrone?" While contemplating how to broach the subject of her delayed return to Tyrone, Sabrina received a call from him.

"Have you had dinner?" Tyrone asked.

"I just finished eating," Sabrina replied.

Sabrina heard Tyrone's resonant voice over the line, accompanied by the rhythmic clatter of a keyboard, suggesting a late-night work session. "Sabrina, are you done with your work yet? When will you come back?"

Just a few hours ago, Tyrone himself meticulously selected his photos for a magazine feature, and the office was already in the process of arranging them for typesetting.

Pausing for a moment, Sabrina curled her lips, dodging the question casually. "Is Jennie still in Wanda's house?"

Tyrone was taken aback. He caught on to Sabrina deliberately changing the subject, sensing something was up. He pressed his lips together before stating, "Yeah. When will you catch a flight? I will pick you up when you land... Don't tell me that you can't come back."

Sabrina knew she couldn't fool him. She heaved a heavy sigh and confessed, "Lately, I've been... Well, I can't come back for the time being..."

Her voice waned as she spoke, the weight of her admission hanging in the air.

"What's wrong?" Tyrone's tone shifted to a more serious note.

"I got an invitation to shoot for a new brand. If everything goes as planned, I might be able to come back next weekend. But if things don't go well..."

Sabrina left the sentence unfinished, knowing Tyrone could grasp the unspoken implications.

Tyrone didn't say a word. Listening to his silence, Sabrina continued seriously, "Tyrone, you promised me I could work here, and I had made a commitment to that person..."

As Sabrina's voice took on a more alert tone, Tyrone felt a sense of helplessness and said, "I haven't said anything yet. How do you know I won't agree?"

"Your tone is..." Sabrina's lips stretched into a relieved smile. "Tyrone, you're the best. I know you'd understand! Don't worry. I'll finish my work as soon as possible!"

When Tyrone heard her address him in such a sweet tone, something occurred to him. She hadn't called him in such a way in a long time.

As this thought lingered in Tyrone's mind, Jennie's childish voice in the background interjected into the phone conversation, "Tyrone, are you talking to Sabrina?"

"Yeah, would you like to come and chat with her?"

"Yes!" Shortly after, Jennie's voice became louder as she neared Tyrone's phone. "Sabrina! I miss you so much!"

Sabrina hadn't seen Jennie for a long time. Her childish words resonated through the phone, stirring a sense of longing in Sabrina. "Jennie, I miss you too. How's your trip with Wanda going?"

Jennie was kept in the dark about what happened to Tyrone. She believed she had been taken on an ordinary trip and enthusiastically recounted her experiences of what she saw to Sabrina.

During the conversation, Jennie suddenly asked, "Sabrina, when

will you come back?"

"I'll be back in one or two weeks once I finish up my work here."

"What?" The shock in Jennie's voice mirrored a profound sadness. "Why is it going to take so long? Tyrone, didn't you say Sabrina would be back in a few days?"

Tyrone clarified, "That's how it was supposed to be, but she took on a new job."

With a meaningful undertone, he continued, "Her photography skills have gained recognition, and she's often invited to work."

"Then... Then, if she keeps getting new jobs, does that mean she won't be able to come back?" Jennie immediately understood what Tyrone meant and asked sadly.

Sabrina was listening to the conversation between them. She silently scolded Tyrone for being a subtle troublemaker. While he had agreed to let her work here, he had saddened Jennie which prompted her to console Jennie.

Sabrina hadn't seen Jennie in a long time and couldn't deny missing Jennie deeply. She comforted Jennie in a soft voice, "Jennie, don't worry. Once I'm done with the work, I'll definitely come back. And I'll bring a gift for you, okay?"

Jennie pouted, agreeing, "Okay. I'll wait for you."

Sabrina continued talking with Jennie for a while.

Then they bid each other goodbye when Karen took Jennie to the bathroom.

The cheerful tones of Jennie's voice over the phone disappeared. Tyrone was on the call again and said, "Sabrina, you..."

Before he could say anything more, he found himself cut off as the line went dead.

Tyrone was stunned. He could only manage a helpless smile as

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he gently placed the phone down.

Several minutes later, his phone rang.

Tyrone glanced at the phone and quickly answered, "Hello?"

"Mr. Blakely, Mr. Nelson's secretary has replied." Kylan's voice emanated from the other end of the line.

"What did he say?"

"Mr. Nelson doesn't have a schedule tomorrow afternoon. You can come to visit him then."

"Alright, got it. Prepare some gifts. Just keep it low-key." Given the scrutiny Tyrone was under, he cautioned against drawing unnecessary attention or making mistakes.

"Understood."

The Nelson family's residence, situated in the Municipal Committee's residential compound, was an individual villa.

After the security check, Tyrone's car drove into the courtyard and halted at the entrance of Kaleb's house.

In front of the serene villa, a modest yard of about ten square meters adorned with lovely flowers and lush grass greeted Tyrone.

The housekeeper was flowering the flora when she noticed Tyrone's arrival. Politely inquiring about his identity, she extended an invitation into the living room.

The housekeeper brought a delicate cup brimming with fragrant tea for Tyrone and said respectfully, "Mr. Blakely, please have some tea while you wait. Mr. Nelson is currently occupied in the study upstairs. I'll notify him of your arrival right away."

Seated on the sofa, Tyrone accepted the tea from the housekeeper and nodded in gratitude. "Okay."

In less than two minutes, someone descended the stairs, asking in a sweet voice, "Who is our guest?"

The voice sounded familiar to Tyrone.

Tyrone's gaze shifted to the stairs, and he was met with the sight of Keilani descending with quick steps.

The two locked eyes.

Keilani, seemingly stunned, descended the stairs slower and more gracefully. She feigned surprise and asked, "It's you again?"

It was said that Kaleb had a sister married abroad. This knowledge immediately led Tyrone to make an educated guess about Keilani's identity.

Tyrone subtly nodded in acknowledgment and, without giving Keilani much attention, turned around to pick up the teacup, savoring its contents deliberately.

Observing Tyrone's aloof demeanor, Keilani's expression shifted to one of unhappiness and dejection, feeling a sting in her heart. Wasn't he curious why she was here?

But Keilani didn't want to press it. If she took the initiative to talk to him, he would look down upon her even more.

Suppressing her frustration, Keilani strode to a nearby cabinet, pretending to search for something. She casually retrieved a band-aid, closed the drawer, and, with a fleeting glance at Tyrone, went back upstairs.

However, the reluctance lingered, and Keilani couldn't accept it. Turning back, she finally approached Tyrone, stopping in front of the table. In an attempt to break the silence, she asked, "Are you looking for my uncle?"

"Yes," Tyrone affirmed with a nod.

The conversation stagnated into silence once more.

Keilani was frustrated. She had just made it quite clear that



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Kaleb was her uncle. Why did Tyrone still treat her so coldly?

Puzzled by his lack of surprise or curiosity about her identity, Keilani's heart felt heavy with disappointment.

Biting her lip, she couldn't resist asking, "What do you want from my uncle?"

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