

## Chapter 274 Death Threat

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Sabrina's breath caught in her throat, her heart racing. She clenched her fist and scanned her surroundings warily.

There was only one apartment on this floor. Outside the door was the elevator, next to which was the fire exit.

The silence was profound, broken only by the distant hum of the elevator in motion.

Yet Sabrina was sure she could hear breathing from beyond the fire exit door—the person who had left the ominous message might be hiding there, observing her every move.

Sabrina swiftly turned and went back inside, bolting the door shut.

She leaned against it, inhaling deeply to allow her body to relax slightly.

After a few minutes, she steadied her nerves, then snapped a photo of the unsettling paper and forwarded it to the property manager, requesting access to the surveillance video.

When she decided to delve into the investigation concerning her father's death and the kidnapping, she thoroughly contemplated the potential outcomes. Darren had already received a death threat, and now she did as well. However, she wasn't going to let it intimidate her.

Giving up now was not an option.

Sabrina pulled out her phone and dialed Tyrone's number.

Once the call connected, she wasted no time. "Tyrone, something urgent has come up. You'll need to take Jennie back. I'll be busy for the next few days."

Though she wasn't afraid of death herself, she wanted to ensure Jennie's safety.

Tyrone responded, "We're almost at your apartment."

Sabrina suggested, "Could you please turn around and head back?"

But Tyrone firmly declined. "Nope, not happening."

Sabrina stood there, at a loss for words.

Two minutes later, the doorbell rang once again.

She glanced at the electronic screen, confirming it was Tyrone and Jennie outside, then opened the door.

As soon as Jennie walked in, she sighed happily, as if she had returned home again. Removing her coat, she started playing with the cat.

Tyrone closed the door and glanced at Sabrina. "You have something on? What is it?"

"I can't tell you right now. But it's important. You'll have to take Jennie home later."

Jenny was playing with the cat, and when she heard what Sabrina had said, she suddenly stopped and asked with a frown, "Aunt Sabrina, can't I stay and sleep with you?"

Sabrina went to her and said, "Jennie, I have something important to do. Can you stay with Uncle Tyrone for a few days, please? You can sleep over and play with me when I have some free time."

"When are you free? Will we still go out together?"

"I'm sorry, Jennie, but I can't take you out right now."

Jennie looked sad. When Sabrina was about to say something, Tyrone asked, "What's this?"

Sabrina turned to see Tyrone holding up the paper left at her door. He looked at her, shaking it, seeking an explanation.

Sabrina hesitated to think of a quick lie. "Oh, that's just a silly prank from a friend."

"A prank?"

"Yes, a prank."

Tyrone continued to scrutinize her, his intense gaze unnerving her.

Feeling uneasy, Sabrina shifted her focus and asked, "Jennie, what would you like for dinner?"

But Jennie ignored the question. "I want to go out with you."

Knowing that Jennie had a conflict with Kira over this, Sabrina felt a tinge of guilt.

"We'll discuss it later. I'll figure something out."

Maybe they wouldn't make a move until the police uncovered the truth.

Maybe she should consider having bodyguards accompany her for added security.

Jennie nodded. "I want some chicken."

"Sure, I'll make chicken for you."

Sabrina headed to the kitchen to start preparing dinner.

Meanwhile, Tyrone recalled the suspicious man he had encountered at the building's entrance when he arrived. He wore a black down jacket, a peaked cap, and dark sunglasses, with a mask covering the lower half of his face. Despite his unusual attire, he didn't have the flashy appearance of a typical celebrity or entertainer.

Observing her in the kitchen, Tyrone picked up the paper and went out to make a call.

As Damon answered, his playful tone came from the other side. "What's up? Why the sudden call?"

"I found a threatening letter in Sabrina's apartment. Did your people do that?"

Damon sounded genuinely surprised. "How could that be? I only did that to the private detective named Darren. He got so spooked, he quit right

away."

"Then look into it." Tyrone glanced at his watch. "It was delivered between six ten and six twenty this evening. Did anyone suspicious approach Sabrina's apartment door?"

It would be better if it were a prank.

Otherwise, it could become serious.

"I'll check."

"By the way, have you discovered who hired Darren?" Tyrone pressed.

"Err, yeah."

"Who?"

"It's Sabrina," Damon answered.

Tyrone froze, his gaze shifting to the kitchen door, where Sabrina was.

"Are you certain?"

"Yes, I'm quite sure. There was a meeting between the two before she entrusted Darren," Damon confirmed.

Tyrone fell into a contemplative silence.

Why did Sabrina hire a private detective to look into the kidnapping?

Damon chuckled and added, "Did you think she still has feelings for you, so she dug into the matter? Let her handle it. You've broken up with Galilea, right? Why keep shielding her?"

There was no trace of the kidnapping case on the Internet, all thanks to Tyrone.

It made sense why Sabrina sought a private detective.

After a pause, Tyrone said, "That's different. No matter what happened between Galilea and me, she was the victim."

If the truth were to surface, people might empathize with Galilea, but the public reaction would be brutal towards celebrity victims—judgment, ridicule, and slander would intensify.

As Galilea's boyfriend, he had failed to protect her.

He had promised Galilea to keep this matter under control, and he always kept his word.

Using this against Galilea had never crossed his mind.

However, now Galilea had brought it upon herself, and Tyrone felt no sympathy for her.

Damon sighed. "You're right."

After ending the call, Tyrone returned to the room. Hearing activity in the kitchen, he walked over.

Sabrina looked back at him and said, "You're here just in time. Help me debone the chicken wings. I'm going to make honey roast wings for Jennie."

Beside the counter lay a batch of large, fresh chicken wings.

"Sure. I'll help."

He noticed that Sabrina was becoming increasingly comfortable instructing him.

"The kitchen shears are in the bamboo basket." She pointed at the basket beside the cutting board.

"Got it."

Tyrone took the pair of poultry shears and began removing the bones from the wings.

It didn't demand much concentration, so Tyrone pondered over things and occasionally glanced at Sabrina.

Why was she investigating that kidnapping?

Could it be that she still cared about him and wanted to uncover the truth?

Not exactly.

If Sabrina were privy to his thoughts, she might retort, "Don't overestimate yourself."

As Tyrone contemplated asking her directly, his phone rang.

He set down the shears and wings, quickly washed his hands, and walked to the living room to answer the call.

A minute later, he stood at the kitchen door and informed Sabrina, "I have some urgent matters to attend to at the company. I'll leave Jennie here."

The company he was referring to wasn't Blakely Group. It was his enterprise, Merlin Technology. The company was due to go public within the first six months.

"Alright. Can you pick Jennie up when you finish?"

"Let's talk about it later."

With that, Tyrone left.

Tyrone was overwhelmed with work, and Sabrina hadn't seen him for three days.

Bettie remained at her family's house and hadn't returned.

At the apartment, there were only Sabrina and Jennie. Sabrina initially felt worried upon receiving the threatening letter. However, three days had passed, and to her relief, nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

The following day, the chief of the police station called Sabrina.

He informed her that during the investigation into Zeke's abduction and trafficking, they discovered that ten years ago, Zeke's biological parents had received a substantial amount of money, subsequently transferring it to an offshore account.

Yet, they still couldn't prove Zeke was the kidnapper. The next step involved the victim testifying.

However, the victim was a woman who had endured cruel torture and

mental trauma and was not willing to testify at this time.

Sabrina empathized with the victim's feelings. But she had no choice but to try; it was for her father's sake.

She asked the chief, 'Would you be able to arrange an appointment for me to see her? I want to speak with her in person.'

"Okay, I'll see what I can do." The chief agreed.

