

Chapter 301 Anger

Gazing upon the countenance that adorned Larry's visage, Sabrina found herself ensnared in the intricate web of uncertainty, unable to discern the veracity of his words.

If Larry's utterances held truth, Sabrina's mind meandered through a labyrinth of queries: What clandestine connection did he share with that enigmatic woman? Why couldn't he tell Lena?

Conversely, if Larry was lying, she pondered with furrowed brows, what concealed agenda might lie beneath this beguiling facade.

Her thirst for answers drove her to press further, yet before she could delve deeper into this enigma, the shrill resonance of her phone's chime, sudden and unexpected, pierced the air.

With a graceful flourish, Sabrina retrieved her mobile device from her pocket, revealing the caller's identity as Murray. Her heart somersaulted within her chest, a fluttering of anticipation. Gently, she gestured to Larry, her unspoken intention clear, and retreated to a more secluded space to entertain the call's beckoning.

"Have you succeeded in apprehending Hobson?"

Her words, tinged with eagerness, flowed forth like a cascade.

From the distant end of the connection, Murray's voice resonated, carrying an undertone of contrition. "Regrettably, no. Hobson eluded our grasp. He was apprehended by someone else."

Sabrina stood frozen, disbelief etching lines upon her features. "Someone else?"

Could it be that an emissary dispatched by the puppeteer orchestrating this intricate plot had snatched Hobson from their clutches?

That being the case, the task of recapturing Hobson seemed as elusive as a wisp of smoke and Galilea's reluctance to testify cast yet another shadow upon their pursuit.

What could be done to avenge her father?

"When we embarked upon the chase, we encountered two distinct factions, each halting our advance," Murray divulged, his words carving a path through the fog of uncertainty. "Subsequent investigation revealed that these groups were not in collusion. One faction indeed sought to liberate Hobson, while the motives of the other faction remained shrouded in obscurity. It was the latter group that ultimately wrested control and apprehended Hobson."

A sigh of relief flowed forth from Sabrina's lips.

Hobson had not been rescued, granting them a slender thread of hope.

"Then I implore you, unearth the identities and intentions of this enigmatic faction as soon as you can. Rest assured, your efforts shall be met with generous remuneration," Sabrina asked, the urgency palpable in her voice.

Zeke's disappearance bore no significance in the grand scheme of things. In accordance with the intelligence relayed by Trevor, it became abundantly clear that Decker and Hobson shared a deeper connection. The crux of the matter rested upon Hobson's apprehension, which would inevitably lead to his testimony against Decker.

Her fervent desire rested solely on the swift capture of Hobson. With each passing moment of delay, the specter of Decker's escape loomed ever larger.

"Understood," came the assuring reply.

Once the call concluded, Sabrina swiveled around, only to discover that Larry had vanished.

Unperturbed by Larry's sudden absence, she retraced her steps to the living room.

Meanwhile, upstairs in a concealed chamber, Larry manipulated his phone, dialing a discrete number and conveyed, "Hobson has eluded their grasp. Another faction seized him. Initiate immediate tracking and secure Hobson's retrieval."

Larry's subordinates reported back that Hobson had indeed been apprehended, presuming it was Sabrina's faction that had succeeded in capturing him.

It was only upon hearing Sabrina's voice that Larry grasped the existence of another group.

A glimmer of opportunity yet lingered.

With a parting farewell to Wanda, Sabrina embarked on a mission to explore potential kindergartens for Jennie.

The impending commencement of the new semester left scant time for selection.

Sabrina accompanied Jennie to the kindergarten Frankie attended, delving deeper into its offerings. Sabrina implored Jennie to make a comparison between the two she had previously surveyed.

Sabrina harbored the belief that Jennie would have

Frankie as a friend if she chose to attend the same kindergarten. Ultimately, the choice lay in Jennie's hands.

In the end, Jennie opted for the kindergarten where Frankie attended.

Sabrina meticulously navigated the labyrinthine corridors of enrollment, skillfully bypassing the primary class and propelling Jennie directly into the middle echelons of learning.

In truth, Sabrina harbored the conviction that Jennie's intellect far exceeded the middle class, prompting contemplation of ushering her into the senior stratum. However, with the specter of her tender age in mind, a mere half-year shy of primary school eligibility, the prudent course was to embrace the middle class, thereby affording her a year and a half of cherished kindergarten days.

The imminent dawn of a fresh semester loomed, merely two sunsets away.

Jennie complained there was only one day left.

After leaving the kindergarten, Sabrina led Jennie on a whimsical expedition through a bustling shopping mall, procuring new garments, a dainty schoolbag, an ornate pencil case, and other scholarly accouterments.

Amid the shopping, Sabrina received an unexpected call from the police. Galilea expressed a desire to see her, a summons she judiciously scheduled for the morrow.

Exiting the mall, the duo went to have a meal, the hands of the clock now proclaiming the hour of 7:00 p.m. In the hallowed digital halls of the photography course's Facebook group, eager students had been online, awaiting the commencement of the evening's photographic

courses.

This marked the third installment of the photography series.

Sabrina commandeered her vehicle toward the Starriver Bay, and upon arrival, a sight both familiar and unexpected greeted her eyes. There was a sleek black car resting at the gate.

Could it be that Tyrone had just returned?

Sabrina gracefully exited the driver's seat, proceeding to the rear seat. She retrieved Jennie and the array of newly acquired scholastic provisions, extending them to Jennie with a gentle smile. "Jennie, my dear, go inside. I will see you the day after tomorrow, okay?"

Sabrina had tenderly pledged to escort Jennie to her inaugural day of the upcoming school term.

With her diminutive frame burdened by the sizable bag, Jennie gazed up at Sabrina with pleading eyes. "Sabrina, this bag is too heavy for me. Could you please carry it for me?" Her earnest entreaty hung in the air.

Jennie had astutely detected a lingering tension between Tyrone and Sabrina, a subtle discord that had quietly seeped into their days.

To be precise, Tyrone was mad at Sabrina, while Sabrina, in stark contrast, wore an unaffected mask of nonchalance.

Now that Tyrone was at home, Jennie recognized an opportune moment she couldn't afford to let slip through her fingers.

Sabrina, blinking with unspoken understanding, tenderly caressed Jennie's face and relieved her of the

cumbersome bag. "Of course, my dear. Let me accompany you."

Inwardly, Sabrina chastised herself for her lapse in judgment.

Sabrina had made a solemn resolve to shield Jennie from the impact of what happened between her and Tyrone. However, her recent reluctance to enter the house or encounter Tyrone had inadvertently betrayed her true sentiments, visible even to Jennie's perceptive eyes.

Sabrina sighed inwardly, determined to avoid such lapses in the future.

As they entered the abode, the living room beckoned with an inviting glow, the soft light filtering in through the windows, casting a gentle warmth.

Guiding Jennie into the living room, Sabrina's searching gaze found no immediate presence.

Upon carefully placing their belongings on the sofa, Sabrina intended to leave while Jennie broke the silence by calling out to the upper floor, "Tyrone, I'm back!"

Sabrina stood in speechless contemplation, her eyes briefly meeting those of Jennie's.

A mischievous grin danced across Jennie's visage, her guilt-laden countenance a canvas for secrets untold.

Sabrina, sleeves rolled up in playful anticipation, poised herself to initiate a ticklish assault on Jennie when she heard approaching footsteps.

"Miss Chavez, Miss Blakely." Kylan descended the staircase, claspng a file in his hand, a congenial smile adorning his features. He extended his salutations to the pair and explained, "Mr. Blakely is still at the office. He

dispatched me to retrieve a document."

Jennie's countenance betrayed a flicker of disappointment at the absence of Tyrone. Jennie glanced at Sabrina, lips slightly puckered, before sinking onto the sofa, inquiring plaintively, "When will he return?"

Kylan replied with a gentle tone, "He finds himself somewhat engrossed at the company presently. His return may be delayed."

"Very well."

"In the absence of further matters, I shall take my leave."

Kylan nodded cordially to both and exited the room, documents in tow.

Karen emerged from the bathroom, and Sabrina exchanged pleasantries with her before delving into a discourse on Jennie's impending kindergarten journey. Sabrina tenderly patted Jennie's head, imparting her decision. "Jennie, I must tend to other matters now. I have to go."

"Alright. Goodbye. Don't forget to send me to school the day after tomorrow."

"I won't forget, my dear."

With heartfelt farewells to Karen and Jennie, Sabrina embarked on her exit from the villa.

The ebony car still stood sentinel at the villa's entrance.

Kylan, leaning casually against the car's doorframe, arms resting atop the vehicle's roof, appeared to await someone's arrival.

Observing Sabrina's emergence, he approached,

addressing her with a polite, "Miss Chavez."

"Kylan, why are you still here?"

Sabrina's curiosity was piqued and she sought clarification.

"I... I wish to have a word with you."

Kylan hesitated, his words carrying a hint of uncertainty.

"Of course, please proceed."

"In truth, Mr. Blakely had a compelling motive for supporting Galilea and accompanying her to the party," Kylan divulged.

Over the preceding days, Tyrone had been ensnared in a disquieting emotional quagmire, an aura of unease encircling him, rendering those in his vicinity wary and apprehensive.

Within the CEO's office, the secretarial staff tiptoed through their tasks, fearful of disturbing his tempestuous disposition.


Even those heads of various divisions, entrusted with documents necessitating Tyrone's signature, lingered at the office threshold for a protracted span, their inner turmoil palpable. Eventually, they mustered the courage to confront Tyrone's turbulent emotions.

Kylan grappled internally with his predicament.

He comprehended that the root cause of this upheaval lay squarely at Sabrina's feet. He decided to do something to address it.

Sabrina found herself taken aback by Kylan's unexpected revelation. Her surprise was evident as she inquired, "What reason exactly?"

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 +120 Points at most

Kylan responded, "Mr. Blakely's motivation stemmed from his genuine concern for your well-being as Galilea's assistant. Fearing any potential injustices befalling you, he proactively negotiated with Galilea. When he recognized your reluctance to accept his aid, he chose not to disclose these efforts to you."



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