

Chapter 351 Why Are You So Cruel

Sabrina couldn't forget the times when she was bullied mercilessly, and her dreams would offer an escape. In those dreams, her mother returned home, cradling her lovingly, promising never to leave again. In those dreams, she imagined making friends at school, with nobody daring to bully her again.

But reality always brought her back. Upon waking, she'd find herself alone in a dark, cold room, embraced only by the frigid embrace of her bedsheets. She would curl up and cry in solitude.

During her primary school years, those dreams were frequent. As she grew older, they occurred less and less.

She couldn't recall the last time she had such a dream. Perhaps it had been a decade ago.

In the past, she had often wondered about her mother's whereabouts. Had she remarried? Why had she been so cruel as to abandon her? Had her mother perhaps started a new family and thus left her behind?

At times, Sabrina held her mother responsible for her loneliness, while occasionally, she contemplated the difficulties her mother might have faced.

However, as time passed, she stopped expecting to see her mother, and her anger gradually faded. Sabrina eventually resigned herself to the fact that her mother left her behind when she was a child.

After her father's passing, Sabrina suffered a lot all by herself.

The world was vast, and Sabrina never imagined she would encounter

her mother again.

Sabrina was completely taken aback by the revelation.

It dawned on her that her mother had become the second wife of the former head of the Fowler family.

She wondered if her mother had seen the news of her father's death. Did her mother know she was adopted by the Blakely family?

Recollections flooded Sabrina's mind from the day her mother asked someone to take her to the hospital and forced her to apologize to Nicol. Had her mother known that she was the daughter being abandoned all along?

Sabrina couldn't help but sneer.

It was clear that her mother must have known the truth all along, given her words that day.

Her mother thought Jennie was her daughter and even used Jennie to threaten her.

In the end, she appeared to be even less important than Sierra in her mother's eyes.

Sabrina couldn't help but laugh bitterly.

This was the mother she had longed for during her childhood, far from the images in her dreams.

Even though Sabrina had long given up hope of ever having a meaningful relationship with her mother, she couldn't help but feel pathetic for herself.

The chilly wind brushed against Sabrina's face, leaving her skin tingling and slightly numb.

A heavy weight pressed on her chest, and the sadness inside her remained unexpressed.

Around seven o'clock, the city streets were aglow with lights, bustling with the vibrant energy of people going about their daily lives.

After a lengthy walk, Sabrina reached the beach.

She halted, leaning against a stone railing, her gaze fixed upon the motion of the sea.

Then, her phone rang suddenly.

Sabrina glanced at the incoming message. It was from Tyrone, although it was actually sent by Jennie. "Aunt, can you do a video call now?"

After a brief pause, Sabrina responded, "Yes."

The video call commenced, revealing a lovely young girl on the screen. Jennie had radiant skin, dark grape-like pupils, and striking good looks. Her petite nose and dainty mouth gave her an adorable appearance, and there was something near her mouth, as though she had just enjoyed some dessert.

Upon seeing Jennie, Sabrina's troubled heart eased slightly. "Hi, Jennie." Observing the darkness in Sabrina's background, Jennie inquired curiously, "Aren't you going to the award ceremony tonight?"

Sabrina replied, "Something came up, so I'm currently outside." Sabrina smiled and turned her camera to capture her surroundings, showing them to Jennie.

As Jennie observed, her brow furrowed in concern, and she asked, "Do you still have the trophy?"

Sabrina reassured her, "Yes, I do. I'll show it to you when I get back."

"I want to go with you too..."

With enthusiasm, Jennie started to express her desire to accompany Sabrina, but before she could finish, a familiar male voice intervened, "Jennie, it's time for your shower."

Jennie looked up, pouting, and protested, "I'm talking to Sabrina!"

Tyrone's voice was patient but firm, "You can talk to her after you've taken your shower."

A large hand appeared on the screen, gently patting Jennie's head.

Sabrina joined in, saying, "Jennie, go take your shower, and we'll chat later."

"Then wait for me," Jennie said, placing the phone down before she left.

The screen suddenly jolted as Tyrone's striking face appeared on the video call. His strong features left a powerful impression.

He observed the street view behind Sabrina and inquired, "Is the award ceremony over?"

Sabrina responded, "I didn't attend."

Perplexed, Tyrone questioned, "What happened?"

"An unexpected issue arose, so I had someone accept the award on my behalf."

Tyrone persisted, "What kind of unexpected issue?"

"Don't worry about it." Sabrina, not eager to delve into the details, evaded his question.

Tyrone gazed at her on the screen and remarked, "Your expression tells a different story."

He could discern a trace of unhappiness in her expression.

Sabrina hadn't anticipated Tyrone's perceptiveness, so she pursed her lips and responded, "Don't worry. I'll adjust my mood soon."

Tyrone assured her, "No matter what happens, remember that Jennie and I will always support you."

Sabrina scrutinized Tyrone on the screen, aware of the unrelated nature of their connection. Yet, seeing him on the screen somehow made Sabrina feel better. His voice possessed a certain magic that had an

instant calming effect on her.

However, admitting this to Tyrone was out of the question.

Sabrina quipped, "I just need Jennie."

Tyrone, relieved that she could joke with him, smiled and asked, "So, your trip to Violetholt was in vain this time?"

Sabrina smiled in return, saying, "Sort of."

"When do you return?" Tyrone inquired.

Sabrina shook her head and explained, "It depends, but I won't be returning tomorrow."

Perplexed, Tyrone asked, "Why?"

"I have some free time now, so I'll be staying here for a few more days," Sabrina replied.

Tyrone appeared as though he wanted to say something but refrained.

"I'm going back to the hotel," said Sabrina.

"Don't hang up just yet."

"Okay."

With that, Sabrina took a taxi back to her hotel.

After taking a shower, Jennie was too drowsy to keep her eyes open. She bid farewell to Sabrina and went to bed.

Once the call with Jennie ended, Sabrina felt a sense of calm.

When she first heard the news about Rita, she was overwhelmed with confusion.

However, after chatting with Tyrone and Jennie for a while, her emotions began to settle, and she started to make sense of it all.

At twenty-six, she no longer required maternal love.

Since Rita had never treated her as a daughter, Sabrina decided to treat Rita as a stranger.

On Tuesday, Sabrina went to a scenic spot alone, taking photographs and purchasing numerous souvenirs, many of which were intended for Jennie.

In the evening, she fulfilled her promise to Blayze and visited the Francio Club.

Lately, Sierra had been in a sour mood, and she had made plans to meet her friends at the Francio Club.

As Sierra exited the elevator, she spotted a familiar figure ahead.

Upon closer inspection, she recognized Sabrina, a hint of bitterness crossing her eyes.

Sierra surmised that Sabrina must have been present for the award ceremony.

The first prize should have been hers, and she should have been the one on the stage!

If it weren't for Sabrina, how could she have lost the first prize? How could she have endured the humiliation and been forced to publicly apologize to her?

Determined to get back at Sabrina, Sierra approached the reception desk and inquired, "Who booked Chamber 708?"