

Chapter 370 My Mom Had Been Dead For A Long Time

In the casting group.

Sabrina, just wrapping up a scene, was engrossed in reading a script in her dressing room.

A staff member peeked in and, spotting Sabrina, entered the room. "Miss Chavez, someone's looking for you outside."

"Who is it?" Sabrina looked up, curious.

The visitor had to be connected to her in some way. Otherwise, the staff wouldn't go out of their way to find and notify her. Fans typically queued up for a glimpse of their idol.

"She claims to be your mother."

Sabrina was momentarily stunned, then quickly regained her composure. She calmly instructed the staff, "My mother passed away over twenty years ago. The person outside must be a liar. Please escort her away."

The staff was stunned at the revelation.

"Sure, I'll ask her to leave right away."

Approaching a car parked beyond the film crew's fence, the staff scrutinized Rita, seated in the back. Rita appeared elegant, and the staff hadn't expected her to be a liar.

With a brusque tone, the staff ordered, "You can go now. Miss Chavez doesn't want to see you."

Frowning, Rita asked impatiently, "Did you tell her who I am?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"Why are you asking so many questions? Do you know what Miss Chavez said? She claimed her mother passed away twenty years ago. You're a liar! Why are you still here? Leave now before I call security!"

The staff spun around and exited.

Rita sat there, stunned.

No wonder Sabrina hadn't sought her out for so many years. It turned out Sabrina had believed all this time she was deceased.

"Madam, what should we do now?" the driver asked, perplexed.

"Please, wait a minute," said Rita.

Rita pulled out her phone and enlisted someone to check Sabrina's number.

Although they had spoken earlier, it was on a police phone, and Rita didn't recall Sabrina's number.

A few minutes later, Sabrina's number was sent to Rita. Rita dialed Sabrina's number without hesitation.

"Miss Chavez, someone's calling you," Sabrina's assistant informed, handing over the ringing phone.

Sabrina, currently engrossed in her work, had recently hired a driver and two temporary assistants to handle various aspects of her life. One assistant handled her photography invitations while another one took care of her crew-related responsibilities. There was a dedicated special assistant responsible for her foundation.

She didn't fancy being addressed in this manner, but her assistants seemed to prefer it.

The assistant, a senior student juggling part-time work, had nearly completed her thesis with just a few courses left. Planning to work for Sabrina for a few months, the assistant found Sabrina's arrangement

suitable since Sabrina didn't have other commitments later.

Glancing at the phone displaying an unfamiliar number from Violetholt, Sabrina guessed it was Rita.

She instructed the assistant, "You answer the phone and inform the caller that I'm currently occupied. I'll talk to them once I finish the shoot. From now on, handle all unfamiliar calls this way, unless they claim it's an emergency. If you recognize the caller, let me know."

"Alright, I understand!"

Though her gaze fixed on the script, Sabrina drifted into contemplation. It had been over two decades since they last saw each other. Rita wouldn't just appear out of the blue unless there was something significant.

But what could that reason be?

Lost in thought, Sabrina only snapped back to reality when the sounds of others in the dressing room reached her ears. She composed herself, attempting to push aside the unsettling thoughts and focus on the script.

Meanwhile, the assistant stepped away and answered the phone, "Hello, I'm Sabrina's assistant. May I ask who's calling?"

"I'm her mother. Please ask her to answer the phone."

The assistant was momentarily stunned. Sabrina's mother?

But if it were truly Sabrina's mother, why the unfamiliar number? Obviously, Sabrina didn't recognize this number.

Observing that Sabrina had been called for her scene, the assistant spoke into the phone. "I'm sorry, Miss Chavez is currently working. If it's urgent, please let me know. Otherwise, she'll return your call after work."

"Damn it! I'm her mother, not someone else. Pass the phone to her!" Rita insisted sternly.

The assistant maintained her stance. "I'm sorry. Miss Chavez is occupied at the moment. If there's nothing urgent, I'll end the call. Please try reaching her after she finishes work."

After hanging up, the assistant grabbed a glass of water and headed to the filming site.

Sabrina was engrossed in a scene with another actor whose assistant lingered nearby.

During a break, they discussed the recent rise in online scams. Reflecting on the phone call moments earlier, Sabrina's assistant couldn't help but express her frustration. "There are all sorts of scams nowadays. I just encountered a woman pretending to be someone's mother."

"I've come across similar cases. The scammer records someone's family member's voice and then uses AI to replicate it. Sometimes, it's challenging to distinguish."

"It's terrifying," the assistant sighed.

Around three o'clock in the afternoon, after wrapping up the shoot, Sabrina came out and strolled toward her car on the street.

Having an assistant made things considerably more convenient. While Sabrina got changed in the dressing room, the assistant had the foresight to call the driver to bring the car to them, sparing Sabrina the trek to the parking lot.

As Sabrina was about to step into the car, a woman's voice rang out. "Sabrina!"

She halted, recognizing the voice instantly despite having heard it only once before.

Sabrina hadn't anticipated Rita's persistent wait here, indicating the matter must be of great importance.

Surprised, Sabrina turned to face Rita. "It's you! What are you doing here? I don't believe I've offended you or your son this time, have I?"

Rita, a bit flustered, approached and suppressed the frustration from her long wait. "It has nothing to do with what happened last time. I need to talk to you. Come with me."

Rita proceeded ahead, and after a few steps, she noticed that Sabrina hadn't followed her.

Turning back, she found Sabrina standing there, who spoke coldly. "You expect me to go with you as you said? I had no idea that we were friends. If you have something to say, spill it here. Otherwise, I'm leaving."

Sabrina had a hectic schedule, with an evening dinner party and a meeting with some potential foundation donations on her agenda.

Although Sabrina wasn't keen on using the foundation for monetary gains, she couldn't outright reject those interested in contributing. Some were genuinely interested in supporting the cause.

Clenching her fists, Rita surveyed the surroundings and asked, "Are you sure you want to talk here?"

"Make it quick!"

"Then I'll cut to the chase. I'm your mother, Sabrina." Rita advanced slowly, meeting Sabrina's cold gaze, her eyes reflecting indescribable emotions. "I've returned."

Feeling incredulous, Sabrina regarded Rita with sarcasm. "Not possible. My mother died a long time ago."

With that, she seated herself in the car and instructed the driver to depart.