

Chapter 206 Being Bothered Again

Sabrina returned to her apartment and placed the pet backpack on the floor.

Bun felt a little shy in this unfamiliar environment. It retreated into the corner of the pet carrier and peered out through a small hole. Its round eyes were filled with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension.

Sabrina squeezed some cat food onto a plate and set it on the floor as if inviting her hesitant guest to a banquet.

Smelling the cat food, Bun wrinkled its tiny nose and cautiously peeked its head out.

Bun was hesitant at first. But the delicious scent of chicken-flavored cat food was too tempting to resist. It slowly crept out and began to eat.

After licking the plate clean, it sniffed around to find more food. Then she finally looked up at Sabrina and said, "Meow."

Sabrina's heart warmed and she squeezed more food onto the plate.

Bun eagerly polished off the food.

It raised her little head, looked around, and carefully explored the new environment.

By the time Bettie returned, the living room had transformed into a playground, with Bun darting and dashing, a bundle of energy and life.

The door creaked as Bettie entered the room, and Bun retreated under the table at lightning speed.

Bettie stared wide-eyed and shrieked, "Did you see that huge mouse?"

"What? Ha-ha!" Sabrina laughed out loud. "It's not a mouse. It's Bun!"

"Bun?" Bettie tossed her bag on the sofa and knelt down to look under the table, where a pair of round eyes stared back at her.

Bettie cooed in a baby voice, "You're so cute, Bun! Come out and let me give you a hug!"

Bun poked its head under the table but didn't dare come out.

Sabrina stood up and handed Bettie a jar of cat snacks.

Bettie opened the jar and pulled out a few treats. Then she extended her hand under the table and called, "Here, kitty, kitty, I've got some yummy snacks for you."

But Bun still refused to come out.

Exhaustion finally took over Bettie, as her efforts to coax Bun remained unsuccessful. She sighed, leaving the cat snacks on the floor under the table before collapsing onto the sofa. "Is Tyrone bothering you again?"

"Yes, he's persistent. But don't worry. I won't let his antics sway me. He wants me to treat him to three meals. If he continues to harass me after that, I will emigrate once I finish investigating my father's death."

She was on her own now, free to explore new horizons with only herself to take care of.

If she emigrated to another country, Tyrone wouldn't be able to bother her.

"By the way, I asked my friend for you. He knows a great private detective. I'll give you his contact information."

"Great!"

Bettie pulled out her phone and sent the details to Sabrina's number.


The detective's profile picture had a black background with a white circle and an eye in the middle. The eyeball seemed to be staring at

Sabrina. It was unsettling and gave her the creeps.

His ID was "Prophet."

Sabrina sent him a request, and the detective soon accepted.

She introduced herself with a simple message. "Hello, I'm Sabrina Chavez."

He replied promptly, "Darren Williams." 

"I've heard great things about your detective skills. Could we meet tomorrow for a discussion?"

"Sure. When?"

"Let's meet at nine tomorrow morning at 5 A.M. Cafe."

"Agreed."

"See you."

After arranging the meeting for the next day, Sabrina spent some time playing with Bun. She showed Bun around the apartment and fed it before preparing to go to bed.

Bun was feeling a bit insecure and restless. It hooked its tiny claws onto the bed sheet.

Sabrina sighed when she noticed the bed sheet had been snagged by Bun's sharp claws.

It was clear that Bun's short legs couldn't quite make the leap.

Sabrina's heart swelled with a mix of amusement and empathy. She gently lifted the quilt, allowing Bun to join her on the bed. Together, they settled in for the night.

When Sabrina got up the following morning, she ensured that Bun's needs were met before embarking on her agenda.

At 8:50 a.m., Sabrina arrived at the cafe and quickly found a secluded corner table. She sent a text to Darren to let him know that she had

arrived. "I'm here."

Darren replied, "I'll be there in a few minutes."

At approximately 9 a.m., a man in his 30s strolled into the coffee shop, exuding a confident air. He sported a stylish brown leather jacket, rugged work pants, and a sleek pair of dark sunglasses. His hair was slightly long and unkempt. A style that hinted at a rebellious streak, and it was clear that he hadn't visited a barber in quite some time.

As the man entered the cafe, he stopped at the door. His eyes scanned the room with purpose.

Sabrina, engrossed in her own thoughts, happened to look up, meeting his gaze.

Without hesitation, he made his way to her table and pulled out the chair opposite her. "Miss Chavez?" he asked, seeking confirmation.

Sabrina nodded. "You must be Mr. Williams?"

"That's me." He smiled as he removed his glasses, extending his hand towards her.

Sabrina observed him intently. "Mr. Williams, what would you like to drink?"

She couldn't help but notice that he was not at all what she had expected, especially given his peculiar profile picture.

"Cappuccino, please." Darren leaned back against the chair with a relaxed demeanor.

Sabrina placed the order on behalf of Darren.

As the waitress departed, Sabrina turned her attention back to him, a warm smile gracing her lips. "How long have you been working in this industry?"

"About ten years."

"That's quite a long time. What kind of cases do you usually handle? Or are you open to any kind?"

Darren's smile widened. "It depends on the nature and complexity of the situation. You see, our clients often require discretion, and not all cases are within my expertise. While I wish every case were straightforward, that's not always the reality. However, you can rest assured if you entrust me with your state of affairs, your interests will always be my top priority. Honesty and trust are paramount in our partnership."

At this time, the waiter brought the beverage for Darren. "Sir, your cappuccino."

"Thank you." Darren nodded.

Sabrina stirred her coffee, her gaze fixed on him. "Have you brought the contract today? I would like to read it."

"Of course," Darren replied, reaching into his jacket pocket to retrieve a folded contract. He nudged it towards her.

Sabrina picked it up.

The contract was a total of five pages. Darren had thought of all aspects. It was written in great detail without any loopholes.

After reading the contract briefly, Sabrina put it on the table. "My case might be dangerous," she said after having a sip of coffee.

"Why don't you tell me about it?"

Sabrina scanned the cafe, keeping an eye out for potential eavesdroppers or individuals who seemed suspicious.

Darren sensed her unease. "I remember there's a restaurant with private rooms nearby. Why don't we go there?"

"Okay." Sabrina nodded in agreement.

The two made their way to the nearby restaurant with private rooms.

Sabrina sat across from Darren, ordering coffee and desserts.

Darren said, "Please speak freely, Miss Chavez."

Sabrina stirred the coffee for a moment while in thought. Then she asked, "Do you know me?"



Chapter 207 The Detective

"You're Tyrone Blakely's ex-wife," Darren answered. "If you hadn't mentioned the risks in your situation, I might have mistaken this for another of Mr. Blakely's escapades with a mistress."

Sabrina's expression remained impassive. "I have another identity besides being Tyrone's ex. My father is Connor Chavez."

Darren's face registered surprise, and he sat up straighter in his chair.

The memories flooded back. Darren had just graduated when news of Connor's death spread worldwide. He was young, passionate, and inspired by the esteemed journalist's work. Like countless others, the loss deeply saddened him.

During that period, speculation ran rampant, suggesting that Connor had stepped on too many toes and paid the price with his life.

However, the outcome of the investigation caught many off guard—a mere car accident.

Reluctantly, people had no option but to accept this conclusion.

Over time, the memory of Connor's death faded from public consciousness.

A flicker of suspicion ignited within Darren, sensing that Sabrina held knowledge that could shed light on the truth.

Sabrina revealed that her case carried inherent risks.

Many of the people Connor offended were plutocrats, and they had done many questionable things.

Darren's curiosity piqued, he inquired, "So this case is connected to your father?"

"It appears you're already acquainted with my father's reputation. No need for introductions then," Sabrina replied with a hint of amusement. "Before I delve into my request, I must ask you something. Are you aware of the kidnapping incident in Mathias that happened shortly before my father's passing?"

Darren bowed his head slightly as he searched his memories. "It does ring a bell," he admitted.

"My father was investigating that very case at the time."

Darren's eyes widened with realization. "Have you uncovered something significant?"

Otherwise, Sabrina wouldn't have sought him out almost a decade after Connor's untimely demise.

Initially, Darren suspected the influential plutocrats whom Connor had crossed were responsible. But he never anticipated a connection to the kidnapping case.

Sabrina nodded, her gaze unwavering. "Are you willing to take on the task? If you agree, I can disclose what I know. If not, I implore you to keep today's conversation confidential."

Darren met Sabrina's gentle yet determined gaze, and a moment of silence hung in the air as he contemplated the gravity of the situation.

His passion and sense of righteousness had been eroded over the years. In his line of work, he had witnessed countless criminal activities that left him feeling indignant yet powerless.

The harsh realities of life had smoothed out the edges of justice that had once defined him.

Early in his career as a detective, he founded his own agency. However, when he refused a client for moral reasons, the client reported him and threatened his family. Despite Darren's pleas for help, authorities did not

assist him. The client reveled in his power and boasted, forcing Darren to shut down his agency.

He realized that sometimes having a strong sense of justice didn't always lead to practical solutions, and the world didn't always conform to his idealized visions.

The possibility of a conspiracy surrounding Connor's death left Darren feeling hesitant. If such a high-profile case had failed to yield any answers, it was clear that powerful forces were at play.

His hesitation mirrored Sabrina's expectations. She smiled gently and said, "I understand your concern. While we might not collaborate, I appreciate your time and willingness to listen. If you decline the task, I won't hold it against you. I simply request your discretion. Thank you."

Sabrina's understanding of his predicament made him feel guilty, and he couldn't bring himself to meet her gaze. "Your father would be proud of your determination, and I'm ashamed."

"You needn't burden yourself with such sentiments. It's in our nature to avoid risks. Maybe I wouldn't investigate this issue if it weren't for my father. But the one I lost was my dearest father, and I bear the duty to pursue justice on his behalf."

If this matter was leaked, Sabrina would be in grave danger.

The people who did this to her father would not stop until she was silenced.

Even a gentle woman like Sabrina was determined to face potential threats to uncover the truth about her father's death. Why didn't he have the courage to do the same?

In today's era of advanced technology, news and events could quickly spread across the internet. Given Sabrina's media attention and connections to the powerful Blakely family, it was possible that she

might have some level of protection against any potential foul play.

Darren took a deep breath and made his decision. "I'll take on your assignment."

He didn't know whether his decision was right or wrong.

He only knew his conscience was clear, and he was following his heart.

"Are you sure?" Sabrina asked, surprised, with joy and hope in her eyes.

"Absolutely. I'm deeply sorry for the loss of your father, and after a decade, I hope to do something in his honor."

"Thank you. I appreciate it." Sabrina's gratitude was evident. "In that case, what's your price?"

"\$500,000."

"Sure. We can sign the contract now."

Darren produced a pen, and both parties affixed their signatures to their respective copies of the contract.

Sabrina put down the pen and handed one of the contracts to Darren.

"Well, you can continue now."

Sabrina retrieved a photo from her bag and placed it on the table.

"Before I proceed, please examine this photo."

Darren picked it up and studied it intently. He looked up at Sabrina with a calculated presumption. "Is this a photo of the kidnappers taken by your father?"

Sabrina nodded. "Impressive deduction. I found this photo while sorting through my father's belongings recently."

"How does this tie in with your father's death?" Darren inquired, his fingers toying with the edge of the photo.

"It's quite coincidental. Not long ago, I traveled abroad, and when I returned, I saw Decker Harvey, the truck driver who killed my father and

his friend at Sliphario Airport in Semonar. There was something familiar about his friend's face, and it clicked when I revisited this photo."

Darren listened attentively and analyzed the situation. "So, at the moment, the cause of your father's death remains speculative. Your judgment that he resembled the person in question is based solely on your recollection of his appearance, and you haven't yet established the true identity of Decker's friend."

Sabrina nodded. "While it might be an assumption, I still believe it's true. All news reports about the kidnapping case on the internet have been erased or led to irrelevant sites. There's more to this than meets the eye."

Darren furrowed his brows, listening carefully. "I understand. Now that the contract has been signed, I'll confirm every step with you. Can you recall when you encountered them at the airport? I'll retrieve the surveillance footage from the airport and cross-check flight records to validate Decker's friend's identity. Then I'll gather all the historical information about the kidnapping for a side-by-side comparison with the individuals in the photograph."

"I agree. My resources are somewhat limited. That's why I needed your assistance." Sabrina smiled. "The date I returned was January 3rd. I disembarked from the plane at 7 a.m. and crossed paths with them on my way to the baggage claim area. Decker should also be investigated. I have seen him twice. The first time was when I was about to travel abroad. I saw him at Mathias International Airport. The second was when I was returning home. I also discovered that the passengers who arrived at Sliphario Airport during that period also came from overseas airlines. Additionally, Decker comes from an ordinary family background. They experienced significant financial depletion due to past civil compensation. I suspect he had some money issues."

Darren nodded. "I see. I'll delve into the backgrounds of both individuals."

That's all I'll require for today. If anything springs to mind, please don't hesitate to contact me, no matter how seemingly insignificant. Similarly, I will keep you informed of any new developments that come to light."

"Thank you. Two hundred thousand will be wired to your account shortly. I look forward to hearing from you."

After their meeting concluded, Sabrina bid farewell to Darren as he left the cafe.

