

Chapter 202 My Ex-Husband

Sabrina loaded Bun's cat food, litter, and canned food into the car.

Glancing behind, she noticed that Tyrone wasn't following.

A sigh of relief escaped her lips, mingled with an inexplicable sense of disappointment.

Once in the driver's seat, she sat quietly for a moment before dialing Kylan's number.

Kylan was taken aback when he saw her caller ID.

He answered cautiously, "Hello, Sabrina. What can I do for you?"

"Kylan, which pet hospital is Bun in?" Sabrina asked.

He was bewildered. Who was Bun? Why was Sabrina asking?

Tyrone's odd words earlier lingered in Kylan's mind, and after a brief pause, he said, "I'm sorry. I was busy that day, so my assistant took Bun. I'm not sure where the pet hospital is."

Sabrina didn't know how to respond.

She briefly suspected that Tyrone had neglected Bun to the point of death and was using this as an excuse.

"Well, I'll check with my assistant and call you back later," Kylan promised.

After hanging up, he quickly called Tyrone.

Following Tyrone's guidance, he called Sabrina back.

"Where's Bun?" Sabrina demanded.

"I'm sorry. My assistant didn't pick up. I'll find out as soon as he answers."

Sabrina was at a loss for words again.

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She'd come here for nothing.

With a helpless sigh, she drove to the bank to transfer money to Bettie.

A million was no trivial sum. The bank staff ushered her to the VIP room, summoned the manager, and offered her coffee.

As Sabrina sipped her tea, she unlocked her phone to find a message from Trevor.

He had seen Bettie's post about returning to the country.

"Have you come back? I'm in Mathias too. Can you have dinner with me?"

She scrolled up and came across a trail of messages from Trevor, inquiring about her whereabouts and when she'd be back in the country. However, she had chosen not to respond.

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This time, she responded coldly, "I'm sorry. I just got back a few days ago. I'm busy. Let's talk later."

She knew this exchange was mere formality unless he pressed.

Trevor sent a disappointed emoji, replying, "Well, I just got back from abroad too. I'm looking for an internship. What do you do?"

Sabrina couldn't ignore him now, so she said, "I handled brand operations but recently left my company."

"Do you have any plans now?" Trevor asked.

"I don't want to find a job now. I need a rest."

Trevor said, "I'm not too familiar with the current situation in Mathias. Two companies have extended invitations to me. Could you offer some advice?"

Sabrina raised an eyebrow, asking, "What domain are you referring to?"

"Software development," Trevor replied.

Top students like Trevor, especially from prestigious foreign schools, often went to large companies.

But Mathias only had a few of those.

Sabrina replied, "I don't know much about it, but tell me the companies. I'll analyze from other aspects."

"Thank you! The first company is Blakely Group, and the other is Merlin Technology. Are you familiar with these two?"

How could she not know these names?

The two corporations were undoubtedly the leading large factories in Mathias.

Sabrina explained, "Blakely Group is a diverse company with many aspects. Development is merely one segment of their operations. They cover both hardware and software in this department. Similarly, Merlin Technology has expertise in these domains. Blakely Group harnesses the power of an industrial park and an entire industrial chain, pumping large sums into development yearly. Merlin Technology, while having certain shortcomings compared to Blakely Group, possesses its own specialties."

Additionally, she advised, "For those serious about development, aligning projects with your main interests and the philosophies of these two companies should be the primary focus. If rapid promotion is the goal, consider Merlin Technology. If long-term growth is desired, Blakely Group is the choice."

Trevor shared his preference. "Honestly, I lean towards Blakely Group. Perhaps it's the development philosophy. Tyrone, the former president who studied math and was a software developer, might be the reason."

"He held degrees in both math and economics," Sabrina added.

"He's quite skilled. I've seen his overseas interview and respect him greatly. Do you know him personally?" Trevor asked.

Sabrina finally admitted, "Yes, I know him. He's my ex-husband."

Honesty had been weighing on Sabrina for some time, and she'd been searching for the right moment to reveal this truth.

Trevor's discovery of her previous marriage might have changed his perspective, but he remained silent. Her mention of divorce seemed too sudden, but now the opportunity presented itself.

This revelation would surely shock Trevor. A notification indicated he was typing a response, pausing for a considerable time.

Trevor was astonished, never having suspected Sabrina's previous marriage given her youthful appearance.

He recalled hearing the name "Tyrone" from Bettie and thinking it referred to Sabrina's ex-boyfriend. Now he realized it was her ex-husband.

And given Bettie's attitude towards Tyrone, he was probably the one at fault.

Minutes later, Trevor texted back, "You're remarkable. Divorcing you was his loss."

"No matter the reason for our divorce, he was good to his employees. Don't let me influence your decision."

"Thank you, I'll consider it. Continue with your work," Trevor replied.

Sabrina said, "Okay."

Sabrina thought that Trevor should give up.

The bank manager came and assisted her with a transfer.

As Sabrina made her way back to Bettie's place, the latter was awake and playing on her phone.

Upon seeing Sabrina return, she inquired, "Did you pick up the cat?"

Sabrina shook her head, explaining, "Bun has an infection and is at the pet hospital. When do you start work?"

Although the cat was infected, it could still have been brought back and cared for personally.

That was what Bettie thought, but she was interrupted by Sabrina's response. "We'll begin tomorrow. Did Trevor reach out?"

"Yes. I told him Tyrone is my ex-husband," Sabrina answered.

"What? You're not frightening him away, are you?" Bettie asked, disappointed.

"That might be for the best. I'm not in the mood for that now," Sabrina responded.

"Not really," Bettie countered.

"What?" Sabrina asked.

"We all believed that Raul wanted to rape you because of your beauty, but he later confessed to the police that he knew you're Tyrone's ex-wife and must be rich. He's looking for a shortcut, wanting you to support him..."

Sabrina was left without words.

"What if Trevor has the same intentions?" Bettie questioned.

Sabrina remained silent.

"Who doesn't admire young, beautiful, and rich women?" Bettie continued.

Trevor's thoughts remained unknown, but a few days later, Sabrina stumbled upon Trevor's post on Facebook. He had successfully joined Blakely Group's development center.

Sabrina frowned at this.

