

## Chapter 295 Seduce

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Wasn't Sabrina inebriated?

A sudden notion crossed Rowell's mind. Before any discernible reaction could manifest, Sabrina's hand ascended gracefully.

Buzz!

"Ouch!"

Rowell instinctively shielded his eyes, a poignant cry escaping his lips.

The searing sensation induced by the pepper spray unleashed uncontrollable tears and veiled his vision in obscurity.

"Bitch!"

His eyes shut, he fervently longed to grasp Sabrina's throat in a frenzied flashback but his grasp found only her shoulder.

Sabrina fought to break free and delivered a forceful blow to his cranium, the sound echoing through the room.

Crack!

Shattered glass rained down, accompanied by the splattering of liquid.

Rowell descended into a coma, his hand cradling his aching head.

Observing his form sprawled on the bed, Sabrina rose and administered a swift kick. Confirming his immobility, she heaved a sigh of relief.

Sabrina knew Galilea's request of being an assistant was nothing more than a ruse to complicate her life.

Upon receiving Galilea's dinner party invitation, Sabrina had harbored suspicions of Galilea's ulterior motives.

Her astuteness led her to preemptively medicate herself, concealing both pepper spray and a knife in her pocket.

Upon encountering Rowell in the room, Sabrina's intuition alerted her to something awry. Stealthily, she concealed a bottle of wine within her loose-fitting jacket sleeve, ensuring her discretion remained impeccable.

She artfully feigned inebriation, seemingly trapped and helpless, when she had unraveled Galilea's scheme. Galilea, however, remained oblivious to her acting.

Sabrina could turn to Peter or others to make her escape unscathed. Her audacious gamble stemmed from a burning desire to acquire leverage over Galilea.

Secured within her pocket, a voice recorder discreetly preserved the entirety of the conversation between Galilea and Rowell.

Galilea and Rowell's connection had solely revolved around intimacy, yet today they had ventured into criminal territory and Galilea had become an unwitting accomplice.

Sabrina gracefully leaped from the bed and spotted the camera before her.

According to Galilea, once it was complete, Rowell would dispatch the video to Tyrone.

Though Tyrone bore no guilt, Sabrina couldn't suppress her inner lament. It was entirely Tyrone's fault!

Galilea's affection for Tyrone was the root of this chaos!

Sabrina meticulously reviewed the video within the camera, including the earlier exchange between Galilea and Rowell, further substantiating the authenticity of her recording.

With precision, she extracted the memory card and concealed it.

Wary of potential sentinels outside, Sabrina opted against a direct exit. As she contemplated summoning Bettie for a pickup, her gaze settled on Rowell sprawled on the bed, inspiring a cunning idea.

One minute later, Sabrina dialed for an ambulance.

Instead of contacting the authorities, Sabrina aimed to engage in private negotiations with Galilea.

Burdened by a nagging sense of guilt, Rowell dared not entertain the idea of summoning the authorities. However, the consequences could be dire if he continued to lapse into unconsciousness and even met an accidental demise.

Sabrina, with swift resolve, placed a call for an ambulance, a lifeline that would also serve as her means of escape.

A mere half-hour later, a cadre of medical professionals, accompanied by the hotel's ever-watchful receptionist, arrived and gently transferred Rowell into the waiting ambulance.

Descending alongside them, Sabrina espied a suspicious figure surreptitiously peering from the fire exit. Fortune had favored her discerning decision.

After returning to the room, Galilea merely informed Peter and others that Sabrina had drunk a tad too much, thus necessitating her early departure via a hired chauffeur.

In the recent past, Rowell had proffered the excuse of not feeling well, thereby facilitating his hasty exit. Peter, in turn, implored everyone to retire for some well-deserved rest.

As farewells were exchanged, Galilea, seemingly poised to depart, lingered inside her vehicle.

Her gaze shifted to her phone's time display and she settled in for the wait.

Approximately half an hour later, just as Galilea contemplated contacting Rowell, her phone rang.

The call emanated from the individual she had stationed to watch over

the room.

Seeing it was his call, Galilea was met with surprise. She swiftly picked up the phone, inquiring, "What's the matter? What's occurred?"

A hushed silence permeated the other end of the line before a voice finally broke through, "An ambulance arrived a short while ago and they carried Rowell out."

Galilea was confounded.

Had Rowell fainted after he and Sabrina engaged in sexual intercourse? It wasn't entirely unheard of for a middle-aged man of his stature to succumb to fainting spells after such sexual encounters.

Each sexual encounter with Rowell left Galilea in agonizing distress, a searing pain etching its mark.

Contemplating that Sabrina just underwent a similar ordeal brought a perverse sense of satisfaction to Galilea.

"I took a closer look at Rowell and I noticed that his attire remained unscathed but his head bore an injury..."

Galilea's response was one of shock. "What are you saying? Are you certain?"

"Absolutely."

Galilea was left dumbfounded, struggling to articulate the maelstrom of emotions coursing through her.

A realization dawned upon Galilea, prompting her to inquire further, "Did you enter the room? The camera..."

"I did enter the room just moments ago. The memory card, however, has vanished."

Galilea was jolted by this revelation, her silence echoing with disbelief. Frustration surged within her, leading her to pound the steering wheel

vehemently.

Rubbish!

A bunch of losers!

Rowell was naught but a swine!

No, he was even worse than that!

He was utterly inept!

Galilea had descended into a state of madness.

The memory card, she concluded, must have been pilfered by Sabrina.

Recollection brought to mind the exchange she'd had with Rowell after activating the camera.

The prospect of Sabrina involving the police or exposing the footage sent shivers down her spine.

Yet, an inkling told her that Sabrina might opt for negotiation instead...

As these thoughts swirled within her mind, her phone rang once more.

Glancing at the caller ID, Galilea discerned that the call was originating from Sabrina.

Aware that Sabrina had likely dialed her number for the sake of negotiations, Galilea began to regain her composure.

However, she felt compelled to establish some ground rules beforehand.

Sabrina's tenure as her assistant had been rather brief. Fortune had certainly favored Sabrina.

Summoning a deep breath, Galilea answered the call with a measured tone, "Hello."

Sabrina, unapologetically direct, questioned, "Where are you right now?"

"What's the matter?"

"Don't feign ignorance. The memory card is currently in my possession.

You wouldn't want me to involve the authorities, would you?"

Upon hearing Sabrina's unwavering voice, Galilea momentarily hesitated before inquiring, "You're not intoxicated at all, are you?"

Sabrina remained steadfast, refusing to be diverted. "Let's not change the subject."

After deliberation, Galilea ventured forth. "Alright, tell me your terms."

"I want you to immediately provide a statement against the suspect."

"I promise you that I will be there tomorrow."

"Why?" Sabrina inquired.

"I'm entangled in something pressing right now. I can't make it there," Galilea replied.

Concerned, Sabrina probed further, "What's going on?"

"I have a party to attend and it's in full swing already. This opportunity is hard-won and if I skip it, I'll face repercussions. If you can't wait, feel free to involve the police but be warned, if you do, I won't testify on your behalf!" Galilea asserted.

Contemplating Hobson's still-mysterious whereabouts, Sabrina fell silent for a moment before finally conceding, "Alright, I'll meet you at the court tomorrow morning. But if you fail to show up, rest assured, I'll promptly hand over the evidence to the authorities."

Galilea reassured her, "Fear not, I won't joke about my future."

After ending the call, Galilea proceeded to dial a number.

A few seconds later, the call connected and a male voice emanated from the other end, inquiring, "What's the matter?"

"Our plans have taken an unexpected turn. You need to leave before tomorrow!"

Astonished, the man on the other end questioned, "But don't I have a month?"

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"No time for questions! If you're caught, we'll be done for!" Galilea admonished, her voice tinged with urgency. 

