

## Chapter 342 She Doesn't Deserve To Be Sabrina's...

"If you apologize to us, I will release your daughter. Otherwise, it's difficult to predict my actions. While my son lies on the hospital bed, your daughter is merrily bouncing around..."

A tense silence filled the hospital room. Sabrina's heart raced as she weighed her options. "Aren't you afraid that Tyrone will find out about this?"

The woman, unfazed, responded with a hint of arrogance, "If he wants to do something about it, let him try!" She seemed to have no fear of the Blakely family's influence in Mathias.

A cold smile played on her lips. "So, have you made up your mind about what you're going to do?"

Sabrina clenched her fists, her gaze fixed on the woman. After a moment of contemplation, she spoke slowly and deliberately. "I will apologize.

"I'm sorry," Sabrina said, her gaze dropping to the boy on the bed. "I shouldn't have been so aggressive, and I should have let you go. I apologize to you, and I hope you can recover as soon as possible."

"See, that's better," the woman said with a satisfied expression. "A wise person acknowledges their situation. You would do well to remember that. Don't always seek bravery, or you'll end up like your father."

The nerve of this woman mentioning her father while intimidating her was infuriating.

Sabrina burned with anger but bit her tongue, not wanting to provoke the

woman further. She had to do this for Jennie's sake.

The man holding Jennie released his grip, allowing Sabrina to take Jennie into her arms. Hugging Jennie close, she looked at the woman and asked, "Can we go now?"

The woman glanced at her ailing son, then waved dismissively.

Sabrina swiftly left the ward with Jennie, relief washing over her.

As they waited for the elevator, Sabrina put Jennie down and leaned over to look at her little face. Sabrina asked softly, "Were you afraid, sweetheart?"

Jennie furrowed her brows and shook her head. She buried her face in Sabrina's embrace. "I wasn't scared because you were here."

Jennie knew that these men had coerced them because of her.

To prevent her from being wronged, Sabrina compelled the boy to apologize to her, unknowingly setting off a chain of events.

"That's a good girl." Sabrina hugged Jennie tightly, gently stroking her head. "Let's go home."

"Okay."

Sabrina held Jennie's hand, and they left the hospital.

Tyrone spotted them leaving the building and strode over, accompanied by several bodyguards.

With a solemn expression, he examined them both from head to toe.

"Are you both alright, Sabrina?"

"We're fine."

Jennie, feeling wronged, extended her arms toward Tyrone, pouting.

"Tyrone, you're finally here."

Noticing the band-aids on Jennie's palms, Tyrone picked her up and comforted her. "I'm sorry, Jennie. It's my fault. I was too late."

Jennie put her arms around Tyrone's neck and rested her head on his shoulder. "You're here now."

"Don't be afraid." Tyrone patted her shoulder gently. He then turned to Sabrina. "What did she say to you?"

Sabrina glanced at him. "Nothing. She asked me to apologize to them."

"Do you feel wronged?"

Sabrina raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

"I can help you take revenge now."

Tyrone's gaze briefly shifted to the bodyguards standing behind him.

A simple nod from her was all it took to signal the green light.

He wouldn't care even though that woman was Mrs. Fowler and Sabrina's biological mother.

How could Rita not recognize Sabrina since the latter hadn't changed her name and there were various media reports about her?

Yet, Rita still forced Sabrina to apologize to her little boy.

Having abandoned Sabrina for over twenty years, Rita was anything but a good mother.

Before Sabrina could respond, Jennie eagerly raised her arms in agreement. "Tyrone, let's go upstairs and settle the score!"

Tyrone looked at Sabrina for confirmation.

After contemplating, Sabrina said, "I'm not the one who feels wronged. It's Jennie. You should go upstairs and ask that child to apologize to her."

Placing excessive importance on her son, Rita disregarded everyone else and coerced an apology from someone who was not at fault. It was only through this method that she could learn a lesson.

"Wait for me in the car."

"Okay."

Sabrina went to the car, where she waited for Tyrone and Jennie. Tyrone, carrying Jennie in his arms, led his bodyguards to the ward.

Outside the ward, Rita's lead bodyguard and his team stood guard.

As Tyrone approached the ward with Jennie in his arms, the guards immediately went on high alert.

About ten meters away from the ward's entrance, Tyrone stopped. He whispered to Jennie, "Don't watch," then gave his men a signal.


Jennie obediently squeezed her eyes shut and turned her head away.

Tyrone's bodyguards moved with remarkable agility, swiftly closing in on the two leaders and efficiently subduing them.

The commotion outside had caught the attention of those inside the ward. Rita furrowed her brow and rose to her feet. "Fenton, what's happening out there?" she called out to the lead guard stationed by the door.

However, before Fenton could respond, Tyrone's bodyguards swiftly bound and gagged him, reducing his voice to a muffled whine.

Sensing trouble, Rita was about to come out to have a look, but the door swung open. Tyrone casually entered with Jennie in his arms.

Rita was stunned, her eyes widening as she fixed her gaze on him. "Tyrone? I didn't expect you to come so soon." 

Tyrone remained composed. "I'm here for Jennie. She was pushed down the slide at the amusement park. I understand that you had asked Sabrina to apologize to your son. You seem to care deeply for your child, Mrs. Fowler. I hope you can understand my concerns."

Rita's expression shifted. "He didn't mean to do that. Besides, Jennie isn't hurt. My son has a congenital asthma condition and had a relapse. He's frail. Why must you make an issue out of this?"

Without saying anything, Tyrone turned to his bodyguards and signaled them with a wink.

Two bodyguards immediately walked toward the bed.

Rita positioned herself protectively in front of the bed. Her gaze fixed on Tyrone as she exclaimed angrily, "How dare you! Are you devoid of any compassion? You can't do this to my son!"

"Can't I?" Tyrone raised an eyebrow and nodded to the bodyguards to continue.

Two bodyguards stepped forward. One pulled Rita away while the other approached the boy on the bed.

"Aren't you afraid of making an enemy of the Fowler family?" Rita hissed.

"Not really," Tyrone replied.

For a considerable time, he had regarded the Fowler family as his adversaries, a feeling that grew when Blayze inexplicably started targeting the Blakely group.

On the bed, Nicol huddled in a corner, his face pallid.

As the bodyguard moved closer to extract Nicol from the bed, Rita couldn't bear it and shouted, "Stop!"

She narrowed her eyes at Tyrone and restrained her anger. "You want justice for your daughter? Fine, I apologize on behalf of Nicol. Is that acceptable?"

Tyrone told his men to stop and then turned to Jennie. "What do you think?"

Jennie blinked her big eyes at Tyrone and then gazed at Nicol on the bed. She pointed at Nicol and declared, "No, I want him to apologize."

Tyrone looked at Rita. "Did you hear that? She wants your son to

apologize."

Rita cast a cold glance at Jennie.

"Mrs. Fowler, I hope you can understand your current situation. It would be in your best interest to persuade your son to apologize. If you can't, I'll have my men do it."

Rita clenched her teeth, glaring at Tyrone with resentment as she pondered the gravity of the situation. Approaching the bed, she whispered something into Nicol's ear.

Nicol looked apprehensively at Tyrone and Jennie, saying, "I'm sorry. I accidentally bumped into you. I apologize."

Jennie pouted. "Fine. I accept your apology, but reluctantly."

Tyrone shook his head with a smile. "You could have resolved this much easier. But you chose to escalate it. Now that it's settled, we won't trouble you further. Have a good day."

He turned and left with Jennie in his arms, followed by his bodyguards.

Rita clenched her fists, with a hint of malice in her eyes, as she watched them leave.

