

## Chapter 357 You Deserve It

Sabrina's mind wandered as she filmed today, her thoughts far from the set.

Before heading to work, news arrived that Tyrone had dispatched a representative to the prosecutor's office. The case teetered on the brink, dangling precariously between courtroom justice and a return trip to the police precinct due to insufficient evidence. Simultaneously, Tyrone had enlisted Mathias' ace attorney, Landen, to craft alternative strategies. Landen's mission? To secure the most lenient sentence if Larry's fate remained sealed.

Larry's right to legal counsel was unquestionable in Sabrina's eyes. However, Tyrone's plea to the prosecutor's office seemed like a clever maneuver to stall the case.

Tyrone stood firm in his belief that Galilea, not Larry, had taken her father's life. He was determined to buy time and unearth favorable evidence for Larry.

Yet, as Sabrina processed this update, Kira's words resurfaced in her mind.

"Tyrone's tight with Larry. He's got Larry's back."

If the case circled back to the police station, would the truth ever emerge?

Sabrina's thoughts whirled in chaotic disarray.

Trust felt like a precious commodity in short supply.

At the end of her shoot, a crew member approached her with her phone in hand. "Miss. Chavez, someone's been trying to reach you repeatedly."

"Alright, I'll check. Thanks."

Sabrina retrieved her phone, revealing Tyrone's missed calls.

Seeking solitude, she stepped away and returned his call.

Once the connection was established, Tyrone's voice emanated from the phone, "Wanda knows about what happened to Larry."

Sabrina's heart raced, her thoughts momentarily vanishing.

She inquired, "Her reaction?"

"She'd calmed down by the time I found out," Tyrone replied.

Curiosity got the better of her, and she asked, "How did she come to know about it?"

A heavy sigh escaped Tyrone's lips. "It was Frankie."

Silence hung in the air as Sabrina grappled with her worst fears.

"Are you available right now?" Tyrone asked.

"I need to change into something else. I'll be quick," Sabrina replied.

"I'll swing by to pick you up," Tyrone offered.

Sabrina hurried to the dressing room to swap outfits.

Her thoughts were in turmoil, a sense of unease creeping over her. Her fingers quivered as she undid the buttons on her attire.

As she changed, the zipper got stubborn and stuck. Anxiety painted her face red, with beads of sweat forming on the tip of her nose. Sabrina summoned her strength to wrestle the zipper free.

Upon getting into the car, Tyrone couldn't help but notice Sabrina hadn't removed her makeup. Her complexion appeared blotchy, and her face had a pallor of anxiety.

Tyrone fetched a tissue from the storage compartment and handed it to her, offering comfort, "Don't fret. She won't hold you responsible."

Sabrina accepted the tissue and gently dabbed her face. Her heart raced, and she remained silent.

She couldn't fathom what Wanda might be thinking.

Fear gripped her.

Torn between the dread of Wanda's possible revulsion and the anguish of her potential plea on Larry's behalf.

The desire to probe Tyrone about his involvement in the case welled up within her, yet she hesitated, refraining from uttering a word.

Frustration gnawed at her.

Sabrina lifted her hand, rubbing her temples in a futile attempt to evade her disquiet.

Unexpectedly, Tyrone held her hand, gently caressing its back with his thumb.

Sabrina's response was a swift withdrawal, evading his touch.

Surprise flickered across Tyrone's face as he turned to her, a trace of helplessness in his eyes.

The car halted at the entrance of Wanda's residence.

Gathering her courage, Sabrina opened the door and stepped out of the car.

As soon as she entered the living room, her eyes fell upon Lena who was sitting on the sofa with both hands resting on her lap.

The sound of the approaching car had riddled Lena with nervous anticipation. She struggled to maintain composure as she waited for Sabrina to come in.

Seated beside Lena, Frankie lowered his head, his disappointment palpable.

After learning Frankie had disclosed the situation about Larry to Wanda, Lena chastised Frankie, emphasizing he shouldn't have said those words to Wanda.

Yet, all Frankie wanted was to save Larry. He didn't know he was used as a pawn in Galilea's scheme.

Sabrina approached Lena. Their eyes locked, and Sabrina pursed her lips before addressing Lena, "Lena."

Lena bowed her head, acknowledging, "You've come..."

Tyrone entered the scene and inquired, "Is Wanda upstairs?"

Lena nodded silently.

Sabrina and Tyrone exchanged a glance before ascending the staircase together.

In the bedroom, Wanda occupied the bed, propped up against the headboard. Her face appeared ashen, and she gazed vacantly out the window.

The sound of approaching footsteps drew her attention.

Her gaze fixated on the door.

With every step closer to Wanda's room, Sabrina's pace slowed.

Her heart raced as she stood at the doorway to the room, wishing that time could come to a standstill.

She desperately hoped to avoid the impending confrontation, but she knew it was an impossible wish.

Sabrina drew a deep breath and turned the doorknob.

The door creaked open, revealing Wanda sitting on the bed.

When Sabrina laid eyes on Wanda, her own welled up with inexplicable tears. "Wanda!"

Sabrina rushed to the bedside, clutching Wanda's hand, her own trembling. "Wanda..."

Wanda gently clasped Sabrina's hand, her voice tender. "Dearie. I don't hold you responsible."

The moment Wanda saw Sabrina's expression, she discerned Sabrina's unspoken fears.

For all her outward calmness, Sabrina remained profoundly sensitive.

Tears brimmed in Sabrina's eyes. "Wanda, you have no idea how terrified I've been..."

In that instant, all of Sabrina's worries and fears evaporated.

Wanda, the wisest elder in the world, patted the back of Sabrina's hand.

"Fear not. You've done nothing wrong. It's been a decade, yet your resolve to seek justice for your father remains unwavering. It's a precious quality, and I hold no blame for you."

Had it been someone else, they might not have dared to disrupt a decade-old grave, potentially jeopardizing their stable and comfortable life.

Wanda heaved a sigh and turned her gaze toward Tyrone. "Cesar and I failed to instill the right values in Larry, leading him to make such choices. We're to blame."

"Wanda, it's not your fault. Please don't blame yourself," Sabrina interjected.

"Frankie informed me about the situation. I'm not sure who told him, but he implored me to appeal to you for his father's salvation. Lena scolded him as soon as she discovered it."

Sabrina grasped the underlying message in Wanda's words. "Frankie is still very young, and he yearns for his father deeply. Lena is a rational and compassionate person. Larry should count himself fortunate."

Wanda huffed and said, "He enjoys good fortune, yet he doesn't cherish it. He brought this upon himself."

She sighed once more, then addressed Sabrina, "You can step out now. I have matters to discuss with Tyrone. I won't hold you responsible. Don't

worry."

"Alright." Sabrina nodded gently and discreetly withdrew, giving them the room.

After all, she was in a different position with them.

Closing the door behind her, Sabrina left only two individuals within the room.

Tyrone perched on the edge of the bed. "Wanda."

Wanda's gaze fixated on him. "What are your thoughts?"

"It's true that Larry is guilty. He's responsible for taking the life of Sabrina's father. I can't change that. But I'll do everything in my power to ensure Galilea faces justice," Tyrone asserted.

This approach could help earn a lenient sentence for Larry.

"You have done a good job." Wanda regarded Tyrone with gratitude shimmering in her eyes. "You've done admirably. Your grandpa and I have no regrets about bringing you into our lives. But we deeply regret not revealing your true identity to you and Larry, leading to this substantial turmoil."

Tyrone was taken aback, his expression serious. "My identity?"

He had conducted clandestine inquiries into his mother's background but had come up empty-handed.

Wanda nodded slightly. "I should have disclosed it to you much earlier."

