

Chapter 297 Have You Carried This Affection For...

In a state of bewilderment, Sabrina cast her gaze upon Galilea and Tyrone, her countenance twisted into a disdainful sneer.

It was no surprise that Galilea was flooded with various scripts, for it had come to light that Tyrone was her staunch supporter.

Sabrina harbored the knowledge that their affection for each other had endured for quite some time. Back then, Tyrone had parted ways with Galilea solely due to Cesar's passing.

With a mocking expression, Sabrina directed her gaze toward Tyrone.

Though Tyrone held an ardent love for Galilea, he vehemently denied it time and again. He had audaciously professed his love to her and even implored her to grant him a chance, a notion that bordered on the absurd. Was it fun to trick her?

Though not much time had elapsed since Cesar's demise, Tyrone had displayed a tender heart by rekindling his relationship with Galilea.

Subsequently, Sabrina turned her attention to Galilea, who stood by Tyrone's side. Clad in a delicate pink dress, Galilea elegantly linked arms with Tyrone and engaged him in conversation, her visage adorned with a gracious smile.

Had Sabrina been unaware of Galilea's true nature, she might have fallen victim to her cunning facade.

Initially, Sabrina believed that Galilea had been targeting her because Galilea intended to rekindle the past romance with Tyrone, only to be thwarted by her presence. Thus, Galilea had harbored animosity toward

her. It wasn't until Galilea played a role in Cesar's ordeal and demise that Sabrina fully comprehended the extent of Galilea's malevolence.

This time, to prevent Sabrina from taking revenge for her father, Galilea had gone so far as to tip off Zeke and help him escape from justice. Galilea's malice knew no bounds!

Sabrina now confirmed that Galilea would never step forward as a witness.

Galilea had never entertained the idea of providing testimony. The term of asking her to be an assistant for a month was merely a ruse.

In light of this revelation, Sabrina harbored no concerns about taking Galilea to the police station right away. She retrieved her phone and retreated to the corridor to summon the police.

Since Galilea proved to be of no use and dared to have ill intentions against her, why should she let Galilea off the hook?

Why not send her to prison as soon as possible?

Galilea wanted to be on an upward trajectory in the entertainment circle? No way!

Sabrina summoned law enforcement, orchestrating Galilea's public apprehension before the eyes of onlookers.

Bettie engaged in conversation with her blind date for a brief interval before sauntering away from the fire escape. Her demeanor was casual until, abruptly, her eyes widened in astonishment.

Were her eyes deceiving her? Could that really be Tyrone and Galilea? Damn it! Son of a bitch!

Bettie rolled her eyes and secretly muttered a derogatory curse under her breath. Her gaze shifted toward the area where Sabrina was supposed to be, but Sabrina was nowhere in sight.

In pursuit of Sabrina's whereabouts, Bettie immediately embarked on a sweeping survey of her surroundings.

Tyrone, Bettie surmised, was a notorious womanizer.

His flirtatious advances toward Sabrina persisted even as he engaged in a clandestine liaison with Galilea.

How could such a person deserve Sabrina?

The sheer audacity of such a person being deemed worthy of Sabrina's affection elicited another eye roll from Bettie. Swiftly, she extracted her phone to clandestinely capture a few incriminating snapshots of the ill-fated duo.

However, as soon as Bettie lowered her phone and glanced upward, her gaze collided with the cold, unwavering eyes of Tyrone, who observed her from a distance. Caught off guard, Bettie froze momentarily before hastily averted her gaze, feigning ignorance.

Upon witnessing Sabrina's entrance through the corridor, Bettie's eyes gleamed with anticipation. She hastened toward her, greeting her with enthusiasm, "Sabrina."

Staring at Bettie, Tyrone caught sight of Sabrina. His eyes narrowed, his countenance shifted imperceptibly and his body briefly stiffened.

What was Sabrina doing here?

At that moment, Sabrina happened to cast her gaze in Tyrone's direction.

Across the expanse of the hall, their eyes locked in mutual contemplation.

Tyrone discerned a faint aura of detachment and a touch of irony dancing within her gaze.

Their gazes remained entwined for a fleeting two seconds. Then Sabrina averted her eyes and advanced two steps toward Bettie,

initiating conversation with, "Have you had the pleasure of meeting your blind date? What was your verdict?"

Bettie responded with a curt, uninspired tone, "Not favorable. Tyrone is here, by the way. Have you spotted him? I thought you were avoiding him and hiding earlier."

Sabrina retorted confidently, "I've committed no wrongdoing. Why should I hide? Let's head over and take a seat."

With an air of bewilderment, Bettie asked, "I've already met my blind date. Aren't we heading back?"

Sabrina shook her head and declared, "I've had a change of heart. Let's linger a bit."

Perplexed, Bettie followed Sabrina back to the rest area and settled down.

Sensing Tyrone's unusual demeanor, Galilea looked in the direction of his gaze, a subtle smile gracing her features. "It appears to be Sabrina. Shall we make our way over to offer our greetings?"

By now, Zeke should have made his escape, shouldn't he?

"No," Tyrone responded in a hushed tone, averting his gaze.

As Bettie savored her cake, she stole a glance at Tyrone's figure and blinked. "Sabrina, are you really not going back because of Tyrone?"

Sabrina arched an eyebrow and affirmed, "Certainly not. There are other reasons. You'll see."

"Alright," Bettie conceded with a hint of skepticism.

Bettie gazed up at Sabrina's countenance and compressed her lips. "Sabrina... Allow me to pose a question..."

This inquiry had been festering within Bettie for quite some time, yet she had refrained from asking, taking into account Sabrina's emotional

state.

"Please, go ahead."

"You... Did you hold deep affection for Tyrone?"

Bettie had recognized that when Sabrina had wed Tyrone, their union had already been on shaky ground. Nevertheless, after all the time they had spent together, Bettie couldn't shake the sense that Sabrina must have harbored some genuine feelings for Tyrone. At least Sabrina liked Tyrone during their marriage.

Perhaps Sabrina had even loved him profoundly. Otherwise, following their divorce, Sabrina wouldn't have been so utterly despondent, even if a portion of her pain had been inflicted by the child...

Sabrina paused briefly, a wistful smile gracing her lips as she replied, "Yes."

Wearing a knowing expression, Bettie ventured further, "Have you carried this affection for many years?"

To the best of her recollection, she had never observed Sabrina exhibit such feelings for anyone else. It was highly plausible that Sabrina's affection for Tyrone had predated their acquaintance.

"Yes," Sabrina affirmed, nodding, a fork poised in her hand. She lowered her gaze and added, "It's rather absurd, really. I fell in love with him from the moment I set foot in the Blakely family."

Bettie's eyes widened in astonishment. She had never fathomed that Sabrina's affection had spanned such a significant stretch of time. A decade, to be exact...

"Do you still hold those feelings for him today?"

Sabrina maintained a contemplative silence. However, before she could respond, a disturbance erupted at the hall's entrance.

Two police officers, escorted by security personnel, made their

entrance to rendezvous with the party's host, Denzel.

A hush fell over the crowd instantaneously. All eyes were fixed on the law enforcement officers, and murmurs of curiosity swept through the assembled guests.

In the grand assembly, every individual present held prominence and wielded influence in Mathias. Many of them were embroiled in nefarious dealings, raising the likelihood of someone eventually being exposed.

Those burdened by guilt found themselves consumed by worry.

Observing this, Sabrina rose from her seat and cast a glance in Bettie's direction. "A captivating spectacle is unfolding. Shall we?"

Bettie, previously distracted by the police presence, approached Sabrina inquisitively. "Did you summon the authorities?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"All shall be revealed in due time."

Sabrina approached Denzel, exchanged pleasantries and turned her attention to the police. "Sir, I made the call to the police."

The nature of the conversation between the police and Denzel remained concealed from onlookers and a waiter standing beside Denzel received a discreet instruction to proceed in a specific direction.

As the waiter drew nearer, Galilea couldn't shake a foreboding sense of unease.

Glancing past the waiter, her eyes locked with those of one of the policemen. The intensity in their gaze didn't suggest a mere summons for testimony. It bore the weight of a potential arrest.

Shocked by Sabrina's involvement with the police, Galilea wondered if Sabrina had summoned them.

Wasn't Sabrina afraid that she wouldn't testify?

When the waiter reached Galilea, he addressed her in a hushed tone, right in front of the assembled crowd. "Ms. Clifford, two police officers wish to speak with you. Please cooperate."

With a pallor creeping over her face, Galilea clutched Tyrone's sleeve, her voice trembling as she implored, "What's this for?"

"All will become clear soon," the waiter responded with lowered eyes. Gazing at Tyrone, who remained silent, Galilea nibbled her lower lip and followed the waiter's lead.

The journey was but a few strides, yet every eye in the vicinity was trained upon her. Some onlookers jeered, while others observed the unfolding drama. Galilea, however, felt nothing but torment.

Outwardly composed, Galilea approached the police officers and inquired, "Sir, how may I assist you?"

One of the policemen presented his identification and solemnly stated, "Are you Galilea? You are presently implicated in a criminal investigation. Kindly accompany us to facilitate our inquiries."

