

Chapter 298 Can't Be Softhearted

The law enforcement officers escorted Galilea away and Sabrina too chose to depart from the scene.

Within the hall, a cacophony of voices reverberated through the air, punctuated by furtive glances cast in Tyrone's direction.

With Denzel's assistance, the atmosphere in the hall was reinvigorated with liveliness.

Tyrone courteously uttered, "Excuse me," to the gentleman beside him before making his exit.

Sabrina, after presenting her evidence and rendering her statement, emerged from the interrogation room to find that the clock had already struck ten in the evening.

Sauntering toward Bettie, who patiently awaited her in the hallway, Sabrina softly murmured, "Shall we depart?"

"Are you all right?" Concern laced Bettie's inquiry as she stowed away her phone.

Sabrina responded reassuringly, "Yes, I'll be at their disposal should the police require any further assistance."

Bettie had been apprised of the noonday incident beforehand, and her heart brimmed with righteous indignation. "What a repugnant individual! You can't let compassion cloud your judgment. If anyone comes pleading for your forgiveness, you can't acquiesce. Galilea must face the consequences!" Bettie's words held significance.

"I understand. My heart won't waver," Sabrina affirmed with a gentle

smile.

Even if Galilea were to approach her now with an offer to testify immediately, Sabrina wouldn't yield to sentimentality.

As they exited the police station, a chilling gust of wind swept through the vicinity.

The streets were desolately sparsely populated.

Sabrina's vehicle was stationed curbside.

A black car in the rear, adorned with twin flashing lights, stood out prominently in the nocturnal ambiance.

Casting a sidelong glance at the license plate number, Sabrina arched an eyebrow, a trace of irony briefly shimmering in her eyes.

That vehicle belonged to none other than Tyrone.

Unwavering in his determination, he trailed behind her until they reached the precinct.

Could his zeal to come to Galilea's aid be so fervent? Sabrina scoffed.

Sabrina averted her gaze and proceeded directly to her car, deftly tugging open the passenger door before slipping inside.

Bettie assumed control of the vehicle's operation and commenced their departure.

Unable to contain her frustrations any longer, Bettie couldn't resist voicing her grievances.

Having unburdened her sentiments, Bettie took in a deep breath and finally calmed down, navigating the road with caution.

Unexpectedly, she remarked, "Sabrina, take a look at the car behind us. It appears to have been tailing us persistently."

Glimpsing at the rearview mirror, Sabrina's brow furrowed in irritation as she uttered, "It's Tyrone's car."

To Sabrina, it seemed that Tyrone's affections for Galilea ran deep.

Bettie's eyes widened in disbelief. "What?" she exclaimed. "Why is he following us? He isn't endeavoring to coerce you into penning a letter of understanding, is he? Sabrina, you can't yield to such demands."

"Okay," Sabrina responded with a nod.

Within the obsidian Cayenne, Tyrone remained oblivious to the midday events until he received an update from his associates.

His grip on the steering wheel tightened incrementally, a glimmer of vindictiveness flickering within his eyes.

How audacious of Galilea to conspire against Sabrina!

If it weren't for Sabrina's foresight, Tyrone shuddered to contemplate the potential repercussions...

Fortunately, Sabrina had emerged unscathed...

Initially, Tyrone had been angered by Sabrina's repeated rejections.

Yet, upon learning of the situation, his anger dissolved entirely, replaced only by deep-seated concern.

At this moment, all he yearned for was to embrace Sabrina tightly...

Tyrone deftly unlocked his smartphone, located a specific contact, and hesitated for a contemplative moment before initiating the call.

Sabrina's mobile device chimed with an incoming call.

Glancing at the caller ID, Sabrina chose to rebuff the call.

Bettie, her inquisitive gaze darting toward Sabrina, ventured, "Tyrone's calling?"

Sabrina affirmed with a terse nod, "Yes."

"You're handling it well."

A mere thirty seconds elapsed before Tyrone made another attempt to contact her.

Sabrina, resolute in her decision, refused to answer the call once more. As a final measure, she powered down her phone.

Tyrone's car trailed them at a discreet distance.

Upon hearing the mechanical hum, Tyrone's lips compressed into a tight line.

Previously, she had merely declined his offers of assistance, but today she not only rejected his call but switched off her phone entirely.

Why? Could it be because Sabrina had spotted him in the company of Galilea tonight?

Was she angry? Could it be that she harbored some semblance of affection for him?

Tyrone grappled with incredulity.

Upon their arrival at the underground garage within the residential community, the security gate's barrier automatically ascended, having identified their vehicle's license plate. Bettie navigated the car through as the gate descended once more.

The community maintained stringent access control, permitting only the vehicles of residents to enter.

The vehicle came to a halt in an available parking space. Sabrina unfastened her seatbelt and gracefully disembarked, making her way to the elevator where she pressed the button marked "Up."

The elevator descended from the tenth floor, its descent accentuated by the echoing silence of the underground garage.

Suddenly, from a nearby corridor, the distinct sound of approaching footsteps broke the hush.

Bettie, engrossed in responding to her father's inquiries on her phone, remained oblivious to this development.

Sabrina pursed her lips, casting her gaze downward.

Inexplicably, an uncanny sensation washed over her, an unmistakable intuition that it was Tyrone approaching.

However, Tyrone should have had no access.

"Sabrina." A voice both familiar and unexpected emanated from behind.

Sabrina found herself momentarily rendered mute.

She pivoted gracefully, her brow furrowing ever so slightly as her gaze locked onto Tyrone. Inquisitively, she posed the question, "Why are you here?"

Tyrone approached at a leisurely pace. A composed smile graced his features as he explained, "This community boasts splendid flats, so I decided to acquire one."

Coincidentally, it occupied the unit directly above Sabrina's residence.

Sabrina found herself at a loss for words.

Ding!

The elevator arrived at the basement level.

Just as Sabrina was about to step inside, Tyrone gently clasped her wrist and murmured, "Hold on. I have something to tell you."

"Release me!" Sabrina responded frigidly. "I have no desire to engage in conversation with you."

"Just a few moments," Tyrone persisted.

Sabrina rolled her eyes with an irritated sigh, her glance momentarily flitting toward Bettie.

Bettie comprehended the unspoken message and leaned in to whisper to Sabrina, "Don't make any promises to forgive Galilea."

Having imparted her advice, Bettie entered the elevator. Its doors closed and it commenced its gradual ascent.

Directing her gaze back to Tyrone, Sabrina inquired, "What is it that you wish to convey? Speak your mind."

As Tyrone prepared to articulate his thoughts, Sabrina interjected, "If you intend to coax me into composing a letter of understanding, you may as well go back now."

"No, I won't ask you to write any such letter," Tyrone replied with unwavering seriousness. "Regarding what transpired earlier today... I am genuinely relieved that you emerged unscathed."

"Your concern is duly noted. Is there anything else?"

Sabrina quirked an eyebrow.

Observing Sabrina's cool detachment, instead of provoking anger, Tyrone found a hidden sense of elation burgeoning within his heart.

A wry smile danced across his lips, and he arched an eyebrow as he mused, "Are you upset, Sabrina? Could it be that jealousy has found its way into your heart? Right? You're fond of me too, aren't you..."

Sabrina's response seemed to treat his words as if they were a jest.

"Don't be absurd. Is there anything else you wish to discuss? If not, I'll head upstairs."

A mask of consternation descended upon Tyrone's countenance. Hastily, he clasped her hand and implored, "Wait a moment. You've contacted the police. Aren't you concerned that Galilea might not cooperate as a witness?"

Given that Sabrina had refrained from alerting the authorities earlier, it was apparent that she intended to leverage this situation to compel Galilea into swift testimony.

Despite her reluctance to forge a connection with Trevor, her willingness to delve into this case, and her readiness to assume the role of Galilea's assistant in her quest for retribution over her father's death,

why had she suddenly chosen to notify the police late at night?

Was she not apprehensive that Galilea might decline to testify?

Arching an eyebrow, Sabrina retorted with a sneer, "What's the matter?

Are you concerned for her well-being? Do you sympathize with her?"

"You know that's not what I meant."

"Then what precisely did you mean?"

"Galilea and I are not what you assume..."

"You supported her and attended the event with her, didn't you? How am I supposed to interpret that? Tyrone, have you forgotten the cause behind your grandpa's passing?" Sabrina challenged.

Tyrone found himself unable to articulate a response. "I had my reasons."

"What reasons?"

Observing Tyrone's silence, Sabrina smiled knowingly. "I understand that you may have your constraints but you can't divulge them to me, can you?"

Sabrina's tone took on a mocking edge. "To be honest, I'm not the least bit surprised. Ever since you easily forgot your grandpa's death and let her out, I knew that you would soften your heart and reunite with her someday. Whether you seek justice for your grandfather or stay with Galilea, it's of no concern to me. Tyrone, if you harbor affection for her, kindly refrain from approaching me and proclaiming your affection for me. It's quite revolting!" ○

Tyrone found himself rendered speechless.

Sabrina's revulsion, as reflected in her disdainful gaze, drained the color from his face. "Revolting? Is that truly how you feel?"