

## Chapter 330 Not The Sweet Words

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Struggling to contain her tears, Sabrina retreated to the stairs in silence. Gently wiping her eyes and taking a deep breath to regain her composure, she descended the stairs purposefully.

"Miss Chavez, what did the director say?" inquired the police officer.

Offering a warm smile, Sabrina replied, "I apologize. I was just on a call. Something urgent has come up, so I must leave. I'll tell you about the meeting with Galilea later."

"Alright, take care."

In the car, Sabrina sank into the seat, leaning against the back.

Sabrina's mind reeled as she discovered the truth about her father's death. Larry, the man she had trusted and admired, was the mastermind behind the heinous crime. Tyrone was trying to weasel his way out of the responsibility and help Larry get away with it.

She suspected she had once more fallen under the spell of Tyrone's endearing expressions.

Why should she shed tears because of him?

She had already known what kind of person Tyrone was. Even if he did make a deal with Galilea for her sake, Sabrina shouldn't have let her guard down on him.

He was such a precarious man.

Tyrone was slowly misleading her. If she had discovered it a bit later, she would have fallen in love with him again.

A car approached from a distance and pulled up at the police station's entrance.

Lena and Frankie stepped out and headed toward the building.

Compared with the last time they met, Lena seemed to be thinner.

Sabrina clenched her fists nervously.

All of a sudden, Lena turned her head to look at her. Sabrina immediately lowered her head. After a few seconds, she looked up and noticed that Lena and Frankie had entered the building.

Sabrina breathed a sigh of relief.

Both she and her father were victims in this situation. Larry deserved imprisonment, whether he was the mastermind or an accomplice. However, Sabrina couldn't muster the courage to meet Lena's and Frankie's eyes.

She dreaded seeing the anguish in their faces. Sabrina feared they might plead for mercy. The thought of encountering their disappointed gazes weighed heavily on her. But she couldn't bear to let the murderer of her father escape justice.

Apart from them, facing Wanda was an even more daunting prospect. She couldn't summon the courage to go to her house.

Before Lena and Frankie finished and came out, Sabrina had left the police station. Driving around without a clear destination, she suddenly remembered her scheduled appointment with Camden today.

She drove to the set to sign the contract.

Camden's assistant handed Sabrina a briefing for the upcoming week.

The filming schedule was scattered, allowing Sabrina some flexibility. She didn't need to be on set at all times, as she had to coordinate with both the lead actress and the crew.

Sarah's latest scene was scheduled for tomorrow. Ironically, tomorrow's scene would depict Sarah's death, influenced by various factors, including the production schedule.

Camden advised Sabrina, "Head back and get a good rest. Arrive early at the set tomorrow."

Sabrina took the script home and read it carefully.

Despite Camden's consistent praise, Sabrina couldn't shake off a sense of unease. Most of her acting skills were self-taught on the Internet.

Now that she had committed to the role, she was determined to give it her all. She didn't want this experience to be a bad memory due to a lack of effort.

Luckily, the renovations upstairs had stopped, giving her a quiet environment to study attentively.

Kira took the 10 a.m. flight and boarded the plane on time, armed with photos as evidence.

Meanwhile, Tyrone glanced at his phone and then set it aside.

Somehow, a sense of unease crept over him.

Larry's attorney briefed Tyrone on the case.

Tyrone didn't expect that Hobson would say that Galilea was a victim.

Was it because Larry feared blame, or had Hobson been swayed by a bribe, leading to a muddled testimony?

Tyrone leaned against the back of the chair and rubbed his forehead.

Reflecting on the entire sequence of events, Tyrone chose to believe Larry. ①

At that moment, Larry and he were alone in a room. Hobson was at a crucial juncture during the handover to Mathias, and there seemed to be no reason for Larry to lie.

Furthermore, upon learning the truth that day, Tyrone instructed someone to conduct an investigation. He discovered that after Galilea vanished from the hospital, she had sought out Larry. The two had engaged in a phone conversation.

However, a decade ago, Galilea had intentionally ensnared Larry. The evidence she left behind was incriminating against Larry.

Hobson was handed over to the police by Blayze.

Though Tyrone remained unaware of why Blayze harbored hostility toward the Blakely family, he knew that Blayze had a motive to bribe Hobson and pin all the blame on Larry.

Larry, the Blakely Group's CEO, was the very mastermind behind the murder case involving a prominent journalist. If this news were to

circulate, the Blakely Group would endure substantial losses.

Tyrone suspected Blayze had come to target the Blakely Group, so he immediately instructed Kylan to handle damage control across all major media and social platforms.

Blayze must have erased some evidence if he dared to do so. Tyrone contacted Damon, urging him to conduct a discreet investigation into Hobson.

It was clear that Hobson had framed Larry, either due to being manipulated by Blayze or enticed by some benefits offered by Blayze.

Larry's lawyer would try to adjourn the lawsuit to a future date to allow more time to gather evidence to support Larry.

After issuing his instructions, Tyrone's thoughts drifted to Sabrina.

He wondered if she was aware of Hobson's testimony.

Could there be a potential misunderstanding on her part?

After some contemplation, he decided to call Sabrina.

Glancing at her phone screen, Sabrina muted the sound and placed the phone on the table. She feigned ignorance and continued her focus on honing her acting skills.

Everyone had their own standpoint. Tyrone had helped her before. She didn't want to blame him, but she didn't want to continue their interactions as if everything remained unchanged.

Tyrone had called Sabrina numerous times, but each time, no one answered. Tyrone was worried. He asked someone to find out where Sabrina was.

After a short while, the secretary informed him that Sabrina was at home.

It gave him relief to know she was safe.

But she didn't answer the phone. Was she sleeping, or did she not answer it on purpose?

After contemplating for a moment, Tyrone stood up and left the office.

There was a knock on Sabrina's door.

She frowned, wondering who it could be.

Right then, her phone rang, and she picked it up, answering subconsciously.

Tyrone's voice came through. "Sabrina, open the door. I know you're inside."

Sabrina was stunned. "What's wrong?"

"Why didn't you answer my calls?"

"I was studying just now. I muted my phone and didn't hear it. What is it?"

"Open the door. Let's talk face-to-face."

"Just say what you want over the phone."

After a brief pause, Tyrone asked, "Do you know the outcome of Hobson's interrogation?"

He knew the answer.

Tyrone could tell what happened since her tone was different today.

"Yes. I do."

"Please don't take it the wrong way, Sabrina. Larry was telling the truth. Hobson took a bribe and gave a false confession. Just wait, and you'll see. The police will uncover the truth."

"Okay. Anything else?"

Tyrone was stunned.

He hesitated for a moment. "Don't you have anything else to say?"

"What do you want to hear from me?"

Did he want her to say that she trusted him and Larry?

She also wanted to believe him.

Tyrone pursed his lips and said, "Open the door."

"I'm busy with something. I don't have time to talk to you. If you don't have anything else, I'm hanging up."

With that, Sabrina ended the call.

Staring at the cold, unyielding door, Tyrone fell into silence.

He banged on the door, raising his voice. "Sabrina, open the door! If you don't open it, I'll keep knocking!"

Sabrina was speechless.

Fuming, she marched to the door and flung it open, demanding, "Tyrone, what the hell do you want?"

Tyrone said calmly, "Nothing. I'm afraid you might misunderstand me. I want you to know what I told you that day is true."



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