

Chapter 305 How Much Do You Hate Me

Disregarding Kira, Sabrina made her way directly to the law enforcement station, her determined strides unswayed by any distraction.

Galilea remained in detention.


The officer, with an air of authority, ushered Sabrina into an interrogation chamber. Seated across the table, Galilea remained ensconced in a chair, her gaze fixed with a fiery intensity.

Upon the arrival of Sabrina, Galilea's eyes locked onto her, a tempest of emotions simmering beneath the surface. Words clamored at the tip of her tongue but the sight of the officer at Sabrina's side compelled her to restrain herself.

"You two may converse. I shall depart momentarily. Do not prolong your discussion," the officer announced before gracefully exiting the room, leaving the two women alone.

In the dimly lit chamber, Galilea cast a piercing glare in Sabrina's direction, a trace of malevolence glinting within her eyes, coupled with a hint of exasperation. "Sabrina, I promised to testify on the second day. How dare you break your promise and call the officer!"

With a wry and sardonic smile, Sabrina pulled her chair closer, positioning herself squarely across from Galilea. "Isn't it you who broke your promise? Do you believe I am unaware of your ploys to obstruct the investigation and tip

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Zeke off? Right from the outset, you harbored no intention to testify!"

Galilea retorted, her voice fraught with incredulity. "This is ridiculous! Zeke was the very criminal who abducted me years ago. How could I possibly inform him?"

Undeterred, Sabrina held her ground, her tone resolute. "Your phone records have been investigated. A call to Zeke is plainly evident," Sabrina asserted, punctuating her words with a scornful grin. "How much do you hate me? Perhaps even surpassing the kidnapers?"

In their endeavor to piece together Galilea's intricate plan, the station's technical experts meticulously resurrected fragments of Facebook chats and call logs from Galilea's mobile phone.

Given the intertwined nature of Galilea and Sabrina with both the kidnapping and vehicular accident investigations, the chief vested this case with special scrutiny, stumbling upon Zeke's number nestled within Galilea's revived call log.


The chief grappled with bewilderment, pondering how Galilea could harbor such an intense antipathy toward Sabrina.

Galilea had engineered Sabrina's downfall and allowed the kidnapper to elude capture.

As these words reached Galilea's ears, her countenance froze, betraying her inner turmoil.

Sabrina fixed her gaze upon Galilea and inquired, "I've heard from the officer that you wished to see me. What do you want to tell me?"

Bearing a look of disdain for Sabrina, Galilea clenched her teeth and uttered, "Sabrina, draft a letter of understanding

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Galilea was an accomplice of an attempted rape. Obtaining the victim's understanding might offer her a slender hope of receiving a suspended sentence.

She couldn't bear the thought of being behind the bars, for it would irrevocably mar her career and life.

Sabrina, catching the bitterness in Galilea's tone, could not suppress a scornful smirk. "Galilea, don't you grasp the gravity of your predicament?"

"I surely know. So, let's strike a bargain. Don't you yearn to uncover why Tyrone released me back then?"

Galilea arched an eyebrow provocatively.

Sabrina, taken aback by Galilea's words, raised her own eyebrows and queried, "Didn't you claim that Tyrone had feelings for you?"

It now appeared that the situation was clear.

Tyrone's decision to release Galilea stemmed from a specific motive, one unrelated to romantic feelings.

Galilea possessed certain knowledge about Sabrina and Galilea had exploited Tyrone's affection for Sabrina to extricate herself from the clutches.

Now, Galilea sought to leverage this revelation to coax Sabrina into composing that crucial letter of understanding.

Tyrone had spoken the truth at that time.

Galilea wore a sly smile. "The truth lies somewhere else."

Sabrina countered, "Initially, you asserted that Tyrone's

release was rooted in his affection for you. Now, you disavow that claim. Who can discern the veracity of your words?"

Galilea asserted, "You can do whatever you want with the protection of Tyrone! However, I must tread cautiously. Tyrone has made it abundantly clear that I mustn't divulge anything, especially to you. What options do I have?"

Sabrina sought clarification, inquiring, "Are you suggesting..."

"It pertains to you," Galilea confirmed.

Sabrina, feigning skepticism, responded, "Are you insinuating that Tyrone released you because you possess some incriminating information about me? What a joke! What leverage could you possibly have over me?"

"If you doubt me, I can reveal one to you first. You could check it out and then determine whether a pact is in order," Galilea proposed, having long cast aside her commitment to Tyrone.

Her sole focus was evading incarceration at this juncture.

With an arched eyebrow and a suspicious countenance, Sabrina deliberated briefly before inquiring, "So, you claim to hold two pieces of damning information against me?"

Sabrina harbored immense curiosity, unable to fathom even one, let alone two.

"Indeed," Galilea affirmed, exuding an air of confidence as she leaned against the back of her chair.

After several moments of contemplative silence, Sabrina acquiesced, "Very well, I agree. Disclose one of them to me. After I've conducted an investigation and ascertained its veracity, I shall return to you."

Raising an eyebrow, Galilea declared, "Then I shall tell you the first one. The truth is, you are not..."

Her sentence was abruptly interrupted as an officer thrust open the door, entering the room. "Miss Chavez, it's time to depart."

Speechless, Sabrina stood there, her thoughts racing.

She gracefully turned toward the officer, gracing him with a beguiling smile. "Is it at all possible to make an exception? Could you grant me a mere five additional minutes?"

Regretfully, the officer shook his head, his response firm. "I'm afraid not. It's a direct order."

Sabrina, pausing momentarily, resignedly conceded, "Very well."

With a reluctant step, she rose from her seat and cast a fleeting glance in Galilea's direction. "I'll return on another occasion."

The prosecution was in some days.

"Wait..."

As Galilea prepared to speak, the officer interjected, "Oh, Miss Chavez, there's someone waiting for you outside."

"Someone is waiting for me?" Sabrina inquired as she proceeded toward the exit.

Who could possibly have come to the law enforcement station to see her?

Entering the hallway, Sabrina surveyed her surroundings.

There, beside the door, stood a tall and robust figure, hands clasped discreetly behind his back.

Dressed in a black overcoat, suit trousers and meticulously crafted leather shoes, his shoulders were broad and his appearance immaculate.

Suppressing a smile, Sabrina focused her gaze on the back of his head.

Each individual possessed their own idiosyncrasies, herself included.

In truth, Sabrina harbored a particular fondness for the back of Tyrone's head and neck.

Contemporary fashion had led many young men to allow their hair to grow slightly longer, forming a tuft at the nape of their necks.

Sabrina held an aversion to this style, especially during the winter months when layers of clothing were necessitated, the unruly appearance it conferred upon boys was far from appealing.

Tyrone, in contrast, maintained a frequent grooming regimen for his hair, ensuring the nape of his neck remained perpetually smooth, save for a trace of stubble. Sometimes, the sensation of his closely cropped hair grazing her fingertips would evoke a gentle prickle.

Particularly when they reclined upon the bed, her fingers would explore the contours of his neck, venturing into the touch of his hair. It always stirred a subtle sensation within her.

Upon the faint sound of approaching footsteps, Tyrone swiveled his head to face her.

Drawing near, Sabrina inquired, "How did you know I was here?"

"Galilea wished to meet you. I assumed you'd come," Tyrone replied.

Arching her eyebrows, Sabrina questioned, "So, you were aware that Galilea intended to engage me in negotiations? Are you concerned I might unearth some undisclosed truth?"

Tyrone met her gaze and posed a counter-question, "What do you now know?"

Sabrina tilted her gaze upward, a subtle curl gracing her lips. "She disclosed that she possesses some leverage over me and you granted her freedom on account of me. What are your thoughts on this, Tyrone?"

"Do you believe that?" Tyrone inquired.

The truth was, ever since her conversation with Kylan that day, Sabrina had believed that story. She had embarked on testing Tyrone later that day solely to reaffirm her convictions.

What Galilea had divulged today only fortified her belief that it was her own connection with Tyrone that prompted his decision to release Galilea.

Sabrina found herself in a state of perplexity.

It now appeared that Tyrone's affections were unequivocally directed toward her, not Galilea.

She had, in retrospect, misunderstood Tyrone's intentions.

Merely two nights prior, she had cast doubts upon his motives, even branding him with unflattering labels and

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urging him to keep his distance.

Sabrina averted her gaze, her eyes lowering as she remarked, "I won't be convinced until I uncover what on earth Galilea knew about me!"

What concealed secret could compel Tyrone to overlook his grandfather's passing and release Galilea?

Curiosity welled within Sabrina.