

Chapter 29 Dare You Bet With Me

The thing in the parcel had been discarded.

It was an enigmatic item, smeared in red and white, seemingly tainted with blood. It was truly disgusting.

The bright red liquid seeped into the floor, releasing a pungent, decayed odor.

The housekeeper was equally shocked. Once she grasped the situation, she assured hastily, "Mrs. Blakely, don't worry. I'll take care of the mess immediately."

"Don't bother tidying up. Call the police this instant!" Sabrina, clutching her nose, stumbled out of her bed.

"Sure, I'll contact the police right away. Should I also get in touch with Mr. Blakely?"

After a brief silence, Sabrina responded, "He's away on business. No need to disturb him."

"Alright then."

Without delay, the housekeeper dialed the police who promptly arrived to gather evidence and took testimonies from Sabrina and the housekeeper, assuring that the culprit would soon be

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Without delay, the housekeeper dialed the police who promptly arrived to gather evidence and took testimonies from Sabrina and the housekeeper, assuring that the culprit would soon be apprehended.

After the police left, the housekeeper scrubbed the living room clean, repeatedly spraying disinfectant and air freshener.

It was undoubtedly a prank in poor taste.

The police managed to swiftly trace the delivery person through surveillance and obtained the visitor's log from the security guard. Then, they identified the individual who sent the package.

According to the acquired data, the sender was a minor, a student.

Upon confirmation, the police swiftly apprehended him.

Once the young offender was in custody, Sabrina was informed, and the housekeeper accompanied her to the police station.

At first, the student refuted the allegations that he had sent the package.

However, his youthful naivety soon gave way, and he confessed.

He revealed his motive. He was an ardent fan of Galilea and resented Sabrina for supposedly oppressing her at work.

Sabrina handed over the case to a legal representative from Blakely Group's legal department.

Upon returning from the police station, the housekeeper couldn't help but ask, "What's gotten into the teenagers these days?"

"Did he mention how he discovered my residence?" Sabrina

queried.

"It appears his grandfather is a janitor here."

"Inform the property manager about this and request his assignment elsewhere."

Allowing him to continue working here could potentially lead to hidden troubles.

"Understood. I'll do it right away."

After regaining composure, Sabrina scanned the internet once more and stumbled upon numerous unread messages in her account.

As Sabrina clicked open the messages, she was taken aback. She opened the comments section, and the first remark under her latest post read, "Look at what the makeup artist did to Galilea!"

The following comment said, "Sabrina Chavez? Your preferences are peculiar. MQ Clothing doesn't suit your taste and neither does Galilea. Perhaps, consider seeking employment elsewhere and leave Galilea be!"

The third comment was, "Gosh, why should I suffer from the dreadful sight of Galilea's makeup? What did she ever do to you for you to seek revenge in this manner?"

The fourth comment was, "That horrendous makeup has

scarred my eyes."

Upon reading these comments, Sabrina was left dazed.

She scanned through scores of similar comments.

She was perplexed how these individuals had located her account as it wasn't a public one.

Under her most recent post, the comments from her acquaintances had been pushed to the bottom while the latest remarks took the top spot. The first comment had garnered over a thousand likes.

Moreover, the influx of comments was incessant.

From their comments, Sabrina could infer that someone had pointed the finger at her, stating that she had insisted on the disastrous makeup for Galilea.

After browsing through the platform, Sabrina soon identified the person who had instigated the entire ordeal.

The instigator was a member of Galilea's team.

Her post read, "We request all Galilea's admirers to remain composed. Refrain from leaving aggressive comments on MQ Clothing's official account, as it will only invite more trouble for Galilea. We share your anger regarding this situation. The initial makeup design was agreeable, but Sabrina Chavez, the director of MQ Clothing, was insistent on alterations. Since she was overseeing the project, Galilea had no choice but to

comply."

One fan queried, "But isn't Galilea on good terms with Mr. Blakely? Was there nothing even he could do about it?"

The poster responded, "I must refrain from disclosing too much."

Then there was a screenshot from another fan group. A Galilea admirer had somehow identified Sabrina. "No wonder Galilea was powerless against this. This woman is adopted by the Blakely family. She's only twenty-five years of age. Consider this, how could one become the director of MQ Clothing at such a tender age if not for influential support?"

Another fan responded, "That explains it."

The fans started a discussion. "I get it. Individuals like her are inherently haughty."

"Yes, she probably even found the makeup appealing."

"Do we have her account details?"

"I've located it."

That was the end of it.

Following this, Galilea's fans bombarded Sabrina with hate.

Not only were they flooding her comment section, but Sabrina was also receiving a lot of direct messages.

Many fans stooped low enough to hurl abuses at her and even

her family.

After perusing a handful of these messages, Sabrina deleted all the private messages.

It appeared this was the strategy concocted by Evelyn and Galilea's team.

They placed the blame on her.

Having taken screenshots for evidence, Sabrina logged off. She reached out to the studio manager to identify the individual responsible for leaking the photos and requested the security footage from that day.

Sabrina then dialed Evelyn's number.

Evelyn seemed to be expecting Sabrina's call and answered promptly. "Hello? Sabrina! How has your recovery at home been progressing?"

"Evelyn, spare the act. Are you the perpetrator?"

"Hold your anger. I was left with no other option. Mr. Blakely tasked me with squashing the rumors without harming the brand." Evelyn's smug voice echoed from the phone.

On hearing the mention of Mr. Blakely, Sabrina's heart fluttered. She composed herself and inquired, "Did he explicitly instruct you to take this route, or was this your personal decision?"

"This was my call. However, he wouldn't penalize me for this course of action. Dare you bet with me?"

