

Chapter 51 The Truth

On Monday morning, Sabrina rose early, washed her face, and gargled. Following her morning meal, she waited for Tyrone in her hospital room.

The entire morning, she was left waiting.

At last, Tyrone appeared in the hospital that afternoon.

"Forgive me, I got held up earlier today."

Sabrina, smiling kindly, rose from her seat and started to leave. "It's fine. You're not late."

Seeing her calm demeanor, Tyrone felt somewhat uneasy. "Do you feel relieved that we are headed for divorce?"

Masking her sadness, Sabrina managed to smile. "Yes, I am content that I will finally attain my freedom."

Freedom.

The usage of the word "freedom" implied a strong disappointment towards their marriage. ①

Tyrone's expression shifted to a slightly grim one as he said softly, "Well, congratulations." ②

"Shall we?" Sabrina glanced at Tyrone.

"Okay."

Tyrone turned around and unlocked the door.

Two police officers were about to knock on the door. On seeing Tyrone emerge, the female officer was surprised and asked, "Is

this Sabrina Chavez's room?"

The man did bear a striking resemblance to Tyrone Blakely.

"Yes, it is."

"I am the officer looking into her car accident. We have apprehended two suspects, however, they deny any premeditated plan. I need to ask her a few additional questions. We merely want to ensure no detail is overlooked."

"Very well." Tyrone moved aside to allow them entry.

Upon hearing the commotion at the door, Sabrina gestured to the couch and took a seat. "Please make yourselves comfortable, officers. Apologies for the inconvenience caused by your visit."

Karen immediately fetched drink for the two police officers.

Tyrone positioned himself beside Sabrina, reclining against the couch with a serene expression and legs crossed.

He naturally exuded a captivating air of authority.

Spotting him seated there, the two police officers felt an unexplainable surge of nervousness.

"Sir, may I ask your name?"

"I'm Sabrina's husband. Blakely is my last name," Tyrone responded. "I, too, am keen on understanding how my wife met with an accident. Feel free to ask your questions. I won't interfere."

The officer looked puzzled. Was this indeed Tyrone Blakely?

The more she scrutinized him, the more she was convinced.

Then she turned to Sabrina beside him. She had sensed a

touch of familiarity when she heard her name the previous day. Wasn't she the woman being talked about online?

So, they were a couple. And Galilea was the one who had intruded on their marriage.

Regaining her focus, the officer addressed Sabrina, "I assume you heard my earlier statement. The suspects deny any calculated planning behind the accident. They state that they were driven by your allure to act impulsively. I need to delve deeper. Among the accused, the driver of the black car is Shawn Wally, 23 years old, and employed at an auto shop as a mechanic. The driver of the white car, Stan Lewis, is 20 years old and unemployed. Do these names ring a bell?"

Sabrina shook her head solemnly. "I do not recall them. I have never come across them."

"Are you certain?"

"Absolutely."

Was it really just an accident?

"Have you recently encountered any disputes in your personal or professional life? Has anything similar occurred previously?"

Could someone have hired them?

Sabrina pondered for a moment before saying, "I do have an enemy at my workplace. As for a similar incident, there was an occurrence a few days back. I'm unsure if it's relevant."

"What happened?"

"A few days prior, I received a parcel from an unknown person.

It contained something really revolting and gory. The sender was a fan of an actress with whom I had a feud."

The two incidents seemed unrelated, yet her instinct whispered otherwise.

But Sabrina couldn't fathom why someone would still seek revenge on her behalf for Galilea, given that the incident had long passed.

Tyrone's gaze dropped as he intermittently tapped his forefinger.

"Do you suggest that these individuals could be fans of that actress, seeking vengeance on you on her behalf?"

"I'm merely speculating. I lack concrete proof."

The officer considered her hypothesis reasonable.

Yesterday, it was said that Sabrina stepped in the relationship between Tyrone and Galilea.

The fans were kept in the dark, sympathizing with Galilea.

Maybe some fanatical fans had sought retaliation against Sabrina.

Stan and Shawn, who were unfamiliar in real life, might have plotted against Sabrina due to Galilea.

"Alright, I need to take a call, please excuse me." The female officer stepped outside with her phone.

In the meantime, her male colleague continued to talk to Sabrina.

Later on, the policewoman returned, her phone in hand. "You

were correct. Our team scrutinized their phones. They are indeed die-hard Galilea fans, often defending her online. They had corresponded, and despite the deletion of messages, our team was able to recover them."

"That's a relief."

The policeman then rose, stating, "That will be all for today. If there is any progress in the case, we'll keep you informed."

"Thank you, officers."

Once the officers had departed, Sabrina looked around to find Tyrone stationary on the couch.

"Well, we can head to the court now."

Tyrone lowered his gaze, his face mostly concealed by shadow, his emotions unreadable.

"Tyrone?" Sabrina called his name once more when he remained silent.

"Alright." Tyrone seemed to snap back to reality, rising from the couch. "Let's go."

They boarded the car one after the other.

Unable to see the passing scenery, Sabrina settled back into her seat, closing her eyes to rest.

A silence filled the car, broken only by the sound of breathing. Eventually, the driver announced, "We have arrived at the court."

"Okay." Upon opening her eyes, Sabrina moved to exit the car.

However, Tyrone reached out, restraining her with a grip on

her wrist. "Wait."

"What is it?"

"I forgot the documents at the hospital," he answered.

Sabrina asked, "So what do we do now?"

"We must retrieve them."

"Call Karen and ask her to bring them here via taxi. It'll be quicker."

Tyrone's expression darkened. "Fine, I'll call her."

He exited the car, pulling out his phone to dial Karen's number. Yet he hesitated, making no call.

After a moment, he returned to the car. "I've contacted her. She'll be here soon, just hold on."

"Alright." Sabrina nodded in agreement.

From the rearview mirror, the driver looked at Tyrone, disbelief in his eyes.

He hadn't anticipated that Tyrone would pull such a move. He'd clearly seen from the window that no call had been made. Tyrone was merely taking advantage of Sabrina's impaired sight!

Suddenly, Tyrone's piercing gaze met his in the mirror. A chill ran down the driver's spine, and he quickly averted his eyes.

"Leave us alone." Tyrone's voice was soft yet authoritative.

"Of course, sir!" The driver hastily agreed, opening the door to leave them in privacy.