

## Chapter 277 Father And Daughter

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No wonder there was no news about that kidnapping on the Internet.

No wonder Galilea dared to push her down the stairs just now because she knew that Sabrina needed something from her and wouldn't involve the police.

Sabrina's mind descended into chaos, like a tangle of threads impossible to unravel.

She'd rehearsed her persuasive words to encourage the victim to testify even before entering.

However, the realization that Galilea was the victim caught her off guard. She felt all of her preparations slip away like sand through her fingers.

She suddenly didn't know what to do.

Would Galilea be willing to testify? 

Sabrina was uncertain.

Taking a deep breath, she limped to the sofa and carefully eased into it, trying not to show her pain. "Let's set aside our past grievances. You know why I came there. I hope you'll testify against Zeke. He was the kidnapper. Don't you want justice for what they did?"

Galilea chuckled. "Set aside our grievances? Why? I recall you slapping me just a few days ago."

Sabrina closed her eyes, inhaling deeply. "I apologize."

"What's the point of apologizing?" Galilea raised her eyebrows. "You must let me slap you back!"

Sabrina remained silent. Galilea smiled and continued, "You stand up for Tyrone's grandfather, who has no blood relationship with you. But you can't take a hit for your father?"

"Fine, slap me back."

Sabrina's breath caught in her throat as she slowly rose to her feet and limped towards Galilea.

With a triumphant smile, Galilea stood and delivered a forceful slap to Sabrina's face.

Her hand connected with Sabrina's cheek in a sharp, stinging slap, the force of it sending Sabrina stumbling backward on her injured right foot.

Sabrina's left cheek throbbed with a burning pain, the skin swollen and tender. The entire left side of her face, from her cheekbone to the root of her ear, felt like it was on fire.

Her back was wet with sweat, and her hair tangled and bloodied.

Dazed, Sabrina slowly pushed herself up from the floor and sat back on the sofa. In a hoarse voice, she said, "Can we get down to business now?"

As she glanced at Sabrina, who looked miserable and in pain, Galilea felt a surge of satisfaction. "The kidnapers have been on the loose for so many years. It doesn't matter to me anymore. I buried the hatchet many years ago. Why should I ask for trouble now?"

Sabrina pursed her lips, then said, "Is it because you're afraid of stirring up trouble? Or that you don't want to help me? Those kidnapers have committed heinous crimes. Don't you want them to face justice? I believe you should understand why I've come to you."

"Oh, I understand everything. The chief briefed me. You want the kidnapers apprehended and are also tracing the driver who killed your father. But what of it? That was your father, not mine. I have no desire

to assist you. What did you expect?" A disdainful smile played on Galilea's face.

The depth of the father-daughter relationship was evident.

Galilea's eyes gleamed with cruel anticipation as she thought of when Sabrina would discover that Conner wasn't her biological father.

It would be a sight to behold.

Galilea's disdainful attitude fueled Sabrina's growing annoyance.

Holding back her anger, Sabrina said in a controlled voice, "My father became a target because he wanted to rescue the hostage quickly and took photos of the kidnappers. He died because of you. If he wasn't killed in the accident, the kidnappers might already be in jail. I don't expect you to thank him, but don't you have any sympathy for him? Can't you fathom the loss of a man dedicated to justice and caring for others, his death shrouded in mystery?"

With a mocking smile, Galilea responded, "You know what? I still don't care."

She tilted her head to observe Sabrina and raised her eyebrows to convey her indifference.

The corner of Sabrina's mouth twitched.

She glared at Galilea, seething. Only by clenching her fists could she restrain the urge to slap her.

Sabrina's heart sank. There was no hope that Galilea would testify.

She could only hope that Murray wouldn't deceive her and that he could bring Hobson back to the country.

At that moment, Sabrina's phone buzzed.

It was a reply from Murray.

He wrote, "We apprehended Hobson. But he managed to escape just as we reached the border!"

Worried she might not believe him, he sent several photos showing Hobson tied up.

Sabrina recognized Hobson. It seemed Murray was telling the truth, but Hobson had slipped away.

After his escape, he would be well prepared and hard to catch again.

Her heart sank in an instant, and she was incomparably depressed.

She feared she couldn't rely on Hobson's capture now.

Yet, for her father's sake, she had to persist in seeking vengeance.

Sabrina faced Galilea. "Since you agreed to see me, you didn't intend to refuse me, did you? Just tell me what you want!"

"It seems that you're not just a pretty face. I've recently returned to work and could use an assistant," Galilea said, leisurely sipping her red wine. "If you work as my assistant for a month, I'll consent to testifying against them."

Sabrina grasped that Galilea didn't genuinely need an assistant. It was a tactic to provoke and demean her. Agreeing would mean enduring a month of torment at her hands.

However, she had no other option but to comply.

"How can I be certain you'll keep your word?" asked Sabrina.

"If I break my word, you can take me to the police by force," Galilea said, lifting her chin.

Biting her lip, Sabrina lowered her eyes and contemplated for a moment. "Alright, I'll be your assistant for a month. But I'll need a few days to sort out my current commitments." ☹️

It was only a month. She could put up with it. 😊

Galilea grinned slyly. "You've got three days to get everything in order. I expect to see you at my company in three days."

"Okay."

"By the way, I noticed you limping when you came in. What happened?" Galilea asked mockingly.

Sabrina pursed her lips and said in a subdued tone, "I fell by accident."

"Well, do be more careful."

With that, Galilea got up. Her high heels clicked on the floor as she left.

Sabrina was now alone in the room.

She breathed a long sigh of relief, finally able to relax for a moment. Exhausted and broken, she leaned back on the sofa, closing her eyes, and giving herself a moment to recuperate.

After a moment's rest, Sabrina called the waiter, requesting assistance to descend the stairs. She copied the surveillance footage from the stairwell and called the hospital.

When she took a few steps out of the room, she heard a familiar voice call out, "Sabrina?"

Without turning, Sabrina recognized it was Tyrone.

What a coincidence.

"What happened? Is your foot hurt?" Without waiting for an answer, Tyrone took over from the waiter and supported Sabrina in his arms.

Observing her face, he furrowed his brows. "What has happened to your face?"

"I had an accident and fell."

"Why is there a mark that looks like a slap?" Tyrone asked.

She lowered her head in silence.

Tyrone scooped her up into his arms and carried her down the stairs.

"Let's get you to the hospital right away."

