

Chapter 317 We've All Been Deceived

Sabrina gazed deeply into Tyrone's eyes for a long time.

Finally, an undeniable certainty washed over her. Tyrone's sincerity was unmistakable.

With her lips slightly parted, Sabrina inquired with a puzzled expression, "Larry? Why Larry?"

How could it be Larry?

She found herself in a tumultuous whirlwind of emotions, as if a bolt of lightning had struck her core.

How could Larry possibly be entangled in the sinister web of the kidnapping case and her father's tragic demise?

Cesar had revealed that it was Larry who had proposed the idea of adopting her after her father's demise rendered her an orphan. Larry had profusely expressed his gratitude to her for saving Cesar's life through her father's liver donation. Consequently, Sabrina had always held Larry in high regard...

Suddenly, an idea surged through her mind. She recollected Trevor's assertion that the person who sent them abroad after that event had six fingers on his left hand. Coincidentally, Larry's driver had six fingers. However, Sabrina had failed to connect the dots before...

Upon hearing this, Tyrone wore a bitter smile and remarked, "Are you taken aback? I had the same reaction when I first learned the truth."

"What exactly happened?" Sabrina's mind remained in disarray. "Why... why would Larry abduct Galilea?"

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At that time, Galilea was Tyrone's girlfriend. Why would Larry kidnap her?

"Kidnapping Galilea?" Tyrone shook his head with a wry smile. "We've all been deceived..."

"What do you mean?"

With a grave expression, Tyrone explained, "The kidnapping case was never real. It was a carefully staged act."

Sabrina stared at Tyrone in utter disbelief.

The kidnapping was a charade?

But what about her father's tragic demise?

"Do you still recall Lena's words on that New Year's Eve? She mentioned Larry's affair. When she confronted him, he denied involvement with that woman but refused to divulge her identity."

A dreadful notion flashed through Sabrina's mind, knitting her brows and making her lips quiver.

"You must have guessed it correctly."

"Is that Galilea?"

Sabrina knew that was the answer, yet she struggled to accept the truth.

"Yes," Tyrone confirmed.

Tyrone locked eyes with Sabrina, granting her the necessary time to compose herself.

After a while, Tyrone resumed, recounting the entire story to Sabrina slowly.

Sabrina hung her head low, her eyes shut tightly, her elbows resting on her knees, and her fingers entwined in her hair.

She maintained such a posture for an extended period.

Tyrone respected her silence, refraining from interrupting her thoughts.

Observing her struggle to come to terms with the revelation, Tyrone felt a deep sense of sympathy.

Even he had grappled with the harsh reality. Sabrina's burden was even heavier.

Sabrina had believed her father was killed by malevolent kidnappers and their enigmatic backers. However, it turned out the kidnapping case was an elaborate ruse, and her father had met his end at the hands of the "victim" he had sought to rescue!

The person she always showed respect for had been complicit in her father's murder!

All of this had stemmed from nothing more than a casual jest by Larry!

What a preposterous turn of events!

Furious, Sabrina found it hard to swallow such a ridiculous fact and somehow she couldn't suppress her laughter out of annoyance...

It was an utterly ludicrous twist of fate that fell on her and her father.

Her father had been peeling back the gaudy facade all his life, revealing the hidden truth. Initially, Sabrina even entertained suspicions that influential figures who saw her father as an obstacle to their financial gains might have been responsible for his demise.

However, the truth was nothing short of astonishing.

Her father hadn't met his end at the hands of capitalists but had succumbed to his own benevolence.

It turned out the supposed hostage victim had been a veritable demon!

Perhaps her father never quite comprehended how circumstances had spiraled into this tragedy before his untimely demise...

Sabrina berated herself for her naiveté.

With Cesar's stature, how could he have failed to procure a suitable liver donor?

It was just that her father's liver had just been donated and Cesar, beset by health woes, had been in dire need of an organ transplant.

Even if it hadn't been her father's liver, someone else's would have sufficed. Larry wouldn't have been that kind to her back then, solely due to her father's liver donation.

Sabrina's father had crossed paths with Cesar earlier and Cesar, being aware that she was the sole surviving member of the family, had logically proposed to adopt her. But Larry, on the other hand, for whom a mere monetary thank-you should have sufficed, went so far as to suggest Cesar adopt her.

The only explanation was that he harbored a guilty conscience...

Hence, Cesar's demise wasn't the result of what happened between Tyrone and her but solely Larry's actions. This explained Cesar's unfavorable bequest to Larry in his will and the generous bequeathal of her inheritance as compensation...

Tyrone maintained a stoic silence. He tenderly rested his hand upon her shoulder and offered comforting pats.

Suddenly, Sabrina brushed off his hand, rising abruptly and taking a few steps away. Her tone turned icy as she cautioned, "Don't touch me."

Tyrone's hand hung suspended in midair. He understood Sabrina's current emotional turmoil.

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The underlying cause of Sabrina's father's demise boiled down to the exploitation of what happened between Larry and him.

Tyrone knew he bore an inescapable responsibility. He could accept Sabrina to direct her anger toward him.

"Sabrina, I comprehend your profound sorrow. If you wish to vent your anger through blows and scolding, I will accept it. Please, don't keep it bottled up inside," Tyrone said with a guilty face.

Sabrina clenched her fists, shut her eyes and inhaled deeply.

With gritted teeth, she issued her decree, "Get out of my sight!"

Tyrone didn't move. Sabrina spun on her heel and exited the director's office.

"Sabrina..." Tyrone hurried to catch up with her.

However, Sabrina halted in her tracks and refused to face him. "Don't follow me! Just let me alone."

"Alright," Tyrone conceded, remaining in place, his lips tightly sealed, and his eyes clouded with sadness. Sabrina must hate him so much. Sabrina had been unjustly treated by him time and again for the sake of Galilea. Ridiculous!

Sabrina returned to her car, leaning against the back of the seat and closing her eyes.

Upon learning the truth, her anger toward Tyrone had reached its zenith.

Rationally, she understood that Tyrone had been deceived.

Yet, emotionally, she couldn't help but blame him...

How could he maintain a relationship with Galilea despite his lack of affection for Galilea?

Why couldn't he discern the falsehood and ulterior motives behind Galilea's façade, given his usual smartness?

Why did he indulge Galilea so excessively?

She loved Tyrone immensely and that love was inextricably intertwined with a profound resentment.

All the pent-up sorrow and grievances that had festered beneath the surface of their marriage erupted in an instant.

How many times had Tyrone chosen to place his trust in Galilea instead of her?

How many times had he opted to shield Galilea from facing the consequences?

How many times had he broken his promise to her because of Galilea?

How many times had she witnessed him being summoned away by Galilea with just one call?

Vividly etched in her memory was a day when they were passionately entwined in bed, only for him to hear of Galilea's disappearance and then want to leave without a word. She had implored him to stay but in response, Tyrone had said, "Sabrina, why can't you have any empathy for her?"

For a long while, she had believed she had forgotten those bad moments, but now all resurfaced in her mind as if they had occurred only yesterday.

Tyrone's partiality toward Galilea, rooted in her trauma, had always haunted her.

Now, Tyrone had revealed that he, too, had been deceived by Galilea.

It was Galilea's meticulously orchestrated charade of a kidnapping that had beguiled him, leading to his excessive tolerance of her.

If the abduction had been real, then Tyrone would have acted as a virtuous and caring man. Now that the truth was exposed,

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he realized he had been fooled.

It seemed Tyrone was innocent throughout.

However, in the end, it was she who bore the brunt of the pain.

Nothing could ever alter the cruel reality.

Her father couldn't come back to life and neither could her child...

Unable to contain her anguish any longer, Sabrina found herself shedding tears.

After an extended period, her tear-streaked face dried and she opened her eyes, her countenance resolute, her gaze piercing.

She had no desire to lay eyes on Tyrone.

After pondering for a while, Sabrina made a call to the police station's director, informing him that she had urgent matters to attend to and had taken her leave, hoping that he could keep her in tune with the updates regarding the case.

The director acquiesced and terminated the call.

Taking down the phone from his ear, the director turned to Tyrone, stating, "She mentioned she has left."

"In that case, I'll make my way back as well," Tyrone responded.

"Farewell, Mr. Blakely."

"Goodbye, Aldrin."

Sabrina navigated her car through the city streets, her mind adrift.

Her gaze roamed casually and eventually, she spotted a bar.

Sabrina guided her car to the establishment, located a parking spot, and brought her vehicle to a halt before proceeding toward the entrance.