

Chapter 340 Find Someone

Sabrina found herself taken aback, her eyes traveling up and down the woman's figure before she posed the question, "Are you his parent?"

With a touch of urgency, she continued, "Your timely appearance is rather fortunate. It seems your child has inadvertently sent mine tumbling from the slide. Might I kindly request an apology?"

In response, the woman shot Sabrina a skeptical glance and retorted, "Why should I take your word for it? There are so many children here."

Sabrina didn't miss a beat and firmly stated, "He's already admitted."

The woman turned to her son, a condescending air in her voice as she remarked, "Well, he's just a child. He might be saying it out of fear."

Sabrina, undeterred, suggested, "If you doubt my word, we can head to the monitoring room and check the surveillance video."

The woman responded with exasperation, "You're being unreasonable. Even if my child did bump into yours, it was unintentional. Besides, your daughter seems fine. Are you trying to blackmail me?" The woman concluded her argument, leaving Sabrina perplexed.

While the boy was decked out in designer clothing, Sabrina and Jennie were no less well-dressed. The woman's comments seemed unfounded.

Irrespective of their social backgrounds, Sabrina believed that common decency should guide one's actions, especially when it came to acknowledging unintended harm caused to others.

Sabrina realized that reasoning with this woman was a futile endeavor, and there was no hope for resolution in sight.

Swiftly, she retrieved her phone and placed a call to the authorities.

As she awaited the police's response, Sabrina's mind drifted back to her formative years in the countryside, under the care of her earnest grandparents.

They were pillars of rural integrity, steadfast believers in the notion that there was no need to complicate matters. Whenever Sabrina encountered adversity at school, her grandparents, in their wisdom, encouraged her to endure in silence.

In those moments, she had yearned for someone to champion her cause.

Sabrina had never harbored any resentment toward her grandparents, recognizing their limitations in knowledge and fortitude. Yet, she was resolute in her determination not to let Jennie undergo the same tribulations and bear unjust burdens.

Observing Sabrina on the phone, the woman sneered, her voice laced with derision. "What's the matter? Are you seeking assistance?"

Once the call was connected, Sabrina's tone grew steely as she inquired, "Hello, is this the police station?"

Unperturbed, the woman countered, "Oh, you've summoned the police. Do you imagine I'm quaking in my boots?"

After elucidating the situation to the police, Sabrina terminated the call with a firm declaration. "Since your resolve remains unwavering, I suggest you stay put and await the arrival of the authorities."

"Fine!"

While the two women engaged in their heated dispute, a small crowd had gathered, and murmurs of discussion about the woman rippled through the onlookers.

It was evident to the passersby that Sabrina exuded confidence and

poise, while the woman's stance appeared unreasonably obstinate.

The park's staff, noting the growing commotion, felt compelled to intervene and mediate.

Sabrina's plea remained simple: a mere apology from the young boy to Jennie. However, the woman adamantly declined, stepping aside to make a phone call. When she returned, there was a smug satisfaction in her smile.

In an attempt to quell the escalating tension, the park's staff decided to usher both parties to a nearby lounge.

They provided Sabrina with disinfecting cotton swabs and band-aids, which she graciously accepted. Gently and attentively, Sabrina began tending to Jennie's wound.

Before long, the anticipated arrival of the police materialized.

The two officers hailed from the same branch that handled her father's case, and as a result, they were familiar with Sabrina.

"Miss Chavez?" the senior officer inquired, a note of surprise in his voice. "You called the police?"

The two officers recognized her immediately.

"Yes, it's me," Sabrina affirmed. She proceeded to provide a concise account of the incident to the officers.

Upon hearing her explanation, the officers turned their attention to the woman and the child standing opposite.

The officers were given a directive for the situation to be handled with utmost care, recognizing that the boy had a unique identity.

The unexpected twist of Sabrina being the one to call the police, with the injured little girl apparently being the daughter of Sabrina and Tyrone, complicated matters significantly.

The senior officer exchanged a subtle wink with his junior colleague and proceeded to document the information from both sides in their customary fashion.

The junior officer then stepped outside to make a discreet phone call. Upon his return, he whispered to the senior officer, "The captain advised us to follow protocol, given the unique identities involved."

Given the unique identities on both sides, it was imperative to adhere to standard procedures.

The senior officer nodded in acknowledgment and addressed the little boy, asking, "Did you bump into this little girl?"

Before the little boy could respond, the woman interjected with a brusque statement, "I don't think it's necessary. Sir, surely your superior must have instructed you, right?"

She had contacted Mr. Fowler's secretary, who assured her he would contact the police, framing it as a minor issue.

The senior policeman turned his gaze toward Sabrina, clearing his throat before asserting, "What does this have to do with our superiors? If you're responsible for such an incident, it's best to acknowledge it. There is evidence, after all. If you've caused harm, an apology is in order."

The woman's expression shifted, confusion clouding her features. What had gone wrong? Hadn't the secretary given her assurances?

The little boy too displayed signs of alarm, his complexion paling and his breath quickening.

"What if we choose not to apologize?"

"In that case, you'll need to accompany us to the police station. We have plenty of detention rooms there."

The little boy's anxiety was palpable, with perspiration forming on his

forehead.

Observing their exchange, Sabrina could deduce that the woman possessed some influential connections. It appeared she had just placed a call to someone in order to seek assistance from the police.

Much to her surprise, her call had yielded no tangible results.

Contemplating this turn of events, Sabrina heaved a silent sigh.

She had hoped to distance herself from Tyrone, but it appeared that doing so was more challenging than she had initially thought.

Their connection ran deep. She was Tyrone's ex-wife and, peculiarly, his adopted sister.

It was Tyrone's influence that granted her a certain level of leverage in such situations.

Had she been an ordinary woman, and Jennie her biological daughter, she might have struggled to secure justice today.

As the police reviewed the surveillance footage, they ascertained that the little boy had indeed caused Jennie to stumble and fall from the slide. Addressing him, the officer remarked, "Young man, it was an unintended accident. She's injured. Extend an apology, and this can be resolved."

Meanwhile, the woman took the opportunity to place another phone call.

She confidently asserted, "Apologizing is out of the question. If you dare take us to the police station, I can assure you there will be consequences, including your suspension."

"I must say, I'm rather taken aback today," Sabrina remarked with a hint of disbelief. "I understand not everyone possesses a well-rounded education, but it's a fundamental courtesy to offer an apology when one causes others to fall to the ground. How dare you resort to threats

against the police!" Sabrina's words were laced with a frigid tone that mirrored her sentiments.

"Who's being rude? What are you talking about?" the woman retorted in feigned ignorance.

Sabrina retorted, "I'm referring to you. Your behavior is a testament to your lack of maturity and reason, which has evidently been passed down to your child. It's quite apparent that you two are related!"

The officer added, "I fail to comprehend your unwavering stubbornness. Nonetheless, if you're resolute in not apologizing, you can accompany us to the police station. We're unswayed by the prospect of suspension."

The officers surmised that the woman's stubborn facade would eventually crumble during her stay at the police station.

"How dare you lay a hand on us!" the woman exclaimed, remaining seated.

With an air of resolve, the junior officer approached and lifted the woman to her feet.

Suddenly, the boy beside her collapsed to the ground, his face swollen and struggling for breath as he clutched his chest.

The woman's countenance underwent a drastic transformation, her urgent demeanor causing her to break away from the officer as she swiftly scooped up the ailing boy. "He's having an asthma attack. Get him to the hospital immediately!"

The senior officer, recognizing the urgency of the situation, assumed a grave expression. He directed, "Come with me, along with the child."

Promptly, the boy was rushed to the hospital, and after receiving the necessary medical attention, he gradually recovered.

In the wake of the emergency, Sabrina found it challenging to persist in

her arguments. She was exasperated by the obstinacy she had encountered, particularly when it turned out the child had asthma.

Observing Sabrina's evident frustration, Jennie offered her support, saying, "Sabrina, don't be upset. I'm okay."

Sabrina let out a sigh and proposed, "Let's go and enjoy something delicious."

While they were indulging in their meal, Sabrina received an unexpected call from the police. "Miss Chavez, Nicol... It's the little boy. His mother wishes to speak with you."

This left her puzzled. Wasn't the woman she had been dealing with the boy's mother?

