

## Chapter 356 Don't Divorce

As Sabrina found herself lost in thought, her phone buzzed with an incoming call from Kira.

The conversation at the police station that day still weighed heavily on her, casting a somber cloud over her mood.

"Hey, Mrs. Blakely, What's up?" Sabrina greeted, her tone a touch frosty. Kira's response was laden with haughty condescension as she retorted, "Oh, why so indifferent?"

"Just get to the point," Sabrina replied coolly.

She used to extend courtesy to Kira, but given the circumstances, her patience had worn thin. Had it not been for Kira's familial ties to Wanda, Sabrina might have ignored Kira's call altogether.

Kira let out a disdainful snort. "Well, I'll be frank. Stay far away from Tyrone from now on. I've got my eye on you. You've been trying to lure him into your web. Like mother, like daughter, huh?" Kira spat, her words dripping with venom.

Sabrina clenched her teeth, her voice edged with irritation. "What exactly are you insinuating?"

So, Kira had been aware of Rita's existence for quite some time. Did the fact that she was Rita's daughter warrant Kira's dislike all along?

"What am I saying?" Kira sneered, clearly enjoying her role as the antagonist in this drama. "You must be aware that Rita is Blayze's stepmother. She's just an ordinary woman with no connections. How on earth could she be involved with Blayze's father, if not for her seductive charms and bedroom skills?"

Sabrina's patience waned, her temples throbbing with frustration.

It was disconcertingly easy to let her mind wander and draw connections between Rita and Blayze's father.

However, the comment that stung the most was Kira's attempt to liken her to Rita.

With a trace of sarcasm, Sabrina retorted, "Even if I had some knack for ensnaring men, it takes two to tango, doesn't it? And your deep-seated hatred for Rita is evident. Do you harbor feelings for Horace but can't win his heart?"

"Shut your mouth! You're just a disgrace!" Kira snapped, her anger palpable.

"Wow! Upset by my words, are you?" Sabrina scoffed.

Kira's initial ire was quickly replaced by a more sinister calmness as she retorted, "Sabrina, if you have any self-respect left, you'd best consider leaving Tyrone!"

"You and your father had a good relationship," Kira continued, her voice laced with a modicum of reason. "Tyrone is always good to Larry. He had been working on reversing Larry's conviction. Doesn't any of this matter to you?"

In response, Sabrina chose silence, abruptly ending the call and placing her phone nonchalantly on the table.

With a sigh, she reclined on the sofa, her hand rising to pinch the bridge of her nose.

Sabrina's mind wandered, and she found herself reminiscing about the thoughts she'd harbored when her divorce was fresh. She'd planned to leave this place once her father's legal troubles were resolved, to immigrate and start anew in a different city.

Now, her father's case had reached the investigation phase, leaving her

with little to do but await the trial, a process she couldn't influence.

The question loomed large. Should she still go through with her plan to leave?

Sabrina pursed her lips, lost in contemplation.

The notion of leaving had been sparked by Tyrone. Sabrina no longer harbored any animosity toward the idea of being with him, yet she hadn't contemplated reconciling with him either.

Kira's words had hit home. If Larry had indeed played a role in her father's death, it would be a Herculean task to entirely erase her resentment against Tyrone.

Hence, once the credits rolled on the movie, she could explore the possibility of relocating to another city or even a different country. She yearned for a quieter, more peaceful existence.

Galilea's daily routine had come under scrutiny, her once-vibrant career left in tatters.

Consequently, she rarely ventured outside lately, her outings limited to occasional strolls. Her serene and untroubled life gave no hint of her status as a suspected criminal.

Whenever she did venture outdoors, Galilea was accustomed to donning a hat and a mask. Her neighbors had grown used to this sight and greeted her with casual friendliness, "Out for a walk today? You've been at it for quite a while."

With a warm smile, she replied, "Just take a walk, really," said Galilea with a smile.

"Enjoy your walk. I'll head off now," one neighbor chimed in.

"Alright," Galilea responded, waving as they departed.

As her neighbor disappeared from view, Galilea decided to venture across the street to the shopping mall.

Inside, the children's area reverberated with the joyful clamor of kids at play.

Scanning the area, Galilea's gaze settled on a boy seated in a gently rocking car.

She made her way toward him, her steps unhurried.

The boy regarded Galilea with wariness, rising to his feet as she approached.

Galilea stood before him and inquired, "Frankie?"

Frankie examined Galilea from head to toe, then asked cautiously, "Do you know me?"

Without skipping a beat, Galilea posed a more direct question, "Is your father going to prison?"

Frankie's countenance shifted. "Don't say such things."

"I'm not talking nonsense," Galilea countered firmly. "You're well aware that your father is a murderer."

Frankie's face paled, his eyes welling up with tears. He bit his trembling lip and retorted, "He's not..."

"Would you like to help your father?"

"How?" Frankie asked, intrigued.

Galilea explained, "It's quite simple. Just talk to your great-grandmother and ask her to plead with Sabrina. If Sabrina forgives your father, he won't go to jail."

Frankie fell into a moment of contemplative silence before responding with confusion, "But... But my mom won't let me tell my great-grandmother."

"That's because your mother wants to divorce your father and doesn't want him to be released," Galilea revealed. "Your dad has always been

good to you. Do you really want him to spend his life behind bars or worse?"

Frankie furrowed his brow. The decision weighed heavily on his young mind.

He didn't want his parents to divorce, nor did he want his father to remain imprisoned or face an even harsher fate.

"Your father didn't cheat on your mom, but your mom didn't know it," Galilea reassured him. "Once he's out and can explain, your parents won't have to divorce."

Frankie's eyes brightened. "Really?"

The prospect of preventing his father from going to jail and averting a divorce between his parents seemed almost too good to be true.

"Absolutely," Galilea confirmed with a reassuring smile. "But for now, don't let your mother know your plans. She won't believe that your father hasn't been unfaithful, and she'll try to stop you from telling your great-grandmother the truth."

Frankie remained puzzled, caught between loyalty to his parents and a desire to help his father.

Frankie grasped one key aspect. He couldn't divulge any of this to his mother.

"You've got to save your father," Galilea encouraged him. "You're a strong young man. I believe in you."

As Lena returned with the cake, she found Frankie lost in contemplation while seated in the rocking car.

After some deliberation, Frankie looked up and said, "Mom, I really miss my great-grandmother. Can we go visit her?"

Gazing at her sweet son, Lena nodded and replied, "Of course,

sweetheart."

Frankie promptly hopped out of the rocking car and offered, "Mom, let me take the cake for you."

"Thank you, my love," Lena replied, touched by her son's gesture. Frankie reminded her so much of Larry.

It was on that day Larry had returned home battered and shared everything with her.

At that moment, Lena's emotions were a turbulent mix of feelings.

It turned out that he hadn't been unfaithful, but he had done something unforgivable.

It didn't make the situation much easier to bear.

He had given her a choice. He would turn himself in, and she could decide whether to divorce him or not.

The day before his surrender, she made a resolute decision not to divorce him.

She and Frankie were going to wait for his release.

Upon arriving at Wanda's place, Wanda's face lit up with joy at the sight of Lena and Frankie.

However, their presence also reminded Wanda of her eldest grandson, Larry. Wanda inquired, "Larry has been away on a business trip for quite a while. When is he coming back?"

Lena paused and offered a gentle smile. "Wanda, isn't it enough to have us here with you? Why bring him up?"

She was merely trying to change the subject, but Frankie assumed Lena didn't hold Larry in high regard.

He glanced at Lena, quickly realizing he needed to keep his plans to himself.

Rolling his eyes, Frankie shifted his focus.

"Mom, can you make the sweet and sour fish for me, please?" Frankie looked at Lena with puppy-dog eyes as he spoke.

Lena smiled warmly and agreed, "Of course, I'll make it for you. You can stay here with your great-grandmother."

"Alright." Frankie nodded in approval.

Lena and Karen retreated to the kitchen to prepare the meal.

Frankie turned his head to ensure they wouldn't overhear him, then moved closer to Wanda and whispered, "Great-grandma, can you help save my father?"

