

Chapter 392 I Can Only Take A Gamble

After obtaining insights from questioning Glenn, the sergeant formed a general impression of Baxter's character. He speculated that if the police didn't press too hard, Baxter would probably dispose of anyone in his way before attempting to flee.

Confident in his assessment, the sergeant consulted his superiors for further instructions and made the necessary arrangements to set plans in motion. The Mathias police continued their pursuit, maintaining a strategic distance. Following Baxter's escape route, they could approximate his location and coordinate with local authorities to tighten the net.

The police units strategically awaited the hostage's sale. Once the transaction occurred, they would initiate the pursuit to rescue them, maintaining vigilant surveillance of the area. When Baxter showed up, law enforcement swiftly moved in to apprehend him.

The superiors placed great importance on combating human traffickers. They weren't about to let a critical criminal like Baxter get away from them after they finally identified him and had a good lead.

In the end, Baxter couldn't escape, and the special police units captured him.

Following the interrogation, Baxter admitted his involvement in numerous human trafficking cases, including the one with Sabrina.

The sergeant wasn't aware that Zeke was involved until he heard the full confession from Baxter.

Baxter, being cautious, had sensed Zeke's evasion from law enforcement when they first met. Back then, with a smile,

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Baxter quipped, "After this, do you plan to keep hiding here or seize an opportunity to escape?"

The police were after Baxter and Zeke. So, Zeke, without expressing suspicion toward Baxter, replied, "I should find an opportunity to escape." But he didn't shed any more information.

During their meeting, Zeke took a call.

Given Baxter's extensive travels, he discerned the caller's origin was from Gelicyla through the distinctive accent from the other side of the line.

The sergeant immediately contacted the Gelicyla police, initiating a collaborative investigation.

It was already 5 p.m. by the time Tyrone and Sabrina returned to Mathias. After completing the victim's statement at the police station, Sabrina was taken home by Tyrone.

Bettie still hadn't returned. She was away on a business trip with a celebrity these past few days, completely unaware of Sabrina's recent kidnapping.

Tyrone removed his suit jacket and headed straight to the kitchen. After opening the fridge and finding nothing enticing, he inquired, "What would you like to eat? I'm going out to buy some food."

Sabrina bit her lip nervously and hesitated before suggesting, "How about ordering take-out?"

She didn't want Tyrone to go out and leave her alone at home.

Tyrone observed her anxious expression. "I'll order some ingredients and have them delivered here."

"Then, would you like some soup?"

"Okay."

After Tyrone called, the requested ingredients arrived soon

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after at the apartment.

In the bag were fresh meat, a box of frozen shrimp, and assorted vegetables.

Shrimp was a common ingredient added to soup, making it more flavorful.

While Tyrone busied himself with the meat and vegetables in the kitchen, Sabrina sat at the table, preparing the shrimp.

With both of them concentrating on their tasks, no one spoke for a while.

However, the tranquil silence created a warm and comfortable atmosphere that Sabrina appreciated, given what she had recently endured.

She glanced up toward the kitchen and saw Tyrone wearing her apron. With his large frame, he looked comical in the small apron.

Sabrina smiled at the sight of him.

"Bun! Bun!" Sabrina exclaimed, taken aback.

The cat had leaped onto the table after smelling the aroma of shrimp. While Sabrina had been distracted, Bun happily chewed on a sizeable shrimp before Sabrina shooed it away.

Once they finished their meal, the secretary sent Sabrina a new phone under Tyrone's instructions, and the phone number was the same as before.

Logging into Facebook, Sabrina discovered several messages from her assistant and the crew members, expressing concern as they couldn't locate her that day.

Sabrina called the director in person to explain.

Though the tale of being kidnapped and trafficked seemed a bit farfetched, the director believed her. He knew Sabrina as a dedicated actress with a solid work ethic. She was always

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punctual and reliable. There was no reason for her to fabricate
such a story.

The director instructed his assistant to coordinate with other
actors and actresses, urging them to shoot in advance to allow
Sabrina some recovery time at home.

Sabrina, in turn, sent a message to her assistant, assuring the
latter not to worry about her.

Meanwhile, both the foundation's manager and assistant
reached out to her. One provided updates on work, while the
other sought her opinion on an invitation.

With her phone in hand, Sabrina began to type a reply.

Suddenly, the phone was grabbed away.

She was stunned. Raising her head, she looked at Tyrone,
puzzled.

Observing her dazed expression, Tyrone found her cute. "They
can wait. You can reply to them later. You should go and rest
now."

Sabrina had endured a terrifying and sleepless night in the
human traffickers' minibus the previous night.

Although she managed a few hours of rest on the journey home
this afternoon, it wasn't enough.

"Let me wrap this up. I'll go to sleep after this," Sabrina said,
raising a finger.

Tyrone shook his head and smiled, handing the phone back to
her.

Sabrina quickly typed a message to her assistant before putting
away her phone and settling into bed. Covering herself with the
quilt, she affirmed, "Okay."

"Go to sleep. I'll be with you," Tyrone assured her.

"Okay."

Sabrina nodded and closed her eyes, attempting to find rest.

But she couldn't fall asleep.

The memories of the kidnapping haunted Sabrina, and she couldn't shake off her unease. Feeling a lack of security, she opened her eyes.

"What's wrong?" Tyrone asked.

"Can you check if the windows are closed and the door is locked?"

Although Tyrone was aware that everything was shut and locked, he went to check for Sabrina's peace of mind. Returning to the room, he sat on the edge of the bed and gently took her hand. "It's okay. Don't worry. The floor is very high, and no one will come in. I'm here."

His words and presence comforted Sabrina, allowing her to feel more at ease as she closed her eyes again.

She succumbed to her exhaustion and soon drifted into a deep sleep.

As the room filled with the sound of Sabrina's steady breathing, Tyrone observed her serene expression with tenderness in his eyes.

He slowly reached out and gently caressed her delicate features, lovingly tracing his finger along her eyebrows and cheeks.

Finally, she let her guard down around him.

She was willing to give him another chance.

Yet, Tyrone couldn't shake the awareness that he might hurt her again.

The pain that he felt in his heart was undeniable, and he

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grappled with his reluctance to let her go.

But he had no choice.

Confronted with a challenging decision, he felt compelled to take a risk, unsure of the outcome.

He was determined to secure a way out for Sabrina to protect her, even if he couldn't be part of her future. As long as she was happy, he could find solace in that.

Tyrone gazed at Sabrina with devotion and a heavy heart, then leaned over and tenderly kissed her forehead.

It was an expression of the undying love that he had for her.

"Sabrina, I love you with all my heart," he whispered into her ear, each word saturated with affection.

However, his heartfelt words were not heard or reciprocated.

Tyrone carefully tucked Sabrina in. Then, casting one more glance at her, he reluctantly left her apartment quietly.

The door closed softly behind him, leaving Sabrina alone and oblivious to Tyrone's departure.

In the morning, Sabrina awoke, squinting in the brightly lit room.

The sun gleamed and bathed her surroundings in warm yellow hues.

"Tyrone?" Sabrina called out.

But no one answered.

Wondering if he had left, Sabrina checked her phone and found it was already 8 a.m.

Getting out of bed, Sabrina, feeling unenthusiastic about cooking, opted for ordering takeout.

As she waited, sitting on the bed, a sense of overwhelm and

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fear suddenly washed over her.

A knock on the door startled Sabrina.

With her heart racing, it triggered memories of her recent traumatic events.

Just as her anxiety peaked, her phone rang. It was the delivery person calling about the food she ordered.

"Hello, I put your takeout food by the door. Remember to take it," the voice on the other end said.

"Okay. Thank you."

Sabrina hung up and breathed a sigh of relief.

It was only the delivery man.

She sat in the room for a moment to compose herself. Then, she peered through the viewing slot in the door, ensuring the corridor was clear. With caution, Sabrina opened the door and quickly grabbed the takeout, closing the door swiftly again.

After breakfast, as she cleaned up, Sabrina glanced at the clock on the wall. It was 9 a.m.

She checked her phone to see if there were any messages from Tyrone. But there was nothing.

Why hasn't he come back yet?

After hesitating for a moment, Sabrina dialed Tyrone's number.