

Chapter 142 The Most Ruthless

Bang!

The urn shattered, scattering ashes and fragments of bone everywhere.

"No!"

Sabrina's gaze fixated on the sight, tears streaming down her cheeks and mixing with the blood from her mutilated face.

"Dad! I'm sorry! It's all my fault! I couldn't protect you..."

Sabrina wriggled fiercely on the ground, attempting to rise to her feet.

But the man behind her pressed down with his boot, rendering her unable to budge.

Seeing the desolation in Sabrina's eyes, Evie gloated, her laughter ringing out. "She's yours now! She's just a slut. Have your way with her. I doubt Tyrone will desire her after today!"

②

With these words, she turned and walked away.

The three men began touching her, rolling her over, their hands tearing at her clothes.

"She's got quite the figure! And those breasts!" One of the men let out a vulgar laugh as he fondled her.

"To sleep with Tyrone's woman, that's a prize worth having!"

"Yes!"

let out a vulgar laugh as he fondled her.

"To sleep with Tyrone's woman, that's a prize worth having!"

"Yes!"

Suddenly, a beam of light appeared in the distance, and the distant hum of a car engine grew louder.

"Damn it! Someone's coming. Run!"

Two men rushed and hopped onto the minibus.

The last man, attempting to drag Sabrina along, was halted by the driver. "We can't take her with us!"

Reluctantly, he left Sabrina and jumped into the vehicle.

The minibus sped off, leaving Sabrina alone on the ground, tears streaming past her temples. She mustered her strength to roll over and began crawling towards the scattered ashes.

"Dad..."

One car pulled up near her, while the other pursued the departing minibus.

Tyrone emerged from the vehicle, sprinting towards Sabrina.

"Sabrina! Are you alright, Sabrina? Hey..."

He swiftly removed the gag from her mouth, untied the bindings on her wrists, and helped her up.

Catching sight of her bruised and bloodied face, he momentarily lost his breath, a pang of agony piercing his heart.

Without a word, he scooped her into his arms and headed towards the car. "Hold on. I'll take you to the hospital."

Clasping his arm, Sabrina, her voice barely a whisper, managed to say, "My father..."

Tyrone followed her gaze to the desecrated tomb. His eyes hardened. "Don't worry. I'll have someone take care of it. Let's get you to the hospital first."

To disturb Connor's final resting place and scatter his ashes in front of Sabrina was a deed of unfathomable cruelty.

Reassured, Sabrina leaned into Tyrone, her body racked with exhaustion.

A throbbing pain swelled in her stomach, like countless ants gnawing at her insides, and her consciousness began to fade.

Upon reaching the hospital, Tyrone rushed Sabrina into the emergency room.

Watching the red light signaling ongoing treatment, he drew a deep breath and collapsed onto a nearby bench. Suddenly, he noticed a damp, blood-soaked patch on his trousers.

Returning home, Evie headed straight to the second floor.

At the staircase's corner, Osiris glowered at Evie. "Where have you been?"

Glancing at Osiris, Evie retorted, irritation lacing her words, "And what's it to you?"

"Did you go into my study?" Osiris inquired.

Realizing her meddling had been discovered, Evie didn't bother to deny it. Instead, she scoffed, "So what if I did? Without that, I wouldn't have discovered that you and Rita have a bastard child!"

"Shut up!"

But the more Osiris tried to quell her, the angrier Evie grew. "She is a bastard! A bastard! A bastard! If Connor knew his precious daughter wasn't really his, he'd probably rise from the grave seeking revenge."

"You bitch! I'm warning you. Stay out of this!"

If only he could secure Sabrina's acceptance, he could still be Tyrone's father-in-law, commanding the respect he deserved.

"It's too late for that! You want her recognition so you can be Tyrone's father-in-law? Never!"

Osiris sensed something wrong. "What have you done?"

"She's been raped by three men and they've sent the video to Tyrone. Tyrone has his pride. There's no way he'll want her after what happened!"

"You bitch!"

Osiris' anger boiled over, and he let out a furious roar before delivering a resounding slap.

This vicious woman had brought the Clifford family to ruin!

Evie recoiled, staring at Osiris in sheer disbelief. "How dare you hit me! Osiris, you'll pay for this!"

She lashed out, her nails raking across his face.

Osiris retaliated by seizing Evie's hair.

The two were engaged in a fierce brawl.

Amidst the chaos, Osiris stumbled and reached out to grab Evie's hand, but she instinctively pushed him away with force.

A horrified scream tore from his lips as he tumbled down the staircase, collapsing in a heap at the bottom, unmoving.

Evie, standing at the top of the staircase, gaped at the fallen Osiris, her mind reeling in shock.

Regaining her composure after a few seconds, she rushed down the stairs, dropping down next to Osiris. "Osiris? Are you alright? Stop pretending!" she prodded him, but he remained still.

As Evie was about to nudge him again, she noticed a growing pool of blood beneath his head. Her complexion drained of all color.

She reached out a trembling hand to check for a pulse. Finding none, her heart seemed to stop, and she slumped to the floor.

Meanwhile, Galilea sat on her bed, stunned by a call from Evie. Evie's voice quavered over the phone. "Galilea...I've killed someone..."

In a daze, Galilea hung up the phone.

The recent events were far beyond her comprehension.

Just the day before, she had found out Sabrina was her

father's secret offspring. Today, her mother called to inform her of a kidnapping and an unintentional murder.

Her father was dead.

Evie, in her hysterics, pleaded with Galilea to seek Tyrone's help, expressing her fear of prison. ①

However, Galilea couldn't even defend herself now, let alone expect Tyrone to listen to her.

After Evie had harmed Sabrina, how could Tyrone ever forgive her?

Evie accused her of being ungrateful before disconnecting the call.

Galilea felt desperate, knowing that not only would Tyrone not pardon Evie but also likely exile her immediately.

She couldn't leave.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have any chance to be Tyrone's wife again. ①

She was utterly alone.

Seated weakly on the bed, she felt utterly lost, unsure of what to do next.

After much contemplation, she finally decided to retrieve the phone number she hadn't dialed in years. With a momentary pause, she mustered the courage to make the call.

After what felt like an eternity, an answer came. A male voice filled the line. "Hello?"

"It's me."

"Why did you call?" the man asked after being silent for a while.

"He's sending me away!"

"I told you not to return."

"I need your help."

"Why should I help you?"

"Aren't you scared I'll tell him about what happened back then? Because I will!" Galilea's threat reverberated through the line.

"Ah, your threats are nothing new. Like when I compelled you to leave for abroad. Was it successful?" His response was bathed in nonchalance, no trace of intimidation.

Upon hearing the abrupt click of the call ending, Galilea's anger flared, and she flung the phone onto the bed before collapsing in despair.

As her eyes slid shut, her mind was consumed by the memories of her time with Tyrone in college.

He seemed so distant and aloof. It took her persistent efforts and a long chase before he finally agreed to date her.

When they were a couple, he fell short of the ideal partner, always engrossed in his studies and consistently disregarding her presence.

Despite the one-sided nature of their relationship, she felt a strange sense of fulfillment.

Back in those naive days, she didn't hold any affection for Tyrone.

Her heart belonged to another man, one whose warmth and kindness captured her heart.

But it was this very man, the object of her deep affection, who nudged her relentlessly to her current predicament.

Had she not been swayed by his words, she could well be Tyrone's wife now.

Only now did she realize that beneath Tyrone's icy exterior hid a warm heart.

And the man she once perceived as warm, was in fact, the epitome of ruthlessness. ⑤

