

## Chapter 14 The Old Couple

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The housekeeper welcomed Tyrone and Sabrina with a smile, "Mr. Blakely, your grandma is preoccupied in the kitchen. Kindly settle down in the meantime."

Once this message was delivered, the housekeeper promptly set off to prepare a refreshing pot of coffee accompanied by a platter of fruit.

Wanda Blakely, Tyrone's grandma, hailed from humble beginnings. Despite her wealthy lifestyle, she remained a warm-hearted elderly woman who found joy in cooking and knitting.

Even amid the occasional feuds among the Blakely progeny, their reverence for Wanda was unanimous.

While slipping off her shoes, Sabrina asked, "Where might Grandpa be?"

Pointing to the upper floor, the housekeeper replied, "He is taking a rest. Lately, his health has been steadily deteriorating."

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The Blakely empire had its roots in the efforts of Tyrone's great-grandfather, and Tyrone's grandfather, Cesar Blakely, sustained it. Unfortunately, the strain of his work took a toll on his health when he was younger. As he aged, his health continued to falter, worsened by a liver transplant and a regimen of continuous medication.

"What's the word from Lynch?" Tyrone queried.

Lynch was the director of Healthwell Hospital and also Cesar's private doctor.

"He's doing all he can."

At this, Tyrone nodded in grave acceptance.

Sabrina made her way to the kitchen to lend a hand to Wanda.

"Sabrina, you should be relaxing on the sofa. There's no need for you to assist me. I've got everything under control," insisted Wanda.

With a shrug, Sabrina replied, "I'd rather help out than sit idle."

Wanda cast a disapproving glance at her and retorted, "You're saying you've got nothing else to do? You could be outside, conversing with Tyrone."

Noticing Sabrina's sudden silence, Wanda continued, "Did you and Tyrone have a disagreement? I've seen the news. Don't worry. I will help you teach him a lesson."

"There's no need for you to worry. We can sort things out on our own."

"I'm aware of how gentle you are, and he must be taking advantage of that. I also understand his intentions. You will always be a member of the Blakely family. If that brat dares to contemplate divorce, he'll have to face me first," declared Wanda, with unwavering certainty that allowed no room for argument.

Sabrina remained silent, making no effort to defend Tyrone. If he was intent on divorce and planned on explaining it all to his grandparents, then she would let him do so.

Sabrina wouldn't cover up for him, nor would she sabotage his plans by seeking Wanda's intervention. ☹

As dinner time approached, a servant ascended the stairs to assist Cesar in making his way down, and Tyrone joined to lend a hand.

Sabrina busied herself assisting Wanda in arranging the dishes on the table.

"Grandma's culinary skills are unmatched," praised Tyrone. Wanda gave Sabrina a quick look and chided, "Why aren't you singing praises for your wife? She's the one who prepared all these dishes. It seems to me that you're not appreciating her enough."


After a slight hesitation, Tyrone conceded, "Indeed, Sabrina's cooking is remarkable."

"That sounded half-hearted," Wanda grumbled.

Tyrone found himself speechless.

It was clear that due to the circulating news, Wanda wasn't particularly fond of him that day.

As they gathered around the dinner table, Cesar cleared his throat and asked cautiously, "Tyrone, I heard Galilea has returned recently?"

Tyrone nodded in confirmation. "Yes, she hasn't been back long." 

"I came across a news piece this morning. I understand there was something between you two, but it's over. You and Sabrina are married now. Maintain your distance from that girl or imagine how Sabrina would feel. I heard there's a business deal with her in the works. Hand it over to Sabrina. Don't get involved."

Tyrone set his cutlery aside and faced Cesar with a serious expression. "Grandpa, I intend to..."

Suddenly, Cesar interrupted with a fit of coughing. "Sabrina's father was my savior. I promised him that I would cherish her

as if she were my own flesh and blood, hence I arranged your marriage. Before the wedding, I asked for your consent and you agreed. I know you to be a man of your word. Tyrone, don't make me regret my faith in you."

Tyrone fell silent.

It was clear Tyrone had no counter to his grandfather's stern words. His silence, however, spoke volumes about his quiet rebellion and resolve. ①

The atmosphere grew tense.

