

Chapter 144 Heartless

Bewildered, Sabrina opened her eyes and saw the white ceiling. Fragments of past memories flooded her mind. Slowly, her hand rose to touch her face, only to encounter the rough texture of a gauze bandage.

"Sabrina, you're awake!"

Tyrone came to sit by her bedside, his eyes brimming with concern. "How are you feeling?"

A buzzing sound filled Sabrina's ears, muffling Tyrone's words. His lips moved, but she couldn't make out his words. Puzzled, she asked, "What did you say?"

The moment she tried to speak, a sharp pain tore through her throat, turning her words into a hoarse whisper.

Immediately, Tyrone fetched a glass of water. He cradled her head, assisting her in taking small, careful sips.

"Are you feeling better now? Anything bothering you?" Tyrone asked, setting the glass down on the bedside table and leaning in close.

Confused, Sabrina turned to face him. "I'm okay. Why are you so close?"

Tyrone explained gently, "Your hearing's been affected. The doctors say it'll improve gradually."

"My dad's ashes..." Sabrina said, her voice strained.

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"My dad's ashes..." Sabrina said, her voice strained.

"Don't worry. I've arranged for his ashes to be transferred to a new urn. He's at peace."

"I want to visit him as soon as I'm out of here." Relieved, Sabrina let out a sigh.

"I'll accompany you."

"Fine. Do you have a mirror?"

Tyrone got what she meant. He softly brushed her cheek and fixed her hair at the temple. "Don't worry! The doctor said no scar will be left behind in the future."

"I want to see for myself..."

"There's no mirror here, but my phone will do."

"Okay."

Tyrone reached for his phone and positioned it in front of Sabrina, capturing her reflection on the dark screen.

Her hair was tangled, her eyes puffy, and her face reddened and swollen. Gauze patches hid her wounds, doing nothing to enhance her appearance.

"Put it away."

Tyrone complied, his voice soft. "Don't stress. You'll heal in time."

"Yesterday...the middle-aged woman..."

"She's Galilea's mother. She murdered her husband and has since been apprehended."

Sabrina was taken aback by this revelation.

Galilea's mother murdered her father?

"You need to rest now. The doctor is concerned about potential complications with your pregnancy. You have to stay in bed for the baby's sake. Let's put work aside for a while, okay?"

In shock, Sabrina's hand instinctively went to her stomach. She looked at Tyrone, surprise evident in her eyes.

Now he knew about the baby.

He wouldn't let her leave now.

"Why are you so certain the baby is yours?" she asked softly.

"If not mine, then whose?" Tyrone answered confidently, not a trace of doubt in his voice.

He knew Sabrina would never betray him.

Their baby could only be his.

She smiled wryly at his confidence. "You're sure. What if you're wrong? What if I've been asking for a divorce because the baby isn't yours?"

"You said this to make me divorce you. I'm not falling for that."

Sabrina found herself speechless.

Seeing her expression, Tyrone reached for her hand, his grip warm and comforting. "Sabrina, you knew about the baby all along, didn't you? You complained of stomachaches and I had the medication you were taking examined. They were for protecting the baby. Why didn't you tell me you're pregnant? Would you have kept it from me until our divorce was final? Were you planning to raise our child on your own?"

Sabrina fell silent for a moment before replying, "I planned to tell you the day after you returned from your trip, but you asked for a divorce first."

Tyrone's expression froze. Claspng her hand tighter, he whispered, "I'm sorry..."

She had been anticipating his homecoming from his trip, eager to tell him about their baby. But instead, he returned with Galilea, asking for a separation.

Sabrina lowered her gaze, continuing, "I asked you if you would still leave me if we were to have a child..."

The shock was apparent on Tyrone's face, a wave of remorse washing over him.

He recalled how he had answered her back then. "There is no if. Even if you are pregnant now, I won't allow the child to come into this world."

He could only imagine the despair and hopelessness she must have felt then.

No wonder she kept it hidden from him until now.

Sabrina went on, "In fact, I'm grateful for hiding the pregnancy news. Otherwise, I fear our baby might have been endangered yesterday."

She had concealed it from Tyrone, so Galilea and her mother were aware of it either.

Had Evie known about her pregnancy, she would have shown no mercy to the unborn child.

A pain pierced through Tyrone's heart, as if he had been physically stabbed.

"Sabrina, I swear, I won't repeat my mistake..."

"The divorce..."

"Sabrina, for our baby's sake, could you find it in you to give me another chance?"

Words failed Sabrina.

She knew it.

But could he discern if his feelings for her stemmed from love or responsibility?

Was it just a load of guilt he carried?

Without love, how long could he persist?

Exhaling a deep sigh, Sabrina closed her eyes. "Galilea..."

"Last night, while my men were taking her to the airport, they were involved in a car accident. She's currently receiving treatment in the hospital. Let's not bring her up anymore. She's not part of our story."

A chill crept over Sabrina. He could be unfeeling at times.

The arrival of breakfast, courtesy of Karen, interrupted their exchange.

With utmost care, Tyrone helped Sabrina sit up and propped a pillow behind her. He then proceeded to feed her.

Sabrina intended to eat on her own. Her hands remained unharmed; only her wrists bore bruises.

But Tyrone was adamant about feeding her.

Upon finishing her breakfast, Sabrina glanced at Tyrone. "I've eaten enough. You should eat too. Afterwards, you can go to work. There's no need for you to remain here all the time. Karen is here."

"Can't the company function without me?"

Sabrina remained silent.

"Alright. Give me a call if you need anything."

Putting down his bowl, Tyrone had a quick bite and then exited the hospital.

Before leaving, he instructed Karen to take good care of Sabrina.

Watching Tyrone's retreating figure, Karen sighed. "Mrs. Blakely, you've endured so much. I believe Mr. Blakely will treat you better from now on."

Sabrina didn't utter a word.

Cesar, Wanda, Lena, and Claire came to see Sabrina.

Wanda suggested that Cesar rest at home and she would visit Sabrina alone.

But when Cesar discovered that Sabrina was expecting, he was determined to come in person.

Wanda mentioned that Sabrina's pregnancy news uplifted Cesar's spirits and he constantly thought about his future grandchild.

Sabrina was aware that Cesar longed for her and Tyrone to have a child. She too hoped that Cesar would stick around long enough, at least until the baby's birth.

Cesar expressed his hope for her and Tyrone to bring up their child together. It was clear he didn't support her divorcing Tyrone.

For the upcoming months, at least, Sabrina couldn't leave Tyrone.

Sabrina remained in the hospital for three days.

Karen was her companion throughout.

As soon as Tyrone finished his work, he dashed over from the

office, dismissing all his social engagements.

The hospital stay was boring. Sabrina yearned to get up and stroll around, but Tyrone disagreed. After confirming with the doctor that it was safe, a nurse offered a wheelchair for Sabrina to take outdoor breaks.

Yet, Sabrina refused.

She still had bandages on her face, and she didn't wish to venture outside looking like that.

Hence, every night when Tyrone ended his work, he would cradle Sabrina in his arms and they would take a stroll within the confines of the ward.

