

Chapter 243 Stubborn Tyrone

Tyrone closed his eyes, and the corners of his lips curled as if to form a smile, but his heart sank.

He was sure that Sabrina felt nothing at all for him.

She didn't want to stay by his side for a second longer than she had to.

Seeing Tyrone close his eyes, Sabrina shrugged her shoulders helplessly and stood up. "Then I'll go. Take care."

Tyrone clenched his jaw and squeezed his eyes shut even tighter, gripping the bed sheet in his fist.

The weight of his negative emotions coated his heart like oil on dry wood, deepening his sorrow.

It felt like a spark could set off an uncontrollable blaze of emotions at any moment.

She was cold-hearted and cruel towards him.

But he was so pathetic and still didn't want her to leave.

Tyrone was about to say something when a sudden, excruciating pain shot through his stomach.

He doubled over in pain and began to cough violently.

Just as she was about to leave, she heard him coughing and retching.

Sabrina quickly turned around and saw Tyrone leaning weakly on the edge of the bed, with blood at the corners of his mouth.

Tyrone's face was ghostly white, and he looked frail and weak.

Sabrina's heart sank when she saw him in so much pain. Without hesitation, she rushed back to his bedside, gently patting him on the back, and asked with concern, "Tyrone, are you okay?"

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He drew in a labored breath, and his eyes were bloodshot from coughing.

With a trembling hand, he reached for a tissue on the nightstand, wiped away the crimson stain from his lips, and dropped it into the nearby trash can. Rolling onto his back, he nudged her hand aside and met her gaze with a detached look. After a moment, he looked away and murmured, "It's not your concern."

He was infuriatingly stubborn!

Tyrone's stubbornness was unyielding. He was determined to handle everything without help, no matter what it was.

Sabrina noticed the jug of water on the table and filled a glass. Then she handed it to him. "Take this to rinse your mouth."

He met her gaze and accepted the water in silence. After rinsing his mouth and spitting into the bin, he placed the glass on the nightstand.

"Tyrone! You're bleeding!"

Sabrina noticed a trace of blood around the cannula in his arm. She quickly took his hand and straightened it.

His hand felt cold and bony in hers.

After adjusting the IV tube and the speed of the infusion, Sabrina saw that he wasn't bleeding anymore and carefully laid his hand under the sheet.

Tyrone watched in silence as Sabrina fussed around him. The negative emotions that he held inside suddenly eased. He lowered his eyes, and a faint smile tugged at the corners of his mouth, though it was only fleeting.

"Is there anything to warm your stomach? Like a hot-water bag," asked Sabrina.

Tyrone shook his head. "I don't know. You can see if there's anything in the drawer."

Sabrina opened the drawer and found a hot water bag.

After filling it with warm water, she gently placed it on his stomach to help soothe the pain.

She looked at him with concern and asked, "Do you want me to call a doctor for you?"

"No."

The ward quieted down.

Sabrina turned and headed for the door.

As Sabrina was about to leave, Tyrone's face and eyes grew dark. He felt sad and disappointed.

Was she so eager to depart that she couldn't bear a moment longer in his presence? Did she harbor such intense resentment?

Tyrone's gaze remained fixed on her as she grasped the door handle and vanished from his sight as it swung shut behind her.

Its solid surface obscured any glimpse of her on the other side.

With a heavy heart and a sense of frustration, Tyrone closed his eyes and lashed out.

Crash!

The sound echoed through the room as the glass toppled over from the bedside table and shattered into pieces on the floor.

"Uncle Tyrone! I'm here to see you!"

Jennie eagerly pushed the door open and ran in.

"Jennie, stop!" Tyrone called out at once.

Jennie stopped and looked up at Tyrone with a puzzled expression, her head tilting to one side.

Tyrone pointed at the broken glass on the floor and said, "Jennie, be careful not to step on it."

As soon as Sabrina entered the room after Jennie, she noticed the broken glass and promptly grabbed a broom to sweep it up. "Jennie, please step back while I take care of this."

"Didn't you leave? Why did you come back?" Tyrone asked in a frosty tone, giving Sabrina a cold glance.

Sabrina was cleaning up the broken glass when she looked up at him

and scowled. "If you want me to leave so badly, I'll go right away."

Tyrone let out a bitter laugh, his anger palpable.

This woman was doing this intentionally!

She was doing it on purpose to infuriate him!

Jennie shook her head disapprovingly. How could Tyrone be so stubborn?

Wasn't he pushing Sabrina away by behaving like that?

Trevor knew how to make Sabrina happy.

She couldn't let Tyrone him continue, or Sabrina might get upset and leave.

"Uncle Tyrone, what happened?" Jennie stepped back in her leather boots and pointed at the broken glass.

Tyrone's expression softened a bit. He coughed into his fist and said softly, "I was trying to pour some water; I guess I didn't grip the glass tightly enough."

"Uncle Tyrone, why are you looking at Aunt Sabrina while talking to me?" Jennie raised her head, her big, round eyes blinking with curiosity.

Sabrina couldn't resist glancing up at Tyrone.

Their eyes briefly met.

Sabrina quickly averted her gaze and disposed of the broken glass in the bin.

Tyrone responded flatly, "I wasn't."

The little girl rolled her eyes and said, "I understand, Uncle Tyrone. You must miss Aunt Sabrina, so you don't want her to leave."

"Jennie Blakely!" Sabrina scoffed.

What was she talking about?

After all, she was just a little kid.

Jennie's smile froze as she bit her bottom lip. "Uncle Tyrone, you've lost weight. I'm worried about you."

"I'll get better when I recover."

"Uncle Tyrone, let me get you some water!"

Jennie fetched another glass, filled it from the water dispenser, and handed it to Tyrone. "Here you go!"

"Thank you." Tyrone accepted the glass. "Jennie, how do you feel about living with Aunt Sabrina?"

"Aunt Sabrina has been so nice to me," Jennie said as she perched herself on the bed and swung her little legs. "She took me to a drawing class yesterday."

The little girl began recounting all the fun things she had been doing with Sabrina over the past few days.

Midway through, she had a sudden thought and changed the topic.

"Damon said you had a stomach ache. How are you feeling now?"

Tyrone shook his head slightly and had a sip of the water. "I'm fine now."

"Are you really? Then why is there blood?" Sabrina scolded.

Tyrone thumbed his nose and said, "It doesn't hurt as much anymore."

When he heard Sabrina reprimand him with her stern expression, Tyrone felt a sense of relief and joy in his heart.

It meant she did have feelings for him and was concerned about his well-being.

They seemed like a typical couple, with the wife showing concern and gently chiding her husband.

"Is there blood, Uncle Tyrone? Let me rub it to make it better." Jennie rubbed Tyrone's abdomen with her chubby little hands.


Her touch was so gentle that it felt like tickling to Tyrone.

He smiled and took hold of her little hand, reassuring her. "It doesn't hurt, Jennie."

"Uncle, are you going to have an operation? Damon said the doctors are going to remove your stomach. How will you eat after that?" Jennie asked with concern.

"Just a small part of my stomach. Don't worry, I will be able to eat."
But the thought of it sent a shiver down Jennie's spine. "When will you have the operation?"



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