

## Chapter 54 Hard To Balance

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"What's wrong with your head, Sabrina? How did you injure yourself? Is it serious?" Cesar's voice was barely more than a whisper as he studied Sabrina's head.

Despite his illness, Cesar was more worried about Sabrina's injury. This made her heart constrict, and tears threatened to spill from her eyes.

"Sabrina, are you okay? Are you in pain?" Concern was evident in Cesar's voice as he watched her struggle with her emotions.

Quickly, Sabrina shook her head, forcing a small smile. "No need for worry, Grandpa. It's not severe, and I don't feel any pain."

"Caring for your health is vital, Sabrina. I didn't, and now my time is running out," Cesar murmured, his voice feeble.

"Please, Grandpa, don't talk like that. You'll recover and live many more years." Sabrina's eyes glistened with unshed tears as she pleaded with him.

"Crying won't help, Sabrina." Cesar softly wiped the tears trickling down her cheeks.

"I won't cry as long as you remain healthy." Sabrina's voice quivered with suppressed sobs.

"Remember, Sabrina, everyone has their time. I'm prepared for mine, and I hope you can come to accept it too. Alright?"



Unable to contain her emotions any longer, Sabrina collapsed in a flood of tears onto the quilt.

She understood that every individual would eventually experience their final day on Earth. The thought of losing Cesar, just like she had lost other family members, was unbearable.

The thought of Cesar's imminent departure was difficult for her to come to terms with. How could she accept the fact that he would soon be leaving her as well?

"Good girl, no need to cry," Cesar reassured her, patting her head in a comforting manner.

Tyrone stepped in, helping her up and whispering, "Don't cry, Sabrina. Grandpa is okay, right?"

Wiping away her tears with her sleeve, Sabrina forced a smile. "Yes, Grandpa is okay. I shouldn't be crying, I should be smiling."

Tyrone looked at her strained smile and gently wiped away a stray tear from her face.

"Sabrina, Tyrone, we are all here together. Tell me, were you planning on getting a divorce? If my health had been better, would it have happened already?"

Cesar's question caught them both by surprise.

"Sabrina, Tyrone, I may be old, but I'm not oblivious. I understand what's going on."

"We're sorry, Grandpa. We have disappointed you." Sabrina's

vision blurred as tears welled up in her eyes again.

"Sabrina, don't cry. You always appear to be the bravest, but in reality, you're a timid girl."

Cesar was right. She truly possessed a timid nature, and not only that, she harbored feelings of self-deprecation and sensitivity. She lacked the courage to reveal her love for Tyrone to him.

She feared the potential ridicule and rejection that could come with expressing her feelings, and she was haunted by the fear of loss. As a result, she adopted an indifferent facade, believing that this was the only way to shield herself from getting hurt.

She appeared indifferent towards everything because, in her eyes, she had nothing to hold on to.

"Tyrone, I know you have feelings for Galilea Clifford. I can't let my selfishness destroy your life. Promise me one thing, though."

"Grandpa, I promise. As long as it's something I can do, I'll promise," Tyrone responded earnestly.

"I want you and Sabrina to get along well with each other. After I'm gone, if you still decide to part ways, your grandmother won't interfere. Can you promise me that?"

After a moment of silence, Tyrone nodded at the sobbing Sabrina. "I promise you. I'll make it work with Sabrina."

"And what about you, Sabrina?"

"I promise too."

"Good. Now, I feel at peace." Cesar sighed in relief. "You both must be tired. I've kept you awake. You should get some rest. I'm feeling a bit weary too."

He had just woken up from surgery, and talking this much had been a significant exertion.

"Grandpa, rest. I'll stay here until you're asleep."

"That's my girl."

Shortly after, Cesar drifted off to sleep.

Tyrone signaled Sabrina, who hadn't noticed his gesture.

He tapped her shoulder and motioned to the door.

Sabrina got up slowly, trailing behind Tyrone to the door.

"You should rest now, Sabrina," Tyrone suggested in a hushed voice.

"What about you?" Sabrina questioned, looking at his weary face. "Don't you need to sleep?"

"I called Larry. He'll be here soon. I'll rest when he arrives."

"Alright then. I'll go now."

"Let me accompany you upstairs."

As Sabrina prepared to enter the room, she turned to Tyrone.

"Should I leave the door open for you?"

"Okay. I'll be back soon."

"Alright."

Unable to find sleep, Sabrina shifted restlessly in her bed.

Drowning in the sea of sorrow about Cesar's sickness, her

heart ached.

Even in his current state, all Cesar cared about was her and Tyrone's relationship.

He was so good to her!

If leaving Tyrone meant keeping Cesar alive, she would do it without a second thought.

But there was no if.

Life always had its harsh truths.

A sound of soft footsteps echoed from the hallway, halting at her door.

With a subtle push, Tyrone opened the door, strolled to her bedside and whispered, "You still up?"

"Yes. I can't fall asleep."

Tyrone proceeded to freshen up in the bathroom, removed his coat, and gently lifted the covers of the bed. "Go to sleep."

"Okay."

They both opted to remain silent about Cesar's words.

Sabrina succumbed to the tiredness, her eyes drifted shut and she dozed off.

At dawn, a phone rang.

She almost reached for it, but withdrew her hand.

It wasn't her phone.

Tyrone grabbed the phone from the bedside table, tossed off the blanket, and climbed out of bed.

Sabrina thought he would excuse himself to answer the call,

but instead he stood by the window, his gaze wandering outside. "Hi, Galilea."

"Tyrone, I had a horrifying dream. Can you come over?"

"I can't today. Grandpa is unwell. I need to be at the hospital with him."

"What? Is it critical? May I come to see him?"

Tyrone kept his silence, his gaze darting to Sabrina.

Sabrina quickly diverted her gaze and shut her eyes, feigning sleep.

Clearly, Tyrone wasn't fooled.

Muffling the phone, he asked, "What's your take on Galilea visiting Grandpa?"

Having failed her act, Sabrina had no choice but to open her eyes and address him. "Grandpa's operation was just yesterday, and his health isn't great right now. We shouldn't allow any disturbance for now. Perhaps she can visit once he is shifted to the general ward."

Tyrone mulled over it and said, "Alright."

Resuming his call, he said, "Grandpa's health is not stable at the moment. You can visit when he's better. Also, I might not be able to spare time to see you in the coming days."

"Tyrone, are you planning to leave me? I'm really terrified. I dreamt of being trapped in a pitch-black room. It's so dark inside. I screamed until my voice gave out, but nobody came to rescue me. I was assaulted and insulted, and..."

"Galilea, if you're frightened, you should see your psychologist."

"All I want is your company..."

"Galilea, do you want me to choose between you and my grandpa?"

"I... That's not what I intended."

"Even if it isn't, I have to let you know that if it's between you and my grandpa, he is my choice. Do you understand?"

"I understand... Tyrone, don't be upset. I was just scared. I'll listen to your advice and see the doctor."

"Okay."

After ending the call, Tyrone got dressed and told Sabrina, "I'm going downstairs to check on Grandpa. You can catch up on some sleep."

"Okay," Sabrina mumbled, feeling sleep tugging at her eyelids.

A while later, Tyrone returned. "Grandpa hasn't woken up yet. Lena's with him."

He took off his coat and climbed back into bed. "You should rest some more."

Half an hour later, Sabrina got up and freshened up. Then she accompanied Tyrone to visit Cesar.

As they neared the ward, they heard voices from within.

The speakers were Wanda and Lena, Larry's wife.

When they entered, Tyrone held Sabrina's hand and they walked in together.

"Hello, Grandma, Lena."

Upon entering the ward, Sabrina and Tyrone greeted them.

"You two are up. Why not get some more sleep?" Wanda inquired.

"We couldn't sleep, so we decided to come. How is Grandpa doing?" Sabrina peeked inside.

"Cesar's still resting. Have you guys had breakfast yet? No need for all of us to be here."

"Well then, we'll go grab a bite first."

Holding Sabrina's hand, Tyrone guided her out of the ward.

He turned to her and asked, "Should I get someone to bring breakfast here, or..."

"There's no need. Let's just eat at the hospital canteen," Sabrina suggested.

"The canteen might be crowded, and your vision isn't the best. Maybe you should head back to the ward. I'll get the food."

"Okay."

After escorting Sabrina back to the ward, Tyrone headed to the canteen, returning with breakfast for both of them.

