

## Chapter 143 Their Baby

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At the hospital, the emergency room's red light switched to green as the doctor emerged.

Tyrone was on his feet in an instant, urgency threaded through his question. "How's my wife doing?"

Peeling off his mask, the doctor let out a heavy sigh, "Your wife is experiencing a threatened miscarriage. Strict bed rest is needed! As for the wounds on her face, time and appropriate medication should help heal them. Once healed, a scar reduction treatment can be used to avoid permanent scarring."

Threatened miscarriage?

Tyrone felt a rush of confusion. After a beat, he managed to ask, "Did you say my wife's pregnant?"

There was a look of surprise on the doctor's face as he examined Tyrone, finding something vaguely familiar about him.

"You are her husband, correct? Weren't you aware that your wife is four months into her pregnancy?" the doctor inquired seriously.

The information hit Tyrone like a thunderbolt. "Four months?" Four months prior, Galilea hadn't returned and everything between him and Sabrina was still harmonious.

Had she been carrying their child all this while?



Was Sabrina aware of her pregnancy?

He asked her if she would still choose to divorce if she was pregnant with his child. She had said that she would get an abortion. ①

Was she oblivious of her condition?

But she was four months pregnant. How could she have not known?

She must have lied to him, saying she wouldn't give birth to their child.

She didn't consider an abortion.

This child was their baby.

The thought of Sabrina carrying their child made Tyrone feel as if the world around him had become a blur. He wasn't sure if it was shock or joy that overwhelmed him. He was just filled with a warmth that enveloped his heart.

This baby offered another chance at their faltering marriage and he was determined not to let it slip.

Seeing Tyrone lost in thought, the doctor brought his attention back. "Your wife has a congenital uterine malformation, and her endometrium is thin. The risk of miscarriage is high. If she miscarries now, it will be challenging for her to conceive again. So, she must stay in bed to prevent any chances of miscarriage!"

"I understand. I will ensure that," Tyrone responded firmly, resolved to protect Sabrina and their unborn child.

Sabrina remained in a coma and was moved to the ward.

Her face was still red and swollen, with gauze covering both sides.

Tyrone seated himself by her bedside. His eyes softened as he looked at her bruised face.

He held her hand and gently laid his other hand on her belly, a sense of wonder flooding him about their growing child.

The four-month-old baby was steadily growing and developing. Relief washed over him as he remembered the security cameras installed at Blakely Group's entrance.

When Sabrina didn't answer her phone, the driver checked the footage, noted the car's license plate, and contacted him.

The thought of what could have happened made him shudder. Just then, his phone buzzed, breaking his chain of thoughts.

Tyrone exited the room to answer it.

"Mr. Blakely, we've apprehended the three culprits. Evie was their instigator. We found Osiris dead at home while Evie has fled!"

"Involve the police. She won't get far. Ensure you find her!" Tyrone instructed with icy determination.

"Understood."

"Get Galilea to the airport. I'll arrange her ticket."

"Affirmative."

As the call ended, Karen dialed in. "Sir, it's late. Why aren't you and your wife home yet?"

"Sabrina had an incident. She needs to be hospitalized for a

few days. Karen, could you bring some of her clothes tomorrow? Also, prepare some healthy food for her."

Karen's worry was evident in her voice. "What happened? Is the baby alright?"

Caught off guard, Tyrone paused before asking, "How did you know Sabrina is pregnant?"

From his words, Karen sensed that Tyrone already knew the truth. So she decided not to keep it from him any longer. "Well, I've known for a while now.

I wanted to tell you, but she asked me not."

Now, Tyrone was certain. Sabrina knew about the pregnancy all along.

However, her intention to break off their marriage and leave the country with Bradley persisted.

This thought caused Tyrone's hand, gripping the phone, to tighten with tension, his fists balling in response.

Upon noticing Tyrone's silence, Karen said, "Sir, please don't blame her."

Tyrone held his silence for a moment before responding in a somber tone, "I won't."

Sabrina had given up on him and planned to leave with their child.

She had experienced hardship in the past four months due to her pregnancy and had swallowed much bitterness.

He acknowledged his shortcomings as a husband before, and

now as a father as well.

Tyrone retreated to the hospital room, settled on the edge of the bed, leaning forward to place a gentle kiss on her forehead.

He was determined to never divorce her.

He could not allow Bradley to assume the role of father to his child.

Impossible!

Bang!

A glass shattered, strewn across the floor.

Chaos reigned within the room.

Two men were attempting to escort Galilea away, but she fiercely clung to the bed.

The medical staff watched but did not dare to interfere.

The other VIP patients, wealthy and influential, accustomed to such spectacle, chose to look the other way.

"Release me! I must reach out to Tyrone!" Galilea wailed.

"Mr. Blakely dispatched us. Your pleas to him will be fruitless. Come with us to the airport without delay!"

"Never. Until I hear it from him, I will not leave! Try to touch me again, and I swear, I'll jump to my death!"


The two men exchanged glances. One responded, "Fine, you can contact Mr. Blakely. But after, you must come with us. If death is not a fear, then by all means, jump. At most, I would serve additional prison time."

The man released his grip on Galilea's hand, and she promptly snatched her phone from the bed, dialing Tyrone in panic.

Prior to receiving her call, Tyrone had just been sent a photograph, which displayed a paternity test report.

Upon connection, Galilea's sobbing pleas echoed from the phone. "Tyrone, they're sending me abroad. Can you help?"

"I sent them. Your presence at home serves no purpose. The news of your mother's crime has yet to leak. Once the media catches wind, you should understand the outcome."

The media would pounce on the story to entice viewers. 

The mother of a renowned actress turned murderer.

Galilea's reputation would crumble, and she would lose her career.

Stunned, Galilea had not anticipated Tyrone to be aware of the situation so promptly. She cried out, "No, I refuse to leave the country. Tyrone, I love you. Can you come to see me?"

"We have no reason to meet."

Sensing Tyrone's intention to end the call, Galilea resorted to a desperate threat. "Wait! Don't you wonder why my mother harmed Sabrina? Are you not curious about Sabrina's identity? Does the fear of me exposing it not haunt you? Are you not concerned for Sabrina's reputation? You're not worried at all?"

From her words and the paternity test report, Tyrone deduced something. "Try if you must."

Galilea ended the call, a bitter smile on her face.

In the past, Tyrone had showered her with protection and affection, but she had taken it for granted. Back then, she had desired to marry another man.

In the end, she was left with nothing!

"Let's move. No more resisting!" The man hoisted her from the floor.

Galilea ceased her struggles, following the two men out of the hospital room and into the waiting car.

Seated in the rear of the car, she stared out the window, silent.

The man next to him let his guard down.

Along the wide road, a truck packed with goods made its way.

As they neared the truck, Galilea lunged towards the steering wheel.

The driver's heart jumped. It was too late.

Bang!

