

Chapter 154 Miscarriage

Tyrone ignored her protest, proceeding, "I'll ask Karen to deliver some food."

"Didn't you hear me? I told you to leave."

With eyes remaining shut, Sabrina continued, "Indeed, you must not have heard me. Otherwise, you wouldn't have confined me in the bedroom." ②

Tyrone, caught off guard, lapsed into silence. Eventually, he responded, "Fine, I'll leave. Please eat something when Karen comes."

He slowly walked out of the room, taking a seat on the bench outside. His eyes were teary. ①

The sound of the door shutting made Sabrina heave a sigh of relief. She slowly opened her eyes, wet with tears.

In Tyrone's presence, she had to grip the sheets tightly to avoid breaking down.

She had never regretted her marriage and her love for Tyrone as much as she did at that moment.

Sabrina realized she was now completely alone, bereft of her family.

And that was why she desired a child of her own.

So even if a divorce from Tyrone was imminent, she wanted this child. ①

This child was hers! ☹️

Yet now, all her hopes were crushed.

The baby was gone.

Her dreams of having a child were shattered.

Alone, once again, she was left to face the world.

If she hadn't married Tyrone, her life might have been different now.

But it was too late for regrets or changes.

Karen arrived, bearing lunch and soup. She looked at Sabrina's pale face and sighed. "Mrs. Blakely, please eat something."

"Don't refer to me as Mrs. Blakely!"

Her outburst startled Karen. Casting a glance at the door, she said in a softer tone, "Ms. Chavez, please have a bite."

"I'm not hungry now. Just leave it there," Sabrina responded calmly, her gaze fixed on the white ceiling.

Karen attempted to continue the conversation, but Sabrina cut her off. "Please leave me alone for a while."

Left with no choice, Karen left. Spotting Tyrone at the end of the hallway, puffing on a cigarette, she approached him.

"Sir, she's still refusing to eat."

Tyrone, a lit cigarette in his hand, responded, "Just let her be for a while."

The wind carried the ashes, depositing them on the floor.

Numerous cigarette butts littered the area.

Karen noticed the red streaks in Tyrone's eyes and sighed.

He had never been a smoker. When had he started this habit?

Just two days ago, they had lost Cesar, and now their child. He had gone without sleep for days, resorting to smoking to stay awake.

Or perhaps it was his attempt to dull the pain.

She blamed herself. If only she hadn't gone shopping at that moment, Sabrina wouldn't have lost the baby. ②

Now they were left with a single option.

Sabrina spent the afternoon alone in the room. At some point, a nurse came to remove the needle.

In the evening, Tyrone reentered the room.

Sabrina turned her head slowly at the sound of the door. Recognizing Tyrone, she quickly averted her gaze, closing her eyes.

Tyrone took a few steps forward, stopping a couple of meters from the bed. "Sabrina, I understand that you don't want to see me, but could you please eat something?"

Sabrina didn't respond. It was as if she hadn't heard him at all. She had lost any interest in conversing with Tyrone.

No matter what Tyrone said, she would keep her eyes shut and remain unresponsive. ①

Even on the second day, she refused to eat.


Standing outside her room in the hallway, Tyrone appeared isolated and desolate.

After a while, he made a decision and made a phone call.

"Hello, Tyrone?" Bradley's voice came.

"It's me. Sabrina had a miscarriage. She's refusing food and drink. Can you come talk to her?" Tyrone's grip on the phone tightened.

She liked Bradley. Would his presence cheer her up?

The phone line held a moment of static-filled silence before Bradley's voice, edged with reproach, broke through. "Tyrone Blakely! Did your actions lead to her losing the child? Why couldn't you have simply released her?" 

His tone grew sharp. "Which hospital is she in? Which ward?"

Tyrone provided the information.

"I'll be there immediately." With those words, the call ended.

Half an hour later, Bradley stood in the ward, his gaze landing on the visibly worn Tyrone.

He didn't attribute Tyrone's haggard appearance to Sabrina. Instead, he believed it was because of his grandpa, who had recently passed away.

A scoff passed Bradley's lips as he pushed the door open to enter.

Upon hearing the door, Sabrina, assuming it was Tyrone, kept her eyes closed, maintaining her silence.


Bradley approached her, taking a seat on the bed's edge. "Sabrina, it's me," he said softly.

Her eyes slowly fluttered open at the sound of his voice. "Bradley? Why are you here?"

"I'm here for you." His gaze drifted to the untouched breakfast. "Have you eaten? Do you need help?"

"I don't feel like eating." Sabrina shook her head.

"Sabrina, I know it's tough to accept the loss of your baby. But consider this from the perspective of a friend who cares. Perhaps it's for the best that the baby is no longer with us.

I know it sounds harsh, but if the child lived, you'd be forever linked to Tyrone. You married him because of his grandfather's kindness, but now both the old man and the baby are gone. You're free to divorce Tyrone and begin anew. Tyrone, a ruthless capitalist, isn't worthy of you." 

Sabrina stared blankly at the ceiling.

Divorce was a possibility, but what would she do afterward?

Her will to live seemed to have disappeared.

With those she cherished now gone, life seemed meaningless. Seeing her silence, Bradley continued, "If your father were still alive, he'd be heartbroken to see you like this. Sabrina, ponder this for a moment. Would he have risked his life to protect you, only to witness you lying lifeless in a hospital bed now? You need to recover, to live your life, for your father's and Cesar's peace of mind."

At the mention of her father, a spark appeared in Sabrina's eyes.

Her father had indeed protected her, even traded his life for hers.

And Cesar had died because of her.

She needed to confront Galilea and do other things.

Despite being alone now, she had to move on.

"I understand. You can leave now."

"Do you really get what I said?"

"Yes. Don't worry. I will eat. Thanks for visiting," Sabrina replied softly.

Bradley could see she didn't want to continue the conversation.

Her willingness to eat was a good sign.

"Alright, I'll come again."

Outside the ward, Tyrone was watching. He'd observed Bradley sitting and talking to Sabrina.

He'd seen Sabrina open her eyes and respond.

Bradley rose and the room, casting a scornful look at Tyrone before leaving.

Then, Tyrone saw Sabrina sit up and start eating.

He felt a mixed sense of relief and jealousy.

Did she truly have such deep feelings for Bradley?

A few words from him, and she started eating.

