

## Chapter 155 Let's End It

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Unexpectedly, Sabrina set the soup bowl aside, abruptly sprung from her quilt-covered bed, and began retching into a trash can.

Observing this, Tyrone hastened into the room, moved swiftly to her side, and soothingly rubbed her back.

The soup she had just tasted ended up being spat out.

After vomiting, Sabrina attempted to head for the bathroom to freshen up. Tyrone, however, swept her up in his arms and gently placed her back onto the bed, commanding, "Stay put."

He swiftly fetched a glass of water and placed it on the bedside table before fetching the bin.

Sabrina, not offering him a glance, rinsed her mouth with the water and spat it into the bin. She then continued her interrupted meal.

Silently, Tyrone observed her from a safe distance.

However, he didn't anticipate that after a while, she would be retching again, tears welling in the corners of her eyes.

Tyrone rushed to her side once more. With a frown, he comforted her with soothing pats on her back and distanced the soup. "Stop eating. I'll get the doctor."

Tyrone left briefly and swiftly returned, accompanied by a doctor.

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The doctor questioned Sabrina and examined her with his stethoscope.

After the examination, he removed the instrument from his ears, stood, and exited the room without a word. ①

Tyrone followed him out, inquiring anxiously, "Doctor, what's wrong with her? Why does she keep vomiting during meals?"

"Based on her symptoms and my examination, there's nothing physically wrong. It's likely psychological. Many women develop mental health issues post-miscarriage or childbirth. I'd advise seeking the help of a psychologist."

Taking in the doctor's words, Tyrone was hit with a realization. Sabrina was forcing herself to eat.

"Alright, thanks."

"You're welcome." With that, the doctor turned around and left.

Tyrone looked back into the room where Sabrina sat on the bed, staring listlessly out of the window.

He promptly arranged for a psychologist to see her.

After a brief summary of the situation, the psychologist went into the room alone, with Tyrone observing from the outside.

Sabrina merely glanced at the new doctor before turning away.

The psychologist attempted to engage Sabrina in conversation, but to no avail.

After about half an hour, the psychologist emerged, explaining to Tyrone, "She's highly defensive and refuses to talk. She grew up in a single-parent family and her father passed away, correct?"

"Yes."

"That's consistent with my assessment. Post-miscarriage, she is experiencing self-loathing and a sense of self-rejection. She's lost her love for life, and her refusal to eat is a common symptom of depression. If this escalates, she could potentially harm herself, even to the point of suicide."

This revelation startled Tyrone, causing him to instinctively glance towards Sabrina in the room.

She was still staring out of the window.

The idea of Sabrina being depressed was unimaginable.

He recalled when Sabrina, a sweet sixteen-year-old, first joined the Blakely family, her infectious smile, and her joy upon seeing him.

The once-smiling girl was now facing depression.

He realized the cause was him!

"What should we do?"

The psychologist replied, "In her current state, I wouldn't recommend medication. As her family, you need to provide emotional support, keep her spirits up, and away from any stress. Travelling could be beneficial." ②

"Okay... Understood."

After the psychologist left, Tyrone remained stationary, gazing into the distance, lost in thought.

His reverie was broken by his ringing phone.

Returning to reality, he answered the call. It was from Kylan, his former assistant at Blakely Group, now his personal secretary.

Kylan had resigned from the company after Tyrone's departure and now assisted Tyrone with his various other investments and businesses.

"Hello? What's going on?" Tyrone responded, a hint of impatience lacing his voice as he picked up the phone.

"Sir, a will was left by your grandfather prior to his demise. Now that the funeral proceedings are over, the lawyer is ready to disclose it. There will be a meeting of all shareholders, and your grandmother would like your presence at the company," relayed Kylan.

Tyrone's invitation to the company by Wanda was self-explanatory.

With the death of Cesar, Tyrone was in line to inherit a portion of his shares.

Moreover, upon Elijah's passing, Cesar had split his shares between Tyrone and Larry.

As one of the group's shareholders, it was only fitting for Tyrone to attend the shareholders' meeting.

Nonetheless, Tyrone replied, "I am presently unavailable. Make up an excuse on my behalf. And don't let my grandmother know that I am at the hospital."

Tyrone had kept the news of Sabrina's miscarriage from Wanda.

He feared the additional sorrow might be too much for her, given the recent loss of her husband.

"But..."

Kylan began to interject, only to be cut off by Tyrone. "Have you accomplished what I asked of you?"

"Mr. Blakely, rest assured. I've contacted the St. Carleigh Church, and you can visit whenever you wish."

"Alright." Tyrone hung up the call.

His gaze drifted off to the horizon, he sighed lightly, determination flooding his eyes.

A decision was inevitable.

Tyrone stepped into the ward, halting a meter away from the bed and softly called out, "Sabrina."

Sabrina did not acknowledge him.

With a gentle sigh, Tyrone shared, "The doctor indicated you're showing signs of depression."

It turned out that the person just now was a psychologist.

Sabrina had picked up on that during their conversation.

It seemed she was now at a point where she required psychological intervention.

"Aren't you seeking a divorce? Didn't you want to leave your job and relocate abroad? I can grant you a divorce. You're free to go wherever you wish."

Tyrone spoke these words seemingly composed, yet in reality, it required every bit of his strength.

Had he known that Sabrina would not only lose their child but also be inflicted with depression, he would've let her go long ago.

Despite it being late, he still wished for her well-being and happiness.

Reflecting on their past three years of marriage, it was devoid of any romantic, joyful, or memorable moments. In contrast, the recent three months were full of painful memories. He had hurt her terribly.

This needed to end.

He was aware that she would never forgive him.

He didn't have the audacity to seek her forgiveness anymore.

All he wished for was her health, happiness, and a life of peace.


Sabrina's response was a chuckle.

It began softly, then escalated into a full-blown laughter, causing tears to well up in her eyes.

"Sabrina..." Tyrone called out, concern evident in his voice.

Eventually, she ceased laughing. Wiping away her tears, she gave Tyrone a dispassionate look. "Tyrone, what purpose does it serve to say all this now?"

Tyrone lowered his gaze. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry? And what good does an apology do? Can it bring back our child? How many times have you apologized already? And to what end? What purpose does it serve?" 

Tyrone remained silent, at a loss for words.

Sabrina scoffed, "Do you even remember your promises to me?"

