

## Chapter 25 How Is My Baby

After a long time, Sabrina emerged from the depths of darkness. The first scent that greeted her senses was the sharp odor of disinfectant.

Sabrina's eyes fluttered open, and as she glanced around, she realized that she was in a hospital ward.

"Are you awake, Sabrina? How are you feeling?"

Upon opening her eyes, she was met with the comforting sight of Tyrone's handsome countenance.

Instinctively, her chilly hand reached for her belly.

"All seems well," she said, glancing towards the window to find that night had fallen.

A rumble from her stomach broke the silence.

"Are you hungry? Let me get someone to bring you food."

"The wait might be too long. I'm really hungry. Could you run downstairs and grab something for me?" Sabrina's gaze met his.

For the first time, Tyrone's face softened in a tender smile as he looked at Sabrina. He quickly nodded. "Absolutely, I'll grab something. Stay put and ring the nurse if you need anything."

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For the first time, Tyrone's face softened in a tender smile as he looked at Sabrina. He quickly nodded. "Absolutely, I'll grab something. Stay put and ring the nurse if you need anything. Don't try to move."

Sabrina simply nodded.

As soon as Tyrone exited, Sabrina summoned a nurse by ringing the call button. "Can I assist you with anything, miss? Are you experiencing discomfort?"

"I need to know. How is my baby doing?"

"Don't worry. Your baby is doing fine. However, the fetus's condition is currently unstable, and you've sprained your ankle. I suggest not leaving your bed or walking around for a few days." ○

Sabrina let out a sigh of relief upon hearing the desired answer. "Alright, thank you."

"No need for thanks. Given your condition, we refrained from prescribing any oral medications. We've only provided topical medication for your sprained ankle. You should be able to leave the hospital tomorrow, just remember to change your medication regularly."

"Okay, thank you."

Shortly after, Tyrone returned with a selection of food he had bought from the hospital cafeteria.

The offerings included a variety of meats, vegetables, soup, a juicy pear, and a carton of milk.

As Sabrina tucked into her meal, she said, "Why don't you head home? There's plenty of staff here. You can pick me up tomorrow. If you're busy, just arrange for the driver to take me."

"I'll stay with you. Considering your injured ankle, you won't be able to move around easily. I've already arranged for the driver to bring some clothes for you to change into."

A warm feeling spread through Sabrina. "Alright."

Suddenly, Tyrone's phone began to ring.

He retrieved his phone from his pocket and glanced at the screen. Stepping out of the room, he answered. "Hello, Galilea?"

At the mention of the name, Sabrina lifted her gaze and tried to eavesdrop.

But Tyrone was too far away for her to hear anything.

After a few moments, Tyrone returned, a hint of regret in his tone. "I'm sorry, Sabrina. I have to leave. Galilea isn't feeling well. I've arranged for the driver to bring the housekeeper to look after you. I'll be back tomorrow to pick you up."

Before she could respond, Tyrone quickly exited the room.

Watching his hurried departure, Sabrina couldn't help but

smile bitterly.

Finally, the driver arrived with the housekeeper, who stayed with Sabrina through the night.

The following morning, Sabrina had her dressing changed, and the driver came to take her home.

With the housekeeper's assistance, Sabrina hobbled to the car using crutches.

The car was devoid of any other passengers.

Tyrone was nowhere in sight.

Sabrina held her head low, her lips tightening.

As she gazed out the window at the retreating scenery, she pondered over the disappointment of Tyrone's absence.

She was quick to forgive, but it seemed Tyrone didn't appreciate that.

With her ankle still sore, Sabrina couldn't make it to the office. She requested her assistant to deliver her laptop so she could work from home and take care of daily tasks.

To avoid the struggle of stairs, she chose to remain on the second floor, not venturing outside her room.


The housekeeper brought her meals.

The sound of the door opening hinted at the housekeeper's arrival with her dinner. Absent-mindedly, Sabrina requested, "Just place it on the table, I'll eat later."

"It would be best to eat first and then resume work. It won't take long," Tyrone said.

As she lifted her head, she was taken aback to find Tyrone entering with her food. "You're back from work?"

"Hmm."

As she shut down her computer, Tyrone placed the meal on the bedside table before heading downstairs for his own dinner. 

Once she finished, he returned to clear the table.

When he reappeared, Tyrone was holding a bag with her medication.

The bag contained not only the prescribed medication but also the pills she had taken earlier for her "stomach ache."

Watching Tyrone inspect the medicines, Sabrina clutched her clothes nervously.

Tyrone scrutinized two unlabeled bottles and questioned, "These are the medicines you received for your

stomachache. Why are they unmarked?"

Sabrina explained nervously, "The pills originally came in boxes, but I transferred them to bottles for convenience since I might have to travel for work next week."

Her explanation seemed plausible, and Tyrone didn't press further. "Your ankle might not be healed by next week. If it's not very important, have someone else go for you."

Sabrina agreed, sighing in relief.

Examining the remaining medicines, Tyrone picked up an ointment and queried, "They only prescribed an ointment at the hospital yesterday? No pills?"

Sabrina shook her head. "I've been suffering frequent stomach aches recently. The doctor thought the pills might worsen the issue, so he didn't prescribe any."

Again with the stomach ache.

Tyrone frowned, sensing something unusual but couldn't place his finger on it.

"Let me change your dressing." Tyrone reached for the gauze and ointment, and sat on the edge of the bed, lifting the quilt.

"The housekeeper can do that for me."

"Should I call her?"

Sabrina bit her lip and remained silent.

Tyrone understood her hesitation. ③

His warm hand clasped her injured ankle, causing her to wince.

He carefully unwrapped the gauze, revealing her swollen ankle and the partially absorbed ointment.

He wiped it off with an alcohol-infused tissue, revealing the inflamed joint.

After reapplying the ointment on Sabrina's ankle, he bandaged it up neatly.

"That should do it."

Tyrone tucked her in again.

"Thank you."

Tyrone packed away the medicines and retorted, "No need for thanks." ②

At this moment, Tyrone's phone rang. He checked the caller ID and furrowed his eyebrows. He answered, "Hello, Galilea..."

No one knew what Galilea said, but Tyrone's expression grew serious. "Okay, I understand. I'll be there shortly." ①



Tyrone ended the call and briskly walked out.

Sabrina managed to stop him momentarily. "Will you return tonight?"

