

Chapter 150 Mourning

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But then, the headlines started pouring in, all connecting to this dreadful event.

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So, he truly was at the hospital.

Cesar passed away?

Cesar, the man who had showered her with love, was dead.

This shocking news blindsided her. Her heart shattered, a lump formed in her throat, and tears welled up in her eyes.

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He had promised to wait until the arrival of her baby, to see his great-grandchild with his own eyes.

How did he abruptly die?

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"I must go!" With tears cascading down her cheeks, Sabrina dialed Tyrone.

As soon as the call connected, before Tyrone could speak, Sabrina's voice wavered. "Tyrone, instruct the driver to come fetch me! I'm headed to the hospital!"

"Sabrina, you..."

"Do not attempt to dissuade me! If the driver doesn't come, I'll make my own way there!"

Ever since her father's demise, Cesar and Wanda had been the kindest people in her life. They were her family. She could not afford to be absent.

Tyrone's brow furrowed and he murmured, "Stay put. I'll come get you."

"Then be quick." Sabrina wiped her tears.

"Don't cry. I'm on my way."

Sabrina muttered an agreement.

After hanging up, Sabrina swiftly changed into fresh clothes, filled with anxiousness.

Today, the scabs on her face had finally peeled off.

She wouldn't look horrendous when visiting Cesar, at least.

Shortly thereafter, the roar of a car engine echoed in the courtyard.

Eagerly, Sabrina began putting on her shoes, preparing to leave the bedroom.

As Tyrone entered the living area, he spotted Sabrina on the second-floor landing and immediately halted her. "Don't move!"

He ascended the stairs to scoop her up. As he took in her puffy red eyes and tear-streaked cheeks, a look of concern crossed his face. "Why did you get out of bed?"

"Just a few steps. I'll be fine."

"That's not acceptable."

Sabrina had no interest in quarreling about this. "Grandpa seemed perfectly fine a few days ago. How did he suddenly..."

Tyrone cast his gaze downward and revealed, "When he was last in the hospital, Lynch predicted he only had a maximum of three months left. Grandpa was already running on borrowed time..."

Fresh tears trickled down Sabrina's cheeks.

Sighing, Tyrone settled Sabrina in the back seat of the car. He caressed her face gently, his thumbs wiping away her tears. "Stop crying. Grandpa wouldn't want you to be unhappy. His ultimate wish was to see his great-grandchild. For his sake, both you and the baby must stay healthy."

"Alright..." Sabrina responded, her tears continuing their

relentless flow.

Finding no other alternative, Tyrone enveloped Sabrina in a comforting embrace, gently stroking her back, a soft lullaby of reassurance. "You are more beautiful without tears on your face..."

The driver stowed the wheelchair away in the trunk and started the car.

The car headed straight to the funeral home.

Cesar's body had already been conveyed to the funeral home, arranged meticulously by Larry. He was put into new clothes.

Work was underway to adorn the funeral hall as well.

As they neared the funeral home, Tyrone enveloped Sabrina's hand in his own, murmuring, "When we reach, stick close to Grandpa. There's no need for you to do anything else, understand?"

"Alright."

Lena, Larry's wife, stood at the gate of the funeral home, dressed in black. When she saw Tyrone and Sabrina arriving, she handed them two sets of black clothes.

Once they were dressed, Lena took charge of the wheelchair, telling Tyrone, "You proceed ahead, Tyrone. I'll look after Sabrina."

"Thank you, Lena." Once more, Tyrone bent low to Sabrina, saying, "If you feel any discomfort, don't force yourself to endure it. Let me know if anything feels off. I have to leave now."

"Okay."

Without further delay, Tyrone left. Lena guided Sabrina to the lounge. Seeing her tear-stained face, she attempted to soothe her. "Don't let grief consume you, Sabrina. Everyone has their time. Grandpa wouldn't want you drowning in sorrow for him."

"I understand, Lena. It's just that... I miss Grandpa so much..." Sabrina's voice faltered, overcome by emotion.

"Tyrone's meant to keep it hidden from you, but the relentless media... He even smashed a camera from one of them."

This was so typical of Tyrone.

With his grandfather's passing, his grief was no less profound than Sabrina's. The media's intrusion only served to amplify their distress.

"How could he keep something of this magnitude from me? He should've revealed the truth..."

"He was acting in your best interest. Grandma and Aunt Claire are in the lounge. Let's join them."

"Alright."

In the lounge, Wanda sat on a chair, lost in her own thoughts. Cesar's deteriorating health had been no secret and Wanda had braced herself for this day.

Before Cesar passed away, he tightly gripped her hand and whispered numerous words to her. She had already shed enough tears, and now, she mourned in profound silence.

The entrance of Sabrina, guided by Lena, roused Wanda from

her solitude. She waved her hand and said, "Come here, dear."

Lena maneuvered Sabrina's wheelchair to halt in front of Wanda.

"Grandma."

Wanda clasped Sabrina's hand, sighing. "Why are you here, Sabrina?"

Sabrina's eyes brimmed with tears again. "Grandma, I had to come to bid my final farewell to Grandpa."

"You're a good girl. Go home after seeing him. He won't hold it against you."

Ordinarily, the immediate family members of the departed would remain throughout the funeral, but considering Sabrina's pregnancy, she was excused from staying the entire duration.

But Sabrina was unwavering, shaking her head firmly. "Don't worry. I'm alright."

The funeral was to span three days, but it wasn't necessary for her to be on her feet throughout. When she felt weary, she could retreat to the lounge to rest.

She was seated in a wheelchair, and with adequate rest, she was certain she could manage.

Her primary regret was not being present to hear Cesar's last words.

The final resting place of the Blakely family was atop a mountain, and while she couldn't witness his burial, she could

at least be here now.

Despite Wanda, Claire, and Lena's attempts to dissuade her, Sabrina remained resolute.

Tyrone, too, attempted to reason with her, but her decision was unwavering. In the end, he asked Karen's assistance in looking after her.

Patting the back of her hand, Wanda commended, "Such a good girl! No wonder Cesar held you in such affection. Before he departed, he expressed regret for not dispelling the rumors about you when everyone was condemning you." ①

