

Chapter 244 Resentful wife

"I'm still not sure." Tyrone stole a quick look at Sabrina. "The doctors are waiting for the right moment, ensuring I'm stable enough for the operation."

Sabrina surmised that it might be due to his current physical state, which possibly needed some improvement before he could undergo surgery.

"I'll wait in the hallway during your operation," Jennie offered.

"You're sweet, Jennie," Tyrone praised.

"Your hand looks so thin," Jennie observed.

Sabrina, folding her arms, remarked while eyeing Tyrone, "His hand is practically skin and bones now."

Tyrone was speechless.

"Come on, Aunt Sabrina, don't be harsh on Uncle Tyrone! It's not like he wished for this."

"He didn't wish for this? Then why drink excessively, fully aware of his stomach issues?" Sabrina countered.

"Because Uncle Tyrone was so sad that night!" Jennie pretended to sigh and lowered her eyebrows. "He loves you a lot..."

"Jennie," Sabrina said, her tone frosty.

Jennie immediately covered her mouth with her hands and blinked at Tyrone.

"Don't blame her. She's telling the truth," Tyrone said, staring at Sabrina's eyes.

Sabrina's heart missed a beat. "So what? That's in the past. I can't come back just because you're harming yourself."

"I'm not using this to manipulate you. I just hope you don't shut me out entirely. Please don't give me up completely. Please give me a chance

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"I'm not using this to manipulate you. I just hope you don't shut me out entirely. Please don't give me up completely. Please give me a chance to compete with Trevor." Tyrone cautiously observed her expression, and his large hand couldn't help but tighten.

"Ouch, Uncle, that's too tight," Jennie reminded him.

"I'm sorry." Tyrone quickly released Jennie's hand.

Sabrina averted her gaze, choosing to remain silent.

Handing the broom back, she asked Jennie, "Stay and keep your uncle company. I need to go."

Tyrone's expression grew somber.

Did she still refuse to stay?

"No!" Jennie leaped from the bed, clutching Sabrina's legs. "Aunt, please stay! I don't want you to go!"

Patting Jennie's head, Sabrina advised, "Stay by your uncle's side, ensure he takes care of himself."

"No! Uncle Tyrone, say something! Aunt Sabrina's leaving!" Jennie shot desperate glances at Tyrone.

In a subdued tone, Tyrone responded, "Let her be, Jennie. I'm not a part of her world anymore. Even if something happened to me right now, it wouldn't affect her."

Sabrina was surprised to hear that.

Was he speaking about her feelings?

Was this really the same Tyrone?

He was like a resentful wife.

Sabrina chuckled and said, "Tyrone, when did you turn into this version of yourself? You're the one who acted oddly and pushed me away. Do you really think I'm so heartless? If I wished any harm on you, I wouldn't have visited you today!"

"How dare you say that you don't want to leave? You think you wouldn't have run off if I hadn't spat out blood earlier?" Even though Tyrone was grumbling, a sense of contentment welled up within him.

The playful bickering with Sabrina—it felt familiar, and he missed it.

"You're the weird one here, aren't you? I genuinely tried to make amends, and you've greeted it with mockery and indifference," Sabrina countered.

"I'll consider your apology, but on one condition." Tyrone suddenly changed the topic.

Sabrina was stunned and had a sudden realization that she had been fooled.

She scoffed, "What the hell? On what grounds do you set terms? Take my apology or leave it."

Only then did she remember Jennie's presence.

Her anger got the best of her, leading to her blurt out curses.

Tyrone glanced downward and smiled, revealing a somewhat sickly demeanor due to his pale complexion, refined features, and the weariness evident in his brow.

With a hint of sadness, he said, "I understand you might not value my well-being, but if that's the case, why come here and offer a glimmer of hope?"

It was the first time that Sabrina had seen Tyrone like this.

He sounded so melodramatic.

She was terrified of him.

She hesitated briefly, then inquired, "What's your condition?"

Before Tyrone could respond, Sabrina quickly reminded him, "Don't push your luck!"

Tyrone looked deep into her eyes, conveying a message straight from his heart. "It's just a simple condition, just don't keep me at arm's length. Give me a fair shot."

Jennie, noticing Sabrina's hesitation, eagerly clasped her hand and pleaded, "Auntie Sabrina, will you give in to Uncle's request? Please?"

Sabrina lifted her gaze, fixing Tyrone with a sharp stare.

It struck her all at once that she had no idea when Tyrone had grown so cunning.

Noticing that she didn't say a word, Tyrone's expression changed abruptly. He grimaced, clutching his stomach. "Ouch..."

"Uncle, are you okay? Is your stomach hurting again?" Jennie rushed to the bedside and held his hand with worry.

"I'm fine." Tyrone was clearly trying to mask his discomfort.

"It's happened twice in such a short span. Should we call a doctor?" Sabrina asked.

With a self-deprecating chuckle, Tyrone said, "Why not just let the pain

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kill me? It's not like you'd be bothered."

"Fine, fine, you have my word. Happy now?" She shot him a frustrated glance.

After all, she was the one who had the final say.

Tyrone hesitated, then arched an eyebrow. "Truly?"

"You hoping for some play-pretend?" Sabrina retorted.

"Of course not. So, you'll stand by your promise and not avoid me?" Tyrone asked.

"I have my own condition as well. No harm or interference towards Trevor. And when I'm with him, you respect our space."

The last thing Sabrina wanted was Trevor suspecting any ongoing ties with Tyrone.

A shadow crossed Tyrone's face.

Jennie sent a series of urgent winks in Tyrone's direction.

With Jennie as their silent observer, she'd be keeping tabs on every move of Trevor.

With a hint of reluctance, Tyrone conceded, "Fine, it's a deal. But I'd like some moments with you, just the two of us."

"Understood. But let's set one thing straight. Should I end up choosing Trevor, I expect you to handle it graciously," Sabrina said.

Tyrone offered a cryptic smile in return.

Could he really manage that?

Once she shared her thoughts, a heavy silence enveloped them both.

The room felt eerily still.

Jennie darted glances between the two, finally breaking the silence with, "Why's everyone so quiet?"

Recently, their exchanges often converged on heated debates.

But after today's "reconciliation," they didn't know what to say.

Jennie, the ever-present spark, tried to liven things up. She waved her tablet, coaxing both Sabrina and Tyrone to join her in a game.

Tyrone looked at Jennie with affection, then turned his attention to Sabrina. She had her phone out, playing the same game as Jennie, enjoying the activity together.

His restless heart finally calmed down at this moment.

What if the three of them were a family? How blissful that could be!

The nurse came halfway and removed the drip.

By lunchtime, Sabrina stepped out to grab a bite, bumping into another nurse.

The nurse, eyeing the room behind Sabrina, inquired, "How's he faring this morning?"

Sabrina candidly responded, "There was some blood when he vomited. Can you tell me what he can and can't eat?"

The nurse looked at her in astonishment. "Who told you that he could eat?"

A chill crept over Sabrina's expression. "Isn't he allowed?"

"If there's bleeding in his stomach, he's strictly off food. He's been sustained on drips for days. Weren't you informed?"

The smile on Sabrina's face completely disappeared.

What did Damon say before she came here?

He mentioned that Tyrone hadn't eaten anything all day because of what she had said.

She'd been fooled once more!