

Chapter 65 A Cheater

Sabrina's vision was nearly back to normal, eliminating the necessity for her to stay in the hospital.

As dawn broke on the subsequent day, Sabrina, post-breakfast, completed the paperwork for discharge and rang up the driver to fetch her things. She then made her way to the ward where Cesar was staying.

The ward was enveloped in an eerie silence.

Cesar was positioned on the bed and Wanda on the couch, both ignoring the existence of the other.

An odd tension filled the room as Sabrina walked in.

Sabrina surveyed the duo before inquiring, "Did you guys have your breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

Their answers echoed simultaneously.

"What's the matter? Did you guys quarrel?" she asked.

"It's not really a quarrel. It's just your grandfather being dramatic here." Wanda made a face at Cesar.

Shifting her gaze to Cesar, Sabrina inquired, "Grandpa, what did you do to upset Grandma?"

"I didn't upset her..." Cesar muttered, a look of guilt crossing his face.

"Then what exactly happened?"

Snorting, Wanda said, "Sabrina, check this out. He's still not well, but he's adamant about heading home. He's just trying to tick me off."

Cesar responded in a defeated tone, "It's much nicer at home than in this hospital."

His distaste for hospitalization was well known; he'd voiced it only a few days ago.

"Grandpa, you're not fully well yet. Wouldn't it be better to stay here for a few more days?"

"I know my own body. I'm healed. What's the point in lingering around here?"

"Grandpa, we should consult the doctor."

"That's unnecessary. I'm certain of my condition." Cesar's voice was unwavering.

"Grandpa..."

"What's all this chit-chat about?"

Tyrone, impeccably dressed in a suit, strolled in carrying a neatly packed paper bag.

"Why aren't you at work?" Cesar squinted at him, frowning.

"I thought I'd check on you first. I'll head out later."

He advanced further into the room, placed the paper bag on the table, glanced at Sabrina and said, "I figured you might not have eaten yet, so I brought along some breakfast from the restaurant."

They all found a spot on the couch. He moved closer to Sabrina, placing the food before her. Wanda chose to remain silent. "Your grandpa and I already had our breakfast. Sabrina, you should eat this."

"I've already eaten..."

"Have some more then."

Sabrina was left speechless.

She retrieved several packets from the paper bag. Among them were mashed potatoes, hot-dogs, buttered toast, and other snack-like items.

"Grandpa, would you like something?" Sabrina asked.

"No. Tyrone, Sabrina, I'm doing just fine. Don't fret over me. Get on with your duties. You're not doctors; there's no need to drop by every day." Cesar let out a despondent sigh.

Tyrone looked at Sabrina, puzzled.

Sabrina clarified, "Grandpa is insistent on leaving the hospital and returning home."

Cesar quickly interjected, assuming Tyrone would side with Wanda. "Tyrone, don't try to talk me out of it. I'm quite aware of my own health. I'm perfectly alright. I find being in the hospital uncomfortable."

After a moment of thought, Tyrone responded, "Grandpa, we can't disregard your health. Let me discuss it with Lynch and if he gives the green light, you can head home."

Cesar wasn't sure if Lynch would concur. But without Lynch's approval, he wouldn't be allowed to leave. Resignedly, he waved

his hand and muttered, "Alright."

Tyrone exited the ward and headed to Lynch's office.

He was well aware of his grandfather's deteriorating health. Though he wished for him to remain under hospital care, he had to take his grandfather's feelings into consideration.

Lynch stated, "Frankly, your grandfather's situation won't be better. It's best to respect his wishes and let him stay at home. I'll provide a list of essential medications and equipment, and have my assistant visit him daily for check-ups."

"Alright."

Tyrone stepped out from Lynch's workspace, making his way to the ward.

A pair of doctors were engaged in hushed conversation in a corner.

"Ex-husband? So they really were a couple?" questioned the doctor on the left.

"It seems likely. I believe they just went their separate ways," remarked the doctor on the right, shooting her a playful wink.

Cesar, one of the hospital's stakeholders, was currently a patient in the ward. Tyrone, Blakely Group's head honcho, was a frequent visitor. This was common knowledge among the staff.

Recently, Tyrone had been the subject of some gossip. Reporters had been spotted lurking around the hospital's entrance, with a few even trying to sneak into the VIP ward. To

counter this, the hospital had issued a formal notice to all employees and security personnel.

The doctor on the right had seen his patient, Sabrina, visit Cesar's ward. Only then had he become aware that she was the so-called "other woman" in the news.

Sabrina had confided in him, requesting her ex-spouse remain unaware of her pregnancy.

At the time, he'd assumed that Sabrina's husband was an adulterer, never suspecting it to be Tyrone.

The well-known actress was the home-wrecker. The recent stories about her and Tyrone might have served as the catalyst for their split.

"How do you know they have been married?" queried the doctor on the left.

Just as the doctor on the right was about to reply, he spotted Tyrone and immediately greeted him. "Mr. Blakely."

"Mr. Blakely," the doctor on the left echoed.

Tyrone offered a small nod and continued past them.

However, he overheard a hushed conversation behind him. The doctor on the right, in a lowered voice, said, "Ms. Chavez personally confirmed that Mr. Blakely was her ex-husband."

Tyrone hesitated before continuing on his way.

Upon returning to the ward, an impatient Cesar asked, "What was Lynch's advice?"

Wanda and Sabrina also watched him intently.

Tyrone replied, "Lynch agreed that you could go home."

Cesar turned to Wanda and Sabrina. "I did say I was okay. I'm alright! Don't worry."

Both Wanda and Sabrina shared a helpless glance.

"Can I go home now?" Cesar inquired.

Tyrone shook his head. "Not yet. You'll be allowed to leave once I've acquired all the prescribed medication and equipment Lynch listed."

Cesar's expression grew gloomy. "How much longer do I need to wait?"

"Don't worry, Grandpa. It'll just be a day or two more. You just have to stay hospitalized for a couple more days."

"Fine," Cesar reluctantly conceded.

Nevertheless, knowing he'd be home within a couple of days, Cesar was pleased. He looked at Sabrina and Tyrone and waved them off. "You don't need to hang around. You can get on with your lives."

Without a word, Tyrone glanced at Sabrina.

Sabrina rose and announced, "Grandpa, Grandma, I'm off now. I'll visit tomorrow."

"Go ahead," Cesar responded.

Tyrone trailed after Sabrina, exiting the ward. Together they walked. "Lynch informed me that you've been discharged," he said.


"Yes."

"How are your eyes? Can you see clearly?"

"I'm nearly back to normal. I had a check-up this morning and I'm cleared for discharge."

Tyrone simply nodded. "Where are you going now? I'll accompany you."

"To the office."

"Don't you want to take a few days off?" 

"I have wasted too much time."

It was time to kick-start MQ Clothing's promotion. Her department was swamped and her phone incessantly buzzed these days.

Sabrina and Tyrone made their way to the parking area.



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