

## Chapter 37 Stay Away From Him

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Upon their arrival at the hospital, the attending doctor conducted a brief examination of Sabrina, finding no major issues.

"Doctor, I'm expecting a baby. Could it be harmed?"

Contemplating her concerns, the doctor advised, "I recommend you undergo a gynecological check-up."

"Okay."

He handed her a prescription which she carried to the gynecology emergency wing for further examination.

As she stepped out of the consultation room, a worried Bradley approached her. "How did it go? What did the doctor say?"

"Nothing severe. But I need another check-up," Sabrina informed. "I can manage. Please head home. Thank you for your help tonight. I'll treat you to dinner some other day."

"I'm already here. It doesn't bother me. Let's go. I'll accompany you."

"The hospital is crowded. The test results might take a while. Your fame might attract unwanted attention, and if anyone snaps a photo of us together, it could spell trouble."

Sabrina was correct. Bradley had inadvertently failed to

conceal his celebrity status. Fortunately, the hospital's evening crowd was thin and preoccupied with their own concerns, leaving little opportunity for him to be recognized.

However, if he accompanied Sabrina for her examination and waited at the hospital, someone might identify him.

Reluctantly, Bradley conceded, "Alright, I'll leave. Please be safe and inform me about the results."

"Okay."

Sabrina proceeded to the gynecology department for an examination alone.

Once the results were out, the doctor suggested Sabrina to stay for overnight observation.

So, another night at the hospital was inevitable for her.

Hospital visits had become a frequent part of her recent life.

Sabrina dialed her housekeeper, requesting her to bring fresh clothes.

She kept glancing at her phone.

An hour had passed, yet no call or text from Tyrone.

Her housekeeper arrived with clean clothes, home-made soup, and daily essentials.

After finishing her soup, Sabrina checked her phone again, still no message. 📵

She spent a while browsing the internet on her phone. Under her second account, she checked recent posts from fans shipping Galilea and Tyrone.

A recent post had gained popularity, with hundreds of comments, thousands of likes, and the numbers were still rising.

The post displayed a picture of Tyrone and Galilea leaving the charity dinner in the same vehicle.

The post had nine pictures.

All pictures shared the same angle, showcasing Tyrone leaning in towards Galilea.

The centerpiece was a live photo, clearly indicating the closeness between the two.

Although the post hadn't gone viral yet, fans shipping Tyrone and Galilea were thrilled nonetheless.


Previous trolls criticizing Galilea due to StarAlign Pictures' clarification were eerily silent now.

Sabrina replayed the live photo multiple times.

And yet, no call or message from Tyrone.

Laying her phone aside, she felt a cold dread in her heart, accompanied by a bitter smile.

She had always known Tyrone's heart wasn't with her.

However, his smallest gestures, like bending down to tie her shoes, filled her with joy. 

Now, disappointment was the prevalent emotion.

The sweetness she had felt was followed by a bitter aftertaste.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed, startling her. She hastily picked it

up. "Tyrone?" ②

"Is this Sabrina Chavez? We're calling from the police station..."

The unfamiliar voice was a letdown. "Oh. Hello."

"We need to inform you. The staff at the party reported the incident to the police. We've reviewed the security footage and detained the person who pushed you into the pool. Can you come to the police station at your earliest convenience?"

"Sorry, I'm currently at the hospital. I'll send my lawyer in my place."

"Okay."

After disconnecting the call, Sabrina requested Blakely Group's legal department to assign the same lawyer to this case.

Before turning in for the night, Sabrina glanced at her phone, but there was no message from Tyrone.

Her sleep was marred by disappointment and regret. ③

When Sabrina woke up the next day, her first instinct was to check her phone, but there were still no messages or calls from Tyrone.

She had no expectations from Tyrone now, but it still saddened her. ④

She left the hospital and headed straight to the office. ⑤

Her secretary was waiting for her. On seeing Sabrina emerge from the elevator, the secretary hurried over. "Ms. Chavez, Mr. Blakely would like you to meet him in his office as soon as

you're in." ⓘ

Sabrina mustered a smile and walked to the CEO's office.

The last time, Tyrone had inquired whether she had informed his grandpa about his relationship with Galilea. What could he want to discuss this time?

Standing before his desk, she asked, "Mr. Blakely, how may I assist you?"

Looking up, Tyrone noticed her change of clothes. Setting his documents aside, he leaned back in his chair. "You're back."

"Yes."

"The housekeeper mentioned you didn't come home last night." Tyrone's eyes narrowed slightly.

"There was an accident." She nodded, maintaining her composure.

"What happened? Do you need my help?"

The previous night, when she had been at her most vulnerable, she had hoped he'd call and comfort her. But now, she didn't need it.

His concern was no longer of significance to her.

"It's nothing serious." Sabrina shrugged it off casually.

Tyrone's gaze hardened. He studied Sabrina, rhythmically tapping the armrest of his chair.

"Anything else? If there's nothing more, I'd like to leave."

She turned to leave, but just as she neared the door, Tyrone asked, "Did you spend the night with Bradley?"

He was the one spending the previous night with Galilea, yet he asked if Sabrina had done the same.

Stopping in her tracks, Sabrina turned to face him. "Is there an issue?"

"Sabrina, I'm aware you're fond of Bradley, but his celebrity status attracts paparazzi. I'd advise you to maintain some distance. If you're spotted together, I'm sure you can imagine the fallout."

Sabrina felt a wave of irony, but she managed to suppress a laugh, taking a deep breath instead. "You and Galilea have been photographed multiple times."

"That's a different scenario."

"Why is it different?"

"I'm a public figure, while you aren't. If you're caught on camera, your privacy will be compromised. Every action you take will be scrutinized. Not all of Bradley's fans might accept you. Apart from the online harassment, you might face radical actions from extreme fans. Are you prepared for that?" Tyrone questioned calmly.

He knew Sabrina preferred keeping a low profile. She wasn't one for public appearances or media attention.

In the past, there would be a brand spokesperson for the launch of MQ Clothing's new product.

She rarely took part in press conferences.

Being with Bradley would require her to be constantly on guard against paparazzi, which would be exhausting.

Bradley wasn't a suitable match for her.

Sabrina remained silent.

"Besides, if he's photographed with you, it could potentially harm his career." Tyrone carefully observed her reaction as he continued.

Unlike Bradley, Tyrone was capable of protecting Galilea and she wasn't obligated to appease her fans.

Bradley, despite his impressive acting skills, was more of an idol.

There was no denying Tyrone's reasoning was logical.

However, Sabrina wasn't about to concede and accept Tyrone's counsel.

"I appreciate your advice. But if I truly care for someone, none of these are significant issues. They are all problems that can be overcome."

