

Chapter 53 Obeying Her Destiny

As dusk settled in, Wanda cast a glance at Tyrone and proposed, "Tyrone, there's no need for you to linger here. Sabrina's been hurt in the head. You should accompany her home. As soon as your grandpa is out of surgery, Larry will give you a ring." 🕒

"No," Sabrina instantly retorted, clutching onto Wanda's arm. "I'm not leaving. I want to wait here with you."

Regardless of Cesar's fate, she was determined to stay.

"Grandma, we will wait here with you," declared Tyrone.

Noting their resolve, Wanda fell silent.

Two hours later, the red light above the operating room's door switched to green.

At the same time, Tyrone, Sabrina, and Wanda sprang up, bracing for the doctor's report at the operating room's entrance.

The door swung open.

"Lynch, how's my grandpa?" Tyrone inquired immediately, his voice shaky and choked up.

Sabrina was silently observing Lynch, her hands folded across her chest.

Peeling off his mask, Lynch responded, "The surgery went well.

He will need a couple of days in the ICU. If there's nothing else, he will then be transferred to a regular room."

Sabrina's countenance finally softened into a smile, tears trickling down as relief washed over her.

"I appreciate your help, Lynch."

Then Cesar was wheeled into the ICU.

Sabrina's heart wrenched at the sight of a still Cesar in the bed.

Just days ago, he was gleefully engrossed in a game of chess with her, now he lay unconscious.

They all accompanied him to the ICU.


A doctor then cautioned, "The patient needs peace at the moment. Please maintain silence."

"Thank you. We will," Wanda acknowledged.

"Not a problem. Let us know if you need anything else. I'll leave you be."

After the doctor departed, Wanda said, "Cesar is doing well. You can rest easy. You've been waiting here for a long time. Go back and have dinner."

"Grandma, you've been here just as long. Make sure to look after yourself too. We can't afford for you to fall sick."

"Sabrina's right. Let me escort you home, Grandma. Grandpa will be asleep for a while. You should rest and be ready to greet him when he wakes up," Tyrone suggested. 

"Indeed, Grandma. Let's wait for Grandpa to wake up. We'll

come get you as soon as he does. Does that sound good?" Larry chimed in.

"Alright then."

"Great, I'll get you home, Grandma. Tyrone, Sabrina, stay here with Grandpa. I'll return soon after dropping Grandma home," Larry offered, helping Wanda to her feet.

"Be careful, Larry."

Once they departed, only Sabrina and Tyrone remained in the room.

"You haven't eaten yet, and it's been quite a while. I'll arrange some food for you," Tyrone suggested.

"Sure."

With that, Tyrone exited the room and made his way to Lynch's office.

After hours of operating, Lynch was resting in his office. A knock sounded at his door.

"Come in," Lynch called, rubbing his forehead. "Tyrone, it's you. What can I do for you?"

"I wanted to inquire about my grandpa's real condition. We're alone; you can tell me the truth."

Straightening up, Lynch let out a thoughtful sigh. "Cesar has been pushing himself since his youth and his health has been compromised because of it. His age is catching up with him despite his efforts to stay well. Plus, years of pill intake has taken a toll on his body. The surgery went well, but his prospects aren't too bright."

"How long does he have?"

Lynch glanced at Tyrone, raising three fingers. "I can try my utmost to give him three more months. Beyond that, it's in the hands of God."

Tyrone felt his body shudder, his heart gripped with a dull ache.

Three months.

His grandpa only had three months left.

He wished it was all just a cruel joke, but deep down, he knew the truth.

Even Lynch, the renowned doctor, was out of solutions.

"Tyrone, your grandfather is aware of his health status. He's braced himself for this. What concerns him the most now is you. I've seen the news. You're going through a divorce?"

Lynch approached him, patting his shoulder comfortingly. "Your life is your own. But your grandfather's time is running short. Can we not let him have some peace in his remaining days?"

With a reddened gaze, Tyrone swallowed hard. "I get it. Thanks."

Turning around, he left in sorrow, finding a spot to slump down like a motionless statue.

"Mrs. Blakely, Mr. Blakely had me bring you some food," the driver announced, walking in with a food box and unpacking it for Sabrina.

"Where is he?" she queried.

"I'm not sure. He didn't take the car, though. Must still be around the hospital."

Sabrina gave a nod.

She knew Tyrone must be hurting as much as she was, knowing Cesar was in the hospital. He needed his space.

Despite having no appetite, Sabrina forced herself to eat a little, considering the baby she was carrying.

When Tyrone returned, his demeanor appeared normal, but his eyes were devoid of any discernible emotion.

"You're back. Eat something."

"Okay." Tyrone sat down, consumed some food, and cleaned up afterwards.

"You haven't fully recovered. Go back to your room, and get some rest. I'll stay with Grandpa tonight. If he wakes up, I'll let you know."

Sabrina agreed. "Don't push yourself too much. Larry can take shifts with you."

"I know."

After walking Sabrina to her room, Tyrone returned to Cesar's room to keep watch.

Back in her room, Sabrina quickly showered and climbed into bed.

After a long time, Sabrina was awakened by a sudden knock on the door.

She opened her eyes and instinctively rubbed them, yet her vision remained blurry.

It could be discerned faintly that the surroundings outside the window were still engulfed in darkness.

"Who's there?" Sabrina switched on her bedside lamp and began to dress herself.

Tyrone's voice echoed through the door. "Sabrina, Grandpa's awake. He wants to see you."

"Okay, I'm coming." Sabrina quickly got dressed and opened the door. "Let's go."

"Hold on."

"What's wrong?" Sabrina stopped.

Tyrone proceeded to correct her buttons. "You've buttoned them all wrong."

A single mistake, and all the rest would follow suit.

"Oh, I didn't realize. What time is it?"

"Two ten in the morning."

Together, they made their way to Cesar's room.

With a pale face, Cesar sat upright on his bed.

Rushing to his side, Sabrina gripped his hand. "Grandpa, you're finally awake. I was so worried."

