


Chapter 69 He Likes Daughters

Tyrone glanced at Sabrina, his face lighting up with a grin, "Sabrina, your humor isn't appreciated. Regardless of your issues with Evelyn at the office, your jest wasn't appropriate."

He couldn't help but recall Evelyn's earlier words.

Even without Evelyn's heads-up, he wouldn't have believed Sabrina's words.

Evelyn had been a loyal employee at Blakely Group for quite some time, he was well-acquainted with her demeanor and competency. Add to that, Evelyn had a long-term boyfriend. How could she possibly have feelings for him? 

Sabrina sunk into quiet contemplation.

How absurd! Tyrone had dismissed her words outright. Then why was he pretending to care?

She had momentarily overlooked Tyrone's prowess in pretense. How could she have mistaken his feigned concern as genuine?

As the clock was nearing her lunch break, a message from Tyrone popped up on her screen.

"Join me for lunch in my office."

Her fingers hovered over the keyboard as she typed a reply. "I was planning to eat at the canteen."

However, she couldn't bring herself to send it. After a moment's hesitation, she erased her initial response and sent a curt "Alright." ⑤

As she entered Tyrone's office, she was greeted by a table laden with food.

As Sabrina moved closer, her eyes landed on a familiar packaging sitting next to the lunch box.

Tyrone noticed her gaze shifting to the cupcake and said, "Didn't you have a fondness for this cupcake? I got it for you. Save it for dessert." ①

She was taken aback, realizing that Tyrone was attempting to appease her with a sweet treat.

Such tactics might have worked in the past. However, the sight of an Afternoon Time's cupcake now soured her mood completely, to the point where she lost her appetite for lunch. ①

She decided to perch herself on the farthest corner of the sofa, distancing herself from the cupcake as if it was something to be feared.

Tyrone took a seat across from her. As they were eating, Sabrina abruptly put down her cutlery and announced, "I'm finished."

Tyrone looked up. "Is that all you're going to have? Eat some more."

Remembering the baby, she forced herself to consume a bit more.

"Thank you for the meal." After finishing her meal, she promptly got up to leave.

As he observed her impassive expression, Tyrone furrowed his brows and reminded her to take the cupcake.

The sight of the package on the table was enough to make Sabrina uncomfortable.

Without the enticing appearance, the cupcake lost its appeal to her.

The dessert was filled with chocolate, a flavor she found too bitter to enjoy.

But it was too late to reveal her distaste.

Sabrina reluctantly took the cupcake back to her office.

As she was entering her office, her assistant walked in with some files. Catching sight of the cupcake in Sabrina's hand, the assistant asked in astonishment, "Ms. Chavez, do you also like Afternoon Time's cupcake?"

"No. Someone gifted it. If you want, it's yours." Sabrina extended the cake to the assistant.

The assistant looked unsure. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"Why not? You've been working tirelessly while I was on leave. Consider this cake as a small token of appreciation."

The assistant's face lit up with a smile as she accepted the paper bag. "Thank you."

While passing by the stairway after exiting the restroom, Tyrone overheard a woman asking, "When did you purchase

Afternoon Time's cupcake?"

"I didn't purchase it."

"Then how come you have one?" "Ms. Chavez gifted it to me. She is very generous."

Tyrone cast a glance at the stairs, and his expression suddenly turned grim.

One of the female employees was clutching a paper bag.

Sabrina gave the cupcake he had specifically bought for her to her assistant. ①

Everything Cesar required, from medication to medical equipment, was ready.

He was all set to be discharged from the hospital and return home.

Tyrone and Sabrina made their way to the hospital to escort Cesar home.

As they reached the ward's entrance, Tyrone abruptly came to a halt.

Unprepared for the sudden stop, Sabrina bumped into his back. She rubbed her nose and queried, "Why did you stop?"

Tyrone turned to face Sabrina, then gently took her hand and proceeded inside. ①

Sabrina set her jaw, drew in a calming breath, gathered her strength, and made her way into the hospital room, tenderly calling out "Grandpa" along with Tyrone.

With a cheerful disposition, Cesar had been waiting since dawn. He comfortably positioned on the couch, saying, "You've arrived. Let's head back."

With his cane, Cesar rose to his feet.

Breaking away from Tyrone's grasp, Sabrina approached Cesar, lending her support. "Easy there."

"I'm alright."

Wordlessly, Tyrone circled around to assist Cesar from the other side.

Halting him with a wave of his hand, Cesar reassured, "You don't need to worry about me."

Lynch's assistant tagged along.

Larry, anxious about Cesar's wellbeing, urged Lynch's aide to remain in the house for a while since Cesar was adamant about going home.

Reluctantly, Cesar complied.

Upon reaching their residence, Cesar seemed invigorated.

Sabrina and Tyrone sank into the plush sofa, engaging in light-hearted chatter with Cesar and Wanda.

Soon after, Larry, alongside his spouse, Lena, and their young son, Frankie, paid a visit.

At four, Frankie was a kindergarten attendee, quite the charmer.

Backpack slung over his shoulders, he walked to Cesar and Wanda, cheerfully greeting them.

"Weren't you supposed to be at school today?" Cesar affectionately tousled Frankie's hair.

"Mom and Dad brought me here to visit you. I'm trying to be a good boy."

"You're already a very good boy! Do you recall who these two are?" Cesar pointed to Sabrina and Tyrone.

Bright eyes sparkling, Frankie glanced at them and exclaimed, "Uncle, Auntie."

"Good job remembering, Frankie." Sabrina acknowledged with a smile.

Overjoyed, Frankie nestled next to Sabrina.

Sabrina, unable to resist, pinched Frankie's rosy cheeks. He was too adorable.

"Don't pinch me, Auntie. I'm all grown up now." Frankie looked at her with big, earnest eyes.

His solemn expression sent Sabrina into peals of laughter.

Wanda added, "Frankie's always been quite fond of Sabrina. As a baby, he would only let Sabrina hold him."

"Who could resist such an adorable kid like Frankie?"

"Adorable? You wouldn't think so when he's causing a ruckus at home and driving me to the brink of insanity," Lena joined in.

Their laughter filled the room.

With a gentle smile, Lena inquired, "Sabrina, you clearly have a soft spot for kids. Have you and Tyrone thought about

starting a family?" ①

The subject of children was broached once again.

Sabrina, flustered, cast a quick glance at Tyrone.

Surveying his vivacious, endearing nephew, Tyrone began picturing a miniature version of himself and Sabrina. ②

Did it look more like him or her?

Was it lively or quiet?

Ideally, he wanted a daughter...

Caught in his reverie, Tyrone snapped back to reality.

What was happening to him?

He couldn't predict the future of his relationship with Sabrina, yet why was he daydreaming about their child?

Noticing Tyrone's silence, Sabrina decided to reply, "Tyrone and I haven't considered having children yet. Let's revisit this topic a few years down the line."

"That's perfectly alright. You two are still young. No need to rush. Savor your freedom for a couple more years."

Sabrina demurely dropped her gaze, a hint of resignation in her eyes.

Beaming, Wanda queried, "Sabrina, where's the bracelet Tyrone gifted you? Why aren't you wearing it?" ③

