

## Chapter 153 Failed To Keep The Baby

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Sabrina received no reply.

The agony she was experiencing in her stomach was mounting, each wave stronger than the last. It felt so severe that a chill-inducing sweat began to slide down her brow. Her body started to quiver uncontrollably, mirroring the tremors in her voice. Her strength was dwindling, even lifting her arm felt impossible.

"Tyrone! Open the door! My stomach is excruciating... Help me! Help our baby..."

In her desperation, she tried to reach for her phone, but it was nowhere in sight, left forgotten downstairs.

"Can anyone hear me? Please open the door... I need help..."

Sabrina crumpled to the floor, teeth clenched and body coiled. She pressed her hand against her stomach, as if that could somehow alleviate the pain.

It felt as though an unseen force was ruthlessly gripping her lower belly, dragging it downward.

"Please I need help... Open the door..."

Her voice was reduced to a raspy whisper. Sabrina lay prone on the floor, her gaze filled with despair.

Fluid started to seep from her lower body.

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"Tyrone...please..." Sabrina whispered, and as her eyes fell closed, tears leaked from the corners.

Her baby was leaving her.

"Sabrina, have you calmed down?" After what felt like an eternity, Tyrone's knock echoed through the master bedroom

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"Sabrina, have you calmed down?" After what felt like an eternity, Tyrone's knock echoed through the master bedroom door.

No reply came.

Was she asleep?

Tyrone retrieved the key, opened the door, and the sight that greeted him made his heart skip a beat.

Sabrina lay unconscious at the door, her pants soaked with blood, a pool of red spreading on the floor.

Tyrone's eyes narrowed, his heartbeat seemed to halt, and his mind went numb. Only after a few agonizing seconds did he regain his senses. He scooped up Sabrina, rushed down the stairs, calling her name in a panic.

"Sabrina? Sabrina?"

With swift steps, he hurried down the stairs and called out her name with worry in his voice.

Despite his urgent pleas, she didn't respond.

"Hang on, Sabrina! We're heading to the hospital right now!"  
Hold on!"

Tyrone placed Sabrina in the back seat, started the car, floored the gas pedal, and the vehicle zoomed away.

A red light illuminated the hospital's emergency room entrance.

Tyrone, splattered with blood, stood motionless at the door. His glassy eyes held a haunted look that drew the attention of passersby.

He was a towering figure, yet at that moment, he appeared fragile.

A man walked by, clapping a comforting hand on Tyrone's shoulder. "Bro, it's okay. You will have another baby."

Tyrone shut his eyes briefly, and when he opened them again, they were bloodshot.

Wordlessly, he turned and drove his fist into the corridor wall. His knuckles quickly reddened and swelled.

But he didn't stop. Again, he struck the wall, and again...

He only ceased when his blood stained the wall, and the bone on the back of his hand was visible.

Weakly, Tyrone slid down against the wall. Overwhelming guilt and intense pain made breathing difficult.

Had the recent death of his grandfather caused him to lose his usual patience with Sabrina?

How could he have left Sabrina locked in that room?

He was fully aware she was carrying their child.

He knew the pregnancy was high-risk.

He berated himself bitterly.

His eyes clamped shut.

The baby's survival seemed less likely with each passing minute.

Yet, he clung to the faintest hope.

If the baby didn't make it, he was certain Sabrina would leave him, too.

The man glanced at his flabbergasted face, sighed, and fished out his pack of cigarettes and lighter, extending them towards him. "Bro, do you want one?"

Tyrone's gaze fell upon the pack of cigarettes extended by the man. He accepted it, sauntered towards the stairway, lit up one, and inhaled a lungful of smoke.

Sabrina was not to blame. He was the one caused Cesar's death.

In that fleeting moment, the guilt of his recent actions gnawed at his conscience. He found himself unforgivable.

He was wrong from the very beginning.

He had mistaken his guilt for Galilea as affection. His misguided feelings led him to propose divorce to Sabrina.

As a consequence, Sabrina had no courage to reveal her pregnancy to him. She had to go through everything alone.

He wondered, if only he had nurtured Sabrina during the early stages of her pregnancy, their child might have thrived inside her now.

Had he not rekindled his relationship with Galilea, Sabrina would not have sought divorce. ①

His grandfather wouldn't have to worry incessantly or visit Galilea.

Cesar's actions seemed to favor Sabrina, but in truth, they were for him.

For the old man knew that his divorce from Sabrina would leave him with lifelong regret.

The guilt of Cesar's death weighed heavy on him!

Yet, he was doomed to fail his grandfather yet again.

His grandfather had fought hard to protect his marriage, but in the end, it would crumble into divorce.

The operation room's green light flickered on.

Tyrone stomped out his cigarette immediately and rushed towards it.

Cigarette stubs and ash littered the floor.

It was the very same doctor who had treated Sabrina. She was now aware of the couple's identity.

She also saw the news that Tyrone was involved in an affair.

She had cautioned them about the importance of rest and a positive mindset for Sabrina in preserving the child, yet...

It was evident that Tyrone's attention was largely devoted to his mistress, neglecting Sabrina. Perhaps he had admitted to his marriage previously just because Sabrina was expecting.

The doctor shook her head, sighed, and declared, "The baby is

gone. Your wife remains unconscious. The miscarriage has made future pregnancies challenging for her."

The doctor broke the news. But fortunately, they had a child already. If the child was a boy, it would've been okay. But if it were a girl, the doctor guessed that Tyrone would try and have sons with mistresses. Ⓟ

"I understand."

"The fetus has formed. Would you like to see it?"

Tyrone paused at her question, falling into silence for a long time. "Can I take it with me?"

"Of course."

Hospital regulations allowed for the family to take the miscarried baby.

The harsh scent of disinfectant pervaded the air as Sabrina's eyes fluttered open. Her mind remained blank for a few moments.

She quickly regained her senses.

She recalled the events before her moment of unconsciousness and instinctively touched her flat belly, free of IV lines.

The baby was gone.

She had failed to protect it.

Tears welled in her eyes as she stared blankly at the ceiling. A single blink sent the tears cascading down her temples.

Evelyn was right.

Sabrina realized she herself was a harbinger of misfortune!

One by one, her loved ones abandoned her.

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First, it was her grandparents, then her father, Cesar, and now her baby...

Maybe she was doomed to a lifetime of solitude.

Looking through the window at her tear-streaked face, Tyrone's heart ached.

Her loss was a severe blow to her, physically and emotionally.

Mustered up his courage, Tyrone pushed the door open, slowly approached the bedside, and murmured, "Sabrina, you're awake. Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?"

"Leave."

Sabrina closed her eyes, unwilling to afford him even a glance.

