

Chapter 49 He Will Remarry Soon

Sabrina relayed the incident to the policewoman.

Her description perfectly matched the footage from the security camera.

The policeman recorded Sabrina's words and queried, "So, based on your assessment, the actions of both the black and white cars were deliberate. Are you certain you have no acquaintance with the black car's driver?"

"Yes." "Could you see the face of the white car's driver then?"

"No. The car was trailing me. I glimpsed it in my rearview mirror a couple of times when I changed lanes, but the distance was too great for me to discern the driver's face."

The policewoman nodded understandingly and tried to reassure Sabrina, "Rest easy. We're in the process of identifying the person behind this. It won't be long before we arrest him."

Nowadays, with surveillance cameras scattered everywhere, he couldn't escape for long.

"Thank you." Sabrina expressed her gratitude.

"You can get in touch with your family now. However, we couldn't find your phone at the accident site."

Sabrina quickly responded, "I didn't carry my phone when I left."

Officer, could I possibly use your phone to make a call?"

"Of course, I'll dial the number for you."

In an instant, Sabrina was about to share Tyrone's number.

He was probably still with Galilea at the moment.

A bitter smile crept onto her face as she decided to call the housekeeper instead.

When the call was picked up, the officer handed the phone to Sabrina. An uncertain voice on the other end queried, "Hello, who's this?"

"Karen, it's me."

"Mrs. Blakely!" Karen gasped. "Why are you not home yet? And you didn't even have your phone."

"I was in a car accident. Can you come to Healthwell Hospital with some fresh clothes and my wallet?" ☹

Visibly shaken, Karen asked, "Mrs. Blakely, are you alright? How did you end up in a car accident? I'll be there right away."

"My room number is..."

"Room 503, Brain Department, Inpatient Building 1," the policewoman filled in.

"Okay, got it. I'll be there immediately."

After ending the call, Sabrina handed the phone back to the officer and said, "Thank you."

"No problem. We'll keep you posted once we capture the culprit."

"Alright." Sabrina nodded as the police departed.


A doctor arrived shortly to examine Sabrina. As the policewoman had indicated, Sabrina made it a point to check on her unborn baby's health with the doctor.

The doctor assured Sabrina that the medication wouldn't affect her child, putting her at ease.

She then requested the doctor, "My housekeeper will handle all my paperwork later. She's on good terms with my ex-husband, so I'd appreciate it if you could withhold my medical record from her and not inform her about my pregnancy. Thank you."

"But why wouldn't you want your ex-husband to know about your pregnancy?"

"He's about to remarry," Sabrina explained, prompting sympathy from the doctor.

The beautiful, youthful woman before him was pregnant with a one-month-old baby, yet her ex-husband was set to marry again. It was clear he had been unfaithful. 

How could anyone cheat on such a beautiful woman!

"Okay." The doctor agreed to Sabrina's request and left.

Now alone in her ward, Sabrina had nothing much to do.

She shared the room with two other patients, overhearing their conversations with visiting family members.

One was a woman recuperating from a benign brain tumor operation, soon to be discharged. Her family seemed calm and relieved.

The other was an elderly lady recovering from a cerebral hemorrhage.

Her daughter-in-law arrived grudgingly to tend to her, grumbling, "The medical bills have become a drain on our finances lately. No matter how much Gordon brings home, it's not going to last much longer."

Sabrina cast a look at the woman, though her vision only allowed her to perceive a vague outline.

A silhouette hovered in the doorway.

She tilted her head to the vague dark shape, squinting at it for what felt like an eternity. Eventually, she discerned it was a person clothed in black.

Could he belong to the family of one of the other two patients?

Perhaps he was the elderly woman's son.

Why wasn't he stepping in?

Sabrina felt puzzled.

The black figure stepped inside.

He walked past the old woman's bed.

Now it clicked for Sabrina that he was related to the middle-aged woman, likely her husband.

But then the black figure paused at her own bed, settling down on it.

Sabrina jolted slightly, squinting instinctively, but her vision remained foggy. She tried to make out the figure before her, hesitating, she asked, "Could you be... Tyrone?"

"Yes, it's me, Sabrina. What's wrong with your sight?" Tyrone

queried anxiously, his gaze falling on her bandaged forehead, his large hand resting on her cheek.

She had stared at him in silence for a while, which perplexed him.

Recognizing the familiar voice, Sabrina confirmed it was indeed Tyrone. "There's pressure on my visual nerve due to internal bleeding. My vision's compromised."

Tyrone fluttered his hand before Sabrina, inquiring, "Can you see my hand?"

Sabrina nodded dejectedly. "I'm not blind. I just have trouble seeing clearly."

"What led to the accident?"

"Today was the commemoration of my grandfather's passing. I was on my way back from the cemetery when someone rear-ended my car on the highway." After her brief explanation, Sabrina posed her own question. "What brings you here?"

"I was at home when Karen informed me about your accident, so I rushed over."

He knew she'd gone to the cemetery in the afternoon but when she hadn't returned by evening, he intended to call her, only to find her phone at his place. On learning about her accident, he didn't waste a moment before driving over. ②

"I arrived to find Karen gathering your things. She'll be here soon. Wait here, I'll arrange a private room for you."

"Sure." Sabrina was uncomfortable sharing a room with

others.

Tyrone left the room.

The older woman's daughter-in-law couldn't resist a little gossip. "So, is he your former husband or a new boyfriend?"

"Ex-husband."

"He seems quite attentive to you. Why the split then?"

"Attentive? He spent every day by his mistress's side, caring for her while she was unwell."

"Really? You can't tell from his face. He looks so decent, who knew he'd turn out to be a pig."

A laugh escaped Sabrina's lips.

Tyrone indeed had a misleadingly charming face. She mused that perhaps she had fallen for him partly because of his good looks.

Before long, Tyrone returned, helping Sabrina out of her bed and moving her to the private room. "Any other injuries apart from your head?"

Sabrina shook her head. "None."

"Rest well in the coming days. Don't worry about the company."

"I've had to visit the hospital quite frequently lately. I am really unlucky lately."

"Once you're better, you could go pray at the church. I hear it can help."

"You believe in that?"

"Didn't you mention you felt unlucky?" ⓘ

"Okay. I'll consider it."

"Be cautious." Tyrone opened the door to the new room, guiding Sabrina in and helping her settle on the bed. "Feeling hungry? What would you like?"

A phone conversation from that morning flitted across Sabrina's mind. She found herself blurting, "I want you to cook for me." ①

The private room had a small kitchenette.

Before Tyrone could respond, Sabrina smirked, saying, "Sorry, I forgot that you can't cook."

She must really be disoriented to make such a request. ②