

Chapter 151 You Bring Disasters

Tears welled up in Sabrina's eyes once more. "I've never blamed Grandpa for that."

She was aware of the dilemmas Cesar had faced.

When Tyrone had first ascended to the presidency of Blakely Group at a tender age, skepticism rumbled among the board of directors, leading to various conflicts.

Frequently, directors would voice their grievances about Tyrone to Cesar.

Following Cesar's first intervention, Tyrone's path in the company was filled with obstacles.

Emboldened by the success of their complaints, the directors continually sought out Cesar.

However, Cesar stopped meddling thereafter.

He recognized that Tyrone, now the CEO, was no longer a child.

To make his mark in the company, Tyrone needed to assert his authority. Cesar understood he had to stand behind Tyrone firmly, not dismissing him because of the director's criticisms. If not, neither the directors nor the employees would respect Tyrone.

Cesar applied this approach to the present situation as well. He could only counteract through StarAlign Pictures, but he

could not explicitly defend Sabrina. Doing so would only thrust Tyrone into a storm of controversy and undermine his authority.

Tyrone had to resolve and clarify the situation himself.

Fortunately, he did not disappoint Cesar.

In the end, Cesar might have held a deeper affection for Tyrone than her, but Sabrina never entertained any thought of competing for Cesar's love.

She cherished the fact that Cesar, despite not being her biological grandfather, cherished her as if she were his own blood. ○

Once Cesar was appropriately prepared, his body was moved to the mourning hall.

Gazing at his familiar face, Sabrina felt as if he was merely asleep.

But she knew he would never wake up.

Overwhelmed by this reality, she broke into tears.

The funeral was a grand affair.

The hall's aisle was adorned with floral baskets and wreaths.

All members of the Blakely family made it a point to be there.

Dignitaries and celebrities paid their respects.

Even the mayor sent his secretary with flowers.

Several owners of smaller companies made their presence.

Once they paid their respects, they approached Tyrone and Larry, their motives apparent.

The directors of Blakely Group, too, came to mourn Cesar but also to gather information from Larry and Tyrone.

Cesar's demise meant that his considerable shares in the group would need to be reallocated.

Harrell was caught off guard by the simultaneous events of a change in the group's presidency and Cesar's sudden passing.

It led to a dramatic upheaval.

Instead of stabilizing, the stock price plummeted even more drastically, prompting a wave of shareholders to offload their stocks. Even some directors started getting restless.

The hall buzzed with a crowd of people, while Sabrina and Wanda stayed in front of the body.

When female guests arrived, Lena would engage them, instructing Tyrone to look after Sabrina before leaving.

By seven in the evening, the hall finally emptied.

Sabrina emerged from the lounge, maneuvering her wheelchair just as Tyrone returned from outside.

Over the past three days, he had been immersed in funeral arrangements and attending to guests, allowing little time for sleep. The exhaustion was evident in his dark circled eyes and his habit of smoking when distressed.

Once near the wheelchair, Tyrone guided her inside, querying, "Have you eaten yet?"

Sabrina affirmed with a nod. "Yes. Have you eaten yet?"

"Not yet. Are you feeling okay? If you're not, I can arrange to

take you home."

"I'm fine. You've been overwhelmed these past days. Now that you have some time off, grab something to eat."

Tyrone wheeled Sabrina towards the lounge. "I've been swamped. Once the funeral concludes, I'll accompany you to the prenatal checkups."

"That's fine." Sabrina agreed, noticing his thoughtfulness. "You go ahead and eat. I'll wait for you outside."

Tyrone, however, steered Sabrina into the lounge, insisting, "Share a meal with me."

Sabrina was at a loss for words.

Her dinner had been thoughtfully prepared by Karen, while Tyrone's meal was simply fast food, despite its appealing appearance.

Looking at Sabrina, Tyrone asked, "Would you like some more?"

"Just focus on your meal, I'm okay."

Tyrone plucked a piece of meat and offered it to Sabrina.

After a moment's hesitation, Sabrina accepted it.

The chef had done his job well. The meat was flavorful, and although Sabrina didn't have much of an appetite due to her sorrow, she ate for the sake of the baby.

Her belly was full, yet she found herself eating more from the food that Tyrone was offering.

Her pregnancy had transformed her appetite to new heights,

despite the early morning sickness she experienced during the initial stages.

Seeing that Sabrina enjoyed the meat, Tyrone continued to feed her.

It was only after she consumed three pieces of meat that she shook her head. "I can't eat any more. You should eat too."

"You sure you don't want more?"

"No."

In response, Tyrone set down his fork, gently lifted Sabrina from her wheelchair, and placed her on the couch, covering her with a blanket. "Rest now."

Sabrina looked at him, concern in her eyes. "You haven't slept in two days. You should get some rest too."

His eyes sparkled at her suggestion, and he nodded. "Alright."

After the meal, Tyrone discarded the leftover food and joined Sabrina on the sofa.

Sabrina peeked at him from one half-open eye. He was precariously positioned on the edge of the sofa, a slight movement might send him tumbling down.

"Why do you insist on sharing the sofa with me? There's enough space elsewhere."

In response, Tyrone gently covered her eyes with his hand. "Enough talking. Sleep."

After a short nap, she awoke to find Tyrone missing.

Three days later, they cremated Cesar.

A procession of black cars left the funeral home, traversing the city's main road and heading towards the Blakely family's cemetery in the suburbs.

Sabrina did not join them.

The graveyard, nestled on a mountain, was inaccessible to her wheelchair.

Before he departed with the funeral procession, Tyrone instructed his driver to take Sabrina home.

As she watched the procession fade from view, tears welled in her eyes.

Her silent apology to Cesar echoed in her heart. She hoped for his peaceful rest.

Behind her, Karen excused herself. "Mrs. Blakely, I'll be right back. I need to fetch a few things."

"Sure."

Karen turned around and made her way to the lounge.

"Sabrina!"

Just then, footsteps approached from behind.

Sabrina turned to find Evelyn approaching.

Given her expression, Sabrina knew Evelyn was there to confront her. Not wanting to engage in a dispute, Sabrina gripped the wheelchair's outer wheel to move away, but Evelyn called out, blocking her escape. "Sabrina! You're a curse! You're the reason your father died, the reason Tyrone lost his presidency of Blakely Group, and the reason his grandfather died. Don't you feel any remorse?"

Sabrina glared at Evelyn, and wheeling her chair around, she retorted, "You are in no position to judge me. I can sue you for your accusations."

"No need to threaten me. I'm only stating facts. Cesar wouldn't have died so soon if it wasn't for you," Evelyn countered, blocking Sabrina's way.

Confused, Sabrina asked, "What do you mean?"

Evelyn sneered, "Didn't Tyrone tell you? I knew he wouldn't. He doesn't really love you. His heart belongs to Galilea. Even now, he's protecting her."

"What are you trying to say?"

Could Cesar's death be related to Galilea?

"The truth is, before his death, Cesar met with Galilea. Tyrone was planning to divorce you to marry her. Cesar confronted Galilea for your sake. He wanted her to leave, but Tyrone wouldn't let her. Galilea confessed that Tyrone planned to divorce you and marry her after Cesar's death. The shock gave him a heart attack.

His death is on you. If not for you, Tyrone wouldn't have been forced into a loveless marriage. Cesar wouldn't have had to meet Galilea. And he wouldn't have died so suddenly. You are a disaster, Sabrina. Misfortune follows those close to you. Your loved ones will continue to abandon you. Just wait and see."

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