

## Chapter 149 See Him One Last Time

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"Okay, I'll be right there." A jolt of shock coursed through Tyrone and he agreed instantly.

"Keep it from Sabrina, for now."

"Understood."

Before his departure, Tyrone returned to the master bedroom. "Sabrina, there's an issue at the office that needs my attention. I need to go."

"Go on. I'll have Karen's company here at home." Sabrina didn't suspect anything.

Arriving at the hospital, Tyrone found his grandfather still in critical condition.

Wanda and the housekeeper sat outside, waiting.

"Grandma!" Tyrone swiftly approached Wanda, concern etching his features. "What happened? Why did Grandpa suddenly...?"

Wanda exhaled a long sigh, remaining silent.

The housekeeper glanced at Tyrone, and then disclosed, "Galilea arrived this morning. I'm not sure what she discussed with your grandfather. Then he discovered the situation with the company and..."

Tyrone drew a deep breath, stepped into the fire exit and dialed

a number. "Galilea was seen at my grandparents' house this morning. Locate her immediately!"

"Understood, sir."

After ending the call, Tyrone returned to Wanda in the waiting area. Kneeling before her, he clasped her hand, his eyes brimming with remorse. "Grandma, this is my fault."

If he hadn't brought Galilea back, Sabrina wouldn't have initiated a divorce, and this situation wouldn't have happened.

If he had sent Galilea away sooner, this wouldn't have occurred.

He was the one responsible for this chaos.

"Dear boy, get up." Wanda was quick to reassure him. "I don't blame you. I just didn't expect that Larry..."

"Grandma." Larry burst from the elevator, anxiety clear in his voice. "How is Grandpa?"

Wanda shook her head. "He is still being attended to."

"What happened?"

The housekeeper repeated her earlier explanation to Larry.

Upon hearing Galilea had revealed something to Cesar, Larry's expression darkened. Stealthily, he turned his head and slapped himself twice. "This is my fault!"

The other family members soon joined them.

An hour later, the red light of the emergency room switched to green. Lynch stepped out, removed his mask, scanned the room, before releasing a heavy sigh. "You can go in and see

Cesar one last time."

His words hit Tyrone like a sledgehammer. He felt his head spin, a buzzing noise filling his ears.

Wanda swayed, nearly collapsing.

"Grandma!"

"Grandma!"

Quick to act, both Tyrone and Larry steadied Wanda.

Wanda took a moment to compose herself, her eyes rimmed with red. "Assist me inside."

They helped Wanda into the emergency room.

Cesar lay on the operating table, motionless with his eyes closed, his complexion ashen, devoid of life.

"Grandpa!"

"Dad!"

The family gathered around the operating table, their grief evident.

Standing a few steps back, Tyrone observed Cesar's lifeless body from afar.

In the shadows, he strived to contain his emotions.

He sank to his knees, his face a mask of stoic sadness.

"I request some time alone with him. Please, step outside."

Wanda's voice was hoarse with grief.

"Grandma, please take care of yourself."

"I know."

Sergio, Tyrone's cousin, halted before him, offering him a

hand. "Tyrone, let's go out first."

"Sure."

Rising from the floor, Tyrone exited the surgical suite in silence.

Once outside, Sergio promptly dialed his father, who was away on a business trip.

Lena, meanwhile, sought to console Larry. In the midst of his grief, Larry directed his secretary to notify the funeral home and their extended family, to begin the preparations for the forthcoming services.

Larry, upon ending the call, found Tyrone seated solitary on a nearby chair, his vacant stare cast forward, rigid as a gravestone.

Larry approached, laying a comforting hand on Tyrone's shoulder. "Tyrone."

Shaking himself from his stupor, Tyrone met Larry's anxious gaze and managed to croak out, "I'm okay."

He just needed time to gather himself.

Tyrone's bond with Cesar was much like Sabrina's with Connor.

He had no memory of his mother, nor did he know his father's face.

His earliest recollections were of a life shared with Cesar.

Cesar and Wanda had raised him. Though they were his grandparents, they were like his parents.

"Do we tell Sabrina?"

"Hold off for now. She's been at risk of miscarrying before. The shock might be too much." Tyrone shook his head, shifting his gaze elsewhere.

He was well aware that this magnitude of event couldn't be kept secret forever.

"Understood."

"Larry, Tyrone, we have reporters incoming." Sergio gestured toward a cluster of people in the distance.

"Have security hold them off. I'll bring the bodyguards," Larry ordered.

The hospitalization of Blakely Group's chairman, coupled with a CEO transition, was major news.

Nowadays, in order to garner media attention, some reporters had forsaken their sense of decency. There had been an instance where a celebrity, critically ill from cancer, had a swarm of reporters camped outside her room, vying for the moment of death.

With the sheer number of reporters, the security team felt overwhelmed and hesitated. The scene was chaotic.

One brazen reporter darted to the emergency room. Then he directed the camera towards Tyrone. "Mr. Blakely, it is a pleasure to meet you. Could you please...?"

Bang.

His camera lay in shards at his feet. He looked up at Tyrone, who had risen to his feet, the words died in his throat.

Expressionless, Tyrone retrieved a business card from his pocket, tossing it dismissively to the floor. "How much is it? Get in touch with my secretary."

Larry swiftly joined him, a reassuring hand on Tyrone's shoulder, gesturing for him to keep his cool. To the crowd of reporters, he said, "My grandfather has passed away. We're in mourning and unable to give any interviews. We can talk after the funeral."

Still, a few persistent reporters took their chances, snapping photos from a distance, then quickly disseminating the news.

"At ten o'clock on November 1st, the news broke that Cesar Blakely, the chairman of Blakely Group, passed away at Healthwell Hospital due to illness."

The attached image showed Tyrone, a picture of grief, seated by the emergency room's door, the background blurred out.

The related news delved into the life of Cesar Blakely.

In the past, such news might have passed without causing much of a stir.

But the breaking news and candid interviews meant more people now knew of Tyrone, and more people were following the news.

While some comments were thoughtless, the majority of people expressed respect for Cesar, their virtual candles flickering beneath the news. "Rest in peace."

Another comment read, "Notice: This is Tyrone's grandfather. Farewell."

Shortly after Tyrone's departure, Sabrina felt a wave of unease, unable to focus on her reading.

She rubbed her belly, setting her book aside to recline on her bed.

She had cut down on her screen time since her pregnancy, to protect her unborn child.


Unless there was a notification, she wouldn't bother reading it. And now, it pinged with a message.

Who could it be?

Blinking, Sabrina picked up her phone, tapping on the screen. A news screenshot filled her display.

Her heart lurched.



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