


Chapter 163 Let Me Feed You

"Don't overthink it. You took a hit because you were protecting me. I just feel like I have a debt to repay." Sabrina lowered her gaze as she spoke. 

She didn't express her actual concern for him.

All she stated was her feeling of indebtedness.

There was a considerable distinction here.

Caring implied harboring feelings.

Tyrone's gaze lost its shine. "Aren't you curious why I stepped in to saved you?"

In that perilous scenario, he had no time to think about his own safety. Instinctively, he turned the wheel, hoping to keep her from harm.

"Regardless of your reason for protecting me, I should thank you." Sabrina stared at him earnestly.

If he was prepared to risk his life for her, she was willing to offer the same in return.

Should Tyrone find himself in danger one day, Sabrina would sacrifice her life for his. However, trust and love were no longer possible for her.

Her expression of thanks felt like a slap in the face to him.

Tyrone sneered, "Is that all you've got, a thank you?"

"Then, how do you want me to repay you?"

"Could you..." Tyrone started but then hesitated. "Could you stay with me at the hospital until I'm discharged?"

What Tyrone truly wished to ask was if she could stay with him forever.

Sabrina's brows furrowed. As Tyrone anxiously thought he had overstepped, she nodded.

"Absolutely."

Tyrone was ecstatic when Sabrina agreed.

But his heart sank when he heard her say, "You were injured saving me. It's only right that I look after you."

Tyrone's face went blank, his happiness quickly fading.

His eyes dropped, a twinge of bitterness in them. What was the point of her brief company?

Eventually, they would go their separate ways.

"Never mind, I was joking. Karen will care for me. What are your plans moving forward?"

Sabrina replied, "I'm planning a trip with friends."

"Where to?"

"I haven't decided."

"When will you leave?"

"Soon."

Tyrone swallowed hard.

Was she so eager to leave town?

Sabrina stared at him intently. "Are you sure you don't want my assistance? I can delay my trip a bit."

"No. What's your plan after your trip?"

Sabrina shook her head. "I'm unsure. I'll figure it out then."

Seeing that Tyrone's IV was finished, she beckoned the nurse.

Soon after, the police arrived with Sabrina's bag. They had confirmed Tyrone and Sabrina's identities from the ID cards in the car. After a series of questions, they informed the pair about the culprit.

The man responsible was from an affluent family. He had recently bought a sports car. He was flaunting it on the streets when he collided with them. His car was damaged, and his leg injured.

Upon discovering his collision involved Tyrone Blakely, he was in a frenzy, reaching out to his family for aid.

But Tyrone had no intention of pressing charges. In fact, he was thankful for the accident.

It had brought him back into Sabrina's life. If it meant another chance to see her, he wouldn't mind a few more broken ribs.

After the police departed, Sabrina found her phone intact in her bag.

Noticing the darkening sky, she dialed Karen. "Karen, Tyrone's been in an accident. He's at Healthwell Hospital now. Could you pack some clothes and bring them here?"

"What?" Karen inquired. "Is it serious?"

"No need to panic. It's not severe."

"Thank goodness. What about you? Do you need a change of clothes?"

"No, I'm okay. I won't be staying overnight at the hospital."

The conversation reached Tyrone's ears clearly. He closed his eyes, feeling a tinge of sadness.

In other words, she would leave the hospital tonight, and perhaps embark on a journey with her friends tomorrow. He had no clue when she'd return.

It suddenly struck Tyrone that they were no longer a couple. They were free from the obligation to keep each other informed about their whereabouts, living separate lives now.

In the days ahead, she would have her own life and career. Perhaps, he would only get to see her occasionally. If she purposely avoided him, it might be difficult to catch a glimpse of her.

This thought clenched around his heart painfully.

He found it a hard pill to swallow.

"What do you want to eat? I'll pick up something from the canteen." Sabrina's voice sliced through Tyrone's thoughts.

Slowly opening his eyes, he responded, "Anything's fine. I'm not particularly hungry at the moment."

"Alright."

Sabrina grabbed her phone and exited the room.

Around twenty minutes later, she returned with dinner, carrying a lot of food.

Unloading her purchases onto the table, she queried, "What do you want to eat?"

"Nothing really."

"Even if you're not hungry, you still need to eat. You're recovering, remember? And you've always had that stomach issue..."

Her words trailed off abruptly.

They were divorced.

She shouldn't have brought that up.

The room fell into silence. For three years, she had reminded him not to miss meals, out of concern for his wellbeing. She feared work would make him forget to eat, so she frequently joined him in his office for meals.

That wouldn't happen anymore. No more tender words, no more shared meals.

Setting aside half the food for him on the bedside table, Sabrina said, "Eat when you're ready."

As she turned to leave, panic seized Tyrone. "Wait!"

Sabrina halted in her tracks and turned around. "Yes?"

"I'd like some soup." Tyrone glanced at his right hand, which had an IV in it, and his intentions were obvious.

Sabrina placed the soup on the bedside table to his left, placing a spoon in the bowl. "Go ahead."

In this way, he could use his left hand to eat with the spoon.

His eyes darkened. He dipped the spoon in, lifting a shaky spoonful toward his lips, only for it to splash onto the quilt.

"Could you pass me a tissue?"

"Be careful next time," Sabrina cautioned, wiping up the spill with a tissue.

Another spoonful, another tremble, more soup droplets staining the quilt. When it finally reached his mouth, the spoon was nearly empty.

Unable to watch him struggle, Sabrina took over, stating, "Let me help."

"No, I can manage."

His lips formed a firm line as he avoided her reach. Again, he attempted to feed himself; again, more soup ended up on the quilt.

Finally, exasperated, she took the spoon from his grip, scooped up some soup, and brought it to his mouth.

As he opened his mouth to accept the spoonful, a sly smile crept across his face.

It vanished as soon as she looked up at him.

He gazed at her once he finished his meal.

Her eyes sparkled with beauty, their shimmer captivating.

Her long eyelashes were visible even at such a close distance.

As she blinked, her eyelashes danced gracefully.

Her skin was as fair and smooth as ever.

But he had realized her true worth too late, and he had lost her.

Karen arrived later with a change of clothes.

Looking up at the darkening sky, Sabrina turned to Tyrone.

"Since you don't need my help, I'll leave."

Tyrone said nothing, only staring at the floor and pressing his lips together.

"I'll be moving out tomorrow," she added.

