

Chapter 222 You Don't Stand A Chance

Noticing Sabrina and Trevor chatting, Jennie snorted disapprovingly before briskly strutting off to the bathroom.

Using her smartwatch, Jennie dialed Tyrone's number. When he answered, she whispered, "Uncle Tyrone, I'm at Aunt Sabrina's apartment."

"Do you want me to pick you up now?" Tyrone's voice came from the phone.

"Okay. Uncle Tyrone, I think..."

"What is it, Jennie?"

I don't think you stand a chance."

Tyrone asked, "What happened today?"

"Aunt Sabrina just talked to him and ignored me. Then, after lunch, he invited her to watch a movie, and she didn't refuse him."

As Jennie spoke, she became flustered and anxious.

Tyrone fell silent. He took a few seconds to respond. "Anything else?"

Did Sabrina have feelings for Trevor?

He had a nagging feeling that something didn't quite add up.

"I wanted him to spend more money, so I ordered lots of food. But Aunt Sabrina told me not to be mean to him and said he might be her boyfriend someday. She said if I kept being mean, she wouldn't play with me anymore. They even made plans to have dinner together next time. And guess what? He even hugged her!"

The hug was because Sabrina nearly fell, and he caught her rather than

hugging her.

Tyrone remained silent for a long time.

Just as Jennie was about to say something, Sabrina's voice interrupted from outside. "Jennie, are you finished in there?"

Jennie quickly responded, "I'm pooping! Please don't come in. It smells!"
"Alright, let me know when you're done. I'll be here to help you with wiping!"

Jennie blushed and replied, "I can do it myself!"

Jennie waited until she was sure Sabrina had left before whispering urgently to her watch, "Aunt Sabrina is going to be with someone else. You have to think of a way to keep her, and fast. I have to hang up now."

She then hung up.

Sabrina looked up when she heard footsteps and saw Jennie emerging from the bathroom. Smiling, she said, "You can wipe your bottom now. Good for you!"

Jennie was speechless.

A few minutes later, Sabrina's phone rang. The caller ID showed it was Tyrone.

"What is it?" Sabrina answered in a flat tone.

"Where are you now? I'm on my way to pick up Jennie."

"At my apartment."

"Alright, I'll be there shortly."

Tyrone didn't want to betray Jennie, so he had to make a phone call to maintain their charade.

Twenty minutes later, the doorbell rang.

Sabrina guessed it was Tyrone, but she still asked cautiously from behind the door, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Tyrone." His voice floated in from the other side.

Sabrina opened the door and walked back inside without looking at him.

"Jennie, your uncle is here to pick you up."

Tyrone followed her silently and closed the door behind him.

"Uncle!" Jennie ran out of the kitchen with Bun in her arms and put on a mock frown. "Why did you come so early? I haven't played enough yet! Why don't you sit on the sofa and wait for me for a little while?"

"Alright, go and play. I'll wait for you."

With Bun still in her arms, Jennie hurried to Sabrina's bedroom. "Let's go, Bun. I'll get you some snacks!"

As she entered the room, she slyly winked at Tyrone, silently signaling her intention to give him some alone time with Sabrina.

Tyrone glanced at the cold expression on Sabrina's face. He walked over to the sofa and sat down. "Do you mind?"

"Would it make a difference if I said I minded?" Sabrina crossed her arms over her chest.

"No, it wouldn't."

"Then why do you ask?"

Sabrina turned on her heels and disappeared into the kitchen.

As Tyrone watched her strut off, a smile crept across his face.

Sabrina had changed, but he couldn't help but find her newfound sassiness endearing.

After a brief moment, Sabrina emerged from the kitchen, holding a glass of water. Without a word, she placed it in front of Tyrone.

"Thank you." Tyrone looked up at her with a smoldering gaze, hoping to catch her attention.

Ignoring him, Sabrina settled down to the side. She reached for her

camera, eager to review the day's snapshots she had taken.

She was searching for inspiration for an upcoming photography competition. But so far, nothing had caught her eye.

With deep focus, she meticulously studied each of the pictures.

She suddenly felt a tingle on her left ear.

Sabrina absentmindedly scratched it and kept scrolling.

But then her right ear tingled as well, prompting her to rub it gently.

A peculiar sensation washed over her as her left ear tingled again, accompanied by a warmth that spread to her earlobes, causing them to blush.

A sense of unease crept into her consciousness, signaling something was amiss.

Sabrina sat up straight and turned around. She was startled to discover Tyrone behind her. He was leaning against the back of the sofa, blowing a seductive breath into her ears.

A rush of heat surged through Sabrina's cheeks. Her face flushed in shock and exasperation. "Damn it, Tyrone! Are you out of your mind?"

Rarely one to swear, she found herself at a loss for words.

Tyrone's eyes sparkled with a faint smile. His voice, dripping with allure, said, "Yes, I am insane. I haven't seen you for a while, and it's driven me crazy."

Sabrina remained speechless, unsure of how to react to his audacious display.

She wondered where he learned such distasteful pickup lines.

Ignoring him, she turned away to leave.

"Sabrina!" Tyrone called out.

She could tell by the tone in his voice that what he was about to say

couldn't be good.

Sabrina ignored him and kept walking as if she didn't hear him.

"Don't leave just yet. I need to tell you something important about Jennie."

Sabrina turned around to face him, her expression guarded. "What about Jennie?"

"Please sit down."

Sabrina hesitated for a moment before reluctantly taking a seat on the far end of the sofa, as far away from him as possible. "So, say what you have to say!"

Tyrone pursed his lips and then took a deep breath. "On Wednesday night, Jennie spoke with my aunt on the phone. When my aunt heard that you had been looking after Jennie, she became furious and irrational. She ended up making Jennie cry and feel scared."

Sabrina's eyes darted towards the bedroom, her mind racing with concern.

She had always known that Kira didn't hold her in high regard. But she never expected her to stoop so low and lash out at an innocent little girl.

"I'm sorry. I should have thought about that. Maybe I shouldn't see Jennie as often from now on."

Sabrina had a realistic view of herself and her relationship with Jennie. While she enjoyed spending time with the little girl, she knew that Kira held a more significant place in Jennie's life.

She didn't want to jeopardize the relationship between Kira and Jennie or put Jennie in a difficult position.

"I didn't mean that." Tyrone's gaze bore into Sabrina's, his expression

serious as he spoke. "I would like Jennie to stay in the country. What do you think?"

Sabrina's eyes widened in surprise. "Why do you suddenly want to do that? Would Jennie even agree to stay? And what about your aunt?"

Following that night, Kira couldn't reach Tyrone on his mobile anymore. Feeling frustrated, she reluctantly called the landline phone to apologize to him. Meanwhile, Wanda sensed the need to intervene and tried persuading Tyrone to reconcile with Kira.

However, Tyrone didn't express his opinion or say anything.

Tyrone couldn't shake the persistent feeling that Jennie should stay.

For one, Jennie was a bright and adorable child. Wanda enjoyed her company. The old lady relished the opportunity to dote on a child once again.

But there was another reason why Tyrone was keen on keeping Jennie close. He knew that Sabrina's infertility had been a source of great pain and sadness for her, and he hoped that having Jennie around would bring her some measure of comfort and joy.

Moreover, with Jennie in their lives, there would be more opportunities for Tyrone to spend time with Sabrina, fostering a stronger bond and creating more chances to bring them together as a family.

Tyrone was careful not to impose his wishes on Jennie or pressure her.

"I have already spoken with Jennie. I told her she could think about it until the end of the holiday. If she chooses to stay, she can go to school here in Mathias," he explained.

Despite Kira's strong objections, Tyrone remained resolute in his decision and didn't care about her opinion.

Sabrina furrowed her brows deeply in thought. Then, after a while, she said, "It sounds like a good idea. But when the time comes, don't force

her to choose. After all, Aunt Kira has been Jennie's closest companion.*



Chapter 223 Do You Like Older Men

Tyrone gave a wry smile. "If Aunt Kira truly has Jennie's best interests at heart, she wouldn't push Jennie away from you based on personal biases."

Sabrina meant no harm to Jennie, and since Jennie was fond of her, why should Jennie stay away from her?

With a smile, Sabrina replied gently, "I understand where she's coming from. Were it my own child, I'd likely protect her from those I distrust. Don't judge her too harshly."

Hearing this, Tyrone recalled Kira's previous disdain towards Sabrina. He gazed at her seriously. "If Jennie chooses to remain here, I'd consider officially making her my daughter. And for her well-being, your name would go down as her biological mother."

Surprised, Sabrina locked eyes with Tyrone.

Tyrone presented his idea calmly, saying, "After giving it some thought, this is what I've come up with. What do you think?"

Most weren't aware of the intricacies of their relationship. Claiming Jennie as their own would likely raise no eyebrows.

To prevent unnecessary gossip, this could be the best option.

Sabrina responded cautiously, "Let's not jump to any decisions just yet."

After all, winter break was a fleeting month.

Would Jennie really abandon Hojery, the city she'd called home for four years?

Tyrone's gaze never left Sabrina's face.

It was rare for them to converse this calmly, usually only when Jennie was the topic.

Closely watching Sabrina's reactions, Tyrone inquired, "Jennie mentioned you had lunch with Trevor?"

He paused, battling an urge to probe deeper into her feelings for Trevor. But he hesitated to ask.

He flinched.

What if she said yes? What could he possibly do?

"Yes." Sabrina pulled a cup of coffee from the bag on the table, unaware of the shift in the conversation. "Oh, and Jennie got this for you."

Eyeing the cup, Tyrone smirked, "You're aware I don't drink this, right?"

She remained expressionless when he brought up Trevor.

He let out a silent sigh of relief. It appeared she wasn't fond of Trevor, or at least, not yet.

She was clearly aware of Jennie's reservations about Trevor.

But regardless of her reminder to Jennie, the young girl would still coax Trevor into spending more.

"Do you know the reason I stick to black coffee?" Tyrone inquired out of the blue.

Puzzled, Sabrina met his gaze and shrugged.

Lounging against the sofa's backrest with a lazy demeanor, he turned his head to face her. His eyes sparkled with an alluring glint under the bright lights. "I stick to black coffee to keep my sugar intake in check. Getting older as a man means battling with weight gain, especially when one hit their thirties. It requires a lot of effort to maintain my figure. I'm not like fresh college graduates, full of sunshine and energy."

Sabrina was taken by surprise at this revelation.

She was captivated by his gaze and failed to catch the trap in his

words. "Young men are full of energy, yet they lack experience and maturity in handling situations. On the other hand, older men might not possess the same youthful vigor and looks as the young ones, but they make up for it with their sophistication. However, it's important to remember that not all men fit these generalizations."

"So, are you inclined towards older or younger men?" Tyrone asked.

"Of course I like... Well, it depends." Sabrina hesitated, almost revealing too much.

Averting her gaze, she sensed there was more to his inquiry than met the eye.

With composure, Tyrone noted, "You've got a point. Today's world seems to have made many youngsters less driven. But then you have men like Raul eager to rise to the top."

His words hinted that he equated Trevor with Raul.

However, Sabrina failed to grasp his point. Instead, she remarked, "Possibly. Yet, there are men who actively seek progress, like Trevor. When he received an urgent work notification, he skipped lunch and headed straight back to the office."

A shadow crossed Tyrone's face. "I heard through Sergio that he's interning at Blakely Group's research center?"

"That's right."

"Do you think I should suggest his supervisor ramp up his training?"

His hidden wish? For Trevor to be too occupied to even consider having lunch with Sabrina.

Sabrina eyed him skeptically, replying, "Don't."

Was he playing favorites now?

What prompted this sudden shift in conversation?

After some moments, she recognized the drift in their discussion.

They'd spent quite a while conversing on that couch.

She stood up and said, "I need to check on Jennie."

"Sabrina!"

"Yes, what now?"

Approaching her deliberately, Tyrone asked, "I once asked about someone special in your life. You hinted at someone. Who is he?"

Even after Kylan spilled details of Sabrina's college days, he hadn't identified the mystery man.

Sabrina looked at him cautiously. "It's Bradley. Aren't you aware?"

"That's not him."

"Believe what you will, it's Bradley." Sabrina turned around and was about to leave.

But Tyrone swiftly caught her wrist, challenging, "You once hinted that he didn't reciprocate your feelings, yet Bradley is clearly in love with you."

Sabrina's lips thinned in defiance, unwilling to give more details. She met Tyrone's gaze icily. "Release me!"

Tyrone grew more convinced from her demeanor that the man she had feelings for was the one responsible for her pregnancy.

"Are you not answering because you don't want to, or is it because you've forgotten due to the car accident?" Tyrone asked.

He wondered if the accident that made her forget her pregnancy might also have erased the memory of that man.

"Let go of me!"

Tyrone frowned.

Clearly, she hadn't forgotten. She was shielding the man, deliberately keeping him in the dark.

Jealousy tinted Tyrone's eyes.

Rather than release her, he pulled her close, tilting her head back to kiss her lips.

"Hmm..."

Caught off-guard, Sabrina resisted, pressing her hands to Tyrone's chest in an attempt to shove him away, but her efforts were futile.

He kissed assertively, using one hand to cradle her jaw, while the tip of his tongue gently explored her mouth.

Sabrina attempted to resist with all her might, but her efforts proved futile. Frustrated, she expressed her anger by stepping on Tyrone's foot multiple times.

In that instant, a small head popped out from behind the bedroom door. Catching sight of the two kissing, Jennie quickly shielded her face with her hands and peeked through her fingers, exclaiming, "You guys are kissing!"

Seeing her chance, Sabrina pushed Tyrone away, taking a couple of steps back and wiping her lips with a look of disgust. "Jennie, don't go home tonight. Stay with me and sleep over."

Jennie's eyes widened. "Really? Great!"

Facing Tyrone, Sabrina said coldly, "It's time for you to go."

Tyrone wouldn't be welcome here anymore.

Jennie found herself speechless.

It became clear that Sabrina just wanted to drive Tyrone away.

Tyrone felt a sting in his heart seeing her disgusted look.

He tried to speak, but Sabrina looked away, avoiding him.

Tyrone glanced at Jennie.

With a guilty conscience, Jennie lowered her eyes. "It's best you head out, Uncle Tyrone. Tonight, I'm staying with Aunt Sabrina."

Such a proposal was hard to resist.

Most kids cuddled with their moms at night. Jennie, without a mother, had always slept alone.

How would it be to share a bed with Sabrina?

Tyrone took a deep breath and said calmly, "I'll have someone deliver Jennie's belongings and essentials..."

"There's no need. We have a store close by. I'll buy what Jennie needs later."

"Okay. Whatever."

With that, Tyrone made his exit.

But a thought struck him. Pausing at the door, he reminded, "Remember, you owe me three meals. And I expect you at the party with me tomorrow evening."

