

Chapter 111 Making A Match

Tyrone lifted his gaze and glanced at Sabrina in the distance. "I don't have any plans."

Astonished, Kira queried, "Hasn't Galilea returned to the country?"

"Yes, she has."

"So, you're not contemplating divorce?"

"I will make my own judgment regarding this matter."

"My only concern is for your happiness. As the finest offspring of the Blakely family, your wife should be of comparable nobility at the very least. Sabrina isn't worthy of you. How can you accept her as your wife? Your grandfather's decision to adopt her and arrange your marriage is beyond comprehension!"

"Aunt Kira, I am content. I don't wish to have this conversation again."

Kira gave him a disapproving stare. "Didn't you commit to divorcing her?"

"Aunt Kira!"

Tyrone's eyes swiftly turned to Sabrina, ensuring she hadn't overheard.

"You're no longer the man you used to be." Kira sighed as she left the room.

Resuming his seat beside Sabrina, Tyrone said, "My aunt

has always been like this. Please disregard her comments."

"I understand. I don't often see her, so it's of no concern to me," Sabrina replied, offering him a reassuring smile.

In the evening, Tyrone ventured out to collect Jennie from school, a favor to Kira.

Sabrina, preferring not to remain alone with Kira, accompanied him.

"How old is she, and what grade is she in?" Sabrina inquired during their journey.

Tyrone responded, "She's four years old, still in pre-school."

"Four years old?" Sabrina expressed her surprise.


She hadn't anticipated Kira adopting such a young child.

"Yes. She addresses me as her uncle and my aunt as her grandmother."

Upon reaching the pre-school, Tyrone, dressed in a suit, stood tall next to their vehicle.

His muscular frame was accentuated by the well-tailored suit as he leaned against the car.

His inherent charm was subtly yet irresistibly evident. The area where Kira resided was populated mostly by her fellow countrymen, and the majority of the pre-school's students hailed from the same country.

Some parents approached Tyrone for a friendly chat. 

As the school day concluded, a crowd of children emerged and rushed to their parents.

Among them, a young girl in pink ran to Tyrone, clutching his leg. "Uncle! You're here!"

Bending down, Tyrone effortlessly lifted Jennie. "Yes, I'm here. Did you miss me?"

Jennie responded with a kiss on his cheek and a sweet "yes." ☺

With a warm smile, Tyrone opened the back door. "I want to sit in the front," Jennie protested.

"You're a bit too young for that; maybe when you're older."

Jennie's eyes widened, her voice earnest. "Then you must save the seat just for me!"

Without uttering a word, Tyrone seated Jennie in the back seat.

Once Jennie settled down, Sabrina, sitting in the passenger seat, turned around with a smile and greeted, "Hello, Jennie."

Upon seeing Sabrina, Jennie froze, her lips pouting. "Who are you? Why are you sitting in the passenger seat?"

Amused by her indignant expression, Sabrina replied, "I'm your uncle's wife."

Jennie's disbelief was evident in her wide eyes.

"You don't believe me? You can ask your uncle."

Jennie turned to Tyrone, who had just settled in the

driver's seat, and questioned, "Uncle, is this woman your wife?"

Buckling his seat belt, Tyrone glanced at Jennie through the rearview mirror, nodding in affirmation. "Yes, she is my wife. You should refer to her as Aunt Sabrina."

Jennie's face fell as she sighed dramatically. "Uncle Tyrone, I'm disappointed in you! I won't speak to you anymore!"

With a comforting smile, Sabrina released her seatbelt and relocated to the back seat. "I'll sit with Jennie."

The precocious child cast a quick glance at Sabrina, declaring, "You're my love rival!"

Upon seeing Jennie's serious demeanor, Sabrina couldn't hold back her laughter. "Indeed, I guess I am your rival in love."

Just then, Tyrone's phone rang. He connected a Bluetooth headset to answer the call. "What's the issue?"

His tone was grave.

Sabrina watched his frown deepen in the rearview mirror.

Although she couldn't hear the other end of the call, Tyrone's reply hinted at the problem. "Understood! No more excuses. I'll handle it later."

With that, he ended the call, removed his headset and stored it away.

"What was that about?" Sabrina asked, concerned.

"An employee in our New York office made an error. I need to return and sort it out," Tyrone explained, his gaze meeting Sabrina's in the rearview mirror. ☹

"How long will you be gone?"

"Two days. What's your idea? Do you want to accompany me?"

"I think I'll head back to Mathias first."

"Alright. My secretary will pick you up when you arrive."

"Okay."

"Where's Mathias?" Jennie, who'd been listening, chimed in with a question.

Tyrone teased her, "Didn't you say you weren't talking to me?"

"Humph!" Jennie huffed, lifting her chin in mock offense. "I wasn't asking you. I was asking Aunt Sabrina!"

Smiling at Jennie's adorable expression, Sabrina answered, "Mathias is in your uncle and grandmother's homeland. You should request her to take you there someday."

Jennie nodded, taking this suggestion seriously. "I will!"

As unpredictable as children were, Jennie, who'd just vowed silence toward Tyrone, couldn't resist sharing her exciting school stories on the way home.

Sabrina discovered her little passenger was quite the chatterbox.

Upon reaching Kira's residence, Sabrina escorted Jennie from the vehicle into the house.

In the midst of their walk, Jennie abruptly halted, gazing up at Sabrina.

"Why did we stop moving?"

"Why are you so pretty?" Jennie asked, her head tilted in innocent confusion.

Sabrina grinned at the compliment. "You're beautiful too."

Jennie shook her head, a sigh escaping her lips. "I am, but you're older. How can I win Uncle Tyrone's heart from you?"

Seeing Jennie's earnest expression, Sabrina burst out laughing. "He will always be your uncle, dear."

"But I want to be his wife."

Sabrina understood not to take a child's words too seriously, but she couldn't help shooting a pointed look at Tyrone's back.

What a heartbreaker he was!

After a pause, Jennie leaned in and whispered, "I think my grandma doesn't want you to be my uncle's wife."

Sabrina hadn't expected such astuteness from a four-year-old. How did Jennie sense that?

Jennie pursed her lips and said, "Uncle Tyrone visited another lady last summer. I wanted to go along, but he wouldn't let me."

She glanced around conspiratorially before adding in a

hushed tone, "My grandma really likes that lady."

"Thank you for sharing that with me. You're a smart girl. But don't worry, it's an adult matter and we'll handle it appropriately."

"All attractive men are unpredictable, and my uncle is no different," Jennie lamented. ①

Sabrina gently rubbed her forehead.

The lady Jennie was referring to must be Galilea.

Sabrina had known that Tyrone had visited her during a business trip in July, but Jennie's revelation didn't bother her.

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