

## Chapter 224 Tobias

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Wearing a stone-faced expression, Sabrina responded, "No."

But Tyrone wasn't having it, asserting, "I'll swing by to get you tomorrow afternoon."

He spun on his heel to leave. On his way out, he called out to Jennie, "Remember, listen to Aunt Sabrina, alright?"

Jennie gave a nod.

As Tyrone exited, sealing the door behind him, Jennie tilted her head upwards, inquiring, "Aunt Sabrina, what's a party?"

"It's an event where a bunch of people gather to sip drinks together," Sabrina clarified.

"Can I join you there tomorrow?" The girl was filled with curiosity, her gaze fixed on Sabrina with anticipation.

With a gentle smile, Sabrina replied, "No."

"Fine."

Sabrina eyed the clock, then ventured into the kitchen. She browsed the fridge, picking out some items and set to work on the night's meal.

Halfway through, a soft click echoed. The door opened to reveal Bettie, who tossed her purse onto the couch, saying, "Where's Bun?"

"Bun is here!" Peering from behind the couch, Jennie scrutinized Bettie. "You're Bettie, right? Wow, you're so pretty!"

Bettie, spotting Jennie, recognized her instantly. Drawing closer, she gushed, "You're Jennie, aren't you? You're so sweet."

She playfully tapped Bun a few times, suggesting, "You can hang with Bun. I'll help your aunt in the kitchen."



Stepping into the kitchen, Bettie noticed Sabrina chopping vegetables. She nudged Sabrina playfully, whispering, "Sabrina, why haven't you sent her home?"

"She's staying the night with me."

"Seriously?" Bettie was surprised. Sneaking a glance outside the kitchen, she continued, "Think about it. Considering she's Tyrone's niece, if you keep being so close to her like this, you'll never be able to distance yourself from him." ①

Sabrina stopped chopping.

She was all too aware of how intricate ties with Tyrone could become. She even harbored thoughts that Tyrone's plan might be to keep Jennie close and name her as the child's legal guardian, using the child as bait.

Yet, when she looked at Jennie, her heart melted.

Bettie released a heavy sigh and said, "Though the kid's so cute, you shouldn't be too close to her. Perhaps Tyrone, knowing your soft spot for kids, deliberately placed her here. It's wise to give up now. It's better for all."

A flashback of Tyrone's forceful kiss hit Sabrina.

Perhaps Bettie had a point. This couldn't continue.

She should gradually create some distance between herself and Jennie.

Even if Jennie couldn't accept it at first, with a new playmate around, memories of her would fade over time.

Additionally, Kira didn't like her, and she could do Kira a favor by distancing herself from Jennie.

When they were having dinner, Bettie finally understood why Sabrina liked Jennie so much.

With her cute round face and articulate speech, Jennie was a gem. Self-

reliant at meals, she was a far cry from the mischievous toddlers Bettie had encountered. Her impeccable manners were commendable. ○

If only she weren't linked to Tyrone, Bettie would've been equally charmed.

After dinner, Sabrina and Jennie descended to the local store, gathering essentials.

Jennie grabbed a toothbrush, climbed onto a chair, and brushed her teeth alongside Sabrina.

The two women's mouths were full of bubbles.

A glance at each other sent Jennie into fits of giggles.

After their nightly routine, Sabrina led Jennie to her room, providing her with an oversized autumn shirt to serve as pajamas. Gently rolling up the sleeves, she helped the little one clean up.

When washing Jennie's butts, Sabrina, unable to resist, playfully pinched them.

Jennie's energy seemed boundless. After drying off, she playfully jumped onto the bed, snuggling under the covers soon after.

Donning her nightgown, Sabrina switched off the lights, joining Jennie on the bed.

Almost instantly, Jennie, with her chubby body, nestled close to Sabrina.

Snuggling comfortably, Sabrina wrapped her arms around the child.

Jennie nestled her head against Sabrina's chest, rubbing affectionately like a kitten, and commented, "Aunt Sabrina, you smell so good."

With a soft smile, Sabrina stroked Jennie's back, whispering, "Sleep tight. If you want to pee, let me know."

"Alright."

Having skipped her afternoon nap, she swiftly drifted into slumber.

Sabrina also gradually fell asleep.

In her sleep, vivid dreams took form.

She envisioned herself in a hospital, a baby placed beside her. It was apparent the child was hers.

Gazing at the baby in the bed with a gentle smile, she said softly, "Starting today, little one, your name is Ellen."

Within the dream, she cradled and rocked the baby.

Suddenly, the baby vanished from her embrace.

A chill gripped Sabrina, waking her from her dream-filled sleep. The room was dimly lit.

It dawned on her that it was merely a dream.

She stretched her hand to the phone on the nightstand and checked the time. It was just five o'clock in the morning.

Peering at the peacefully slumbering Jennie, Sabrina playfully tapped her tiny cheek, a smile forming on her lips.

Maybe it was Jennie who stirred up her longing for children deep inside, causing her to have such a dream.

The mere thought of distancing herself from Jennie weighed heavily on her conscience.

Closing her eyes, she drifted back to sleep.

Awakening around seven, Jennie was still lost in her dreams.

Sabrina, feeling refreshed, got out of bed, tended to Bun, freshened up, and started on breakfast.

She made two wholesome sandwiches; slices of bread layered with steak, a sunny-side-up egg, fresh lettuce, ripe tomato, and a sprinkle of cheese. She also whipped up a creamy egg custard specially for Jennie.

As the steak sizzled, Jennie, rubbing the sleep from her eyes, walked

out of the room, calling out, "Aunt Sabrina?"

Spotting Sabrina exiting the kitchen, Jennie excitedly scampered over, exclaiming, "Aunt Sabrina!"

"I'm preparing breakfast. Go freshen up; we'll eat soon," Sabrina instructed.

"Okay."

Once she had freshened up, Jennie swapped her attire and took her seat at the table, behaving like a diligent student.

Sabrina presented the sandwiches, soy milk, and the delectable egg custard. Additionally, she warmed a comforting cup of milk for Jennie.

Jennie savored a bite of her sandwich, beaming as she exclaimed, "Your sandwich is amazing!"

"I'm glad you like it."

"Where's Bettie? Isn't she having breakfast?"

"She's off work today, likely sleeping in until lunchtime."

"Okay."

After breakfast, Jennie nestled on the couch, engrossed in watching cartoons.

Sabrina, meanwhile, reviewed past entries of the acclaimed photography contests.

Around noon, they strolled outside, had lunch, and explored the shopping mall to pick out clothes for Jennie. Before they knew it, the clock struck four in the afternoon.

They found themselves in a cozy milk tea store, anticipating their order, when Tyrone's call buzzed.

Sabrina suddenly remembered that he had invited her to accompany him to a party the previous night.

Sabrina was very reluctant.

However, she was indebted to Tyrone and didn't want to appear untrustworthy.

Tyrone asked, "Where are you now? I'll swing by for a hairstyle touch-up and, while at it, drop Jennie off."

Sabrina relayed their location.

Soon after, his car rolled into the mall's parking vicinity.

Holding their milk tea, Sabrina and Jennie navigated to Tyrone's car. Noticing him in the back seat, Sabrina ushered Jennie in ahead of her.

"Uncle Tyrone!" Jennie exclaimed, embracing him warmly.

With a kind smile, Tyrone inquired, "Did you enjoy your night with Sabrina?"

"Aunt Sabrina is so cuddly and has a lovely scent. I loved it!" Jennie responded playfully, her head tilted.

Sabrina found herself speechless.

A thought crossed Tyrone's mind, and a shadow crossed his eyes as he mused, "You're right."



## Chapter 225 This Is The Last Time

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Tyrone paused, as if relishing a secret thought.

He turned to Sabrina and looked at her. The prominence of his brows threw a contrasting shade below his eyes, making them appear profound.

Internally, Sabrina labeled him a creep and returned his gaze with an icy stare.

Rather than taking offense, Tyrone responded with a chuckle.

That laugh sent shivers down her spine.

Eager to change the conversation, she asked, "Jennie, any homework for the winter vacation?"

Jennie lifted her gaze and blinked, responding, "Yeah, but it's pretty easy." "Alright."

"Uncle, am I heading home? I'd love to join the party." Jennie tugged at Tyrone's arm, pleadingly.

"Jennie, listen to me. I'll drop you off first. And I promise to get you a cake on my way back."

"But I'm not in the mood for cake. I want to go to the party."

"No."

"Humph! I don't want to talk to you anymore!" Jennie looked away and snuggled up to Sabrina, saying, "Aunt Sabrina, can I sleep with you tonight?"

Sabrina was on the verge of agreeing.

She paused momentarily before gently declining, "Jennie, I might return

quite late tonight. Would you be okay sleeping on your own?"

Jennie replied, "I'll wait up for you."

"But if I return too late, I won't be there for you."

"I can take care of myself. I can wash up, brush my teeth, and even get into my pajamas. If you're really late, I'll just head to bed."

Sabrina didn't know what to say now.

Noticing her hesitation, Jennie's lips formed into a pout, giving Sabrina a pitiful look. "Aunt Sabrina, have you stopped liking me? Do you think I'm annoying?"

Gazing into those large, pleading eyes, a wave of tenderness washed over Sabrina and she promptly responded, "Never. I could never stop liking you."

"You're not being honest. You've stopped liking me, haven't you? Oh... please, Aunt Sabrina, don't be upset with me! I promise I'll behave better!" Jennie hid her face, tears flowing.

A pang of sympathy struck Sabrina. She wrapped Jennie in a comforting embrace, whispering, "Jennie, believe me, I'm not upset with you. Don't cry. Didn't I say yes?"

"Is that the truth? It feels like you're not being honest." Jennie's voice wavered between sobs.

"It's true!" Sabrina nodded and put her forehead to Jennie's. "I won't lie to you. You're going to stay at my place now. While I'm away, Bettie will be there for you. Can you promise to listen to her?"

"Of course! You're simply the best!"

Jennie spun around, threw herself into Sabrina's arms, and gazed up at her with a mischievous smile. Her smile was sly and there were no tears on her face.

A mix of surprise and realization dawned on Sabrina's face.



She playfully began tickling Jennie, teasing, "Oh, you little trickster! Pretending to cry, were you?"

Jennie, wriggling away from Sabrina's playful assault, giggled and pleaded, "Please, Aunt Sabrina, no tickling! I'm so sorry. I won't pull that trick again!"

Nearby, Tyrone lounged effortlessly, a hint of a smile on his lips, his gaze radiating warmth as he observed the two of them.

Jennie burst into laughter, nearly shedding tears. She couldn't resist moving closer to Tyrone and climbing onto his lap. "Uncle! Save me!"

Tyrone cradled Jennie with one arm and grasped Sabrina's hand with the other. "Alright, let's take a breather now."

He spoke in a gentle and helpless tone, as if Sabrina were also a child. His hand, large and fair, had clearly visible blue veins that tightened around hers. The skin on his hand was slightly rough, creating an itchiness.

Sabrina withdrew her hand and said, "I'll let you go this time."

She let out a deep breath.

She hadn't managed to distance herself this time.

Alright, she thought, this would be the last time.

Next time, she would stand her ground and refuse.

The driver asked, "Sir, shall we change the route now?"

"No. We'll first head to the villa for some of Jennie's outfits, then proceed to Sabrina's place."

"Understood."

The car pulled up to the entrance of the complex. Stepping out, Sabrina grabbed the bag of clothes and escorted Jennie to her apartment.

Bettie was casually sprawled on the couch, engrossed in her phone.

Catching sight of Sabrina, she began, "Did you drop her..."

Her sentence trailed off upon spotting Jennie trailing behind Sabrina.

Avoiding Bettie's gaze, guilt evident on her face, Sabrina set the bag on the sofa. "Bettie, I need a favor. Could you watch over Jennie for the evening? I've got errands and will return later."

With Jennie present, Bettie agreed without hesitation. "Sure thing, Jennie, we'll have dinner together tonight, okay?"

"Okay," Jennie responded with gratitude.

Worried about leaving Jennie idle, Sabrina handed her an iPad with some instructions. Then, she made her exit.

The moment she stepped out of the elevator, her phone buzzed with a new message.

Tapping the notification, she was met with an irate emoji from Bettie. "Tell me what's going on here? Why didn't you drop her home?" 🙄

Sabrina paused before replying, "Don't worry. This is the last time."

Bettie finally understood how insidious Tyrone was. He knew that Sabrina was soft-hearted, so he used a child.

"You certain about that?"

"Yes, I am," Sabrina replied firmly.

"Alright. I trust you. Just curious, what's the plan for tonight? Don't stay out too late."

"Just some personal matters."

"Could it be related to Tyrone?" Bettie struggled to come up with any other possibilities.

Sabrina found herself at a loss for words.

She reached the gate of the neighborhood, swiftly stepping into the awaiting car. She dimmed her phone's display, opting to ignore the

message for now.

A few minutes later, she replied, "Why would it be?"

"I knew it!"

She left Bettie's message unanswered.

The car came to a halt in front of a private styling studio.

Sabrina glanced up and recognized that it was the same studio as last time.

Memories of an awkward encounter during a recent charity dinner flooded back.

"What are you thinking about?" Tyrone asked in a casual tone.

"Nothing," Sabrina quickly assured.

Inside, Sabrina took a seat in front of a mirror.

As the makeup artist began her work, she commented, "Ms. Chavez, your skin is really good..."

The make-up artist was stunned before she could finish her words.

Beneath the makeup was a canvas of silky-smooth skin.

However, a few scars marred its perfection.

Catching the artist's surprised glance, Sabrina elaborated, "I had an accident."

The scars were sharp and distinct, seemingly from a blade.

The make-up artist tried to reassure her, "With your light skin tone, these can be concealed effortlessly."

From a distance, Tyrone's heart ached at the revelation.

Once her makeup and hair were done, a fashion consultant assisted Sabrina into a custom-made gown.

As Sabrina came out from the changing room, Tyrone was seated on the sofa. He looked up, and there was an undeniable sense of

astonishment in his eyes.

"Let's go," Sabrina said, barely acknowledging his reaction.

A hint of emotion tugged at Tyrone's mouth.

He had a vivid memory of their previous visit to this place. As she stepped out in her new outfit back then, she had playfully twirled around in front of him, wearing a smile, and inquired if she looked good.

Now, she briefly looked at herself and seemed ready to head out.

