

Chapter 229 She Fell In Love With Someone Else

The sounds of footsteps behind Sabrina dwindled until they were gone. Sabrina inhaled deeply, her throat tightening, before stepping into the elevator with silent resolve.

How often had Tyrone whispered sweet words of love to her? She pondered if his words were genuine or mere deceit. Ⓞ

Regardless, it was water under the bridge now.

She caught her reflection in the elevator's mirrored surface, noticing the redness that had crept into her eyes.

Tyrone did it on purpose for sure.

Before he left, he said those words, clearly aiming to tug at her heartstrings.

But she wouldn't let him get to her.

Lost in thought, Sabrina stood still.

Eventually, the sensation of time passing jolted her back to reality. The elevator hadn't moved an inch.

Glancing up, she saw it was still on the ground floor. She had forgotten to select her floor.

What the hell!

With a huff, Sabrina pressed the desired floor button.

Upon reaching her apartment, she slid off her jacket, placing it on its hook, and switched into cozy slippers.

Jennie was still up, engrossed in watching cartoons on the couch.

Seeing Sabrina, she remarked in a daze, "Aunt Sabrina, you look so beautiful today!"

Sabrina approached, giving Jennie's cheek a playful pinch. "All cleaned up for bed?"

"Yes!" Jennie responded with a nod.

"Alright, it's time to sleep. Go to bed, and I'll join you in a moment."

"Sure thing."

The little girl, obedient as ever, set her tablet aside and scampered off in her cozy pajamas.


Sabrina indulged in a relaxing shower and dried her hair. Settling into bed, she absentmindedly checked her phone and spotted a message from Trevor. "Made it home."


She responded with a smiling emoji, setting her phone aside before settling in.

Snuggling up to her, Jennie remarked, "You looked so beautiful today, Aunt Sabrina. You and Uncle would make such a dreamy couple!"

Taking a deep breath, Sabrina questioned, "Jennie, do you like me for me or because you hope I'll be with your uncle?"

"I adore you just for being you!" Jennie's eyes sparkled. "But that doesn't mean I wouldn't love you to be my uncle's wife."

"If you genuinely care for me, stop talking about your uncle. We won't ever be a couple. And if you bring it up again, I'll resent both you and him. Got it?" 

Jennie's cheerful demeanor vanished instantly. Her expressions morphed rapidly from understanding to concern, then to dread. Tentatively, she inquired, "Do you really despise my uncle that much?" 

"Yes, very much."

Clutching Sabrina's arm tightly, the little girl murmured, "Alright. I promise not to bring him up again."

Deep down, Jennie felt a pang of sadness.

Tyrone was really useless.

Was he truly ready to move on?

Was Sabrina going to marry Trevor?

How could that man ever be worthy of her?

"Good girl!" Sabrina responded, patting Jennie's head affectionately.

On Monday morning, Sabrina dropped Jennie off at Tyrone's place.

She didn't even step foot inside, simply letting Jennie carry her bag of clothes in by herself.

Once inside, Jennie tossed her bag onto a table, her lips pursed in frustration. She sank into the sofa, asking, "Karen, is my uncle around?"

"He didn't come home last night."

A wave of annoyance rushed over Jennie, causing her to give the table a good kick.

Where on earth had he gone?

Had something happened the previous day?

He was really useless.

Grabbing a milk bottle from the kitchen, she lounged on the sofa, taking a sip. She then used her smartwatch to dial Tyrone's number.

It seemed like ages before someone picked up.

Just as she was about to end the call, a groggy voice answered, "Who is this? Jennie?" The man sounded like he'd just been roused from sleep.

"Uncle, snap out of it! Where've you been?" Jennie's voice had an urgency.

Seemingly collecting his thoughts, Tyrone replied, "I'm on my way home,

Jennie."

Roughly twenty minutes after, a car pulled into the villa's driveway.

Tyrone, looking exhausted, paused to massage his temples before leaving his car and heading into the living room.

His attire from the previous day was disheveled and wrinkled. His unkempt hair and the overpowering scent of alcohol painted a clear picture.

Jennie wrinkled her nose in distaste, using her little hand to fan the air and making a cute pouting expression. "Uncle, did you dive into a barrel of wine?"

Tyrone answered, "I need a shower and a change of clothes. We can chat after."

Tyrone made his way upstairs.

Jennie watched his back, her shoulders shrugging in resignation.

Did she need to guess?

It seemed like he had a disagreement with Sabrina last night and ended up getting drunk by himself.

Freshened up and with hair towel-dried, Tyrone returned downstairs, taking a seat next to Jennie. "Your aunt dropped you off?"

Jennie nodded and said, "Yeah. Did you two have a disagreement yesterday?"

Setting aside his towel, he met her gaze and hesitated for a moment before asking, "Did she mention anything about it to you?"

"She told me that if I ever bring you up again, she'll start resenting both of us."

"In that case, don't speak of me around her. Whatever happens between adults shouldn't affect you. If you cherish her, keep doing so."

Jennie's disappointment in Tyrone was evident. She chastised, "Uncle, do you realize that choosing to run away from it is a cowardly decision? And numbing yourself with alcohol? That's even worse. Why cave so easily? Have you truly given up on her after just one little hurdle?" ①

Tyrone's expression grew somber, and a rueful smile tugged at his lips. Memories of Sabrina's words the previous night surfaced. "Jennie, it's more complicated than you know..."

"You know, I might not understand it all, but it seems like you threw in the towel way too early. You wanted my help, and yet you're quitting before I do."

"Your aunt has feelings for someone else."

"Trevor? He's nowhere near worthy of my aunt! Do you really believe you're second-best to him?" Jennie retorted with clear distaste.

Tyrone explained, "It's not about comparing; it's about how your heart feels towards someone. When you like someone, your heart naturally gravitates towards them. What others do doesn't matter much."

"Didn't Aunt Sabrina like anyone else before?" Jennie queried with genuine curiosity.

Taking a deep breath, Tyrone responded, a tinge of sadness in his voice, "Yes, she did."

During their marriage, Sabrina had feelings for someone else.

He hadn't managed to uncover who that man was.

Jennie, raising her finger as if lecturing, said, "There you have it. Even if Aunt Sabrina had feelings for someone else, she still chose you. Isn't that proof enough? As grown-ups put it, love and marriage are like two different puzzle pieces. Sometimes, even if you care for someone a lot, you might not end up as a couple. It's like waiting for the perfect puzzle piece to fit into your life at just the right moment. Even husband and wife can divorce. Aunt Sabrina and Trevor's relationship is nothing.

Uncle, are you just giving up now?"

Tyrone was taken aback, lost for words.

Jennie's words enlightened him.

She had a point. Relationships and marriages could end. Just because two people were in love didn't guarantee a fairy tale ending.

Even if they were a couple, there was no guarantee they'd reach the finish line. Love and relationships often end in disappointment for many people.

He shouldn't have given up just because of a few of Sabrina's words.

Tyrone turned to Jennie, patting her head affectionately, and saying, "You're right, Jennie. I shouldn't have given up so easily."

Jennie acted like a teacher who tried to persuade bad students to go on the right path. "That's it!"

Seeing Jennie's mock-serious expression, Tyrone playfully tweaked her nose. "You're quite the smart one, aren't you?"

Blushing, Jennie hid her face in her arms, a shy smile peeking through.