

Chapter 452 Jennie's Popularity

Tyrone easily discerned Keilani's intentions with just one glance. It was clear that she wanted to get closer to him. But her arrogance and his previous mocking words left her feeling embarrassed to approach him. As a result, she resorted to subtle hints and indirect approaches, which only seemed contradictory.

The last time Tyrone had experienced similar tactics was back in high school.

Back then, a young girl had used a flimsy excuse to offer him breakfast. When he declined her offer, her face cycled through shades of red and pale. She snatched the breakfast back and retorted defiantly, "Fine. I don't want to give this to you anyway!"

The little girl returned to her seat irritably. During the class, she took a pen and asked him, "Hey, is this yours? I found it on the floor just now."

Tyrone could tell Keilani had been pampered by her family since birth. However, women like Keilani only struck Tyrone as childish. He couldn't possibly develop feelings for her.

"I have something important to discuss with Royce," Tyrone began, but his words merely hung in the air.

Keilani felt frustrated. She had more questions, but she feared he would only dislike her even more.

Just then, a steady footsteps approached, announcing the arrival of a man who appeared to be in his fifties. He exuded an air of elegance and gentleness, but his presence commanded respect.

Upon seeing the man, Tyrone promptly stood up and nodded

respectfully. "Mr. Nelson."

Keilani turned around and called out, "Uncle."

"Tyrone, there you are. Please, have a seat." Royce offered a warm smile and said to Keilani, "Keilani, I need to talk with Tyrone in private. You go upstairs for now."

Keilani bit her lip and nodded in acquiescence. Her presence in the Nelson family's residence after more than a decade seemed to be both welcomed and distant. It was not a place where she could do as she pleased.

As Keilani made her way upstairs, Royce settled into a chair opposite Tyrone. "Keilani can be a bit spoiled sometimes. I hope you can forgive her if she offends you."

Tyrone returned the smile. "Not long ago, I found myself in a difficult situation, and you played a crucial role in resolving it. I can't thank you enough for your help. Besides, Keilani is your niece. I wouldn't argue with her."

"As an official, it's my duty to uphold justice for the people. No need to thank me for that. You should thank your wife," Royce replied with a warm smile.

"My wife?"

"Yes. She came to me. Were you not aware?"

It was at that moment that Tyrone realized Sabrina's efforts. On the day she returned home, despite the disagreement they had had while he was in detention, she had reached out to Royce, seeking Royce's help for his sake.

Moved by Sabrina's actions, Tyrone couldn't help but smile. She must have been furious with him at that time, but she still tried to help him.

In the following week, Tyrone made a habit of calling Sabrina every day, hoping for her return.

Sabrina reassured him that the shoot was going well and that

she would be back soon.

One day, the principal of Jared Kindergarten received an important guest, Keilani, the niece of a high-ranking official like Royce.

Keilani claimed to have been asked by one of her friends to investigate local kindergartens as they were planning to return home with their children.

Jared Kindergarten had earned a reputation as one of the finest private kindergartens in Mathias. It boasted top-notch facilities, dedicated teachers, an excellent canteen, and impeccable service. The tuition fees matched the high standards, making it an exclusive choice.

Unlike most kindergartens, Jared Kindergarten didn't have extended winter or summer breaks. Instead, it offered only a two-week vacation during the New Year period, like a nursery school. Furthermore, the kindergarten provided various classes for students to explore their interests.

The steep tuition fees made it inaccessible for ordinary families, ensuring that only children from influential backgrounds could attend.

The principal eagerly showcased the kindergarten's facilities and offerings to Keilani, hoping to win her favor.

Keilani had no choice but to patiently engage in conversation and pretend to be polite.

After the introduction, the principal turned to Keilani and inquired, "Miss, is there anything else you'd like to know?"


Keilani seized the opportunity to inquire further, "I'd like to see the classroom environment."

"Of course. I'll take you there right away. The children are currently in their classes, but we can observe from outside the classroom. I'm confident you'll be impressed."

Keilani nodded in agreement and quickly followed the principal.



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The principal led Keilani to a classroom window and whispered, "We have an exceptional teacher in this class. She's received several awards..."

"My friend's child is just four years old. She should be in the middle class when they return."

The principal nodded in understanding. "Certainly. I'll take you to the middle class."

The principal led Keilani to one of the two middle classes and began her introduction.

However, Keilani's attention drifted away from the principal's words as she focused on the children in the classroom. She silently counted in her head, remembering that Kira had mentioned Tyrone's child would be in the second line and the fourth row.

As her gaze swept across the classroom, Keilani spotted a particularly adorable little girl. The girl had big, round, expressive eyes, a small and endearing nose, and moist lips. Her hair was neatly tied with a toy strawberry hair tie. The little girl wore a serious expression that only added to her cuteness.

Keilani felt fond for the girl at once. She took a few steps closer for a better view until she reached the window.

There was an undeniable resemblance between the little girl and Tyrone. It seemed that Kira didn't lie to her. Of course, the adorable little girl was none other than Jennie.

Keilani pursed her lips. Although she was bothered by the fact that Tyrone had a child with another woman, the child's undeniable cuteness and Kira's words about the child's biological mother having passed away made it easier for Keilani to accept the situation. Additionally, this child could potentially be a bridge to bring her closer to Tyrone.

Noticing Keilani's silence, the principal finally spoke up. "Miss, what do you think?"

Keilani returned to her senses and glanced at her watch. "I'd like to see the playground."

"Sure. This way please," the principal readily agreed.

The principal didn't find anything amiss. After all, the playground was a crucial part of the daily school routine for the children. It was only natural for a parent to be careful.

As they headed toward the playground, the sound of the bell ringing in the distance reached their ears.

"That's the bell signaling the breaktime," the principal explained.

As she finished speaking, the classroom doors swung open, and the children poured out, filled with enthusiasm, laughter, and excitement. They scattered toward the various play structures like slides and seesaws.

Some of the children recognized the principal and greeted her with polite smiles and waves.

The principal turned to Keilani and suggested, "Miss, if you have concerns about the environment, you can stay here and observe them for a while to see how they interact and play."

"Alright," Keilani replied while scanning the children. She especially kept an eye on the middle class, searching for Jennie.

It appeared that Jennie hadn't come out of the classroom just yet.


Keilani walked over under the tree and finally spotted Jennie. Jennie was munching on a small cake and strolling out of the classroom, accompanied by a group of close friends.

"Jennie, let's go down the slide, okay?" a boy suggested.

"No! Come play on the trampoline with us!" another girl chimed in.

Just then, another little boy approached and eagerly asked, "Jennie, how about we have a go on the seesaw?"

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The first boy pouted in discontent. "Jennie, are you going to choose the slide with me, the trampoline with her, or the seesaw with him?"

Jennie rubbed her forehead and looked at her friends with a helpless expression. "Can I not choose?" She was quite popular.

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