

Chapter 210 Don't Deserve To Be Parents

"Nice to meet you too, Jennie. You are such a good girl. Please come sit next to me." Wanda nodded with satisfaction and retrieved a smartwatch she had prepared for Jennie. "This is a gift for you."

Jennie was not timid at all. She plopped her backpack on the sofa and snuggled up next to Wanda. With a big smile, she accepted the gift and eagerly reached into her backpack. "Thank you so much! I also have a surprise for you!"

She pulled out a small tin box and continued, "Here you go. I made these cookies myself. Please try one."

"Oh my! Do you know how to make cookies at such a young age? Aren't you a gem?"

Wanda opened the tin box to find an assortment of biscuits with various shapes: rabbits, cats, circles, and so on.

Taking one of the biscuits, Wanda took a bite and nearly damaged her artificial teeth on the hard cookie.

"Is it delicious? Do you like it?" Jennie asked, her bright eyes filled with anticipation.

Not wanting to disappoint her, Wanda replied, "Yes, it's delicious. Jennie, you did an excellent job. But I shouldn't have too many biscuits. Let's give them to your uncle."

"Okay!" Jennie didn't suspect anything. With the tin box in hand, she hurried over to the single sofa and presented it. "Uncle, would you like to try some biscuits?"

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"Thank you, Jennie."

Tyrone picked up a biscuit from the tin box and brought it to his mouth. As he took a bite, the dry, hard texture of the cookie made him feel like he was chewing on a brick. He shot a quick, sidelong glance at Wanda.

Engaged in conversation with Jennie and smiling, Wanda inquired about

her life in Hojery.

The little girl responded with maturity beyond her years.

At just four years old, Jennie possessed clear speech and agile thinking, allowing her to express herself systematically and coherently. Her intelligence was impressive, and she quickly won over the heart of everyone she met.

Turning to Jennie, Wanda asked, "Did you bring all your luggage in that backpack, dear?"

"Yes." Jennie nodded. "Grandma said I shouldn't bring too much so I could carry it myself."

"Indeed, you shouldn't burden yourself with too much luggage. You're still young and shouldn't tire yourself out. But, Jennie, you didn't bring any clothes. How about asking your uncle to take you shopping for some clothes?" Wanda suggested.

"Aren't you coming with us?" Jennie inquired.

"I'm a bit too old to manage long walks, dear. I'll stay here."

"All right."

Wanda winked at Tyrone and said, "Take Jennie to the mall to buy some clothes and show her around."

"Sure," Tyrone responded, getting up.

Even without Wanda's suggestion, Tyrone had the same plan in mind.

"Let's go to the mall, Jennie," Tyrone said, holding his hand out.

Jennie hopped off the sofa and slipped her little hand into his, and they left.

"Don't forget to be back for lunch!" Wanda called after them.

"Of course," Tyrone assured.

"Great-grandma, please save some food for me. I'll be back for lunch," Jennie turned and requested.

"Don't worry, my little one! There will be a meal waiting for you."

Wanda watched as they departed, hand in hand, and let out a long sigh. She couldn't help but think about what a clever girl Jennie was. She was healthy and capable, so why would her parents abandon her?

"I noticed the resemblance between Jennie and Tyrone. They look like father and daughter at first glance," said the housekeeper.

Wanda pondered the matter, mumbling aloud, "You're right!"

A fleeting idea crossed her mind, causing her expression to change slightly.

She hoped that her instincts were wrong.

Meanwhile, Tyrone took Jennie to the mall for clothes shopping.

Upon arriving, Jennie was excited, darting around with enthusiasm. She spotted a train with parents and children on it.

She looked up at Tyrone, her eyes as big as saucers, and asked eagerly, "Uncle Tyrone, can we ride that train?"

The mall had five floors, and they went on a tour of all the shops.

Once they had finished shopping, Jennie grew too tired to walk.

Tyrone easily held her in one arm while carrying the shopping bags with the other.

Nestled against Tyrone's neck, Jennie exclaimed, "Wow! Uncle, you're amazing! I like you so much!"

"Is that because I can carry you with one arm?" Tyrone inquired with a smile.

"Yes, yes! Roberto's dad could lift him with one arm, but I don't have a dad. Uncle Tyrone, you feel like a father to me," Jennie confessed. ☺

Tyrone looked at Jennie with sympathy.

The little girl appeared carefree, but he knew she was perceptive, well

beyond her tender age.

How could her parents abandon such an adorable child? They didn't deserve to be parents!

For a moment, the thought of adopting Jennie crossed his mind. ①

He wanted to be with Sabrina, and considering they might not have biological children, adopting Jennie felt like a potential choice.

However, he knew he needed to approach this matter cautiously. He couldn't rush into it. First, he needed to win Sabrina back, and then he could discuss it further with her.

After shopping, they returned to Wanda's for lunch. The little girl was exhausted and struggled to keep her eyes open.

Tyrone suggested softly, "Jennie, would you like to nap in the car until we reach my place?"

"Okay."

Tyrone drove her back to Starriver Bay.

Throughout the car ride, Jennie slept soundly. But upon reaching the villa, she woke up, her excitement renewed.

If it weren't for Tyrone informing Karen beforehand to prepare the guest room, Karen would have assumed that Jennie was Tyrone's daughter because of the uncanny resemblance.

Jennie strolled around the villa with her hands behind her back.

"What's this?" Jennie queried, pulling out a cat toy from nowhere and showing it to Karen.

Karen explained, "That's a stick for playing with cats."

"A cat stick? Where's the cat? Can I see it?" Jennie asked gleefully.

"The cat is with Sabrina."

Jennie's eyes sparkled. "I'm going to play with Aunt Sabrina and the cat

tomorrow!"

Initially, Tyrone had considered informing Sabrina in advance.

But he reconsidered his decision. He was worried that Sabrina might be harsh and refuse to see Jennie.

Thus, he decided to surprise her instead.


The following morning, after having breakfast, Tyrone took Jennie to the entrance of Sabrina's neighborhood.

At that time, Bettie was likely at work, leaving Sabrina alone at home.

"Sabrina lives here now," Tyrone said, pointing to the neighborhood. "I'm going to give her a call."

"Okay," Jennie said, nodding obediently. She couldn't wait to see her aunt and the cat.

Tyrone dialed Sabrina's number.

The phone rang for several seconds, almost reaching voicemail, before Sabrina answered in a curt tone, "Yes, what is it?" 

Tyrone glanced at Jennie and said, "I'm at your neighborhood. Can you come out?"

"Why can't you tell me what you want on the phone?" Sabrina asked, frustrated.

Tyrone felt hurt when he heard Sabrina's cold tone. Just as he was about to respond, Jennie grabbed his phone and said, "Aunt Sabrina, it's me! I miss you so much. Can you come out and see me?"

When Sabrina heard the child's voice on the line, she was stunned for a few seconds. Then Jennie's face appeared in her mind. "Jennie?"

It was her, the lovely little girl.

She was here in Mathias?

"Yes, it's me! I want to visit you. Can you come out?" Jennie pleaded.

The sound of the childish voice softened Sabrina's heart. She stood up, opened the door, and stepped out. "I'm coming out right now. Jennie, when did you arrive in Mathias?"

Sabrina's animosity towards Tyrone had nothing to do with Jennie. She loved the little girl very much.

"I got here yesterday," Jennie answered.

"Where are you? I'm out. I can't see you," Sabrina asked.

"We're at the entrance of the neighborhood!" Jennie replied.

About two minutes later, Sabrina appeared.

When Jennie saw Sabrina, she rushed over and hugged her leg. "Aunt Sabrina!"

