

Chapter 219 I Don't Want Anyone Else

Tyrone set his phone down with a sigh, gently rubbing Jennie's shoulder. "Hey, Jennie, it's alright. No more tears."

Jennie's tears continued as she nestled into him.


Seeing her distressed, Tyrone tenderly stroked her back, fetched a tissue for her from the table, and handed it over, patiently waiting for her emotions to settle.


Even as she dabbed at her eyes, Jennie's tears flowed.

"Listen, Jennie, you're free to be friends with anyone, alright? You shouldn't feel bound by your grandma's words."

Drawing close, tears sparkling in her eyes and wetting her lashes, she mustered, "Uncle Tyrone, why does Grandma seem to dislike Aunt Sabrina?"

A shadow crossed Tyrone's expression. It was something he often thought about.

Ever since Sabrina became a part of the Blakely family, Kira's behavior towards her had been less than kind. 

Initially, Kira simply acted as though Sabrina was invisible. 

Things escalated when Cesar declared Sabrina and Tyrone's marriage. Kira's objection was vocal and fierce. Not only did she confront Cesar, but she approached Sabrina in private.

When Kira failed, she approached Tyrone, determinedly urging him to reject the marriage.

She didn't calm down until he said that he didn't want to disobey his

grandfather and would divorce Sabrina someday in the future.

From day one, Kira's contention was rooted in Sabrina's poor background, deeming her unfit for him.

But such details weren't for Jennie's ears.

A puzzled look crossed Jennie's face.

Spotting her confusion, Tyrone swiftly changed the topic. "Hey, Jennie, how about staying and studying in Mathias? I promise I'll be there for you."

"I..." She hesitated, her lips tightly pressed and her gaze downward.

With a warm smile, Tyrone continued, "Let's set aside that topic for now. Just remember, while you're here, it's my say. And I say, you're free to go wherever you want and befriend anyone you like."

He could sense the turmoil in Jennie's heart.

Kira had a strong bond with her, making their connection nearly unbreakable, just as he felt with his grandparents.

"Alright," Jennie murmured softly.

"Come on," Tyrone said, handing the tiger doll to Jennie. "Time for bed. Do you still want to hang out with Sabrina tomorrow?"

Jennie hesitated and then quietly shook her head.

"Why? Is it because of what your grandma said?"

Lowering her head, Jennie admitted, "I don't want to upset her."

Perhaps fearing she might have upset Tyrone, she wrapped her arms around his neck and added, "Grandma's all I've known as family. She's always been so good to me. I can't bear to see her mad."

Tyrone's heart ached. Offering her a comforting smile, he said, "You know, your family isn't just her. Sabrina, your great-grandma, and I are all family too. Your well-being matters most. Don't sacrifice your happiness just for your grandma's sake."

Besides, she was likely just bluffing. I doubt she's truly mad at you. And if she ever is, you can always tell your great-grandma. She might even have a word with your grandma for you."

"Really? Will Great-grandma stand by me? Like when Roberto got a telling-off from his mom?"

"Absolutely! Your great-grandma will set things straight."

The thought of her great-grandmother defending her against her grandma tickled Jennie, and she let out a giggle.

"Feeling better now?"

"Yes." Jennie leaned her head against his shoulder and rubbed against it like a kitten. "You're the best, Uncle Tyrone."

Just then, Kira's call buzzed through.

Without answering, Tyrone whisked Jennie upstairs to bed.

Once she was sound asleep, Tyrone quietly left her room, ensuring the door was closed gently behind him. Downstairs in the living room, he redialed Kira's number.

Once the call connected, Kira asked, "Is Jennie already in bed?"

"She's asleep."

Letting out a weary sigh, Kira responded, "I'm just looking out for you, Tyrone. Why can't you see that?"

"I won't marry again unless it's with Sabrina. Look, Aunt Kira, I'm calling to discuss Jennie, not my personal life."

Growing frustrated, Kira retorted, "It seems you're truly smitten with her! Are you planning to have Jennie play the role of Sabrina's daughter since Sabrina can't have kids of her own? Just to make it clear to you, I don't agree with it! Not now, not ever!"

A chill ran through Tyrone's gaze, his face clouding over. "How did you come to know that Sabrina can't bear children?"

"She..." Kira wanted to say something, but she controlled herself. "After you mentioned her miscarriage, I had someone check into it. Part of my resistance to your remarrying her is because I knew she couldn't get pregnant anymore. Have you truly considered a life without your own children? Is that what you really want?"

"Yes, my choice is clear and I don't want anyone else but Sabrina!" Tyrone said firmly. "I've made up my mind. Once the winter vacation ends, I'll let Jennie decide for herself. If she chooses to return, I'll ensure she does. If she opts to stay, I'll look after her, and you won't have to be concerned about her well-being."

"You..." Kira's voice trembled with anger. "Have you ever wondered why Sabrina can't conceive after just one miscarriage? Maybe she's undergone several abortions. To be with someone like that, you..."

"Aunt Kira! I've always treated you with respect, but that doesn't grant you the right to insult Sabrina in such a manner. I'm beginning to wonder if it's wise for Jennie to grow up influenced by someone like you!"

"Tyrone! How could you..."

Tyrone quickly ended the call before Kira could continue.

When she tried to call back, Tyrone didn't pick up.

Despite Kira's persistent efforts to reach him, Tyrone simply silenced his phone and set it aside.

For the next two days, Jennie didn't reach out to Sabrina.

Sabrina, in the meantime, leisurely explored the city, snapping pictures as she went.

Once back home, she sifted through her captures, sharing her favorites online.

Her posts garnered heaps of admiration, with several people diving deep into analyzing her imagery.

Sabrina checked it casually and logged out of Twitter. She happened to see a message from Aylin.

There was a link.

Soon after, Aylin messaged again, "Sabrina, check this out. I think you should give it a shot."

Holding off on an immediate response, Sabrina tapped the provided link. It led to an official Twitter page named Monwayne International Photography Competition.

The post detailed the onset of the upcoming Monwayne International Photography Competition., inviting photographers worldwide to join.

It further outlined submission timelines, category specifications, contest regulations, prize structures, jury details, and more.

Adding to her initial message, Aylin noted, "This photography contest is a big deal. You should definitely enter."

"Okay, I will learn about it first."

In fact, she had already made up her mind to participate.

She figured it couldn't hurt to take part in a photography contest, given her open schedule.

By Friday evening, Tyrone called Sabrina.

"Aunt Sabrina, remember to pick me up tomorrow," Jennie chimed in with a childlike tone.

"I won't forget!"

