



A Beauty

“You won’t scold me if you are my biological mother.” Timothy had a stern look.

“Rosaline took you away when you were born. Doesn’t that mean you didn’t have your mother to educate you?”

Timothy was stunned and lowered his head.

“Timmy.” Alana grabbed both his shoulders, “I was only anxious because you weren’t by my side. Remember not to tell Grandma.”

“Is that true?” Timothy raised his head and looked at Alana.

“Of course, it is. I beg you. Tell Granny and Daddy that you miss me and want to stay with me. When Daddy marries me, I will be able to accompany you every day.”

Timothy nodded. Even though Alana did not look like one, he wanted a mother to love him, just like the other children.

“Also, you need to cry when you see your father. Don’t let him marry some Wonder Doctor. Otherwise, he won’t love you anymore when they have another child. Understand?”

“Okay.” Timothy nodded like he understood everything.

“That’s all. Go and play. I’ll be waiting for you here.”

Timothy walked towards the playground sadly. He only saw Alana playing with her phone when other children’s mothers were by their sides. She did not act like his biological mother at all and did not even care about him.

Timothy walked out alone after walking around the place twice.

Alana was still playing with her phone and forgot that she had brought Timothy with her.

After Timothy left the playground, he took the elevator and prepared to go home. However, he slipped and fell off the railing.

“Help!” Timothy started crying.

Emmeline was pushing a shopping cart. When she saw a child dangling on the elevator, the child reminded her of her triplets.. Emmeline pushed her shopping cart away and leapt on the elevator to carry Timothy in her arms.

Timothy was heavy and caused Emmeline to fall on the floor. However, she hugged him tightly and used her body as a cushion.

Everyone around them was shocked and started to surround them.

Timothy looked fine, but Emmeline’s forehead was bleeding.

“Call 911 and send them to the hospital!” One of the bystanders shouted.

Soon, someone called 911 and both of them got sent to the hospital.

Timothy had a bruised elbow, while Emmeline needed eight stitches on her forehead. She was sent to get an IV drip.

“Miss.” Timothy looked at Emmeline and said to her with tears in his eyes, “Thank you for saving me.”

“It’s all right.” Emmeline pinched his cheeks. “Children are all blessed.”

Timothy stared at Emmeline and said, “Miss, you are so pretty. You’re like a movie star.”

Emmeline laughed after hearing that. She asked Timothy, “Where is your mother? You are so cute. I’m sure your mother is a beauty.”

Timothy lowered his head and mumbled, "I don't have a mother."

"You don't have a mother?" Emmeline was shocked and felt a pain in her chest, "Whom did you come here with?"

Timothy said softly, "I'm here by myself."

He knew he was lying, so he dared not look into Emmeline's eyes.

"Where are you staying?" Emmeline wanted to embrace this child badly. He looked a lot like her triplets. However, she could not hug him because of the IV drip injected into her hand.

Timothy gave her a phone number, and she told the nurse to contact Timothy's parents.

The Ryker family did not know Alana had lost Timothy yet. When the butler heard the nurse telling him Timothy was in the hospital, he was shocked and informed Rosaline immediately.

Alana only realized Timothy went missing after Rosaline called her.

She scolded Alana through the phone, "Thankfully, someone rescued him. Otherwise, I'll make you wish you were never born!"

"Madame Ryker, calm down. I will go to the hospital now..."

"No! I already called Abel. He is on his way now. You are such a jinx!"

Rosaline shouted before slamming the phone.

Emmeline's IV drip had been removed as Timothy fell asleep while lying by her side.

When she remembered that his parents would be there to pick him up soon, she informed the nurse and left.

When Abel arrived at the hospital, he saw his son sleeping on the hospital bed. Instead of Emmeline's hand, Timothy's hand was holding onto the blanket now.

"Miss, you are so nice. You are like my mommy..." Timothy spoke in his dreams.

Abel frowned. He seldom met his son, so he was not close to him. However, his heart still melted from seeing his cute face. It was a bittersweet moment.

"Timmy." He called softly and carried Timothy.

"Who was the person who rescued my son?" Abel asked the nurse.

"A beautiful young lady. Her name is Emmeline Louise."

Abel frowned when he heard the name. He wondered if the whole incident was caused by Emmeline on purpose since it was too much of a coincidence.

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