

Chapter 2

Four years later at Dynasty Bar, loud music that constantly stimulated one's eardrums and provoked every nerve in a person's body could be heard.

Suddenly, a line of men in black suits moved into the doorway. In the Bentley at the entrance sat a man with an expression so frosty that it seemed as if his face was carved out of ice. He was handsome like a Greek God and exuded a compelling aloofness. His face carried a trace of arrogance that suggested he was always looking upon all lifeforms beneath him.

This was Pierre Fowler, the most impressive man in Digton City.

"Mr. Fowler, the last location of the spy was inside this bar," said Niall, his special assistant who was bending toward him outside the car.

"Clear the place." Pierre opened his thin lips slightly and spoke, his voice thick and magnetic.

As the people came out from inside, they were herded into a big truck. Although they screamed and cursed, they didn't dare to make any move because they knew they couldn't afford to mess with the people at the door.

Soon, the bar was empty, leaving only the baristas, who all gathered in the middle of the hall. While they were holding their heads and squatting on the ground, they had

no idea what was happening.

Meanwhile, Selena was in this bar too, drunk as a skunk. Her two boys had died as soon as they were born on this day four years ago, and that became the darkest day of her life.

She had no way of happily celebrating this day, so she deliberately postponed her daughter's birthday to a week later. Every year, on this day, she would indulge in her grief shamelessly to pay tribute to her dead sons and her past self.

As soon as she pushed open the restroom door, she suddenly felt something cold against her waist.

Selena almost jumped in shock, for she was all too familiar with the touch of this thing. It was a gun; a real gun. Even when she was drunk, she remained alert and sensitive to such things.

"Don't move!" A childish voice came from below her.

It was clearly the voice of a child!

Through the corner of her eyes, Selena caught a glimpse of a young boy of about four years of age. This little boy looked very striking in his straight little suit. His delicate features resembled that of a fine carving, and his pair of eyes were inky black, but they were so bright that they looked like shining stars in the dark night.

How is it possible for a kid to look so good? Unfortunately though, his little face was now crumpled up with a little

frown, making him look like a cantankerous little scholar.

The edges of Selena's lips curved up as she said, "Boy..."

"Move again and I'll shoot!"

Selena could feel that the force against her waist was increasing. How could he get his hands on a real gun? She felt goosebumps rising all over her body and a chill running down her spine. Also, she seemed to have woken up from her drunkenness.

"I'm not moving!" This was not a game. If this little kid accidentally shot the gun, she would die a wronged death! "Little boy, this gun is not a toy. If you are careless with it—"

"Only stupid people would be careless with a gun!" The little boy directly interrupted Selena. I'm Joaquin Fowler, Pierre Fowler's son. How could Pierre's son possibly be careless with a gun?

A bead of sweat rolled down Selena's forehead. She did not dare to move for fear of causing the boy to accidentally shoot her. After all, he was just a small child.

When the two were at a standstill, the door of a stall in the bathroom opened, and when another little boy ran out of it, Selena seriously thought she was seeing things! They look exactly the same!

The little boy running out of the bathroom stall was also wearing a small suit. Although his eyes were similarly bright and these two little boys obviously had exactly the

same features, this one looked cuter. He had a chubby little face that made people want to pinch it.

"Jojo, my pants..." Jameson Fowler, Joaquin's younger brother, looked at Joaquin pitifully. After going to the toilet, his pants could not be lifted, so he pleaded for his brother's help, appearing to be rather pitiful.

"Huh?" When he saw Selena in the doorway, he froze at first, and then his eyes immediately narrowed. He quickly ran toward Selena, but all of a sudden, he fell face-down with an audible splat, revealing his fair and fleshy little butt.

"Pfft!" Before Selena could stop herself, she fell to the ground laughing.

The little boy was embarrassed, so he hastily lifted up his pants and clenched his hands tightly. "Now that you've seen my body, you have to marry me!"

In response, Selena laughed even more until her tears came out.

"No laughing! I'm being very serious! I'll give you a million. Why don't you become my woman?" The little boy crossed his arms and turned his head around with a huff.

This four-year-old kid wants me to become his woman?

"Fine, then I'll become your woman, but you have to protect me in return." Selena's eyes were a bit unfocused as she looked at the child in front of her with a drunken look.

"You shut up!" The little boy with the gun behind her was a little upset and hurriedly reprimanded his brother.

Jameson was clearly impatient now, for he walked to his brother and snatched the gun away. "Jojo, don't you know how to be gentle with girls? You will not be able to get a wife like this!"

Joaquin hurriedly took the gun back from his brother's hand. Although he was sure that the gun would not go off in his own hand, he couldn't be completely sure of the same when it was in his brother's hand.

Then, Selena looked at the two identical-looking little ones and the smile suddenly froze on her face, but soon, she laughed again. What she had lost on this day four years ago was also a pair of twin sons.

"You two look the same. Hey, where did you come from?"

"We..."

Immediately, Joaquin pulled Jameson behind himself.

"Take us out of here, or I'll really shoot." Joaquin cocked up his gun. Now, he already knew that his father was out there. It had been so hard to escape, so he didn't want to be dragged back home again so soon. Besides, being caught so soon would make him look like he was incompetent.

"Hey, Jojo, how many times do I have to tell you before you'll get it? You've got to be gentle with girls and smile at them, like me..." Jameson said while revealing his white

teeth.

"You shut up!"

Looking at these two little boys, Selena could not stop laughing. The two brothers were polar opposites, with one aloof and the other comical. It was really quite interesting to watch them.

"Those people outside are here to arrest you, right?"

Looking at how these two children were dressed, they must have come from a wealthy family. So, the group of people outside should be here for them.

"How did you—"

Once again, Joaquin pulled his brother behind him with a forceful tug. "Cut the crap! Think of a way to take us out of here, right now!"

This commanding tone made Selena feel displeased. She thought that children should behave like children. Hence, pinching Joaquin's face, she commented, "You don't look cute like this at all."

Joaquin hurriedly pushed away Selena's hand. "This woman is drunk! How useless!"

"Hey, Jojo, let me ask her instead. Pretty lady." The younger brother sniffed and looked at Selena pitifully.

"That bad old man outside is not our daddy. We were sold to their family, and though their family is rich, we don't like it at all. We want to go back to our own family. Miss, you look so pretty, cute and charming, so just help us,

please?"

Joaquin glanced at his brother. It seemed like his dramatic brother was not useless after all; he could at least lie without preparing in advance!

Half-drunk and not in her best condition, Selena felt happy upon hearing such compliments. "Okay! I'll take care of that awful old man outside for you!" Then, she took the car keys out of her pocket. "Go out from here, turn right and keep going. There is a back door there. You guys go out and hide in my car that is parked there first. When I'm done with that bad old man, I'll go and meet you guys!"

Hence, Joaquin took the car keys.

"Then you must come for us, okay? You've seen my body, so you've got to marry me. Don't you dare to avoid it!" Jameson said as he gave a flying kiss to Selena.

After that, Selena opened the door of the bathroom and walked out. She felt light-headed as she walked. As the after-effects of the wine was really strong, she could not even walk straight. While she was patting her head to make herself wake up, she vaguely saw a figure up ahead.

"You there! You bad old man, stop!" Selena cried out and rushed over unsteadily.