

## Chapter 7 Papa, Hug!

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"I'm a man. It's my responsibility to protect my sister."

Jasper blushed at his compliment.

Ivan suddenly smiled, "I didn't expect you to have a sister."

He looked down at the chubby girl. Her pigtails were a bit loose, and her hair fluffy. She looked like a pretty doll.

Mia met his deep eyes, immediately let go of the 'pillar,' lowered her head, and saw the stains left by her hands.

Her mommy told her not to touch others with dirty hands.

To leave the kind-hearted man a good impression, she tactfully adjusted his pants and tried to remove the creases and dust.

However, her dirty hands only made it worse.

Mia immediately shed tears and pouted. Boohoo, what should she do? Would the kind-hearted man dislike her?

Jasper saw it, grabbed her hand, and lifted his head, "Sorry, sir, my sister didn't mean it."

Ivan's heart softened as he saw her tears, "It's okay."

This girl was so sensible that she felt sorry for staining his pants. Those brats in their big family couldn't hold a candle to her.

He was in a bad mood today, but his depression cleared up as he ran into the cute kids.

"Sir, could you do me a favor?"

Jasper suddenly came up with an idea to stop that fat boy from laughing at them. Wasn't the man a 'daddy' at hand?

"Mm, what is it?"

"Could you act as our daddy, just this once?"

The boy was so afraid of his refusal that his clear big eyes were filled with gingerliness.

Touched by his gaze, the reserved man nodded, "Sure."

"Daddy."

Mia didn't understand their conversation and only heard daddy. This kind-hearted man turned out to be her papa?

Hooray, she had papa now.

She immediately stretched out her little hands and showed a broad smile on her dirty face, "Papa, hug."

As soon as the soft milky voice came over, Ivan lost his head and froze there.

This was embarrassing. He... he had never hugged a child before.

The chubby girl was so little that he was afraid of accidentally hurting her.

He had never touched such a delicate creature and felt unsure.

Did his sister... speak?

Jasper widened his eyes in surprise and doubted if he had a hallucination.

He wanted to correct his sister but held back as she finally spoke.

A bit torn, Jasper whispered, "Sir, my sister is a little slow in reaction. I hope you won't mind."

Ivan curled up his lips, bent down, and carried the girl in his arms. She threw her soft arms around his neck and breathed lightly.

Mia's eyes glittered and her little mouth curved up.

She had papa now.

A flicker of admiration flashed across Jasper's eyes, but he soon disguised it. Different from his sister, he was a man.

As Ivan held the cute girl, his empty heart was filled.

He dropped his eyes, detected the boy's admiration, felt a pain in his chest, and reached out his hand, "Let's go."

Jasper held his head high and happily put his little hand on his big palm.

Was this what it felt like to have a daddy?

With one kid in his arms and another in tow, he looked up straight ahead. His eyes were tinted with fierceness, "Come on, time to win back your reputation."

He pulled a long face aggressively like a gangster.

Despite her fear, the nanny protected the fat boy and trembled, "What... what do you want? Do you know who our little master is?"

Ivan darted a fierce look at her.

When he dropped his eyes and looked at the little boy, his tone turned soft, "How should we deal with them? Your call."

Jasper thought for a while and raised his head, "Could I?"

"Mm, you call the shots."

Ivan gave him power.

The corners of Ivan's mouth curved up. This boy acted like an adult, so cute.

The turn of events struck the fat boy dumb and almost scared him out of his pants.

Jasper walked over, "You should apologize to my sister. She is neither stupid nor dumb. She is just a bit slow in reaction."

Jasper could put up with some beating but would not allow others to talk ill of his sister.

Ivan involuntarily looked at the cute girl in his arms. Noticing his gaze, she beamed at him.

His heart melted. How could such a pretty, well-behaved girl be retarded?

Did the little fatty have a death wish?

He looked over sullenly. Scared by his stern eyes, the fat boy began to wail.

"Stop it."

Ivan frowned and commanded. The fat boy peed in his pants. This man was so fearsome, and he missed his mother.

"Apologize."

The superior rebuked with an awe-inspiring aura.

In the end, the fat boy obediently apologized. Tears and snot were all over his face.

Jasper was satisfied, "Apology accepted, but if you dare to talk ill of my sister again, I'll definitely beat you up."

The appalled nanny fled with her little master in her arms.

After the problem was solved, Jasper was still holding the big, warm, dry hand of the kind-hearted man. His hand was so small that he could only hold two of the man's fingers.

He turned back and took a careful glance at the kind-hearted man. How he wished the man could be his daddy.

In that case, no one would dare to bully his sister and him.

Standing behind them, Gael witnessed the whole scene. Somehow, his boss was holding that little girl.

They all knew that their boss was afraid of women regardless of age.

What was so special about the little girl?

And he found the boy familiar but could not place his face. For a time, the assistant fretted.

"Excuse me, sir, may I ask about your relationship with the kids?"

The teacher witnessed everything and laid her ardent eyes on the imposing man.

He was so hot.