Chapter 8 Emergence of Pretentious Woman

Noticing her fervent gaze, Ivan immediately frowned, "You are their teacher?"

This teacher was so irresponsible that she saw the bullying and just stood by.

"Yes, I am, and my name is Nicole Rios. I've been waiting with them for their mother."

Nicole gave a decent smile and looked at the children pensively, "Poor kids, their mother is so careless that she hasn't come to pick them up from school."

"You're wrong."

Jasper disagreed but knew not how to refute. Anyway, he didn't like anyone to talk behind his mother's back.

Ivan felt his uneasiness, pursed his thin lips coldly, and instructed his assistant, "Tell the headmaster that the quality of their teachers needs improvement."

"Sir, are you talking about me?"

Nicole didn't expect a complaint from such an outstanding man.

At once, she stepped forward, but those bodyguards intercepted her. Their boss didn't like any woman to approach him.

"Sir, I've never seen you before and will not let you take the kids away. I don't mind waiting for their mother till tomorrow."

To improve her image, Nicole showed a determined expression.

Ivan barely took a glance at the hypocritical woman and replied coldly, "I'm their father."

Did he have the right to take the children away now?

Nicole was struck dumb. It turned out he was really their father. Deep down, she was a little jealous. What kind of woman had babies with him?

If she were the mother, she could have prettier and smarter kids.

She was not ready to give up.

As Ivan took the kids into the car, the spacious backseat became a bit narrow.

The girl sat on his lap and smiled happily.

In the luxurious cabin, Jasper looked around carefully. This car should be costly.

"Sir, thank you for your help." He said nervously.

"You're welcome."

Ivan was in a good mood. He liked them. His heart melted when he saw the two chubby kids.

"Papa, mamma."

Mia suddenly spoke a few words.

Jasper widened his eyes, "Mia, you can speak now?"

Boo, the girl, blew a bubble, turned her head, leaned against the chest of her 'papa,' and ignored her brother.

She could speak but did not want to.

Speaking or not didn't matter.

Ivan realized something, and his dark eyes froze, "How many years younger is your sister?"

"Five minutes."

Ivan was surprised...

He had expected months or years.

In fact, the two kids looked one or two years in age di erence.

Jasper lowered his head and continued in a depressed tone, "According to my mommy, when we were in her belly; I stole my sister's food, so she looks much smaller than me."

Ivan took a tumble. It turned out they were twins.

The little girl in his arms was so small and unsteady in her steps. Her delicate arms were around his neck, and her tender nails barely visible.

She was so cute and pitiful. Their parents were so irresponsible that they left the kids there uncared.

At that, he asked, "Where are your parents?"

In fact, he didn't like to mention their parents but wanted to keep them.

"My mommy said she would pick us up. I believe she must be late because of working overtime."

Jasper had faith in his mother, who always worked so hard to support their family.

What about your daddy?

Ivan almost blurted out but held back at the sight of the boy's cool face.

The boy was so cautious when he asked him to act as his father. There should be a reason.

Ivan stroked his head and encouraged, "Remember your mommy's phone number?"

"Yes."

Jasper nodded. He had kept the number in mind in case of an emergency.

Ivan took out his cell phone and dialed the number. It took some time for the other party to answer the phone, and he was not happy, "Where are you?"

"Who are you?"

Ariella finally came out of the examination room, immediately took out her phone to call the school, and asked the teacher to wait for her.

However, the reply was that all the students had left.

In an instant, she paled and fretted like an ant in a hot pan. What should she do?

Were her children lost?

She almost su ocated. She couldn't live without her children.

When she thought they might be tra cked, her heart bled. It was all her fault.

Why didn't she drive slower? Why did she bump into that wretch? Why was she sent to the hospital?

When she was just about to call the police, her phone rang. It was from a strange number, and she answered it distractedly. Then her whereabouts were asked.

She rechecked the phone number. It was indeed unfamiliar.

Ariella was ready to call the police and not in a mood to converse with the wrong caller. Therefore, she sounded impatient.

But the person on the other end of the phone fell into silence.

"Mommy."

When she was about to hang up, she suddenly heard the voice of her son. She lost control and chided, "Jasper? Where did you go? According to the school, you left. Didn't I tell you to wait for me?"

He was upset to hear his mother's anxious voice, "Mommy, I'm sorry."

"Where are you? I'll pick you up."

Ariella pulled out the syringe. Her children were her everything.

Jasper found it hard to answer and looked at the kind-hearted man.

Ivan heard the voice from the phone and spoke slowly, "I'll take you there."

Jasper nodded, his eyes glittering. "Mommy, we met a kind-hearted man who will give us a ride." He said through the speaker.

"Really?"

Ariella was a little suspicious, "Jasper, tell me the truth, where are you?"

She naturally took the other party for a human tra cker. After all, there were many bad people out there.

Ivan heard her doubt and snorted. If he were a tra cker, he wouldn't have called the children's parents.

"Mommy, he is not a bad guy but the kind-hearted man I met at the airport, remember?"

Only then did Ariella remember it.

Jasper met the man at the VIP lounge of the airport. People there were either rich or noble. Ariella finally rested her mind at ease.