

The Kiss That Sparked it All Chapter 1436

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Chapter 1436

Ellinor didn't bite on Sophia's subtle probing as her gaze once again fixed on the child nestled in Sophia's arms. The child's face was obscured by a mask, making it impossible for her to discern his features.

"How old is your little one?" Ellinor asked.

Sophia replied, "Our little Tristan just turned two this year."

Two years

old...

Ellinor's gaze never wavered from the small face hidden behind the Batman mask.

While the mask hid his entire face, his eyes were exposed. They were a pair of deep, radiant eyes.

Upon realizing he was being watched, the child stared back at Ellinor, tilting his head slightly in what looked like curiosity. He was adorable.

Seeing Ellinor and Tristan lock eyes made a fleeting hint of caution cross Sophia's face.

Intentionally, she placed her hand between Tristan and Ellinor. "Tristan, have you chosen a balloon yet? We need to hurry; your dad is waiting for us at the diner. We can't keep him waiting too long."

The little boy looked up at the balloons, ultimately choosing one shaped like a dinosaur.

After quickly paying, Sophia bid Ellinor farewell. "Ellinor, we must be going. If we cross paths again, I'll treat you to lunch."

Ellinor watched her calmly, neither nodding nor saying goodbye..

Sophia carried her son into their black SUV and drove off, quickly disappearing from sight.

Ellinor stood still, looking in the direction they had left. The image of the little boy's eyes, however, was imprinted in her mind.

Those eyes were so familiar...

A hand waved in front of her face. "Alright, stop staring. They're long gone."

Ellinor came back to reality and gave Bartlett a cold glance. "If you have nothing better to do, you can leave too."

Bartlett frowned. "How can I leave? I don't have a car."

Ellinor showed no sympathy. "Whose fault is it that you don't have a car? Didn't you insist on getting a lift from us?"

Bartlett shrugged. "If I hadn't, would you have given me a ride? We agreed to take the kids to the park, and I just wanted to tag along."

Ellinor couldn't hide her disdain. "I never agreed to anything. Mr. Rex, you just assumed."

Bartlett sighed. "So, I just read too much into things, then?"

"I didn't say that, but you're definitely overthinking."

Ellinor ignored him. Her gaze was fixed on the preschool entrance, waiting for Veronica to bring out the three children.

Suddenly, Bartlett whispered in her ear. "Ellinor, you should learn from Sophia."

Ellinor frowned. "Learn what from her?"

"Learn from her attitude towards starting a new life. Look at her; even though she didn't get the love she wanted, she's still able to open her heart to new people. She got

married and had a child. She's happy! You should be more open-minded and think about yourself more. Don't get hung up over one thing."

Ellinor knew that this guy would eventually bring up this topic. "Bartlett, if you have nothing better to do, go home and eat. Don't lecture people here. Do you know how annoying you can be?"

Bartlett shrugged. "Alright, alright, I'll stop talking if that's what you want. I'll just quietly accompany you and the kids to the park."

Ellinor ignored him and walked towards the preschool gate. Through it, she could see Veronica leading out the two little ones, with Baber trailing behind them with his backpack.

"Mommy!"

"Mommy!"

Ellinor walked over and squatted down to pat the little ones' heads.

"Did you listen to your teacher today?"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

The little ones had just started preschool and were still adjusting.

Chapter 1437

As a mother, her heart was always filled with worry, especially about her children adapting to preschool. She was haunted by the thought of them crying alone, hidden away from the eyes of their teachers.

Just a few days ago, she had picked them up from school, and they were in tears.

Today was a little better. Their tears were replaced by laughter.

"Good job, kiddos. Momma got you guys some balloons. Go pick out your favorite ones."

“Yes, yes, yes!”

“I want the bunny one!”

Like two little bunnies themselves, they scampered off towards the old man selling the balloons.

The old man kindly bent down to let the two little ones choose.

Now that they had happily adjusted to their new school, Ellinor breathed a sigh of relief.

That was when she noticed that Baber wasn't picking out a balloon. He was standing alone with his head hung low.

“What's wrong, Baber? Why aren't you picking out a balloon?” Ellinor asked gently.

Baber looked at her, startled. “I can have one too?”

Ellinor frowned. “Why wouldn't you? Wouldn't Momma get one for you?”

Baber's eyes lit up, and he smiled. “Thank you, Momma!!

He finally went to pick out a balloon. But he was so polite that he waited for his little siblings to pick theirs first.

Ellinor looked worried as she watched Baber's cautious behavior.

Baber was in preschool now, and he would be starting school next year.

As he was growing older, he seemed to be getting more sensitive, losing the childlike innocence he once possessed. When he was younger, he was chatty and expressive. He loved talking to her, and he never ran out of things to say.

After the birth of his siblings, Baber was elated. He loved his little brother and sister very much.

But as he grew older, he seemed to understand the difference between being adopted and being born into the family. He became more cautious, spoke less, and carried a quietness that was unusual for a child his age.

Ellinor had watched Baber grow up. She remembered the hardships he had faced when he was younger. It broke her heart.

From the day she adopted him, she treated him as her own. She didn't want Baber to be cautious. She wanted him to be impetuous and temperamental, as children should be.

But Baber was rarely ever temperamental.

As she pondered over her concerns, a commotion drew her attention.

After his siblings had picked their balloons, Baber finally chose his favorite one.

But when Adrian saw Baber's tiger balloon, he changed his mind and wanted Baber's balloon.

Baber agreed to swap, but Adrian wasn't happy. He wanted both.

Baber was upset, but he didn't want to give his balloon to Adrian.

Adrian started to cry.

Baber hesitated. He then pouted and decided to give his balloon to Adrian.

That seemed to appease Adrian, and he reached out to take it.

SMACK!

Before he could grab the balloon, his hand was slapped.

Adrian was stunned, and he started to cry again.

With a frown, Ellinor admonished him. "We agreed that everyone gets one balloon each. You chose yours first. You can't change your mind or take your brother's balloon."

Chapter 1438

Adrian pouted his small mouth as disappointment etched across his face. "But, Mommy... I like them both..."

Children were always, in their innocent ways, a touch greedy.

Ellinor, despite usually spoiling her kids, always made sure to establish firm principles when they were needed. She never wavered.

"You can come and ask Mommy if you want another one, but it's not okay to just take your brother's. He likes his balloon too, and if you take it, he won't have one. How would you feel if you were in his shoes, Adrian?"

"Mommy, I... I understand now..." Adrian's eyes filled with regret as he turned to his brother, Baber. "I'm sorry, Baber. Let's share the balloon. You can play with mine too!"

Baber, with a relieved smile, nodded. "Yeah! Let's play together!"

Children were quick to forgive and forget. Their reconciliation was swift and simple.

Their youngest sister, Layla, followed behind her brothers; clutching her pink bunny-shaped balloon. Although she was the smallest, she seemed to be the most mature, rolling her eyes at her brothers' childish squabble over a balloon.

Veronica clapped her hands together to catch the attention of the three kids. "Alright, everyone. Grab your balloons and get in the car. Aunt Veronica is taking you all to get some pizza."

The trio lined up and climbed into the car eagerly.

As the children settled into the car, Ellinor followed suit.

Bartlett, trailing behind her, couldn't help but express his thoughts. "Children can be a handful. Ellinor, you're a great mother. It's not an easy task."

Ellinor responded nonchalantly, "It's not so bad. It's all about being aware of each child's feelings and making sure everyone's treated fairly. I'm a master at balancing it all.",

With that, she climbed into the car, slamming the door shut behind her.

Bartlett shrugged and headed towards the passenger seat of the car, only to be beaten to it by Veronica.

Veronica hopped into the passenger seat, leaving Bartlett standing outside. She rolled down the window to stick out her tongue at him. "Sorry, Bartlett, with the kids in the car, there's no room for you. We can't overload the car now, can we? You'll have to catch a cab. Bye!"

With a wave of her hand, she signaled the driver to start the car.

Bartlett was left standing alone with a bemused smile on his face as he watched the Blanchet family's car drive away.

Greenhaven Hotel.

"Marcus, we're back."

Sophia walked into the presidential suite with her child, but there was no sign of her husband in the living room.

After setting the child down to play, she went to the bedroom to find him.

"Marcus, what are you doing?"

Sitting by the floor-to-ceiling window was Marcus, quietly gazing at the cityscape outside. His expression was thoughtful, like he was lost in his own world.

The presidential suite was on the highest floor of the hotel, and the view from the window gave one a bird's-eye view of the entire city. It was like looking at a miniature model of the city.

Chapter 1439

The sound of Sophia's voice prompted the man to turn his head slowly. His handsome face was striking from every angle, but there was a persistent hint of melancholy in his eyes. He glanced at Sophia but offered no words.

A window was ajar in the room, letting a breeze in. The white curtains fluttered around him, accentuating the frail beauty of the man who was bound to a wheelchair year-round.

Sophia, used to his reticence, didn't give it much thought. She closed the window before turning back to him. "You didn't touch your lunch in the dining room. Did you at least take your medicine?" She asked.

"Uh-huh, I did." He finally replied.

Sophia glanced at the pill bottle on the nightstand. "Marcus, we came back to help Dad sell off his companies and a**ets here. Once we've wrapped everything up, we can wash our hands of it all and not have to worry about any business here.",

Marcus seemed to half-listen as he gazed out at the city. "Have I been to this city before?"

Sophia was taken aback, and a hint of guilt flickered in her eyes before she forced a casual smile. "No, not at all! You were born and raised in the M State. This is your first time here."

Marcus squinted out the window, deep in thought. "Why do these streets seem so familiar to me? It's like I've been here before."

Sophia chuckled. "That's not unusual. Modern cities around the world are often quite similar in their design. Now, don't fret about it. You haven't eaten since lunch; what do you feel like having for dinner? I'll have the hotel staff bring it up."

"Anything is fine. I'd like to take a bath first." Marcus replied.

"Of course." Sophia gently moved closer to him, pushing his wheelchair toward the bathroom.

As they reached the bathroom door, Marcus braked the wheelchair with his hands. "That's enough. You can leave now." He said, his voice deep and resolute.

“But this tub is different from the one we have at home. It might be hard for you with your legs. Let me help you.” Sophia offered in a considerate tone.

“No need. Just take care of Tristan. I can manage on my own.” Marcus insisted.

Seeing his resolve, Sophia didn’t push any further. She offered a composed smile. “Alright then, I’ll go keep Tristan company. Don’t lock the door and call me if you need help.”

“Uh-huh.” Marcus acknowledged and maneuvered his wheelchair into the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

Sophia watched the closed bathroom door for a moment as her fists clenched in silent frustration before she turned to attend to their child.

Inside the bathroom.

With unhurried movements, Marcus took off his shirt and undid his pants. He used his hands to push himself up from the wheelchair and sat on the edge of the

tub.

His loose pants slipped down his lean, long legs and pooled at his feet.

Then, with a bit of struggle, he stepped into the tub and turned on the faucet.

Although he had been confined to a wheelchair for three years, he wasn’t completely paralyzed. His muscles had atrophied, causing weakness in his legs that prevented him from standing upright.

Supposedly, a car accident was to blame.

The reason it was “supposedly” was that Marcus didn’t remember anything about the accident three years ago.

The people around him informed him that he was called Marcus, was 33 years old, had grown up overseas, his parents were both deceased, and that he was adopted by Sophia’s father, Thaddeus, after the accident.

Chapter 1440

Marcus and Sophia had known each other since they were knee-high to a gra**hopper. They were childhood sweethearts, promised to each other from a young age.

Before the car accident, they had been married for a year. Sophia had given birth to their son, Tristan.

That was all Marcus knew. All the memory he had left after awakening from a coma that lasted three years. Despite medical intervention, his memory hadn't returned, and his legs were declared likely irreparable by the doctors.

A warm bath did not alleviate his exhaustion but instead induced a state of haziness.

Just then, a knock echoed from the bathroom door. Sophia's voice drifted in from the other side.

"Marcus, do you need a hand? I'm worried you might slip..."

"I'm fine. Just watch over Tristan."

Sophia hesitated at the locked door as her brow furrowed in concern. She had specifically asked him not to lock the door, and yet...

"Alright, just call me when you're done. I'll help you dry your hair".

"Alright."

When she exited the bathroom, a sense of disappointment washed over her as she saw Tristan remove his Batman mask, revealing his true face.

The boy was the spitting image of his father, down to the slightest detail.

After remembering her encounter with Ellinor outside, she felt a shiver run down her spine. Thank God Tristan was wearing his mask; otherwise, Ellinor would surely have recognized him.

"Hey! I'm hungry! I want food!"

With a scowl on his face, Tristan addressed Sophia.

Snapping back to reality, Sophia managed to summon a hint of disapproval. "Tristan how many times do I have to tell you? Don't call me by saying 'Hey.' You should be saying 'Mommy.'"

Tristan's face held none of the innocence of a child. He pouted. "I'm hungry! I want food!"

Feeling helpless, Sophia let out a sigh. "Alright, alright! Let's get you something to eat. I'll order room service right away."

With that, she picked up the hotel phone and dialed room service, requesting they deliver some kid-friendly meals.

After hanging up, Sophia cast a glance at Tristan, who was engrossed with his balloon, her mind filled with mixed emotions.

Truth be told, she didn't love this child. After all, she wasn't his biological mother.

She had only adopted Tristan out of fear that one day he might become a trump card in Ellinor's hands.

Bringing Tristan home was meant to eliminate any potential threat. The initial plan was to send him away after a while, and then she and Theo would have their own children.

But things didn't go as planned.

After Theo had been severely punished by his father, Sophia sought the help of a renowned foreign hypnotist to keep him by her side.

Theo was not an ordinary man. His willpower far surpa**ed that of the average person. The hypnotist had to invest a lot of energy to successfully erase Theo's

memory.

At first, she suspected that Theo was pretending to have amnesia, waiting for an opportunity to escape.

So, she deliberately fed him muscle-damaging drugs to slow down the healing process of his legs. This would buy the hypnotist more time to reinforce the hypnosis.

Little did she know that not only would the hypnosis work, but Theo would also lose the ability to walk, let alone perform marital duties.

Unable to be intimate, there was no chance of having another child.