

## Chapter 2 Airport Encounter

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Four years later, at Morgan City Airport...

People came and went hastily with suitcases in tow. All of a sudden, everyone slowed down and gazed in a certain direction.

A woman with long curly hair was pushing a cart gracefully. She had a baby face and looked like a college girl despite her mature outfit.

On top of three large suitcases sat a pair of pretty twins who attracted attention along the way.

The little girl with pigtails was wearing a floral dress. The smile on her round face was so cute that people itched to take her home.

The little boy had natural curls and delicate cheeks. In a white shirt and denim overalls, he looked quite sharp.

Under the gazes of those passersby, he showed a cool expression and carefully held on to his sister in case she fell o

Ariella sni ed the familiar air and had mixed feelings.

Four years apart, she came back.

A flash of tenacity crossed her eyes. This time she would not be that weak.

No longer alone, she was now a mother of two kids.

The boy suddenly raised his head and showed an awkward expression, "Mommy."

Ariella came back to her senses, "What's wrong, my baby?"

"Mommy, I'm a man. Please call me by my name, Jasper Shelton."

At the sight of his serious look, Ariella pinched his cheek, "Got it, Jasper."

Ever since she called him by his nickname in front of an outsider, he would not let her do that again in public.

Four years ago, she escaped death but had no idea of her pregnancy. She didn't find out until the babies were over four months old.

She planned to have an abortion, but the doctor told her that she was pregnant with twins.

Her heart melted when she heard the babies' heartbeats and saw them through B-ultrasound.

Later, her decision was proved correct as they were the most precious gift from God. They saw her through the darkest days.

"You wanna pee?"

She read his expression, raised her head, looked around, and then led him to the restroom next to the VIP lounge. Fewer people were there.

"Go on; I'll wait here."

Jasper stomped towards the restroom, pursed his mouth, and peed in front of the urinal for children.

He went to wash his hands, only to find the faucet not working.

And the sink counter for adults was high up above his head.

Just then, a big man in a custom-made suit came in. His features were sculpted but cold, while his eagle's eyes were tinted with distance.

"Sir."

The milky voice of the boy suddenly broke the silence of the restroom and attracted attention.

Ivan Haynes habitually frowned and looked down at the source of the sound. In front of his eyes was a little boy about three years old. Shorter than his knees, the boy had short curls, and he itched to smooth them.

"Cough." Ivan was shocked by the idea and tried his best to speak in a kind tone, "What is the matter?"

"The faucet for children doesn't work, and the one for adults is too high. Sir, could you lift me so that I can wash my hands?"

Washing his hands?

Ivan's eyes landed on the sink for adults. Indeed, it was too high.

"Sir, let me do it."

Just then, a bodyguard came up and o ered his service. They were all aware of his mysophobia, and he wanted no strangers near him.

Although the boy was cute, he would not carry a stranger to wash his hands.

"Stand down."

Ivan frowned involuntarily before bending down and picking up the boy. This was something he had never done before, and his movement was a bit clumsy.

In fact, he was surprised that he should make an exception to the boy.

When the soft little guy leaned against him, he smelt a faint milky aroma from his body. The boy's little hand was only half the size of his palm.

After washing his hands, Jasper felt quite happy and looked at the man with shiny eyes, "Thank you, sir."

He lifted his head and looked at the big man. How he wished the man could be his daddy.

The man looked impressive and sharp.

Jasper didn't like his mother's admirers and had no bad feelings for this kind-hearted man.

"Mm."

His lips curved up rarely.

His bodyguards were stunned. Was he the same cold-faced boss they knew?

"Goodbye, sir."

Jasper waved his hand and stormed out of the restroom.

Ivan looked in the direction where the boy left, frowned habitually, and somehow found him familiar.

In a moment, he rubbed his temples. Maybe he had been too tired recently.

Jasper ran back to his mother and claimed excitedly, "Mommy, mommy, I just met a kind-hearted man."

Ariella got a general picture. No wonder he used the bathroom for a longer time than usual.

"Come on, Gracie is here to pick us up."

Ariella stroked his little head and led the two children out of the airport.

Her friend had been waiting outside and took the suitcases from her hand, "Ariella, we haven't met for years, and you look prettier now. Who would know that you're the mother of two children?"

"Guess I'm blessed with good genes."

Ariella smoothed her long hair and curled her lips, "My babies, meet your godmother. Your birthday gifts were all from her."

"Godmother."

Jasper opened his mouth seriously. His handsome cute face was quite adorable.

Gracie Vaughn couldn't help but reach out her hand, "Jasper, my good kid."

Ariella stroked the head of her daughter, lowered her head, and spoke gently, "My baby, this is your godmother who bought you a lot of Barbie dolls."

Holding a beautiful doll, Mia Shelton raised her head and smiled sweetly. Her dimples looked very pretty.

But she didn't utter a sound.

"Ah, Mia, you're so cute."

Although she didn't speak, her smile was broad.

Gracie waved her hand, "Come on, get in the car."

Ariella's smile diminished, and sadness rose in her.

Because she found her pregnancy too late, the twins didn't get enough nutrition. In the end, the boy was healthy and smart, but the girl was the opposite.

Her daughter was in poor health, su ering from mild autism, and unable to speak so far.

She found it hard to make it up for Mia even throughout her lifetime. If she had more food and paid more attention to her health, the girl wouldn't have been malnourished.