## **Chapter 19 Still, This Was Her House...**

Blanche watched as his father drove away grumpily. The boy knew that he had definitely hurt his father this time, stabbing his words right into his father's frigid heart.

Rainie came down the stairs and walked out of the house, asking her brother, "Where did Dad go?"

"He just left. I think I might have hurt him." The boy lowered his head guiltily, sounding really upset as he admitted to his younger sister.

"Big Bro, I miss Miss Bea!"

What about Dad, you ask? What about him? He was not tasty or fun, and he always looked at her so fiercely. She liked him even less than her annoying chatterbox of a teacher. Rainie Crawford never really cared if her father was around on the weekends.

Miss Bea was different, though. She was pretty and smelled good too.

"Rainie, do you want me to take you to Miss Bea's place? I know where she stays!" Blanche said, picking up his sister's hand.

Rainie nodded.

The twins immediately came to an agreement.

They left the house, hailing a ride on an app.

Once they told the driver their destination, the car headed straight for Bianca's neighborhood.

However, one of the Crawfords' drivers followed behind the cab in his car too.

When the cars reached a neighborhood called Regal Capital, the driver called Luke and reported, "Sir, the young master and young lady are at a neighborhood called Regal Capital. They're standing outside now, and it looks like they're waiting for someone.

"Yes, sir. I'll keep an eye on them."

Upon hanging up, the driver went back to keeping a close eye on the children, not daring to look away for even a second.

"Big Bro, shall we call Miss Bea?" Rainie raised her head and looked at the other men and women going in and out of the neighborhood. They were looking at her, too, and she was a little scared.

Her brother only knew that Miss Bea lived here and which block was hers, but he did not know which floor she stayed on.

Blanche frowned and looked at the Crawford car parked by the roadside. He just knew that Dad would have someone follow his sister and him.

He was about to bring his sister over to the "public telephone" to make a call, but they had no sooner looked away when they saw Miss Bea!

When Bianca saw the two children walking hand in hand, looking out for each other, she was struck speechless once again.

Why were her boss' kids always running to her place...?

Yes, Bianca really liked these kids, but it was still not a good idea for her to spend too much time with them or become too close to them. If anyone else found out, she could not imagine what they might say.

In the worst-case scenario, she might even lose her job.

Bianca walked up to them, exasperated. Looking into their innocent little faces, she asked, "Why are you two here?"

"I-I brought my sister here in a cab. We got into a fight with Dad, and he yelled at my little sister. He even made her cry. We... We don't have anywhere to go." Blanche made the first move.

They wanted to stay, so he had to push the blame onto his father for now, making him out to be some sort of tyrant.

Bianca crouched down and reassessed the two kids' pitiful looks. She reached out to touch Rainie's face, saying in concern, "Be good, children, and go home, okay? Parents don't stay angry with their kids for long, and I'm sure your father just lost his temper for a while there. I bet he really regrets being mad at you."

Bianca felt sorry for the poor kids since their dad yelled at them. But they were still someone else's kids. No matter what, she did not have the right to interfere in their family matters.

Their reason to stay had been shot down. Helpless, Blanche squeezed his sister's hand.

As though she received some holy decree, Rainie immediately lowered her head and pouted her lips. She looked like she was on the verge of bursting into tears.

"Alright, then. We won't disturb you anymore. Come on, let's go..." Blanche put on a strong face as he pulled his sister's hand, making to leave. However, Rainie would not move.

Her brother yanked at her hand again, and she even fell.

Her skin was thin and soft. When she fell onto the coarse road in the neighborhood, covered in stones, she instantly skinned her knees.

"Sob..."

The girl began to cry.

Bianca threw everything else aside and immediately pulled Rainie from the floor into her arms. She patted little Rainie on her back, consoling her, "It's alright, it's alright. Don't cry, don't cry. I'll take you to my place and give you something nice to eat."

"Sooob..." Rainie had been crying, but the moment the nice lady said she would take her and Lanie back home, she stopped crying in an instant. Instead, she nodded firmly and leaned into Bianca's embrace. "Okay! Miss Bea, I really love you the best..."

Bianca sighed soundlessly.

Blanche followed behind her.

When they reached her place, Bianca put Rainie down and found two pairs of new slippers for the two children to put on.

Blanche and Rainie stomped around the house in their huge slippers, but there was not much to explore. The place had one bedroom and one living hall, making it infinitely smaller than Crawford Manor. Still, they really liked it.

"Rainie, come here and sit down." Bianca took out her first-aid kit.

Rainie obediently sat down.

"Hang in there, okay? Tell me if it hurts." Bianca took out some ointment, cotton, and gauze.

There was a bruise the size of a fingernail on the girl's knee.

Blanche stood to a side, patting his sister's shoulder with a small hand. As expected, his sister stayed strong and did not complain about the pain. She just frowned and held it in until her knee was properly bandaged.

"This looks really pretty."

Rainie looked down at her knee, as though she had never seen a bandage and gauze tied into a bow before.

Bianca patted her head with a smile. When she glanced at the time again, she saw that it was already eleven.

"Have you had lunch yet?" Bianca asked them.

Blanche shook his head.

"Well then, you two can watch the TV for a bit and I'll make you lunch. What do you want to eat?"

Bianca turned on the TV and found them a cartoon to watch before rummaging through the fridge for ingredients.

Blanche looked at Rainie and said, "Rainie wants fried chicken. I'm okay with anything... I'm not picky."

Rainie instantly said. "I'm not picky either."

She was really easy to handle. All she wanted was something to eat so she did not go hungry.

Bianca was planning to feed them well before sending them home.

It took twenty minutes to cook the rice.

Bianca had never saved Luke's number. All she vaguely remembered was that the number was eleven digits long, and that it was easy to recall. However, the owner of the number was too cold and distant, so she cast it out of her mind as soon as she could, afraid to memorize it.

To tell the truth, even if she had saved the number or remembered it, Bianca did not really dare to call him over to pick up the kids either.

Since the kids had taken a cab here, they could also take a cab back. At the most, she would secretly see the kids back to their doorstep before leaving. That was what Bianca was thinking, anyway.

She made three dishes and one soup, all of them mild but healthy.

Bianca had some faith in her cooking skills, definitely.

After telling the kids to stay put, Bianca took her keys and went downstairs to buy fried chicken.

It just so happened that there was a fried chicken chain store downstairs. It looked pretty clean and sanitary too.

Having bought the chicken, Bianca rushed back to her home, worried that the dishes she had made would go cold.

Putting the key into the keyhole, Bianca opened her house door.

At first she thought that Rainie would be waiting at the door in anticipation when she heard

the key turning, but when Bianca opened the door, she saw a mature man's face instead.

Her smile froze on her face, and she was too scared to even go into the house.

Still, this was her house...

## **Comments (8)**