

# Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle Chapter 22 The Two Voice Slowly Overlapped



That night, at Crawford Manor.

The whole family was having dinner, but Luke Crawford was not there.

Allison Tanner put a piece of cucumber into Lanie’s bowl and then one into Rainie’s bowl. “Grandma just wants what’s good for you. You have to eat some even if you don’t like it. You’re growing kids, and you don’t want to stay short forever, do you?”

Everyone else at the table was eating.

Blanche looked at the cucumber in his bowl and put it into his mouth, eating it obediently. After that, he raised his head and looked at his grandmother. “Grandma, why don’t you eat onions?”

There was a platter of stir-fried onions on the table. Blanche and his sister both loved them, as did Great-grandpa. Uncle Louis and Grandma Susan liked onions too. Only Grandma did not like them.

She would always push the stir-fried onions far, far away from her.

Grandma always said that the stench made her lose her appetite.

Before Allison could say anything, Susan Armstrong subtly harrumphed. “That’s a hussy for you. So many demands.”

Old Master Crawford could hear perfectly well. When he heard what she said, he frowned and coughed as a warning to his daughter-in-law, Susan. He was telling her not to pick fights at the dinner table.

Susan raised a brow and continued eating. She did not think she said anything wrong, but she knew where her limits were, so she stopped.

Allison had also heard that jibe, of course, but she ignored it. Instead, she graciously turned back to the children and said, “I don’t eat onions because it’s a hereditary thing. My late father didn’t eat onions either.”

“Oh, I see!” Blanche struggled with his chopsticks as he said, “I know a pretty lady who doesn’t eat onions either.”

Allison smiled.

There were so many people in the world who did not eat onions.

The same went with coriander. Plenty of people avoided it.

After dinner, the two kids went out to play. Once the sky turned completely dark, they obediently went upstairs, cleaning up and going to sleep.

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It was a very long night.

Bianca was lost in her dreams, tossing and turning in bed.

In her dreams, there was the splashing of water. Luke was bathing, and she opened the door, walking up to him from behind. She pressed her body against his back, hugging his well-toned waist.

He turned around and lowered his head, leaving a string of hickeys on the side of her neck.

She raised her head, wanting more.

His heavy panting and bold touch all over her skin made her shudder. Her hair was drenched in sweat, sticking to her face as she withstood the unbearable heat.

Her tense body began to tremble.

She backed away, but Luke honed in on her. Their gazes met for a second, and then their lips crashed into each other, their tongues dancing.

An unspeakable sound leaked from between her lips. Her body felt like it was bobbing on waves, going up and down. When she opened her eyes, she could clearly see the man’s lashes, so thick that even women would envy him.

All of a sudden, the scene changed.

The middle-aged tycoon waved at her, his expression full of disgusting lust.

“Ah!” Bianca sat up in bed.

Her chest rose and fell heavily. She was scared out of her wits.

After a long while, she finally heaved a sigh of relief. She knew now that it was all just a phantasmal dream.

Thank goodness.

Thank goodness it was a dream.

It was night out in A City, and there were no stars to be seen anywhere in the sky. Half of Bianca’s consciousness was still trapped in her dreams, and she could not get out of it.

Ever since she saw that middle-aged tycoon on the TV five years ago, she would always automatically replace her baby’s father’s face with that tycoon’s.

Her baby was part of her, connected to her by flesh and blood. Bianca could not forget about her completely, but whenever she thought of her baby, she would remember that tycoon’s greasy, weaselly face.

He was just so horrifying to look at.

This was not the first time she had been haunted by such dreams.

She had tried going to a therapist when she was overseas, and for a while there, she did stop dreaming about that tycoon.

After that, though, the nightmares returned.

Bianca did not know if she would be tormented like this for the rest of her life.

All of this had become the past in real life, so why did it continue to plague her in her dreams?

She tried her best to forget, but to no avail.

Bianca turned her face toward the window and took a few deep breaths, looking at the window. She was trying to bring her mind back to reality as soon as possible.

The next second, though, she remembered something Luke had said to her during the day.

He had said, “What are you thinking about? Why are you crying?”

Bianca could not help but dig her fingers into her sheets beneath her. In the throes of passion, that man five years ago had said hoarsely, “Your legs... Spread them for me...”

The two voices slowly overlapped in her mind.

Just then, there was a flash of lightning outside. The white light illuminated Bianca’s face, and then the large raindrops gradually fell. A strong gust of wind blew, and the rain pattered against her bedroom window.

Defeated, Bianca burst into tears.

‘This is your life, just admit it. Admit that you had slept with a middle-aged tycoon when you were eighteen, selling out your body to save your dearest family...

‘You hate that middle-aged tycoon, so very much. That’s why you subconsciously seek out another man’s voice, hoping that it was him instead...’

...

The next day, Blanche went to his sister’s room first thing in the morning.

“Rainie, why do you think Dad was hugging Miss Bea yesterday?”

“Dad was hugging Miss Bea?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, maybe he was hitting Miss Bea. Why else would she cry?”

“Why would he hit Miss Bea, though?”

“Because she was picky. She didn’t eat her onions!”

“...”

Blanche’s brain was a convoluted mess right now. Dad had spanked Miss Bea because she was picky and did not eat her onions? Was that why Miss Bea was crying?

“I have to ask Dad when I get the chance.” Blanche looked quite worried. “Maybe I should sit him down for a proper talk. He’s a man, so he should be gentler when it comes to women.”

“Look at you, worrying so much about Dad...” Rainie sighed sadly, so disappointed in her father.

Luke only returned to the manor early the next morning.

He went upstairs to take a shower. When he took off his tie, he saw a cartoon post-it note on his bathroom door. Written in somewhat crooked handwriting was, “Dad, you should be more of a gentleman.”

Luke put the note down after he read it.

Meanwhile, Blanche had come to his father’s bedroom when he heard the latter’s movement.

Looking at his father, standing two meters away from him, the boy asked cautiously, “Dad, I have a question to ask you.”

Luke was not acting strict for once, nodding. “Go ahead.”

“Rainie said you beat Miss Bea and made her cry because she didn’t eat her onions...” Blanche knew that he should not tell his father off, but his father was going to get even worse if he did not. Gathering his courage, Blanche blinked as he taught his father a lesson, “People are born equal, free, and independent. There are no exceptions. Miss Bea just chose not to eat onions. She can’t be considered picky if she has a few dislikes. And you can’t subject Miss Bea to your personal tyranny!

“Besides, Miss Bea isn’t your kid, unlike us. You’re feeding and raising us, so we have to obey you.”

The boy had all sorts of points to reason with his father.

“You said that you two are my kids, and I’m feeding you, so you have to obey me.” Luke tried to teach his son a lesson in life too. “In that case, if I’m supposed to feed and keep her until she’s old and bent, for even longer than I’m supposed to support you two, does that mean she’s also supposed to obey me, just like you two?”

Blanche looked at his father and scratched his head. “I guess so, but...”

Luke went into the bathroom. He was not going to keep discussing these adult problems with the child.