

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle Chapter 23 Judging A Homewrecker With Her Own Eyes



There were many things the boy still did not understand, so he stood at the bathroom door and waited for his father to come out after his shower.

When Luke emerged from the shower, he only had a towel around his waist. He was completely shirtless, his well-toned chest glistening with sexy water droplets.

“Dad, I’m sure Miss Bea has parents too, so why do you have to raise her?” Blanche could not figure that part out.

Luke sat down, spreading his legs and wiping his dripping hair with his towel. He asked, “How old are you? How old is she?”

“Hmm, I’m five...” Blanche replied. “But I don’t know how old she is.”

Luke looked at his son and replied seriously, “You’re five and she’s twenty-four. You two are nineteen years apart. You’ll grow up very soon, and you’ll become a grown man just like me. When that happens, you’ll have a career and a dream you want to pursue. At that time, I’ll be in my fifties, soon to grow old. The same goes for your Miss Bea. One day, we’ll become as old as your great-grandfather, but plenty of time will pass before that. A man’s shoulders tend to be stronger than a woman’s when it comes to withstanding matters of life and death, sickness and old age, under all that stress and pressure.”

The boy nodded firmly!

He knew that. Dad told him before that a man’s shoulders were meant to support the entire family, young and old.

Blanche thought it over again and said, “But Miss Bea will have her husband and kids. Dad, are you going to take care of Miss Bea and her husband?”

If so, Dad was being way too kind.

“Why would I take care of her husband?” Luke gave his son a cold look when he heard that. Standing up, he tossed away his half-wet towel, refusing to speak another word of this with his son.

Her husband?

That Jean Langdon?

Luke frowned his chiseled brows.

The boy lowered his head and tapped his index fingers together. He had no idea what he had said wrong to anger his father again.

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On the other hand, at Regal Capital.

Bianca did not know what time she fell asleep that night.

Her nightmares kept her terrified in the dark of the night, but when dawn broke, her head hurt so badly that she could not wake up.

Her phone vibrated.

She did not notice at all.

It was a WeChat message from Jean that said, “Bianca, I’m guessing that you’re still asleep, and I hope this message doesn’t disturb you. I’ll be really busy today, so I’m sorry but I won’t be able to visit you. If your cold isn’t better yet, remember to take your medicine. I’ll see you at work on Monday. My mom said she’ll pay you a visit today, so she got up early in the morning to make chicken soup. I told her your address.”

Bianca was asleep, so she did not immediately see that message.

Outside the neighborhood.

It was sunny now after the rain last night.

The sunlight was not terribly bright. Instead, it was warm when it shone on your face, and the humidity in the air was just right.

Jean’s mother carried her chicken soup with her, her hand supporting the bottom of the flask. After she disembarked from the bus, she happily made a beeline for the Regal Capital neighborhood.

The place was a little on the old side.

It was not the newest neighborhood in town, but it probably would not be taken down in the next fifteen years either. Most developers would not be able to do much with this part of town.

Jean’s mother, Anna O’Reilly, walked into the neighborhood and saw a few old men sitting in twos or threes, drinking tea in the rocking chairs. As she went further, she saw a few women her age.

One of the older women in a patterned dress was cooling herself with a fan as she pointed at the door of Block 12. Eyebrow raised, she said, “Next time I see her, I’ll point her out to you!

“Tsk-tsk, never judge a book by its cover! I would never have thought! Ladies, you didn’t see that girl! She looks pretty sweet and innocent. Her hair wasn’t dyed and she didn’t have much make-up on. She dressed pretty conservatively too, like a girl raised in an honest family. To think she’s actually some filthy homewrecker...”

“Daisy, shush! Don’t accuse her without evidence like that!”

One of the other women thought that Daisy was jumping to way too many conclusions. She might get an earful from the victim at this rate.

However, Daisy immediately exploded when someone else doubted her. She practically leaped to her feet, jabbing a finger at Block 12. “You think I’m framing her? I didn’t say a single false word. You can ask the entire neighborhood. In all my years, have I ever framed anyone? She can come confront me if she likes! I’ll be more than happy to face off against her! I’ll declare her name right here and now, it’s that Bianca Rayne girl!”

The other two women exchanged a look of exasperation. They all knew that Daisy was a famous rumormonger with a wild imagination.

Anna was walking on the path nearby, and her hand holding the flask shook.

She walked toward the ladies, gleefully chatting away, and asked them directly. “You said Bianca Rayne, right? What... What do you mean by she’s a homewrecker?”

The gossiping ladies looked at Anna.

“Who is she to you? I don’t think I’ve seen you before. You’re not from around here, are you?” Daisy was feeling a little guilty too. After all, she did not have any hard proof that the girl was sleeping with her boss, so she could not really say.

Anna could not let just anyone speak ill of her daughter-in-law, of course, so her temper flared. “Who is she to me? She’s my daughter-in-law! What are you blabbing on about?!”

“Oh-ho, so you’re her mother-in-law, eh?” Daisy looked down at the flask Anna was holding and grew confident again.

“You don’t usually live with your daughter-in-law, do you? I bet your son doesn’t come back that often too. What a joke, your own daughter-in-law is sleeping around and even letting her boyfriend in here, yet you’re still defending that little b*tch!”

The other women hurriedly stopped Daisy. She could not just say things like that!

Anna nearly choked on her fury. A boyfriend? As if Bianca had a boyfriend!

Daisy saw that the so-called mother-in-law was still glaring at her, so continued snidely, “Don’t be upset at me. If you don’t want others to say things like that, you should get your daughter-in-law to stop doing such unseemly things!”

Anna was wavering. As though struck by lightning, she asked, her voice trembling, “You... You saw all that with your own eyes?”

Daisy pointed at the lamppost nearby. “But of course. They were right there, getting all up and personal in front of everyone. It was unsightly.”

“That could have been my son.” Anna did not believe her. Bianca looked like such a good girl.

“Your daughter-in-law will know if it was your son.” Daisy was certain that the man was sneaking around with her. No married couple behaved that way. She added, “The guy was over 190cm, wearing a suit and leather shoes. Even I could tell that he was loaded. He must be her sugar daddy!”

Thump!

Anna’s flask plunged to the floor.

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When Anna got up, it was already past ten.

She poured herself a glass of water. Her throat was painfully parched, and as she drank her water, she looked down to check her WeChat message. It was only then that she found out Jean’s mother was heading here to visit her.

Next, she looked at the time Jean sent his message. It came around seven in the morning.

It was now past ten, though.

Anna should have been here a long time ago.

Bianca was worried that Jean’s mother got off on the wrong stop, so she called her, wanting to ask if she needed Bianca to pick her up anywhere.

“Sorry, the number you called is currently unavailable.” The dial rang for a long time, and eventually Bianca heard that robotic reply.