

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle Chapter 25 Cucked Countless Times



The older woman looked at Bianca, whose expression had not changed at all. She thought to herself with full contempt, 'As expected of a homewrecker, she's so cold-blooded and heartless! Her own sister has been insulted, but she doesn't seem to care at all!'

Daisy was really regretting it now. If she had known this would happen, she should have used

that insult on the b*tch instead!

The subway had barely passed the East Gate station when Daisy could not hold it in anymore. She looked at Bianca and said, "How could you be so heartless, girl?"

Bianca looked at her.

How was she being heartless?

At the same time, she was very curious. What else could this old Daisy hag say with her wagging tongue and utter lack of scruples?

Daisy glared at her. "When we boarded the subway, you tried to take my seat, didn't you? Look at me! I'm already over fifty, so why are you trying to fight me for a seat? You're so young, but you're not good enough to earn enough money for a car, so you come to the subway and steal the seats from us poor old ladies who can barely walk!

"Sigh, thank goodness my son is capable enough. He bought a car a long time ago!" Daisy looked so smug when she said that.

When Marie heard that, her back straightened too. She turned around, not even bothering to hide the anticipation on her face as she waited to see Bianca humiliated.

The other young people in the subway were insulted too. They did not earn much and could not afford a car, but some of them also thought that the subway was more convenient. Better that than getting stuck in traffic.

Nevertheless, the old woman was aiming that jab at Bianca, so the others just thought of it as a free sideshow.

"I just graduated and returned to the country. My family wasn't rich to begin with, but thankfully I worked a few more jobs when I was studying. I gave the money I earned to my elders at home so they could buy a car. After all, it's fine for young people like us to squeeze in the subway. We shouldn't let our poor elderly parents fight the subway rush, can we? That would be so unfilial," Bianca replied to the woman calmly, meeting her gaze head-on.

Daisy glared at Bianca, so angry she could spew fire!

The other passengers in the subway began laughing again, but this time they were laughing at that troublemaking old woman.

Would she go home and accuse her son of being unfilial, then?

Just then, the subway reached another stop. Daisy could not stand all the sniggers around her, so she shoved some of the youngsters nearby aside and ran out of the subway, her expression stormy.

Marie continued following Bianca.

Bianca did not go anywhere after disembarking from the subway. She just wandered the busy streets slowly, occasionally raising her head and looking at the impressive buildings in the city.

Bianca had a dream, and that was to build a building that was meaningful to her.

Marie followed Bianca down a street before she could not take it anymore. The sun was scorching hot, and it made her skin hurt.

Before she left, she looked at Bianca as though the latter was crazy. Bianca could not even keep her man, so why was she in the mood to go window-shopping?!

Marie then looked at the scorching sun and started feeling jealous of Bianca again. How could that woman stand under the sun for so long without ever growing dark?!

A cab stopped in front of her, and Marie got into it angrily.

She slammed the door shut and left.

Bianca stared at the library in the center of the city, mesmerized. Finally, she took out her phone and found a better angle to take a photo, saving it in her phone. She planned to study it carefully when she went home.

Only work could help her simplify her thoughts.

Upon returning to her rented unit, Bianca put her bag down and changed into her slippers. She then went into her room and turned on her work laptop, analyzing the buildings she had taken photos off.

That took her until midnight.

The entire afternoon, Jean had not called her or sent her any messages.

It was past midnight after Bianca had bathed and planned to go to sleep when her phone vibrated twice.

She frowned and walked over to take her phone, checking the messages.

As she looked at her phone, there was another vibration.

Three voice messages reached her phone in total. All of them were from Jean.

Bianca raised her head and looked at the night sky outside the window. She clicked on one of the messages and listened.

"Bianca, you're the one in the wrong... but why am I the one out here drinking my sorrows away?

"What happened to my pure and untainted Bianca? Where did you hide her? Give her back to me! Give her back!!

"Tell me, I pursued you for more than four years, but you never agreed to date me... Now we've been together for almost a year... So why won't you... let me touch you?"

Bianca listened to all three of Jean's voice notes.

She was afraid she would miss his suggestion to break up.

However, he never once mentioned it.

It seemed like she would have to be the first to mention breaking up...

While Bianca was lost in her thoughts, her phone vibrated again.

She clicked on the message.

Wherever Jean was, there was a ton of background noise. He howled hysterically, "Why do you act so innocent? All you f*cking do is act innocent! I bet you're real loose with the men behind my back. Are you lonely? I won't look down on you if you have a steady boyfriend, but think about what sort of a life you lived in the UK! How are you any f*cking different from a hooker?!"

Bianca's pulse rose and fell like a rollercoaster, but she clenched her teeth and went back to her computer.

Only work would allow her to clear her mind and stop thinking of anything.

However, when she stayed up so late that her mind was going haywire, she still could not stop her thoughts from wandering all over the place.

Bianca did not understand why Jean could not believe his fiancée, why he chose to believe Marie instead. In fact, he would rather believe a random old lady's gossip.

To think that his faith in her was this fragile.

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The next morning.

Bianca walked out of the subway station, crossed one street, and walked two or three more minutes to reach the tall skyscraper she worked at.

Just then, Jason Doyle emerged from a Bentley, holding a document file. He was in charge of sending the young master to English class today, but he received a call from the boss on the way.

The boss desperately needed this document he had left at home.

Blanche sat in the car, swinging his short legs when he suddenly saw someone.

"Miss Beal!" Over the past two days, he had been fretting over Miss Bea, wondering how she was doing. At the same time, he could not sneak off to see her again, but now he finally found her.

He turned around and opened the car door. The boy then threw his bag away and leaped off the car.

Bianca had stayed up most of last night. Although she never had dark circles no matter how late she slept, she could not prevent her weariness from showing on her face. She had barely walked up the stairs when she saw a shadow fall over her.

She raised her head and saw Jean Langdon standing right in front of her.

"Move aside." Bianca did not have anything else to say to Jean.

His eyes were bloodshot. He had stayed up all night drinking yesterday, and he looked like a real mess today.

"I wanted to apologize to you for the harsh words I said yesterday. But I'm finally calm now, yet you're mad at me." Something sparked in Jean's eyes, and he clenched his hands into fists.

Bianca looked at this man, mystified, as though she had never really known him.

What on earth was wrong with him? What made him dream up a world where his fiancée cucked him, not once, but countless times...?