

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle Chapter 26 Supple



Jean narrowed his eyes wearily, appraising Bianca from head to toe. “When you were sixteen or seventeen, you were all soft and cuddly. But now you’re covered in thorns, defensive thorns that stuck out when you’re exposed for who you really are.”

Bianca listened to Jean’s insults and remembered all of the ridiculous accusations he had hurled at her yesterday.

His tone could be so very sharp when he was trying to hurt someone.

It pierced thousands of holes into Bianca’s heart, leaving her bloody and bruised.

She had completely given up now.

“It’s almost time to work now,” Bianca said calmly as she walked past him.

However, Jean grabbed her wrist, holding onto her tightly and forcibly pulling her back. His eyes red, he howled, “We haven’t cleared this up yet. How can we go to work?!”

Just then, Nina ran out in a hurry. “What are you doing, Jean? Let Bea go!”

Bianca was wearing her compulsory high heels to work. Her heels were very low, but that did not mean they were steady. Jean’s pulling her hand had instantly caused her to sprain her left ankle.

She bore the pain and yanked her hand away from Jean while Nina tried to pry her brother’s large hand away. The next second, Bianca plucked the ring from her left hand and threw it at Jean’s face, her expression determined.

When she next raised her head, Bianca said, “Starting from today, we’re through.”

Bianca’s tone was monotonous. Although she was furious, she had to grit her teeth and keep her calm.

If she did not, she would suffer a terrible defeat!

To think that over the past five years, the best actors were Jean and Marie Rayne.

Nina said she had once advised her brother to stay away from Marie, and Jean had explicitly said that he never had anything to do with her either.

Now, though, Bianca found out that she had been the one who was lied to this entire time.

Right here and now, Marie was sitting next to the fountain in front of the company, doing her make-up as she smiled into her hand mirror, laughing at the comedy unfolding over here.

Bianca pulled her gaze back and pursed her lips, refusing to show even a hint of weakness.

The ring had hit Jean smack on his nose. He raised his hand and caught it, the pressure building behind his eyes as he looked at the ring in his hand. After a long time, he raised his gaze to look at Bianca. “We’re through? You can say it so easily. I’m hurt and in so much pain, so how could you say it so calmly?”

“Stop that. Both of you need to calm down.” Nina looked at her brother and then at her best friend, Bianca.

Bianca laughed coldly. “I’m calm because I know I’m innocent.”

“Is that all you have to say to me?!” Jean clenched his fists, on the verge of hysteria again.

“From the moment you distrusted me, there wasn’t any point in me saying anything anymore. I’ll just be wasting my breath.” Bianca withstood the pain in her ankle and continued walking into the company building.

Jean’s expression instantly turned dark and he chased after her!

Nina grabbed hold of her brother tightly. “You’re at work here! Do you want everyone to know about everything? I’m begging you, Bro, other people are watching. Don’t ruin Bea’s life...”

When Bianca heard how Nina was advising Jean, her eyes suddenly turned red. That was right, she had a terrible past she could not erase. If Jean went nuts, there was a chance he would spill it all, regardless of how many people were listening.

What happened to that reasonable, logical Jean she knew?

He knew perfectly well that after what happened to her five years ago, she cared the most about things like her reputation when it came to sexual relationships. Yet that was exactly what he used to attack her.

“You don’t believe Bea, but you believe that b*tch Marie Rayne? Who is she to you? Why do you give a flip about her? Is your brain made of mush?” Nina berated her brother, her disappointment written all over her face.

Jean stared at Bianca’s back as she left, clenching his hands into fists again. He remembered the imported flowers Bianca had received, he remembered what Marie said, he remembered the advice from Bianca’s neighbor, that older lady named Daisy... After that, he looked at his sister with madness in his eyes, saying, “I fell for her tricks once because I believed her, but now she’ll never again regain my trust.”

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Bianca walked into the company.

She kept her head low as she walked, her brain a complete mess.

“Miss Bea.”

As the boy’s soft sweet voice reached her ears, Bianca felt someone hug her leg tightly.

Blanche Crawford raised his head, his innocent black eyes opened wide as he said playfully, “Miss Bea, I’ve been hiding here and waiting for you for so long! Now I finally caught you.”

Bianca looked around her carefully and saw that her colleagues in the company did not seem to recognize the president’s young son.

“Why are you here?” Bianca asked quietly, trying to move the boy’s hands away.

However, Blanche just clung onto her leg, mumbling, “Miss Bea, why are your eyes all red?”

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On the other end, Jason Doyle had come back downstairs after handing over the document. He immediately found that the young master had vanished, and he searched around for the boy to no avail. Finally, he had no choice but to check the surveillance camera footage, starting from when the young master had left the car to see where he had gone.

Eventually, the cameras showed that the young master was on the first floor of the company building. Jason could not tell where he had leaped out from, but in any case, he was currently hugging Bianca’s leg and acting cute.

On the first floor.

Bianca’s phone rang.

“Hello.” She saw that the caller was Jason Doyle.

To her surprise, Jason said, “Miss Rayne, could you send the young master up to the top floor? Mr. Crawford is quite angry right now.”

Bianca was extremely averse to the top floor, so she stuttered, “Uh... Could you come down and bring him up?”

“About that, Miss Rayne...” Jason stopped halfway through that sentence, his gaze on his boss, who had already gotten up. After a few seconds to digest what was happening, Jason said, “It’s alright. You just stay right there, Miss Rayne.”

Stay right there?

“Jason’s coming to get you,” Bianca said.

A minute later, though, Bianca saw Luke’s tall and slender body emerge from his personal elevator. He then walked toward her.

Bianca was terrified. Looking down at the boy, she said, “Your dad’s here to get you. Come on, let go of me.”

The kid refused...

The next second, his tiny hand was pulled away by a much larger hand.

Blanche had wrapped his arms around Bianca’s thigh, so when Luke grabbed his son’s hand, it was inevitable that he touched Bianca’s straight, fair, and supple thigh.

Before Blanche followed his father upstairs, he turned around and asked her in concern, “Miss Bea, does it still hurt where my father hit you?”

Bianca was utterly confused.

Hit her?

The boy could see that she was perplexed, so he explained, “You were picky, and Dad spanked you, right? Dad said he even made you cry...”

Bianca looked around her nervously and said, “I... I’m fine. It doesn’t hurt anymore!” After she said that, she noticed that Luke was looking at her, and her face immediately burned painfully.

She was worried that the others would misconstrue her relationship with her boss, so she followed up with a polite and formal bow at her boss, trying to act as distant from him as possible.

Luke incidentally glanced at her ringless left hand. His stern expression soon turned thoughtful and seductive.