

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle 2681-2690

Luca hurried to the laboratory. She realized Rhett was standing right behind the laboratory's door. He was blocking the door, stopping others from going out.

"What's the matter?" Luca asked in a deep voice.

Rhett told her what had happened on the phone, but Luca wanted Rhett to tell her about it in front of the researchers.

"Dr. Craw, Ambrose took your sample." There was this sullen look on Rhett's face.

It was obvious that he was angry.

Previously, Luca had warned them not to look at her research data. Not only did they refuse to listen to her, but they also tried to make him talk.

Rhett then found out that they were trying to steal the sample in the equipment and keep them for themselves when he was about to leave the laboratory.

They did not say anything until the experiment report was out.

If it were not for Rhett who returned to the laboratory and overheard them discussing where they should hide Luca's sample, he would not have known.

Rhett knew they had stolen the sample. He walked into the laboratory and argued with them. At last, he blocked the door and called Luca to inform her about this.

Stealing a sample from the laboratory was a serious thing.

It was Luca's research. They had already broken the company's rules by stealing the sample.

Luca turned to look at Ambrose and asked, "Did you take the sample?"

"Dr. Craw, Mr. Link misunderstood us." Ambrose tried to get away with it.

Rhett refused to give him the chance to do so. "Really? Why don't you open that box and show it to Dr. Craw?"

Rhett wanted to open the box and see if they really put the sample in it when they were arguing just now.

Who knew that they would refuse?

Rhett had no choice but to inform Luca.

"Rhett, we're colleagues. How could you accuse me of doing something I didn't do?!" Ambrose got nervous. If Luca forced him to open the box, he would be exposed.

He would even lose his job.

Rhett remained quiet. He believed Luca would do the right thing.

Besides, he had not done anything that broke the company's rules or was against Luca's orders.

Rhett was innocent. He stood up straight.

"Open the box and let's see if you've been wronged. The company has rules and regulations. Take out whatever is in that box to prove that you're innocent." Luca lifted her jaw, signaling him to unlock the box.

Ambrose's fingers were slightly curled. Every gesture he made revealed that he was reluctant to do so.

Luca's eyes darkened as she asked, "Do you need me to ask Dr. Jackson to come here and deal with this?"

Dr. Jackson was in Dr. Cole and Dr. Albus' previous position now. It was easy for him to deal with matters that happened between departments.

"Dr. Craw, I'm sorry." Ambrose lowered his head and apologized to her. He admitted that he had done something wrong.

"Open the box." Even though Ambrose had already admitted it, Luca insisted on asking him to open the box as her face hardened.

Ambrose closed his eyes. He unlocked the lock box with the combination key while his hand trembled with fear.

Luca walked into the laboratory without any expression on her face. There were some documents and papers in the box and a small test tube with the medicine sample.

"Is this mine?" Luca picked it up and asked.

Ambrose did not say anything. He lowered his head.

Luca noticed that Ambrose's body was shaking from time to time. "I know what I'm experimenting with.

I can find out right away to see if it's mine. But I'm asking you now to save everyone's time. Tell me, is this my sample?"

"Yes, Dr. Craw. I was just curious about what research you're working on." Ambrose lowered his head. It was his first time getting questioned like this after he graduated.

It was as though he was back in his school days and the teacher was questioning him when he did something wrong.

Moreover, he looked frightened.

Even though Luca looked weak, she was tough and strong. There was no way he could stand such a powerful aura. Hence, he had no choice but to admit it.

Ambrose was angry and helpless at the same time being questioned like that at work. He could only show his deepest fears in front of Luca.

"I've mentioned before that I won't be interested in the research that you guys do. As such, none of you should be curious about my research either, especially when it's not been revealed to the public yet. Do you remember that?" Luca asked him in a low voice. She looked at the man who was a few inches taller than her trembling with fear.

Luca felt sorry for him.

Ambrose was doing well in his research. He was detail-oriented and a fast worker too.

However, she could not let someone who was curious about someone else's research to stay in the company.

Since he had the guts to steal her sample now, he might even reveal the confidential information of their research team to others in the future.

Although he did not reveal anything to the former general manager previously, it was hard to guarantee that such a person would not betray her and sell the research to someone else.

Luca could not take the risk.

Moreover, she did not know whether or not Ambrose was sent by Abel.

If he was and he knew that she was working on the antidote, then things would get out of hand.

Luca knew the difficult position she was in now. She had to be extra careful. Then, she said strictly when Ambrose kept silent. "Do you still remember what I told you?!"

It sent a shiver down his spine.

It was just a job. He did not know why he was so frightened.

He could feel that he was almost out of breath with Luca's aura pressuring him.

She was just a woman.

Ambrose wanted to stand up for himself, but he chose to give in to Luca when considering how aggressive she was being. He replied cowardly, "Yes."

The researchers around them did not expect Luca, who had always been easygoing, to be so scary when she lost her temper.

They were even reminded of Luke.

Luca's powerful aura made them worried that what Ambrose did would affect them too.

After all, researchers could be found anywhere in the city. Luca did not necessarily have to work with them.

However, they had never thought of resigning, not to mention quitting the job.

Their resumes would be nothing if they got fired. They would end up like Ambrose. If Luca fired them, no biopharmaceutical companies would be willing to hire them.

Who would want an employee who stole their superior's research sample?

"Then why are you curious about my research? Is there a need for you to go as far as stealing my sample?" Luca picked up the test tube and swung it in front of him.

Ambrose remained quiet.

Luca thought Ambrose might be more frightened if she approached him. She took a step back and questioned him, "Could it be that someone sent you here to find out what research I'm working on so that the person can get a head start on this research before I do? Who were you planning on giving the sample to?"

"No, Dr. Craw. I'm not a spy!" Ambrose immediately shook his head.

"You're not?" Luca could not find out whether or not Ambrose was telling the truth. She only knew that he tried to steal her sample.

"I was just curious about it. I've been wondering what's in the test tube. I was planning to put it in the equipment and find out what it is tomorrow. It's because I'd like to learn a lot more from you," said Ambrose as a tear fell down his cheek.

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Luca shook her head and paused for a moment. Then, she shook her head again.

Ambrose looked at how strangely Luca was acting. He trembled with fear and dared not to say anything, waiting for her judgment.

"Ambrose, you're wrong," Luca slowly uttered as she looked at the test tube in her hands. "If you'd like to learn from me, you'd have many chances to learn from the next research project. You shouldn't have stolen my research sample."

Ambrose could sense the sympathy in Luca's voice. He knew it was impossible for him to continue working here.

He was in despair.

He initially thought Luca would not find out about it and Rhett would destroy the sample after it was analyzed.

Hence, he took the sample and happily told the others that he would soon find out what Luca was working on.

He did not expect Rhett to overhear their conversation.

Ambrose did not know Rhett would return to the laboratory. Otherwise, he would not have shown off to his colleagues that he had the research sample.

"Ms. Craw, I promise I won't do anything like that anymore. Please give me another chance." Ambrose could not be bothered about other things now. He immediately knelt on the floor.

If Ambrose was fired, that would be the end of his career in the biopharmaceutical industry.

After all, Luca would have to tell the company why she decided to fire him.

His behavior was dangerous to all the professors who were working on their research. He would be regarded as the kind of person who would sell confidential information to others.

Ambrose felt hopeless at the thought of his future life after getting fired.

What mattered the most to a researcher was that they had to be as clean as a whistle. Even if he was not sent to the police station, he would still have a 'criminal record'.

"Ambrose, I can't hire someone I doubt. I can no longer keep you here. The other professors won't dare to make you stay after you did something like that either. Pack your stuff. You don't have to come to work tomorrow," said Luca. She turned to look at Rhett. "You know what to do, right?" "Dr. Craw, is that all you're going to do?" asked Rhett. It was not that he was deliberately going against Ambrose, but they could call the police and let the police handle this case.

"We're colleagues. There's no need to call the police. He's fired." Luca held her research sample tightly in her hands and left the laboratory.

Ambrose knelt on the ground, staring blankly.

He knew there was nothing he could say to change Luca's mind. Still, was getting fired the only way to solve this?

Ambrose refused to believe he would end up like this.

He gave Rhett a piercing stare.

"Pack your stuff. You asked for it." Rhett could sense the hatred in his eyes, but he did not think he did anything wrong.

He had to report to his superior about what Ambrose did no matter what. Moreover, it was Luca who asked him to keep an eye on the sample.

If Ambrose did anything to take advantage of Luca's research, he would be the one bearing all the consequences if he did not find out that Ambrose was the culprit.

Hence, Rhett did not feel sorry for Ambrose.

After that, Ambrose turned around and prepared to go through the dismissal procedures.

It was not up to them to dismiss him from work. Rhett needed to fill out the form and inform the HR department.

Rhett was worried that the employees working in the HR department were getting off work soon. Therefore, he hurried back to his office and informed the HR department to ask someone to wait for him. Then, he headed downstairs with the form in his hands.

In the laboratory.

One of the researchers patted Ambrose's shoulder. He knew about the matter.

Ambrose had tried to convince him to partner up with him to steal the sample.

However, he was worried that he might get into trouble, so he made up an excuse and rejected his invitation to steal the sample together.

As a result, after Ambrose successfully stole the sample, he was so busy showing it off to him that Rhett overheard their conversation.

"Buddy, don't hesitate to look for me if you need any help in the future," said the researcher. There was nothing he could do about this.

After all, it was a serious matter.

Luca was kind enough not to call the police.

"Why did she fire me?" Ambrose clenched his fists. He was just curious about it. Besides, if everything went smoothly, the research would become their team's research project sooner or later.

It was not like he was going to sell the sample...

Ambrose refused to accept it. He slowly began to suspect that Luca was taking a shot at him.

The researcher heard him say that and could no longer stand to see him that way. He reminded Ambrose, "It was very kind of Dr. Craw not to call the police when you did such a thing."

Ambrose's eyes were red as he lifted his head and looked at him.

It gave the other researcher the willies when Ambrose stared at him like that. "Don't look at me like that. Honestly, I told you not to do this. Look at what has happened now. Take care. Perhaps you can look for a smaller biopharmaceutical company. You might be successful one day."

After that, Rhett walked into the laboratory with the letter of dismissal in his hands.

The two of them argued, and Rhett was disappointed with Ambrose for doing such a thing. He handed the employee termination letter to him and said, "Sign it."

Ambrose remained still.

"There's no need to get your permission to dismiss you from work. Dr. Craw said that if you sign the letter now, the reward earned from the previous project will still be deposited into your bank account. The company will not listen to what you say if you refuse to sign it." Rhett delivered the message his superior told him. "Ambrose, what you did was wrong. Everyone knows how serious it is. You'll still get

the money if you sign it now. Don't mess things up. If you're sent to the police station, not only will the company refuse to pay you, but you'll also be sent to prison."

"Yes, Ambrose. It's a big deal. Just sign it when Dr. Craw isn't planning to pursue the matter any further," convinced the researcher beside him.

Ambrose looked at the employee termination letter. His eyes reddened. His hands trembled when he took the pen from Rhett. Then, he scribbled his name on the letter.

Rhett left with the employee termination letter.

The researcher let out a sigh and pulled Ambrose up. "Don't do anything silly next time."

Then, he walked out of the laboratory.

It was almost time to get off work. If it were not for Ambrose's matter, he would have gone home.

The researcher could not help but heave a sigh. What got into Ambrose's head? He was doing well at Watson, so why did he have to do something like that? Luca had emphasized and reminded them many times about this matter before.

Yet, Ambrose insisted on doing it. He deserved it.

However, the researcher felt grateful that Luca went easy on Ambrose. Even though she insisted on firing him, she spared him since they were colleagues and had worked together. Not only did she not call the police, but she also shared the reward with him.

The researcher was assured that Luca was a good superior. He was working for the right person.

In the assistant's office.

Luca sat beside Tommy and watched him do his homework. She was also waiting for Rhett to get everything done.

"Dr. Craw, he's signed it." Rhett handed the employee termination letter to Luca.

"Alright." Luca glanced at the letter and the name on it. She could see how reluctant Ambrose was when he signed the employee termination letter.

"Dr. Craw, are we really not calling the police?" asked Mo Stone after knowing what happened.

"No, we're not." Luca looked down and handed the employee termination letter to Rhett. "Let the HR department stamp it and keep a copy. Then, give him the letter."

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Luca had never thought of making a big deal out of it.

Ambrose was wrong, but if the police officers got involved in this, the research she was working on could be exposed.

Luca did not want to get into trouble when she had made it so far.

Rhett left with the employee termination letter. He had to head to the HR department and let them stamp the employee termination letter. Only then did he pass the letter to Ambrose.

Luca watched Rhett leave from behind. It was none of her business now. Hence, she said, "Tommy, let's go."

"Alright, Ms. Luca." Tommy heard her and put his exercise book back into his school bag. After he zipped his bag, he jumped off the chair and waved to Mo Stone. "Goodbye, Ms. Stone."

"Bye." Mo Stone smiled and waved back at him.

Mo Stone touched her face after she watched the two of them leave. She wondered if she looked old.

Why did Tommy address her in such a formal way?

Mo Stone could not help but ponder.

Luca left the office with Tommy. After they got into Warren's car, Luca asked him to send them home.

A few minutes later, Rhett called her. "Dr. Craw, I've already handed the letter to Ambrose."

"Okay. Did he say anything?" asked Luca.

"He seemed upset and frustrated," Rhett recalled the expression on Ambrose's face just now. Employees who got fired were usually dispirited, but the way Ambrose looked at him was like he could not wait to eat him alive.

"Okay. I got it," replied Luca.

"Are you sure he hasn't analyzed the sample? And he didn't read the report, right?" Luca pondered for a moment and asked worriedly.

"Yes. I'm sure about that. I heard him showing off to someone else. He said he would put the sample into the analysis equipment without anyone knowing it. As for your data report, I only left the lab for a few seconds before I returned. The report wasn't out yet at that time," explained Rhett.

"Alright." Luca pondered for a moment and said, "Thank you. Get off work early and get some rest."

"Don't mention it, Dr. Craw. You didn't blame me for not looking after the sample well, and you didn't hold me accountable for this. I'm grateful." Rhett panicked when Luca thanked him.

Luca could use this as an excuse to kick him out of the company as well.

However, she did not do that. She did not blame Rhett either. Rhett was grateful for that.

Now, Luca was even thanking him...

Rhett felt distraught at once.

"I need you to keep an eye on my samples in the lab after this. Also, tell the HR department that I'll need a new researcher after firing Ambrose." Luca remembered that she should start working on a new research project.

Luca was planning to start the second project when she finished working on the antidote.

"Alright, Dr. Craw. The HR department has already gotten off work. I'll send an application to them tomorrow morning," promised Rhett.

"Okay. Get off work early after you're done with this." Luca ended the call after that.

Warren could sense something fishy listening to Luca's conversation on the phone while he drove. He asked, "Ms. Luca, did something happen at the office?"

"It's nothing. There was something wrong with my employee, but it's been settled," answered Luca. She thought there was no need to let Luke know about Ambrose's matter.

It was not such a big deal.

What mattered the most was that Ambrose did not examine and analyze the sample.

He had no idea what Luca was working on.

After Warren drove home, Luca and Tommy got out of the car.

Tommy held Luca's hand and walked into the front yard. Then, he asked, "Ms. Luca, does everyone have to be punished after doing something wrong?"

"Yes. That's how it works in this world. You have to take responsibility after doing something wrong." Luca looked at Tommy's face. The older the child got, the more he looked like Luke.

"What if it was an accident?" asked Tommy.

"Then you should be honest. Admit it if you've done something wrong and be responsible for it. You'll have to apologize to the person you hurt," answered Luca. She knew Tommy was asking her this because of Ambrose's matter.

Tommy was not a child who did not know anything. He was able to figure out what happened by listening to what they said.

"Got it. I'm going to be like Daddy and Lanie in the future. I'll think thrice before doing something, and I'll try my best not to make any mistakes. Also, I'll take the initiative to admit my mistake if I do something wrong!" Tommy nodded.

He had seen Luca firing her employee today.

He knew Luca did not like people doing the wrong thing.

Tommy told himself that he should never become someone Luca hated!

Luca stroked the child's head. She smiled and said, "You're such a good boy. You're smart too. You won't make any mistakes if you're careful enough."

"Ms. Luca, I know I didn't do anything wrong when Mrs. Tuffey asked me what happened. I didn't bully the girls as Charlie did. I didn't fight with him either. But Charlie's mother questioned me and I thought I was wrong at that time. I'm glad you protected me." Tommy leaned on Luca's arm, expressing his affection.

"Actually, I'm not the only one protecting you. Your father is also protecting you. He was the one who asked Mr. Zac to send the lawyer's letter to Charlie's parents. Otherwise, today..." Luca paused for a moment. She was glad that Luke backed her up.

She thought he was busy dealing with Matysh's matter. That was why he had no time to deal with Charlie's parents.

Luca did not expect that he would look into their background and ask Mr. Zac to deliver the lawyer's letter to them.

That was why they did not put her in a difficult situation today.

“Daddy has always been protecting us. Now, he's protecting you too,” said Tommy with a smile on his face.

The two of them walked into the house. Lanie and Rainie were already back home since they had finished school. They were sitting on the sofa, eating the fruits Aunt Neile cut for them.

Aunt Neile saw Tommy and Luca come in. She smiled and said, "I was wondering why Young Master Tommy didn't come home with Young Master Lanie and Ms. Rainie. It turns out that you went to pick him up."

"Yes. They finished school after the parent-teacher conference ended. I left with Tommy, but something came up at the office. I had to return to the office to deal with it. That's why I came home late." Luca glanced at the time. Even though she came home late, fortunately, it did not keep her from anything.

"I've just cut the fruits. Have some. I'm going to prepare tonight's dinner now." Aunt Neile walked into the kitchen after that.

Luca glanced at the fruit platter. They were the kids' favorite fruits. She reminded them, "Eat your fruits and head upstairs to finish your homework."

"Okay, Ms. Luca," the three kids replied at the same time.

Luca made her way up the stairs. She brought the sample Ambrose stole from her back home.

Luca was still worried about it. She planned to place the sample in the equipment in the villa and see if it could analyze it.

Luca walked into the study. She had told Aunt Neile not to touch this room. Hence, there was a layer of dust on the equipment after not using it for a while.

Ever since Luke said that the employees were allowed to use the company's laboratory for research purposes, she hardly stepped into the study.

Luca took a few sheets of tissue paper and wiped the equipment. Then, she sat on the chair and began to analyze the sample.

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In the living room.

The three kids sat side by side on the sofa, enjoying their fruits.

Rainie turned to look at Tommy, and she asked, "Tommy, Ms. Luca attended your school's parentteacher conference today. Did anything happen?"

"Yes!" Tommy immediately put down his fork and started to tell his siblings what happened today.

"Rainie, Charlie's parents apologized to us!"

"Charlie? Is he the one who fell in front of you, didn't dare to admit it, and blamed you for it?" Lanie knew about the events of yesterday.

Tommy seemed to have mentioned Charlie's name when he told them about it yesterday.

"Yes. That's him! His mother was terrifying yesterday. She looked like she was going to eat Ms. Luca alive. But she chickened out today. She kept on apologizing to us. Daddy sued them, so they came to apologize to keep the dispute out of court," explained Tommy as he danced with joy.

Tommy had behaved himself when he was there at the scene, but he was secretly thrilled.

"They aren't afraid of getting sued. They're afraid of Daddy." Lanie hit the mark.

Rainie agreed and nodded her head.

"Why are they afraid of Daddy?" Tommy asked with his head tilted. He did not understand why Charlie's parents were not afraid of getting sued.

He knew that many people were afraid of getting sued and getting into a lawsuit on TV.

"Charlie's father's name is Brigham Hudson, and his mother's name is Myra Chavez," said Lanie.

Tommy widened his eyes as he asked, "How did you know that?"

"That's impressive." Rainie pursed her lips, trying not to smile. She saw Lanie looking into Charlie's parents yesterday.

Lanie used a tablet to search for Charlie's parent's information through Charlie's full name yesterday.

"Your classmate's parents are in the lighting business. It's quite a big field in A City, but it depends on a lot of industries, like architectural design." Lanie analyzed the situation.

Before Lanie could finish his sentence, Tommy immediately understood and nodded. "I got it. He would be losing a lot of business if he offends Daddy!"

"Yes. The architectural design projects that T Corporation works on have taken their business to the next level," replied Lanie. He knew Charlie's parents' lighting company exported their products to another country. They were wholesaling and retailing their products in the local market too, but they gained most of the profits from these projects.

They knew they would be out of luck if they offended Luke. That was why they were so anxious about it.

Tommy heaved a sigh and said, "That explains why they apologized."

"They should apologize. Your classmate defamed you yesterday, and his mother was rude to Ms. Luca. It's only right they apologized," added Lanie. Tommy and Luca did nothing wrong. They did not deserve to be scolded by Charlie's parents.

"Yes. Ms. Luca told me that one should apologize after doing something wrong. Charlie accused me of something I didn't do. He was wrong!" said Tommy.

"Alright. Leave it to Daddy. He'll handle this. Let's go upstairs and do our homework," suggested Rainie.

They would usually finish their homework before dinner.

"Okay." Tommy nodded. Then, he grabbed his school bag and jumped off the sofa.

The three kids made their way upstairs to do their homework.

Luca was busy with her research in the study. Only when Aunt Neile came to inform her that it was about time for dinner did she drop everything and head downstairs.

Luke and the three kids were already sitting at the dining table when Luca arrived at the dining hall.

"Ms. Luca, hurry up and sit down. It's time for dinner." Tommy looked at Luca with a smile on his face.

"Alright. Thank you," replied Luca. She sat down on the chair right beside Luke.

"Have you removed the stitches?" Luke noticed that Luca's right hand was no longer bandaged.

"Yes. I had some time today, so I went to remove the stitches." Luca nodded. "Dr. Park helped me to remove them."

Luca stressed Johann's name, telling Luke that she got his permission before she removed the stitches. She did not remove the stitches on her own.

"Okay." Luke nodded, staring at her with his deep eyes.

Aunt Neile and the maid served the dishes on the table. Luca took the initiative to help them with the food.

She placed a slice of pizza on Luke's plate first. Then, she gave the children each a slice of pizza.

At last, she grabbed a slice for herself.

The three kids enjoyed their pizza.

Luke took a few bites and suddenly asked, "Did anything happen during the parent-teacher conference today?"

"Charlie's parents apologized to us. Does that count?" Luca gently bit her fork and decided to tell Luke what happened even though she knew Luke probably already knew about it.

"Yes, I told Mr. Zac to sue them," replied Luke

"Now they know you're Tommy's father. That's why they apologized," Luca uttered slowly. If it were not for the demand letter that had Luke's name on it when it was sent to them, the couple would have continued to behave arrogantly.

"What are you planning to do?" asked Luke.

Luca immediately replied without hesitation, "Wait for the case to be scheduled and sue them?"

"Alright. Sure." It did not matter to Luke. He would leave the case to Mr. Zac. It would not take long for him to settle it.

"Isn't it troublesome?" Luca asked in a soft voice.

Luke's eyes gleamed when he turned to look at her. There was determination in his eyes. "I won't let anyone bully you."

Luke was talking about his family, including her and the kids.

Luke would never let anyone bully his wife and children. What was the point of having an abundance of wealth and power if he could not protect his family?

"Okay." Luca looked down.

"By the way, Louis will be holding a housewarming party this Sunday. He invited you," said Luke.

Louis told Luke about it today. Susan went to ask a divination practitioner and was told that this coming Sunday was an auspicious day to hold the party.

"Will there be a lot of people?" Luca tightened her hand while she gripped the knife at the thought of attending the company's party this Friday night and Louis' party on Sunday. She felt like she did not have enough time...

"Only family members and friends are invited to the party," answered Luke. Even though Susan had a big ego and tried to make the housewarming party a big deal, even thinking of holding a banquet for it, Louis eventually rejected her ideas.

Louis had already paid some money to renovate the house, and he spent a lot of money to celebrate Susan's birthday party last time. He did not have much left now.

Even though he could receive some cash gifts from the guests, he could hardly reach the break-even point of the cost of holding the party.

Hence, he decided to make it simple and only invite his family members and friends to attend the party.

He could save some money that way, and he could make some extra money from it too.

"Okay." Luca secretly counted the days. Previously, she heard the kids mention that Old Master Crawford told Louis to move to his new house after the new year, but she did not expect them to put it off until now.

"Is Old Master Crawford staying with them?" Luca asked with curiosity. Previously, Tommy told her what had happened at Crawford Manor during the new year.

Tommy told Luca everything. He even told her how reluctant Susan was to move out of the house.

That was why Luca knew what had happened even though she did not celebrate the new year at Crawford Manor.

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"Yes," replied Luke.

Susan had refused to move out of Crawford Manor. However, Old Master Crawford said that they were welcome to go back and stay for a few days occasionally. Still, if Susan insisted on staying in Crawford Manor, he would move out.

Susan was worried that Old Master Crawford would favor Luke even more after he moved to his place. That was why she eventually agreed to move here with Louis.

However, there was a condition.

The reason why Susan agreed to move was that it would be convenient for her to help Louis and Yuri to look after Thea. Hence, Susan would move back to Crawford Manor when Thea was having her school holidays. She would move back to Louis' house when classes started again.

Susan did not think it was troublesome, and Old Master Crawford had no comment either.

That way, Old Master Crawford could live in peace for a few months.

"Is Grandma Susan moving here too?" Tommy could not help but blurt out. He did not expect Susan to organize the housewarming party after moving in when she strongly opposed the idea of moving out.

It seemed like their Great-grandpa had a way to make their Grandma Susan move out of the house.

"Yes," replied Luke.

Tommy sighed and said, "I thought Grandma Susan wasn't moving here. Daddy, does that mean we'll be meeting Grandma Susan regularly?"

"Yes," answered Luke.

Old Master Crawford intended to let Louis stay beside Luke's villa. It was to prevent the two brothers from growing apart even though they moved out of Crawford Manor.

Tommy pouted his mouth with an unhappy look on his face.

He did not like Susan at all.

After dinner, Luca was planning to head upstairs and see the analysis result, but Luke called her.

"Luca, can you follow me to my study?"

"Okay." Luca was startled for a moment. She followed Luke upstairs into his study.

The door was closed behind her once Luca stepped into the study.

Before she could respond, Luke pressed his thin lips against hers. The burning sensation spread across their bodies like wildfire as their lips pressed together.

Luke's overbearing scent was constantly taking her breath away.

Luca's hand, which was initially on Luke's chest, pushed him away before she slowly accepted his advances. Then, she eventually put her arms around his waist.

The temperature in the room was getting higher. Luca could feel the throbbing in her heart getting stronger...

Luca knew there was no way she could push the man who was kissing her and holding her in his arms away. She was about to drown in pleasure.

"Luke." Luca gently called his name. She could feel his thin lips gently kissing her chin. It made her feel helpless. Her long, fair arms were nervously tugging at Luke's shirt as she melted in his sweet embrace.

They were in the study.

The kids were still downstairs.

Luca's mind was in a fog. She did not know what to do. She could only let him take her. Her body was getting out of control.

"Shh." Luke's soft voice came into her ears. It was ticklish yet irresistible.

Luca wanted to free herself, but it was useless no matter how hard she tried to struggle.

Luca could only close her eyes as Luke kissed her. The cells in her blood were blazing hot and getting uncontrollable.

The two could hardly control themselves as the temperature rose.

Luke carried Luca in his arms and placed her on the bed. When he was about to lean closer to her, there was a knock on the door.

"Daddy." There came Rainie's voice from outside the door with a knocking sound.

The two of them were shocked for a moment. Luca could see how helpless Luke felt when they looked into each other's eyes.

Luca pursed her lips and sat up when she saw how aggrieved Luke was. She quickly brushed her hair and tidied her clothes.

If it were someone else knocking on the door, Luke would not have responded. However, there was no way he could ignore it if it was Rainie outside the door.

A daughter was her father's lover from his past life. She was the apple of her father's eye.

It was the same even with Luke, who wielded enormous influence in the business world.

Luke had no choice but to open the door once he saw that Luca was done tidying herself up. He looked at the little girl outside the door and asked with a helpless voice, "What's the matter?"

Rainie noticed that Luca's face was red when she peeped into the room. She asked caringly, "Is Ms. Luca feeling unwell?"

"No. I'm fine." Luca shook her head as she rose to her feet with a smile on her face. However, she did not move closer to the door.

She could not help but feel guilty when the child looked at her.

The kids did not know about it yet. The adults would feel awkward if Rainie asked something like that.

Luca smiled at her.

Rainie could not help but ask, "But Ms. Luca, your face is as red as a tomato."

"It's a little hot and stuffy here," Luca immediately replied.

"Oh." Rainie turned to look at Luke and told him why she came looking for him. "Daddy, you have to check my homework and sign it."

Luke's temples throbbed faintly as he looked at the exercise books Rainie handed to him. He was interrupted just because he had to sign the kids' homework.

It seemed like it was not a good idea to have so many kids.

Luke took the books from Rainie and said in a hoarse voice, "I'll check later."

"Daddy, please check them first. Otherwise, we'll fall asleep waiting for you and we'll be flustered tomorrow morning. We'll be in trouble if we take the wrong exercise book or forget to bring our homework to school," Rainie explained with a serious expression on her face.

"Let me do it." Luca took the exercise books from Luke. Then, she turned to look at Rainie. "Is it okay if I check your homework for you?"

"Sure! Thank you, Ms. Luca. Please excuse me. I'm going downstairs to watch my cartoon show." Rainie made her way down the stairs happily. She had no idea she had interrupted the two of them when she knocked on the door.

"Luca, are you running away from me?" Luke stood in front of her, blocking her way. He stopped her from walking out of the room.

"No..." replied Luca in a soft voice. "It's just that the night's still young. And the kids aren't asleep yet..."

She was worried that it would be a bad influence on the kids.

Luke stroked his chin, looked at her reddened face and ears, and agreed. "You're right. We can do this later."

Luca's face turned redder at once.

That was not what she meant!

However, Luke intentionally misunderstood what she said.

"I'm going downstairs." said Luca as she was about to bypass him and walk out of the room. However, Luke grabbed her at the waist and pulled her into his arms.

Luca could hear his heart thumping in her ears. It was strong, and it stimulated her acoustic nerves. "I."

"I had something to tell you when I asked you to come upstairs," said Luke. It was inconvenient for him to mention it to Luca in front of the kids. That was why he asked her to head upstairs and talk about it.

However, the moment he stepped into the study, he could not control himself as he stared at her soft, pillowy lips. He immediately made a move.

"Oh." Luca's face was burning red as she waited for him to continue.

"The police are starting to look into Matysh's case and the Normans' case. Leia also knows about it. I might be able to get the goods on her," continued Luke. The caretaker had been observing Leia and her unusual behavior.

Besides, what Leia did not realize was that it had always been the caretaker who personally brought the hospital gown for her whenever she had to change into another one.

Johann had arranged for Leia to put on two sets of hospital gowns repeatedly. A tiny bugging device had been secretly fixed at the top button of each gown.

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"I visited Ms. Rayne and Mr. and Mrs. Norman when I went to the hospital to remove the stitches today. They seemed to be in good shape, especially Ms. Rayne. She's feeling much better compared to the first time she received the chemotherapy treatment. But I think there's something wrong with her caretaker, so I fired her," said Luca as she looked

down. It reminded her of what happened in Wanda's wardroom when Luke mentioned Leia.

Even though Wanda told her that she would hire another caretaker, Luca thought she should tell Luke about this.

After all, it was Luca who took the liberty to fire the caretaker.

"If she's fired then so be it. It doesn't matter. I can arrange another one for her." Luke tidied her slightly messy hair.

Her hair was messed up when she lay down on the bed.

Luca was surprised and she asked, "Aren't you going to ask me why?"

"You're not the kind of person who would easily fire someone. I trust you. You did it for her own good." Luke trusted her.

Even if Luca was the kind of person who would easily fire her subordinates without any reason, Luke would still support her decision.

Luca did it for Wanda's sake.

Luca was moved by Luke's unconditional trust.

If she was still Bianca, Luke would definitely trust her. However, she was Luca now, but he still trusted her.

No gift was more precious than trust in this world. How could she not be moved by Luke when he had faith in her?

"I wonder if Ms. Rayne has found herself a new caretaker," added Luca. She was worried Wanda would not look for another caretaker to save Luke's money since she was getting better now.

Luke raised his brows when he heard what Luca was worried about. "I'll ask Johann about it."

"It doesn't sound like a great idea to ask for Dr. Park's help for such a trivial matter..." said Luca. She was reluctant to trouble Johann when she was reminded of Johann's suggestion today. She would owe him a favor.

"He just has to make a call and ask about it. It's a simple task," replied Luke as he picked up his phone and sent a message to Johann.

"Let me check the kids' homework first," suggested Luca.

"Alright. Go to bed early tonight," teased Luke.

The blush on Luca's cheeks that had gone away appeared on her face again.

Luca quickly walked out of the bedroom and gently let out a sigh of relief. She touched her burning cheeks.

Luke was good at flirting with her...

Whenever Luca thought of every word he said and the look on his face, every detail of him was full of seductiveness and temptation.

It was as though he was intentionally enchanting her, and she was trapped in his prison.

Luca made her way down the stairs. The three kids were sitting on the sofa, watching TV.

"Ms. Luca, you came down." Tommy smiled and patted the empty seat beside him, signaling her to sit beside him.

Luca nodded. "Yes, I came down to check your homework," replied Luca with a smile on her face. She sat on the sofa and opened Lanie's exercise book first.

Tommy used his fork to pick up a slice of apple and said, "Ms. Luca, have some!"

"Thank you, Tommy." Luca looked up and slightly leaned over to eat the apple slice her child picked up for her. Then, she continued to check their homework.

The kids did their homework well. After she checked their homework, she picked up the pen at the thought of Luke being busy with his work upstairs and signed his name on it.

After signing their homework, Luca returned the exercise books to the kids.

The kids kept their books properly.

Luca glanced at the time. There was another episode before the cartoon show ended. Then, she reminded the kids, "Be good. Stay here and watch your cartoon show. I'm going upstairs to do some work. Go upstairs, take a shower, and get ready to go to bed after the show, okay?"

Luca's voice was gentle when she spoke to the three kids. She sounded like she was discussing it with the kids instead of commanding them.

"Alright, Ms. Luca," replied the kids.

Luca made her way up the stairs without worrying about them when she heard that.

She did not walk into Luke's bedroom. Instead, she headed to the study and checked the results.

The results that came out were the same as the ones she got this afternoon. There were no changes in the sample's concentration.

In other words, Ambrose did not add any chemical substances to the samples.

Luca let out a sigh of relief. She poured the sample into the toilet bowl and flushed it.

She had saved the other samples, and they were in her office. Hence, there was no need for her to keep this sample.

Luca did not leave the room after she finished her work. She sat on the chair, lost in her thought.

It had been a long time since Abel gave her any orders.

The quieter he was, the more worried Luca was.

Luca felt uneasy. She picked up her phone and called Amur. She wanted to ask him whether or not Abel had contacted him lately.

However, the phone rang for a second before the call ended.

Amur hung up on her.

Luca became even more upset.

Luca pursed her lips. She received a text from Amur when she was wondering if she should call Amur.

[On a mission.] There were only a few words, but he still told Luca what he was doing now.

Luca immediately frowned when she saw that. Amur's mission was to deal with Pierre.

[Why didn't you tell me earlier?] Luca immediately replied. Previously, she told him to inform her before he carried out a mission. She had Amur's number, and she could come up with an excuse to go out and help him.

However, Amur only told her now, and there was nothing she could do to help him!

Luke was at home now. He would suspect her if she made up an excuse to go out now!

Luca felt her heartbeat race. She did not know why her heart was beating faster when she found out that Amur was carrying out a mission.

She was worried something might happen to him...

Abel was going after Pierre, and she had something to do with it.

If it were not for her who stole the bidding document, Pierre would not have become the buyer. Pierre would not have felt dissatisfied when Abel took all the money back. That was why he kept on messing with Abel.

He had gone so far that he made Abel send Amur to kill him.

Amur replied: [The mission changed. It's simple. I can handle this.] Today, Abel sent him a message and told Amur not to kill Pierre. He wanted Pierre alive.

Hence, Amur only had to bring Pierre to Abel.

Still, it was not as easy as what he told Luca.

There were many ways to kill Pierre.

However, taking a man over five feet tall away and bringing him to Abel was a difficult task.

After all, Pierre was not living alone now. He was living with a gang of thugs.

However, those men were not Amur's target. Hence, he was not planning to kill them.

He had to fight with the thugs and beat them up. Then, he would knock Pierre out and take him away.

It was more difficult than killing him.

Still, no matter how difficult it was, Amur was not planning to ask Luca for help.

Luca had to stay in A City. Abel had not given her any instructions now. If her identity was exposed because of Pierre, he had no idea what Luke and the Mallory family would do to her.

If Luca's identity was exposed and she failed to do what Abel instructed, she would be punished by the organization.

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Amur knew he was different from Luca.

If he failed to complete his mission, he only had to be punished when he returned to the Island of Despair.

However, if Luca failed her mission, she would no longer be useful to Abel. She would be sent back to the Island of Despair at that time. She would be facing a severe punishment that was worse than the punishment given to those who failed their mission.

She might end up being a playtoy at the Island of Despair...

After all, Abel was a psycho. He would not have mercy on Luca. When the time came, Luca would not be able to protect Nyla, and she would not be able to protect herself either.

Amur could not let Luca take such risks.

[He's not killing Pierre?] Luca could not help but feel suspicious. What made Abel change his mind?

There was no way he would show mercy.

He would not have done that, especially when Pierre had offended him.

Amur replied: [No. He only wants to punish him. Let's talk about this later. Wait for my reply.]

Luca stared at her phone screen for a while and read Amur's message. Only then did she delete the message.

She could not let Luke see the messages.

Night fell.

In the midst of the hustle and bustle of the city, people were walking to and fro in the suburban district. Some were doing illegal business and some were making loud noises at the bars as the music played. The busy nightlife portrayed the other side of A City.

Amur stood at the corner of the street, smoking his cigarette and looking at the house opposite the street.

The address that Luca gave him was here.

Amur confirmed that Pierre was in this house, hiding from the police.

The flame of the cigarette at the corner of his lips glowed and dimmed. The glow of the bright, yellow street lamps shone on his face for a moment before immediately dimming out after that.

"Yo, what a hot foreign guy we have here. Do you understand English?" A scantily dressed woman walked toward Amur and teased him.

He caught a whiff of the smell of cheap perfume in the air. It made him frown, and he said, "Get lost."

It gave the woman a shock. However, she became happy as soon as she found out that he understood English. Men who stood and waited here were either waiting for their guests or women like her.

Hence, she thought Amur was waiting for women like her.

The woman sized him up. With the way Amur was dressed, he looked like a rich man. She chirped happily, "Cutie, don't be fierce to me. Is it your first time here? If you're not fond of me, there are other women upstairs. We have different types of women there."

Amur gave her a cold stare as he listened to the woman chattering away. "Get out of here if you don't wanna die."

The woman was frightened when she saw the look in his eyes. It sent a shiver down her spine. Then, she cursed bitterly, "Who the f*ck is that guy? He's so mean. Why is he standing there when he doesn't want any woman to sleep with him? Could it be that he's waiting for a guy? Tsk, can he stop being sanctimonious?"

Amur furrowed his brows unhappily when he heard what the woman said.

However, he had something more important to do tonight. He had no time to deal with the long-winded woman.

Amur had to stand here and wait until the street quieted down. Only then he could make a move.

The cigarette held between Amur's fingers was almost extinguished. He threw it on the ground and stepped on it to stub out the cigarette. Then, he lit up another cigarette.

Amur took a puff of the cigarette and slowly blew a smoke ring.

The temperature was slightly low on a chilly spring night. As Amur watched the smoke ring gradually disappear in the air, engulfed in darkness, his forefinger suddenly trembled for a moment. Luca came across his mind.

Even though Amur could not protect her, he hoped that she was safe and sound.

However, would Abel let them get what they wanted?

Amur even thought that Abel changing his mind not to kill Pierre probably had something to do with the mission of dealing with Luke.

Still, it was not within his control.

The busy street was slowly getting quieter as the night wore on.

Amur noticed that Oswald, who had gone for a drink and gotten drunk, was staggering back home.

Amur put on the gloves specially made on the Island of Despair.

Amur hid in the darkness and waited until all the lights in the apartment went out. Then, he glanced at the time.

It was three in the morning.

Luca should be asleep now. She probably was not waiting for his message.

Luca did not reply to his message since he sent the previous message to her.

Amur stubbed out the last cigarette and took a bottle of solution out from his pocket.

This solution would help get rid of those thugs.

The soundproofing of the residential homes on this street was bad. If he made a loud noise, it would be even more difficult for him to take Pierre away.

Amur wore a cap and a mask. Then, he came to the house's door. Every household here used the same wooden door. It looked solid, but the locks of the doors could be easily opened.

It was easy for thieves to break into the houses here.

Amur took an iron wire out, the master key to unlock all doors. He stuck the iron wire into the door lock and tried unlocking it.

It only took him three seconds before he heard a clicking sound. The door was unlocked.

Amur did not sneak into the house like someone who was up to no good and looked in all directions before he went in. He leisurely walked into the house as though he was at home.

He closed the door behind him. Then, he stood behind the door. He was not in a hurry to head inside.

Amur waited for his eyes to adjust to the dark. Then, he glanced around him to see what the interior layout was like.

There were three rooms in the house.

Amur had never been here before. He had no idea which room Pierre was staying in, so he had to check each room one after another.

Amur walked into the room opposite the entrance.

He was trained to be professional when he was on the Island of Despair. He did not make any sound when he walked.

Before he could get closer to the room, he heard thunderous snoring coming from inside the room.

Amur frowned and thought of Oswald's body size. He knew it was him. Then, he pushed the door open and walked toward the bed. The person sleeping on the bed was fast asleep.

Even though Amur could not see the person's facial features, he was sure that it was Oswald just by looking at the body size of the person sleeping on the bed.

He slept like a log and did not even know that someone had opened the door.

Amur took a handkerchief out of his pocket and poured some solution on it. Then, he placed it on Oswald's face.

Amur was agile. Oswald had drunk some beer just now, and he was deeply asleep. It did not wake him up.

Amur covered Oswald's face with the handkerchief for five seconds. Then, he knew Oswald had already lost consciousness.

He left the room and headed to another room.

He repeated the same thing.

Amur did not wake anyone up. Even though there were two people in the second room. He did not make a sound and knocked the two of them out.

As Amur watched the two of them lose consciousness, he could not help but wonder.

What was Pierre thinking? Why did he choose to stay here?

The people here were easy to deal with, and they could not even protect him...

After that, Amur walked out of the room and pushed open the door to the last room.

Pierre woke up the moment the door was opened and asked, "Who is it?"

"It's me." Amur deliberately lowered his voice and made it sound hoarse.

Pierre frowned. This man sounded like a stranger to him. He did not sound like the others who were living here. He reached out his hand and turned on the lights.

The dim light shone on Amur. Pierre became alert when he saw it was not someone he knew. He asked, "Who sent you?"

"Someone you've been investigating." Amur gripped the handkerchief in his hands tightly. Before he came in, he had already poured the solution on the handkerchief.

He only had to cover the handkerchief over Pierre's face for five seconds and it would knock him out.

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A man's face immediately flashed across Pierre's mind. Previously, he got the short end of the stick when he dealt with that man. He became even more alert, and he asked, "Are you one of his men?"

Amur did not reply to him. Instead, he toyed with the handkerchief in his hands.

Pierre noticed his gesture and knew he was not easy to deal with. He also understood the situation he was in now. Then, he shouted, "Oswald, come in!"

'Are you calling the man who's sleeping like a log?' Amur asked calmly. It reminded him of what Pierre had done to Luca when he saw the terrified look on his face.

Amur suddenly wondered if he was letting Pierre off lightly if he took him to Abel just like this.

He wanted to take revenge for Luca.

"Did you kill him?" asked Pierre. He knew that man's subordinates were cruel and merciless. It was as though they were from an organization. Hence, he would not be surprised to know that this man had killed Oswald and the others.

Pierre wanted to find out the man's true identity. That was why he investigated him.

However, he was too busy with Mallory Corporation's matters these days, and he did not continue investigating him. He did not expect that man to send his subordinates and come looking for trouble.

"They're a little drugged out now. No one can help you. Mr. Pierre, follow me somewhere else." Amur took a step forward, trying to overpower him and take him away.

Pierre's eyes darkened as he grabbed a knife from below his pillow. "Don't even think about it!"

Then, he thrust the knife toward Amur.

Amur dodged his attack and said, "Our boss would like to see you. Mr. Pierre, if you try to get away, I won't be responsible for my actions."

This was the last warning Amur gave him.

Pierre's actions gave him a good chance to fight with him. Even if he injured Pierre, Amur believed that Abel would not say anything if he told him why.

Pierre clenched the knife in his hands. There was a hint of coldness on the sharp knife when the dim light shone on it.

As Pierre looked at Amur, who did not carry any weapons with him, he was confident that he could run away from Amur. Amur did not have any weapons, after all.

Abel's subordinate came here without carrying any weapon with him. He was too confident.

"Cut the crap. Don't blame me if you die here today." Pierre gripped his knife tight. It was his only weapon.

Amur noticed that Pierre's hand trembled when he gripped the knife tight.

Was he injured?

Only those who had musculoskeletal injuries would have shaky hands.

"Mr. Pierre, you'll have to suffer if you refuse to listen to me," said Amur. Even though Pierre had a weapon, he was fearless.

How could an injured man win him in a fight? Even if he carried a weapon, those who were trained on the Island of Despair were good at taking their opponent down with bare hands.

"Nonsense. If you can get out of this house today, go back and tell your boss that the Mallory family isn't easy to deal with. I'll expose him if he dares to do something like this again. Luke's men are already searching for him," threatened Pierre. He found out something when he was investigating Abel.

He was reticent about the results of the investigation when he told Leroy about it.

"Tell him yourself," replied Amur. He lifted his hand and planned to strike Pierre on the right shoulder.

He reckoned that Pierre had an injured right hand.

Pierre was fast. He noticed Amur's gesture and tried to stab him. However, Amur grabbed his wrist tight and stopped him.

"You..."

Before he could finish his words, Amur hit Pierre's shoulder with the palm of his hand.
"Argh!"

Pierre let out a painful scream.

"Mr. Pierre, you're injured, right?" asked Amur. Then, he immediately grabbed Pierre's left hand too.

Pierre was right-handed. Leroy's subordinate had pressed against Pierre's shoulder that day and sprained his right shoulder.

Now, Amur struck hard on Pierre's injured shoulder. Pierre felt his hand aching and losing strength.

Pierre had only felt that for a moment. The next second, his grip became loose and he let go of the knife he was holding.

Clunk! The knife fell to the ground.

Amur let out a mocking laugh. "Hah, Mr. Pierre. It seems like you'll have to listen to me and follow me back."

"How dare you?!" Pierre had only uttered a few words when Amur covered his face firmly with the handkerchief, making him swallow all his words. He could no longer say anything.

Pierre lost consciousness five seconds later.

Amur let out a tsk and violently threw him to the floor.

As Amur looked at Pierre's injured shoulder, an idea came into his mind. He wanted to break his right arm.

Pierre would still have his left arm even if he broke his right arm. He could get used to being lefthanded even if his right arm was injured.

Besides, no one would be able to find out about it.

It would be easy on him that way.

Amur curled his lips and slowly shifted his gaze to Pierre's leg.

If Pierre, a man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, could stay alive even after he met Abel, it would certainly hit him hard if he found out that he had become a cripple.

"Pierre, don't blame me for doing this." Amur slowly lifted his leg. He knew every weak spot of the human body. Once he struck the weak spot and the injury was left untreated, it would leave him crippled.

Pierre would be a cripple for the rest of his life.

The moment Amur struck him, he said, "It's your fault for messing with the person I care about the most."

Even though Pierre had lost consciousness, he let out a painful moan when Amur's leg struck him.

Amur sneered. He carried Pierre on his shoulder and left the house.

He walked straight down the street. It was almost dawn, and no one was on the street.

Amur opened the car door of the car he parked beside the street and placed Pierre in the backseat. He quickly tied Pierre's hands and legs with the hemp rope and gagged him to prevent him from causing trouble when he was driving on the road once he woke up.

Amur could not help but think it was hilarious when he looked at Pierre, who was tied up with rope. He picked up his phone and took a photo of him. Then, he started the car and drove away.

Amur changed directions while he was on his way back.

He was worried that Oswald would call the police. In that case, the police would be able to track him down through surveillance cameras. He had to be careful.

The address Abel gave him was in X City, somewhere far from A City. Amur left A City and drove all the way to X City.

At the break of dawn.

Amur stared at the bright light in the sky. Then, he turned to look at Pierre, who was in the backseat. He had not woken up.

Oswald's home.

Oswald yawned and slowly opened his eyes.

As he looked at the morning daylight, he wondered why he woke up so early today.

He would usually drink until it was late at night and only wake up at noontime. He woke up too early today. Besides, he felt unwell, and something was wrong with his throat and nose. His throat was dry and itchy as though something had gone into it.

"I drank too much last night." He was puzzled, and he blamed it on the alcohol for making him feel unwell.

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Oswald yawned. He did not feel like sleeping anymore. He got out of bed and planned to get himself a glass of water to make his throat feel better.

When he walked out of the room, he realized the door was left open.

"Who the f*ck didn't close the door last night?" Oswald could not help but scowl when he saw that. Were they not inviting thieves to break into their house if the door was left open?

It would be fine if the door was not usually closed, but he had just got what Pierre asked him to get from his office. What should he do if they did not close the door and everything was stolen?

Oswald walked toward the door and closed it.

However, he was worried thieves had broken into their house. He immediately opened the door of the room beside him.

The two of them were sleeping soundly on the bed.

Oswald thought it was one of them who did not close the door when they came back last night. He kicked their beds and asked, "Who didn't close the door last night?"

The two men sleeping on the bed did not respond.

Oswald ran out of patience. He came forward and slapped them in their faces to wake them up. "Wake up!"

The men on the bed slowly woke up when they were slapped in their faces. They saw Oswald standing beside the headboard. One of them asked drowsily, "Brother Oswald, what's the matter?"

"Who didn't close the door last night?!" asked Oswald.

One of the men rose to his feet and stroked his aching face. He replied, "Boss, we closed the door last night."

"How's that possible?! The door was left open!" Oswald pointed at the door outside.

The man recalled what happened last night and said, "You were still drinking at the bar when we came home last night. You were the last one to come home. Could it be that you were drunk and you forgot to close the door?"

"Bullsh*t. I never forgot to close the door," cursed Oswald. He had always kept the habit of closing the door. No matter how drunk he was, the first thing he did when he arrived home was to close the door.

He had always done that, and he had never failed to close the door.

The man stroked his face and made a guess, "Did thieves break into the house?" "This house would be a mess if thieves had broken in! Look, does this place look like thieves have been here?" ranted Oswald. The living room looked like how it was yesterday.

Even though it was messy, the living room would be a bigger mess if the thieves broke in. There was no way it would look like what it did yesterday.

"Then it must be Mr. Pierre. He probably went out and forgot to close the door," the other man piped in.

Pierre had been in his room when they came back last night.

Hence, it was probably Pierre who went out and forgot to close the door.

"Really? The police are still looking for him..." doubted Oswald. Pierre was on the wanted list now, but he was not a wanted criminal. However, the police posted Pierre's photo and announced to the public that anyone would be rewarded if they provided some useful information to track him down.

Hence, the only difference between Pierre and a wanted criminal was that the bounty offered for the capture of the criminal was higher.

The reward offered for capturing Pierre was much lower than the one offered for wanted criminals.

After all, the police only wanted to investigate Pierre.

They would not be arresting him.

Nevertheless, Pierre still refused to show up. He said that he would only show up after waiting for the Mallory family to clean up the mess.

Would Pierre go out at this moment?

The man glanced outside the window and said, "It's not daylight yet, and there aren't many people outside. Mr. Pierre probably wanted to take a walk and get some fresh air."

"Let me check." Oswald was still worried. He returned to his bedroom and confirmed that the money he took at Pierre's office was still there. Only then did he walk toward Pierre's room.

The door was left open.

Oswald thought it was just like what his subordinate told him and that Pierre went to take a walk. When he was about to turn around and leave, he caught a glimpse of the knife on the floor.

"Something's wrong," mumbled Oswald. He immediately dashed into Pierre's bedroom and turned on the lights. Then, he shouted at the two men who were in the next room, "Get over here!"

"Oswald, what's wrong?" A few seconds later, the two men walked lazily and yawned while they headed to the room.

"Mr. Pierre has been kidnapped." Oswald's face turned pale.

"How's that possible?!" One of the men frowned. "How could we not know if someone came to kidnap Mr. Pierre?"

Kidnapping someone was a noisy affair, but none of them woke up. It was impossible.

Oswald thought he was right. They were not awakened last night, and they were sleeping soundly as though nothing happened.

He glanced at the knife on the floor and added, "Something's not right. Mr. Pierre has been keeping the knife under his pillow since Leroy came. It was just to make sure he'd be safe, but he's gone now and the knife is left here. Besides, Mr. Pierre is always cautious. How could he go out alone?"

The two men exchanged glances with each other.

What Oswald said was right.

However, how could there not be any noise when Pierre was kidnapped?

"Oswald, how could Mr. Pierre not have made any noise if he was kidnapped? Could it be that he was drugged?" asked one of the men. Other than the knife on the floor, it was difficult for them to find out what really happened.

It was because Pierre's room was always messy.

Also, they dared not step into this room ever since Pierre moved here. Hence, they did not know what it was like in the room.

"Drugged... How's that possible? Mr. Pierre is a tall man. Wouldn't the kidnapper make a lot of noise if he wanted to drug him? There's no way we wouldn't have woken up in the middle of the night even if we drank a lot!" replied Oswald as he knocked some sense into the man's head.

Another man spoke, "But what if we were drugged too?"

Oswald was startled for a moment.

He did feel that something was odd when he woke up today. He could feel something in his nose and throat.

It did not seem like the after-effects of alcohol.

"Did you feel like something was wrong when you woke up today?" Oswald immediately asked.

"Yes. My throat felt dry and itchy, and my nose isn't feeling well. Why is the air so dry when it's spring?" replied one of the men.

"I feel that way too." Another man went along with him. "Could it be that we've been drugged?"

"I have this feeling too. It looks like we were drugged after we drank. The kidnapper was so quiet. That's why he got rid of us so easily. We weren't awoken no matter how loud the noise was in Mr. Pierre's room." Oswald's face turned pale white.

Pierre was hiding here, but this was not only his hiding place. He also hoped that they could protect him.

However, Pierre was taken away right under their nose.

"Oswald, what should we do? Should we call the police?" One of the men panicked. If anything happened to Pierre, the Mallory family would come looking for them.

"Are you an idiot? The police are looking for him now. Won't you be sending him to the police station if you call the police?"

"What should we do now? Mr. Pierre just vanished into thin air. What should we tell the Mallory family if they come looking for us?"

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

The noises the two of them made pissed Oswald off when he was trying hard to figure out what to do. "Shut the f*ck up!"

The two men stopped talking and turned to look at Oswald.

Oswald massaged his aching temples and said, "We can't hide this, but we can't tell the police either.

We should inform the Mallory family."

"Are we really going to tell the Mallory family about this?" One of the men shivered for a moment.

It was them who failed to protect Pierre. If the Mallory family blamed them for this, they might give them a hard time.

"We have to. Pierre is on the wanted list now, and he was taken away. We can't hide this from anyone. The Mallory family won't call the police even if they find out about it. At most, they'll just scold us," analyzed Oswald.

The two men nodded their heads as they listened.

They were not really afraid because the house belonged to Oswald.

Pierre was taken away by someone else in this house, and they had nothing to do with it.

"Oswald, do you have Mr. Pierre's mother's phone number?" asked one of the men.

Oswald was stunned for a moment as he glared at the man who spoke. "How am I supposed to know that?! Look around and see if they took Mr. Pierre's phone away!"

The man replied, "Oswald, there's nothing we can do even if Mr. Pierre's phone is here... We'll need the passcode to unlock his phone, and none of us knows the passcode."

"Yes. How are we going to inform the Mallory family?" Another man patted his head. It would be faster to call the police.

However, they were not allowed to call the police.

"How troublesome. Flynn, get the car. We have to head to Mallory Manor." Oswald pointed at one of the men. Madam Mallory was the only one who cared about Pierre under such circumstances. They could only look for her.

"Alright, Oswald." Flynn, the man whom Oswald instructed, dared not to be careless. The sooner they informed the Mallory family about this, the quicker they could get themselves out of trouble.

Before the sun came up, Oswald and another man arrived at Mallory Manor.

Mr. Bennet frowned when he saw the two men dressed like street thugs. When he was about to say something, Oswald broke the silence. "Hi, I came to see Madam Mallory."

"Madam Mallory isn't up yet. Please come back later," Mr. Bennet replied politely.

"No way. You're the butler, right? Please tell her that we're here. My name's Oswald. Mr. Pierre has been staying at my house, but someone broke into my house last night. After he drugged me and my friends, he took Mr. Pierre away," explained Oswald.

"Huh?" Mr. Bennet was shocked for a moment. Then, he sized Oswald up.

Oswald was dressed like a street thug. It was likely that Pierre had indeed been staying at his house.

However, Madam Mallory had secretly informed people from all walks of life to find out where Pierre was. If someone could provide useful information, she would give a higher reward than what the bounty the police offered.

Hence, many had been coming here and claiming that they knew where Pierre was. Everyone said they had seen Pierre, and some even said they took him in. Later, it was verified that they were only a bunch of liars.

"What evidence do you have to prove that what you said is true?" Mr. Bennet blocked the door and asked.

Oswald shot a glance at Flynn, who came with him, and asked, "Do you have photos of Mr. Pierre?"

"I never dared to take photos. What if Mr. Pierre thought I was taking a photo of him to tip off the authorities?" Flynn shook his head. They dared not to take any photos of Pierre.

Oswald stroked his chin and asked Mr. Bennet, "What we said is really true. Do we really have to prove ourselves?"

"Many have come and said the same thing. You may leave if you can't prove it." Mr. Bennet sent them off as he thought they were only here for Madam Mallory's reward.

Oswald panicked. He could not find any evidence to prove that Pierre had truly been staying at his house. "You're just a butler. Why are you doing this? What benefit do I get from lying to you?"

"Oswald, should we bring Mr. Pierre's clothes here?" Flynn came up with an idea.

"Are you crazy? Those are cheap clothes. Even Mr. Pierre's biological mother won't be able to determine if they're his." Oswald pushed the man's temple with his forefinger.

Pierre had fled in a hurry. He did not even bring his clothes and daily necessities along with him.

Hence, Oswald could only help him to get the necessities for him.

Everything Pierre used and every shirt he wore was bought from convenience stores and the stalls selling counterfeit items near his house. Pierre had even complained to him about it.

Even if he brought those clothes here, the Mallory family would never believe that Pierre had ever worn them.

As Mr. Bennet listened to their conversation, he started to believe that Pierre was really staying at their house.

However, there was no evidence. Even if Mr. Bennet believed what they said, Madam Mallory would not.

"Oh yes, Oswald, didn't Mr. Pierre tell us to run some errands for him?" Flynn suddenly patted his thigh.

It rang a bell, and Oswald remembered what Pierre had asked them to do.

He frowned and hesitated to tell the butler about it.

Would the Mallory family call the police and send them to prison if they found out that they had broken into Pierre's office?

Oswald dared not to take the risk.

"Oswald?" Flynn called his name when Oswald did not respond. He made a few signs and gestures while adding, "That one."

"I know what you're talking about!" Oswald replied impatiently when he looked at how ridiculous Flynn looked. "But can we tell them about that? What should we do if we're sent to prison?"

Flynn stopped moving. He never thought about that.

Even though it was Pierre who asked them to do so, Pierre was now kidnapped, and no one could prove that it was he who instructed them to do so.

Mr. Bennet asked, "Just tell me if you have any evidence to prove what you said is true. We won't look into it as long as you didn't hurt Mr. Pierre."

Oswald looked at him suspiciously and asked, "Really?"

"Yes. If you can't provide any evidence, then you're just a liar," added Mr. Bennet.

"I'm not a liar. Alright then. We didn't want to do this, but Mr. Pierre instructed us to break into his office and steal everything." Oswald came clean about what he did when he heard Mr. Bennet say that.

The expression on Mr. Bennet's face changed as he said, "Please give me the details."

The staff working at Pierre's office found out that thieves had broken into the office and stolen everything. They immediately called the police after that.

The police could not reach Pierre, so they had no choice but to contact the Mallory family.

Madam Mallory personally dealt with the matter after the police informed her about the theft. No one knew about this in the Mallory family. Mr. Bennet only found out about this when he was together with Old Master Mallory.

Madam Mallory told him to keep this a secret. She also reminded the staff working at Pierre's office not to tell anyone about this.

Hence, the police had yet to announce to the public the theft case that happened at Pierre's office.

The reporters were focusing on the progress of the police's search for Pierre. Even though there were police officers who entered Pierre's office to investigate the theft case, they thought the police officers

were just looking into the matter that was posted on the internet.

