## **Chapter 8 Blanca? Rainie?**

Bianca did not dare to say anything more after the little boy turned his nose up at her.

The time ticked past.

The boy said, "It seems pretty awkward, huh."

The girl nodded.

Bianca, "…"

"Lady, you can call my father right now and tell him that you don't want to care for us," the boy said.

He was quite the hostile little boy.

"I never said I don't want to take care of you." She had to make that clear.

How could she dare to say she did not want to care for her boss' kids? The boss would eat her for lunch.

"Since you want to take care of us, then you should act like you do." The boy clearly did not like this cold atmosphere.

This lady was much dumber than the other ones.

Bianca, "…"

It was her fault for not checking the almanac before she left the house.

"Come with me, Big Bro." The little girl could tell that the aunty's expression was turning unpleasant, and she dragged her brother away angrily.

Bianca let out a long breath, watching as the two children disappeared through the bathroom door.

Inside the bathroom.

The younger sister asked, "Big Bro, why are you so mean to the pretty lady?!"

"She has a motive." The older brother felt bad for his silly little sister and said solemnly, "These pretty ladies are only willing to take care of us because they wanna marry our dad."

"They wanna marry our dad?" The younger sister did not understand.

The older brother added, "And the other ladies at least know how to pretend to like us. Look at this one!"

If this lady were to marry their father, she would never treat them well.

His sister insisted, "Great-grandpa always says we can't judge a book by its cover!"

However, her brother said angrily, "I don't care what you think. In any case, I'll only ever have one mother, and that's the woman who gave birth to me!!"

His sister was ignorant but equally as angry, saying, "Great-grandpa said we were planted in the garden!"

"Stupid!" Her brother was so furious that his little face turned red. Without another word, he pushed the bathroom door open and walked out.

Bianca was alarmed.

They had such tempers!

"Sorry, it's my fault. I don't know how to handle kids, that's why it's all so awkward." Bianca was quite apologetic.

The younger sister raised her head and said, "It's all Big Brother's fault!"

Bianca looked at the older brother and tried to say sweetly, "Do you wanna watch cartoons?" She picked up the remote control as she said, "Pleasant Goat and Big Big Wolf, or Babloo Dabloo?"

"That's so childish!" The older brother could not help but call out her stupidity again.

Bianca was left feeling awkward.

There was another long pause.

"Miss, why don't you ask us how old we are?"

Bianca found an excuse to get rid of the awkwardness. "So how old are you?"

"I'm five, and so's my brother."

"Have you guys started going to school?" If they were schooling... Today was Thursday.

"We do go to school, but we have a private tutor. This time, Dad was the one who said he wanted to bring us out to play. He said there's a really tall Ferris wheel here." The younger sister spilled everything.

"Oh, I see," Bianca replied.

"Lend me your phone, I wanna call my dad," the older brother said.

Bianca blinked and immediately gave the older brother her phone.

Blanche searched through Bianca's phone for his father's contact number, but he could not find it. He then looked for his father's WeChat contact, but he could not find that either.

"You don't have any way to contact my dad?" he asked, raising his head to look at Bianca.

She shook her head. "Nope."

The older brother did not seem to believe her, frowning as he said, "Are you sure you don't?"

"I told you, she isn't a mean lady who wants to be our stepmother!" The younger sister gave her brother a look of contempt from where she sat.

The brother looked at his sister a little guiltily, and he did not dare to even look at Bianca.

Bianca finally understood!

So that was why the boy was so hostile toward her.

"I have to explain something to you." Bianca looked at the boy and then at the girl. "Your father handed you two to Jason, and Jason is busy with work, so he handed you over to me for a while. There's nothing between your father and me. We're just employer and employee."

The little boy looked at Bianca thoughtfully.

Bianca admitted straight-up, "Your father and I are from different worlds. Some people are born special, and some are born normal. They'll have different needs and different social circles, so they can't be forced to mix. Do you understand that?"

"No..." The younger sister shook her head blankly.

Bianca turned to look at the older brother instead.

He said, "I get it. Dad's bourgeoisie and you're proletariat."

Bianca burst out laughing. "That stings, but you're exactly right. There's a huge gap between

your father and me. You don't have to worry, even if your father is the only man left in the world, I still won't become your stepmother. Do you understand that much, at least?"

The younger sister looked at Bianca and nodded somewhat confusedly.

"Alright, let's be better friends." Bianca introduced herself, saying, "My name is Bianca Rayne. You can call me Miss Rayne or just Bea."

"I'm Rainie Crawford, like a nice rainy day." The younger sister introduced herself.

"I'm Blanche Crawford. You can call me Blanca or Lanie." The older brother introduced himself too, putting away his hostility.

Rainie?

Like a rainy day?

Blanche Crawford?

Blanca?

Blanca? Rainie?

Bianca suddenly felt as though she may be fated to meet these children!

Once they settled the misunderstanding, the two kids opened up to her happily.

She canceled her dinner plans with her colleagues.

Her two colleagues went to work after dinner, whereas her current mission was simply to take care of the boss' children.

Bianca was extremely careful at first, terrified that any knocks or scratches the children might sustain would cost her her job. Eventually, though, she ended up rolling all over the carpet with the kids, her heart filled with a painful satisfaction.

Her child would probably be about Lanie and Rainie's age now.

When she looked into their happy faces, she could almost see her own baby.

How was that child doing? Was she happy?

That night, Bianca had dinner with the two little darlings.

They had every possible service at the hotel restaurant. Rainie sat in the restaurant and ate her food for a bit before she started drooling over the fried chicken some other children were having.

"Wipe your drool, it's filthy!" her brother scolded her, frowning.

Bianca hurriedly grabbed a napkin, wiping the drool from Rainie's mouth.

"Does your father forbid you from having fried chicken?" Bianca felt so bad for Rainie. If her daughter was drooling over fried chicken this badly, she would probably make an exception, just this once.

Rainie nodded, but her eyes were still glued on the fried chicken the next table over. She was so distracted that she even dropped her chopsticks onto the floor.

"Hello, waiter?" Bianca waved her hand.

Ten minutes later.

The fried chicken was served. There were two pieces.

The older brother did not have any, though, giving both to his sister. Although he really wanted to taste some too, he went against his heart and said, "Have all you like. Dad says men must stick by their principles."

Bianca did not say anything, but she was quite surprised inside. At the same time, she was pretty in awe of this five-year-old boy and his self-control in the face of temptation.

Some people could achieve extraordinary success after they grew up, but their journeys were not as smooth as they might seem on the surface. No one knew how much they had to hold themselves back, how much they had to sacrifice.

Was Luke Crawford one such example?

This little boy was cold and wary of everyone. Bianca could not help but remember what Nina said back then— that the boss was a heartless tyrant in the world of business.

This little kid was a miniature version of his father!

## **Comments (3)**