

## You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 101

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 101 Nonsense

“But my love for all of you has always been true!” Harriet struggled to get up, knelt, and looked up at Morgan with tears in her eyes. “Morgan, I’m your stepmother. I took care of you after your mother died. I don’t need anything, but please have mercy on me for old times’ sake. Please don’t call the police. I’m willing to become a nun and pray for your mother.”

“In your dreams!” Morgan spat. “You’re a killer! I don’t want you defiling the monastery. You killed our mother, and we will never forgive you. If you want to repent, there’s a good place that’s all the rage now. Hell.”

“No, no, no!” Harriet crawled over to Robert and held his hands, swinging them as hard as she could. “Rob, Rob! I’ve always loved you, Rob. That’s why I did something so stupid! Rob, please, I’ve loved you my whole life. I gave my youth to you and your sons. Please have mercy on me. Don’t send me to jail!” She shook her head, tears streaming down her cheeks. “Rob, please, I don’t want to go to jail. That’s a terrible place! Rob, please, have mercy. I’ve loved you my whole life, Rob. Please!”

She didn’t sleep the whole night, and she spent all her time in terror. Before she was married to Rob, she was the young miss of the Bransons, and after she was married, she had servants tending to her every need. She had never even washed her clothes before, and jail would be hell for her. That’s no place for humans. I’ve lived my whole life as a queen. I’ll die in days if I get sent there. She didn’t want to die. She still hadn’t seen all life had to offer.

It’s better being the madam of the Wendels. My every need is seen to, and I can have whatever I want. I can go wherever I want too. If I feel like it, I can get my friends and play some badminton or golf. We can also go swimming, working out, shopping, or going to the spa. I’m just in my forties. If I keep myself well, I can live this life for a lot more years. But I’ll have nothing if I get sent to jail. I’ll have to stay in a cramped place and live a life of austerity. Life will be a torture. When she was locked up the night before, she felt like banging her head against the wall as she was filled with regret.

I was living the life, but why did I have to come and torment Crystal? If I just stayed home, none of this would have happened. I would have lived my life as it was. Whatever happens between Angie and Crystal has nothing to do with me. Why did I have to be this stupid?

She didn’t manage to torment Crystal, but she paid for her foolishness, and the price was her life. She regretted that, but it was too late for it. All she could do was put her

faith in Robert and hope that he would let her off the hook for old times' sake. Please don't call the cops on me. I don't want to get jailed.

"Do you really love me?" Robert looked at her. He was having mixed feelings about it. "Do you know what love is, Harriet?"

"I really love you, Robert. I've only ever loved you," she said through tears. "I fell for you the moment I laid eyes on you, but you were my sister's boyfriend, so I didn't say anything. I know that was wrong, but I couldn't control myself. I tried to love someone else, but I couldn't. You're the only one I love, and I can't love anyone else."

Robert snorted, and his voice broke. "You say you love me, and yet you killed the woman I love most. You put me in a world of agony, and you call that love?"

"I didn't want this. I didn't." Harriet shook her head tearfully. "I didn't do anything to her. I just bumped into that by accident. Please, Rob, that was all a coincidence. You have to believe me. I never wanted to hurt her. She was just unlucky. Her falling down was an accident. I had nothing to do with it! I swear!"

"You can stop now," Robert said sadly. "Cindy told us everything last night. Your sister kept calling for help and tried to get to her bed after she fell down. She wanted to get her cell phone to call someone to help her, but you barged in and closed the door. Then you locked it and held your sister down. You stopped her from getting any help, and you even covered her mouth to make sure of it. Your sister kept bleeding and bleeding until she died."

"No! That's a lie! She's lying!" Harriet shook her head violently. "That's a lie, Rob! Trust me! That's not what happened!"

"If that's a lie, why did you give her so much money over the years then?" There was pain in Robert's eyes. "Cindy saw you going upstairs, so she got you some fruits. When she came to your sister's bedroom, she was about to knock on the door, but then she heard your sister calling for help before that call for help was abruptly stopped. All she could make was muffled sounds. Cindy was shocked, and she kept quiet for a long time. About ten minutes later, you opened the door and went out to ask for help, but your sister was already dead by then."

The more he said, the more agonizing it was for him. "After your sister's death, Cindy came to you. She knew when you went into the room, so if she called the cops, they would know you murdered your sister. You were terrified, so you gave her a lot of money to shut her up, while she testified that your sister was already dead when you went into the room. You conspired with her and killed both my wife and my unborn daughter!"

He couldn't hold back his emotions anymore. Robert kicked Harriet away and hurled a teacup at her. "I will never forgive you, Harriet! Never! Michael, call the cops! I want her arrested! I will make her pay for killing your mother and unborn sister!"

"Yes, Dad," Michael answered and took his phone out.

"No, Rob, please!" Harriet crawled back to Robert despite the shards of teacup cutting her. She hugged his leg tightly, bawling her eyes out. "I didn't mean it, Rob! I didn't. The devil took over me that day! But I didn't push her down! She fell over herself! She was already down when I got in, and there was blood everywhere.

She would have died even if she asked for help! She was just unlucky she died! Fate wanted her dead right there and then. I had nothing to do with it! I swear! Please have mercy on me, Rob. I beg of you. I don't want to go to jail. That's a cruel place! Please, Rob. Have mercy on me. I've loved you all my life! Please, have mercy just this once, Rob!"

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 102**

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 102 Insanely Jealous

Similarly, Harriet wasn't sure what had overcome her that day. She couldn't even bring herself to kill a man, much less her own sister, but she distinctly recalled how downtrodden and hopeless she had felt after she found out she was irreversibly barren that day.

The more elite the family was, the more their daughter-in-law was expected to produce heirs to the family name. If she was medically certified as a barren woman, she would end up miserable no matter which family she married into. She would even be made the laughing stock of the upper echelons of society, and her sterility would be the butt of everyone's joke.

She had been in a foul mood throughout the few days leading up to the murder, but she kept her resentment to herself. She dared not bring up the matter of her sterility to her parents as well, fearing that they would deem her unworthy of marrying rich and refuse to help her make connections with the eligible scions in their society.

If that happened, her life would be over.

On the same day, she went to another hospital for a second opinion, only to learn that she was congenitally barren. In other words, no treatment could reverse this fact no matter how much the field of medicine had advanced.

Harriet cried and left the hospital in despair. She wasn't sure how she had ended up at her sister's place afterward, but when she passed through the living room, she remembered stopping in front of the family picture that hung on the wall.

The family picture depicted her sister and brother-in-law sitting side by side with three happy children in their arms.

Harriet felt insanely jealous then. She had been in love with her brother-in-law for a very long time, but she kept it to herself and told no one about it since he was married to her sister.

Her sister not only married the man Harriet loved but also gave birth to three sons with a fourth one on the way, which added insult to Harriet's injury. Her husband doted on her and worshiped the ground she walked on; he cared for her and he would get the moon for her if she asked for it.

Harriet couldn't understand why she and her sister, despite being biologically related, had such different fates.

Where her sister had married the man she loved and given birth to three sons with a daughter along the way, Harriet enjoyed no such happiness. She watched the man she loved marry her sister, and she was medically declared a barren woman. As such, she couldn't ever have her own children.

At that moment, she stared at the family picture in the living room as poison filled her heart. The more she looked at her sister's smiling face in the picture, the more she found it irritating; Harriet badly wanted to rip off her sister's face in the picture and replace it with her own. She remembered thinking how perfect her life would be if she had the same things as her sister had.

She wasn't greedy. She wouldn't ask for three sons and a daughter, but for the ability to produce an heir. Alas, she couldn't even do so since she was irreversibly barren.

Resigned to her fate, she moved on from the living room dejectedly and went up the stairs to where her sister's room was.

She pushed the door open wearily like she was dreading something, but that was when she saw her sister lying on the floor in a pool of her own blood.

At the sight of Harriet, her sister lit up in relief and sobbed, "Quick, Harriet! Call the ambulance. I'm bleeding..."

Upon seeing her sister's tear-stained face, Harriet suddenly thought of the family picture in the living room.

She had wanted to rip her sister's face off the family picture and replace it with her own.

At that moment, a blind fury descended upon her. It was uncontrollably wild, and it ate away at her reasoning mind. If my sister dies, I can be the one in that family picture! If she dies, I'll marry my brother-in-law and have her three kids. I won't ever need to have children of my own, so no one will know that I am barren!

It was as if she was possessed by the devil. She didn't register the fact that she had turned to close and lock the door, nor did she register her own actions as she pinned her sister down and clapped a hand over her nose and mouth.

All she knew was that when she came back to her senses, her sister was already dead and staring up at her with wide, hollow eyes. Harriet could practically see the haunt of a grudge in her sister's lifeless gaze.

She scrambled away from the body in horror, but as things were, it was too late.

She started contemplating on the ways she could cover this up. For one, she could pretend that she had only just come into the house and stumbled upon her sister's dead body.

That could work; she had come to the house during lunchtime when the yard and the living room were empty, so no one could have seen her. She felt safe and fortunate in this belief, but little did she know that by some twist of fate, someone had seen her—a maid who went by the name Cindy Macintosh.

Cindy had gone up to her and blackmailed her. Out of fear, Harriet bought the maid's silence with a large sum of money. After that, she married her brother-in-law as she wished and adopted her three nephews as her own sons. She told the outside world that she wouldn't dream of having children of her own, not while she still had her sisters' children to take care of.

Countless people praised her for her selflessness, and even her parents pointed out how sentimental she was. Nonetheless, they told her that she ought to reconsider having children of her own out of this union.

She had gotten all that she ever wanted—a husband whom she had loved in secret for years, three sons, and a solid reputation.

However, she spent her days in paranoia, terrified that Cindy would show up out of the blue and tell everyone her secret. Her reputation would be ruined if that ever happened, and she would lose everything.

Cindy knew her secret, and that secret loomed over her like the tip of a blade, waiting for the right time to stab through her.

There were plenty of times when she considered killing Cindy. The secret would die with her then, and Harriet wouldn't need to worry about anyone else finding out the truth.

However, killing someone without a trace was not as easy as it sounded. She couldn't bring herself to commit murder, and she didn't think she could get away with it for long before the police started cracking down on her.

As such, she spent all these years coping with the paranoia.

There were many nights where she regretted what she had done. She couldn't count the number of times where she thought about what could've happened had she not murdered her sister in cold blood.

Pregnancy was a dangerous thing in itself, and her sister had been advanced at the time to carry a fourth child. She had slipped, fallen, and bled herself halfway to death when Harriet came upon her in the bedroom. In hindsight, she would have died even if Harriet hadn't done anything.

It went without saying that a natural death on her sister's part was less horrifying than a murder on Harriet's.

Perhaps she would have died anyway, and murdering her was unnecessary. That made Harriet realize just how stupid she had been to crown herself as a murderer. Whenever this came to mind, she would be filled with regret and a sense of helplessness.

Presently, she thought about the day she walked into the room and saw her sister lying in a pool of blood. She cried out hysterically, "It's true! I'm telling the truth! She was already bleeding profusely when I came into the room. There was so much blood; even if I didn't kill her, she would have died anyway! I'm not a murderer. She slipped and fell to her own death. I swear I'm telling the truth! All of it!"

"Shut up!" Morgan snapped as he lifted his leg and kicked Harriet aggressively. "If you hadn't killed my mom, she wouldn't have died! You killed your own sister! You're heartless, and you're worse than vermin!"

"No, that's not true!" Harriet sobbed as she crawled over to Robert. She could feel shards of the broken teacup stabbing into her thighs as blood dripped all over the floor, but she couldn't care less as she clung to Robert's leg and pleaded, "Rob, you have to believe me. She would have died even if I didn't kill her. That was her fate, just as it is mine to marry you! Rob, you know I love you, right? I've done nothing but devote myself to you all these years. I poured my heart out to you, and everything I've done is for you. I could do the whole world wrong, but I would never hurt you. Please, Rob, save me. Save me!"

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 103**

**You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 103 This Is Exasperating!**

“Are you saying that you killed my wife and my unborn child for me?” Robert kicked Harriet aside belligerently. “Harriet, being your husband is the greatest regret of my life, that and the fact that I was blind to your true colors! Just thinking about how I married you after you killed my first wife makes me sick! I ought to kill you myself!”

“N-No, Rob, please don’t do this to me. Rob...” Harriet sobbed as she shook her head. “Rob, we’ve been together for so long, and I’ve given you the best years of my life. You can’t do this to me, Rob...”

Amid her sobs, the sound of the police siren began to draw near. It grew louder as the cruisers made their way down the street, and Harriet grew even more frightened when she heard it. She fell to her knees in front of Robert and grabbed his leg, pleading profusely, “Please, I’m begging you—don’t send me to jail! You can’t let the police take me away! I don’t want to go to jail! Please, please...”

Meanwhile, Sebastian led the two children into the dining room.

Quincy was seated next to Sebastian with a book in hand, and he was engrossed in whatever he was reading.

Meanwhile, Joel was in Sebastian’s lap as he wrapped his arms around the latter’s neck. He had his chin propped up on Sebastian’s shoulder, so he could get a clear view of the living room.

“Are you scared, Buddy?” Sebastian glanced over to check on the kid when he heard Harriet’s cries grow more shrill by the second.

“Nope!” Joel answered with his arms still firmly wrapped around Sebastian’s neck. Then, he asked, “Dad, do you know why the police are taking that woman away?”

Sebastian bristled. “Why do you ask?”

“I know the answer!” Joel proclaimed proudly. “I understood everything. That woman killed her own sister, and now that the truth has come out, the police are coming to take her away!”

Sebastian patted the little boy’s back. “Aren’t you scared?”

“Not at all,” Joel answered. “Aldo and I really like watching true crime shows. We even helped the police solve a case! Grandpa saw us on television after that.”

“Oh, I know about that one.” Sebastian smiled and nodded. It was precisely because of that case that his father had discovered the existence of these two children. Otherwise, Sebastian wouldn’t have had such adorable sons to call his own.

He held onto Joel and felt a rush of warm affection for him. He couldn't help planting a firm kiss on the child's doughy cheek.

Joel's eyes glistened, and he looked away from the living room as he ducked his little head. Then, he returned the kiss by giving Sebastian a peck on the cheek. "I love you, Dad!"

Upon hearing his son's soft and childish voice, Sebastian thought his heart would melt into a puddle. "I love you too!" He couldn't help giving the boy another peck on the cheek.

"I love you so much, Dad!" Joel insisted and kissed Sebastian once more on the same spot.

"I love you more, Buddy."

"No, I love you more!"

"No, I love you way more, Buddy."

"I love you way, way, way more, Dad!"

Quincy, who was sitting at the side, peeked out from behind his book and frowned at his father and brother. He had always believed that Sebastian was intelligent and powerful enough to take good care of his mother and brother. That way, he wouldn't have to grow up so quickly.

It looks like Dad has lost a bit of his smarts after hanging out with Buddy for so long, though. Has Buddy's stupidity rubbed off on him? That doesn't make much sense, though, for it would've rubbed off on Mom and myself long ago. Perhaps Mom and I are just too intelligent, but that has its own set of problems too. It's bad enough that Buddy's the dumb one, and now he has Dad to keep him company. This is exasperating! I need to work harder in school if I'm going to keep this family afloat! I must keep reading!

With renewed determination, he looked away from Sebastian and Joel. Then, he went back to reading his book.

It didn't take long for the police to arrive.

Under the butler's direction, the police officers marched into the living room. By then, Harriet had already cried herself hoarse.

She let out a frantic yelp when she saw the police. As she scrambled to get off the living room floor, she rose to her feet and turned to run.



In truth, she wasn't sure where she could run off to. She only knew fear at that moment, and it made her want to run. I can go anywhere as long as I can get away from the police, she thought to herself.

Alas, that was only wishful thinking, for it took only a few seconds for two police officers to leap onto her and pin her down. They handcuffed her, and after informing Robert of some of the procedures following this, they took Harriet out of the living room and into the police cruiser.

She wailed and begged and howled for mercy, but no one bothered to spare her a second glance.

The police shoved her unceremoniously into the car, closed the door, and drove away from the house, the fading sound of sirens marking their departure.

Devoid of Harriet's hysterical cries, the living room of the Wendel Residence suddenly became very still and quiet.

After a while, Robert straightened up and eyed Madeline meaningfully. "Maddie... you and Mr. Hart have my thanks for this."

Madeline smiled. "You're welcome, Grandpa."

Robert looked over to where Sebastian was hanging out with the kids, and the man seemed rather pensive.

Since she didn't want to call Sebastian by name, Madeline elected to call for her children instead. "Aldo, Buddy!"

"Coming!" Joel answered sweetly as he took Sebastian's hand and walked into the living room. "Mom, Aldo and I are here." Having said this, he turned around to look at Quincy, who stood behind them.

Madeline walked up to the children, and she held their hands as she guided them over to where Robert was. "Aldo, Buddy—this is your great-grandfather. Go ahead and greet him."

Quincy looked proper as he said in a crisp voice, "Hello, Great-Grandpa."

"Hello, Great-Grandpa!" Joel followed suit, albeit with more fervor as he dragged out the last syllable endearingly.

Robert was enamored with them, and an affable smile fixed itself upon his wizened face as he said, "Hello, my little ones! What angels!"

He assessed them lovingly. They were both cherubic with their snow-white skin and large dark eyes; they even boasted delicately-chiseled and flawless features. It was hard not to love them at first sight. He was sure that if he liked this golden pair of grandsons—whom he had only just gotten to know—so much, Philip would be sure to love them as well.

He couldn't help feeling apologetic toward Madeline. This granddaughter of his had had it rough in life, but even so, she pulled through and gave birth to two adorable, bright, and absolutely endearing children who shared the Hart's family name.

Robert had heard a few stories about Philip. Apparently, Philip wounded himself during the war, so he and his wife did not have children of their own until they were in their forties. They had a son, who was none other than Sebastian, and they loved him with all their hearts.

At present, Philip was already in his old age, and Sebastian had no interest in romance whatsoever. He never even had a girlfriend, a fact that remained a thorn in Philip's side.

Right now, the heavens had blessed Philip with two adorable grandsons, both of whom were bright and lovable. Robert was sure that Philip would dote on them if he ever met them. As for Madeline, she was the biological mother to both boys; Philip could fault her roots all he wanted, but he would still take care of her alongside her sons. To that extent, she would not be worse off than when she first started, and her sons would have a bright future ahead of them.

Robert was sure that having Madeline and her sons on the Wendels' side would only be a boon to them, and he must have been stupid with sleep to have treated Madeline with such unbridled hostility last night.

His smile deepened upon thinking about this, and the warmth in his eyes was close to spilling over as he gazed at Quincy and Joel.

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 104**

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 104 A Chance to Turn Things Around

The atmosphere in the living room seemed to have lightened up after the events of the day. Having shown Quincy and Joel how fond he was of them, Robert turned to thank Sebastian for revealing Harriet's true colors to the rest of the Wendel Family, for they had been blindsided all these years.

In truth, he didn't think Sebastian and Madeline would ever work out.

He wouldn't even consider the likes of Madeline, with her dubious background and whatnot, to be his granddaughter-in-law. If he thought that way, Philip, the patriarch of the Hart Family who stood at the top of the social pyramid, would not perceive her well either.

Philip was a notable figure among the elite, and the woman who could stand to become his daughter-in-law would inevitably be an heiress with both brains and beauty, not to mention an impeccable background.

Madeline, on the other hand... If one had to get technical, she was part of the reputable Wendel Family, but unfortunately, she did not grow up among them.

Robert had heard stories of her from Angie back in the day. According to Angie, Madeline was something like a personal slave to Isabel, and she was insignificant, to say the least. It wouldn't make sense for the Harts, who cared about their image and good name more than anything else, to take in a woman who had been a personal slave to someone else and make her the family's mistress.

As such, Sebastian was probably only with Madeline now because of the two children. If Madeline had any intention of becoming the Hart Family's mistress at all, she would be in for a great disappointment since that was bordering on the impossible.

That said, Robert had to admit that things would work out in the Wendels' favor if Madeline did marry into the Hart Family. After all, their social status would be launched to new heights should such a union ever take place.

This might not be a feasible plan now, but it had potential. After all, Madeline did give birth to two sons who were the rightful heirs to the Harts' family name, and even if Sebastian were to marry another woman of pedigree in the future, it wouldn't change the fact that Quincy and Joel were the first and second son respectively.

Philip and Sebastian would only give those two boys the best. More importantly, Quincy and Joel were both bright and perceptive; coupled with the Harts' influence and resources, they could very well go places. Once they mingle well enough with the Harts, they will surely help to bolster our connections as the grandsons of the Wendel Family.

At the thought of this, Robert softened and became even more affable as he spoke to Madeline and her sons.

It didn't take long for him to be completely enamored by the trio; he was friendly with them and treated them with gentle kindness. He even told Michael and his two brothers as well as Jonathan and his seven siblings that from now onward, Madeline was officially the only young lady of the Wendel Family. No one was to trifle with her or treat her unkindly, and those who did so would face his wrath. Upon hearing this, Angie gritted her teeth and glowered at Madeline with unadulterated spite.

She hated how heartless the Wendels were, and she hated Madeline for her good fortune.

Angie knew her grandfather too well to understand that the only thing he cared about, aside from his children and grandchildren, was the Wendels' glory and future success.

For him to have changed his demeanor toward Madeline overnight meant that he had already set his eyes on forming an alliance of some sort with the formidable Hart Family.

When Angie had asked Robert and Harriet to back her up last night, she did not tell them of Sebastian's background and identity. Everything happened so quickly that Robert did not have time to evaluate the situation.

However, now that he had spent a whole night thinking about this, he suddenly concluded to ally with the Harts. Needless to say, he could only do that if he could appease Madeline and her two sons.

If the children weren't Sebastian's and Madeline had come along to the Wendel Residence without Sebastian to back her up, things would have turned out very differently.

Madeline was not capable enough on her own to dethrone Angie and become the young lady of the Wendel Family, but she was lucky enough to have given birth to two sons, both of whom were Sebastian's.

Angie remembered laughing alongside Isabel as they made fun of Madeline for having children before she got married. They had discussed her ill fortune with wicked amusement, claiming that there was no point in being pretty if no elite family would want her as a daughter-in-law, especially when she had become a mother to two boys.

In fact, James Dugray was one such case. Angie had liked him back in the day, but he was so obsessed with Madeline that he didn't even mind her having two children in her care; he was sure that she was the one he wanted to marry.

However, when James' mother found out about it, she immediately told Madeline off and warned James that she would jump off a building if he were to proceed with the marriage. As such, James had no choice but to give up on pursuing Madeline.

After that, Isabel and Angie were sure that Madeline would be saddled with taking care of her two mongrel sons with some average joe who wouldn't amount to much.

Either way, it would be impossible for her to marry into an elite family and become a lady of leisure.

Alas, little did Angie know that Madeline had such good fortune. In order to save Sam, she had given birth to the two sons who ended up being Sebastian's spawn. It just so happened that the birth came around the time when the Harts were in dire need of heirs, so it went without saying that her sons would receive nothing but the best in life under their care.

It was only because Madeline had Sebastian to back her up that the Wendels had such high regard for her. In a family as vast as the Wendels, the only ones who spoke up for Angie were Cedric, Serena, and Nicholas; no one else would come to her defense.

Why is Madeline the lucky one and not me? She was starting to regret not volunteering to undergo the IVF procedure to save Sam. Seeing as he was her cousin too, her gene sample would be compatible with his as well.

If she had been the one to give birth to Sebastian's kids, she would have nothing to fear now even if she was discovered to be Cameron's daughter.

However, these all chalked up to be nothing more than wishful thinking; Madeline was the one who had the privilege of mothering Sebastian's children, and she was also the official young lady of the Wendel Family. Everything good had gone to her, while Angie was stuck with the rotten leftovers.

No, this can't be it. I can't just give up like this! She cast a sidelong glance at Nicholas while he stood next to her. She still had a chance to turn things around! If she could marry Nicholas, she would become Madeline's sister-in-law as well as part of the Wendels. By then, she would get to share in the glory that would come in light of the Wendels' eventual alliance with the Harts.

This was her last chance, and she must not let it slip out of her fingers. Therefore, she had to act quickly! Erin would bring her back to her place after this, and it would give her the perfect opportunity to strike while the iron was hot.

The only thing that might get in the way was Nicholas' affections for another woman, and such affections apparently ran deep. Whatever sentiments he had for Angie were limited to those between siblings.

It doesn't matter, though! Desperate times call for desperate measures, and I'll create circumstances that will force Nicholas to take responsibility.

At the moment, her father and her brothers still saw her as one of their own. Once she became Nicholas' woman, then they would stand up for her and make him marry her. After that, she was sure that she could win Nicholas over and have him shower her with the same love her parents shared.

Meanwhile, Madeline had caught sight of the look Angie gave Nicholas, and she couldn't help but smirk. Looks like she's an antsy one. I'm sure things will take an interesting turn soon enough.

Robert, on the other hand, had not slept at all last night, and it was only by sheer force of will that he could stay awake now and keep the conversation with Madeline going. Half an hour later, he finally caved in to the drowsiness. He stood up and said, "I'm rather tired, Maddie. I'll be going to bed now. You and Sebastian can stay here for a couple of days, and the same goes for the kids too. When your mother recovers, I'll have your father pick out a date, and we'll throw a soiree to welcome you back into the family. I must introduce you to our friends and family and let them know that my granddaughter has returned!"

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 105**

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 105 Shameless!

Michael added in earnest agreement, "Yes, that's right. Finding Maddie and being reunited with her is a joyous occasion indeed! We have to throw a banquet to celebrate it and have everyone else know that Maddie is the only princess of the Wendel Family!"

Everyone in the living room sounded their hearty approval, but Nicholas was the only one who grumbled under his breath, "Having a daughter of the Wendel Family spend most of her life away from us is nothing to be proud of. The rest of high society will see us as laughing stock for sure if word of this gets out."

He had said it in a voice barely above a whisper, but Michael heard it nonetheless.

The words cut through him like a knife. Indeed, having his daughter grow up outside the Wendel Family was nothing to be proud of at all; it only went to show how incapable he was as a father who couldn't even protect his own daughter.

That was how he interpreted Nicholas' pointed remark, but in truth, he was wrong. Nicholas had meant to say that someone like Madeline, who had grown up outside the gentle breeding of the Wendel Family, was not worthy of the title of the young lady of the household. However, he couldn't have said it that bluntly, so it hadn't come off quite as harsh as he intended.

In the end, the statement was taken out of context by Michael, who only felt more guilty toward Madeline. He became more driven to treat her with the kindness she must have missed out on all these years. It was his fault that she had to survive outside the love and care of the family, and he vowed to make it up to her.

Michael couldn't be bothered about confronting his nephew over this, so he ignored Nicholas and brushed it off, pretending not to have heard it at all. However, he treated Madeline even more affably now and with renewed enthusiasm.

Nicholas gaped at his uncle's behavior and shrugged. Forget it, he thought. He was the youngest in the Wendel Family next to Angie at twenty-something years old, but everyone still treated him like a child.

His words hardly carried any weight, and no one in the family ever took him seriously. He couldn't change the way they saw him, but he knew he could take charge of his own life and make his own judgment.

He reached an arm around Angie's shoulders and gave her a comforting squeeze. "Don't worry, Angie. You still have me, and I'll keep you safe forever. No one will hurt you as long as I'm here!"

Angie nodded and turned to look at him with red-rimmed eyes. Then, she smiled and said, "That's so sweet of you, Nicholas!"

Upon seeing the gleam in her eyes and her show of reliance toward him, Nicholas felt as if he was a valiant hero, and he flashed her a satisfied grin.

Meanwhile, after Robert said a few more things to Madeline and Sebastian, he rose and left the main house.

The other branches of the family followed suit, and when Nicholas' family left, they brought Angie with them.

Erin and Nicholas stood on either side of Angie as they walked out of the house. In particular, Erin held Angie's hand while they chattered idly like a pair of mother and daughter.

At the sight of this, Madeline smiled as amusement glittered in her eyes.

Soon, the only ones left in the villa were the main family, Sebastian, the two kids, and Madeline herself.

Now that the matter of Harriet and her past crime was resolved, Michael decided to call up the hospital to ask them about his wife and how she was coping so far. The hospital told him that she was awake and that he could visit her, though for only half an hour at a time. He was elated to hear this and immediately rushed over to see his wife. Similarly, the others were equally relieved as they followed him to the hospital.

Madeline told Sebastian to keep an eye on her kids while she went with the rest of the Wendels to the hospital.

Presently, Crystal was lying in the intensive care unit. She looked frail, but her condition had stabilized.

When she saw the nurse leading Michael into the room, excitement filled her as she peered behind him.

Since he knew the reason behind her anticipation, Michael quickly turned and said to Madeline, "Maddie! Your mom wants to see you!"

Madeline had been walking behind the brood, but Joseph shoved her forward after hearing what Michael had said. She hurried over to Crystal's bedside and crouched down as she said, "You're awake, Mom. How are you feeling? Are you well?"

"I'm perfectly fine..." Tears welled up in Crystal's eyes as soon as she saw Madeline. She raised a hand with some strain and gently caressed Madeline's face as she took in her features. There was so much love and pain in her gaze as she said weakly, "Maddie, my darling... I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..."

Madeline had been calm and unfazed until she saw the look in Crystal's eyes and felt her heart wrench. Eyes were the windows to the soul, and Crystal looked at her the same way she would have looked at her sons with overwhelming love and compassion. It was as if Madeline was her precious jewel, and she wasn't sure how to handle something as delicate and perfectly made as her.

She could feel tears pricking her own eyes as Crystal continued to stare at her.

She clasped Crystal's hand and whispered, "Mom, you have to take care of yourself so that we can have more time together. If you collapse now, that future we want won't be possible anymore, will it?"

"You're right! You're absolutely right, my darling," Crystal said with a nod as tears streamed down her cheeks. "Just wait for me, Maddie. Wait for me to get better. We'll go shopping, have meals together, and look at all the things on sale... I have so much to say to you..."

When she started crying, the doctor frowned. He walked over to the bed as he said to Michael and the others, "Mrs. Wendel has only just pulled through a rather intense period, and it would be better that she remains stress-free for now. I'm afraid I'll have to end the visiting session here. You may return tomorrow."

These were the doctor's orders, and no one dared go against them.

As such, Madeline stepped aside from the bed and let Michael have the room. He reached out to clasp his wife's hand and muttered something to her in endearment before leaving reluctantly.



Upon their return to Wendel House, they found that Sebastian and the kids were nowhere in sight. Madeline immediately dialed Sebastian's number, and when she heard the noise in the background, she asked, "Where have you taken Aldo and Buddy? It sounds like a lot is going on at your end."

Sebastian's strong and pleasant voice was clear and crisp despite all the noise behind him. "I brought them to the amusement park. Want to come over? I could get Quinton to bring you in from the main entrance..." He suddenly trailed off before adding, "Okay, you should come by; Buddy's orders. He says he wants both his mom and dad to have fun with him."

Madeline's heart twisted when she heard this. While Quincy and Joel were considerate and never complained about not having a father figure in the past, she had seen the envious looks on their faces whenever they came across children who had both parents with them.

Now that they had a father figure in their lives, she couldn't bring herself to rain on their parade.

"Okay," she agreed readily. "Which amusement park is that? I'll head over right now."

Sebastian mentioned the name of the amusement park and continued, "I'll send you the address and have Quinton wait for you at the entrance."

"Alright." She paused before adding softly, "Sebastian... Thank you."

Her voice was soft and sweet, and when she said this, there was an almost ethereal edge to it that made Sebastian feel as if a feather had tickled his earlobes. He felt goosebumps rise along his skin as he chuckled and said, "You're welcome. Isn't this what I'm supposed to do as a father? Bringing my sons to amusement parks and such?"

Madeline froze at this. Those are my sons! This guy is just outright snatching my sons away from me, and he doesn't seem sorry about it at all! She was the one who raised those two kids. All he ever did was provide the semen, but he was making it sound as if he had carried out parental duties alongside her as well. He's shameless!

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 106**

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 106 An Odd Way of Comforting Someone

Madeline hung up and turned to say goodbye to Michael and her brothers. Then, she left Wendel House and made her way over to the amusement park.

Michael had wanted her to take a car and two bodyguards with her, but when he got to the yard, he saw that her bodyguard was already in the idling car waiting for her, so he dismissed the thought.

Upon getting into the car, Madeline saw that one of Emory's men was in the driver's seat, and Emory himself was in the passenger seat. "Where did you get the car, Emory? We took a plane here," she pointed out curiously.

More to the point, the car was a modified luxury ride. It was understated on the outside yet spacious on the inside, and it came with top-notch safety features.

Emory turned around and grinned toothily at her. "I have a pied-à-terre here in Wendel City with a couple of cars that I used to drive parked in the garage, so I had someone send one of them over."

She gaped at him when she heard this. This was a very fine car, and she could hardly believe that it had been left to collect dust in a garage in some pied-à-terre. It seemed like the car was only used more than a few times in a year, but what could she say other than that she could never appreciate the worldview of the rich?

About half an hour later, she arrived at the amusement park. The car slid into a space in the nearby parking lot, and she hurried down. When she spotted Sebastian and her kids from afar, she started running in their direction.

Joel caught sight of her immediately with his eagle eyes, and he jumped up and down in place as he exclaimed, "Mom's here! Dad, Mom's here!"

At that moment, Sebastian saw Madeline too. She looked like a dancing butterfly as she fluttered her way over to them. The breeze picked up her long, silky hair and revealed the captivating artwork that was her face.

She was wearing a plain white t-shirt with black jeans, and the outfit accentuated her small waist and delicate figure. She looked tall and slender with her long legs clad in jeans, and coupled with her gorgeous facial features, she was a stunning sight to see. She turned heads as she ran over to where Sebastian and the kids were, and there were even a few passers-by who took out their phones to try and take pictures or video clips of her.

Without waiting for Sebastian's orders, the Harts' security guards immediately spread out over the area to stop these people from filming and photographing. Those who were stopped kept their phones obediently and mourned over their lost opportunity to take pictures of a rare beauty like her, but they couldn't help but wonder if she was a young lady of nobility. If that was the case, it would explain why she traveled with bodyguards.

There were even some who believed Madeline to be a celebrity they didn't know about. Previously, there was a female celebrity who had made headlines after she was pictured traveling with a dozen bodyguards or so.

Madeline certainly had the visual makings of a celebrity, and she appeared to have plenty of bodyguards at her disposal too, most of whom were tall and good-looking young men.

If the crowd couldn't take pictures of the rare beauty, they didn't mind settling for pictures of these handsome bodyguards.

There were a few young ladies who secretly aimed their cameras at the bodyguards and took their pictures. They giggled and ran away from the scene before the guards could reprimand them.

However, the bodyguards were already used to this, and they did not go after those gaggle of girls who had infringed their portrait rights. It was a small sacrifice to keep their master out of pictures, after all.

Sebastian kept a particularly low profile. Well, at least that was what he thought of himself; others liked to call him elusive.

He rarely ever appeared in public and during social events. Whenever Hart Corporation took part in social highlights for the sake of keeping up connections, it was always Lucas Hart—the vice president of Hart Corporation, Philip's adopted son, and Sebastian's younger brother—who attended these things.

Sebastian didn't like showing his face in public, whereas Lucas was the polar opposite. He was a hedonist through and through, and he enjoyed a good time. He was like a fish in water when it came to soirees, dance parties, and other occasions of the sort, but Sebastian would find himself feeling out of place the moment he arrived.

As such, Sebastian became the most elusive bachelor of Dusktown; his name was intimidating in itself, and those who had actually seen him in person were as rare as they came.

This was the first time he had shown up in a public space that was crawling with people, but thankfully, no one recognized him. If they did, there would certainly be discourse.

Presently, he stood under the sun. The noise around him was spectacular, and the crowd only grew wider as time passed. He couldn't help finding all this very curious and amusing.

He watched as Madeline rushed through the crowd and made a beeline for him. As his gaze lingered on her, something in him stirred. He didn't take his eyes off her, and he didn't even blink once.

However, she wasn't looking at him; she had her eyes on her kids all this while. Before she reached them, Joel ran up to her and hurtled into her arms. Then, he wrapped his arms around her happily as he exclaimed, "You're here, Mom!"

She bent over to pick him up and kissed him on the cheek. "Didn't you say you were going to ask Quinton to wait outside for me while you and your father have fun in the park?"

"No." Joel shook his head and cupped her face as he said seriously, "I wanted to wait for you with Aldo and Dad. We can go on rides together now that you're here."

Madeline was so moved by his sweet gesture that she planted a firm kiss on his cheek. "I don't know how you can be so adorable, Buddy!"

Delighted by her kiss, Joel giggled and cupped her face before kissing her cheek repeatedly.

To the side, Sebastian watched both mother and son indulge in each other's company. When he glanced down at Quincy, he began to feel a twinge of sympathy for the kid.

As such, he bent over to pick up the child and pecked him on the cheek.

Quincy gaped at him speechlessly.

When Sebastian saw the impassive look on his little face, he assumed that the boy was unhappy. He placated, "Don't get upset, Aldo. Your mom loves you too, you know. It's just that Buddy is a little more clingy than you are, so she spends more time with him. You're adorable too."

Quincy was at a loss for words. No one said he was upset, and it wasn't in his nature to cling to his mother like some needy child. I'm doomed, he thought in mute despair as he eyed his father reproachfully. I finally get a dad, and he turns out to be an idiot! What should I do?

Just then, Madeline walked up to Sebastian with Joel in her arms, and she reached to caress Quincy's face with her free hand. As she smiled, she explained to Sebastian, "Aldo doesn't like it when I pick him up. He keeps saying he's a big boy now, and he doesn't want his mommy to carry him. You should be honored that he lets you hold him like that!"

Sebastian brightened up when he heard this, and he couldn't resist giving Quincy another kiss on his doughy little face. "Well, my son certainly likes being carried by me!"

Quincy shot him a look of mild disgust and slowly squeezed himself out of his arms. Then, he headed into the amusement park without looking back.

Sebastian stared after his little figure in astonishment.

It took some determination on Madeline's part not to laugh at this as she carefully set Joel down on the ground. Then, she watched as he ran after his brother while crying, "Aldo!"

Sebastian gazed at the little ones and said wistfully, "It's like they say—all kids are different. Aldo and Buddy may be twins, but they're complete opposites."

"That much is true," Madeline said as her eyes fell upon Quincy's retreating figure. She seemed a little sad as she added, "Aldo always thinks he has to take care of me and Buddy because he's the oldest kid."

He was only five, but he saw himself as the only man in the family who needed to be a pillar for his mother and younger brother. There was no denying that Madeline had a part to play in this; it was her fault for not giving him the sense of security he needed to be a carefree child.

When he saw the sadness in her eyes, Sebastian pointed out comfortingly, "You aren't him, so you won't know how he truly feels. There are times when I see the way Aldo looks at us, and I swear, it's like he thinks we're some foolish peasants or something. You might be feeling sorry for him, but maybe he's really happy the way he is."

She tipped her head and gave him an assessing look. "You sure have an... odd way of comforting someone."

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 107**

### **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 107 Unexpected Enthusiasm**

This was the first time Quincy and Joel had been to an amusement park with both their parents, and they had a whale of a time.

Sebastian realized that while Joel appeared soft and clingy, he was actually gutsy enough to want to try any ride that he was allowed on at his age. The bodyguards they brought along with them had spread out over the park to stand in line for the rides, so they never had to wait for long before they went on the rides. Within half a day, they were done with most of the attractions they could go on.

The kids were sweating after frolicking around the park, but the smiles on their faces were dazzling. Even Quincy, who was serious most of the time, was grinning widely as he revealed his pearly whites.

At that moment, Sebastian understood what it was like to have a family of his own. He never particularly enjoyed amusement parks, but seeing how happy his kids were made his heart swell with satisfaction.

Perhaps such was the magic of parenthood; he had only known the kids not too long ago, but he was sure that he loved them. It was as if there was an invisible force that prompted him to give these children the best he could and indulge in them.

Naturally, the kids' delicate good looks were lovable enough on their own.

All in all, Sebastian had the urge to love and care for them; he also wanted to put a smile on their faces.

Meanwhile, the kids were beyond happy after they had managed to go on all the rides they could.

Joel hurtled into Sebastian's arms as he looked up at him and said, "Dad, let's go for a meal together!"

"Okay." Sebastian was only all too happy to indulge in these kids. He stroked Joel's flushed cheeks affectionately and asked, "What do you feel like having?"

The kid thought about it and finally answered, "I want fried chicken, burger, Coke, and fries!"

Sebastian blinked at him. Why do all kids love fast food?

"No!" Madeline interjected. "Buddy, we've talked about this. We can only have burgers, fried chicken, and fries once at the end of every month. We're still in the middle of the month right now, so you can't have those."

Joel looked up at Sebastian with pleading eyes. "Dad..."

Sebastian wanted to say yes to him, but he couldn't undermine Madeline. He glanced over at her, and she shook her head as she reached out to grab Joel's arm. She pulled him into her arms and gave him a stern look. "I'll be mad if you keep this up, Buddy."

"Okay..." Joel licked his lips in disappointment. "Why don't we go to a buffet, Mom?"

"A buffet sounds alright to me," Sebastian said as he looked at Madeline. "We'll bring them to the best one this town has to offer—the kind where the food is prepared hygienically and is packed full of nutrients without any junk food in sight."

Madeline hesitated for a moment and nodded. "Fine."

After all, she didn't want to dampen her children's mood while they were having such a good time.

“Yay, we’re going to a buffet!” Joel cheered loudly. Then, he ran over to Quincy and whispered into his ear, “I thought Dad would have the final word because of how smart and capable he is, but it looks like we’ll still have to listen to Mom, Aldo!”

He thought he was whispering, but Sebastian and Madeline could hear every word clearly. In particular, Madeline was embarrassed.

However, Sebastian only shook his head as he laughed this off, completely unaffected by the remark.

Just then, Quincy shot his brother a sideways glance and countered, “Don’t you know that good men listen to their wives? Dad wouldn’t be a good man at all if he refused to listen to Mom, and I wouldn’t want to like him. I’d even make Mom hate him if I could!”

“You’re right,” Joel replied in agreement. He nodded and elaborated, “That’s what they say on TV too. Only good men listen to their wives!”

This exchange rendered Sebastian speechless. He gave Madeline a curious look as he asked, “What do they watch on TV?”

“Well…” No words came to her mind, and she finally settled on a brief response. “He watches everything.”

Sebastian raised a brow. “Everything? Including soap operas and romantic comedies?”

“That’s not all. They also watch shows where they solve family conflicts on TV,” she added helpfully.

He took a deep breath as he registered this. Oh, so that explains it.

He threw an amused look in Joel’s direction as he said, “You know what? We should sign the kids up for some personal development classes like golf, polo, horseback riding, or even martial arts; anything that they remotely show interest in, they can go ahead and try to pick it up as a hobby. They don’t have to become world champions in golf or be an equestrian, but they ought to have something to ground them. It’s sort of like giving them an outlet and a way to get them to exercise.”

The kids could pick up whatever craft they wanted if it meant they would stop watching talk shows where the guests aired their dirty laundry on TV.

She nodded. “I think so too. Let’s just wait until everything has settled down before we sign them up for these classes.”

“By the way,” he suddenly said. “While you were at the hospital, our dad called us and said that he had already contacted the school where Aldo and Buddy will be attending.

It's the best private school in Dusktown, and it's near our place. Aldo and Buddy can start school right after we get back.

Madeline was somewhat stunned by this. "Oh, thanks."

She didn't think Philip would be so enthusiastic. Sebastian thought the same thing as well, for he pointed out with a laugh, "My dad would like nothing more than to have Aldo and Buddy attend the school right away so that he can pick them up every day. They're worth more than gold to him."

Madeline pursed her lips. Why is he calling his dad 'our dad' like it's the most natural thing in the world?

It was such a shame that Sebastian was born into an elite family. Philip would never allow him to work in the entertainment industry, but if he did, then Sebastian would win an academy award or two. He might even snag the Best Actor Award if he tried hard enough.

She was just about to say something when Sebastian's phone rang suddenly. He fished it out of his pocket and took a look at the screen before answering the call. As he pressed the phone to his ear, he greeted, "Hey, Dad."

Madeline couldn't hear what was being said on the other line, but she did hear Sebastian hum a few times in agreement. "Got it," he finally said and hung up.

She stared at him, whereas Sebastian kept his phone and said, "That was our dad."

She sighed and cleared her throat as she replied, "Hey, there's no need to call him 'our dad' when no one is around, is there? I mean, we're not..."

"We're legally husband and wife!" Sebastian cut her off. "If you're going to give your kids the perfect family, we'll have to go all the way and let the kids know that we are very happy and very much in love. Otherwise, they won't have the sense of security they need."

She frowned and said softly, "I have thought about this, and I think it isn't right. If we keep this up, we'd just be lying to them and giving them the false impression that our relationship is solid. What if we separate one day? They'll be the one to bear the brunt of it, and it'll only scar them psychologically."

He tipped his head to the side and asked, "You seem pretty intent on breaking up with me."

"No, I'm fine," she quickly countered with a shake of her head. "I want nothing more than to give the kids a stable family life, and if you don't break up with me, I'll spend forever with you like this. You, on the other hand..."



“It’s the same for me,” said Sebastian as he insisted. “I will spend forever with you if it means that I can provide the perfect family for our kids.”

Madeline eyed him silently. After a moment of thought, she said to him, “I think your promise comes off as a little impulsive. You’re only young, and there’s still a long life ahead of you. Who knows? You might even meet someone you truly love.”

Sebastian laughed. “You’re talking as if you’re so old.”

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 108**

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 108 Unbelievable!

“First of all, I’m different,” Madeline pointed out matter-of-factly. “I can do anything and give up everything for my kids as long as it’s in their best interests, and that includes being a spinster for life.”

“You being a spinster, while noble, is not in Aldo and Buddy’s best interests at all,” Sebastian debated. “The kids need a father figure in their lives while they’re growing up, and having both parents around is the best for kids their age. They need to know that they have a perfect family rooting for them.”

“I know that,” she said. “That is why I’m willing to go through with something as ridiculous as getting a marriage certificate with you!”

“I don’t think it’s ridiculous at all,” he countered as he gazed into her eyes. “Maddie, you keep saying how I might meet a girl I truly love someday. Has it ever crossed your mind that you might be that girl?”

“Huh?” Madeline gaped at him with wide eyes.

Sebastian chuckled. “You’re young, pretty, and capable—this makes you the cream of the crop. Also, you are the biological mother of my children, which means we’ll be seeing a lot of each other. At this rate, don’t you think something might eventually happen between us? There might be a spark.”

She was stunned by his explanation, and for a moment, she was at a loss for words. When he saw that he had rendered her speechless, he laughed and asked, “Tongue-tied all of a sudden?”

“I just…” She snapped out of her reverie and admitted hesitantly, “I never thought that would be a possibility for us.”

He raised a brow at her. "Why wouldn't it? We wouldn't consider being in a relationship with someone else while we're raising the boys, and it'll just be us two single folks hanging around at home. You won't have your eyes on another man, and I won't be interested in dating other women. That's fertile ground for a possible romance to grow between us, don't you think?"

Madeline bit her lip and said nothing. Considering that his proposal was a logical one, one might ask her why she thought that way. In truth, she didn't think she was good enough for him.

In the past, she had never thought of herself as not being good enough for anyone, nor did she ever think about finding a man for herself just to fill the stepfather-shaped hole in Quincy and Joel's lives. She had made up her mind about spending forever as a family of three with her two boys without ever contemplating marriage, but that was until Sebastian showed up out of the blue.

After that interlude, she found herself married to Sebastian on paper, but she never thought of herself as his wife.

The only reason she and Sebastian even bothered with the marriage certificate was so that Quincy and Joel wouldn't be labeled as children born out of wedlock. Up until now, she had thought that Sebastian shared that sentiment.

She was constantly anticipating the moment he would bring up the matter of divorce. In fact, she was certain in her belief that it would happen after news of Quincy and Joel being children of the Hart Family had settled among high society.

Never did she consider the possibility that Sebastian would fall for her. She grew up humble, but she didn't think so little of herself that she would believe she could never be good enough for anyone and thus submit to a bottom-feeder label.

That said, it was odd that someone of her fortitude could think that Sebastian would never fall for her.

Why is that so? It's a strange feeling to have.

Upon seeing that she was lost in her thoughts once more, Sebastian shook his head and said, "Forget it. We'll drop the matter for now; we still have a long journey to go anyway, and the only thing we need to know is that we will be bound to each other until such time that we each meet someone else. We'll be going to the buffet, and after that, we're heading back to the Harts' pied-à-terre here in Wendel City; our dad's here."

"Huh?" Madeline was surprised by the news. She then asked, "Old Master Hart is here?"

“Mm-hmm.” Sebastian jerked his chin in the direction of the boys, who were bickering as they walked up ahead. “He said something about missing his grandchildren, so he decided to come by to see them.”

She blinked and made no reply. In all honesty, she wasn’t sure what she should say about that.

Sebastian tipped his head and gave her a bemused look. “My dad didn’t have much to occupy his time with after he retired from the army. He would do some gardening or raise a few pet birds before Aldo and Buddy came into our lives. You must understand, that he was in his forties when my mom had me, and while the rest of his peers had grandchildren who were already in high school, he was worried sick about me not having a girlfriend or the intention to settle down. Now, everything seems to have worked out in his favor; he gets to bring his grandchildren out alongside his friends, and he won’t have to pine after the ideal family life that he wants in his golden age anymore.”

Madeline said, “Old Master Hart is a very nice man.”

The Hart Family was formidable even among the elite, and while Quincy and Joel were part of their bloodline, their birth wasn’t exactly legitimate.

If Philip were an old-fashioned man, he would have never accepted Quincy and Joel as his grandchildren; instead, he’d shun them for being a disgrace to the Harts. However, not only did he acknowledge them, he even loved them as his own. Ever since he met them, he had shown that he wanted nothing but the best for them.

It was rare for someone as powerful as Philip to discard draconian ideals about the legitimacy of one’s birth, particularly when it concerned a family as elite as his. He had always been nothing but kind and generous to the kids and Madeline as well.

For this, Madeline was supremely grateful. She was sure that it would only bring unimaginable hurt to Quincy and Joel had Philip not accepted them with open arms and genuine love, but with contempt and disgust instead.

There were two ends to the spectrum—one was where Philip’s acceptance of the children could ensure them a bright future, and the other where his contempt for them could potentially turn them into the laughing stock of high society, which was an unbearable consequence for two young kids.

Philip was a very nice man indeed, and she vowed to tell her children that they ought to show him respect.

Just then, Sebastian looked at her and said, “You and the kids are very nice people as well, in case you didn’t know.”

Madeline wasn't sure what to say to that. She could return the compliment as courtesy dictated, but in truth, she wasn't convinced that Sebastian was a nice person at all. He had a twisted sense of humor, and there were times when he was wicked beyond imagination. Anyone who crossed paths with him needed to seriously consider what they had done wrong in their past lives to meet with such great misfortune.

That said, she had to give credit where credit was due; he was a brilliant father figure to Quincy and Joel. Granted, there were a few occasions where the insidious side of him prevailed over his reasonable one, but she supposed the ends justified his wicked means.

With that in mind, she said a little stiffly, "Well, you're nice too."

Sebastian eyed her for a moment. Then, he shook his head as he chuckled and said, "Alright, you don't have to force yourself."

Madeline fell silent. Was it that obvious?

They continued their idle chatter as they made their way over to the restaurant, whereupon the four of them helped themselves to the hearty buffet. When they were done with the meal, they left the restaurant and headed over to the Harts' pied-à-terre.

The kids had only just gotten down from the car when they saw Philip waiting for them in the front yard.

They immediately lit up as they ran up to the old man with wide smiles on their faces, each of them calling aloud, "Grandpa!"

Even Quincy, who tended to bottle up his feelings, was grinning. That was a solid testimony to the love these children had for their grandfather.

They ran up to him and threw themselves into his open arms. Philip held each boy in one arm as he burst out into a cheery laugh and said, "Oh, my little darlings, I have missed you!"

Sebastian stared at this scene incredulously. He was quite sure that grandfather and grandchildren had only just seen each other not too long ago, so it was unbelievable that the old man could miss the kids so terribly. I never heard my dad saying how much he missed me while I was away from home for more than half a year. The double standard is glaringly obvious.

Sebastian was a little bitter as he stood to the side and greeted his father, only to be ignored as Philip straightened up, said hello to Madeline, then brought his two precious grandchildren into the house behind him. "Come along now, my little darlings. I've brought many gifts for you, and they're in the living room waiting to be opened."

Suddenly forlorn, Sebastian stared after Philip with his mouth open. He was beginning to suspect that he was adopted as a baby because his parents couldn't have children of their own back in the day. That doesn't make sense! If I'm not their biological son, Aldo and Buddy aren't his biological grandkids. If that's the case, he can't possibly shower them with such unconditional love.

Madeline, on the other hand, sputtered when she saw the puzzled look on his face.

As though reminded of the fact that she was still next to him, Sebastian turned around and said, "Follow me to the bedroom. I need to tell you something."

He sounded so serious that she nodded and went with him into his bedroom.

Once they went in, Sebastian turned to close the door and locked it. After that, he spun and gave her a meaningful look as he said, "Take your shirt off."

Madeline gaped at him with wide eyes. Excuse me?!

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 109**

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 109 I Don't Want to Impose

Madeline backed away from Sebastian as she eyed him warily and asked, "What did you just say? I thought we agreed that this husband-and-wife thing is only an act!"

"You think too little of me," Sebastian said dryly as he walked up to her, closing the distance between them. "I'm not asking you to strip entirely—just a fraction so that I can take a look at your scars."

She froze. "My scars?"

"Yes," he affirmed. "Didn't you say that Isabel and Angie whipped you when you were young and you still have the scars from the lashings?" Let me take a look at them. With the right treatment, they might fade or disappear."

Madeline couldn't wrap her head around this. "That won't be necessary. I'll be wearing clothes all the time to cover them up, so don't trouble yourself."

"Let me take a look," Sebastian insisted. He was a perfectionist, and the thought of Madeline's flawless skin being marred irked him for some reason.

Presently, she clutched her clothes as if they would fall right off her if she didn't and shook her head. "No, there really isn't a need for that. I really..."

“Overlook your own interests all you want, but you should at least think of the kids,” he countered firmly. “What if they want you to bring them to the beach someday? Are you going to wear a swimsuit without revealing those scars? Or are you never going to bring Aldo and Buddy to the beach so that you’ll never have to wear a swimsuit? What if the kids come across your scars by accident or some other? You don’t want them to be heartbroken, do you?”

“I...” Madeline hesitated and bit down on her lower lip. “Fine, but let me take a shower first.”

He was pleased by his own powers of persuasion, so Sebastian smiled at her and said, “Go ahead.”

As such, she bounded into the shower and dried her hair afterward. Then, she slipped into her pajamas before coming out of the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Sebastian had showered as well, and he was clad in his dressing robe as he sat on the bed while typing away on his laptop. When he saw that Madeline had come out of the shower, he closed his laptop and set it aside before glancing in her direction.

All of a sudden, Madeline felt her cheeks burning up.

She slowly walked over to the bed and sat down gingerly next to him. Following that, she turned to show him her scars. She slipped off half her pajama top to reveal half her back.

There were dozens of scars on the alabaster skin of her back. Some were horizontal while others were vertical, and they were all of various depths. Needless to say, it was hard not to think of them as anything but ugly.

However, the dozens of scars did not seem to deface her gorgeous skin, but rather added a trace of tortured beauty to it.

Her back was enticing. If one ignored the scars, the rest of her skin was as white as snow; some parts of it were so smooth that the lights played off it, giving it a subtle glow. The silhouette of her back was defined and delicate, and as she sat up straight, Sebastian could vaguely make out the lines of her wingspan. For a moment, it was as if she might sprout beautiful butterfly wings and take off.

There was much about her back that fueled his imagination.

Sebastian’s breath hitched, and he thought the room was growing warmer all of a sudden.

Madeline, on the other hand, chewed on her lip doubtfully when she heard no response from the man behind her. “Well, do you think the scars can be healed?”

He snapped out of his reverie and muttered quietly, “I can’t make any promises about the deeper ones, but we can probably tackle the faint ones. My younger brother, Caleb, went to medical school, and he recently opened up a pharmaceutical company that has launched plenty of good stuff. I’ll ask him about it and see if he’s able to recommend treatment for the deeper scars on your back.”

“That sounds like an awful lot of trouble,” she pointed out. “The deeper ones aren’t more than a few, so I’d be grateful enough if you could find a way to help me get rid of the faint ones. That said, I did try out several creams, but none of them helped, so I just left the scars as they are. My clothes cover them up well enough anyway.”

“Well, ordinary creams would wield ordinary effects,” Sebastian said. “Caleb has tons of good stuff in his product line-up, so I’m sure he has a way to help you get rid of those scars.”

Madeline pursed her lips. “I don’t want to impose...”

“You won’t be imposing at all,” he reassured. “He’s always coming to me for help whenever he finds himself at a dead end.”

She thought about this for a moment and said, “You guys seem close.”

He sputtered. “I’m sure Aldo and Buddy will be just as close as us.”

Madeline sighed wearily. “Yeah. Well, don’t get your hopes up.”

“Hmm.” He mused, “Perhaps they should come to me for help whenever they run into dead ends too.”

She wasn’t sure what to say to that, but just as she was scrambling to come up with a witty response or two, Sebastian’s cool fingertips suddenly ran along the ridge of her scar and lightly traced down the length of her back.

She shivered under his touch, and goosebumps raised along her skin as she stood up and drew her top closed. Her face was flushed as she demanded, “W-What are you doing?”

“Testing out the depth of the scar,” he explained matter-of-factly as he gazed up at her. “Just so I can give Caleb a better description. He’s going to need details if we want him to come up with the best solution there is.”

In actuality, he had no idea what possessed him as well. One minute he was staring at her back, and he felt compelled to trace his finger along one of her scars the next. At that moment, he felt a strange twinge of sympathy.

She's had it rough, he thought.

Madeline should have grown up under the loving care of her parents, never having to worry about food or shelter. However, Cameron's schemes had led her to live under brutal conditions that no one should ever have to endure.

Indeed, she should have been a young lady of nobility just like Isabel and Angie, but those two had walked over her like she was a doormat and whipped scars into her back.

The surprising thing was that Madeline had taken this all in stride. She had no interest in reliving her past turmoil, but she didn't hate the world for it either. She carried herself with pride that ought to have been beaten out of her years ago, and she was bright, intelligent, and perceptive of the world around her.

Until now, Sebastian could find no flaw in her.

He had only ever cared about work in the past, and he had no interest in meeting women. He was under the impression that women were delicate and volatile creatures who might lash out without good reason, and he simply did not have the time to deal with them, not to mention take care of their apparently-fragile feelings.

Ever since meeting Madeline, though, he experienced a change of heart.

As it turned out, it challenged his previous notion of women. Not all women were irritating and unreasonable; women like Madeline, for example, felt like a breath of fresh air. She put him at ease with her witty repartee and her unaffected demeanor. He found himself wanting to draw closer to her, get to know her better, and to take one more glance at her. He wanted to stay and see just what other surprises she could give him.

"I'm going to see Aldo and buddy!" Madeline declared abruptly after she couldn't argue with the reason Sebastian had given her. She still felt a little peevish nonetheless by his intimate gesture earlier, and she wanted nothing more than to get out of this room.

She turned to run out the door, but she suddenly heard Sebastian say teasingly, "You're seeing the boys wearing that?"

Madeline skidded to a stop. She looked down and saw that she was still wearing her pajamas.

As she blushed furiously, she clutched the front of her top and froze in place. She was at a total loss.



Sebastian offered with good humor, "I'll go and check in on them."

He brushed past the woman and opened the door before turning around to appraise her. When he saw that her pretty face had turned a bright shade of red, he couldn't help but laugh as he pointed out, "Your back looks great, by the way. It's symmetrical and elegant, not to mention it has a gorgeous silhouette. I'm sure you'll be the center of attention the moment you attend a banquet in a backless gown or something, but for that to happen, we're going to have to do something about those scars."

Madeline swallowed nervously and did not make a reply. She felt as if she had just been teased, but when she saw how honest and serious Sebastian looked while he was giving her reassuring advice, she began to wonder if she was just sensitive and a little prudish. Am I overreacting?

At her lack of a response, Sebastian let out another laugh and gazed at her face meaningfully. With that, he turned to walk out the door.

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 110**

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 110 The Three Idiots

When Philip had called Sebastian a man who 'appealed to visuals', he wasn't entirely wrong.

This was the first time that Sebastian realized he was, in fact, one such man.

He was starting to think that Madeline was made for him. Everything about her seemed to fulfill the checklist he would have had if he ever took the time to think about his ideal woman. Her face was carved out of perfection itself, and she was such a rare beauty that even the silhouette of her back was alluring.

All of a sudden, he found himself wondering what she would look like without clothes on.

Now that they were legally husband and wife, surely it wouldn't be unreasonable of him to request that she fulfilled her marital duties in the bedroom.

In his defense, he had no intention whatsoever to date other women, and he had already made up his mind that he would spend forever with Madeline. To subject himself to a lifetime of celibacy under such circumstances would be masochistic.

Sebastian was still pondering on this when he came into the living room to find both his children enamored by their grandfather. He ignored the pointed look that Philip served

him as he took Quincy and Joel by the hand before leading them back into the room. Following that, he and Madeline worked together to bathe the kids.

They had only just put the kids to bed when Joel beckoned them over. "Mom, Dad, come and bunk in with us!"

Madeline glanced at Sebastian cursorily. Then, she walked over to Joel's side of the bed and lay down.

On the other hand, Sebastian rounded to the other side of the bed and lay down next to Quincy.

This was the first time Joel was awake and had both parents in bed with him. Needless to say, he was ecstatic. He was on Madeline one minute and climbing onto Sebastian the next, which bothered Quincy as he tried to fall asleep. "Buddy, are you sleeping or not?"

"You're getting in the way, Aldo!" Joel shoved him aside. "Go over to that side. I want Dad on my left and Mom on my right."

Quincy rolled his eyes. "What am I, chopped liver?"

"No," Joel said patiently. "I played with you in the living room earlier, but Mom and Dad weren't there. I've missed them a whole lot, and I want them to myself right now, so can you please just move so Dad can sleep next to me too? You're the best, Aldo!" With that, he clambered over his brother and planted a sloppy kiss on his cheek.

Quincy rolled his eyes in mock disgust, but he turned and clambered over Madeline nonetheless to sleep on the far edge of the bed.

Just like that, Joel got what he wished for; he had Sebastian on his left and Madeline on his right. If he nudged over to the left, he could easily roll into his father's embrace. If he rolled to the right, his mother would be there to pull him into her arms. This was a dream come true.

He rolled from left to right before repeating it. He was giggling throughout the process, and he would lift his head to kiss whichever parent he had rolled into. This went on for a considerable number of times before it finally tired him out, and it was in Sebastian's arms that he drifted into a deep slumber.

Meanwhile, Sebastian held onto the soft bundle that was his son and felt his heart melt into a puddle. What bliss it is to be a dad! My son is the most adorable creature on Earth!

He planted a kiss on top of Joel's head, and the little one wriggled slightly before clutching him tightly with his arms. After he had settled in a comfortable position, Joel muttered, "Dad... Burgers..."

Sebastian tried to keep himself from laughing as he peeked over at Madeline and whispered, "See what you did to my son? He's craving burgers in his sleep now."

Madeline shot him a withering look. Excuse me, sir, but that is my son. She was suddenly filled with the urge to follow in Quincy's footsteps and roll her eyes at Sebastian.

"I'll bring the kids out for fried chicken, fries, and burgers at the end of the month," he promised solemnly.

She hummed in response and said, "Yes, that's a must."

The agreement was once every end of the month, and not even the apocalypse could change it.

If anything were to happen to delay the grand plans of vegging out on fast food, Madeline would always push them back by a week and make it up for the kids later.

"Thank you for not fighting with me on the whole fast food thing today," she said quietly. She was grateful that he hadn't put her in a difficult position back at the amusement park. After all, she knew how much he loved the kids and how he was inclined to indulge in their every whim, and she had been worried that he would take a stand against her by insisting on bringing the kids for fast food.

If that were to happen and she was forced to go along with whatever he said, the kids would end up bending their principles, which she had taught them to stand by no matter what, and they would eventually learn to manipulate one parent against the other for their own interests. As a result, the kids would be spoiled beyond reason if that continued. However, heaven forbid Madeline disagreed with Sebastian; if they ended up fighting over different opinions, Joel would be devastated to think he was at fault for turning his parents against one another since he was a sensitive child.

Alas, none of this would unfold because Sebastian had implicitly gone along with her decision and further reaffirmed the principles she had instilled in her children. For that, she was grateful to him.

"You don't have to thank me next time," Sebastian whispered to Madeline now as he gently caressed Joel's cheek. "You've raised the boys so well on your own that it's only right for me to make things easier for you. Besides, it's in the kids' best interests that I'm not seen taking a stand against you."

Madeline looked at him in the dimness of the room and smiled without saying anything.

As things were, she needed to reevaluate her opinions of Sebastian. The insidious side of him seemed to be reserved for his enemies only, but when it came to her and the boys, he was always kind and considerate.

Perhaps she and the boys had finally gotten lucky in life, for she found no other explanation as to why a man as exemplary as Sebastian would be willing to take care of them without shunning her in the process.

She was also acutely aware that Robert's shift in demeanor today was brought about by her association with Sebastian; she doubted that the old man would be so generous to her otherwise. While things like these did not bother her, she still preferred being treated with respect rather than being mocked and subjected to abuse.

I owe Sebastian for this.

Their half-day excursion to the amusement park today coupled with her lack of sleep last night had taken a toll on her. She yawned, and at some point, she dozed off until the evening.

When she woke up, she woke the boys up as well.

They sat up groggily and drank their water. After the last of their nap had gone out of them, they put on a change of clothes and left hand-in-hand to spend time with Philip downstairs.

Madeline had always had a habit of leaving her phone off whenever the kids were sleeping, terrified that a sudden call would disturb them. However, she had a separate phone with a private number that only less than a handful of people knew about, and she kept it on 24/7.

Presently, she checked her phone and saw that Michael had texted her, inviting her to join the family for dinner. She thought about this for a while and turned to make arrangements with Sebastian. "My dad wants me to join them for dinner at the Wendel Residence later. I'm on board with it, but I don't think I want to bring the kids along. Could you keep an eye on them for me?"

Sebastian replied, "Sure. Someone will keep an eye on them, and I bet my dad will be the first to volunteer. It'll only be a matter of time before he glues the kids to himself so he can have them all day."

"Wait, are you going to dinner with me?" Madeline asked.

"Yes," he answered. "My gut tells me that something interesting will take place in the Wendel Family over the next few days. You can't be selfish and watch the show on your own; I'm coming with you!"

She eyed him curiously. "What have you noticed so far?"

He raised a brow and looked at her knowingly. "The same things you have."

"Well, what might those things be?" She wasn't sure if they were talking about the same things here.

With an insouciant air, he put on a change of clothes and answered nonchalantly, "The three idiots."

Madeline pressed her lips into a thin line, but before she could ask further, he glanced at her and elaborated, "Michael didn't want Erin to bring Angie back to her place, but you stopped him from protesting and sounded your agreement on the matter..." He trailed off as though to silently ask her to fill in the blanks. He quirked a brow and added in amusement, "I can only assume that your agreement came after you noticed that Erin and Nicholas are both idiots."

"You noticed it too, eh?" Madeline gaped at him in mild disbelief.

"You have such little faith in my intelligence that it hurts me," Sebastian said dryly. He looked down to button up his shirt and drawled lazily, "Erin wants to bring Angie home and raise her like she's her daughter, but Angie won't settle for that. Instead, she's vying to become Erin's daughter-in-law! Unfortunately, being the idiots that they are, both Nicholas and Erin have yet to figure this out."

Madeline pressed, "How are you so sure that Angie will strike in the next two days?"