

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 111

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 111 Fallen for Madeline's Charms

"That's because Angie is the third idiot," Sebastian answered. "Like most idiots, she won't have the patience to wait things out; she'd grab the first opportunity that comes her way, and she thinks this dinner is the best chance she's got. This will be the first time she's seeing Nicholas after the incident, and I'm sure they'll have plenty of things to tell each other. Angie can always spin him some lie about being upset and needing someone to drink with her, and the rest... well, you know how it goes."

Madeline blinked at him in surprise. Indeed, she did know—this was exactly what she imagined Angie would be capable of planning.

She was young, but having to work to fend for herself and her kids made her world-weary. She had seen her fair share of the different kinds of people in this world, and women like Angie made up a huge part of them.

Now that Angie could no longer rely on the main Wendel household, she was going to have to come up with a contingency plan to carry on her life of luxury if she didn't want to join the workforce. Simple-minded as she was, she naturally thought about marrying rich, but her less-than-favorable lineage and background were deterring factors. As things were, Nicholas was the best, if not the only choice she had at the moment.

As such, she would try to plot against him and lure the man into getting her pregnant. Then, she would force him to marry her.

Madeline had known Angie since they were children, and she understood Angie well enough to know that the girl had little common sense and no strategic mind. She probably panicked herself silly and decided that becoming Mrs. Wendel was the only way she could remain in high society.

She was worried that once her true identity was revealed, those who knew her would start to shun her and make fun of her. If she could become Mrs. Wendel in the next month or so, she could still retain her dignity even if the truth of her background came out.

With all these reasons in play, Madeline was sure that Angie would strike soon, but she was certain of these things only because she had known Angie for many years and had become familiar with her ways.

For Sebastian to be able to make such accurate and similar guesses was, to some extent, surprising.

After all, he had only met Angie less than a handful of times.

Presently, when Sebastian caught sight of the astonished look on Madeline's face as she assessed him openly, he flashed a grin and asked, "What's the matter? Did my intelligence shock you?"

She sighed and resisted the urge to roll her eyes at him in exasperation. Can't be good for one to praise oneself too much, she wanted to say.

"There's no need to be so surprised," he added with a smirk. "In time, you'll come to realize that geniuses do exist in this world. We aren't just mythical creatures, you know."

This made her even more speechless. She didn't know if he was a genius or not, but one thing was for sure—his shame knew no bounds.

Since she didn't want to waste her breath on him, she put on a change of clothes and headed downstairs.

It was getting late. They greeted Philip and the kids when they arrived downstairs and left for Wendel Residence.

Quincy and Joel escorted their parents to the car and watched them get into the vehicle. Joel, in particular, stared at them with watery eyes, but after Madeline told him that they had an important family matter to attend to and that he and Quincy couldn't tag along, he did not pester her.

When the car drew away from the house, Madeline glimpsed out the window and saw that her kids were staring after the vehicle. Just then, Philip crouched down behind them and clapped a hand on their little shoulders before telling the boys something with an affable smile on his wizened face.

Whatever it was that he had said apparently cheered them up, for the disappointment on their faces was swiftly replaced by bright smiles.

At the sight of this, Madeline's lips curled up in relief, but she couldn't help feeling the same disappointment that her children had felt moments ago.

She had been concerned that her children were far too attached to her and wouldn't leave her alone, but now that they had someone else to rely on, namely their ever-indulgent grandfather, she was starting to feel a little hollow inside.

However, she knew that this was a good thing. In fact, it was healthy for the children.

The more attached they were to her, the more insecure they would become, and they might eventually evolve into mommy's boys. That's a terrifying idea, she thought with a shudder. She would much prefer them to spread their little wings and learn to take

charge of the sky above them. They would weather through somehow, and that was all part and parcel of growth.

It wasn't until the children had gone out of sight that Madeline finally withdrew her gaze from the window.

The Harts' pied-à-terre wasn't too far away from the Wendel Residence, and it only took them about ten or so minutes to get there.

Upon their arrival, Sebastian and Madeline were greeted courteously by the Wendels' butler, who led them into the living room.

Michael and his four sons were there, and perhaps familiarity had finally sunk in after the past few meetings, for the atmosphere in the room was no longer as heavy as the first. In fact, Madeline found her conversation with the Wendel men to be more pleasant this time.

It wasn't long before dinner was ready and everyone took their seats at the dining table. As they helped themselves to the food and chattered idly among one another, it was clear to see that the ambiance was a lighthearted one.

The more she spoke to them, the more Madeline realized that her father and brothers were all decent people. They had grace, intelligence, and charm, all of which were traits that put her at ease during a conversation. Each of them had something substantial to share about a certain topic, and she could tell that they were speaking from experience and true knowledge. Their every gesture was elegant, and it was hard not to like them.

It was no wonder that Angie had so desperately wanted to cling to them. Anyone would wish to have a father and brothers as accomplished and well-mannered as the Wendel men, Madeline included.

On the one hand, she was related to these men by blood; on the other, Michael and his sons were affable and charming in their own ways which made her ponder what it would be like to have them as a family. If she had to be honest, the idea was growing on her.

Meanwhile, the feeling was mutual on Michael and his sons' end.

Frankly speaking, they had known Madeline for a long time now, but her past mistaken identity as Cameron's daughter had given them a foul impression of her. As a result, none of them bothered to associate with her, much less get to know her.

Given how vile the other woman was, they didn't think Madeline could have turned out well under Cameron's care. It didn't help that Isabel and Angie hated Madeline with a passion, and whenever they talked about her, it was always with contempt. The hatred they had for her would show itself in their expressions and their very detailed and often disdainful description of her.

As such, the Wendel men concluded that Madeline was a terrible person.

Now that they were sitting together and conversing with each other, these men realized that they had been wrong; the Madeline they thought they knew about were lies.

On the contrary, Madeline was more knowledgeable and perceptive than most girls her age. She could carry herself well in a conversation with easy grace and intellect, and every statement she put forth was sensible, backed up with facts, and convincing.

She boasted beauty, elegance, intelligence, and decorum. She was articulate and erudite, not to mention centered. It was as if nothing could faze her like she was sure in and of herself. Even Michael was starting to think that she possessed a certain strength that mirrored Jonathan's, though his other sons were far from showing the same fortitude.

Michael was growing fonder of her each time they met, and he was proud to call her his daughter.

Humans were creatures of sentiments; the more they stuck together, the stronger their affections for one another blossomed.

As Michael's fondness for Madeline grew, he was unknowingly becoming more inclined to treat her with fatherly love. Such was human nature, for nearly everyone tended to deviate toward the bright and the beautiful. They despised what was ugly and searched instead for that which was kind and alluring.

Madeline was as pretty as she was delicate, not to mention she wielded such impeccable manners and grace that it was hard not to admire her. There was a magnetic field around her that drew others in, and the more they got to know her, the more Jonathan, Joseph, and Connor liked her.

On the other hand, Cedric appeared to need more convincing. However, little did anyone know that he was already starting to fall for Madeline's charms.

She was his actual sister, one whose blood was the same as his, and she was an intellectual, enigmatic beauty as well. He had no reason to dislike her at all!

He thought about how he should tell Madeline that he liked her without coming off as stiff and unnatural. He wanted to let her know that he was willing to bury the hatchet between them and that he would be nothing but kind to her from now on—just as a brother should be.

He was still deep in thought when his phone suddenly rang with a call from Angie.

He answered the call and pressed the phone to his ear. Immediately, the other line was filled with Angie's sobbing. "C-Cedric... What should I do?"

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You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 112 He Must Be Wrong

Cedric's chest tightened as he asked, "What's wrong, Angie? What do you mean? Why are you crying?"

On the other side of the table, Madeline smirked. Here we go, she thought without looking even the slightest bit surprised.

She couldn't help glancing over at Sebastian, only to find that he was looking at her as well. They exchanged a knowing smile as though musing over an inside joke, but they were the only ones at the dining table who looked happy.

The rest of the Wendels were stone-faced as they stared at Cedric, waiting anxiously to hear more so they could discern what the matter might be. While they had made up their minds to send Angie away and reunite with Madeline so that everything could fall back into place, it didn't mean they had packed up their affections for the former. After all, she had spent over twenty years in their family, and she had been a daughter and a sister to them until recently. Such sentiments were not so easily discarded.

At least for now, Angie still held a higher place in their hearts than Madeline did.

On the other line, Angie was sobbing as she said, "Cedric, I... I was in a bad mood, so I talked to Nicholas. W-We drank a few glasses of wine after that, but then... but then..." She broke off in a distraught wail and cried, "I don't know how things ended up like this... Cedric, what should I do? What am I going to do now?"

She barely said anything of note in the midst of her sniveling and crying, and her words were incoherent at best. Despite that, Cedric could already guess what she was trying to tell him.

However, he refused to believe that his guess could be right. Nicholas and Angie were cousins, and they couldn't have done what he thought they did. No, he told himself firmly. No, I must be wrong!

With that in mind, he urged, "Angie, stop crying and tell me what happened. "What happened between you and Nicholas? Did you guys get into a fight? Was there a disagreement?"

"N-No..." Angie sniffed and sobbed again as she explained in a thick voice, "I was drunk, and I don't know how I ended up sleeping in Nicholas' bed, but when I woke up, I found out that he and I... We..."

She trailed off like the rest of the sentence was too hard for her to word out. Then, she added another abrupt piece of information by saying, “Alina saw us. She got really mad and wanted to beat me up, but Nicholas took her away. Cedric, what should I do? If word of this gets out, my reputation will be ruined...”

Cedric was in complete, utter shock. My sister... slept with my cousin.

Nicholas and Angie were not related by blood, but they had been cousins for over twenty years. The truth of her birth story had only just been uncovered days ago, yet she was found in bed with him after presumably a night's worth of tussling.

The sudden and fast-paced change that had happened in the course of a few days hit Cedric like a ton of bricks. He held his phone in one hand as he sat looking dumbfounded at the dining table.

When Michael saw that Cedric had gone silent, he pressed, “Cedric, what happened to Angie? Why is she crying?”

Cedric clutched his phone as he gazed at his father with a distant look in his eyes. For a moment, he had no idea how he should answer that question.

At the sight of his blank and somewhat odd expression, Michael grew even more anxious as he demanded, “Come on, spill it! Don't just sit there like a log!”

Cedric licked his lips and finally stammered, “A-Angie said that she... she and Nicholas... they are together now. W-Well, Alina found them and...”

To be exact, Alina didn't find them; she had caught them in bed.

She was Nicholas' fiancée, and they had been engaged for over a year. They had plans to marry right after Alina graduated from university, but now, that was a distant dream.

“What did you just say?” Michael stood up so abruptly that his chair screeched as it scraped against the floor. He shot his son a bewildered look as he asked, “What do you mean they're together now? What do you mean Alina found them? For heaven's sake, Cedric, you aren't making sense!”

However, he knew Cedric did make sense, even if vaguely. He knew precisely what had happened through the bits and pieces of Cedric's explanation, but he just didn't want to admit it.

The daughter he raised for over two decades had only been out of the house for a day and had already slept with Nicholas, his nephew. What am I supposed to make of that?

Meanwhile, Cedric was so flustered by the news that he didn't want to stay here and talk about it anymore. He rubbed his face tiredly and hung up the call before he started to walk outside. "I'm going over to Aunt Erin's to see how things are."

He needed to do so. Right now, Alina was probably furious, and he didn't want Angie to get hurt.

With Cedric gone, the others didn't want to sit around and wait either. Michael turned to Sebastian and Madeline before saying, "Sebastian, Maddie, the both of you should carry on with dinner. I'll go check up on Angie." With that, he walked out the door while Jonathan, Joseph, and Connor followed suit.

After they left, Sebastian looked at Madeline and asked, "Are we going?"

"Of course," she said with a pleasant smile. "Erin is always going on about how kind, considerate, and bright Angie is. She's clearly enamored with the girl, and I'm sure she'd love to have someone as wonderful as Angie become her future daughter-in-law. I ought to go over and congratulate her."

Sebastian gazed at her thoughtfully. He used to think that Madeline was great in every way conceivable, but her fatal flaw was how kind and honest she was. It was precisely because of this that the Taylors took delight in bullying her and abusing her.

As of now, he realized that he had been wrong about her.

She was not as naive as she seemed, for she had a little bit of a wicked side in her.

When she allowed the Taylors to hurt her the way they did, it was probably out of sentiment or some kind of gratitude.

There was nothing wrong with being sentimental or grateful at all, but a girl as brilliant and kind as Madeline deserved to be loved and cared for. Sebastian couldn't promise her a lot of things, but for as long as she stayed with him, he vowed to keep her safe. That would be his resolve.

Soon, the Wendels gathered at Erin's place, and Nicholas was presently in the living room frantically explaining himself to Alina. Angie, on the other hand, was seated on the couch. Her eyes were red and puffy from crying, and her face was tear-stained. At the same time, her hair was still dripping wet.

Sebastian and Madeline were the last ones to arrive; Cedric already had an arm around Angie while he comforted her by the time they entered the door.

Angie huddled in his arms like a wounded animal as she sobbed hysterically. If one didn't know better, one would think she had been abhorrently wronged.

Meanwhile, Nicholas was beside himself with clueless panic, for he wasn't sure how things had ended up like this.

When he and his parents had brought Angie home the day before, they had lunch, after which he escorted Angie to the guest bedroom and told her to get some rest.

Then, he went back to the other guest bedroom and took a shower. When he was done, he was ready to call it a day.

He and his father had rushed back to Wendel City the night before, and he was too worn out from the journey and the lack of sleep to even think straight.

However, just as he had changed into pajamas and was about to go to bed, Angie knocked on his door and came in.

She was wearing a nightgown and holding a bottle of wine. Judging by the dazed look in her eyes, she had drunk a considerable amount of it.

Having walked into his bedroom, she perched at the foot of his bed and started telling him about how sad she was.

He had felt sorry for her, and when she asked him to drink with her, he did not refuse.

They talked over glasses of wine, and he eventually got drunk. He blacked out after that, and his memory failed him.

Nicholas had been woken up when ice-cold water was splashed on his face.

He was sound asleep in bed, but the bucket of icy water tipped over him had him drenched and shivering.

Nicholas yelped and bolted upright, only to find his fiancée, Alina, standing at the foot of the bed while holding up an empty bucket and staring at him with red-rimmed eyes.

He had sat up in bed without clothes. Next to him was Angie, who had been jolted awake by the icy water and was now sitting upright without clothes as well.

For a moment, Nicholas' mind felt as if it had imploded.

Alina said nothing as she hurled the bucket at his head and stormed out of the room.

Nicholas cared about nothing else at that moment; he merely reached for his dressing robe and pulled it on before he rushed out after her. When he caught up to her in the downstairs living room, he persuaded her to stay and had been explaining himself to her ever since.

He told her about what had recently happened in the Wendel Family, and he emphasized Angie's sad backstory.

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You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 113 Going Crazy

Nicholas' voice was hoarse from all the explaining he had done, but the only thing that Alina said in response was, "You and Angie are not actually cousins, and there is no blood relation whatsoever between the both of you. Is that right?" She snorted and drawled sarcastically, "Well then, congratulations! The both of you are a match made in heaven!"

Nicholas panicked. Alina was his first love, and the Harmons stayed in the same villa community as they did. He and Alina had been classmates throughout middle and high school, and she was the most beautiful girl on campus.

She was the first girl he ever liked, and he had secretly been in love with her for two years before he made his feelings known. He ended up pursuing her for three years before she agreed to go out with him.

She was about to graduate from university when he proposed to her, which was an occasion that had been a long time in the making. After their parents gave them their blessings with the engagement, and as soon as Alina graduated, Nicholas could take her as his lawfully wedded wife.

Never in a million years could he have expected something like this to happen.

His eyes were turning red with panic as he grabbed Alina's slender wrists and begged, "Please, Lina, you have to believe me. Angie and I are nothing more than cousins. You're the only one I love, and you know that, right? You're the only person who has my heart—all of it!"

"Cousins, you say?" Alina shrugged his hand off and smirked bitterly at him as she asked, "Cousins who sleep together?"

Nicholas blushed. "T-That was an accident—"

"An accident?" She gave him a disgusted look. "You might think it was an accident, but your precious cousin over there certainly doesn't think so!"

He blinked at her, not understanding at all what she was referring to. Upon seeing his confusion, she added sarcastically as she glowered at him, "Having a hard time

comprehending? In that case, why don't you ask your precious cousin what she intends to do next!"

When he heard this, he immediately understood what she meant and quickly promised, "Don't worry, Lina, we can just pretend none of this ever happened. No one here would breathe a word on this..."

"Nicholas." Angie had been crying in Cedric's embrace until she heard this and turned to look at Nicholas in disbelief. "What are you saying? How could you say something like that?!"

He looked at her in astonishment. "What's wrong? I'm saying that we should pretend none of this ever happened. Everyone here today is family, and they wouldn't breathe a word about this!"

"Don't be ridiculous, Nicholas!" she snapped. "What do you mean we'll just pretend as if nothing happened? You're just going to turn your back on me after you robbed me of my innocence? I am ruined because of you. How will I ever get married now?"

His mind drew a blank. "That was an accident—"

Angie sobbed. "Accident or not, it doesn't change the fact that you took my innocence, so you'll have to take responsibility for this. How else will I face society?"

"R-Responsibility?" He gaped at her.

He couldn't possibly do that; they were cousins! More importantly, the person he loved was Alina, and that had been the case for years. All he ever dreamed about was marrying her, and asking him to give that up so he could marry Angie instead was impossible.

"Nicholas, I didn't want any of this to happen, either..." Angie went on to say as tears spilled down her cheeks, "What other choice do I have, though? I'm ruined because of you, and if you won't take responsibility for it now, how will I live this down?"

"She's right, Nicholas," Cedric interjected stonily. "Since you and Angie have already spent the night together, you will have to take her for a wife. You don't want to subject her to a life of shame, do you?"

"What are you blathering on about?" Nicholas snapped angrily. "I was drunk, and I didn't mean to do any of it! I remember now—it was her. She was the one who made the first move!"

Blurry images started to flash through his mind. It was as though he was holding onto his last thread of hope as he lifted a finger and pointed at Angie belligerently, "She was the one who climbed on top of me! I was drunk, and everything was all blurry, but I

remember her pouncing on me and taking off my clothes. She touched me, kissed me, and pinned me down on the bed! I was so drunk that I took her for Alina... It wasn't my fault! It was hers! She did this to me deliberately!"

The fog that shrouded his memory was starting to clear with every word he said. When he finally recalled enough to put the pieces together, he stared at Angie with wide eyes. "Yes, you did all this on purpose! You deliberately wore your nightgown and came into my room, and you deliberately got me drunk so you could sleep with me. That way, I'd be forced to marry you! You just want to stay with the Wendels now that you're no longer the young lady of the family, so you plotted against me and took advantage of me. You're despicable, Angie!"

Nicholas was no fool, and now that this matter concerned his future and the love of his life, he was experiencing an unprecedented clarity. Angie has made a fool out of me! She set this whole thing up from the very beginning. It was no accident; it was all part of her elaborate scheme. She wanted me to knock her up by 'accident' and marry her so that she can continue to stay and enjoy a life of comfort with the Wendels.

Smoke was coming out of his ears as he eyed Angie menacingly, and there was no disguising his hatred or fury as he roared, "You are absolutely despicable, Angie! I took care of you and loved you as if you were my own sister all these years, but you decided to go and turn me into your personal tool instead. You and your biological mother are two peas in a pod! The both of you are evil and rotten to the core!"

"I didn't... I didn't... I didn't..." Pretending as if she had been accused of some horrible crime she did not commit, Angie shook her head vehemently while she sobbed, "Nicholas, how could you say that about me? This whole thing was an accident. You got drunk, and that was why we—"

"An accident?" Nicholas bit out venomously. "If that's the case, let's just pretend as if nothing happened and forget about all this. Right now, I want you to leave this house and never step foot in here ever again!"

"No, Nicholas! You can't do this to me!" She lowered her head and cried as she clutched the front of her shirt. Her tears dripped down her cheeks as she added, "This might be an accident, but there's no denying that we slept together, so how am I ever going to marry anyone else in my state? You have to do something about this, Nicholas. You must!"

Next to her, Cedric assessed the woman with a dazed look in his eyes. For some reason, the girl sitting here on the couch with him was different from the girl he had grown up knowing all these years, and it felt like she was a stranger he had never met before until today.

Her plan had been immaculate, and she was so close to convincing everyone that this was an accident.

Alas, a wicked plan like hers would stand to be broken apart by the righteous at some point; she might as well have worn her motives on her sleeve. She called this an accident, but she insisted on Nicholas marrying her, which made it hard for anyone to believe that everything today was a coincidence.

Her story started to crack when Nicholas said that she had shown up in his bedroom in nothing but a nightgown just to get him to drink with her.

Cedric had never thought that the Angie in his mind, who was always just a little prideful but also kind and naive, would turn out to be someone so vicious.

Since he was unable to cope with such a change, he stood up and walked away from the couch, leaving her on her own as he joined his father and brothers on the other side of the living room.

This made Angie's stomach churn. She looked up at Michael, Jonathan, and the rest of their entourage. She was still crying as she asked, "Dad, Jonathan, Joseph, Conner, Cedric—what should I do? Tell me what I should do!"

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You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 114 Too Cruel

Michael gazed at Angie darkly and asked, "Will you listen to me?"

Angie met his gaze as panic seized her, wondering what the man might say. Will he stand up for me and call the shots? Will he make Nicholas marry me?

If these were old times, she was confident that he would be on her side, but now, she wasn't sure. However, as things were, she had no choice but to listen to him.

She nodded and said earnestly, "Of course I will, Dad!"

"Very well," Michael began. "In that case, get changed. I'll take you away from here and drop you off at the pied-à-terre so you can stay there for a few days. Once you feel better, I'll have Jonathan bring you to Dusktown where you will stay with your biological father from then on."

He spoke so quietly, but his voice was clear and carrying in the deathly silence of the living room, and each word sent chills down Angie's spine.

He's too cruel! Indeed, this father of hers, who had been nothing but good to her all these years, was being cruel and heartless right now.

He hadn't asked Nicholas to marry her, and instead wanted her to pack up so he could send her back to the Colts!

Granted, she wasn't Michael's biological daughter, but that didn't mean the last two decades of their relationship had been paper-thin and so easily discarded. How can he be so heartless to me?

At first, the panic and bewilderment in her eyes were all but an act, but now, they were replaced by real despair and anguish; it was as if Michael had turned into a stranger. The longer she stared at him in disbelief, the faster her tears raced down her cheeks. "How could you do this to me, Dad? I know I'm not your actual daughter, but I've filled that role for over twenty years, haven't I? Don't you have even the slightest affection or sympathy for me? You're just going to throw me out like trash? What did I do to deserve this?"

Michael met her gaze and said soothingly, "Angie, maybe you haven't done anything wrong before, but you have today. You played Nicholas like a fool and lured him into bed. I can't tell you how disappointed I am in you."

He had always believed that Angie was innocent this whole time, and while he had agreed to send her away from the main house, he never stopped feeling apologetic toward her. He even thought about putting her up at the Colts' until he could placate his wife and Madeline. Once the storm blew over and things quieted down, he would think of a way to bring Angie back.

Where there was a will, there was a way. Crystal and Madeline were inevitably livid after recent events, and they could get impulsive. As such, Michael didn't think it was suitable to try and mend the relationship between them and Angie.

However, he firmly believed that time could heal all wounds.

Crystal and Madeline would calm down eventually, and as long as he tried, he could come up with a way to make them accept Angie back into the family. By then, he could have both his biological and adopted daughter under one roof, and his happy family would be pieced back together.

He had such hopes, but the reality was often far more ruthless.

Angie had given him the impression that, albeit stubborn, she was kind-hearted and endearing. He had been sure that she was nothing like Cameron even though she was her biological daughter. After all, he was the one who had raised Angie; she must be sweet and considerate, the complete opposite of the vicious and despicable Cameron.

However, he was starting to have second thoughts right now.

Perhaps the apple didn't fall far from the tree no matter how much he wanted to believe that wasn't true.

He thought about how Cameron's mother had plotted against and hurt Crystal's father. Then, he thought about how Cameron had plotted against Crystal and himself. Now, Angie was plotting against Nicholas.

The last twenty years he had spent guiding Angie did not make her a dignified, kind-hearted, and self-sufficient young woman. She was endearing and lovable when things went her way, but in the face of hardship, the wickedness in her shone through, and she became just as malicious as her mother and grandmother.

"No, Dad! I didn't!" Angie sobbed as she shook her head frantically.

She couldn't understand why her seemingly foolproof plan had failed. She did not drug Nicholas at all, and one way or another, they had ended up sleeping together after they got drunk. She did not force herself on him, and everything happened consensually. On that premise alone, no one here should be able to pinpoint her crime and accuse her of plotting against Nicholas.

Things were turning out differently from what she had expected, and even Nicholas' behavior was something she had not imagined.

She never thought that he would be smart enough to get to the bottom of this and insisted that she was the one who had set him up.

When they got drunk last night, she tried to hug and kiss him. He did not object to her advances, and instead naturally pulled her into his arms and pinned her down on the bed.

Yet, he was sure in his belief that he had been set up by her, insisting that she had planned all this from the beginning. Not only was he refusing to take responsibility for what he had done, but the affection and compassion that once colored his gaze whenever he looked at her were also gone, and they were replaced with unadulterated hatred.

This isn't how I imagined it at all! Not even in the slightest! This isn't how it should be!

In her mind, Nicholas would be filled with anguish, regret, and pain that he would be compelled to marry her. Her life with the Wendels had given her the companionship of her eight brothers, but among them, Cedric and Nicholas loved her the most.

The love and care that Nicholas had shown her could not be compared, for Jonathan, Joseph, and Connor did not even come close.

She knew that he was in love with Alina, but she was confident that he loved her as well. She was just as pretty as the woman, and now that they had slept together by some twist of fate, she was sure that he loved her enough to marry her after spending the night with her. She was sure that he would break up with Alina.

However, things were turning out to be vastly different from what she had anticipated.

Nicholas had outright refused to marry her, and now he harbored unmistakable enmity against her. She couldn't wrap her head around the fact that he had had a change of heart so quickly.

Her parents, brothers, and Nicholas had now turned their backs on her.

When she called Cedric earlier, her helplessness, panic, and sadness had been an act. However, they were all too real right now. She was crying desperately as she stared at Michael and the four boys whom she had called her brothers for the last twenty years. "Dad, Jonathan—I'm your daughter and your sister! Why is this happening? How can you all be so content to see me ruined like this? Why aren't you standing up for me? I have nothing now, and I'm not even my own person anymore because I've given that to Nicholas! Yet, you won't even have him take responsibility for that? How can I live this down? This will be the death of me!"

"What's going on?" Erin was shocked when she came upon the commotion in her house. Behind her was her husband, Morgan.

The both of them had gone out earlier that afternoon to run some errands, and they had just gotten back.

After entering the room, she immediately rushed over to Angie when she saw her crying desperately. She sat down next to the sobbing girl and wrapped an arm around her shaking frame before frowning as she looked at Michael. "Michael, what is the meaning of this? I've already brought Angie over to stay with us, so why won't you leave her alone? Didn't we agree that I would take her in as my own daughter? She has nothing to do with you anymore, so don't even think about taking her away from me!" Then, she turned to Madeline and seethed, "You!"

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You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 115 Get Out of My Sight!

Erin glared at Madeline with a fire burning in her eyes as she went on to say, "You're the one who brought this on, aren't you? How can a young lady like you be so vicious? I've already taken Angie in, but it seems like you aren't satisfied until you've sent her away and banished her from the city!"

Erin had presumed that the main family and Madeline were only here because they wanted to send Angie away to the Colts' place, but she would not stand for that!

Crystal was still hospitalized, and sending Angie away now would only be doing her a massive favor. Erin had to do everything in her power to keep Angie in her house to unsettle the main family, and when Crystal returned home to find that Angie was still around, she might drop dead out of anger.

Let's see how that woman is going to gloat when she's dead!

In order to be able to dangle Angie in front of Crystal just to get on her nerves, Erin was determined to keep Angie by her side, and she would not stand to let the main family take her away.

As ambitious as she was, Erin was not reckless; she knew she couldn't risk offending Michael and his sons. They were the direct heirs to the Wendel family fortune, and they were all brilliant, capable men with bright futures ahead of them. As such, she still needed to be on their good side if she wanted to safeguard her sons' best interests in the family.

With that in mind, she decided to aim her pistol at Madeline instead. Granted, Madeline had given birth to Sebastian's sons, and Sebastian was indeed here at the scene as well, but Erin cared about none of these.

After all, the Harts would never allow someone of Madeline's background to marry into their distinguished family. Even her children were illegitimate and stood no chance against a true heir born out of marriage. Be it here in Wendel City or over in Dusktown, illegitimate children were subjects of contempt, and they had no place among the elite.

No one would spare these children a second thought, and their birthright to some ludicrous family fortune was non-existent. This meant that Madeline's mongrel children would not stand to inherit a penny even if the Harts owned the world.

Sebastian only doted on those children now because he was unmarried. Not only that, he had no legitimate heir. There would come a time when he would have to take a wife and start a family with her. By then, his wife would be sure to torture Madeline's kids in her own children's best interests.

As for Madeline, Sebastian was only with her now because she was his shiny new toy; once he grew tired of that pretty face, it would only be a matter of days before he cast her aside.

Erin was a mother too, and she understood what it was like to be a parent. For as long as Philip was still around, he would never allow Madeline to marry into the Hart Family.

Erin was certain that Sebastian only saw Madeline as his pretty plaything, and he wouldn't take her seriously. Thus, she couldn't care less about how she treated Madeline at all. Besides, she was Madeline's aunt; there was nothing wrong with an aunt pointing out the mistakes her niece had made, and no one could say otherwise.

She knew her words were harsh, but she needed to make herself out to be a gracious woman who couldn't bear to see one niece bully the other without giving her a stern talking down to.

At that moment, Madeline let out a small laugh as her pretty lips curled up at the corners. Her eyes were dark, but there was a subtle glimmer in them that made them look like delicate onyxes. "Aunt Erin, I think you've misread the situation." She kept her voice leveled. She sounded sweet and pleasant like an iced tea on a hot summer's day. There was even a soothing edge to the way she spoke that put everyone at ease as she explained, "Seeing as you've taken her in as a daughter, you'll certainly get to have a say in whether Angie stays with you or not. I'm sure you'll be very happy to know that she is not just your daughter now, but your future daughter-in-law too. You like her, don't you? This must be such good news for you, so I am here to congratulate you on this union!"

Upon hearing this, Erin froze. "What are you talking about? What daughter-in-law? Congratulating me? You're not making sense!" Just then, her gaze flickered past Angie and Nicholas before it went over to Alina. It was only then that she realized something was wrong.

"Lina, are you alright?" Erin walked up to the girl and reached for her hand. She pressed worriedly, "You don't look too well, Lina. Are you feeling sick?"

"Not physically, but it sure feels that way." Alina's rage was gone, but it was replaced by an even scarier calm that indicated a brewing storm. "Madam Erin, Mr. Michael, now that both of you are here, I'd like to just make things clear—I am officially calling off my engagement to Nicholas. I'm breaking up with him! From now on, I will have nothing to do with him or with the Wendels!"

"Lina, no!" Nicholas shouted. He rushed over to try and grab her wrist. "Lina, what happened today was an accident. I have never felt anything more than brotherly love for Angie, and now, I don't have any feelings for her at all! I hate her, and I am incredibly disgusted by her. You're the only one I love, Lina! I know what happened today was my fault, but please forgive me. Please, I don't want us to break up. I can't bear it!"

Erin looked at Nicholas and Angie. Finally, she was starting to make sense of things.

She was in complete disbelief as her gaze darted between her son and Angie. "T-The both of you..."

“Mom, I didn’t mean for any of this to happen! This was all Angie’s doing!” Nicholas insisted in a raised voice. “Since she can’t be a young lady of the Wendel Family anymore, she set me up so that she can become the young mistress of our family instead! I hate her, and I won’t ever marry her, Mom! I won’t marry anyone else but Lina!”

He knew how much his mother liked Angie, and he was terrified that she would make him marry her. He couldn’t stand the idea of it; he loved Alina, and he had dreamed of marrying her since he saw her. I won’t marry anyone else but Alina!

Upon hearing what her son had said, Erin felt rage tear through her. She turned to glare at Angie as she muttered in disbelief, “How could you? How could you, Angie?” Then, she rushed up to the girl and grabbed her by the collar, thereafter shaking her hard. “Angie, how could you do this? How?! I took you in out of the kindness of my heart. I fed you and gave you a roof over your head, yet you went ahead and set my son up for your own gains?!”

“No, I didn’t! I didn’t!” Angie cried while shaking her head. “Aunt Erin, you have to believe me. Nicholas and I were drunk, and when we woke up, we were in bed together. He was the one who made the first move. Aunt Erin, you have to believe me. It was Nicholas who started kissing me and touching me first!”

“You lying little wench!” Erin slapped her hard on the face and grabbed a fistful of her hair before delivering several more harsh slaps. “Nicholas loves no one else but Lina! Why would he ever want a tramp like you when he already has Lina? You skank! You, your grandmother, and your mother are all rotten to the core! You set my son up so you could marry him. Well, don’t waste your time; for as long as I’m alive, you won’t ever marry into the Wendel Family! Get out of my sight! Out!”

In a matter of minutes, Angie was sported red hand imprints on her face. She was crying and howling for help, and when she managed to shove Erin aside, she darted behind Michael. She clutched his arm desperately and wailed, “Dad, please, you have to help me. Please...”

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You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 116 Dumbest of Them All

No words could describe the way Michael was feeling. Help her? How am I supposed to do that? Tie Nicholas down at the altar and force him into marrying her? That wasn’t feasible; Nicholas would never listen to him, much less be duped into being tied down at the altar. As things were, he had no choice but to wash his hands off the matter.

Angie thought she could outsmart everyone by finding a way to remain in high society, but she probably didn’t think that she had dealt her worst hand in this game of cards. If she honestly believed that Nicholas would marry her just because she set him up to

sleep with her and thereby keep her place in the Wendel Family, she must be either stupid or naive.

After all, it wasn't as if the world revolved around her and her whims. Now, she had lost herself to someone who would not take responsibility for it. Not only that, she even lost Erin and Morgan's support, trust, and love. She had lost everything.

Michael sighed quietly in resignation before he pushed her away and said, "I can't help you."

"No, Dad, that's not true," Angie cried. "Nicholas ruined me, so shouldn't you at least talk to Uncle Morgan and Aunt Erin about getting him to marry me so that I won't have to live with the shame?"

"Don't even think about it, Angie!" Nicholas roared. "I will never marry you. I won't marry anyone else other than Alina, so just give up on your foolish dreams!"

"Dad, Dad!" Angie clutched Michael's arm and begged tearfully, "Dad, please say something. I lost myself to Nicholas, and I have nowhere to go right now. My future is ruined! You have to hold him accountable for this!"

"Stop with that nonsense, Angie!" Erin took Alina by the hand and said, "I will have no one other than Lina be my daughter-in-law. A tramp like you isn't even good enough to polish my shoes, much less marry my son! Go look in a mirror and look at your filthy state. My son is out of your league, you bottom-feeder. Know your place!"

Indeed, Alina was born into the elite Harmon Family, and she was a young lady whose status was on par with Nicholas'. Next to her, Angie was just the scum of the earth.

That said, the Colts were considerably affluent as well, though not as influential as the Harmons. Besides, Xander was a pushover who only ever listened to his step-wife, and she had nothing to do with Angie whatsoever. If Angie were to return to the Colt Residence, she would be nothing more than an additional mouth to feed and a waste of space. She would have no dowry to offer her suitors and no inheritance from the Colts.

Erin's sons were not as brilliant as Michael's, but Nicholas' greatest accomplishment to date had to be snagging a fiancée like Alina.

After all, the Harmons were a distinguished blue-blood family in Wendel City, and Alina ought to be with someone like Jonathan; for her to choose Nicholas was still something that made Erin's heart swell with pride, though she never said it.

Yet, Angie was trying to tear Nicholas and Alina apart right now. Erin would rather die than allow that to happen.

Alina was the only daughter-in-law she wanted, and she would not allow the likes of Angie to ruin that plan.

However, at that moment, Alina shrugged off Erin's hand and said curtly, "Madam Erin, I think I've made myself very clear that I want to call off the engagement. I refuse to marry Nicholas!" Her icy gaze swept past Morgan, Erin, and Nicholas, all of whom looked shocked. "Mr. and Mrs. Wendel, Nicholas—I hereby absolve myself of all relations to your family. You can take any girl you want as a daughter-in-law now that I've called it quits. Nicholas and I are through, so don't use me as a shield against all your problems. I'll be going home now, so the rest of you should carry on. Nicholas..." She shot him a withering look. "We're over now, so don't come looking for me. I hate you, and I don't want you to show up in front of me ever again!"

"No, Lina, please don't do this!" Nicholas begged desperately as tears glistened in his eyes. "Lina, I didn't mean to betray you like this; I was set up by Angie! Lina, I don't understand how you can walk away when it isn't even my fault to begin with. Is what we have truly so fragile that it allows no room for accidents like this? How can you just leave me and break up with me without batting an eye? Do you think so little of me that you could just cast me aside like this? We've been together for years, Lina. Why would I ever want to break up?"

At this, he took a deep breath that seemed to pain him as he went on to say, "Why are you breaking up with me? Lina, you have to know that I've only ever loved you, and that remains true even though I accidentally and unknowingly slept with Angie! Can't we just say that I got hit in the head or I got bamboozled and move on with this? I know that I'm wrong, and I made you upset. You can beat me, lash out at me, or even punish me if you'd like, but just don't break up with me or leave me."

"I'm doing this because I'm disappointed in you," Alina explained coolly, her gaze clear and unwavering. "Nicholas, you're not Angie's only cousin; she has four, and you are not the most capable among them. Do you know why she chose you anyway?"

He was stumped. "T-That's because Angie and I have always been close before this incident. I promise you that's not the case anymore, though! I hate her! I swear that I'll pretend as if I never knew her, and I won't have anything to do with her from now on!"

"You really think it's because you guys were close?" Alina snorted. "No, Nicholas, you're wrong! She chose to set you up not because you were close with her, but because you're the most stupid one out of the lot!"

"Lina, what... what are you saying?" Nicholas flushed bright red.

"I'm saying that the only reason why Angie chose to set you up is because you are the dumbest among your brothers!" Alina eyed him scornfully. "Angie is a daughter of the Colt Family, and Madeline is Mr. Michael's real daughter. Angie only stayed with the Wendels and enjoyed a life of privilege because her mother, Cameron, cruelly took

Madeline away and put Angie in her place! Now that the truth is out, it's only right for Angie to give Madeline back her birthright and move out of the Wendel Residence! That's how justice works! However, you just had to put your foot in and insist on taking Angie back to your place. You have no common sense of right and wrong, and you lack foresight. You're dumb, and you're incapable of looking at the big picture. How am I supposed to just leave my future in your hands?"

She stared at him for a while before answering her own question with a look of disappointment. "I can't do that to myself. Nicholas, you have let me down. You are not the man I want to spend the rest of my life with! The man I choose will be capable and intelligent, not to mention sensible—someone unlike you. You're foolish and lack good sense, so I can't possibly love or even admire you. I... I must have been blind to even think you and I could work out. I have overestimated you."

Nicholas had pursued her relentlessly for years before she was finally moved by his dedication and sincerity and went on to become his girlfriend. She even said yes to him when he popped the question, and they had been engaged for over a year.

She was moved by how loyal he seemed and how devoted he was to his romantic pursuit of her. After all, it was rare for someone to be in love with another for years without once wavering. Since then, she saw him through rose-colored glasses. She convinced herself that she would be happy with Nicholas after she married him because he was a good and honest man.

Something in her finally clicked right now, and the rose-colored glasses shattered.

It didn't matter how much he loved her, for he was foolish and without fortitude. The both of them could never meet in the middle, and if they were to marry, fighting over differing opinions would take up much of their life together. She could already imagine how exhausting that would be.

For example, if she had known about the incident surrounding Angie and Madeline's birth stories, she would have never allowed Nicholas to bring the former home.

However, if that were the case, Nicholas would think of her as unsympathetic and heartless. He would undoubtedly play devil's advocate and claim that it was only right to help Angie out now that her life had fallen apart; to suggest he did otherwise would be borderline cruelty.

Even if by some miracle or other she had convinced him to see her point, he would still grow to resent her for dissuading him to leave Angie be.

Alina couldn't risk having moments like that taint her marriage, and she couldn't possibly bring herself to marry a man as foolish as Nicholas.

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You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 117 No Pushover

Nicholas froze as he stared at Alina in shock and disbelief.

Her words were like death by a thousand cuts, and he couldn't bear the hurt any more than he could bear her disgust for him when she found out he had slept with Angie.

In fact, Alina had brutally put him in his place and called him a fool. She had told him that she was breaking up with him, not because of his unexpected one-night stand with Angie, but because he was a simpleton with no common sense of right and wrong.

A simpleton with no common sense of right and wrong? No. That's not me. Nicholas shook his head as he said hurtfully, "Lina, how could you say that about me? I just..." I just felt so sorry for Angie, and I wanted to help her get through these tough times.

He couldn't bring himself to say that. He couldn't tell Alina that he felt bad for Angie; while he was being a good samaritan, Angie had been scheming against him. She had turned around and bitten him like a viper as soon as he left himself wide open. That in itself was a foolish mistake on his part.

Nicholas thought Alina was being unfair, but at the same time, he couldn't quite find the words to argue and prove her wrong. The flush on his cheeks was gone, and he was looking more ashen-faced by the second.

"Lina, how could you say such things about Nicholas?" Erin's heart twisted when she saw how broken Nicholas looked. "Nicholas is just too kind for his own good! He took pity on Angie and tried to help her. None of us could have expected her to take advantage of him like this! She's an ingrate and a traitor!"

"Pity?" Alina repeated with a raise of her brow. "While you were all taking pity on Angie, did you ever stop to feel sorry for Madam Crystal? She nearly lost her life giving birth to Madeline, only for her long-time enemy to take the baby away and replace her with another. Imagine her anguish!"

Erin stiffened. "We didn't think Angie would turn out to be so evil. We really thought she was innocent, and we—"

Alina cut her off with a bark of cold laughter. "You didn't think Angie would be evil, but have you ever thought that you and Nicholas' kindness would only add insult to Crystal's injury? Angie is Cameron's daughter, and if Crystal sees Angie, she would inevitably think of Cameron; it would only be a stab to her heart. Angie has to be sent away so that Crystal will never have to see her again and get stressed out about it!" Having said all this, she eyed Erin mockingly and drawled, "You know, Madam Erin, if I didn't know that you were actually a kind person by nature, I would have thought that

you were only keeping Angie to spite Madam Crystal because of some personal grudge you have against her!"

She might sound like she was vouching for Erin's apparent kindness, but in actuality, her implication was clear. She suspected Erin was using Angie to spite Crystal all along.

On the other hand, Erin flushed when she heard her plans being pinpointed. "Lina, where do you get such outlandish ideas? I couldn't possibly have thought that far. I watched Angie grow up, and all I want to do is care for her after all that has happened. I have nothing against my sister-in-law, so why would I spite her? Now is not the time for nonsense, Lina!"

Those who had been swept up in this mess had clearly never contemplated this before.

When Erin suddenly showed such enthusiastic concern over Angie and insisted on taking her in as a daughter, Michael and his sons did not question it, though they had found it strange at the time.

They brushed it off because they were close to Erin and Morgan's side. Michael and his two brothers were tight-knit, and naturally, their children mingled well enough too. As for the in-laws, while Crystal and Erin were not close by any means, there was no obvious animosity between them. They hardly ever fought, and everyone thought they got along alright.

No one could have thought that Erin's motive in bringing Angie back to her place was to further her plans of hurting Crystal, but now that Alina had brought this up, Michael and his sons began to feel as if something had been amiss all this while.

Morgan's family indeed loved Angie as though she was one of their own, but Erin had never doted on her or cared this much about her until recently.

After the main family was caught up in a melodrama premised on Angie's birth story, they decided it was for the best to send her away, but Erin suddenly insisted on taking her in as a daughter without even considering the main family's disagreement. In retrospect, one had to question her motives in doing so; had she truly felt sorry for Angie and wanted to keep her, or did she want to make her stay in the Wendel Family just so she could rub salt on Michael's family's wounds?

Michael and his sons would have believed the former to be true had Alina not brought this up, but now that she had, it was as if the jigsaw pieces were starting to fall into place, and they were beginning to contemplate if the latter had more truth in it.

As such, the looks they gave Erin started to turn wary and skeptical.

Erin felt a chill down her spine when she met their inquisitive gaze. She dared not risk offending the main family in any way; pretending to love Angie as if she was her own to spite Crystal was the best plan she could come up with.

After all, the Wendels were only the top elite family in Wendel City after Michael stepped up as head of the family.

The Wendels came from really old money, but when it came for Robert to succeed his father, the family was already on the verge of a downfall. The nobility of their name was an empty shell, and while they did their best to polish up said shell, the Wendels' business was crumbling. It could have been wound up at any given time.

When Michael took over Wendel Corporation, he worked hard to salvage it by consolidating its assets and eventually getting the business back on track. It was under his leadership that the Wendels rose from the dead and claimed the throne as the wealthiest family in Wendel City.

He was the head of the family right now, and he held over eighty percent of the shares in the Wendel Corporation.

Jonathan was the successor to Wendel Corporation. Meanwhile, Joseph, Connor, and Cedric were all brilliant in their own fields, and they had carved bright futures for themselves.

It could only be in Erin and her children's interests to be in the main family's good books. Thus, she had never thought about making them her enemy. Jealous as she was of Crystal, she would rather put on a show and make as if she got along with her. No one could possibly tell that she had hated Crystal for years, after all.

However, all her little secrets came spilling out after Alina blew her bluff in front of Michael and his sons.

Technically speaking, Alina had reaffirmed Erin's 'kind nature'. She claimed to believe that Erin only brought Angie back to her place not to hurt Crystal on purpose but out of her own goodwill. However, Michael and his sons were smart enough to catch on, and as soon as Alina said those words, they began to wonder if the opposite was true.

Had Erin known that this was how things would go, she never would have suggested that they bring Angie back. Perhaps she wouldn't have climbed into my son's bed and ruined his engagement with Alina, who would still be on friendly terms with us instead of cutting us off like this.

For Alina to resort to seeding enmity between Erin's family and Michael's was proof of her resolve to break up with Nicholas. This was a hook, line, and sinker maneuver; she would never come back or reconsider the engagement.

Erin had bragged about Nicholas' engagement to the young lady of the Harmon Family to her friends on countless occasions. She was always proud of it, but now that Nicholas was so close to tying the knot, Alina decided to call off the engagement. Not only that, she even stirred up strife between Erin and the main family in the process.

Erin had truly shot herself in the foot. I can't believe how luck has turned on me, she thought ruefully.

Meanwhile, Alina smiled wryly as she said, "Madam Erin, I think I just made myself quite clear that I know how kind-hearted you are, and I believe that you didn't just take Angie in to further aggravate Madam Crystal. Even so, I will not stand for the way you and Nicholas are handling this. Both of you are showing Angie more empathy and kindness than she deserves, which is beyond my comprehension. As such, I can't possibly spend the rest of my life with a family like yours, and seeing as we're going our separate ways, I can only hope that we do so amicably. From now on, I have nothing to do with any of you!"

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You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 118 Heartache

Alina took a few steps backward and nodded at everyone in the room as she said, "Sorry to drop in on all of you like this, but it's the last time. From now on, we are going our separate ways, and we probably won't ever cross paths again. I, along with the rest of the Harmons, will no longer have anything to do with the Wendels. Goodbye!"

With that, she turned around and walked out the door.

Nicholas immediately ran after her. "Lina, let me explain. Lina—"

"There's no need for you to explain." Alina stopped in her tracks and turned to look at him indifferently. "You could come up with the most reasonable explanation, and I'd still think you're a moron for allowing this to happen in the first place. I've already told you that I won't settle for a man who can't tell right from wrong. I want someone who can take a clear stance when things come down to it; someone who is bright enough to know which shots to call. We're over now, Nicholas, so stop pestering me while things are still amicable between us. I don't want to make things ugly. I'm leaving, and you are not coming with me!"

She spun on her heels and left without so much as a backward glance.

Nicholas wanted desperately to run after her, but pride held him back. He stood in place and watched her leave, and she never looked back. When she was out of sight, he thought his heart had bled itself dry, but it still felt like someone was wringing it out.

He was foolish and lacked foresight; he was not a man who could call the shots, nor did he know which ones to call. Am I really like that?

He thought about his mother, who had apparently only taken Angie in not to raise her as her own daughter but to spite Crystal and cause discord among the main family.

He turned slowly like a broken figurine in a music box and cast a long, hard look at Erin.

Erin was gutted when she saw his pale face and glistening eyes, for he looked like his soul had been ripped out of his body. She hurried up to him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders before saying firmly, "Nicholas, there are other girls in this world who deserve you more. You're still young, and you still have plenty of time to meet a better woman!"

Granted, she had been pleased with Alina's family background, but the girl had not spared her any good graces when she called her bluff in front of everyone today. She shuddered to think how terrifying it would be to have a daughter-in-law like that.

More importantly, Alina had already seen through her act and learned of her dark secrets. If things had turned out different today and the engagement had not been called off, Erin would not be able to show herself in front of Alina without being reminded of the humiliation she had dealt her. Alina wouldn't respect her even after marrying into the Wendels.

There was no doubting Alina's impressive background, but she wasn't the only girl in Wendel City who ran in the same elite circle as they did.

Nicholas was a fine young man with plenty of prospects, and Erin was sure that he would find someone better.

"What do you mean I can find someone better?" Nicholas let out a bitter laugh. "Mom, I have loved Lina for seven years. It took me nearly half that time just to get her to go out with me! I've met plenty of girls in my life, but only Lina has my heart, and I can't love anyone else but her! Why would I settle for anyone else when I've already had the best? Lina is the most perfect girl there is, so who else can outshine her, Mom? Who?"

His gaze flickered over to Angie, and the bitter, humorless smile still hung from his lips as he demanded, "How do you intend to make this up to me, Angie? When your parents, brothers, and even my brothers refused to speak up for you after the incident, I was the only one who stood by you!" He pounded his own chest, sounding anguished as he went on to say, "I only wanted to take care of you. I felt sorry for what happened and I wanted to protect you by giving you a better life despite everything. However, what did you do? You set me up! You made me look like a fool in front of the love of my life! She left because I can't give her the reassurance she needs to trust me with the rest of her life! I have been nothing but kind to you, Angie. How could you do this to me? Where is your damn conscience? Has it been thrown to the dogs?!"

Angie was sobbing hysterically as she begged, “Nicholas, you have to believe me. I didn’t mean for any of this to happen. You were the one who got drunk and—”

“Shut up!” Erin barreled to the crying girl and clutched her by the collar. Then, she slapped her hard across the face. “You useless, lying tramp! Nicholas and I took you in when you lost everything, but you went ahead and stabbed my son in the back! You’re horrible and without conscience! I’ve seen animals more decent than you! I can only blame myself for not seeing your true colors sooner. I took you in because I thought you were a good kid, but you’ve only brought trouble to Nicholas! If you think a disgusting tramp like you can ever marry my son, you’re dead wrong! For as long as I live, you won’t ever marry into the Wendels!”

“No, that’s not true. I didn’t mean for any of this to happen. I’m innocent!” Angie screamed and shoved Erin aside before running to hide behind Michael. With tears streaming down her swollen face, she pleaded, “Dad, you have to help me! Nicholas made me his own last night, and if I don’t marry him, who else can I marry? Please, Dad—you need to help me. Please!”

Just then, Jonathan grabbed her wrist and dragged her out from behind Michael before he threw her onto the floor.

She shrieked as she fell into a heap on the ground. Then, she stared up at Jonathan in bewilderment. “Jonathan...”

“Don’t say my name. The only sister I have from now on is Madeline.” He gazed down at Angie’s miserable form and bit out, “You think you’re so smart, Angie? Do you think that you could just set Nicholas up and marry into the Wendels like you’re moving chess pieces on a board? Well, let me just point out how wrong you’ve been. You can move all the chess pieces you want, but you set yourself up for a checkmate from the very beginning!”

He took a deep breath as though to keep himself from roaring. In a barely-restrained voice, he went on to say gravely, “Nicholas is right. He truly loved you as a sister, and with that kind of support, you could’ve stayed with him and he wouldn’t mistreat you. You would still have a good life ahead of you had you not tried to get greedy, but you ruined your own future by pushing the only people who stood by you, and you revealed your true nature in the process. You think you’re so smart, but you were just paving the way to your own doom. From now on, the Wendels will no longer trust you or take pity on you... We are cutting you off entirely!”

“No, Jonathan, that’s not it... You have to believe me... All of you have it wrong...” Angie sat on the ground in a sad heap while crying hysterically, “Why don’t any of you believe me? I really didn’t mean for this to happen! Why can’t you just believe me? Why?”

Her voice was growing hoarse, and there was no hiding her despair and agony.

This isn't how things are supposed to be. She believed that Nicholas was willing to go against the main family and take her in because he had feelings for her. She thought that as long as he had slept with her, he would love and care for her, not to mention take responsibility for her and marry her.

Alas, she had been wrong about everything. Nicholas refused to marry her, and he even went to the extent of hating her!

How could this be? This isn't how it's supposed to be! This can't be!

Since he didn't want to waste his breath on her, Jonathan walked over to Michael and said, "Come on, Dad. Let's go home."

Michael nodded sullenly, then glanced at Sebastian and Madeline. "Sebastian, Maddie, let's go home."

Madeline made a noise of agreement, and she fell in step next to him as they left the living room together.

When they passed Morgan and Erin, Michael looked straight ahead without sparing them a look. It was as if they were invisible to him.

At that moment, Erin knew that he was growing wary of her. She felt panic seize her as she rushed up to him and smiled apologetically. "Michael, don't listen to all the nonsense Lina said earlier. I only brought Angie home because I truly took pity on her. I have no intention of aggravating Crystal at all! Besides, Crystal raised Angie for over twenty years, so perhaps she might even let Angie stay. What would be the point of me using Angie to aggravate Crystal? Lina was only spilling outlandish theories, wouldn't you say, Michael?" she said.

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You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 119 Unbearable Consequences

Michael did not even spare Erin a look as he walked away, and the latter stood in place awkwardly. She couldn't chase after him, but she felt compelled to. In the end, she did not move at all, and she looked like she had swallowed a fly as she watched him leave.

Meanwhile, Nicholas was standing in the living room with a blank look on his face. It was as if he had been hollowed out, and he no longer registered all that was going on around him.

Morgan and his eldest son, Jack, saw Michael and the others out the door. Upon reaching the threshold, Morgan said apologetically and uneasily, "Michael, I'm sorry..."

Michael turned to look at him before he sighed and clapped a hand on Morgan's shoulder. Without another word, he led his kids home.

Morgan felt like his heart had been emptied as he stood rooted to the doorway. He suddenly realized how his life had been meaningless. While Crystal was hospitalized and Erin was healthy and perfectly fine at home, he couldn't help finding that Michael was far happier than he could ever be.

Needless to say, he was envious of Michael. If he were to go on like this, he would be living in vain, and he was just wasting away his own existence.

Presently, he seemed to have frozen at the doorway. He was so still that even Jack had to call out for him. "Dad?"

When he did not respond, Jack called him several more times. "Dad. Dad?"

Finally, he snapped out of his reverie and turned to look at Jack blearily before he sighed. "Come on."

In the living room, Erin was trying to comfort Nicholas. Rather, she was putting down Alina to make him feel better. She did not spare the girl from all the insults she could think of, making her out to be some vicious creature that Nicholas should be glad to have gotten rid of, even if said vicious creature was the one who broke up with him.

There was no telling if Nicholas heard everything Erin said. He was still staring blankly into space as he stood tall and straight, and he made no response whatsoever.

Erin, on the other hand, hated Alina with fresh fury. She couldn't believe that the girl had pointed out her deepest, darkest secret in front of everyone. Everyone in the main family will have something against me from now on. I don't even know if I can fix this! If I can't, then my sons will be the ones bearing the brunt! Damn it, Alina!

All the anxiousness and anger in her translated into a torrent of abuse aimed at Alina, and she was growing more savage by the second.

Her pretty features were all colored by wickedness and spite, and they were twisting her face into a menacing grimace.

Unbeknownst to her, Morgan took in her shift in demeanor from where he stood at the living room doorway. At last, he couldn't take it anymore and went up to her. "Erin, let's... let's file for divorce," he said.

Erin thought she must have heard him wrong. She turned to eye him incredulously as she demanded, "What did you just say, Morgan? Could you repeat that?"

Morgan gazed at her steadily. "I said, let's file for divorce."

Shock ripped through her. “Are you out of your mind, Morgan? Divorce? Why would we do that? Our sons are all grown up, so why would you want to file for divorce now? We could be grandparents in a couple of years! Divorce isn’t a possibility right now!”

“I put up with you all these years because I wanted what was in our sons’ best interests,” Morgan replied with forced patience. “However, I don’t want to carry on like this anymore. I’ve already wasted over twenty years of my life, and I don’t want to waste another twenty more.”

All the color drained from Erin’s face, and her voice trembled as she asked, “Morgan, what are you saying? You’ve been putting up with me? For over twenty years?”

He was silent for a while before he said, “Maybe that was an exaggeration. We had our sweet moments when we first started seeing each other, but I don’t know when it all changed...” He looked as if he was searching for his memories. “I think it was during the time of your family’s downfall. You were kind and gentle when we first got married, but after your family’s business went bankrupt, you became different. It was a gradual change, but you started being selfish, jealous, and contemptuous toward those less fortunate than you. You lost grip of reason and you failed to learn your place, and your shame knew no bounds.”

“No, that’s not true,” Erin countered weakly as she shook her head, looking ashen-faced after hearing his description of her.

Every woman would want to be seen as wonderful and compassionate by their own husband, but now, her husband of over twenty years was calling her selfish, petty, and shameless. She couldn’t accept this, for she didn’t think it was true. I’m not like that!

She had always taken care of her looks. She kept a rigorous skincare routine; she exercised to maintain her figure; and she wore flattering clothes. She simply couldn’t stand letting time mold her into something ugly and undesirable. That was why she still looked so good in her forties.

She believed that her husband loved and admired her, but now, he was using horrible words to describe her. He had reduced her into something worthless, but that couldn’t be her. It simply couldn’t be!

Morgan, however, merely shook his head and did not argue with her. There was little point in doing that, so he repeated with more emphasis this time, “Erin, I want a divorce. I’ll have my lawyer draw up the agreement right now.”

“No, I don’t want a divorce! Even if I die, I will not agree to it!” Erin shook her head frantically.

When her family business went bankrupt back then, they had lost the company and ended up with crushing debt. If they couldn't fork out the money to pay off the debts, her father and brother would have gone to jail.

Her parents had cried and begged her for help, hoping she could settle their debts for them.

It was an astronomical sum of money that she did not have, and as far as she knew, Morgan had no cash in his bank either. However, he had immovable assets.

If she could sell off those immovable assets, she could save her father and her brother from having to go to jail. With that in mind, she pleaded with Morgan to sell off those properties.

However, those immovable assets were a gift from Robert to his three sons, and if Morgan wanted to sell his share, he needed the old man's approval. As such, he went to seek Robert's permission to sell off those properties so that he could save his father- and brother-in-law.

At first, Robert disapproved. He claimed that the immovable assets were deemed as such because they would be passed down from one generation to the next, so selling them off was not an option.

It was only after Erin got down on her knees and begged for him to let them sell off the assets that Robert finally agreed to it, but on one condition—should she and Morgan ever get a divorce one day, she would not get a single dime from the settlement. She would leave the marriage with only the clothes on her back and nothing more.

Erin couldn't understand why Robert would even come up with such a condition in the first place. She thought it hilarious, for she had been so confident that she and Morgan would never divorce. After all, she was no longer young at the time, and she couldn't do better if she left Morgan. Besides, she and Morgan had two sons to care for, and a divorce would be in nobody's interests, so she never considered the idea of it.

She remembered thinking how ridiculous Robert's condition had been. As such, she signed the agreement undertaking that, in the event of a divorce, she would not take a single dime from Morgan. She had put pen to paper without flinching, and she managed to have the assets sold off for a large sum of money after that. She paid off her family's debts and used the remainder to set up a company for her brother.

The company was only a small one, but it gave her brother a job that paid well enough for him to live comfortably.

As for the agreement she had signed, she completely forgot about it.

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 120

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 120 Blackmail

Never did Erin imagine that she and Morgan would divorce. However, he was standing in front of her and telling her in no ambiguous words that he wanted a divorce.

She was stumped. There was no way she would allow this divorce to go through; if she did, she would be left with nothing! The most unbearable consequence of all, virtual poverty aside, was that she would become a divorcée. No longer would she walk around being known as Morgan's wife and the third madam of the Wendel Family.

She could turn from a woman envied by men to a woman scorned and laughed at by others overnight. The drastic change was one she could neither accept nor cope with.

Ashen-faced and incredulous, she eyed Morgan with an almost maniacal gleam in her eyes as she seethed, "I gave birth to our sons, Morgan. You cannot do this to me! If you insist on going through with the divorce, I swear I'll go up to the rooftop of Wendel Corporation and leap to my death!"

Morgan stared at her and said unaffectedly, "If all you care about is yourself and you have no consideration of our boys whatsoever, you may leap to your death from whichever rooftop you like. I've already made up my mind and I want a divorce. I can't spend another day with you, not if it means a lifetime of all this nonsense. If you won't sign the paperwork, I'll just have to file a suit and take it up to court. Either way, the divorce will go through."

"Why? Why?!" Erin's eyes were bloodshot as tears spilled down her cheeks, and her voice was trembling as she roared, "What did I ever do to make you want to divorce me? Is there someone else, Morgan?"

"No," he answered with a frown. "Your biggest mistake to date is to insist boldly that you have done nothing wrong! Erin, if you have the time, why don't you look into a mirror and take a good look at yourself? When I first married you, you were pure and compassionate without a single evil thought. Now, you're selfish, greedy, and full of schemes!"

He was growing angrier as he spoke, and tried as he did to keep his voice level, it was getting loud. "At first, I turned a blind eye to your scheming. I tried to talk some sense into you, but it didn't work, and when you chose to turn to such savage, underhanded ways, I still said nothing. However, you decided to go after my own brother! What did my brother and my sister-in-law ever do to you? Why did you so viciously want to try to use Angie to aggravate them? They're my family. Are you so intent on seeing them suffer that you would go to such lengths to hurt them? Does that give you joy?"

"I didn't do anything... I didn't... I didn't..." Erin shook her head vehemently, looking as white as a sheet.

"You know as well as I do that you had a role to play in all this!" Morgan pointed out tiredly. "Stop lying to yourself and others, Erin. I didn't see the vicious side of you because I saw you as my wife, and I didn't think anything bad of what you did. However, when Alina opened up the floodgates by calling you on your bluff in front of everyone, we could all see your cruel and despicable plans laid bare under the sun. Deny it all you want, but no one will ever believe you!"

"No, I really didn't do anything, Morgan! I didn't! You have to believe me!" She sobbed and said urgently, "I didn't know Angie was so wicked that she would set my son up even after I took her in as one of my own. I really did take pity on her, and I wanted to help her in any way I could."

"Took pity on her? Wanted to help her in any way you could?" Morgan snorted. "Erin, do you even hear yourself? Are you convinced by your own lies? There is nothing special between you and Angie. You weren't all that close to her back in the day either. I don't see Benjamin and Diana wanting to take her in, but you stepped up and insisted on bringing Angie home. Why did you do that?"

"I really did feel sorry for her, and besides, it's not as if we can't afford another mouth to feed. I brought her home on a whim," she explained tearfully as she rushed up to Morgan and clutched his arm. "Morgan, you have to believe me. I'm not as cruel or complex as you make me out to be; I only felt sorry for Angie and wanted to help her. I didn't plan on aggravating Michael or Crystal at all! Please believe me, you have to!"

"If I don't believe you, neither would Michael, Crystal, Jonathan, and the rest of them." He pulled away from her and warned icily, "If you don't want Jack and Nicholas to become strangers to the main family, I suggest you agree to the divorce. Our family and theirs could still get along without you, but that won't be the case if you were to stay. You know Jack and Nicholas aren't capable enough to make it on their own; you know what kind of future awaits them if they don't get the main family's help and connections. If you still want your sons to be on friendly terms with their cousins, I suggest you sign your name on the divorce paperwork, leave the Wendels, and stay the hell away from my brother, my sister-in-law, and my nephews!"

"No! No!" Erin wailed hysterically. "You're being ridiculous, Morgan! Do you really think everything will work out well for Jack and Nicholas if we divorce? They will have a divorcée for a mother! If you go ahead and get married to a younger woman and have a child with her, what place will our sons have in this home? Your new child and your younger new wife will have all the privileges!"

She was sobbing as she rushed over to Jack's side. She clutched his arm and swayed it to show she was desperate. "Jack, talk some sense into your father. You have to stop him from divorcing me. You and Nicholas are old enough to settle down and start your

own families; if your father and I go through with the divorce now, who knows what others might think of us? Who knows what they might think of you? I won't sign the papers. I do not agree to go through with this!"

Jack frowned, and he turned to look at Morgan imploringly. "Dad..."

Never in his dreams did he think his father would bring up divorce. He knew that his parents' relationship had been rocky for a while now, and there was hardly any sentiment left between them. Erin was always up to no good and she was growing more unreasonable by the day; Morgan couldn't stand the way she treated others and how she managed the family affairs, and he often regarded her antics with a critical and disdainful eye. Jack could tell that his father was growing tired of having to put up with his mother, and the love they once shared was now chipped away by unilateral contempt on his end.

Even so, Jack never thought that his father would ask for a divorce.

After all, they weren't young anymore, and at their age, most couples were set to put up with one another until the end of time. It was hard to come by a couple in their midlife who could still love each other as much as Michael and Crystal did.

Divorce was rarely ever contemplated by anyone who was Morgan and Erin's age. Shouldn't they put up with each other and just let the days go by?

Jack wanted to dissuade his father from going through with the divorce, but he had only just called out for him when Morgan cut him off. "Don't bother. I've made up my mind after careful consideration, and I've wanted a divorce for a long time now. The only reason I didn't bring it up was because you and Nicholas were so young back then, so I chose to put up with her for your sake. However, I can no longer tolerate her antics today. I can choose to ignore her picking on others and mocking them, but I will not stand for her to humiliate, aggravate and hurt my brother! How despicable must she be to want to hurt my brother and my sister-in-law like this? Just thinking about sharing a bed with a woman like her makes me feel sick, and I'm through spending every day like this!"

Upon hearing this, Erin was at a complete loss. This was the first time she heard how Morgan really felt about her, and she didn't expect her husband to think of her as such a monster.