

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 12

Chapter 12 You Deserve It

She kept relenting precisely because she was indebted to the Taylors, and Dusktown was the proverbial corner. Even so, Phoebe still poked and prodded the wasps' nest, thinking that she could get her way. She didn't say anything because of the help her uncle and his sons gave her, but she would not take it anymore after Phoebe called her sons b*stards. You should know why I got pregnant with them. How dare you call them b*stards? She pulled her boys behind them and looked at Phoebe coldly. "Out of my way, or else."

"Try me." Phoebe stood up straighter. "Madeline, I am your uncle's wife. Touch me, and you'll be getting it."

Madeline sneered. She was about to shoot back, but then a remote-controlled airplane flew toward them and hovered above Phoebe.

Then, the hatch opened, and some yellow, viscous liquid drenched Phoebe in the face.

She closed her eyes, screaming and touching her face. She was terrified, thinking that it might be acid. It's not. Phew. It's sticky, and it smells nice. Like a flower. Is this... honey? Hmph. Must be the work of those little b*stards.

She roared angrily, "Quincy, Joel, you little b*stards! I'll skin you worthless kids alive!"

Sebastian had been watching the kids pranking the woman with amusement, but then his smile was replaced with a scowl. Did she just call them worthless b*stards? They might be my kids. Even if they aren't, I will not let someone insult such adorable kids.

He was about to step in, but Aldo got out of Madeline's car, and he was holding a small crate in hand. His face was red with fury, and his eyes were filled with cold murder. He approached Phoebe quickly, and he opened the crate.

Everyone heard the sound of something buzzing, then they saw a colony of wasps flew up into the air. They smelled the scent of honey, and they went straight for the source. In this case, it was Phoebe.

And then Phoebe screamed in horror.

Buddy was holding the controller for the airplane, and he came to his brother's side while making a face at Phoebe. "You're the worthless one, Phoebe. You should have stayed in Worrick, but you just had to get yourself in trouble. You deserve this."

Son, wasps can be pretty venomous. Are you sure this is fine? He watched as the wasps kept stinging Phoebe and filling her face with swellings. Huh. I don't think I have to step in anymore. He was liking the kids more and more. The paternity test isn't needed. The kids are smart, brave, and they have my looks. They must be my kids. He stood behind Madeline and the kids, his hand still in his pocket, and he watched silently.

Phoebe thought she was going to die. She kept screaming and flailing her hands in a futile attempt to swat the wasps away.