

## You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 2

### Chapter 2 Are They the Young Master's Kids?

Joel continued, "That lady dyed her hair yellow. If she got blood on her hair, it'd be pretty visible. She couldn't clean the blood off her hair quickly enough, so she covered her hair with her cap to hide the bloodstains and her injury. As she didn't prepare the cap beforehand, it doesn't match her dress."

The analysis sounded logical, and everyone turned their gazes to the woman's head.

The woman held her cap down and shook her head nervously. "T-That's nonsense. He's talking nonsense!"

Two officers went over to the woman without needing Christopher to tell them to. She screamed and tried to run, but the officers caught up and pinned her down quickly. When they took her cap off, the bloodstain on her hair was revealed.

Everyone gasped. "She is the killer!"

"Who are those kids? They're so young, but they're so smart! Genius, I say!"

"You sure we aren't on a show?" Someone looked around for a camera, thinking that a TV station was pranking them.

"Maybe their parents taught them their deduction skills." Someone looked around to see if the kids' parents were around.

They had the culprit, and the evidence was clear. The woman couldn't defend herself, so she was taken away, and the cordon was taken off.

The kids hopped and skipped back to the car and bragged to their mother who was in the driver's seat, "We're awesome, aren't we, Mom?"

The driver was a young, gorgeous lady named Madeline Taylor, and she smiled proudly. "Very much so, yes."

"Yay!" The kids high-fived each other, happy that their mother praised them.

A while later, a fiery red Cayenne came out of the parking lot, and a cute voice asked from the backseat, "Can we really meet Dad in Dusktown, Mom?"

...

The Hart Family were the top aristocrats in Dusktown. The manslaughter that happened in the mall a day ago was barely a blip in the city, but it gained the attention of the Harts' patriarch—Philip. He was watching the television, but his eyes were glued to the young brothers.

During the investigation on the day before, a reporter was on the scene, and he recorded the whole process of the kids cracking the case.

Philip stared unblinkingly at the taller boy. He was the one who introduced himself as Quincy. He looks just like my son when he was a kid! After the news broadcast ended, he went upstairs and came back down with a photo album in hand. Before he actually came back down, he called his butler.

“Coming, sir!” The old butler hastened over to him.

“Zacharias, you have to see this. I saw a boy on TV, and he looked just like Sebastian when he was a kid.” Philip sat down on the couch and turned the TV on to rewind the show, then he opened the photo album.

The boy named Quincy looked exactly like the boy in the photo album, but that boy was Philip's son when he was young.

“Oh dear.” The butler was excited as well. “Could that be the young master's son?”

“He definitely is. He's the spitting image of Sebastian!” Philip smacked the couch. “That stupid brat! We can't allow one of our own to fend for himself out there. I'm calling him right now. He's going to come back and pick my grandson up!”