

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 21

Chapter 21 Sometimes You Have to Hit Them

Dan's face was red with anger. "This is our family business. Leave this place. This has nothing to do with you."

"Hah!" Sebastian sneered. "They're my sons, and you say this has nothing to do with me? Do you think you have something to do with this? What a joke."

Dan shut up. He had no retort for that, so he glared at Madeline. "What is happening, Madeline?" He raised his voice.

Buddy trembled in fear. He pushed Sebastian away and ran to his mother. He hugged her tightly, but he was still trembling.

It broke Madeline's heart. She squatted down and hugged her son. "Calm down, Buddy," she assured him. "I'm fine. Really, I am."

Most kids could still hold it in when nobody was there for them, but once someone came to their aid, they would start to cry. Buddy was no exception, and he bawled. "We have to run, Mom! We have to go somewhere they can't find us! Run!"

Madeline felt crushed seeing him cry. She teared up, and her voice broke, but she patted his back nonetheless. "We'll leave right away, Buddy. Don't cry. I'll take you boys far, far away." She stood up with Buddy in her arms, and she went to her bedroom. "Aldo, to the bedroom," she called her other son. "Pack my things up." She wanted to take them and go to a place where the Taylors could never find them.

Aldo glared at Dan and ran to the bedroom.

"Hold it!" Dan barked fiercely. "Did you forget that I saved you when you were dying? Is this how you're going to repay me?"

Madeline stopped in her tracks and closed her eyes in agony. A moment later, she turned around. "So what do you want me to do this time? Marry your disabled cousin? Or do you want me to give Buddy away to your niece so he can be her son?"

"No, I don't want to!" Buggy hugged her neck tightly. "I don't want anyone else to be my mother! I don't want to leave you, Mom! I don't want to!" he cried with fear.

"It's okay, Buddy." Madeline kissed him. "Remember, Buddy. As long as I am here, nobody can take you or Aldo away from me. I'll cut the hands of those who dare. As long as I am here, nobody can separate us," she said adamantly.

"I'm not that kind of person, Madeline. Do you think of me as some common thug?" Dan asked angrily. "I won't let Phoebe marry you off to my cousin, nor will I let her take Buddy. I just want you to drop the charges and let Phoebe and her bodyguards go."

Dan got angry again when he was reminded of Phoebe's pitiful circumstances. "You went too far this time, Madeline. No matter what, my father married her legally, and she's my stepmother. She's our elder. You can't do that to her. Do you know how badly she's hurt? And now she's in the detention center, charged with abduction. If she's found guilty, she's going to be jailed for three to five years. If that happens, that means our family head's wife is a convict. That'll be humiliating for us." He stared at Madeline. "Madeline, don't make me regret my choice of saving you."

"Don't yell at my mom!" Aldo stood in front of Madeline, his gaze icy. "I did that to Phoebe, not Mom. And she's no respectable elder. What else does she know how to do except bully me and Buddy? She's jailed? Great. She almost abducted Buddy. Of course she needs to get jailed."

"Where are your manners, Quincy?" Dan was angry. "Who said you can talk to me like that? And you actually attacked Madeline? She's your great aunt! Do you want to get spanked? I think you do, or you'll grow up with all your bad ways intact."

Sebastian sneered. Did he just call my son a mannerless kid who needs to be taught a lesson? Well, then I guess a lesson is in order, but not for Aldo. He chuckled. "Quinton."

"Sir!" Quinton, who had been waiting outside, came in.

Sebastian pointed at Dan with his chin. "This is my sons' uncle. I need to talk to my boys, and I have no time for him. Why don't you take him out and show him a bit of our hospitality? I'll have a chat with him once I have time."

"Yes, sir!" Quinton bowed at Sebastian and invited Dan out. "Come with me, please."

Dan was white with fury. "Mr. Hart, you might be the president of Hart Corporation, but that doesn't give you the right to interfere with my family affairs. You should be the one to leave, not me."

Sebastian wouldn't even talk to him. He simply shot Dan a scornful gaze and looked away.

Quinton put his hand on Dan's shoulder and smiled warmly. "It's a hot day, isn't it, Mr. Taylor? All this heat must be getting to your head. We have some cool, refreshing drinks out there. It'll help jog your mind. I'm sure you'll feel much better if you have a few bottles of it."

“What do you mean?” Dan flew into a rage and swung his arms. He tried to swing Quinton’s hand away, but instead of doing that, Quinton held his other arm and pinned it behind his back as well.

Quinton was smiling warmly. “Come with me, Mr. Taylor. We have enough refreshments for you. Don’t be shy.”

Dan tried to struggle free, but it was futile. He was dragged out, and a bodyguard closed the door behind him.

Dan was about to say something, but Quinton covered his mouth and slammed his fist against his belly. The pain shot up his head, and everything around started to spin. Quinton’s men then stuffed all kinds of items into Dan’s mouth. Before Dan could recover from the pain, Quinton punched him again, and Dan fell to the ground. The other bodyguards then surrounded him and kicked him.

Dan has his own bodyguards as well. When they realized what was happening, they tried to save him, but the Hart bodyguards pinned them down to the ground easily.

Dan was in a slightly better state compared to his lackeys, as Quinton didn’t pin him to the ground. After he made sure Dan’s face was as swollen as a balloon, he told his men to get a rope. Quinton tied Dan up and tossed him to a corner, grinning at him. “Wow, the heat must have really gotten to you, Mr. Taylor. Stay in the shade and calm yourself. You should be fine once Master Sebastian is done. You can talk to him then.”

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Chapter 22 Furious

Dan was furious, for he had never been humiliated before. The heat got to me? No, you got to me. He felt like killing someone out of rage, but he couldn’t do anything given his circumstances.

Madeline spent a lot of time calming Buddy down before he finally stopped crying. She sat on the couch while the boy was in her arms, hugging her. The crying had stopped, but the sniffing hadn’t.

Sebastian was heartbroken. He sat beside Madeline and patted his back lovingly. “I went to check on his situation last night. Buddy seems to be shorter than his peers.”

That was being really roundabout, and all so Buddy wouldn’t be hurt. Aldo’s height was what normal five-year-olds should have, but Buddy was half a head shorter than the average height.

Buddy was still hugging his mother. He leaned his head on her shoulders and tilted his head to look at Sebastian. "I-I'm not short." He sniffled. "I'll get taller once I grow."

Sebastian laughed, and he patted the boy's head. "Yes, of course you're not short. I'm tall, and your mother is too. Once you get older, you'll be tall too."

"Are you really our father?" Buddy looked at him curiously, still adorable as usual.

"Yes." He nodded. "The results are out. I am you and Aldo's father."

"You're awesome." He looked at Sebastian hopefully. "You'll protect me, Mom, and Aldo, right?"

"Yes." Sebastian held his hand seriously. "From now on, I will protect you, Aldo, and your mother. Nobody can harm you anymore."

Madeline promised that as long as she was alive, nobody could take her children away from her. As for him, he promised that as long as he still stood, nobody could harm Madeline or the kids unless they stepped over his dead body.

"Thank you." Madeline hugged Buddy tightly. "But I've decided to take the kids and leave."

"You want to stay away from the Taylors?" Sebastian cocked his eyebrow. "But where can you take them? It's the information age. If the Taylors want to, they can always locate you."

"It's a big world. There must be some place I can hide." She buried her face in Buddy's shoulder. "I didn't leave because I wanted to repay my debt to the Taylors, but now, I don't want to do that anymore," she muttered.

Her kids were growing, and they needed a safe environment to live in. The Taylors' treatment of her was starting to traumatize the kids, and that was why Buddy was terrified of Dan. Her debt to the Taylors wasn't as important as her kids, so she decided to leave.

My debt? F*ck that. I saved their son and worked for them for years. My debt is already repaid. I can't sacrifice my son just because of this debt.

"I don't think you can leave." Sebastian licked his teeth. "My dad wants to see them. He's been looking forward to having grandkids for a long time now. I came here today to take the boys to him."

Madeline held Buddy tightly, and she tensed up. "You promised you wouldn't take them away from me." She looked at him, alarmed.

"I won't. So, I have a suggestion." He looked into her eyes.

"What is it?" Madeline still had her guard up.

"You and the boys can stay at my place," Sebastian said. "I can take care of you guys. As long as I'm here, nobody can hurt you. Not even the Taylors." He patted Buddy's head. "I can promise that nobody can make Buddy cry again." He then patted Aldo's head. "And I won't let Aldo risk himself to protect you two."

Madeline almost cried. Aldo was only five years old, but every time something happened, he would always be the one to rush in first and ask questions later just to keep them safe. She had told him many times that he should just hide behind her and keep an eye on Buddy like the kid he was, since she could protect them.

Her son would always tell her that he was the man of the household, and that he was old enough to keep her and Buddy safe.

Sebastian promised that Aldo would never have to do that again as long as he was around, and it hit her where it mattered the most. She covered her mouth, and tears streamed down her cheeks. "It's my fault. I failed to care for them."

"No. You did a splendid job." He patted the kids' faces. "I never did like kids, but that changed after I met them. You taught them well, and they are really likable. That's why I like them."

Dad likes us! He says we're likable! Buddy looked at him with sparkling eyes. His fear was disappearing, and it was replaced by excitement.

Madeline noticed that, and it swayed her decision. He looked at her boys, hesitating if she should take Sebastian's offer. "Aldo, Buddy, do you want to stay with your father?"

"Yeah!" Buddy nodded. He looked at her, his eyes filled with anticipation. "I want to stay with Dad, Mom. Everyone else has a father. I want one too!"

"Stop talking, will you?" Aldo smacked him and put on his serious face. "I'll go with what you decide, Mom."

"Okay..." Buddy hid his anticipation. "I'll go with what you decide too."

Madeline's heart melted, and she hugged Aldo. "I'm fine with anything." She kissed him. "This time, you call the shots. As long as you're happy, I'm happy."

Aldo looked at her and pursed his lips, then he looked at Sebastian. "Can you promise you won't hurt Mom?"

"Yes," Sebastian promised. "And I can also promise that I'll protect her with you boys."

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Chapter 23 She Hopes It's Real

Aldo looked at him for a long time, and he came to the conclusion that Sebastian was reliable. He's handsome; the most handsome man I've ever met. Uncle Sam is the most handsome man in Worrick, but Mr. Hart is even more handsome than he is. And he's really elegant. Other than that, he has a sense of justice, but most importantly, he looks at me and Buddy with gentle eyes, just like Mom does. It's like he can be happy just by looking at us two. Fine, I'll trust him. "Sure." He looked at Sebastian and nodded. "We can stay over at your place for the time being."

Sebastian chortled. So he's saying they'll be my guests for now. If they're happy, they'll stay, but if they're not, they'll leave, huh?

"Okay." He patted the boy's head lovingly. "You call the shots, son."

Aldo fidgeted and dodged him. "Don't pat my head. You'll make me short," he mumbled.

Sebastian noticed his ears turning pink, and he smiled. What a softie. So adorable. He patted the boy's head again despite his protests, and he smiled at Madeline. "Pack your things. We're leaving right now. Need my help?"

"It's alright." She hesitated for a moment and bit her lip. "I have something to tell you. You can decide if you want to take me and the kids to your father after that."

Sebastian nodded. "Tell me."

She looked at the ground, and her eyelashes fluttered. "My mother... is an illegitimate child." Illegitimate children were looked down upon in Dusktown, and even their children were seen as marks of humiliation.

That woman had abandoned her when she was a child, but still she had to suffer the consequences because of her.

Her uncle, Nigel Taylor, who was also Dan's father, had two sisters. One, his true sister—Crystal Taylor. She was the noble and beloved princess of the Taylors. The other was her mother, the illegitimate child Nigel's father sired with another woman—Cameron.

As the legitimate son, Nigel despised Cameron. Back when Madeline almost died, Dan pitied her and took her back in, much to Nigel's fury. Nigel had yelled and screamed at his own son for that.

Dan refused to give in and went against the family despite Nigel's objection. But Nigel couldn't win against Dan, so he reluctantly took Madeline in. But as she was the child abandoned by an illegitimate daughter, she had been suffering under the Taylors.

Fortunately for her, Sam was a gentle person, and it was all thanks to him that she managed to grow up in peace. She didn't know who Sebastian really was, but judging from his clothes and mannerism, she knew he must come from an aristocratic family as well.

Will someone like him accept my son, whose grandmother is an illegitimate child? Bloodline was important for aristocrats. Her son might be important, but Sebastian was young. If he wanted a son, he could marry a lady from a clean background and sire a few more children. It didn't necessarily need to be her boys.

"You're reading too much into it," he said gently. "Your mother's the illegitimate child, not you. She might be the product of the sin of lust, but you are not. You are legitimate. My father won't look down on you just because of that. And besides..." He took a few papers out of the file and handed them to Madeline. "I suspect that you're not Cameron's true daughter."

"What?" Madeline stared at him in shock.

"I have to apologize first." Sebastian nodded at her. "My father sent his men to gather info on you and the kids so he can know you guys better."

"And?" Madeline didn't care about that. She had far more important matters to deal with first. "Why did you say she's not my real mother?"

"Because she's too cruel to you. She doesn't treat you like her own daughter. Instead, you're more like an enemy to her." He pointed at the papers before Madeline. "And look at this. She's an alcoholic. There were a few times—after she was drunk—that she bragged about how lucky her daughter has it, and how she's born to be a princess. She even said she played the Taylors like a fiddle despite how smart they think they are."

Sebastian looked at Madeline. "I don't think you had an exactly princess-esque life in the Taylor household, not to mention they don't acknowledge Cameron. After she divorced her first husband, she married a wealthy middle-aged man and cut contact with the Taylors. I don't think she can play the Taylors like a fiddle, unless she did a switcheroo using you and the Taylors' kid."

He took a sheet of paper out from the stack and pointed it out to Madeline. "Look here. Crystal and Cameron's daughter were born on the same day in the same month in the same year, and in the same hospital. I suspect that she did a switcheroo using her daughter and Crystal's. That's you, by the way. You are Crystal's real daughter, while Crystal's 'daughter'—Angie Wendel—is Cameron's real daughter."

Madeline looked at the paper in shocked silence. I-I'm not Cameron's daughter? I'm their most beloved princess' daughter instead? I-Is this real? She really hoped it was.

She didn't care about the Wendels' wealth. She was just doing it for the boys. She didn't want her boys to be discriminated against because their grandmother was an illegitimate daughter.

Sebastian said, "If you're fine with it, I can send these papers to Michael. He's a smart man. He'll know what I'm talking about once he sees this, and once he does, he'll come here to do a paternity test with you."

Madeline's hands were trembling. Michael was the head of the Wendel Family and the richest man of Wendel City. She had seen him before. He was a handsome, gentlemanly person. He had style, and he cared a lot about his wife and daughter. That strong but gentle person might actually be my father?

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Chapter 24 Till Death

It was a big deal, so to speak. If the results weren't what she was expecting, she would be devastated. The only way to not have disappointments was to not have expectations in the first place. She tried to calm herself down and told herself that it was fine even if the results weren't what she wanted, and then she took the papers. "I'll get my men to send these to him. Thanks for helping." She had a few loyal subordinates in her firm. All of them were in other cities for their requests, but getting a couple back was no problem.

"Oh, actually, neither of us has to send our men to do this." He was reminded of something, so he took his phone out and texted Quinton. "We have a mailman right outside, and I'm sure he'll be glad to take on this job."

Quinton opened the door and took Dan in. He was already untied, though his clothes were still messy, and his face was horribly swollen.

Madeline was shocked to see him in that state. "Dan?" She shot up from her seat.

She was still panicking over her son's crying when Dan was taken away, so all her attention had been on her son. She had heard Quinton say something about refreshments for Dan, and she thought it was real, but she was proven wrong.

Dan angrily flung Quinton's hand off his shoulder. "Oh, so you've gotten yourself a rich boyfriend now, huh, Madeline? How dare—"

“Shh...” Sebastian stood up with the files in hand and came up to him. “Pipe down and look at this first.” He tossed the file to him.

“What the heck is this?” Dan glared at Sebastian. “Sebastian, just because you’re the richest man in Dusktown doesn’t mean sh*t. You assaulted me for nothing, and this is not the end of it. You’d better drop your charges on Phoebe right now and bust her out of the detention center, or we’re coming after you.”

Sebastian smiled. “I told you, be quiet and look at the files first. Once you’re done, hand it over to your uncle. If Michael agrees to do what I think he will do, I’ll help you out with Phoebe’s case.”

“Uncle Michael?” He looked at Sebastian curiously. “What does this have to do with him?” He looked at the papers and skimmed through them, but the more he looked, the grimmer the look on his face was. “T-This is impossible,” he mumbled in denial. “How can this be?”

“Is it so hard to admit that Madeline is Crystal’s daughter?” Sebastian said coolly. “Whether she’s Crystal’s daughter or not depends on the results of the paternity test. You can’t say she isn’t just because you deny it.”

All the color was drained from Dan’s face, and his anger was snuffed. His hands were trembling, for if that was the truth, there would be hell to pay. Madeline suffered when she was living with the Taylors, while Angie was in heaven. Madeline might be the young miss, but she was actually little more than a servant. She had to do everything around the house, and she was disdained as well. On the other hand, Angie was beloved. Her parents and brothers spoiled her, and she had never suffered even a day of her life.

Crystal was the beloved young miss of the Taylors, while Cameron was the illegitimate daughter. She was the b*stard born to her witch of a mother who deceived Dan’s grandfather.

Crystal and Cameron were at odds all their lives. If Sebastian’s guess was true, then that would mean Crystal’s real daughter was tortured for years, while Cameron’s real daughter was raised as Crystal’s own. If Aunt Crystal finds out, she’ll be furious. No, livid.

Holy sh*t. If Madeline is actually Aunt Crystal and Uncle Michael’s own kid, that means she’s my cousin. What the hell have we been doing to her then? How will Dad and I explain this to them? His blood ran cold, and he trembled in fear.

“I will tell my uncle about this.” He gripped the papers, his face pale, then turned around to leave dazedly. The news was too much to take in, and he even forgot about his stepmother.

After he left, Sebastian said, "Pack up. No matter who's your parent, my father and I will treat you and the kids the same. You are a kind, responsible lady who raised great boys. I love them. I'll take care of you and the kids. I won't let you suffer anymore.

Madeline could see that he was being genuine. He's a good man. I've been unlucky for years, but looks like my luck's starting to turn again. She nodded and thanked him again before she went to her room to pack up. She owed the kids too much. Since they wanted to be with their father, she'd live with him too. As for me... well, if they're happy, then I'm fine with it.

Aldo went with her into the room to help.

Buddy huddled closer to Sebastian and asked curiously. "If this Uncle Michael is really Uncle Dan's uncle, does that mean he's my grandfather?"

Amused, Sebastian pinched his cheeks. "You're so smart. That is exactly who he is."

"Yeah!" Buddy nodded. "I'm smart! I have photographic memory! I'm super awesome. Aldo and Mom's awesome too!" Buddy would always praise his brother and mother at all times.

"That's a coincidence." He hugged the boy and pinched his nose. "I have photographic memory too." No wonder he's my kid. He's just like me.

Buddy held Sebastian's shirt and looked at him nervously. "Dad, will you always be this nice to us?"

Sebastian was surprised that the boy would call him 'Dad'. Dad? He calls me 'Dad' that quickly? It was a simple title, but one that filled his heart with warmth and pride of being a father, and also a sense of responsibility. He hugged the boy tightly and nodded with solemnity. "Yes, I promise I'll always be this nice to you."

Well, he wasn't always that nice to them. It only went up ever since that day, as he kept being nicer and nicer to the kids.

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Chapter 25 Take You Home

Madeline didn't have much luggage. There were only three of them, and two of them were on the smaller side. She was pulling the big one and a smaller one, while Aldo was pulling the other one as they walked out of the room.

Sebastian put Buddy down and went to take the luggage from her.

Madeline evaded him. "I can do it myself."

"I know." Sebastian took it from her, refusing any arguments. "But when there are men around, do please let us do the heavy lifting."

She had never been treated this way ever since she was a child, and she didn't know what to do.

Aldo said seriously, "Mom, Mr. Hart is right. Let the men do the heavy lifting. Just you wait. Once I grow up, let me handle all the lifting around the house." He actually wanted to help his mother with all three luggage, but she wouldn't let him. She said it would hinder his growth. He agreed with Sebastian though. Men should handle the heavy lifting. A frail lady like Mom should stay out of it.

Mr. Hart? Sebastian squatted down. "Aldo, I'm your father. Your real father. Shouldn't you call me 'Dad'?"

"As if." He looked up proudly. "You never cared for me a day in my life, and you want me to call you 'Dad'? Nothing comes easy in this world." He looked at him. "But I can call you 'Daddy-o.' Do you want that?"

Uh...

Buddy hung his head low and poked his fingers together. Oh, but I called him 'Dad'. I wonder if Aldo will get mad if he finds out. But I like Mr. Hart. He's the kind of Dad I want.

"Okay then." Sebastian patted the boy's head. "I'll take care of you for now then, Mr. Quincy Hart. If I pass, then you can call me 'Dad'."

Aldo frowned. "I'm Quincy Taylor, not Hart."

"Why do you want to be a Taylor?" Sebastian smiled. "They bullied your mother, so why do you want to take their name?"

"Because that's my mother's name, and I want to take after her."

"She won't be a Taylor soon," Sebastian said. "She should have been a Wendel in the first place."

Aldo pursed his lips and looked at Madeline. "I'll go with what Mom wants. I'll take whatever name she wants me to."

Buddy agreed softly, "Me too."

Sebastian chuckled. "I understand." If I want to get through to them, I have to get through to their mother first. I see. He patted Aldo's head and stood up. "We'll talk about that later. For now, let's go home."

He took the luggage and led the way.

Quinton saw him coming out with the luggage in hand, and he took them from Sebastian at once.

Buddy noticed that. He turned around and saw Aldo talking to Madeline. He's not looking at me right now, and Dad's not doing anything. He quickly trotted over to Sebastian and held his right hand. "Dad, is your home our home too?" he whispered.

Buddy suddenly holding his hand made Sebastian's arm shiver. The boy's hand was so soft, he felt he could break it if he held it too tightly. For some reason, Sebastian's hand sweated, and he didn't even dare hold the boy's hand too hard. He even started to breathe quietly. When he looked down, he saw the boy looking back at him with anticipation in his eyes. His heart melted from that, and he held the boy in his arms.

He kissed Buddy's cheeks, smiling gently. "Yes. My home is your home," he answered, his voice as warm as the spring breeze. "You guys will stay there for a long, long time, yes? Our home is your fortress. As long as you're there, no one can harm you, your brother, or your mother."

"Yay!" Buddy cheered. He looked back, but Aldo's attention was still elsewhere, so he pecked Sebastian on the cheek. He hugged Sebastian's neck and huddled closer. "I like you, Dad. You look just like the man I dreamed of." In his dreams, his father was just like Aldo, but a lot bigger and stronger.

The boy was soft, and he smelled sweet. As he lay in Sebastian's arms, it melted his heart. He held the boy up and kissed his cheek. "I like you too, son."

"You have to like Aldo too!" Buddy said.

Sebastian smiled. "Of course."

"And Mom too!" he continued.

Um...

He's taking his time. Buddy tilted his head to the side suspiciously. "You don't like Mom?"

Sebastian couldn't say no, not when the boy was looking at him with unease. "Of course I do," he said.

He had mixed feelings about Madeline. He didn't actually like her, but he didn't dislike her either. She was someone worth his respect and affection, but he had only known her for a few days. If he said he liked her just like that, it would sound too irresponsible and flippant.

But he couldn't say that to the boy. He was still too young, and there were a lot of things that he couldn't understand. He had to say that he liked Madeline if he wanted to put the boy at ease. And as he expected, the boy smiled happily the moment Sebastian told him the answer he wanted. His smile shone even brighter than the sun.

It was as if the smile had shone on Sebastian's soul as well, and it filled him with a sense of warmth. It's magical. For some reason, I just like this boy. He wanted to spoil him, to love him, and to protect him. He wanted the boy to be happy every day. Is this the power of the bond between father and son? He kissed the boy again. "Time to go home, son."

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Chapter 26 I Don't Need You

From that day on, Quincy and Joel had a place they could call home. Their home was somewhere they could grow up happily, and Sebastian would keep all dangers at bay for them. If anyone wants to hurt them, they'll have to go through me first.

Half an hour later, they came to Hart Manor. It was built on the expensive land of Dusktown, and it took up a hundred acres. There was a mountain beside it, and waterfalls existed too. The scenery was gorgeous, and it looked just like a castle that came out from ancient times.

The car drove into the walkway, and it took a long time before they came to the clearing.

Zacharias had been waiting on the top of the stairs. When he saw Sebastian's car, he quickly went into the living room excitedly. "Sir, sir! Master Sebastian has returned!"

Before the car even came to a halt, a group of bodyguards was already standing beside it. Once it stopped, they went up and opened the door for Sebastian.

Philip was walking quickly out of the living room, asking nervously, "Where is my grandson? Is he here? No, are they here?"

"I haven't seen them, but I'll do it right away." Zacharias quickly went out.

Philip didn't have enough patience to wait. He ran out of the house, and the first thing he saw was Sebastian coming out of the car with Buddy in his arms, while Aldo came out from the other side by himself. He looked serious.

Philip beamed, and he descended the staircase. "Finally! You've been a useless brat all these years, but for once, you finally did something right and brought my grandsons back to me!"

What do you mean I'm a brat? My sons are right here. Keep my dignity intact, will you?

Philip didn't care. He went over to his son and took Buddy from him. He looked at the boy closely and commented, "Yes, yes! He does look like her."

Suddenly, sadness welled up within Philip. "He resembles your mother more. Look at his eyes, his brows, and his nose. My god, he looks just like his grandmother."

Buddy blinked. "Um, sir?" he asked softly. "Who's his grandmother? I look like my mother, not someone else's grandmother."

"Um..." Philip coughed. "Not his grandmother. Your grandmother. She was your father's mother. Used to be really gorgeous too. Buddy, you'll grow up to be a beauty too."

Buddy blinked again. "I'm a boy. Mom's a beauty. I'll be the handsome guy."

Philip laughed. "You're right. You'll grow up to be a handsome one. I bet you'll be a hundred... no, a thousand times more handsome than your father."

Hey, you're my father!

Ah, shut up. I have my grandkids now. I don't need you. Look, they're so cute. What can you do besides making me angry? The more he looked at Buddy, the more he liked him. Then he waved at Aldo. "Come here, Aldo. Come to Grandpa. There's a lot of food and toys in the house, and they're all yours."

Aldo stood beside his mother, his face tensed up and serious.

Madeline patted his head. "Go, Aldo. He's your grandfather. Call Grandpa."

"Okay..." Aldo answered, and he slowly went over to Philip to give him a bow. "Hello, Grandpa."

Philip put Buddy down and picked Aldo up instead. He looked at the boy for a long time, then he turned to Zacharias. "Look at him, Zacharias. He looks exactly like Sebastian when Sebastian was a kid, even more so compared to when I saw him on the TV. If I had seen him in the flesh, I would have ditched the paternity test for real. This one is obviously Sebastian's son."

“That is true, sir.” Zacharias wiped away his tears of joy. “Sir, you finally got the grandson you always wanted, and two at once too. Bless the souls of the madam and the ancestors. Thank the gods!”

Philip laughed in delight. “This is the blessing of our ancestors. And I thought I’d never see my grandkid my whole life. But boy, am I glad I’m wrong. I saw not one, but two grandkids! Good thing we do charities, huh? Our ancestors are great.”

Madeline could finally rest easy seeing how excited Philip was. She was worried he might not like them, since they were born out of wedlock.

She was worried he only asked Sebastian to take them back so their bloodline wouldn’t have to live the life of a drifter. She thought he only did it out of obligation instead of love. Looks like I was worried for nothing. His eyes were shining when he saw them. That proves he really loves them. Since he likes them, the boys can finally settle down. They don’t have to follow me around and suffer any discrimination anymore.

Philip played with Aldo for a while before he put him down. Then, he held the boys’ hands and took them into the living room.

The stairs were tall, and Philip walked slowly with the kids. He held his head high, and his steps were firm. He was old, but the light of pride still shone on his face.

Sebastian could see that Philip was truly delighted for the first time in decades, and he felt a little bit guilty. He might be a genius, but the god probably closed the door of relationships for him, as he had no interest in that.

He was a workaholic who spent most of his days in his company. Sometimes he would go on a business trip and only come home to the manor on the weekends. He was an only son, and that made Philip lonely. That got worse as he aged, and he wanted to get a grandkid as soon as possible. Every time they met, he would urge Sebastian to get married and have a kid. However, he didn’t have anyone he was interested in, which made marriage impossible. He was left with no choice but to stay away from his father.

He would go home every weekend in the past, but he switched that to once a fortnight. But thanks to that, it only made Philip get more anxious. He even threatened to disown Sebastian if he couldn’t have a grandkid. Well, now he got what he wanted. He has not one, but two intelligent, beautiful grandsons. Look at him. Happy as a lark.

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 27

Chapter 27 Impossible

Happiness was infectious. His father was happy, and it made him happy too. He started to smile, and joy welled up within him. He remained two steps behind Philip and the kids, and his gaze never left them, in case they slipped up and fell.

The sun shone on Philip and the kids, their shadows stretching far, far behind them. Sebastian followed them slowly, and he wasn't impatient at all. His gaze was as gentle as water, and it was never seen by anyone before. It was as if Philip and the kids were his whole world.

Madeline was following not far behind, and she could see how Sebastian was looking at the trio before him. The look in his eyes assured her, for she knew someone who could have that gaze could never be evil. Or at least he won't hurt the boys, and that's enough for me.

The living room was filled with all kinds of toys Philip asked his men to buy, while the coffee table was filled with snacks and drinks, which was also for the kids. Philip had even prepared a thick menu too. Philip sat the boys down beside him and handed them the menu. "Take a look, boys. You'll be deciding what we're having for lunch."

Kids were perceptive creatures. They could see that Philip truly liked them, and Buddy quickly fell for the love bombs. He sat beside Philip and looked down at the menu, pointing at all the dishes he loved. "I like this one. Aldo likes this one. Mom likes this one. Oh, I like this one too."

"Alright, you're getting all of them." Philip ticked every dish Buddy pointed.

Sebastian wasn't a fan of heavy food. Everything Buddy ordered was either sweet or spicy, and even though there were a dozen dishes, he didn't like any of them. Philip didn't realize that though. After Buddy was done ordering, Philip happily handed Zacharias the menu and asked him to get the chef to make it. He only had eyes for his grandsons and spared not a moment for Sebastian.

Guess once he has his grandkid, he doesn't need his son anymore. Oh well, he has been complaining about me even before the boys showed up. What can I do?

He went to the kitchen and asked the chef to make some light dishes. The chef obliged.

When he came back out, Philip was already sitting on the rug with the kids, playing with them. The rug was only bought that morning. It was pure white, soft, and smooth, and it was comfortable to sit on.

A few minutes later, Aldo opened himself up too, and he started to smile. He even called Philip 'Grandpa'.

Philip sat between the kids, and he wouldn't stop smiling just because the kids were calling him Grandpa.

It was lunchtime a moment later, and Philip took the kids to wash their hands. While they were eating, Philip kept filling the boys' bowls with food, worried that they might starve. That was especially the case for Buddy. He was Aldo's twin, but he was shorter than his brother, and it saddened him to see that. If he could, he would have given him enough food to make him the same height as his brother. While he filled Buddy's bowl with food, he muttered, "This is all because he didn't stay with me since the day he was born. If I was the one taking care of him, I would have fed him enough to make sure he grows tall."

Sebastian sighed. "Dad." Are you sure you should talk like that in front of their mother? You're making it sound like she didn't take good care of the boys.

Philip noticed his slip of the tongue, and he looked at Madeline. "Don't mind it, Madeline. I didn't mean anything. Just saying it's a shame I only got to see them after so long. I know it's been hard raising them on your own. I have a lot of questions, so let's talk after lunch."

Madeline nodded. She knew what Philip wanted to talk about, but she had nothing to hide, so she wasn't worried.

The kids were feeling sleepy after lunch. Buddy was lying on Madeline's lap, rubbing his eyes. Aldo was tired as well, but he kept his eyes open and sat on the couch seriously, staring at Philip and Sebastian as if they would do something bad. He had heard what Philip said during lunch. He was worried that the talk was a pretext to hurt his mother.

Philip smiled and waved at the boys. "Come with me, boys. I'll take you to the bedroom. It's naptime."

"I'm not sleeping." Aldo sat up straight. "I want to listen to this negotiation," he answered seriously. "I'm a man. I want to protect her."

Buddy leaned against his mother and tilted his head to the side to look at Philip. "Grandpa, what do you want to talk about with Mom?" he asked cutely.

Philip's heart melted from Buddy's adorable attitude. How can they be so cute? Oh, my heart! "It's nothing, boys." He smiled. "Don't worry. It's just something about the past. I won't hurt her, I promise."

"I want to listen!" Aldo insisted.

"It's alright, Aldo. It's time for you and Buddy to take a nap." Madeline got up and carried Buddy in her arms, then looked at Sebastian. "Lead the way please."

Sebastian nodded. "I'll take the kids to their bedroom, Dad," he told Philip.

Philip was angry that Sebastian took his job, and he glared at his son. "Go, and take good care of the boys."

Alright, that's going to be a problem. I can see my life getting that bit harder here. Sebastian took Madeline and the kids to the guest room. He opened the door and told them, "They can stay here for now. The nursery's under renovation. Once it's done and confirmed to be safe, they can move in."

"No! Not the nursery!" Buddy, who had been dozing off on his mother's shoulder, suddenly woke up. He hugged his mother, tensed up, and his eyes widened in fear. "I don't want to stay in the nursery! Mom! We're not staying in the nursery!"

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 28

Chapter 28 Her Past

"Okay, okay. You won't be staying in the nursery!" Madeline felt heartbroken seeing him so distraught, and she patted his back. "We won't stay in the nursery."

Buddy relaxed after getting his mother's confirmation. He leaned on her shoulder and tilted his head at Sebastian. "We don't want to stay in the nursery," he whispered.

Okay, that reaction was odd to say the least. He whispered, "What's wrong? Why does Buddy dislike nurseries so much?"

Aldo heard that. He held Buddy's hand to comfort him and answered angrily, "It's all because of that witch, Phoebe Xavier! Buddy and I were staying in the nursery earlier in the year, and a few days after that, she and some baddies came to the nursery at midnight. She wanted to take Buddy away because her niece wants him to be her son. That scared him, and from then on, Mom never lets us stay in any nurseries ever again."

As he explained the reason behind Buddy's reaction, Sebastian could feel his fury climb. Phoebe Xavier, is it? I'll make sure to remember that name. "Alright, the nursery's ditched." He took Buddy from Madeline and patted his back. "It's alright, Buddy. I'll keep you safe. If anyone tries to hurt you or Aldo, I'll beat them up."

Buddy leaned against his chest and held his shoulder. "And you have to keep Mom safe too!"

Sebastian laughed, but he nodded. "And your Mom too." He and Madeline put the kids to bed.

Buddy was exhausted. He asked Madeline for a naptime kiss and drifted to sleep once he hit the hay.

Aldo didn't want to sleep just yet. He warned Sebastian, "You'd better not hurt Mom. I'll grow up soon, and I'll be super strong then. I'll get back at anyone who tries to hurt Mom."

He's such a delicate boy, but he just has to put up that serious act. Sebastian was amused, but also sad. He's only five. He should be protected, but he keeps on trying to protect his mother and his family despite his delicate age.

Madeline patted his head. "Aldo, I told you I'm strong. Nobody can hurt me, and I don't need you to keep me safe. All you have to do is be happy and grow up in peace with your brother."

Aldo pouted as he didn't believe her. "Everyone in the Taylor Family hurts you except for Uncle Sam. Uncle Dan almost slapped you earlier, but you didn't even dodge."

Madeline was silent for a long while. Then she held his hand apologetically. "I'm sorry, Aldo. It's my fault, but it won't happen ever again. I won't let anyone hurt me, I promise."

The boys are starting to know what's right and wrong. They'll feel angry and sad for me if I get hurt, and it might even traumatize them. I've repaid the Taylors, and from now on, I won't let them hurt me or take advantage of me ever again.

"Really?" He looked at her suspiciously.

"Really," she promised.

"Pinky promise!" Aldo raised his right pinky.

"Pinky promise!" Madeline made a pinky promise with him and kissed his forehead. "Sleep. I'll protect myself. You boys don't have to worry about me anymore."

"It's not worry," Aldo answered seriously. "It's just a sweet burden."

Madeline smiled and poked his nose. "I'll try my best not to be your burden then, so all that's left is sweet."

"It's alright," he said solemnly. "Pressure is a kind of motivation, and it keeps me working hard. That's the only way to power."

"But you don't have to be really powerful," Madeline answered gently. "I'll keep you two safe."

“And me too.” Sebastian crouched down beside the bed and held his hand. “I’ll protect your mother and Buddy.”

Aldo pouted and pulled his hand away. He closed his eyes, turned his back on Sebastian, and fell asleep.

It’s fine. Time will tell him that I’m reliable. I’ll be the man they can depend on. I’ll make sure nothing stands in their way.

After the boys were asleep, Madeline and Sebastian left the room. Philip was waiting for them on the first floor with a pot of hot tea in front of him.

When he saw them coming down, he thought to himself, Wow, they’re a perfect match. Most ladies will only look like a servant if they stand beside Sebastian. He’s too handsome and powerful. Even the rich ladies get affected too, but not her. Not Madeline.

Odd. She’s just a frail lady and is unappreciated by the Taylors, but she’s as confident as that brat is. It’s like they’re made for each other. She’s not overshadowed by Sebastian. Why? Is it because she’s a great martial artist? The data did say that she’s a martial artist who’s almost unmatched. Maybe that’s why she’s so confident. Maybe that’s why she shines even though she looks weak.

While he was coming up with his own theories, Sebastian and Madeline had sat down across from him.

Madeline looked at him. “We may talk now, Mr. Philip.”

Philip sipped some tea and put the cup back onto the table. “You know what I want to talk about, don’t you?”

“Yes.” She nodded. “You want to know how I got pregnant with the boys.”

“Exactly.” He nodded solemnly. He found out a lot of things about the Taylors, but not how or why Madeline got pregnant with twins. The Taylors kept that under wraps, and his men were still looking for the answer. But he wanted to know the true answer from Madeline herself, for he had a plan that was dependent upon her integrity. He had to know if she could be trusted before he could execute it.

“It’s simple, really.” She looked at Sebastian. “Have you ever donated your sperm to the national sperm bank?”

Whoa. Sebastian was a master at controlling his emotions, and he was rarely shocked by anything, but this time was an exception. He asked in surprise, “You’re saying that the boys are IVF babies? And you applied for the sperm from the national sperm bank?”

“Yes.” She nodded. “What about you? Have you ever donated your sperm to the national sperm bank?”

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 29

Chapter 29 You're Lucky, In a Sense

Well, this is awkward. He looked at his father, his eyes filled with silent complaints.

Philip was awkward as well, but he sat up straight and coughed seriously. “Don't look at me like that. If it weren't for my wise decision, you wouldn't be having your sons right now. Sons. Plural. Two of them. Two. You should thank me.”

“Well, thank you so much then.”

“What's with that attitude, Sebastian?” Philip smacked the table 'angrily;. “If you had just gone to that blind date, I wouldn't have donated your sperm. It's all your fault in the end. What? Do you want to blame me for that?”

Of course not. You're my dad. How could I ever blame you? I blame myself.

Madeline looked at Sebastian. “So... you have donated your sperm, right?” She thought it was unbelievable that a man like Sebastian would donate his sperm.

“Not willingly.” He noticed her confusion and explained, “My dad forced me to go on blind dates, and I refused, which made him angry. One of his disciples worked in the national sperm bank then, so Dad spiked my drink, knocked me out, got his student to extract my sperm, then he donated the sperm to the sperm bank.”

Whoa. Um... okay? She looked at Philip, then she gave Sebastian a look of sympathy. Ahem, you're lucky to have a father like that, in a sense.

Philip felt embarrassed from being looked at like that, and he sighed. “To tell you the truth, Madeline, I wasn't in the best of my health back then. Every time I sleep, I worry that it might be the last time I close my eyes. I only have one son. His mother passed early, so if I were to pass, he'd be left with no family in the world. If he's sick or unhappy, nobody can care for him. I was worried about that, and I don't think I could rest in peace if that were to happen.”

“So I forced him to go on blind dates, wanting him to have his own family and someone to love him even if I died. But he just wouldn't. He wouldn't go no matter what I said, and I got really mad, so I snapped. I took him to my student and asked him to extract Sebastian's sperm. I didn't think much about it. I just thought that if someone used his

sperm, our family's bloodline would continue. I wouldn't have to worry about the death of the lineage then."

Hey, it started out as a touching story, but what happened to the second part? So what do you want? A family for your son, or someone to continue the bloodline?

Philip thought his story didn't make sense too, and he coughed. "Point is, I want this brat to raise a family and have someone to care for him. Continuing the bloodline is just a nice bonus."

"Heh."

"Don't you snort at me, you brat!" Philip smacked the table. "I wouldn't have done it if you just went on that darn date. Besides, if I hadn't done that, you wouldn't have two adorable kids now. Thank me, you brat."

"Oh, thank you very much."

"I am not talking to you." He turned his attention to Madeline. "Ignore him, Madeline. That's what he does best: making me angry. Let's talk about you. You're young, so why did you choose the IVF path? It's a... difficult path, to say the least."

"It's because of my cousin." She had nothing to hide from them. "To put it simply, he was gravely ill, and there were two ways to save him. One, a matching bone marrow. He needs a donor for that. Two, cord blood. All the Taylor family members got tested, but their bone marrow couldn't match his. The only hope for him was through the cord blood, and that required someone to get pregnant. Fortunately, the boys' cord blood was a match, and my cousin was saved. That's why the boys were born."

"Doesn't Phoebe have a daughter?" Philip frowned. "She's your cousin's half-sister, while you're just his cousin. No matter how you look at it, she's the one with a higher chance to match. So why you?"

"It's obvious." Sebastian smirked. "IVF is also a painful process. Excruciating, some might say. And Phoebe's daughter was around Madeline's age five years ago. I hesitate to say this, but... barely legal. She was unmarried and single back then. Of course the Taylors won't let their beloved princess take the risk."

IVF is painful, and the woman will almost always be a single mother once the child is born. In our society, that means goodbye to any good prospects in the dating and marriage scene. Of course Nigel won't have his daughter do that to save his son. He cashed in his favor with Madeline and forced her into this. The Taylors are a bunch of scum.

Philip smacked the table again. "Those pieces of scum! Animals, all of them!"

“It’s not that bad.” She smiled. “My cousin is really nice to me, and I’m happy that I could save him. Besides, I never regretted giving birth to the boys. They’re more important to me than myself. They’re my dearest treasure.”

“You think so because you’re a kind and grateful woman. Doesn’t change the fact that the Taylors are still a bunch of animals.” Philip scoffed at this kind of behavior. Holier-than-thou, disgusting, evil bunch of hypocrites.

“Mr. Philip, I know you’re angry for me, but that’s because you’re standing in my shoes.” Madeline looked at him seriously. “Look at it this way: My other cousin, Dan, saved my life. If he hadn’t done that, I would have died with indignity on the streets. The Taylors gave me my life, and they gave me a place to stay. Sam treated me like his own sister. When he found out about my talent and love for martial arts, he spent a lot of money hiring a famous master to train me. He also taught me survival skills. As long as I could save him, I would do anything.”

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 30

Chapter 30 Truth

Philip shut up. He knew she had a point. He had a few adopted kids too, and he treated those kids differently than how he would his son. He had a clear goal when he took them in—to raise them up as Sebastian’s right-hand men.

The boys were also rescued in the direst of moments, and they were grateful for Philip’s help. They wouldn’t complain even if he asked them to give their lives to Sebastian. Hey, but I love them like my own. Sebastian is like a brother to them. He would never see them as his underlings.

The Taylors? Not so much. Only Nigel’s eldest son resembles a human. He’s truly kind to Madeline. Everyone else sees her as a servant and looks down on her, yet they take all she has to offer. I never treated my adopted kids that way. That still makes them trash. F*ck them. He snorted with scorn.

Sebastian smiled. “Now I really want to know what Michael will do once he knows you’re his daughter.”

His own daughter was treated like a servant by the Taylors for so many years, and she was even forced to undergo an IVF process before she could even get herself a boyfriend just to save her cousin. Michael might be a gentleman, but he protects his own like no tomorrow, and he’s really proud. Wonder what he’ll feel once he knows the truth.

...

It was a shocking afternoon for Michael, who was in his residence in Wendel City. He was spacing out in his study, the file Dan faxed him sitting on his desk. When they had the video call earlier, he was shocked to see Dan looking so injured, and he asked who did that.

Dan did not answer. Instead, he went on an incoherent speech about how Angie was Cameron's daughter instead of his, and how his real daughter was Madeline. He was shocked, and he asked what Dan meant.

Dan flailed his arms in frustration, but he refused to answer. He only hastily said he would fax a file over.

When Michael read through the file, he understood what Dan told him earlier. He's right, and this file proves it. Angie isn't my real daughter; Madeline is. No paternity test needed either. I'm sure she's my own daughter.

He compared Angie and Madeline's photo to his, and he realized that Angie did not resemble him at all. However, he could see some shadow of him on Madeline's face. He never suspected that Angie wasn't his daughter, as no one mentioned it before, and he never thought her not resembling him was a problem either.

She might not resemble him, but she had his wife's looks, and it was normal for girls to inherit their mother's looks. Who'd be crazy enough to suspect that their kid isn't their kid? But when that suspicion did arise, he went around to look for evidence and realized that not only did Angie not resemble him, she didn't resemble his parents either. She had no features of the Wendels at all, but Madeline did resemble Michael's mother when she was young.

As Angie resembled his wife, he never suspected that she wasn't his child. I see. She resembles Crystal not because she's our kid, but because her real mother—Cameron—is Crystal's half sister.

Cameron looked slightly similar to Crystal. And Angie only resembles Crystal because she resembles her real mother.

Crystal was a legitimate child, but Cameron wasn't. They might be half sisters, but they were born to be enemies. Cameron despised Crystal, so she gave birth on the same date and in the same hospital as Crystal on purpose. Then, she did a switcheroo while the Wendels weren't looking.

Which means ever since then, her daughter took my girl's place and has been enjoying everything the family has to offer, while my real daughter was exiled? She suffered under the hands of Cameron and Xander, almost died on the streets, then Dan saved her only for the Taylors to treat her like a... a servant? She toiled under them, and they insulted her? She's my only daughter! My princess! But she suffered because of my moment of oversight! He felt his heart torn asunder with pain and fury.

He couldn't accept that truth, but when his men reported back with the data they gathered, he was forced to accept it. They tracked down the witnesses listed on the file, and they confirmed that Cameron had said the Taylors were all fools multiple times in front of them. According to them, she played the Taylors like a fiddle, and she said her daughter was born to be a princess. They said Cameron looked arrogant and smug when she said that, but they only thought it was the ramblings of an alcoholic, so nobody took it seriously.

Well, that's it then. Madeline is my real daughter. Our real daughter. The girl I thought was my daughter is actually someone else's child.

He was the head of the Wendels. He was courageous, smart, and enjoyed success at a young age. The last few decades were more or less the same thing—enjoyment and happiness. It had been a long time since he lost his cool, but that day, he lost it. The man, in his fury, swept everything on his table away onto the ground.

If Cameron was in front of him right then, he would tear her apart limb from limb. He didn't care what kind of grudge she and Crystal had, but involving an innocent child was going too far. She secretly sent her daughter into my family to enjoy the best life has to offer while my own child suffers the worst life has? How dare she?

His face was white with anger, and he was trembling. It took him a long time, but he finally calmed down. Vengeance wasn't the first thing on his list. He would have that sooner or later, and he would make sure it was a satisfying one. That wasn't the most important thing for him right now. The most important thing was to do a paternity test to see if Madeline was his daughter.

He was ninety-nine percent sure that Madeline was his daughter, but he needed to do that test so he could feel at ease and prove it to everyone else. After all, bloodline was something that could never be treated lightly.