

## You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 51

### Chapter 51 Tell Her to Get Lost

“No... No...” Phoebe fell to the ground and hollered in a heart-wrenching tone, “You can’t do this to me! Nigel, please save me... Get me out of here...”

All this before her must be a nightmare. That’s right. It must be just a nightmare.

Once I wake up from this nightmare, everything will be back to normal!

She was the honorable mother of the Taylor Family, and her daughter was the beloved Miss Isabel. For the rest of their lives, they would enjoy the endless wealth and honor that were brought to them by the Taylor family.

At this moment, Phoebe desperately crawled toward Nigel, grabbed him by his leg, and begged him to save her from this horrible place. As long as I get out, this nightmare will come to an end, she desperately thought.

Seeing that, Dan took a few steps toward Phoebe and kicked her away with force. Then, he grabbed her by the collar and yanked her up from the ground. His face hovered closer to her and he said callously into her ears, “This agony will make you understand that we are capable of doing this to you!”

Having said that, he gave her a hefty punch on her stomach, and she collapsed into herself, screaming in pain as she hit the ground. Inimically, he gritted his teeth in anger and continued the beating. In enormous pain, Phoebe squealed like an animal that was being slaughtered as the beating continued, and she kept begging for help.

In the meantime, the prison guard, who had previously tried to turn a blind eye by taking a phone call, ended the call and rushed back to the meeting room. He cleared his throat and attempted to pull Dan away from Phoebe. Then, he raised his voice and warned, “What are you doing? Aren’t you all a family? What is the fight for? No fighting is allowed here!”

To avoid complicating matters for the prison guard, Nigel grabbed Dan’s arms and stopped him from continuing his aggressive behavior. Dan unwillingly withdrew his fists as he spit on Phoebe’s face. “There is more to come for you, Phoebe Taylor!” he hissed.

“Knock it off, Dan! We’re leaving now.” Nigel dragged Dan out of the room with force. If Nigel continued to stay in the room, he was afraid that he wouldn’t be able to resist giving Phoebe a good-hiding as well.

She deserves to be beaten to death!

“Come back! Don’t do this...You can’t do this to me! Nigel, Dan... Please, come back! Help me out... I want to get out...” Phoebe begged in despair. However, no one responded to her. The sound of footsteps gradually went away and soon disappeared.

Phoebe couldn’t get up, so she pounded the floor with her fists and wailed, “No way! You can’t do this to me, you can’t... I hate you, I hate you, I hate you all!”

Phoebe hated Nigel and Dan, and the same went for her father. If her father hadn’t taken matters into his own hands and plotted against Nigel, she wouldn’t be in such a miserable situation today. In those years, she was ecstatic and proud when she married Nigel, yet here she was, suffering and appearing absolutely wretched.

She had a feeling that she would be tortured to death by Nigel and Dan. If her father hadn’t hidden the plan from her, even though she couldn’t have married into a wealthy family, she could have at least lived a peaceful life until old age.

However, her father took it upon himself to scheme against Nigel. Back then, she had succeeded in marrying Nigel, but as her father’s plot was exposed, Nigel and Dan took out their anger on her and they wouldn’t let her get away that easily.

No.

They would not give her a quick death.

They would definitely torture her to death but slowly, and little by little.

She was scared.

Extremely terrified.

And her daughter...

Her daughter, who grew up living in a bed of roses and was well pampered, would be detested and loathed by Nigel and Dan. Soon, they would kick her daughter out of the house and renounce her name as part of the Taylor Family.

Her daughter would fall from heaven to hell.

How could her daughter take that?

She was in pain. So much pain.

Phoebe clutched her chest as it was so painful that she could hardly breathe anymore.

After leaving the detention center, Nigel and Dan instructed the driver to return to the Taylor Residence. The father and son did not say a word during the whole trip. During that time, both their cell phones rang numerous times, and the calls were made by the same person—Isabel Taylor.

Both of them glanced at the phone and unanimously blacklisted her. Clearly, no one was in the mood to answer her calls. Soon after, their bodyguards and assistants were bombarded with phone calls from Isabel. Yet, without orders from their masters, not one person dared to answer her calls.

Half an hour later, the car drove into the Taylor Residence.

As soon as Nigel and Dan exited the car, Isabel ran to them in a fury, questioning with fire in her eyes, “Dad, Dan, is there something wrong with your cell phones? Why didn’t both of you answer my calls? And your bodyguards and assistants, why didn’t anyone answer my calls? What are they doing? They can’t even answer a phone call! What a bunch of trash!”

Nigel halted and glanced at Isabel, who looked just like a replica of Phoebe. Seeing that, he could feel his heart ache as if it was being swept up by a huge wave.

Except for Isabel, the Taylors were all good-looking. Back then, his first wife was a notorious beauty and his two sons had also inherited his and his wife’s genes—they were tall and sturdy; handsome and attractive. His eldest son, in particular, was known as the highest-rated man in Worrick. He was talented and gorgeous, and had always been Nigel’s greatest pride.

However, his only daughter, Isabel, was completely different from his sons. She inherited the body type of her mother—short, stout, and heavy. No matter how hard he tried to get her to control her calorie consumption, her round face remained; no matter how many fitness coaches he hired to train her, her obesity remained.

Without a doubt, some girls were chubby and plump. However, if they were well-mannered and had a good temperament, they would still look beautiful.

Unfortunately, Isabel also got her character from Phoebe—bird-brained, rude, vicious, and loud-voiced. Although Nigel had spent a lot of effort on Isabel and hired many teachers for her, he still failed to cultivate her elegant temperament.

For many years, he had been perplexed as to why this was the case. Now, he suddenly understood. This was because learning from a good role model was far more important than hiring different coaches.

Since Isabel was born, she had always been the apple of her mother’s eye and she wouldn’t let Isabel go anywhere without her presence. As a result, Isabel had learned to

be ill-mannered and spiteful like her mother, given the time that they had spent together every day.

In the past, Isabel was loved dearly by Nigel because of Phoebe's father, Bryan, who had saved his second son's life. But now, the thought of Bryan and Phoebe only disgusted him, as did Isabel when he saw her.

He did not want to see Isabel again.

With that, he glanced at her in disgust, brushed past her, and walked toward the living room.

Isabel was stunned by his disgusted glance and suspected that she might have misread it. After all, her father had always adored her. How could he possibly look at her with that detested look?

"Dad... Dad!" In disbelief, she ran toward Nigel and chased after him.

Without looking back, Nigel ignored her calling and made a gesture to his bodyguards. They immediately stepped forward and blocked her way. "Miss Isabel, please step away."

Hearing that, Dan came to a sudden halt and glared at the bodyguard. "Shut up!" he yelled. "Are you blind or deaf? She is no longer a young lady. Tell her to get lost! I don't want to see her ever again!"

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 52**

### **Chapter 52 A Magnificent Beauty**

The bodyguard immediately bowed and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Taylor. It was my mistake!"

"Get her out of there!" Dan barked impatiently.

"Yes, Mr. Taylor!" The bodyguard gestured for Isabel to leave. "Please leave right now, Miss Isabel!"

Isabel stood there in shock. She widened her eyes in disbelief as she questioned Dan.

"Dan, have you gone mad? If I don't belong in this family, then which family do I belong to? Also, are you trying to chase me away? How can you chase me away? This is my home!"

“How can I?” Dan sneered. “Because the accident back then was orchestrated by Bryan Xavier! Bryan Xavier is now my enemy, and you have his blood flowing in you! You’re a rotten child that’s the product of Bryan Xavier scheming against my father! You shouldn’t even have been born! Chasing you away is the least of what I could do to you. If it weren’t for the fact that you’re still half-related to me, I would’ve strangled you to death myself!”

Isabel was now petrified, and all the color drained from her face. She vehemently shook her head, saying, “No! That’s impossible! Dan, what kind of a joke is that? My grandfather saved your life! What do you mean that it was orchestrated? What schemes? Dan, are you insane?”

Dan was in no mood to continue dealing with her. He yelled his commands at the bodyguard. “What are you all waiting for? Get her out of here!”

Out of the three Taylor siblings, only Sam had a more agreeable personality. Both Dan and Isabel were hot-headed and quick-tempered. It was obvious that Dan was in a foul mood, and none of the bodyguards dared to disobey his orders. They immediately stepped forward, grabbed Isabel by the shoulders, and herded her out.

Isabel felt like she was going crazy. She shook her head with all her might and began to plead loudly, “Dan, what’s the matter with you? Dan, it’s me, Isabel! I’m your sister! How can you treat me like this? Let go of me! Let go! You bunch of worthless dogs! Did you hear what I said? If Father finds out that you’ve treated me this way, he will definitely break all your legs! Let go of me, let go!”

However, the bodyguards ignored her protests and shoved her out to the main gates of Taylor Residence. After pushing her to the ground, they turned around and headed back in.

The gates closed behind her. However, Isabel crawled up from the ground and limped her way to the gates. She began screaming at the top of her lungs as she pounded the gates as hard as she could.

Two bodyguards were positioned right at the entrance, but no matter how violently Isabel slammed the gates as she commanded the bodyguards to open them up, they merely stood there in silence and ignored her.

She kept banging on the gates as she cried out for her father and her brother. No one paid her any attention. After half an hour, she no longer had any strength left and her voice had turned hoarse. She fell into a heap on the ground as she continued crying.

Isabel could not understand why things had turned out this way.

All of a sudden, her world had just come crashing down. Her mother was currently detained at the detention center, and the lawyers said that her mother would face at least three years of jail time.

Her father and brother had always been invincible, but they still could not get her mother out despite their fervent attempts to find a solution.

In fact, Isabel had even heard that Madeline Taylor was the reason why her mother got in trouble.

Believing that she could blackmail Madeline into letting her mother go free, Isabel had rushed back to get a few things before heading out to meet Madeline. However, before she could leave the house, her father and brother came home.

She thought that they would bring back good news, but instead, they brought back news that shattered her world!

Dan said that it was her grandfather who orchestrated the accident that happened to him. Her grandfather was not Dan's savior, but his enemy. This was why her father did not want her anymore. Even Dan looked at her like she was his enemy as well, and she had been chased out of the Taylor Residence.

Isabel was terrified.

Were her father and brother just caught up in the heat of the moment, or did they really mean it? What if they didn't recognize her as part of the family anymore? What would happen to her? She was the Taylor family's daughter! She was her father's daughter and her brother's sister! How could they treat her like this?

Even though she wept until her voice started cracking, still no one came looking for her.

Isabel was stricken with fear. She had never felt so frightened before. Suddenly, she remembered her mother.

That's right! Mother!

Her mother was the one who loved her the most in this entire world! The most important thing now was to get her mother out of the detention center. As long as her mother did not get in trouble, then Isabel would have someone to rely on. Her mother would surely be able to help her get back into the family's good graces and remain a part of the Taylor family!

She wiped away her tears and took out her cell phone to call Madeline.

Meanwhile, at Rabbit's Den.

Just as Madeline took her seat opposite Michael and Jonathan, her phone started ringing. She was amused when she saw who was calling her. It was indeed a busy day for her phone today, as nearly every member of the Taylor family had called.

She apologized to Michael and Jonathan before getting up and answering her phone.

“Madeline Taylor, where are you? I want to see you!” Isabel’s tone was vicious.

“Must I see you just because you want to?” Madeline snorted. “I’m afraid not. Even though you wish to see me, I don’t want to see you. As for where I am now? I’m not telling you!”

Isabel was trembling with anger. “Madeline Taylor, don’t you get cocky! Do you think that just because you bagged a rich man, you’re going to become someone important? Stop dreaming! Madeline Taylor, a b\*tch is a b\*tch! I have a lot of information on you that you wouldn’t dare let anyone else get their hands on. If you know what’s good for you, then hurry up and withdraw the charges against my mother and get the police to release her. Or else, I’m going to show this to the sucker who’s fallen for you! Let’s see if he would still want you!”

After hearing how Isabel cursed at her, Madeline was itching for a fight as well.

Previously, she was wary of Dan and could only hold herself back whenever she wanted to lay her hands on Isabel. But now, she no longer needed to hold back. Since Isabel herself was asking for it, then Madeline would use this opportunity to teach her a lesson!

“Fine, come here!” Madeline told Isabel where she was and hung up.

She joined Michael and Jonathan once more and politely apologized, “I’m sorry to have kept you both waiting.”

“No worries, we’re the ones who’ve interrupted you...” Jonathan got up from his chair. “Please take a seat.”

Jonathan only took his seat once Madeline sat down.

Michael stared at Madeline for a long time without speaking. Madeline was beautiful, but that word did not even begin to describe her. She was a magnificent beauty, like the ones who inspired the creation of countless artworks and poetry throughout history.

His wife had also been such a beauty, and she had been nicknamed the most beautiful woman in all of Worrick.

Cameron and his wife were half-sisters, so they did have some likeness in their features. However, Cameron could not hold a candle to his wife at all. When they stood

together, her wife's captivating beauty would make Cameron look like a maidservant in comparison.

In the past, whenever he saw Madeline, Michael would think that she was Cameron's daughter and did not give her a second look. But if he had bothered to pay more attention to Madeline, he would have felt suspicious about it earlier.

There was no way that a woman like Cameron could give birth to a daughter as stunningly beautiful as Madeline.

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 53**

### **Chapter 53 Stunned**

If Michael had paid more attention to Madeline, he might have realized that she looked quite like a younger version of his mother.

As such, he would've realized Madeline was actually his and Crystal's daughter.

Unfortunately...

Upon recalling Madeline's life growing up and the way she was treated by the Taylor family, Michael felt his heart clench, and a lump formed in his throat.

"Maddie..." he hesitantly said, trying his best to smile at Madeline. "Please, allow me to call you that."

"Sure," Madeline replied, feeling nervous about how polite Michael was. "Mr. Wendel, feel free to do so."

"You don't have to call me that. Just call me..." Michael was stumped.

What should she refer to him as?

He was almost one-hundred-percent sure Madeline Taylor was his daughter.

But the most persuasive piece of evidence was still missing—the Certificate of Paternity.

One shouldn't acknowledge someone as a parent so casually.

He currently had no right to ask her to refer to him as 'Father'.

That thought made him quite distressed.



Michael had to change the topic. "Maddie, do you know about... your family?"

"Yes," Madeline answered with a nod. "If by that you mean you are possibly my father, and your wife is possibly my mother. I know of it."

"Do you mind if the family doctor takes some of your blood to be sent for a paternity test?" For some reason, he suddenly felt anxious.

"I don't mind," she solemnly said as her eyes remained trained on Michael. "If you really are my father, and your wife is my mother, I would be ecstatic. People used to jeer and gossip about Quincy and Joel because of who I am. If you and your wife are their grandparents, they wouldn't be looked down on for having a mother who was born out of wedlock. That would make me incredibly happy."

"Quincy and Joel..." Michael's mind wandered.

He knew of those two kids.

To save Sam, the Taylor Family had forced Madeline to go through IVF and bear test-tube babies.

When his wife told him about the pregnancy, he didn't think too much about it.

But now that he was reminded of the children, his heart throbbed with pain.

His daughter wasn't even twenty years old when she gave birth to the twins.

She was still a child!

As a matter of fact, Isabel was Sam's sister, but the Taylors couldn't bear to let Isabel have children while she was still unmarried. Hence, they pushed Madeline into having test-tube babies, so that they could harvest the cord blood and save Sam.

Back then, he felt nothing since it wasn't any of his business.

He even thought that it was Madeline's duty since she owed Dan her life, and the Taylors had raised her.

But now that he knew she was highly likely his daughter, the circumstances of her pregnancy pained him so very much.

This girl was quite possibly his flesh and blood.

She was a beloved daughter of the Wendel Family.

However, because of his carelessness and incompetence, someone took her away, after which, she was left alone in the world, dependent on strangers, and tormented by life.

“I’m sorry.” He felt as though he had been stabbed in the heart, and he teared up. “I’m so useless. I didn’t perform my duty as your father and allowed that evil woman to take you when you were so young...”

“We’re not sure yet.” Madeline smiled. “It’s a little too early to be apologizing when the paternity test hasn’t been done.”

“Let’s get the blood to the labs for testing first,” she said, stretching out her arm. “We can talk once the results are out.”

Nothing was impossible in this world.

Everyone thought she was the daughter of Michael Wendel and Crystal Taylor, but what if she wasn’t?

What if someone messed up, and this was just a mistake?

It was better to wait for concrete evidence before talking to each other.

After all, it would be so very awkward if everyone were wrong, and the paternity test revealed that she wasn’t Michael and Crystal’s daughter.

Michael understood what she meant by that. “You’re right!” he agreed. “Let’s get the blood tested first. We’ll talk in further detail once the results are out.”

He adamantly believed Madeline was his and Crystal’s daughter, but he needed the results of the paternity test. It would be strong and undeniable evidence, and by then, Madeline could properly return to her rightful family.

At this moment, Jonathan stood up and called for the family doctor.

The doctor drew Michael’s and Madeline’s blood.

The tubes of blood were placed in a cooler box.

Then, the doctor left along with Jonathan and the bodyguards.

The best paternity testing center in Dusktown was already notified by the time the group was on their way.

To ensure the authenticity of the test results and to prevent other people from messing with the results, Michael had his son, Jonathan, and a few of Michael's men personally watch the testing process.

Madeline's mind was filled with thoughts of her twins. She didn't think there was anything Michael and she needed to talk about before the results were out.

She wanted to leave very badly. She wanted to return to Hart Residence and look after her children.

But she was the host here, and Michael was the guest. It would be rude of her to shoo him off when he had yet to show any intent to leave.

Meanwhile, Michael studied Madeline. The longer he looked at her, the more beautiful and refined she seemed to him, and the more he liked her.

He was about to say something to better know her and her children when the door was violently slammed open.

There was a loud bang as the door crashed into the wall.

Isabel was on the warpath as she marched toward Madeline and raised her hand to slap Madeline.

Just as Michael thought to stop Isabel, Madeline grabbed Isabel by the wrist and threw Isabel over her shoulder. Isabel then crashed to the ground.

But that wasn't all.

Madeline then stepped on Isabel's chest, leaned down, and loudly slapped Isabel without even removing her foot. "This slap is for Quincy!"

Madeline slapped Isabel hard once more.

"This is for Joel!"

Then, there was another loud slap.

"This is for me!"

Madeline had been practicing martial arts for nearly ten years. Hence, her slaps were so strong that it made the other person think they were being slapped by something metal instead.

The slaps left Isabel shrieking with pain. Blood dripped from her lips and nostrils.

Isabel saw stars but did her best to glare at Madeline with disbelief. Her voice trembled with rage as she shouted, “You hit me? Madeline, have you forgotten your place? How dare you hit me? ”

“Mind your manners!” snapped Michael, the man who always looked so kind and warm. There was an icy cold expression on his handsome and noble face.

He looked down and disdainfully said to Isabel, “Maddie could possibly be my and Crystal’s daughter! From now on, I will pull out the teeth of anyone who has the gall to insult her!”

Isabel was stunned.

What did her uncle say?

Madeline was his daughter?

No, no, no!

It was impossible!

What was going on today?

Was the world going to end?

Was she still asleep, and this was all a nightmare?

First, her grandfather went from being her brother’s savior to an enemy. Then, her father and brother kicked her out of the family.

Now, her uncle was saying Madeline might very well be his daughter!

No.

This was impossible!

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 54**

Chapter 54 How is He Going to Handle This?

“You got it wrong, Uncle Michael! You must have gotten it wrong!” Isabel wailed in terror. “Madeline is that b\*tch, Cameron’s daughter! Did you forget about that? Madeline’s blood consists of Cameron’s dirty blood, so she can’t be a good person! She—Mmm!”

Before Isabel could finish her words, Michael pressed the cold sole of his shoe against her mouth.

He stomped on her mouth, and his gold-rimmed glasses glinted as he glared at her icily. "I told you that I'd pluck your teeth out if you utter a single bad thing about Madeline."

Michael heartlessly pressed his foot against Isabel's mouth before moving around in a circular motion. She let out a wail of agony as she tried to get away from him. Michael had never been one to hit women, but things were different today! He knew what Madeline's life used to be like in the Taylor Family. Furthermore, he knew that Phoebe and Isabel were the two people who were the worst to Madeline.

While Sam was studying overseas, there wasn't a single person in the Taylor Family who was good to Madeline. Phoebe and Isabel had even given Madeline all sorts of injuries by hitting her. Crystal was Cameron's arch-enemy, yet even she couldn't bear to see Isabel and Phoebe torturing Madeline. In the past, Crystal had once told Michael about how Isabel and Phoebe were abusing a child who was just a little older than ten. Back then, Madeline was still living with the Taylor Family, so Michael and Crystal didn't do anything as they didn't want to get involved.

However, when Michael recalled what Crystal told him in the past, and when he thought about how Phoebe and Isabel had abused Madeline, he felt a burning rage in his chest that only seemed to grow by the second. His whole body felt like it was on fire now. My daughter! Me and my wife's only daughter.

Madeline was supposed to live the luxurious life of a princess if she had stayed with Michael in the past. He and his wife would have pampered and spoiled her, and she would have grown up without any of these troubles. However, the reality was that he had lost his daughter!

This ended up with Madeline being abandoned, trampled on, tortured... This was his greatest failure in life—it was the one thing he couldn't forgive himself for. It hurt him until now!

He took all of the hatred and anger he felt and channeled it toward the bottom of his foot. He stepped on Isabel so fiercely that blood splattered all over the place as she screamed like a dying animal. As Isabel continued to thrash around, the sling bag that had been hanging from her shoulders was flung aside. A pile of pictures fell out of the bag and onto the floor. When Michael took a glance at the pictures, he seemed to stop breathing for a moment. Then, he lifted his foot off of Isabel before walking over to the pictures.

When he bent down to pick the pictures up, every image he saw only made his heart ache more than ever. These were all pictures of Madeline. They were pictures of

Madeline being whipped, being cornered by a few people, being punched and kicked... There were even pictures of her lying on a bench, where her entire back was filled with blood...

Michael's heart couldn't handle the sight of these images, and he felt his vision turn black for a moment as it got harder for him to breathe. If Madeline is really my daughter... She's really my daughter... How am I supposed to handle all of this?

He tightened his grip around the pictures as he pointed at Isabel. "You... You guys..." How could you guys do this to her? Even if her mother is really Cameron, and even if her mother was an illegitimate daughter, what has that got to do with her? How could you guys do such a thing? Michael felt like there was an icy hand squeezing his heart. His face turned pale as he breathed laboriously.

Madeline bent down and picked up all the pictures before she walked to Michael and took the pictures from him. She gazed at it for a moment before laughing. "Were you planning to use these to threaten me so that I'd save your mother?" she asked Isabel.

Isabel crawled up from the ground with a hand over her mouth. She was in too much pain to speak. "Sorry if I'm a little direct," Madeline continued with a smile. "Seeing these things will only make me hate you even more. It makes me wish that your mother will be in jail for a few more years. Isn't it hilarious that you would use these pictures to threaten me?"

"You... Aren't you afraid that Sebastian might see these pictures?" Isabel spoke in a muffled voice. "Sebastian is the Young Master of the Hart Family—he's handsome, classy, and refined. What about you? You're worse than a maid! You're a dirty woman, and you have no right to be with Sebastian! When he sees how horrible your life used to be, he will definitely hate you and find you disgusting! You... you don't even have the right to know him! As long as you save my mother, I'll help you keep this a secret. Otherwise, I'll—"

"Shut up!" Michael interrupted her angrily. "Madeline is my daughter and the young lady of the Wendel Family. She has the right to be with anyone she wants!"

"No! That's impossible!" Isabel refused to believe this. She wailed at him, "There must have been a mistake! Someone nasty like Isabel can't possibly be—Ah!"

Before she finished her sentence, Michael gave her another kick. Then, he went forward and pressed his shoe against her chest before glaring at her with a deadly look in his eyes. "If you talk bad about Madeline again, I'll pluck out all your teeth!"

Isabel grabbed onto the man's ankle as she cried. "I'm Isabel, Uncle Michael! You can't do this to me! Aunt Crystal loves me the most! She's going to be mad if she finds out what you did to me!" Everyone around Michael knew that he loved his wife more than his own life. Apart from Crystal's own daughters, Crystal was the fondest of Isabel and

her brothers. How dare Michael treat Isabel that way? Wasn't he afraid that Crystal would get mad?

When he heard his wife's name, Michael felt dizzy once more. Crystal had a bad heart, and the doctors said that she had to take care of herself and avoid getting emotional. However, what would trigger more emotions than the fact that the daughter they had been caring for wasn't their biological daughter? What would she feel when she found out that her biological daughter had been left out there to be tortured by others?

If Crystal knew about it, and if she knew about what Madeline went through, would she be able to handle it? Isabel thought that she had managed to convince her uncle when she saw him keeping quiet for a while.

This gave her more courage to push Michael away before getting onto her feet with the help of the wall beside her. "If you do anything bad to me, Aunt Crystal will definitely start an argument with you! Uncle Michael, please get my mom out of there. I'll keep this a secret..." Her eyes lit up as she continued speaking. "Yes! That's it! As long as you save my mother, I'll definitely keep this a secret and never tell Aunt Crystal about it!"

Michael didn't feel like speaking to someone as dumb as Isabel. He raised his voice to call one of his bodyguards. "Send her to the Taylor Family and bring her to Nigel. Tell him to keep an eye on this idiot so that she stops coming out to embarrass herself!"

His bodyguard bowed and proceeded to follow his orders. He ignored Isabel's protests as he grabbed her arms and pinned them behind her before pushing her out of the room.

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 55**

### **Chapter 55 Responsible**

Isabel's crying and cursing grew distant after they shut the door. Moments later, Madeline flashed a smile at Michael. "I'll head home now if there's nothing else you need from me, Mr. Wendel. Joel and Quincy are waiting for me to head home, and they're probably getting impatient," she said.

"Alright." Michael tried his best to suppress all his emotions as he spoke in a gentle voice. "I'll contact you once the DNA test results are out."

"Sure..." Madeline nodded. "I'll see you around." She bowed to him before leaving the room. Michael sent her out and watched as she got in the car. He stayed by the side of the road and gazed as she left the building. Madeline, too, turned around to look at him as the car drove off. She only turned to face forward after Michael's figure grew too far

away to be seen. At that moment, the word 'father' popped up in her mind, repeating itself in her head. Father... Mother... Brother...

If she was really Michael's daughter, it meant that she would have a father, a mother, four brothers, a grandfather, a grandmother, uncles, aunts, cousins, and countless other relatives. She would no longer be the person who was chased out of her home. She would no longer be the girl with the blood of an illegitimate mother or the girl who was looked down upon by others. She would be an actual, proper daughter of a family. Joel and Quincy would no longer have to be regarded with disdain because of her reputation from birth. At that thought, she felt her blood boiling with excitement.

Apart from the day she gave birth to Joel and Quincy, this was probably the luckiest day of her life... She had to thank Sebastian for it. If he hadn't found the truth about her birth parents, perhaps she would've been regarded as the daughter of an illegitimate daughter for the rest of her life... Sebastian was her benefactor and her savior. I'll have to thank him properly when I get the chance to do so! As these thoughts ran through her mind, she eventually arrived at the Hart Residence. The car drove directly into the front porch, and she opened her car door the moment the car stopped. Before she got out of the car, she could already hear her sons' lighthearted laugh.

Her lips curled into a smile as she thanked the bodyguard who escorted her out. Then, she headed directly toward her precious sons, who were playing around with a dog in the yard. It was a tiny white puppy.

"Mommy!" Joel's eyes lit up the moment he saw Madeline. He had been squatting down and playing with the dog, but he immediately charged toward Madeline when he saw her. After jumping into her arms, he began to act cute as he clung to her waist. "Why did you take so long, Mommy? I missed you so much!"

"Did you?" Madeline scraped the tip of his nose playfully. "Aren't you having a lot of fun?"

"I did!" Joel wriggled around in her arms. "I missed you so much that I nearly cried! Then, Grandpa got someone to send a dog over when he saw me being sad. Grandpa's so nice!"

"Oh... I see..." Madeline pinched his cheeks amusedly. "So, it's good enough to have a dog around if Mommy's not here, right?"

"No!" Joel shook his head as he held one finger up to her. "This puppy is only fun for a while! If you were to come home any later, I would still end up crying because I miss you!"

"Are you proud to be crying? You sure seem proud of announcing it!" Quincy walked over with a disdainful look. "You're a man! You should bleed more than you cry!"



“But I’m not a man!” Joel widened his eyes in an adorable manner. “I’m just a small boy!” Quincy was genuinely amused by his younger brother right then. Why is he so cute? His lashes are longer than a girl’s lashes, and his large eyes are bright and watery... He looks cuter than a Barbie doll. Hmm... But Barbie dolls are girls! Well, that doesn’t matter. Even girls aren’t as cute as my brother is!

“Fine,” Quincy mumbled softly. “I’ll let you be the small boy, and I’ll be the man!” Philip laughed out loud as he was amused by the two boys’ conversation. He walked over and ruffled their hair while chuckling. “You’re back. Did you manage to settle everything?” Philip asked Madeline.

“I did.” Madeline nodded at him. “Thank you for looking after the boys, Mr. Hart. I hope it wasn’t too much to ask for.”

“I don’t like it when you talk to me like that!” Philip’s expression hardened. “Joel and Quincy are my grandsons, and it’s one of the greatest joys in my life to be spending time with them. How could it be too much to ask for? Also, stop addressing me in such a formal tone. You’re a married woman—why aren’t you changing the way you address me?”

She was speechless for a moment. This old man sure is... a straightforward guy. She parted her lips a few times without finding the right words to say, as it was simply too sudden... Furthermore, she had only gotten the marriage certificate with Sebastian because she wanted to give her kids a complete family. She didn’t actually see herself as Sebastian’s wife. Was it really necessary to start calling Philip her ‘Dad’?

“Dad, you’re always causing trouble!” Sebastian appeared out of nowhere and stepped forward from behind Philip. He had his hands stuck into his pockets as he gazed at Madeline before smiling. “Do you expect Madeline to change the way she addresses you just like that? Aren’t you ashamed to tell her to change the way she addresses you without giving her some fees in return?”

“...Fees?” Philip was confused.

“Oh, I know!” Joel held up his fair and tiny arm as he jumped around. “This is when the parents have to give their daughter-in-law two large red packets so that their daughter-in-law will start addressing them as her parents. The emcee would usually tell the bride to speak up a little louder when she first calls her in-laws during the wedding!”

Madeline stared at her precious son speechlessly. “Joel, where did you hear of all this nonsense?”

“Is it nonsense?” Joel widened his eyes. “I saw it on TV. It’s nice! It’s not nonsense... Mommy, are you about to become a bride?”

Madeline didn't know what to say. "Oh, I know now!" Philip reached for his two grandkids' hands before he glanced at Sebastian and Madeline. "Come on. Follow me." Since Philip had spoken, they had no choice but to follow him to the hall. Once they were there, Philip got Sebastian and Madeline to wait at the hall as he brought the kids upstairs. Moments later, Philip came back down with a traditional-looking wooden box.

Quincy tagged along closely behind the old man while Joel clung to the old man's arm as he spoke in his cute and innocent voice. "Watch out for the stairs, Grandpa. Don't fall down!" Philip was pleased with his grandson's words, and he chuckled as he spoke. "What a good boy!"

When Sebastian saw how happy his father was, he felt a surge of gratitude for his sons. Mhmm. Even though I wasn't the one who gave birth to them, they still have parts of me in them. Therefore, I'll take responsibility for them. I'll always be responsible for them!

Philip brought the wooden box over to where Sebastian and Madeline were sitting, and he opened the box before pushing it to Madeline. The item inside was one that was filled with memories of the past. "Here's something from me and Sebastian's mother, Madeline. This will serve as the fees for you to change the way you address us!"

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 56**

### **Chapter 56 Candies and Roasted Sweet Potatoes**

When Madeline saw what was in the wooden box, she was shocked for a moment. The box consisted of all sorts of jewelry that looked like it was worth a fortune. "This is too much. I can't take it." She waved her hands in rejection.

Philip glared at her. "This was Sebastian's mother's dowry, and she had left it behind for her future daughter-in-law. This belongs to my grandchildren's mother. If you don't want it, who should I give it to?"

Joel immediately widened his eyes before walking over to Madeline and tugging on her sleeve. "You want it, Mommy. Once you take it, you'll be Grandpa's daughter-in-law. Then, we will all be one huge family!" Madeline stared at her son speechlessly. These pieces of jewelry are too expensive... I'll feel guilty if I take them. Furthermore, I'm not actually in love with Sebastian. We only got the wedding certificate for the sake of the kids. If he ever finds a woman he loves, he's going to break up with me. I can't take this.

"Mommy... Mommy... Take it, Mommy. I want Grandpa and Daddy to be a part of our family!" Joel tugged on Madeline's sleeve as he begged her tearfully. Madeline finally gave in when she saw the young boy's large, teary eyes. Forget it. I'll take it, for now, just to calm my son down. If Sebastian really meets his loved one in the future, I'll just pass these things to that woman. It's not like I'd keep it as mine forever. I'll have to play

along with the show for now, but I'll just think of it as me taking care of these items for now. When I divorce Sebastian in the future, I'll just return these to Philip.

Upon taking a deep breath, she took the wooden box and stood up before bowing to Philip. "Thank you... Dad!"

"Great! Great!" Philip let out a hearty laugh as he held both of his grandchildren in his arms. "Come on, Joel and Quincy, let's go to the kitchen to see what's for dinner today!"

"Yeah!" Joel cheered. "I love good food!" The three of them headed to the kitchen happily. As Sebastian looked at the way his father walked off, he thought that his father looked at least ten years younger—the old man's footsteps seemed so much lighter. Moments later, Sebastian shifted his gaze back to Madeline. "Thank you."

She was stunned by his sudden show of gratitude. I just took all of this jewelry for free, and I haven't even thanked him yet. Why is he thanking me? Is there a misunderstanding somewhere here? Sebastian beamed when he saw the dazed look on her face. "Ever since my mother passed away, I've never seen my dad this happy." He held his teacup toward Madeline. "I'll drink this in place of alcohol. Thank you for raising Joel and Quincy to be such amazing children... It must have been hard."

"No..." Madeline shook her head. "As I said, I wouldn't be the person I was if it weren't for Joel and Quincy. They are the ones who saved me. Having them as my sons is the luckiest thing I've ever experienced, so I never found it hard to care for them."

"You just have a really good attitude toward things," Sebastian commented. "I only have a vague idea of how much you've suffered, but I'll make sure that it never happens again. In the future, I'll take up all the responsibilities of a husband and a father, and I'll take good care of you and the kids. I'll make up for all the things I couldn't give you in the past."

"There's no need for that!" She shook her head hastily. "The fact that you're willing to get married to me, and the fact that you're willing to give Joel and Quincy a proper family and a legal status, is more than I could ever ask for. I can deal with the rest on my own... If you ever find a woman you love, I'll make sure to tell Joel and Quincy that we broke up in peace, so that they'll continue to love you as their father." She was genuinely thankful to Sebastian.

She was thankful that he had found the secret about her background. She was thankful that he was willing to marry her and to give her kids a legal title. Regardless of why Sebastian was doing so much for her, it was a fact that she, Joel, and Quincy had benefited a lot from it. She wasn't going to forget Sebastian's kindness. She was reminded of what she thought about on the way back earlier—she knew that she had to repay him someday!

Sebastian narrowed his eyes as he gazed at the woman in front of him. She sure is an interesting individual. I've met tons of women who circled around me in hopes of being my wife. But this woman, who is already Mrs. Hart, is saying that she will step back if I find someone else that I like. Doesn't she want to continue being Mrs. Hart?

Right then, Sebastian felt the urge to check his reflection in the mirror. Do I look worse than usual, or is this girl's eyesight just bad? Hmm... Her eyesight might be bad, but she sure has gorgeous eyes. Her slightly watery eyes are filled with life... The more I look at her, the more I feel like my soul is about to be sucked into her gaze. Her eyes are too mesmerizing. I can't believe the Taylors could bear to torture someone as pretty and gorgeous as Madeline. Perhaps they're blind, or perhaps they're heartless creatures. Either way, they're still bad people!

Madeline felt uncomfortable under Sebastian's scrutiny, so she stood up. "Is there anything else you need? Otherwise, I'll go check on Joel and Quincy."

"Yeah, there's something else." Sebastian stood up as he responded to her. "Get Joel and Quincy to come here. I'll pass a few men to you guys."

What? Madeline was confused. She was just about to ask if she had misheard him when he walked out of the house. She already had her mouth open to speak, but she shut it again after he walked off. Forget it. I'll go look for my kids first. After calling her sons to the hall, she found a row of four young and handsome men standing by the stairs. When she and her sons walked out, the four men bowed to them respectfully. "It's nice to meet you, Mrs. Hart, Young Master Quincy, and Young Master Joel."

Madeline was still confused. She tilted her head to the side and glanced at Sebastian. "These are the bodyguards I hired for you and the boys. From left to right, they are Emory, Leonard, Fred, and Simon. If you find it hard to remember their names, you can remember the acronym, ELFS."

Madeline was still speechless. "From now on, Emory and Leonard will be in charge of taking care of you, while Fred will take care of Quincy and Simon will take care of Joel. They have their own teams, so you can always ask them for help if you need anything."

Joel gazed at Sebastian. "Can I tell them to go out and buy candies for me?"

Both Sebastian and Madeline were silent for a moment. "...Sure!" Sebastian replied.

"Great!" Joel's short, chubby legs carried him down the stairs and over to Simon's side. He held the bodyguard's hand. "Can you buy some roasted sweet potatoes for me too?"

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 57**

“...Sure,” Simon muttered.

“Woah!” Joel looked up at Simon once more. “You’re so nice, Mr. Simon!”

Sebastian was speechless. I’m the one who hired these men! Why isn’t Joel thanking me? Sebastian coughed. “You need money to buy stuff, Joel,” he uttered.

“I have money! I have tons of money!” Joel raised up his little hand to show the watch on his wrist. “I have a lot of money, so I can buy a lot of candies and roasted sweet potatoes. I can also buy chips, coke, fried chicken, and all sorts of other yummy stuff!”

“It’s fine.” Philip was standing by the stairs with his back straightened to appear especially elegant and powerful. “Your father has already paid them, so they will only take money from your father whenever you need them to buy stuff. ”

“Oh...” Joel turned to look at his grandfather with his eyes wide and bright. “That’s wonderful! You’re so amazing, Dad!” Both Philip and Sebastian were pleased and satisfied with Joel’s response. Madeline, on the other hand, was still watching them speechlessly. Is it my turn to say a word or two now? “Thank you for your kind intentions, but I don’t think this is necessary,” she said.

Sebastian turned to look at her. “I know you’re an independent woman who’s used to doing things on your own, but things are different now. You aren’t just Madeline Taylor; you’re also Mrs. Hart, so you need to get used to this change in role. This role may give you certain benefits, but it also comes with some issues. For example, my father has his enemies in the political circle, and I have opponents in the business industry. There will be bad people, and they aren’t always going to come at us directly. Some of them may play sneaky tricks, and they may use our family to threaten us. In the past, my father and I used to be each other’s weaknesses. But now, you, Joel, Quincy, and my father are all my weaknesses...”

Sebastian gazed at Madeline. “Do you understand what I mean?” We are all his weaknesses... This is such a simple sentence, yet it makes my heart race just thinking about it. We’re his weaknesses only because he cares about us. If Joel, Quincy and I are Sebastian and Philip’s weaknesses, this means that... they truly care about us. When Sebastian phrases it that way, it really feels like we’re one big family. We’re a family who is bonded through thick and thin...

She clenched her fists as she nodded. “I understand now.”

“And the men?” Sebastian asked.

“I’ll take them,” she replied. She understood the situation, and she took the men, but she still felt rather insecure. She felt... She didn’t know how to explain what she felt.

When she was with the Taylor Family, she had always been the one giving and contributing to the family. She was used to it. But now, she was with people who didn't need anything from her. On the contrary, they kept stuffing things into her arms, and they were consistently showering her with love and care. She was surprised by the sudden show of love, and it made her rather afraid. She didn't know how she was going to repay them. Sebastian had simply given her too much. What could she offer in return?

Right as she was contemplating all these matters, Emory and the other three men bowed at her and her sons once more. "All four of us swear upon our lives to stay loyal to Mrs. Hart, Young Master Quincy, and Young Master Joel. We will fulfill our duties and follow all orders, and we will only stop when we're dead. The skies will not forgive us if we go against our word."

Madeline was speechless once more. That was really formal! She walked down the stairs as she addressed the four men who were kneeling on one knee. "Please stand up."

The four of them stood up in a synchronized manner. Even though there were only four of them, their aura was powerful—it was evident that they had gone through intensive training. Stars formed in Joel's eyes when he looked at the four tall men. "You guys are so cool!" Joel turned to look at Madeline. "Mommy, are Mr. Simon and the rest of them going to be like the bodyguards surrounding my uncles? Will Mr. Simon and the rest of them stay with us every day?"

"Yes," Madeline replied while stroking her son's face.

"Great! I love it!" Joel clapped his hands excitedly. "I love it when there are a lot of people. That makes everything more fun!"

"What's good about there being a lot of people around?" Quincy frowned. "Just your presence is enough to bother me. Things will get noisier if there are more people around!"

"That won't happen, Young Master Quincy." Fred bent down to speak to the boy. "We'll only talk when you need us to talk, and we'll keep quiet when you want us to be quiet. We won't disturb you."

Quincy gave his bodyguard the side-eye. "I'm not telling you to speak, but you're still talking now, aren't you?" Fred was speechless for a moment. "My apologies," Fred finally uttered as he got to his knees.

"I didn't tell you to kneel, so why are you kneeling?" Quincy frowned. Life is tough! Fred thought to himself. Right then, Joel hopped over happily as he tugged Fred's arm to get Fred to stand up. "My brother's just joking, Mr. Fred. My brother makes the best jokes!"

Fred didn't know what to say. I must be too insensitive to notice that it was a joke! Sebastian smiled as he patted Quincy on the head. "Alright, let's stop fooling around with these men, Quincy. They're scaredy-cats, so they get frightened really easily."

"Yeah! Yeah!" Joel nodded earnestly. "I don't think Mr. Fred and the rest of them know you well enough, Quincy. They would get scared of you easily. We have to take some time to interact with them, and we can only joke with them when we're close enough. Now... Why don't we have dinner first? Food is the most important thing!"

Joel ran over to hold Quincy's hand. "Let's go, Quincy. Time for dinner. The rice is cooked! I can smell the scent from here! It smells so good."

"Do you have a dog's nose?" Quincy hissed.

"Dog? Oh yeah! Did our dog eat anything? I bet it's hungry," Joel muttered.

Quincy didn't know what to say, and Sebastian couldn't help but laugh. "Don't worry, Joel. You have an assistant now, right? You can get him to feed the dog."

"It's fine." Joel turned around to wave at his father. "We don't need Mr. Simon to feed the dog. I'll do it myself. It's adorable to watch dogs eating, and I love feeding them!"

"You idiot." Quincy grabbed the other boy's arm angrily. "Don't turn around and talk while you're walking. You'll fall! How many times do you need me to tell you this?"

"I won't!" Joel turned back to look at his brother with a sweet smile on his face. "You're the best, Quincy! I'd never fall as long as you're holding my hand!"

Quincy was speechless. Sigh. Joel's too good-looking—I can't even get mad whenever I look at him. My uncle was right, after all. It's all about the looks. Even though I don't like the way my uncle looks, I have to agree with what he said.

Both the brothers entered the hall hand-in-hand as Joel cried out in his cute voice, "Is dinner ready, Grandpa? Let's eat!"

Philip spoke in a booming voice. "Hey! Dinner's ready! Let's eat!"

Sebastian smiled upon hearing Philip. "My dad..." Sebastian paused for a moment as he glanced in Madeline's direction. "I mean our dad... It seems like our dad has a really good appetite today."

Madeline didn't know what to say. She was using all her brain juice to come up with something when her phone started ringing.

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 58**

## Chapter 58 The Dove and the Magpie

Sam's name was written on her phone screen. Madeline let out a sigh of relief. Great. Now I don't have to think of what I have to say to Sebastian. "I'll pick a phone call up," she told Sebastian with a smile. He nodded.

"Hello? Sam?" Madeline placed the phone by her ear as she walked to a quieter spot.

"Madeline..." Sam started on the other end of the line before pausing for a long while.

Madeline noticed how he sounded rather odd. "Yes, Sam? Is anything the matter?"

"Um... I heard about your birth parents..." Sam muttered.

"Oh... That..." she muttered. "The DNA test results aren't out yet, so I'm not sure..." She kept telling herself the same thing. She didn't want to get excited over nothing. If things didn't turn out the way everyone expected them to, she would be extremely disappointed.

"Dan told me about most of what happened. If it's true..." Sam paused for a moment. "I'm sorry for all these years, Madeline..."

"It's no big deal..." Madeline smiled. "It was hard in the past, but now that everything is over, it all feels like a dream now that I look back at it. Once I got through it, it no longer seems that hard anymore..."

"Well, then... Angie..." Sam hesitated for a moment. "If you're really Aunt Crystal's daughter, and if Angie is Cameron's daughter... Have you thought about how you're going to interact with Angie?"

Madeline froze for a moment. "I haven't thought about this in the past... I'm not sure that I'm Mr. Wendel's daughter, anyway. So, I didn't put much thought into the future..."

"Maybe you should start thinking about it... Madeline, if you're really Uncle Michael and Aunt Crystal's daughter, would you agree to them treating both you and Angie as their daughters?"

Madeline frowned. "Why are you asking this question, Sam? Did one of them tell you to ask me about this?"

"N-No, Madeline. Don't misunderstand me. They weren't the ones who told me to ask you this..." Sam muttered.



“Who asked you to ask me, then? I know you well, Sam, and I know that you wouldn’t come up with this question on your own. This doesn’t sound like you at all,” Madeline uttered. Sam was a gentle and calm man who could contain his temper. He was the type to plan things out before taking action.

Since the DNA test results weren’t out yet, it was unlikely for Sam to ask her such questions. “It was Cedric who told me to ask about it. He’s too impatient,” Sam replied exasperatedly.

“Cedric?” Madeline was stunned. “Young Master Cedric?”

“If things are as they seem to be, then he’d be your brother,” Sam replied.

“So what?” Madeline scoffed. “The bonds built through time are firmer than the ones built through blood. Although I may be his sister, Angie was the one he grew up with. Relationships aren’t exactly formed through biological connections—they’re built through the accumulated time spent with one another. It seems like Cedric is already starting to get worried about Angie before the results even come out...”

Sam sighed as he knitted his brows together. “That’s not what Cedric meant, Madeline...”

“I don’t want to talk to you about this, Sam,” Madeline uttered. “I don’t want to think about it until the DNA test results are out. If the results come out to be something unexpected, all of this will turn into a joke... I’m sure you know what I mean, Sam.”

“Okay...” Sam sighed. “I know what you mean. You take care. Don’t think too much about it.”

“I got it, Sam,” Madeline replied. She responded with a few more words of care before ending the call. When Sam heard the dial tone on the other end of the line, Sam frowned as he felt a headache coming. He gave Cedric a call.

The phone only rang once before its owner picked it up. “How was it, Sam? Did she agree to it?” Cedric’s worried voice sounded in Sam’s ear.

“Madeline said that she doesn’t want to talk about this matter until the DNA test results are out,” Sam replied. “You’re too anxious, Cedric. It’s too early to talk about this. The DNA test results aren’t even out.” About ten minutes ago, Cedric had just told Sam the huge secret—that Madeline might be Crystal and Michael’s biological daughter. Since then, Cedric had been pestering him to give Madeline a call. Cedric wanted to know if Madeline was okay to have Angie living under the same roof. Sam felt like it was more appropriate to ask Madeline after the DNA report was out, but Cedric eventually convinced Sam to ask her immediately. In the end, Sam gave in and called Madeline to ask about it.

"It'd be too late if we wait for the DNA results to be out," Cedric uttered worriedly. "Sam, Jonathan says that someone like Madeline might not necessarily agree for Angie to stay with her. If that really happens, what's going to become of Angie? Are we going to chase her out? We watched Angie grow up. Even though she may not be my biological sister, we're talking about 20 years of living together. How could we end this relationship just like that?"

Sam frowned. "What do you think you can do, Cedric?"

"I was thinking..." Cedric bit his bottom lip. "I want to convince my parents to say that Angie and Madeline are actually twin sisters and that Madeline was stolen from the family at a young age. Then, my parents can claim that they thought she had passed away and that they recently found out that she was still alive..."

Sam sighed. "Do you think everyone's an idiot, Cedric? Your lie is full of loopholes. Who's going to believe it?"

"It doesn't matter whether others believe it or not!" Cedric uttered. "What matters is that others don't find out about the fact that Angie is Cameron's daughter. Cameron is the illegitimate child of the Taylor Family, and she has a horrible reputation. Angie's at the age where she should be getting married. If her birth parents are revealed now, how's she going to get married? Who would ever be willing to marry a woman like her? This affects her entire future!"

"Stop getting too hopeful about this, Cedric," Sam advised. "Based on my understanding of Aunt Crystal, I'm sure she won't agree to your idea. You know how much Aunt Crystal hates Cameron. In the past, if it weren't for Cameron and her mother's evil plan, my paternal—your maternal—grandmother wouldn't have died with regrets. Aunt Crystal hates Cameron too much. She wouldn't help her to take care of her daughter."

"But Angie is innocent!" Cedric protested. "Angie isn't Cameron's daughter—she's my parents' daughter! My parents watched her grow up. She's my sister!"

"She's not!" Even though Sam's voice wasn't loud, it sounded firm. "Cedric, have you heard about the fairytale of the dove overtaking the magpie's nest? The evil magpie intentionally killed the dove's offspring to get the dove to care for its offspring. When the dove found out about the truth, do you think it could continue caring for the magpie's offspring?"

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 59**

Chapter 59 Delusional

Cedric instinctively refuted Sam's words. "But Madeline isn't dead, is she?"

Sam was silent for a long while before he spoke up. "It's dangerous to think the way you do, Cedric."

"W-What?" Cedric could feel his scalp tingling in fear when he heard Sam's stern voice. "W-What do you mean, Sam?"

"The way that you considered this issue and the perspective you took sounds like something an evil, irrational b\*tch would say..." Sam uttered.

"Sam... I..." Cedric's throat was dry.

"I know you're close to Angie, and I understand how you may be biased toward her. But Cedric... Regardless, Madeline is still your sister and Aunt Crystal and Uncle Michael's daughter. You can be biased, but you need to know your limits. You may feel sorry for Angie, but don't you feel sorry for your mother as well? If your mother chose Madeline over Angie, are you going to pick a fight with her? Would you prefer to stab your mother in the heart one more time just to stand up for Angie?" Sam asked.

"No... That's not what I meant!" Cedric quickly denied it. Among all of Cedric's cousins and siblings, Sam was the second closest person to Cedric, falling behind Cedric's brother, Jonathan. Sam had always been the gentlest one among all of Cedric's other cousins, yet Sam was also the one who had the strongest aura. Everyone else was afraid to act rashly when they were in front of Sam.

"Sam... I just feel sorry for Angie..." Cedric muttered. "Up until now, Angie still thinks that she's my parents' biological daughter and my biological sister. She grew up in a comfortable environment, and she was a spoiled child from birth. If the public finds out that she isn't part of the Wendel Family and that she's the illegitimate child of Cameron, others are going to look down on her. Her marriage will be affected as well. My heart hurts whenever I think of this, Sam. All of us cherished and cared for Angie a lot as she was growing up. How could we bear to watch her suffer?"

"All you think about is Angie. But what about Madeline?" Sam asked. "If Cameron hadn't exchanged her daughter for someone else's, then Madeline would've been the sister that you guys cared for. Angie was lucky enough to live under the warm and loving roof of the Wendel Family for more than twenty years, but Madeline..." When Sam thought about all the abuse that Madeline had to go through, he no longer felt like talking.

Sam sighed. "Cedric, Angie's role as your parents' daughter comes before her role as your sister. You shouldn't meddle with this—let your parents handle it. You should just go along with whatever your parents say. They'd never bring harm to you guys."

"I'm sure my parents will listen to Madeline!" Cedric wailed. "Sam, when the DNA test results are out, can you please talk to Madeline about this? If she's truly my parents'

daughter, can you tell her to accept Angie and convince my parents to say that they are twins? All four of us would owe her one if she did that!"

Sam felt his head hurting when he realized that Cedric wasn't listening to his advice at all. "Cedric, is this what you want, or is this what all four of you guys want?"

"All four of us have agreed on this," Cedric replied.

"I got it. You can end the call now, and I'll call Jonathan and Joseph to ask them about this," Sam replied.

"Don't!" Cedric lost the confidence he had earlier. "It's my opinion for now, but all four of us have always shared the same mindset on things. My elder brothers might not have voiced out about this, but I'm sure they agree with what I say!"

Sam shook his head. "If you told Joseph what you just said, I'm sure the first thing he would do is to beat you up. Don't you agree?"

Cedric flinched before mumbling grumpily. "That's why I talked to you before talking to him! Just help me to talk to Madeline, Sam. I know she listens to whatever you say. You should convince her to let Angie live with her. There's no harm done to her, anyway. As long as you speak to her about it, I'm sure she'll listen to you."

"You're being delusional, Cedric!" No matter how patient Sam was, he still had his limits. "Listen to me, Cedric. You shouldn't stick your nose into this. Listen to your parents' instructions... You need to remember that your mother has a bad heart, Cedric. If you cause trouble and trigger her illness, you'll regret it if anything bad happens!" Sam warned.

"Why aren't you being more understanding, Sam?" Cedric was getting mad as well. "Madeline listens to you the most, and my parents value your opinion as well. As long as you're willing to step forward and voice out about this, I'm sure my parents will agree to tell the public that Angie and Madeline are twins. This will be good for both Angie and Madeline, so why don't you agree to my idea, Sam?"

"Because this is a lie that can be easily exposed. Only an idiot would believe it," Sam replied. "Also, based on Aunt Crystal's personality, once it's confirmed that Angie is Cameron's daughter, Aunt Crystal will definitely cut ties with Angie. She wouldn't allow Cameron's daughter to call her 'mom'. You should just give up on your idea!"

"It's all about putting in the effort to change things!" Cedric replied. "You know how much my mom loves Angie, Sam. Even if Angie is Cameron's daughter, my mom was still the one who brought her up. How could my mom bear to let her go? E-Even if my mom lost her temper and chased Angie out for a while, I'm sure my mom will give in if we speak up for Angie. She'll let Angie stay."

“Aunt Crystal despises Cameron, and she wants to chase Cameron’s daughter away, yet you insist on speaking up for Cameron’s daughter. Do you think that sounds like a good idea?” Sam frowned while asking. “Don’t you care whether your mother gets a heart attack? Are you sacrificing your mother’s life for the sake of your sister’s wellbeing, Cedric?”

“I told you—that’s not what I meant!” Cedric uttered anxiously. “How could I not care about my own mother’s life? My mother’s heart isn’t that weak—she just suffers from palpitations. She’s so fond of Angie. Even if she gets mad for a while and chases Angie away, she’d regret it and have a heart attack after she calms down! I’m preparing for the worst, and I’m trying to avoid all of this before it happens. I’m thinking on behalf of my mother too!”

Sam’s head pounded as he felt himself getting angry. He pinched the bridge of his nose as he spoke. “You can do whatever you want. I have some family matters, and I’m about to travel to Dusktown, so I don’t have time to continue talking to you. I’ve said what I needed to say. You’re a grown man now, so you should use your brain before taking action. Don’t regret your actions only after it’s too late! I’ll repeat myself again. You shouldn’t meddle with Angie and Madeline’s matters, and you should go according to your parents’ wishes. If you still regard me as your cousin, then you should listen to my advice. That’s all. Goodbye!”

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 60**

### **Chapter 60 Nothing at All**

He ended the call and massaged his temples before standing up and walking out of the study. His assistant cum bodyguard immediately greeted him. “The flight is ready, Young Master Sam.”

“Let’s go,” Sam uttered with a nod. Just moments before receiving Cedric’s call, he had received a call from Isabel. In the call, Isabel was sobbing uncontrollably. She told him that their father and brother had chased her out of the house. Sam was shocked to hear this—their father and Dan were the two people who were the fondest of Isabel. Sam suspected that there was something wrong with his hearing when he first heard that they had chased Isabel out.

Sam asked for a reason, but Isabel didn’t tell him anything. She simply cried and begged him to help her. He quickly comforted Isabel before ending the call and calling his father instead. However, his father wasn’t willing to explain anything in the call and insisted that they only talked after they met.

After that, Sam gave Dan a call. Dan was crying and cursing at the same time—it sounded like he was drunk. Something huge must have happened, Sam figured. Sam

was worried, so he quickly ordered his men to prepare a private jet. He had handed his orders to his staff and was just about to leave when Cedric called him. He already told Cedric whatever he wanted to say, so it was up to Cedric whether Cedric wanted to take Sam's advice. Crystal, Michael, Jonathan, and Joseph were all people who could handle their own issues, so Sam wasn't too worried. He decided that he had to check on his own family instead.

The trip from Worrick to Dusktown took about two hours by flight. Sam found his father in the study once he arrived at their pied-à-terre. Nigel wore a dejected look on his face. It had only been a few days since Sam last met Nigel, yet Nigel looked like he had aged 10 years. "What is it, Dad? Did something happen?" Sam was shocked.

Nigel was a famous figure in the business industry—he was known for his exemplary looks, figure, skills, and charisma. Sam had always perceived his father to be a calm and determined individual. He had never seen his father this dejected and helpless in the past. Nigel didn't say anything and simply passed the files on the table over to Sam. Sam hastily took the papers into his hands.

Upon reading the content of the paper, Sam finally understood what was going on. "That b\*tch!" Sam cursed as he flung the documents onto the table. No wonder my dad is in such a bad state. He must feel disgusted. They had all thought that Bryan was Dan's savior—that was why Nigel got married to the ugly and useless Phoebe. Nigel even had a daughter with Phoebe. In the end, all of it was just a scheme. Anyone in Nigel's position would have been just as disgusted.

Nigel let out a bitter laugh. "Cameron was right. All of the Taylors are idiots!" If the public knew about this matter, Nigel would be the largest joke of the century. He would be the largest idiot, and his sister and brother-in-law would take second place. They would no longer be able to stand tall in front of others.

"You shouldn't think about things that way, Dad. The ones who should feel guilty and embarrassed are Phoebe and Isabel. Both our family and my aunt's family are merely victims." Sam tried his best to comfort his father.

Nigel chuckled bitterly. "But people are going to laugh at us for being idiots!"

"We are just kind. We didn't expect someone to be as evil as them," Sam uttered as he gave his father's shoulder a squeeze. "Dad, kind people like us would definitely empathize with our situation. Only the evil ones would laugh at us for being dumb. We don't have to care about what evil people think."

Nigel gazed up at his eldest son before laughing and shaking his head. "Forget it... I'm fine. I need some time to process this, but I'll be fine in a few days... By the way, your uncle called earlier. He said that the DNA test results are out..."

"Are you talking about Uncle Michael and Madeline's DNA test?" Sam asked.

Nigel nodded. "What did the results indicate?" Sam held his breath after asking the question.

"It's no surprise." Nigel sighed. "It has been proven that Madeline is your aunt and uncle's biological daughter..." Nigel pinched the bridge of his nose as he let out a bitter laugh while shaking his head once more. "What is this? You know how Madeline spent the past years of her life in our household. How am I supposed to face Madeline in the future? How should I look your aunt in the eye?" Nigel slammed his fist against the table. "I hate this! I hate this so much! Phoebe and Cameron are both evil people. I'll never let them go. I have to make sure that they suffer. I have to!"

"Madeline is a kind girl, Dad. She'd never blame you for this. We still have a lot of time, so we can compensate her in the future." Sam soothed his father.

"You're right. From now on, both you and Dan will have to take good care of Madeline. By the way, you shouldn't let your Aunt Crystal find out about this matter for now. Your uncle still doesn't know how to tell her about it. He's really troubled by this matter, and he's worried that your aunt's heart might not be able to handle the truth. Sigh... What did us Taylors do in the past to deserve such bad karma?"

"I got it. I'll give Madeline a call and ask her if she's free to bring Joel and Quincy over for dinner sometime soon," Sam uttered.

"Okay..." Nigel muttered. "Anyway, both Dan and I owe her an apology. Sigh..." Nigel heaved another long sigh before shaking his head. If he knew that Madeline was his niece, he would've taken better care of her. How did he end up making her suffer so much?

Then again, if they knew that Madelyn was his biological niece, Crystal and Michael would have treated her as their daughter from the very start. Then, Madeline would have never stayed in his home, and she would have never been bullied by Isabel.

"By the way, Dad. Isabel..." Sam thought about Isabel all of a sudden.

"I don't want to hear this name now. I don't want to see her either. Both she and Phoebe are evil women. Whenever I see her, I think of Phoebe. Both her and Phoebe are the reason I feel so ashamed!" Nigel waved his arm around weakly.

"I got it," Sam replied gently. "I'll arrange for her to study overseas."

"You can do whatever you think is right. You should send her as far away as possible. It'd be better if she never returned. I never want to see her again!" Nigel hissed.

Sam let out a quiet sigh. I guess a part of Dad's hatred for Isabel comes from his hatred toward Phoebe. He might not have loved Isabel as much as he loves Dan and me, but he still treated her with care. Now that he knows of Bryan's evil scheme, he doesn't

even want to see Isabel at all. I guess it makes sense. Isabel used to bully Madeline all the time. Now that it's proven that Madeline is Uncle Michael's biological daughter, Dad would never forgive anyone who bullied Madeline in the past. Isabel and Phoebe are, of course, the two largest culprits. It's definitely a good idea to send Isabel far, far away.

Upon leaving the study, Sam contacted Isabel to tell her his plan. "What? You want me to leave the country?" Isabel exclaimed in surprise. "I don't want to leave, Sam! What would happen to my mother if I left? You need to help me, Sam. I don't want to leave. I want to stay with my mother!"

If she left the country for a foreign place, she would be nothing at all. How could that be better than her staying home and living comfortably as the young lady of the Taylor Family?