

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 61

Chapter 61 Persistent Young Master Sebastian

Sam clutched his phone as he spoke in a quiet voice. "I'm not having a discussion with you, Isabel. I'm telling you about my decision. You have to leave the country. Your mother, on the other hand, broke the law, so she should be prosecuted. No one's going to be able to save her."

"No. How could this happen..." Isabel wailed. "Sam, can you let me go home first? I'm begging you, Sam. Please let me go home first! Dad and Dan won't let me go home... What did I do wrong? Why would they treat me like that? I'm Dad's daughter. How could he not want me? Help me, Sam... Help ..."

Sam felt his heart softening upon hearing her cries. He let out a soft sigh. "Dad's still angry, so he doesn't want to see you for now. But I have another pied-à-terre in the countryside. You can stay there for now, and you can leave overseas for your studies once I'm done arranging all your admission procedures."

"I got it, Sam." Isabel stopped crying. "I'll listen to whatever you say from now on. Thank you so much. I always knew that you're the best!" she uttered obediently. She would do anything as long as it meant that she wouldn't have to leave the country. She had to find a way to stay here. She didn't want to leave as she wanted to continue being the young lady of the Taylor Family.

I'm my father's daughter, and I was born as a young lady in the Taylor Family. No one has the right to chase me away! Sam double confirmed her location before sending his bodyguard over. He told the bodyguard to bring Isabel to his place in the countryside for her to settle down there.

Strictly speaking, Isabel didn't do much harm apart from picking fights and bullying Madeline all the time. She still had blood ties with the Taylor Family, and Sam knew that his father only refused to see Isabel because his father was still angry. Once Nigel was done being angry, he would still have to deal with the necessary things. Whose fault is it that Isabel has my father's blood running in her? Furthermore, after 20 years of living together, a bond would have been formed even with one's pet, let alone one's daughter!

As Sam thought about this, he couldn't help but think of Angie and his uncle and aunt. Uncle Michael and Aunt Crystal are in an even tougher position than Dad. They have treated Angie like the treasure of the family throughout all these years. They gave birth to four sons, while Uncle Michael's second brother has two sons. Uncle Michael's third brother has two sons as well. Among the three families in the Wendel Family, there are a total of eight boys but only one girl. One can only imagine how much Angie was pampered as she was growing up. The amount of effort that Dad spent on Isabel is

nothing in comparison to the amount of effort Uncle Michael and Aunt Crystal spent on Angie. Would Uncle Michael and Aunt Crystal really be able to let go of Angie?

But... if they can't let go of Angie, then Angie and Madeline would have to live under the same roof. Would Madeline be okay with that? Whenever Sam thought about these questions, he felt troubled on behalf of Michael. He sighed and shook his head to get rid of all the thoughts he had in his mind. Instead, he gave Madeline a call. "Madeline."

"Is anything the matter, Sam?" Madeline asked.

"What is it? Can't I call you for nothing?" Sam asked with a smile.

"No. I just thought that something might be up, that's all," Madeline replied as she chuckled lightly.

"It's nothing much," Sam said with a smile. "I just wanted to let you know that I'm here in Dusktown. Are you free tonight? You should bring Joel and Quincy along for dinner."

"Oh..." Madeline mumbled. "The boys are taking a nap now. I can bring them over once they're awake." Sebastian, who was sitting next to her, raised an eyebrow upon hearing her words. Interestingly, even though he didn't utter a single word, she seemed to understand what Sebastian was saying.

"Um..." Madeline hesitated for a moment before speaking to Sam on the phone. "Sam, is it okay if Mr. Hart and I bring Joel and Quincy over?"

"Mr. Hart?" Sam froze. "Are you talking about Sebastian, the young master of the Hart Family?" Madeline wore a complicated look in her eyes as she gazed at Sebastian.

"Yes," she muttered. She didn't know what else she could say.

"That's such a coincidence..." Sam muttered quietly. Moments later, he spoke in a soft tone. "Regarding your children... Madeline... The Taylor Family will be indebted to you for the rest of our lives..." he uttered.

Even if Joel and Quincy were now reputable children of the Hart Family, it didn't change the fact that Madeline had once given birth before her marriage. It didn't take away all the pain and suffering she went through as a single mother. This was all Sam and the Taylor Family's fault.

Back then, Sam wasn't aware of the fact that Madeline had gone through the test-tube baby procedure to save him. If he knew about it, he wouldn't have agreed to it. He only found out about it when the child was born, but everything was too late then...

"You've said similar things a lot of times," Madeline uttered with a smile. "I've also replied to you a lot of times. I don't regret it! Giving birth to Joel and Quincy is the best thing I've ever done in my life! I love them more than I love my life, so you can only

imagine how much they matter to me. So, you don't have to worry about this, and you shouldn't think that you owe me anything, Sam. I'm serious!"

"That's different..." Sam muttered. "If it weren't for my illness, you could've fallen in love and gotten married to give birth to adorable children. You wouldn't have had to give birth without getting married, and you wouldn't have had to be a single mother. You took care of Joel and Quincy all on your own... I know you felt sorry for your sons because you thought they were illegitimate children. You went through a lot of stress, yet Dan and Isabel were never understanding of your situation. They even caused you all that trouble... They put you through so much pain..."

"Forget it. It's all over," Madeline couldn't help but glance in Sebastian's direction. "Now that Joel and Quincy have found their biological father, and now that I've gotten a marriage certificate with him, Joel and Quincy are legitimate sons. So, we shouldn't be caught up in the past anymore, Sam. We should just live our best lives from now on so that we don't waste the good luck that we have now. Don't you think so, Sam?"

"Alright. I'll stop talking about the past. If only Dan and Isabel were as smart and thoughtful as you... I wouldn't have to worry about them so much," Sam uttered.

Madeline smiled without continuing the conversation. "Alright. That's all for now. We can talk again when we meet at night," Sam said. "Okay. See you tonight," Madeline replied.

Upon ending the call, Madeline realized that Sebastian had been staring at her the whole time. "What is it?" Madeline felt rather uncomfortable.

Sebastian smirked. "You made a mistake earlier."

"Hmm? What did I say?" she asked.

"It wasn't that Joel and Quincy found me," he corrected her. "I was the one who found them!"

"...Does that matter?" she mumbled.

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Chapter 62 What's There to Show Off?

"Of course it matters!" Sebastian replied. "The first statement would make me sound like a responsible father, while the second one would make me sound like a useless man! I'm a father, so I should be the one looking for them and not the other way around. I don't want my sons to think of me as irresponsible!"

“...Whatever floats your boat,” Madeline muttered. Sebastian was about to continue talking when the housekeeper hurried over. “Mr. and Mrs. Hart, the Wendels are here to see you.”

Sebastian curled his lips up as he gazed at Madeline. “I guess the DNA test results must be out.”

“That’s really quick.” Madeline was rather surprised.

“Yeah. If you pay a little more and request for instant results, it’s usually completed within a few hours,” Sebastian replied. “...Oh,” she muttered. He had just done a DNA test with Joel and Quincy, so she knew that he had to be right since he was experienced in doing the test.

“Send them in,” Sebastian told the housekeeper. Moments later, Michael and Jonathan were led into the hall. Philip had the habit of taking an afternoon nap, so none of them woke him up. Sebastian, Madeline, Michael, and Jonathan each took a seat before the maids served them some tea.

Michael, however, wasn’t in the mood for tea. He felt waves of sadness hitting him as he gazed at Madeline. The DNA results were out, and things were finalized—Madeline was him and his wife’s biological daughter! This is my daughter! She was born into a grand family and prepared for a luxurious life, yet she ended up on the streets, where she suffered for years. If Dan hadn’t happened to save my daughter, she might have been dead. If that happened, she would have left this world in the most horrible and shameful manner. Back then, was Cameron the one who sent those people to torture my daughter on purpose?

Just that thought itself was enough to trigger Michael’s urge to kill someone. He wished he could slice Xander into pieces. How could they treat my daughter like that? They are too much! The complicated emotions—pain, anger, hurt, worry—made tears well up in his eyes.

“The DNA results are out, Madeline,” Michael spoke to Madeline in a trembling voice. “It’s true that... you’re our biological daughter!” Jonathan aptly handed her a set of documents. She took the papers and flipped to the last page where the results were stated. It was true. She was Michael’s biological daughter! It was all confirmed now! Her sons had a father, and she was no longer the daughter of an illegitimate daughter! What a joy! Madeline and her sons could walk around with their heads lifted from then onward!

“That’s great!” Madeline couldn’t contain the happiness within her as she handed the papers to Sebastian. “From now on, Quincy and Joel won’t have to be looked down upon because of my past. This is great!” she uttered excitedly.

Sebastian took one look at the results before speaking in a calm tone. “You’re overthinking it. Who would ever dare look down upon my son? I’m Sebastian Hart!”

“...Others might not dare to say it to your face, but they would definitely talk about it behind your back! Well, they won’t do it now since I’m no longer an illegitimate daughter’s child. Quincy and Joel aren’t related to Cameron at all. The three of us will no longer have to be shamed and bullied because of her!” Madeline’s words had no other intentions, and she was merely commenting on the situation that she was in right then.

However, every sentence she said felt like a knife stabbing into Michael’s heart. Tears formed in his eyes, and he had to widen his eyes to force his tears back down. I’m such a useless man! I’m the head of the Wendel Family, yet I didn’t manage to protect my own daughter. My precious, lovely daughter was left alone... She was bullied and looked down upon by others. This is all my fault. It’s all my fault!

“I’m sorry...” His eyes were red and his voice croaky. “I’m sorry... Madeline... It’s all my fault. I didn’t see through Cameron’s evil scheme, and I failed to protect you. I’m sorry... I’m sorry...”

“It’s fine.” Madeline shook her head. “I don’t blame you. You’re a victim too.” Would a parent ever agree to have their child being switched for someone else’s child? Madeline knew that Michael must have suffered just as much as she did when he first heard of the news.

In fact, she believed that he must have felt worse than she did. Michael and Crystal were known for being a loving couple, and he certainly cherished the children his wife gave birth to. Michael would only love the daughter born from him and his wife’s love—not some random child that entered their household.

Michael had known Madeline for years. Even though he didn’t have many interactions with her, he knew that she was pretty, capable, and skilled at combat. She had taken over the Taylor Family’s old business that was left behind, and she had done exceptional work to improve the business. She was an outstanding woman. However, only then did Michael realize that Madeline was beyond her looks and skill—she was also kind, understanding, and compromising.

Even after being mistreated for so many years, there was no sign of hatred or resentment on her face. She was a gracious, calm, and peaceful woman. This is who my biological daughter is! Michael thought. A sense of pride and joy spread across his chest.

At that moment, he desperately wanted to hold her hand and make a public announcement. This woman, Madeline, is my biological daughter! She is the true gem of the family and the only princess of the household! In the future, she will be an

indispensable part of the Wendel Family. All of the Wendel Family's wealth, pride, and reputation will be related to her.

"Come home with me, Madeline!" Michael gazed at his daughter with a passionate and warm look. "Your mother's heart isn't well, so I haven't told her about the news of you being our biological daughter. I'm afraid that she might not be able to handle it if she gets too excited. You can come home with me, and I'll hold your hand while we break the news to your mother. When your mother sees how thoughtful and outstanding you are, and when she sees you right before her eyes, she might find it easier to accept the truth. At least you'll be there to comfort her. What do you think?"

"I'll go along with your plan," Madeline uttered after hesitating for a moment.

"G-Good girl!" Michael, who had always been known as the calm and elegant man of the Wendel Corporation, couldn't control his emotions at that moment.

Sebastian frowned for a moment before questioning Michael. "Will you guys be returning to Wendel City?"

"Yes," Michael replied. "Wendel City is right next to Dusktown, and I took a private jet over. The whole trip isn't that long—it only takes about 1 hour by flight!"

"Maddie, Aldo & Buddy, you'll be taking the jet with me," Sebastian said. "You're not the only one who has a private jet. What's there to show off? Michael and Madeline were both quiet for a moment before Madeline turned to Sebastian. "Are you coming along?"

"Of course." Sebastian turned to look at Madeline. "As your husband and the father of your two sons, I have the duty to take care of you guys. I wouldn't want you guys to be bullied."

"...Actually, I was just wondering... How's your company doing?" Madeline asked.

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Chapter 63 Fooling Him into a Marriage

Sebastian raised his eyebrow. "Why would you ask about that?"

"There's no reason..." Madeline muttered. "I just... feel like you don't have much to do..."

"...I had been working for three years without a holiday up until I met Joel and Quincy," he replied while looking at her. "So, don't have to worry about me. I've accumulated all my past holidays, so I can be on holiday for at least two to three months! Oh, I forgot to

tell you that I have a brother, Lucas, who's my assistant in the company. He can be rather lazy sometimes, but he's useful when you need him to be. So, if I have other important matters to handle, I can afford to be away from the company for about six months to a year."

"A brother?" Madeline was puzzled. "Aren't you an only child?" The family portrait in the house clearly showed a family of three with Sebastian and his parents in it. "Oh, Lucas isn't a biological son. My father adopted him," Sebastian explained.

"Oh. Doesn't he live here?" she asked.

"He does. But he went overseas a few days ago, so he'll only be back in about two days. He'll come back to stay here once he returns to the country," Sebastian replied.

"Oh..." Madeline nodded. She looked especially obedient when she nodded while saying 'oh'. She was like an older version of Joel, and Sebastian felt his hands getting itchy when he noticed how adorable she was. He longed to ruffle her hair.

Sebastian had never been one to limit himself, and he did whatever he wished to do. So, Madeline was attacked with a sudden stroke on the top of her head. She turned and eyed him puzzledly.

"It's nothing." Sebastian gave her a pleasant smile. "Your hair was just messy," he replied. She didn't know what to say. My hair's messy? Isn't he making it messier by ruffling my hair?

Michael couldn't stop himself from clearing his throat. How dare he touch my daughter right in front of me? Does he have any respect for me at all? Sebastian gazed in Michael's direction before smiling. "Do you have a sore throat, Mr. Wendel? Here. Have some tea!"

Michael was speechless. I hate that I wasn't the one who taught my daughter as she was growing up. Otherwise, Sebastian wouldn't dare to act so wild and recklessly in front of me! Michael raised his teacup and sipped on it while looking at Sebastian. "I still don't know what's the situation between you and my daughter," Michael uttered.

"It's a long story, but I'll keep it short." Sebastian gave Michael a brief explanation of his relationship with Madeline before he wrapped an arm over Madeline's shoulders. "So, now, Madeline is my son's mother, my legal wife, and the main woman of the Hart Family."

Michael gazed at Sebastian before looking at Madeline. He had a lot of things to say, but he didn't know where to begin. Right then, he felt... rather uneasy. He hadn't even cared for his daughter for a single day, yet she had already turned into someone else's wife.

In other words, even though he had just taken his daughter under his wing, he wouldn't be able to spend most of his days with her. He wouldn't be able to build a bond with her. His daughter was married, and she would be living in her husband's house...

The more he thought about it, the more uneasy he felt. He cleared his throat and stared at Sebastian before speaking in a stern tone. "Mr. Hart, I'm really grateful for your act of giving Joel and Quincy a proper title as your son. However, the most important thing in a marriage is that both parties love each other. You and Madeline won't be happy if you guys don't love each other. If you don't mind, I'd like to bring Madeline, Quincy, and Joel back to the Wendels'—"

"I'm afraid that won't work," Sebastian rejected him without any hesitation. "If you bring Joel and Quincy away, my dad will definitely stop you. Do you want to fight my dad?"

Michael was speechless. There were a limited number of people in this world who would dare to go against Philip. "But don't you think that's unfair to my daughter? My daughter's still young; she can't sacrifice her whole life for the sake of Joel and Quincy—"

"I can." Madeline was the one who interrupted him this time. She gazed at Michael before giving him a slight smile. "I don't think it's a sacrifice. When I see how happy Joel and Quincy are with Old Master Hart, I feel happy myself." She hadn't been in the Hart Family for long, yet she felt like this was the most secure and happy period of her whole life.

If Joel and Quincy could continue living such a stable life for the rest of their childhood, there was nothing more she could ask for. Michael, on the other hand, was speechless. Fine. Just assume I never brought this up! "There's a question I'd like to ask you, Mr. Wendel... Are you planning to reveal my wife's identity once you bring her home?"

"Of course!" Michael replied. "I'm going to bring her home and pick a date for her to announce her identity and reunite with her ancestors! We will invite all of the Wendel Family's good friends and business partners over for the event where Madeline announces her true identity."

"What about Angie? Will her identity be revealed?" Sebastian asked.

"Well..." Michael hesitated for a moment.

"What is it?" Sebastian raised an eyebrow as he stared at Michael. "Don't you want to get revenge, Mr. Wendel? If you don't reveal Angie's true identity, how are you going to put Cameron behind bars?"

Michael clenched his fists. "There are a lot of ways to ruin Cameron's reputation. We don't have to bring up the past..."

“But would that be fair to my wife?” Sebastian clutched Madeline’s hand before wrapping his fingers tightly around hers. “My wife was stolen by Cameron and switched out. If Cameron doesn’t get punished for her crimes, how are you going to make up for all the suffering my wife has been through?”

“Well...” Michael didn’t know what to say.

“Mr. Hart.” Jonathan, who had been quiet the whole time, finally spoke up. “Our whole family hates Cameron for what she did. However, Angie is innocent. If we reveal what Cameron did in the past, this would also expose Angie’s true identity. Angie’s at the age where she should be getting married. If this information gets out now, it’ll ruin Angie’s life...”

“Oh? Are you saying that... you guys are planning to fool someone into marrying Angie?”

Michael nearly choked on his own saliva. “T-That’s not what I meant!”

“What do you mean, then?” Sebastian curled his lips. “Angie is Cameron’s biological daughter. This is a known fact, yet you guys are choosing to hide it just to get Angie to marry a good man. Isn’t this fooling someone else into a bad marriage?”

Michael had no way of arguing against Sebastian. Why does it sound like we’re actually trying to scam a man? But... we just don’t want the past generation’s deeds to impact Angie’s marriage. We’re not fooling anyone.

Michael turned to Madeline. “What do you think, Madeline?”

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Chapter 64 Unhappy

Madeline thought about it for a moment. “If you’re asking for my opinion, of course I’d prefer to be able to reveal the truth about the past so that Cameron gets prosecuted.”

Michael looked into his daughter’s eyes. “Trust me, Madeline. I hate Cameron as much as you do! Revealing whatever Cameron did would also expose the truth about Angie’s birth parents, though, and that would come as a huge blow to Angie...”

After pausing for a moment, Michael gathered his words before speaking at a slower pace and explaining, “I have a scale in my heart that tells me you take up a larger spot than Angie, Madeline ... I was thinking that I could find other ways to make Cameron pay for what she did in the past. As for Angie... I’ll announce her as an adopted daughter we brought home. Once you meet your ancestors, I’ll get Angie to move out of

the house. As an adopted daughter, she'll no longer have the right to inherit anything from the family. Since she was once my child, I just want to give her a clean background so that she doesn't get cursed whenever she's out in public."

"We'll just go with whatever you say," Madeline uttered with a smile.

Michael's eyes lit up. "Does that mean you agree with me, Madeline?"

"If you're asking for my opinion, of course I would want everyone to know about Cameron's deeds so that she can pay for whatever she did in the past," Madeline replied. "But if you don't agree to it, I won't force you to do anything. We're father and daughter, not enemies—it's only right for us to consider each other's viewpoints."

However, fate wasn't everything. When it came to relationships, what mattered was each other's sincerity. Madeline was a realist. Her actions toward others depended on how they acted toward her. She would repay them with whatever kindness they showed, and she might be a little kinder than they were, but that was about it. Madeline gave Michael a friendly smile. She was polite but distant—it certainly didn't seem like the sort of attitude a daughter would show to her father.

This made Michael feel rather sad. He was a smart person, and he had been in the business world for years, so he had met all sorts of different people. Madeline didn't need to say anything, yet he already understood what she was trying to do. However, he couldn't blame her for being so unemotional over this matter.

Logically speaking, Angie was innocent. However, all the warmth and joy that Angie had experienced was supposed to belong to Madeline. Furthermore, what Madeline was asking for wasn't a lot.

She simply wanted to reveal the truth to seek justice for herself. She wasn't wrong. Yet, Michael couldn't even do this for her. How would he have the right to ask her to accept him wholeheartedly without having her guard up, then? If she was actually able to do it, then he would suspect that she didn't genuinely want him as a father. He would think that she was acting especially warm to him just to gain the benefits that the Wendel Family had to offer. However, it was evident then that Madeline didn't truly care about the Wendels' wealth.

This realization made Michael feel both glad and sad. Perhaps it was because they were blood-related, but Michael found himself being fond of Madeline. She didn't just remind him of his wife, but she even looked a lot like his mother when she was younger. Madeline's appearance gave him a sense of familiarity, and he felt especially attached to her when he thought about how she was born from his and his wife's love. But Angie... He couldn't bring himself to do such a horrible thing to her.

After all, he was the one who watched Angie grow up. Angie had been with them for more than 20 years, and he couldn't bring himself to ruin her future just like that. It was

impossible for one to have the best of both worlds, and Michael understood that concept.

Right then, the best that he could do was to bring Madeline home before using his love to gradually form an emotional bond with her. He would show her that she was the daughter he loved the most. On the other hand, he would slowly distance himself from Angie before finding a way for her to get married to someone who lived far away. Once Angie had a good partner... They wouldn't have to stay in contact anymore. By then, they could put a full stop to their twenty-plus years as father and daughter...

Michael realized that Madeline had become especially distant and polite after he stated that he wouldn't tell the public the truth about the past.

Sebastian had the same realization. After that, he no longer insisted on getting Michael to reclaim justice for Madeline. I just got my hands on my wife and sons... My sons, especially! I just snatched them over... Hey, no. I mean, I just brought them home, yet the Wendels popped out of nowhere and want to take them away from me. How annoying. I guess it's good that there seems to be a thick wall between Madeline and the Wendels. Since Madeline has taken my last name, she's part of the Hart Family. Her original family... It's good enough that they exist. As for a strong bond... There's no need for that!

Sebastian was clearly pleased to see Madeline treat Michael and Jonathan as if they were just guests. The few of them spoke for a while more.

Madeline mentioned that she had made plans with Sam to return to the Taylor Residence for a meal and that she could only follow Michael home the next day.

Michael was eager to bring her home—he couldn't even wait for one night. He immediately gave Nigel a call to tell him and Sam that he wanted to bring Madeline back to the Wendels now. Nigel was worried about his sister's health, so he asked Michael how Michael was planning to break the news to his wife.

Michael told Nigel that he would keep it a secret for the time being considering Crystal's health and Angie's reputation, and deliberate over the matter. Nigel was still worried, so he asked if he could join the Wendels for dinner. Since Nigel had expressed his worry for Crystal, Michael couldn't reject Nigel's request to join him for dinner.

In the end, the initial plan for Madeline to visit the Taylor Residence turned into Madeline and Nigel visiting the Wendels together. Madeline stayed in the hall and chit-chatted with Michael for a long while, so she didn't wake the kids from their naps. Both of the boys slept until evening time when Philip woke them up and brought the drowsy boys downstairs.

When Joel saw Madeline, he tottered over excitedly before jumping into her arms. He rubbed his eyes, and his head against her chest. "I was sad because I didn't see you when I woke up!"

She held him and stroked his back while smiling. "How should I make you happy, then?"

He lifted his fair, chubby face up to look at his mother before poking his own cheek as he spoke. "I want Mommy's kisses!"

Madeline giggled as she lowered her head to plant a few kisses on Joel's face. "Are you happy now?"

"Yeah!" Joel chuckled. He rested in Madeline's arms as he gazed at Michael and Jonathan. "Do we have guests, Mommy?"

"Yeah." She stood up and introduced Philip to Michael and Jonathan before she introduced her two sons. "This is your grandfather and your Uncle Michael. That's the way you guys should address them from now, do you hear me?"

"Got it!" Joel turned to look at Michael and Jonathan. "Hello, Grandpa. Hello, Uncle Michael! It's nice to meet you guys!"

Quincy followed closely behind his brother. In comparison to his brother's cute and soft voice, Quincy's voice was much more mature and clear.

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Chapter 65 Is He Talking to Me?

Michael and Jonathan gazed at the two boys attentively. Jonathan could still keep his cool, but Michael was completely mesmerized by the boys' cuteness. At Michael's age, it was normal to be fond of children, especially when these children were gorgeous kids who were biologically related to him. He pulled both the boys into his arms and gave them a tight hug.

Philip wasn't pleased to see this. He had just found his two precious grandchildren, and he hadn't had enough time with them. How could the kids' maternal grandfather just show up to steal them away from him? This guy sure has some nerve! Philip shot Sebastian an angry glare. Sebastian felt rather helpless. It wasn't as if a rock could've given birth to Madeline. There were a lot of things that they could control, but they couldn't stop Madeline from having biological parents, could they? Philip was even more annoyed when Sebastian didn't respond to him. I can't depend on anyone else but myself! Hmph!

After giving Sebastian another glare, Philip turned to Joel and Quincy with a smile. "Come over to your grandpa, Joel and Quincy."

The boys were naturally closer to Philip than they were to Michael. So, when Philip called for them, they immediately slipped out of Michael's arms before running over to Philip. Philip beamed as he held one grandson in each arm. He even gave Michael a smug look.

Michael was speechless. Is this the capable, bold, and undefeated Old Mr. Hart? He... doesn't seem like who I expected him to be! He's so... childish! Regardless, it was true that Philip was a famous businessman that Michael couldn't afford to mess with. Since Michael didn't dare to come face to face with Philip, he could only avoid Philip's smug look before lowering his gaze to look at the two kids in Philip's arms.

Anyone who had eyes could tell that Philip was extremely fond of the boys. Michael felt extremely conflicted. He understood why his daughter wasn't interested in the Wendels' wealth. Her two sons were the only grandchildren in the Hart Family, and they were the only two who were the third generation of the family. Furthermore, both of the kids were witty and adorable—anyone would be fond of kids like them. If things went according to plan, these two boys would own the Hart Family someday. As the mother of these two sons, Madeline was certainly going to enjoy an endless supply of luxury and wealth in the future. What was the Wendel Family's worth in comparison to the Hart Family's?

Despite this, Michael truly believed that Madeline wasn't a woman who cared about wealth. He didn't know her that well, but Sam knew her well enough. Sam once said that Madeline was a kind girl who valued loyalty. She was a good woman. If only I had kept an eye on my daughter and not allowed Cameron to steal her away... If my daughter hadn't been stolen, then I wouldn't be caught in such a tough position between her and Angie.

Michael understood that he would only receive unconditional love from Madeline if he was able to show her the same amount of love. If he could only offer Madeline half the love he had, it would be greedy of him to ask her to love him at full capacity. Yet, he couldn't bear to watch Angie's reputation being ruined. And his wife... He didn't know if his wife could handle the fact that Angie wasn't their biological daughter...

Michael was worried about his wife's health and Angie's future. This reduced the amount of joy he felt toward finding his biological daughter. He was deeply troubled, but he forced a smile anyway. Madeline could sense this. "Actually... You don't have to force anything. I'm not in a rush, so I can go home once you feel ready for it," she uttered. She was way past the age of needing her parents.

She was a grown woman, and Michael and Crystal were getting old. In the future, it'd be her turn to take care of Michael and Crystal. If Michael wasn't willing to acknowledge

her as a daughter, Madeline wouldn't be driven to seek her parents just to care for them.

Michael froze for a moment before clarifying himself. "No, I don't feel pressured at all. I'm so glad to have found you, and I can't wait to bring you home so that our family can reunite. I'm just worried about your mother's heart. She can't get too emotional, so I'm afraid her heart might cause her problems if she gets too excited upon meeting you."

"Then, should we slow things down and wait for Mom to get better before I go home?" Madeline asked in a concerned tone.

"It's fine. Your mother's heart is fine now, but she just can't handle surprises. This won't change no matter how long we wait," Michael explained.

"In that case... I know a doctor who's really skilled, but she's not in Dusktown now. Why don't I get her to come over before I bring her along to meet my mom?" Madeline suggested.

"It's fine. We have a family doctor at home." Michael felt guilty to see how thoughtful Madeline was. "Don't worry, Madeline. I'll take good care of your mom, and I'll make sure she's fine."

"That's good." Madeline nodded. She had a really good impression of Crystal. In the past, during her worst days with the Taylor Family, there had been times when Isabel brought some of their distant relatives to beat Madeline up. Crystal happened to catch them in action. Although Crystal thought of Madeline as Cameron's daughter back then, she still scolded Isabel and the others before helping Madeline and telling the family doctor to treat Madeline's wounds.

Crystal was a gorgeous, elegant, and kind woman, so Madeline didn't want anything bad to happen to her. They all chatted for a while more as they waited for the private jet to be prepared.

Michael got on the Wendel Family's private jet. Nigel still had some matters to settle, so he didn't travel with them. Instead, he planned for him, Sam, and Dan to take a private flight directly from the Taylors Residence.

Sebastian brought Madeline and his two sons to his own jet. Philip's identity didn't allow him the luxury of traveling wherever he pleased, so he had to stay in Dusktown. Before sending the two children onto the plane, Philip eyed them longingly as he reminded Sebastian and Madeline to return home soon. Madeline nodded earnestly. Sebastian promised that he would bring the family home soon since his home and his father were there in Dusktown. "Do you think I want to stay with the Wendels in Wendel City as their live-in son-in-law?" he muttered to Philip.

Despite this, Philip still teared up as he watched Quincy and Joel getting on the plane. Sebastian felt rather annoyed to see this. Back then, when I traveled overseas for my studies, I don't recall my dad being so sad when I left! I guess it's true when they say that grandchildren have a special spot in their grandparents' hearts!

Madeline felt especially touched when she saw Philip tearing up. Throughout the years, Madeline and her sons had only received a limited amount of love from others. She cherished Philip a lot since it was rare for someone to offer so much love to her sons. She didn't know how she could repay the old man. She tugged on Quincy and Joel's arm, telling them to wave to Philip. "Don't worry, Dad. I'll bring Quincy and Joel home to you really soon."

This time, Michael was the one who felt uncomfortable witnessing their interactions. After having such a long chat with Madeline, he had yet to hear her call him 'Dad'. Why does she talk to Old Mr. Hart in such a sweet manner? I want to hear her calling me her dad too!

Philip nodded and waved at his two grandsons while speaking to Sebastian. "Take care of my grandsons and their mother, you stinky brat. If I hear of them being bullied out there, I'm going to make life hard for you once you're back!"

Sebastian was speechless. Is it appropriate for my dad to call me a stinky brat in front of my wife and sons?

Michael was just as speechless. Is Old Mr. Hart indirectly referring to me? He is, isn't he?

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 66

Chapter 66 Embarrassing Oneself

Upon getting on the plane, Madeline sent Quincy to his seat before he sat down and put on his own seatbelt. Joel crawled up onto Sebastian's thighs before pressing both his hands against Sebastian's cheeks. The young boy's gorgeous face was right in front of Sebastian. "Stinky brat! Hehe! Daddy's a stinky brat!" Joel grinned.

Sebastian was at a loss for words. I have to talk to Dad about this when I get home. No matter what, I will not have him call me a stinky brat in front of my wife and kids in the future! Sebastian smiled as he lowered his gaze and leaned closer to Joel. "Smell me. Am I stinky?"

Joel sniffed the man earnestly, and he did so a few times before shaking his head. "Daddy's not stinky! Daddy smells so, so good!" As Joel spoke, he rubbed his head

against Sebastian's neck while mumbling. "You smell good, and Mommy smells good. You smell as nice as Mommy. Ah... Quincy smells good too! All of you smell good!"

"What about you, Joel?" Sebastian asked. Joel continued clinging onto Sebastian's neck while rubbing his face against it. "Of course I smell as good as you guys. You guys gave birth to Quincy and me, so we smell just like you guys do... By the way, Dad, how did you and Mommy give birth to Quincy and me? Will you guys have more kids in the future?"

Their topic had suddenly taken an unexpected direction, so Madeline quickly interrupted Joel. "The flight is about to take off, Joel. Hurry and sit down. You need to put your seatbelt on."

"My seat is right here!" Joel clung to Sebastian's neck while speaking in a cute tone.

"No!" Madeline carried Joel over to the spot beside Sebastian before forcing him to sit properly. She tapped him on the tip of his nose. "That's dangerous. Furthermore, Dad will get tired if you sit on him for too long."

"Oh, okay..." Joel's eyes seemed dazed for a moment before he leaned closer to Sebastian and rested in Sebastian's arms. "Daddy, will you get tired if I rest in your arms?" Joel asked with his large, watery eyes.

"No!" When Sebastian saw the soft and cute figure holding onto him, he realized that he'd be willing to let Joel sit on his thighs even if it meant that his legs would be numb by the end of the flight. Madeline shook her head exasperatedly. No one could win against Joel when he was acting cute.

Madeline sat down beside Quincy and said softly to Sebastian, "You can tell him if you're tired. You don't have to spoil him."

"I won't make Daddy tired!" Joel cried. "I'll just lie here for a while before I give Daddy a massage!" The kid kept his word—he crawled out of Sebastian's arms and began to give Sebastian's legs a massage.

Sebastian was excited just to see his son acting that way, so he lowered his head to kiss Joel's round cheeks. "My son is so sweet!"

Joel was amused by the man's kisses, and he stuffed his head into Sebastian's arms as he giggled and acted cute with his father. Madeline watched Joel for a while more before she went to check on Quincy. Quincy had a book in his hand, and he seemed immersed in it. He wasn't moving at all. "Get some rest, Quincy. You need to take care of your eyes," Madeline reminded him.

"I got it, Mommy." Quincy lowered his book and rested against his seat as he shut his eyes with a stern expression on his face. Sebastian looked at the playful and cute Joel

in his arms before glancing at the stern and wise-looking Quincy. “How could twins be so different from one another?” he asked Madeline.

“...I think Joel has always been shorter than Quincy, so Quincy is used to taking care of Joel. Or... maybe it’s because I’m used to reminding Quincy that he’s the older brother who has to take care of his younger brother...” She felt rather sorry upon uttering these words. She wished her elder son could be as sweet, happy, and innocent as her younger son. She felt sorry for Quincy as he was too mature for his age.

“I’m only a little shorter than Quincy now, Mommy!” Joel was still in Sebastian’s arms as he used two fingers to demonstrate how much shorter he was than his brother. “When I grow up, I’ll be as tall as Quincy! I’ll take care of him too! I’ll remember to save some good food for him. If anyone fights him, I’ll back him up. I love Quincy, and I’ll protect him forever!”

“You’re lying again!” Quincy reached over to scrape Joel’s nose. “I’m the one who will protect you forever.”

Joel immediately pulled away from Sebastian’s arms before leaning toward Quincy and jumping into Quincy’s arms. “I want to protect you too! Let’s protect each other forever!”

When Madeline heard her sons talking about protecting each other, she was reminded of how Sebastian had said that she and he could depend on one another. She couldn’t help but glance at Sebastian.

Perhaps it was a coincidence, but he was also gazing at her when she turned to look at him. She shifted her gaze away as she felt her face turning warm. Sebastian let out a soft chuckle upon realizing her actions. This girl... is so attractive. Some people are just like a puddle of rainwater—they’re unattractive, and they don’t make me feel like looking at them at all, but others are like expensive wine—the more you taste them, the more you realize how tasty they are. Madeline’s obviously the second type of person. The more time I spend with her, the more I realize that she’s my type. The way she laughs, acts, and speaks; her values, morals, and attitudes—all of them fit well with mine. It’s almost as if she was tailor-made for me. How amazing!

Their flight took about one hour, and they soon arrived at their destination. Once their planes landed, Michael and Jonathan led Sebastian and Madeline into the Wendel House. Since Michael had previously informed the rest of them that there would be important guests paying a visit that night, Crystal, Joseph, Connor, Cedric, and Angie were all home.

When Crystal heard some noise coming from the front porch, she opened the door to greet their guests. The other four followed closely behind her. When they all saw Michael and Jonathan returning with Sebastian, Madeline, Quincy, and Joel, Crystal and Angie were utterly confused. The other three brothers, on the other hand, knew what was going on.

Soon enough, Angie came to her senses and hurried down the stairs before stopping in front of Madeline. “Do you know whose house this is? How dare you come here! You should get lost immediately!” she cried angrily.

“Stop it, Angie!” Michael frowned.

“Dad!” Angie turned to her father as she stomped her foot angrily. “You know how much mom hates Cameron. How could you bring her daughter to our house? What’s up with you, Dad? You should chase her away before Mom gets angry!”

Michael felt like there was a heavy rock pressing against his chest. The person Crystal hates the most is Cameron... Cameron’s daughter shouldn’t be in our house... Yet, the truth is that Crystal and I have been caring for Cameron’s daughter for the past twenty years! Angie’s words were like a knife stabbing into his heart. He felt his blood pumping in his veins as a sharp pain spread across his chest.

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 67

Chapter 67 Self-Sabotaging

Michael gritted his teeth to suppress the rage he felt. “Angie, Madeline isn’t Cameron’s daughter. She’s mine and your mother’s daughter...” he uttered honestly. He shot a gaze at Joseph as he spoke, and Joseph gave him a subtle nod. Michael heaved a sigh of relief.

While they were on their way home, Michael had ordered Joseph to call both of their family doctors to inform them to be on standby just in case they were needed. Michael was sure that his son had followed his orders. Angie didn’t realize the way Michael and Joseph were exchanging looks, as she was too stunned by what Michael just said. She glared at Michael while questioning him. “W-What do you mean, Dad?”

Crystal was more shocked than Angie was. With her eyes widened, she questioned Michael with a look of disbelief. “What did you just say, Michael? Say it again!” When Michael saw the two family doctors edging closer to his wife, he gained some courage to repeat himself. So, Michael held Madeline’s hand before walking over to Crystal and placing Madeline’s hand in Crystal’s. He placed his arm on Crystal’s back as he spoke in a gentle tone. “You heard what I said, Crystal. Madeline... Madeline’s our biological daughter. It’s all my fault. I failed to take care of our daughter, and I didn’t realize that I had brought the wrong child home. I’ve already done a DNA test to prove that Madeline is our daughter...”

“No! That’s impossible!” Angie shouted while shaking her head. Crystal was still too stunned to respond. “This doesn’t make sense. Stop cracking such terrible jokes, Dad. This can’t be real. This isn’t real. I’m your biological daughter. I look just like Mom!

Everyone says I look like Mom. How could I not be her daughter? You're lying, Dad. You're lying!" Angie cried.

"I'm not..." Michael tightened his grip around Crystal as he gazed in Jonathan's direction. Jonathan calmly pulled the DNA test results out. He had made a lot of copies of the results, so he handed one copy to each member of the family. Angie went through the results with trembling hands, and tears trickled down her cheeks after that. She wailed and sobbed as she tore her copy apart. "No! This can't be true! This is fake. You guys are lying. I don't believe it! You guys are all lying!" She shook her head.

How could I not be my parents' child? I'm the young lady of the Wendel Family. I don't believe this. I share the same blood as Mom and Dad. I'm my brother's younger sister. I'm the precious girl in the Wendel Family. I am! I have to be!

Ever since Angie was a child, tons of people had been envious of her for being born into a rich family. They were also envious of her loving parents and the eight older brothers and cousins she had. She had always been the brightest, most eye-catching gem in all her social circles. Everyone looked up to her. But if she wasn't her parents' daughter, and if she wasn't the young lady of the Wendel Family, all of this would disappear overnight.

I'll be banished by the heavens. Everything I used to have will no longer belong to me. All the envious gazes I used to get will turn into mocking and ridiculing gazes. I might even be kicked out of the upper-class circles. I'll turn into an outsider... I can't allow that to happen. I can't!

"You! This was all a part of your evil scheme, wasn't it? You scammed my father. You're Cameron's daughter, and you're just as bad as her. You're evil. You must be trying to harm me!" Angie charged over to Madeline as she reached out to grab Madeline's shirt.

Sebastian held his arm out to push Madeline behind him, but Madeline stopped him right in time as she used her other hand to grab Angie's wrist. In one swift motion, she twisted Angie's wrist to her back before pushing her onto her knees.

Angie wailed in pain. Right then, Cedric stormed over to Madeline. "Are you crazy, Madeline? What are you trying to do?" Madeline raised her foot and kicked Angie to the ground before patting the dust off her hands. "I'm just protecting myself. Do you have bad eyesight, Cedric? Didn't you see what just happened?" she asked calmly.

"You..." Cedric was at a loss for words.

Madeline raised her brows as she looked at him. "Do you think I should act the way I used to? Should I let her hit me and curse at me without fighting back? If that's the case, I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you! I used to take all the beating and cursing because I thought I was Cameron's daughter. I thought I was indebted to you guys and

the Taylor Family. But now, I've returned my debts to the Taylors, and... it seems like I never owed you guys anything. Why should I allow her to bully me, then?"

"You... You..." Cedric couldn't seem to argue against her. Madeline turned to look at Michael. "I don't think your family welcomes me, Mr. Wendel. Perhaps I should visit another day."

"No, Madeline. Don't get mad." Michael was still trying to calm down Crystal, who was trembling uncontrollably. "I want you to apologize to your sister!" Michael barked at Cedric.

Cedric pretended not to hear anything as clenched his teeth and bent down to help Angie up. Angie quickly crawled into his arms as she began to sob. She felt as if her entire world had collapsed at that moment. She despised Madeline.

Madeline's someone who deserves no respect—her mother was an illegitimate daughter. In the past, Madeline received less respect than the maids in the Taylor Family. But now, the man I like the most is saying that he likes Madeline. Even after Madeline went through the IVF procedure and had two sons, that man still hasn't given up on her. All he thinks about is her. I hate Madeline. I wish she could just die and disappear from this world. But Madeline didn't just stay around. I can't believe she's actually my parents' biological daughter. Right now, she's about to overtake my position as the young lady of the Wendel Family. I know I'm not as smart, pretty, or fit as Madeline. The only thing I've always won her in is my family background. My dad is Michael Wendel and my mom is Crystal Taylor. I have eight brothers and cousins who love me. I'm the precious princess of the family. But now, all of that is gone. All of this belongs to Madeline. I wouldn't be surprised if the skies actually fell to the ground at this point, Angie thought.

All she did then was cling to Cedric as if he was the last sliver of hope she could find. My brothers are mine. My parents are mine. I'm the young lady of the Wendel Family. No one can snatch that away from me. I'll fight anyone who dares to do it!

Michael was annoyed by Cedric's actions, but he couldn't do much. All Michael could do was to speak to Madeline. "Don't get mad, Madeline. Cedric isn't going against you. He's just like that. I promise all four of your brothers will be nice to you in the future!"

"Michael..." Crystal had been staring at Madeline the whole time. Crystal's entire body was shivering as she looked up at her husband. "Are you saying that Madeline is our biological daughter?"

"Yes." Michael nodded as he hugged his wife. "Madeline's our biological daughter!"

"What about Angie?" Crystal's gaze was eerily calm despite her trembling figure. "If Madeline is our daughter, then who are Angie's parents? Why does Angie look so much like me?"

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 68

Chapter 68 Hard Pill to Swallow

Crystal's question caused a loud ringing in Michael's ears. He had been worried about his wife's health and Angie's future. All along, he had wished to conceal the truth about Angie's birth so that others wouldn't know that Angie was Cameron's daughter. However, he forgot about how smart his wife was. She was an intelligent and sharp woman—the one question she asked had struck the bull's eye immediately.

Yeah. That's true. If Angie isn't our daughter, why would she look so much like Crystal? Could I say that it's just a coincidence? Hiding the truth and telling an outright lie are two different things. If Crystal didn't ask about it, I would just be hiding the truth. But since she asked about it, I'd be lying if I answered her. She might not get too mad if I choose to hide something this huge from her, but if I told an outright lie, I'm sure she'll be furious! Michael's face turned pale as a layer of sweat formed on his forehead.

As he stared at his wife, his mind was spinning at the speed of light in search of a way to resolve this issue. But Crystal wasn't being patient. "Answer me, Michael. Tell me—if Angie isn't our daughter, then why does she look so much like me?"

"Yeah, Dad. Mom's right!" Angie leaped over and clung to Michael's arm. "You must be lying, Dad! I must be your daughter. Otherwise, I wouldn't look so similar to Mom! Why are you lying, Dad? I'm your daughter. Why would you say that Madeline's your daughter? What's wrong with you, Dad?" Angie was certain that she was their biological daughter. She had to be! She looked just like Crystal, so she had to be blood-related to her. Madeline must have found a way to fool my dad!

"It's Madeline! She must have lied to you!" Angie pointed at Madeline while she used her other tug on Michael's arm. "She must have lied to you, Dad. How could a cheap, dirty woman like her be you and Mom's daughter? She—"

"Shut up!" Michael barked angrily. "Stop scolding Madeline. She's our biological daughter and the young lady of the Wendel Family. I will not forgive you if I hear you talking bad about her again!"

"Dad, did you just... shout at me...?" Angie widened her teary eyes as she shook her head in disbelief. "You've never shouted at me, Dad. Now... You're shouting..." Tears trickled down Angie's face as she felt her body turning cold. She shuddered as her limbs tingled from the icy feeling she felt under her skin. She was truly dejected—her father had just shouted at her because of Madeline. If Madeline's really my mom and dad's daughter, then will I still have a spot in this family?

When Sebastian saw how shocked Angie seemed after being shouted at by Michael, he curled his lips into a smile. Why does she look like her whole world is collapsing just after her father shouted at her? What a spoiled brat! Sebastian turned to give Quinton a look, and Quinton immediately understood.

Moments later, Quinton stepped toward Angie before giving her two slaps on her face. Everyone was stunned for a moment, but Cedric was the first to return to his senses. He ran over to Angie and wrapped his arms around her to protect her. “What are you doing?” he shouted at Quinton.

Quinton smiled. “We’re only being nice since Mr. and Mrs. Wendel are here. Otherwise, we would have given her more than two slaps! She talked bad about Mrs. Hart in front of the Hart Family—this is merely a tiny lesson we’re teaching her!”

“You—” Cedric was just about to hit Quinton when Jonathan walked over to stop him. Cedric glared at Jonathan angrily. “Why did you stop me, Jonathan? This is the Wendel House. They’re bullying our sister on our turf! Others would laugh at us if they heard about this!”

“Shut up!” Jonathan glared at him. “Angie was the one who made a mistake with her words. Why didn’t you get mad when she was the one scolding others? Why didn’t you stop her?”

“Angie was simply a little more straightforward. She only made a nasty comment about Madeline, but they’re the ones who got physical!” Cedric protested.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Cedric. We prefer not to attack others verbally, as that ruins our reputation.” Quinton claimed to be sorry, but he didn’t seem apologetic at all. This only made Cedric angrier. “You’re a man who just hit a woman. Are you proud of yourself?” Cedric hissed.

Quinton smirked. “I don’t care about one’s gender and age. To me, people are only segregated into two groups—friend and foe.” At that moment, there were stars in Joel’s eyes as he stared at Quinton. The young boy pulled his hand away from Sebastian’s to jump around while clapping his hands. “You’re so cool, Mr. Quinton! You’re so handsome!”

Cedric shot Joel a fierce glare. Swoosh! The young boy immediately disappeared behind Sebastian. Meanwhile, Quincy stepped forward and stood beside Sebastian to protect Joel. “Do you want to pick a fight?” Quincy gave Cedric a provocative glare.

Madeline quickly walked over to Quincy before holding the young boy’s hand. “Why are you scaring the kids?” she asked Cedric calmly. “I’ll fight you, Mr. Cedric.”

“Please, don’t.” Quinton chuckled. “You’re going to put me out of my job, Mrs. Hart.”

“You’re the one who’s doing our job now, Quinton.” Right then, Emory and Leonard stepped forward and stopped in front of Madeline. “It’s our job to take care of Mrs. Hart.”

Cedric was fuming at this point. They clearly aren’t showing the Wendels any respect since they came all the way here to cause trouble with us. Sure, the Hart Family might occupy a really exclusive spot in the business world, but that doesn’t give them the right to bully us like that, right? Us Wendels aren’t going to give in so easily! “Are you guys all dead?” Cedric turned around and shouted at his bodyguards.

The few of his bodyguards had been stunned before that, but they hurried over upon hearing him shout. Do they think that I, the fourth son of the Wendel Family, am going to fight the Hart Family’s bodyguards? I wouldn’t lower my standards like that!

“Return to your positions!” The bodyguards had just made their way over when Michael’s shout made their footsteps halt. “Dad—” Cedric gazed at his father resentfully.

“Shut up!” Michael barked at Cedric. Michael had always been a gentle, warm, and loving man, and Cedric had never seen his father acting in such an emotionally unstable manner.

Although Cedric was the wild one in the family, he was still a filial son who would obey his father, even if he didn’t want to. In the end, Cedric shut his mouth and gritted his teeth as he glared at Madeline and her people. Madeline looked extremely calm. I’d be lucky to gain anything, and I’d be fine even if I don’t gain anything from this, she told herself. After all, she was no longer at the age where she needed her parents.

Even though she longed to feel her parents’ love, Madeline knew that some things simply couldn’t be forced. If Michael and Crystal were willing to take her as their daughter, she’d be glad to spend time with them and respect them. However, if they felt like it was hard for them to do such a thing, she would understand as well. She would accept their decision without feeling any pain or regret.

Although Madeline was still young, she had been through a lot. Therefore, her worldviews were much more mature than others. The best thing that came out of her experiences was probably her ability to face her troubles with a neutral attitude.

While the few of them were fighting, Crystal had been trying her best to contain her emotions. She knew her body the best, and she didn’t want to collapse before she found out about the truth!

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 69

Chapter 69 The Intelligent and Gorgeous Woman

Crystal leaned against Michael’s chest as she shut her eyes and spoke to herself. Calm down. Take a deep breath. Another one. Deep breaths... Finally, she felt a little better—

her heart wasn't pounding as hard as before. She opened her eyes before turning to look at Michael. "Tell me, Michael—who are Angie's parents?" she asked in a calm voice.

All of them—Michael and his sons—who knew the truth could feel their hearts in their throats. Michael looked like he was about to say something, but he stopped himself at the very last moment. Crystal looked directly into his eyes. "Angie... is Cameron's daughter, isn't she?" Although she spoke at a slow pace, her voice was extremely shaky.

"What nonsense are you saying, Mom?" Angie screamed. "What got into you? How could you say such things? How could I be Cameron's daughter? You... Are you mad, Mom?" If Angie had felt blown away by the fact that she wasn't a child of the Wendel Family, then she felt like she had completely exploded upon hearing that she was Cameron's daughter. Angie, out of all people, knew best why Madeline had suffered throughout the years. It was because Madeline was supposedly Cameron's biological daughter!

Cameron is the illegitimate daughter of the Taylor Family, and she's one of the culprits who caused my grandmother's death, Angie thought. Naturally, everyone would hate her daughter since they all hated her. That's why everyone in the Taylor Family treated Madeline so horribly. If Dan hadn't been a rebel who insisted on going against my uncle's words and bringing Madeline home, Madeline would have died on the streets.

Madeline didn't do anything wrong—she only went through all of that abuse and maltreatment because she's Cameron's daughter. Just the fact that she's Cameron's daughter is already a crime in the family. But now, Mom's claiming that I'm Cameron's daughter! No. This can't be possible. I'm Mom and Dad's biological daughter, and I have the blood of the grand and elegant Wendel and Taylor families.

How could I be Cameron's daughter? I'm not. I can't be! Angie thought.

Crystal didn't seem to notice Angie's screams as she continued to look at her husband. "Answer me, Michael. Is Angie Cameron's daughter?"

Michael's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, but he remained silent for a long while. Once he gave Crystal his answer, he would be ruining his daughter's future. He had spent more than 20 years caring for and nurturing Angie—his daughter was like a precious gem to him! How... am I supposed to be okay with this?

"She is, isn't she?" Crystal never once took her eyes off of him. "You said that Madeline is our daughter and that you have a DNA test report to prove it. So, it's confirmed that Madeline's our daughter... Angie isn't my biological daughter, yet she looks similar to me... Why would she look similar to me? Because Cameron and I share the same

father! Cameron and I look rather similar to each other, too. She's Cameron's daughter, and she looks like Cameron, which explains why she looks like me..."

"No! That's not right! That can't be true!" Angie cried out loud as she shook her head frantically. "Stop talking, Mom. That's not true. I'm your daughter. I'm Daddy's little girl. I'm really your child!"

But Crystal didn't look at Angie at all. Instead, she continued to stare at Michael. "Back when I was expected to give birth, I went to the hospital, and I recall Cameron checking in to the same hospital during that same period. I thought she was just there to annoy me and make me mad, but now... I see..."

Crystal finally shifted her gaze to Angie. "Now that I think about it, Cameron had arranged for her and me to share the same ward. She gave birth on the same day I did. All of that wasn't to annoy me or get me mad after all... Her main intention was to switch her daughter for mine..."

"No... That's not true, Mom. That can't be true..." Angie bent down as she sobbed helplessly.

This can't be real. None of this is real. If this is real, then my life is ruined. I thought it was bad enough that I'm not a biological child of the Wendels. I can't believe the bad part was revealed at the very end. I can't believe I'm Cameron's daughter! I'm the one who often cursed Cameron's daughter for being cheap, rude, and shameless... And now, I'm that exact person I used to curse at! No. I can't believe it. This must be one of Madeline's evil schemes.

I have to be my parents' child. All of this is just a lie! Angie was still sobbing as she ran toward Michael and Crystal. "It's not what it seems to be, Mom and Dad! This can't be true. You guys have been fooled by Madeline. I'm your daughter. This is all part of Madeline's evil plan. She's fooling you guys! Don't trust her. Don't!"

Jonathan turned to Angie with a complicated gaze in his eyes. "I watched as the DNA test was done, Angie. There can't be a mistake with the results. Madeline's really Mom and Dad's daughter."

"No! You've been fooled by her too, Jonathan!" Angie cried while shaking her head. "She's a liar, and she lied to all of you. I'm your sister, Jonathan. Don't let her fool you! Madeline..." Angie turned to Madeline before charging over to her. Cedric had been holding onto Angie, but she pushed him aside. "You're so evil!" Angie shouted at Madeline. "How could you try to take my parents away from me? I want to kill you. I want to kill you..."

But before Angie could get close to Madeline, Emory came in between both girls before he sent a kick directly into Angie's stomach. Angie stumbled backward upon being kicked, and she soon fell onto her bottom with a loud smack as she hit the ground.

“How dare you, Madeline?” Cedric was furious.

Sebastian smirked. “Why are you shouting at my wife when it was my bodyguard who was protecting her, Cedric? Are you just picking on my wife because you think she’s an easier target?”

Cedric grew even more furious. “Do you think I’m afraid of you, Sebastian?!”

“No. I never thought so. The stupidest people are the ones who have the least fear, anyway! I don’t think you’re afraid of anything!” Sebastian chuckled.

“You...” Cedric’s face turned into the color of a tomato as he felt his blood boiling.

“That’s enough, Cedric.” Jonathan walked over and pushed his brother behind his back. “You’re not allowed to speak again without asking for Dad’s or my permission!”

“But Jonathan...” Cedric was displeased.

“I told you to shut up!” Jonathan frowned.

Cedric was extremely respectful toward his brother. Even though he felt like he was about to erupt with anger, he decided to keep his mouth shut. Meanwhile, Crystal patted her chest as her face turned pale. Michael got worried upon seeing this, so he quickly ordered the family doctors to come over and check on her.

Both of the family doctors couldn’t do much apart from providing Crystal with pills that could prevent a heart attack. Then, they suggested for Crystal to calm down. She wasn’t supposed to get too emotional.

Crystal tried her best to regulate her emotions and focused on one thought in her mind. I have to know the truth! I can’t collapse!

After taking her medication, Michael helped her over to a couch in the hall. Sebastian and the rest of them were also invited into the hall. Once Crystal felt a little better, she quickly turned to her husband. “Can you answer my question now, Michael? Angie is Cameron’s daughter, right?”

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 70

Chapter 70 Too Cruel

She knew what the answer was, but she still wanted Michael to tell her that Angie wasn’t Cameron’s daughter. She wanted him to tell her that she was someone else’s daughter,

If Angie was Cameron's daughter, that would mean Crystal had raised and loved her worst enemy's daughter as her own for more than twenty years. That would be too cruel for her. She didn't want to hear anything else. All she wanted was for her husband to tell her that her answer was wrong, but she would never get that wish.

Crystal had managed to guess the reason and the process. If he lied to her even at this point, he knew she would hate him for life. He loved her and would never hurt her, and now, all he could do was hug her. "Yes, Crystal." He nodded. "Angie is Cameron's daughter."

Angie had been shivering in fear all this time, and she finally screamed, "No!"

Buddy trembled, and Aldo covered his ears. Sebastian patted Buddy and put the boy on his lap. "I'm here, son." He kissed the boy.

Buddy smiled sweetly at his father and huddled closer to him. He hugged Sebastian and tilted his head to the side, looking at Angie curiously. He knew Angie, of course. She was just as bad as Isabel was. Yes, she was prettier than Isabel, but she never did look at them like they were humans. Angie had always looked at them like they were trash. He didn't like the look in their eyes every time they looked at them, and he and Aldo would stay out of their way every time they saw the girls.

Isabel and Angie were princesses who always had the attention of the public, but now, Angie looked like a proper mess. It was as if her clothes and jewelry had been taken away, leaving nothing but a husk of her former self.

Angie could feel her soul getting crushed and burned, and she was in agony. Michael's answer was akin to a death sentence, but not physically speaking. Just minutes ago, she was the only girl in the Wendel Family, beloved by her parents and brothers. But now, she was the daughter of the woman the Taylors hated the most. It was an emotional roller coaster, so to speak, just that the roller coaster was filled with blades and flamethrowers. I'm Cameron's daughter? Impossible. If the public knows about this, then I'd be finished!

She staggered and knelt before Michael and Crystal, bawling her eyes out. "Dad, Mom! This can't be real! T-They must have lied to you! I'm your daughter! I was born and raised here! I've lived with you for more than twenty years! I must be your daughter!"

"Nobody lied to us. Madeline is our daughter, while you are Cameron's. That is the truth." Michael heaved a sigh and waved at Jonathan. Jonathan handed him a file that contained all the most important evidence, including the Certificate of Paternity, the pictures of Madeline and Michael's mother back in her younger days, and the testimonials of the witnesses who heard Cameron calling the Taylors a bunch of idiots in her drunken episodes.

Angie didn't even look at the files closely. She skimmed through them and tossed the whole thing onto the floor. She looked at the Wendel couple with an unspoken plea in her eyes, and she shook her head. "Dad, Mom, you can't be sure this is real. They could have doctored it. But the days I spent with you guys? Those are real. Dad, Mom, I've been with you for more than twenty years. There's no way I'm not your daughter! I don't care who says otherwise!" She cried and held the Wendel couple tightly. "Dad, Mom, I'm your daughter, and you're my parents. That hasn't changed for the last twenty or so years, and it wouldn't ever change. I don't care what kind of evidence you have; that won't change how I feel about you two."

Crystal shoved her away, then she picked the file up and perused them word by word. When she read through the witnesses' testimonials, she gnashed her teeth, almost crushing them in anger. I am a fool. I've been raising my enemy's daughter for more than twenty years, while my own girl was insulted, tortured, and almost killed. I am such a fool. She gripped the files tightly as she trembled in rage. She looked at Madeline and tried to say something to her, but it took her a long time, and finally, all she could muster was a feeble apology.

Madeline shook her head. She didn't bear any grudge against the Wendel couple. They were the victims too.

The apology opened the floodgates, and Crystal's emotions poured forth like a great wave coming down from a broken dam. She wobbled toward Madeline and gave her a tight hug as she cried her heart out. "I am so, so sorry, Maddie. I'm so sorry. I'm such a fool. I haven't been taking good care of you when I was pregnant, and you had to live in the incubator right after you were born. I've already failed you enough, but who would have thought I would fail you further and let that witch take you away? I am so, so, so sorry."

She started hyperventilating eventually, much to the shock of her family. The family physicians had rushed to Crystal's rescue, however. They fed her the emergency meds and massaged her, and luckily, she managed to hold on.

Michael held her tightly, fear still lingering in his heart, while tears lingered in his eyes. "Calm down, Crystal. Our girl's back. We can make it up to her still. We have a lot of time ahead of us. It'll all be better. What's important now is your health. What would happen to Maddie if you were to fall? What would happen to me? To the kids? You have to be strong for them."

Crystal didn't want to fall either. I cannot die yet. I want that witch to pay for what she did. I must not die. She took her pills and breathed deeply to calm herself. It was a difficult ten minutes, but eventually, she regained some color on her face and managed to calm down.

Michael was drenched in sweat, and the Wendel brothers looked pale from the fright as well.

Cedric said, "Dad, let's not talk about this for now. It's not good for Mom. We should get something to eat and retire for the day. We can leave this for tomorrow."

Michael gave it some thought and nodded. "Sure. Let's have dinner first."

Dinner was served a moment later, and everyone took their seats. Angie sat down dumbly on her usual spot, tears still streaming down her cheeks.