

## You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 9

### Chapter 9 What Do You Want to Say?

It's just a coincidence that Aldo resembles him. It happens to anyone all the time.

Sebastian didn't push her further, seeing that she didn't want to answer. Everything was just speculation before the results were known. What he would do next depended on what the results were.

Weylam came to Buddy and knelt down on one knee. "I lost, Master Joel. Do you want to pluck my hair off yourself, or should I do it for you?"

"Oh, oh, I'll do it!" Buddy rubbed his hands happily.

Sebastian thought, Son, your mother just lost a fight, and she's pretty sad by the looks of it. Don't you see that? Are you sure you should be looking so happy right now?

Buddy couldn't hear his monologue, of course. He happily plucked a strand of Weylam's hair and gave it to Aldo like it was some sort of treasure. "Here, Aldo. You can have it."

"No!" Aldo frowned in disgust. "That's dirty."

Weylam felt discouraged. Hey, I wash my hair every night.

"I see." Buddy blinked again. He asked Weylam, "Hey mister, does plucking your hair hurt?"

Weylam didn't know why he asked that, but he shook his head. "It doesn't, I guess."

Quinton thought that sounded ridiculous. I guess? That's a simple yes or no question.

Buddy blinked at Weylam. "Mister, hair is really precious, you know. You might have great hair now, but they'll fall out. You lose ten strands if you pluck one, so multiply that by ten, and you'll be losing at least a hundred strands of hair. Getting bald is scary. You don't want to have a balding crown."

Weylam shut up. So what are you trying to say, Master Joel? Please just shoot it straight.

Quinton thought his colleague was really stupid. "Master Joel, what will it take for you to have mercy and stop plucking his hair?"

“It’s easy, really. Getting bald is scary for everyone, so we’ll stop plucking his hair.” He raised one finger. “One hundred for a strand of hair. Give me nine hundred, and I’ll stop plucking his hair.”

So he’s stopping because his brother thinks the hair is dirty, and he’s asking for money in exchange instead? But that’s a cheap price, really. Oh, you’re so kind. Weylam patted his pocket. “I don’t have cash.”

“But you do have your phone.” He raised his arm and clicked away on his wristwatch, and a QR code appeared on the screen. He showed it to Weylam. “Here, scan this code. Easy and eco-friendly way of payment.”

Oh, wow. He’s prepared? I can’t believe him. He took his phone out and was about to transfer nine hundred to the boy.

“I’ll do it.” Sebastian took his phone out and scanned the code on the boy’s watch, then he keyed in the amount.

A few seconds later, a lovely disembodied voice announced, ‘Transaction successful. A hundred thousand received.’

The Harts were silent. It announces the transaction? Does he do this a lot? Wait, he does seem experienced, so he might have done this many times. How many people has he conned?

Buddy blinked curiously and clicked on his smartwatch. He counted the zeros on the transaction a few times, and after he confirmed that it was correct, he trotted over to his mother happily. “Don’t worry, Mom. That mister might be a good fighter, but he isn’t really smart. I only asked for nine hundred, but he gave me a hundred grand. Don’t worry, Mom. Stupid people are easy to handle.”