

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 91

Chapter 91 Stupid

“Yes.” Michael looked at Sebastian. “It’s just like what Sebastian said last night. If it weren’t for the fact that Sebastian was young and had never met us back then, I would have suspected that he was at the scene himself.”

Madeline looked at Sebastian again, and she was impressed this time. He’s as smart as the rumors say he is. He only went and made a fictional tale out of some clues he found, and his guess was right on the money.

“It’s all thanks to you this time, Sebastian.” Michael looked at him gratefully. “If it wasn’t for you exposing the truth, we would have thought of our mother’s killer as someone who took great care of us.”

Sebastian smiled. “It’s alright, Mr. Wendel. This is nothing.”

Oh, it’s nothing alright. You came up with a bullsh*t story just to mess with Harriet. You never intended to help them, but it’s true that you exposed the truth and helped them. It’s natural for them to thank you.

“It might be nothing to you, but it’s important for me and my brothers,” Michael said. “We’re lucky that Harriet is still young. If we only found out about the truth after her death, we would be too ashamed to see our mother when we finally meet her in the afterlife.” That would be the humiliation that taints our lives.

Madeline nodded. “Harriet went too far.” She killed their mother and made them think they owe her a favor for raising them up. And she even told them she didn’t have her own children so she could take care of them. This is just shamelessly despicable. She’s worse than an animal.

Jonathan said, “Too far? She’s vile.”

He and his brothers felt angry for their father, and they despised Harriet after the truth was out. It was lucky they weren’t too late, and their father could still avenge his mother. If they only found out about the truth after Harriet’s death, their father would be left without an outlet for his rage, and he’d probably die of depression.

“True,” Madeline agreed. “Where’s Harriet? Did you call the cops on her?”

“Not yet,” Michael said. “She’s not just my enemy; she’s also my brothers’ enemy. You have two uncles, and I’ve notified them about this. They’re out of town, but they’ll come here ASAP. Once they’re here, we’ll talk about how we should handle Harriet.”

"I see." Madeline understood that. In other words, he's not the only one who has a score to settle with her. His brothers should get that chance as well. Dad has to call his brothers back so they can exact vengeance. I get it.

Sebastian suddenly huddled closer and whispered, "Looks like we missed nothing even after we slept through the whole night."

She noticed the laugh in his voice, and she felt speechless when she saw the look of schadenfreude on his face. You're the heir to the Hart Family, and you look like a god who just descended from Olympus, but you sure love gossip, don't you? He was too close to her, and she could feel his hot breath brushing across his skin. And he also smelled like mint. She wasn't used to being so close to someone, so she blushed and moved away from him, but she pretended like nothing was wrong. "What about Cameron, Dad?"

"I've called the cops on her, and Dusktown's forces will arrest her. I haven't asked them for details yet," Michael said. "I'll take your mother to her when she's all better."

It was not a visit. He would take her to Cameron so she could see the end of her nemesis. Crystal hated Cameron the most, and she would skin her alive if she could. Of course she had to see her nemesis' end with her own eyes if she wanted any closure.

Madeline nodded. "I'll go with her then."

"Good girl." Michael looked at her gently.

Michael never lived with Madeline for a day before, but she was a likable woman. She was beautiful, elegant, well-mannered, dignified, and confident. He'd admire her even if she was someone else's daughter, let alone his. She was his and Crystal's flesh and blood. With that and her own charm in the equation, his affection for her rose with every passing moment he spent with her.

They chatted for a few moments, and breakfast was ready, but the boys were still asleep.

Michael looked upstairs. "Should we wake them up?"

"It's alright. Let them sleep," Madeline answered. "Where's uncle, Dan, and Sam?"

Last night, Nigel and his sons stayed silent the whole time after they came, and they pretended that they were invisible. Madeline guessed that they were feeling guilty and had no idea how to face her. She didn't think that was necessary, of course. No matter what, Dan saved her life before, and Sam hired a famous master to teach her self-defense. Thanks to that, she could face anyone and anything without fear of fervor. No matter what, she would still be grateful for Sam and Dan. After all, there wasn't any law

that said cousins must be nice to cousins, but Dan and Sam did show her kindness, and she would repay them in kind.

“Your uncle has his own place here, so they went back.” Michael hesitated for a moment, and he said, “After you went to bed last night, he apologized to me profusely. He said he wronged you a lot because he had no idea you’re my daughter. He hopes you can forgive him. He feels sorry about what he did, and it’s awkward to see you now. He doesn’t know how to face you, so he wants me to tell you that he’s really sorry.”

Nigel also apologized to Michael and said he failed him and Crystal. Their daughter was right under his nose, but he failed to take care of her and made her suffer. All Michael could say was it was in the past, and that Nigel shouldn’t take it to heart anymore. He couldn’t criticize him, since he too failed in taking care of his own daughter. He had no right to blame anyone else. He looked at Madeline and said softly, “Maddie, we owe you a lot. We’ll make it up to you, we promise.”

Madeline smiled. “And I’ll always keep in touch.”

Cedric had gone back to his room for a shower and a change of clothes after he told the chefs to make breakfast. When he came back to the living room, he heard that conversation between Michael and Madeline. He stopped in his tracks, glanced at Madeline, and he snorted disdainfully.

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Chapter 92 What Did You Say?

Michael glared at him angrily. “Your mother is still in the hospital. What do you want this time?” It was fortunate that his wife was saved, or he would have kicked Cedric out. Since he was his son, and his wife was already saved, he didn’t want to chastise him too much in case he got stressed out and did something stupid. If he were to be overwhelmed by guilt and cut himself or did something dangerous like drunk driving, he could get himself killed, and that would only devastate Michael. But he’s already back to his old ways just because I cut him some slack?

The mention of his ill mother made him freeze up, and he stared down at the ground. “Nothing, Dad.”

“Oh, I know what he’s thinking, Dad.” Madeline had come to the dining table and taken a seat. She smirked at Cedric and explained, “He’s thinking, ‘Wow, this Madeline is some shameless b*tch. Now that she knows she’s a part of our family, she wants to stay with us in case she misses out on our riches. If Dad and Mom are just paupers, she probably won’t want to admit that they’re her parents so easily. She says she’s here for a reunion, but in reality, she’s just trying to take advantage of us’.”

Cedric was red with anger. "What nonsense are you spouting, Madeline?"

Madeline smiled. "Cedric, you're a man. If you did it, you'll have to admit it. Are you sure that's not what you have in mind?"

Cedric's face got even redder. He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out, for Madeline was right; that was what he was thinking. He thought Madeline only showed up and tried to butter up his father just because they were rich. If the Wendels were poor and powerless, she'd probably say that her parents had never raised her for a day in her life and stay away from them, quoting that they were not related to her. He had seen a lot of people like that before.

That was what he truly thought, but he felt embarrassed that Madeline said it out in front of everyone. He didn't want to admit it, but Madeline said he wasn't a man if he didn't, and he couldn't let that happen. He had always been stubborn and egotistical. If he denied his true thoughts, he would think he wasn't man enough.

Michael took his silence as an admission, and he flew into a rage. He picked a plate up and hurled it to the floor. "What in God's holy name are you thinking? How could you see your sister that way? Your sister is our child, just like you boys are. You've been enjoying the family's love, wealth, and riches for more than twenty years, but what did she have?"

The more he said, the sadder he was, and he finally teared up. "What do you mean your sister wants to take advantage of us? She's our daughter. She deserves a part of this wealth. If it weren't for that witch, Cameron, she would be enjoying the same life you boys have for the last twenty years. But no. No, instead, her life was nothing but suffering!"

Michael's heart hurt when he was reminded of Madeline's suffering, and he choked up. "I failed my own daughter. I failed to protect her, and I've never even raised her. Now that I finally found her, you think she's just a gold digger? Even if she is, she's just eyeing my wealth, and I would give it to her gladly! What makes you think you have the right to slander her?"

Cedric was pale with guilt. "I did not slander her," he defended himself.

"You can't even think about it!" Michael's voice was trembling. "Do you think we're blind to what you did? Do you think nobody can see through you? Do you think you're the only smart person here?"

Cedric opened his mouth, but he couldn't say a word.

"Dad, Cedric didn't mean it. He just got to a dead end, that's all. Calm down. I'll deal with this." Jonathan went over and sat his father down on his seat. He poured Michael a glass of water and looked at Cedric. "Cedric, I know you're uncomfortable that Maddie

suddenly became our sister instead of Angie. I can understand that, but you can't vent on her. She's the victim here. You can't blame her for taking Angie's place when that place is hers to begin with. You understand that, right?"

Everyone's eyes were on Cedric, as if he was being publicly prosecuted. He didn't want to look at anyone, or perhaps he was too scared to do so. He hung his head low and stared at the ground, and he nodded.

Jonathan continued, "Just like what Dad said, Maddie is their child, just like you and I are. She's a part of the family to begin with. Whatever we have, she should have them too, right?"

Cedric had no counterargument, and he nodded.

Jonathan said, "Since she's Dad and Mom's child just like we are, that makes her a part of the family. So why shouldn't she come back and take her place with us? Isn't that right?"

Cedric had nothing to say to that. He couldn't possibly say that Madeline should never come home because she grew up without them. That was what he had in mind, but he knew that was wrong. If he actually said that, his father would kick him out of the house. All he could do was nod.

Jonathan looked at him and continued, "Cedric, don't just nod at me. Answer me. Do you think Maddie's right for coming back to us? To Dad and Mom? Or do you think she's wrong? Do you think she should come back and get reunited with us or stay away and never see us again?"

Jonathan demanded an answer, and Cedric had no choice, so he said, "She should come back and get reunited with Dad and Mom."

"I think so too." Jonathan continued, "Maddie has no grudge against Dad and Mom. She never blamed them for their careless mistake that cost her dearly. Since they have no grudge between them, it's normal for them to want to be reunited. Dad and Mom are happy that she came back to them. They would be devastated if she didn't, however. Am I right, Cedric?"

"Yes." Cedric was already numb from all the nodding.

"Good." Jonathan nodded, and he looked at Cedric. "Since you think I'm right, and Dad and Mom will be happy that Maddie comes back for a reunion, why don't you like her then? Why do you hate her? Why did you mock her because she came back for a reunion? Why are you looking down on her?"

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Chapter 93 Under a Spell

Cedric had nothing to say, and everyone was quiet as well. He knew they were waiting for him to speak up. That was how their family worked. It was democratic, and they could always argue if they thought someone was wrong. Anyone could refute if they thought the argument wasn't sound. When someone finally fell silent and thought that they were in the wrong, they must admit that they were wrong. Everyone was waiting for his apology, and a long time later, he stared down and said raspily, "I'm wrong."

Jonathan looked at him calmly. "And why are you wrong?"

Cedric hung his head low and clenched his fists. "I shouldn't dislike Maddie. I shouldn't think that she never should have come home. I shouldn't have thought that she only wanted to reunite with us because she wants our wealth."

His face turned even redder as shame was added to the equation. He came from a good family, had good looks, was smart, talented, and managed to become a successful entrepreneur at a young age. He grew up in a bed of roses and walked the path that was paved with praises, and he had never been in such a situation before.

"Cedric, I can understand how you feel." Michael stood up and went over to Cedric. "You don't like her because you think she's the source of all this mess. You think she ruined our peaceful lives, and you don't want that life to ever change. You hope that Angie is your real sister, and that none of this has ever happened. You think that it'd be great if Maddie never existed, because we'd be living our peaceful lives then."

Cedric still didn't look up, and he clenched his fists tighter. He didn't deny it, for that was what he had in mind. The one before him was his father. He loved, protected, and raised him, and he would not lie to this man.

"But you're wrong, Cedric." Michael patted his shoulder. "Cedric, if you feel uncomfortable from the changes that are happening, if you feel that you're hurt, you shouldn't blame Maddie. You should blame me."

Cedric froze for a moment, and he looked at Michael.

Michael looked him in the eye. "Cedric, I failed your sister. I couldn't protect her, and I let that witch take her away." Tears were welling up in his eyes, and grief danced within his soul as his voice broke.

Michael had always been like a mountain for Cedric. He was indefatigable and invincible. Aside from his mother being sent into the operating room the night before, he had never seen Michael in so much pain. It broke his heart, and he said, "Dad..."

Michael kept looking him in the eye and continued, "If it weren't for my incompetence, Maddie would have been the one to grow up with you, not Angie. We would never have had someone called Angie in our family. Now that the truth is out, you feel hurt that Maddie is going to take Angie's place as your sister. You think you're going to lose your beloved sister, and you feel hurt, so you tried to defend Angie and hate Maddie, but that's only because I failed as a father."

"No." Cedric shook his head by reflex. "That's not it, Dad."

"That is it." Michael looked him in the eye and continued adamantly, "The sister who has grown up with you is going to leave us, and her life is going to change dramatically. You hate this change, and it makes you uneasy. If you have to blame someone so you can feel better, then blame me. My incompetence caused all this mess, not Maddie. Maddie is innocent. She did nothing wrong. You have no reason to blame her." He sounded bleak, and his eyes were filled with guilt and powerlessness.

Cedric felt like he didn't know him, but he was also heartbroken. Michael, at least to him, should be calm, collected, and confident. He had never seen Michael looking so down and crestfallen. He kept denying himself and called himself incompetent. That tore his heart into pieces. "That's not it, Dad." Tears welled up in his eyes, and he almost cried. "This is my fault, Dad. I spoke out of line. I won't blame her anymore. I'll apologize!" He swiveled around, his face crimson. "I'm sorry. This is all my fault. Please forgive me. I-I promise I'll be nice to you. I'll take up responsibility as your brother. I promise."

Madeline thought the Wendels had a good way of teaching their children. Cedric could admit his wrongdoings because of that, and his heart was in the right place. He cared about the sister whom he grew up with, but that led him down a misguided path. Now that he was taught a lesson and was forced to face his wrongs, he finally admitted it. Madeline would let that slide, so she smiled. "It's alright. I don't really care about those who have nothing to do with me. You didn't hurt me, so you don't have to be apologetic."

Wait, so I have nothing to do with you? Why did I even think she's here for our wealth? She doesn't even care about me. I must have been thinking too highly about myself.

Jonathan noticed the awkward air, and he stepped in. "Well, we're a family here. Now that everything's settled, let's get something to eat, or the food is going to get cold."

They sat down and had breakfast. Without Cedric's sarcastic behavior ruining the mood, breakfast was a lot more peaceful. After that intense reproach from his family, Cedric put aside his prejudices and tried to see things objectively. It was then he realized that what he did before was laughable. He couldn't understand why he thought Madeline only came to see them because she wanted their wealth. Maybe it was my prejudice.

When he started looking at things objectively, he realized that she didn't care about the reunion. Her mannerisms were top notch, and every move was elegant and relaxed. An artist could make a portrait out of her. She showed no signs of inveigling anyone, not even Michael. In fact, she was always polite and distant with the Wendels. There were no signs of her trying to get close.

It was like the Wendels were just a family of relatives she could do without. If she liked them, she could come over for visits, but if she didn't, she could forget about them entirely.

She doesn't care about any of us, and I thought she only came to us because we're rich and powerful? She saw through me and exposed that to everyone. Even though everyone around the table was his family save for Sebastian, he still felt embarrassed. Was I under a spell? Why would I think she's a gold digger?

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Chapter 94 Again

He noticed Madeline's polite behavior, and the others had too. Michael felt a bit crestfallen, but he knew that Madeline's attitude was expected. They had never raised her for even a day in her life, and ever since she came to their house, she never enjoyed a moment of peace. He failed to give her the warmth of a family and a father's love, so he had no right to ask her to treat them as family. But we have time. Now that she's back, we can get along and eventually have her open up to us if we open up to her. We'll be a real family eventually.

The boys woke up when they were halfway through breakfast. Joel asked to see Madeline the moment he woke up, and Simon quickly called Madeline.

She rose to her feet and told Michael, "Dad, the boys are awake. I'm going to see them."

"Go," he said. "And wash them up. They should be hungry now, so take them here. The chefs made a lot of food for them."

Madeline nodded. "Okay, Dad."

Sebastian put his cutlery down and got up too. "I'll go too."

"No. You don't have to," she responded. "I can handle this myself."

"I know," he replied. "I just miss the boys."

She figured, Well, as long as you're happy.

They went upstairs.

Joel was rolling around on the bed with his pillow in his hands. "I want Mom. I want Mom. I want Mom."

This boy is really...

She went and knocked him on his head. "Buddy, you and your antics again!"

He pounced at her. "Mom!"

Madeline shook her head. I wonder where he got this from. I've never acted this way, so... She looked at Sebastian. Not impossible, really. He might be a prankster who loves practical jokes, though I can't imagine him acting like a spoiled kid.

Sebastian noticed the weird look she was giving him and he cocked his eyebrow. "What is it?"

After she shook her head, she replied, "I-It's nothing." She patted Joel's back. "Where's Aldo?"

As Joel was clinging to her like a koala to a tree, he said, "He went to take a shower."

Madeline sighed. "Can you be a little like Aldo?"

"I'm great too, Mom!" He puffed his cheeks. "I'm cute, and I know that!"

Oh my God. She did not know what to say.

Sebastian laughed in amusement as he carried Joel and kissed him. "You're right. You're the cutest boy in the world."

"Dad!" Joel hugged him and wiggled around in his embrace.

Sebastian's heart melted as he held Joel and asked Madeline, "Is our son always this cute after he wakes up?"

Our son? That sounds so awkward. She wanted to say that Joel was her son, but it would sound too forced if she kept emphasizing that. As she patted Joel's back, she explained while glancing at Sebastian, "He always does this after he wakes up. I wonder who he takes after."

"Don't look at me. It's not me. I wasn't this cute when I was a kid."

Oh fine. As long as you're happy.

Quincy came out of the bathroom, his hair wet. When he saw Sebastian and Madeline, he greeted them. "Dad, Mom."

"Good boy." Sebastian looked at Joel, then at Quincy, who just came out of the shower looking all clean. He thought he had made it in life at that moment.

Sebastian handed Buddy to Madeline and rummaged through the drawer for a hair dryer. "Come, Aldo." He waved at Aldo. "I'll dry your hair."

Quincy went over and sat beside him.

Sebastian turned the hair dryer on and dried Quincy's hair. He carefully controlled the temperature in case it was too cold or too hot for the child. He looked serious, careful, and meticulous while doing it.

Madeline smiled and carried Joel. "I'll take him to the bathroom." She took him to the bathroom and bathed him where she dried his hair and changed him into new clothes before coming back out.

Quincy had changed as well.

They were wearing matching outfits as usual. Quincy was wearing blue pants and a white shirt, while Joel was wearing white pants and a blue shirt. The style was the same, though the color wasn't. As both boys resembled each other, anyone would know they were brothers.

Joel looked delighted as he held Quincy's hand and kept calling his name, telling him all the interesting things he saw. Anyone would think what Joel said was boring, but Joel wouldn't stop talking about it. Quincy wasn't annoyed either as he allowed his brother to talk. He would call Joel an idiot from time to time, but Joel wasn't angry. He kept smiling and talking to Quincy.

They went ahead while their parents followed. In the end, they finally came down to the living room.

Michael's eyes shone when he saw the boys. "Aldo, Buddy! Come! Come to Grandpa!"

The boys looked at their parents and Madeline nodded at them. The kids went over to Michael and greeted, "Grandpa."

"Good boys!" Michael loved the kids and he held them in his arms, helping them with their food.

They went to the living room after they had breakfast, and after some small talk, the butler came to announce the arrival of Michael's brother.

The one who came first was the middle child—Benjamin. Benjamin came with his wife and two sons. Finding out that their stepmother was their mother's murderer was a big deal and everyone had the right to know the truth.

Morgan came not long after Benjamin did. He also came with his wife and sons, and just like Benjamin, he had two sons.

Michael introduced Madeline to his brothers and vice versa. It was just like that, after Madeline was reunited with her parents and brothers, she now met two uncles, two aunts, and four cousins.

When Michael was introducing them to her, she was reminded of the first time she read 'The Story of the Stone'. Her first thought then was, Wow, there sure are a lot of people in here, and the relationships are super complex. I need to pay a lot of attention if I want to understand them. She thought it would be hard to remember all her uncles, aunts, and cousins at first, but when she was reminded of The Story of the Stone, it calmed her down. Hey, it's just two uncles, four cousins, and four brothers. If I can remember and sort out all the relationships in The Story of the Stone, this won't be a big deal.

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Chapter 95 He Thinks So

For some reason, the eight boys didn't differentiate between families when they were ordered from eldest to youngest. Madeline's brothers were the eldest among the boys. Uncle Benjamin's sons were called Eric and David, and they were fifth and sixth in chronological order. Their names were easy to remember, since Madeline came up with a catchphrase for it. Eric and David? E and D? Hmm, oh, I know! Ed, Edd, and Eddy!

But contrary to that interesting catchphrase, Benjamin's sons weren't too close to Madeline. They didn't look really happy to see Madeline, but they weren't too against it either. Madeline could understand that. She wasn't a dollar bill, so not everyone would love her. They were just her cousins, so they could be friends if they were lucky, but if not, then they would just be acquaintances.

Morgan's sons were seventh and eight in chronological order. In other words, Michael's sons were the oldest four, while Benjamin's were in the middle, and Morgan's were the youngest. That's easy to remember.

Morgan's sons were called Jack and Nicholas. Hmm, Jack and Nicholas, huh? God is gracious, and the victory of the people. Alright, I've remembered their names.

Her own brothers' names could be hard to remember though. Perhaps fans of JoJo's Bizarre Adventure would recognize Jonathan and Joseph, but Madeline couldn't make that connection. She just thought their names sounded fine. Connor meant 'lover of hounds' while Cedric meant 'kindly', but neither of them had shown those attributes.

Jonathan was calm and collected, while Joseph was a man of few words. Connor could be scheming if he wanted to, while Cedric was an idiot. Lover of hounds? Kindly? Yeah, right. Get real.

She might be thinking about a lot of things, but she didn't drop her mannerisms. She'd greet everyone Michael introduced to her. After all, she was the youngest kid around, and she'd have to greet anyone Michael introduced. When the introductions were nearing its end, she heaved a sigh of relief. Finally, it's going to end soon.

Michael introduced Nicholas to her. "Maddie, this is Morgan's second son—Nicholas."

"Hello, Nicholas." Madeline looked at him for a moment longer because of his name. Angie means 'messenger of God', while Nicholas means 'victory of the people.' I wonder if the people's victory has anything to do with God's message.

Nicholas glanced at Madeline and ignored her. He asked Michael, "Where's Angie, uncle?"

Michael froze up, and he looked at Madeline. "She's upstairs." He didn't want Madeline to misunderstand anything, so he explained, "It was getting late, and it would be dangerous for Angie to leave alone. That's why we let her stay."

Madeline smiled. She wasn't angry, for she didn't care. She wasn't blind. She'd repay the Wendels' kindness, and she wouldn't really mind if they wanted to keep Angie. But she would never come back to them, naturally.

She wasn't saying anything, but Michael had a feeling that what little bond they had built over breakfast was broken because he kept Angie for the night. Madeline was about to come back to them, but now she had decided against it because of his decision. He felt crestfallen, and he was reminded of the time he ludicrously thought he could keep both Madeline and Angie together. He thought he could have another daughter, but now he knew that was mere foolishness on his part.

He had never raised Madeline, and she didn't really feel any familial love toward him. When she needed them most, they weren't there for her. Now, she was all grown up and didn't need them anymore, and she could face anything with ease. If she was happy with how he and his wife treated her, she would be fine with calling them Mom and Dad. However, if she wasn't happy with how he and Crystal were treating her, she could stay away from them for her whole life, and it would be impossible for them to see her. And I thought I could keep both her and Angie?

She has no reason to do as I say and live under the same roof with Angie. Why should she watch as the one who insulted her and usurped her place get all chummy with her own family? That's just disgusting.

If Madeline actually listened to him and his wife and befriended Angie just to come back to the Wendels, he would know she was here for their wealth. But now, it was obvious that she had no interest in the Wendels' riches. If he kept being nice to Angie, that would be akin to pushing his own daughter to the backburner.

Madeline didn't care about the Wendels. Not one bit. And humans were creatures driven by the desire to have what they couldn't. He held Madeline's arm and explained, "Once she wakes up and has breakfast, I'll get someone to send her to the Colts and explain this whole thing to Xander."

I can't be too greedy. It's clear now. Madeline hasn't said anything or forced me to make a choice, but it's obvious that I can only keep one or the other, not both. If he kept Angie, then Madeline would only be related to them in name only. It would be impossible for her to open up to them, and he didn't want to see that.

She was stolen when she was born because he failed his job as her father. She suffered for years, and he had to make it up to her. Besides, he could never keep Angie around. Crystal loathed Cameron, and Angie's existence reminded her of that nemesis as well as their foolishness. With how bad Crystal's health was, he couldn't keep Angie around, or it might kill Crystal. There can only be one daughter for us for the rest of our lives, and it'll be our real daughter.

Madeline smiled at him. "You decide, Dad."

Cedric's eyes lit up, and he looked at Michael hopefully. "Dad, Maddie said you can make the decision. Can we keep Angie? Xander didn't raise Angie, and he doesn't love her. There's no way he would treat her well. Angie's been staying with us her whole life, and she's already used to this place. Even if we tell the public the truth, we can still keep her as an adopted child." He got into an argument with his mother and almost killed her because he didn't want to tell the public about the truth. Since then, he gave up on keeping the truth a secret, but now he saw an alternative. Hey, if we just tell them that Angie's adopted, then it's fine, right?

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Chapter 96 Fool!

Xander could chase Madeline out even after he raised her for ten years. He hasn't even taken care of Angie for a day in her life, so she would suffer if she went to the Colts. Not to mention everyone knows Xander's wife controls his home. If she becomes Angie's stepmom, Angie would suffer! I mean, being an adopted kid is worse than being a young miss, but it's better than going to the Colts. He looked at Michael hopefully.

Michael was having a headache. Why have I never realized that this boy is a fool? “Did you forget about your mother?” Michael asked. “She won’t want to adopt Angie.”

“She will!” Cedric insisted. “She raised Angie, and she loves her. The one she hates is Cameron, and she got angry at me because I argued with her and tried to stop her from calling the cops on Cameron. I know that wasn’t right of me, and I’ll do what she wants us to. We already called the cops on Cameron, and they must have arrested her. Mom will be stoked when she knows this. Cameron is arrested and being punished now, but Angie is innocent. Mom will take her in.”

“I don’t agree.” Michael frowned. “Angie is the Colts’ daughter, and she has nothing to do with us. We’ll send her to her family after she wakes up. We’ve been kind enough to raise her up, and the rest is up to Xander now. Stay away from Angie and the Colts, you hear?”

“Dad...” Cedric then remembered someone, and he turned to Madeline. “Maddie, help me out here. Tell Dad to keep Angie, alright? We’re all boys here, and you’re the only girl. You’ll be bored if you’re alone. If Angie stays, she can be your friend and go on shopping trips with you. You girls love to huddle together and gossip, right? And you aren’t familiar with Wendel City, but Angie grew up here. She can introduce you to the circle here. She has a lot of friends, and I know she can help you out.”

“It’s fine.” Madeline smiled. “I won’t stay here for long. Once Mom gets better, I’ll take the boys back to Dusktown. I’ve decided to stay there.”

Philip was in Dusktown, and he adored the kids. He wouldn’t want to be separated from them, and besides, Dusktown was a beautiful city. The climate was perfect, and it was an international metropolis. Its economy, education, and transport system were top-notch in the nation. The boys were about to go to school, and she would enrol them into a kindergarten once she returned to Dusktown, and she would stay there.

Cedric frowned. “Maddie, if you’re going back to Dusktown, then that’s all the more reason to persuade Dad to keep Angie. She can help you take care of them when you’re gone.”

“Cedric.” Madeline cocked her eyebrow at him. “I don’t understand. Why do you want me to persuade your father? This is your family matter, and your father is head of the family. He should know what he should and shouldn’t do. Why do you keep asking me to step in?”

Cedric shut up for a long time, but he finally found an excuse. “Dad listens to you! He thinks he owes you, so he’s being nice to you. He’ll do whatever you say, so please help me out here. I’ll owe you one. I promise I’ll pay you back.”

Madeline laughed. "So you're saying that because your father listens to me, I'll have to speak up for someone I don't like despite how disgusted I'll feel about it?" She shook her head. "I'm sorry, Cedric, but I'm not a masochist. If that's what you want, you'll have to do it yourself. Don't drag me into this. I owe you nothing, and I certainly have no obligation to help."

"Can't you at least be sympathetic?" Cedric was furious. "Everyone will be laughing at Angie once the truth gets around. She can't face those mockery if she returns to the Colts. At least we can keep her safe if she stays with us. The truth is exposed now, and it won't take long until everyone knows you're the true princess of the Wendels, while she was just an accident. You already have a better status than she does, so why can't you just let the past go and help her out? How can you be so cruel? Is your heart made of stone?"

"You're right." She beamed beautifully. "I do have a heart of stone."

"Why you..." Cedric was too angry to form a coherent sentence.

Madeline kept smiling. "Cedric, you can't force someone without any desire to do anything. I have nothing to expect from you or your family, nor do I owe you anything, so drop that big boy act around me. It's useless. If you love her so much, then find a way around it yourself. Don't force me into this. You won't get anything from me. I won't entertain any of your antics."

"Why you..." Cedric's face was red with anger, and he felt like he could explode at any given moment.

His brothers looked at Cedric like he was an idiot, and they shook their heads.

Jonathan walked up to Madeline's side and patted her shoulder. "Ignore him, Maddie. He's lost his mind. I'll teach this punk a lesson once I have time."

Joseph was more direct than his twin, and he spat at Cedric, "You imbecile."

Connor walked up to Madeline's other side. "It's my fault, Maddie. I think I took too many nutrients while we were in Mom's belly. He isn't really bright in this department."

Connor pointed at his temples.

Madeline laughed. "It's alright. I told you that I don't really care about anyone or anything that has nothing to do with me. I just think of this as entertainment."

Cedric felt like blowing up, and he glared at his brothers. "What the hell are you talking about? I'm not Angie's only brother here. The Colts will kill her if we send her to them! Why aren't you guys even worried?"

"I think Cedric is right." Nicholas went up to Cedric and looked at Madeline. "Maddie, you're already the young miss of the family now, so why can't you let the past go? Even if Angie were to stay, she would just be an adopted daughter, and it would depend on you whether she gets to live a good life or not. She won't affect you. Uncle and Auntie have raised her for so long, and I'm sure they'll be sad if you want them to send her away. Just let her stay, alright? Be understanding. They're your parents. At least be nice to them."

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Chapter 97 Kneel

"Nicholas is right," Erin agreed. She was the wife of Morgan, and she came up to Madeline. "Maddie, please be understanding. It's normal to want Angie to stay. After all, she's smart, beautiful, and adorable. Not to mention she's been here for more than twenty years. If I were forced to send her away, I would die of heartbreak. Maddie, you can't just think for yourself. You're a daughter. You should love your parents more. No matter what, you have to ask them to keep Angie and make them happy."

Madeline looked at Erin and observed her closely. The women in the Wendel family were beautiful. Her mother was gorgeous, of course. She used to be called the top beauty of Worrick. Benjamin's wife—Felicia—was exquisite too. She was tall, lithe, and elegant.

Erin was beautiful too, but she was a far cry from Crystal and Felicia. Crystal and Felicia had top-notch looks and air about them. They could be top celebrities if they worked in the entertainment industry. Erin was just a regular beauty. She was beautiful, but there was nothing special about her. Compared to Felicia, she was nothing. But more importantly, Madeline had a feeling that Erin had darker ideas in her mind.

She sounded like she cared about Michael and his family, but Madeline could see that she wanted to make things more chaotic. So she doesn't like Mom and Dad? She wants to stir things up and make things worse for them?

Madeline's instincts were spot on. Erin did want to make things worse for Michael and his family. She had always been jealous of Crystal. To be exact, there weren't many women in Wendel City who weren't jealous of Crystal. She was born lucky. Before she was married, she was seen as the pride and joy of her parents and brother. After she was married, her husband loved her like she was the most precious treasure in the world. He did whatever she wanted to, and after she gave birth to four boys and a girl, she established her husband as heir to the Wendels, and that consolidated her position as well.

Crystal's life was a smooth one. She grew up on a silver platter and married into another rich family. Everyone around her loved her deeply, and she had never suffered for a day in her life before.

Erin was one of the best people back when she was in her family, but after she married into the Wendels, she was overshadowed by Crystal's brilliance. Crystal outclassed her in everything. Her husband was better and more loving than Erin's, and even Crystal's sons were better than hers. She kept comparing herself to Crystal, but it only hurt herself in the end.

It was the first time she saw Crystal in a predicament in more than twenty years, and she was delighted. Michael wants to send her away? Oh no. He can't. Crystal is going to get her life back if he does. I can't let him send her away. I have to keep her around. Only then can their daughter keep fighting Angie and make a mess out of her family.

And Angie will be a reminder of what a fool Crystal has been. Angie will be an annoyance that will slowly build up to be a fatal knife that will take her life. And once she dies, I will be the winner. So what if she has a good life? It'll all be gone once she's dead. It's useless if she can't stay until the very end. That scheme of hers was why she wanted to help Cedric.

Cedric had no idea about her dark idea. He only thought that she was a kinder person than his own brothers were. She's helping Angie? Then he turned his attention to Madeline. "Maddie, even Auntie Erin is helping me. Just speak up for Angie and keep her around, alright? I'm sure she'll be grateful for you. I know she'll get along with you. It's better to have more friends, right, Maddie?"

"Yeah, Maddie," Erin agreed. "Angie might not be Michael's real daughter, but he and Crystal have raised her like she is, and they've poured their heart and soul into her. They can't possibly throw her away. They only want to send her to the Colts because they care about you. Since they care about you, you should care about them as well. Persuade them to keep Angie. That's what a good daughter should do."

"You can't be that petty, can you?" Nicholas said. "Angie has lived here for more than twenty years, and now she's going to be sent away because you showed up. You can't be so cruel."

"Yes, Maddie." Erin went up and held Madeline's hand, pretending to look solemn. "Maddie, I'm doing this for your own good. Angie is a gentle, adorable, and kind girl. Your parents and brothers love her. If she's forced to leave and suffer because of you, I know your family won't be happy. Angie is a lovely girl. You can't let her go homeless because of you, right?"

Madeline smiled and was about to say something, but Angie suddenly said, "Dad, Uncle Benjamin, Auntie Felicia, Uncle Morgan, Auntie Erin, Eric, David, Jack, Nicholas, you're here!"

Everyone turned around. Angie was in a white dress, and she was walking up to them.

Crystal and Cameron were both beauties, and Angie resembled both of them, making her a beauty as well. She had tears in her eyes, and she looked like she could fall over at any time.

Erin quickly went over and held Angie in her embrace. "My poor Angie. How could this happen to you? We've watched over you ever since you were a child. You're such a sweet girl, and I've always seen you as my own. Your mother is the criminal here, not you. You're innocent. Your parents can't send you away just like that. I won't stand for it!"

"Thank you, Auntie Erin." Angie looked at her gratefully. She then went up to Madeline, bit her lip, and suddenly kneeled.

Shocked, Cedric and Nicholas shouted, "Angie!"

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Chapter 98 Annoying

Angie ignored them and looked up at Madeline. "Maddie, I've given things a lot of thought. I know you don't like me, and there's nothing wrong with that. Cameron is my mother. She might have never raised me, but I am her daughter. Of course you hate me, but Maddie, I beg of you, please don't take my family away from me. I was born and raised here, and they are my everything. I'll lose everything if I lose them. I cannot lose them. I can't. Maddie, I beg of you, please let me stay. Please let me remain a part of this family. I promise I'll listen to you. I won't try to take anything, I swear. Just treat me like a maid and let me serve you."

"Angie, please don't do this." Heartbroken, Cedric crouched down and helped her up. She's supposed to be the family's princess. She's this city's princess. She should be our pride, and that's how it has been for years. But now she's on her knees and begging Madeline just so she can stay? But this is her home to begin with. She was born and raised here. She can't leave just because she's not Dad and Mom's daughter. She's still in school. If we chase her out, how is she supposed to survive?

Angie broke into tears. "Let me do this, Cedric. I can't lose you. I can't... The thought of losing you, losing Dad, Mom, and this family? It hurts me worse than death ever could. Just let me do this, Cedric. I want to beg for her forgiveness. I want to stay here and be a part of the family. Please, Maddie, I beg of you!" She put her hands on the ground and banged her head against the floor tile.

As Madeline looked at her, she was reminded of karma. Back when she first came to the Taylors, Angie and Isabel cornered and abused her just because she was Cameron's daughter. She didn't even do anything wrong. They then insulted her, whipped her, and pushed her head down into the pond. They would cut the heater off in winter and drench her blanket with cold water. When it was summer, they would sabotage the AC and fill her room with mosquitoes. Then they would lock all the exits. She wouldn't be able to sleep, and the mosquitoes would fill her whole body with bite marks. They did that a lot of times.

Fortunately, Sam came back from his studies and saved her, or those two would have killed her. Isabel was the perpetrator, while Angie was the accomplice. Angie was more of a fake b*tch than Isabel was. Whenever Isabel would pull her horrible pranks on Madeline, Angie would always stand beside her. She would look like she was dissuading Isabel, but in reality, she was fanning the flames and would make Isabel hate Madeline more.

They even tried to ruin her face before, and Angie goaded Isabel into it. She told Isabel that Madeline was pretty, and she might seduce Dan or Sam when she grew up. She said that cousins could marry each other in ancient times, and she was worried that Dan or Sam might fall for her and eventually marry her.

Because of that, Isabel tried to ruin her face and turn her into an ugly monster. But fortunately, Madeline wasn't a pushover, and she always resisted. Sure, she was tortured, but at least her face wasn't ruined. Sam eventually came back and kept her safe. He even hired a master to tutor her. Thanks to her training, she seldom came back home, and the two witches couldn't torment her anymore. It had been a long time since then, but the memories were still fresh.

Angie was still the princess of the Wendels at that time. She was arrogant, haughty, and condescending. Anyone would think she was an aristocrat, but now she was on her knees, begging for mercy. Madeline smiled, and she crouched down to look at her with amusement. "Angie, you should know what you have done to me, right? So why are you kneeling? You yelled at me, abused me, insulted me, and you goaded Isabel into ruining my face. This bad blood between us? It's as big and deep as an ocean. I've told you that the only reason I'm not kicking you while you're down is because I'm kind enough not to. So why do you think I would defend you?"

"I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry," she apologized through tears. "I was young and stupid, but I've never done that after I grew up."

"Because you couldn't, not because you wouldn't," Madeline said calmly. "I could protect myself after I grew up. You and Isabel were no match for me, and Sam protected me, so you couldn't do anything about it."

Angie was still crying. "But that was when we were young, and it's been a long time since. I'm sorry. I know what I did was wrong, and I will never do it again. Please,

Maddie. Have mercy on me. I beg you, please forgive me. Please don't take my family away from me."

Madeline looked at her, smiling. "Angie, you might think of my abuse as an interesting little story that happened during our childhood, but all the whip scars left by you and Isabel? They never did fade. I still have them. Angie, I'm not as kind as you think I am. I will never forgive you, so take that kneeling attitude to someone else. See if they'll save you."

Sebastian's eyes darkened when he heard that Isabel and Angie left whip scars on Madeline.

He was sitting far away from the Wendels and playing with the boys, but now he looked at Madeline. For some reason, he wanted to see her scars. Her skin was fair, flawless, and glistening, as if it was milk done to perfection. He couldn't even see an enlarged pore. Her exposed skin was perfect, but he thought, What about her covered skin? Is it full of scars?

She was the boys' mother, and the thought that she could have whip scars on her otherwise flawless skin made him squirm. He really wanted to take her clothes off and see the scars left by Angie and Isabel, and then he'd pay them back tenfold for what they did.

Michael was even more direct. The fact that his adopted daughter whipped and abused his own daughter broke his heart, and he also felt humiliated. He thought he was a smart man, but he couldn't even keep an eye on his own daughter and had allowed her to suffer.

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Chapter 99 Too Far

He would feel sorry about sending Angie away before this. He would probably feel uneasy and guilty, but after all the stunts Angie pulled, his patience and guilt had run out. I owe her nothing. She keeps saying she loves us and the boys, but if she really cared about us, she would have given us some space and not trouble us even further. But no. Oh no.

First, she got Dad and Harriet to pressure us, and now she's kneeling before Madeline right in front of Benjamin, Morgan, and their families. She acts like she's the victim, but she's the one who reaped the most benefits out of this. She stole my daughter's life! What makes her think she has the right to beg and plead?

“Alright, enough!” He was finally enraged, and he announced, “It’s time to rectify the situation. Maddie is my daughter, and it’s only right that we get reunited. Angie has her own parents too, so she should be reunited with them.” He looked at Angie and the boys who were consoling her. “This is my decision, and Maddie has nothing to do with it. You will not blame her for this. Jonathan!” He looked at Jonathan.

“Here,” Jonathan answered and went over to his father.

“Take Angie to Dusktown and hand her to Xander,” Michael said. “Tell him about this whole story and ask him to take care of her.”

“Yes.” Jonathan nodded. “I understand, Dad,” he said.

“No! I won’t go! I won’t go! I don’t want to leave you, Dad! I love you!” Angie prostrated herself before Michael and held his calf. “Dad, please don’t send me away. You’re my father, and this is my home. I’m nothing without you. Dad, please don’t do this to me. I can’t live without you.”

Michael’s adamant attitude made Erin panic. Oh, I can’t let this happen. If she’s sent away, Michael’s family will return to their calm and peaceful life. But I want to mess Crystal’s life up. I can’t let him send her away. She went up and held Angie, then she looked up at Michael. “Michael, how could you send her away? That’s too cruel! We’ve thought of her as our own because we thought she’s your daughter. Jack and Nicholas love her like a sister. How are we supposed to accept it if you want to send her away?”

“Yes, Uncle.” Nicholas was beside Angie, holding her. He agreed, “Uncle, she’s the only girl in the family for more than twenty years, and all of us see her as a part of the family. We can’t just cut ties with her, not after we spent more than twenty years with her. We can’t accept you kicking her out all of a sudden. She’s the one we grew up with, and she’s my only cousin sister. I don’t care about anyone else. No one else can replace her.”

“I’ll say this one last time.” Michael looked at Angie and Nicholas. “My daughter is Madeline, and Angie is Xander’s daughter. Madeline will be my only daughter from now on, and Angie must leave this household.”

“Dad!” Angie never expected her father, who loved her the most, to be so cruel all of a sudden, and she broke into tears.

“That’s going too far, Michael!” Erin said angrily. “Angie is such a sweet, lovely, and smart girl. If you don’t want her, then I’ll take her! Get up, Angie.” She helped Angie up and wrapped her arm around Angie’s shoulder. “Come with me, Angie. Since your father doesn’t want you, I’ll take you in. You’ll stay with us. Nobody will chase you away.”

He's not going to send her away. Not on my watch. I'm going to keep her. We live near each other, so if Angie stays with us, Crystal will see her if she's out and about. And she'll be annoyed every time she sees Angie. She was delighted by that thought. And the public will call her heartless for abandoning Angie after she found her own daughter, while they will call me kind for keeping someone who was chased out. She would get praises while Crystal would be condemned, and that was a chance Erin would not forgo.

"Yeah!" Nicholas supported his mother's decision. "You're right, Mom. If Uncle and Auntie are chasing Angie out, then we'll take her in."

Morgan thought it was a bit out of line. "Stop this nonsense, Erin. You too, Nicholas."

Jack agreed, "Mom, this is Uncle's private matter. We should let him decide."

"This is not nonsense." Erin held Angie in her embrace. "She's such a sweet and gentle girl. I've always thought of her as my own. We're all humans, and we all have compassion. I won't let Michael chase her out and let her suffer! I've watched her grow up ever since she was a kid. I'm taking her in no matter what, and she's my daughter now. Nobody can chase her away."

"Erin—" Michael wanted to say something, but Madeline stopped him.

"Dad." She smiled. "Since Auntie Erin loves her so much, just let her take Angie in, alright? Don't stop her. If she wants to have a daughter in her household, who are we to stop them, right?"

Michel was surprised that Madeline would speak up for Angie. Madeline only smiled. She had her own plan, of course, for she noticed something interesting earlier.

Cedric and Nicholas were by Angie's side, consoling her. Cedric was Angie's brother, while Nicholas was her cousin, but Angie kept leaning toward Nicholas and giving him a look that was filled with agony and sorrow. I wonder why? Hmm, I guess she wants to hook up with Nicholas.

Cedric is Angie's brother, but Nicholas isn't related by blood to her in any way. That means she can't marry Cedric, but she can marry Nicholas.

After everyone knows she's Cameron's daughter, it would be hard for her to marry into any rich family, and the Wendels are her best choice. Erin wants to take Angie in as her daughter, but Angie wants to marry her son. When they become a couple, let's see if Erin can still act like she loves the 'sweet and gentle' Angie. Ooh, I can't wait.

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Erin took Angie to her family, and they stood together. She kept caring for Angie, asking if she was fine, and Angie felt surprised. She could see that Michael had decided to abandon her, and she couldn't stay with them anymore. Just when she was going to fall into the pits of despair, Erin suddenly showed up and took her in. Nicholas was standing beside her, telling her that everything was going to be fine, but she wasn't paying attention. Instead, she was coming up with a plan.

Crystal hated Cameron, while she was Cameron's own daughter. If Crystal would stay in a coma forever, then it would be better for Angie, but if she were to regain consciousness, Crystal would treat her with disgust. I probably can't get anything from Michael and his family. I can't rely on Xander or Cameron either, so I have to plan for my future.

She had eight brothers, and four of them were her cousins. They used to adore her, but now, only Cedric and Nicholas cared about her. Crystal and Cameron were half-sisters. She was Cameron's daughter, while Cedric was Crystal's son. They were related, so no matter how nice Cedric was to her, she could never marry him, but she could marry Nicholas.

Michael had called the cops, and Angie knew that Cameron must have been arrested. The fact that Cameron was her mother would be revealed soon, and once the news made the rounds, she would become worthless in the community, and it would be impossible for her to marry into any good family. But I can marry Nicholas.

He might just be the Wendels' third family's second son, and that's not even comparable to the family's heir. But at least they're the richest family in Wendel City. As long as Wendel Corporation still stands, I can live a good life forever.

She would never have even considered Nicholas before this. She was arrogant back then, and she was aiming for the heir to the second largest family in Worrick. Marriage between rich families was a big deal, and back then, she was the only princess of the Wendels. She thought she was worthy of any man in the world, but now, she didn't even dare think about having her pick of men. The more prestigious a family was, the more they cared about their children's partners' backgrounds.

Cameron's infamy was well known, and Angie only became a part of the Wendels because of Cameron's switcheroo, and the truth would drag her down. No rich family would want her to marry their children. She would have never considered Nicholas before this, but now, he was her best choice. If she let this chance slip, she would lose all initiative, and instead of her doing the picking, men would be the ones picking her. And they won't be great men either.

I have to grasp this chance and establish my status as Nicholas' fiancée before my friends find out about my real identity. Even if I am no longer a part of the Wendels after

that, being their daughter-in-law can at least keep my status intact, and my friends won't laugh at me.

Her plan was made, and she sorted everything out in just a few moments. She leaned closer to Nicholas and acted even more pitiful.

Nicholas was the closest to her in age out of the eight boys in the Wendel Family. They were the same age and were classmates from elementary to high school. Aside from Michael's sons, he was the one who interacted with her the most, and he was deeply attached to her. If he had to choose, he would lean toward Angie. Cameron might be at fault, but Angie was innocent.

And Madeline tried to get Uncle and Auntie to chase her away? That's too much. Angie did nothing wrong, but she has to leave? He thought it was pitiful that she had to lose her family, so he supported his mother in taking her in. He sympathized with Angie, seeing as how she was putting on the act of a pitiful victim. He kept promising her that he would take care of her and that everything would be alright.

Angie looked at him tearfully, feeling touched. "Thank you, Nicholas."

Her look of reliance fueled his sense of brotherly love, and he held her shoulders firmly, promising, "As long as I am here, you'll always be a part of the Wendels. If anyone tries to bully you, you come to me. I'll take care of them for you."

Angie kept nodding, and she looked at Nicholas gratefully.

Nicholas wanted to say something, but the butler was already coming in with Robert.

After Sebastian and Madeline went to bed last night, Michael called his brothers and locked Harriet in the basement after he asked their opinion. She would be judged after they came. It was late night at that point, and he asked Robert to stay over, but his father refused. He wanted to return home no matter what.

Worried, he asked Jonathan to follow Robert, but Robert refused. He didn't want anyone to follow him. All he wanted was to be alone. It had only been one night, but Robert looked like he had aged ten years. His back was hunched, his face was pasty, and there were dark circles under his eyes, as if he just recovered from a bad illness.

His sons felt sad seeing their father looking like that. They went to him, then helped him to the couch and sat him down.

Robert sat down and asked Michael, "Where's Harriet?"

Michael answered, "Still in the basement."

Robert said, "Get her here. I have something I need to ask her." He didn't sleep for the whole night. Robert was reminded of a lot of things, and he had a lot of questions to ask Harriet.

Michael nodded and looked at Jonathan. Jonathan then told the bodyguards to bring Harriet up.

A few minutes later, two bodyguards took her into the living room. Harriet blanched and shivered when she saw the whole Wendel Family in the living room. She pushed the bodyguards away and staggered over to Robert. She then knelt before him and hugged his legs. "Rob, please, have mercy on me! For old times' sake! Please, I've raised your sons for you! No matter what I ever did, my love for you is true! And my love for the boys is true as well! Rob, I—"

"Shut up!" Morgan was the closest to Harriet, and he kicked Harriet to the ground. His face was red with fury, and he pointed at Harriet. "You took care of us? You raised us? Are you f*cking kidding me? If you hadn't killed our mother, she would have taken care of us better than you did! If she was around, we wouldn't have even needed you!"