

## Good Things Come in Pairs Chapter 13

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### Chapter 13 Weak?

- The boys felt a lot better seeing Phoebe getting tormented. They held their hands and laughed in delight. Kids were simple creatures—they got angry easily, but they got over it as easily as well. They would feel happy if they saw a villain getting their \*ss handed to them.
- Phoebe came to Dusktown this time to take Madeline back, even if force was needed. She had brought a group of bodyguards with her, and they quickly came over to swat the wasps with their coats.
- The wasps—who were enjoying their honey—were angered, and they stung the bodyguards as well.
- When they finally left everyone in peace, Phoebe and her bodyguards were nigh unrecognizable. Their faces were filled with swollen patches of flesh.
- The boys clapped and pranced happily, much to Phoebe’s ire.
- She screeched, “Get those b\*stards right now! I will skin them alive!”
- The wasps’ stings hurt a lot, but the bodyguards had their orders, and they surrounded the boys.
- Madeline pulled the boys behind her and sneered. A bunch of weaklings can’t take my sons from me. Dream on.
- She was frustrated and wanted to vent it on the bodyguards, but just then, the Hart bodyguards dashed to stand in front of them and stopped Phoebe’s lackeys.
- Sebastian came to her side and smiled, one of his hands in his pocket. “Hey, we’re the men here. We can’t let the lady do everything herself.”
- His bodyguards knew what he was getting at. They took Phoebe’s lackeys down with overwhelmingly superior strength, and the battle was over in a moment.
- “Sir, what should we do now?” Quinton stepped on one of the bodyguards and looked to Sebastian for instructions.
- Sebastian said, “Call the cops. I want to sue them for attempting to kidnap my sons.”
- “But sir, what about the paternity test?” We haven’t done that yet, so calling the boys your son might be a tad bit bad for your image.
- “I didn’t say they’re my real sons.” He smiled. “I’m their godfather.” He smiled and patted the boys’ heads. “And now they’re my godsons.”
- He liked the boys. Sebastian was a cold person, and he never did care about anyone or anything that wasn’t already close to his heart. However, the kids whom he had just met managed to stir his emotions easily. No matter what the results are, these boys are my sons now. Nobody can insult them, unless they step over my dead body.
- Quinton got his orders, and he obliged. “Yes, sir!” He called the cops.
- Madeline tilted her head to the side. “I could have handled it on my own.” She frowned.
- “I know these trash are no match for you, but we’re the man here. Letting a frail lady like you do the job would be an embarrassment to us men.”
- Frail? Quinton cocked his eyebrow and turned away to make the call. She suplexed me in one fell swoop, and you call that frail? Boy, that’s a 100 in Deception. Imma block him out now.