

Good Things Come in Pairs Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Impossible

- “Um...” Zacharias suggested, “I think you should call Master Sebastian and ask him about this. He’s not the gallivanting type. Perhaps this is just a coincidence.”
- Philip was unhappy that his butler ruined his fun. “They are my grandkids.”
- He had been wanting a grandkid for a long time, but his son didn’t even have a girlfriend yet, much less a child of his own. He really wanted a grandson of his own. I don’t care. I’m calling him. If he doesn’t admit it, he’s going to have to do a paternity test. I just know they’re my grandkids. There’s two of them! He called his son, and his eyes shone with glee.
- ...
- Another uneventful day passed. Madeline came to Rain of Fae to meet her client, but after their short interaction, she found the man to be insufferable. “Give me a million, and I’ll drag that swindling girlfriend of yours back here in three days.”
- The pathetic man before her was a client of her firm. His name was Harold Yosemite, and he was an unlucky man. He thought he got himself a girlfriend, but three months later, she swindled five million and a ton of jewelry away. Now he was asking her and her associates to find that woman.
- Harold stared at the perfect beauty who was before him, and his whole face turned red. “I’m not looking for her anymore. I’ll give you one—I mean, five million! Please be my girlfriend!”
- Madeline said nothing. She picked a silver spoon up and bent it, then she rolled it around until she eventually turned the spoon into a silver ball. She then smiled at Harold, asking sweetly, “What did you say, Mr. Yosemite? I’m sorry, I couldn’t hear you over how loud the wind is howling.”
- All the color drained from Harold’s face. He looked at the silver ball Madeline was playing with, then he looked at her face. He gulped, and he steeled his resolve. The man stammered, “I-if it’s you, t-then I don’t mind dying. A-All I ask is that you be my girlfriend.”
- Wow. He’s persistent, isn’t he?
- The boys—who were at another table—guffawed in amusement, and their mother shot them a glare.
- Joel stuck his tongue out and jumped off the leather sofa, then he trotted over to his mother and leaped onto her lap. He looked at Harold with his cute, shining eyes and said, “Thank you for your affection, mister, but we have a father.” We just don’t know where he is, and we’ve never met him.
- “S-She’s your mother?” Harold stared dumbly at Joel, thunderstruck.
- “Yep.” Joel climbed up his mother and wrapped his arm around her neck, and he kissed her. “I have a brother too. We’re twins. Our Mom is awesome.”
- Quincy went over and introduced himself seriously, “Hi. I’m his brother.”
- “T-This can’t be real. This can’t be.” Harold refused to accept that as the truth. The woman I have a crush on is the mother of two? That’s impossible! She’s like, what? Twenty? If these boys are her sons, does that mean she got pregnant when she was just a highschooler?