

## The Billionaire's Twins Play Matchmaker Book One: Chapter 21



Katherine sat in a cab chewing her nails as she waited across the street from the parking garage exit of the DaLair corporate office. She tried the front entrance first only to find security waiting to escort her out again. As much as she tried to protest and claim Julius kicking her out had only been a joke security took his last orders seriously. Until Julius told them directly to ignore his last order she was barred from the building.

Next she tried to enter through the parking area knowing there had to be elevator access. Unfortunately the parking garage had barred gates and only those with company keycards could access it. Denied twice she had no choice but to sit and wait.

The cab driver said nothing as they idled. Every minute the meter continued to run up so it meant more money for him. Katherine ignored him as he worked his crossword puzzle. Her mind again recalled her father's scolding. She knew they were having difficulties with her father's hotels but she hadn't expected they would soon be broke. Securing herself a husband and a comfortable life was even more imperative. If she wanted to maintain her lifestyle she needed Julius at the altar.

She twisted her five carat engagement ring she bought in anticipation of Julius's proposal. If only she could have gotten him back to her room two years ago. The DaLair's were a family fiercely loyal to their own. If she succeeded in becoming pregnant with Julius's child they would have had no choice but to welcome her with open arms.

The last two years had not gone without her trying but Julius never succumbed to his drink again. In fact the incident left him wary and he only accepted glasses directly from his servers which made her suspect he might be suspicious of someone tampering with his drink in the past. She never dared to try the same trick again and he remained cold and aloof toward her.

Even when attending the same events Julius never offered to pick her up or escort her inside. She always needed to find her own transportation. He never embraced her, never so much as kissed her cheek. When other men hit on her he never leapt to defend her honor.

Beside her lay a copy of the magazine her father threw at her with the images of the redhead in Julius's passionate embrace. How did she succeed when Katherine failed? It wasn't fair. Just who was she? Looking at it again Katherine had the nagging suspicion she met the redhead before but where?

Turning her attention back to the window she saw the parking gate rise and Julius's car pulled out onto the street. She tapped the divider saying, "Follow him."

The cab driver nodded putting away his crossword. He followed the BMW at a discreet distance though it was unlikely anyone would notice one random cab among the fleet that existed throughout the city.

Katherine continued to fiddle with her hands. She needed a plan. Normally all she had to do was bat her eyes in the right direction and men lined up to fulfill her every desire. Julius proved a more difficult target. He seemed impervious to her usual charms. Never once had he taken her anywhere of his own volition. She had to practically drag him around to get him anywhere.

She had yet to enjoy the jealous looks of other woman as she entered a venue hanging on Julius's arm. They would be the talk of the town and on the front page of every gossip magazine if only she would get him to pay a little attention to her. There had to be a way to guilt him into being more attentive.

Perhaps if she flirted with someone else? But she tried that before. Julius simply walked away and Katherine had to deal with a leach who didn't know when to leave her alone for the rest of the night. Perhaps she should have pretended to be pregnant but she knew Augustus would demand a paternity test before he would concede to her. There had to be a way to salvage the situation. If only it weren't for the redhead none of this would matter.

Katherine looked at the magazine again ready to scream as she recalled how Julius held the other woman: his arms wrapped around her, his hands caressing her body as his mouth devoured hers. Katherine never knew he could be like that. What did that woman possess Katherine didn't?

As they drove across the Brooklyn Bridge Katherine suddenly became aware of their surroundings. She tapped the partition demanding, "Where are we going?"

"I don't know ma'am," the driver shrugged. "I'm just following the car like you told me to."

Katherine huffed watching the BMW in front of them. Though she had never been invited she thought Julius's condo was in Brooklyn. Was she mistaken? Just where was he going?

She started to pay more attention as they entered neighborhoods with lavish homes. Ahead of them the BMW pulled into a driveway parking in front of the garage door. The taxi parked across the street slightly ahead of the villa where they still had a good view of the front. Katherine stared at the gorgeous home with a modern feel. It had a peaked roof with wide windows. Built higher than the street the home was actually built over the garage which was slightly lower than street level.

Julius stepped out of his car unbuttoning his coat. He walked to the back of his car as the trunk popped open allowing him to grab a large duffle bag. Katherine watched wondering why he brought a bag. Was this not his home? Julius walked up the front steps. The door suddenly burst open and a small, redheaded girl appeared. She threw her arms up and ran to him. Dropping his bag Julius scooped her up kissing her cheek. She squealed delight. Her brother followed clutching Julius's leg with equal eagerness. He dropped to his knee to hug both in his arms.

Katherine stared in silence. Kids? Why was he hugging kids? Why did they look so familiar? She finally realized the answer. They were the same kids she accosted at the party. The boy was the one she slapped when he talked back to her in front of the DaLair patriarch. When the redheaded woman appeared in the doorway Katherine connected the rest of the dots. It was the same woman who slapped her in retaliation for hitting the boy.

Katherine's mouth dropped as Julius stood pulling the redhead into his arms and kissing her as if it was the only thing he thought about all day. Her arms wrapped around him as the space between them disappeared. How could he kiss the woman who slapped her? Katherine had been the one publicly humiliated so why was he holding her? Who was she?

"Oh...she's back," the driver said glancing up from his crossword to see why his client was so interested in the villa.

"What?" Katherine jerked away from the window to look at him. "Do you know her?"

"She's his wife."

"Julius isn't married," Katherine scoffed.

"Six years ago he was," the driver shrugged, "I don't know if many people remember though. I think there was a bunch of theories after she suddenly disappeared. Some even said he killed her. She looks fine to me. Looks like he missed her too."

Katherine turned again to the villa. Julius bowed his head to nibble at the redhead's ear and kiss down her neck. Was that really the cold and distant man she knew? Since when did he become such an insatiable lover? And the kids...

Now that she saw them together there was a distinct resemblance between him, the redhead and the children. Were they...they couldn't possibly be...were they actually his?

Reluctantly letting the redhead go Julius reclaimed his bag. Herding the children in front of him he escorted them inside. Katherine stared at the closed door her mind running circles. It was beginning to make sense and her troubles were only getting worse.

Why the kids called Augustus grandpa...why Augustus did nothing when the redhead publically humiliated Katherine...why he accompanied her to events...why Julius acted so attentive to her...

"My shift is almost over lady, you staying here?" the cab driver asked.

"No. Let's go." Katherine said. "Take me back home."

The driver shrugged. Putting the car into drive he pulled away and headed back to where she originally flagged him down.