

Mommy, Where Is Daddy? The Forsaken Daughter's Return AC1

Prologue

"Dad, please... I really don't know who he was - Ahhh!" A slap went across Samantha's face and it came from her beloved father. The man that used to adore her and treated her like a princess, had hurt her for the first time in her life!

"Winfield, stop it! She is your daughter!" Matilda, her grandmother, covered Samantha's frame, embracing her of protection.

Winfield Davis may be a father, but he was the most fearful General of the country's military arms. With his bare hands and flaming rage, he was capable of causing damage to his own daughter.

"What kind of woman are you? Have I not raised you well?!" Scolded the General. He grabbed on to Samantha's jaws and clenched his fingers on her crying face. "I turned the military camp upside down! No one - and I repeat! No one owned up to being the father of your child!"

He was about to slap Samantha again when Matilda pleaded, "Stop this! We can't do anything about it! It's already done!"

"Daddy, I'm sorry! This is my fault! If - If I had known Samantha wanted to have random sex with a stranger, I would have stayed by her side during the party! Please don't blame Sam, Daddy! This is my fault as much as it is Sam's," Samantha's stepsister, Annie Jones, came rushing in their direction.

Annie acted to help, but clearly, she was trashing Samantha with her words.

Samantha's eyes darted at Annie! To her, indeed, it was her stepsister's fault! It was

Annie who gave her the keycard to a hotel room while attending a friend's wedding; a senior rank from the military.

She meant to give herself to her boyfriend of two years, Clayton Brown, another cadet, one year older than her.

Drunk and intoxicated, Samantha did not realize how she easily fell into her stepsister's trap. She woke up the next day in another man's arms.

Samantha meant to forget about that horrific night, but in the end, she fell pregnant.

"Stay out of this, Annie! You are not at fault! It was Samantha's decision to sleep with a man!" With his voice raised further, Winfield screamed at the top of his lungs, "With an unknown man!"

"Daddy, please! I - I thought it was. I thought it was Clayton!" Samantha reasoned while gasping for air. She meant to say more, but Winfield Davis thrust back his fist, suggesting he might hit on his own daughter. Her father's actions made her take a step back, retreating from defending herself.

"Regardless if it was Clayton or not! I never wanted you to be with Clayton anyhow! They are family rivals to the military rank!"

Berated her father.

"What do we do now? Hah, Sam? How do we find a man whom we do not know at all? You can't even remember the hotel room you came into! You acted negligibly, and you got yourself pregnant!"

"Who is this man you slept with? Who?!!!" Repeated the General.

"Darling, please! Let us stop the search for this man! We'd never know! The man whom Sam slept with maybe a married man - worse, a drug lord or a pimp!" The suggestion came

from Catherine Jones-Davis, Annie's mother, and Samantha's stepmother.

With a disgusted look on her face, Catherine added, "We certainly don't want the entire city to know who the father is - "

"Shut up, Catherine! I did not ask for your opinion!" Winfield shot back at his wife. "You and Annie, go up to your rooms now!"

Returning his attention at Samantha, the General asked one last time, "Samantha, please tell me... who is the father?"

While still wrapped in her grandmother's arms, Samantha answered with a trembling voice, "Dad, I'm sorry! I - I really do not know! I left him asleep on the bed as soon as I realize it wasn't Clayton!"

With her face streaming with tears, she pleaded, "Dad, please. Please forgive me! I'm sorry!"

"Get out! Get out and never come back in this household!" Demanded her father while pointing to the door.

"Winfield! It's raining outside! Your daughter is pregnant - "

"I don't care, mother! She needs to learn her lesson! She should have agreed to have an abortion when she had the chance! Now, everybody knows!" Retorted Winfield Davis.

"She has tainted the name of the Davis family, and now my name has been mocked by my own commanders!" The General cursed before revealing, "The entire military academy knows! The entire military camp knows, for God's sake!"

"I am so ashamed of you, Samantha!" That was the time when she saw her father shed a tear. It easily ran down his jaws.

She heard him say, "You broke my trust, my respect for you. I have always adored you, but today, you have broken your father's

heart completely that I cannot! I cannot accept you in my home! Learn from your mistakes and only then you will realize the wrong that you have done me!"

With a deafening voice, he screamed, "Leave!"

Her father grabbed her arm and dragged her out outside their mansion. He left her out in the rain, in front of their huge door.

Just like that, her beloved father abandoned her for the mistake she did. Her grandmother was powerless to stop the great General.

For two hours, Samantha lingered by the door, waiting for her father to open it for her, but that never happened. She got drenched in the rain, crying her heart out and calling for her father's forgiveness.

Looking up to the rooms, she saw how her stepmother and stepsister relished in her misery.

Oh, how wrong it was for her to trust them, especially Annie.

After two long hours of asking for her father, the old driver of the Davis family approached her and took her away. The same old man was tasked by her grandmother to help Samantha find a more protective environment for her to continue with her pregnancy.

Samantha flew out to Monroe City the very next day. She only had a day of rest in a hotel before finally leaving the city that gave her the greatest pain of her life.

Chapter 1: Christmas Gifts

Standing by the balcony from a residential flat, a girl in her early twenties was gawking at the Christmas lights.

Her elegant face forced a smile, seeing the busy streets of Monroe City. Her blue eyes

gleamed, visualizing how happy it would have been if she herself was with her father and grandmother.

For a moment, she was reminded of how her father had practically disowned her, how her stepsister took her father's attention from her, and how the same person stole the affection of the man she loved for two years.

Samantha Davis made one mistake, and it led to her downfall. Not even her grandmother's pleading was enough to revive her standing within the Davis household.

The pain of being dragged outside her own home came rushing back, and it warranted a tear to fall down her cheek.

She sniffed away her sadness and wiped the wetness on her delicate face. Her nose flared, and she sighed, "Grandma, I miss you."

She looked up at the heavens and said, "Mom, I wished you did not leave me."

Her mother supposedly died when she was just a young girl, and it resulted in her father to remarry. It was a tragic car crash that took the life of her mother, burning to the ashes, the vehicle, and her mother's body.

As the air blew against Samantha's golden hair, she looked down at her growing belly and traced the melon shape with both her hands.

Yes, life was living inside of her, and she was reminded of the wonderful blessing she has received. Some women could not bear a child, while she had two coming. Her grandmother, Matilda, repeatedly advised her of this.

Few hours before midnight on the twenty-fourth of December, Samantha sensed nostalgia, recognizing a kick on her 35-week

old belly.

For nearly nine months, she carried the fruits of her misreading. Despite the pressure coming from her father not to keep the babies, she made a motherly decision.

Back then, something deep inside of Samantha convinced her that the babies she carried were hers to keep.

Sadly, however, her grandmother could not stay with her. Her father advised against helping Samantha, but Matilda, being the caring grandmother that she is, did so either way, in secret.

Samantha had been living with her aunt from her mother's side in Monroe city for six months. It was there that her grandmother sent her after being forsaken.

Her father, General Winfield Davis, was the newly appointed general in the country's military forces.

Much was expected from him and his daughter that upon hearing that she fell pregnant before completing the military academy, Samantha became the talk of the town.

To her father's words, she smeared the name of the Davis family!

Many questioned how the great general was unable to educate his daughter and how Samantha was such a capricious girl for a cadet.

General Davis wanted Samantha to replace him in the military ranks. Despite having a dream of her own, she gave up on all her aspirations so she can follow in her father's footsteps and continue the legacy of the Davises.

Yet, regardless of Samantha's previous sacrifice, it was not enough to cover for the dishonor she had brought her family.

After being dismissed from the military academy, it was clear that the same tradition was bound to end.

In a blink of an eye, gone was Samantha's old prestige! The previously known beautiful and desirable daughter of the General became branded as a disgraceful woman!

Clayton Brown, her boyfriend, a senior cadet from the same military academy, naturally did not own up to her pregnancy as he was not the man she shared an intimate night with, on one eventful night.

She fell pregnant at the age of twenty-one, and she knew nothing about the man she slept with.

While pondering about the horrors of her past, she heard her aunt Diana call out to her from the living room, "Sam, it's cold out there. Come inside. It's nearly midnight."

Samantha nodded and said, "Yes, aunt."

Her aunt aided Samantha as she took her seat in front of their small dining table, where they meant to share a glazed ham for their Christmas Eve dinner.

She suddenly recalled the lavish display of food their house used to prepare for such a day, and it made her wonder if her father ever thought about her.

Just as she was thinking of this, she noticed water dripping down her legs.

She felt chills down her spine when she realized her water just broke!

"Oh, no aunt!" Samantha placed her hands on her belly and said, "The babies aren't ready yet!"

"Oh, dear," said her aunt. "We - we need to go to the hospital."

The next few hours were a mix of anxiety and perplexity for Samantha and her aunt. Getting a taxi alone in the hospital's

direction was a struggle on Christmas Eve. The hospital, it being a holiday, was understaffed and her gynecologist was unreachable for some time upon her arrival. Contractions kicked in after just an hour of being brought to the maternity ward. From where she was settled, Samantha could hear the concerns of the nurses and the midwives as she cried in pain in each minute that passed.

"Dr. Wilma is already coming."

"There is no ventilator available for the babies."

"They may be able to breathe on their own. We'll see."

"What's going on? Please! Please tell me," Samantha cried her heart out, worried for her babies' sake. While her doctor already warned her that twins often come out early, her recent check-ups had suggested they were healthy.

Still, her doctor made advance preparations in case her twins would be delivered before reaching 36 weeks old.

The head nurse came to speak to her, warning her about her premature delivery. Samantha was told, "Miss Davis. Since the babies are coming out soon. We just want to let you know that your babies may need a mechanical ventilator to breathe - "

"No, I was - I was." She shut her eyes close, trying to bear the pain."Ahh!"

Along with a scream, a tear fell down her cheek before she resumed, "I was given steroids shots weeks before. My - my doctor can confirm this," Samantha tried to reason. Steroids were supposed to help mature the babies' lungs in case they come out early.

"Miss Davis, the steroids will not guarantee that the babies can breathe on their own - "

The nurse's words were cut off by Samantha's shriek of pain.

The resident doctor became obliged to check on Samantha's opening.

"The baby is already crowning!" Advised the resident doctor. "Let's move her to the delivery room."

"Wait - wait! Where is my doctor?!" She demanded an answer.

"Your doctor is on her way," said one nurse.

While she was moved to the stretcher and brought to the delivery room, Samantha was left utterly concerned for her wellbeing and that of her babies. Moreover, the pain of her contractions left her unable to think thoroughly throughout the whole process. Samantha could not afford a private room for her to give birth. Thus, while sharing the maternity ward, her aunt could not come to speak to her about the decision pertaining to her delivery.

In the midst of the complexity, she barely noticed how the minutes passed and how her doctor finally was there.

"Sam, everything is going to be alright. Let's get the babies out." That familiar voice was enough to soothe Samantha, seeing Dr. Wilma in front of her. "Remember what I said before. Push along with your contractions."

In each push she made, she shed a tear. In each scream that left her lips, she internally swore it was the last cry she would yield in memory of her mistake.

"You are almost there, Sam. Almost there," she could hear her doctor's encouragement.

"You are doing a good job."

With a loud scream, Samantha pushed her hardest and then came out; the cry of her first baby.

"Baby girl Davis!" Announced Dr. Wilma.

Another twenty minutes passed and her second baby came out, also screaming loudly inside the delivery room.

"A loud cry here from baby boy Davis!" Dr. Wilma happily shared.

"Sam, congratulations! Both of them are healthy and are able to breathe on their own," said her OB doctor before the babies were placed on her chests together for her to give warmth.

She did not mind the conditions the little ones were in. The smoothness of their skins and their cries were enough to ignite her motherly emotions.

Taking deep breaths, Samantha cried her heart out, knowing her twins were healthy. She took the chance to peck on her crying babies, relishing the fact that they were both fine.

"Thank God. Thank God," she sighed with relief as her eyes fluttered and her heart drumming.

"It's nice to meet you, Kyle and Kenzie."

With one last peck, Samantha whispered, "Mommy loves you."

At 2:45 AM, baby girl Kenzie was born first. Baby boy Kyle followed at 3:05 AM. Both healthy and well, able to breathe on their own despite being born prematurely at 35 weeks old. They weighed 4.2 pounds and 4 pounds, respectively.

Following a good amount of rest, Samantha came to see her babies on the night of Christmas day.

Her aunt was finally with her, caring for the twins from within the hospital's nursery. Her babies still had to be observed for some time, but they were generally doing good. Samantha was able to hold them in her arms

outright with the aid of a midwife.

While resting both her babies on her arms, her aunt Diana suggested, "They are so beautiful. Let's call your grandmother. She has been so eager to see the babies."

It was only Matilda Davis, her grandmother, who sided with her throughout her pregnancy, supporting her financially while living with her aunt. While they lived cities apart, they had always been in touch as her pregnancy progressed.

As soon as her grandmother came online through a video call, she cried along with Samantha, who carried her babies left and right.

"Sam, my great-grandkids are so beautiful. They are our Christmas gifts - yours especially," said her grandmother. "Cherish them."

More weeping and gasping followed, but soon enough, after settling their emotions, Matilda Davis spoke again, "Sam, promise me you'll start anew. Your - your aunt will be helping you study as Kyle and Kenzie get older. Let's set aside the rest of the money we have saved up together for your studies."

"I'm sorry that I can't visit you.... but - but I hope one day... one day, I will see my great-grandkids," her grandmother added, reminding Samantha of her age. Being in her late seventies was a disadvantage and sadly, her grandmother no longer enjoyed traveling long distances.

After seeing Samantha nod in agreement, Matilda continued with full conviction, "Promise me, you'll make a name for yourself. Prove to your father you can make it!" "Yes, grandma. I will. I will," Samantha replied with water continuously streaming down her face. Her nose flared as she gasped

for air.

"Sam, I love you, my granddaughter. Be strong," advised Matilda from the other line. While her grandmother continued to view her twins, Samantha was left to contemplate. Her thoughts silently said, 'Dad, I swear I'll make you see that I will be better.'

To the man whom she thought loved her, but abandoned her in her trying times, she swore he would regret one day.

'Annie, you may have taken everything that's mine, but one day, I'll prove to you that I had much more to gain by choosing the life of my babies.' These were Samantha's constant thoughts towards her stepsister, the same woman who paved the way into her downfall. Lastly, Samantha glanced back down at her sleeping little ones. She gave them another peck on each forehead and she promised, "You'll be my strength, my reason to fight and together, we will be a family. I need nothing else."

Chapter 2: The Opportunity

Putting a recognition plaque on her glass cabinet by the living room, Samantha smiled at the reward she received. Just the other day, the City's Mayor awarded her as one of Monroe's promising chefs!

She smiled and relished her achievements, looking at everything from a single view. Out of the blue, she said to herself, "Dad, one day... one day you'll realize how I have made it on my own... and you'll be proud of me."

Nearly five years had passed since Samantha gave birth to Kyle and Kenzie.

At twenty-six years old, Samantha was still the beautiful girl she once was. She maintained her godly figure and her face

remained striking.

She now worked as the head chef for The Emerald's famous restaurant; an establishment within the four-star hotel. It was where she was recognized for her remarkable culinary skills.

Instead of becoming part of the military, it was always her dream to become a chef. Now that she was free from her father's control, she realized her aspiration, exactly how her grandmother suggested.

In between taking care of her twins, she enrolled in a prestigious culinary school in the same City.

Samantha took baby steps. After all, studying while raising two kids was not that easy.

Thankfully, her aunt Diana took an early retirement, in order to aid Samantha. Her aunt was almost always available to take care of the twins when Samantha was out to go to school.

Samantha did not realize how long she was gawking at her achievements and looking back at the past few years in her life. Only then did she check the time and wound up exclaiming, "Shoot! It's almost two in the afternoon!"

"Go! Go, Sam. You still need to prepare for your set menus tonight!" Told her aunt, while walking into the living room.

As Samantha grabbed belongings, Kyle and Kenzie did not miss calling out for their mother.

Kyle was working on her laptop when he announced, "Mommy, your windows are outdated. We need to upgrade it."

Samantha rolled her eyes at her boy genius. She never understood how Kyle was so good with gadgets. She sighed, "Oh, well. I would

not know. That came with the laptop when I bought it a year ago. Go ahead and... upgrade it."

"It costs, one hundred twenty dollars," said Kyle, looking up to her.

"Wow!" Exclaimed Samantha. "We can... do that later. I don't mind using the old version."

She leaned over to kiss Kyle and said, "I have to go, baby! I love you!"

"Mom? When will we see Daddy?" From the other side of the living room, her little girl probed.

The words of Kenzie made Samantha sneer that she stuttered in her next words, "Um! Daddy! Daddy is busy! Soon, Kenzie... Soon."

She gave Kenzie a kiss and pointed a finger at her little girl, "Don't forget to eat your dinner guys! I'll see you tonight!"

Giving flying kisses to both of them, she bid goodbye, saying, "I love you! I love you!"

"Love you, Mom!" Both the twins said at the same time.

"And... we love Daddy too!" Added Kenzie, making Samantha freeze in her stance for a second.

Yes, Samantha Davis lied to her kids about their father.

When the twins turned three years old, they were becoming more aware of what a family should comprise; a mother, a father, and the children.

Her kids noticed how they were clearly missing a father.

For a single and busy mother like Samantha, it was difficult to explain the absence of a father to her twins. Especially when they knew very little about how a family was formed.

At first, she brushed it off, telling them

that their Dad was away, knowing they would momentarily forget about it.

Sadly, when they first attended nursery, the words "father" and "Daddy" were repeatedly mentioned by their teachers and classmates.

Their curiosity grew about their missing father that when they turned four years old, Samantha wound up telling them that their Daddy was working at Braeton City.

Braeton City was the place of her birth. The same place that had long forsaken her.

She wasn't planning on returning there. At least not now. So she determined it was safe to tell a lie and put the missing father there where he most likely lived!

One day, when her kids would have a full understanding of unwed mothers and children born out of wedlock, she swore she would tell them the truth.

Internally, she thanked their youth and their innocence. Kenzie and Kyle, being young as they were, never dwelled on the topic. Gifts and any digital entertainment easily distracted them from asking more about their father.

With her aunt Diana, walking Samantha out the door, she warned, "Sam, you have to stop this. They are already turning five years old. What will you do when this backfires on you?"

"I know, aunt. Soon. I promise," Samantha said before adding, "Take care of the kids for me."

Heartbeats later, Samantha rushed to the hotel where she worked as a head chef for its fine dining restaurant.

She changed into her uniform and made her way to the establishment. It was there where her staff greeted her with respect,

"Good afternoon, Chef Sam!"

With a smile on her face, she signaled them to come closer, "Good afternoon! Let's all gather up for our daily meeting and discuss today's menu in - "

"Hold up, Sam!" Samantha turned to find her boss, the hotel's general manager, Gregory Patrick.

"Mr. Patrick, good afternoon! How are you?" Samantha greeted with her usual elegant smile.

"Sam! Oh, boy! Do I have great news for you!" Gregory eagerly approached Samantha and urged her to take a seat from one of the empty tables.

The restaurant was still close at the moment, preparing for their special dinner, which usually started at five in the afternoon.

After excusing herself from the restaurant staff, she followed Gregory and sat comfortably in one seat. It was there when he told her about the significant news he was excited to share.

"The other night, one of the biggest businessmen from Braeton City came to have dinner with us," told Gregory.

The word of the said city instantly gave her chills.

"Ethan Wright!" Gregory nodded and said, "The one and only Ethan Wright came to our fine restaurant and had a taste of your dishes!" He held both her arms and said, "Sam! He loved it!"

"He loved it so much!" He repeated, raising both his hands in the air.

"The Wright Diamond Corporation had recently invaded the hotel industry, and they want to introduce the best fine dining restaurants in Braeton City! And after having tasted your dishes, Sam! He wants to make

you an offer!"

"He wanted you so badly, he was willing to pay off your contract with our hotel!"

Revealed Gregory. "His assistant is coming over to see you tomorrow. He wants to employ you and bring you over to Braeton City!"

Gregory was at it so fast, it was difficult for Samantha to grasp what was happening. She still had a year's contract with The Emerald. She wasn't going anywhere. At least, not with her termination fee, which costs ten thousand dollars!

"Wait? What? What are you talking about, Greg?" Samantha clarified. "I doubt that management will give me up that easily." Looking earnestly into her eyes, Gregory revealed, "Sam, Mr. Wright offered not only to pay off the termination of your contract but was willing to give The Emerald an additional twenty thousand dollars more!"

Gregory blinked at Samantha before admitting, "I also got a generous tip for speaking to you about this."

"Great!" She raised her hands in dismay before saying, "So you sold me out!"

"Listen to me, Sam. Grab this opportunity! This is for your kids and your future! We are talking about the biggest corporation in Braeton City!" Gregory grabbed her hand and told, "Sam, he is willing to pay you three times your salary here at The Emerald! Plus, provide you with a flat within the new hotel you will be working for!"

"What more could you ask for? Free house and a whopping monthly salary of ten thousand dollars a month!" He announced excitedly.

"How - " Samanta was truly ready to berate Gregory, but hearing "ten thousand dollars"

utterly shocked her. "What - what did - you say?"

"That's right, Sam. He is willing to pay you that much. He wants nothing but the best for his hotel's grand opening, and he wants you to be part of the Wright Diamond Corporation!" Gregory leaned over to the stunned Samantha and told, "Come on, Sam. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity!"

All so sudden, the fear of returning to Braeton City intimidated her. For seconds, her mind drifted to her painful past, but at the same time, she had to admit; the offer was really good.

With a ten thousand dollar monthly salary, she could easily save up to make her own business. Aside from that, she also had to consider her kids' growing needs. With her current income, she struggled to pay off their tuition plus the rent at the flat where they were occupying.

Now, she was presented with an offer that even granted her free accommodation.

Conflicted, she tilted her head and asked herself in silence, 'Should I take this?'

Chapter 3: Daddy, Here We Come!

"Take it, Sam," Samantha heard her grandmother say on the other line while she was on the phone with her.

Naturally, she told her grandmother about the opportunity presented, calling Matilda Davis first thing in the morning.

From the balcony of their humble flat, Samantha looked past buildings and other structures, feeling her heart drumming against her ribcage. She gulped as she questioned herself, "Am I ready for this, grandma?"

"Yes, you are, Sam! And I get to finally see

you in person!" Samantha heard her grandmother cry before adding, "I'm getting old, Sam and I miss my granddaughter so much! I've been yearning for so many years to see you."

"Take it, Sam! Take it!" Matilda suggested for the very last time. "Show your father that you have done well for yourself, even without his help! Sam... it's time to return."

"Okay, grandma... I will," said Samantha in her gentle tone.

Despite the unpleasant parting she had with her father, somehow, deep inside of her, Samantha wished that he would one day accept her back. After all, the great General Winfield was her only father, and she loved him so.

She took a deep breath and said, "Dad, I'm coming back... and I'll make you proud... Just wait and see."

The next day, the secretary came to see Samantha at The Emerald hotel and introduced himself as John Garcia, the executive assistant of the most powerful man in Braeton City.

They were both settled in one corner of the restaurant, discussing the terms of the contract before her crew would get started with their evening dinner preparations.

"Ethan Wright," she repeated the name before she thought it was so familiar.

Samantha just could not put a finger to it.

"Where have I heard that name before?"

"Yes, that's right, miss Davis, that's the name of our CEO, Mr. Ethan Wright. He is the only son of Daniel and Amanda Wright, the sole heir of the Wright Diamond Corporation. You have probably heard his name from a business magazine or even just

on social media," suggested the male secretary who came to meet her that day. She was looking at the contract when she saw the name of the signatory on the last page. She looked up at the man before her and said, "Maybe."

"Miss Davis, my boss is a fine man. A sought after bachelor and took the presidency seat only at the age of thirty! Now, he is thirty-two, at the right age to marry," the man said before smirking.

Samantha was unsure what he was suggesting and if it was right for him to brag about his boss in such a manner, but that wasn't really what was bothering her. Thus, she ignored how he was marketing Mr. Ethan Wright as an eligible bachelor.

Returning her attention to the salary package, Samantha asked, "I just want to be sure you are not mistaken. You are offering me a home and ten thousand dollars monthly salary to be the executive chef for First Diamond Hotel?"

"I'm... not even the best out there," she added while puffing her cheeks and taking a deep breath. She reminded him of how new she was as a chef.

"Not that I am complaining, it's just... a bit too much and I want to make sure there are no." She squinted before adding, "No mistakes and regrets in this contract."

"Miss Davis. You are referring to the Wright Diamond Corporation. We are one of the biggest companies in the country! The Wrights are the wealthiest in the city," said John. "The reason why we are offering you this much is because my boss likes you - " He coughed and corrected himself, "He likes your dishes!" John cleared his throat and added, "Yes, that's right. He loved your

dishes! And with your skills, you can take The First Diamond Hotel into new heights!"

"We have traveled from Europe - to the other countries in the Americas, but no one had lived up to his standards!" pointing both his hands to Samantha, he revealed, "Only you!"

"I was with the boss when he came here to dine, tried your set menu and we were both in awe." The secretary showed a wide grin on his face before adding, "We just loved it!"

"Who would have thought? We were just passing by Monroe City, checking a potential investment and the client happen to recommend this restaurant!" John Garcia revealed.

"When my boss saw your beautiful face - I mean the - the beautiful presentation of your plates! Yes, the plates and the arrangements! He was taken aback!" John leaned forward and said, "Between you and me... truth be told, I have never seen the man appreciate anything in his life!"

The way the secretary was giving his narration confused Samantha, but soon she heard him talk sense.

"When we tasted your dishes, we felt like we were in dreamland. It was so exquisite - so unique, and the textures just disintegrated into our mouths so sweetly! We knew! We absolutely knew! We knew you were the chef we have been long searching for!" John Garcia explained.

Again, pointing at Samantha, he added, "You are the key to his heart - I mean the heart of the hotel!"

Seeing the bemused expression of Samantha, John pointed out, "It always starts with excellent food! A famous hotel always starts with a restaurant that offers delectable

meals, the luxury and comfort are next as it is commonly found in other branded properties as well."

"Right... I agree," said Samantha. It was the same for The Emerald. They were always fully booked because many looked forward to dining at their restaurant while having an overnight stay.

"So your boss decided on this?" She clarified once more, looking at the salary package.

"Yes! Yes, he did. He did not want you to hesitate. He would have personally handed you the contract, except, he is a very - very busy man. He is now back at Braeton City."

John Garcia took a pen and handed it to Samantha. He said, "Miss Davis, we want you! And that salary package is yours for the taking... Sign it!"

Setting her doubts aside, Samantha took the pen and signed the contract.

She only realized that she had questions about the accommodation after finishing all four sets of the documents.

"Um, about the condo unit you will be providing me. Can it hold four people? Specifically, two adults and two kids," she asked before pursing her lips.

"Oh, my God! I was told you were single! You are married?" John Garcia probed while putting a hand on his chest. He reflected to have the scare of his life!

He immediately scanned at the documents Samantha gave, checking her marital status. He never bothered to go through them, after receiving such high recommendations from The Emerald Hotel.

Besides, he was very sure the General Manager of the same property addressed Samantha as Miss Davis.

"Um... No... I am... I am a single mother. I will

be living with my aunt and my twins," Samantha shyly revealed, clearing out the misunderstanding. "I hope... it's not a problem."

Halting his panicking, it was as if John Garcia immediately recognized Samantha's reluctance. He imposed a smile and said, "No! Of course not! It's not a problem."

He assured her, "Miss Davis, we hired you for your skills and not the circumstance you are in."

Returning to her earlier question, John answered, "The Condo unit has two rooms. Will that do?"

She nodded with a smile and said, "Yes, I can sleep with my babies."

"Then it's all settled." John extended his hand to Samantha and said, "Welcome to the Wright Diamond Corporation."

"Thank you, Mr. Garcia," Samantha said before shaking John Garcia's hand.

After signing her contract, Samantha was left with one more important task. She needed to tell her children and her aunt of her decision of moving to Braeton City. It was during lunch the next day that Samantha made the announcement.

"Aunt, I accepted the job," said Samantha. Diana just smiled and said, "I trust your decisions, Sam. I will always be here for you." Seeing the bemused expression of her kids, Samantha said, "Kids, Mommy got a new job offer, and we have a free home in a hotel itself! plus, it pays really well. I can buy you new bags and maybe... even a car!"

"Wow! Mommy, that's exciting!" Kenzie happily exclaimed.

"Is it a new hotel here, Mom?" Kyle probed. It was then that Samantha said... Ummmm...

actually... we are going to move to Braeton City."

The eyes of the children lit up. Both Kyle and Kenzie looked at each other and they said in unison, "Daddy!"

"We are finally going to see Daddy!"

Declared Kenzie.

With a sigh, Kyle remarked, "It's about time."

"Mommy, Is Daddy excited to see us?"

Kenzie asked with her usual twinkling eyes. Samantha's mouth fell open. She suddenly felt her throat dry up and she turned to her aunt for help.

Seconds of just ogling, Kyle asked her, "Mom?"

"Ummm... I haven't told your Daddy yet! He is... really... really busy... Haha! Oh, look at the time! It's almost time for Mommy to get ready for work!" Yet again, Samantha found an excuse. She left her kids that day with the aspiration of meeting their father.

It was only after Samantha left that Kyle and Kenzie regrouped in the bedroom where they shared with their mother.

From the bed, Kyle was leaning back on the headboard, writing something down on his notebook.

Kenzie asked, "What are you doing Kyle?"

"I am writing all that Mommy said about Daddy. Once we find the right match, we know for sure it's Daddy," said Kyle. "If Daddy is too busy to see us, we just have to find him ourselves... Are you with me, Kenzie?"

"Absolutely!" Said Kenzie before the two wound up giving a high five! "Daddy! Here we come!"

Chapter 4: Samantha Was The Key

From inside his hotel room, John Garcia, the executive assistant of Ethan Wright, was collecting his belongings, getting ready to leave for the airport.

Since he already had made Samantha Davis sign the contract, his work was already done. He needed to return to his boss where more and more work awaited him.

As he was about the leave, he meant to report to his boss the time that he will be arriving. He called Ethan Wright on the phone.

With just one ring, the CEO of Wright Diamond Corporation answered, "Did she sign it?"

It took a second for John to realize that his boss was following up on the contract with Samantha Davis. "Ah, yes, boss. She did. We met yesterday," he answered before thinking about breaking the bad news.

"What is it?" His boss asked.

When John realized he gave himself away, he revealed, "Ah, Mr. Wright... She... Um. She has children - two to be exact."

Silence could easily be heard on the other line. It practically took nearly a minute for John to hear Ethan speak again, "Why would you bring that up to me? We hired her for the job and as long as she can do the job well, it doesn't matter!"

"I am not one to look down on a married woman!" The phone went dead soon after.

John's boss did not even let him finish explaining Samantha's situation. Now, his boss completely misunderstood Samantha Davis' circumstance.

"Oh, well. Just when I thought I found the woman that would melt the ice!" Remarked John before getting out the door.

*** FLASHBACK***

Four days back when Ethan first saw Samantha in Monroe City.

The great and powerful Ethan Wright had been invited to dinner by a co-investor while they were in town. He and his assistant, John Garcia was told, they were to dine at the best restaurant in the city of Monroe!

A man of great stance suddenly graced the humble hotel. Ethan was tall, blessed with a fine physique, and striking good looks.

His dark brown eyes were so intense, studying the surroundings of the hotel, mentally evaluating.

When Ethan stepped foot at The Emerald's lobby, a mere four-star hotel, he frowned and looked down at his assistant. He said, "Find a way to leave. This is not good enough for me."

Given that Monroe City was not that popular, Ethan wasn't planning on eating at a four? star hotel. He had very high standards for his meals.

John Garcia's eyes widened at his boss' suggestion. He leaned over and said, "But boss, we are already here and Mr. Wilson said, it's an excellent restaurant!"

"John, look at the floor. It isn't glossy enough... Clearly, management did not give much care and attention to the refurbishment of this hotel," said Ethan before tightening his eyes.

Ethan Wright was born with a silver spoon. His family was old rich, and he was used to the splendor of their wealth. Rarely did he settle for anything less than a four and a half-star hotel.

Their co-investor, Mr. Wilson, easily found them as he came walking in from the hotel's entrance.

"Mr. Wright! Over here!" Called Mr. Wilson.

"I'm glad you decided to join us for dinner."
Mr. Wilson leaned forward and suggested,
"Trust me when I say, you will have the most
gastronomical delight... here at the hotel's
fine dining restaurant!"

"I'm a shareholder of this hotel, by the way.
If you like what you eat, feel free to invest
in this property. Haha!" An audible laugh
followed Mr. Wilson's suggestion.

He was so engrossed at his own proposal that
he missed seeing the clear grimace on
Ethan's face.

"You find this amusing, Mr. Wilson? Did you
bring me out here for the possibility of
wasting my money over this outdated hotel?"
In his dominating tone, Ethan spoke of his
displeasure and it easily gave Mr. Wilson the
chills.

"Um. No - No! Mr. Wright. I - I was just
joking," reasoned Mr. Wilson. "However,
truth be told, our restaurant here is one of
the best. It's thanks to our lovely and
beautiful chef, Miss Samantha Davis. In fact,
she had recently received recognition for
her outstanding culinary skills!"

As if on cue, Samantha came rushing in from
the other side of the hotel lobby, coming
back from the hotel restroom.

"Oh! Sorry!" She ended up bumping into the
great man himself, Ethan Wright. "I'm sorry.
I did not mean to. Are you okay?"

Samantha just placed a hand on Ethan's arm,
not minding or carefully looking at his face.
Her head was too occupied, eager to return
to work.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson. Hope everything is fine. I
need to get ready for dinner," said
Samantha, suggesting she was leaving him to
take care of the frowning man whom she
bumped into.

"It's okay, Sam. Go ahead," responded Mr. Wilson.

Taking a deep breath, Mr. Wilson said, "That was our head chef, Miss Davis. I'm sorry - "

"It's fine. Let's have dinner there now,"

Ethan quickly replied while his eyes were glued at the girl with golden curls, making her way to the restaurant.

Standing next to Ethan, his assistant, John, did not miss seeing how his boss was suddenly staring at a girl, much more, allow the same person, touch his clothing!

Ethan Wright never liked the approaches of women. This was exactly why he had a male assistant.

John's eyes shifted back and forth from Samantha to his boss and only after a few seconds did he admit it was true. His boss was ogling at a woman for the first time! What was even more surprising was how Ethan Wright was suddenly willing to eat at a restaurant with floors that aren't slippery glossy enough! Heck! Ethan even left him behind!

His boss was walking straight to the restaurant and his eyes never left the beautiful chef with golden hair.

Finding their seats, John was even more shocked that Ethan was not muttering any complaints. He simply chose the set menu of his preference and observed.

Clearly, to John's point of view, Ethan was searching for the chef whom they call Miss Samantha Davis.

When their meals were served, Ethan and John were both in dreamland. Each time they put their fork in their mouths, they gave pleasant reactions.

"Wow! This is... the best, right, Boss?" John remarked.

Mr. Wilson raised his hands before telling, "What did I tell you? Amazing, right?"

"Hmmm. Good," said Ethan. "G-o-o-d."

Just as they were appreciating the dishes, the chef came out of the kitchen being praised by the diners. Apparently, it was a custom for Samantha to appear before their guests in the middle of their dinner.

John saw as Ethan stared at the chef and he heard him say, "The Food is beautiful."

'The food is beautiful?' John asked himself.

Both Mr. Wilson and John fell confused. The assistant had to clarify his boss' words, "Which one sir, the food or the chef is beautiful?"

"The food, John! I mean... the presentation," Ethan insisted.

When they all saw Samantha's angelic smile, John and Mr. Wilson smiled back. They could not help but be influenced by the chef's beauty.

It was from then on that Ethan made the decision and he said, "I want her. I want her to be the executive chef at the First Diamond Hotel."

"Oh, but Mr. Wright. We already hired an executive chef - "

"Demote him ... I don't care," suggested Ethan. "I have never been so satisfied with a meal since I can remember. We need to have her."

Ethan turned to Mr. Wilson and said, "Can you make that happen, Mr. Wilson?"

"I'll sure arrange that Mr. Wright," confirmed Mr. Wilson. "In as much as we would hate to let go of such a talented chef, there is no disappointing Mr. Ethan Wright."

"Good that you know," said Ethan.

John Garcia might have just considered it as a passing attraction, one which his boss never

had in the past. However, what generally made him conclude that Ethan was affected by Samantha's charms was the fact that they had a second... and third round of meals! Their party practically tasted all three set?menus for that evening! At the end of their third meal, Ethan explained, "I wanted to taste every dish they have to offer. I wanted to test the chef's consistency."

John would have easily believed him if not for the fact that in each dinner schedule, he would simply gape at the chef in each of her every appearance!

In the end, they stayed for an entire five hours at the same establishment and John's butt hurt like hell, just sitting down for hours, but to him, it was rewarding.

That night, John Garcia saw a different side of Ethan Wright and he concluded that Samantha was the key.

Chapter 5: Hello Braeton, I'm Back

11:00 AM at Braeton International Airport.

"Kenzie, what are you looking around for?"

Samantha asked her little girl as they were walking outside the arrivals area.

Like Samantha, Kenzie had blonde hair, except hers was long and straight. She had a beautiful angelic face, blue eyes, and pink lips.

Since they arrived, Kenzie had been restless, constantly eyeing every man that went past them. Hearing her mother call for her, she ran to reach for her hand and asked,

"Mommy? Is Daddy picking us up?"

Samantha instantly felt a lump in her throat.

She turned to her aunt, who was holding Kyle, and she literally saw how Diana rolled her eyes.

Kyle, her son, seemed to also be waiting for

her answer.

"Your - your dad is on a business trip! That's right." She shifted their attention to the door and announced, "Oh, look! There is a familiar face we want to see! It's grandma Matilda!"

With gleaming eyes, Kenzie was the first to run outside, and it resulted in Samantha to follow her speedy steps!

"Grandma! Grandma!" Called Kenzie. Her face glowed in joy as she jumped into Matilda's arms.

Matilda was being escorted by her caregiver in a wheelchair. She was already in her eighties and unable to walk long distances, yet she was healthy for her age.

Samantha's grandmother promptly cried at the sweet embrace of the little girl. She looked up to Samantha and reached for her hand. She said, "Sam, I - I missed you so much! I missed you so much."

"I miss you too, grandma," responded Samantha before she dived into her grandmother's arms.

It was a joyous reunion, but there was no helping the tears to flow from where they stood. Nearly six years had passed since they last saw each other. Samantha and Matilda, together with Kenzie, hugged each other in the middle of the busy space of Braeton airport's arrival area.

After almost a minute of hugging and pecking on each other's faces, Matilda turned to Kyle and said, "Come here, young man! Give grandma some love."

"Hello, grandma Matilda. It's nice to meet you," said Kyle before joining in the embrace.

Matilda put a hand on the children's faces and said, "Beautiful girl! Like your mother!"

She turned to Kyle and said, "Very handsome little boy."

"Like Daddy?" Kenzie eagerly asked while turning her attention to her twin brother. Kenzie and Kyle were fraternal twins. They have distinct facial features and quite different personalities as well.

Kenzie was more outgoing and bubbly, while Kyle was somewhat stern kind of child. He had a tendency to be obsessed with the order of things and was very interested in the study of technology.

Both were unusually smart, and while Samantha was not lacking in intellect herself, she could not help but wonder where her kids got their astounding intuition.

Hearing the suggestion of Kenzie, Matilda laughed. She also knew how Samantha had lied to her kids about their father. She said, "Perhaps!"

Pinching Kenzie's cheek, Matilda said, "I have a gift for you - for both of you!"

It was always their agreement to divert the kids about the topic of their father, and even Diana, Samantha's aunt, was in on it!

"Where? Where is my gift, grandma?" Kenzie excitedly scanned the surroundings.

"It's in the car, but we'll open it at your new home," suggested Matilda before chuckling.

To avoid Samantha's father finding out about her arrival, Matilda had to hire a chauffeur-driven car to fetch them.

Matilda's caregiver, Stella, was always on her side and would not tell a soul.

They easily made their way to the First Diamond Hotel, where on the top floors were the condo units, some for lease and some for sale. One of which was Samantha's new home.

A hotel staff and a bellman escorted them as

they made their way to the fortieth floor and onto her flat. Her new accommodation was a humble hundred square feet of floor area, just enough for her, her aunt, and her twins.

Upon entering the fully furnished condominium, the kids were in awe.

"Wow! Is this our new home, Mommy? It's beautiful!" Exclaimed Kenzie while putting her hands on her face.

Kyle on the other hand was nodding his head as he scanned the living room space. He said, "It's shiny and new. It's perfect."

Matilda raised a brow at Kyle's remark. She glared at her daughter and said, "That's a sign. He must be like his father, Sam."

"I - I would not know, grandma," Samantha awkwardly responded while keeping her voice down.

"Chef Samantha, please make yourself at home and Mr. Garcia will be checking on you tomorrow to discuss the upcoming grand opening of the hotel," told the hotel staff who earlier introduced herself as Cindy.

"Thank you, Cindy, for helping us. You have a great day," said Samantha with a smile.

"Of course, Chef Samantha. And by the way, I just could not help but say this. You are... so beautiful! With you as our executive chef, the kitchen staff will not miss a day at work!" Remarked Cindy.

"My Mommy is so beautiful that I am so beautiful too!" Kenzie had to say, cutting in in their conversation.

It granted a laugh from everyone in the living room. Matilda for one was so amused by Kenzie's optimism that she could not help giggles that left her lips.

"I bet!" Cindy assured with a wide grin. She then complimented, "That's why you are so

adorable!"

Cindy then turned to Kyle and said, "Your brother is also handsome!" For a second, she studied Kyle and could not help but say, "He kinda... looks like the boss. Haha! Just... maybe."

"Your boss looks like my brother?" Kenzie probed with eyes tightening. She turned to Kyle and seemingly, the two were having an understanding.

"Just maybe. I've only seen the boss in person once, and it was far -far away! There aren't many photos of him online either. He blocks the media from taking his pictures! He is like this secret CEO of The Wright Diamond Corporation," explained Cindy.

"Anyway, I better go. It's nice to meet you, Chef," said Cindy before officially bidding goodbye.

"Okay, kids. It's time to open your gifts!" Matilda excitedly announced after seeing Cindy go.

While Kyle and Kenzie happily opened their gifts, Samantha took the chance to go outside on the balcony of the condo unit. She made sure to check on the locks, especially since she has kids.

She was satisfied with its safety standards and only then did she slide open the window for her to see from her flat, the city that she once lived in.

Braeton City had changed over the course of six years. The new structures were undeniably overwhelming.

To her left, she could see a glimpse of the old mall that her father used to take her. She then took a pause before slowly turning to the right.

The tall buildings covered her view, but she seemed to have looked past them and

pictured in her mind the far military camp that bordered the city from the south. Samantha took a deep breath, knowing that somewhere in that direction was her father's mansion. The same home that once was a happy one until her father remarried. "Hello Braeton, I'm back," she said with another long sigh.

"Sam," Matilda came to her, walking on her own with a walking staff.

"Grandma, use your wheelchair," Samantha reminded.

"It's okay. I can still walk... just not long distances," said Matilda before forcing a smile. "Sam, there is something I need to tell you."

"What is it, grandma?" Samantha asked while aiding her to a safe spot on the balcony.

"Your stepsister, Annie? She and Clayton are engaged," revealed Matilda.

Samantha just nodded and said, "That's good, grandma. They belong together." With a smile, she added, "It doesn't concern me anymore."

Chapter 6: Secret Kids

"Kyle, what time is it? It's already nine in the evening. It's time to put your new tablet down," said Samantha right before she was about to enter the bathroom.

She was sharing a room with her kids and they were both settled on the bed. Matilda gave both of them, new tablets, a doll for Kenzie, and a sling bag for Kyle.

Kenzie was already ready to sleep, but Kyle was still downloading apps on his tablet, or so his mother thought. Hearing his mother asked him to put the device down, he sighed and said, "Okay, Mom. Can I ask you about Dad?"

"I'll give you ten minutes' extension on the tablet," said Samantha before escaping into the bathroom.

Seeing their Mommy avoid the topic again, Kyle and Kenzie looked at each other. Kenzie chuckled while Kyle shook his head.

"Maybe Dad is a government spy!" Suggested Kenzie.

"Or just someone with secret kids," said Kyle.

"Hah! A rich man that needs to protect us from bad guys!" Concluded Kenzie. "That's why we are secret kids!"

"Whatever, Kenzie. The point is, Mommy is hiding something about Daddy," suggested Kyle.

"Did you get what the woman said earlier? About you looking like their boss?" Kenzie asked.

"Yes, I heard. That's why I have been on the tablet," said Kyle. "There are no pictures of him."

"But his name is Ethan Wright," added Kyle. Kyle's eyes tightened at the picture of the Wright Diamond Corporate Office. He said, "I wonder how far is this office building?"

"Are you planning on going there?" Kenzie asked, leaning forward to her brother. "You can't ride a bus on your own!"

Kyle turned to the bedside table and saw his Mommy's documents from the Wright Diamond Corporation. A smirk became painted into his face and he said, "I guess... We'll have to make it happen."

The next morning, Samantha was getting ready to bring the kids to their new school. They were lucky enough to decide on leaving just when the school had just started for two weeks. It was an easier transfer for Samantha and the twins.

However, since Samantha did not have enough money to pay in advance the required deposit, she had been furnished in advance an employment certificate that would attest to her capacity to pay.

She meant to show it to the school so they would have no qualms in accepting her children. However, that morning, the same employment certificate was missing from her folder.

Flipping through her papers, Samantha was in a panic. It was nearly seven-thirty in the morning and school starts at nine! They were bound to be late! It was inevitable!

"Oh, my God! Why is this happening now?" Samantha ran her fingers through her hair, unsure of how the said paper was suddenly missing.

There was only one way to get another, and that was to head over to the Wright Diamond Corporation.

Riding in a taxi, Samantha had to bring her kids along. She hoped she could furnish the certificate in less than an hour, in that way her kids could still make it to their class.

At eight-thirty sharp, she arrived at the lobby of the Wright Diamond Corporation. With the twins tailing her, she went straight to the reception and asked for John Garcia.

"Do you have an appointment, Miss Davis?" One receptionist asked.

"No, sadly I don't and I have been trying to reach Mr. Garcia, but he doesn't seem to be answering," Samantha explained her sudden arrival. "It's really urgent that I speak with him."

The two receptionists looked at each other, worried about whatever decision they would make. However, since the beautiful lady before them was so elegant looking and

charming, they concluded, she wasn't telling a lie.

Moreover, Kenzie joined in to help and said to the receptionist, "Please! Please. My Mom needs a paper for us to go to school. Please help us."

"Okay, I'll call Mr. Garcia. Give me a moment," said one receptionist.

From the twentieth floor of the Wright Diamond Corporation, John was going through his boss' schedule for that day.

As his assistant, he needed to be in the office by seven in the morning. Ethan Wright often arrived at seven-thirty.

His coffee had to be ready by the time he arrived, including the most important documents to be signed.

When he received a call from the receptionist, he was stunned to learn it was Samantha Davis, the beautiful chef that his boss thought was married.

"Hmmm." He said, "Let her up. It must be important."

It took only ten minutes for Samantha to reach the floor where the CEO's office was, and she easily found John's desk. To John's surprise, she was with her twins!

John was not fond of kids, but seeing the little girl was just so delightful. It was the same warm feeling he had with Samantha.

As if Kenzie knew what was on John's mind, she walked straight to him and extended her hand. She said, "Hi, I'm Kenzie. I'm Mommy's little princess!" The little girl then flipped her hair and said, "The most beautiful five-year-old in the city."

"Four. She is turning five this December, but she is still four in the next two months or so," Samantha explained. She then grabbed her daughter and said to John, "I'm sorry.

She is always... friendly."

"Don't be sorry at all! The little girl is adorable!" Exclaimed John. "She looks just like you!"

"Hello Kenzie, my name is John. You can call me, uncle John." The secretary happily shook Kenzie's hand.

"Uncle John?" Kenzie turned to her mother and asked, "Does uncle John give us presents during Christmas too?"

Her words and excitement granted a laugh from John and the attention of the other secretaries that were cubicles away from him.

"I'm so sorry, about that," said Samantha.

"And the guy behind you is?" John asked, trying to find the other twin who was holding his mother's skirt.

"Um, this is Kyle - Kyle buddy. Come on. Introduce yourself to Mr. Garcia," said Samantha while pulling Kyle by the hand and showing him to John.

When Kyle stood in front of John, there was an obvious silence from the executive assistant. He leaned back, and he leaned forward again.

John did not know how many times he tilted his head from side to side, at the sight of the familiar-looking boy. He said, "Damn! You look like my boss!"

"Is your boss a kid too?" Kyle gave a sarcastic answer, narrowing his eyes at the same time. His way of responding made John laugh even harder.

"Damn! Even talks like him!" Remarked John.

"Mr. Garcia, Um. Maybe it's just a coincidence that he looks like your boss - I mean, sometimes, it's just a perception," Samantha suggested before she got to the point "Mr. Garcia, I'm here on a very

important matter and I hope you can help me."

"Oh, okay," said John. He set aside the uncanny resemblance between the child and his boss, asking, "What can I help you with Samantha?"

While Samantha was explaining her predicament to John, Kyle and Kenzie were walking around the office, finding the nameplate that belongs to Ethan Wright. They found themselves by the CEO office's door, gawking at the name.

"Could this be our Daddy?" Kenzie asked.

"There is only one way to find out," said Kyle.

"Let's go in."

Chapter 7: Odd Common Behavior

"Ready?" Kyle asked his sister.

"Ready!" Confirmed Kenzie.

While the twins were about to enter the CEO's office without permission, Samantha was explaining to John Garcia her situation. A hiss left John's lips, and he said, "You see Miss Davis - "

The sound of the children trying to push the door opened alerted John that he got up from his seat, "Kids! No! Don't do that!"

"Why is this door so heavy!" Complained Kyle as he was pushing with his might!

"Urggghhh!" Kenzie grunted while helping her brother.

Sadly, no matter how hard they pushed, the door would not budge.

Samantha rushed in their direction and said, "Guys! What are you doing? Are you trying to get me in trouble?!"

Walking behind her was John. He said, "It's okay. When Mr. Wright is on a meeting, the door can only be opened from the inside." He pointed to the security system by the side and said, "See that? That's high technology."

Next Chapter I will upload: