NOT TWINS

"You've bumped into me," Denise said in her childlike voice. The sunglasses that she was wearing did not manage to conceal her displeasure.

Kenneth found the little girl's demeanor amusing. He crouched down and steadied her up from the floor. "Are you all right?"

"Of course not-" Before Denise could finish her sentence, she was stumped by the sight of the handsome man in front of her. She had always been attracted to pretty faces, and oddly enough, she found the face before her quite familiar.

"Of course not. I don't know if I'm hurt anywhere else," she said coyly.

Kenneth noticed that there was nothing wrong with

the little girl upon inspection. He smiled and asked, "So, do you need me to send you to the hospital?"

"Oh, that won't be necessary," Denise said. "But you could give me your number. I'll contact you via WhatsApp if anything happens." Then, she took out her phone and said in a domineering tone, leaving no room for further discussion, "Let me scan your QR code."

Kenneth found the shrewd little girl adorable and did not give it a second thought. He took out his phone and opened his WhatsApp. As a matter of fact, he seldom used it. Hence, the app was no more than an extra icon on his phone.

After scanning Kenneth's QR code, Denise nodded in satisfaction. "Okay, Mr. Handsome. We'll contact each other via WhatsApp if anything happens to me!"

"Where are your parents?" They had been chatting for a bit now, but Kenneth noticed that the little girl's parents were nowhere in sight.

Denise frowned and mumbled, "Ah, I haven't even met my daddy yet." The little girl then shook her head and left.

Kenneth laughed as he looked at her back. What a shrewd little girl.

"Let's go, Tony."

Anthony looked at her sister and asked, "What took you so long?"

Denise flashed him an enigmatic smile and said, "I met a handsome uncle outside the toilet entrance. He's so handsome that I thought he's some celebrity, but he's not."

Anthony did not wish to entertain the starry-eyed Denise and walked ahead of her.

Benjamin approached Denise and teased, "Is it possible that he's more handsome than me?"

"Actually, I think he looks really like the two of you. Well, he looks a lot like Tony, to be specific." Then, she nodded seriously.

Benjamin looked at Anthony's back. This little guy is undeniably handsome. I can already picture the heartbreaker that he was going to become.

"How do you think our daddy looks like when Tony is so handsome?" Benjamin asked as he started to picture their father's looks in his head.

"I think he has to be really handsome as well!" Denise

said in a daze.

"Oops. I think we're really too good-looking for our own good," Benjamin lamented.

Then, Anthony's voice rang. "Gramps!"

Denise turned around and saw the old man standing just a stone's throw away from them. Even though the old man's hair was all white, the triplets felt a strong sense of familiarity with the old man. "Gramps!" Denise shouted as she dashed over and burrowed herself in Terence's embrace. "Gramps, I'm finally meeting you! I miss you so much!"

Terence hugged the little girl with shaky hands. They had been keeping in touch via video calls all these years. He was so thrilled to finally meet his great-grandchildren in person that he could find no words to say. "I've been missing all of you too!" he finally said

as he looked at the other two boys.

"Gramps!" Benjamin approached the old man and gave the latter a big hug.

"Okay, okay!" Terence did not know what else to say. The Watson family had not been prolific. Hence, he was beyond grateful that his eyes grew misty as he looked at the three children.

Anthony was a reserved child, and he was not too keen to express his feelings. Hence, he merely looked at them and smiled faintly.

"All right, let's head back first! We'll talk later!" Terence said as he ushered them to the car.

Meanwhile, at Prosper Technologies, the office was already abuzz with heated discussions even before Natasha arrived.

"Have you heard that the programmer who is coming today is a woman?"

"So what if it's a woman? Even though female programmers are not common, it's not exactly headline news either."

"The guys were hoping that the new girl would boost the morale of the office. But I guess you haven't seen the photo of the new girl yet. The guys over at Design Department were already wallowing in despair!" a few girls at the reception gossiped and giggled.

"Really? Are you serious?"

"I've got her photo right here. Just see for yourself!" Then, the girl brought out her phone and showed the others Natasha's only photo.

"My goodness, is this photo from the '80s? Did this girl grow up in a village?" someone asked.

"I know, right? How could someone still have this sense of style at this time and age? I mean, she's quite good-looking, but her sense of style is truly... questionable."

"No wonder those guys from the Programming Department are already crying in despair!"

The girls at the reception gesticulated at Natasha's photo and mocked her.

Right then, the elevator sprung open with a ping.

The manager led Natasha out of the elevator and said, "This way please, Ms. Watson."

Natasha trailed behind the manager. She was

wearing a mask. She did not like putting on makeup if she was taking a flight. So, the mask was to conceal her bare face. This was something Denise wanted her to do. After some time, Natasha had gotten used to it as well.

The girls stopped gossiping when they noticed their manager.

They greeted the man in unison.

"Go and make a cup of coffee."

"Yes!" the receptionist scurried off to make a cup of coffee. Before she left, however, she stole a glance at Natasha. Wow, where did this pretty lady come from?

"Actually, we did not wish to trouble you and ask you to be here. But we've encountered a tricky problem," the manager explained.

"It's all right. I have spare time anyway," Natasha replied.

"Great. Let's go. The Programming Department is here," the manager said as he led her into the office.

The girls grouped together again after Natasha and the manager left. "Who is that?"

"I have no idea. I've never seen her!"

"Could she be a celebrity?"

"I don't think so. Celebrities usually bring their assistants around. Besides, judging from the way the manager talked to her, she doesn't seem like she's a celebrity."

"Come on, let's take a look."

Meanwhile, in the Programming Department, the manager clapped his hand to garner the attention of the other staff who were busy with their work. "Everyone, this is Ms. Natasha Watson. I believe that all of you must have heard about her. She's going to join us next Monday, and she just came back from overseas. However, I've asked her here today so that she could help us out with the final stage of our project."

The men at the Programming Department froze in place when they saw Natasha.

Natasha took off her mask and greeted everyone, "Greetings, everyone. I am Natasha Watson. Sorry, I have not put on any makeup today. So, pardon me if I look a little tired."

When she took off her mask, everyone in the office,

including the men from Programming Department, the girls who previously chided Natasha, and the manager were all stunned.

Natasha was the embodiment of the very definition of porcelain-fair skin.

She had a perfectly oval-shaped face with dark obsidian eyes. Even though her eyes were not exactly big, the glint in her eyes sparkled like stars in the sky. Her long hair that reached her waist perfectly complemented her demeanor.

Is this the same woman on the photo?

The manager was the first to regain his composure. "Please welcome her, everyone!"

Only then did the Programming Department break into a thunderous clap afterward.

Meanwhile, the girls at the reception said, "Is she the same person on the photo? Could it be that they just share the same name?"