

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 12-in-law would probably prefer a boy to inherit the family business..." Miles shivered and thought, 'Ew, grown-ups are so gross.' He curled his lips into a pout and moved to leave, only to accidentally see the faces of the couple through the gaps between clothes. He tripped and came close to losing balance.

That man was Jamie Mason, his biological father.

Ever since he could remember, he had asked about his father. Catelyn did not intend on lying to her, and with how intelligent Miles was, it did not take long for him to find out about Jamie.

When he found out that Jamie had abandoned him, he bit his lip and decided he did not need the man either; Catelyn was enough for him.

Miles rolled his eyes and pouted in contempt before trying to leave. All of a sudden, however, his phone started ringing.

He slid open the screen and saw that it was a spam message, but the sound of the notification had caught the attention of Jamie and Louella Atherton.

"Who's there?" Jamie, thinking someone was trying to take pictures of them, shoved the rack away to grab Miles by the arm, only to realize that it was a child.

Miles's limbs were hardly that long to begin with, and despite the pain of being grabbed, he could not escape.

"Let me go!" He was beginning to resent Jamie.

"Jamie, this child...looks so much like you." Louella walked over slowly and felt dazed when she saw how much Miles resembled Jamie.

Jamie seemed to have noticed as well and asked, "Whose child are you?" Miles clenched his fists as he thought back to Jamie's betrayal and abandoning Catelyn. He immediately put up an innocent expression like he had been wronged and said, "Daddy, you haven't given us any money for four years."

Mommy is running out of options, so she sends me to find you..." "Money?!" gasped Louella as her eyes widened in shock.

Jamie tightened his grip around Miles's arm. "Say that again!" "Mommy might only be a maid working for your family before, but do you have to be so heartless? You chased both of us out without caring to check on us, only to be together with this pretty lady. Now, I can't even afford to go to school!"

Pretty lady, we really can't survive like this..." whimpered Miles in a choked, soft voice while looking at them with tears in his eyes, not realizing the storm his words had raised between Louella and Jamie.

The expression on Louella's face stiffened as she realized that this child could be Jamie's illegitimate child.

She was one of the offspring of a collateral bloodline of the Atherton Family, but she had been in a position with wide influence in recent years and plenty of eligible bachelors were after her. She had picked Jamie out of her many pursuers, only to find out that he had an illegitimate child.

"Louella, don't listen to him. I don't have a son this old nor did I screw around with maids." Jamie glared daggers at Miles and said, "This boy was sneaking around and is probably up to no good." As the veins on Jamie's head began to pop, he questioned Miles viciously, "Spill: who's your mom? What is she trying to accomplish by making you follow me to take pictures?" "I said let go! You're hurting me!" Miles's wrist was hurting as his face stiffened coldly. He decided not to play the innocent card anymore. His resentment toward Jamie deepened as he internally growled, 'How frustrating! To think that I'm this old trash's son!' He lowered his head and bit down on Jamie's wrist.

"Argh!" Jamie gasped and flung Miles to the side.

Losing balance, Miles stumbled backward and Louella subconsciously moved to help him, but someone else beat her to it.

It was Catelyn, who had just come back from the washroom. She held Miles steadily in her arms, concern etched onto her fair-skinned face as she checked her son. "Miles, are you hurt?" Her faint flowery scent surrounded Miles as he shook his head awkwardly. "I'm okay." "Catelyn?" When Jamie saw her, everything finally began to make sense, and he pointed at Miles furiously. "This is your kid? You never

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 14-“You aren’t even four yet. What do you know about how horrible human hearts could be?” Cedrick glanced over at Ollie coldly as he began to ooze an intimidating aura.

Usually, Ollie would have stopped arguing with his father, but for some reason, he was upset that Cedrick had belittled Catelyn. His expression darkened as he raised his innocent voice in a challenging manner, “Father, you can’t simply reject that lady because of a few words some outsider says.” “Outsider?” Maia’s hands that held her cutlery froze as she thought, ‘Did Ollie just refer to her as an outsider? Does he know that I’m going to be his future stepmother?’ Cedrick, not expecting Ollie would talk to him like that for a strange woman, interrogated, “Who’s that woman to you?” Ollie shook his head and said sincerely, “She’s the designer I chose to design my birthday mansion.” “And you are arguing with me over a mere designer?” In Mason Estate, Cedrick held absolute power, and no one, not even Ollie, could challenge him.

Ollie bit on his lower lip and noticed from the corner of his eyes that Catelyn and Miles had stopped talking to Jamie and were about to leave. He set down his cutleries elegantly with stubborn eyes and said, “I’m sorry, Father, I shouldn’t have argued with you. I’m full; may I be excused?” Cedrick narrowed his eyes as his expression darkened.

The steak had only just come out of the kitchen, and the boy had only cut a small piece out of the beautifully heart-shaped steak, yet he claimed to be full?

“Ollie, are you trying to protest by refusing to eat?” Cedrick questioned coldly, and his voice pierced through the air in a horrifying manner.

Downstairs, Miles and Catelyn were already moving toward the exit.

Ollie lowered his arms by the sides of his body and clenched his fists before meeting Cedrick’s eyes fearlessly. “No, I’m really full.” As the father and son had a standoff, Maia smiled and tried to ease the tension.

“Master Cedrick, kids don’t develop much of an appetite. They usually don’t eat much, and Ollie—” “Did I ask you to explain his actions for him?” Cedrick interrupted her with a dark expression.

Maia immediately turned red in embarrassment.

"It's my fault, Father, so please don't blame Aunt Maia. I won't interrupt your date any longer and will be taking my leave now," Ollie said hastily before slipping down the soft couch and running out of the door without looking back.

Maia was stunned. She had been engaged to Cedrick for years and watched as Ollie grew up, but never had she ever seen the child standing up against his father...not to mention ignoring Cedrick and running off.

"Where are you going, Ollie?" Maia mistook the boy's action as a protest toward his father and hurriedly commanded the bodyguards standing by the side, "What are you all doing, just standing over there? Hurry up and go get the young master back!" "Stop!" Cedrick scanned the bodyguards and said, "No one goes after him!" Startled by how intimidating the man was, Maia shivered. "But he's just a child!"

What happens if he runs into danger or kidnappers—" Personally, she had preferred to spend time alone with Cedrick, but Ollie was his only son, and their marriage arrangement would suffer should anything happen to the boy.

"If he has the guts to run, then he should be ready to suffer whatever consequences that follow." With a stone-cold mask on his defined features, Cedrick picked up the cutleries elegantly. "Didn't you say that the steak here is great? Now that the courses are up, let's eat." Maia awkwardly silenced herself.

Cedrick was a cold, majestic, devilish, and elegant man altogether. He was a legend of the Mason family and was her fiancé, too. Without Ollie around as the third wheel, she even started to feel even more excited about the date.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 15-glasses to reveal his crystal-like eyes burning with anger.

"That trash is so hateful," he deadpanned. "Big Kitty, don't fall in love with him." "I don't like him to begin with." "He's definitely going to torture me if the two of you date each other." Then, Miles changed his tone and said while clinging to her leg, "For the health and safety of your baby, stay away from him, okay?" "... Catelyn was at a loss for words. Perhaps it was because Miles grew up without a father that he had always been sensitive; he even resented any man that approached Catelyn despite their age.

Since they had just accidentally run into Jamie, it was natural that he would be worried about her getting back together with Jamie and neglecting him.

“He has no sense of responsibility and has so many mistresses. I’m far more sweet and polite than him. I have great looks and a greater personality, and I can fend off a gangster or scold a mistress. I’ll be a good boy and take care of you from now on, so please don’t take him, okay?” Catelyn’s heart melted as she lowered her head to plant a kiss on Miles’s forehead. “I won’t date him, I only care about you. Happy now?” Miles was very much satisfied and instantly shook off the negative emotions that haunted him. He pointed at his cheek happily and said, “I’ll give you permission to kiss here as well.” “I have lipstick on now! How about I give you a kiss once I remove it at home?” Miles immediately praised his mother sweetly, “I prefer you when you don’t put any makeup on, you look more refreshing and enchanting that way.” Catelyn was instantly at loss for words. “Where did you learn that line?” “From the internet,” Miles replied smugly.

“...” Catelyn contemplated whether she needed to restrict her son’s access to the internet. She had no idea what sort of things he had been browsing, and she felt as though she was being teased. Most importantly, her son was not even four year-old and could barely recognize most words.

In the corner, Ollie kept an appropriate distance from the two of them. He saw Catelyn lowering her head to kiss Miles on the forehead and Miles asking to be picked up, and his heart was instantly filled with envy.

If only he had a mother as well... Could he be begging for attention in his mother’s arms?

A lump formed in his throat. It was unfortunate that his father refused to tell him who his mother was and forbade him from asking too much about it.

Suddenly, Catelyn turned around from not far away, and Ollie immediately froze.

He turned to hide himself behind a jewelry display counter as his heart threatened to jump out of his throat.

He was not sure why he was hiding, but perhaps it was because he despised what he was doing at the moment. He was following and spying on them like a thief, only to find even the faintest comfort in others’ happiness.

Catelyn went to the storage unit to retrieve the race car model she had placed there earlier on, but for some reason, the key card had stopped working, so she had to seek help from the staff there.

Miles listened to Catelyn obediently and waited for her to return by the door with his hands holding her purse. After a while, Catelyn still had not come out, and Miles was beginning to feel the urge to use the washroom. At the same time, he was worried that he might miss Catelyn coming out if he ran off too far.

He looked around and scanned through the greenery across the street. There was a whole forest of trees there, and he could relieve himself there... Miles cleared his throat, and like a swift little monkey, he darted through the crowd, all the while turning back to look at the door every once in a while.

Finally, as he was about to walk into the bushes... Screech!

The sound of a car stopping to a halt rang in his ear abruptly, and a Bugatti Veyron stopped right next to him.

The door to the car pushed open, and Albert looked at Miles worriedly before sighing a breath of relief.

“Thank God you’re alright, Young Master! The bodyguards said you ran out, and I was so worried...” Miles stared warily at Albert and the towering bodyguards before he warily said, “What do you want?” “To bring you home, of course.” Knowing that the young master felt wronged and frustrated from the fight he had with his father, Albert tried to appease his emotions gently. “Don’t blame your father. He might say mean things, but he means well.” “Father?” Miles then thought, ‘Could it be that old trash Jamie Mason?’ However, Miles had not seen any of these people before him, so they could also be kidnappers.

‘Do kidnappers drive fancy cars and kidnap people in broad daylight now?’ he thought.

“Don’t come here! I’m going to call for help if you move any closer—mmph!” Before he could finish, Albert dragged Miles straight into the car.

The young master could be stubborn when he was in the mood, so Albert decided to just bring him back first.

The car drove off and disappeared into the distance, leaving nothing behind but a puff of smoke and a beige woman’s purse on the ground.

Ollie slowly stepped out of the shadow he had been hiding under. He recognized the car that took Miles; it was the spare vehicle of Mason Estate.

It appeared that Albert had mistaken Miles as Ollie and brought him back to Mason Estate.

Ollie scanned the perimeter carefully before rushing over to pick up the purse from the ground. He could still catch a whiff of a milky scent, most likely from Miles, around the spot, mixed with the faint flowery scent of gardenia from Catelyn. Ollie felt immersed with the scent, and he simply felt addicted to it.

He took the bag with him and went back to the mall, intending to give it back to Catelyn.

"I'm sorry, Miles. Something happened, and it took me some time." Catelyn hurried her way back to the exit and instinctively took Ollie's hand.

Ollie stared at his hand that was held by Catelyn, and a bold idea appeared inside his head.

"It's okay, I didn't wait long," he said politely.

However, as soon as he said that, he saw Catelyn's expression darkening. Her glittering seemingly zeroed in on him entirely. "You..." Ollie immediately became anxious and tense. Could Catelyn have noticed his true identity? Could she tell them apart when not even Grandpa Albert could tell the difference?

His heart thumped as though he was facing off a horrible enemy

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Ollie's eyes widened, and he felt his heart drop to his stomach when he realized she was suspecting the clothes he was wearing.

Catelyn circled to the boy's back and flipped his collar outward, only to find the Banpoint label. It was a french children-wear luxury brand that emphasized on both modesty and glamor.

Ollie cursed inwardly when Catelyn slowly bent down and asked, "Did Jamie Mason buy this for you?" "Jamie Mason?" He thought, 'That's probably the man I saw Catelyn arguing with.' "Yeah, that's him," he said.

"That's weird. He was just scolding you earlier, so why would he buy you clothes now?" Catelyn was confused as to how it could happen within the short period she went to retrieve the model.

Ollie's eyes darted away. "I...don't know what he's thinking as well."
"Whatever. At least he's willing to fulfill some responsibility as a father."
Catelyn scanned him from head to toe and decided not to be bothered by it after confirming he was her son. "Anything else happened while I was gone?"
Ollie opened his pick lips slightly and said, "Nothing, but I'm a bit hungry."
"Grandma should have dinner ready by now. Let's go home, or we're going to miss the bus." She lifted him with one arm and hurried over to the nearest bus station.

The sudden proximity and the feeling of his feet leaving the ground had Ollie frowning, but soon, he relaxed at the warmth that he had never felt before.

Could this be what a mother's embrace felt like?

Catelyn smelt like gardenia, just like Maia, but Catelyn's scent was better and more natural, so he preferred her.

The boy, who was usually very composed, started blushing.

"Aren't you going to hug me back?" Catelyn teased.

Ollie hesitated. "Can I?" He had been taught the manners of a gentleman, and he often acted appropriately. On top of that, he was cold by nature and rarely approached others.

"Why not? Don't you usually hug me back?" Catelyn said, wondering if her son was too hungry to the point he was acting weird like a quiet, wary boy.

Ollie collected himself and reached out both of his arms before carefully wrapping them around Catelyn's neck. His heart was overwhelmed by emotions as he had never imagined he would have a taste of motherly love from a woman he did not know.

His lips curled into a content smile as he muttered, "Mommy..." "Yes?"
"Nothing, I just suddenly feel like calling you." Ollie cocked his head to the side and leaned against Catelyn's shoulder. As he tightened his arms around her neck, he suddenly felt extremely envious of that boy called Miles.

If only Miles would replace him and remain in Mason Estate forever... Ollie shook his head at the thought. As Cedrick's son, there were responsibilities that he was expected to bear. For the time being, however, he simply wanted to be the little baby in his mother's arms.

It was stolen time.

... The night fell as a car raced toward the majestic Mason Estate.

The engraved gate opened, followed by the faint squeaking sound, and a line of guards in uniform stood by the entrance with their heads bowed respectfully to welcome their young master home.

The car stopped and Albert opened the car door with a smile. "Young Master, we're home." Miles had kept his eyes out for the landscapes and the best route to escape along the way, but to his surprise, the car headed toward more and more remote areas until it was halfway up a mountain.

He knew that this was not where Jamie lived and concluded that he had been kidnapped. However, when he saw the outdoor swimming pool, the fountain, the gigantic statue, and also the boundless sports arena, he realized that this place was as grand as a palace.

Miles sat upright and wondered why these people had abducted him.

Seeing that Miles would not get up, Albert bent down to pick him up with a gentle smile. "Alright, Young Master, don't be angry. How about Grandpa Albert carry you inside?" "Don't think that I'll trust you simply because of that, you kidnapper!" Miles glared at him with wide eyes.

Albert was amused by Miles's expression and said, "Young Master, I remember that these weren't the clothes you wore when you headed out..." Miles did not want to listen to what he was saying and lifted his chin, only to notice the golden wordings on top of the high arched entrance that read, [Mason Estate.] The font was powerful and intimidating.

Miles's eyes widened in shock. Though he had not been in contact with anyone from the Mason family, he had done some research on the family tree after learning that he was a Mason as well.

Mason Estate was the place where the head of the Mason family lived, and as far as relations went, Miles was supposed to refer to the owner of this place

as his grandfather. Rumors had it that the owner was cruel and was commonly referred to as the Hades of the entrepreneur world.

“Why did you bring me here?” Shivering, a chilling thought crossed Miles’s mind.

Could it be that Jamie was so enraged that he sent Miles here to die?

He missed Catelyn. It had always been him and Catelyn against the world since he was born, and without him, his mother would be devastated.

What should he do?

Albert looked at Miles with disbelief before placing his palm on Miles’s forehead to check his temperature.

‘Thank God he’s not running a fever,’ he thought. ‘Still...’ “Young Master, do you not remember? This is your home.” Albert could not help but wonder what Cedrick could have done that his son could not recognize his own home.

“My house? Are you kidding? This isn’t my house...” Without Catelyn, even the grandest palace was merely a cold house. Miles was both terrified and frustrated, but there was simply a more pressing issue, and that was... He needed to go to the washroom, and he had been holding it in for a very long time.

Miles wiggled out of Albert’s embrace, and since Albert was too old to hold him, Miles swiftly turned and hopped out of his restraint.

Despite his short legs, Miles ran fast and disappeared from Albert’s sight within a blink of an eye, without giving Albert a chance to catch up with him.

... By the time Cedrick finished his tasteless date with Maia, it was already nine at night. Inside the racing car, Eason tensed with both his hands on the steering wheel while he stole peeks at Cedrick through the rear-view mirror.

Cedrick’s expression darkened at the thought that his son defied him, and in a cold voice, he growled, “Where’s that brat?” Eason faked confusion and responded innocently, “Master Cedrick, didn’t you place an order to not go after Young Master?” The look in Cedrick’s eyes darkened, and the car was instantly filled with a suffocating atmosphere. “So all of you simply let a three-year-old roam free out there?” “Ahem.” Eason cleared his throat. Had the

atmosphere not been this tense, he would have burst out laughing. He knew that Cedrick was only harsh outwardly, but though he said that he did not care about his son, he still cared for him from the bottom of his heart.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 17-“You were having dinner with Miss Clark, and we couldn’t be too far away from you, so we didn’t send anyone after Young Master. Of course, I’ve contacted Albert to bring him home.” Cedrick looked up to find Eason’s mouth twitching as though stifling his laughter.

“Are you laughing at me?” asked Cedrick.

“No, I—” “Your bonus for this month will be reduced by half.” The amusement on Eason’s face faded and was replaced by devastation.

“Master Cedrick...” “Keep talking and you’ll lose all of it.” Cedrick stared at him, leaving no room for questioning.

“...” Eason realized how easily an employee would suffer when their boss was this hard to please.

Soon, their car arrived at Mason Estate as well.

The lights in Mason Estate shone brightly during the night, making it appear as though it was still daytime.

Under the moon, the sparkling lights on the trees made a perfect contrast that formed a unique scene.

When Albert heard the sound of the car’s engine turned off from the garage, he stood by the door to Ollie’s room and asked the servant anxiously. “Hurry, Master Cedrick is back. Is the Young Master ready yet?” “Yes, he is,” said the servant before pushing Miles, who was dressed in silk pajamas, outside.

Miles’s eyes were filled with anger for being moved around like he was a toy.

Half an hour ago, he was taken to the washroom by force for a bath and a change of clothes.

Albert threw all his clothes away after noticing how rough the materials of his t shirt were and forced him to wear silk pajamas that fitted perfectly to the skin like a soft layer of body lotion.

He had to admit that the pajamas fitted perfectly, but the color was just too dull.

The pajama was pitch-black and made him look old.

The maid helped to dry his hair gently with a towel before casually styling his hair into a slight curl.

Miles looked exceptionally fair after the bath, and with how delicate his features were, Albert's heart melted when Miles glared at him with his cheeks puffed.

'Young Master is so adorable,' mused Albert to himself. He took Miles's hand and led him downstairs while advising sincerely, "Young Master, Master Cedrick will be back soon. Whatever happened between you before, you have to take the initiative to apologize, okay?" "Unbelievable." Miles snorted before spotting a towering male figure before him.

Cedrick strode into the hall and removed his jacket; the servants took it respectfully and handed it onto the rack. When he looked up, his eyes happened to meet with Miles' eyes which were filled with surprise.

Miles's jaw dropped as he pointed at Cedrick with disbelief.

How...could this man look so much like him?

"You—" "I, what?" Cedrick sank into the couch and pursed his lips in displeasure. "Is that something you should be doing to your senior? Come here." Cedrick decided that he could not let it slip if his three-year-old son had started developing the courage to defy him in public...but Miles stood still. Cedrick simply looked too much like him that he felt intense fear for the unknown.

To conceal the fact that he was afraid, Miles glanced at Cedrick with his arms across his chest to act prideful. "Then why don't you know you should take care of your young?" "..." Everyone gasped at the boy's words. It was no different than pulling a tiger's tail!

"Stop messing around, Young Master! Master Cedrick is your father, and his words are absolute. Hurry over there and apologize, and let bygones be bygones," Albert whispered.

Like a proud little prince, Miles said, "My words are absolute as well. If anyone should move, it should be him." The next moment, Cedrick, who was sitting on the couch, stood up abruptly. The spacious hall instantly felt cramped, and even the atmosphere was beginning to tense.

Cedrick narrowed his eyes as he stared at Miles. "What did you just say?" Attacked by the intimidating aura that approached him, Miles came close to taking a step back, but soon puffed his chest to hide his fear and pretended to be calm by probing his hands by his waist. "I was doing just fine walking on the street when you guys abducted me. What are you trying to do? Let me tell you, if you refuse to let me go, I am going to call the police and report you for abducting and abusing children!" Everyone gasped once again.

"Very well. Since you've already accused me of abuse, isn't it a waste not to do it?" Cedrick let out an enraged laugh as though he heard something incredibly hilarious. "Albert, take him to the prayer hall. He'll stay there until he admits his mistake." Panicked, Albert immediately tried to dissuade him, saying, "Young Master, Master Cedrick really is angry. Hurry up and say you're sorry!" "I'm angry, too." Miles sneered, his eyes widened in anger. "Don't think that I'll be scared of you simply because you look like me and are my senior, you big demon. Dream on!" Everyone, including Cedrick, Albert, and the servants, were rendered speechless, baffled as to what could have possessed the young master to act out.

Could it be that he had been suppressed by Cedrick for too long and finally exploded to become this rebellious?

It was the first time that Cedrick's authority in the Mason Estate was challenged, and he was so enraged that the veins on his forehead began to pop. "You've become this unruly after only a few hours out there? Ollie Mason, if I don't discipline you, are you going to assume that you have the say in what happens here in Mason Estate from now on?" "Who's Ollie Mason? I'm not—mmph!" Miles widened his eyes in shock and tried to explain in flushed cheeks, but before he could get the words out, Albert lifted him up and placed a hand over his mouth.

Miles widened his dark eyes and silently asked Albert to let go.

"My apologies, Master Cedrick, it's my fault for not taking better care of Young Master. He's probably not in the right state of mind after being traumatized out there, and that's why he's saying all these things. I'll take him to the prayer hall." Albert's forehead was already covered in a thin layer of sweat, and his

heart threatened to jump out of his throat. He would much rather take the boy to the room to calm himself than to have him here arguing with his father.

“Mmph!” Miles kicked his legs in the air frantically, but Albert held him tight.

Unable to escape no matter how hard he tried, he was taken straight to the prayer hall.

The prayer hall was one of the rooms near the stairs on the third floor. The inside of the room was decorated with black, white, and gray. It appeared deserted, but the servants kept it clean until there was not a speck of dust in sight.

The air was refreshing with a pleasant scent, and there were a few books and items on the glass coffee table. On the wall across was a gigantic portrait painting of a boy.

The boy was dressed in middle-age knight armor with a charming helmet on his head. He held a long sword that pointed toward the ground, and his hair was combed back tidily. His eyes were brooding dark, and his posture was perfect like an elegant high-born.

Miles froze.

Was that him?

No... It was a boy that looked exactly like him!

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Shaking away the thoughts that swarmed his mind, he ran toward the door and banged on it furiously, causing the door to squeak as he yelled, “Open the door, let me out! I knew you guys are terrible people!

“Come and fight me, you big demon! What kind of man are you to lock me up like this?!

“Mommy...I—I miss you...” On the other side of the door, Albert choked on the words he meant to say to calm the boy.

‘It seems that the young master misses his mother again. This certainly explains his behavior today, but...it’s unfortunate that the identity of his

mother was an unresolved mystery here in Mason Estate,' he solemnly thought to himself.

... In Ocean Path Residence, on the fifth floor of the building, the family gathered around the table with only a few casual dishes.

Ollie looked at the dishes and noticed how spicy they were from the red color and the enticing scent. However, he scowled wordlessly at the sight because he usually preferred milder flavors.

"Why aren't you eating?" Noticing that he did not even move, Stella asked, "Didn't you say you're hungry? Do you think Grandma's cooking isn't good enough now?" Ollie pursed his lips and ate one piece of fishcake; the spiciness of the seasoning instantly spread on his tongue.

"It's spicy..." He forced himself to swallow it and poked out his tongue.

Noticing how flushed he was, Catelyn immediately poured him a glass of warm water and chuckled. "This is spicy? You always say that Grandma's cooking isn't spicy enough compared to that restaurant out the street." Ollie paused mid-way as he was sipping the water, thinking, 'Does this boy Miles like spicy food?' "I guess Grandma's cooking improved." Stella beamed at the praise and started piling food on Ollie's plate. "Eat more if you like it! Grandma will cook more for you whenever I don't have poker games planned..." A troubled expression appeared on Ollie's face, but it faded shortly after as he smiled shyly. "Thank you, Grandma." "Oh, my! Why is Miles so polite today?" The shy smile on Ollie's face simply deepened.

"Alright, dig in. If it's too spicy, just drink more soup!" "Alright." The meal ended in cheerful conversations and laughter.

Ollie tried his best not to look odd, but he had to drink a glass of cold water as soon as he was done before washing out his mouth as well to ease the pain in his stomach.

He watched as Catelyn and Stella tidied up the table and realized that though it was a house smaller than the bathroom in Mason Estate, it was filled with a kind of warmth that did not exist in Mason Estate.

His father would never fawn over him like Catelyn did.

Ollie felt even more inclined to stay.

At night, it was customary for Catelyn to tuck her son into bed. After his bath, Ollie put on Miles' pajamas, which fitted perfectly, and laid on the bed with his entire body tensed.

He used to sleep alone and had a hard time getting used to having someone next to him. His heart throbbed hard, and he could only pray that it would not expose him of his true identity.

Catelyn patted him on the head out of habit and asked, "Which story would you like to hear tonight?" "You are going to tell me stories?" Ollie's big, dark eyes peeked from the blanket and blinked with anticipation.

"Do you not want to hear it tonight?" "I do." Scared that she would misunderstand, he blurted out, "I like whatever story you tell." His words warmed Catelyn's heart. This was her son. They depended on one another, and he always found a way to move her without even trying.

"Let's continue on the story of the City Rat and Country Rat from the night before, then?" "Okay." Ollie nodded, before leaning toward Catelyn's arms sneakily with a pink flush on his face. He drifted off to sleep while listening to her gentle voice and felt so happy that he could drown in it. As he was about to fall asleep, he grabbed onto Catelyn's sleeve and asked longingly, "Will you be designing Young Master Mason's mansion?" That way, he would still be able to see her even if he returned to Mason Estate.

"Probably not," she answered in a soft voice as she adjusted her blanket.

Ollie instantly lost all urges to sleep and widened his eyes. "Why not? Didn't they assign you?" Catelyn did not want to discuss work with her son, but since Ollie would not give up, she could only explain, "I accidentally crossed the young master's dad, so when the king gets mad, his servants suffer..." Ollie's eyes were instantly filled with anger and despair when he realized that his father had changed his designer without telling him. He refused to let Catelyn suffer in any way.

The next day, Catelyn woke up early to make everyone breakfast. Ollie woke up as well shortly after she did as he never slept in back in Mason Estate.

Suddenly, Catelyn's phone on the nightstand started ringing. Ollie picked it up and instinctively wanted to bring it over to Catelyn, but then he swallowed the words as soon as he saw the caller ID.

He knew that number all too well. It was Albert's.

On the other end, Miles hid inside the washroom and was calling Catelyn with the phone he stole from Albert. He had no other way because he left his phone in Catelyn's purse and could only borrow Albert's.

Albert's phone was ancient; black and heavy like a brick. Luckily, he could still use it to make the phone call.

The phone kept ringing and no one picked up. He pouted, but just as he was about to give up, someone answered the phone.

Miles beamed and immediately started blurting out his explanation, "Big Kitty, I didn't mean to not go home! Someone abducted me..." "Sorry, but I'm not Miss Clark. She's in the kitchen now and cannot answer your call." Ollie cleared his throat and asked gingerly, "Are you... Miss Clark's son, Miles Clark?" Miles's eyes widened in shock and slipped down the toilet, before checking on the screen in disbelief. It was, no doubt, Catelyn's number.

His face tensed and his eyes began to turn red. He fanned himself with his palm and asked, "Who are you? Why are you at my home?" He had only been missing for a night. Not only did Catelyn not look for him, but there was another man in his house? Was Catelyn abandoning him?

"It's Mason, Ollie Mason," Ollie introduced himself steadily. "Your mommy took me home." Miles paced back and forth in frustration inside the washroom. "Get out of my house right now! You don't get to be close to my mom!" "I'm afraid I can't comply." "You—" "Miss Clark is calling me for breakfast now. Goodbye." With that, Ollie ended the call.

Miles's eyes reddened like an abandoned puppy. Biting his lip, he tried dialing the number once more, but— "Sorry, the number you're calling is unavailable." A robotic voice reminded Miles over and over again that Ollie had blocked this number.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 19-Tears welled up in Miles's beautiful, dark eyes. He pursed his lips as despair filled his innocent-looking face.

Had Catelyn truly abandoned him? She even stopped answering the calls... At that moment, he looked around the house he was in. It was a cage with guards, everything felt cold, and he was suddenly overwhelmed by fear.

He desperately wanted to see Catelyn again and was far from wanting to remain cooped up in his place. He had to get out.

He sniffled and quickly wiped away his tears.

Crying was for the weak, and he had to be strong enough to protect his mother.

... Catelyn had prepared breakfast and called Ollie out for the meal.

The boy did so with composure, and no one could tell that he was not Miles at all. Catelyn did not think much of it and simply sent him off to the kindergarten like usual. Before leaving, she even gave him a peck, to which the boy blushed shyly.

... The moment she arrived at BrightGene, she could distinctly sense that everyone was staring at her oddly.

“So she’s the daughter of a murderer?” “We never heard anything about it before, but I guess the Mason family ran some checks on her background for trying to get closer to the young master, and she ended up being put back to her place.” “Isn’t that right? The Masons are now saying that they don’t want her designing the young master’s birthday mansion...” “Heh! Don’t run your mouths like that, look at how upset she’s getting.” People in the office were gossiping, and someone even raised their voice on purpose as though they were afraid that Catelyn might not hear her.

Catelyn finally realized what was happening. She had been removed from the position of head designer, after all, and there had always been other women in the office who were envious of her looks. They had gotten the information that she used to be a lady of the Clark family from certain sources and naturally felt like teasing Catelyn about it now that she had to work for BrightGene.

Catelyn had been quite popular in the office, but where there were people, there would be gossip and conflicts.

She did not bother herself over it and went on with her day, having gotten used to hearing malicious comments since the Clark family declined four years ago.

What her colleagues were saying could not even begin to compare with what those loan sharks said to her before. If she could survive that, she could not possibly allow herself to be defeated by this.

Anne came over and knocked on Catelyn's desk. "Catelyn, Manager Norman is asking for you in his office." Catelyn scowled in disgust but collected herself regardless and went to knock on Manager Norman's door.

"Manager Norman, you need me for something?" "Close the door, there's something I need to speak to you about." Manager Norman was a man in his forties with a beer belly and his hair thinning out at the top. When he looked at Catelyn, his eyes would always shine with lust.

Rumors had it that he was a relative to the Atherton family, and his status in the company was unmoveable.

Catelyn did as she was told and closed the door while Manager Norman shut the curtains, turning the spacious office into a closed quarter with only the two of them in it.

He sat on the couch and pointed at his side. "Come take a seat." 'Does he mean I should simply sit there, or that I'd sit and get harassed?' seethed Catelyn inwardly with chills running down her spine. She stood still and said, "Please say what you need to say, Sir." Manager Norman crossed his legs as his gaze wandered from Catelyn's face to her body. He swallowed heavily and drawled, "Everyone is gossiping about you today in the office. I suppose you've heard?" "I'm not sure where the rumors started, but those are all nothing but gossip.

Rest assured, Sir, that this won't affect my work," Catelyn promised. She really needed the job.

"There's no smoke without fire, Cat. You know, you've always been excellent at your job, and you just need an opportunity to climb up the ladder. If only you're willing to make some sacrifices, I'll make sure that I give you back the project for Young Master Mason's birthday mansion." His words and the meaning behind them could not have been clearer, and all the hair on Catelyn's skin stood in response.

In a previous project, she was forced to go on a business trip with Manager Norman, and he had accidentally seen her right after she had taken a bath.

The client at the time wanted a document, and she was in too much of a hurry to put on any makeup, so she simply headed out in her pajamas.

Manager Norman ran into her on the way and was instantly stunned. Ever since then, he had never ceased dropping creepy hints at her.

However, because he was married, he could not act too boldly in the office.

The project for Young Master Mason's birthday mansion was taken from Catelyn at the direct order of Cedrick Mason, so Terry could not possibly overwrite that decision.

Catelyn decided not to expose him of it and said, "Thank you for believing in me, but I'm far too unworthy of such an enormous project." "If you have to take it the hard way, then you won't end up well." "I'm sorry, but I don't intend on taking any way at all." Seeing how Catelyn refused to obey him, rage filled Manager Norman's mind and he slammed his palm against the table before barking, "Those rumors of yours had brought terrible influence to this company, and in accordance with the discussion within management levels, your bonus for this month will be reduced by half!" He made it a point to pause as his expression grew smug and cast her a wretched sneer. "If you wish to dispute, you'll do well to consider my proposal..." To his surprise, Catelyn accepted the punishment right away. "The manager is always right. I have no objection." "... " Rendered speechless, Manager Norman glared at her and asked her to get out. His face was crammed up with all the fat tissues as he tensed and appeared somewhat vicious.

"Tsk! What's the point of playing innocent?!" he grumbled.

He turned around to call the marketing department before sending Catelyn over to gather the things they needed.

It was noon when the sun shone brightest, and even the road seemed to look twisted under the unforgiving sunlight.

When a person was unlucky, even the slightest thing would turn out in the worst way possible.

When Catelyn was crossing the road, her heel got stuck at the drain, and when she finally managed to get it out, she ended up with a twisted ankle.

She squatted down by the road, and as she rubbed her ankle, she cursed at Terry's entire family under her breath.

Had he not been someone important, he would have gotten fired countless times from how much he tried to molest female employees.

'That son of a b*tch! I'm just white-knuckling it for the money!' she muttered inwardly.

... "Master Cedrick, that woman at the side of the road looks like Catelyn." Eason drove past a crossroad with traffic lights and accidentally spotted a woman squatting by the road as he was waiting for the light to turn green.

The woman cocked her head to the side slightly, and Eason finally saw her face.

Because of how Ollie argued with Cedrick over her, Eason had a deep impression on Catelyn.

Cedrick followed Eason's gaze and looked outside the window to find Catelyn squatting with no regard for her image. She had one hand grabbing tightly onto her right ankle, and her face was pale as she appeared to be mumbling something to herself.

A strand of her hair dropped over her face and reflected the golden light of the sun, which only emphasized how beautiful she was.

From where Cedrick was seated, she somehow resembled Ollie...especially with those eyes of hers.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 20-Catelyn's hair was dark and pure like a stream in the mountains, which complimented her fair skin.

Cedrick could not help but feel drawn to her, but he then recalled the way Ollie had been behaving lately without a trace of his previous obedience and composure. Cedrick's eyes darkened once again.

"She's just a scheming woman. What's so great about her?" Eason scratched his head and cleared his throat awkwardly before responding, "I heard from Albert that Young Master has been mentioning his mother quite often lately. Maybe he doesn't really care about Miss Clark, but he just doesn't like the fact that you're getting closer to Miss Maia and is worried that she'd take his

mother's place. Maybe he's just using Miss Clark as an excuse to protest." Cedrick clenched his jaw and fumed, "So this woman is just a random excuse he is using to rebel against me?" "Who knows what kids really think?" The traffic light turned green, and Eason moved his right foot toward the accelerator. Just as he was about to step on it, he noticed from the rear-view mirror that Catelyn had stood up with despair written all over her face as she stepped toward the moving traffic.

Startled, he shouted, "Goodness, it looks like Miss Clark is about to commit suicide!" Ollie's stubborn expression flashed through Cedrick's mind, and he could not help but commanded, "Stop the car!" ... Catelyn walked out of the sidewalk and toward the highway before someone grabbed her by the wrist from behind. She had injured her ankle and was stumbling to begin with, so being pulled had left her pale and sweating. She fell toward the person's chest with her right leg hanging in the air and gasped in pain when her nose rammed straight into the person's chest.

She looked up only to meet Cedrick's cold eyes.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Startled by his stare, Catelyn retorted, "Isn't that what I'm supposed to ask you?"

I was just trying to pick up my phone, and you suddenly came and dragged me back. Did I do something to you, Mister Mason?" "Phone?" She was picking up her phone?' He thought as he looked in the direction she was pointing at. A white phone rested on the ground, and for a moment, he felt as though it was mocking his stupidity for thinking that she was trying to end her life when she only wanted to pick up her phone.

Cedrick pursed his lips and left without a word.

Confused, Catelyn wondered if all wealthy people behaved that oddly. She proceeded to head toward the highway to pick up her phone but missed the sight of a black Magotan racing toward her in such incredible space that it seemed to pierce through the air.

Everything was happening so fast and she felt as though her legs were so heavy that she could barely move them. Her head went black, and her heart throbbed as she shut her eyes.

She was done for!

“Watch out!” She heard a steady voice of a man, and the next instant, an arm tightened itself around her waist as she was held into a warm embrace.

Following the piercing sound of the wind and cars racing by, the man threw himself at her. The two rolled on the road and the world spun along.

The owner of the Magaton lowered the car window and shouted at Catelyn and Cedrick, “Watch where you’re going!” Stunned, Catelyn lay on her back on the ground with Cedrick’s towering body over hers.

The two stared at one another in awkward silence until he probed his arm against the ground with a frown and said, “How much longer do you intend on holding onto me?” Catelyn looked down and realized that as they fell, she waved her hands around in an attempt to grab onto something, her arms somehow ending up wrapped around his waist. Embarrassed, she hastily let go of him and crawled up from the ground, her back drenched in sweat.

Fear overwhelmed her as she realized how close she was to dying on the street.

What surprised her, however, was that Cedrick had saved her.