

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 15

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.

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"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." "..."/>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.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 13-Catelyn never expected to run into Jamie once again after avoiding him for four years.

She subconsciously tightened her arms around Miles and said, “He’s my son.

He has nothing to do with you at all.” “Hilarious! You plotted to give birth to my son in secret, and now you have him here to take photos of me out of the blue. Who knows what you are after? Are you after money or status? Just get it over with already.” “Miss Clark, am I right?” Louella stood forward, her eyes filled with motherly love as she stroked her belly gently, as though declaring her ownership. “I can give you money but probably not the position as Missus Mason. I’m also pregnant with Jamie’s child, you see.” She then glanced at Miles sincerely and continued, “The child is innocent, so please stop using him as a tool to hurt Jamie. We won’t blame you for what happened today, but hopefully, you’ll be more mindful in educating your son so that he doesn’t step foot on the wrong path. As for the alimony, we’ll make up for it without missing a buck.” She spoke with a graceful tone, as though Catelyn was the one who had done something unforgivable.

“I’ll say this one last time: this is just a coincidence. My child is a Clark, and we don’t need your money.” Catelyn paused thoughtfully before curling her lips into an elegant smile as she looked at Louella. “Miss Atherton, seeing how much you care for my son, let me give you some gentle advice. You have really bad taste.” “You—” “This guy has so many exes that they can form a nation, and he enjoys kicking people when they’re down. He loves your background, not you as a person.

Even if you two get married, he’s going to keep screwing around. Technically, he’s just a bottomless pit.” Miles listened to his mother and beamed, before nodding with a smile. “That’s right, pretty lady! Everyone is desperate to climb out of the pit, so you should hurry on and kick this trash of an old man away.” Louella was stunned, and Jamie had been rendered speechless as his expression darkened.

... Meanwhile, inside a grand European restaurant on the fifth floor of the same shopping mall, soothing jazz music danced in the atmosphere, and the air was filled with a faint scent of natural flowers.

Cedrick sat up straight by the window with Ollie sitting across from him. The two rarely shared meals together on the same table in restaurants, and their faces were as similar as though they were clones.

Maia returned after cleaning up her dress and found the father and son in their usual silence.

“What took you so long?” Cedrick lifted an eyebrow in a slightly impatient manner.

“I ran into this crazy woman on my way to the washroom, and she almost ruined my dress.” Maia cast him an apologetic smile before wrapping her arms around his and sweetly saying, “I’m sorry for keeping you waiting when I’ve promised to take Ollie out today...” Cedrick was busy with work most of the time, and she had only managed to see him with Ollie as an excuse.

Ollie moved his delicate lips and said politely, “It’s fine, Aunt Maia. You should focus on getting closer with my father, just ignore me.” “Ollie is such a sweet boy! If only I can be his mother... I’d give him the entire world,” Maia commented shyly, thinking that the meaning behind her words had been obvious.

However, Cedrick remained cold and expressionless like an iceberg as he simply called the waiter over to order.

Maia, of course, did not feel defeated. They had been engaged for four years, and she had been the only woman who could be by his side. She believed that someday, she would become the rightful Missus Mason.

She then remembered Ollie, and the light in her eyes dimmed. Who was his mother, anyway?

“Ollie, what would you like to eat?” asked Maia smilingly.

“Steak with tomato sauce,” Ollie answered politely and straightened his back.

He was too short and needed to extend his arm to grab the tissue. As he did, he happened to glance outside the window and spotted Catelyn, Miles, and the others downstairs, and it looked as though they were in trouble.

Cedrick noticed that Ollie was staring downstairs and lifted his gaze lazily in the same direction. From where he was seated, he could only see Catelyn and Jamie with the building standing in the way.

Realizing both of them staring at the floor below, Maia looked over curiously and saw Catelyn’s face. “Her again?” Cedrick clenched his jaw slightly. “You know her?” “She’s the one I bumped into on the way to the washroom,” Maia explained, chuckling. “Her name is Catelyn Clark, the

daughter of Ezekiel, one of our collateral lines. They went bankrupt a few years back, and her fiancé, Jamie, broke up with her. There, that's Jamie—the man standing next to her. He probably calls you uncle..." "Jamie Mason?" Cedrick repeated the name.

As the wealthiest family in Sapphire City, the Mason family branched out to an enormous network. While they could recognize members of the main bloodline, collateral lines were completely in disorder, but he did remember seeing that name on the family book.

"The one who likes messing around with celebrities?" "Yeah, that's him." Maia appeared a bit shy as she continued, "I thought that Catelyn has lost contact with him ever since their arrangement came to an end, but who would've thought that the two of them would be seen like that in public.

I wonder if she's going to Jamie for money. If the paparazzi manage to snap a photo of that, they're probably going to end up in the newspaper again..." Contempt filled Cedrick's eyes after hearing what Maia had to say.

Displeased by Maia's comment, Ollie pursed his lips and said, "I don't think that pretty lady is as hateful as you say she is, Aunt Maia. Can there be a misunderstanding?"

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 21-With Catelyn finally removing herself from him, Cedrick stood...with blood oozing down his right arm, soaking his white shirt red.

Catelyn gasped in fright at the sight of the bright red liquid from Cedrick's wound. "Are you injured?!" She moved to help him. "I'm sorry, it's all because you helped me! I'll send you to the hospital right away, and I'll take full responsibility—" Cedrick, however, evaded Catelyn's hand. He felt oddly irked as though a fire was burning within him that he could not put out no matter how hot it burnt.

He must have been crazy to save this woman.

Ignoring Catelyn, he walked back to the Bagatti Veiron parked by the road, where Eason had been waiting by the car door.

Knowing that he had gotten the wrong idea, Eason dared not speak.

With a dark expression, Cedrick was about to get into the car when he realized that no one was behind him. He turned to look back and noticed Catelyn lowering her head to inspect if her phone was broken.

"Catelyn Clark!" He glared at her. "Aren't you taking full responsibility? Keep up!" Catelyn held her phone close and felt relieved that it was not broken. She put it away and hurried toward Cedrick. "Coming!" 'This guy's got a temper, alright. He keeps shouting at people!' she thought.

... Catelyn and Cedrick headed to a private hospital situated in the city center.

Eason and a couple of other bodyguards went to clear out one of the floors before Cedrick and Catelyn stepped into the examination room.

When the doctor saw them, he took up carefully as though facing a formidable enemy. “Master Cedrick? What—” Cedrick’s aura was as intimidating as ever as he pointed to the injury on his right arm. “Car accident. Help me clean this up.” “Right away.” The doctor bowed gingerly and went to retrieve his medical kit.

Cedrick sat lazily on the leather couch with his right arm on the handrest. His long fingers clenched into a fist, and his side profile seemed softer under the warm light.

“Madam, please help remove Master Cedrick’s clothing,” the doctor requested.

Catelyn’s gaze quivered at this as her eyes wandered around the room before she awkwardly replied, “Isn’t there a nurse?” “The nurse is tending to other patients now,” the doctor explained, but a confused expression appeared on his face shortly after. “By the way, Master Cedrick is a great driver. How did he get into a car accident?” Catelyn chuckled dryly before taking a few deep breaths and rolled up her sleeves with resignation.

‘I have to repay my debt to him,’ she thought to herself resolutely. ‘So what if I need to take off his clothes? I’ve even given birth to a child, so what’s there to be so shy about?’ Catelyn unbuttoned Cedrick’s shirt and carefully took his black suit jacket off, only to find his entire shoulder area soaked in red.

She noted that his body was lean and muscular, his chest heaving as he breathed.

The air was filled with the heavy smell of blood, and due to the nature of human blood to clog, the shirt stuck to Cedrick’s injury tightly. The flesh was mutilated, and even by the looks of it, Catelyn could tell how much it hurt, so she reminded herself to be gentle.

Despite the metallic smell hanging in the air, Cedrick still caught a whiff of the faint gardenia scent from Catelyn when she leaned closer, and it was enticing.

Soon, the doctor finished wrapping the injury on the arm and sighed a long breath of relief; so did Catelyn.

The next instant, Cedrick pointed to his leg and said, “Here, next.” Catelyn backed away warily, her eyes widening at Cedrick’s demand. “What do you want? If this is all, then I’m going to pay now.” Cedrick rested his long legs on the coffee table and said, “I hurt my leg as well when I was helping you, so help me take my pants off, too.” “Take your pants off?” Catelyn jumped at the request and her ears started to turn red. “I don’t think that’s appropriate. Wait here, I’ll call the nurse!” Both embarrassed and irritated, Catelyn threw the white shirt she was holding to the doctor and stormed out of the room.

Cedrick’s lips instantly curled into a mysterious smirk.

... Catelyn went to look for any available nurses, but everyone was busy, so she could only head downstairs to check.

At the same time, Louella was in the same hospital for her routine pregnancy check-up with her sister, Lola.

Just as the two stepped out of the Gynecology Department, Louella spotted Catelyn turning to a corner and said in confusion, "What is she doing here?" Dressed in an elegant white dress, Lola lifted an eyebrow lazily. "Who is she?" "That's Jamie's ex-girlfriend, Catelyn Clark." With sorrow in her eyes, Louella added, "We met two days ago in the mall. She made her son she had with Jamie follow us to take photos, and I'm worried that she's using her son to take Jamie from me." "Sis, don't say I didn't tell you, but there are plenty of eligible bachelors here in Sapphire City for our picking. Why would you even choose Jamie Mason, who has an illegitimate child?" Lola pouted her lips in disgust.

Louella and Lola were sisters from the same mother, so the two resembled one another. However, Lola's features were more enticing, and Louella appeared gentler and sweeter.

"Lola, he'll be your brother-in-law soon. Don't talk about him like that." "It's not like I said anything wrong..." Lola, with a penchant to dislike Jamie, added impatiently, "Rumors about him never cease, and he's just a member of the Mason family's collateral line. I just can't tell what you like about him!" Louella flushed. "I'm happy as long as he treats me well." Lola rolled her eyes at how naïve her sister was and said, "Fine, I won't say anything if you like him that much, alright? Come, let's go have a look at Catelyn Clark." ... Catelyn finally found a nurse, but Cedrick refused to let the nurse anywhere near him, so she felt as though she had been made a fool.

Once the wounds were taken care of, the doctor prescribed some medicines and reminded him, "Master Cedrick, abrasions can recover or worsen easily. My advice is to avoid water and apply ointment on time. Please take sufficient rest and avoid doing any movement that might tear the wound again. You also need to take care of the abrasion on your leg." Catelyn waited as Cedrick had his leg injury taken care of. When she heard what the doctor said, she could not help but glance at Cedrick's thigh suspiciously, thinking, 'Is he truly injured? He seems to be able to walk just fine, though.' Cedrick put on a new shirt and suit that Eason brought over and instantly regained his clean appearance, looking like a well-dressed elite.

The suit was straightened to make him appear even taller. Under the light, he looked like a natural yet prideful ruler, like he was above everyone else.

Catelyn failed to avert her gaze from him and, in turn, met his gaze.

"Do you enjoy staring at me that much?" "Who's peeping?" She looked away awkwardly. "I'm just worried about the injury on your leg. Are you okay now?" "If you're so concerned, do I need to take off my trousers for you to have a look?" Cedrick looked at her with a half-smile, his eyes gleaming with the intent of teasing her.

Catelyn, though irked at his words, immediately smiled and said, "I'm not against it, if you enjoy running around naked." Cedrick instantly quieted down and stared at her with a dark expression.

She sighed a breath of relief and turned to walk out, but before they could get far, they ran into Louella and Lola.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 22-aw?" Catelyn looked at the girl dressed in an elegant beige dress standing before her.

"This is my sister, Lola." Louella stepped forward and straightened her back subconsciously to maintain an elegant posture, reluctant to lose to Catelyn in any way.

Lola's gaze traveled back and forth between Catelyn and Cedrick. She lifted an eyebrow and raised her voice, saying, "My sister is pregnant with Jamie's child now, and the existence of your son will only damage their relationship. Since you've already found another man, I'll give you five million to take that kid and leave Sapphire City." Catelyn glanced at Cedrick and noticed he was still standing there expressionlessly, as though he had nothing to do with what was happening. She felt relieved, nonetheless; she would hate for this man to be further involved in her life.

"Sapphire City is where I call home, so why should I have to leave just because you say so?" "Maybe you just don't think I'm offering enough. Why don't you name your price?" Lola looked down at Catelyn condescendingly.

Catelyn was no coward and sneered at how disrespectful Lola was. "Alright, since you're that wealthy, give me five billion. With five billion, I'll take my son and leave, never to appear before you and Jamie Mason. Alright with you?" "F—Five billion?" gasped Louella, stunned. "Not even the Clark family was worth that much before you went bankrupt! How can you be so greedy?" "Weren't you the one who asked me to name my price?" Catelyn drawled.

Rendered speechless, Louella choked on her own words and blushed.

Lola, too, was provoked by Catelyn and threatened, "Don't blame me for not warning you, Catelyn. I'll treat you like an enemy if you refuse to take that b*stard of yours and leave!" "You're the ones trying to force me out of my home with bad intentions, so why bother trying to look generous now?" Catelyn no longer wanted to waste her time with both women and dragged Cedrick with her to leave.

Louella watched as she and Cedrick left and hissed, "How can she be so shameless to ask for five billion?" "Sis, you are pregnant. Don't get too angry." Lola moved closer to help support Louella's weight.

"Our parents don't know about Jamie's illegitimate child yet. If words get out, how will others see me?" Tears welled up in Louella's eyes as she was at the brink of bursting into tears.

"I told you that Jamie isn't a good guy, and you still insist on choosing him.

What's the point of crying now?" retorted Lola impatiently.

Immediately, Louella started sobbing.

"Alright, alright. I'll think of something for you and make Catelyn and her b*stard child disappear, okay?" Lola patted the back of her sister's hand for comfort.

Louella had always trusted her sister. "Can you really make her leave Sapphire City?" She blinked.

Lola's red lips curled into a vicious smile. "Of course! Even if you're okay with a step-son, I don't want a step-nephew." Just then, Louella received a phone call from Jamie.

... Catelyn's head was filled with the last warning Lola gave her and did not notice that she was racing forward while still holding Cedrick's hand.

Cedrick glanced at her hand that grabbed onto his and noticed how natural she seemed to be doing so, as though she had done so to so many men before him.

He sneered as contempt filled his eyes.

Catelyn dragged Cedrick all the way to the parking lot at the hospital's entrance, and when Eason saw them holding hands, his jaw dropped.

"Miss Clark, Master Cedrick, you..." Cedrick had always been a neat freak and would never touch any woman other than Maia.

Catelyn finally realized that she was holding Cedrick's hand and shoved him off hastily.

She must have been out of her mind.

However, she happened to be grabbed onto Cedrick's injured right arm and as she flung his arm away, his wound reopened once again.

Cedrick gasped and stared daggers at her.

Noticing that she had pulled his wounded arm, she awkwardly hurried over to help him up.

Cedrick took a deep breath to suppress the urge to crush the woman before him and asked, "According to what the Atherton sisters have said back there, you've got a kid?" "Why do you care?" Catelyn looked at him warily.

"Jamie is my nephew, so you tell me why I care." He smirked sarcastically. "If you already have a son with him, I am already your senior in some way, so what are you trying to imply by grabbing my hand like that?" "Is she trying her luck with me after Jamie abandoned her?" he thought. His thick brows furrowed as he pressured Catelyn wordlessly with his glare.

Catelyn's face flushed. "That's because..." After a pause, her eyes shone and she opened her lips to say, "You said that your leg is injured. I'm worried that you might fall, so as a minor, I had to help you!" "Ahem!" Eason immediately choked on his own saliva at how bold Catelyn was.

A dark expression appeared on Cedrick's enticing face, and the atmosphere instantly tensed. As the two had a stand-off, Cedrick's phone rang just in time to break the silence.

He glanced at the caller ID and turned to walk away expressionlessly.

Eason opened the car door for him respectfully. Cedrick bent down and went in to sit down before picking up the phone and said, "You better have something important." Back in Mason Estate, Albert shouted anxiously as soon as he heard Cedrick's voice, "Bad news, Master Cedrick, Young Master fell sick!" "Did you call the family doctor over?" Cedrick rolled up the car window in irritation to block Catelyn out of his sight.

Rushing out to the highway to save her was most definitely his biggest regret in life.

"We did, but Young Master refused to let the doctor check on him and kept asking to be taken to the hospital!" Albert responded hastily.

Cedrick unbuttoned the top buttons of his shirt, revealing the tanned muscular chest beneath it. "Pass him the phone." Albert rushed to hand the phone over to the boy throwing a tantrum on the bed and whispered, "Here, Young Master, a call from Master Cedrick." Miles pouted pathetically and drawled in a weak voice, "Hello..."

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 23-Cedrick cocked an eyebrow. "I heard that you won't let the family doctor look at you?" "I want to go to the hospital!" Miles rolled around, causing the sound reception on Cedrick's end to break off. "It's your family doctor. Keep it for yourself—" "Young Master!" Albert stopped him.

Miles broke out into sobs at that moment. His adorable face twisted as tears welled up in his crystal-clear eyes. "I feel so sick, and my body is so hot... Am I going to die?" Albert's heart instantly softened. His eyes turned red out of concern as he gently coaxed him, "Of course not. It's just a cold and a fever, but some medicine and a good nap will be sufficient! Be a good boy, Young Master..." Albert then shifted his attention to the call as he pleaded, "Master Cedrick, Young Master really doesn't look great, and he's running a fever! He already knows that he's wrong and won't repeat his mistake, so please let him go to the hospital..." Cedrick remained silent for a moment before he tugged at his necktie impatiently and said, "Did I say anything about not letting him go?" Albert knew that Cedrick had agreed and was instantly overjoyed. Before he could say anything, he heard Cedrick's cold, husky voice on the other end once again, "Gather a few more people to keep an eye on him. If anything happens, you'll be held responsible." ... Under Miles's relentless request, Albert took him to the closest hospital.

Two pitch-black Spikers cleared the road ahead with a black Bagatti Vieron in the middle. Wherever the cars went, the eyes of people along the way followed.

“Woah, look! Whose young master is on the move?” “What a grand entrance!” “They’re even using Spikers to guard the main car. It’s my first time seeing a limited-edition luxury car!” Out of precaution to avoid anyone taking photos that could lead to exposing the young master’s face to the public, Albert wrapped Miles tightly in a towel as soon as they got out of the car. He even placed a hand at the back of Miles’s head so that he could lean against Albert’s chest.

The weather was rather hot on that day, and Miles felt extremely uncomfortable.

Every step Albert took was steady and as swiftly as he could manage. His voice trembled slightly when he said, “Fret not, Young Master, we’re already in the hospital. Soon, you won’t feel sick anymore.” The concern and empathy in his voice were distinct, and Miles stopped moving around. Though Albert worked for Cedrick, he treated Miles well.

‘I wonder what’ll happen to Albert once I make my escape... Will he be in trouble?’ Miles internally fretted.

“I’m okay, so don’t walk that fast,” Miles muttered with the towel still wrapped around him, though his tone was laced with guilt. “You’re old and need to take care of yourself, because Big Demon won’t feel sorry for you if you hurt yourself.” Touched, Albert moved even quicker.

As soon as Miles entered the children clinic, Albert was left to wait outside.

“Hello there. Can you tell me how you’re feeling now?” the doctor asked with a gentle smile on his face.

Miles glanced at Albert and the two bodyguards standing outside the door and frowned, before flashing the most approachable smile at the doctor, waving at him to lean closer.

The doctor was curious at first, but the words that Miles said had him stunned, thinking, ‘Could something like that be possible?’ ... In the corridor outside the clinic, Albert paced back and forth nervously.

The two bodyguards dressed in black felt as though they could get a headache from just watching him. “Albert, calm down,” they assured him. “Young Master was still jumping and hopping earlier, so he’ll be fine.” “How do I face Master Cedrick if anything is to happen to Young Master?” fretted Albert as his eyes reddened in concern.

Just then, a nurse wearing a face mask walked toward them warily with a few hospital guards behind her. She then pointed at them.

“That’s them. Send them to the police station right now!”

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 24-The guards stepped toward Albert. Every one of them was tall and muscular, dressed in security uniform with a red banner on their arm and walkie-talkies hanging on their waist.

With a stern expression, one of them said, “For kidnappers, you sure are brave for daring to come here to the hospital. Tie them up!” Stunned, Albert looked at them in disbelief. “K—Kidnappers?!” “Yeah,” the nurse snorted in contempt. “Luckily, that boy you brought in was smart enough to fake being sick so that he could ask for help in the hospital.

Otherwise, you would’ve gotten what you wanted! Security, don’t waste time talking to them. Send these scumbags to the police station!” The bodyguards behind Albert felt defeated. “What do you mean, we kidnapped a boy?” they argued exasperatedly. “That’s our young master!” ‘Young Master? Crap!’ Albert’s eyes widened as he then ran past the guards and the nurse before darting into the children’s ward.

The doctor was writing a medical report when someone stormed in. Startled, the doctor stood up from his chair and ran to the door to stop Albert by grabbing a corner of his clothes. “Hey, what are you doing?” Albert looked around, only to find the clinic empty with no sign of Miles.

Instantly, he felt as though he could just spit blood.

... At the same time, on the top floor of the Mason Group’s building... Cedrick had just ended a multinational meeting inside the director’s office when he received a call from the bodyguard, telling him that Ollie had pretended to be sick and escaped.

Instantly, the temperature in the office dropped. Furious, Cedrick’s lips curled into a cold sneer.

What a great son he had. Cedrick had only locked him into a room, and he immediately faked illness to escape. Cedrick wondered if he should praise his son’s wisdom in being able to come up with such a plan.

“Find him.” He slammed his knuckles against the table and glanced at Eason casually. His voice was low and enticing, but Eason could not help but worry for the young master.

‘Young Master, do you know you’ve crossed the line here? Master Cedrick is really angry this time!’ fretted Eason internally.

... After Miles had escaped from the hospital, he went into a bus that headed toward his home. Catelyn would usually hide a spare key under the mat in front of the door, so he shifted the mat like he had done it countless times before and found the key.

Miles was too short and could only reach the lock by standing on the shoe cabinet, but luckily, everything went smoothly.

He snuck in through the door in hopes of catching the strange man in his house, but the apartment was quiet with no signs of him.

Miles stood on the porch to change into his slippers before running to the bathroom for a thorough check, including the sink and the drain.

Relieved that he did not find any hair strands or toiletries that belonged to another man, he returned to the master bedroom and opened the closet door.

All the clothes were hung in order and were all female clothing.

In the end, he lay face-down on the bed before grabbing the blanket and sniffing with all his might. His big, dark eyes were filled with distrust, but then he sighed a long breath of relief.

‘Good! This doesn’t smell like another guy. I guess he didn’t sleep here,’ he thought.

Once he was done with everything, Miles felt refreshed, but at the same time, hungry. He went to the kitchen to grab an apple when suddenly he heard the sound of the doorknob turning.

His eyes widened as he stared at the door warily, thinking, ‘Is that guy coming back?’ When he saw the face of the person stepping in, his pupils contracted and the knife he was holding fell to the ground.

Miles stood up abruptly from the couch as he looked at the well-dressed boy standing by the door. The boy looked young and was wearing Miles’ black jacket.

Most importantly, that boy was the spitting image of him

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 25-There were a few moments of silence as the two boys glared at one another.

Finally, Miles was the one to break the silence with a confronting tone, “Who are you? Why are you in my house?” “It’s you?” Ollie’s hand was still on the doorknob. His heart throbbed anxiously, but he soon relaxed when he noticed that no one else was at home. He stepped onto the porch and slowly took off his shoes before taking out another pair of adorable slippers from the shoe cabinet to change into.

Miles stared daggers at Ollie. Not only did this boy sleep in his house and answered his calls, but he was also wearing his shoes?

“You! Get out!” Miles puffed his cheeks and pointed angrily at the door. His crystal-clear eyes were filled with rage that exploded like a volcanic eruption.

This was the boy who took his place with his mother the night before!

“I suppose you don’t know who I am just yet,” muttered Ollie. He paused and ignored Miles’ furious reaction to set his school bag aside before extending his hand toward Miles. “Hello, my name is Ollie Mason.” His composure was a distinct contrast with Miles’s anger.

‘Ollie? Isn’t that the young Master Grandpa Albert was referring to? So Grandpa Albert mistook me for this boy, and my mom thought that Ollie was me?’ “You!” Miles felt that he should be angry, but he simply placed his hands on his waist when Ollie reached his hand over and said.

“You probably have a great time pretending to be me, but I’ve been suffering, thanks to you!” he growled.

“That adult of a demon in your house locked me up! I hate him!” Ollie straightened his back stiffly and said, “That’s my father, and I won’t allow you to talk about him like that.” “You say that he’s your father, but he locks you up over the smallest things!

What kind of father does that?” Miles retorted like an angry little kitty out of sympathy for Ollie. “That guy is even worse than that old trash whom I’m supposed to call my dad.” At the very least, Jamie had never punished him physically.

Ollie’s body stiffened as he pursed his lips, and disappointment filled his eyes.

Miles noticed the sorrow in Ollie’s expression and felt somewhat irritated and guilty, as though he was bullying Ollie. “Whatever, I’m very forgiving, so I won’t be mad at you. You’re a man, so stop feeling sorry for yourself...” Miles shook Ollie’s hand before he had the chance to withdraw as a friendly greeting.

Ollie’s dark eyes shone and he did not move away from Miles’ touch.

“Exchanging identities will be our secret. You can’t tell anyone else.” Miles did not want his mother to know that there was another replica of him in this world either and thus agreed. “Deal, I promise! Now that I’m back, you should hurry and get back to Mason Estate.” “Can’t you stay there for a while longer? There’s a lot of fun stuff in Mason Estate. Grandpa Albert can give you anything you want.” Ollie did not want to return to Mason Estate that soon. He wanted to spend another weekend with Catelyn so that she could take him to a theme park.

“No way! I’ve already lent you my mother for a day. Besides...” Miles pouted with his chin up before he continued proudly, “It took me a lot of work to escape out of Mason Estate!” “Escape?” Ollie scowled at him.

“Of course.” Miles puffed his chest and lifted an eyebrow as though he had accomplished something incredible. “Big Demon locked me in and wouldn’t let me go out, so I pretended to get sick and escape while we were on our way to the hospital. How’s that? I’m smart, aren’t I?” The process of escaping the hospital was both tense and exciting, but luckily for Miles, he had an innocent-looking face.

Alarmed, Ollie blurted hastily, “if you run off like that, Father will be looking all over the city for you!” “For you, you mean. What do I have to do with that? He doesn’t know me.” Miles shrugged casually; it was just the truth, after all.

The windows in the apartment were not shut completely, and following the breeze that came in, they started to hear the siren of police cars from around the area, hinting as to what would happen shortly after.

Ollie glanced outside the window swiftly, and because the apartment was not on a high floor, he could see the cars on the road distinctly.

It was a convoy of Bens in black with the same logo on them. Those were the bodyguards of Mason Estate.

“They’ve already found out that I’m here? No way; I can’t let them find out about us exchanging identities!” Ollie cursed inwardly in a dark expression before muttering, “You are right, I can’t stay here any longer.” He frowned and swiftly exchanged clothes with Miles. Before he left, he took out a heart-shaped folded paper from his bag and said, “This is the paper art the teacher taught us today. I wanted to give it to Miss Clark, but I don’t think I’ll have the chance to. Please give this to her on my behalf.” Miles looked away proudly. “My mommy can only accept gifts from me.

Consider it a great compromise on my part that I let you stay the night here and not expose you.” “Not even this?” A shadow loomed over Ollie’s eyes under his long lashes.

Soon, he kept the folded red paper heart away carefully.

As long as he managed to convince his father to let Catelyn design his mansion, he would still have a chance to give it to her himself.

... Just as the two boys caused all sorts of chaos within the Mason family and inside the hospital, Catelyn had completed her work for the day and was on the way back to Ocean Path Residence.

There were cars filling the streets between the traffic lights, and public transport vehicles were packed. The moment she got off the bus, she spotted the convoy of luxury cars parked outside the residence area. The car at the very front of the convoy was even parked at the middle of the road. Because it was a luxury car that cost tens of millions, other cars could only circle around it.

From the car with a car plate XX9999, a man dressed in a black suit stepped out in an intimidating manner.

The man had his back facing Catelyn, so she could only tell that it was a tall and powerful figure.

‘Tsk! How arrogant,’ she grumbled internally.

Thump!

Just as Catelyn was absorbed in her own thoughts, the man slammed the car door shut and slowly turned around. Catelyn could not react soon enough and accidentally met his eyes.

Catelyn froze when she realized who it was.

It was Cedrick Mason!

Cedrick, too, was slightly taken by surprise. He glanced at the purse in her hand and realized that Catelyn stayed in this area and had just returned from work, but he was not in the mood to spare her a word.

He watched as the bodyguards spread out impatiently and turned to Eason.

“The surveillance shows that he came here?” Eason nodded and glanced at the watch on his wrist. “Yes, and he’s been here for a few hours by now.” Catelyn realized from their conversation that the young master Mason had snuck out and that they were here to catch him.

Catelyn could not help but feel nervous for the child when she saw the rage that overtook Cedrick’s face. It must have been tough to be Cedrick Mason’s son, but since it was someone else’s family business, she knew better than to get involved.

Just as she was about to leave, Eason received an update from the bodyguards and turned to Cedrick respectfully. “Master Cedrick, we’ve located Young Master!” The next moment, Catelyn saw a towering bodyguard stepping out of the trail with trees on the sides, carrying a small child in his arms.

Catelyn’s feet instantly froze as she thought to herself, ‘W—Why does that boy look like Miles?’

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 26-Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet AChapter 26 In the arms of the bodyguard, Ollie spotted Catelyn from the corner of his eyes as she stood quietly next to Cedrick. She looked beautiful as she ever did.

His often expressionless face lit up in excitement. He opened his mouth and struggled to jump out of the bodyguard’s arms as though he was about to shout, but the moment his hand landed on the collar of the bodyguard’s suit, he stopped.

Ollie could not run to Catelyn. If she recognized him, she would realize that he had been lying to her.

Within a blink of an eye, the bodyguard stepped out of the shadow under the tree and into the light with Ollie in his arms.

Ollie appeared to be frightened as he leaned into the bodyguard’s chest obediently with his face buried; he did not lift his head the entire time to avoid anyone seeing his face.

Despite that, Catelyn still felt like he resembled her son.

Before she could say anything, the man beside her confronted the child coldly, “And what fueled you with the tenacity to lie to the doctor, telling them that Albert is a kidnapper and running away afterward?” Catelyn choked on the words she was about to say and thought to herself, ‘This isn’t my son. My son has been a good boy in school, so why would he be in the hospital? Maybe all kids look the same from behind....’

In a muffled voice, Ollie muttered, "I'm sorry." "I don't want to hear any more of your useless apologies. Lift your face up," Cedrick interrupted his apology mercilessly in a low voice.

Ollie's pale, little hand grabbed tightly onto the bodyguard's collar until it creased, yet he refused to move, "I said lift your head up!" Cedrick's tone intensified and left no room for questioning; his voice was so cold that each word sounded as though they were frost-cold.

Even if he was not commanding Catelyn, she still felt terrified. Frustrated, she walked shout at him like this!" "I'm disciplining my son. What do you have to do about it? Scram!" When Cedrick heard that Ollie snuck out and nearly got Albert thrown into prison, he was absolutely livid and instantly came to look for his son while casting aside a few important shareholders.

First, Ollie first refused to eat in the mall; then, he insulted Cedrick back at home.

Cedrick realized that if he did not discipline his son for this, Ollie would think that he could do whatever he wanted without repercussions!

311 Catelyn glanced at the boy who buried his head in the bodyguard's arms and felt strangely furious. She stood before the boy and said, "I don't know why he ran away from home, but as a father, it's wrong of you to shout at him like this." Cedrick laughed angrily. "So I need you to teach me now?" "I just want to remind you that children are sensitive, and your method of disciplining him is only going to make him hate you more!" Catelyn was not sure why she felt so enraged, but nonetheless, her rampant complaint continued, "You need to understand what he's really thinking, or he'll simply run off again even if you manage to find him this time!" "If he runs again, I will break his legs," interjected Cedrick, his lips pursed.

Catelyn could not help but shiver at his words and felt extremely uncomfortable.

At the corner of her eyes, she noticed that the young boy's hand was tightening around the bodyguard's collar, which meant that he was afraid.

Catelyn was furious at the thought that no one in the entire Mason family would dare plead for the boy, which simply had her wondering how often Cedrick had abused his own son.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got, and her voice became sharper as she shouted, "Do you think you can just break his legs and be done with it? He's your son, not your subordinate!"ntler

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 27-"If you don't care about him at all, why bother having a son? If you've made the decision to raise him, you should take care of him instead of yelling at him over everything and traumatizing him! Cedrick Mason, what you're doing isn't something a father should do!".

An awkward silence blanketed the atmosphere once Catelyn finished emptying her mind through her rants. Eason observed Cedrick's expression and cursed inwardly.

Ollie's background was taboo to Cedrick and no one was allowed to mention it, but Catelyn just had to go accusing Cedrick of not knowing how to be a father.

Eason thought that Cedrick would explode...but to his surprise, Cedrick did not.

He simply scowled and stared intently at Catelyn, as though he was trying to spot something on her face. Catelyn, on the other hand, did not cower and looked him right in the eyes.

After a long while, Cedrick sneered and turned to command the bodyguard, "Take the young master back to Mason Estate. Without my order, he isn't allowed to step outside whatsoever.

The bodyguard hurried away from the eye of the storm with Ollie in his arms and returned to the car.

After that, Cedrick cast Catelyn a look and said, "Good for you." The convoy made a dramatic exit, just like when they appeared. The car windows were made of special material and Ollie could look outside if he leaned against the window. His big, dark eyes were filled with tears as he placed both hands on the glass window, reluctant to leave.

Catelyn sighed a long breath of relief as though she had barely escaped death.

After all, she had just confronted Cedrick Mason!

Catelyn watched as the black luxurious car drove away and, for some reason, felt overwhelmed by despair as the car disappeared, as though she had lost something.

Beep, beep!

Just then, her phone vibrated. She unlocked the screen and saw a message from an unknown number, with a photo that had Catelyn's eyes widened in shock.

It was at the hospital she went to with Cedrick that afternoon; the two were making a turn at the corner and she happened to be holding Cedrick's hand as they stepped into the elevator. Because of the angle to which the photo was taken, the two of them appeared to be standing very close to one another, with her cheek almost leaning against his shoulder in an intimate manner.

Catelyn did not expect someone to secretly take a photo of her and Cedrick.

Shortly after, the same number called in and the person on the other side of the line shouted aggressively, "Catelyn Clark, who is that guy?!" Catelyn, wary of the motive of the person who had taken the photo, was instantly alarmed. Unable to tell the person from his voice, she lowered her tone and asked, "Who are you?" The person fell silent for a moment, but when he spoke again, she could tell how he enunciated every word sarcastically, "You can't recognize my voice after running into me a few days ago? It seems like you're living the life out there in the past four years, Catelyn." "Jamie Mason?" Catelyn scowled.

Jamie's tone was filled with contempt and sarcasm as he continued, "Of course, don't care who you mess around with, but don't forget that you're raising my son.

If you dare have my son call some guy his dad, don't blame me for claiming custody over him!" Disgust filled Catelyn's amber-colored eyes as she retorted, "Isn't Louella pregnant with your child as well? Is she okay with you bringing Miles into the Mason family?"

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 28-ever, when she looked at the number once again, she realized that there were things that one simply could not forget, just like the bond between Jamie and Miles.

If Jamie was provoked and was determined to fight for Miles's custody, she would not be a match for Jamie's wealth and influence, considering her current status.

Catelyn reminded herself to be more careful moving onward to avoid troubles.

Inside the spacious study in Mason Estate, Ollie had been brought home and Cedrick had punished him, ordering him to stand at attention for an hour. While that sounded not much of a hassle, it was, in fact, extremely difficult.

The little boy stood still at the corner of the room, with his back about half a meter away from the wall. His face was expressionless as he lowered his head and kept both his hands close to his sides.

His pose was precise, but his limbs were shivering and exposed the truth of how excruciating the punishment was.

Cedrick had told Ollie that if he admitted to his mistake and promised to never make the same mistake again, he could reduce the punishment.

Ollie simply chose to make it through the hour without saying a word.

Ollie knew that everything happened because he greedily longed for the warmth Catelyn gave him and exchanged identities with Miles, so he was willing to accept the punishment. After all, Cedrick had taught him to take responsibility for his actions from a young age.

Albert's heart ached for Ollie as he could not stop himself from pacing back and forth in the corridor. Both father and son were too stubborn, and he dared not try changing their minds. He checked the time constantly, desperately hoping that the hour would pass sooner.

Finally, the last minute passed... Albert hurried his way into the study and reminded him happily, "Young Master, time is up." He tried to pick Ollie up, but the boy pushed him away. With a face that seemed to have lost its color, Ollie pursed his lips and stood up straight until he could barely bend his knees, before looking across the table at Cedrick.

The man was handling some documents at the time and did not bother to spare him a glance.

Ollie stepped toward him with his chin up and deadpanned, “Father, you promised me that you’ll give the position of the mansion designer to Aunt Catelyn.” ‘Aunt Catelyn? They haven’t met yet and he’s already addressing her in such an intimate manner?’ Cedrick thought as he narrowed his eyes before brushing it off.” Her health has caused her to apply for leave and therefore,” he remarked, “so she won’t be able to oversee the project.” Ollie could tell that Cedrick was lying to him and repeated stubbornly, “You promised!

“Albert, take the young master out for food,” Cedrick changed the subject and glanced coldly at Albert.

“Yes.” Taking the hint, Albert immediately tried to bring the boy to the dining room downstairs, but Ollie simply ran off into the bedroom.

Following a loud slam of the door, Ollie locked himself inside the room, refusing to speak to Albert or even eat.

Albert was instantly facing a dilemma. The young master could be very terrifying when he was this stubborn. Suddenly, Albert could not help but miss the way Ollie argued with Cedrick. He would not be this quiet, at least, to the point that he felt sorry for Ollie.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 29-Three hours had passed...and then it became six.

Eventually, twelve hours passed.

During lunch the next day, Cedrick sat in the dining room, and before him was the custom-made wooden table with a beige tablecloth.

Placed on the table were at least 20 different types of delicious dishes, and it seemed somewhat empty with only him sitting there.

Albert glanced at Ollie’s room upstairs and felt troubled. Ollie was an adorable, shy child who would never cause trouble to others even when he was angry, simply locking himself in his room when it happened.

No one knew what Ollie was truly thinking, but he had gone too long without eating since he was punished to stand still for an hour. Worried, Albert tried to talk to Cedrick.

“Master Cedrick, please go take a look at Young Master. He’s just three and a half years old! What’ll happen if he starves himself until he gets sick?” “It’s only been half a day,” Cedrick said casually, “he won’t get sick.” “But he’s your son!” Cedrick’s expression darkened as he stared daggers at Albert.

Albert knew that he had crossed the line and dared not say another word. He was left with no other options but to call Maia for help.

Maia hurried over soon enough, wearing a sky-blue off-shoulder dress that gave her an elegant appearance. Following her arrival, the refreshing and lasting scent of gardenia filled the air.

Surprised, Albert walked up to her and said, “Miss Clark, please help the young master.” Maia gave Albert a reassuring look. As Cedrick’s fiancée, she was confident she could convince both Cedrick and Ollie to back down. She lifted her dress slightly and stepped toward the seat next to Cedrick.

“Master Cedrick, Ollie is still a young boy, and it’s only normal that he’ll throw tantrums from time to time. Blame me if you need someone to blame; I’ve failed as your fiancée for not taking good care of Ollie. He must’ve run out because he was too bored.” She batted her eyelashes in an enchanting fashion and said, “Why don’t you let me talk to him?” Cedrick remained expressionless and did not respond. Taking that as a silent agreement, Albert led Maia to the second floor.

Outside Ollie’s bedroom, Maia knocked on the door gently. “Ollie, it’s Aunt Maia.

Can you open the door and let me in? I heard from Albert that you had a fight with Master Cedrick. It’s alright, Aunt Maia is here now, so he won’t punish you anymore.

“I’ve told the servants in the kitchen to cook your favorite buffalo wings. They smell great, so come on out!” Ollie, however, remained silent.

Maia felt a bit embarrassed, but nonetheless suppressed her impatience under Albert’s hopeful eyes and continued, “If you open the door, Aunt Maia can fulfill one wish of yours!” Crash!

There was no response from the room, but what they did hear were noises of something breaking inside the room.

“Young Master!” Albert called out worriedly, his face tensing out of concern.

Just as everyone was unsure of what to do next, Cedrick came. He stared coldly at the closed door before landing a kick on it without a moment of hesitation.

The door fell as everyone watched, and the sight of Ollie sprawling on the ground.

His face was flushed and his eyes seemed unfocused. He was holding onto a broken drinking glass in his hand, and blood was streaming down his fingers as the broken pieces cut into his flesh.

“Dear lord, that’s blood! Young Master is bleeding!” Albert shouted and ran to call the doctor.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 30-Cedrick’s gaze darkened to the point that they looked colder and more piercing than the coldest gust in winter. He walked up to the boy and lifted him up before noticing that his temperature was terrifyingly high.

Ollie had come down with a fever.

At two in the afternoon, Ollie was admitted to his personal hospital where the doctor placed him on an IV drip.

As Cedrick's friend and also a man who enjoyed drama, Edwin came as well once he learned about what had happened.

"How did little Ollie come down with such a high fever? His temperature is almost forty degrees Celsius!" Dressed in a shirt with flower patterns, Edwin purposely unbuttoned the top two buttons to expose his seductive collarbones. He narrowed his beautiful fox-like eyes as he sat at the bedside and checked Ollie's temperature with his hand on Ollie's forehead.

Concerned, Cedrick gazed at the boy laying on the bed.

"You beast! You knew that Ollie was a preterm baby, so why couldn't you just let him be? What are you going to do if the fever turns him into a dummy?" Edwin Atherton was the eldest son of one of the four most powerful families; he grew up alongside Cedrick and had no reservation in poking Cedrick where it hurt.

Cedrick gave him a cold look and retorted, "I don't expect any decent word out of that filthy mouth of yours." "Hah," Maia listened to the two of them talk and knew it was time that she acted, "Master Cedrick, you're probably exhausted. Why don't you go take some rest while I stay with the boy?" "It's fine," Cedrick rejected her instantly. Ollie was his son, so how could he possibly rest at a time like this?

Seeing that he insisted, Maia did not speak any further and stayed with Cedrick to watch over Ollie. However, Ollie's fever remained deep into the night and Maia had to fight against the urge to sleep. In the end, Cedrick arranged for one of his cars to send her home.

Edwin whistled with a sly, fox-like smile and teased, "Tsk ts! You really have no idea how to be romantic. Did you not see the looks in Miss Clark's eyes? She clearly wants you to make her stay." "If you're only here for the drama, then you can just leave now." Cedrick tugged at his necktie impatiently.

Edwin's lips curled into a smile. "I have no idea what's going on between you and Miss Clark. If you don't like her, you wouldn't try so hard to find her and propose to her back then; but if you do like her, you wouldn't keep her hanging all these years. It's a good thing I'm not in love with you, or I'll probably die." Cedrick felt chills running down his spine.

Edwin turned his attention back to Ollie with a smile. Because of the fever, Ollie's fair skinned face was flushed; he did not seem to be fast asleep and was mumbling something in his sleep.

"Mommy, don't go... Don't leave me..." "You promised me." "You promised." Ollie was calling out softly for his mother at first, which soon turned into him repeatedly saying 'you

promised'. He repeated those words with such determination that it almost felt as though he would keep repeating them until someone responded.

The room was quiet, and the sky was beginning to turn dark.

Edwin felt both confused and sympathetic at the sight. "Who's Catelyn?" He turned to look at Cedrick.

Cedrick's expression instantly darkened. He, too, heard Ollie talking in his sleep, and he was surprised that his son was still mumbling Catelyn's name when he was running a fever.

Catelyn and Ollie had never interacted with one another before. Could it be because Catelyn spoke up for Ollie the day before?

Edwin spotted the troubled expression on Cedrick's face and instantly knew that there was a story behind it all.

Ollie had a few nightmares. He dreamt that Cedrick had abandoned him in one, and in another, he dreamt of Catelyn finding out that he had been lying, accusing him of fooling her and telling him to never appear before her.

"Aunt Catelyn!" Ollie cried out and opened his eyes abruptly. He accidentally moved his wounded hand and realized that he was connected to an IV drip.

With a sniffle, Ollie bit his lip in despair.

Cedrick had remained by his side, and when he saw that Ollie had woken up, he lowered his voice and asked, "Is there anything you want to eat?" "I'm fine." Ollie's face was pale and all strength was drained from his body, so he simply turned his head away and slowly closed his eyes so that he did not have to look at Cedrick.

Rage burnt silently within Cedrick.

He was never a patient man to begin with, but when he saw how pale Ollie's lips were, he suppressed his anger and said, "You can let anyone design that mansion, but this is the first and the very last time."

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 31-Ollie's eyes widened dazedly as though he had not been able to process what his father had just told him. :' Cedrick had Albert bring over the medicine and a glass of warm water as he stood by Ollie's bedside. "The doctor said that you are to take this medicine as soon as you wake up." Ollie's dark eyes averted elsewhere. "Are you trying to trick me?" "Once I finish my medicine, are you going to change your mind and not let me make Aunt Catelyn the designer for my mansion?" Ollie stared at his father with doubt. Though he was not even four, he knew that people make strategic lies.

Edwin, on the other hand, was close to bursting into laughter.

Cedrick gave him a cold glare and Edwin barely managed to keep his laughter in, but then he heard Cedrick asking Ollie, “How do I make you believe that I’m not lying to you, then?” Ollie straightened his back and puffed his cheeks.

“I want you to call Aunt Catelyn in front of me and invite her to design my mansion for me again.” He paused and added, “The best way is to inform her company as well, telling them that there will be no further changes.” “...” Anger filled Cedrick’s eyes as he snapped, “Don’t push your luck!” He was the eldest son of the Mason family; how could he allow himself to be threatened by a child who was not even four?

Ollie pursed his lips and looked away. “Then I’m not taking my medicine.” “...” Edwin frantically placed his hands over his mouth to stifle his laughter. He instantly regretted not recording a video of the scene before him. If he did, it would overwrite the world’s impression of Cedrick.

In the end, Cedrick compromised and had Albert bring him his phone.

Ollie’s heart throbbed as he stared nervously at Cedrick, wondering if his father had truly agreed to make Catelyn the designer again.

Cedrick realized that he did not know Catelyn’s number and scowled. Just as he was about to order Albert to find out, he heard Ollie say, “I know Aunt Catelyn’s number.” Cedrick stared at him suspiciously and thought, ‘How does he know Catelyn Clark’s number?’ As though he had guessed what Cedrick was thinking, Ollie pursed his lips shyly and said, “Aunt Catelyn’s information is written on the data submitted by BrightGene, and I memorized it.” Though he was not even four years old, his ability to recognize vocabulary was equivalent to that of a high schooler; he was especially sensitive to numbers and could memorize most data with just one look.

In BrightGene Group, Catelyn’s phone started ringing as she was working overtime in the office.

She answered the call politely even when it was an unknown number and greeted, “Hello, this is Catelyn Clark speaking.” Her voice was soft and gentle like the sound of a gently coursing river, and Cedrick immediately found himself unable to speak.

“Hello?” Catelyn was certain that she had never seen the number before and said in confusion, “I don’t have this number saved, so I’m going to hang up if you won’t speak.” In Mason Estate, Cedrick met Ollie’s hopeful eyes and cleared his throat before saying, “I’m Cedrick Mason.” Catelyn instantly tensed at the thought that he was calling to take revenge on her earlier action.

“Is there something you need?” “I’m officially assigning you the project of my son’s mansion. Come over today, I have a few requests that I need to communicate with you.” “...” Catelyn was stunned for almost half a minute. “But didn’t you say that I’m not qualified?” Cedrick’s lips curled into a cold sneer as he naturally assumed that Catelyn was purposely playing hard-to-get. He glanced impatiently at Ollie and decided to put up with her.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 32-“I changed my mind. Is there a problem with that?” Catelyn felt incredibly frustrated by the situation. Cedrick himself said she did not qualify, and it was also he who asked her to take over the project in a tone like he was granting her a gift.

‘Why should I say yes to him?’ Catelyn thus responded, “I think I might not be good enough for this project. Our manager, Hills, is very experienced and would be a perfect candidate. Why don’t |

pass the phone to her instead?” “...” Following a moment of silence, Cedrick’s expression darkened. “So, you’re rejecting me?” “No, no, no!” Catelyn said sincerely, “I’m just worried that I might not be experienced or knowledgeable enough to handle a mansion that costs over a billion.” Thinking that she was simply playing hard-to-get, Cedrick’s gaze sharpened as he would when he was negotiating with business partners. “The design rate out in the market for this mansion is roughly two hundred per square meter. If you agree to take the project, I’ll raise the rate to roughly three hundred.” A span of roughly 300 per square meter meant that the designing fee for the mansion would go up to over three million!

“Contact me to confirm the contract by three in the evening today, and I’ll offer you an extra ten-percent bonus.” Cedrick was certain that a woman like Catelyn would not budge.

Indeed, she felt tempted. Miles had started kindergarten, and their expenses would only increase from then on.

“Deal!” Catelyn finally agreed.

Cedrick simply sneered at how pretentious she was.

Cedrick looked at Ollie, who was lying on the bed, and lifted an eyebrow.

“Satisfied, now?” Ollie’s pink lips curled into a shy smile as he nodded. His tantrum started fast and ended even faster. He took the pills between his fingers and swallowed them with the warm water.

“I’m sorry for making you worry, Father,” he apologized.

Cedrick put his hand into his pocket with a cold, stern expression. This was the first time Ollie had argued with him so stubbornly over a woman.

“This is the first and the last time I’m going to put up with your wilfulness. As the son of Cedrick Mason, you’re born into wealth, and so you’re expected to bear the responsibility that comes with it. I don’t ever want to hear from Albert that you’ve disappeared again, do you understand?” Ollie’s mind was occupied solely with the thought that he could finally give out the paper heart he made since Catelyn was designing his mansion. He simply nodded with no regard for what his father was saying.

“I understand.” Edwin heard the conversation between the two and simply exclaimed, “How sad that Ollie is getting his childhood taken away, not to mention having to put up with you!”

“If only I had a son this cute-hey, hey, don’t drag me out! I’m not done yet!” Cedrick straight away dragged him away and ordered Albert to take good care of Ollie.

When Catelyn heard the beeping sound of the line being cut off, she went and saved Cedrick’s contact.

That afternoon, she completed all her tasks for the day and placed all documents on her desk into the drawer before locking it by habit. As a designer, her drafts had to remain confidential.

Once she was done, she took a taxi and headed to Ollie’s mansion.

She had already taken a tour there before and had a general idea of how the overall design would be; all that was left was to take note of Cedrick’s requests and advice

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 33-By the time Catelyn arrived at the mansion located south of the city, it was a little over two in the afternoon. The last time she was here, there was only a general outline of the mansion, but at this moment, there had been a temporary lounge where the porch was. It looked slightly like a tin house with the roof in blue and the walls in white.

Eason noticed that she was sweating from rushing over and handed her a piece of wet tissue before pointing at the lounge. “Master Cedrick is waiting for you inside.” Catelyn took a few deep breaths to adjust herself before she headed in.

The temperature of the lounge was much lower in comparison to the outside as though it was a completely separate world.

Cedrick sat lazily on a simplistic chair, his tailor-made suit wrapped around his athletic body. His handsome features were as perfect as that of a statue, and with his lips pursed, he oozed an intimidating aura that repelled anyone who tried to get closer to him.

Catelyn knocked on the door and bowed at him politely. “I’m here, Master Cedrick.” Cedrick lifted his gaze from the pile of design drafts on his desk. He then saw Catelyn, dressed in a simple white shirt and black skirt that emphasized the curves on her body; the color contrast was so distinct that it was eye-catching.

He had to admit that Catelyn was a beauty, but was that the reason why his son had chosen her?

“Come in.” Cedrick closed the file gently with his dark, brooding eyes fixated on her.

Catelyn felt chills down her spine from the way Cedrick was staring at her, yet she handed over the documents she had prepared to him regardless.

“These are some of the information I’ve gathered so far, along with the future planning for the area surrounding this mansion. May I know if you have any specific requirements, Master Cedrick?” Cedrick opened the file and glanced at it casually before lifting an eyebrow in shock. He had not expected her to consider the planning of the area nearby as well.

“As you can see, the mansion has only completed its basic structure at the moment. With a total area of roughly a hundred and sixty-eight square meters, it doesn’t matter if you go with horizontal division or the vertical method. The design will need to include the kitchen, dining room, bedrooms, living room, playroom, entertainment room, theater room, as well as the pool and basketball court outside...” Cedrick listed his requirement as he bent his long fingers to knock on the table gently in a rhythmic fashion as he spoke.

“It’s not a small home, and it requires precision and techniques when it comes to reinforcement and division of space. Can you do this?” Catelyn cast him a formal smile with confidence. “I might not have the graduation certification from the architectural program at Sapphire University, but I am confident that I can fulfill your request.” Cedrick pulled out a document from the drawer to sign his name on a blank at the bottom of the page; his signature was both majestic and powerful on the paper.

The document was then tossed over to Catelyn.

“Sign,” he said.

Catelyn stared at him in shock. Ever since she entered, Cedrick had been oozing an intimidating aura and had been staring at her oddly. According to how much he seemed to enjoy finding fault in others, she had thought that he would make it difficult for her; she was even prepared to remain here for as long as it took.

To her surprise, he simply handed her the contract without trouble.

“What, do you have any other problems?” Cedrick pursed his lips in displeasure.

“No,” Catelyn accepted the c

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To her surprise, he simply handed her the contract without trouble.

“What, do you have any other problems?” Cedrick pursed his lips in displeasure.

“No,” Catelyn accepted the contract hastily and signed her name at the bottom of the page under the column for the second party.

Different from Cedrick’s handwriting, her writing was more elegant, but prideful still. Eason glanced at it from behind and thought, ‘Hmm, what beautiful handwriting!’

Once she had signed, Catelyn extended her hand toward Cedrick by habit and said, “. look forward to working with you, Master Cedrick!” Cedrick stared at the fair-skinned palm before him. The cold expression faded slightly from his enticing features and just as he was about to shake her hand, Catelyn withdrew her hand abruptly as though she had just remembered something.

She scratched her head and smiled awkwardly. “I’ll have the draft really as soon as possible. Please let me know if you have any questions.”

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Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 34-atched Cedrick leave, Catelyn realized that her legs were sore.

Throughout their discussion, he had been sitting while she remained standing.

She massaged her legs and took some rest in the lounge before leaving. On her way back to BrightGene, she received terrible news that caught her off-guard:

Stella had lost consciousness and had been rushed to the hospital.

“Mister, please change the destination to First Hospital,” Catelyn told the driver hastily.

The driver reacted almost immediately and stepped on the accelerator with his right foot. The car raced ahead, and within half an hour, it arrived at First Hospital’s entrance.

As soon as Catelyn paid the driver, she rushed toward the floor where Stella was. She spotted a nurse and hurried over to ask, "Hello, Ma'am, I'm Stella Hills' daughter. May I know which room she's been admitted to? How is she doing?" "You're Stella Hills' daughter?" The nurse gave Catelyn a once-over before telling her the room number and reminded her in contempt, "The admission fee hasn't been paid yet, so remember to go and make the payment." Catelyn had no mind to spare for anything else and headed straight to find Stella. According to the doctor's diagnosis, Stella had passed out because of a panic attack, which also meant that it was caused by psychological factors.

Stella's often smug face was pale. Catelyn spotted her wailing by the bed with a box of tissues in her arms, and pieces of tissues scattering on the blanket.

Catelyn was relieved. If Stella could still be crying, then her physical state was, at least, nothing to fret about.

"Mom, what happened?" "Cat! You have to help me this time!" As though Catelyn was her last lifeline, Stella grabbed onto her clothes desperately and wailed.

Catelyn was confused but tried to calm her down patiently regardless. "Don't panic and slow down. What happened?" "... I heard that you got the project to design the mansion for Young Master Mason and I thought, considering all the bad luck for the past few years, maybe we can get lucky...so I went gambling." Catelyn stood up abruptly as though she had been struck by lightning. She glared at Stella as her entire body shivered. "You went gambling again?" Stella had been addicted to gambling when the Clark Family first declared bankruptcy. Catelyn had to repay her debt while being pregnant with Miles, and she was so desperate that she almost had to start selling her own blood at the time. In the end, it took Catelyn dragging Stella to the riverside and telling her that they should all just die together for Stella to finally quit gambling.

Ever since then, the worst Stella had done was a few high-stake poker games.

Startled by Catelyn's expression, Stella's eyes reddened as she stuttered, "I-I was winning, so I decided to keep going. Who would've known that I'd start losing after that? I had no other way but to b-borrow money from the loan shark..." Catelyn pursed her lips in silence.

Stella's voice became even more depressed as she said, "Those people said that they're going to chop me up into pieces and throw me into the ocean as shark bait if I don't pay them back. I'm still so young, and I don't want to die!" Catelyn could feel her blood boiling as her fair-skinned face flushed a bruised shade of red.

"How much did you borrow?" she hissed. "Not that much, just a million," Stella responded diffidently.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 35-Catelyn felt all strength leaving her feet as she gaped at Stella's response. "One million?" Was that what she meant by 'not much'?

“You can’t just let me die!” Stella grabbed Catelyn’s hand and wailed. She then continued, her next words laced with a vague threat and persistence, “You have to help me even if you don’t want to, or the apartment we’re living in will be gone!” A chilling premonition instantly overwhelmed Catelyn. “What else have you done behind my back?” “...” With how things had already escalated, Stella decided not to hide anything and, with a flushed face, confessed, “I stole your property certificate to use it as a mortgage. Why else do you think they’d lend me that much money?” The two-room apartment that Catelyn was living in at the time might not be spacious, but the location was very ideal, and after a few years of development in the area, the apartment’s value had surpassed one million even if they were to deduct the remaining housing loan from the bank.

Tears welled up in Catelyn’s eyes as she snapped, “How could you do that?”

Without the apartment, would you have us all just sleep on the road? You promised me that you’ll never gamble again!” Stella cowered and sobbed as she pleaded, “I didn’t want to! It’s my fault, so just help me one more time... Once that project with the Mason family is confirmed, everything will be fine!” “...” For a moment, Catelyn did not know what to say.

Was it because of the project that she took that had Stella gambling so recklessly with their apartment as a mortgage?

All strength was drained from her body as she stared at Stella wordlessly for a long while.

Stella feared nothing more than when Catelyn was like this. If she got angry or shouted, at least that meant that she still felt something...but Stella could not help but feel terrified when Catelyn was expressionless.

Stella’s gaze darted around diffidently as she tried to say something else when Catelyn abruptly left the ward without a word. No matter how much Stella called out to her, she did not stop.

Catelyn allowed her legs to bring her to the vacant hospital garden. All the accumulated pain seemed to have reached a breaking point, and even breathing felt agonizing.

She kept telling herself that life would still work out fine, but every time she did, something would remind her of how horrible reality was.

‘What am I supposed to do? Who could possibly lend me that much money? But if I can’t borrow it from anyone, am I supposed to just watch as the loan sharks drag Stella away and throw her into the ocean?’ Catelyn fought with herself.

For the days that followed, all Catelyn could think of was how to gather enough money. Her savings along with the money she managed to borrow from her colleagues was 300000 at most, which was far from the one million she needed.

The anxiety had caused her complexion to appear dull, and she even had a pimple popping out on her forehead. The worst thing was that as the deadline approached, her mental state worsened, causing her to make mistakes at work.

Catelyn knew that if this went on, Terry would come looking for her before the loan sharks found her. She decided to put her work aside and handle the matters with the loan sharks first. Through her distant cousin Alex Clark, she learned that the company that Stella had borrowed money from was managed by a man called John Reed, and he would be in a gathering with his friends on the top floor of Riverdale Entertainment Club.

She clenched her jaw and went to apply for leave so she could approach John.

She might stand a better chance if only she could see him, which would have been much better than to wait around.

With that thought in mind, she headed toward Riverdale Entertainment Club early in the afternoon.

Riverdale Entertainment Club was the most luxurious entertainment building of Sapphire City, with countless guests spending thousands over a night in it.

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 36-It felt as though the air had frozen over that evening.

Back when she was the princess of the Clark Family, Catelyn had once invited all her classmates to a private room on the top floor, and she could still remember the time they partied deep into the night.

Because of her experience, she managed to get her wits together and fooled the employees with an arrogant tone. She then strode toward VIP room number 6808 in her high heels.

The door plate was coated in gold to emphasize how luxurious it was.

Knock, knock!

Catelyn summoned up her courage and knocked on the door. She held in her hand a yellow envelope that held a check worth 300000 that she gathered so far, hoping to resolve the pressing issue with the loan sharks.

Following a squeaking sound, the door slowly opened.

Realizing the door was not locked, Catelyn called out cautiously, "Mister Reed?" There was no response from the empty room, so she probably had arrived early.

She tip-toed into the glorious entertainment room that was about 10 square meters. Four long couches were formed into an L-shape, and there was an enormous LED television on the wall.

across them; the separated area included a washroom, a kitchen, and a resting lounge. Everything else was comparable to an executive duplex in a hotel.

Instead of the usual scent of cigarette and liquor like any other entertainment facility would, there was only a faint scent of flowers combined with the aroma of liquor.

‘This John has quite an exquisite taste, I suppose,’ Catelyn thought to herself.

Just as she was contemplating as to how she could convince John, she suddenly heard the sound of steady, homogenous footsteps approaching.

Was that John?

“Master Cedrick, there has been some issue with Millions Pharmaceutical’s cash flow, but I’ve already examined the medicine that they manufactured . The quality isn’t bad, and they wish to invite you into investing in them. What do you think?” Cedrick’s first assistant reported the latest update dutifully.

“What about Nine?” Cedrick’s shiny leather shoes landed onto the ground as his husky, cold voice echoed.

“The director of Millions Pharmaceutical had made an appointment to meet with the Ninth Master yesterday during the afternoon, but the Ninth Master simply made him wait in the meeting room the entire time before making the director leave, saying that he needed to head overseas. I’m not sure what the Ninth Master is planning.” 151 Among the younger generation of the Mason family, Cedrick and Ninth Master Mason were the most brilliant of all. The two never ceased competing with one another in the business world, and rumors had it that either one of them would become the next head of the Mason family.

Cedrick was the grandson of the family’s current head and had the advantage because of it, but because he was the only adult male heir in his bloodline, some of the relatives began to favor the Ninth Master instead.

2 Cedrick soon realized what Alexander was trying to do and explained coldly, “It’s not that he looks down on Millions Pharmaceutical; he’s just trying to play with their heads and buy them out with a lower price when they’re about to face bankruptcy.” “Millions Pharmaceuticals? Buy them out at a lower price? Master Cedrick, the Ninth Master...” When Catelyn heard those words from inside the room, it sounded as though there were fireworks going off next to her ears.

‘Isn’t that Cedrick Mason? Did I walk into the wrong room? Crap! Now that I’ve overheard confidential information, would he think that I’m a spy?’ she hissed internally.

Her fingers trembled and the envelope in her hand flew off, landing under the poker table. As the footstep approached, Catelyn lifted the tablecloth and hid underneath the table without further hesitation the moment she heard the doorknob turning.

The door was pushed open at the exact same time that she picked up the envelope. The timing was perfect with not a second missed.

“Is this how those people in Riverdale do their job, by not even locking the door?” Eason frowned in displeasure out of his instinct as a bodyguard.

As the door was pushed open, the air from the room wafted out, along with the natural scent of a gardenia flower

