

## Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 16

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 16-m.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was stolen time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mason Estate was the place where the head of the Mason family lived, and as far as relations went, Miles was supposed to refer to the owner of this place as his grandfather. Rumors had it that the owner was cruel and was commonly referred to as the Hades of the entrepreneur world.

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

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

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

What should he do?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cedrick's expression darkened at the thought that his son defied him, and in a cold voice, he growled, "Where's that brat?" Eason faked confusion and responded innocently, "Master Cedrick, didn't you place an order to not go after Young Master?" The look in Cedrick's eyes darkened, and the car was instantly filled with a suffocating atmosphere. "So all of you simply let a three-year-old roam free out there?" "Ahem." Eason cleared his throat. Had the atmosphere not been this tense, he would have burst out laughing. He knew that Cedrick was only harsh outwardly, but though he said that he did not care about his son, he still cared for him from the bottom of his heart.

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

"Are you laughing at me?" asked Cedrick.

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

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

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

Soon, their car arrived at Mason Estate as well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was the first time that Cedrick's authority in the Mason Estate was challenged, and he was so enraged that the veins on his forehead began to pop. "You've become this unruly after only a few

hours out there? Ollie Mason, if I don't discipline you, are you going to assume that you have the say in what happens here in Mason Estate from now on?" "Who's Ollie Mason? I'm not—mmph!" Miles widened his eyes in shock and tried to explain in flushed cheeks, but before he could get the words out, Albert lifted him up and placed a hand over his mouth.

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

"My apologies, Master Cedrick, it's my fault for not taking better care of Young Master. He's probably not in the right state of mind after being traumatized out there, and that's why he's saying all these things. I'll take him to the prayer hall." Albert's forehead was already covered in a thin layer of sweat, and his heart threatened to jump out of his throat. He would much rather take the boy to the room to calm himself than to have him here arguing with his father.

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

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

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

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

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

Miles froze.

Was that him?

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

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 18-ng.

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.

