

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 17

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

“Are you laughing at me?” asked Cedrick.

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

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

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

Soon, their car arrived at Mason Estate as well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everyone, including Cedrick, Albert, and the servants, were rendered speechless, baffled as to what could have possessed the young master to act out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miles froze.

Was that him?

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

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

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

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

'It seems that the young master misses his mother again. This certainly explains his behavior today, but...it's unfortunate that the identity of his mother was an unresolved mystery here in Mason Estate,' he solemnly thought to himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His father would never fawn over him like Catelyn did.

Ollie felt even more inclined to stay.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He sniffled and quickly wiped away his tears.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In a previous project, she was forced to go on a business trip with Manager Norman, and he had accidentally seen her right after she had taken a bath. The client at the time wanted a document, and she was in too much of a hurry to put on any makeup, so she simply headed out in her pajamas.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

