

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler

Our Billion-Worth Twins by Velvet Antler Chapter 5-□ Meanwhile, Catelyn brought Miles back to the kindergarten and fretted he would try to provoke the teacher on purpose. To her surprise, however, Miles's performance was perfect.

He addressed all the teachers as 'pretty ladies' with a smile, his behavior as elegant as a high-born gentleman. Because of that, he enslaved the hearts of many easily, leaving all the teachers with nothing to say but praise him for how adorable he was.

Miles sneakily winked at Catelyn with a smug look on his face, as though trying to tell her that he was fully capable of making people like him as long as he wanted to.

Catelyn remained quiet with resignation.

As soon as she settled the admission procedures, she hurried back to the office.

She had only been out for an hour, and she might still be able to convince Anne to consider her working for a full day.

With that thought in mind, Catelyn sped up, only to run into someone's warm, strong chest around the corner at the end of the street.

Thump!

She lost balance and stumbled to the side as her bag fell to the ground. She held onto the handrail to steady herself before she turned to look.

It was a tall man with an athletic build. He strode away without stopping and even seemed to be moving faster.

It was not that big of an issue to begin with, but the fact that he ignored her had provoked Catelyn. Her body acted before her brain, and she grabbed onto his wrist before he left.

"Stop right there! You're just going to leave?" What she meant was that he at least needed to say something for bumping into others.

Cedrick slowly turned and caught a whiff of the familiar scent of gardenias.

His dark, brooding eyes instantly shone in response to it. Ever since he had the perfume department in his company manufacture a perfume with gardenia scent four years ago, countless women approached him smelling like gardenia flowers to get close to him.

On the other hand, the scent on the woman before him was not as intense and smelled more like shampoo. It was faint, but it was still pleasant.

Cedrick scanned the face before him and realized she resembled Maia in some ways. Instinctively, and not liking to be touched by random women, he spoke, "Let go." When Catelyn saw the man's face, her mind went blank. The features and especially the lips of the man looked dangerously similar to that of Jamie. More precisely, he looked more like her son, Miles.

If Miles shared 50 percent of Jamie's look, then this man definitely shared over 60 percent of this man's features. Countless thoughts raced through Catelyn's mind as she stared dazedly at that face before muttering, "You look so much like this friend I used to know." "Are you going to say that it's your ex-boyfriend now?" Cedrick looked at her mockingly.

"How do you know?" It was only after Catelyn had asked the question that she realized something was wrong.

She was suspected of flirting with him.

She bit her tongue in frustration and added, "You do look like my ex. It's the truth, but don't take this the wrong way! Whatever, just ignore what I said." With that, Catelyn moved to leave when the man reached out his long fingers toward her and lifted her chin. With a smirk on his face, he bent down, and his flawlessly handsome face got closer to her.

Catelyn stared at the face that inched closer toward her, her lashes fluttering as she probed her hands against his chest nervously to put some distance between them. "What are you doing? I'm warning you, don't—!" The two were so close to one another that they could feel each other's breaths.

Catelyn's long lashes quivered even more.

Just when she thought that Cedrick was about to do something out of line, she heard his devilish, mocking voice from above, "If you want to seduce me,

remember to change your perfume to No.520. I prefer that one.” Catelyn’s eyes widened and she shoved him away. “You’re crazy!” She told him that she was not flirting!

Cedrick looked away with a sneer and continued looking for his missing son, all while pulling out a piece of wet tissue from his bag to wipe each and every finger she touched, before throwing it into the bin.

Catelyn’s impression on the man went down the bin as he did so as well.

Catelyn stared at him, gawking at him.

“Is he a clean-freak or something?” she grumbled.

... Ollie, who remained hidden in the corner, witnessed the interaction between Cedrick and Catelyn, and pursed his lips.

For as long as he could remember, he had been referred to as the boy whose mother was unknown, and all of a sudden, there was a child who looked exactly like him.

Was it a coincidence, or was there something else?

Ollie dazedly thought about all the possibilities with a piece of candy in his mouth. Just when he was about to swallow it, he was picked up by the collar.