

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 101

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 101—They're Family Members

Jordan took a seat on the other side of the hospital bed before uttering impassively, "Joe, please prepare some ginger tea for me."

Upon receiving his order, Joe left. Now, besides the unconscious Damian, only the two were left in the room that was permeated with a pungent smell of disinfectant. In a hoarse voice, Jordan said, "Thanks for saving Damie. Come to me if you need any help in the future."

"I'm fond of Damie, so I was more than willing to save him. Moreover..." Rachel felt a bitter taste in her mouth. "He must have snuck out of the Ford Residence to look for me, which was why he fell into danger..."

Her voice sounded dejected, and she lowered her gaze to conceal her emotions. After a moment of silence, Jordan remarked, "He's really fond of you."

Rachel curled up her lips, and as she gazed at Damian, who was lying on the bed, she couldn't help but stroke his face. In fact, she was already fond of this kid when they first came across each other at the airport. Then, he repeatedly looked for her and dissolved all her wariness. It could be said that besides Olivia and Casper, Damian was the third most important person to her.

Following that, she looked up and eyed the man in a serious manner. "Damie secretly came to look for me and fell into danger. Suddenly, I'm afraid that the same will happen to Olive when she looks for you in the future. Will you promise me that regardless of why Olive appears in front of you, you will take good care of her?"

"Of course." Jordan agreed to it without hesitation.

The young girl was like an angel that had come into his life. He was a cold-hearted man, but whenever the young girl looked at him, all his coldness would melt into nothing. In the past, he didn't understand why some people insisted on having daughters, but now, he seemed to have figured out the reason behind it. If Olivia were his daughter, he would've doted on her like she was a princess that she turned into the object of envy of everyone in Seaview City.

At this moment, Rachel met Jordan's gaze. Through his dark eyes, she could see that this man was truly fond of Olivia. All of a sudden, she was curious about why Olivia was enamored with this man, and she also wondered why Damian adored her. Was there any connection between the two?

While she was staring at Jordan, the man was also eyeing her. As he visually traced over her facial contour, the coldness behind his eyes slowly dissipated. This woman was deathly attractive to him.

I suppose this is what they call enchanted?

“Haha, Daddy and Miss Rachel have been looking at each other for three minutes...” A naughty but weak voice was suddenly heard in the ward.

Rachel turned her head as her eyes brightened. “Damie, you’re finally awake. Does your head still hurt?”

“Not really...” Damian batted his eyes. “I saw from television that when a man and a woman are staring at each other, they’re basically flirting. Miss Rachel, are you in love with my daddy? Daddy, if you love Miss Rachel as well, why don’t you marry her?”

Rachel was speechless at that. Right after Damian awakened, all he cared about was making them a couple. She suspected that the car accident was not so serious after all.

On the other hand, Jordan had the urge to spank his son as the latter had the nerve to play cupid. However, when he looked at the woman’s face, he realized that he wasn’t against the idea of marrying her.

Faced with the man’s stare, Rachel decided to change the topic as she gaped at Damian and uttered in a stern voice, “It doesn’t hurt now, but after the anesthetic wears off, you’ll start crying in pain, and you’ll understand how horrible a car accident is. Damian, if you want to see me in the future, you can give me a call, and I’ll go over and fetch you. If you dare to sneak out of your home again, I’ll never meet you forever!”

Her face fell as she enunciated every word in a serious manner.

Damian’s eyes were filled with tears as he replied aggrievedly, “Miss Rachel, I’ll never do it again... I just missed you terribly. I couldn’t help myself. I wanted you to hug and kiss me...”

His widened eyes were those of a pitiful-looking puppy.

Rachel’s heart softened as she landed a kiss on the young boy’s forehead. Upon seeing that, Jordan furrowed his brows. For some reason, he was jealous of his own son all of a sudden.

“Miss Rachel, I want to kiss you too!” Damian wrapped his arms around her neck and kissed her on the cheek.

Rachel promptly grabbed his hands and uttered solemnly, “You’re on intravenous drip now. Lie on the bed properly.”

An obedient Damian nodded. He never wanted to move his eyes away from Rachel.

Outside the ward, a figure slowly moved away from the door. Shirley pressed her palm against her heaving chest as her eyes were filled with disbelief and fury. In the past, she had heard Rachel mentioning Damian. She always believed that Rachel had looked into the Ford Family's background, which was why Rachel was aware of Damian's existence. However, judging from what she had seen earlier, she realized that Rachel and Damian had known each other for a long time, and it was apparent that they were on good terms. Damian was fully aware that there were grudges between Rachel and her, but he still chose to be so intimate with Rachel. Did he have any regard for her—his mother—at all?

On the other hand, Jordan was clear about the feud between the Yates Family and Rachel, but he still allowed such a woman to stay by Damian's side. Wasn't he worried that Rachel would harm Damian?

Shirley turned around and looked through the gap at the door. She could see that Damian was looking lovingly at Rachel, while a hint of softness flashed through Jordan's cold-looking eyes.

The three people inside the ward were as close as family members. In fact, they were family members. If she hadn't made that decision four years ago, Rachel would've become Jordan's wife by now. At this moment, she felt as though her heart was being gnawed at by ants. She had the urge to barge into the ward and strangle Rachel.

Just then, Joe came over with a cup of ginger tea and asked in shock, "Miss Yates, why aren't you going in?"

A shocked Shirley pressed her lips together. "I have other things to do, so I'm not going in."

Joe nodded, but he sported a dark expression. Damian was never fond of Shirley, so she was supposed to repair her relationship with Damian while he was hospitalized. However, why did she decide not to enter the ward at this point?

"Damie gets mad whenever he sees me, and it'll affect his recuperation, so I'd better not disturb him. Joe, please don't tell them that I was here." Shirley sported a bitter smile, after which she turned around and left.

Joe heaved a sigh, not knowing what to say.

After Shirley left the hospital, her face with delicate make-up on contorted into a hideous expression. She fished out her phone and called Dmitri.

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Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 102– An Attempted Murder

Dmitri had ventured into the business world since he was three and a half years old. The company he was in charge of was the subsidiary company that Ford Inc. had planned on pulling out two years ago. On the day it went bankrupt, he took over the company. After one year of his management, Sprint Tech was now one of the top three most profitable subsidiary companies under Ford Inc.

After a meeting, Dmitri felt somewhat uneasy. He had always been a calm and collected person; it was only when he felt uneasy that he'd look apprehensive as expected of a four-year-old child.

His young assistant, Will Mason, said respectfully, "Young Master Dmitri, you've completed all the work for today. Why don't you go home and take a rest?"

Dmitri shook his head. The discomfort he felt made him press his hand against his chest. Has anything happened to Damian? Just as he fished out his phone to call Joe, his other phone on the table started vibrating. He took a glance and realized that it was Shirley. After pressing his lips together, he picked up the call and asked, "Mom, what's wrong?"

"Dmitri, something happened to your brother..."

Upon hearing her choking voice, Dmitri stood straight up. It had been one hour since he started feeling uneasy. In other words, Damian had fallen into danger an hour ago. The call had come too late! As he stepped out of his office, he asked, "Mom, what happened to Damie? How is he now?"

"He was hit by a sports car, and his blood was all over the ground. I thought he was dying..."

Dmitri's heart sank as he staggered and almost fell to the ground.

"His operation is over, and he's awake now, so don't worry..."

It was then did Dmitri feel that he'd come back to life again. After letting out a long breath, he inquired, "Where's the hospital?"

"There's no rush, Dmitri. I've made this call to tell you about another matter." Shirley was standing outside the hospital with a sinister gaze and a wicked smile. She spoke in a slow manner, but her voice was filled with an eerie coldness.

"Damie was hit by a car just outside of Yates Building. He was eager to look for Rachel, which was why he got into a car accident. There's something off about the car accident. I have a feeling that it was a deliberate act. I've also heard that the driver ran away. Your daddy has launched an investigation, but he still hasn't found the culprit. Rachel was also there when the car accident happened. She was the first one to save Damie and have her blood transfused to him. Damie's blood type is Rh-negative. Since it's a rare blood type, there's always some reserve in Paramount Hospital. However, that type of blood was used up last night. This kind of coincidence is horrifying. Now, Rachel has become Damie's savior, and she's treated favorably in the Ford Family..."

As Dmitri listened to her narration, his expression turned gloomy. After getting into the car, he said slowly, "Mom, are you saying that the car accident was set up by Rachel?"

"It's just my speculation..." Shirley replied calmly. "She hates me to the point that she'd skin me alive and drink my blood when given a chance. However, I'm an adult, and she can't deal with me, so she decided to harm Damie instead. She has even made use of this car accident to make your daddy put down his guard against her. Dmitri, your daddy trusts her fully now and even allows her to stay in the ward to take care of Damie..."

The image of Rachel sprang into Dmitri's mind. She's a gentle woman who has a bright smile. Would she really harm Damie? After taking a deep breath, Dmitri uttered, "Mom, I'll get someone to look into it. Don't worry. I won't let anyone harm Damie."

"Since she has saved Damie by having her blood transfused to him, she won't harm him in a short period of time..." Shirley said in an emotional voice. "She has gained your daddy's trust, so she'll definitely seize the chance and do something... Dmitri, I'm afraid that she'll harm you and Damie. I'd rather she hurt me instead..."

"I won't allow that to happen." After hanging up the call, Dmitri turned to look at Will and uttered impassively, "There was a car accident just outside of Yates Building today. Find out what happened."

Will nodded. "Yes, Young Master Dmitri." Then, he fished out his phone and called someone.

Dmitri said to the chauffeur, "Go to the hospital."

While the car was moving steadily on the road, Will received a call from the police before they even reached the hospital.

"The traffic on Powell Avenue has always been terrible, so all the cars are basically moving at 20 miles per hour. When the accident happened, all the cars had come to a stop. However, a silver sports car suddenly made a turn and hit a child, who was running out of a car. Fortunately, the sports car wasn't moving at full speed, so the child wasn't killed. After the incident, the silver sports car crashed into three to four cars

before fleeing to the suburbs in the north. There are no surveillance cameras there, so we're unable to identify the culprit."

Will frowned. "Can't you get to the culprit through the license plate?"

"Since this case has something to do with the Ford Family, we've already looked into it. The sports car was stolen from somewhere, and the license plate was fake. We suspect that it's a well-thought-out hit-and-run case."

Certainly, Dmitri could clearly hear what was said on the phone. A while ago, he didn't believe her mother's speculation, but now, he had no choice but to believe it. The car was stolen, the license plate was fake, and even the culprit's face wasn't captured by any surveillance cameras. In other words, someone had planned the car accident. If the traffic on Powell Avenue hadn't been terrible, Damian would've lost his life. Who was the one trying to kill Damie? Was it Rachel? His expression was utterly dark.

"Do we go on looking into this case, Young Master Dmitri?" Will asked respectfully.

"My daddy is looking into this case as well, so you just have to monitor it." Dmitri pressed his lips together and pushed the car door open. Then, he stepped into the hospital and headed straight to the inpatient department.

It was already 5.00PM. Rachel had left for the kindergarten to fetch her kids after keeping Damian company for a while. Presently, only Jordan was seated in the ward while going over a document. Damian was asleep, but he didn't seem to be having a good rest as he grunted mildly from time to time.

Jordan put down the document and asked, "Why are you here? Who told you about this?"

Dmitri replied calmly, "There's no way such an incident could be hidden from me. What happened, Daddy?"

"It was an accident," Jordan said gently. "Fortunately, Damian is fine. He'll be discharged after one week of observation."

Upon hearing that, Dmitri looked up at his father and uttered slowly, "I've looked into this matter. It was a well-thought-out scheme. In other words, it was an attempted murder."

It was then Jordan looked at him with a serious expression. "What else do you know?"

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"Rachel was at the scene when Damie got into the car accident, and it so happened that her blood could save him. Daddy, don't you think it's all too coincidental?" Dmitri uttered slowly. His voice was rather hoarse, which didn't make him sound like a four-year-old child.

Jordan narrowed his eyes. "Do you suspect that this accident was set up by Rachel?"

"She has the motive to do so." Dmitri pressed his lips into a line. "Don't you know the grudges between Mom and Rachel?"

"It's not her," Jordan uttered dispassionately. He had asked his subordinate to look into the car crash, which was indeed a deliberate hit-and-run case. It wasn't certain who had the guts to harm his son, but that person could never be Rachel.

"Daddy, we haven't figured everything out. Why are you so sure it's not her?" Dmitri's voice turned cold. "What if she really is the culprit?"

"There was no way she'd harm Damian." Jordan gaped at him. "She's saved your brother, so you shouldn't be suspicious of her."

Dmitri's gaze darkened. It seems that Mom is right. That woman named Rachel has gained my father's trust. I was just bringing up a reasonable doubt, but he immediately became displeased. The trust he has for her is too much. What if that woman makes use of his trust and does something horrible? "Daddy, before we get to the truth, I hope that you won't allow Rachel to come anywhere near Damian again—"

Before he could finish his words, Damian suddenly opened his eyes and snapped, "What are you talking about, "Dmitri?" He widened his eyes out of fury. "Miss Rachel is good to me and treats me like her own son. There's no way she had arranged for the car crash. So, how can you slander her without getting to the truth first?"

Dmitri's lips curved into a sneer. "It's impossible that a person will treat another person well for no reason. There's a feud between our mother and her. Have you ever thought about why she'd approach you? Damian, don't let your stupidity and recklessness ruin our family."

"So, am I also foolish in your eyes?" Jordan rose from his chair in a domineering manner. The temperature in the room instantly dropped by a few degrees.

Dmitri pressed his lips together as he balled up his fists. He just wanted to get to the truth before coming to any conclusion, but his father and Damian unconditionally trusted that woman. It was meaningless regardless of what he said. "Daddy, I still have some work to do. I'll go back to the company now." Upon finishing his words, he turned around and left.

After that, Damian's eyes turned bloodshot as he uttered emotionally, "Daddy, please don't believe what Dmitri had said. Miss Rachel will never harm me. She will never..."

"I know. Stop crying." Jordan remained seated by the hospital bed with a nonchalant expression.

On the other hand, it took Dmitri a long time before he could pull himself together. He turned his head and said to his assistant, "Look into Roselia Tech."

Will frowned. "Why wasn't I aware of such a company in Seaview City?"

Dmitri lowered his gaze and sneered. If he hadn't helped his father go through some of the documents, he wouldn't have discovered that Rachel had already become a part of Ford Inc. On the one hand, she made use of a job opportunity to join the company. On the other hand, she used Damian to gain the trust of the entire Ford Family. That woman named Rachel was truly scheming, so he had to be wary.

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Meanwhile, Rachel had returned home with the kids. When she was preparing dinner in the kitchen, she received a video call from Damian. "Miss Rachel, why aren't you coming to see me?" His voice sounded lethargic. "I feel so bored at the hospital. Can you come over and tell me a story?"

Rachel shook the spoon in her hand. "It's very late now. I'll visit you tomorrow and bring you the soup I've prepared."

"You're the best, Miss Rachel! I love you!"

Rachel beamed at him. "Take a rest. You're supposed to sleep soon."

"Then give me a goodnight kiss, Miss Rachel." Damian pouted at the phone screen. His head was still covered in bandages, so he looked rather pitiful and comical at the same time.

Rachel broke into laughter and kissed the phone screen before hanging up the call. With the soup in her hand, she headed to the dining hall and saw the kids looking worriedly at her with widened eyes. She asked in shock, "What's wrong?"

"Mommy, I heard Damian's voice." Casper pressed his lips together. "Is he at the hospital?"

Rachel took a seat and asked gently, "Are you worried about him?"

Damian had visited her home several times, but Casper would always be displeased. Certainly, she could see that her son was never fond of Damian. Therefore, she didn't

tell the kids that Damian was hospitalized. However, she hadn't expected that not only had Casper taken the initiative to ask about it, but he also appeared worried.

"I'm not worried about him..." Casper awkwardly looked away. "Olive likes him. I'm just asking on her behalf."

Olivia widened her eyes. Her usually emotionless gaze appeared worried now. Rachel stroked her daughter's head and uttered, "Damian got into a car crash this afternoon. He's fine now, and he'll be discharged after a few days of observation. Don't worry."

A startled Casper asked, "Where did the car crash happen? When was it?"

After putting down the cutlery, Rachel replied, "The crash took place outside of Yates Building at about 3.30PM."

Casper felt his chest tightening. Damian appeared at the kindergarten at 3.00PM, and barely 30 minutes later, he got into a car crash. If I hadn't chased him away, such a thing wouldn't have happened to him. All of a sudden, he started blaming himself, so he couldn't help but say, "Mommy, can we visit him tomorrow?" Then, he added, "Olive must be eager to see him. I'm just going with her."

Rachel didn't expose him as she nodded with a smile. "Alright, we'll go to the hospital after you get off school tomorrow."

The next morning, after she sent the kids to the kindergarten, she headed to her company. Roselia Tech was the name of her company. It had been half a month since she founded it, and she was beginning to gain a footing.

As soon as she took a seat in her office, her assistant, Chloe Turner, came in and reported, "Miss Yates, the person in charge of Sprint Tech has given us a call and said that he'd like to have a discussion with you this afternoon."

Rachel fiddled with the fountain pen in her hand. "Sprint Tech?"

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Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 104—What's Your Name?

Sprint Tech was an online media company. It was rumored that the company had gone bankrupt two years ago, and after it was taken over, it was revitalized and became a leading IT company in no time. However, no information could be found online regarding this company.

After taking a look at the brief information about Sprint Tech, Rachel uttered impassively, "When is the meeting?"

"2.30PM at Peninsula Coffee."

After Rachel was done with her work in the morning, she drove her car to Peninsula Coffee. She arrived 10 minutes earlier than the agreed time, and upon ordering a cup of coffee, she started looking up Sprint Tech on the internet.

However, she still couldn't find anything useful. Even the information about the investors behind the company had been erased. It was apparent that the company was powerful. She wondered why the person in charge of this company was interested in her newly founded company.

After waiting for about 5 minutes, she heard footsteps approaching the private room she was in. Then, she rose from the couch and adjusted her clothes while putting on a professional smile. The door was pushed open from the outside. Just as she wanted to greet the other party, her smile froze. "It's you?"

"Surprising, huh?" Dmitri calmly stepped into the place and took a seat on the couch. He was clad in an all-black suit, which made him look overbearing.

After the initial shock, Rachel calmed herself down and put on a faint smile. "You're the boss of Sprint Tech?"

Dmitri nodded. "Yes."

Just by looking at the young child, Rachel suddenly thought of Jordan for some reason. One of them was a mature man while the other one was a young kid. However, their demeanors seemed to have been made from the same mold.

Seated across from him, she uttered calmly, "We've met a few times before, but I've never asked what your name is."

Dmitri's lips curved into a sneer. She's indeed a sly woman. She has already approached Damian and gained his trust, but now she's telling me that she doesn't know my name. Moreover, I've told her that I'm Shirley's son. I don't believe that she has never looked into my background.

The sneer on the young child's face was easily captured by Rachel. With her back leaned against the couch, she suddenly broke into laughter. How can I forget that he's Shirley's son? There's a blood feud between Shirley and me. This child might have been affected by his mother, so there's no way he'd be kind to me. With a smile, she said, "Well, why have you asked me out for a meeting?"

Will was just beside Dmitri as he put down a document and said respectfully, "Miss Yates, please have a look at this contract."

Rachel opened the document and took a glance before looking up. "There are quite a number of similar apps in the market that are successful. Why have you decided to choose our newly founded company?"

Dmitri stared fixedly at her with his dark gaze. "That's because Roselia Tech is now a business partner of Ford Inc. We'd like to board the same ship."

The smile on Rachel's face widened. It seems that this kid has looked into my background. Perhaps he's even aware of what my ancestors had done before. This is such an uncomfortable feeling. She lowered her clear gaze and went over the contract one more time, but her expression became increasingly colder. After that, she closed the document and asked dispassionately, "Kiddo, who drafted this contract?"

"It's our young master," Will said. "Miss Yates, if there's no problem with the contract, you can sign your name on it, and it'll become effective immediately."

Rachel put on a gentle smile, making her already pretty face ever so alluring. When she smiled, the corners of her eyes would curl up slightly, which made her look charming and seductive. However, her gaze was clear. There was an eerie but perfect combination of purity and charm in her.

When Dmitri saw her smile, the coldness and disdain in his heart seemed to be dissipating with each passing second. It wasn't until a few minutes later that he realized he had been staring at the woman. At that instant, he became frustrated. This woman must have used her smile to fool Daddy and Damian...

"I think there's a problem," Rachel stopped smiling and uttered slowly. She slightly leaned forward and brought with her a sense of pressure. Her lips curved into a sneer as she gazed at the young child and said, "You're supposed to go to school at your age instead of trying to fool around here."

Upon finishing her words, she hurled the contract forward. The document landed on the table and brought up a gust of wind that messed up the young kid's hair.

In an instant, Dmitri's face fell. On the other hand, Will felt his heart skipping a beat. He's the eldest young master of the Ford Family who is destined to take charge of Ford Inc. in the future. How dare this woman be so presumptuous in front of him? "Miss Yates, why did you do this?" Will stared at her while saying coldly, "You can bring it up if there's any problem. Don't you think what you've done is rude?"

"The moment you presented this document to me, you should've expected this reaction, no?" Rachel scoffed. "Do you think I can't see the loophole in this contract? Kiddo, don't run before you even learn to walk. Consider yourself lucky that you're dealing with me,

and I can forgive your mistake. If you came across an unforgiving person, you would've been sued for drafting a fake document."

After rising from the couch, Rachel picked up her bag and shuffled out of the room. Upon arriving at the door, she returned to them and fished out some money before putting it down on the table. "The coffees are on me. Please send my greetings to your mother."

Following that, she closed the door as the sounds of her stilettos clanging on the ground faded.

"Young Master Dmitri, that woman has crossed the line!" Will was infuriated. "Countless people want to work with our company, but there's no chance for them. We presented this chance to that woman today, but she hurled the contract to the table instead. She doesn't know her place at all."

With a cold expression, Dmitri opened the document. He had drafted countless contracts before, but for this particular one, he had spent the entire night fine-tuning it.

There was a hidden loophole in the contract. He thought that no one else in the world other than his father would discover it. However, it never crossed his mind that it only took the woman a brief glance to find out it was a fake contract. She was clever enough to easily avoid the trap he had set up for her.

"Young Master Dimitri, what should we do now?" Will asked cautiously.

"Keep monitoring Roselia Tech. If they make any move, report to me immediately."

"Yes."

After returning to the company, Rachel sorted out all the secret documents and made a backup. For some reason, she was engulfed in insecurity when she was having a negotiation with the four-year-old child at the coffee shop earlier. It was apparent that the child had inherited Shirley's slyness.

What was more, he was even more intelligent than his mother. She had a premonition since such a child had his eyes on her. Therefore, she decided to strengthen the firewall in her company before heading to the kindergarten to fetch her kids.

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Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 105—The Cleverer One

After fetching the kids, Rachel drove the car to the hospital.

"Miss Rachel, you're finally here!" Damian was still lying on the bed. He was so elated that he had the urge to leap off the bed. "Wow, Olive is here as well. I'm so happy!"

Rachel quickly walked over and pressed him down on the bed. "You're still on an intravenous drip. Don't move."

Damian obediently leaned against the bed. His gaze darted between Rachel and Olivia as he beamed at them. A trace of blood could be seen in the bandage on his head. The back of his hand was green, so it was apparent that he had been on an intravenous drip the entire night.

Casper pressed his lips together and walked up to the bed before taking the medical record.

As soon as he extended his hand, a shocked Damian exclaimed, "W-What are you doing? Miss Rachel is around. How dare you bully me?"

A helpless Casper waved the medical record in his hand and uttered, "The doctor's handwriting is beautiful. I'd like to learn it."

Then, he shuffled toward the balcony with the medical record in his hand.

Damian was too stunned to speak as he appeared too wimpy earlier. Fortunately, Olivia walked over and presented to him a teddy bear, which immediately caught his attention. "Wow, Olive! Is this a present for me? It's cute. I love it!"

Rachel said with a smile, "This is Olive's favorite toy. Since she's given it to you, it means that she loves you as a friend."

"A friend? I don't want to be her friend. I want to be her brother!" Damian took Olivia's hands and batted his eyes. "Olive, do you want me to be your brother? I'll dote on you and never allow anyone to bully you."

Olivia widened her eyes without responding to him.

Worried that the young kid would feel dejected, Rachel quickly changed the topic by saying, "Damie, why isn't your daddy around? And where's Joe?"

"Daddy had kept me company the entire night. He went to work in the morning, and he'd visit me in the evening. Joe was around earlier, though. I think he must have left to buy some food for me. Olive, please stay here for a while longer. Joe will come back with lots of delicious food."

Damian went on talking for a long time while Rachel responded to him from time to time. The atmosphere in the ward was harmonious.

Standing on the balcony, Casper flipped through the medical record. The doctor's handwriting was so illegible that it took him quite some time to identify the words. As he went through it, his expression turned gloomy. His mother was pretty nonchalant the day before, so he thought that Damian was really fine. It wasn't until he read this medical record that he realized Damian had practically escaped from death's door. If he hadn't been sent to the hospital in time, he could've been gone for good. All this happened because he chased Damian away from the kindergarten the day before.

After closing the medical record, Casper sported a conflicted expression. Then, he shuffled into the ward and put the medical record back.

Damian snorted. "How is it? You can't read the doctor's handwriting, right?"

He took a glance at the book the day before and realized that he couldn't even identify a word. The words almost looked as if they were not written by a human.

In a dispassionate tone, Casper refuted, "I'm not as foolish as you are."

"Who are you calling foolish?" Damian blew his top. "I'm only four years old, but I can already recognize 3,000 words and recite quite a number of Shakespeare's poems. My teacher has said that I'm a genius. How dare you say that I'm foolish?"

With a calm expression, Casper uttered, "I was already well-versed in astronomy and geography when I was three and a half years old."

Damian was stunned, thinking that Casper was lying. However, when he turned his head and saw Rachel's proud expression, he knew that it was true. I can't believe this brat named Casper is more intelligent than I am! This is intolerable!

Pretending to be unfazed, Damian snorted. "My brother could speak eight languages when he was three. He's cleverer than you are!"

Casper refuted impassively, "The vocal cords of a three-year-old child haven't fully developed, so they can only speak four languages at most. Otherwise, their language system would be messed up."

Damian was rendered speechless. It's true that my brother could only speak four languages when he was three. Why is this brat aware of it? Oh, no! Am I really foolish?

Meanwhile, Rachel burst into laughter. Casper was a reserved person who would never show off his intelligence. However, he was deliberately oppressing Damian with his intelligence on this day, which meant that he had actually accepted the latter to be his friend. Previously, he found Damian to be annoying. Why had his attitude changed all of a sudden?

Rachel observed his expression in an attempt to find out the reason. Faced with her stare, Casper felt uneasy as he got up and said, "Mommy, I'll use the restroom."

As soon as he opened the door, he crashed into a person outside the ward. It had been a long time since Dmitri arrived at this place. Before he even opened the door, he could hear the chatter and laughter coming from the ward. Without the need to enter the room, he knew that the woman named Rachel was inside it. He had to acknowledge that the woman's voice was as pleasant as the rain in the spring. It was no wonder that Damian loved her so much.

He had set this woman up the day before, and he didn't want to see her now, so he had been waiting outside the ward. It never crossed his mind that a kid would crash into him.

As their eyes met, they could see the shock behind each other's gazes.

A glint flashed through Casper's eyes as he felt that the young kid looked familiar. As he narrowed his eyes, innumerable ideas flashed across his mind. In a slow manner, he asked, "Are you here to visit Damian?"

Upon hearing that, Dmitri nodded and asked in a calm voice, "Why are you in Damian's ward?"

Is he Damian's former classmate or something?

As soon as he heard Dmitri's voice, Casper thought of Jordan. Not only do their voices sound similar, but this kid is also almost a spitting image of Jordan. All of a sudden, he uttered coldly, "Are you Damian's brother who could speak eight languages at the age of three?"

Dmitri nodded gently. "Who are you?"

Casper's lips formed a sneer. Initially, he thought that Damian was talking about his cousin or someone like that, but he never expected that the person the latter had mentioned was actually his real brother. In other words, Jordan had two sons, but he still had the nerve to pester his mother. That man is such a scoundrel!

Dmitri sensitively sensed that the gaze of the kid in front of him was turning colder by the second. He furrowed his brows. "Who on earth are you?" The feeling that he was unable to be on top of everything displeased him.

Just then, Olivia, who was clad in a pink one-piece dress, opened the door and stepped outside. Her fluffy hair was tied with a hairband, which made her look like a soft kitten, and those iridescent eyes of hers only served complete the look.

Dmitri had never sincerely loved anyone or anything, but at this moment, he could hear his own heartbeat, as he had the urge to get closer to this young girl.

Casper silently blocked his stare as he took Olivia's hand and said in a small voice, "I'll bring you somewhere to wash your hands."

Then, he disappeared into the corridor with the young girl.

Dmitri slowly retracted his gaze. These kids are supposed to be Damian's former classmates in the kindergarten. I'll just ask around to find out her name...

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 106

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 106—he Driver's Dead

Dmitri peeked through the gap in the door and saw that Rachel was peeling an apple for Damian.

At the sight of this, he pursed his lips and decided that the atmosphere in the hospital room seemed too cozy for him to intrude right now. For now, at least, he was somewhat convinced that Rachel truly did care for Damian.

Dmitri was still pondering on this when he turned to leave, only to see Shirley walking up to the door of the hospital room. "Mom, what are you doing here?" he asked in surprise.

Shirley stared at the scene in the room, and she didn't retract her gaze until what felt like a long while later. She took Dmitri's hand and said in cold, hushed tones, "We can't speak here. Come on, let's go outside."

Dmitri nodded and followed her out of the hospital and into the car.

"You saw it yourself, Dmitri. Your dad allowed Rachel to take care of Damie without supervision. If she were to poison Damie, he would..." Shirley clapped a hand over her mouth in a show of trepidation. "If it weren't for the fact that Damie hates me and forbids me from stepping into his room, I would have rushed in to chase Rachel away just now."

Upon hearing this, Dmitri met her gaze steadily and countered coolly, "Rachel wouldn't poison Damian, so don't overthink, Mom."

"Has that woman bewitched you, too, Dmitri?" Shirley gaped at him in disbelief and added, "I grew up with Rachel, and I know how charming she can be. She's the best at being a goody-two-shoes, and she's trying to win over your trust so that she can get back at me! Dmitri, I've already lost Damie, and I can't afford to lose you, too..."

He was unaffected as he pointed out, "I'm your son, Mom. There's no way you could ever lose me."

However, this only struck fear into her heart, and her grip on his shoulders tightened. "Dmitri, I'm so terrified that she has all three of you under some kind of twisted spell. I'm even more terrified of her marrying your father and replacing me as your mother... I've been having nightmares that wake me up in the middle of the night. I'm so scared..." The more she said, the more her voice wavered, and eventually, she broke down into heaving sobs.

Dmitri eyed her indifferently for about two minutes, after which he thought he ought to be a bit more compassionate. With that in mind, he handed her a packet of tissues and said, "Stop crying, Mom."

Shirley was telling the truth when she said she had been having nightmares recently. Last night, in particular, she had recurring dreams where she saw Dmitri and Damian calling Rachel 'Mom'. It was far too terrifying a dream to have, and she couldn't imagine the consequences that would befall her once her pretenses unraveled to expose the truth of everything she had covered up.

She didn't know how she was supposed to fix the holes in her plan now. She had run out of tricks, but she had only succeeded in pushing the Ford Family further away from her.

It was as if all hope had deserted her. "What am I supposed to do, Dmitri?" She sobbed miserably as her tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Mom, maybe you should focus on playing the piano," the child consoled half-heartedly. "The world might feel different after you're good enough to play in piano concerts." Perhaps Mom will be able to leave the Fords after she has made her own place in the world. Maybe she will finally outgrow this sadness.

In the midst of Shirley's sobs, Dmitri's phone suddenly rang. He took it out and glanced at it. Upon seeing his assistant's name flashing on the screen, he clicked to put the call through.

"Young Master Dmitri, we found the driver who caused the accident..."

Dmitri stiffened at this, and even Shirley stopped crying.

"At 6.00PM this evening, someone found a silver sports car which had apparently fallen and plunged into the river out in the countryside, and when they managed to haul the car out, the driver had already died for over two hours..."

Dmitri's face turned grim when he heard this.

"I'm still looking into this, Young Master Dmitri. I'll let you know as soon as new information comes in."

When the call ended, a heavy silence filled the car and lasted for a few seconds.

After that, Shirley shrieked uncontrollably, "It has to be Rachel! She must have been the one who had the driver killed! There's no one to testify against her now that she's covered her tracks! It's so like her to be vicious and meticulous. She only returned to Seaview City to get back at me! Dmitri, you have to tell your dad to have that woman banished from the city!"

"Mom, calm down!" Dmitri gripped her shoulders and bit out somberly, "I'm still looking into this, and I'll make the person behind this pay the price!"

Shirley's lips trembled as she finally quieted down. She had to find a way to pin the crime on Rachel no matter what, because that was the only way Jordan would finally step in and get rid of her!

Meanwhile, Rachel stayed at the hospital until 8.00PM before she finally took her kids home.

It was 9.00PM by the time the kids had washed up. Olivia went to sleep, and Casper, on the other hand, returned to his bedroom.

He had always been an independent child who did things without prompting.

Presently, he was brushing his teeth when he suddenly heard a faint beeping sound coming from the laptop he had hidden under his bed. Should be the alarm.

He narrowed his eyes and hurried over to his bed with his toothbrush dangling from his mouth, then felt for the laptop underneath his bed.

He had assembled the laptop himself with state-of-the-art accessories and the most advanced software he could find. When Rachel found out about the laptop, she forbade him from ever using it again.

As such, he had cleverly hidden the laptop under his bed, though he would pull it out for occasional use.

He had programmed a specific software to protect Rachel's company site, and now that the alarm was beeping, it could only mean that someone was trying to hack into her company's cyber system.

Casper sat down on the carpet with his toothbrush in his mouth. His fingers flew over the keyboard, and it didn't take long for him to see that someone was indeed hacking into the system.

The hacker had a familiar way of breaking through the system's firewalls, and from the looks of the coding, Casper felt déjà vu washing over him. The hacker who had deleted the footage of Shirley's crime seemed to have used the same technique as well...

He chuckled icily and cast his toothbrush aside.

His fingers gained speed as he tapped furiously away on the keyboard and the blurred shadows of his movements were reflected on the screen of the laptop.

...

While this was happening, the yellow glow of a night light had been turned on in one of the rooms on the second floor of the Ford Residence.

Dmitri was seated at his desk as he tapped on his computer keyboard.

Tonight, he had infiltrated Roselia Tech's website with the initial plan of looking into Rachel's background. However, he had not expected the site to be guarded by countless firewalls, and the moment he tried to break through them, he ended up triggering the cyber counterattack protocol.

It didn't take long for someone on the other end to take control of the software while Dmitri was battling the counterattack protocol. The person was using his own anti-hacking software to force Dmitri into abandoning the cyber attack.

A sneer tugged on Dmitri's lips. Looks like I've run into the hacker from last time. The hacker had shown extraordinary prowess, and it was only with Jordan's help that he had been able to delete Shirley's video.

For a long time after that, he had been frustrated with himself. He was competitive by nature, and he hated being outdone, which was why he had spent all this time sharpening his hacking skills.

Tonight, however, he was determined to beat the other hacker.

At this moment, the door to his bedroom slowly swung open, but he was so focused on beating the hacker that he didn't even hear the sound of leather shoes making contact with the floor, nor did he notice anything else going on around him.

However, that was until a large hand stretched out over his shoulder. In the next second, a slender finger pressed down on the power key of Dmitri's laptop, and the screen turned black immediately.

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 107

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 107– The Real Mastermind

Dmitri turned around in surprise and met the dark flames that burned behind Jordan's obsidian eyes.

"Don't tell me you're trying to defend your mother's reputation again," Jordan bit out frigidly as the timber in his voice reverberated in the small bedroom.

Dmitri's lips pressed into a grim line, and he did not make a reply. He had only been trying to look into Rachel's background tonight, but he didn't think he would have his hands full dealing with a troublesome opponent. Before he knew it, everything spiraled out of control.

"Why are you hacking into Roselia Tech? Tell me!" Jordan ordered icily as he eyed the child in front of him. The code numbers had flashed across the screen rapidly, but he still managed to read the website address before he turned Dmitri's laptop off.

He couldn't believe that his son, who had always made him proud, had been trying to hack into the website of a newly founded workshop.

Dmitri had his head down and his fists clenched. He gritted his teeth, but he refused to utter a single word.

"You are one of the best hackers in the world, and there are less than ten secured websites nationally that you can't break through thus far," Jordan continued pointedly. "Let me make myself clear one last time: you are not allowed to hack into any company's computer system or website, no matter what."

Upon hearing this, Dmitri suddenly looked up petulantly and asked defiantly, "When you say 'any company', do you just mean Rachel's company?"

Jordan narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean by that?"

"I think you know exactly what I mean, Daddy." With that, Dmitri kicked off his shoes and climbed into bed, then pulled the covers over his head.

Jordan stared at the way Dmitri had curled into a ball under the covers, and his frown deepened.

To some extent, Dmitri's hostility and aversion toward Rachel were unexpected, uncalled for, even. The car accident was still being investigated, but Jordan couldn't understand why his son was so sure that Rachel was the one who was behind it.

He walked out of the room and closed the door lightly behind him.

He had only just returned to the study when Zachary called him and said, "President Ford, I looked into Liam Hughes' connections and stumbled upon information that he met up once with the Maxwells' butler..."

Liam had been the driver involved in the accident who was later on found dead after his car fell into the river.

Jordan sat down behind his desk and asked, "Which Maxwells are we talking about here?"

"The ones in Ordwell City," Zachary replied. "Over twenty years ago, the Maxwells worked together with Ford Inc. on a project. After that business was concluded, they moved to Ordwell and have been there since. It's only normal that you don't know much about them, President Ford."

Jordan closed his eyes in thought, then finally found what little information he had on the Maxwells in the deepest sections of his memories. His father had been the one in charge of the project with them, so naturally, he didn't know much about it.

Emotionlessly, he said, "Dispatch someone to Ordwell City to look into the Maxwells and continue the investigation on Liam's social network. Do not miss out on any leads."

"Yes, President Ford!"

...

When Rachel got to work the next morning and turned on her computer, she noticed right off the bat that something was wrong.

She had deliberately installed three firewalls for her company's website the day before, but now, much to her astonishment, there were five.

She clicked into the background process of the website and saw that it was a mess. It was clear to see from the activities that a hacker had tried to infiltrate the site, but someone else had forced the hacker to abandon the cyberattack and thereafter added another two firewalls for good measure.

As for who that person might be, she could make a fair guess.

Rachel let out a small laugh and proceeded to clear the background. She was still working on it when Chloe came in. "Miss Yates, a representative from Ford Inc. called earlier and asked if you'd be free at 11.00AM."

Rachel nodded. "Why?"

“Apparently, they plan on dropping by for a meeting,” Chloe explained. “I’ll get the conference room ready for when they come over.”

The company’s first project since its inception was a collaboration with Ford Inc., so naturally, everyone knew how important it was.

Rachel nodded again and said, “Have the amended design proposal printed out and leave the copies on the conference room table.”

Chloe went out and did as she was told.

Left alone in her office once more, Rachel opened up a folder and read through the details for Projects A to F. After she had familiarized herself with them, she rose from her seat and headed into the restroom.

She had only just reached the company entrance when she ran into the people from the company next door, which was an internet company that had been set up for two years. They had thirty employees and executives in total, and while their business had been slow, they were still hanging on.

When Rachel had first started the company, it was the president of this particular internet company who had shown her the area around the office building in which they worked. He had also talked to her about the various lifelines that existed to help boost the progress of small-to-medium-sized internet companies in Seaview City. All in all, he was a friendly and easygoing man who looked to be middle-aged.

She thought of him as a nice person, and when she saw him now, she greeted readily, “President Greyson, where are you rushing off to?”

Michael Greyson was stunned when he saw Rachel, and he stopped in his tracks as he said, “Oh, Miss Yates! Why, it’s almost noon, so I’m going out for lunch. Would you like to come along?”

She was just about to turn him down when his secretary put on a strained smile and pointed out, “President Greyson, we’re meeting a client over lunch, so maybe we can schedule lunch with Miss Yates some other day.”

Michael looked like he was about to protest when his secretary said in very hushed tones, “We managed to persuade Tanya to meet with us after much effort. She’s the famed secretary who works directly under President Ford, and if you were to invite anyone else for lunch, she might find it rude. Don’t forget, President Greyson, that Miss Yates’ company is also an internet-based enterprise; she’s our rival for all intents and purposes, so inviting her to lunch with Tanya is not exactly appropriate...”

The secretary was whispering, but Rachel could still pick up on snippets of what was said.

She smiled and interjected coolly, "President Greyson, I actually have some work to get back to, so maybe we can have lunch some other day." With that, she walked into the communal restroom, her stilettos clicking against the polished floors.

It was only after she was out of sight that Michael's secretary let out a sigh of relief. "I know you're interested in Miss Yates, sir, but I don't think that takes priority over our company's business matters. Once we get back on track, you'll have plenty of time to pursue her, and then you'll have the best of both worlds."

"Keep that nonsense to yourself; I just admire Miss Yates for her fortitude, is all," Michael corrected, then led his subordinates into the elevator so that they could make their way down the building.

They were a small-sized enterprise at the end of the day, and for them to get an appointment with the secretary of the president of Ford Inc. was no easy feat. The meeting today was particularly important for them if they wanted the company to reach a turning point soon.

They had only just arrived downstairs when a black luxury car pulled up outside the entrance of the office building. However, they were in such a rush that none of them noticed that the man who stepped out of the gleaming car was none other than Jordan—the president of Ford Inc. and the legendary figure who they had moments ago just been talking about.

After the car door closed behind him, Jordan made his way into the building and up to Rachel's company.

Meanwhile, Chloe was already waiting for him at the entrance. When he showed up, she couldn't help being dazzled by him.

She had seen Jordan once when he dropped by with Howard and Quentin, but she was still stunned by his appearance.

How could anyone in the world look this handsome? Her features were no match for the delicate work of art that was his, and as a woman, she felt inferior in his presence. In all fairness, though, she wasn't sure what kind of woman would ever be able to measure up to his fine looks.

Just as she thought this, Rachel's captivating and ethereally beautiful face flashed across her mind. Right, I suppose the only woman whose looks complemented his would be the Seaview City's Aphrodite...

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 108

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 108—Apology Accepted

Chloe snapped out of her reverie. “President Ford, this way, please,” she greeted courteously and led Jordan into the conference hall.

Inside the conference room, Rachel was flipping through documents when she heard the door opening. She put on a professional smile and stood up to greet the man who had just walked in. “Take a seat, President Ford.”

Jordan pulled out one of the chairs by the table and sat down while Chloe dashed out of the room to bring him coffee.

With mild surprise, Rachel pointed out, “I didn’t think you’d come alone.” She thought Jaden or maybe even Howard and Quentin would have tagged along, but it looked like Jordan was here without company.

Upon hearing this, he raised a brow and asked with a bemused expression, “Were you expecting Howard?”

This left her speechless as she gaped at him in exasperation. Why do I set myself up to be teased by this guy?

She resumed her seat and slid the document in her hand across the table to him. “This is the amended design that we came up with after our discussion with Mr. Salazar. You can take a look and tell me what you think of it, President Ford.”

However, Jordan did not move to flip through the document and said instead, “I didn’t come here to talk about work today.”

“Then what are you here to talk about?” She propped her chin up with one hand and asked inquisitively, “Something to do with Damie?”

He shook his head. “Last night at 11.00PM, did a hacker attack your company website?”

She narrowed her eyes and asked somberly, “What, do you have an idea on who did it?”

Jordan pursed his lips. As reluctant as he was, he had to admit that Dmitri was in the wrong this time, and he had the duty as a father to apologize on the child’s behalf. With that in mind, he confessed grimly, “My son was the one who attacked your company website. I’ll pay for the damages caused, if any.”

Confusion lit up in Rachel’s pretty eyes as she said, “I didn’t know Damie was a hacker, too.”

“Not him; it’s my eldest son, Dmitri,” Jordan clarified in a low voice.

Upon hearing this, Rachel immediately remembered who Dmitri was. He was Jordan's eldest son and a genius, to boot. Right now, he was already training to succeed Ford Inc. When Jordan had mentioned him the other day, he had made the boy out to be some extraordinaire, whose intelligence potentially far exceeded Casper's.

It was no wonder then that the background process of the company website had been left in a mess. As it turned out, Dmitri was as good a hacker as Casper, if not better.

"Dmitri might have some wrong pre-conceptions of you, and as a result, he attacked your company website. I hereby apologize on his behalf," Jordan continued solemnly as he kept his eyes on Rachel.

She smiled a little coyly and asked, "Does he know that you're here apologizing on his behalf?"

He understood what she was implying. Lowering his gaze, he said slowly, "It's true that he has to apologize for his own mistakes, but I'm apologizing for my severe oversight when it comes to guiding and disciplining my son."

Rachel looked at him steadily. This time, she felt as if she was getting to know him afresh. He reigned Seaview City from the top of the social pyramid, and his name alone was enough to intimidate anyone. It was hard to believe that a man as formidable as him would apologize to her.

She had been under the impression that nothing in this world could make this man lower himself in humility.

Amused, she chuckled lightheartedly and said, "Well, then, apology accepted."

Having heard this, Jordan said in a somewhat relieved tone, "I'll give Dmitri a call and have him apologize to you personally."

Rachel leaned into her seat and made no objection to this. Frankly speaking, she was rather interested in this child genius whose intelligence apparently matched Casper's.

She waited patiently for the call to be put through, but after a few beats, she saw Jordan frown and hang up the phone unhappily.

This made her laugh. "So, he's refusing to apologize, am I right?"

There was a frosty look on Jordan's face.

"Child geniuses live in their own world and denounce reality, so it's no surprise that they refuse to concede to anyone," she cajoled empathetically. "Besides, it's not as if every child is as angelic and considerate as my Casper. You ought to put more effort into guiding your children, President Ford."

He was admittedly stunned to hear this. Angelic? Considerate? Is this how she describes Casper, the wicked little gremlin? "I'll bring him over and have him apologize to you in person," he declared, then grabbed the document on the table and left.

Rachel shrugged nonchalantly. She knew how common it was for children to make mistakes, so her tolerance toward them was generous by all standards. What mattered most was that they learned from their mistakes instead of repeating them.

After work that day, Rachel went to the kindergarten to pick her children up, then brought them to the hotel in the town center.

She had already set a time to meet up with Albert, but that agenda was pushed back to today after Damian got into a car accident.

Albert's outbound flight was 9.00PM that night, so she had to close the deal before the old man left the country.

Presently, the three of them went into the elevator and soon found themselves standing outside the presidential suite. She reached to knock on the door, and a few seconds later, the withered voice of an old man said, "Come in."

Rachel pushed the door open and led her children into the room.

"It's been a while, Miss Yates. You look even more gorgeous than the last time I saw you," Albert greeted heartily. He was a man in his seventies, and his hair was entirely silvery-gray. That said, he seemed to be in good spirits all the time, and it was hard to tell his age.

Beaming, he crossed the room to pull Rachel into his arms in a friendly embrace, only to be obstructed by a little boy who came to stand in between them.

Albert stared at Casper for a few seconds, then broke into good-natured laughter as he asked, "Is this the Casper I've been hearing so much about? I thought you were only joking when you told me you had children, Miss Yates. Well, if he's Casper, then the young lady over there must be Olivia, yes?"

Rachel smiled a little helplessly. "I wouldn't have turned down your offer to recruit me as a disciple if it weren't for my having to care for these two kids."

Three years ago, when the children had just turned one, they were delicate and often fell sick. It had been hard enough for Rachel to get by as a single mother who had to care for them while balancing a job to make ends meet, and with all the unpredictability life had thrown her way, she simply didn't have time to pick up the piano.

As such, she had turned down Albert's offer without hesitation.

However, the man was persistent in his efforts to persuade her to change her mind, and this went on for two years after his initial offer. He didn't give up until she was accepted into Harvard University.

This was the first time they were meeting after a year.

"Well, I'm assuming that you're here to see me because you've changed your mind," Albert said as he sat down on the couch. "Both your children look like the understanding sort, so I'm sure they'll have no objections if you want to pick up the piano. Is that right, Casper?"

While this was the first time Casper met Albert, he thought the old man was affable. In fluent French, the little boy answered, "I'll respect any decision Mommy makes."

Albert laughed. "What a brilliant boy! I must say that your French accent is well-mastered. Your son has a gift, Miss Yates," he praised wholeheartedly.

Rachel smiled proudly. "Casper is gifted indeed, but I'm here today because I was hoping to introduce you to my daughter," she said. Then, she took Olivia's hand and brought her forward as she explained softly, "She has problems with verbal communication, and her silence might come off as offensive to some. I hope you won't mind, Mr. Albert."

Albert was in his old age, and he had a natural affection for children who were as adorable as they were quiet.

He reached out a hand and gently guided Olivia to him.

Perhaps sensing that this old man was a piano teacher her mother had specially found for her, Olivia did not object to his invitation and obediently made her way to Albert, then stopped in front of him.

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Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 109— Master Yates

"Mr. Albert, you've been wanting to recruit a disciple, haven't you? I'm here to recommend my daughter, Olive," Rachel said as a smile curled on her lips.

Albert was taken aback by this. "Rachel, the only person I want as a disciple is you and no one else. I don't think I'd change my mind even if it is for your daughter."

“Why don’t you give it a shot?” Rachel pressed. “We still have an hour before you have to leave for the Seaview City airport, which is plenty of time for you to hear Olive play a tune.”

Albert eyed Rachel solemnly, considering her words. He had known her for over three or four years, and he knew she was someone who lived with purpose. She had clear goals, and she was never one to lower herself just to kiss up to him and get on his good side despite knowing his identity as a piano maestro. She even turned down his offer to train her classically.

There was no one else in the world like her.

At last, he nodded and turned to address the little girl before him gently. “Very well, then. Why don’t you try and play me a tune? Don’t be nervous.”

There was a piano in the hotel suite.

Albert had been holding concerts and going on world tours since he was thirty, and it made sense that every locality in the globe would have a piano ready for him in whichever hotel he was staying in.

Presently, he guided Olivia over to the living area of the suite and had her position herself on the piano stool.

The piano was a massive one, with its keys clean and stark in their black-and-white coloring. It boasted long chords, and there were clear wooden patterns that swirled over the elegantly crafted soundboard. All these were coupled with the sleek and straight lines that made up the silhouette of the instrument. Rachel didn’t have to try out the sound to know that it was a grand and finely made piano.

Then again, she chided herself. It wasn’t as if any sub-par instrument could be allowed in Albert’s hotel suite.

Having settled down before the piano, Olivia tentatively pressed down on two keys.

The treble chords immediately emitted a high and crisp sound that seemed to penetrate the air with a brief, melodious prelude.

At once, Olivia’s eyes lit up. She lifted her hands and promptly closed her eyes as her fingers easily played across the keyboard. Soon, the chorus of ‘Baa Baa Black Sheep’ filled the silence of the room.

This was a song that children all over the world were familiar with. The melody was light and easy, and any child could effortlessly pick up the song, even if they were a beginner.

Albert had not been holding out too much hope at first, but when the tune came to an end, his eyes widened in astonishment. He leaned forward and said quietly to Olivia in awkward English, "Try a rest here..."

For 'Baa Baa Black Sheep', the last note of the arrangement ended on a diminuendo and faded out into silence. However, Olivia had opted for a rest note instead, which brought the song to an abrupt end, though there was a certain profoundness to it.

A child might not be able to appreciate such a twist, but adults would be able to sense nostalgia at the end of the piece and begin to chase their memories for any trace of their childhood days.

Indeed, to invoke such sentiments was no easy feat for a seemingly simple arrangement. More importantly, such an arrangement was made by a little girl no older than four years of age.

Albert dismissed the wistful emotions that had arisen after he had heard the tune and said in a low voice, "Olive, let's try that again..."

Unfortunately, Olivia did not understand his strange and broken English. When she took her hands off the piano, she slid down from the stool and immediately dashed over to Rachel's side.

At the sight of Albert's expression, Rachel knew at once that her guess had been correct. Olivia had indeed perfectly inherited her natural affinity for the piano, and she might even be better at it, too.

"Rachel, have your daughter try the tune once more," Albert said with glittering eyes as he walked over eagerly.

His enthusiasm clearly came off as intimidating, for Olivia hurried to hide behind Rachel.

Upon seeing this, Casper glared at Albert warily and moved to block his sister from view.

It was only when he saw that he had startled the children that Albert rubbed the tip of his nose in embarrassment. He took a step back and said, "You made me lose my composure three years ago, and now, your daughter has blown my mind away! Rachel, I will gladly take Olive in as a student!"

Rachel beamed. "Olive is far more talented than I am, Mr. Albert. You won't regret having her as a student."

Having said that, she crouched down to Olivia's eye level and said seriously, "From now on, Mr. Albert will be your teacher. He's different from your teachers in the kindergarten,

and he will be guiding you in a specific art form from now on. You must show him respect for the rest of your life. Do you understand?"

Because Albert was a foreigner, he didn't care much for formalities. More to the point, he had a plane to catch. As such, the whole deal was sealed casually, with Olivia handing him a cup of tea as her first show of respect for the old man.

From then on, she officially became his second student.

"I still have a concert in the neighboring country, but after that's done, I'll take you to meet your senior. He is an excellent pianist as well," Albert said kindly as he gave Olivia a satisfied smile. "As for this piano, take it as my gift to you. I can't guide you in person just yet, so let's hope this piano will see through the initial stages of your learning."

Having heard this, Rachel interjected in surprise, "No, the piano is far too much—"

"Too much?" Contempt flashed in Albert's eyes as he added, "The chords are machine-made and mass-produced, which is why the sound isn't as crisp as it should be. I handmade the chords for the piano Olive's senior is playing at the moment, and the sound is absolutely perfect. When I have the time, I'll custom-make a piano for Olive, too, but she'll have to make do with this sub-par excuse of an instrument for now."

Rachel gaped at him incredulously. The piano she had thought of as premium turned out to be a 'sub-par excuse of an instrument' for Albert. Very well. I guess it's fine if Olive 'makes do' with this piano for now.

Amused by the thought of this, she rubbed Olivia's head affectionately and prompted gently, "Go on and say thank you to Mr. Albert."

Upon hearing this, the little girl walked up to Albert and shook his hand perfunctorily, though it would be more accurate to say that she swayed it from side to side.

This took Rachel by surprise. She found it rather wondrous that Olivia had taken a liking to Albert, even though this was their first meeting, and this was enough proof of the little girl's interest in playing the piano.

Rachel was more than relieved to know that she had made the right decision.

Later on, she brought the two kids along with her as she personally dropped Albert off at the airport, then arranged for professionals to have the piano delivered to the villa.

Upon its arrival, the piano was set up near the balcony window where the sun often shone through. Olivia was officially obsessed with it, because she hadn't come down from the stool since she got up there and began to practice the two melodies she had learned in earnest.

Meanwhile, Rachel was in the kitchen putting a meal together while humming along to the tune her daughter was playing.

While this was happening, Casper sat outside on the balcony with his laptop propped up before him. He seemed fixated on the screen as his fingers flew over the keyboard, and finally, he zoned in on a certain website.

He copied the link to the website and clicked into a communication platform, then sent the link over to the person on the other end, followed by a line of text which read, 'Check and see the origin of this link.'

A second later, a pitch-black profile lit up with a new message from a user who went by the name K. 'Master Yates, you haven't been online for close to half a year!'

Casper was known as Master Yates in the group. It was a username he thought up on a whim, but it stuck even though he had tried to change it several times. Indifferently, he typed, 'Save the small talk for later. Help me look into the link I sent you; my internet connectivity is limited here.'

One, five, and finally, ten minutes later, he started to grow impatient as he frowned and typed, 'When did your skills get so lax?'

K was clearly indignant as he replied, 'SOAB, this link is so heavily encrypted that it's gonna take me some time to decode it; gimme a second, why don't you?'

Casper asked, 'What does SOAB mean?'

K did not hesitate to answer, 'Stands for 'son of a b*tch'.'

A little grumpy, Casper warned, 'If you're going to call my mother names for no good reason, then this will be the end of our friendship.'

K seemed highly amused by this. 'Didn't peg you for a mommy's boy... Ok, I got through the encryption. I'll screenshot the link and send it to you right now.'

It didn't take long for K to do just that, though he had blurred out the screenshot on purpose.

Casper worked on the picture using specific software, and soon, the image became clear. However, he grew grim the moment he saw the domain's name.

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It wasn't long before Rachel cooked up a hearty fare and laid it out on the dining table. Then, she pulled up a seat alongside her children, and the three of them began to dig in.

"Tomorrow's Saturday, Mommy. Why don't we all visit Damian at the hospital?" Casper suddenly suggested with a seemingly angelic face.

Olivia paused in her eating as her eyes lit up with anticipation.

Rachel smiled gently and asked, "Casper, I take it that you don't hate Damie anymore?"

Pursing his lips, Casper muttered begrudgingly, "I guess I could tolerate his existence now that I've seen how nice he is to Olive."

This amused Rachel so much that she laughed. She admired children for their naivety and how they could so easily forgive or change their views on someone because of small matters. She furtively wished that Casper would retain this quality throughout his lifetime.

Casper, on the other hand, lowered his gaze to hide the icy gleam in his eyes. It had only taken him one glance to figure out that the name of the domain that K had decoded earlier belonged to Ford Inc. This meant that the hacker who had attacked Rachel's company website last night was related to the Fords somehow.

As such, he decided to pay Damian a visit, but that was only a front. In actuality, he wanted to look into Jordan's background and see what he had been getting up to.

The sun hung bright in the sky on Saturday morning, which signaled great weekend weather.

Damian, however, could not indulge in this as he lay in bed sulking. "I want to go out and play, just for a bit! Joe, please let me out!"

Joe was equally, if not more, exasperated as the child. "No, Young Master Damian, you can't get out of bed until you've recovered from your injuries. These are the doctor's orders. Please just stay in bed for the next few days, and when you get better, you can go out and play to your heart's content."

Damian scoffed. "You're lying to me again!" Belligerent and petulant as only a four-year-old could be, he accused, "Daddy's going to lock me up again once I get out of the hospital, so I might as well just stay here forever."

With that, he lifted the covers off his little body and bolted down from the bed.

Startled, Joe immediately caught him and said, "Please stop kicking up a fuss, Young Master Damian."

Damian grabbed Joe's beard and snapped angrily, "Don't stop me, Joe! Let me go right now! I said, let go! I want to go out and play!"

The accident had steeled Joe against the little boy's tantrums, and he no longer caved into Damian's every whim. He tightened his hold on him and said slowly, "Young Master Damian, just stay in bed for one more day, and I promise I'll bring you out for a stroll tomorrow."

The both of them were still locked in a bargaining process when the door to the hospital room was pushed open, and Shirley walked in with her hand clasped around Dmitri's.

At the sight of Damian's apparent fit and Joe's exasperation, Dmitri frowned and asked coldly, "As if it isn't bad enough that you ran around and got knocked by a car, Damian, and now you're trying to run away again? What, do you enjoy getting into accidents that much?"

When he looked grim like that, it was as if Jordan was right there in the room.

Damian shrunk into himself and resentfully lay down in bed once more. "You're so mean, Dmitri..." he mumbled woundedly.

"Alright, come on now, Dmitri, there's no need to be so harsh on Damie. He must be bored lying here all alone," Shirley interjected consolingly. She walked up to the bed with a parcel of toys in hand as she smiled and said, "Damie, look what I got you! It's your favorite Transformers toy!"

She opened up the parcel and produced the brand-new toy, which she promptly handed to Damian.

"I don't want it!" Damian was seething with rage as he swiped the toy away violently. When the Transformers model crashed to the ground, it immediately broke into pieces.

The smile on Shirley's face slipped as she asked in a watery voice, "Damie, I thought you liked Transformers. Don't you want the one I got for you?"

"Well, I don't like Transformers anymore, so I don't want it!" Damian shouted angrily. "You vicious, wicked witch of a woman! I don't want to see you here, so get out of my hospital room at once!"

Upon hearing this, Shirley feigned devastation. Her shoulders shook as hot tears began to spill down her cheeks.

It was only after she had asked Dmitri about it yesterday that she found out how much Damian liked Transformers. She even went into the mall early this morning to pick out the most expensive Transformers action figure the store had to offer, all so she could please Damian when she came to visit him.

But this little mongrel just toppled it onto the floor and crashed it, and after all the effort I put in! Is there no way I can appeal to Damian to make him see me as his mother?

“Miss Yates, please understand that Young Master Damian is still in a delicate state, and he can’t have such volatile emotions during his recuperation. For his sake, it’d be best if you leave,” Joe said courteously as he walked up to her, though there was no mistaking the firm and assertive edge to his tone.

Shirley bit down on her lower lip and refused to budge. She was here to fix the tattered relationship between her and Damian, at least on the surface, and leaving now would defeat that purpose.

“Mom, maybe you should go outside for a bit and come back once Damian’s calmed down,” Dmitri suggested impassively.

Now that he had spoken, Shirley had no choice but to concede. She walked out of the hospital room, but as soon as she reached the door, her face twisted into a menacing grimace.

Joe sighed as well as he walked out of the room and closed the door lightly behind him, leaving only the twins inside.

Presently, Dmitri pulled up a seat next to the bed and sat down.

“Don’t bother trying to lecture me, Dmitri,” Damian warned as he chewed on his lower lip. “I won’t have a woman who calls me a mongrel be my mother!”

An icy look flashed across Dmitri’s features when he heard this. He pursed his lips, then noted gravely, “You remember.”

“Why wouldn’t I?” A mocking sneer tugged on Damian’s lips. “If she thinks a one-year-old infant can’t remember much, then she has severely underestimated us.”

It was the twins’ first birthday party, and the Ford Residence had been filled with guests dressed to the nines.

Damian and Dmitri were left under Shirley’s care that night. Excited and overwhelmed by the festivities, Damian had accidentally peed in his pants.

Shirley then brought him to the lounge to help him change out of his soiled pants, but as she did so, she had let loose a torrent of abuse at him.

While he didn’t remember much of the abuse she had hurled at him, he distinctly recalled her referring to him as a ‘little mongrel’, and there had been no disguising the hatred and contempt in her eyes.

When he had learned to speak, he told Dmitri about this.

But his older sibling had fallen silent when he heard it. That was when Damian discovered that Dmitri, too, had been called a mongrel by Shirley.

Dmitri had asked him to forget about this incident, but he couldn't. Every single time Shirley feigned concern and kindness for him, he wanted to retch in disgust.

"She doesn't deserve to call herself our mother," Damian said now as he lowered his resentful and bitter gaze. "You know, she didn't just stop at calling me mongrel; she'd pinch the inside of my arm when no one was looking, and because I was so young, I couldn't fight back. So all I did was cry, but whenever I did, everyone would say I was misbehaving. But I wasn't! She pinched me and bullied me in secret..."

"She was the one who gave birth to us, but she doesn't love us at all. I get that I'm not brilliant enough to be lovable to her, but you're a genius, Dmitri, and there are still times when I catch her looking at you like she hates you."

At this point, he was building up a roar as tears streamed uncontrollably down his flushed cheeks and onto the covers. "We're both her sons, but why does she hate us so much?!"

Having heard all this, Dmitri felt his heart twist. They were twins, and by some telepathic connection, he found himself tearing up alongside his brother as well.

He pulled out a couple of tissues and wiped Damian's tears patiently, then muttered, "Maybe it was because she was eighteen when she had us."

We showed up and basically ruined the peaceful life she used to have. She was left with no choice..." Because we weren't born out of loving expectations, which is why Mom detests us so much.