

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 116

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 116– Give Mom a Second Chance

Vivian went on with her sentimental soliloquy, and Rachel had no choice but to listen to every word in silence.

As things were, she and Shirley could never get along, not while the latter had the twins' blood on her hands.

She parted her lips and began softly, "Grandma, I ran into a child the other day, and he told me he was Shirley's—"

Just then, a loud crash was heard from the second floor, and glass fragments rained down onto the yard.

Rachel frowned at this. "What's going on?"

Vivian didn't seem at all affected by this. "Shirl has a tendency to throw things whenever she throws a fit. I don't know who got on her nerves this time. Rae, I'm afraid I won't be able to extend a dinner invitation to you this evening, seeing as you and Shirl fight like cats and dogs whenever you're around each other."

Rachel nodded and rose to leave. When she tipped her head up slightly, she could see Shirley's room.

With an icy expression, she slowly made her way up the stairwell.

Meanwhile, Shirley was still on a rampage in her bedroom, and in a fit of anger, she grabbed the vase next to her and threw it on the floor. As an ear-splitting crash filled the room, she shrieked derisively, "Useless! Incompetent moron! She had one job! Is Rachel so hard to deal with that no matter what I do, I can't even touch a hair on her head?"

Miranda tried to placate her as she said soothingly, "You already have the footage anyway, so it wasn't completely a failed plan—"

"But Rachel dragged that woman into the police station! What if she rats me out as the person who bribed her into framing Rachel? What will I do then? I don't want to be detained by the police for interrogation!" Shirley had only just said this when the bedroom door swung open.

Both mother and daughter turned their heads, only to see Rachel standing at the doorway with her arms crossed. There was no telling how long she had been there or how much she had heard.

Shirley's eyes were wide as she snapped, "W-When did you get here? Who gave you permission to come into my house?"

"Just imagine the stimulating conversation I'd have missed out on if I never showed up at all," Rachel drawled sarcastically as she kicked away the shards of glass on the floor and walked in. She fixed her icy gaze on Shirley and asked frigidly, "Why did you bribe the driver's mother into framing me?"

Shirley glowered at her murderously. "I don't have to explain myself to you."

"First, you get your son to pick on me, and now you personally orchestrate a whole crime to frame me. Do you really despise my existence, Shirl?" Rachel tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and went on to ask defiantly, "Come on, tell me what it is about me that gets on your nerves so much."

Surprised, Shirley asked, "When did I ever get my son to pick on you?"

Rachel snorted. "Save the act. I know the exact kind of person you are. I don't care what you're planning to do, Shirley, but I'd watch your back if I were you. Who knows what might happen to you if you keep pushing my limits?" With that, she turned on her heels and walked away.

Rushing out to the balcony, Shirley was in time to see Rachel get into her car and drive off. She stomped her foot angrily and shrieked, "That no-good lowly tramp! How dare she come in here riding on her high horse? I can't believe the nerve of her! This is ridiculous! Mom, what should we do?"

Miranda narrowed her eyes. "How did Rachel find out about your son?"

"She's met Dmitri before, so there's that, but she doesn't know Damian is my son, too." Shirley's nails dug into her palms as she went on to say, "But that little tramp can't know that I have twins no matter what, or the truth will come spilling out faster than we think!"

Miranda paced around the room and said decidedly, "Have Damian stay abroad for his studies a while longer. Rachel can't find out that he's actually from the Ford Family!"

"Got it!" Shirley nodded with a ferocious grimace on her face.

She was sorely regretting the fact that she hadn't strangled one of the twins to death back in the day. If she had done that, then everything would be easier now.

Now that her plans were in a mess and her thoughts were clamoring in her mind, she couldn't help being irritated and anxious.

She took out her phone and sent Dmitri a footage, then recorded a voice note, saying, "Dmitri, my friend sent me this footage of a middle-aged woman who is apparently the driver's mother... If what she said in the footage was true, then Rachel must be the one who orchestrated the car accident!"

Dmitri happened to have lessons scheduled for him that morning, and he was reading in the study when his phone buzzed.

He narrowed his eyes and glanced at the message notification, only to see Rachel's name, among other words.

He wasn't sure if it was because of Damian's obsession with her or Shirley's feud with her, or if there were other reasons, but he was rather interested in anything that had to do with Rachel.

He would never have picked up Shirley's calls or replied to any of her texts back when he was taking lessons or at work, but this time, he clicked into the text, and the footage she sent him immediately started playing.

When he had finished watching the footage, he saw that Shirley had sent him yet another voice note. "Dmitri, Rachel has to be the one who did this. You have to make her pay for what she did to Damie!"

Dmitri pursed his lips when he heard this. He was about to turn off his phone when a large hand reached over from the side and took it away.

He looked up in surprise and saw that Jordan had materialized next to him without him noticing.

After taking the phone, Jordan watched the footage, then smirked as he mused, "Clearly, I've overlooked the driver's mother when I should have run a check on her, too."

"Don't bother looking into her, Daddy," Dmitri said as he pursed his lips and stood up.

Jordan eyed him thoughtfully and asked, "Give me one good reason."

"Her gaze was all over the place when she spoke, and her behavior is mechanical, like she's practiced this over and over again," Dmitri elaborated as he lowered his gaze. "Not to mention, Mom was the one who recorded this scene and sent it to me, so it's clear that she set up this whole act. Mom has always had a grudge against Rachel, and she's using this as a way to banish her from Seaview City. I can understand the fear she has, though, and I hope you're willing to give Mom a second chance, Daddy."

Seemingly unmoved by this, Jordan asked, "So you don't think Rachel had anything to do with Damian getting knocked down by a car?"

"I had someone look into it, and I'm sure she had nothing to do with it." Dmitri looked up then with an unwavering gaze. "But I would never allow her to use Damian as a stepping stone in her plans to marry into the Ford Family."

Jordan scoffed. "You're a kid; what do you know about marriage? Focus on your books and stop worrying over adult stuff." Having said that, he spun and left the study.

Dmitri sat down at his desk once more with a dark look in his eyes, feeling torn. On the one hand, he hated Rachel for trying to use Damian for her own personal goals, and on the other, he couldn't help feeling drawn to everything that had to do with her, because he was starting to like her.

He wasn't sure what was happening to him. More importantly, he realized that he was growing irritated with his own mother. He used to bury such resentments, but lately, they seemed intent on welling up in him and overtaking his rational mind.

Dmitri was still thinking about this when his phone buzzed on the desk. He glanced at the caller ID flashing on the screen, then decidedly swiped to reject the call.

However, it didn't take long for the same number to call again, and the buzzing sound annoyed him to no end.

He frowned and put the call through.

"Dmitri, did you see the footage I sent you?"

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Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 117—Enough Is Enough, Mom

Dmitri's frown deepened when he heard Shirley's voice on the other line. "I've seen it."

"Then you should know that you'll become Rachel's next target now that she has already moved against Damie. We can't just sit by and do nothing, Dmitri!" Shirley hissed through gritted teeth, "You have to find a way to get that skank out of Seaview City as soon as possible!"

For some reason that he could not quite understand, Dmitri was rather irritated by the way she called Rachel a skank. He took a deep breath and said coolly, "Enough is enough, Mom." Taken aback by this, Shirley shrieked, "Excuse me?!"

"I said, enough is enough. I can tell that you set up the whole act in the footage, Mom, and so could Daddy," he said pointedly. "I suggest you stop getting involved in this incident if you still want Daddy to have some regard for you."

Shirley clenched her fists. She couldn't believe that he had seen through the plans that she had so painstakingly curated and worked on. How is this possible? It can't be! "Dmitri, I never set up anything," she began helplessly in an effort to save her plans from falling apart completely. "My friend sent me that footage, and how would I ever be able to deceive a brilliant child like you? I really had nothing to do with the confrontation—"

"That's enough!" he snapped angrily.

She jumped, and her voice trembled as she muttered, "Dmitri, how could you say such things to me? I'm your mother, and I carried you and Damie for ten months... It's bad enough that Damie treats me so horribly, but is it your turn to hate me now, too?"

He closed his eyes tiredly. "Mom, Damian's being released from the hospital tomorrow, so maybe you should think about how you're going to welcome him home." Having said that, he hung up the call.

When all that was left on the other line was the constant beeping that indicated the end of the call, Shirley was in disbelief. How dare Dmitri treat me this way! The boy who had always loved, respected, and obeyed her implicitly had actually warned her to learn her place!

How did this happen? Why isn't anything going my way these days?

She took a deep breath and forced her rage down. Now that Dmitri had sensed she was up to something, she really had to watch herself. The scheming will have to wait until after I've picked up that little mongrel Damian from the hospital tomorrow.

The next morning, she put on a change of clothes and went to the mall to pick up a few more boys' toys, then asked the driver to drop her off at the hospital.

She was walking through the hospital entrance in her stilettos, but she had barely taken a few steps when she stopped dead in her tracks.

As she took in the sight before her, she felt as if she had been struck by lightning.

That morning, Rachel had gotten a call from Damian asking her to go over to the hospital.

Seeing as it was a Sunday, and the kids did not have school, she decided to bring Casper and Olivia along with her to the hospital to celebrate Damian's release.

"Miss Rachel, you aren't busy later, are you?" Damian was presently holding onto her hand as he asked softly.

Rachel smiled and asked, "Why?"

"Could you come by my place if you're free?" His eyes were glittering as he went on to say, "You saved my life and took care of me all this while, and Daddy said he'd like to have you over for a meal as a gesture of our gratitude, right, Daddy?" He tugged on Jordan's sleeve forcefully and meaningfully.

Jordan shot him a hard look. He had never said anything about inviting Rachel over to the house for a meal, but if he were to deny Damian's words now, he would only look like a stingy man who wasn't gracious enough to thank Rachel for her efforts these past few days. As such, he nodded and said plainly, "Please come by for a meal, but only if you're free."

He had only just said this when Rachel noticed Olivia's eyes lighting up in anticipation, as if something in her had come alive.

She still couldn't understand why her daughter had taken such a strong liking to Jordan. After calling him 'Daddy' the other day, Olivia had never spoken again.

In all honesty, Rachel hoped that Olivia could spend more time with Jordan, but she was worried that the girl's vocabulary was only limited to the word 'Daddy', which would inevitably result in very awkward situations for her indeed.

When Joe saw that Rachel did not respond, he thought she might not want to drop by the house at all. He quickly interjected and tried to help Damian's cause, "Miss Rachel, the chef bought plenty of fresh seafood and a whole chicken to make soup with. I'm sure the soup is already done as we speak, and you know, a little hot broth goes a long way in this weather. Chicken soup is also highly packed in nutrients for kids Miss Olivia's age, too!"

The old man was still praising the benefits of chicken soup when he suddenly noticed a familiar figure appearing in his peripheral view. He paused and called out in shock, "Miss Yates?"

He was used to addressing Shirley as such, and old habits were hard to break. As he called for her, the rest of them turned to look in her direction as well.

Shirley stood a little ways from them as a stiff smile tugged on her lips.

She had wanted to hide at first, but the scene in front of her was so aggravating that anger clouded her instincts, and she had stayed just a second too long.

By the time she realized that she should run and hide, Joe had noticed her. If she were to walk away now, she would only seem like a coward.

With that in mind, she forced a bracing smile and walked up to them. "Jordan, I came here to bring Damie home."

However, this was met with indifference and silence on Jordan's end, which made her heart twist painfully in her chest.

She was holding the toys that she had picked out for Damian in hopes of appealing to him, but at the same time, she was worried that he would call her 'Mom' in front of Rachel. If that came to pass, then it would only be a matter of time before Rachel connected the dots, and everything would fall apart to make way for the truth.

Shirley was still somewhat conflicted about what to do when Damian burrowed into Rachel's arms and prattled on, "Miss Rachel, I have plenty of fun things at my house! We have a playground out in the backyard with slides and wooden horsies and a swing set... I'll bring Olive over, and she can have fun!"

Rachel ruffled his hair affectionately as she laughed and said, "Well, then, I thank you on Olive's behalf."

Jordan interjected, "The wind is cold today, and it might not be good for Olive. The both of you will play indoors."

Damian obviously hated the idea of this, for he pouted and grumbled, "But that's not as fun as playing outdoors."

And just like a happy family, the three of them went on talking as if there was no one else in the room.

Venom practically spilled from Shirley's eyes as she watched them. She knew she had to stay composed, and she also knew that her presence was as insignificant as a pest's, but she could feel self-control slipping out of her fingers when she saw the difference in treatment between herself and Rachel.

She plastered on a fake smile and approached them, shoving Rachel aside as she said, "Damie—"

She had only just spoken when Damian shouted angrily, "You old witch, what are you doing here?! You just pushed Miss Rachel aside, so why didn't you apologize to her? You know what? Forget it. We don't want your apology. Get out of my sight right now because you're the last person I want to see!"

Every one of his words seemed to hit her like a harsh slap. This wasn't the first time she had heard him say these things to her, but to have Rachel hear them was humiliating.

She had never felt more like a joke in front of Rachel than she did now.

“Miss Yates, perhaps I should send you home first,” Joe offered quickly as he stepped forward.

Damian often wreaked havoc whenever Shirley was around, and Joe wanted to prevent that from happening. I’d better see her off before Young Master Damian throws a fit...

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Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 118—A Familiar Piano

Shirley’s veins were thrumming with rage. She was supposedly Damian and Dmitri’s biological mother, which made her the future mistress of the Ford Family. In any case, Rachel had no right to take her place and stand next to Jordan. Why am I the one who has to leave?

“Miss Yates, considering that Young Master Damian has only just recovered, stress will do him no good. It is best if you leave,” Joe suggested respectfully as he bowed his head at Shirley.

She swept her gaze over Jordan, who had not even spared her a glance since her arrival. If she insisted on staying here, she would only humiliate herself further.

At the thought of that, she turned to leave, and Joe hurried after her.

Rachel turned her head slightly and stared at Shirley’s retreating figure.

She didn’t think Joe would treat Shirley with such respect, as if he was beholding his own master or something. That said, she didn’t take his demeanor to heart and merely bent over to pick Damian up. Hoisting her over the top of her hip, she pointed out gently, “Damie, it wasn’t right of you to behave that way earlier.”

Now that Shirley had left, Damian’s anger had cooled off, and he had resumed his usual tame disposition. Blinking, he asked, “How was I wrong?”

“You ought to be more polite when you speak to others,” Rachel said as she smoothed his hair. “And that means you can’t be rude even if you don’t like the other person. You can always ignore them, but throwing a fit will only make you look bad. You’re a young master of the Ford Family, and you have to be elegant and articulate at all times.”

“Okay,” he muttered, rubbing his nose. He was elegant most of the time, but he would always lose his temper whenever he saw Shirley. He thought her despicable, but now was not the time to mention how despicable she was in front of Rachel.

As such, he quickly changed the subject and asked eagerly, "Miss Rachel, the spaghetti you made for me the other day was delicious. Could you make it for me again?"

To the side, Casper drawled mockingly, "I wonder if you're inviting my mommy over for a meal or if you're asking her to be your personal chef."

Damian choked on his words. "T-Then maybe you can make it some other day."

Rachel laughed. "It's fine. I'm sure I can whip you up some spaghetti if that's what you'd like." She gave Casper a knowing look. "Now, Casper, that's no way to talk to someone."

Casper pursed his lips and made no reply. He had no objections to Rachel going over to the Ford Residence, but that was mainly because he wanted to see Dmitri. The challenge he had issued the other day had lapsed, and he wanted to know what the other boy was thinking.

The five of them went into the car after that.

Jordan was driving while the rest of them piled into the backseat.

Damian had always been lively and a chatterbox, to boot, so there was never a quiet moment in the car.

As he glanced into the rearview mirror, Jordan noted how heartwarming the scene was in the backseat of the car.

Meanwhile, tailing them was another car.

Shirley was seated in the backseat with a frosty and venomous look in her eyes.

Joe, on the other hand, couldn't help but shudder as he drove. He tightened his grip on the steering wheel and asked warily, "Maybe I should drop you back at the Yates' Residence, Miss Yates."

Shirley bit out icily, "What, am I not allowed at the Ford Residence anymore?"

Joe heaved a sigh as a bitter smile tugged on his lips. He couldn't fathom why she would insist on going over to the house even though Damian had, in very clear words, asked her to get out of his sight.

More importantly, Rachel would be there as well, and Joe had heard about the feud between these two sisters. Leaving them together under one roof would be catastrophic...

"I left something at the Ford Residence, and I'll leave as soon as I take it," she said coldly.

He sighed and continued to drive, though he did slow down significantly to drag out the time.

Presently, Jordan's car pulled up outside Ford Residence.

The five of them stepped out of the vehicle, and Damian immediately pulled Olivia into the manor as he said enthusiastically, "Olive, I'll show you my room first. I have a ton of toys in there like Transformers and remote control cars and planes..."

Casper, on the other hand, appraised the stately home and pursed his lips, then asked, "Mr. Ford, isn't Damian's brother around?"

Jordan answered without much thought, "He's at the company, but he should be back soon."

Nodding, Casper went over to the bookshelf and picked out a volume to flip through.

While this was happening, Rachel went into the kitchen and peered around the doorway, only to see that the staff were preparing ingredients for lunch. Not to mention, the kitchen was crowded. She decided that she should come back later.

She sat down casually on the couch, and that was when she noticed that Jordan was seated right across from her.

With two kids playing upstairs and Casper reading by the shelf, the both of them were the only ones who had nothing to do as they sat in the living room.

All of a sudden, Rachel realized how awkward the situation was for her.

She looked around, and her gaze finally fell upon the piano in the corner of the living room. It was then that inspiration hit her, and with a smile, she asked, "Can I play that piano over there, Mr. Ford?"

Jordan nodded and replied, "Of course." He stared at her in surprise as she rose to her feet and made her way over to the instrument. Does she know how to play the piano as well?

She walked up to the piano and pressed one of the keys. The familiarity of the sound sent shock rippling through her. Where have I seen this piano before?

Rounding the piano, she glanced at the golden brand plaque on the back and immediately realized why she found the piano so familiar. As it turned out, this was the same piano that Shirley had snatched away from her by paying three times the price.

So she had it sent to the Ford Residence, she thought grimly.

For some reason, an overwhelming discomfort and spite seized Rachel. She spun on her heels and sat back down on the couch. She would much rather choose awkwardness over playing a piano that belonged to Shirley.

"Why didn't you play?" Jordan asked slowly as he looked at her.

"I didn't feel like playing all of a sudden," she replied curtly as she leaned into the couch. Reaching for a magazine, she began to flip through it with an insouciant grace that indicated she did not want to speak to him.

Somewhat frustrated, Jordan scratched the tip of his nose and looked away from her. She's a fickle one, he thought. She was so gentle earlier, and now she sounds like she ate explosives for lunch.

While Jordan was growing frustrated downstairs, Damian wasn't doing much better up in his room.

He had taken out all his favorite toys and presented them before Olivia. "Do you like this one? What about this? And this, too! Daddy got them all for me. I love playing them, so why don't you?"

Olivia stared at the Transformers figurine that was half her height and took a wary step back.

He quickly shoved the intimidating toy under the desk and pressed, "Olive, why don't you tell me what you like to play with, and I'll get Joe to buy them for you right away..."

She shook her head expressionlessly.

"Oh, I know!" He grabbed her by the hand and pulled her out of the room. "I got Dmitri to buy tons of girls' toys the last time, and I completely forgot about them! Come on, let me show them to you!"

He hauled her into Dmitri's bedroom, which was done up in cool gray tones that made it look like an adult man's room instead.

Olivia did not step past the doorway and merely stood out in the corridor hesitantly.

Damian, on the other hand, rummaged around the closet and finally came across the Barbie doll that was dressed in pink.

He returned to Olivia's side eagerly and held out the toy to her like he was presenting precious jewels. "You would like this because you're a girl, right? Here, take it, and we can play with it together."

However, she stepped aside to dodge the toy. Barbie dolls were her thing when she was two, but she had since outgrown them.

Just then, Damian let go of the toy before she had grabbed it, and the Barbie doll set crashed to the floor. Almost instantly, the crystal princess tiara that came with the doll's collection of outfits snapped in half.

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Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 119—She Slapped Damian

“Olive, do you not like Barbie dolls, too?”

Damian frowned in exasperation. Trying to guess Olivia's thoughts was even harder than solving a math equation. With a sigh, he said, “Then let's sneak outside and play in the backyard, but we can't let Daddy find out about it.”

Olivia went downstairs with him without complaint. When they reached the first floor, Damian led her around and underneath the stairwell, but they had barely taken a step when she stopped in her tracks.

She was far more interested in playing the piano than slides. Albert had given her new music sheets to practice on last night, and she had yet to dabble in them. As such, she shrugged off Damian's hand and promptly sat down in front of the piano.

Soon, a sweet and serene melody filled the living room.

Damian's eyes lit up as he praised wholeheartedly, “Wow, Olive, I didn't know you played the piano! You play wonderfully! That's the best music I've ever heard!”

The music alleviated some of the tension that was building up in the living room.

Jordan turned to look in the piano's direction, and he saw the little girl in the pink dress sitting on the stool. She sat with her back straight as her pale and slender fingers daintily flew over the keys, playing a light and delicate version of some children's rhyme. It was hard not to be enamored with the tune.

Stunned, Jordan couldn't believe that a four-year-old could play the piano so impeccably. Perhaps Olive has an innate talent for music...

Just as he was going to ask Rachel about this, the woman seated across from him stood up and walked over to the piano.

"Olive, I think you played a wrong note just now," she said as she came to a stop next to the piano, then began to guide the little girl in earnest. Olivia, on the other hand, tipped her head to one side as she listened carefully to each note her mother was playing.

"That's odd," Rachel finally said with a frown. "The piano is in tune, but there's something off about the song. Here, Olive, play along with Mommy."

As she said this, she took up the other end of the stool, and both mother and daughter started to play the song like no one else was watching.

Damian didn't like music, and he found it annoying every time Shirley played the piano.

But right now, it was as if the music Olivia and Rachel were playing had magic that pulled him into the rise and fall of its notes, soothing him.

Jordan, on the other hand, was staring at Rachel's back. For some reason, he found her piano-playing posture familiar, and he was suddenly reminded of the time when he met the young girl all those years ago in Seaview First High.

Inexplicably, he thought Rachel's silhouette was similar to that girl's.

Perhaps he had been staring at her a little too intensely, for Rachel felt as if the skin on her back was being set on fire.

She suddenly stopped playing, and the music died on an abrupt note.

Olivia turned to look at her in askance, but all she said as she stood up was, "Maybe you should ask Mr. Albert when you get home tonight, Olive. I can't seem to figure out what's wrong, either."

When she turned around, she met Jordan's dark and questioning gaze. Why is he looking at me like that? She felt her heart beat faster. Pursing her lips, she maintained an unaffected front as she announced, "It's getting late, so I'll get started on the spaghetti bolognese for Damie."

With that, she spun on her heels and headed into the kitchen.

Upon hearing this, Jordan lowered his gaze in thought. It was obvious that the woman was trying her best to avoid him, though he wasn't sure why.

He pressed his lips into a thin line and rose to go into his study. He had a couple of questions about Projects A to F that he would like to ask her.

Presently, Damian and Olivia were the only ones left in the living room.

Olivia seemed intent on figuring out what went wrong with the arrangement, and she was stubbornly playing the same tune over and over again.

Meanwhile, outside the villa, Shirley heard the sound of the piano before the car rolled to a stop. There was only one piano in the entire Ford Residence, and she was filled with anger at the thought of someone touching her piano.

She opened the car door and bolted down, then brisk-walked to the living room door. Her gaze instantly shot past the threshold and the living room, ultimately falling upon the little pink silhouette that was seated in front of the piano.

That silhouette was like a smaller replica of Rachel's, so there was no mistaking the girl's identity. The daughter of a tramp has no right to play my piano!

Before she could grapple with reason, Shirley barreled through the living room and furiously shoved Olivia away from the piano.

Olivia had been playing the same tune from before, and her fingers were flying daintily over the keyboard. She had been so close—so close—to figuring out what was wrong with the arrangement, and all she needed was a little more time.

However, she was knocked off the high stool by what appeared to be a merciless rush of wind, and she toppled onto the ground.

The stool was made for adult proportions and was therefore tall for a child of her size. When she fell, she crashed to the floor so hard that she couldn't help letting out a yelp of pain.

"You little mongrel! How dare you touch my piano!" Shirley shrieked in rage.

When she saw Olivia's face, which was basically a mirror image of Rachel's, she was instantly reminded of all the horrible memories of her childhood.

It was precisely because of this face, which was prettier than her own, that made her secondary to her sister's beauty. Rachel would always be the most popular and most beautiful girl in any school they went to, and Shirley would be forgotten in the shadows.

After all these years, the old grudges that she thought she had forgotten were now reignited after she saw Olivia.

As though acting on instinct, Shirley raised her hand and brought it down to deliver a slap across Olivia's face.

"Olive, move!"

Damian was shocked by this. He had never thought that Shirley would be bold enough to stir up trouble in the Ford Residence.

Before he could react, however, Olivia had already fallen onto the floor, and Shirley was ready to strike.

His mind had gone blank at that moment, and all he could do was lunge toward them and pull Olivia into his arms.

A loud crack resonated in the deathly silent room.

Shirley had ended up slapping Damian on the face, and it was only then that she seemed to snap out of her rage. She felt as if lightning had struck her. What have I done? I can't believe I just hit Damian!

At that moment, Jordan was coming downstairs after leaving his study when he was greeted by the sight of this.

Cold fury filled his gaze as he slowly made his way down the steps, the air around him crackling with angry energy.

"Damie, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to hit you..." Shirley's voice began to tremble. Back in the day, she could pinch the kid and get away with it because he couldn't possibly tell on her.

However, she had stopped doing such things to him ever since he had learned how to talk. She didn't dare to, and she truly was shaken by the idea of having Jordan find out that she had as good as abused his son, because she knew just how much the twins meant to him.

Her hands were shaking now as she reached out to caress Damian's red and somewhat swollen cheek.

She had only just brushed his skin when he bit her and snapped, "You wicked witch! You're absolutely wicked! Get out of my house! Out!" He shoved her away from him with as much force as he could summon.

Olivia pulled him back to keep him from falling and gently caressed his cheek with her warm and dainty palm.

He calmed down instantly and he grabbed Olivia's hand tightly, feeling relieved. He was glad that she hadn't been slapped, because if her pretty and doll-like face had been struck, then he would make Shirley pay.

Having been shoved away, Shirley knew that she had made a grave mistake. She shouldn't have rushed in; she shouldn't have tried to slap Olivia, and she most definitely should not have slapped Damian.

She looked up then and saw Jordan coming down the stairs slowly. Fear rose in her as she blinked and let her tears fall freely down her cheeks. "Jordan, I really didn't mean to. I never wanted to hit Damie in the first place, and I never intended to—"

Jordan walked up to her and asked ominously, "So who were you trying to hit if not him?"

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 120

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 120—Get Out

A chill crept up Shirley's spine as tears streamed down her face, and it didn't look like she would stop crying any time soon.

"I didn't even cry when you slapped me, so what are you crying for?" Damian's voice was filled with disdain as he snapped, "Get out of the house if you're just going to keep crying!"

At once, Shirley stopped the waterworks before she chewed on her lower lip and tried her best to plead her case, saying, "I just don't like having other people touch my stuff without my permission..."

I bought this piano for three million, and it's the only one of its kind in the entire world. I was worried that this child might break it, so I shoved her aside... I didn't think she would fall over. I really didn't mean to push her that hard..."

Everything would have been less dire for her had she not explained so much, but now that she had, Jordan's face grew even more somber than before. He lowered his gaze and examined his nails, then drawled icily, "Funnily enough, I don't like it when people come barging into my home without my permission." Then, he barked, "Joe, see her out!"

Shirley gaped at him with wide eyes. "Jordan, are you throwing me out? Why? Is it because of this little mongrel?"

At once, Jordan looked up and assessed her with a furious gaze. If looks could kill, she would have been dead a hundred times over by now.

He snorted. Sure, I don't hit women, but there are always other ways. He turned and grabbed a glass of water, then poured it liberally over the top of the piano.

Her eyes widened once more as she demanded, "Jordan, what are you doing? I spent three million on this!"

"Dmitri was the one who paid for it, so the piano has nothing to do with you," he corrected with no small amount of contempt. "And because you've touched the piano, I think it's filthy, and it doesn't deserve to take up space in my house. Someone, please get this monstrosity out of here!"

As soon as he said this, two bodyguards hurried over, and each of them grabbed one side of the piano and carried it out of the house.

Presently, Shirley's eyes were so wide they were bulging out of her head. She knew that Jordan had always seen her presence as an annoying one, but he had never spoken to her like this before! Why? How did things suddenly become this way?

She looked up at that moment and turned to stare in the direction of the kitchen.

The kitchen door was closed, and the whirring sound of the kitchen hood had effectively blocked out all forms of noise from the living room.

Rachel didn't notice the commotion at all, and Casper was busy helping her with the cooking. As things were, the oblivious mother-and-son duo were talking and laughing while they worked.

Where they were indulging in the peace of the moment, Shirley was dealing with the threat of being thrown out of the house.

"Are you in love with Rachel now, Jordan?" she asked icily. "You're kicking me out to make room for her, aren't you?"

"So, you still don't know what you did wrong," he pointed out. He had officially run out of patience, and he now shot Joe a knowing look.

Joe walked up to them and said in hushed tones, "Miss Yates, please leave now before you make a scene."

"You are just a lowly servant, so don't act all high and mighty with me!" Shirley turned to lash out at the butler. After that, she abandoned what little elegance she had left and roared, "I am Dmitri and Damian's mother, and they are my biological sons. You can throw me out if you want, but I'll take one of the twins with me!"

Upon hearing this, Olivia suddenly stopped caressing and blowing on Damian's cheek where he had been slapped.

She looked up at Shirley in disbelief, then turned to look at Damian, who appeared to be in a daze. The next second, she withdrew her hand and took a few steps back.

Not knowing what was going on, Damian inched closer to her and said, “Don’t stop, Olive. It still hurts. It really does!”

Olivia, however, regarded him stonily. When she didn’t speak, she looked exactly like this—impassive and seemingly cut off from the rest of the world. This was the way she presented herself on a daily basis.

She pursed her shell-pink lips and walked into the kitchen.

Damian did not sense that anything was off as he hurried after her like a shadow.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in the living room grew even colder, and the tension was so thick that one could cut through it with a knife.

Regret tore through Shirley the moment she said she would take one of the twins with her, but as things were, she couldn’t take her words back. She could only summon her courage and meet Jordan’s gaze steadily.

The hostility in his eyes was clear. He looked like he could tear her to bits on the spot as he sneered, “You think you can just come here with your kids four years ago and then leave with them as you like? What do you take us for?”

She instantly took on a softer approach. “Jordan, I gave birth to Dmitri and Damian, and you told me that the doors of Ford Residence will always be open to me. You said I could visit the boys whenever I wanted, but just now, you were going to throw me out of the house. I... I was only worried that I would never see my sons again...”

“You were wrong to have called Olive a mongrel,” he snapped. Then, he raised his voice as he said, “Joe, what are you standing there for? Throw her out of the house immediately!”

Joe nodded and stepped in front of Shirley, saying, “Miss Yates, I’m afraid I’ll have to let security escort you out if you don’t cooperate with us and leave immediately.”

Shirley, however, was rooted in place with a shocked look on her face. Jordan’s words kept replaying in her mind. Never should have called Olive a mongrel... Is Olive that wretched skank’s daughter? Did Jordan come to that mongrel’s defense even though she’s Rachel’s kid? Why? How could this happen?!

Upon seeing that she refused to budge, Joe called over two security guards to escort her out. The guards clapped a hand on each of her shoulders and began to drag her out of the house.

Under normal circumstances, she would have struggled to break free from them, but right now, she was still stupefied.

She thought she was getting thrown out because she had slapped Damian, but it was actually because she had called Rachel's daughter a mongrel.

How could this happen? How?

She was unceremoniously thrown out of the villa. A cold breeze picked up and cleared her head, and she turned to see that her piano had been left out in the yard as well. A couple of men from the trash company had driven over and were hauling the three-million piano into the back of the truck.

At the sight of this, her heart sank.

But before she could snap out of her rage, she saw the servants coming out the door with a huge pile of clothes in their hands, which they promptly tossed into the garbage truck as well.

These clothes were evening dresses that she had asked Dmitri to have them made-to-order for her. He had told her to come by and collect them from time to time, but she always made up an excuse not to.

She had believed that the Ford Residence was her home as well, and it was only right that she kept her clothes there.

But now, her clothes, her piano, and her person had all been thrown out onto the pavement like trash!

As she stood outside the manor, she looked past the wrought iron fence and into the living room. She could vaguely make out Rachel's silhouette as she carried a plate out from the kitchen, and she thought she could hear the offensive sound of Damian's laughter as well.

It felt like a needle was pricking holes into her heart.

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In the house, Rachel was carrying out the plate of spaghetti from the kitchen with a warm smile on her face. She was just about to say something when she suddenly paused and stared at Damian in concern. "Damie, what happened to your face? Why is it red and swollen?"

Damian had been strong, and he hadn't cried even when he was slapped in the face. However, all it took was Rachel's question to bring tears to his eyes.

He sniffed loudly and whined, "I was slapped by that wicked witch, Miss Rachel! It hurts! Could you please blow on it to make the pain go away?"

Like a monkey, he instantly tried to climb into Rachel's arms.

Olivia had been keeping to herself throughout this conversation, but that was until she looked up and saw what Damian was doing. She quickly ran over, beating him to it by climbing into Rachel's arms and wrapping her arms around Rachel's neck.