

## Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 81

### Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 81– Out of the Window

“I did not.” Casper smiled coldly. “You just have no idea how to fill a bathtub. Is that my fault?”

He had always put on the façade of a gentle boy in front of Rachel and his teachers, but now he dropped the act, and he looked a lot like Jordan. His smile was cold, and his eyes were filled with mockery.

Damian had always been a fearless boy, but now his face was red with embarrassment and anger. I came here to see Miss Rachel, not to be bullied by you. I’m a Ford! I will not stand for this! He got out of the bathtub and went to pull on the door.

Casper stopped him. “Promise me one thing, and I’ll let you out.”

Damian wanted to fight him, but since he was naked, it’d look embarrassing on his part. He gnashed his teeth. “Miss Rachel is a gentle woman, so why are you so despicable?”

Casper grinned. Yes. Yes I am. I put on an act and made everyone believe that I’m a good boy, but only I know how wicked I am.

He chased Asher off, forbade Olivia from seeing Jordan, and now, he was bullying a defenseless kid in the bathroom. Casper’s grin broadened. He put his hand on the door and enunciated coldly, “If you harass my mommy again, I will throw you out the window.”

Damian felt a chill up his spine. Finally, he couldn’t hold his fear back anymore, and he cried. “Miss Rachel! Casper is a big meanie!” He banged the door and bawled.

Casper held down his malice. Jordan’s a powerful man, and I thought his son was going to take after him. So this is all he amounts to. I will never allow the Fords to get near Mommy. If she knows my father has a child with another woman, it’ll hurt her no matter how tough she is. I will never allow anyone to do that to her.

Rachel was telling a bedtime story for Olivia downstairs, but when she heard Damian’s screams, she ran upstairs without even putting her shoes on. “What happened, Damian?”

Damian pulled the door open with all his might and leaped into Rachel’s arms. “Miss Rachel, Casper is a big meanie.” He sobbed. “He said he’s going to throw me out the window.”

Rachel frowned. “That can’t be right.” Casper’s not that kind of boy.

"It's true!" Damian was bawling. "He locked the door, filled the bathtub with cold water, and told me to never come to see you again, or he would throw me out a window! I'm not lying, Miss Rachel!" He couldn't stop crying, and he even started to hiccup.

Rachel looked at Casper curiously. "What happened?"

"I did not do that, Mommy," Casper said calmly. "It's normal to lock the door while you bathe, and he filled the bathtub himself. There aren't any windows in the bathroom either. I can't throw him out, and I don't have that kind of strength either."

Rachel paused for a moment, and she said, "Damian doesn't know how to bathe himself. You should have helped him out instead of letting him do everything himself."

Casper clenched his fists. That's the first time Mommy ever talked like that to me, and it's all because of him! He pursed his lips and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mommy."

"Casper, go down and tell a bedtime story to your sister. I'll help Damian." She took Damian into the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

Casper stared at the door for a while, then he went downstairs.

Ten minutes later, Rachel took Damian downstairs. "Casper, I gave one of your shirts to him. You don't mind, do you?"

Casper said nicely, "That suits you, Damian. I'll give it to you as an apology."

Damian looked away. He didn't want to wear Casper's clothes, but the alternative was either go buck naked, or to wear Olivia's dress.

Rachel patted his head. "Casper has said sorry. What should you say?"

Damian snorted. I am never going to say 'It's fine.' It's not fine.

Two minutes later.

He couldn't take Rachel's stare anymore, so he said reluctantly, "Fine. But you can't do that to me ever again."

Casper nodded. "I know you have no idea how to fill a bathtub. I'll help you next time."

What? That's not what I was talking about. This guy is bad news. He's so not like Miss Rachel. I like Olivia better. Damian happily went to sit beside the girl.

Rachel sat beside Casper. "Casper, I know you don't like him," she said calmly.

"I do not—"

Rachel interrupted, "I am your mother, so I can guess what you're thinking. Damian's a nice boy. He's innocent, and he's nice to Olivia. Olivia doesn't seem to dislike him either. Having another kid as her friend is nice, isn't it?"

Casper looked at Damian, who was piecing a puzzle together with Olivia, and he pursed his lips. They're half-siblings, so of course she likes him. And that's why I can never let him near you or Olivia. He stared down and clasped his hands together. A moment of silence later, he said, "I understand, Mommy."

Rachel patted his head, and she smiled. "I won't give my love to anyone else. You and Olivia are my whole world, and I love you with all my heart. Cheer up. Go to your sister."

Casper nodded and went to the mat.

When he came closer, Damian hid behind Olivia warily.

Casper, who just calmed down earlier, got annoyed again. He whispered, "You said you were going to protect Olivia, and this is how you're protecting her?" You're hiding behind her instead of facing the danger head on?

Damian scratched his nose and snorted. "You're dangerous to me, not to Olivia. There's nothing wrong with hiding behind her."

Casper sat beside Olivia quietly.

Damian felt scared whenever Casper was around. The threats he made in the bathroom sounded ridiculous, but he had a feeling Casper was the kind of person who would do something like that, so he stayed away from the creepy boy.

And then someone rang the doorbell.

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 82**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 82—I Am Mr Ford

Jordan was right outside the villa. From where he stood, he could see what was going on in the living room. It was warmly lit, and the kids were piecing a puzzle together on a mat.

Rachel was working on her laptop on the sofa, and she would look at the kids from time to time, a smile curling her lips. It was a happy scene, and Jordan didn't want to disturb it.

He pursed his lips, but in the end, he pressed the doorbell.

Rachel looked up. She put her laptop down and came to take the door. When she saw who it was, she paused for a moment. "Mr. Ford, this is the second time your son is here to see me."

Jordan kept quiet. Actually, it's the seventh or eighth. Joe stopped him on more occasions than one, and you weren't here during the other times. But he wouldn't tell her that, of course. He stood outside the door and told Damian calmly, "Damian, come here."

Damian had already gone to hide under the table when he heard the doorbell. He was holding the table's leg and refused indignantly, "I don't wanna!" I snuck out and finally saw Miss Rachel. I don't wanna say goodbye! Not even if Daddy's going to spank me!

Damian was already prepared for a spanking session, but to his surprise, Jordan wasn't angry at all. He said calmly, "You have twenty minutes. We're going home after that."

Twenty minutes was short, but it was better than leaving right away. Damian broke into a smile, and he came out from under the table, though he looked at his father cautiously.

Rachel sighed. "Damian, you go and play with Olivia and Casper." She felt like laughing. Casper is only a few minutes older than Olivia is. Technically, Olivia is older than Damian too, but she was born prematurely and she's a girl, so she looks a little younger than she is. She can be their little sister. Rachel smiled and went to make a cup of coffee for Jordan. "Have a cup of coffee before you go, Mr. Ford."

Jordan took a sip. "This is better than the one I had at your studio."

"I'll bring this coffee machine to the studio next time then." She sat across from him and stared quietly. Well, this is awkward. She looked at the kids, and when she was about to ask Jordan about Damian's birth month, Jordan said, "Since I'm here, let's put that to the test."

Rachel paused for a moment. "Put what to the test?"

"Let's see if Olivia can talk." Jordan put his cup of coffee down and looked sharply to his right. He said coldly yet gently, "Olivia, come here." He waved at the girl.

Olivia, who was piecing the puzzle together, looked up. Her eyes, which were usually dim, started to shine, and they were even brighter than the lamp in the room. Olivia seldom responded to anyone's call, but now, she not only responded, she even seemed excited.

Rachel looked calm, but she was really shocked. She gripped her cup tightly and stared at her daughter.

"Did you forget me, Olivia? Here, let me hold you," Jordan said gently. His voice was cool, but not chillingly so. It was like a warm breeze in winter, bringing comfort to those who needed it.

For some reason, Damian started to get a little jealous. Daddy has never talked like that to me before. If he could be that gentle and patient with me, I would have never tried to escape home. But well... He looked at Olivia and shut up. If I was even a tenth as adorable as Olivia is, Daddy would love me too. My fault for being so ugly.

Olivia tossed the puzzle piece she was holding away. She looked at him and carefully took her first step, but then she pulled back and looked at Casper.

Nobody knew what that meant, but Casper did. He told her before that this man was not worthy of their love, which was why she hesitated. Casper had mixed feelings about this. He stood up and held her hand. "You can go wherever you want to, Olivia. I'll come with you."

Olivia pursed her lips and smiled. She held Casper's hand and went toward Jordan happily.

"Good girl." Jordan heaved a sigh of relief. He was worried that she might not come. If she didn't come to him, what he said to Rachel would have been a joke. Good thing she's entertaining me. He patted her head. "Olivia, did you say your first word back at my office?" he asked gently.

Olivia fluttered her eyelashes, her eyes filled with confusion.

Rachel held her hand. "Olivia, you can speak, can you? Tell me," she said softly.

Olivia was still looking as spaced out as ever.

Casper frowned. Olivia said her first word when she was with Jordan? Does he really have that big of a sway over her?

Casper pursed his lips. "Olivia, if you can talk, then say one word. Don't make Mommy worry about you." If he can make her open up to everyone, I guess I can accept him a little.

Jordan went down and knelt on the ground so he could see the girl at eye level. His eyes were filled with complex emotions almost nobody could decipher. He said gently, "Olivia, I know you adore me. I'm Mr. Ford. Can you call me that?"

Olivia's eyes started to refocus. She stared at Jordan's face and opened her mouth. She seemed to have said something, but it was silent, and everyone waited with bated breaths.

Jordan continued, "Louder, Olivia. I can't hear you." It was the first time in nearly thirty years that Jordan had such patience with someone. He looked at Olivia right in her eyes, encouraging her to speak up.

As if bound to his spell, the girl who had never spoken thus far slowly opened up. She opened her mouth, and softly, she said, "Da... ddy."

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 83**

### **Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 83– Can I Call You Mommy**

The night breeze kissed the tree in the courtyard, and it rustled in delight. It then blew across the mansion, but the silence in the living room was unperturbed. Only the sound of breathing was audible. There was no mistaking it. Olivia spoke.

A long, long silence later, Rachel said, "Olivia, you just spoke..." She ignored the fact that her daughter called Jordan 'Daddy.'

"Good job, Olivia!" Casper was filled with joy. "Now nobody can call you a mute girl anymore."

"Wow, Olivia! Awesome!" Damian was prancing around in delight as well. "Call me Damian! Call me Damian!" My gosh, her voice is beautiful. It's like strawberries dipped in melted chocolate. So good. But then he paused. "Olivia, you... might want to change how you call my dad." He's my dad. Why did she call him Daddy? Was I hearing things? Or is it real?

Everyone was already ignoring that, but now that Damian brought it up, they couldn't push it out of the discussion.

Jordan spaced out for ten seconds when the girl called him 'Daddy.' He suddenly had the urge to get a daughter. "Olivia, I'm Mr. Ford. I'm not your father," he said, crestfallen. He wanted to be her father, but he was not. He could never mislead a child who just learned how to talk.

Olivia looked up and said once more, "Daddy." This time, there was no hesitation in her voice. There was only firm resolve. Her eyes were filled with a bright light, but that was only because Jordan was there. It was as if he was her whole world.

Rachel felt jealous. Hey, she hasn't ever called me 'Mommy,' but she's already calling him 'Daddy'? And twice in such a short span of time. She coughed. "I am very sorry, Mr. Ford. It's the first time she spoke, so she might not know what 'Daddy' means. I hope she's not troubling you."

She stood up. "Thank you, Mr. Ford. But it's getting late. Why don't I treat you to a meal tomorrow?" He managed to make Olivia talk. Treating him to a meal is nothing. If he ever needed her help, she would do everything she could.

Jordan said, "Leave that for later. You should take Olivia to the hospital first. She's still young, so the sooner she gets treated, the sooner she can heal."

Rachel nodded, and she went to send the Fords off.

Damian looked at the time. It had been twenty minutes, so he couldn't delay it any longer. But Olivia hasn't called my name yet. I don't want to leave. He dragged his steps out on purpose. It was a short journey to the front door, but he made it look like a trip from heaven to hell.

Then, the young girl darted toward Jordan and held his leg, and she tried her mightiest to drag him back in. She didn't say anything, but it was obvious what she wanted.

"Daddy! Olivia wants us to stay!" Damian laughed in excitement. "Why don't we stay the night, Daddy?"

Casper looked at them darkly. He clenched his fists and held down the urge to go over. He's not worthy to be our father, but he is our father. With him around, Olivia's making significant improvement. I can't selfishly make her choices for her anymore. He looked away so he wouldn't have to watch the nauseating scene.

Rachel covered her face in embarrassment. She wanted to pick Olivia up, but she was as stubborn as a mule. No matter what she did, Olivia just would not budge.

"Can we stay the night, Miss Rachel?" Damian blinked. "Olivia loves Daddy. I know she won't want Daddy to leave. I can sleep on the floor, Miss Rachel. Really!"

Jordan said calmly, "Miss Yates, I have never stayed the night at anyone's place before, but I am willing to make an exception for Olivia."

Huh? Why do you sound like you're too good for my place? If it weren't for Olivia, I would have chased both of you out. She pinched her forehead and sighed. "Olivia, let go."

Olivia shook her head and held Jordan's leg tighter.

"If you don't let go, he can't get prepared to sleep." Rachel sighed again.

Olivia's eyes shone, and she let Jordan go. But the moment he took a step, she quickly held his pants again.

Jordan smiled. "Don't worry. I won't leave tonight. I'll stay here with you."



Olivia smiled. It was the first time she truly smiled in four years.

It was also the first time Rachel had seen her smile so beautifully. Even her eyes twinkled with delight. She finally believed that some people were destined to meet, just like Jordan and Olivia. They couldn't be more different, but the bond between them was deep. It was fortunate that Jordan was no villain, or it would be a headache.

Damian was over the moon about the sleepover, and he pranced around in ecstasy.

"Mr. Ford, there's a bed in the first floor's study, so you and your son will have to make do with that for the night." She picked Olivia up. "I'll take you upstairs. How does another story sound?" She took her upstairs and closed the door.

Hey, then that makes no difference whether I stay here or not. If Daddy and I are staying on the first floor while Miss Rachel and Olivia are on the second, that would be too far for me. Damian glanced furtively at Casper, who was reading in the living room. Since he wasn't looking at him, Damian tiptoed upstairs and went into Olivia's room before closing the door quietly.

Rachel looked at him, as if she knew that would happen. "Why did you come up?"

"I want to listen to a bedtime story too." He leaned against the door and hung his head low, keeping some distance from the bed.

Rachel could never take the puppy-dog pout, and she waved at him. "Come here. You and Olivia can listen to the story together."

"Yay! You're the best, Miss Rachel!" He pounced onto the bed and stared at her with shining eyes. "Since Olivia called my father 'Daddy', can I call you Mommy?"

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 84**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 84—Genius Kid

Damian hid his hands under the blanket and clasped them together. He stared at Rachel nervously, worried that she might shake her head.

Rachel thought about it in silence. Honestly, she still didn't know why Olivia would call Jordan 'Daddy', and why she would sneak out of kindergarten and go all the way to his company last time. Why is she so attracted to him? But she can talk now, so I guess she'll tell me the answer soon.

Rachel snapped out of it and looked at Damian. "Olivia doesn't know what that word means, so she called your father in a way she shouldn't, but you should know what 'mommy' means. I am not your mother though. You do have your mother too, right?"



Damian teared up, and he bit his lip angrily. "So what? I don't like her. That selfish witch doesn't deserve to be my mother!"

Rachel felt sad for some reason, and she didn't know why. She patted the boy's face gently. "No mother would hate their own child. She would be sad if she heard you talking about her like that."

"No, she won't. She doesn't love me!" Damian almost drew blood from his lips. "She spends all day trying to come up with ways to marry Daddy. She never cares about me. She never thinks of me as her son." He felt sadder and sadder, and finally he leaned against Rachel and sobbed.

Rachel sighed, and she patted his back. She never did look into the case of the Fords, but she could make her own guess from what Damian told her. The public had no idea that Jordan had a child, and Jordan never said he was married. So Damian was born out of wedlock.

Maybe some woman set Jordan up just so she can marry him. That kind of woman doesn't deserve Damian's love, of course. But still, she is his mother, and he can't deny that even if he wants to. She pursed her lips and said nothing.

At the same time, only Jordan and Casper were left in the living room.

Casper was reading his book intently, and he blocked out everything around him out of habit, so he didn't notice Jordan standing behind him. Jordan had been there for a while too. Suddenly, he noticed a hand appearing beside him and taking his book away.

"'Introduction to Logic'?" Jordan looked at the cover and smiled. "You can understand what the book is talking about?"

Casper stood up, but he didn't even reach Jordan's waist. Even so, he had an intense air around him. "What does that have to do with you?" He stood on tiptoes and tried to take his book back.

Jordan raised his arm a little, and the book became out of reach.

Casper put his hands down and pursed his lips. "Give it back."

"Answer my question." Jordan opened the book. "Tell me about the logical fallacies," he said.

Casper's face fell. He didn't want to answer Jordan's question, but he knew he had to do it if he wanted his book back. He just came across an interesting logical question, and he wanted to know the analysis behind it. The boy took a deep breath. "There are two broad categories of that, namely formal fallacies and informal fallacies."

Jordan was surprised. He thought the boy was just pretending to look smart. So he actually gets the content? The books about logic are even more boring than the ones about math. Not everyone can understand them. And he's what? Four? Jordan closed the book. "Another question about logic."

Casper's patience ran out. "Forget it. I don't want the book anymore."

"Ah, ah, ah. That level of patience won't fly if you want to learn about logic." He smiled. "And this question is related to your mother."

Casper couldn't stay calm when it came to his mother. He pursed his lips and enunciated, "You'd better stay away from her, or—"

"Precisely what I was trying to say," Jordan interrupted. "Say at least three people heard you threatening to kill me if I don't stay away from your mother, and if I die on the very next day, what kind of situation would happen in terms of logic?"

Casper had been researching all things logic for the last two weeks, and he was interested in this topic. Jordan's question was related to a few theories in logic, and he even brought Rachel into it, which piqued the boy's desire to answer. He pursed his lips and answered calmly, "It's a fallacy called hindsight bias.

Simply put, someone 'confirms' the cause of an event because they saw the result. Most people would only think that a single event leads to the result they see. If the situation you posit were to happen, they will think I am the one who killed you. That's the most common fallacy most people would commit."

He kept answering, and the more he talked, the more confident he became. For some reason, Jordan saw Dmitri in the boy. He was interested in logic for a time as well, but eventually, he had to work on the company, so Dmitri put it aside.

"So, what do you think about my answer?" Casper cocked his eyebrow, looking confident.

Jordan smiled. He puts on the good boy act in front of Rachel, but now that she isn't here, he drops the act. Arrogant, confident, and rebellious. This boy is more than meets the eye. Smart kids always put adults at ease, but they can also do remarkable things.

Dmitri holds back because I'm around, but this child has no limiters. Rachel probably doesn't know he's a genius. Jordan tossed the book back to him. "Not bad. Here you go."

Casper took his book and went upstairs, then he locked the door of his room.

Jordan was left alone on the sofa. Suddenly, he felt awkward.

Rachel and her kids were upstairs, and so was Damian. So what am I doing here all by myself? He scrolled through his phone, but he couldn't even read the news in peace.

In the end, he stood up and went around the living room. A family photo of Rachel and her kids hung on the wall behind the couch. The background was a warm yellow, and they seemed happy in the photo.

He looked around the living room. There were two more family photos around, and there were also photos of the kids, but there were no photos of any man at all. And there are no traces of a man living in this house.

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 85**

### **Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 85—He Has Two Sons**

Jordan waited alone for almost an hour downstairs before Rachel slowly came out of Olivia's room. When she saw him in the living room, she seemed surprised. "Why are you still up?"

It's only ten. I'm not a kid, so why should I sleep so early? He said calmly, "I had a chat with your son."

Rachel came down and cleared the toys that were scattered on the floor. "What did you two talk about?"

"Your son is smart." He paused for a moment, and he added, "A genius, so to say."

Rachel paused for a moment. "And how did you get that conclusion?"

When Casper was about three years old, he had expressed great interest in coding, and the code he wrote out of fun was usable, much to her shock. She got his intelligence tested the next day, and the results showed that Casper had at least two times the IQ of kids his age. When he was about four, she got him tested again, and the results were as shocking as ever.

When she left the lab that day, the one who tested Casper came to say, "Miss Yates, your son is remarkably intelligent. If you would allow us to train him..."

She refused back then. She didn't want Casper to be some sort of prodigy, nor did she want him to get trained in some kind of facility. She only wanted him to grow up happily like any other kid.

"He understands books that are related to logic, and he is only four. That's proof that he's different from the other kids," he said calmly. "He shouldn't attend any kindergarten. You can get a tutor just to teach him specifically."

Rachel put the building blocks into a box and pursed her lips. "I think kindergarten is fine for him." He can grow up like any other kid, he doesn't have to take on any kind of responsibility, and he can stay with Olivia too.

Jordan frowned. Does she not know how smart her son is? He's probably on par with Dmitri. He paused for a moment. "I can introduce a few tutors for him."

Rachel looked at him again. "Mr. Ford, Damian has never attended kindergarten before, hasn't he?"

Jordan nodded. "Children of the Fords need no kindergartens."

He never attended one, and Dmitri never did as well. Damian attended for a time, but he showed no improvement, so Jordan pulled him out.

"Casper is not your child, so he needs to attend one," Rachel retorted. "Children are supposed to be playful. No kid would love to be locked up just to study."

Jordan frowned. "Geniuses are always lonely. He'll only feel out of place in a kindergarten. When Dmitri was three, I knew he was different from the other kids. It's a gap the other kids can never bridge."

"Dmitri?" Rachel was surprised to hear that. "Who is he?"

Jordan answered, "Damian's brother."

Only the Ford Family's friends knew that he had two sons. He never thought he could talk about that with Rachel so nonchalantly either.

Rachel froze up. Brother? Damian has a brother? So that woman gave birth to two kids, yet she didn't manage to marry him? She gave him a scornful look. Fool him once, it's a lesson. Fool him twice? It's either he's irresponsible or stupid. Judging from his attitude, I'm guessing it's the former.

Jordan felt weird that Rachel was looking at him that way. I'm just talking about the kids' education. Why is she looking at me like I'm a pile of turd? Jordan took a deep breath. "What is it?"

"Nothing." Rachel looked away. "Casper is my son. I know what's best for him, so you don't have to worry so much. It's late. Get some sleep." Then, she went to the main bedroom on the second floor and closed the door.

Jordan scratched his nose. He was a man of few words, and it was the first time he talked so much. But she doesn't appreciate it, and why did I care so much about Casper anyway? He hates me. He went to the guest room on the first floor.

When he came in, he saw a pair of men's slippers laid out beside the bed, and there was a men's coat on a hanger. Ah, I've wondered where the men would stay, so they stay in this room. I guess this is where the men stay, huh? I wonder how many men have stayed here before.

Jordan felt jealous for some reason. He went around the first floor, but in the end, he realized that this was the only room he could stay in. He sat down on the couch grumpily and decided to sleep on it for the night. However, he was used to his soft bed, and the couch was too cramped and hard for him. He tossed and turned for a few hours before finally drifting to sleep.

Before he slept, he thought, Once we get home tomorrow, I'm going to wallop Damian. If he makes me stay the night at this place again, I'm going to spank him.

Halfway through the night, he heard someone scream. Jordan was sharp, and the moment he heard the screams, he sat up and frowned. He looked in the direction of the scream and realized that it came from Rachel's room.

He was already standing outside her room before he realized it, and just when he was about to go in, a child came out of his room.

Casper said coldly, "You cannot go in."

Jordan's hand hung in midair. "Your mother is crying. Didn't you hear?"

He couldn't see the look on Casper's face because it was dark. Casper whispered, "I did. It's because of her nightmares. She'll be fine once it passes."

Rachel had asked him about the reason for Olivia's nightmares. He never told her that she got it from Rachel. Every time Olivia was shocked during the day, she would have nightmares in the night. Rachel, on the other hand, had nightmares because she was haunted by the demons of her past.

She could never snap out of her nightmares. He had tried to wake her up before, but that only made her dive deeper into her despair. Since then, he never did try to wake his mother.

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 86**

### **Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 86— Painful Past**

The cries that came from the bedroom twirled around Jordan's heart, squeezing it tighter with every passing second. Jordan pursed his lips tightly and took a few steps back. "How frequently does she have nightmares?" he whispered.

Casper might seem calm, but he was really panicking. He hated Jordan, but he would always tell him the answers he wanted. He looked at the ground. "Very frequently at first—twice a week, sometimes more. She started her career and knew a lot of people since then, and it slowly decreased.

I've asked the doctor about this. He said if I woke her when she's having her nightmare, it'll only make her remember it more vividly, so I never did try to do it."

She should forget her past. Once she does, she'll never have nightmares again.

Jordan stood outside and listened as Rachel cried. For some reason, he was reminded of the news. The beloved Miss Yates was caught on camera as she slept with a random man the very next day of her coming-of-age ceremony. Ever since then, she became the city's laughing stock, and she disappeared from the public eye.

Eight months later, she gave birth to a pair of stillborns, and she committed arson against the Yates, killing herself afterward. The whole city was shocked to know that. He never cared about gossip, but even he had heard about that. If he had known that he would care about her so much, Jordan thought he might have even helped her out back then. She raised two kids all by herself over the years. I wonder how she does it. He sighed and looked at Casper, who was shrouded in darkness. "What about your father? Hasn't he ever tried to take responsibility?" If a man had tried to help her, she would never have suffered so much.

"Heh." The boy snorted. He looked at Jordan, and a smirk curled his lips. "Our father is dead."

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As the sun shone through the window, Rachel opened her eyes, and she felt dizzy, as if she didn't have a good sleep. And why does my throat feel like it's raw, like I've been screaming? She got herself a glass of warm water, and it made her feel a bit better. She washed up and changed before she went downstairs, and she smelled food.

Damian greeted her politely, "Morning, Miss Rachel." He was standing in the living room, looking refreshed. He slept in the same bed as Olivia the night before, and even though it was small, it was comfy. Not even his own bed was as comfy as Olivia's bed. He would have stayed forever if he could.

"Come here, Miss Rachel. I bought these for you." He took her to the dining room. "This is the best soup dumpling in Seaview City, and this is the famous ramen, while this is a serving of meatballs. And I got some sandwiches for you. Have a bit of everything."

Wow, and I thought Jordan made these. Can't hope for too much, huh? Damian seated her, and she took a bite out of the dumpling. "Not bad." She nodded. "Thank you, Damian."

Damian stared down shyly, and his ears turned pink.

Jordan couldn't help but snort. This is the first time I'm seeing him acting shy. He said coldly, "Time to go home."

Damian's smile froze, and he tugged on Rachel's sleeve. "Miss Rachel, can I stay?" he asked pitifully.

Rachel patted his head. "I need to work, and my kids have to go to school. I don't think you'll have much fun alone."

Damian looked crestfallen, and he hung his head low. "Can I come again?"

"Yes, but..." She looked at Jordan. "You have to get your father's permission. Don't sneak out, or you can't come ever again."

"I can do that. I will do that," he promised. "Don't worry, Miss Rachel. I won't sneak out again."

The heck? I lectured him, punished him, and I almost used corporal punishment, but he just won't stop sneaking out. He causes a mess every time he does it, and now he says he's turning a new leaf just because Rachel asked him to? I don't believe it.

"Bye, Miss Rachel." Damian waved his hand and turned around. He dragged his father out, and he even said, "Come on, Daddy. Time to go. I'll bring you over next time."

Hey, don't make me look like the one who doesn't want to leave. Damian was wearing Casper's pajamas, while Jordan was wearing the same clothes. He was a germaphobe, and he could never accept wearing the same clothes for two days.

He drove back home, and the moment they came in, someone came out.

"Jordan, Damian, where on earth were you two last night?" Shirley came out, looking worried.

She had arrived at six in the morning, but there was nobody around. Joe said Dmitri went to the company at five, while Jordan and Damian were out the whole night.

She hadn't moved in yet, but she knew that family was important to Jordan. He would never not come home for no reason, and the feeling of not being in control irked her.

"What's that got to do with you?" Damian resumed his arrogant behavior again. He shot Shirley a glare and ran up to his room.

"Jordan, he's so rude." Shirley bit her lip. "I'm his mother, and yet he never cares about me. He never respects me, and he always ignores me."



Jordan was getting tired of hearing these things. Before this, he would tell Damian to show some respect, but after what he saw at Rachel's place, he realized that Damian actually knew the ins and outs of courtesy. He just didn't think Shirley deserved his respect. Jordan looked at her coolly. "And why are you here so early?"

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 87**

### **Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 87—Only Wanna Marry You**

Shirley's eyes reddened. She bit her lips, and tears welled up in her eyes, making her out to be oh-so pitiful. She took a step forward and poured her heart out. "Jordan, you left the banquet early last night, and you didn't even take me with you. Mr. Baron sent me home in the end. Do you know how bad he was? He kept leering at me and wouldn't even let me go. If I hadn't fought back, he would have taken me to a hotel."

Jordan finally looked at her. "Why did you fight back?"

Huh? Shirley couldn't believe he would ask that. Isn't that normal? What kind of question is that? But since you asked, I will answer. She blinked, and tears fell down her cheeks. "Jordan, I am no slut. What happened five years ago was an accident. I resent myself for sleeping with you before we got married, but what can I do? You were drunk, and I was too weak to push you away. I couldn't break free no matter what I did. If I could do it all over again, I would never have walked into the wrong room."

The more she spoke, the more she cried; it was as if she would faint the very next moment.

Jordan pinched the area between his brows impatiently. What happened that night five years ago was the biggest mistake of his life. He would have chased her out of the city if it weren't for the boys. Her existence was a continuous reminder of his foolish past...

"Jordan, just because it was a mistake five years ago, it doesn't mean I can sleep with just anyone." She suddenly hugged him, buried her face in his chest, and sobbed. "Jordan, I love you. I can't accept any other man. Please, let me be yours..."

A sickeningly sweet scent of perfume assailed him, after which he raised his hand and pushed her away.

Shirley never expected that. She took a step back and tripped on a chair, but luckily, her fall was broken by the couch. "You can't do this to me, Jordan," she cried.

"I'm the boys' mother. I'm the woman whom you slept with. You had me for a night, and I gave you two beautiful boys. You can't do this to me! I just want the boys to call me Mommy. Is that so wrong?"

Jordan took his coat off. It was tainted by the scent of her perfume and her dirty tears, which made him uncomfortable. He removed it and tossed it into the bin while sneering. "I know what you want," he growled menacingly. "If you don't like Felix, well, there are a lot of successful men in Seaview City to choose from."

She shivered. She had suspected that he wanted to give her away to another man yesterday, and her suspicions were now confirmed. I'm the mother of his kids. He can't do this to me! "No, Jordan. You are the only one I love. I only want to be with you..."

While staring at her, Jordan commented, "You are unworthy of me." He removed his tie off and tossed it into the bin as well before he went upstairs.

All of Shirley's strength left her, and she helplessly hugged her knees. He won't marry me. He won't... He slept with me, and we have two kids, but he still won't marry me. What should I do? Do I really have to sleep with Mr. Baron?

...

Rachel drove her kids to school, and her assistant called her on the way. "Ford Inc's guys are there? Deal with them for me. I'll be right there." She hung up and drove even faster.

Casper frowned. "You're working with Ford Inc.?"

"They have an electric car project, and it's the first in the market. I'm interested," she answered.

He stared at a spot below his head. Jordan barged into her life, and now his company is working with hers. Will she fall for him if this keeps up? The news did say he's the dreamiest man in Seaview, though.

She looked in the rear-view mirror and noticed Casper's look. "What's wrong, Casper?" she asked worriedly. He hasn't seemed happy ever since yesterday.

"I'm fine, Mommy." He forced a smile. "I just think you're being too friendly with Mr. Ford and his family."

Rachel looked at him. He was her son, so she knew what he was thinking about. She stopped at the kindergarten and turned around. "Casper, I don't know why you dislike him so much. He's a decent man, and most importantly, Olivia likes him. Also, Olivia talks when he's around. Working with him helps with Olivia's condition too, isn't it?"

The boy nodded. "I understand, Mommy."

Some secrets shouldn't be told to Mommy. She has been working hard for years. It's time for her to enjoy life.

Casper held Olivia's hand and they left the car. They waved their mother goodbye, after which they headed into the kindergarten.

Rachel drove to the company. Caleb had hired a few programmers for her over the last couple of days, and the studio was finally looking more like a workplace. When she came to the office, the employees greeted, "Hello, Miss Yates."

She nodded at them and went into the conference room with the files in hand.

The representative Ford Inc. sent over was Jaden Salazar, the person in charge for Project A to F. He had been in the field for more than a decade, so in other words, he had been working in the field of smart products ever since they entered the market and bore witness to the industry's growth...

Project A to F was proposed two years ago, but it was set aside because they couldn't find someone who could design the chip.

Now that it was revived, Jaden thought Jordan must have found a major chip designing company to work with, but he never thought it'd be a new company.

When he came to the room, Jaden had a feeling that Jordan was duped. But he doesn't seem like a gullible guy. He patiently looked through the file, and when he saw the contents, it confirmed his suspicions.

"Hi, Mr. Salazar. I'm Rachel, the general manager for Roselia Tech. It's a pleasure to meet you." Rachel came in and extended her hand with a smile.

Jaden looked at her calmly. Probably in her twenties. She's good-looking, but she doesn't seem like a programmer.

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 88**

### **Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 88—Honey Trap**

Jaden shook her hand, and as per the rules in the adult world, he praised, "You built a programming company at such a young age, Miss Yates. It must have been a great undertaking."

Rachel smiled. "It's thanks to my friend, or it wouldn't have gone so smoothly." Caleb got her the place, and he was the one who hired the programmers. If it wasn't for him, the company would still be in chaos.

Jaden thought, Help? Perhaps it's more than that. She might just be a GM in name only. But he was a veteran, so he wouldn't show too much emotion in front of a potential partner. Business was business. "Well then. Let's talk about the early designs—"

Rachel's phone rang, and she looked at it. Asher? She hung up. "Sorry, Mr. Salazar. Carry on."

He nodded. "I've read the proposal. You're using Visual Studio to change—"

Rachel's phone rang again. Him again? He never calls me, and now he's calling me twice? What is it?

"You should take the call, Miss Yates." Jaden leaned against the chair and gave her some space.

Rachel smiled at him apologetically and took the call. "This better be important," she hissed quietly.

"Rae, I settled an important matter for you, but you didn't even give me a call." Asher snorted. "I don't care. I want a thank you present."

Asher was the one who noticed the doctored account at Yates Corporation. Rachel had already prepared a gift for him, but now she was going to cancel that. She sneered. "You're a rich man, Asher. I don't think you'll like my gift. I should save that money for a dress."

"Hey, I can get you that dress." Asher grinned. "What would you like? I'll get my assistant to send it right to you. It'll be a limited edition dress."

Jaden could hear Asher's voice vaguely. He didn't think Rachel could build a company at her age, and now that he heard a man's voice from her phone, it only served to confirm his bias.

Mr. Ford might be a smart man, but he is still a man. As long as he's a man, a woman out there will make him blind to her flaws. Miss Yates is beautiful, and it's possible that Mr. Ford is blinded by her beauty. I guess this Project A to F is doomed to fail.

Asher kept talking about useless stuff. Rachel finally ran out of patience, so she hung up and blocked his number.

One second later, she received tons of messages in her WhatsApp.

'That's just too much, Rae!'

'This is the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time you blocked my number, Rae!'

'I'm sorry, Rae. Give me another chance.'

Rachel coldly put her phone face down, then she looked at Jaden and smiled. "Sorry, Mr. Salazar. We can continue now. Visual Studio is a traditional coding program, so I changed a few details—"

"Miss Yates, I think I should take this back to the company and take a closer look." Jaden stood up. "This project involves a lot of money, and we can't make all the decisions ourselves."

Rachel nodded with a smile. "You have a point, Mr. Salazar. We can talk after the technical department has greenlit this."

Jaden left with a thick stack of programming proposals, and he tossed it onto the passenger seat after he got in the car. He didn't read it too thoroughly at first, but he skimmed through two pages when Rachel was on the phone.

It was then he knew that the proposal was a joke. The end result was almost the same thing as what Jordan had in mind, but the process to reach that result seemed preposterous for him. The proposal said that all the most common coding languages were filled with cons. The designer even pulled them apart and merged them to make a new language. Is she a genius, or is she overconfident?

Jaden shook his head and drove back to Ford Inc.

He came to the top floor with the proposal in hand. Jordan was in a meeting with the top brass, so only his assistant was around to sort the files out.

When he saw Jaden, the assistant happily said, "Ah, you have met Miss Yates, haven't you?" Zachary put his one hundred percent whenever it came to Rachel. After all, Mr. Ford seems to give her preferential treatment.

"Yes. We talked about Project A to F's early design—"

Before he could finish, Zachary interrupted, "Mr. Salazar, you should go with Mr. Ford the next time. It'll be better." He winked at Jaden. "He cares a lot about the project, so let him talk to her."

Jaden knew what he was trying to say. Does Mr. Ford really care about the project? Or does he care about Miss Yates? Did he really fall for her? Is that why he gave this important project to her newly-established company? Jaden had mixed feelings about this.

"This is a first in the industry, and Mr. Sutton and Mr. Ashe are involved as well. Five hundred million has been invested at the very least. Why did Mr. Ford decide on a partner so hastily?"

“Ah. You’re not privy to this, but Miss Yates is—” Before Zachary could finish, he saw Jordan coming over in the corridor. He stood up straight and greeted, “Hello, Mr. Ford.”

Jaden turned around and greeted him as well, then he handed the proposal over. “Sir, this is the early draft for Project A to F. Miss Yates made the proposal. Do please take a look.”

Jordan took it and skimmed through the file while asking, “What do you think of this?”

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 89**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 89– Will Not Marry Her

Jaden organized his words, and he answered slowly, “It’s an admirable concept. She uses the latest coding method and merges the traditional framework into a new set of rules. But it’s also risky.”

Jordan nodded, and approval shone in his eyes. He dabbled in programming before, and he knew only a handful of programmers would come up with this plan. Rachel is a bold woman. He tossed the proposal back. “Risk and reward are always positively correlated. Let’s go with this. Follow up on this project.” And he went into his office.

Zachary patted Jaden’s shoulder. “Mr. Ford has high hopes for this. Pull this off and you’ll even get promoted.”

Jaden smiled bitterly. Mr. Ford isn’t an expert in this area, so of course he doesn’t know the risks. I’ve been in this field for more than a decade, and I know the ins and outs of the smart gadget industry. This proposal won’t work. It’s ideal on paper, but in reality, it’s going to be a b\*tch to execute.

He went back to the Technical Department and bumped into his deputy manager, Harold Lester. Harold asked, “Why the long face, Mr. Salazar? What happened?”

“How many projects are you handling, Harold?” Jaden asked while looking at him.

Harold rubbed his chin. “Just one. It’s back-end maintenance, and it’s coming to an end. I was just going to ask you for more projects.”

“Here’s Project A to F. It’s an electric car project. Take it. Come to me if you need anything.” He tossed the proposal to Harold and went back into his office.

Harold answered happily, “Thank you, Mr. Salazar!”

When Jaden came into his office, his assistant asked, “Mr. Ford gave that project to you. Won’t you anger him if you delegated the job to Mr. Lester?”

"The company's servers need to be upgraded, and that's the most important job for now," Jaden answered calmly. "Harold has skills, but he lacks experience. This project will expose him to a lot of things. It's good training."

The assistant praised, "You are generous, Mr. Salazar. You always have your employees in mind."

Jaden smirked. This project is going to be a failure. I'd rather spend my time doing something more productive. Harold is young. Failure is going to shape him into a better man.

Right after Jordan sat down, his phone vibrated. When he saw who the caller was, he eased up a little. "Fancy hearing from you, Mom." It was supposed to be noon in Australia, and he knew his mother would be having lunch at this hour.

"Have you considered my proposal?" Felicia was having her afternoon tea.

Jordan rubbed his temples. "The kids are fine. Come back if you miss them."

"I would if the air was good," she snapped. "I'll get someone to take Damian over. It'll only be for a few months."

"No," he refused right away. "He has classes to attend. He can't go to Australia for now."

"Son, I am not getting any younger, and I need someone by my side," Felicia said coolly, though she relented a bit as well. "I'm living in this manor all by myself. Do you have any idea how that feels? I don't expect you to come see me, but at least let either one of your sons come over. Can't you grant me that?"

Jordan was silent for a moment. He had sent the kids over to his mother when they were only a month old because firstly, he still couldn't accept the fact that he had two kids at that time, and secondly, his mother had been looking forward to having grandkids. Sending them over was a way of fulfilling her wish. However, three months later, the kids had been stolen because of Felicia's carelessness.

It was also then he realized how important his children were to him, and it was also then he accepted the kids. Despite his mother's protests, he took the kids back and never sent them over to her again. They would only pay a visit to their grandmother whenever Jordan had to go on a business trip.

"Jordan, I know you don't want the kids to leave you, and I won't force you. How about this?" she relented. "Marry Shirley and get another kid. Then, send the kid over to me, and I'll raise the kid for you."

"How many times have I told you? I won't marry her," he said adamantly.



"You slept with her five years ago, and she's the boys' mother. Who else are you going to marry but her?"

"Just stay out of this, Mom." Jordan frowned. "I will never marry a woman I don't love. Don't bring that up again." He hung up.

Felicia tried to say something, but the line had gone dead, and she sighed. It had been years, but things hadn't changed. No matter what they had to say, the conversation would never end well.

"Sighing not good, Mrs. Ford." A lady with blond hair and blue eyes held her hand. She said with limited English, "Jordan still not gotten over it. Time heals everything. He will forgive you."

Felicia pinched the space between her brows. She knew that what happened was all her fault, but she didn't mean it. She had apologized, and she even moved to Australia to atone for it. Even so, her son wasn't willing to forgive her.

He had never visited her over the last few years. Four years ago, when he sent the boys over, she thought they could finally let bygones be bygones, but then the boys got taken away after the accident, and their relationship became tense again. "Thank you for staying with me, Kaitlyn."

She looked at Kaitlyn gratefully. Even though she wanted for nothing in Australia, she had nothing but loneliness as her friend. Fortunately, Kaitlyn was always there for a chat or a meal.

"My job, Mrs. Ford." Kaitlyn stared at the ground. "You want Jordan to marry?"

Felicia sighed. "The boys' mother isn't quite the woman I had in mind, but she did give birth to the boys, so I reluctantly accept her as one of us, but Jordan has no intention of marrying her. He's almost thirty and has two sons, yet he does not want to marry the boys' mother. What on earth does he want to do?"

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 90**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 90—Kaitlyn

"Mrs. Ford, marriage should exist because love." Kaitlyn smiled. "Without love, marriage is a grave. Jordan don't want to make a grave for him because of the kids."

Felicia shook her head silently. She had lived in Australia for many years, and she had lost control of her son. Whatever she said held no meaning.

"Mrs. Ford, I like how Jordan views love." Kaitlyn looked down and smiled. "You bring him up every day for years. I never see him before. Do you have his photo?"

Felicia looked at Kaitlyn. About five years ago, Kaitlyn showed up, and she would come to see her every day. Felicia would tell her everything as well, including the misunderstanding between her and Jordan. If she becomes his wife, I think it'll help ease the relationship between me and my son. But he has two sons though. Will a young lady like her marry Jordan and be a stepmother?

...

After she was done with the work in the studio, Rachel went to Yates Corporation in the afternoon. She was the Key Accounts Manager, so she had to do her job. Her bag in hand, she went to the fifteenth floor, where the department office was. Lunchtime was just over, and everyone seemed lethargic.

But they quickly woke up the moment Rachel came in. They knew what happened during the board meeting two days ago. The other departments were fine, but they got a new manager as a result of the events, and the current manager was demoted to work as a mere assistant. The new manager might make some changes around, so everyone was being cautious.

"Good afternoon," Rachel greeted the unsettled employees and went into her office.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief once she closed the door.

"Whoa. Rachel actually became our manager?"

"Miss Catch has been working fine, but now she's replaced? That's just sad."

"She's cannon fodder in this fight between the Yates. Now Miss Rachel holds all the cards. We'd better be careful."

The case about Shirley embezzling money might have been kept a secret, but somebody still caught wind of it. Everyone knew that Shirley was booted out of the board and forced to resign as GM, so Rachel was the one holding the power.

A female employee who was wearing revealing clothes sneered. "Don't forget that Shirley is the company's heir."

Everyone shut up. The person who spoke was Jessica Lindberg. She was Shirley's friend, and Shirley hired her without asking anyone's opinion. She had been here for a few years, but she had never closed a deal before. She was the laziest worker around, but she would be awarded during quarterly evaluations, and thanks to that, she got some handsome bonuses.

Everyone in the department disliked her, but she was Shirley's best friend, so nobody dared to speak up.

"She's the second biggest shareholder and the company's heir. Rachel can't do anything to her." Jessica sneered. "She took away Yolanda's position. I bet Yolanda's really fuming now."

Everyone would call Yolanda as Miss Catch, but Jessica didn't. She called her by her name because her friend was the company's heir.

Yolanda came the moment she mentioned her. "And why should I be fuming?" She got her master's degree overseas and came back to the country. The lady was twenty-eight years old, and she had short hair. She looked nothing less than a professional.

Jessica snorted. "You've been a manager for almost five years, but now you're demoted. Don't you feel angry about it?"

"I shall obey my orders," Yolanda said calmly. "It's my honor to assist Miss Yates." She went to the manager's office and knocked on the door.

"Coward," Jessica scoffed. "And she studied abroad. At least fight for your rights."

The office's door was opened at this moment, and Rachel heard it loud and clear. She looked outside and noticed Jessica because of her slightly garish appearance. Hm, she looks familiar. She squinted. Oh, I remember.

I think I saw her with Shirley five years ago during Shirley's coming-of-age ceremony. And she even gave me a glass of wine. She's Shirley's friend. Oh, so Shirley gave her friend a position, huh?

"Miss Yates, I'm Yolanda, your assistant." Yolanda stood before the desk and introduced herself.

Rachel looked at her. "You'll be working as my assistant for now then."

She wanted to recommend her for the position of GM, as she was a capable woman. Staying at the client department would be a waste of her talent. But then, even with Shirley gone, Yolanda still couldn't be GM. Frances had taken that spot and held all the power in his hand. I'll see if I can help her out in the near future. She asked, "Who's that girl who talked to you?"

Yolanda tensed up. "Miss Yates, that's Jessica. She's a bit straightforward, but she didn't mean what she said," she explained.

"I want to see her performance sheet. From the day she started working at the company," Rachel said calmly.

Yolanda's heart sank. She had been working as a manager for almost five years, and she knew Jessica well. She only came in thanks to Shirley, and she never did any

actual work. But even so, she was always awarded best employee at every evaluation. Yolanda didn't like it, but she couldn't do anything about it.

She had chided Jessica once, and Shirley had yelled at her. Ever since then, she avoided Jessica like the plague. As long as she didn't affect work, Yolanda turned a blind eye to everything. She paused for a moment and whispered, "Miss Yates, she's Miss Shirley's friend, and Miss Shirley said..."

"Miss Shirley is gone," Rachel answered calmly. "Give me her performance sheet."

Yolanda sighed and went to the file room to take Jessica's performance sheet.

Rachel reclined into her chair, her eyes filled with solemnity. She would never abuse her power, but she would never allow a parasite to stay in her department either.