

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 111

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 111– Undesirable Run-Ins

Dmitri picked up the Transformers figure and its pieces off the floor, and after he had assembled them, he put the action figure on the bedside table. With a resigned tone, he said, "Look, she's still our mother, no matter what. We don't have to love her, but we have to show her respect.

Damian rubbed his puffy and red eyes but made no reply.

Seeing him like this, Dmitri knew that it was time to change the subject. He paused in thought for a moment, then asked, "Were those two kids who visited you on the night before last your friends from school?"

At once, Damian lit up like the stormy cloud hovering above his head had cleared. A bright smile played on his lips, and his eyes looked like they were dancing as he answered, "Those would be Casper and Olive. They came here with Miss Rachel to visit me."

"Olive?" Dmitri looked up when he heard the name. "Is the little girl called Olive?"

"Well, yeah, that's what I call her. She's adorable, Dmitri. She doesn't like to talk, but her eyes speak to me. She has these really big eyes that remind me of black, sparkly stones, and whenever she looks at me, it feels like I have the whole world in my hands..." Damian's own eyes were sparkling like some dazzling light from a galaxy was burning in them.

His enthusiasm was infectious, and Dmitri inexplicably grew interested in Olivia as well. He nodded and said, "We can invite Olive over for a meal at our place next time."

"That's great! But all I have are toy cars and planes, so I don't think Olive will like them much. Could you go to the mall and get some girls' toys for later, Dmitri? That way, I can invite Olive over to our place!"

Dmitri actually had a really important meeting lined up later, but he still agreed readily to his brother's request. "Okay."

He stayed with Damian for nearly half an hour before he stood up and left the hospital room.

Presently, Shirley was sitting on the bench at the end of the hallway with an impatient look on her face. However, her impatience turned into dejection when she caught sight of Dmitri approaching her. She rose to her feet and walked over to him, her stilettos

clicking against the hospital floor as she asked worriedly, "Dmitri, is Damie feeling better now? Can I go in and see him?"

"I think it'd be better if you come back tomorrow, Mom." Dmitri pursed his lips, then added, "He's already asleep."

Seemingly disappointed by this information, she muttered, "Oh, alright then, I guess I'll drop by tomorrow."

With that, she reached for Dmitri's hand, and they headed out of the hospital.

As uncomfortable as Dmitri was with this gesture, he still clenched his jaw and refrained from pulling away from her.

They had only just arrived at the hospital entryway when they ran into the trio, who were making their way through the doors.

It was none other than Rachel, and she had one hand holding onto Olivia's while the other was clasping Casper's. As of now, she was fast approaching the hospital doors, and given that it was the only way into the building, there was no avoiding them at all.

Rachel stopped in her tracks when she noticed the duo standing heads up. She narrowed her eyes at Shirley, then trailed her gaze slowly down to where Dmitri was.

So he really is Shirley's son. She noted how the mother-and-son duo was holding hands, which only went to show how close they were. It was no wonder then that Dmitri would harbor enmity against her and pick on her for Shirley's sake.

For some reason, seeing both of them made Rachel extremely uneasy, like there was a needle piercing into her heart.

She swept her gaze over them, and her appraisal came off as a little judgmental.

Shirley, on the other hand, seemed a little flustered. She dared not meet Rachel's eyes, and without another word, she quickly pulled Dmitri along as she hurried off.

"Mom, you're hurting my wrist," Dmitri complained when they were well out of earshot. He pulled away from her, revealing the redness that marred the delicate skin of his wrist.

"I'm sorry, Dmitri!" Shirley bit her lip, then added shakily, "I got really scared when I saw Rachel just now. I was terrified that she might suddenly attack me, and I didn't want you to see me get hurt or flounder. I didn't mean to pull you that hard, Dmitri."

At that moment, he turned around to look at Rachel and the two children's retreating figures. He was just in time to see Olivia's pink skirts before she disappeared through the hospital doors.

He asked slowly and pensively, "What is that little girl's relationship with Rachel?" He remembered Damian telling him that Olive had dropped by the hospital to visit him alongside Rachel, and now here they were again. More importantly, Rachel had another little boy with her, and this prompted so many questions in Dmitri's heart.

Meanwhile, Shirley felt her stomach churn nervously at this. Dmitri rarely ever got curious about anyone or anything, but today, he had actually asked about Rachel's daughter, the brat who happened to be Dmitri's sister from a different father.

Is there some kind of weird telepathic connection between siblings, too? If that were the case, and coupled with Dmitri's intelligence, it would only be a matter of time before he figures out that Rachel is his and Damian's actual biological mother!

With that in mind, Shirley played through several scenarios in her head. She finally took a deep breath and replied, "Honestly, I'm pretty curious about their relationship as well. Even if Rachel did get pregnant right after she disappeared four years ago, it still wouldn't make sense that she has a daughter this big."

In other words, she was implying that the little girl couldn't actually be Rachel's daughter.

Upon hearing this, Dmitri retracted his gaze and thought, I'll just ask Damian about the relationship between Olive and Rachel later. He pressed his lips into a grim line, then said indifferently, "Let's go, Mom."

Seeing how unfazed he was only made Shirley worry more. She caught up to him and asked as she walked, "Dmitri, how's the investigation on the car accident going? Did you find any evidence of Rachel having anything to do with it?"

He shook his head. "No, I don't think she had anything to do with the accident at all."

Jordan had already found leads to suggest that the Maxwells had something to do with the accident, and if all went well, then they were the most likely culprit.

"How could that be?" Shirley demanded in a shrill voice. "Who else would target Damian but her? Dmitri, don't tell me that you've fallen for her spell as well!"

Dmitri frowned. "Mom, there really hasn't been any evidence to suggest that Rachel was the one behind the accident."

"She's highly intelligent and meticulous, so she probably covered up her tracks and left no clues behind, which explains why you can't find anything on her!" She gritted her

teeth and added, "It has to be her! There's no one else! If we don't nip her in the bud, then she would only move against you and Damie again! Dmitri, I'm truly so worried about the both of you that I would rather risk my life than to see either one of you get hurt and hospitalized..."

Perhaps her pretenses were growing old, for it only took Dmitri less than a second to see through her act. At the end of the day, she was only trying to use the Fords' power and influence to banish Rachel from Seaview City.

Jordan might have let him target Rachel for Shirley's sake if he truly did not care about the former. But he banned me from doing so, Dmitri thought wryly. The last time he had accidentally hacked into Rachel's company website had ended up with Jordan punishing him.

As things were, he would not move against Rachel again without good reason.

The determined and stoic look on Dmitri's face only served to stoke Shirley's rage. So now even he won't help me, is that it? Does Rachel truly have such bewitching charms that she could turn even Dmitri, who has been loyal to me until now, against me? That little tramp. I have to pin the blame on her for the accident, no matter what! I don't care if she had nothing to do with it!

"You don't have to believe me, Dmitri, but the truth will eventually show that I was right all along. I won't be going back with you; I still have piano practice to get to." With that, Shirley gave Dmitri a long, hard look, then turned to get into her own car.

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Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 112– A Picture-Perfect Family

Rachel walked into the hospital room with her two children in tow, and at the sight of them, Damian lit up considerably. "Miss Rachel, I love you so much! I was just talking about you, and here you are with Olive. I'm so happy!"

Beaming, Rachel said, "It was Casper who suggested we drop by to see you. He was worried that you might be getting lonely here."

Damian pouted skeptically. "Right, as if. That guy loves picking on me, so there's no way he would have suggested paying me a visit."

"It's true." She reached out to ruffle his hair, then whispered, "Casper really is worried about you, but he's just too shy to express it."

Upon hearing this, Damian peered up and met Casper's gaze. The latter did not avert his eyes and merely said curtly, "As long as you like my sister, then I can try liking you, too."

"I don't need you to like me!" Damian turned his face away indignantly, though the tips of his ears turned red to show that he was pleased by the open gambit of a friendship.

Casper sat down next to the bed and lowered his gaze as he asked, "Where's your dad? Why isn't he here at the hospital?"

"He said he'd come over in the afternoon to keep me company, but I don't know when he'll be done with work," Damian replied with a rueful quirk of his lips.

Casper glanced at his watch and said nothing.

Just then, Joe came bustling in with a food container and announced, "Lunch is ready, Young Master Damian!"

When he saw that Rachel was in the room as well, the old man broke into a friendly grin. "Miss Rachel, you're finally here. Young Master Damian wouldn't stop going on about you for the whole of last night."

"Joe, come here!" Damian cried out enthusiastically. "This is Olive, the girl I told you about. Isn't she absolutely adorable and beautiful?"

Joe's gaze fell upon Olivia's face, and his heart melted at the sight of it. "Oh, my, isn't she just perfect? I don't think I've ever seen anyone quite as adorable as this little girl. But wait..." He paused as he eyed her features assessingly. "Why do I feel like Olive actually looks a little bit like Miss Rachel?"

Olivia still had baby fat in her cheeks, so she didn't resemble Rachel at first glance. However, the more one stared at her, the more she looked like a replica of Rachel, as though they were made out of the same mold.

Damian clapped a hand over his mouth and laughed. "Hah! Joe, why don't you try guessing why Olive and Miss Rachel look so similar?"

As such, Joe turned to look at Rachel, then at Olivia once more. At last, in a somewhat strained voice, he muttered, "No, this can't be what I think it is..."

This was the first time in his forty years of being the Fords' butler that he had seen Jordan show interest in a woman. He had always believed that there was a spark between Rachel and Jordan, though the situation could get messy, seeing as she was technically the children's aunt. But it's no problem at all if Master truly likes her! And now that hope is dashed because, out of the blue, Miss Rachel has a daughter!

“Haha!” Damian guffawed as he hit the headboard. “Joe, Miss Rachel is Olivia and Casper’s mommy!”

“What?!” The butler’s gaze flickered over to where Casper was standing quietly to the side, and his jaw dropped. So Miss Rachel has two children? And from the looks of it, they’re twins, too! Heavens, I think my heart just dropped to my stomach.

He thought about the discourse on the internet just the other day where Rachel was said to have given birth to a pair of stillborn twins four years ago.

Up until now, he had believed that all the gossip was baseless, but as it turned out, it was half-true; Rachel had indeed given birth to twins, but they were not stillborn at all.

In fact, the boy twin looked like a perfect little angel, while the girl looked as pretty as a flower. No one could resist doting on them at first sight!

Presently, Joe stared at Casper for a moment, then stiffened in surprise. For some reason, he thought the little boy looked exactly like Jordan had when he was younger. As the former sat on the chair, he had a way about him that replicated the latter’s.

Oh, dear. My eyesight must be getting worse with old age for me to imagine such things. Joe shook his head to dismiss the ridiculous thoughts, then crouched down to grin at Casper as he asked, “So, you’re Casper. Is it alright if I call you Young Master Casper?”

“You can just call me Casper,” the little boy replied politely.

“How adorable,” Joe crooned. “Here, have some candy.” With that, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of fruit candy, which he often used as a bargaining tool whenever he wanted to get Damian to calm down.

Casper, however, shook his head again and said, “Thank you, Joe, but I don’t eat candy.”

Joe felt inexplicable pressure whenever he spoke to Casper, as though he was speaking to a mini-version of Jordan. However, he couldn’t understand why he would feel that way when Casper looked so obedient and cherubic.

With an imperceptible shake of his head, Joe moved to offer Olivia candy. While she was not one to have candy often, she still reached out and took them, then slipped them into her pocket.

The smile on Rachel’s face grew warmer at the sight of this. She was starting to realize just how much Olivia had stepped out of her comfort zone and extended her boundaries. No longer did she keep herself to just Rachel and Casper; she now had

several more people whom she allowed to be part of her world. There were Damian and Emily, the children from the kindergarten, Albert, Joe, and Jordan.

Jordan's name had only just flashed across Rachel's mind when a tall figure showed up at the doorway.

Rachel looked over and met Jordan's obsidian eyes. She gave him a smile and greeted, "Mr. Ford." She was used to calling him 'President Ford' when they were in a work setting, but outside of that, she would smile and address him as 'Mr. Ford' instead.

Perhaps the presence of her children had prompted her to address him in a voice that was as gentle and soothing as a clear mountain stream. It settled someone and made them feel at ease.

Jordan, in particular, liked the crisp way she said his name, with the warm lilt in her intonation caressing his heart and sending ripples through his emotions.

Meanwhile, Joe straightened up from his crouching position with his hands pressed to his lower back to support himself. Then, he said meaningfully, "Master, allow me to make the introductions. This is Young Master Casper, and next to him is Miss Olivia. They are both Miss Rachel's children..."

Jordan merely nodded as he replied, "Yes, I know."

Joe gaped at the man in disbelief. If you knew, then why would you still try to get close to Miss Rachel? Aren't you worried that her husband is going to come storming up to you and pick a fight with you?

As he thought this, he swept his gaze over the people in the room. At first glance, they looked like a picture-perfect family.

Bewildered by this, Joe decided to excuse himself and left the room shortly after.

"Hey, Joe, where are you going? Who's going to feed me if you leave now?" Damian cried after him as he pouted. He was hooked to an IV at the moment, and he couldn't eat on his own.

Rachel pulled up a seat next to his bed and offered gently, "Here, I'll feed you, but you can't be choosy about your food."

Damian instantly brightened up. Joe does love me! I can't believe he would let me have a chance like this! With that in mind, he opened up his mouth and waited for the first spoonful of food like an eager baby bird.

While this was happening, Casper rose to his feet and walked over to Jordan, then asked slowly, "Mr. Ford, I need your help with something. Could we step out for a bit?"

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Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 113—It Must Be Jordan!

Casper and Jordan left the room and stood out in the hallway by the door.

Damian was chewing on his food as he asked curiously, “Why does Casper want to talk to Daddy?” As far as he was concerned, Jordan was the most intimidating man in his life, and he would never want to be alone with him, much less talk to him without company.

Rachel was admittedly curious as well, but she allowed Casper his little secrets, and she didn’t want to pry. She smiled and said, “Well, your dad’s a very brilliant man, so maybe Casper’s trying to pick up some pro-tips from him.”

Damian considered this for a moment, then pushed the matter into the back of his mind. He was much happier with having Rachel and Olivia here, and he prayed furtively that his father wouldn’t come in after this.

Jordan, on the other hand, had no idea that his own son hoped so fervently for him to disappear. He was looking at Casper intently as he asked, “So, what was it that you wanted my help with? I’m all ears.”

“I’ve taken an interest in software programming recently, and I was wondering if you have any insights on the topic, Mr. Ford,” Casper said as he took out a book on programming from his backpack, looking like he was thirsty for knowledge.

Jordan was not the least bit surprised by this. Most geniuses were interested in learning about a new field, but such interest would only last for three months before they moved on to something else. This was because it would generally take them that amount of time to grasp the core of the topic.

Casper had perhaps picked up on as many things as he could on the field of logic since the last time Jordan had seen him perusing the particular school of thought, and now, it wasn’t shocking that he had changed directions to satiate his ever-growing curiosity.

That said, programming was a wide and somewhat systematic area rife with complex information. A four-year-old could never understand it thoroughly within the course of three months, even if the child was a genius.

Jordan hummed pensively and replied, “I’m well-versed with the subject. What do you want to ask about?”

“Which software do you usually use for scripts, Mr. Ford?”

“Either Python or Java would do, but that depends on the purpose of your study. I could recommend some books and videos to you if you’d like.”

Casper clenched his little fists and looked down at the tips of his shoes, then pursed his lips as he muttered, “I want to be a hacker.”

“A hacker? Why?” Jordan narrowed his eyes.

Casper did not look up. “I think I’d like to keep the reason to myself right now, Mr. Ford. Could you recommend a few learning materials on the subject?”

Jordan grew grim when he heard this. When Dmitri was three, he had wanted to become a hacker as well, but Jordan dashed those aspirations and nipped them in the bud. However, that hadn’t stopped Dmitri from secretly going online to get in touch with actual hackers.

Hacking was a highly in-demand career, but the progress often led one to wayward ideals and principles. Given how the career was a popular one among foreign illegal syndicates and groups, a four-year-old couldn’t reasonably be expected to differentiate right from wrong in the pursuit of ambition.

Jordan was about to say a few words to dissuade Casper, but after a moment of thought, he decided against it. If Dmitri wouldn’t listen to him, he didn’t think his words would have much authority over someone else’s child.

Most geniuses were stubborn in their pursuit of knowledge, and it took more than a bit of sage advice to deter their efforts. As things were, Jordan was better off guiding Casper on the right path than dissuading him entirely from hacking activities. More to the point, the child might lose interest in this field soon after he had learned the basics of it.

As such, Jordan said, “Hackers usually use the Linux system in their operations. I can give you more pointers after you’ve mastered the system.”

A frosty gleam flashed in Casper’s lowered gaze. Looks like Jordan knows some hacking skills. He was most likely the one who hacked into Mommy’s company website last night! But why does a big shot like him, who has the entire Ford Inc. in his hands, want to attack a company that’s only been set up for half a month?

He released his clenched fists and finally looked up to say, “I want to be a hacker because I want to protect Mommy’s company from cyber-attacks. You know Mommy has set up a company not too long ago, right, Mr. Ford?”

“I do,” Jordan answered with a slight nod. “My company is currently working together with hers.”

"I'm not talking about Yates Corporation," Casper pointed out.

"Roselia Tech, right?"

Casper's heart sank. This guy does know everything. He pressed his lips into a thin line and returned to the hospital room. Having pushed the door open, he stood at the entryway and said, "Mommy, I want to go home."

Rachel was still feeding Damian when she heard this, so she paused in surprise and asked, "That's a little sudden, Casper. Give me five minutes; we'll leave as soon as Damian is done eating."

"I want to go home now," Casper insisted. He was rarely ever so stubborn, especially in front of others.

Thinking that he might be unwell, Rachel handed the container of food to Jordan and said, "Here, you take over in feeding Damian. We'll get going now."

Casper had already spun on his heels to leave. Rachel took Olivia by the hand and hurried out the room after him.

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

Damian had yet to swallow the last spoonful of food Rachel had fed him. He looked around the empty room dejectedly, and his lips wobbled. "Daddy, you're mean! You scared Casper off the moment you got here, and now Miss Rachel and Olivia left, too!" An almighty howl escaped his little body as tears spilled over his cheeks. "Why does this always happen to me?"

His mouth was wide open like a box, and all the unswallowed food tumbled out onto the bed.

Jordan was rendered speechless by this tantrum. He wanted to know why Casper had insisted on leaving out of the blue when he had been fine just minutes ago. He thought their conversation was rather an intelligent one, and he couldn't for the life of him figure out how and where he had offended the kid.

But now wasn't the time for him to try and assess another child's thought process, for Damian was sobbing and wailing in apocalyptic proportions. In a fit of childish rage, he swiped the bowl of soup off the table and onto the floor, causing a mess.

Meanwhile, Rachel and her two children were drawing close to the hospital doors. She had believed that Casper was feeling unwell earlier, but now she was starting to think that things weren't quite so simple.

She held onto his hand and probed gently, "Did Jordan say something to you?"

Casper pressed his lips into a grim line and made no reply. There were some things he would like to keep to himself. If it weren't for the fact that his emotions had threatened to overwhelm him just now, he would never have insisted on leaving the hospital that quickly.

He had always dreamed of having a father who doted on him or to even returning to his father's side. However, moments ago, he had learned that his father had launched a cyber-attack against Rachel's company.

He couldn't shrug this off.

Perhaps Olivia had sensed how despondent he was, for she walked up to him and tugged on his sleeve quietly.

"Casper, tell Mommy what happened instead of bottling all up inside. You can trust me," Rachel cajoled as she eyed him solemnly. "Why don't you tell me what's going on?"

He paused for a few seconds, then said, "Mommy, a hacker attacked your company website last night."

She nodded. "Yes, I know. And?"

"The person who launched the attack could very well be Jordan." He felt better after he said this, as though some anger went out of his little body. Perhaps bottling up all his resentment had actually dragged down his spirits, and now that he had worded it out, he felt lighter.

Rachel laughed when she heard this and ruffled his hair, then countered softly, "No, it wasn't him. You have it all wrong."

Casper frowned in confusion. "The hacker from last night geo-spoofed and found a sock puppet before he launched the attack on your company site, Mommy. He was trying to cover up his tracks, and quite meticulously, too, but I tracked him down anyway. His IP address was traced back to the Ford Residence, so it must be Jordan!"

However, Rachel shook her head once more. "You're right about the person being from the Ford Residence, but it definitely wasn't Jordan who did it."

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Casper Challenges Dmitri

Casper's fists clenched. There were only three persons in the Ford Residence that he knew. Jordan, Damian, and that kid I ran into at the hospital room doorway the other day.

Damian showed no prowess for hacking, and Rachel had eliminated the possibility of Jordan being the culprit, which meant—

"It was Dmitri, Damian's older brother," Rachel said softly, continuing Casper's train of thought. "Jordan has already apologized to me on his behalf, and he offered to pay compensation, too. There's no point dwelling on this and holding a grudge against them now, Casper."

Casper pursed his lips and muttered, "So, his name's Dmitri."

"Have you met him before?" Rachel asked in surprise. She, for one, would like to know what Dmitri looked like, but she never got the chance to meet him.

"We ran into each other outside Damian's hospital room," Casper replied. "Did he apologize to you personally, Mommy?"

She smiled and let the matter drop. As she held her children's hands, she pointed out gently, "The both of you are only four, and nothing else should matter as much as the school does, especially for you, Casper. You still need to work hard and apply yourself in your studies, not to mention you have Olive to take care of. Leave the adults to solve their own problems, got it?"

He nodded obediently and said, "Whatever you say, Mommy."

On the way home, he made small talk with Olivia, but he was also distracted by his own thoughts.

He had known since the other day that Dmitri was not one to be messed with, and as it turned out, his feelings had been correct. Dmitri's hacking skills were on par with his, and to some extent, he might be considered a top hacker.

However, Casper couldn't understand why he had never come across Dmitri's name on the List of Hackers before.

The three of them had only just gotten home when Casper received a message alert.

"Mommy, I'm going upstairs to change," he said as he made his way up the stairwell with a straight face. As soon as the door closed behind him, he grabbed his laptop and turned it on.

The message from K popped up on his screen, and it read, 'Master Yates, you won't believe this—it turns out that the hacker who attacked you the other day is a kid!'

Casper narrowed his eyes and asked, 'How do you know?'

K replied, 'I found his registration details. See for yourself.'

K followed up with a screenshot, which Casper promptly clicked into. Upon zooming into the picture, he saw that it contained straightforward information. 'Username: Baby Damie. Age: Four.'

A second later, K sent a somewhat belligerent message. 'This has to be false information, right? A four-year-old kid ought to be sucking on a milk bottle instead of lurking around the web as a hacker!'

Being four years old, Casper pursed his lips and tried not to take offense with that comment. He stared at the username for a while, and he couldn't understand why Dmitri was using Damian's name as a username.

More importantly, no one would look at Dmitri's intimidating front and think he was a bottle-feeding baby.

Silently, Casper typed away on his keyboard. 'Four-year-old kids nowadays are different, Old Man K. You're outdated.'

K replied furiously, 'I'm not an old man! I'm thirty, and I'm at my prime as a man! You've gotta be at least forty, or you wouldn't be such a pro hacker! Hey, speaking of which, why haven't I seen your photo yet even though we've known each other for so long? Drop a picture or something.'

'I'm not a woman, so I doubt you'd be interested in what I look like,' Casper mocked the man.

He wasn't sure why men liked looking at women, either, but every time he and K had a conversation, the latter would always wrap things up by saying he had a date, which only showed what a ladies' man he was.

Presently, he was conversing with K while searching for information on 'Baby Damie' across the Dark Web's system, but nothing came up. Even the account was devoid of activity records.

All he had uncovered was that the account had been set up a year and a half ago. Aside from the few assignments distributed by the system, Dmitri didn't seem to have any other record to show he was an active hacker. That was until last night when his near-dormant account had been noticed again by other users after he infiltrated Roselia Tech's official website.

Casper asked, 'Old Man K, I need to ask you something.'

'I told you I'm not an old man!' K insisted

Ignoring this, Casper went on, 'The Dark Web has an annual Showdown, right?'

K seemed surprised. 'I didn't think you'd be interested in stuff like this. You could have been the champion last year had you entered, but you refused to, remember?'

'Just tell if the Showdown is still ongoing,' Casper said.

'Yes, there is. This year's Showdown has already started,' came K's response.

A minute later, the Dark Web's system had a notice posted, which read, 'Prime Hacker, Master Yates, hereby issues a challenge to Bronze Hacker, Baby Damie...'

Having read the notice, K went berserk. 'Holy crap! You're challenging a Bronze Hacker? C'mon, we're Prime Hackers here, and you just dragged our street cred through the mud, Master Yates! Hey, Master Yates, stop hiding and come out and talk to me about this!'

Casper, however, went offline as soon as the challenge had been issued. He couldn't tell Rachel that he would like to confront Dmitri face-to-face, so the Dark Web was the only proper place for a duel between men.

Beep! Beep!

Dmitri's Dark Web account, which lay dormant for the better part of the year, sounded off a notification alert. He frowned and clicked into it, only to see a notice from the system informing, 'Good day, Baby Damie. Prime Hacker, Master Yates, has issued you a challenge. You may respond within the next three days, failing which you will be deemed to have rejected.'

He had set up an account on the Dark Web more than a year ago, but before the profile was completed, Jordan had called him out of the room. After that, Damian sneaked into his study and finished the registration on his behalf.

As such, Dmitri found himself the owner of a ridiculous username on the Dark Web. He disliked the username, and coupled with Jordan prohibiting him from having anything to do with hackers, he did not dabble much in the Dark Web.

However, last night, it was only because he wanted to look into Rachel's background and decided to geo-spoof and use a sock puppet to infiltrate her company website.

As of now, he glanced at his own profile in the system and saw that he had gained over ten thousand followers.

The hacker world is a dark one, indeed. All my moves are being watched. He pursed his lips and deleted the message from the system, then logged out of the Dark Web.

He had no interest in a challenge like this, but he had seen the name of his challenger, and it read as Master Yates. He began to wonder if this was the formidable opponent whom he had run into while trying to infiltrate Roselia Tech's company website the other night and whether the opponent had anything to do with Rachel at all.

There were only a few of the Yates whom he knew of. Could Master Yates be Rachel herself?

However, after pondering on the possibility of that, he realized that it didn't make sense. The Dark Web was a community that gathered the best hackers in the world, but only those ranked in the top ten had the honor of being deemed the Prime Hackers by the system.

Rachel might be a software engineer, but she couldn't very well turn out to be a hacker.

Dmitri thought about this for a while, but when he couldn't come up with a logical guess, he decided to set this matter aside for the time being.

Casper, on the other hand, waited for an entire weekend for Baby Damie's reply, but there came none.

When Monday rolled around, Rachel dropped her two kids at the kindergarten, and Casper had resumed his role as the kind and considerate big brother.

It wasn't until after Rachel had watched her children disappear into the school building that she pulled away and made her way over to the company.

She parked her car in the parking lot and took the elevator up to her floor. She had only just stepped out of the elevator when she saw that a crowd had gathered in the hallway outside her office.

The crowd was massive, and there was no room for others to maneuver. Even those from the office next door were craning their necks in hopes of seeing what was going on.

Rachel was still confused when suddenly, a woman in her late forties barreled through the crowd in her direction.

Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 115

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 115– Why Would She Try to Kill Him?

“You were the one who killed my son!” The middle-aged woman lunged toward Rachel and grabbed her by the collar. She raised her free hand and brought it down, aiming it at Rachel’s face.

Rachel frowned. She lifted her own hand unaffectedly and clutched the woman’s wrist. In one swift move, she pinned the woman’s arms behind her back. She looked somber as she bit out icily, “Who are you?”

With both arms pinned behind her, the woman could not move at all, and she began to cry hysterically, “It was all your fault! You were the one who killed my son! You asked someone to crash into him and kill him because you were afraid that he would rat you out! You little tramp! Give me back my son! Bring him back!”

Having said all this, the woman broke down into heaving sobs.

The crowd around them descended into a frenzy when they heard this.

“I heard about the accident from a relative of mine. Apparently, the driver who caused the accident ran down a kid and drove off, but the next day, he was found dead!”

“My uncle works in the police station, and he said that the driver was acting under someone’s orders. The accident was planned.”

“You don’t think Miss Yates was the one who gave the orders, do you?”

“Who would’ve thought that a woman as pretty as Miss Yates would ask someone to orchestrate a car accident?”

Rachel had no idea what had happened until she heard the crowd around her whispering among themselves. She hadn’t followed up much on the accident that landed Damian in the hospital, and she had brushed it off as just a hit-and-run. As it turned out, there was a conspiracy behind it.

Presently, her face was grim as she asked through gritted teeth, “How are you so sure that I was the one who gave your son the orders?”

“Who else is there?” The woman was crying as she muttered, “You went to see my son on the day before the accident. I saw you, and even though I only saw you that one time, I will never forget your pretty face! You were the one who killed my son, and there couldn’t possibly be anyone else! My son is dead, and I won’t let you get away with this! You’ll have to pay for this in blood!”

As she said this, she pulled out a dagger from underneath her sleeve and broke free of Rachel’s grip, then aimed the tip of the blade toward her.

Rachel did not care about such infantile tricks at all. She stepped aside to dodge the dagger and lifted her leg to trip the woman. The next second, the dagger clattered to the floor.

Michael from the company next door was impressed by this maneuver. "I didn't think Miss Yates was trained in martial arts."

Next to him, his secretary whispered, "She certainly isn't your average woman. It'd be wise for us to stay away from her now that she's gotten herself into trouble with the law as a murder suspect."

"I don't think she was the one who did it," Michael said pensively.

The secretary countered with a shake of his head, "Be that as it may, this incident is probably linked to her one way or another. We still have a few important clients coming by later, so we should head into the office and get the documents ready, President Greyson."

It was true that company matters took priority over gossip, so Michael spun on his heels and walked into his company suite. Along the way, he ushered in the employees, who were still waiting eagerly for a drama to unfold.

Presently, Rachel crouched down and apprehended the woman once more, then grabbed the woman by the collar as she dragged her out.

"Where are you taking me?!" The woman began to panic. "Let me go! Let me go right now! Are you going to kill me to silence me? Help! Somebody save me!"

"We'll take this up to the police," Rachel said bluntly. She opened the door to the backseat of her car and unceremoniously shoved the woman in. After that, she got into the driver's seat and locked the door, then sped off to the police station.

It took only five minutes for them to get to the police station. As soon as the car rolled to a stop, the woman tried to make a run for it.

However, Rachel was faster; she grabbed the woman by the collar once more and forcefully dragged her into the station.

As the police interrogated her and the woman mumbled her answers, Rachel finally understood what had happened.

The car accident that had landed Damian in the hospital had, indeed, been planned.

The police and the Fords had searched the entire Seaview City for the culprit, only to find that the car involved in the apparent hit-and-run had driven into the Livingston River. By the time they hauled the car up, the corpse was already distended and stiff.

The high-profile case was now being investigated by the police, who were avidly looking for clues.

“My son was kind and timid, so there was no way he could have hurt someone out of his own will! She was the one who paid my son a huge sum of money and ordered him to do such a vile act! My son, my poor darling of a son, is now gone!”

The police cut through all this emotional accusation and asked, “You said that Miss Yates met up with your son on the day before the accident. Can you tell me the time and place of the meeting?”

“It was 8.00PM, or maybe 9.00PM, and she met him at my doorstep,” the woman wailed. “I didn’t see them, but my neighbor did.”

The police then glanced over at Rachel and asked, “And where were you between the hours of 8.00PM to 9.00PM on the night before last?”

Rachel smiled. “I was on a call with Albert, the piano maestro. I’m sure that fact is easy enough to prove.”

Olivia was now a disciple under Albert, and the hours of 8.00PM and 9.00PM happened to be the time when both student and master were on a video call for virtual lessons. Rachel would usually take part in these sessions to keep her daughter company.

Having heard this, the police took half an hour to interrogate and cross-check her evidence against Albert’s statement. Then, upon deciding that she was innocent, they released her.

But the same could not be said of the middle-aged woman, who was detained for further interrogation after her statements were shown to provide potential leads for the case.

As Rachel stood at the police station entrance, the cool breeze picked up and cleared her thoughts.

If the woman’s words were anything to go by, then a beautiful lady really had shown up to look for the driver who orchestrated the whole accident. There was only one woman in the whole of Seaview City who was beautiful enough to resemble Rachel, and that was Shirley!

Could Shirley be the one who met up with the driver? Does that mean she was the one who tried to have Damian killed? But why? Rachel frowned. If Shirley wanted to marry Jordan, then it would make more sense for her to try and appeal to his children than to kill them off viciously.

Rachel spent a better part of the car journey pondering on this, but she could find no answer. By the time she snapped out of her reverie, she saw that she had pulled up in front of the Yates Residence.

She sat in the driver's seat and turned to appraise the house. This was where she had stayed for eighteen years before her life fell apart, and looking at it now, she felt not even a shred of familiar warmth, like she was staring at somebody else's house.

Each brick and tile was still the same as before, but the sentiments behind them were long gone.

She opened the car door and got down. Just as she was about to knock on the front door of the house, she saw Vivian sitting out in the yard, soaking up the sunshine.

Vivian had seen her, too, and she quickly asked the servants to open the door.

As soon as they did, Rachel walked into the yard and sat down next to her grandmother, then asked gently, "How have you been, Grandma?"

Vivian looked at her and let out a wistful sigh. "Same old, same old. When will you move back home, Rae?"

"Grandma, I'm perfectly fine living on my own. I'm only here today because I needed to ask you something," Rachel replied quietly.

She had grown suddenly curious about Shirley's son. She thought that perhaps Shirley had wanted to pave the way to success for her own son and, therefore, decided to get rid of Damian.

It was such a shame, Rachel thought, for that boy who looked like Casper to have Shirley as his biological mother. How did a good kid like him end up with such a vicious parent like Shirley?

"Go ahead and ask," Vivian said with a faraway look in her eyes. "My time is close, and my greatest wish is to see my children and grandchildren get along. I just don't know if I could live to see the day when that happens..."