

## The Adorable Twins and Their CEO Daddy

### Chapter 26

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But then she suddenly felt a sharp pain in her ankle, staggered, and was about to fall down. Maurice quickly pulled her into his arms and asked, “What’s wrong?” “My foot is hurting.” Eliana frowned. “I sprained my ankle when I was at work.” “In the golf course? Why hasn’t she recovered yet?” “I’ll take you to the hospital.” “No!” Eliana hastily stopped him. “Hospitals are too expensive!” “How poor is she?”, Maurice snickered. ‘Didn’t Gerald pay her?’ Thinking that, he suddenly leaned forward and carried her in his arms. “It will cost you a lot more if you delay treating such injuries.” Hearing that, Eliana felt that his words did make sense. In the hospital.

The doctor examined her foot and said that her bones were slightly dislocated, and that she would have to get treatment. Eliana glared at the doctor, wanting to refuse. “Will it hurt? If it’s going to hurt, then I don’t want it!” The doctor frowned disapprovingly. “You will have to endure the pain. If you don’t get it treated right away, then you might not be able to walk well in the future.” Eliana shook her head. She did not want pretend like she was overreacting, but in reality, she was really afraid of pain. Seeing that, the doctor became a little impatient, turned to Maurice, raised her hand, and said, “Don’t just stand there. Come and hold your wife’s leg, and do not let her move.” Eliana retorted hastily, “I’m not his wife!” It was true that she was not his wife, but he was the father of her children. “Oh, so you’re still boyfriend and girlfriend?” the doctor asked. Glancing at Preston, Eliana answered, “No... Not really.” “Then what’s your relationship?” The doctor tried to distract her by asking her casual questions while she swiftly moved her hands to treat her.

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### Chapter 28 I've Seen The Ring Before

It was almost after midnight Maurice was sitting by the French window in his riverside villa, browsing through the documents in his laptop. Corbin rushed to him in a hurry and reported, "Mr. Moran, Gerald's men were spotted around the old mansion. And I am sure that they must be looking for that ring." "Whatever." Maurice did not even raise his head. His uncle's efforts would be completely futile. His men had already searched the old mansion, and they did not find a thing. Thus, he didn't think that his uncle would find any clue. Once Maurice was done looking at the documents, he subconsciously clicked on a photo.

A gentle-looking woman was holding a child. There was a ring on her finger in the picture.

Maurice unconsciously enlarged the ring in the photo several times. The ring had a very simple design all over. It was frosted, and decorated with natural gemstones and quaint patterns. Besides the fact that it was the thing that his mother had left him, it was also something that represented the supreme power of his family. If someone had really taken it on purpose, then they would have enough power on their hands to turn the situation around in the corporate world. "Eh? I've seen this ring before." A child's weak voice attracted their attention. Silas stood beside Maurice as he gazed at the screen, tilting his head. Maurice immediately enlarged the ring in the picture again, showed it to him, and asked seriously, "Have you really seen it before? Where did you see it?" However, Silas snorted and turned around. "I forgot." "Silas." Maurice narrowed his eyes at him.

Seeing that he was about to lose his temper, Corbin immediately pulled Silas away, and said, "The ring is ancient, and I doubt Mr.

Gorman ever saw it."

He winked at Silas, who rolled his eyes at him. Seeing that, Corbin was embarrassed. 'Well, I did it for nothing, I guess.!' "Silas is not a child who would talk nonsense." Maurice's mellow voice came, and Silas became stiff for a moment before he slowly lifted his head and looked at his uncle. "Don't pretend like you know me well!" With a sigh, Maurice reached out to touch Silas's head. However, Silas turned away, dodging him. Maurice smiled and ordered Corbin, "Go and check if he's right. I want you to

investigate everyone he's met, including his kindergarten classmates." "Yes, sir!" Saying that, Corbin nodded and left. Maurice lowered his eyes and rubbed his fingers. All of a sudden, he remembered the two children he had seen Silas talking to at the bakery... Did the ring have anything to do with those kids? Meanwhile, Eliana opened the door, and saw that it was dark inside. 'Are they all asleep?' She felt guilty. A lot had happened since that morning, and she had come home late. Hence, she could not spend time with her children. She did not notice that the room door was open, and warm light was coming from the gap. "Mommy! Happy birthday!" Adrian's and Aileen's voice sounded like music to her ears.

She turned around in surprise and saw the twins holding a big cake in their hands with candles on it. Their eyes were glowing with joy and their smiles were beautifully innocent. Moved by their love, Eliana smiled at him. She wanted to help them put the cake on the table, but Adrian shook his head firmly. "Mommy, it's your birthday today, and you must not do anything. Let us do everything for you!" "That's right! Let us do it!" Aileen nodded in agreement. Eliana's nose twitched and tears welled up in her eyes. The kids put the cake down on the table gently, turned around, and held Eliana's hands as they walked her to the table. "Mommy, sit down! Eliana sat down in front of the cake with a smile. After taking a careful look at it, she raised her eyebrows in surprise. It looked just like the one that Preston had prepared for her. 'What a coincidence! "This is the cake that Silas got you, and he wanted us to let you know that he also wishes you a very happy birthday!" Adrian explained. "If only he was here to eat the cake with us!" Aileen grinned sweetly. Eliana's heart softened at once. She held her kids lovingly, and said, "I love your surprise a lot. Thank you, my darlings." Aileen jumped up and kissed her on the cheek. Adrian also smiled, and after singing the birthday song with his sister, he urged, "Mommy, make a wish! Hurry!" Eliana slowly closed her eyes, enjoying the happy moment! Aileen and Adrian were really a gift from God. No matter what difficulties she was facing, she was determined to protect them and help them grow up peacefully.

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## The Adorable Twins and Their CEO Daddy

### Chapter 29

Eliana's work life became peaceful after Gabrielle was fired. However, jobs were always complicated, and soon, new troubles came her way. Just when she was on her way to the pantry to take a break, she heard a nasty rumor. "I still can't believe that Mr. Moran actually got angry for the sake of a woman." "Don't you know... Mr. Moran was the one that helped Eliana pour coffee on Gabrielle?" "Eliana is such a sneaky b\*\*\*h! Although she's new to the company, she has already h\*\*\*\*d up with the CEO and kicked out her immediate superior. Overhearing their discussion, Eliana became furious. She felt the urge to storm in and hand each of them a pen, because she felt that they would be better scriptwriters than designers. But then, a voice was heard 'Now that the design director is gone, who is going to take the documents to Mr. Moran for approval? Hearing



that the women looked at each other. Neither of them wanted to face Maurice, their cold and ruthless CEO. Eliana sensed a bad feeling in her gut! She quickly put back the coffee cup, walked out of the Design Department and pressed the elevator button. But before the elevator stopped on her floor, Rachel, the woman who had just spoken in the pantry, stood in front of Eliana with a document in her hand. With a wicked smile, Rachel said, "Eliana, everyone knows about your special relationship with Mr. Moran. From now on, you have to take the documents to him for approval." Then she reached out, intending to hand the document to Eliana. "I'm really not familiar with Mr. Moran." Saying that with a perfunctory smile, Eliana pushed the document back towards her. Maurice was the last person she wanted to contact. The next second, her phone rang. "Why hasn't the document from the Design Department come to Mr. Moran's office yet?" Recognizing Corbin's voice over the phone, Eliana was stunned. "Are you really asking me?" "Oh, Mr. Moran asked you to be responsible for bringing the documents of your department to him from now on. Hurry up. Don't make him wait too long," Corbin replied bluntly, as if it were her duty. He then quickly hung up before Eliana could say anything. She was speechless and confused. 'Good heavens!' She had cleaned his office first; then she had picked up the golf b\*\*\*s for him, and now, she had to bring documents to him. It seemed so easy for Maurice to boss her around. Suppressing her anger, Eliana looked up and met Rachel's knowing look. It was more awkward for her now as it was harder for her to explain her relationship with Maurice.

"Didn't I tell you that you're the right person to take the document to him? The Design Department is counting on you!" Rachel said, put her hands together and smiled, pretending to plead. She then immediately ran back to her desk. Eliana was about to run after her when the elevator stopped at the Design Department. Massaging her forehead, she cursed her bad luck.

After hesitating for a moment, she got in the elevator, and braced herself as she ascended to the top floor, unimpeded by anyone.

Maurice's office door was slightly open, and she heard someone's voice coming from inside. "Mr. Moran! Please show mercy!" A middle-aged man was kneeling down in front of Maurice. "The moment my company goes bankrupt, my son will be doomed! He is still young, and is currently receiving chemotherapy treatment at the hospital. Please don't cut off his medical expenses! Mr. Moran, how can you bear to..." the man pleaded, grabbing Maurice's pant leg. However, Maurice kicked him brutally, and he fell to the floor, crying pitifully. Maurice's eyes were as cold as a block of ice as he stood straight in front of him, unmoved.

Seeing that, Eliana began to shake uncontrollably in fear, and clamped her hand against her mouth, not daring to make a sound.

5/5 - (1 vote)

## **The Adorable Twins and Their CEO Daddy**

## Chapter 30 An Assassination

As Eliana's eyes fell on the haggard middle-aged man begging and crawling piteously at Maurice's foot, all dignity thrown aside, she inevitably recalled her late father, Lemuel Pierce. His death came without warning, hitting her like a bolt from the blue. But that wasn't the end of everything: following his sudden death, the Pierce Group fell into bankruptcy and Eliana's mother took her own life. In just a flash, Eliana's world came crashing around her. She lost everything in the blink of an eye, falling from the luxury of heaven and tumbling down straight into the fiery, miserable pits of hell.

The Moran Group emerged as the ultimate beneficiary and bought the Pierce Group at an insultingly low price, thereby ending the Pierce Group's existence once and for all. Recalling her past tragedy, she suddenly found it hard to breathe. A pair of invisible hands clenched her heart tight, gripping and crushing it without mercy. Discomfort pricked her like tiny needles plunging into her flesh. Eliana's gaze grew slightly blurry as she trembled. She peeked through the small crack of the ajar door, her frightened gaze fixated anxiously on Maurice's ever cold, ever emotionless visage. Did he once treat her father the same heartless way he treated the pleading middle-aged man? Was he responsible for ruthlessly destroying her father's will to live on? Was he the catalyst that pushed her originally happy family off the cliff, spelling their doom? As these thoughts raced through her increasingly frantic mind, Maurice's sharp eyes turned to the door. His frigid voice was like the lash of a whip. "Who is it? Enter!" Eliana found herself shivering involuntarily, so much that the document in her hand slipped out of her shaky grip. Panic struck her immediately. She grabbed it as fast as she could but she accidentally pushed the door wide open and put herself under Maurice's daunting scrutiny. His eyes were daggers. She forced down her growing anxiety and tried to calm her screaming nerves. Giving her utmost best to put on a straight face that revealed nothing, she handed Maurice the document. "Mr. Moran, I need you to sign this document." Subconsciously, her eyes swept across the kneeling middle-aged man. He looked anguished and thoroughly ashamed of the humiliation forced upon him. Yet, he bottled all of his resentment and remained kneeling motionlessly on the floor, perhaps as he understood full well that he was without any choice. A pang of guilt struck Eliana as her gaze softened in pity. The poor man! He wasn't debasing himself because he had no dignity. Far from it! The burden of family forced his hand, and he must sacrifice were he to protect the livelihood of his children. Maurice was soon done with signing the document. As he looked up, he took notice of Eliana's line of sight. Seeing the obvious

sympathy brimming in her saddened eyes, he clicked his tongue and sneered in disdain, "Mind your eyes, Eliana." His harsh reprimand startled her. She wanted to say something, but suddenly, she felt as though a particularly sharp, pesky and sad stone was stuck in her throat. With great difficulty, she braved herself to speak, although her words came out in a terrified stammer. "Mr. Moran... Y-you may be rich and powerful, but you can't trample on people's dignity so." "Fool." At her words, Maurice's face darkened in an instant. A storm brewed in his eyes, promising the coming of great wrath that could destroy everything. "How could you actually believe such a flimsy lie?" Eliana,

for her part, had never seen him so intimidating towards her. She shrank, her fear growing by the second.

Maurice forced himself to draw in a deep breath. How could the people sent by Gerald be idiotic to this extent? Or was she perhaps too good of an actor?

Eliana was hesitant, uncertain of what to think. Would anyone really lie about his family's conditions without a second thought? With this in mind, she couldn't stop herself from sparing another concerned glance at the middle-aged man. Though he was kneeling on the floor, his right hand was buried in his pocket, and his posture was oddly stiff and awkward. Eliana was busy dwelling in her uncertainty when the middle-aged man suddenly leaped forward, roaring like a madman, "Maurice! Go to hell!" A cold light gleamed in the air as he finally took out his right hand from his pocket. As it turned out, the middle-aged man held a sharp dagger in hand. With a vicious swing, he stabbed Maurice and pushed the dagger hard into Maurice. Immediately, blood drained out of Eliana's face and fear engulfed her very being. But before she could react, she felt something closing around her waist and lifting her up. Her surroundings began to spin as she was pushed out of danger. The dagger brushed past her, missing her by mere inches. Hints of phantom pain assaulted her. A sharp blade of wind seemed to have slashed her tender skin, the sensation cold and painful

Out of instinct, she hurried to touch the wound. Upon doing so, she quickly realized that she was unhurt and the wound never existed in the first place. "Argh!" A pained howl grabbed her attention. She turned her head swiftly, only to be greeted with the sight of Maurice kicking the middle-aged man away as hard as he could.

The man's body smashed into the tea table, sending the cups on it falling down and crashing unceremoniously on his head.

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