

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 7

Chapter 7 Let's Fight

Weylam could not believe what he was hearing. Hey, kids shouldn't be gambling. And why did you have to be so roundabout about it? I don't think we need to do any paternity tests anymore. This boy is Master Sebastian's son. Since the boy could possibly be his employer's son, Weylam entertained him. He knelt down on one knee and looked the boy in the eye. "What kind of game would you like to play, Master Joel?"

Buddy answered, "Easy. We're betting on who's going to win or lose."

"I see."

Weylam was about to say that he bet that Sebastian would win, but then Joel said, "I'm betting that my mom is gonna lose."

Huh? I must be hearing things. I think I have to get more sleep. "Ah, so you're betting that your mother is going to win, huh?"

Buddy blinked. "No. I'm saying my mom is gonna lose, and that handsome mister is going to win."

Weylam looked at him curiously, and a moment later, he asked, "May I ask why?"

I thought you liked watching your mother beat someone up. What's more, your mother is a decent fighter. She took out the second-best fighter in one fell swoop. Well, Quinton might have been caught by surprise, and he might have held back because she's your mother, but that doesn't change the fact that she's a decent fighter. We can see that clearly. If she's that good a fighter, why are you betting on her losing?

Buddy grinned at him and huddled closer. "I am not telling," he whispered.

Weylam froze up. If you're not telling me, then why did you come so close? Do you like pranking people that much?

Sebastian felt a weird feeling bubbling up within him as he watched the child.

He wasn't interested in women, nor did he like kids, but for some inexplicable reason, he felt a sense of closeness to the boys, especially to the shorter one. He looked sweet, and whenever he smiled, it melted Sebastian's heart. For some reason, he wanted to pat his head, hug him, and give him the entire world. He stooped down before Buddy again and smiled. "So, what's the ante?"

“Oh, I can tell you.” He pointed at Weylam’s head. “I want ten strands of his hair.”

Oh, so he’s trying to avenge his brother, huh?

Amused, Sebastian looked at Weylam. “Of course.”

Well, I can’t do anything about that. Weylam nodded. “Of course, Master Joel.”

Joel blinked again. “You’re betting that my mom will win, right?”

“Yes.” Not like I can say no. Master Sebastian is clearly taking your side.

“Nice.” Buddy smiled happily, and he went back to his brother. “Aldo, I’ll avenge your missing hair. Just you wait. I’m great at plucking hairs. And by great, I mean it’s super painful.”

Sebastian smiled. “And why are you so sure I’ll win?”

Buddy made a face. “I’m not telling.”

Sebastian smiled. “It’s alright. This fight will end quickly.” Only one way to know the results. He looked at Madeline. “Miss Taylor, are you picking the spot, or shall I do it?”