

## You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 81

### Chapter 81 Moral Blackmail

Harriet said softly, "What I'm saying is you can apologize to your grandfather and father, and we'll just let this thing slide. We're all family here. There's no need to make everyone upset for a little thing like this."

Madelines smiled. "Why should I apologize? Did I do anything wrong?"

Harriet had no comeback to that. Did she do anything wrong? No, she didn't. The one who disrespected Robert and shut him up was Sebastian, not her. But I can't tell her that I'm asking her to apologize to my husband because she looks like a pushover.

"Why aren't you saying anything, Mrs. Wendel?" Madeline asked. "You haven't told me what I did wrong. Why should I apologize?"

"Enough, Madeline! Do you have to ruin everything before you're happy?" Angie cried. "This is my home. I grew up here. Why can't you just accept me? Why do you have to chase me away? Will you only be happy if I die? How can you be so evil?"

"I am not the one who wants to chase you away," Madeline answered calmly. "I've never even said that. Whether you stay or leave depends on the Wendels, not me. Don't call me evil, Angie. You know who's really evil here."

"But this all started because of you!" Angie cried loudly. "You could have settled this easily. All you have to do is tell Dad and Mom to let me stay, and Mom wouldn't have been hospitalized because of that fight with Cedric. Dad won't be in a dilemma right now either, but you just won't! You want me to leave, but instead of saying that yourself, you let Dad and Mom do it for you! That's more evil than you chasing me away yourself."

"I've answered that before." Madeline looked at her scornfully. "Angie, you know how you treated me. I'm already kind enough not to make things worse for you. Why do you expect me to speak up for you? You never showed that kind of kindness to me, so why do you expect me to do the same to you? Sorry, but I'm not a saint. I'd rather save a stray dog than someone who has hurt me countless times before. Namely you."

"Did you just insult me?" Angie asked incredulously. "How dare you insult me, Madeline? That's going too far!"

Madeline answered calmly, "Angie, you might have forgotten all about this, but you've insulted and abused me before. It's not too much that I pay you back a little, right?"

“That’s all in the past. Why do you keep bringing it up? So that’s your true colors, huh?” Angie shouted. “Why didn’t you pay me back when I did that to you? Why are you doing it now that you finally got the chance to? And you say you’re not making things worse for me? This is making things worse for me.”

Madeline looked at her calmly. “I never paid you back because I thought I was Cameron’s daughter. I thought I was born with a sin. I thought I owed you because you’re Dan’s cousin. He saved my life, and he wants me to tolerate you, so I did. But now I realize that it’s all a big mistake. You’re the one born with sin, while I am Dan’s cousin. If that’s the case, why should I defend you?”

“Maddie, you’re wrong,” Harriet said gently. “Cameron might not be your real mother, but she did raise you, and that’s a bigger favor than bringing you into this world. Angie is her daughter, and you should show her mercy for your foster mother’s sake. That’s how you show gratitude.”

Madeline stared at Harriet for a moment, then she sighed and shook her head. “Mrs. Wendel, honestly, I’m impressed by how easily you spout something so stupid and disgusting.”

Harriet’s smile froze. “Maddie, I am your elder. You can’t act so rude to me.”

“I told you I haven’t gotten back into the fold yet. You’re not even my elder, so shut it.” Madeline cocked an eyebrow at her. “And don’t call me rude. You tried to morally blackmail me first. I’m just telling the truth.”

Harriet bit her lip. “Maddie, I’m doing this for your own good—”

Madeline frowned. “Forgive me for being honest, but you’re not exactly young, so stop with the young girl act. It’s disgusting. Did nobody tell you that before?”

Harriet’s face fell. She loved it when people said she looked as young as a university student, and she hated it when people called her old. Madeline hit her where it hurt the most, and she actually started hating Madeline. She came here in the first place to make life worse for Michael and Crystal, but now, her goal changed. She clenched her fists and said, “Madeline, your grandfather is right. If a mannerless girl like you comes back into the fold, it’ll make the whole family a laughing stock. We will never know peace.”

She held Angie’s hand and pulled her closer, then she looked at Michael. “Michael, Crystal and I raised Angie up, and we love her. I’m telling you now that if you chase her out, then you’re not my son anymore. It’s either me or Madeline, Michael. You make the choice.”

“Please, Grandma, no!” Jonathan quickly said. “Mom just got out of the woods. If she finds out that Dad chased Madeline out after she wakes up, how is he supposed to explain to her?”

“Yeah, Grandma,” Connor said. “A lot has happened today, and everyone is tired. We’re not in the best of moods, so we talk before we think. I think we should get some rest and leave this for tomorrow.”

“I don’t care if you leave this for tomorrow, or any day after that. Angie is my only granddaughter, and that’s it.” Harriet held Angie’s hand tightly. “You can’t be this heartless. You raised her up and spent more than twenty years with her. You can’t abandon her just because she’s not your father’s real daughter. Either you keep her, or you chase me out as well. You choose.”

Michael could feel his head explode. Choose? How am I supposed to choose?

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 82**

### **Chapter 82 Salvageable**

Madeline’s my daughter who got stolen since the day she was born. Harriet’s the one who took care of me and my brothers just so we wouldn’t have to be tortured by a stepmother. She married Dad and has no children of her own because of that. How am I supposed to make the choice? He shook his head in agony. “Auntie, please. Please don’t force me to make a choice, alright?”

“I’m forcing you? No, you are forcing me.” Harriet teared up. “Crystal had to heal up after Angie was born, and I helped raise her up. Your father has nine grandchildren, but Angie is the only one I raised myself. Now you want to chase her out? No, I’m not forcing you. You’re breaking my heart here.”

“Grandma!” Angie cried loudly and hugged Harriet. It was at that moment, her despairing heart finally felt slightly secure. Harriet was even more powerful than Robert in the family. Michael and his brothers respected her more than their father because she gave up on having her own kids just to take care of them. Now that Grandma is helping me, Dad won’t chase me out anymore. Even if Mom only cares about Madeline, as long as Grandma is here, I won’t be harmed. I might not live as well anymore, but at least I won’t have to leave the family.

“Angie. My poor Angie.” Harriet was hugging Angie and crying as well.

Michael’s face was as white as a sheet, and he couldn’t say a word.

Michael was in agony, but he didn't cave in, nor did he give up on Madeline. Madeline saw that, and she pitied her father. Madeline took a step forward and looked at Harriet. "Stop forcing him to make a choice. He doesn't decide whether her real identity is exposed or not; I do."

Harriet was holding Angie, but she looked up at Madeline. "What do you mean?"

Madeline said, "I mean I will call the police even if Mr. Wendel doesn't. I will sue Cameron for making the switcheroo, so don't force him to make a choice anymore. Try forcing me."

"Why you..." Harriet pointed at her with a trembling finger. "How can you do such a vile thing? Angie is innocent! Why won't you show mercy?"

"Exposing Cameron's crimes and telling the public about Angie's real identity is evil?" Madeline cocked her eyebrow. "If that's what you think, then suit yourself. I've decided to call the cops on Cameron tomorrow. Anything you want to ask? Or do you want to force me to relent as well? Fine, do it. I'll be waiting."

"You...You..." Harriet could force Michael because of her identity, but not Madeline. She pointed at her and stammered, but she could do nothing to her, so she turned to Michael. "She's your daughter, Michael. You—"

"Stop forcing him," Madeline interrupted. "I won't be getting back into the fold for now, nor will I do as Mr. Wendel says, so there's no use in forcing him. It's my decision to call the cops and sue Cameron, and no one else. There's no point in making things hard for him."

Michael looked at Madeline, feeling touched, and he teared up. "No." He sobbed. "You're our daughter, Maddie. We've missed the last twenty years of your life, but we won't miss a second more from now on. I'm sorry for being too weak."

"It's alright, Mr. Wendel. I don't blame you." She looked at him and smiled. "I'm grateful that I'm now a legal child thanks to Mom and you. Aldo and Buddy won't have to face any discrimination after this. I can understand you, and it's not important whether I can come back to the Wendels or not. What's important is that the criminals face justice."

"How can you be so evil?" Harriet growled. "Cameron is your foster mother no matter what. She raised you up. You can't send her to jail. God will punish you for this."

"That again?" Madeline cocked an eyebrow at her. "Did you forget that I called you stupid for saying that? If we go by your logic, if an evil woman steals your children away and raises them up, your children have to be grateful for her instead of hating her for stealing them away?"

“Maddie’s right, Grandma,” Jonathan said. “Grandma, Maddie is our family. If it weren’t for Cameron, she would have been enjoying her life with us. But Cameron stole her away, and not only did she fail to take care of Maddie, she almost killed her. She didn’t exactly raise her.”

Madeline looked at Jonathan, surprised. She never thought he’d defend her despite all the pressure from his family. Did Sebastian do the trick? Looks like he’s a decent person. He didn’t turn evil after getting scolded. In fact, he learned something from it. He’s good.

“Even you, Jonathan?” Harriet pointed at Jonathan, her face white, and she almost cried. “Did I love you for nothing? My most beloved grandson, refuting me just for an outsider. A-Am I that worthless?”

Robert glared at Jonathan. “Jonathan, apologize!” he roared.

Jonathan sighed and bowed to Harriet. “I’m sorry for arguing with you, Grandma. It’s late. I’ll send you two home. We can talk tomorrow.”

“I am not leaving! She’ll call the cops on Cameron and tell everyone about Angie’s real identity if I do!” Harriet said through sobs. “She’s already of marrying age. If her identity is exposed, how is she supposed to marry then? Nobody will marry her! She’s your sister! You grew up with her! Can you really watch when her name gets tarnished?”

“It’s not that serious, Grandma,” Jonathan said. “It’s not the end of the world. Maddie’s been Cameron’s daughter for more than twenty years. She’s still fine.”

“I don’t care!” Harriet said. “Angie is the Wendels’ princess, and I raised her up. I won’t let you ruin her life!”

Madeline looked at her calmly. “And? I’ve decided to call the cops on Cameron, and Angie’s real identity will get exposed. How are you going to force me into letting Cameron go free so Angie’s secret can be kept then?”

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 83**

### **Chapter 83 What Did You Call Me?**

“You...You...” Harriet looked at Madeline, her face pale. She then gritted her teeth and pushed Angie away, then she knelt before Madeline. “I beg of you!” She looked up at Madeline in anguish. “I beg of you, please. As a grandmother, I beg of you. Please have mercy on her. Please let her stay with us. Don’t tear the family apart. You don’t want that to happen because of you, right?”

“What are you doing, Auntie?”

“Grandma, please stand up!”

“Please don’t do this, Grandma!”

Michael and his sons quickly went to pull her up.

“Get away!” She pushed them all away and kept looking at Madeline. “Please, I beg you. I promise that she won’t get in your way even if she stays. She can move in with me. I’ll take care of her, alright?” She styled herself out to be a defender of justice, as if Madeline was the villain who was forcing the victim into a corner.

Madeline thought things were getting a bit thorny at this point. It would be easy if the Wendels didn’t care about her. She’d let her do whatever they wanted, while she’d go on with her life. But the problem was that Michael cared about her, and even Jonathan was starting to speak up for her. And then there was her real mother—Crystal. She could see that Crystal was the one who cared about her the most among the Wendels.

That was where her mother differed from her father and brothers. She was the one who got pregnant with her, and she was the one who carried her to term. Madeline was the one in her belly for ten months, not Angie. Kids were their mother’s flesh and bone, and Madeline was Crystal’s flesh and bone, not Angie. Crystal treated her differently from the other Wendels.

Only Crystal had love and heartbreak in her eyes when she looked at Madeline. She felt guilty and agony about her loss, and she was always careful around Madeline. She hated herself for letting Cameron do the switcheroo and lost out on her childhood and teen years. She approached her carefully, worried that Madeline might hate her because of something she did wrongly.

She was the one who truly cared about her. Madeline was a sucker for kindness. Too few people were nice to her, so everyone who was nice to her was precious. She’d repay their kindness at least three fold. Madeline wouldn’t want those who were kind to her to feel sad. So what now? She was in a dilemma, and she looked at Sebastian.

Sebastian looked calm, as if he knew everything and was treating this as a good show. He noticed Madeline’s look, and he smiled confidently. Then he wrapped his arm around her waist. “It’s fine. If she wants to kneel, then let her. We have no work tomorrow, so we can stay up the whole night. Let’s see how long she can go on.”

Cedric had been quiet the whole night, but now he flew into a rage. “You had better watch it, Sebastian!”

“Cedric, shut up!” Michael roared. He closed his eyes and knelt before Harriet. With a trembling voice, he said, “Please don’t force me to do this, Auntie. Crystal wants to call

the police. She's now in the ICU, and I can't go against that. Cameron must be arrested, or Crystal will never rest easy. Auntie, I know this is insolent of me, but you can punish me how you want. Just don't force me anymore."

"You...You..." Harriet was wobbling from fury. "Michael, I-I raised you up, and this is how you're going to repay me? Is your wife more important than I am? Do I have to die before you'll let Angie go? Is that what you want?"

"This is all my fault..." He stared down, teardrops falling onto the ground. "If anything were to happen to you, I'd gladly give my life up for you."

"What are you talking about?" Robert kicked Michael. "After your mother died, you fell terribly ill and almost died. Did you forget who stayed by you at all times? Harriet never had her own children just because she wanted to take care of you three. She poured all her heart and soul into you boys, and now you're abandoning us just because you have your own family? Do you think your family is more important than we are? Should we just die?"

"Dad, please don't say that." Michael banged his head against the floor. "This is all my fault." He kept banging his head, but he never did say he would let Cameron go and hide Angie's identity.

Angie's eyes were red with hatred. It was like she didn't know her father and brothers. Grandma is already on her knees, but they still won't let Cameron go and keep my identity a secret? What are their hearts made of? Not even stones are this hard.

Robert kept yelling at his son, while Michael kept banging his head. Blood seeped out of his forehead and covered the floor in red, but he would not relent. He could not relent. His wife was still in the ICU. If he were to relent, he wouldn't be able to explain himself once his wife woke up. He could relent if his wife was in the wrong, and he would be willing to beg for forgiveness, but his wife was not in the wrong; his father and stepmother were. All his wife wanted was for the truth to be exposed, and for justice to be served. He would not let her down.

Sebastian's phone rang while they were arguing. He took his phone out and looked at Quinton.

Quinton got what he was trying to say, and he went away.

Sebastian nudged Madeline and huddled closer. "Help Mr. Wendel up," he whispered.

She hadn't known him for long, but she noticed that he was always confident no matter what the matter was, and she found him reliable. For some reason, she felt that he would not do or say anything meaningless. Now that he wanted her to help Michael up, she knew he must have a plan. She nodded at him without hesitation and went to Michael, then she bent down and held his arm. "I'll help you up, Dad."

“Michael froze up and swiveled around to look at her. “W-What did you call me?” he asked, his voice trembling.

## You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 84

Chapter 84 What Do You Mean?

Madeline smiled at him. “Dad.”

He was her real father in the first place, so she had no reason to put up airs. She didn't call him that previously because she wasn't sure if he wanted her back, but now, she knew he truly wanted her back in the family. She was touched by the love Michael had for Crystal. Madeline wasn't sure if he was a good father, but she was sure that he was a good husband and a man whom a woman could rely on. Because of that, she could address him as 'Dad' easily, unlike how it was earlier.

It might be a simple title, but it touched Michael. He wondered whether that was the magic of blood bonds. His sons had called him that countless times, but it felt different when Madeline called him that. It tugged on his heartstrings, and he wanted to pull her into his embrace so he could shower her with love.

He stared at her; the more he looked, the more he realized that Madeline resembled him and Crystal. Our blood flows in her. She's our daughter. He hugged her tightly and sobbed, “I'm really, really, sorry, Maddie. I've failed you.”

Harriet was still kneeling on the ground, but she froze and thought everything would be settled once she kneeled. She thought Cameron's crimes would be hidden away and Angie would still be staying with the Wendels. Once Crystal came back, she would have to live with Angie and get annoyed every single day. She thought the woman whom she had envied for life would live in misery for the rest of her waking days, but things didn't go as expected.

She was kneeling on the ground, but Michael seemed to have forgotten all about her. He was hugging Madeline and finally reunited with her. Harriey wanted to see Michael relent and go against Crystal while wanting him to keep Cameron's crimes a secret and let Angie stay with them, but all she saw was Michael throwing away his dignity just to let his wife have her wish. That stoked her flames of envy. Is she that much better than me? Why does God give her everything and nothing to me? Beset by anguish, she said in a trembling voice, “Michael, d-do you really want me to die before you'll keep Angie?”

“Oh, you want to die, huh?” Sebastian took the files Quinton gave him and flipped through it. Then, he tossed it in between Michael and Harriet. “Well, suppose I'll send you on your merry way, then. The highway to hell can be crowded, so do be careful.”



Robert roared, "That's going too far, Sebastian!"

Sebastian glanced at him for a moment. "Madeline, help Mr. Wendel up. I have something to tell him," he said.

Madeline was holding Michael's arm. "Dad, get up. We can talk after that."

Michael didn't want to let her down, so he obliged and rose to his feet.

Sebastian looked at Michael. "Mr. Wendel, I stumbled upon something interesting when I was looking into Madeline and the boys' backgrounds. I didn't think much about it back then, but now that I've met your stepmother, I think that interesting little tidbit becomes a lot more... shall we say, mysterious?"

Cedric was the easiest to be enraged among them all and he hissed, "Say what you have to say, Sebastian. You think it's funny going round in circles?"

Sebastian smiled at him. "Yeah, especially when there's a few rabid dogs running with me."

An angry Cedric pointed at him. "You..."

Connor smacked his hand down and frowned. "Haven't you learned enough yet? Shut. Up."

Cedric was reminded of his mother before heart clenched and he quickly shut up.

Connor looked at Sebastian and apologized, "Please go on, Sebastian."

He was in the spy department, and being observant was one of the requirements. He realized that Sebastian might seem flippant and distant, but he would never do anything pointless, nor would he say anything useless. If he's talking about Grandma all of a sudden, then it must have something to do with what's happening tonight.

Sebastian looked at him. He had a rough feel about all the Wendel brothers' personalities that night. Jonathan was calm and collected while his second brother was a man of action. He wouldn't spend time talking if he could use violence to solve the matter. He couldn't imagine someone like that working in the research field. Connor was the most easygoing and meticulous of all, and he resembled his father the most. His twin was just a slightly handsome man, but aside from that, he was just a bumbling idiot.

Well, they are passable, at least. No evildoers among them, and if I were forced to praise that idiot, I'd say he's compassionate. At least Maddie doesn't have to deal with stupid and demanding family like the girls in novels. Then, he looked away from Connor and turned his gaze to Michael. "Mr. Wendel, do you still remember how your mother passed away?"

Everyone thought the question came out of nowhere, but Harriet's heart skipped a beat.

Robert was beside her, telling her to get back up and he noticed his wife's peculiar reaction. "What is it, Harriet? Are you feeling unwell?"

Harriet shook her head nervously. "I'm fine." Her heart was pounding furiously, and she looked at Sebastian. Why did he suddenly ask something so tangential? Does he know something about this? Or, is it just a random question?

She suddenly regretted standing up for Angie instead of laying low. Her plan was to make life hard for Crystal, but that plan failed and backfired on her. He's suddenly bringing up my sister's death.

"Of course I remember how she died," Michael said. "She was pregnant with her fourth child when she was thirty-five. Advanced maternal age, if you will. Her fetus wasn't stable, and she fell by accident. She lost a lot of blood back then." His voice became barely a whisper, and his hands were clenched into fists. "She was already in her third trimester back then, and when she fell, there was nobody around. It was already too late when she was found, and she died before we could get her to the hospital."

Sebastian cocked an eyebrow at him. "The Wendels are rich. There should have been servants around to take care of your pregnant mother."

Michael answered, "Yes, we had servants, but not in my mother's room. Her room was on the second floor while the servants were on the first floor. She fell in her bedroom, so nobody noticed."

Connor had always been the calm one, but now, he couldn't stay calm anymore. "Sebastian, what might you be implying?"

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 85**

### **Chapter 85 I'm Interested**

Sebastian looked at Connor for a moment. "When my men were looking into Maddie and the boys' past, I noticed that one of the maids who served your mother is living the life right now. She comes from a regular family, but about ten years ago, she suddenly worked with your stepmother and invested a lot of money to open a private clubhouse, and she has been in close contact with your stepmother ever since."

Shocked, Harriet held Robert's hand and struggled to stand up. She glared at Sebastian and demanded, "What are you trying to say, Sebastian? What are you implying? Are you calling me a murderer?"

Sebastian glanced at her and smiled. "Miss Branson, I haven't said a thing yet. Why are you so nervous? Scared?"

Michael was no fool. He was smart, in fact. He knew what Sebastian was trying to say just from that little interaction. He stared at Sebastian, and he said with a trembling voice, "You're saying that my mother's death has something to do with Auntie?"

"And there's another thing." Instead of answering his question, Sebastian brought up another topic. "I heard that Miss Branson doesn't have any children of her own because she took care of you and your brothers. Is that right? Your father did say that out loud."

Michael nodded. "Yes. That is right." And that was why he and his brothers respected Harriet a lot.

"But the reports I got say otherwise." Sebastian looked at Robert and Harriet. "My men found out that Harriet is barren, and she knew it before she married your father."

He smiled at Robert. "Mr. Wendel, the reason Miss Branson never had her own children wasn't because she wanted to care for her nephews, but because she is barren. I wonder if you know that, Mr. Wendel. Did you know she deceived you? Or did you work with her so your sons would believe that she sacrificed her own happiness to take care of them?"

It was a deadly question, as either answer would land Robert in a world of embarrassment. If it was the former, that meant he was a fool, but if it was the latter, then that meant he was an accomplice.

Michael and his sons looked at Robert.

Robert's face was twitching, but he had to answer, for everyone was looking at him. "I did not know." He looked at Harriet and asked, "Why did you lie to me? Didn't you say that you didn't want any children because we already have three kids? I thought you said you were worried you wouldn't have time for Michael and his brothers."

Harriet was panicking. She never thought she'd be dragged into this whole mess. If she had known about this, she would never have come to Michael's house and tried to make Crystal's life difficult.

She didn't defend herself. Of course she wanted her own children, and she consulted a lot of doctors for that before and after she married Robert. Nobody noticed that, so nobody looked into it. But now that her secret was exposed, they could find the evidence easily if they wanted to. It was useless to try and argue, so she looked down and covered her mouth. "Rob, it's hard to be a stepmother." She sobbed. "I said that just

so Michael and the boys would believe that I truly was nice to them. I never had any other ideas.”

“Oh, but only you would know if that’s the truth.” Sebastian looked at her and chuckled. “You know, once I found out about your case, I came up with a little story in my head. To be exact, it’s a tragedy.”

“Enough! Stop talking!” Harriet’s voice trembled. “Even if I did lie, I am still their stepmother, and they’re related to me. They’re the closest family I have aside from Rob. I love them, and I raised them. I treat them like my own children, and you can’t tear us apart just because of some little story you made up.”

“Hey, if you guys are that loving, then what’s the harm in listening to my story?” Sebastian smiled. “Didn’t you say you wouldn’t stand up unless Mr. Wendel agreed to your terms? Why are you up now? Keep kneeling.”

“You...You...” Harriet couldn’t even form a coherent sentence. She was enraged, but also terrified. Harriet had her own dirty little secret, and that must never be found out. She had never regretted her actions so much before. Why did I have to poke my nose where it doesn’t belong? And now see what that got me. He might say something really bad in just a moment. She wobbled and held her forehead, leaning toward Robert.

“Rob, I feel really dizzy. I—”

“Oh ho ho, do please hold yourself together, Miss Branson. Don’t pass out.” Sebastian looked at her, amused. “Even if you do pass out, I’ll still tell my story. If you’re awake, you can still defend yourself, but if you’re not, you’ll be sent away and miss out on my story.”

Harriet was pretending to be dizzy, but now she truly felt like fainting from all her anger. But Sebastian had a point. She couldn’t faint at this point in time. Harriet leaned against Rob and looked at Michael tearfully. “Michael. I’m your stepmother, and I raised you. Are you just going to watch as this young man insults me?”

Michael had always been nice to his father and stepmother, but this time, he didn’t defend her despite what she said. Instead, he was staring at her, his deep gaze filled with a terrible storm.

The look in his eyes scared her, and she asked in a trembling voice, “Michael, why are you looking at me like that? You’re going to trust a stranger instead of your own stepmother? I crossed him because I tried to help Angie, and now he’s trying to make you doubt me in return. Don’t trust him, Michael!”

Michael stared at her for a silent moment, then he turned to Sebastian. “Sebastian, I’m really interested in your story.”

“Well, we have time to spare, and I’m willing to tell you all about it.” He wrapped his arm around Madeline’s waist. They were standing under the chandelier, looking like a perfect couple. A smile curled Sebastian’s lips, and he took on the role of storyteller. His voice was crisp, clear, and sonorous. It captivated those who listened, and oh, did the Wendels listen. “The story I have in mind is of how Miss Branson fell in love with her own sister’s husband...”

## You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 86

### Chapter 86 Understandable and Betrayal

“Shut up! Shut up!” Harriet stopped him furiously. “Sebastian, I’m nearly fifty years old, and I’m your elder! You cannot slander me like that!”

Sebastian smiled. “Alright, I’ll change it up a bit then. Once upon a time, there was a successful young man who was loved by his wife’s sister. But his sister-in-law had to hide that love deeply within her, for her sister and her brother-in-law were madly in love with each other.”

“Sebastian, enough! Shut up!” Harriet would kill to tear Sebastian’s tongue out right at that moment.

“Hmm?” Sebastian looked at her curiously. “What is it, Miss Branson? Have you fallen in love with Old Master Wendel when your own sister was still alive? If you haven’t, why are you reacting so violently then?”

Michael looked at Harriet coldly, and anger was crawling up his face. There was a difference between her taking care of them after their mother’s death and marrying their father after spending a lot of time with him and falling in love with him, and coveting him and secretly getting close to him while their mother was still alive. The former was understandable, but the latter was betrayal.

“That’s nonsense! I would never do that!” Harriet hated herself for poking her nose where it shouldn’t belong. She could have lived her life in peace and taken her secret to the grave, but she just had to land herself in a world of trouble. If she could turn back time to a few hours ago, she would tell the guard to keep a close eye on the main gate and never let anyone in. Of course, she wouldn’t come out either.

Sebastian smiled, and he continued, “Now that the sister-in-law has caught feelings for her sister’s husband, she started disliking her sister. But she probably didn’t have the idea to kill her sister and replace her in the first place. She was still unmarried, but her brother-in-law already had three children. She didn’t want to become a stepmother. However, she eventually found out that she was afflicted with infertility, so she started making plans to take her sister’s husband for herself.” He smirked at Harriet. “She

couldn't have her own children, but her sister had three, and to her, those kids were her stepchildren. Why should she be someone else's stepmother when her own sister's kids could be under her care, right? And she loved her sister's husband as well. It would be easier to make her own nephews see her as their mother."

"That's nonsense! Nonsense!" Harriet couldn't hold it back anymore, and she pounced at Sebastian. "That's a lie! You're slandering me! I'll kill you!"

Quinton appeared beside her and twisted her arm behind her before she could even get close. She screeched in pain and bent over, eventually losing her balance and falling to the ground.

Sebastian didn't stop. "And finally, she did the deed. While her pregnant sister was in her room all alone, she tried to get her sister to fall. When her sister did, she started to bleed, but instead of calling the ambulance to help her sister, she covered her sister's mouth and kept her from calling for help."

"That's nonsense! Nonsense!" She struggled to break free, tears streaming down her cheeks. "She fell down herself. I had nothing to do with it!"

Sebastian looked down at her. "She thought nobody would find out about her secret. She thought all would be fine with her sister's death, but fate wasn't so kind to her. A maid called Cindy noticed her crimes, and that maid blackmailed her with this dirty secret of hers. She had no choice but to give her a lot of money to keep her mouth shut. Eventually, the woman managed to marry the man of her dreams. Or in this case, the widower of her dreams. She established herself in her brother-in-law's home, but Cindy's greed evolved. Cindy kept asking the woman for money. Worried that her contacts with Cindy would be found out, the woman came up with a plan. She said she liked Cindy and thought of Cindy as a capable woman, which was why she opened a clubhouse with Cindy. Since then, she kept sending money to her through the clubhouse in order to shut Cindy up."

"I didn't do it... I didn't do it... I didn't do it." Harriet kept shaking her head, shouting, "Rob, Michael! Believe me! I didn't do anything! He's getting back at me because I tried to defend Angie! Believe me! I never did anything he said! I never have!"

"It's easy to verify the truth." Sebastian looked refreshed after finishing that story, and he sounded relaxed. "Get someone to bring Cindy here and ask her. Or they can look into that clubhouse's accounts to find the answer." He smiled, looking at Harriet. "Cindy's clubhouse is in the red. Your investments have yielded no returns, and she used your money to buy estates all over the world. Her husband and son's cars are better than the Wendel brothers'." He chuckled. "And you say you never did that? If you never did anything, why are you so nice to Cindy then? Is she your best friend? Or do you just want to share your wealth with her?"

“S-She helped me before,” Harriet answered fearfully. “I-I almost got into a car crash, and she saved me. She’s my savior. Money’s not as important as life. She saved my life, and it’s normal that I pay her no matter the amount.”

“She saved your life?” Sebastian arched his eyebrow. “When and where? Do you have any witnesses?”

Harriet had no answer to that. The fewer that knew about the deal between her and Cindy, the better. There were no ‘witnesses’ at all. Even when Robert brought it up, she only told him that she almost got into a car crash and was saved by a girl who worked as the family’s servant. She told him she wanted to open a shop with her and repay her.

The Wendels were rich, and Robert was generous when it came to her. She had money, and Robert didn’t really care about small stuff like that. He only asked her a few questions and let her do whatever she wanted after she told him she wasn’t hurt in the accident. Ever since then, she seldom brought Cindy up in front of him. She thought he would forget this incident as time went by, and she and Cindy would take this secret to their graves.

But she never thought it would be exposed just because she wanted to make Crystal’s life miserable out of jealousy. She kept opening her mouth, and finally, she came up with an excuse. “That’s just you trying to attack me. There’s no secret between me and Cindy. He’s just trying to come up with an imaginary crime. He wants me dead!” she wailed.

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 87**

### **Chapter 87 Sebastian’s Practical Joke**

She was a mess of tears, but Robert and Michael didn’t feel a thing. They were smart men, and the only reason they never suspected her was because she was family, and they trusted her.

Now that they knew she lied about why she chose to take care of Michael and his brothers instead of having children of her own, Robert and Michael’s trust in her diminished, while the seed of doubt was sown. When Sebastian told them about the peculiarities between her and Cindy, the seed of doubt grew.

Robert respected her because he loved his first wife. Michael and Crystal’s relationship was just like his and his wife’s. They were also childhood friends who eventually fell in love and got married. Even after they had three sons, they still acted like newlyweds. And then his wife was pregnant with their fourth child.

Before his wife's passing, he lived his days much like any other happy family. He was busy with work, but he had a soulmate and three beautiful children waiting for him at home. The very thought of his family was an endless source of strength for him. But when his wife died, half his world died with her. There was no laughter or light in his world. What was left was darkness and loneliness.

Harriet would take care of the boys frequently after that, and during one of his drunken episodes, he mistook her as his wife and had skinship with her. He could see that Harriet loved him, and the kids needed someone to take care of them. When he said he'd take responsibility and she nodded, he married her.

He didn't like her at first and refused to let her bear his child for fear that she'd mistreat the boys if she had her own kid. But when he started having feelings for her, he took pity and hinted to her about having her own kid. She would tell him that it was already wrong of her to marry her dead sister's husband, and she didn't want to have a kid of her own lest her sister's kids lose their father's love.

She told him that caring for her nephews was the same as caring for her own child. She vowed that Michael and his brothers were her sons, and she'd treat him like they were her own. That promise was held, and she never did get pregnant with her own children. She also saw Michael and her brothers as her own. Because of that, he respected her and forbade his sons from ever disrespecting her.

But now he found out that it was all just an act. Harriet didn't get pregnant not because she felt guilty, but because she was barren. She had been trying to treat that, but all of her efforts ended in failure. He was married to her for many years, but this was the first time he realized that the woman whom he thought was gentle was actually a scheming, lying snake. He was looking at her and having mixed feelings about it. It had been a long time since he knew and married her, but he never seemed to have truly known her before.

Michael's feelings were more direct compared to his father. Robert might have mixed feelings about the matter, but he didn't. His mother was irreplaceable. No matter how nice Harriet was to him, she could never compare to his own mother.

He was already a teenager when his mother died, and he could remember a lot of things from those days. Harriet might look loving, but it was just her job to do so. It was different from their mother's love. He couldn't ask for too much from a stepmother, so she passed the test, but only as a stepmother. Compared to their mother, the love Harriet had shown them was as shallow as a puddle of water after a rain.

He could remember how his own mother looked at him and his brothers. It was as if she was looking at the world's most precious treasure. No matter which of them was hurt or sick, their mother would do everything to care for them. She would always panic whenever they got into any little trouble, and that love stemmed from her soul. He knew



she'd take their place in any suffering if given the chance. On the other hand, Harriet only showed care and concern just so she wouldn't be called a bad stepmother.

He always thought his mother died from an accident, but now, he knew that his mother's death could possibly be a dark plan of his stepmother's. Harriet's love for their father might be why she killed her own sister. Since she was barren, marrying her own brother-in-law would give her a family. It was perfect... ly twisted of her. He was staring at Harriet, but instead of a storm brewing in his eyes, a hurricane of hatred was howling instead.

The intense hatred in his eyes spooked Harriet, and she shook her head violently. "Michael, you have to believe me. I didn't kill your mother. She's my own sister, and I love her. I'm no animal. I could never have killed her. Don't listen to him. He's lying. He's trying to pit us against each other. This is a scheme against me. He has no evidence. You cannot trust him!"

Sebastian smiled. "I'm not the one who killed your mother. Hey, I like to tell stories, but finding evidence? Not so much. I think Mr. Wendel is very interested in the evidence part though." he moved his hand up and reached Madeline's shoulder. "It's late, Maddie. The boys are asleep in my men's arms, but the beds are always better. Why don't we go back to our room?"

She hadn't known him for long, but Madeline could see that Sebastian loved practical jokes. The thing he liked most was to sow chaos, and he'd always feel refreshed after that. She let him do what he did, and she shook her head in amusement, but then she nodded. "Alright. It's time to sleep."

Jonathan looked at Robert first, and then at his father. He whispered something to Joseph and Connor before coming over to the Hart couple. Maddie, Sebastian, I'll take you to your room."

Madeline smiled at Jonathan and nodded. "Thank you."

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 88**

### **Chapter 88 Beauty**

Her overly-polite attitude made Jonathan uneasy. He said, "You're my sister. You don't have to say thank you. This is your home too, and you belong here. You can go anywhere you want after you get to know the place."

Madeline nodded with a smile, but she said nothing.

Jonathan led her and Sebastian to the guest room.

Sebastian took Aldo from Weylam, while Madeline took Buddy from Gregor. The boys were around forty pounds, and the bodyguards took turns taking care of them. Even though they changed hands, the boys still didn't wake up. Sebastian kissed Aldo and smiled at Madeline. "People always say kids won't wake up when they're asleep no matter how loud it is. They won't even know when someone takes them away. I always thought that's an exaggeration, but now I see that it's true."

"Yes." Madeline smiled. "But kids are sensitive. They can only sleep soundly if the people they're familiar with are around. If no one's around them, they'll wake up easily."

"I see." Sebastian looked at Aldo and kissed him again. "I was just thinking about keeping an eye on the kids lest someone took them away in their sleep. So there's nothing to worry about, huh?"

Jonathan had mixed feelings about Sebastian. Sebastian was vastly different from how he acted in the living room. He was looking at Aldo with love in his eyes, and there was tenderness he hadn't seen before, much to Jonathan's surprise.

He always thought Sebastian only accepted Madeline and the boys because the boys were his sons. He thought Sebastian only took care of them because he didn't want the Hart bloodline to wander aimlessly outside. He thought Sebastian was only doing his job, but now that he saw the look in Sebastian's eyes as he gazed at Aldo, Jonathan knew he was mistaken. Sebastian wasn't just feeling responsibility for Buddy; there was also love.

Madeline was reminded of that time Phoebe tried to steal Buddy away in the night, and she whispered, "You'd still better keep an eye on them."

Sebastian looked at the adorable boy in his arms and nodded. "You're right. My son is too adorable. I bet a lot of people want to steal him."

Your son? That's my son, alright? You can be quite random at times, Sebastian. Sometimes you're serious, but sometimes you're funny, and you switch between modes perfectly. She shook her head and kept quiet, then she looked at Jonathan, who was still outside the door. "I'm alright now, Mr. Wendel. You go do your job."

Jonathan was upset by how formal she sounded, as if cats were scratching at his heart, but he had no way of shooing them away. "Maddie, I told you that we're siblings. You don't have to be this formal," he said. "You don't have to call me Mr. Wendel. Call me Jonathan. I'm really happy that we found you."

Madeline answered, "Alright then, Jonathan." It's just a name. I'd call everyone by their names if I knew them. It's nothing, really.

Madeline might have obliged, but it made Jonathan even more upset. He wasn't stupid, and he could see that the way she called him was still formal. He felt crestfallen, but

then he thought that was stupid. I've never shown her any brotherly love, so why should I expect her to see me as her brother? That's just being hypocritical. He cursed himself silently and smiled at Madeline. "It's late. You and your husband get some sleep. See you tomorrow."

My husband? Madeline looked at Sebastian. He was looking at his son, and it seemed like he didn't hear that. She heaved a sigh of relief and smiled at Jonathan. "You too. Good night."

She looked cold when she wasn't smiling, as if she was hard to approach. But when she did smile, it felt like the warmth from her smile alone could melt snow. It was dazzling like the sun itself. Jonathan had seen a lot of beautiful people, and he was rarely stunned by anyone's looks, but Madeline's smile surprised him nonetheless.

My sister is really beautiful. Not only that, but she also has a great personality. She's calm, elegant, smart, brave, and if the rumors are true, a skilled fighter as well. No wonder she managed to make the legendary Sebastian fall for her. In just a few hours, Jonathan's affection for Madeline surged, and he told her good night genuinely before he left.

Madeline noticed his change as well, and her smile got a lot warmer as she watched him leave. Having more people who loved her was better than having more enemies. When he disappeared from her sight, she took Buddy into the room. The kids were sleeping soundly, and she didn't want to wake them up for a bath. She decided that she'd let this slide and have them bathe the next morning. Madeline got a bathrobe and was about to shower, but she looked at Sebastian. "What about you?"

Sebastian was looking at his son, but now he turned his attention to her. He noticed the bathrobe she was holding, and he got what she was trying to say. "I'll bathe in the room next door."

"Sure." Madeline smiled. "Good night."

Sebastian answered, "Good night."

Madeline went into the bathroom, closed and locked the door, then she bathed. Half an hour later, she dried her hair and took off her bathrobe to change into her pajamas before coming out. The first thing she saw was Sebastian lying beside the kids, and he was wearing a bathrobe. What is he doing?

Sebastian was lying on his side, holding up his face with his elbow. "I was worried the boys might be scared if you took too long in the bathroom, since they'd be alone."

"I see." She went over to the bed. "Thank you."

“No problem,” Sebastian said. “They’re my sons too, and it’s my duty to take care of them. You don’t have to thank me.”

“Okay then.” She nodded and looked at Sebastian.

Sebastian noticed her staring at him. “Anything?”

What do you mean ‘anything’? It’s almost three. Shouldn’t you be in your room and asleep by now? She took a few steps forward and looked at the boys, then she whispered, “I can take care of them myself. You go to sleep.”

“Buddy is holding my hand.” Sebastian looked at his hand.

Madeline looked where he was looking and saw Buddy holding Sebastian’s hand. His chest was heaving as he breathed. He’s sleeping fine. “It’s alright.” She smiled. “Just pull your hand out. He won’t wake up.”

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 89**

### **Chapter 89 Call His Name**

“I don’t want to.” Sebastian looked at Buddy lovingly. “I haven’t slept in the same room as my son before.”

So I’ll sleep in the guest room then? But that just sounds wrong. What if they got used to this and shove me away? What if he takes the boys for himself without me realizing it? She shivered and killed the idea of sleeping in the guest room.

“Let’s sleep together.” Sebastian pointed at the other side of the bed. “It’s a big bed, so you can sleep on the other side of the kids. When they wake up tomorrow and see us sleeping with them, they’ll be delighted.”

S-Sleep together?

Sebastian noticed her shock, and he smiled. “Don’t worry. I won’t do anything.”

That’s not the problem. I mean, a man and a woman alone in a room? And sleeping on the same bed?

“We’re a legal couple now, and we’re going to have to do even more intimate stuff for the kids. What are you afraid of?” Sebastian cocked his eyebrow at her.

Even more intimate stuff? Something even more intimate than sleeping on the same bed in the same room? What is it?

“Alright, stop thinking about it. Just get in the bed. I’m turning the lights off.” Sebastian lay down on Buddy’s left side.

Madeline lay down on Aldo’s right.

Sebastian turned the lights off.

The bed was big, and with the kids between them, Sebastian indeed couldn’t do anything. His presence also felt weaker with the kids sleeping between them, and her heart finally started to calm. It was late, but she couldn’t sleep. Too many things had happened that day, and it seemed really long for her. She kept thinking about them, and they flashed across her mind like a virtual carousel. The more she thought about them, the less she felt like sleeping.

A long while later, Sebastian whispered, “Are you still awake?”

“I can’t sleep,” Madeline said, “You too?”

“Yeah.” Sebastian looked at Buddy. He could only make out a faint outline of Buddy as it was dark. “It feels different sleeping with your own kid. I keep wanting to look at them.”

I just can’t close my eyes. He smiled. “It’s my first time doing this with the kids.”

Madeline didn’t know what to say. A long time later, she said, “I’m sorry.”

“Sorry?” Sebastian smiled. “What did you do to me?”

Madeline answered, “For giving birth to the boys without you knowing. For making you miss five years of their childhood. You became a father without even knowing it, and now you have to take up the responsibility of fatherhood. You did nothing wrong. I dragged you into this.”

“It’s not your fault.” Sebastian complained, “It’s my Dad’s fault. He’s already a grownup, but he keeps pulling things like this without thinking about the consequences.” He sounded really close to his father, however.

A smile curled Madeline’s lips. “You get along with your Dad really well.”

“Our Dad,” Sebastian corrected. “We’re going to act like a real couple. Aldo is the smartest kid I’ve ever seen. If you can’t get in character, he’ll know we’re a fake couple.” He paused for a moment. “Well, not a fake couple technically, since we did get registered. What kind of couple are we then? Dutch? In-name? Acting couple? Business partners?”

Madeline was having a headache. “We can break up when you meet someone you like.” She emphasized, “I don’t want anything but the boys.”

“But I want the boys too.” Sebastian sighed. “Looks like it’s going to be hard for us to break up.”

Madeline sat up and looked at him. “I can give you anything, but the boys are off limits. As long as I am alive, I won’t let anyone take them away from me.”

“Calm down.” Sebastian held her shoulder down. “Go back to sleep.”

“Just remember. Never try to take the boys away from me.”

“Okay. I promise you.” Sebastian said, “If I find someone I like, we can break up, and you can take the boys with you.”

Madeline eased up and lay back down. “Thank you.”

Sebastian smiled silently. Buddy was holding his hand instead of the other way around at that moment, and it felt magical for him. It was like someone needed and depended on him.

It hadn’t been long since he met them, but he loved them from the bottom of his heart. He kept wanting to be closer to them. He wanted to make them happy and give them the best the world had to offer, and he wanted to be close to them. Perhaps that was a magic exclusive to children. They could make grownups like them so they could survive in this world even though they had no survival skills at all.

He kissed Buddy’s cheek. “I have no idea why I like them so much either,” he said lovingly. “I’ve never loved someone so much before, aside from my parents.” And it hasn’t even been too long since I met them.

“I have no idea either,” Madeline said. “Maybe it’s because fate smiled on you.”

“I think so.” Sebastian accepted that explanation. Madeline gave birth to the children in an extraordinary way, and yet he bumped into them just by chance. Fate probably did smile on him.

“Se-Sebastian...” Madeline felt awkward calling his name for the first time.

“Yes?” Sebastian answered.

“I want to know about Harriet,” she said.

“Ask away,” Sebastian replied.

“Everything you said about her... Was it a guess, or do you have proof?” Madeline asked.

“Some parts are my conjecture, the others are backed by evidence,” he said.

“Which part is a conjecture? Which part is backed by evidence then?” she asked.

Sebastian answered, “There’s proof for her barren affliction and her investing in a clubhouse with Cindy. Also the money she spent on Cindy all these years. Everything else is a guess.”

“Huh?” Madeline was shocked. “You’re saying that you guessed the part where she caused my grandmother to fall? The part where she refused to call a doctor for my grandmother and caused her death was a guess?”

## **You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 90**

### **Chapter 90 Bad**

“Yes.” He nodded. “My men found a lot of stuff. I didn’t really think much about her back then. Sure, it seemed suspicious, but I didn’t look into it. Since she wanted to bully you earlier, I thought I could use this against her.” He paused for a moment and looked at Madeline, a smirk curling his lips. “Since I’m just paying her back for what she did to you, I don’t even need any proof.”

You win.

“And I probably hit the jackpot,” Sebastian said. “I linked all the points together and came up with a story just to get back at her, but judging from the looks of it, my story is close to the truth.”

“Yep,” Madeline said. “I think so too.”

“Your father and brothers are going to have a sleepless night,” Sebastian said happily.

Yep. He really loves to make people’s lives miserable just to get some sort of satisfaction out of it.

“Just sleep, alright?” he said. “It’s the Wendels’ business to look for the evidence, not yours. This might possibly be a murder, and your father’s mother—your grandfather’s wife—was the victim. They will find the evidence no matter what.”

“Okay,” Madeline said. “Good night.”

Sebastian replied the same thing as well.

They didn't sleep for a long time after that, but they said nothing either. She was in silence for a long time, and a lot of things crossed her mind, but eventually, she drifted to sleep. It was a peaceful slumber, and when she woke up, Sebastian was still asleep. Madeline turned to her side and looked at him and the boys, then she started to have mixed feelings about it.

Philip said that Aldo looked exactly like Sebastian was when he was little, and he said Buddy looked like Sebastian's deceased mother. But on closer inspection, she could see that they both resembled Sebastian. They looked like a mini version of him when put side by side. Anyone could see that they were father and son at first glance.

She was impressed by the magic of blood. The boys had no interaction with Sebastian for the last five years, but they still resembled their father nonetheless. She wasn't related to Sebastian at all either, but now, she had two boys who resembled both her and Sebastian.

While she was staring away at them, she suddenly realized that Sebastian had opened his eyes. Surprised, she quickly looked down and focused on Aldo.

Sebastian looked at her, then at the kids, and he smiled. "Good morning."

Madeline brushed her unkempt hair away. "Good morning." I wonder if he saw me staring at him.

Sebastian sat up and looked at the children. "Do you want to let them sleep in?"

Madeline thought about it for a moment, and she nodded. "It was way past their bedtime when they slept last night. I'll let them sleep. They're still growing, and they need their sleep."

"I think so too." Sebastian got out of bed. "Now let's get breakfast. I've got some Wendel Morning News to catch."

Wow, he really doesn't care when it doesn't concern him, huh? This guy looks and acts like royalty. It's like he's a real king, but his personality doesn't match his air. He's so bad. She shook her head speechlessly. "You go. The boys will be scared if they don't see me after they wake up."

"Did you forget something?" Sebastian looked at her. "You're not alone now. Get Fred and Simon here to keep an eye on them."

"I don't think that's a good idea."

Sebastian changed into his clothes, commenting nonchalantly, "Maddie, you have got to get used to this. The boys aren't just your sons anymore. They are also the Harts'



young masters. Fred and Simon are their bodyguards. Letting them get along with the kids will be good for them. And as for you..."

He looked at her. "You should have your own space instead of just making the children your whole world, or you're going to be lonely, sad, and depressed when the kids go to school."

He really knows how to talk, but he's so bad. I won't get lonely, sad, and depressed. I have my own firm and career. I won't be depressed just because the kids are at school. She had no argument here, and she thought he had a point, so she called Fred and Simon.

It had been a long day, and they had gone to sleep at a time way past their bedtime, so the kids didn't even stir even though she and Sebastian were chatting so happily.

Fred and Simon came up a while later. Once Sebastian and Madeline washed up and got changed, they left the room. Fred and Simon came in to take their place and stayed with the boys.

They went down and headed toward the living room. Michael and his sons were there, and they stood up to greet the Hart couple.

"Dad. Gentlemen," Madeline greeted them. She didn't address her brothers one by one, so she just greeted them all at once.

"Morning, Maddie. Did you sleep well?" Michael looked at Sebastian. "And did you have a good sleep, Sebastian?"

"Yes," Madeline said. "The boys are still slee... Dad, did you guys stay up the whole night?"

Michael and his sons were still in the same clothes, though they were starting to wrinkle after a night, and they looked harried. It was obvious they stayed up the whole night.

"Yes." Michael invited them to the dining table. "Have a seat. Cedric, tell the chef to make breakfast."

Cedric stood up.

Michael asked, "What do the boys like, Maddie?"

"Anything," she said. "Anything, really. They aren't picky."

Michael looked at Cedric. "Make more of everything then. Tell them to make the boys' favorite and their specialties."

“Okay.” Cedric nodded and went to the kitchen.

Michael asked, “Dad, what about the case with Grandma? Did you find any evidence?”

“We did.” Michael’s smile was replaced by a grim look. “Your brothers and I dragged Cindy here through the night and interrogated her. She’s a coward and broke down in moments. She told us everything after your brothers scared her.”

“So...” Madeline looked at Sebastian. “Is it like what Se-Sebastian said?” For some reason, she would feel awkward and stammer whenever she said Sebastian’s name.