

## Love's Cruel Stroke Chapter 19

Something like surprise flashed in Rachel's eyes. She had guessed that Damian was a child from the Ford Family when she heard his full name earlier, but she certainly didn't think he would be Jordan's kid.

Damian looked to be around Casper's age, which was four. She had been in Seaview City four or five years ago, but she didn't recall hearing about Jordan's marriage.

"I don't know how you found out about my sons, but I suggest you take that secret to your grave," Jordan warned darkly. "If I hear that you've leaked the Ford Family's secret to the rest of the world, then you can bet that I won't spare either you or your daughter."

Rachel nearly sputtered incredulously at this. She could take any threat in stride, but the man had decided to drag Olivia into this and used her as leverage!

Looking up at him, Rachel sneered, "Your family might be powerful enough that no one would dare mess with you, Mr. Ford, but if you even touch a single hair on my daughter's head, then I'll make sure you regret it." As if I would be shaken by your lackluster threats, she thought grimly as she shot him a baleful look, then turned to walk in the opposite direction.

Jordan watched her leave, and he didn't look away until she disappeared around the corner. "Explain yourself. What are you doing here in the first place?" He turned and glowered at Damian, who was still and stoic in the bodyguard's arms.

No one could have known how frightened he had been when the butler told him that Damian was missing. While Jordan had never asked for these two children to be born to him, they had already become a close part of him, so much so that he might bleed if anything happened to one of them. If he had lost Damian, then he would never forgive himself for it.

Presently, Damian kept his gaze down and refused to say anything. He hated staying at the Ford Residence, and he would rather stay out of doors all day if it meant he could avoid being confined in that dreadful manor.

"If you don't say anything, I'll just have to rip the answer right out of that woman's throat" Jordan said slowly and apathetically

Upon hearing this, Damian looked up and stared at his father mutinously. "I already told you that I came by to see her. She had nothing to do with my running away from home. Must you be such an ogre, Daddy?"

"Oh, I'm the ogre? You're the one who refuses to listen to sense!" Jordan countered coldly, "When we get back, you will be grounded for three days.

"So be it! I don't care about being grounded at all!" Damian snapped before scoffing. It made no difference to him whether he was locked in the yard or in the study because either way, he would still be kept within Ford Residence.

Seeing how hard-headed and insolent his son was infuriated Jordan. The Ford Family has no place for such disobedience! I'm going to have to find a strict teacher to make this boy learn his manners!

With that in mind, Jordan returned home with a sullen Damian in tow.

When they arrived at the threshold of the manor, Shirley rushed up to them anxiously and cried, "Damie, are you okay. The butler told me you were missing, and it scared the wits out of me! Come here and let me see if you're hurt."

She paced forward to pull Damian into her arms, but the little one would rather be held by the bodyguard than be embraced by her. As such, he reached out and shoved her aside with all the strength his little body could summon.

Shirley staggered and fell onto the couch. A sob escaped her as she asked, "How could you push me, Damie? Is this the way to treat your own mother?"

Damian didn't even spare her a second glance as he stormed into the study and slammed the door shut, leaving her burying her face in her hands. "Jordan, what happened to Damie? Why is he treating me like this? He had never given me so much as a smile when all I ever did was take care of him. Is he so embarrassed that I had him out of wedlock?"

Jordan frowned. He was already frustrated enough as it was, and Shirley's incessant crying was only getting on his nerves.

Shirley knew that she ought to stop being so demanding, but she couldn't afford to wait any longer. If Rachel had actually died all those years ago, then she would have plenty of time on her hands to plot her next step, but as things were, it would only be a matter of time before Rachel learned of Dmitri and Damian's existence. I have to marry into the Ford Family as soon as possible. I can't drag this out any longer, or everything will be ruined!

"Jordan, could Damie stay with me for a while? I would like to bond with him," Shirley said as she chewed nervously on her bottom lip. With tears streaming down her face, she continued in a watery voice, "Damie probably treats me the way he does because he blames me for not spending enough time with him. I'm sure we'll get along better if we just stayed together as mother and son."

Jordan's piercing gaze fell on her tear-stained face. "Didn't I tell you not to ask for the moon?"

"No, I'm not. I just want to bond with Damie a little more," she said, flinching at his sharp and accusatory gaze. "I carried him for eight months and gave him life. I can't

just be expected to leave and allow this gap between us to grow! Please, Jordan, please just let me move into the Ford Residence and stay for a month-no, just half a month will do..."