

Love's Cruel Stroke Chapter 20

Jordan's icy gaze was filled with contempt as he assessed Shirley.

If Shirley truly were someone who loved children, then he wouldn't find the idea of marrying her quite so repulsive, but he had caught her looking at Damian insidiously on more than one occasion. Letting her stay with Damian would only encourage the child's tempestuous and unbridled behavior, and Jordan simply couldn't allow that to happen.

No matter how much thought he put into it, he couldn't understand how and why he had slept with a woman as wicked as her. She had come up to him and demanded he take responsibility the moment she gave birth to the twins; she might as well have broadcasted her intentions to marry rich.

And as for him, he had spent eight months looking for this woman after that one night stand. If I had known from the outset that she'd be this scheming and annoying, I'd never have walked into the bedroom that night.

"Jordan, I'm Damie's mother, and I have only his best interests at heart in everything that I do. I'm not asking for the moon or being greedy..." Shirley sobbed, then pleaded, "Please just let me stay with Damie. I want to have a life with him."

Jordan stared at her indifferently and said, "There will be teachers coming by the house to give Damian one-on-one lessons from now on, and having you here will be an inconvenience. I'll get someone to drive you home right now."

With that, he spun on his heels and headed into the study, leaving Shirley behind in the vast living room.

She clenched her jaw and dug her nails into her palms, angered by how heartless Jordan was when he dismissed her. It was as if he didn't care at all that she had given birth to both his sons. She wouldn't have resorted to begging if she had more time or options at her disposal,

Taking a deep breath, she took out her phone and called Dmitri, who happened to be abroad right now on a business trip.

However, it was the secretary who picked up, "Miss Yates, Young Master Dmitri can't come to the phone right now, he's in a meeting. Please call back in another four hours."

Four hours? It'll be midnight by then! What's the point of calling him at a time like that?! She furiously hung up the phone. She was convinced that bad luck had followed Rachel's return, as there seemed no other explanation as to why she had kept running into hurdles recently. I have to get rid of that wretched Rachel no matter what it takes!

Meanwhile, Rachel was still soaked to the bone by the time she reached home.

Casper, who had been waiting for her by the door, quickly rose to his feet and asked, "Mommy, are you okay? Why are you all wet?"

"I accidentally fell into the artificial pond. I'm fine," Rachel reassured him as she rubbed his head affectionately, then made her way to the bathroom.

Casper frowned. Mommy didn't fall into a pond; she fell into a river. I could pick up the scent of the river on her. But there aren't any rivers or lakes near Sinclair Group. Where did Mommy go, and what happened to her?

He chewed on his lower lip. As things were, he was still too small and weak to protect Rachel. He wanted to grow up soon because only then would he be able to defend his mother and sister from harm.

When Rachel was done showering, Casper brought the hairdryer into the room and helped her blow-dry her hair.

Olivia, on the other hand, was seated on the rug next to them, arranging her jigsaw puzzle pieces while Elizabeth was out on the balcony soaking up the sun. For a moment, everything seemed idyllic.

The bungalow in which Elizabeth was currently staying was preoccupied with her and the main family. The other relatives had their own places, so there was hardly anyone at home during the day. John and Caleb were working at the company, and Monica was busy attending social events and joining the other ladies of leisure.

However, it took all but half an hour for the serenity to shatter.

"Make sure you greet your great-grandmother when you see her, and don't forget to ladle on the praises. Your great-grandmother has plenty of property under her belt, and if we aren't careful, those two mongrels from the Yates Family will take everything away from us!" Tiana's voice rang out from down the hallway, growing louder as she approached. "And I swear, if you so much as throw a fit, I'll slap the daylights out of you."

She strolled into the house haughtily, only to shudder when she felt unbridled hostility projected her way,

Looking up, Tiana found herself meeting Rachel's baleful gaze, and she felt a chill run down her spine. She was even more outraged that she was intimidated by the lowly likes of Rachel, and so she gritted her teeth and snapped, "I can't believe you're so thick-skinned as to stay here at my place! When are you going to stop mooching off us?"

Rachel rose to her feet, and the air around them grew alarmingly still as she pointed out in clipped tones, "I wouldn't mind leaving if the house had your name on it, Tiana, but seeing as it isn't, you ought to watch your mouth. I don't want to hear you say another bad thing about my children, or I won't hesitate to strike you where you stand."

"You little—" Tiana was going mad with fury. How dare she talk back to me like this when she's only staying here because of our kind favor?!

She could still remember the sting from when Rachel had slapped her the other day, and here she was, getting threatened before she could even get her revenge! Incensed, she launched herself maniacally at Rachel.

Just then, Olivia, who had been sitting quietly on the rug, suddenly extended her leg.

Tiana tripped over the little girl's leg and crashed to the floor. This time, she cracked her forehead against the ground, and the impact was so great it drew blood.

She touched a trembling hand to the gash in her forehead, and when her fingers came away red and sticky, she paled.

To one side, Theodore was so alarmed by this scene that he wailed and broke into tears.

Immediately, Elizabeth stirred from her afternoon nap on the balcony. Grabbing her cane and brushing into the house with a stern look on her face, she snapped, "Someone, please escort Madam Ashe back to her house!"

She had addressed her own granddaughter as 'Madam Ashe' instead of her first name, which only went to show how furious the old lady was.

Tiana gulped, and as she felt her blood run still, she argued, "Grandma, I'm part of the Sinclairs, and I'm your biological granddaughter! Are you just going to sit by and let this wench walk all over me twice in a row?"