

Wanted: Billionaire's Wife And Their Genius Twin Babies

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Chapter 1 Woman, You're the First Person Ever to Want to Peg Me

Thud! The door of the presidential suite was shut heavily as Rachel Bennet, who was pushed into the room, landed loudly on the ground. 14

In her directionless drunken state, Rachel stumbled toward the bathroom following the sound of the running showerhead. 8

The bathroom door was pushed open, leading into a foggy, steamy space where a man with honey-colored muscles continuously moved about before her. 1

While Rachel made a face, she lost her balance and fell toward the man in front of her.

Fortunately, she reacted in time and managed to clutch onto the man's wrist that was holding the showerhead.

Kabedon— Although her 5'4" height held no weight

against his 6'2", her pressing bodyweight forced the man against the wall.

"Woman, how the hell did you get in?"

As the frigid voice resounded in the foggy bathroom, even the fog seemed like it had been frozen solid. 1

Rachel shook her head, trying to clear her cloudy mind that was like a host for hundreds of birds.

"Shut up! One more word and I'll peg you!"

The room was momentarily silenced for three long seconds before the naked man carried Rachel in his arms and threw her on the soft bed. There was no hint of tenderness in his movements. 1

"Woman, you're the first person ever to want to peg me."

Edward Bluemel's knee was pressed between Rachel's legs suggestively. 1

Unexpectedly, Rachel lifted her legs and pinched Edward's waist with them, as if to indicate for him to continue.

Edward was stunned for a split second. Why was he not disgusted by this gangster girl who had just popped up? 3

A devilish smirk slowly twisted at the corner of his mouth. 'Interesting.'

Edward tore off the bath towel around his waist and pressed against Rachel with his torso. "Little kitty, let's have some fun."

His thin lips found its way on Rachel's neck and as his lips repeatedly brushed against her neck, his sensuous breath around her ear aroused her at the same time. 2

Rachel then lifted her chin and her hand on Edward's chest suddenly tightened. The alcohol in her breath was spicing up the sensuality between them both.

Edward's lips were glued to Rachel's alcohol-tasting ones; his demeanor was dominant and rough. 2

One followed by another, the kiss became more intense and passionate.

His sweet tongue pried open her pearly teeth before it swept in as if he wanted to take in all of her womanly fragrance.

Edward then undressed Rachel with unhurried gestures which made an already-drunk Rachel even more lost in herself.

The delicate dance between the two filled the room

with a lingering redolence. 1

"You're such a temptress!"

Rachel was on the verge of succumbing to the teasing. Coupled with Edward's relentless assault on her sanity, she felt as if there was a fire inside of her threatening to consume her!

Her hand slowly slid off Edward's back as she flipped on top to sit on him. Her tender lips widened and closed seductively as she gasped for breath. 1

"I'm sorry, I can't take it anymore..." 1

Edward narrowed his eyes as he could no longer hold back.

Simply said, at that moment, Edward needed the woman in front of him.

It became even harder for Rachel to resist herself after Edward's tease. With that, she knitted her brows tightly as she moved her body to be even more in sync with him, helping him in his pursuit without any hesitation.

He held onto Rachel's tiny waist lightly with one hand to guide her.

Before Rachel could understand what had transpired, a certain secret garden that yearned to

be furnished was instantly filled in the next moment.

The tilled soil in the garden was filled with seeds of exquisite flora before it was covered with more soils, filling it to the brim which gave people a sense of satisfaction. 1

After a chaotic battle—

Rachel collapsed powerlessly on his torso before she was flipped around under him. "Woman, do you think I'm finished? After you picked this fight?"

Edward ignored Rachel's savage struggle as he continued his onslaught without stopping himself.

Due to the pain, Rachel immediately regained consciousness from her drunkenness. Seeing the stranger on top of her, she panicked. 1

"Aah! Who are you! What are you doing?! Get off of me!"

Edward grabbed Rachel's pounding arm, but his lower-body movement sped up as he lowered his head and suckled on her glory.

Rachel was powerless against the barrage, and since she was no longer lubricated, she was in pain.

Under Edward's continuous invasions, Rachel could no longer endure the assault and she finally blacked out...

Outside the suite, there was a woman with Rachel's face. She stood there, hugging herself, as she slowly lifted her chin. Her voice was crisp, but it was filled with poison.

It was as if she could hear Rachel's anguish through the heavy, soundproof door.

"My dear sister, enjoy this 20th birthday present gifted to you by your elder sister."

The next day, as the first ray of sunlight spilled onto the two refined faces through the floor-to-ceiling window, layers of radiance filled the bedroom.

The state of disarray in the room was telling of what had happened the night before.

Rachel furrowed her brows as she slowly regained her consciousness, her trembling eyelids slowly fluttered open. Upon realizing where she was, her eyes widened immediately as she sprung up to sit on the bed and began to gasp as if she was being resuscitated.

The memory of the previous night flashed by,

reminding her of the things she had done!

Both her hands started to massage her pulsing temple as her gaze scanned through the messy presidential suite with confusion.

Was she not celebrating her 20th birthday with her sister? How did she end up here?

Rachel peered at the sleeping man beside her, who was facing away and whose face she could not see, and clenched her teeth in annoyance. 1

Carefully, she picked up her outfit and got off the bed.

The moment she landed, a flash of pain that shot through her abdomen and the weakness in her legs caused her to fall on the floor and the dress in her hands to scatter.

Nevertheless, she took a breath and quickly changed into her clothes before she retrieved the 200-pound notes remaining in her handbag, looked at the man, and stuffed them back in.

It seemed as if she was the one who had started this yesterday.

Rachel shut her bag silently, though her gaze slowly lingered on the handmade bracelet on her wrist.

She took it off and placed it on the nightstand while she nodded to herself.

'In this day and age, leaving money behind after a one-night stand is so tacky! A handmade bracelet is much classier.'

After finding a perfect excuse for herself, Rachel left without hesitation. 2

Chapter 2 Are You Seriously Trying to Dismiss Me with This Thing after Sleeping with Me?

Rachel casually took a jacket from the bedside and covered herself up before she sneaked out of the presidential suite. 2

By the time Edward had slowly woken up, the woman with whom he had shared the night was already gone.

He swept his fringe to the back. The sunlight had fallen softly on his abs, outlining his fair skin and toned physique.

As Edward glanced at the empty space beside him, his gaze was immediately drawn to the handmade bracelet that was left beside the pillow. 1

Frowning, he picked up the bracelet. The light fragrance on it reminded him of the woman's body scent.

"Woman, are you seriously trying to dismiss me with this thing after sleeping with me?"

Rachel, who had sprinted all the way home, was nervous.

The Bennet family had always been strict on her and her sister who were not even allowed

sleepovers, and now...

Rachel shook her head and thought, 'It's gonna be okay, it's gonna be fine. It's so early, mom and dad are probably still asleep.'

So she pushed the door open carefully, but the moment she stepped into the villa, she was promptly greeted with a deep manly roar.

"Rachel! You do still remember having a house! Where were you last night?!" 2

Rachel stopped in her tracks. Seeing her parents and her sister on the European-styled sofa in the hall, her heart sank. 3

Mr. Bennet suddenly stood up; his face in a state of embarrassment-induced fury.

Mrs. Bennet also looked at Rachel with displeasure, in which her glare conveyed her disappointment at Rachel.

"Dad, mom, I went to a friend's house for the night after the party. It's nothing."

Rachel dared not tell the truth. If her family had found out about her night with a stranger, she would be cast out! 1

Most importantly, she did not even know that

man's identity nor his age?! She had given her first time away just like that. 1

Mrs. Bennet's brows slowly tangled into a tight-knit. "Which friend's?"

Rachel quickly gathered her wits and answered decisively, "Jodie's."

The moment the words escaped her mouth, everyone's faces darkened.

At the same time, standing beside Mr. Bennet, Rue who looked exactly like Rachel shook her head quickly, as if to tell her something important.

"Rue, what's wrong?"

Rachel stared at Rue, perplexed.

Right after, a familiar figure came downstairs.

"Rachel, you're home? Where did you go last night?"

Rachel's eyes bulged as she stared at Jodie in shock.

Jodie Comer was her best friend she grew up with.

"Jodie?! How are you at my house?"

Jodie tilted her head in confusion while she rubbed

her temple with her hands. "I drank too much at yours and Rue's party yesterday, so I slept over for the night."

Slap— A clear sound of a smack echoed in the hall.

While Rachel was already weak in the knees after the night before, Mr. Bennet's full-powered blow sent her to the floor.

As if stars were spinning around in her vision, all she could feel was dizziness.

"Tell me the truth! Where were you last night?!"

Mr. Bennet wanted to follow up with a kick but he was stopped by Mrs. Bennet and Rue.

Rue took a look at her sister. Her face was wrought with worry, but her eyes betrayed a hint of schadenfreude.

"Dad, stop! Don't hit her, it must've been a mistake. Rachel may be naughty, but she has never stayed overnight outside."

Mrs. Bennet nodded lightly. Although the sisters were twins, they favored the clever, sensible elder sister.

No matter how much they loathed Rachel, she was

still part of their bloodline.

"That's right, darling, let's make sure we're clear about everything first."

Jodie's eyes expressed her worry and sorrow as she quickly helped Rachel to her feet. "Rachel, are you hurt?"

Rachel shook her head a little. With Jodie's help, she managed to come before her parents and nodded apologetically.

"Dad, mom, I'm sorry I made you worry."

Mrs. Bennet sighed quietly. "We're always worried about you. Look at Rue, if only you can be half as comforting as her." 1

Mr. Bennet snorted coldly. "I'd be grateful if she's a third as competent as Rue, let alone half as good as her!"

Rue narrowed her eyes and yelped innocently.

She held onto Rachel's shoulder and pulled down her collar, exposing the bruise marks on her neck and shoulders, as well as the startling amount of love bites all over her body!

"Goodness, Rachel, what happened to you?! Did you run into someone bad?!"

Rachel tried pulling her jacket back up, but a bad feeling welled up inside of her!

Already furious, Mr. Bennet grabbed Rachel's hair the moment he had heard Rue and pulled her aside with a sinister hellfire in his eyes.

Even if Rue did not understand what those marks on Rachel's body are, how could he not know? 1

"You whore! Where did you go last night?! Whose arms did you throw yourself into?!"

Rachel only felt a searing pain on her scalp and could not help but cast her gaze at Mrs. Bennet.

"Mom..."

Mrs. Bennet took a step back. Her rejection of Rachel was as clear as day.

Jodie could not bring herself to act against an elder, so she said anxiously, "Mr. Bennet, please let Rachel go! She can't even explain herself!"

Mr. Bennet snorted again as he pushed Rachel to the floor.

"Tell me! With whom did you fool around yesterday?!"

Rue kneeled beside Rachel with a face full of worry. "Rachel, tell us. Daddy won't blame you, we're all

just concerned about you."

Rachel bit her lower lip. "I-I don't know who he is..." 1

Just as she finished speaking, a teacup flew across the room and landed on Rachel's head with a thud.

Clank! The teacup found its mark on Rachel's head before it fell on the ground and its porcelain body shattered into pieces around Rachel.

The teacup's sharp broken pieces had cut Rachel's arm and her blood dyed the white porcelain red – it was as startling as it looked.

Preparing for a kick, Mr. Bennet then charged toward Rachel. The rage on his face seemed to indicate his intent to kick her to death.

Jodie's eyebrows furrowed as she wordlessly took Rachel into her arms. Her determination to protect Rachel, no matter what, was obvious! 4

Chapter 3 The Downtrodden Younger Twin

Mrs. Bennet held the livid Mr. Bennet back, hinting to him with her eyes and a shake of her head about Jodie, who was currently holding Rachel in her arms.

Jodie was the daughter of the Comer family! In that household, they had a preference for daughters, so naturally, Jodie was pretty well-liked at home. 2

The Comers and the Bennets were long-time family friends, hence Jodie was not someone they could lay their hands on.

Mr. Bennet shook his arms and barked with a grim expression, "Take second young miss to her room. From today onward, she is not allowed to leave the house!"

After Mr. Bennet stormed out of the hall, Mrs. Bennet too left with a sigh. Her disappointment toward Rachel was written all over her face.

Kneeling beside Rachel, Rue could not help but share her thoughts, "Rachel, you really messed up this time, having sex with a stranger. Don't you remember? You are supposed to be marrying Ian."

Rachel clenched her jaw and looked up at Rue. Her

spirited eyes were filled with coldness.

"Rue, we were celebrating together yesterday. Didn't you realize I was gone after I got drunk?"

Rue held Rachel's hand gently. "After you disappeared, I made everyone look for you. Are you suspecting me, Rachel?"

Jodie nodded emphatically. "From what I heard, Rue did make everyone look for you, that's how your parents found out, Rachel."

Rachel looked away. She had this weird feeling that something was wrong.

She was drunk because Rue kept making her drink. However, she remembered that she was drunk. She could not even stand up on her own, let alone walk away. So how exactly was it possible for her to disappear on her own?

"Rachel, you should really contemplate on this. The engagement between the Bennets and the Comers is a huge event, you shouldn't mess it up because of your stubbornness!"

Rue employed a stricter tone to criticize Rachel, who was still sitting awkwardly on the floor.

Rachel looked at the elegant Rue with her jaw clenched. "You know, the one Ian Comer likes is

you, and I don't like him. This marriage is supposed to be between you and him, but why did the bride turn out to be me instead?"

"Rachel, you should know that it was mom and dad who made the decision! Besides, you should be happy that you're able to contribute to the Bennets."

Rue scowled. The loving facade she had on before had melted away now that their parents were gone.

1

Though Jodie looked away, her eyes filled with defeat.

"Rachel, are you really going to be my sister-in-law?"

Rachel pursed her lips. "Jodie, I will never take away the person you like. Don't worry, I will never marry Ian."

Jodie shook her head slowly and only left the Bennet villa after she had bandaged Rachel's bleeding arm. 1

"Rachel, I haven't been home for the whole night, my family might be worried about me. I'll check in on you later."

With that, in contrast to the intense scenario just

moments before, the villa suddenly returned to a state of uncomfortable silence.

Rachel slowly made her way back upstairs by supporting herself on the banister. Due to the weakness in her legs, all she could do was shift the focus of her weight onto her arms.

The moment she started to use the strength in her arms, the wound reopened and fresh blood began to burst out of the bandage.

She gasped and reflexively let go of the banister.

As soon as her hand lifted off the banister, her point of balance was lost and her legs could not hold herself upright any longer. With just one sway, Rachel fell and rolled down the stairs.

The servants around looked at each other, not knowing what to do.

There were many of them, but not one of them was willing to help Rachel back up on her feet.

Rachel lied there on the floorboard and for a brief moment, she was lost in her own mind. After all, she was never the favored child in this family, and she was always compared with her twin sister. ①

After this incident, she probably would be even less

liked in this household, would it not?

She tightened her jaw and slowly stood back up.

1

Slowly but surely, Rachel made her way to the second floor as blood continued to seep out of her wound. It was painful, but Rachel never took her hands off the banister. 3

The more they wanted to see her fail and the more they wanted to laugh at her, the more she could not let them have their way.

The white-marbled banister was stained with a long trail of blood, stretching from the bottom of the stairwell to the top. It looked like it was a snake made of blood, taunting everyone who saw it.

The servants shivered as they saw the carnage on the banister. A tingling sensation covered the back of their head to their crown.

When Rachel was finally back in her room, she rushed into her bathroom after grabbing a change of clothes. Cold water spilled out of the showerhead, which she braved face-first, but it could not stop her thoughts from running. 1

Lifting her bloodied arm, she let the cold water wash away the streaks of blood on her skin. Before long, her arms and hands were as clean as before

with the blood washed off.

Mixed with blood, the crimson-streaked water dripped onto her face, mirroring her current mood.

Her most precious asset, the one thing she had planned to give to the man she will love in the future, was lost to her foolish drunkenness. 2

She had not even found out who took it from her, only that he is a man.

Recalling the scene in the hall with her cruel father, her callous mother, and her sister who plays the blame game, she was dispirited. 1

All the years she had spent cowering in the shadow of the Bennets, she could have given up everything good to her sister and she would not utter a single complaint.

But why, why is it that everything Rue did not want was shoved into her hands?

For example, the marriage with the Comers.

In the beginning, Rue and Ian were a couple and they were the ones who said they wanted to get married.

Although Rue had a sudden change of heart, the

Bennets and the Comers were such old family friends that they could not bear to sour their relationship. So, the responsibility fell upon her who looked identical to her sister.

It was the same as it used to be.

Ever since they were young, it mattered not that it was Rue who got caught cheating or doing something wrong, it was always Rachel who was warned and shamed publicly.

Rachel tensed her injured arm abruptly, and once again, sanguine blood started to burst out of her closed wounds.

'I don't care if you dislike me, or hurt me, but why do you have to use me time after time? How do you never feel guilty?' 1

Rachel sat in front of her vanity. Looking at her reflection in the mirror that was stunningly beautiful even without makeup, her hand lightly caressed her face.

She had the same face as Rue. In fact, she might even be prettier than her sister. She was definitely wittier and cleverer since they were young.

'So why, why did dad and mom give all of their love to Rue and hesitate to spend even an extra look at

me? Why can't I share their love?' 4

Chapter 4 Mistake

Narrowing her eyes, Rue dialed an unfamiliar number from her office.

"Mr. Shawn? Did you enjoy yourself last night? My sister was a virgin, you know. I know you'd love it. I even made the effort of getting her drunk before sending her over. So, I'd like to know when you'll be sending her nudes to me, as promised." 3

Silence enveloped the other end of the phone and after a moment, a voice rang out, "Nudes? What nudes?"

Rue frowned, but she maintained her cheery tone. "Haven't we talked about this? I'll send my sister over to you, and you'll send me her nudes."

As she said that, the voice on the other end of the phone flared with rage. "Rue! You have the nerve to claim having done the deed! I was waiting in my room for an entire night, but no one came in!" 2

Stunned, Rue's face was filled with surprise. "It can't be! I shoved her in myself! I can't be wrong, you told me you were in the presidential suite 206!"

The voice on the other end paused for a while. "I did book the presidential suite 206. I met up with

Edward Bluemel yesterday, and he made me exchange it with him! I forgot to tell you, I was drunk..." 1

"What?! Edward Bluemel?!" Rue's face was now filled with jealousy and rage. 2

"That's right! Since that's the case, I'm not the one to blame and our cooperation ends here. Remember, don't tell anyone, or both our reputations will be ruined!"

Beep beep beep— Before Rue could react, the call ended abruptly.

Rue's brows were so tightly knit together at this point, she then swept everything on her desk to the floor.

Bang! Crash! Everything on the desk fell on the floor one after another, creating a cacophony of loud noises.

As Rue panted heavily, her face became increasingly red.

What kind of a man was Edward Bluemel? He was the richest man in the world, a man who could influence global economic development!

The man who stood at the top of the world, who was the dream lover of any woman in the entire world!

1

Almost every woman had dreamed about climbing into Edward Bluemel's bed, but no one had yet to succeed! 3

Of course, that included her. 3

She was originally supposed to marry Ian, but why did she turn back on her words? It was because she thought she could marry someone better.

In her mind, that someone is Edward!

Rue's hands balled tightly into a fist, which she then slammed heavily on the desk. 1

She was the one who had sent her most despicable younger twin sister into the hands of her dream man, the bed of the Godlike man! 1

Now, she was regretting her actions, so much that she would rather die! 4

"Rachel, once again you have taken what should be mine! You will pay for this!"

Having calmed down, Rue switched on her computer and started to read the headlines on the news sites. 1

Every single headline was about Edward, talking about how he was looking for his lost jacket.

Why would someone like Edward Bluemel look for a measly lost jacket?

Staring at the picture of the jacket on her screen, Rue's eyes widened in recognition.

'Why does this jacket look so familiar?!

Bam— Rue's palm slammed on her desk again as she suddenly stood up in surprise.

'This jacket, isn't it the jacket Rachel came home in?!

'That's Edward's missing jacket?!

'Why would he look for a simple jacket?'

'A drinker's heart is not in the cup*, he's probably trying to find Rachel who left with his jacket!'

Rue tightened her grip once more as jealousy took over her. 2

'They had only spent one night together! How has Edward become so attached to her?'

'Wouldn't it be nice if I was the one in the room last night...! 2

Rue cleared her mind and quickly rushed home from the office.

'That jacket is important, Rachel cannot find out

about its significance!

So Rue sneaked into Rachel's empty room and quietly began to go through her things.

After a good amount of time had passed, she finally found Edward's jacket stowed away in the bottom drawer of Rachel's dresser.

Only when she had gingerly left Rachel's room that she was finally able to calm down.

Rue proceeded to hide the jacket carefully in her own room before she left. 1

In the hall, Rachel was sitting at the dining table having a simple pea soup while she scrolled on her phone calmly.

Seeing that, Rue sprinted over and grabbed Rachel's phone from her.

"Rue, why did you take my phone away?"

Rachel scowled as she glared at Rue with an unfriendly gaze. Her hand was outstretched with an overt undertone of demanding that she wanted her phone back.

Rue snorted. Not having any intention of giving Rachel's phone back, she pocketed it.

"Mom and dad said you can't use any of the

electronics, and that they won't care what you do after you marry Ian."

Rachel retracted her hand with a frown. "Mom and dad didn't say that but you did, didn't you?" 2

Rue sat down opposite Rachel at the table. A servant immediately served a bowl of mock turtle soup for her – a stark contrast to Rachel's pea soup.

Looking up at Rachel, she lightly stirred her soup with a silver spoon.

"My dear sister, what difference does it make? As long as I suggested it, mom and dad will agree, don't you think so?"

Rachel kept quiet as she attacked her pea soup. She agreed, which is why she did not insist on having her phone back.

Seeing the impassiveness of Rachel's reaction, Rue was left utterly unsatisfied.

As she remembered sending Rachel to her dream man's bed, she began fuming again.

With a smile on her face, Rue snatched Rachel's pea soup away. "My dear sister, you're going to be married, how can you drink something so unhealthy?"

Rachel looked at Rue coldly. "What are you trying to get at, Rue?"

Rue picked up her soup bowl and held it in front of Rachel. "My mock turtle soup is untouched, I'll let you have it."

"No, thank you." Rachel stood up to leave.

Rue pressed on Rachel's shoulder and forced her to sit back down. "Your sister is being nice here, so you should finish the soup." 1

As she finished speaking, Rue tilted her hand that held the bowl of soup and poured all of its content on the table.

Chapter 5 Conception

The mock turtle soup spilled across the smooth table surface and began to drip onto Rachel from its corner.

The sticky liquid dripped onto Rachel's clothes, dirtying it.

Rachel's brows slowly pulled toward each other as her face soured by the second.

"Oh, no, the soup is dripping."

Although Rue pretended to panic, the tilt in her hand showed that she had no intention of stopping. On the contrary, she flicked her wrist and splashed the rest of the content onto Rachel's face.

"Rachel, don't worry, the table is clean. You can continue eating this soup. After all, you've never tasted anything so luxurious..."

Rachel pushed away Rue's arm that was pressed down on her shoulder and slowly stood up.

The stains on her dress did not dampen the spirit she had. "Rue, you're my older twin sister, so there are many things you do that I put up with. But don't cross the line, because everyone has their limits. When grasping at straws, even rabbits can

bite."

Having dropped her last word, she walked away decisively without looking at the furious Rue.

Rue snorted and smirked as she looked at Rachel's leaving silhouette. ①

"A biting rabbit who has been suppressed by me since young?" ②

Time flew past as Rachel was put under house arrest in the Bennet villa for two whole months, with her presence ignored like the air in the atmosphere.

Within the two months, Rachel's physique and her face became noticeably and increasingly rounded.

Seeing Rachel's condition, Rue was the only person on cloud nine.

Rue looked at Rachel who only had plain vegetables and some clear broth in front of her, and placed a piece of pork ribs onto her plate.

"Rachel, you look like you've been having quite an appetite. Here, have some of this."

Rachel simply glanced at the piece of pork ribs on her plate and immediately picked it out with her

fork.

Rue then acted as if she was hurt and laid her fork on the table. "Rachel, why did you throw out the piece of pork rib that I gave you? If I have offended you in any way, tell me, I'll change." 1

Seeing as Rue was on the verge of crying, Mr. Bennet immediately frowned. It could be seen that a storm was brewing on his face.

Slowly, he set down his knife before he slammed the dining table loudly. His cold gaze stared down on Rachel.

"Rachel, you're crossing the line! Your sister gave you her piece of rib. If you don't want it, fine, but what are you thinking tossing it out like that?" 1

Mrs. Bennet did not defend Rachel but instead chose to comfort Rue who seemed to be sniffing.

Rachel looked at Rue and finally pushed a sentence out of her thin, pale lips.

"I have no appetite."

Rachel stoicism just stoked the fire in Mr. Bennet even more. 1

He pounded the table again and pointed at the pork

ribs that she tossed out. "Pick it up! Eat it!" 2

After hearing what her father had to say, Rachel lifted her head slowly to reveal the glint of coldness that shone in her eyes.

Her father wanted her to pick up the food she had discarded?

"Father, how would people think about us Bennets if they hear of this?"

She replied with an intention that suggested she had chosen not to pick up the food.

With that, Mr. Bennet shot up from his seat in an attempt to grab Rachel's hair.

Suddenly, Rachel's eyes widened before she ran to the rubbish bin while covering her mouth.

She then bent over and began to vomit into the bin; even her sweat and tears were included.

Everyone in the hall was speechless as they watched Rachel's outburst.

Of them all, the most surprised was Rue.

At that moment, an unfortunate thought flashed through her mind.

'Could it be? Rachel is pregnant?! With Edward's

child?!

Her palms tightened into a fist. 'How can that be! Not only did she send Rachel to her dream man's bed, but she had also conceived in just one night! With Edward?!' 1

'Women are valued by their ability to produce sons. If Rachel looked for Edward with her child, wouldn't she have a high chance of becoming Mrs.

Bluemel?!' 2

Rue's tensed fist got even tighter. No! She would not allow this to happen!

Before she could respond, Mrs. Bennet had already approached Rachel.

She patted Rachel's back while she held a strict expression. "Rachel, tell me honestly, are you having it?"

Rachel looked bewildered. "Having what?"

Without saying another word, Mrs. Bennet brought Rachel straight to the hospital.

Within the next half an hour, Mrs. Bennet had almost fainted when she came out with the test results.

However, the doctor smiled at Rachel and said,

"Congratulations, you're gonna be a mom soon."

Rachel paused for a bit before her hands instinctively covered the tiny bump on her belly as she spaced out.

"I, I'm gonna be a mother soon?"

The doctor nodded. "That's right. You are two months pregnant."

Hearing the doctor's words, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, as well as Rue all recalled the night when Rachel did not come home.

Mr. Bennet grabbed Rachel's wrist. The strength he used was so great, it bruised Rachel's wrist.

He dragged her over to the doctor with a face full of fury. "Doctor, get her an abortion! We don't want that baby!" 1

Rachel's eyes bulged upon hearing Mr. Bennet's words. 1

She withdrew her hand from Mr. Bennet's and held her bump tightly.

"No! This is an innocent life, I can't let you take away his hope to be born into this world just after I've given this to him!"

Slap— Mr. Bennet's palm landed hard on Rachel's face without any hint of mercy.

"You whore! Do you mean to ruin the cooperation and relationship between the Bennets and the Comers?! You're supposed to be married to Ian!"

Rue stood aside, watching the scene unfold as her eyes narrowed gradually.

Rachel's unborn child is the child of Edward Bluemel, the man who could decide the fate of the entire world! Of course, she would not expose this little secret.

She knew that as soon as the truth was exposed, Rachel would replace her as the favored child of the Bennets. If that was the case, their status in the family would switch! 1

Moreover, if the truth came out, she might even become Mrs. Bluemel! 1

That was why this truth had to be brought to her grave.

Forcing Rachel to get an abortion now might be a good idea. At least then, there would be a much smaller chance that Rachel will marry Edward! 1

Having thought that, Rue approached Rachel and

lightly grabbed Rachel's forearm. 1

"Rachel, I think you should get the abortion. We're only doing this for your own good. We're your family, we wouldn't do anything to hurt you, right?" 1

Chapter 6 We Need This Child Aborted!

Stuck between Mr. Bennet and Rue, Rachel could not do anything but press her hands hard against her abdomen.

She could not get away from both of them no matter how hard she struggled.

Although they were her father, her mother, and her sister, she felt like she was alone all those years living as a Bennet.

Even if the arrival of this child meant that she would lose her purity and reputation, at least, she would no longer be alone from that day onward.

Hence she must protect this child!

Mrs. Bennet quickly pulled the doctor aside and gave him a card. "Doctor, we don't know the father of the child, so the Bennets cannot have the child. Please, abort it."

The doctor did not accept the card that Mrs. Bennet tried so desperately to shove in his hand, but he set his eyes on Rachel, who continued to resist even though she was sweating buckets.

As she struggled, Rachel continuously used her

hand to protect her abdomen delicately...

After observing her for a long while, he had made his decision. He was not sure if it was Rachel's determination to keep the child or her motherly aura.

He pushed Mrs. Bennet's card aside before he took a huge stride forward to push Mr. Bennet aside and pulled Rachel into his arms.

"I'm sorry, as long as the pregnant mother is unwilling, no one can make the decision for her!"

Rachel lifted her head to look at the doctor. For the first time in her life, she was glad to have a doctor.

Hearing the doctor's words, Mr. Bennet was angered.

"We can't?! But we are her family, her parents, why can't we make the decision for her?!"

Mrs. Bennet nodded in support of Mr. Bennet.

"That's right, we're doing this for her own good!

This pregnancy must be aborted!"

Rue then tried to persuade the doctor in another way. "Doctor, please consider this. If your fiancée was going to wed you in a week, but she's having

someone else's child, what would you think?"

The doctor took a glance at Rachel and said resolutely, "If I love her, I will accept everything about her, including the child that is not mine. Do you understand?" 3

Upon hearing the doctor's answer, the three other Bennets were dumbfounded.

However, Rachel was truly moved. At that moment, she even felt tears welling up inside of her.

Her own family had forced her into a corner, yet a stranger could make her feel warm with just a sentence.

"Alright, fine, since she doesn't want the abortion, we'll take her cue."

Mrs. Bennet tugged on Mr. Bennet's hand as if she was hinting at something.

Rue had noticed the same thing Mrs. Bennet did too – there were plenty of paparazzi and reporters around them.

If this went on the news, the Bennet Group's reputation would be tarnished.

So, Rue nodded at Mr. Bennet. "That's right, dad, let's talk after we're home."

Mr. Bennet swallowed the fury in his heart and glared at Rachel. "You can keep the child, now come home with us!" 1

Rachel pursed her lips but eventually followed behind the rest of the Bennets.

A gentle hand grabbed Rachel's wrist, slowly stopping her in her tracks.

"Remember, if you want to protect your child, you have to try your best. Then, you will be a good mother."

With a trusting smile hanging on the doctor's face, he then let go of Rachel's wrist slowly.

Rachel's hand on her belly slowly tensed up in valor as if she was now filled with determination.

That's right! Now that she had become a mother, she had to try her best to protect her child!

Back at the Bennet villa, Mr. Bennet dragged Rachel's arm and threw her onto the sofa.

Rachel managed to turn around and land back first on the sofa with both her hands holding onto her tiny bump preciousy.

"Rachel! Do you really want to have this kid?! Are you trying to ruin the Bennets?!"

Seeing Rachel's action, Mr. Bennet's temper flared again and with one hand, he grabbed onto her hair.

Rachel felt as if her scalp was going to be pulled off.

Mrs. Bennet gave a light pat on Mr. Bennet's shoulder, then sat beside Rachel as she gently combed her hair. 1

"Rachel, we only want the best for you. This child will only become your burden, you don't even know who the father is. Keeping it would weigh harshly on your future, don't you think?"

Rachel's hands balled into a fist. "Mom, it's not a burden! I don't even like Ian, I don't want to be married to Ian! He feels the same too, so why do you want to force us together?" 2

Mrs. Bennet stopped her impatiently. "Rachel, your sister is going to inherit the Bennet Group in the future. You're sisters, you should be helping each other, don't you think?"

'Sisters? Helping each other? It just looks like I'm sacrificing myself to fulfill my dear sister's dream!' Rachel smiled bitterly. "Dad, mom, you were like this ever since I was young. You told me I should be able to sacrifice anything for my elder sister. You

even want me to sacrifice my marriage to be a stepping stone for her?!" 4

Slap— With disappointment written all over her face, Mrs. Bennet struck Rachel across the face.

"Rachel! How can you talk about your dad and me like that? I gave birth to you and your sister after carrying you in my womb for ten whole months! Besides, your major was fashion design, you can't even be hired in the Bennet group, let alone manage it!" 2

With two red marks on her face, Rachel glared at Mr. and Mrs. Bennet.

Although she was used to being slapped, they were usually from her dad. However, this new slap mark was from her mom! 1

"Mom, don't make me laugh, you were the one who arranged for me to major in fashion design, wasn't it? And having Rue major in economic management was also your idea, right? From the beginning, you have decided to have her as an heir, while I was being cultivated as a fodder specially for Rue, isn't it?"

Hearing Rachel's accusation, both Mr. and Mrs. Bennet were speechless, and the same glint of

shock appeared in their eyes.

Evidently, Rachel's accusation was exactly their train of thought.

However, they were not expecting their bizarre, foolish, obedient girl to be this clever.

Unbeknownst to Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, Rachel's IQ test result far exceeded Rue's!

Rue, a manipulative girl since young, had switched both their test results when they were a child. 2

Chapter 7 Threatening with Death

Thus, both Mr. and Mrs. Bennet had mistaken Rue to be the more intelligent one and had spent all their resources on her.

They had thought it through. Since they were twins, they should focus their resources to nurture the one with the highest potential, leaving the other one as a backup plan – a fodder of sorts.

However, they did not expect Rue's result to be Rachel's.

Of course, when they had found out much, much later, they were drowned in regret. This was all after the story was done...

Mr. Bennet snorted coldly. "No one outside can find out about this, or the Bennet Group's reputation will fall into pieces! Most importantly, the Comers cannot know about this!" 1

Mrs. Bennet looked at Rachel's baby bump. "How are we supposed to hide the belly?"

Rue held her parents' hands softly, implying that she was going to help. "Mom, dad, it can be solved. If we hired a private doctor and have them operate in this house, wouldn't that solve it?" 1

Her parents' eyes suddenly lit up. How did they not think of a brilliant idea like this? 1

"Alright then, we'll leave this to you, Rue. Please don't turn out like your immature sister, okay?"

Mr. Bennet looked at Rue with a strict face. His dislike for Rachel was written all over his face.

Upon hearing what Mr. Bennet had said, Rachel took a few steps backward.

She then turned around and fled into her room, only letting out a sigh of relief after she had locked the door with multiple layers of locks. 1

"Baby, don't worry. I will definitely keep you safe!"

Rue was a doer. After all, the baby Rachel was carrying was Edward's. So long as the baby was healthy, she could not stay calm.

Not more than two hours later, a doctor arrived at the Bennet villa with a nurse.

Knock knock— Rue knocked on Rachel's door, her tone unusually tender.

"Rachel, can you open the door, please?"

Mrs. Bennet chimed in patiently, "That's right, Rachel, it wouldn't hurt a single bit."

On the other hand, Mr. Bennet did not have his wife's or Rue's patience. He stomped on the door and turned toward Mrs. Bennet.

"Get the key!" ①

Mrs. Bennet turned around and a set of keys was produced. She then proceeded to unlock the door but could not push it open.

Rue peered inside from the slit that opened up. "Mom, dad, Rachel has pushed some pieces of furniture against the door."

So, Mr. Bennet summoned his servants to force open the door. "You insolent child! What is the meaning of all these suffering?! Come over here right this moment!" ①

The expressionless doctor and nurse began to prepare their tools the instant they entered the room. ①

Rachel backed up toward the window and brandished the fruit knife in her hand before placing it on her fair neck. ①

"Don't come near me! No one can touch me or my child! Dad, mom, if you really want to get rid of the baby, I will have to kill myself!"

Seeing Rachel's behavior, both her parents stopped

in their tracks.

"Rachel, please don't be rash. Put down the knife, we can discuss this."

Mrs. Bennet furrowed her eyebrows.

Rue tightened her hands at Rachel's response. She only wanted to make the baby that Rachel was carrying disappear, but why was it so troublesome!

The knife in Rachel's hand was pressed against her own neck while she pointed the other hand at the doctor and the nurse. "Send them away!"

Although they clearly heard Rachel's words, both her parents remained quiet and did not order the doctor's team to leave.

As such, Rachel did not hesitate to push the fruit knife onto her neck, causing a thin, red mark to appear on her pale neck.

A little blood seeped out of her neck and slid along the knife to the edge of the blade before it dripped off.

Seeing Rachel's determination, Mrs. Bennet made the doctor and his nurse leave the room.

"Rachel, don't be emotional, I got them out."

Mr. Bennet looked at Rachel coldly. "Rachel, when will you stop being so selfish?" 1

Rachel clenched her jaw as she stared at Mr. and Mrs. Bennet. "Both of you as well!"

"Rachel, don't be so agitated, we..."

The fruit knife went even deeper, staining the fruit knife further. "Out!"

Left with no other choice, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet stepped out of the room too.

Rue looked at her father anxiously, "Dad, what should we do? Rachel is dead set on having the baby!"

"What should we do?! How would I know what we should do! If that stupid girl commits suicide because of this, the Bennets might as well be gone!"

Mr. Bennet's face was full of irritation, but he could not let go of the ties with the Comers!

He then set his eyes on Rue. "Your sister will never marry Ian like this. Rue, I hear you're the one Ian likes all along, what if we revert to the original plan of you marrying Ian?"

Mrs. Bennet nodded approvingly. "That's right, Rue.

We've never really asked why you no longer want to marry him, but didn't you two used to date?"

Rue paused. 'Are you kidding!'

Ian was someone with whom she could fool around with, but how can any marriage be decided so simply? Let alone to someone she could not take seriously!

The one she wanted to be married to was her dream man, Edward Bluemel!

However, the situation was pretty tricky... 1

Her image in front of her parents had always been obedient and dutiful, an heir who prioritizes the Bennet family's benefit.

"If there is no other way, I will take Rachel's responsibility in her stead."

Rue cast her gaze on the floor, revealing her troubled look. 1

Mrs. Bennet gave a light pat on Rue's back. "Rue, you're such a mature girl." 1

Taking Rue's bait of blaming Rachel, Mr. Bennet fumed. "That good-for-nothing girl, I should've choked her to death when she was young! She has been nothing but trouble!" 1

"Dad, don't take this out on Rachel. She's the younger sister after all. As her twin, I should pick up her responsibility when she has messed up. Don't worry about this..."

Halfway through her sentence, Rue began to sniffle.

Mr. Bennet sighed softly and comforted her lightly on her back. "Don't be sad. Since that ungrateful girl chose this path, I will transfer all of her shares in the Bennet Group to you!" 1

Mrs. Bennet nodded in support as she looked at Rue dearly. "That's right. She doesn't have us in her heart anyway." 1

Chapter 8 Snatching the Future That Belonged to Rachel

Rue's hand gently wiped away the tears on her eyes, hiding a faint smile that appeared on her face.

Ever since they were born, Rue and Rachel were each given ten percent of the shares in the Bennet Group.

However, since Rue started working at the Bennet Group, she received an extra ten percent of the shares. Coupled with the ten percent she would receive from Rachel, she would then be holding a total of thirty percent of shares in the Bennet Group!

In this case, she would effectively become a significant partner of the Bennet Group.

No one would have thought that getting Rachel's unborn child out of the equation would result in such a surprise. ①

"Mom, dad, maybe that's not the best idea. Even if Rachel isn't doing anything for the Bennet family, she's still part of this family." ①

No matter how happy she was on the inside, she still had to maintain her image of a thoughtful

sister while she dragged Rachel down. 1

Mr. Bennet scoffed. "It's alright. She's right about one thing, we did raise you to be our heir. She's just a backup."

Rue was a little astounded. She felt as if something was about to be revealed. "Why did you do what you did?"

Mrs. Bennet sighed softly. "You know what they say, in every pair of twins, there will be one who will far exceed the other in everything. From the moment we had you two, we've decided to make the better one our successor in the Bennet Group, while the other one would assist her." 4

Mr. Bennet continued after Mrs. Bennet. "We wouldn't have known until we sent the both of you to get your IQ test results. You're almost 100 points higher than your sister, so you are obviously the better twin!"

Rue could feel cold sweat all over her back as she listened to her parents.

At that thought, she began to recall a memory from childhood where she remembered that her parents had liked Rachel a lot!

Rachel was quirky, playful, and was also cuter than

her. 4

Back then, she was very discontented until they went for the IQ test.

Rue, who was always sensitive to her own sensitivities since young, had a certain idea after seeing the disparity between the two numbers.

So, she exchanged her scores with Rachel's.

Soon after, Rue had suddenly gained favor and took over Rachel's coveted spot! 1

Even so, it did not diminish her resentment toward Rachel, the younger twin sister who was better than her at everything!

'So that's why! That was why I have this future!'

Rue pursed her lips. She was the one who snatched the future that belonged to Rachel!

A tiny, envious act in her childhood had exchanged Rachel's future with her own! 1

The thought gave Rue a mini heart attack, but at the same time, she was proud of herself. 1

'So what if you're so much better than I am, Rachel? Your success story still turned into mine, and you still became the loser that you are now.'

After both her parents had left, Rue returned to her room and sat in a cross-legged manner.

'Marrying Ian Comer? Impossible!'

She casually unlocked her phone and scrolled through the album of pictures she took at the hospital.

She was thankful that she had the foresight to arrange for a couple of paparazzi to sneak a few pictures to her in the hospital. She did not think she would need them, but here it was.

"Rachel, don't blame me for being cruel. If only you would abort the child and marry Ian, you wouldn't have lived such a hard life. You forced my hands though, so don't blame me for doing this." 2

The next day, reporters and paparazzi flooded the gate of the Bennet villa.

On the headline of every major publication was the news of Rachel Bennet's pregnancy with an unnamed old man! 1

Mr. Bennet threw the notebook in front of him on the ground. His face was a mishmash of different colors, and he looked like he was about to explode.

"Bastards! Who leaked the news?!"

Rue was looking at the pictures in the news on her phone. "Dad, look! It was at the hospital! It was the paparazzi from when we dragged Rachel to do the abortion!" 1

Mr. Bennet's face darkened. "What can we do now? If the Comers saw this, we wouldn't have the time to explain to them that we're marrying you to Ian!"

Just as Mr. Bennet finished his sentence, the door was bombarded with knocks. 1

Then, Mr. Bennet and the others exit the villa the moment the door opened.

Seeing that the Bennets were finally out of their house, the reporters immediately flooded their cameras with footage to use.

Ian Comer and his parents stood in front of the Bennets. Their ire was written all over their faces.

"Bennet! I trusted you, which is why I wanted this marriage between the Comers and the Bennets. Is this how you treat the Comers' trust?" 1

Mr. Bennet shook his head at Mr. Comer's accusation. "That's not what happened, Comer. We had no idea Rachel had done that without our

knowledge!"

"Stop. Our visit today was to inform you that the Comers will officially terminate this marriage! We will not allow someone so licentious and disobedient within the walls of the Comer family!"

Mr. Bennet nodded but he continued to persuade, "I understand. This is entirely Rachel's fault. I completely understand your impetus to cancel the marriage, but we are still continuing our cooperation, aren't we?"

Mrs. Comer scoffed as if she had seen through Mr. and Mrs. Bennet's lies. "Do you really still think you have a chance of cooperating with us after something like this has happened?! Don't you know how many people were just waiting to laugh at us?!"

Mr. Bennet nodded awkwardly. "I know, I know. That's why we're trying to let Rue, our older daughter, marry Ian instead. Look at her, she's the superior one! Having her in the family will definitely boost your fame!"

Listening to Mr. Bennet, Ian Comer's gaze was locked onto Rue joyfully.

If Rue would really marry him, he would say yes

straight away!

Ian Comer was a handsome man with tanned skin and toned muscles who exuded an attractive aura of valorous swagger. ¹

Someone like him, who could have anyone he wanted, had liked Rue for more than just a few years!

"Mother, father, I think this is a good idea! Switch Rachel for Rue! Rachel was the improper one, not Rue."

Ian turned around to help convince his own parents.

Rue narrowed her eyes. Just the day before, she had used a burner account to send several sets of photos to Uncle and Aunt Comer.

It was all about her various escapades in different clubs, the pictures showing her rubbing her body against other men on the dance floor.

Her moves were gutsy and flirtatious, and she was sure the Comers did receive the pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. Comer would never agree to their union!

Chapter 9 Expelled from Home

With Ian's words, Mr. and Mrs. Comer frowned.

They did not bother to hide their displeasure.

Just the night before, they had received a set of weird photos. It was one of those self-destructing ones that could be viewed for five seconds but not saved.

Even though it was only five seconds, they saw it clearly. ①

The woman in the pictures should be Rue!

It seemed like Rue was only pretending to be innocent, so how could someone like this be seen together with their son?

"No! I no longer believe in any of the Bennets' integrity!" Mrs. Comer said with determination.

Mr. Comer agreed. "Ian, don't worry. We'll find you a proper lady. We aren't 'good' enough for either of the Bennet daughters!" ②

Seeing the looks on the Comer parents' faces, they were obviously rejecting the offer, to which the Bennet parents found perplexing. ①

Even if they were not fond of Rachel, what made them dislike Rue?

Ian held Rue's hands and said seriously, "Rue, wait for me. I will convince my parents, I will definitely marry you!"

The reporters' eyes immediately lit up. This was something good!

Excitedly, they raised their video recorders and cameras to get a good picture.

With that, the Bennets returned to their room in a muted rage, saving it for after the reporters had left.

"What is wrong with the Comers?! We offered to switch Rachel out for Rue, why did they refuse?!" ①

Mr. Bennet pounded the sofa in his enraged state, his face as red as a beet. ①

Mrs. Bennet comforted her husband with her hand tapping lightly on his back. "Please don't destroy your own body."

Rue began to weep as she covered her eyes. "Mom, dad, I've already done so much, but they still rejected me! How am I going to marry anyone in the future!"

"Stop crying, my dear. If the Comers don't want you, it's their loss! We'll find you a better one! I just don't understand what happened to them. They loved you!"

Mr. Bennet massaged his own temple in confusion.

A glimmer of scheming look appeared in Rue's eyes. "Was it because of Rachel that the Comers thought I would be the same as her? Why is Rachel like this? Not only did she ruin my reputation, but what happens when she ruins the Bennet Group's reputation in the long run..." 1

Between lines, Rue began to sob uncontrollably.

Mr. Bennet, who was already enraged, was immediately led to putting all the blame on Rachel.

"That must be it! The selfish, thankless child! She only brings troubles to us instead of contributing to the family!" 1

Mr. Bennet pounded the sofa a few more times. "Get her down here immediately!"

Soon, Mrs. Bennet dragged Rachel by her collar from upstairs. 2

"I will ask you one last time. Will you or will you not get the abortion?" 1

Mr. Bennet glared at Rachel with his face brimming with rage, threatening her with his gaze.

Rachel held her stomach tightly and defiantly. "I will not! If you have made up your mind to kill my child, then go over my dead body!"

Mr. Bennet started clapping his hands as he grinned in mockery. "Good, very good. You can keep your child and get out of the Bennet household! I will forget about ever having you birthed! From this day onward, my only daughter is Rue! You and the Bennets will no longer have any relationship!" 1

Having heard Mr. Bennet's proclamation, both Mrs. Bennet and Rue froze. 1

"Darling, let's think it through properly."

Rue lowered her head and sniggered. Everything was going according to her plan.

Mr. Bennet scoffed, ignoring anything Mrs. Bennet said. "What more is there to think about?! Rachel has already wrecked Rue's life, we don't even know what the headlines will be tomorrow! Keeping her here will only bring chaos and catastrophe to the Bennet family!"

Rachel sneered and took a couple of steps back. "So, mom, dad, you no longer have any use for me and so you decide to abandon me, is that it?"

A servant brought a piece of luggage to Mr. Bennet. "Sir, second young miss's belongings are all here."

Mr. Bennet kicked Rachel's luggage to her. "Don't call us your mom and dad. From now on, we are no longer your family. You are not my daughter, now take your things and leave the Bennet villa!"

Rachel stoically picked up her luggage without saying a word.

Seeing Rachel struggle, Rue approached Rachel to help but feinted a fall by cheating the angles as she held onto the luggage and landed heavily on the ground.

Out of instinct, Rachel reached out to break Rue's fall, but could not. 1

From the parents' angle, it looked as if Rachel had pushed Rue to the ground.

"Ouch! That hurts, Rachel. I know you were upset with me, but I'm trying my best to help you. I even had my reputation tarnished, what more do you want from me?"

Rue looked up at Rachel with a face full of tears and sadness of being wronged.

Mrs. Bennet immediately went up to Rue and helped her up. She looked cross. "Rachel, you're too selfish! Maybe your dad's decision was not wrong. It's time you grew up!" 1

Mr. Bennet had always been quite easily irritable, so seeing Rachel taunting him time after time nearly crippled his self-restraint.

Rachel grinned coldly and shook her head at the pretentious Rue on the floor.

She bent down and picked up her luggage again before beating her luggage with disgust where Rue had previously touched it.

"Rue, with your talent, it's a shame you didn't become an actress."

Mr. Bennet then grabbed hold of Rachel's collar and dragged her to the front door before he pushed her out of the house. He did not care if she was pregnant. 1

With great effort, Rachel managed to keep her balance by holding onto the luggage. When she looked back up, the only thing that greeted her view was a closing door.

As she shook her head, Rachel turned around and began to leave the Bennet villa without hesitation.

The moment she walked out, the reporters and paparazzi who were hiding from before rushed up toward Rachel.

"Miss Rachel! Is it true that you slept with an old man?"

"Miss Rachel! What made you sleep with someone so much older than you? Is there something you can tell us?"

"Miss Rachel, you being out here with your luggage, are you being sent away?"

"Rachel, there's a rumor that you ruined your sister's reputation. Is there any comment you would like to share about that?"

...

Being swarmed by people, Rachel instantly furrowed her brows but she still kept her belly safe...

Chapter 10 Giving Birth

The reporters' ceaseless manhandling kept pushing Rachel around, even her luggage had been sent to the ground.

None of the reporters had the decency to be nice to a woman like Rachel and all they did was swarm her. ①

Suddenly, a lanky figure barged in and pushed back at the reporters who had Rachel surrounded. ①

Detecting a hint of familiar body scent, Rachel looked up. "Jodie, are you here?"

Jodie nodded at Rachel. She then took Rachel into her arms and lifted the luggage bag before they left.

It was only after getting into the car that the reporters began to disperse. Rachel took a glance at her short-haired and refreshed dear friend, Jodie before letting out a relieved sigh.

"Jodie, thank you."

Jodie shook her head. "No, Rachel, I think you're very brave. If only I'm half as brave as you are." ①

Rachel touched Jodie's arm lightly. "Jodie, you're so

much braver. You were just like a man back there!"

Jodie side-eyed Rachel and pretended to be angry. "I'm warning you, Rachel! Don't joke about me being a man just because of my height! If I wasn't 5'6" tall, how was I going to protect you?"

Rachel chuckled and nodded. "Right, yes ma'am. You are the coolest of them all."

Jodie shrugged. "Did they finally kick you out, Rachel?"

"Mm-hmm." Rachel acknowledged it with a subtle nod. The thought of the Bennet family colored her eyes with frigidity.

Jodie sighed sadly. "What is your plan now?"

Rachel placed her hand on her slight bump and answered with a motherly smile, "I will carry the child to term."

Jodie was shocked to hear the confession. "What? You're having a baby, Rachel?!"

Rachel tugged at Jodie's hand and placed it on her stomach. "That's right, Jodie, you're gonna be a godmother soon."

Jodie desperately placed her hand on Rachel's baby

bump. "This won't work! I have to get you settled down! My godson will not run about on the streets with you!"

"How do you know it's gonna be a boy?" Rachel teased.

Jodie shifted her focus back on the road. "I don't care if it's a boy, a girl, or a hermaphrodite, I will love them anyway!"

Rachel looked at Jodie with a serious expression. "You could become this child's dad."

"...Rachel! I told you, don't keep treating me like a man! If this continues, I will begin to doubt my own gender!"

Unable to hold back any longer, Jodie yelled at Rachel angrily.

She then took a deep breath before she continued, "I have another apartment, it was a birthday gift from my parents last year. It's not like I stay there anyway, so you can take it and focus on taking care of yourself and the baby. I'll be waiting for my godson, remember that!"

Jodie Comer's apartment was so large and luxurious that it left Rachel a little stunned.

"Jodie, are you really going to let me stay in such a

nice place?"

Jodie shot Rachel a dirty look. "Who says this is for you? It's for my soon-to-be-born godson!" ²

Unfortunately, bad news traveled quickly. Almost all of the news on TV was about Rachel's affair with an anonymous old man, having her marriage called off, troubling her twin sister by association, and being kicked out of her family. ¹

Rachel's reputation plummeted as she became the joke of Orange Country.

None of that mattered to Rachel as she poured all of her energy into caring for her belly as it got bigger by the day; she would talk to her unborn baby, sketch, and listen to prenatal education music every day.

Occasionally, Jodie would deliver some food, baby clothes, shoes, and toys to her. It was a period of routine and monotony, but it was cozy and comforting. ¹

Several months had passed, and Rachel had begun to walk around by supporting herself with various things.

One night, Rachel was sketching a picture of infants, projecting her hopes for her child onto it.

Suddenly, a gut-wrenching pain shot through her body as her face turned pale.

Rachel grabbed the new phone that Jodie had bought for her and dialed the only number in her contact list.

When the call had gotten through, Rachel was about to pass out from the contractions.

"Hey, Rachel? Are you missing me already?" Jodie teased from the other end of the phone.

Rachel held her phone tightly as she uttered a weak response, "Jodie, I think I'm going into labor now, it hurts..."

With a heavy expression, Jodie shot up from her seat even though she was out having dinner. "Hey, hang in there! I'll come over right now!"

When Jodie did not get a response, she felt like her heart was going to explode.

The moment she started walking away, a man grabbed her wrist. ①

"Where are you going, Jodie?"

Jodie looked down at the hand that was holding her wrist and her heart warmed.

"Ian! Rachel is giving birth soon, I have to get there now!"

Ian shot her a glare of dissatisfaction. "You're still in contact with her?! Stop hanging out with her, you hear? What if she influences you to be as bad as she is?"

Rue, who was sitting opposite of Jodie, narrowed her eyes. 'No wonder I couldn't find Rachel anywhere. She has been staying at Jodie's place this whole time!'

'How long has it been? Though it does feel like she should be giving birth right about now.'

Her eyes continued to narrow as she began to hatch a plan under her finely-made-up face.

"Ian, Rachel is not like what you think her to be! Rachel needs me now, I have to go!"

Jodie was serious about it, so even though she could not stand doing it, she pulled her hand out of Ian's grasp.

Ian reprimanded her with furrowed brows, "Jodie, I don't like you disobeying me, do you understand?"

Jodie gritted her teeth, but she gave Ian an apology.

"Sorry Ian, I have to go!"

Rue narrowed her eyes again and grinned at Ian.

"It's fine, Ian. Let Jodie go."

Jodie was surprised that Rue would speak up for her.

However, now that Rue had spoken up, Ian stopped insisting. "Jodie, minimize contact with her in the future!"

Before Jodie left, Rue could not help but add, "Jodie, after you've sent Rachel to the hospital, would you let me know? Mom and dad did kick her out, but we are still very worried about her being alone in the world outside." 2

Seeing Rue's concerned face, Jodie eventually nodded. "Alright, I know what to do." 3

After Jodie had left, both of Rue's hands layered on each other, covering her shin. She was deep in thought.

'Rachel, I've finally found you.'

'Do you think I should keep your child with Edward?'