

Chapter 81 Edward's Invitation

The school was clearly not big enough for two geniuses as a silent, tacit storm brewed under the roof of Minnow Nursery School.

Sitting in front of her desk, Rachel stared at the email on her computer before she clicked it open.

Although only a few words were on it, they were enough to anger Rachel.

"Woman, 2

With reluctance, I shall offer you a position in my company. No need to thank me.

Edward Bluemel"

The corner of Rachel's mouth twitched uncontrollably as she slammed her hand madly onto the table.

"Who said I'm interested in your company!

Egomaniacal twit!" 2

Without any hesitation, she immediately hovered over the 'delete' button and sent the email into the void.

Her sudden outburst had attracted everyone's

attention.

"Shut the hell up! Do you think we have no deadlines to rush?!"

"Yeah! Why make such a big fuss?!"

"A newbie like you is trying to give us an attitude?!"

"Childish!"

...

Rachel smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry I disturbed your work."

Though she immediately blamed her being snarled at onto Edward.

'Idiot! I really wish I could split open his head and see if there's actually a brain in there.'

Nathan was peacefully sitting in his office and poring over contract details when the phone rang, sloshing the coffee in his hand onto his pants.

Promptly, his face turned sour like a storm cloud was looming over his head.

Nathan then set down his coffee, feeling strangely lucky.

Fortunately, the coffee had cooled down, or he

would not have forgiven the caller.

He picked up the call with one hand while using the other free hand to wipe the coffee stain off his pants with a tissue.

"Who is this?"

There was a pause from the other side of the phone.

"Can't you recognize my voice by now?"

Nathan's hand staggered on his pants and he fleetly plastered on a smile. "Edward, you better have something important."

'If not, I will have my vengeance!'

"Of course I have something important. Nathan, be honest, did you intercept my email?"

Nathan tossed the tissue into the bin. "Email? What email?"

"The one I sent to your date last night."

Nathan's hand tensed up on his phone. "What? You sent Rachel an email?! What are you emailing her for?"

"Didn't I tell you? I want her in my office..."

Before Edward could finish, Nathan had already sprinted out of his office toward the lift.

Anne stood up and followed him. She was visibly confused.

When the lift stopped on the sixth floor, Nathan dashed out of the lift amid its doors opening.

Seeing Nathan's visit, the women in the office began tidying their hair.

They all stood up one by one and flashed Nathan with their best smile.

"Good morning, President Nathan, is there anything I can..."

Nathan strode past them without more than glance at them as he walked past.

It was only until he was at Rachel's workspace that he stopped.

Rachel too stood up confusedly at Nathan and Anne's sudden visit.

"President Chapman, Anne, what brings you here?"

Nathan looked at Rachel uneasily as he held onto his phone in which the phone call was still ongoing.

"Rachel, did you receive an email just now?"

Rachel gave it a thought before she nodded. "I have, what about it?"

Nathan continued, "Have you read it?"

"I have." Rachel was unusually calm.

Nathan lowered his gaze in an attempt to compose himself. "What do you think about it?"

Rachel looked around, not noticing the phone in Nathan's hand as well as it still being connected.

"President Chapman, do you really want to know?"

Nathan nodded briskly. "Yes."

At the same time, Edward squinted confidently.

No one in their right mind would reject an invitation to join Bluemel Inc., especially one personally sent by Edward.

Nathan had fantasized about fighting over Rachel with him, but it looked like Nathan would lose again.

Rachel sighed silently, but immediately after, her calm face was replaced with disgust.

"President Chapman, even though Edward Bluemel

is your friend, I feel I should tell you something. He is a self-aggrandizing egotistical bubblehead! Was he trying to get me to worship him by sending an email?"

"No, I think he was trying to get me to print a 32-inch picture of him in black-and-white and get me to pray to him! I don't know who he thinks he is, but I think he's an absolute bellend. I won't go to his company, and I think even sparing a look at him is a waste of energy!"

Rachel spilled all the words she could recall in a moment's notice before she sighed in relief.

A smile then reappeared on her face.

"President Chapman, I'm sorry for ranting, would you still like to continue listening to my thoughts?"

Both Nathan and Anne were so caught off guard by Rachel's spiel that it seemed like their mouths had lost the ability to produce any sound despite their repeated attempts.

Not only did it happen to them, but the same had also happened to Edward, who was sitting on the other end of the phone line while preparing to drink his tea.

The teacup was in his hand, midway raised to his

lips when time seemingly paused.

'What did I hear?'

Clink— Edward set down the hot cup of tea on the table, his face exuding a silent rage.

'Other people would say bad things about me behind my back, but this woman?'

'She is badmouthing me at me!' (Even though it was through a phone call.)

In the Orange Country, who would dare to criticize him?

'This woman has blabbered for so long and it seems that she still has more to go? Do I have that many shortcomings?'

'She says I am egotistical, but who does she think she is?!'

Nathan silently looked at the phone call and shook his head. "That's enough, Rachel, you can stop now."

Rachel nodded with a smile. "I'm not wrong, what are you so worried about, President Chapman? Edward Bluemel isn't here, so let's talk about him openly. Or does he have the ability to eavesdrop and to know we're dissing him?"

Chapter 01 Edward's Introduction

Nathan was speechless. He did not know if Edward had that ability, but he was absolutely sure that Edward had heard their entire conversation.

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Chapter 82 Sense of Crisis

Nathan approached Rachel and tugged at her while he hung up the call.

On the other end of the phone call, Edward was still listening in on the conversation until the call was cut off. 4

Rachel looked at Nathan puzzledly. "President Chapman, what is it?"

Nathan opened his mouth, but he could not bring himself to tell Rachel that the phone call was active just a second ago.

"It's nothing. If you've decided not to jump ship, you can work here without any worry."

Anne bowed at Nathan seriously. "President, since Rachel's shining moment as a winner, many companies are trying to work with her."

Nathan was a little taken aback as he tried to process the news. "What? This soon?"

Anne stared at Nathan without saying anything.

'You dare complain about them being fast? If it wasn't for you who gave Rachel such a high score

in the competition, would these guys move that quickly?'

'Undeniably, Rachel's work is unique and creative, but it was more because of yours and the judges' unanimous praise on the creation.'

'That is the main reason so many clients want to work with her.'

"Ahah, I understand. Forward those clients to me. I'll give it a look and pick out trustworthy clients for her."

Nathan's eyes had a glimmer of seriousness in them.

Anne was a little stunned as if she had just heard the most shocking news.

The president choosing the clients for his employee?! Incidents like this had never appeared in the Chapman Group.

Having overheard the situation, the eight other designers shot her an envious and spiteful look.

Though Rachel blinked her eyes, unaware of the glares she had been getting.

Seeing Nathan and Anne who zoomed in and

zoomed out, she scratched her head and sat down in her seat.

The moment she sat down, Rachel shuddered uncontrollably.

'Weird. Why is it so cold all of a sudden?'

A gust of spine-chilling wind blew at her face.

In the meantime, having returned to the Bluemel mansion, Rue applied some concealer and BB cream to cover up the love bites before she entered the house. Only when the marks were gone that she finally felt relieved.

"Mother, you're home."

Shocked, the BB cream in Rue's hand fell onto the ground.

She stared fiercely at Josh, who was standing in the doorway.

"Josh! Are you a ghost?! Are you trying to scare me to death, appearing without a sound like that?!" 3

Josh stood in the same spot, but his brows slowly furrowed up. "I apologize. I heard a little about what happened yesterday. You weren't home last night, so I was a little worried."

Rue scoffed, evidently not buying Josh's

explanation. "Save it, Josh. Do you think I will believe what you say?!"

"Josh, you are the same as your father; both of you are cold-blooded! Are you worrying about me? He was offstage, watching me embarrass myself on the stage, and he didn't even react! It's your turn now, isn't it?!"

The more she spoke, the more agitated she became, and looking at Josh frown, it seemed like his and Edward's faces were slowly overlapping each other.

She did not expect to be treated in the way she was in her most vulnerable state, being ignored in the time she needed him most.

Then, Rue approached Josh. Seeing a face that combined her own and Edward's features, she could not be in a worse mood.

She knew, no matter how much Josh looked like hers and Edward's child, he was not!

He was Rachel's and Edward's child!

If she had known that marrying Edward in Rachel's place would not have earned her Edward's love, she would have choked both Rachel's children to death in the first place. 2

Deep in her thoughts, Rue's hands began closing in on Josh's neck.

However, Josh maintained his footing without making a sound, even as he felt the tightening hands and the quickly-deoxygenating air...

"Stop, Mistress Rue! What are you doing?!"

The old butler came out of the kitchen and slapped Rue's hands away before he pulled Josh into his own arms.

Josh lightly coughed twice, but he did not scream or accuse Rue.

Rue was stunned as she stared at the old butler.

'What was I doing?!'

At the same time, she sighed in relief knowing it was only the butler and not the protective Edward.

"Oh, no, I was just playing with Josh, don't worry. Isn't that right, Josh?"

Rue hinted at Josh with her glare.

However, the old butler looked at Josh, waiting for his answer.

Josh nodded lightly without any hesitation. "That's right. Mother was playing with me." ❶

The old butler had no reason to continue his questioning.

"If that's the case, I shall bring Young Master Josh to the dining hall for some food."

Rue nodded. After the old butler and Josh left her sight, a servant handed her an envelope.

"Mistress Rue, this is from your informant."

Rue took the envelope, looked around, and waved her hand at the servant. "That's all, I already know."

In her room, Rue immediately unwrapped the envelope and when she saw the photos inside, her brows knitted together.

The focus on the photos is Edward as well as Nathan's date.

Rue clutched at one of the photos inside with her hands shaking.

In that picture, Edward and Nathan's date were talking and laughing among themselves, and at the edge of it was her, squatting onstage without any help.

Her eyes narrowed. 'Does Edward know Nathan's date?! Are they close? How were they behaving so

intimately?'

Rue's hands tightened into a ball, scrunching up the photos in her hands.

At the time, she was all alone onstage, but they seemed to be having a good time offstage.

She did not know why, but the masked woman tingled her sense of crisis even though she was Nathan's date.

Due to that, Rue threw the scrunched paper onto the ground and stepped on it with her heels.

'I can't let this go. I must get to the bottom of this woman's identity!'

In the living room, the old butler caressed the streak of reddened skin on Josh's pale neck lovingly.

"Young Master Josh, why do you cooperate with that woman to lie?"

Josh shook his head. "Father and mother's relationship has never been good, I can't let them grow even more distant." 6

Chapter 83 Counterattack

The old butler sighed. "Young Master Josh, you are a wise kid. Something like this should not have fallen onto someone your age."

Josh shook his head lightly. "It's nothing. Don't let my father know about this. Also, please pass me a couple of ice packs."

'I have to make these marks fade before my father comes back.'

The old butler nodded. "Yes, Young Master Josh."

Rue locked her door. Thinking about the woman who was conversing with Edward had given her a headache.

However, if she wanted to investigate that woman, she could not ask the Bennets to do it for her.

If the Bennets knew about this, they would begin to question her value in the family again.

At this point, Rue called Ian on the phone.

The moment the call was picked up, Ian's cheerful voice greeted her, "Rue, what made you call me?"

Rue narrowed her eyes and asked in a hushed tone, "Ian, can you do me a favor?"

Ian paused. "Rue, isn't the money enough? I can take more out of my company..."

Rue shook her head as if Ian could see her. "No, I just wanted you to investigate someone for me."

"Investigate someone? Who is it?"

"It's Nathan Chapman's date from yesterday's ball."

"Nathan Chapman's date? Rue, why do you want to investigate that woman?"

"It's because my dad wants to work with Nathan Chapman, so he wants to curry favor with his date. He wants to find out which family she came from." ①

"Oh, no worries, just leave it to me. When I have news, I will let you know immediately."

"Alright. Thank you, Ian. You have been by my side every time I needed you."

After they hung up, Rue raised her head dispassionately.

"I want to see who you are since you have such the

ability to flirt with my husband!"

As Rue looked at the photos in her hands, the envy and hatred became apparent in her eyes.

She was publicly embarrassed without anyone to help her! Why would Edward intervene in a simple encounter with discomfoting men for the woman in the photo?!

'What is happening?'

She looked at the photo, in which Nathan's date was propping a woman in blue gown up. The blue-gowned woman kept her face lowered, so Rue could not see her mask and could not have guessed who she was.

However, any woman who tried to grab Edward from her would suffer her wrath!

Rachel looked up from her desk to see eight women gathered in front of her.

She looked at them blankly. "Is there something I can help you with?"

The eight women huffed. "What is your relationship with President Chapman?"

Rachel frowned slightly. "A normal employer-employee relationship. Is there anything else? If

there isn't, I would like to focus on my work."

They huffed again as they crossed their arms and stared at Rachel with disgust.

"Normal employer-employee relationship? I think she climbed up the ranks with indecent practice."

"That's right. How else would a new employee be promoted so soon after she's been hired?"

"Don't say that. What if she complained about us to the president? We'll be doomed!"

"She's not wrong, isn't this the time we should suck up to her?"

...

The woman in front with the heaviest makeup threw her hot tea in Rachel's face.

She scoffed with odium. "Rachel, you should learn your place! Someone like you without status or background will only bring down President Chapman's status! So what if you came back from overseas? Maybe you should treat your years overseas like you've tried to illegally emigrate somewhere else?"

"Besides, I heard you have a child. Is the child a

bastard from overseas?"

Rachel's eyes were devoid of emotions when she picked up her teacup and threw her tea back at the woman.

Thud— Rachel set her teacup back on her desk heavily.

After that, she stared at the woman coldly. "So what if I have no status or background? From the speed that I was promoted, it is obvious that my ability is higher than all of yours together. You people are only good for gossips." 1

Witnessing Rachel's counterattack, the group of women was stunned.

They did not expect the meek-looking Rachel to be so fierce.

Rachel raised her chin. "Also, don't let me hear you talk bad about my son again, or I swear, I will make you regret everything."

The leading lady was furious as her makeup melted into awkward splotches on her face.

She walked forward with her fist tightly held as if she was going to punch Rachel.

However, the women behind her pulled her back.

"Wilhemina! Stop! You must keep it down! She has the upper hand right now, we can't touch her!" 1

Wilhemina glared at Rachel with her bloodthirsty eyes. "Rachel Bennet! You haven't seen the last of me!"

After everyone had left her workspace, Rachel wiped the water droplets off her face with a tissue.

She then folded the tissue into a ball and held it in her hand. 'I have to become strong! I cannot stay in such a submissive position time and time again!' 4

In the president's office, Nathan picked up Edward's call disgruntledly. As he recalled the tiny fugue before he had hung up on Edward, he felt a little guilty.

"Edward, aren't you busy? You kept interrupting my work."

Edward's cold-as-ice voice replied in a way that sent chills down Nathan's spine.

"That woman said that about me, how do you think I should destroy her?"

Nathan's brows were pulled together slowly. "No! You can't touch her, she didn't mean it."

Nathan was a little flummoxed himself. It should be Rachel's second time meeting Edward at the ball. Their first encounter was when they were in the car...

He did not know why Rachel would harbor such hostility against Edward within just a few encounters.

Even though he was secretly happy about it...

"After all, Edward, all the women in the world love you. Only she gave you the cold shoulder, so let her go so I can pursue her."

Yet Edward did not give room for negotiation.

"Can't. As you said, all the women in the world love me. I want to see what is wrong with this one who dares to give me a cold shoulder!"

Nathan squinted. "So, you're saying that we'll be romantic rivals from now on?"

"I am looking forward to it," Edward replied.

The two men were in different places, but their rivalry had sparked. 4

Chapter 84 Stop Rejecting Me, Alright?

Nathan looked askance. "But Edward, you have a family. How are you going to compete with me?"

"Who says someone with a family can't compete?"

Nathan paused. "Edward, you are shameless!"

"We're in a fair rivalry now, so you have to tell me the woman's name, right?"

Nathan huffed in reluctance. Even so, he answered Edward, "Rachel Bennet."

Upon hearing Nathan's answer, Edward fell silent.

All he could do was blink in a dazed stupor. 3

'Rachel Bennet, Rue Bennet's younger twin sister?'

'The woman wrapped up with scandal and disappeared all those years ago?'

He tightened his palm. After all, he had wanted to investigate Rachel previously.

However, she disappeared from the Orange Country.

No matter whom he asked, Rachel's reputation had never been too good...

Could she be the one he was looking for?

A moment later, he regained his awareness and blurted out, "I want to work with Rachel."

Nathan looked at the list of companies in his folders. "You didn't send in a message saying you want to cooperate, so you'll need to wait until she finishes this project."

Without a pause, Edward insisted strongly, "No, I want her to become Bluemel Inc.'s permanent designer!"

Nathan was stunned for a second. "Are you crazy?! You want to sign a permanent contract with Rachel?"

"Yes."

Nathan rubbed his temple. "Rachel will never agree to it."

"Don't speak too soon, I think she'll agree to it."

Nathan shook his head. "Edward, don't muck around."

"If you say no to this, I will end the contract between Bluemel Inc. and the Chapman

Group."

Nathan gritted his teeth. 'Edward, that sly knobhead!'

"What do you want me to do?"

Edward squinted. "Inform her that..."

Concurrently, Ian, who had been stressing about identifying Nathan's date, was frustrated as he threw the photos onto the ground.

That was the time he noticed the photo on the bottom.

'The one Nathan's date was supporting, isn't she Jodie?'

Knock knock— The office door was tapped softly.

Ian picked up the picture with his eyes slightly squinted. 'Could Jodie have known her?'

Immediately after, Jodie entered the office and placed a stack of papers on Ian's desk. "I've reappropriated the 30-million pounds for you. As long as no one audits us within the next month, we should be fine. Mom and dad have also asked us to go home for dinner tonight."

Ian nodded and looked at Jodie. "Jodie, who was

Chapter 04 Stop Rejecting Me, Finally!

that woman with you last night at the ball?"

Jodie was caught off guard. "What?"

Ian handed the photo – the one with Jodie drunk and was supported by Rachel who was fending off the sketchy men – to her.

Jodie snatched the picture from him worriedly.

"Something like this happened last night! Is Rachel alright?!"

Ian's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Rachel?"

Jodie caught herself and halted. "No, Ian, you heard it wrong." 1

Ian shook his head with a smile. "Jodie, don't worry. I just want to thank her. It's all because of me yesterday. If I didn't rush off, you wouldn't have experienced all those. Thank goodness Rachel was there, or you would've been in deep trouble."

Jodie looked at Ian suspiciously. "Are you serious?" 2

"Of course! We both owe her a big favor!"

Ian squinted more intensely. 'Rachel is back. Not only is she back, but she also has been appearing around Rue! Was she trying to endanger Rue again and again?!

'No, I won't let this happen!'

Jodie nodded with a slight smile. "That's right, Ian. You didn't believe me, but I told you Rachel is a nice person!"

Ian nodded. "Alright then. I know what to do, you should get back to your office."

Although Jodie was a little confused by Ian's words, she eventually left his office.

The moment Jodie left, Ian sent a message to Rue on his phone.

Rue was sitting at a round tea table, enjoying her tea as she read the messages from her phone. Surprised by the text, Rue's teacup fell from her hand to the floor and shattered into pieces.

Not only did the ceramic teacup shards splatter across the floor, but the hot tea in the cup was splashed onto her foot too.

As a reflex, she flinched and jerked her leg as she tightened her hands in anger.

There were only a few words in the message, but it was enough to send her into palpitation.

"Nathan's date is Rachel."

Crash— Everything on the round tea table was

swept onto the ground, producing a cacophony.

'Rachel! Rachel! You can come back all you like, but why did you get close to Nathan! Are you just trying to get close with Edward through Nathan?!' 5

'Your return is a plan you've concocted to take everything from me?!

Rue slammed her fist onto the table heavily, not hiding her contempt.

'No! I will never let you win! Edward is mine and everything you owned has been mine! Whatever you do, it will be useless!' 3

The sun hung low toward the west. The moment Rachel stepped out of her office building, she was met with a tight hug from a tiny figure.

"Mommy! I miss you!"

Rachel took Ziggy into her arms and lightly rubbed her face against his. "Baby, mommy misses you too!"

She nodded at Jane politely. "Ms. Jane, thank you for doing this."

Jane shook her head and turned to leave. "Don't worry about it, I'm happy to do this."

Rachel held Ziggy's hand in her and was preparing to leave when a gentle male voice called out to her.

"Rachel, are you going home?"

Rachel looked around to see Nathan and nodded at him. "President Chapman, we are going home."

Nathan smiled at Rachel and rubbed Ziggy's head with his hand. "In that case, let me give you a ride."

Ziggy took a few steps away from Nathan as he pulled Rachel back with a smile. "Uncle, don't worry. I'm here to get mommy home, we don't want to trouble you."

Nathan smiled at Ziggy. "It's no trouble."

He looked at Rachel. "Rachel, let's have dinner together, and I'll send you home."

Rachel waved her arms frantically. "No, but thanks. We'll have food at home."

Nathan sighed helplessly. "I have to iron out some kinks with you regarding the companies we are cooperating with, so stop rejecting me, alright?" 2

Chapter 85 Don't You Dare Have Any Ideas about My Mommy, I Won't Allow It!

Rachel sat inside Nathan's car as she pressed her palm against her forehead.

'Why did I say yes? Was it because he asked me not to reject him, or was it because he wanted to talk about the projects?'

Nathan smiled at Ziggy. "What do you want to eat, kid?"

Despite being extremely displeased, Ziggy gave Nathan a friendly smile. "Are you sure you want me to choose?"

"Of course, I'm buying," Nathan replied good-humoredly.

Ziggy raised his head. "Let's have some Indian food." ①

Nathan smiled and nodded. "Alright, let's have that."

Rachel looked at Ziggy. Ziggy was usually aversive to Indian food.

However, seeing that Rachel got on Nathan's stretch limousine with Ziggy, the gossip started

among the other girls again.

"That child is Rachel's child, isn't he?"

"He went into the president's car as well?!"

"Was Rachel's promotion in the company related to the child? President Chapman paid so much attention to her, is it because that kid is hers and President Chapman's?"

"It can't be, can it?"

...

A few women surrounded Melissa with a concerned look on their faces.

"Melissa! You told us not to fret and that the police will find Rachel guilty as the one who has transferred all our money, that we can then wait for the police to show up and catch her! But there's no news from them!"

"That's right! My entire savings in that account!"

"We can't sit around and do nothing!"

"If Rachel really has a child with the president, the police will slack even more! After all, they're afraid of the influence President Chapman yields!"

"By then, our money will be gone just like that!"

...

Melissa pressed her lips together tightly. "I know. We'll go to the president's office tomorrow and tell him about this. We need to get the money back!"

The limousine stopped and Rachel got out first, but when Ziggy prepared to alight, Nathan stopped him.

"Kid, I believe this is yours, right?"

Ziggy looked at Nathan's gift box. "What is it?"

He opened up the box and was stunned to see a white suit.

"What are you doing? Why aren't you guys coming out?" 1

Hearing Rachel's voice, Ziggy quickly shut the box up and frowned.

"Why do you have this?"

Nathan smiled lightly. "I picked it up. Looks like you were at the ball yesterday."

"I'm curious though, how did you manage to get in?"

Ziggy pressed his lips tightly, not answering Nathan's question. "What do you want?"

Nathan shook his head. "I don't want anything. I admire you, you're clever. I won't tell Rachel about this. I think if you wanted her to know, she would've known. You must have a reason for keeping this from her."

"Your secret is safe with me."

Nathan then stretched his hand out toward Ziggy.

After staring at Nathan for a while, Ziggy reached out to grab Nathan's hand.

"Uncle, don't think I've accepted you just because you've done this for me. I'll have you know, don't you dare have any ideas about my mommy, I won't allow it!"

Ziggy immediately turned around and hopped off the car.

Nathan squinted. He could tell that Ziggy's hostility toward him had already lessened.

'This is enough for me.'

Rachel patted Ziggy's shoulder. "What were you two talking about in the car? It was a whole minute in

there."

Nathan smiled at Ziggy. "It's a little secret between us, isn't it?"

Ziggy huffed as he looked away. "Somewhat."

Walking into the upscale Indian restaurant, the manager and the staff members immediately bowed at Nathan as they saw him.

"Welcome, Mr. Chapman."

Rachel and Ziggy followed Nathan into the restaurant, eyeing it punctiliously.

Not a single patron was sitting in the lavishly decorated Indian restaurant.

Nathan picked a table near the windows as the waiter behind them quickly gave them a digital menu on a tablet.

"Good evening, may I have your orders please?"

Nathan picked a simple Tandoori chicken breast, stir-fried morels, and Hyderabad korma sauce paired with a glass of red wine before handing the menu tablet back to the waiter. 1

Rachel's was even simpler. She ordered a plate of rice with masala-spiced grilled potatoes and cauliflower.

However, Ziggy looked at the tablet in his hand and placed the tablet in the waiter's hand without saying anything.

The waiter looked at Ziggy, confused. "Are you not ordering anything, boy?"

Ziggy groaned, "Don't call me boy!"

He glared at Nathan and squinted. "I want one of each menu item, not one less!" 1

Everyone was stunned hearing Ziggy's declaration.

Rachel tugged at Ziggy's hand, her smile plastered on her face. "Baby, are you sure you can finish them all?"

Ziggy sincerely shook his head. "I can't, but since Uncle is buying, we can't be too meager with our choices, can we?"

The waiter looked at Nathan awkwardly. "Mr. Chapman, so..."

Nathan waved his hand. "Do it, it's fine."

Rachel shook her head at Nathan. "Mr. Chapman, Ziggy was kidding, don't take it too seriously."

"Rachel, you can call me Nathan when we're not in the office. Your son is not wrong, I'm buying, so you

should order as many dishes as you like. I think Ziggy is frank, I like him."

Nathan put his hands on top of each other. He was neither irritated nor displeased by Ziggy's quirks. On the contrary, he was playing along as well.

Facing against the very patient Nathan, Ziggy shrank in defeat.

So, the dishes came one after another. However, there were too many dishes that the waiter had to set up two additional tables to make space for all the food.

Rachel looked at the three tables full of food, feeling aghast. 'Just how much money will this cost?!' 1

'I guess if I sold Ziggy and myself off, I'll be able to afford it.'

"Rachel, I have found the company suitable for your first project. I will arrange a meeting with them tomorrow afternoon. I will leave the details regarding the project to you to negotiate."

Nathan placed a piece of chicken cutlet into his mouth calmly.

Rachel nodded. "Alright, I understand. Thank you so much, Nathan." 2

"No problem, I hope you won't hate me for what will happen," Nathan said that last part quietly.

Chapter 86 Considerate Ziggy

Rachel tilted her head. "What were you saying?"

Nathan shook his head. "Oh, nothing. Let's eat. I'll send you home after dinner."

Ziggy took a few perfunctory bites and set down his utensils. "I'm full, mommy, let's go home."

Even then, the utensils in Rachel's hand had yet moved because Indian food was not her favorite as well.

Seeing Ziggy's and Rachel's disinterest in the food, Nathan set down his own utensils. "Alright then, let me send you home."

He stood up as the waiter whispered to him. "Mr. Chapman, the total will be 650 thousand pounds."

Nathan handed over his black credit card.

"Mm."

Ziggy nodded his head satisfactorily. He had wanted to dine here because this restaurant was high-end, which would, in turn, make the uncle pay an exorbitant amount of money!

Rachel pulled out her own card and passed it to Nathan. "Nathan, this is all of my savings. I only have 50 thousand pounds in my account, but I will earn the money to pay you back."

Nathan looked at Rachel in confusion. "Pay me back? Rachel, you don't owe me money."

Rachel looked at Ziggy. "No, this is all because of my naughty son that you had to pay so much. I should take care of the bill..."

Nathan shook his head and smiled, politely rejecting her offer.

"It's okay. I said I will buy dinner, so I will foot the bill. Rachel, your offer will make me look bad."

Hearing that, Rachel was a little stunned before she shook her head. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it..."

Nathan looked at Rachel who behaved like a prostrating bunny and thought she was quite adorable. So, he then reached out with his hand as if he was going to flick her nose bridge.

Though just before his hand was touching Rachel's face, it was grabbed by a tiny hand.

Ziggy stared coldly at Nathan. "Uncle, you said you were going to send us home."

Nathan awkwardly retracted his hand. "I know."

After Rachel and Ziggy stepped out of the limousine, Nathan asked, "Rachel, would you like me to come over and pick you up to the office?"

Ziggy looked back at Nathan and flashed him a smile. "No need, uncle, safe ride home!"

Nathan smiled as he shook his head. Ziggy was not an easy one to break through! If he had problems getting to Rachel, that meant Edward would not have it smooth-sailing as well.

At home, Rachel held Ziggy's hand and disciplined him seriously. "Baby, why did you do that just now? Do you know Mr. Chapman is good to mommy? You've really crossed the line today."

Her heart had been aching this whole trip – it was 650 thousand pounds! She now owed Nathan a huge favor!

How would she be able to clear that debt?

Ziggy lowered his head. "Mommy, I was wrong. I will never be so difficult anymore."

He seemed to have seen the worry in Rachel's eyes. "Mommy, don't worry. I will return the money we owed uncle."

Rachel waved her hand, treating it as if what Ziggy had said was clearly not possible.

How would a five-year-old clear a debt of 650 thousand pounds?

It was midnight. After Rachel had fallen into a deep sleep, Ziggy climbed out of bed, locked the door to the study, and turned on his laptop.

He uploaded some edits he had made on his phone throughout the day onto his laptop and to the Bennets' contract, transforming a flawed contract into a flawless one with nary a loophole. 1

Ziggy slowly squinted before sending the contract to the Bennets.

After he had quickly completed three transactions, he recalled the worry in Rachel's eyes.

He was not short of money. All he wanted to do was scare away Nathan, but he did not expect that much patience from him. 1

With a squint, a string of numbers jumped out from his memory.

He had memorized the string of numbers perfectly with a smile on his face.

When Nathan had whipped out his black card, he

had already committed the number into his memory.

Soon after, he transferred 650 thousand pounds into Nathan's account.

When he was done, Ziggy also did some shopping online with the 50 million pounds he had knocked out of the Bennets' possessions, buying branded clothes, shoes, accessories, and bags. 1

He also made time to make a fake notification for the app on his phone before turning off his laptop.

As Ziggy was sleeping soundly in his bed, Nathan could not go to sleep after he had received the 650-thousand-pound transfer.

He strolled around his living room, perplexed. "How did I have 650 thousand pounds extra?"

'Isn't 650 thousand pounds the expenditure at the Indian restaurant?'

'Did Rachel transfer to him?'

'But...'

'Rachel doesn't look like someone with that much money. She also just told me that she had 50 thousand in her savings...'

'If not her, then whom? How does the person transferring to me know my account number?'

'The only person who saw my card was the waiter!'

However, the more he thought about it, the more confused he was. Nathan slapped his forehead and set down the wineglass.

He turned on his computer, trying to trace the money trail, but the only thing mentioned was the sender's name, 'Mr. Bennet'.

No matter which approach he took, there were no clues he could use to continue his investigation.

Nathan thought about everyone he had met except Ziggy.

The next day, Ziggy leaped onto Rachel, showing her the notification and the page on his phone.

"Mommy, look! I got a jackpot!"

Rachel looked at Ziggy's phone and replied calmly, "Baby, don't believe messages like these on the internet! It must be a fraud..."

The doorbell rang.

Rachel opened the door and was baffled to see the

delivery man in her doorway.

"You are?"

"Good morning. Are you Rachel Bennet?"

Rachel nodded. "Yes, that's me. How can I help you?"

The delivery man brought two boxes of items into the apartment. "These are the gifts you won. If everything's in order, please sign here."

Rachel signed in a daze and after the delivery man left, Rachel looked at Ziggy.

"Baby, it's real! You must have the luck of a leprechaun to be able to hit a jackpot like this!" 1

The delivery person left the apartment and changed out of his delivery clothes. Wearing his luxurious suit, the delivery man shook his head in frustration.

'People nowadays are so weird. Why would someone buy something from a brand store and ask for me to deliver in the morning, which is fine, but then ask me to claim that they won the jackpot?

Have they not won anything before?'

'If they hadn't spent 8 million pounds on the items, I wouldn't have agreed to a humiliating act like

this!

3



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Chapter 87 The Meeting of the Twins, the Ignition of the Flames of War

Ziggy opened the boxes and took out all the dresses, shoes, and bags. "Wow, mommy! They're pretty!"

Rachel looked at the elegant outfits in stunned silence. "Aren't these dresses from the famous brand?"

Ziggy halted and shrugged. "Who knows! There must be authentic and fake ones mixed in there, who can tell?"

Rachel nodded lightly. "True." 2

"Mommy, aren't you going to meet some collaborators today? Why not change into something new and go there fashionably?"

Ziggy picked out an elegant dress and a pair of low heels, then handed Rachel her bag.

Rachel caressed Ziggy's face. "My baby boy is such a sweetheart."

Ziggy murmured, "Mommy, I have an exam today."

"Is that so? Have fun then!" Rachel rubbed her hand

lightly against Ziggy's head.

Ziggy's eyes sparkled with victorious confidence.

"Don't worry. The top student of the Minnow Nursery School can only be me."

Noticing Ziggy's confidence, Rachel nodded. "Baby, you're so confident, I have to focus to be at my best as well!"

After changing into the dress and heels, Rachel looked like she had transformed; her elegance was brought out completely by the outfit. 1

Ziggy's eyes brightened. "Mommy is so beautiful!"

Rachel nodded resolutely. "Let's work hard together!"

After sending Ziggy to school, Rachel made her way to the office.

Jane looked at Rachel in silence. "Ziggy, your mommy is so pretty today."

Ziggy raised his chin. "Of course, my mommy is the most beautiful person in the whole world!"

Jane nodded and held Ziggy's hand, leading him into a tiny room. "Ziggy, when it's time, your invigilator will come in and give you your exam

paper. Don't be too worried, everyone enrolled in the school is given their own room during exam times."

Looking calm, Ziggy replied, "Ms. Jane, I understand."

At this time, a stretch limousine arrived in front of the school. With a golden half-mask on his face, Josh stepped out from the limousine with the old butler behind him.

Many teachers stood at the school entrance, and upon seeing Josh's appearance, they surrounded him with a servile grin.

"Josh, are you stressed about the exam today?"

"I hear there is another genius child in our school, and his IQ score is the same as you at 220!"

"What are you talking about? Number one place must still belong to Josh!"

"That's right!"

...

Josh ignored the teachers around him.

He strutted straight through the crowd, past Ziggy's classroom, and entered the classroom next to Ziggy's.

The old butler asked, "Young Master Josh, there's another genius with an IQ of 220 who had just enrolled recently in the school, should I go investigate?"

Josh raised his face arrogantly. "No need. After the results are announced, it will be clear who the real legend of Minnow Nursery School is."

The old butler nodded contently. "Yes, Young Master Josh."

He was happy that Young Master Josh had inherited Master Edward's confidence and arrogance; both their tone of voice was practically the same.

Ring— The bells in every tiny classroom rang. Within a moment's notice, the exam papers were given out. 2

Ziggy looked at the exam paper in front of him and raised his pencil at the same time Josh did. Not only that but they both also finished the exam at the same speed.

They submitted their papers at the same time, and in the surprised stares of their respective invigilators, they opened the classroom door and walked out.

The two doors opened simultaneously as Ziggy

pulled up the hood attached to his hoodie.

Naturally, he noticed Josh with his half-mask.

They walked past each other. As he was passing Josh, the corner of Ziggy's mouth turned up.

"The legend of Minnow Nursery School will soon change hands."

Josh's footfalls stopped as he whipped around abruptly to look at Ziggy who was walking away with swagger and squinted. ①

The old butler looked at Josh with puzzlement.

"Young Master Josh, what's wrong?"

Josh retracted his gaze coldly. He thought that the voice sounded a little familiar.

"It's nothing, just an arrogant person."

Jane returned to Ziggy's classroom anxiously.

"Ziggy, how was it?"

"Easy. I barely had to think to know the answer."

Ziggy answered while he flipped through his book inattentively.

Meanwhile, in the VIP classroom, Josh was reading his book as well.

"Young Master Josh, after the results are out, let's go home."

The old butler handed over a glass of warm milk respectfully.

Josh nodded lightly. "Mm-hmm, father wouldn't want me to flaunt my presence everywhere."

The old butler looked at the hints of maturity on Josh's baby face, feeling a little moved.

Rachel, on the other hand, attracted most of the attention the moment she stepped into the office.

Seeing Rachel's brand-named outfit, everyone was shocked.

She had always been eye-catching even when she was not dolled up, let alone when she did put on makeup.

Rachel's exquisite dress, shoes, bag, and necklace cemented everyone's conjecture that she had a thing with the president and that the child from the day before had to be Rachel's and the president's son!

Anne looked at Rachel in her fancy getup and squinted. "Rachel, the president has asked me to send you to meet with the collaborators."

Rachel nodded at Anne. "Is that so? Thank you so much, Anne."

In the car, Anne told Rachel, "Remember, I will drop you at the entrance of the coffeehouse, and you will look for the partner yourself. Table number 12 is your client."

Rachel nodded. "I understand."

The moment she dropped Rachel off at the coffeehouse, the limousine turned around and zoomed away like lightning.

After giving herself a cheer, Rachel stepped into the coffeehouse.

She then scanned the tables one by one until she saw number 12. With that, she swept her hair minimally and walked over.

Looking at the portly middle-aged man on the sofa, she asked, "Hello, I'm Rachel Bennet, are you my collaborator?"

The man stared at Rachel with confusion as he flipped his table number around. It was number 21!

Then, a distantly familiar, yet peculiarly acquainted, magnetic male voice called out at her.

Chapter 07: The Meeting of the Family
"Woman, are you looking for me?"



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Chapter 88 Reunited, But Unrecognized

Rachel turned around to see Edward standing behind her. Her eyebrows furrowed. "I'm sorry, not you."

Rachel's and Rue's faces were almost identical. It could be said that Rachel's features were even more doll-like than Rue's. Even without makeup, she was still stunningly gorgeous.

For a moment, Edward stood in amazement. He did question if the woman in front of him was Rue, but no, they had a different air between them.

Rue disgusted him, but Rachel's presence was comforting.

The moment Rachel set her eyes on Edward, she thought of Rue and tried to turn to leave.

Rushing proved to be detrimental since because of that, her heels slipped and she fell backward.

Rachel bit her lower lips tightly and irreconcilably. Why was she so unlucky in front of Rue's husband?!

However, the impact of hitting the ground did not come.

When she opened her eyes and saw Edward's enlarged face, as well as his hands on her shoulder, all she could do was stare.

Suddenly, Edward covered her waist with his jacket he had taken off.

Rachel was wearing a short skirt. Even though she was spared the fate of falling onto the ground, there was still a risk of her panties flashing.

Fortunately, Edward's wide jacket covered her entire waist down to her shins.

Smelling the subtle scent of peppermint, Rachel felt an enigmatic familiarity with him.

However, remembering that he was Rue's husband, Rachel stood up quickly and pushed Edward away.

After tidying up herself, she returned the jacket to Edward. "Thank you. If there's nothing else, I shall take my leave. Goodbye."

With that, Rachel was planning to run.

Immediately, a large hand with a lukewarm hard grabbed Rachel's wrist.

"Who said there's nothing else?"

Rachel looked back unamused and pulled her hand

out of the grip. "Stop messing around. Don't you know I'm busy?"

Edward showed his table number to Rachel. "Are you sure you weren't looking for me?"

Seeing the number 12 in Edward's hand, Rachel immediately scrunched her face up unwillingly.

"Why is it you?!"

"Why, are you disappointed?" Edward asked with his head cocked.

Rachel shrugged. "More than disappointed, I almost lost my will to live."

Sitting on the sofa, Rachel supported her chin with her hand and asked, "So tell me, why are you my collaborator?"

Edward picked up his cup of freshly-brewed coffee. "You should've asked your boss, not me."

Only then did it finally hit Rachel – this was what Nathan meant the night before when he said 'I hope you won't hate me for what will happen.'

Her hands balled up into fists. "Fine, at this point, nothing will change even if you disgust me to the core. Tell me, for our collaboration, what style of clothing and specifications do you want for the design?"

Edward set down his cup calmly. "I have to ask you a few questions. Answer me, and we'll continue talking about work."

Rachel nodded impatiently. "Sure, you're the boss."

Edward interlocked his fingers seriously. "What is the relationship between you, the Bennets, and Rue Bennet?"

Rachel stilled herself. "I don't know who the Bennets are, but I know Rue Bennet is your wife."

Edward continued to ask, evidently not believing Rachel's answer. "Aren't you and Rue Bennet twins?"

Rachel shook her head without even thinking. "No, we just look alike, that's all. Also, I've gone through plastic surgery with Rue's face as a sample. Is that a satisfactory answer?"

Edward stared at Rachel's natural face. He could not see any trace of plastic surgery.

"Also, Mr. Bluemel, you shouldn't doubt me. I've been living out of the country, you can verify this with my boss," Rachel added.

She just wanted to survive on her own with her son

and she did not want any connection with the Bennets, let alone Rue.

Edward lowered his gaze and asked, "You only have one child, yes? Are you sure you only gave birth to one child?"

Rachel frowned at Edward's strange line of questioning. "Of course, how could I not know how many children I gave birth to?"

Edward nodded. "Okay, last question. Who's the father?"

Edward's words froze Rachel as if she was paused with a remote controller.

She opened her pink lips. "The father passed away."

Rachel bit down on her teeth. She knew it was not a nice thing – cursing people like that – but she did not want anybody to have the impression that she gave birth to her son under the situation through which she had gone.

She also did not want people to look down on her son, which was why she chose to lie.

Rachel did not know the target of her curse was sitting in front of her, while Edward did not know the target of his sympathy was himself.

Edward shook his head. Even though Rachel's answers were mostly different from what he had anticipated, he still could not bring himself to be disgusted by her.

Rachel stared blankly at Edward. "Mr. Bluemel, can we talk about work now?"

Edward nodded. "Rachel Bennet, for our collaboration, I hope to sign a permanent contract with you until you quit the fashion design industry."

Rachel paused in shock. "What?!"

"Of course, during the terms of our collaboration, you cannot collaborate with other parties, except competitions and the like. The only limitation would be no collaboration with anyone else, as well as commissions. Do you understand the terms?"

Edward dictated as though he was swearing Rachel in as his personal designer. 1

Rachel huffed and crossed her arms. "I can't agree with that! This will greatly inhibit my potential to earn, so I refuse! Mr. Bluemel, it looks like we can't continue discussing the terms of our collaboration, so please look for another designer!"

Rachel immediately stood up, preparing to leave.

However, Edward grabbed Rachel's wrist and pulled her back, leading her to fall into his arms...

Chapter 89 Edward Is an Absolute Trollop of a Bottom!

Rachel's face began to heat up as two clouds of red spread on her face.

An undeniable fact was that Edward was flawlessly handsome. No wonder so many women had fallen for him. 5

She pushed against Edward in fake righteousness. "Edward Bluemel, please let go of me, I will scream!"

Edward broke into a grin at the threat. "Scream away. Even if reporters and a crowd gathered here, they would only think that you're Rue and that we were having a couple spat."

With that, Rachel quietened down.

The Bennets knew that she had returned. If that was the case, she would not want to make a mess of the situation.

If the Bennets were to hire people to target her, it would have been difficult. She was not afraid of being bullied, but she would never let her son be subjected to the same fate.

"What do you want?"

Rachel frowned intensely in a desperate attempt to negotiate.

Edward squinted. "You're the first woman to rebuke me time after time, and the first to diss me behind my back. What do you think I want to do?"

Rachel was taken aback. 'Diss?! How would Edward know?! He wasn't there when I dissed him yesterday!'

Nathan's gentle face popped up in her mind. 'Did Nathan tell him?'

"Mr. Bluemel, you shouldn't accuse people of defamation. I have done no such thing."

Rachel was diffident when she said those words.

Edward narrowed his eyes that twinkled wickedly.
"Is that so?"

His cold, lanky fingers pinched Rachel's chin softly. The pressure of his fingers on her soft flesh made him feel better.

Rachel nodded and slapped Edward's hand away.
"Of course. Can you let go of me? If you continue to be this way, I might slap you!"

"You can try, don't worry, I don't think you have the

courage..."

Slap— Before Edward could finish his words, he heard a soft slap by his ear. 2

Edward sat on the sofa, stiff as a scarecrow that not even his gaze moved. 1

'Did I just get hit by a woman? With a slap?'

As Edward was confounded, Rachel took the opportunity to escape from his embrace.

"Trying to run away after slapping me?"

Edward's impassive voice called out in the next second.

He tied his jacket around Rachel's waist and picked her up by her collar, hauling her out of the coffeehouse.

With height being Edward's absolute advantage, Rachel had no way of resisting his maneuver and could only be hauled around like a puppet.

Rachel kept struggling, waving her hands in front of Edward's face as though she was trying to scratch his perfect face.

"Edward Bluemel, you bastard! You stinking, barbaric, pea-brained thug! Let me go immediately!"

Edward ignored the implications of her insults and threw her into his Lamborghini. 4

After forcing her safety belt on her, he stepped on the accelerator and drove away from the coffeehouse.

In the navigator's seat, Rachel was still struggling and pulling Edward's hair. "Edward! Where are you taking me?!"

Edward did not answer Rachel's interrogation and instead did a quick turn around the corner. He said coldly, "Sit quietly if you don't want both of us to crash."

Hearing Edward's thinly-veiled threat, Rachel sat quietly without making any more noise.

"Edward, where are you taking me?"

Satisfied with Rachel's immediate obedience, he answered, "Somewhere you will submit to me."

A list of questions popped up in Rachel's head. What did he mean by 'somewhere she will submit to him?'

'What is this place? Why haven't I heard of it?'

The car drove into a huge, elaborate villa.

Before Rachel could react, Edward hauled her by

her collar once more and carried her into the building.

The villa was vast, but there was no one in sight. It was creepily silent.

"What is this place?"

Edward sipped on the cup of tea on his sofa. "My private villa."

As soon as Edward said that, Rachel who stood by Edward's side just a second ago disappeared.

Rachel threw herself at the main door, pulling at the locked door in vain.

"Let me out! Let me out! Help! I've been kidnapped by a pervert!"

No matter how she yelled, the door remained locked, and Edward looked calm as ever as he sipped on his tea.

It was a while before Rachel saw the password lock by the door.

She approached the keypad and entered numbers at random as it continually repeated the same sentence with a mechanical feminine voice.

"Incorrect password."

"Incorrect password."

...

Rachel pounded the keypad in front of her anxiously.

It was a massive villa in a remote location with only two of them! This was an intercontinental joke! It was a dangerous choice to remain here!

"I want to unlock the password via voice."

The password keypad whirred for a few seconds before sounding, "Please enter voice password."

Rachel squinted intensely. "Edward is an absolute trollop of a bottom!"

The password keypad was silent for a couple of seconds before it voiced again, "Incorrect password."

If the password keypad had A.I., it would have added, "Miss, have you decided on a public grave to be buried in?"

Edward could no longer take the insult as he nearly spat the tea in his mouth.

Then, he leaped up from the sofa and once again, hauled Rachel who was not planning to give up and

threw her onto the sofa.

Just as Rachel tried to get up, Edward had leaned in on her.

He pressed himself up on the sofa and opened his mouth vexedly. "I think there is a need to allow you to experience my sexual orientation personally."

Rachel blinked in the time to process the news and shook her head. "Nope! There's no need! I believe Mr. Bluemel's sexual orientation is exceedingly, abnormally normal!"

Edward pinched Rachel's chin and smiled impishly. "Oh, is it? What did you call me just a second ago?"

An absolute trollop of a bottom?!

He had not imagined any woman would call him that, let alone calling him that in front of him!

Chapter 90 Woman, I Want You

Rachel's gaze shot sideways awkwardly. "I was just saying, 'Edward is the most handsome man in the world!' Seems like that was wrong too, what a bother!"

Beep— The villa's main door opened slowly.

"Password correct."

At that moment, time stood still; even the air smelled of cringe-worthy embarrassment.

Rachel did not dare to look at Edward's face. Instead, she wanted to destroy the password lock!

'What broken password lock is that! It's intentionally messing with me!'

No matter what phrase she used or what combination she had keyed in before, they were wrong! Yet she got it correct at the most inopportune time!

"Rachel, do you still have anything you'd like to say?"

Rachel feigned innocence. "Edward, I didn't think you'd have installed a broken password lock on

your door despite your wealth!"

"That password lock? I designed it."

Edward looked at a speechless Rachel.

Seeing the opened door, Rachel beamed.

"Edward, please get up, we'll have a nice talk and discuss it properly, alright?"

Edward squinted as the door closed slowly.

The password keypad kept repeating, "Three minutes are up, three minutes are up."

Thud— The door closed without further issue, but at the same time, the tiny sliver of hope in Rachel's eyes faded.

Edward's hand slid past Rachel's fair neck, his gaze sinking into a depth of mystery.

In fact, this woman did not cause him disgust, and instead, she brought him excitement, enough for him to want her.

Although she did not seem like the little kitty from that fateful night, the feeling was the same.

Having always trusted his bodily response, Edward began doubting Rachel's previous claims.

Rachel shuddered uncontrollably as she felt

Edward's wandering fingers. "Edward, please don't be impulsive! We can talk about this nicely..."

"Woman, I want you."

Edward began to lift her skirt up.

Seeing her pink underwear and brassier, he was dumbfounded before his lower body reacted. 1

Rachel looked at Edward, horrified, as her body shivered aggressively.

Her eyes hollowed out as her mind was brought back to the night of her 20th birthday – the night that ruined her for life.

"No! No! No!"

Edward's swimming hand that hovered near her waist stopped abruptly. The empty gaze of the woman beneath him looked like she had recalled something scary.

Her tears streaked down her face before it dripped onto the sofa loudly, creating an imaginary ripple.

Seeing Rachel's spaced-out eyes, Edward sighed lightly. He pulled down her skirt and hugged her in his arms.

With rare patience, he wiped away her tears while

he stroked her back gently.

"Alright, alright, I won't force you, stop crying."

As her body began to warm up and the gentle cooing pulled her back, Rachel's thought process cleared up.

Upon noticing that Edward was in front of her, Rachel clenched her jaw and aimed a slap at his face.

Smack— A clear slapping sound rang. This was not the same as the playful slap in the coffeehouse.

"You scoundrel!"

A fiery red mark swiftly appeared on Edward's face as he stared astoundedly at Rachel.

His expression was eventually replaced with one of wrath as he grabbed Rachel's wrist and pinned her down on the sofa.

"Rachel, you've slapped me twice today!"

Rachel snapped, "So what if I did? You asked for it!"

Edward looked at Rachel's lustrous lips as they opened and closed in ignorance of any wrongdoing on her part.

He held Rachel down and leaned down on her, pressing his lips against hers despite her struggling.

When their lips came into contact, their impact crescendoed into the most beautiful symphony in the world.

A surprise slipped in and out of Edward's eyes.

'This is the touch, the feeling!'

'It is the same as that night!'

He hungrily suckled on Rachel's lips as her softness tumbled around and occasionally returned the suckle.

With that, Rachel's strikes against Edward's shoulder slowly softened as her arms lost strength.

She grabbed onto Edward's shirt tightly, enduring his attacks.

'Not enough, it's not enough!'

Edward pried Rachel's pearly whites open softly with his tongue as her thoughts wandered and slid into it when she was not paying attention.

His lightly peppermint-scented tongue quickly enveloped her wonder as though he was searching

for something.

Eventually, his tongue intertwined with Rachel's tongue. The moment she relented, he advanced, forcing her into a corner.

The two pliable muscles slowly entwined, taking from each other as much as they gave.

Feeling that her willpower to resist had weakened, Rachel's hand tensed up.

Their lips parted, followed by their tongues. Although they were still interlocked, they were reluctant to separate.

Rachel's face was red, seemingly from her breathlessness.

She tapped Edward's shoulders weakly. "Mm-mmh..."

Edward stopped his aggressive kissing and hugged Rachel tightly with a mysterious smile on his face.

Rachel, on the other hand, panted heavily, as if she had been reborn.

A tiny line of liquid crystal slithered from the corner of her mouth, carrying with it a dangerous seduction. Paired with the way she panted, it was

entrancingly alluring.

Edward lowered himself yet again, licking the crystalline fluid clean.

He swallowed the clear nectar as his finger slid across Rachel's lips, his gaze sly and mischievous.

"Looks like you should have a better idea of my sexual orientation now, don't you?"

Rachel bit her lips tightly without confirming or denying anything.

Edward squinted and tried to lower himself once more.

Rachel pushed against Edward's chest forcefully even as her flush colored her face. "That's enough! I know now! Edward, I hope this won't happen again. Don't forget, I have a child, and you have your family."

Seeing Rachel's seriousness, Edward took a moment before slowly moving away from her and sat by her side.

"If that's the case, let's continue discussing our collaboration."

Chapter 91 Why Do You Need Me and Only Me!

As Rachel sat up straight, she tidied her hair and dress minimally.

"If you insist on limiting my professional freedom, I cannot consent to our collaboration."

Edward crossed his legs, the smile on his face unfaltering. "I haven't even told you your remuneration, is it a good idea to refuse just yet?"

Rachel was slightly taken aback but remained steadfast in her choice. "It's not about the remuneration, but about the ending of my career. If you and I signed a permanent contract, my career would've stopped here."

In all honesty, she just did not want to be more involved with the Bennets at this point.

Edward Bluemel was Rue's husband. So to be in contact with Edward Bluemel was to be in contact with Rue, and by extension, with the Bennets.

"The point of every career is to constantly climb higher, and if you signed a permanent contract with me, you would've reached the top of the fashion designing industry. How then, will your career stop

there?" 1

Edward pointed out the logical flaw in Rachel's reasoning.

Rachel bit her lower lip. "I don't care what it is, I don't want it!"

Unable to triumph over Edward, Rachel reacted shamelessly.

Edward relented. "Fine, you can work with other people aside from me after signing the permanent contract, but you can't work with men."

"...What does this mean?"

Rachel stared at Edward with a displeased look on her face.

"This is my biggest compromise," said Edward sincerely.

Rachel smiled with her eyes half-closed. "Is that so? I'm sorry, Mr. Bluemel, I refuse."

One by one, the veins on Edward's forehead popped. "Rachel Bennet, this is the third time you refused me."

Rachel stood up and beat off the dust on her dress.

"Edward, do you like eating cucumbers?"

"No," answered Edward instinctively.

Rachel's eyes lit up before she shook her head dramatically. "Is it? Well, I like it, so our interests are different. We are not meant to work together! So, let's not shove a square peg through a round hole."

Seeing Rachel with her slight tendency to turn her feet out, Edward called out at her.

"You can refuse to work with me, but I can guarantee that no one will ever dare to work with you from now on."

Rachel whipped her head back angrily. "Edward Bluemel, you despicable man! Are you threatening me?"

Edward stood up pompously. "Damn right it's a threat, what are you gonna do about it?"

Rachel bit down on her teeth. "Do you absolutely have to go after a nameless woman like me in this way? There are so many excellent designers in the world! Why do you need me and only me!"

She peered at Edward with a side-eye. Under threats like this, she knew she could only follow his whims.

However, after blurting out the questions, it

depended on whether Edward could continue the conversation and compliment her.

All Rachel could imagine was Edward grabbing her arm and saying sincerely, "That's right! There are many excellent designers in the world, but a designer like you is as unique as it gets!"

Edward shook Rachel out from her fantasy with his brows furrowed.

'Has she gone mad?'

"What? Fine. Seeing you're so understanding, I shall reluctantly..."

Before Rachel could finish her sentence, Edward interrupted with his face a shade darker than before.

"What are you mumbling about?"

When Rachel realized that it was her fantasy, she shook her head awkwardly.

Edward tugged at Rachel's wrist and pressed her down onto the sofa before slowly squatting down by her feet.

"That's right. There are many excellent designers out there, many of whom want to work with me. But why did I pick you?"

Rachel looked at Edward and following his questioning, she asked, "That's right, why did you pick me?" 1

Edward carefully took Rachel's low-heels off, then pulled out a first-aid kit from the bottom of the tea table.

From there, he took some bandages and stuck it lightly onto Rachel's heels that were bleeding due to her new shoes.

"I have never seen a dumber designer like you."

'Dumb??'

A huge question mark lingered in her brain.

With a scoff, Rachel quickly drew in her leg unhappily. "Edward, you're the dumb one! Since that's your impression of me, you don't need to work with me!"

Edward folded a piece of gauze and placed it at the back of her heels before putting it on for her.

"When you're wearing new shoes next time, remember to stick a bandage on your heels, or it'll easily get hurt."

Rachel smiled after the pain on her heels faded away.

Everyone was saying how aloof he was, to the point that he ignored his wife, Rue, and was lukewarm to his child at best.

However, in her perspective, he did not seem like that.

Having thought of that, a blush bloomed on her face.

Rachel lightly coughed twice and said, "Fine, Edward, I'll give you that for being nice for once. If that's the case, we've agreed about the contract. I'll sign a permanent agreement with you, but you can't limit who else I work with."

A vein emerged on Edward's forehead as he slapped Rachel's heels with a force so light that it would elicit no response from her.

"As long as the other collaborators are women, remember that?"

Rachel disgruntledly withdrew her leg. "Fine, fine, I know! Do you have any special requirements for the outfit design? Male or female?"

Deep in his thoughts, Edward squinted before his face revealed a gentle smile.

"It's for a boy, I want the design to incorporate some fairy tale elements, or it could be elements we can

Chapter 01 Why Do You Need Me and Only Me.
find in an amusement park. As long as it would make him feel like he's a child."

Rachel jotted down the specifications, but her hand slowly stopped moving.

"Edward, is this for your son?"

Edward nodded lightly. "Mm-hmm. I owe him far too much. He's so young, but he feels more like an adult sometimes because of me."

Rachel shook her head. "He must be suffering, having a father like you."

Edward snapped coldly, "What did you say?"

Rachel shook her head dismissively with nervous laughter. "Oh nothing, just one criterion?"

Edward gave Rachel an aloof glance. "Is your child like that? A child but act like he's an adult?"

Chapter 92 The Discovery of the Same Face

Rachel shook her head intensely when she heard Edward's words. "No, no, will I allow myself to fail as a mother? Do you think I'm you?"

What Rachel did not know, was that Ziggy was more mature and more adult-like than Josh.

So every fact had proven that she was a failure of a mother.

Edward's face darkened again; he seemed like he was on the edge of detonation. 4

However, Rachel dismissed his near-eruption with a wave of her arm. "Alright, alright, I understand your request now, so please send me back to my office."

Edward handed Rachel the typed contract with his signature already on it.

"First, sign the contract."

Rachel pouted and reluctantly signed her name on it.

"What do you mean by this, do I seem like the kind of person who would break an agreement?"

Edward stared at Rachel seriously, his gaze

conveying the tacit meaning of, 'Aren't you exactly that kind of person?'

The afternoon arrived quietly at the Minnow Nursery School.

The results were out. The previous, slightly-faded, bright-red result slip was now torn off and in its place was a new, eye-catching, bright-red result slip.

Jane and Ziggy walked out of their classroom at the same time as Josh and the old butler. 1

Jane and the old butler squeezed into the crowd while the masked Josh and Ziggy stood side-by-side, waiting for the results.

They shot each other a pugnacious glance.

Suddenly, two voices yelled simultaneously in the crowd, "What?! Tied for first place?!" 1

Hearing the disbelieving voices, both Ziggy and Josh walked forward together.

They muscled their way through the overcrowded mass and peered up to the top of the list.

The space allocated for the first place was slightly cramped as two names were sardined into that tiny space.

There were two students with full scores, tying for the first place!

They shared the title of the legend of Minnow Nursery School!

Seeing their names up on that list, Josh and Ziggy were stunned.

Then, they looked at each other in surprise.

"It's you, Ziggy!"

"Josh!"

It was like Fate had destined them to meet in the sea of people.

When the two lifted their head up to look at each other, a flash of surprise hit Josh.

Since Ziggy had his hoodie up, his face was revealed to Josh the moment he raised his chin.

2

Josh grabbed Ziggy's hand and said, "Follow me!"

Immediately, Josh sprinted away, dragging Ziggy with him.

The older butler did not notice that little exchange as his eyes were fixed on Ziggy's name on the result

list. 'Looks like this new genius in Minnow Nursery School is a real one.'

'He even has the same full score as Young Master Josh and is listed at the top together!'

"Young Master Josh, what..."

He looked down to where Josh had disappeared.

Slightly dazed, the old butler quickly looked around for Josh in vain.

Josh, on the other hand, kept on running until they had reached the rooftop of the building before they stopped.

Ziggy asked Josh in confusion, "Why were we running?"

Josh took a step forward and pointed at Ziggy's face with amazement.

"Ziggy, can you tell me who your parents are?"

Ziggy took a few steps back in response to Josh's weird actions. "Mommy said my dad passed away, so I don't know who he is."

"Your mother?" Josh continued to ask.

Ziggy lowered his gaze. Even though Josh's

questions seemed odd to him, he could not muster any disgust at Josh. On the contrary, he felt a certain closeness to Josh. 2

"Rachel is my mommy's name."

Josh frowned in perplexity. "Why is it Rachel? That's not right..."

Hearing Josh's utterance, Ziggy quickly frowned in displeasure. "What did you say?"

Josh shook his head lightly with his tiny hand covering the half-mask on his face.

Slowly, he took off the mask.

The moment Ziggy saw Josh's face, he staggered back several steps in shock.

"How, how do you..."

Ziggy and Josh stared at each other's identical face to their own.

If they were standing side-by-side, it was likely that no one would be able to tell who was who!

The shock on Josh's face did not recede. "Hence my reaction. We look just like twins, but our mothers are not the same person!"

Ziggy shook his head, trying to form a theory but

could not put faith in any of them. "How could this be? We should take a paternity test together!"

Josh squinted and shook his head. "The adults at home will suspect if I go and take the test. Besides, I'm almost locked at home all day, every day. I can't go out."

Ziggy patted Josh's shoulder. "Just leave it to me!"

Upon hearing Ziggy's words, Josh nodded enthusiastically. "Okay!"

The eyes of these two genius kids sparkled unanimously as they decided to get to the bottom of the mystery.

It was just too bizarre!

After that, Josh and Ziggy sat together and exchanged stories about their younger years.

The entire time, it was Ziggy talking about his memory, while Josh listened with envy and yearning, not contributing to the conversation.

Ziggy stopped. "Josh, what about you? Don't you have any happy memories at home?"

Recalling Rue, who had always been pretentious about her love for him, especially in front of his

Chapter 02 The Discovery of the Game Face

father, Josh paused.

He shook his head. "I don't think there is any."

At the same time, Ziggy's phone rang. Wearing a smile on his face, he picked it up excitedly.

"Mommy! I got first place!"

Rachel sounded happy. "Really? That's great! Do you want to go to the amusement park later to celebrate?"

Ziggy nodded. "Okay! Let's go to the amusement park!"

After hanging up the call, Josh looked yearningly at Ziggy. "Is your mother taking you to the amusement park?"

Ziggy was slightly startled as he asked Josh, "That's right, have you not been there?"

Josh shook his head and smiled bitterly in response. "I have, but I haven't been on any rides before."

Seeing the dejected Josh, Ziggy squinted. "If that's the case, why don't you go in my place this time?"

Chapter 93 The Switching of the Genius Children

At a loss, Josh looked at Ziggy. "How am I supposed to go? Until we've cleared things up, we can't let each other's parents find out!"

Ziggy nodded and placed his hand on Josh's shoulder.

"Of course I know that. But even so, I have a way to let you go." 1

Josh tugged at Ziggy's arm excitedly. "What idea do you have that would let me go to the amusement park?"

Ziggy raised the corner of his mouth. "Have you forgotten? We are identical in appearance! We can just switch!"

Josh's eyes lit up at Ziggy's words.

If they switched, he could be Ziggy and follow his mother, Rachel, to the amusement park!

'But...'

He had been strictly educated for years not to lie.

The excitement on Josh's face was slowly replaced with defeat. "My father had always taught me that

lying is bad."

Ziggy halted for a split second before he grabbed the half-mask in Josh's hand and put it on his face.

He cocked his head and smiled at Josh. "Switching identities doesn't count as lying, Josh. I promise you that I, Ziggy, will not lie to anyone when I'm acting as you, Josh. Is that alright?" 1

Since Ziggy looked identical with himself, seeing Ziggy in his half-mask shocked Josh again.

'We really do look the same!'

'Even I can't tell the difference between us!'

Josh grinned brightly with a smile characteristic of a child his age.

"Thank you, Ziggy."

Ziggy stared at Josh's grin, slightly stunned, before returning a smile of his own.

"It's nothing. You know, this is the first time I've seen you smile."

Josh immediately kept his smile as if he was precious about it. "Father always said that we shouldn't let them know what we're against or what we're for, because..."

Before he could finish, Ziggy strode forward and pinched Josh's cheeks, pulling them apart.

"Even if your father's words are reasonable, that's for adults, not for cheeky children like us, do you understand?"

Josh nodded as he resisted Ziggy's pinching. "I understand."

Ziggy held his forehead in speechlessness. "Let's change our clothes now."

After changing, Josh flailed his arms around with a wide grin. "Wow! This outfit is so comfortable! I can move my arms however I want it to move!"

It was unlike his previous children-sized suits which only allowed him minimal, gentlemanly movements.

Feeling the constriction on his body, Ziggy complained, "Your outfit is as prohibitive as it looks."

Josh tidied up Ziggy's clothes for him. "Is it okay? It's not too restrictive, is it? When you get home, you can go to my closet to change. I have plenty of clothes in there."

Ziggy sighed. "Ah well, that's all I can do for now."

He extended his hands to Josh who was in his hoodie and smiled. "Let's go back."

Josh nodded and placed his hand in Ziggy's identically tiny hand.

The two held hands as they walked back downstairs and only let go of each other's hands when they heard noises.

Ziggy and Josh exchanged their phones before they left separately.

Seeing Josh walking toward Jane in his hoodie, the sparkle in Ziggy's eyes faded, leaving only coldness.

He looked exactly like Josh.

When the old butler saw Ziggy's sudden appearance, he was visibly relieved.

He then grabbed Ziggy's hand tightly and worriedly. "Young Master Josh, where have you been? I was so worried."

Ziggy lowered his gaze. "I apologize."

The old butler shook his head mildly. "Young Master Josh, we've seen the results, can we go back to the mansion now?"

Ziggy nodded and glanced at Josh not far away

from him. "Let's go."

Ziggy and the old butler walked past Josh from his behind, while Josh, who was still talking to Jane, turned around and looked before he sighed in relief.

It was his first time pulling such an act. It was nerve-wracking.

"Ziggy, did you hear what I said?"

Josh paused and nodded politely at Jane. "Ms. Jane, I hear you."

Jane nodded with a smile. "You're so good! Now that you've gotten first place, it looks like the previous legend of Minnow Nursery School will have to share his place."

Josh beamed approvingly. "Mm! I think Ziggy's great as well!"

Jane was puzzled. "Ziggy, what are you talking about?"

Josh immediately retracted his statement. "Oh, no, I mean I think I'm great as well!"

Jane chuckled, covering her mouth. "Do you always praise yourself like that?"

At that moment, Ziggy's phone rang. Josh was a

little surprised seeing the caller named 'Mommy'.

He picked up the call. "Mother."

It was evident that he was a little anxious and hopeful.

"Pfft, my baby, what's gotten into you today? Don't you always call me 'mommy' instead of 'mother'?"

Rachel's playful voice rang through the phone line.

1

Josh nodded apologetically. "Sorry, mommy, do you need anything?"

Very perplexed, Rachel asked, "Baby, is something wrong? Why are you so courteous today? I said I'm bringing you to the amusement park today, did you forget it already?"

Josh shook his head harder. "I didn't forget!"

"So, come out. I'm in front of the school entrance."

After hanging up, Jane held Josh's hand. "Is your mom here? I'll bring you out, let's go."

At the entrance, Josh's eyes widened as he saw Rachel dressed in brand-name clothing, seemingly

searching for someone.

'Mother?!'

He immediately turned around, fearful of facing Rachel in front of him.

'Why would mother be here?! Have they found out the switch between Ziggy and I?! Is she here to catch me in the act?'

Josh had mistaken Rachel for Rue, it seemed.

Jane looked at a nervous Josh oddly. "Ziggy, what's wrong? Your mother is over there waiting for you." 1

However, Josh stood in his spot, not planning to turn around.

That was until a warm hand grabbed his tiny, cold hand... 2

Chapter 94 She Was Not His Mother

Josh's body shuddered in nervousness.

After a while, beads of sweat began to form on his pale forehead.

Rachel held Josh's hand and squatted in front of him with a gentle smile.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

Hearing Rachel's words, Josh was a little surprised.

"Moth-Mommy, what did you say?"

Rachel reached out to wipe the sweat off his forehead worriedly. "Baby, what's going on? Why are you so sweaty? Are you warm?"

Feeling the warmth coming through his hand, as well as the hand that was drying his forehead, Josh looked at Rachel with conviction.

The woman in front of him looked similar to his mother, Rue, but she was not his mother.

His mother would never treat him so gently!

'Oh, right, Ziggy mentioned that his mother's name is Rachel.'

'Since she's not my mother, why would she look so

similar to my mother? It's just as strange as finding out that Ziggy looks identical to me.'

'Is there a conspiracy somewhere?'

When Josh reached out and touched Rachel's face, it deepened his confirmation.

His mother would cake her face with makeup every day, while this woman in front of him had nothing.

She was not Rue!

So Ziggy's and his mother looked alike, and he and Ziggy looked alike!

'What is going on?'

Seeing that Josh was constantly spacing out, Rachel flicked his forehead.

"Baby, what are you thinking about? You keep spacing out. Didn't you say you wanted to go to the amusement park? Well, let's go!"

Josh's eyes lit up. "Really? Are we going there now?"

Rachel held Josh's hand and stood up, not noticing the one holding her hand was not Ziggy.

"Of course. I promised you."

Rachel bowed at Jane. "Ms. Jane, thank you for your unbound patience that allowed my child to get such a good result."

Seeing Rachel bow, Josh followed suit. "Thank you, Ms. Jane."

Jane waved her arms. All these thanking was making her sheepish. 'Where have I taught anything? Ziggy learned it all from reading by himself!'

If there was anything she had contributed, it would be as a chaperone.

What an easy task it was to teach geniuses. Ziggy had arranged his own timetable adequately, he did not even need a teacher.

"You're too kind. It's all part of my job."

As Rachel sat in the cab with Josh, she smiled. "My baby is so smart, how should I reward you?"

Hearing Rachel's praises, Josh lowered his chin as color crept onto his cheeks.

He had never experienced motherly love, and would never imagine experiencing it for the first time from a stranger. ①

He was not sure why he did not feel any gap

between Rachel and him even though it was technically the first time they had met.

He wanted to stay by her side like he wanted to stay by Ziggy's side. 3

He had a funny feeling that this woman was his real mother instead, and not Rue with whom he had shared the same house for several years. 1

Noticing Josh's silence, Rachel reached over and lightly planted a kiss on his forehead.

"I guess I'll reward you with a kiss."

After the peck, Josh's face turned red as though he was going to burst into flame at any moment.

Seeing Josh's reaction, Rachel covered her mouth.

"I say, baby, why are you so different today, you're shy!"

Josh suppressed all of his emotions and blushed before replying, "I-I-I am very happy."

Rachel took Josh into her arms, her face filled with satisfaction. "I'm also happy to have a son like you."

Josh nodded very subtly. For a second, he was envious of Ziggy.

Even though Ziggy's father had passed away, he

had a loving mother and a supportive environment.

"Me too."

...

The old butler and Ziggy returned to the Bluemel mansion. As he walked in the lavish corridor, his eyes twinkled.

'So Josh lives in such a nice house and great environment!'

'I hear he has a healthy and whole family, but why does he look sad the entire time I've known him?'

"Young Master Josh, are you hungry? Do you want to have some food?"

Ziggy shook his head. "Take me back to my room first."

He was a little conscious. How would he know where Josh's room was in such a huge mansion?

The old butler suspected nothing as he led Ziggy to his room. "Alright, Young Master Josh, please come with me."

Ziggy followed the old butler into the room and was

shocked. 'Josh lives in such a huge room on his own?!

In the hundreds of square meters of the room, there was everything. All sorts of furniture were prepared and the closet was situated in one of the corners.

"Young Master Josh, why don't you rest for a bit and change? Master Edward will come back for dinner later tonight."

Ziggy nodded. "I understand."

After the old butler exited the room, Ziggy walked into the closet.

As he window-shopped Josh's clothes, a feeling of powerlessness washed over him.

'Josh conned me! He said he has plenty of clothes in the closet and I can change into whichever one I like!' 1

'There are plenty of clothes, but they're all formal clothes! Where are the casual ones?!

Suddenly, his gaze locked onto a pair of opulent-looking pajamas.

After changing into the pajamas, Ziggy stretched lazily, feeling himself relax as the garment draped

itself comfortably on him.

He laid on the sofa brusquely until he heard the sound of the door slamming from outside. He then stood up from the sofa and opened the door, going out toward the living room.

Rue was walking toward him furiously. After investigating, she found out Rachel was working in Nathan's company!

With a heart full of rage, she thought, 'What a crafty woman! To get in touch with Edward, she approached his friend?'

'This meant that Rachel knew it was me during the ball the other night before I found out it was her. Have I embarrassed myself like a clown in front of her?!'

Chapter 95 Ziggy Talking Back to Rue

Ziggy frowned at the classless woman in front of him, feeling that there was something familiar with her appearance.

A second later, she was already standing in front of him.

Ziggy was stunned silent as he saw the face that differed very little from Rachel's. ①

'This woman looks like mommy!'

He also recognized the wrong person at the ball.

It took him a little while before realizing it was his mommy's twin sister, Rue!

Now, that woman was standing in front of him.

'She is Josh's mother?!'

'Rue is Josh's mother?!'

He went into deep thought. Was that the reason Josh and him felt close? Was it because their mothers were twins?

"Josh! You're getting more and more arrogant, aren't you?!" ①

Rue, in her furious state, could not find anything to release her wrath but Ziggy who was standing in front of her.

Ziggy looked at Rue coldly. He did not have a good impression of his mommy's twin sister.

Seeing Ziggy's squint, Rue staggered a few steps back.

Ziggy's action looked exactly like Edward's, which shocked her for a moment.

After recovering from that, she lurched forward and grabbed Ziggy's wrist irately.

"Josh, what is the meaning of that?!"

Ziggy looked at Rue boldly, without any respect or fear. "What is the meaning of what?"

Rue gritted her teeth. "You haven't yet greeted me or addressed me! Do you even think of me as your mother?!"

Ziggy shot an aloof gaze at Rue. "If you think that I don't think of you as a mother, please, continue to do so."

Surprised, Rue looked at Ziggy who talked back at her. "You!"

'This is Josh's first time talking back to me!' 2

What Rue did not know was that this was not the respectful Josh she was grabbing in her hand, but the sassy Ziggy.

Rue then raised her hand, preparing to slap Ziggy. "Alright, you! Now that your wings have matured, I see you don't take me seriously anymore, is it?! You dare talk back to me?!"

Her slap had not even found its mark when Ziggy's tiny hand grabbed her wrist.

His eyes were frigid. "If you so much as lay a hand on me, I will call the police, saying I have been abused. When the news eventually gets hold of the piece, I believe the Bennet household will be very, very popular."

Rue was completely stunned by Ziggy's threat.

The Bennets had just gone through a critical period, they could not endure another event!

If they were in any sort of trouble, the Bennet would need her help!

Rue bit down hard on her jaw. If Edward found out about this, he would immediately divorce her.

With that, she balled up her palm and withdrew her hand.

"Josh, you're crossing the line! Who taught you to threaten your mother, I gave birth to you!"

Ziggy scoffed and looked at his reddened wrist due to the strength Rue had employed. His eyes immediately burned with cold fury.

He could see just how little Rue held back from using strength at him.

Even the slap she had intended to execute was unrestrained. Although he stopped her slap, his hand was still shaking in the aftermath.

'Has Josh always been treated like this at home?'

'He just lets this woman beat him around like this?' ①

Ziggy squinted at Rue. Why would any mother treat their children like that?

There was not a single bit of love and unwillingness in her eyes!

This was also what he found perplexing.

"Are you saying I have a bad personality?"

Rue nodded without thinking. "That's right! You have a bad personality!"

Chapter 33 Ziggy Talking Back to Rue

Ziggy shrugged. "With a mother like you, how good can you expect me to become?" 4

Rue was completely speechless against Ziggy's retaliation and could only simmer in silence.

In one corner, the old butler sighed in relief after seeing Ziggy utilizing his advantage at every point.

With a huff, Rue stomped upstairs in her heels. 1

The old butler immediately approached Ziggy happily. "Young Master Josh, you finally learned to retaliate! You've just been keeping it in this whole time, so I was understandably worried that you will eventually get hurt."

With that, Ziggy confirmed the life Josh had led in the Bluemel mansion.

Ziggy patted the old butler's hand. "Don't worry, I will no longer let her bully me like this. I will be kind only to the people who deserve it."

Impressed, the old butler nodded. "Yes, Young Master Josh. I was hoping that you would come to this realization earlier."

"It's not too late now."

Ziggy made a commitment – he had to make sure

that Rue no longer dared to bully Josh!

If not, Rue would continue to abuse Josh even after they returned to their real identity.

Dishes after dishes of exquisite food were brought to the dinner table. Not long after, the door opened once more and all the servants bowed. "Welcome home, Master Edward."

Clack clack clack— Rue immediately ran downstairs in her heels. She held Ziggy's hand with a pretentious, gentle smile.

"Josh, your father's home, let's go welcome him!"

Ziggy made no response to Rue's two-faced behavior as he remained seated coldly.

"You weren't this gentle to me just a moment ago, mother. Where have you learned this acting technique? It is so good!" 5

Rue maintained her smile but employed a threatening tone to her voice in the face of Ziggy's mocking.

"You better cooperate, or everyone will end up unhappy!"

Ziggy flung away Rue's hand and put on a calm

smile. "Don't worry. No matter who will end up unhappy, it won't be me."

He traipsed toward the door and looked at the man who took off his jacket, momentarily stunned by the similarities in their appearance. 3

'Why would Josh's father be so similar to me?'

'Could it be that Josh's father has a twin as well?'

'Did mommy marry Josh's father's twin, so Josh and I looked so similar, and Josh's father and I looked so similar?'

'Did mommy's twin Rue and mommy married Edward Bluemel and his twin respectively, and so that's why I look identical to Josh?!' 1

Chapter 96 Do Not Cast Your Pearls Before Swine

Even if the explanation seemed outlandish, Ziggy could not find many other explanations for his situation.

The other explanation he could think of was that Josh and his parents were the same two people and that one set of their parents are impostors.

The fact he was sure about was that their mother had to be either Rachel or Rue.

Their father should be the man in front of him.

'But...'

Ziggy's brows quickly furrowed up. He did not think his mommy was the fake one!

The fake should be Rue!

Edward strolled to Ziggy and looked at his pajamas.

"You look different today."

Ziggy looked up and smiled at Edward. "It's comfier this way."

Seeing Ziggy's smile reminded Edward of Rachel; their smiles were so similar and infectious.

Edward reached out and rubbed Ziggy's head. "As

long as you like it."

At that moment, Rue stepped up and smiled at Edward gently. "Honey, this kid is so uncannily similar to me! We both like to be in comfortable clothing!" 3

Edward and Ziggy both looked at Rue, in her body-fitting dress and high heels, with a look of confusion.

'Where is the similarity?'

Edward glared at Rue coldly. "I told you, don't call me 'honey'. There is no one here to look at your act, do you understand?" 4

Rue was a little startled as she looked at Edward who did not even humor her and lowered her gaze.

"I understand, Edward."

Then, Edward sat at the foot of the dinner table while Ziggy chose a seat beside him.

Edward was a little taken aback, but he slowly leaned toward Ziggy.

"Josh, did Rue bully you?"

Rue pressed her lips together. 'Is Josh planning to publicly go against me now?'

Ziggy looked at Edward and asked, "Father, why do

you ask?"

Edward took a glimpse at Rue. "You're usually always seated by your mother's side, so why here today?"

Ziggy glanced at Rue distastefully. "Oh, nothing, I just recalled a saying, 'Do not cast your pearls before swine.'" 1

Edward was amused at Ziggy's quip after quip.

'My son is so different today!'

So, he nodded appreciatively and joined the fray.

"That's a good saying."

Hearing the banter between Edward and Ziggy, Rue almost wanted to vomit blood.

Her hands, hidden under the table, suddenly tensed up into a ball, while her stiff smile remained.

She knew Ziggy was referring to her when he said 'swine', and Edward echoed the sentiment! She knew all the non-swear words that they used were about her, but she could not react to those. She even had to pretend like she did not understand!

Worst of all, she still had to smile at them.

Ziggy inquired at Edward seriously. "Father, I have a question."

Edward nodded lightly. "Ask away."

Ziggy looked at Edward with his soulful eyes.

"Father, do you have any twin brothers?!"

Edward did not react to Ziggy's question, whereas Rue, on the other hand, choked on a piece of meat and turned her face red.

She coughed several times before she could get the meat out of her mouth. She then grabbed the wine glass on her side and downed it gracelessly.

Ziggy looked at Rue aloofly. "Mother, you don't have to have such a big reaction, I'm not asking you."

Edward shook his head. "No, why do you ask?"

Ziggy shook his head as well, after getting the answer he needed. "No, I'm just a little curious."

Since Edward did not have a twin, Ziggy's first hypothesis was proven wrong.

He was left with the second hypothesis about Josh and him being twins, and their mother being either Rue or Rachel. Who was the real one in this case?

Seeing Ziggy in his own thoughts, Edward squinted.

He could not say why, but he felt Josh was very different on this day, it was as if he was switched out.

Josh would no longer think about the reparation between Edward and Rue, yet he chose to go against her today.

Rue looked at the quiet Ziggy with a hint of anxiousness.

'Why would Josh ask a question like this?'

'Did Josh go out and see Rachel on his own, which is why he developed a suspicion? How would he manage to see Rachel? He's home most of the days, and would only go to the school during exams!'

After dinner, Rue's heart was still in her mouth. Even when she sat on the sofa watching Ziggy and Edward read their books quietly, she could not calm down.

So, she began pacing around the hall restlessly.

Edward looked at Rue with irritation. "If there's nothing, don't pace in front of us."

He could not understand how Rachel and Rue could

make him feel so differently despite having near-identical faces and physical appearance.

The difference was massive that he could not understand.

With an awkward smile, Rue turned and went upstairs. "Please continue to read. I'm going upstairs."

After Rue had left, Ziggy looked at Edward with his book lowered.

"Father, is my mother really Rue?"

Edward was taken by surprise with Ziggy's question. "Why are you asking that?"

Ziggy did not answer Edward. Before he got to the bottom of it, he could not tell anyone.

"Nothing, I'm just curious."

Recalling the past, Edward rubbed Ziggy's head. "It's something between your mother and me, a child like you shouldn't worry about that. No matter what, I am your father."

How would he tell Ziggy about the night he had a one night stand with a woman whose face he could not remember? Besides, Rue was the one who brought Josh to him...

Ziggy lowered his gaze like an adult. "I'm not a child."

Edward shrugged. "What are you then?"

"I'm an adult," Ziggy replied Edward seriously.

Edward pointed back at himself with his lanky finger. "If you're an adult, what am I?"

Ziggy squinted and shook his head as his mood lightened.

"You're an old man." 13



Chapter 97 Crispy Fried Chicken and Cold Coca-Cola

Edward slowly broke into a grin. "You little twerp, what is it with you today? You're even making fun of me."

Ziggy shrugged listlessly. "Why, are you a fierce monster?"

Edward knocked Ziggy's head lightly. "You're right. I'm not a fierce monster, I'm your father, so you don't have to be so respectfully polite all the time. I like how you are today."

Ziggy lowered his head after a brief moment of pause.

'Looks like Josh's father is not as strict as he presented himself to be.'

Meanwhile, Rue called Mr. Bennet worriedly.

The moment the call connected, Rue spoke, "Dad! I think Josh might have seen Rachel. He's been weird all day. Usually, he would obey whatever I say, but today he was rebuking everything that I said. He even said some worrying things!"

Mr. Bennet was evidently just as surprised as Rue. "What? Isn't Josh at home most of the days? How

would he see Rachel?!"

Rue bit down on her teeth. "Maybe because Rachel is working in the Chapman Group! It must be intentional. She wanted to get to Edward, so she went looking for his friend Nathan Chapman!" 1

Mr. Bennet paused for a long while. "Alright. I will deal with Rachel tomorrow, don't worry. Don't you forget that you are already physically intimate with Edward, and legally, you're his wife!" 3

Rue slowly calmed down after Mr. Bennet's reassurance.

Even if she did not, in reality, have sex with Edward, she was still Edward's lawfully-wedded wife! 2

She clutched her phone tightly in her hand. Her father would make his move the next day! By then, Rachel would not have a nice life. After all, her father was not as easy to handle as her mother. 1

The amusement park was brightly adorned with colorful, twinkling, fairy tale-esque lights.

Josh was holding Rachel's hand tightly, his face full of unadulterated joy and excitement.

"So beautiful."

Every time he went outside, he was either ushered

by hoards of people, having to rush through or took the VIP channels, so he had never seen views like this.

Rachel rubbed Josh's head. "What are you saying, it's like you've never gone to an amusement park before."

Josh looked at the joyfulness that peppered the entirety of the park and smiled like a child.

"I've never visited it this way!"

Rachel was mildly confused by that statement.

"Baby, what are you talking about?" 1

Josh grinned and pulled Rachel's hand toward the roller coaster's line. "Mommy, I wanna ride this!"

Rachel nodded quickly. "Alright, alright! I'll ride with you!"

As soon as they entered, Josh picked the frontmost car and waved at Rachel.

"Mommy, come here!"

Rachel quickly strode to Josh's side. "Baby, aren't we sitting too much in front?"

Josh looked at Rachel excitedly, as if it was his first experience on a ride. "That's where the fun is!"

Seeing the spark in Josh's eyes, Rachel could not bring herself to refuse him. "Alright, then. My baby can decide how he wants to..."

Before she could finish, the roller coaster moved on its track quickly.

Her words were muffled by all the screaming on the roller coaster.

Josh was young, but he had no fear of participating in stimulating rides like this. All he felt was brimming exhilaration!

After the roller coaster had stopped, Rachel walked down from the car with Josh's hand in hers.

"Baby, what else do you want to ride?"

Josh's eyes lit up. "I want to do the entire amusement park!"

Rachel nodded. Seeing Josh's rare moments of thrill, she felt happy along with him as well.

"Okay, should we go have some food before we continue?"

Josh shook his head with excitement overflowing from his eyes.

However, his stomach began to grumble at the same time.

Rachel rubbed Josh's head while she chuckled.

"Silly boy."

Standing near the stall, Rachel smiled at the attendant. "Two pieces of fried chicken, one fries, one popcorn chicken, and two glasses of Coca-cola with ice, please, thank you."

Josh tugged at Rachel's dress.

"Mommy, these are all junk food, we can't eat them."

The attendant's face changed drastically upon hearing Josh's words.

Rachel covered Josh's mouth and smiled apologetically at the attendant. "So sorry for that, children can't control their mouths, right?"

She then looked for a place to sit and placed the food onto the table.

"Baby, let's eat!"

Josh sat without touching his food while Rachel chowed down her portion happily.

After taking a sip of the soft drink, Rachel asked, "Baby, why aren't you eating?"

Josh crossed his arms with a concerned look on his face. "These are all junk food, mommy, we'll get sick

if we eat them, you know? Not only are they not good for our bodies, but they will also give us cancer."

Rachel listened to him nag quietly. "Don't you love this food? How are you so health-conscious all of a sudden?"

Josh looked at Rachel seriously. "I'm only thinking of mommy's health. If they really have no problem, of course, I will..."

He had not finished his sentence before Rachel stuffed a piece of the fried chicken into Josh's mouth.

Josh was a little taken aback. As the taste of the crispy fried chicken melted away and spread into every corner of his mouth, it was a treat just holding it in his mouth without chewing.

That was not to say he had not eaten good food at home. On the contrary, he had eaten his fair share of good food.

However, this was the first time he had tasted anything like this.

Josh's eyes shined bright like a diamond. 2

Rachel handed him the glass of soft drink with ice. "Have a bite of the chicken, then try some of this

Coca-cola."

Josh obeyed and did just that, his eyes sparkling like never before.

He did not know how to describe the sensation, so he said...

"It's so yummy!"

Rachel chuckled and pushed the fries and popcorn chicken in front of him. "Quick, eat these too! You, talking to me about food health?"

Soon, Josh cleared the plates like he had been starving for days.

"Mommy, they're really good! I want more!"

Chapter 98 A Wish on the Ferris Wheel

After three rounds of the food, Josh sat there, satisfied, and patted his tummy.

"I can't eat anymore."

Rachel poked Josh's slightly-protruding belly with a huge grin. "Baby, you ate so much today."

Josh immediately stood up and pulled Rachel's hand, speeding through the walkway. "Mommy, mommy! Let's go on the other rides!" 3

Rachel nodded while chortling. "Okay, okay! Walk slower, don't rush!"

It was only after they had gone on almost all the rides that Josh slowed down.

Rachel laughed seeing Josh proactiveness. Usually, Ziggy would not be that enthusiastic about the rides.

Moreover, he seemed to have boundless energy going onto ride after ride, it was as if...

It was as if he would never be allowed there again, so he wanted to experience everything as much as he could.

Rachel gently hugged Josh from behind. "Baby,

there is no need to cram everything in one visit. I will bring you here again in the future, as long as you want to."

Josh stopped and his excitement slowly faded, leaving only satisfaction on his face.

"Alright, I know, mommy. Can we ride the Ferris Wheel last?"

He liked spending time with Rachel; he liked that she would bring him to the amusement park and have crispy fried chicken as dinner.

However, at the end of the day, he was not her son. Her son was Ziggy, and he was Josh.

This identity swap was supposed to let him experience the amusement park for once, but it had also brought him closer to Rachel.

If he could have a mother like that, he would rather not become the successor of the Bluemel family.

Yet it was impossible even if he wanted that!

Even if there were too many mysteries in this case, he reckoned Ziggy would not be willing to part with his mommy for that long, would he?

Rachel carried Josh in her hand and smiled.

"Alright! We've always ended the visit with the Ferris Wheel anyway."

After passing by the souvenir shop, Rachel put Josh back on the ground.

"Baby, according to the rule, we should buy something to commemorate this visit."

Josh nodded excitedly as he began to choose. He kept picking up large stuffed toys one after another and setting them down until he finally settled on a tiny blue whale bracelet.

Rachel handed a huge plush toy to Josh. "Baby, if you want to buy a huge plush toy, we can buy it! I brought enough money today, don't worry!"

Josh looked at the plush toy and shook his head in the end. "No need, mommy."

He could not think of a way to bring such a huge thing back to the Bluemel mansion unnoticed.

Seeing Josh's conviction, Rachel set down the plush toy and picked up a blue whale bracelet.

"Alright then, let's have one each."

Josh picked up two other whale bracelets.

"Mommy, I want to buy two more." 3

Rachel smiled with her eyes. "Why, do you have

someone you want to gift it to?"

Josh nodded seriously. "Yup!"

Rachel smiled and said, "Alright then, as long as you like it."

When they were out of the souvenir shop, Rachel helped Josh with wearing the blue whale bracelet before she put it on her wrist herself.

She then swished around the hand with the bracelet. "Let's go to the Ferris Wheel!" 1

After lining up for a while, Rachel and Josh managed to get on the huge ride.

As their compartment rolled up little by little, the ground became further and further while everything else reduced in size.

Josh looked out of the window as his eyes reflected the starry skies.

"Wow! It's so pretty!"

Rachel held Josh's waist lightly. "Is it prettier than mommy?"

Josh shook his head. "Mommy is the prettiest!"

His gaze was still locked onto the view outside the window, taking in the thousands of specks of

starlight in his eyes.

When the Ferris Wheel stopped at the highest point, all the buildings in the city were so tiny, it was as if he could cover them with one hand.

The silvery lights above and the colorful lights below shone into his eyes.

"It's so magnificent, if only I can come again in the future."

On his last visit, he was so close to getting onto the Ferris Wheel, but because of his mother...

After leaving the amusement park that day, he kept ruminating on wanting to go to the amusement park and ride the Ferris Wheel.

This afternoon, his wish had come true with Ziggy's help.

Rachel rubbed Josh's head and held him in her arms.

"Silly boy. We'll come again another day. As long as you want to come here, I'll bring you here."

Feeling the warmth around him, Josh snuggled against Rachel in bliss and satisfaction.

"If only you're really my mother."

Ever since he began to develop memory, he had never been hugged in this way.

Neither his father nor his mother had ever hugged him like this.

'Such a warm hug, I'll remember this forever.'

Rachel placed her forehead against Josh's gently.

"Silly boy, look carefully, I am your mother!"

She held his cold hands and placed them onto her cheeks.

Hearing Rachel's declaration, Josh was a little distracted.

'She is my mother?'

Then, Josh decided in that instant. 'It's too strange! I must get to the bottom of this with Ziggy!'

He smiled tenderly at Rachel and nodded. "Yes! You are my mother!"

Suddenly, fireworks were shot into the sky and it opened up into the loveliest fan of colored lights as if winged fairies were dancing in the sky gracefully.

Surprised and overjoyed, Josh grabbed Rachel's

hand and looked at the dazzling display.

"Mommy, look! It's so pretty!"

Rachel nodded lightly, but her gaze was focused on Josh in front of her.

She pressed her palm against her heart. She did not know why, but Ziggy made her heart ache repeatedly tonight, it was as if she had recovered something that was lost.

What Rachel did not know was that the child beside her was not her usual cheeky boy.

Josh let go of Rachel's hand and clapped his hands together, making a wish into the sky.

'If it's possible, I want to continue living happily like this. I wish Ziggy and Rachel are both in my family...'

4

"Baby, what are you wishing for?"

Josh winked at Rachel.

"It's a secret."

Chapter 99 Ziggy Making the Rounds to Edward's Room

After returning to the apartment, Rachel filled up the bath and patted Josh. "Baby, you must be tired today. Quick, take a bath and go to bed."

Josh nodded and went into the bathroom.

After changing into matching pajamas, Josh walked out and into Rachel's arms while she kissed him.

Josh tried to remain calm but the blush on his face quickly betrayed him.

Rachel chuckled. "Oh, baby, why are you constantly shy today?"

"Go to the bed, I'll be right there in a minute."

Josh was a little surprised. "Are we sleeping together?"

Rachel nodded seriously. "That's right! Why, do you not want to sleep beside me now that you've grown up?"

She pouted deliberately.

Josh waved his hands shyly. "Nope, I-I understand, I will go to—to the bed and wait for mommy."

He immediately ran into the room red-faced.

At the sight of Josh's shyness, Rachel shrugged.

"This child..."

In the room, Josh leaned against the wall, embarrassed, and slowly slid down to the floor.

He had been sleeping alone since he was one-year-old, so it was understandable that he would be timorous!

Ding— His phone lit up.

Seeing the phone number on the new text, Josh squinted.

'Isn't this my phone number?'

"How was the amusement park tonight?"

The caring message by Ziggy made Josh smiled.

So, he typed on it slowly. "Thank you. I had a really good time!"

"As long as you're happy. I will go to school to meet up with you, let's sneak away together! We'll skip class!" ①

Josh was stunned. "Skipping class? Are you sure we should do that?"

"Of course! Didn't you want to investigate our history? We're going to do the paternity test tomorrow!"

Josh pressed his lips together. "We're just two kids, will the people in the hospital allow us to do the paternity test?"

"Don't worry! I have an idea!"

He lowered his gaze, unsure why Ziggy could always bring him comfort. "Okay!"

"Don't you dare fall in love with mommy! Mommy is mine! Also, I taught Rue a lesson and got you revenge, so don't let other people bully you anymore, you hear?" 3

Josh was slightly unnerved by that. "What did you do to mother?"

"Nothing, it was just a verbal warning. Josh, let me tell you this. Just for this face that we both share, you can't let anyone else bully you, okay? I won't allow it!"

Josh read the rather heartwarming message and replied, "I know."

"Baby, are you still on your phone at this hour?"

Rachel walked in.

Josh hurriedly put his phone aside. "No, I'm not."

Rachel laid on the bed and took Josh into her arms. "Let's sleep, alright. Goodnight, baby."

She kissed him on his forehead again.

Josh blushed again, but he returned the hug that Rachel gave with full satisfaction.

When Rachel's breathing finally slowed down, Josh opened his eyes slightly as he looked at the elegant woman in front of him.

He could not help but think, 'Mother and Ziggy's mother look so much alike, but why would their personalities be so different?'

He thought they were two completely different people.

However, Josh shook his head, reminding himself not to think about those for the moment. At least, now that he had the mother that he wanted most, he should enjoy it while it lasted.

Meanwhile, Ziggy rolled around in bed as he tried to fall asleep unsuccessfully.

He pressed his lips together. Josh was no longer replying to his messages, so most likely he would

be sleeping together with his mommy.

'But...'

His mommy, at this time, was hugging another child.

Ziggy bounced up into a sitting position, unable to sleep.

He got out of bed with a pillow in his arms and opened the door. The hallway was still brightly lit even though there was no one in it. 1

He shook his head. 'Rich people are so wasteful.'

Ziggy walked up the stairs with his pillow until he stopped in front of Edward's room.

He knocked on Edward's door.

Before long, Edward opened the door impatiently.

"Rue, how many times have I told you not to disturb me at this hour..."

Yet when he saw Ziggy in front of him, Edward was stunned.

The impatience on his face faded away as he ducked down to Ziggy. His face was still aloof, but

there were hints of worry in his eyes.

"What's the matter? Why aren't you in bed at this hour instead of looking for me?" 1

Ziggy did not answer Edward's question as he walked straight into the room with his pillow.

Edward closed the door in puzzlement before he walked in front of Ziggy.

Ziggy looked at the lit study with countless contracts on the table. "Father, it's already so late, are you still working?"

Edward nodded lightly. "Mm. Why do you ask?"

"You must have worked so hard," said Ziggy sincerely.

After Ziggy's comment, Edward was a little embarrassed.

He turned away stiffly as he felt his face redden.

He only wanted to stay up late and finish some workload for the next day so he could come home sooner to see his son.

To distract Ziggy from his embarrassment, he coughed and looked at Ziggy. "What about you? Are you here with your pillow to do your rounds?"

Ziggy grinned. "Are you worried about my spot check, father?"

Edward shook his head seriously. "How would I? I have nothing to fear, for I am innocent."

Ziggy sat on the sofa with his pillow like a tiny adult.

"I can't sleep, but since you need to work, I shall accompany you."

Edward immediately approached Ziggy, and before Ziggy could react, Edward had carried Ziggy and his pillow in his arms. ①

In the next moment, Ziggy and the pillow were placed on the soft bed.

Seeing Ziggy trying to get up, Edward held his shoulder down. "No, children must not stay up late." ②

Ziggy huffed in retaliation. "Father, I am not a child! I'm a grown-up!"

Edward nodded weakly. "Fine, fine, you're a grown-up, okay."

Seeing that Edward was preparing to get up, Ziggy caught his chilly big hand.

"Father, you said I must not stay up late, so as my

father, you shouldn't too."



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Chapter 100 Edward and Ziggy Sharing Bed

As Edward felt the warmth from the smaller hand, he shook his head.

He reached out and lightly scratched Ziggy's nose. "You little twerp tricked me."

Ziggy looked at Edward seriously. "Father, you're the one who said I'm a grown-up and that I mustn't stay up late. So as a grown-up as well, you must take your own advice!"

Edward nodded with a smile. "Alright, alright, I will take my own advice."

He then took his jacket off and laid down on the bed.

However, the two figures laid in bed without moving, making it quite an awkward scenario.

It was Edward's first time sleeping in a bed together with his son.

It was also Ziggy's first time sleeping in a bed with a stranger.

So, Edward turned off all the lights. In the darkness, he reached out with his lanky arms and hugged Ziggy between them.

The action did not seem like an interaction between a father and his son, but rather a man hugging a woman.

His arms held onto Ziggy rigidly. "Go to sleep, goodnight."

Ziggy almost laughed at Edward's awkwardness. With his warm hands, he covered Edward's bigger, colder hands. 3

"Goodnight."

Feeling a strong, wide presence behind him, Ziggy quickly fell asleep.

Edward, on the other hand, maintained his position of holding Ziggy without being able to sleep.

The night was long and after an onerous wait, Edward eventually drifted off into his dreams.

The sky slowly brightened at the arrival of another lively day.

Being one to rouse early, Josh freshened up when someone knocked at the door.

He walked toward the door confusedly, without answering, until his phone rang.

"Hello? Good morning, is this Ziggy? I have your food delivery, can you open the door, please?"

When Josh hung up, Ziggy's text came in.

"I forgot to tell you about something yesterday. Mommy can't cook in the morning, so I ordered food delivery for you. Please remember to prepare toothpaste and water to gargle for mommy, water to wash her face, and her clothes for today. Hmm, get her the sky blue dress and a pair of white canvas shoes."

Seeing Ziggy's text, Josh answered the door and received the food without worry.

He then placed the food on the table and began to execute the instructions according to the text.

Throughout all this, he sighed in exultation.

'Ziggy is so clever! Even if he isn't here physically, he still knew to arrange for all this!'

On the other end, a huge hand covered the phone screen that Ziggy was using to text.

Ziggy's heart almost jumped out of his chest.

He immediately locked the screen and looked back at Edward, who had just woken up.

"What is it, father?"

Edward frowned. "Don't look at your phone as soon as you wake up, it's not good for your eyes."

Ziggy nodded obediently. "Yes, father, I understand."

Following that, Edward sat up and carried Ziggy in his arms before walking out of his room.

As he opened the door, Rue's hand stopped in mid-air awkwardly.

"Oh, Edward! I wanted to wake you up, I didn't know..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Edward walked past Rue with Ziggy in his hand, ignoring her altogether.

Rue chased after him. "Edward, did you sleep beside our son yesterday?"

Ziggy giggled before Edward responded. "Mother, is there something wrong with the father and son sleeping together?"

Rue was a little startled before answering, "N-no..."

Seeing both of their silhouettes leaving, Rue clutched her hands tightly.

She was not upset that Edward was sleeping with somebody else. Within the five years, she had wanted to sleep with Edward but it was without any

success, yet Rachel achieved what she could not easily and it was all because of her! 3

Now, even Rachel's son had slept in the same bed as Edward before she did?! 3

As Edward's lawfully wedded wife, she could not even touch him!

Seeing Edward descend the stairs with Ziggy in his arms, the old butler gave a smile filled with satisfaction.

The amelioration of Master Edward and Young Master Josh's relationship was a convivial event in the household.

Sitting at the table, Edward touched the glass of milk in front of Ziggy. "Warm the milk up."

Rue giggled and immediately passed her glass of warm milk to Ziggy.

"Josh, why don't you drink mine? My milk is still warm."

Ziggy did not take Rue's glass of milk, but he looked up at her coldly instead. "It's okay, mother. You can drink it, I don't like drinking someone else's drinks."

Rue's hand hung in mid-air awkwardly.

'Someone else's?!'

'Even if he is not my real son, I have been playing the part of his mother for five years! Josh had been very respectful to me in the past, but how did I suddenly become 'someone else'?!'

'Did he actually meet Rachel?!'

Edward listened to Ziggy's words silently as a hint of glimmer appeared in his eyes.

He passed his own glass of warm milk to Ziggy.

"Give it a rest, Rue. Why don't you drink your glass of milk yourself?"

Immediately, Ziggy took Edward's glass of warm milk and started chugging it.

Within seconds, the warm milk was emptied into his belly.

Edward maintained his composure, but a twinkle of joy leaped into his eyes.

That meant he was not 'someone else' or a stranger to Josh!

He could not explain it, but he was happy.

Ziggy set down the glass in his hand and smiled at Rue. 1

Although Rue withdrew her hand without any expression, her hand tightened on her glass.

'Is Josh openly going against me?!

Edward was his father, which he deemed not a stranger, while even though she was his mother, she was also a stranger?! Was Josh trying to tell Edward covertly that she was not his real mother?!

'Everyone in the Bluemel family is treating me like an outsider, even Josh?!' 3

She smiled at Ziggy. "Josh, I'm your father's wife, which means I'm your mother too, so I'm not just 'someone else' or an outsider, okay?" 2

Ziggy cocked his head nonchalantly. "Oh, is that so?"

Ziggy's words almost made Rue's heart skip a beat.