

Chapter 11 Twins

The moment Jodie opened the door, she saw Rachel collapsed on the floor with her nether region stained with piercing red.

Jodie immediately carried Rachel in her arms and charged downstairs as though she was Rachel's bona fide boyfriend.

As her car arrived at the hospital, Rue and Mrs. Bennet showed up as well.

Looking at Rachel who was already passed out on the trolley bed, Jodie became worried.

Rue, on the other hand, fixed her gaze on Rachel's very-bloated abdomen as her hand tensed into a ball.

'This child inside belongs to Edward Bluemel?!

For a split second, Rue had an urge to flatten Rachel's stomach with a punch! 1

'She was lucky to have spent the night with Edward Bluemel, let alone have his child! That is the dream of so many women!'

The doctor shot a serious glare at Rue, who still had her hand on the trolley. "Miss, please let go of the

"It's alright, you can both go home. I'll be here."

All of a sudden, Rue stopped as if she was waiting for something. 2

A long time had passed before the cries of two babies came from inside the delivery room.

The moment Jodie heard the cries, she almost glued herself to the door out of nervousness.

'Why are there the cries of two babies?'

Then, Rue thought of an idea and immediately sent Ian a text.

Immediately after, Jodie received a phone call.

"Hello, Ian? What's wrong?"

She could not help but turn back to look at the darkening delivery room. "But Rachel's not out yet! Okay, don't panic, I'm coming! Why are you speeding!? Are you alright?! I'm coming now, don't worry!" 1

Jodie tugged at Rue's arm. "Rue, take care of Rachel. I'll be back soon."

Rue nodded earnestly at Jodie. "Go, I'll be here, don't worry."

After Jodie left, a smile turned the corner of Rue's

mouth upward, and soon, the doctor came out of the delivery room with a bloodied set of scrubs. He smiled at Rue and Mrs. Bennet. "Congratulations, it's a pair of twin boys." 4

Rue clenched her fist upon hearing the doctor's words. 'How is Rachel so lucky?! Twins?!'

'And they're boys, no less!'

In a split second, she thought of an idea.

A grin broke out on Rue's face slowly. 'Rachel, once again, I'm going to take the future that is yours!'

Rue pulled the doctor aside and gave him a bank card, as well as a name card.

"There are ten million pounds in this account and this name card will bring ample opportunities for you." 1

The doctor looked at Rue in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Rue narrowed her eyes at the doctor. "I hope you can make it known that Rachel only gave birth to one child. On top of that, I want all the nurses in the delivery room fired, do you understand me?"

The doctor continued to stare at Rue, puzzled. He

still had not taken the cards from Rue.

"I don't understand the meaning behind your request."

Rue fanned the cards in her hand and explained slowly in a seductive, alluring tone.

"Think about it, it's ten million pounds. How many operations do you have to conduct before you can save up that much? This name card will provide you with better opportunities, a brighter future, so why not consider it? After all, this would not hurt you a single bit..."

Convinced by Rue, the doctor tensed his jaw and finally took the cards in her hand.

"I know what to do." 1

Staring at the doctor's silhouette, Rue narrowed her eyes.

Mrs. Bennet gawked at Rue in confusion. "Rue, what happened? What were you talking with the doctor about?"

Rue held Mrs. Bennet's hands and fake tears started to stream down her face. 1

"Mom, you have to help me, okay?"

Mrs. Bennet wiped away the tears on Rue's face in

pity. "Tell me, Rue, I will definitely help you."

Rue gritted her teeth. "I want one of Rachel's twins!"

"One of them? Why?" Mrs. Bennet was utterly perplexed.

Rue then held Mrs. Bennet's hands tightly.

"Rachel's babies are Edward Bluemel's babies!"

Mrs. Bennet's face was immediately filled with shock before she calmed herself down. "Edward Bluemel? The Edward Bluemel who's the richest man in the world? The Edward Bluemel who can control the world's economy?!"

Rue nodded carefully. "That's right, that's him... It took me a long time before I found out. Mom, you will help me, won't you?"

Mrs. Bennet was a little hesitant. "If those two are Edward Bluemel's sons, the man who had a one night stand with Rachel was him?!"

She covered her mouth in surprise. 'Dear God, we've been treating Rachel like a criminal!' ①

"Mom, I know what you're thinking, but remember, you and dad have already kicked Rachel out of the house. If Rachel becomes a Bluemel, how do you think she'll treat the Bennets? I think you know

better than I do!" 2

Rue narrowed her eyes and continued, "The most important thing for you and dad is the assets of the Bennet Group. If I take Rachel's place and marry Edward, only then will the Bennet Group benefit from this. Of course, I'll follow what you and dad think needs to be done."

After a long silence, Mrs. Bennet nodded. "Don't worry, Rue. Your dad and I will support whatever your decision is. Just do what you think is best!" 3

Chapter 12 Natural-Born Charmer

After a good while, Jodie finally returned to the hospital.

In the meantime, Rue was pacing in front of the ward anxiously.

Seeing Jodie's return, Rue hurriedly held onto Jodie's hand. "Jodie, you're back. Something has happened at the office, I need to go. I'll leave Rachel in your good hands." 3

Jodie nodded. "Alright, go. But when would Rachel..." 1

Before Jodie could finish her sentence, Rue had begun to walk away. 1

Although she proceeded to extend her arm, she still could not stop Rue from leaving.

"When would Rachel be able to return to the Bennets."

Jodie shook her head before she entered the ward carefully.

As she watched over an unconscious Rachel, she exhaled deeply. "Rachel, why are you doing this to yourself?"

At midnight, the eyelashes of a pale-faced woman in bed trembled subtly.

Rachel slowly opened her eyes with bouts of panic.

She sat up in such a sudden movement that it alerted Jodie who had her head by the side of the bed.

"My child! Where is my baby?"

Rachel placed her hand on her flat belly in a frenzy.

1

Jodie soothed Rachel's back softly and helped her get into a comfortable position before she said, "Don't panic, Rachel, your baby is sleeping in the nursery. I've seen him, he's a beautiful and healthy baby."

Rachel clutched Jodie's arm tightly. "Let me see, let me see him! Don't let my parents know, they will take my baby away from me!"

Jodie nodded as she continued to soothe Rachel. "Okay, Rachel, don't worry. I will bring you your baby."

When Jodie walked out of the ward, she slowed down her pace. Given that Rachel had just given birth, she was quite emotionally unstable. If she

had told Rachel that Rue and Mrs. Bennet were here before, she would have freaked out. 1

'Well, nothing happened, so I'll just keep this from Rachel.'

With the baby in her arms, Jodie looked at the infant incubator and frowned a little.

'Strange, why would they put one baby in a twin incubator?'

However, when she thought about how Rachel was anxiously waiting for her child, Jodie shook her head and walked out of the nursery.

Only when Rachel looked at the sleeping baby in her own arms did she finally relax.

"Jodie, thank you. If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have known what to do."

Sitting by the bedside, Jodie grinned as she poked the baby's chubby face. "I am, after all, the baby's godmother." 1

The hospital bed was big and cold, but the only thing that had brought Rachel warmth was the child in her arms as well as Jodie, who had been on her beck and call.

Jodie gawked at the baby in Rachel's arms, her eyes

filled with surprise.

"Rachel, all the news sites were talking about your one night stand with a hideous-looking middle-aged man, but the child doesn't look like that at all! This child is such a natural-born charmer!"

Rachel hugged the baby with a firmer grip, her pale face full of determination. "No matter what the newspapers are saying, he is my child." 1

Jodie stared at Rachel in awe for just a moment. She had known Rachel since they were young, so she knew how much Rachel had been through, even the many times Rachel had taken the blame for Rue and never spoken up. 2

This time, however, she had stood up to her biased parents for the first time, all for this child!

A kind smile appeared on Jodie's handsome face.

"Rachel, pick a name for your baby!"

The corner of Rachel's mouth curved upwards lovingly as she filled the room with a motherly presence.

"Ziggy."

Even before the baby was born, she had already decided on a name for him.

Jodie muttered the name under her breath and beamed up. "Ziggy is a good name, it's as cool as mine!"

Tiny Ziggy then opened his eyes slowly, his eyes full of life and spirit.

Unlike other babies who would wail the moment they opened their eyes, Ziggy reached out with his tiny hands and moved them around. His gaze was locked onto Rachel in front of him. 1

"Ee-eh, ee-eh~"

Rachel was just a little taken aback before she reached out to Ziggy with her hand.

Ziggy then raised both his tiny hands and grabbed onto Rachel's index finger.

The moment he caught Rachel's finger, Ziggy closed his eyes and laughed before he immediately drifted off to sleep on Rachel's bosom.

Encouraged by Ziggy's cuteness, Jodie quickly placed her hand beside Ziggy's. "Come on Ziggy, I'm your godmother."

Ziggy opened his prominent eyes and glanced at Jodie's fingers briefly, then turned away coldly and burrowed into his mother's warm bosom once more. 1

Jodie looked stunned as she stared at Ziggy and suppressed her urge to slap the baby's bottom. 1

Rachel laughed lightly at the cheery scenario. However, she still felt a sense of emptiness as she caressed her flat belly absently.

She did not know what or why, but it felt as if she was missing something – something important to her and she could feel it.

In the same city, piercing howls and wails of a newborn filled the entire Bennet villa. It felt like the endless crying was going to shatter the entire building.

Mr. Bennet stared unhappily at the baby in Mrs. Bennet's arms. "Where did you get the bastard child from?"

Even though Mrs. Bennet was shocked at the accusation, she moved carefully while she carried the child. "Darling, you can't say that! This baby is Edward Bluemel's child!"

Mr. Bennet was taken by surprise as disbelief crept onto his face. "Edward Bluemel's child? How could that be?! I've never heard about Edward Bluemel's relationship with anyone!"

Rue held her father's arm as she repeated the words

Chapter 12 Natural-Dom Channel

she had told Mrs. Bennet earlier.

"Dad, that's where we're at."

Mr. Bennet slumped onto his sofa. It was as if all of his strength was sapped away.

The affair Rachel had the other night was with Edward Bluemel!

Yet he had kicked Rachel out from the Bennet family without a hint of pity or sympathy!

Mrs. Bennet, who was fully convinced by Rue, looked at Mr. Bennet. "We have no other choice. We have settled for Rachel's existence as Rue's stepping stone from the beginning. As long as Rue becomes Mrs. Bluemel, the Bennet family's fame will rise to unparalleled height!" 4

Chapter 13 Impersonation

Mr. Bennet's grim gaze lowered slowly as glimmers of mysterious intent flashed in its depths.

"That's right. So you're saying this child is Rachel's and Edward's baby?"

Mrs. Bennet approached him with the crying baby in her arms. "That's right, dear. Look at this baby, he has both Edward's and Rue's features!" 4

After knowing the baby as Edward Bluemel's son, even the irritable Mr. Bennet suddenly became cautious around him.

He then took the fussing baby from Mrs. Bennet's arms but fixed his gaze on Rue.

"How are you going to let Edward Bluemel believe that it was you whom he spent that night with?"

Rue's eyes narrowed gradually with her face beaming. "Dad, don't worry, I have an idea."

The next morning, Rue appeared in front of the Bluemel mansion with a delicately-wrapped bag.

Edward was sitting on his sofa while sipping on his

coffee. When he saw Rue and Mrs. Bennet in front of him, he frowned slightly.

Gwaa gwaa— A baby's deafening cries echoed in waves inside the mansion.

A young assistant leaned toward Edward and whispered to him, "Mr. Bluemel, this is the heir apparent to the Bennet Group. Allegedly, she's here to return the jacket you've been seeking."

Upon hearing his assistant's words, Edward's hand made a light jerk, shaking the coffee cup.

He raised his eyebrows as he set the cup aside casually.

Edward sized Rue up thoroughly, but his brows knitted together unconsciously.

"I've been looking for this jacket for ten months, why are you only showing up now?"

Rue bit her lower lip and spoke as though Edward was ripping open a closed wound.

"Because you're Edward Bluemel."

Edward looked askance at Rue while waiting for her to make her point.

Rue then looked at the baby in Mrs. Bennet's lap, as if to direct Edward's gaze there.

"Because you are Edward Bluemel, so what happened that night can only be a one night stand, there is no reason to disturb you over it."

Edward followed Rue's hint and looked over to the baby in Mrs. Bennet's arms.

He paused for a while. It seemed like he had a firm grip on what had happened.

Facing the eccentric Edward, who made no indication of responding, Rue opened her mouth once more.

"Until I realized I was pregnant with your child. However, I was worried that you won't recognize him. So only until I have given birth did I realize that I should give him a complete family, whether you like it or not!"

Rue's words took everyone in the Bluemel mansion by surprise.

Edward looked up with his cold eyes and exchanged looks with Rue for a long time, yet he did not detect any hint of panic or avoidance.

It was strange, the feeling Rue gave him was totally different from the feeling he had ten months ago.

The woman had appeared out of nowhere, claimed

Perry's hand began to tremble upon hearing Edward's warning.

'Isn't Mr. Bluemel making things difficult for me?! Are there kids who don't cry while having their blood taken?! Did he think the sharp needles are playthings?!

Perry felt immensely pressured, but he could not bring himself to protest while looking into Edward's eyes. 1

Just like that, the needle slowly sank into the baby's arm, and Perry's heart began to pound. 1

His sight stayed on the baby's face the entire time as his heart threatened to leap out of his chest.

The child scrunched up his face as if he would cry within the next second.

Perry's heart thudded loudly. 'I'm done for.'

Surprisingly, although the baby's face was still crumpled up, his lips were pressed tightly together while he endured the ordeal with an unvoiced determination.

It was only when Perry removed the needle that his heart rate slowed down.

From the beginning, the baby in Edward's arms

never uttered a sound.

Edward kept quiet even though his face was admittedly full of satisfaction.

Even after Perry had left the Bluemel mansion with the two blood samples, Edward still held on to the infant the entire time without nary a care for Rue and Mrs. Bennet who sat in front of him. 1

Rue was not offended at all. In fact, the more Edward liked the baby, the happier she was.

The more Edward cared about the child, the better her chances of becoming Mrs. Bluemel would be.

Admittedly, Edward's assistant was very efficient.

It took Perry not longer than two hours to call Edward with the result.

"Mr. Bluemel, the paternity test shows that the baby has a 99.99% chance of being your child!"

Edward hung up calmly and raised the baby. With a serious look, he said, "Josh is your name." 1

Josh blinked innocently at Edward, his curiosity spilling out through his eyes.

After having been ignored for so long, Rue could not

hold it any longer. "Josh, what a nice name."

She crouched beside the sofa and pinched the baby's face with a kind smile.

"Baby, you have a name now."

Oddly, Josh, who was resilient until just a while ago, cried the moment Rue touched him. His wails then rang throughout the hall once more.

Edward squinted slowly and placed Josh beside him.

"Alright, the kid is mine, so naturally, he has to stay here. Now let's discuss your terms."

Josh stopped crying the moment Rue stopped touching him. His stares were cold, just like Edward's, but tinier. 3



Chapter 14 Shotgun Wedding with Registration

Rue was taken aback for a hot second. 'Why wouldn't Edward choose to marry me immediately?'

If he wanted to find Rachel who took his jacket so badly back then, does that not mean he held an unusual feeling for Rachel?

Now that she had impersonated Rachel, why was he acting so aloofly?

Could it be that Edward had realized something?

Seeing as Rue was hesitating to speak, Edward continued, but his gaze was filled with distrust and doubt.

"Let me ask you this. When you left the room, did you leave anything behind?"

Processing Edward's words, Rue's calculative mind began to work.

Since Edward asked, Rachel must have left something.

"That's right, I did leave something behind."

Edward looked at Rue indifferently. "What did you

leave behind?"

Edward's question caught Rue by surprise.

The one who had sex with him was Rachel, not her, so how would Rue know what Rachel left behind? Moreover, she had never asked Rachel about this!

1

"It was ten months ago, so I can't remember properly. I remember leaving something behind, but I was in such a hurry, I didn't pay much attention to it."

Hearing Rue's explanation, Edward slowly retrieved a handmade bracelet from his pocket.

"Take a look, is it this one?" 1

When Rue saw the bracelet in Edward's hand, she was stunned.

'Why does that bracelet look so familiar?'

Mrs. Bennet became so impatient, she quickly walked up, untied the bracelet in her own wrist, and placed it in Rue's hands.

She smiled and tapped the back of Rue's hand.

"Silly child, this pregnancy has really made you scatterbrained! Isn't this the bracelet you made? You even made this for me for my birthday."

Rue stared at the bracelet in her hand and only remembered when Mrs. Bennet mentioned it.

Rachel made these! Even Rue had a bracelet like this!

"Oh right, mom, look at me, I really forgot."

Edward looked at Rue, his lips thin as he spoke,

"What do you want?"

Although it had been ten months, he had to admit that the passion he felt that night still lingered.

He was still thinking about the little kitty from that night.

Yet now...

How did that little kitty turn into a little bunny?

1

Rue looked at Edward purposefully. "I don't want anything other than providing my child with a complete and happy family!"

Her determined tone faded as she shifted her attention from Edward to Josh, and her face softened instantly.

"If you can't give my child a happy family, I ask that you return the baby to me!"

Rue extended her arms at Edward resolutely.

Edward squinted coldly. "You can become Mrs. Bluemel, but I will not give you a wedding or anything romantic. You understand?" 1

Rue crouched beside Josh and took him in her arms, disregarding his resistance.

"I don't care about any of those. I only want my child to grow up in a proper household, that's all."

Edward softened his intense gaze. "If that's the case, I will arrange for us to get the certificate done tomorrow."

At night, after returning to the Bennet villa, Rachel looked for Mr. Bennet. "Dad, I will be getting the marriage certificate done tomorrow. I hope this news will find its way out to the papers." 7

Mr. Bennet laughed heartily. "Edward really fell for it?"

Mrs. Bennet grinned as she held onto Rue's hands. "Isn't it so, Edward said it himself. Our Rue will be Mrs. Bluemel from tomorrow onward!"

Mr. Bennet applauded as a grin was fixed on his face.

"Good, good. Don't worry, the news of your certificate registration will be known to the entire Orange Country. Rue, you really are the Bennet family's lucky star!" 1

The three joyous Bennets had conveniently forgotten that Rue was only able to become Mrs. Bluemel because they threw Rachel under the bus.

3

The next morning, even though Edward tried his best to be low-profile, he was still swarmed by reporters and paparazzi in front of the General Registry Office.

"Mr. Bluemel! Is it true that you're here at the General Registry Office to register for marriage with the daughter of the Bennet Group?"

"Mr. Bluemel, please tell us when your relationship with Rue Bennet started? How did you get to this stage so fast?"

"Mr. Bluemel, can you give us some thought about this shotgun wedding?"

"Mr. Bluemel, what would this marriage spell for the Bennet Group and Bluemel Inc.?"

...

Swarmed by reporters, Edward tossed a side glance

at Rue who was being pushed around.

At this sight, his bodyguards immediately blocked the swarm of reporters from getting close.

Edward turned around and entered the General Registry Office with Rue following closely behind him.

Once they had entered the General Registry Office and reporters could no longer see them, Edward pushed Rue against the wall and held onto her wrist tightly.

"Rue, let it be a warning, don't try any of those tricks that you think are so smart on me." ①

Rue met his gaze bravely. "You think I called these reporters? Do I look like someone who does such a thing? If you don't believe me, you can verify it yourself!"

After a brief stare-down, Edward let go of Rue's wrist.

"It better not be you." ①

They hastily signed the certificate before Rue moved into the Bluemel mansion as quickly as possible.

Rue was prepared to speak as she carried a tray of

brewed tea into the study, but she decided against it in the end.

That was because she saw Edward staring at the handmade bracelet in his hand for a long time, it was as though his spirit had left him in his seriousness.

Rue's hand balled up into a fist as she carefully withdrew from the room.

She was the one who had married Edward in Rachel's place, but Edward was constantly staring at that raggedy bracelet, thinking of another woman – the one she hated, no less!

Having returned to her room, Rue pursed her lips in jealousy and dialed a number on her phone.

The second the call was picked up, Rue yelled into the phone in utter impatience and resentment.

"Mom! I want Rachel to disappear from my sight!"

Mrs. Bennet was startled. "What are you talking about, Rue?"

Rue calmed herself down. "Mom, I want Rachel to be out of the Orange Country, to somewhere neither Edward nor I will be able to see her!"

Chapter 15 Moral Character

Taken by surprise, Mrs. Bennet replied hesitantly, "Do we really need to be so resolute about it? Rachel is no longer a Bennet, after all..."

Before Mrs. Bennet could finish, Rue sighed deliberately.

"Mom, I know you still have a soft spot for her, but you should know that if this was exposed, the entire Bennet Group will be destroyed!"

Upon hearing Rue's words, Mrs. Bennet stopped abruptly.

Rue was right. In the beginning, they did not know Edward was the man whom Rachel had a one-night stand with!

Since they had chased a pregnant Rachel away, Rue's replacement of her would have been the last straw.

If this whole saga was exposed, Edward Bluemel's wrath would fall on the Bennet family and they would not be able to fend it.

Between Rachel and the entire Bennet family, Mrs. Bennet would undoubtedly choose to save the Bennets.

"Don't worry, Rue. I will take care of it."

With Mrs. Bennet's promise, Rue exhaled in relief.

"Mom, I didn't wish for it to come down to this. Rachel and I are twins, so I can understand her pain. But this is about the entire Bennet empire we're talking about, I can't leave it to die just like that!" 1

Mrs. Bennet sighed in regret. "I know how you feel, Rue..."

After they hung up, Rue's face broke into a victorious grin.

"Rachel, don't blame me for being so mean. But if you need to, it's because you're always haunting me in my world." 2

Once Jodie, Rachel, and the baby had returned to her apartment from the hospital, her phone rang abruptly.

Jodie picked up and immediately looked at Rachel beside her. 2

Then, she pulled the phone away from her and told Rachel softly, "Rachel, it's your mom. She said she wanted to see you..."

Rachel squinted doubtfully but finally took the phone from Jodie's hand. "Hello."

Hearing Rachel's detached voice, Mrs. Bennet used a friendlier approach.

"Rachel, I hear you've given birth."

Rachel replied, "Mm, and?"

"Rachel, I want to meet you, I have so many things to talk to you about."

"It's alright, Mrs. Bennet, just tell me through the phone."

"Rachel, do you blame me? I carried you to term and that's ten whole months. As far as I'm concerned, you're still a part of me! And as long as you and your baby are safe, I'll be happy."

"Mm, if that's all you want to say, I'll hang up now."

"Just a second, Rachel. I hope you can come out and meet me, I really do have a lot of things to tell you."

"...Okay."

After hanging up, Jodie asked, "Rachel, are you really going to meet her?"

Rachel lightly patted the child in her arms. "Yeah, no matter how biased she was, she is my mother."

Jodie sighed. "Alright then, Let me go with you."

Rachel smiled and shook her head lightly before handing the sleeping baby into Jodie's arms.

"No need. Look after Ziggy for me, I'll be back soon."

Jodie carried the baby carefully but could not hide her worry. "But your health right now..."

Rachel shook her head, assuring Jodie that she did not mind. "Don't worry, I'll just be in a cafe nearby."

As soon as Rachel left, the sleeping baby immediately began to cry.

His tiny hands stretched into the air as though he was looking for something.

Jodie tried every way to soothe the baby by holding all sorts of toys in front of him.

However, the baby did not appreciate any of it and continued to wail.

Jodie then haphazardly retrieved her phone. She

had never faced a situation like this before, so she was going to Google a way to solve it.

As she whipped out her phone, the two tiny, chubby hands snatched it away from her. 2

Just like that, the baby in her arms stopped fussing about and paid his full attention to the phone.

Jodie sighed in exhaustion and pretended to wipe the sweat on her forehead.

'He finally stopped...'

In the cafe, Rachel looked on calmly albeit a little moved at Mrs. Bennet who was running along the pavement. 1

'She actually rushed over to meet me. That's a first.'

Mrs. Bennet sat in front of Rachel with a face full of smiles.

"I'm so sorry, Rachel. I'm late."

Before Rachel could respond, Mrs. Bennet was already holding her hand.

"Rachel, how is your body? I remember when I had you and Rue, I couldn't even move."

Rachel shook her head, her gaze fixed onto the

hand Mrs. Bennet placed on top of her own.

The warmth from the hand told her that this was not a dream. Her mother was indeed holding her hand with the pair of hands she had always reserved for her sister.

"Mom, I'm fine, don't worry."

Mrs. Bennet advised her with concern, "In the next few days, you really need to take care of yourself."

Rachel nodded. "Yes, mom. I know. Are you and dad well?"

Mrs. Bennet patted the back of Rachel's hand lightly as if she was holding back from saying something. "Don't worry about us, we're doing fine."

"Mom, if you have something to say, now is the time."

Rachel lifted her hand and grabbed Mrs. Bennet's wrist as her tone softened.

Mrs. Bennet puckered her lips and stayed silent for a long while before she said, "Rachel, Rue has married Edward Bluemel. She's now a Mrs. Bluemel."

Rachel was startled by the news. Though somehow, she felt a little upset.

It should not matter who Rue married; it did not concern her.

However, why did she feel upset over it?

"This is good news. If she becomes Mrs. Bluemel, she should be able to lead the Bennet Group to a new height."

Mrs. Bennet gave away a hint of pride as she smiled.

"That's right, it's a good thing. But..."

As she paused, Rachel's eyebrows furrowed out of instinct.

Somehow, she had a bad feeling about it.

That feeling was similar to when she took the blame for Rue when they were young.

"But Rachel, your premarital pregnancy was a huge obstacle to Rue's reputation. Edward even thinks that your sister has the same moral character as yours, so he..."

Before Mrs. Bennet could finish her sentence, Rachel quickly withdrew her hand from the tight hold she had with her mother earlier.

Her warmed-up heart turned icy cold in an instant.
"Mrs. Bennet, what does 'even thinks that Rue has
the same moral character as mine' mean? "

Chapter 16 Want Me Gone? Give Me Half of Bennet's Assets

Mrs. Bennet tensed her jaw and persisted. "The incident about your premarital pregnancy was all over the news. So now that your sister has married the Bluemel family, her life hasn't been the best..." 1

Rachel smiled bitterly. "Wasn't I the victim after it became a city-wide affair? How did your precious Rue get victimized?"

Mrs. Bennet's hand slammed heavily onto the table in anger. "Rachel, don't forget you were the one responsible for the entire thing! You should've taken more responsibility in ensuring it didn't happen! It was you who had the scandal and affected your sister's future! Rue is the sole victim here!" 2

Mrs. Bennet was so loud, her voice traveled to the corners of the cafe and attracted people's attention.

Rachel shook her head in disappointment. 'Same old, same old!'

In fact, it was funny to think that her parents did care for her...

"Alright, she's the one you want to make into your heir, so Rue Bennet will always be a victim!"

Slap— A crisp slap echoed in the cafe.

Mrs. Bennet's hand slowly returned to her side, her face burning with fury. "Rachel! Rue is your sister, how dare you call her full name like that?!" 1

Rachel stared into Mrs. Bennet's eyes as she lifted her burning cheek.

She smiled furiously. "Stop feeding me nonsense, just tell me what you want me to do for her this time."

Mrs. Bennet was a little shaken up, but even though she was surprised at Rachel's initiative, she still felt it was Rachel's obligation to sacrifice for Rue.

"It's a simple thing. Take your child and leave the Orange Country forever!"

Surprise slowly crawled all over Rachel's expression before a frigid stare appeared.

"Leave the Orange Country? You have already kicked me out of the Bennet family, and you want to chase me away from this city?"

Mrs. Bennet pursed her lips. When Rachel put it that way, she did feel a little guilty.

However, when she thought about Rue's situation and the future of the Bennets, the guilt immediately vanished.

"As long as you leave the Orange Country, everything will be fine! Rue can be her Mrs. Bluemel without worrying about your tarnished reputation, and the Bennet Group can have better development in the Orange Country! Rachel, you know, all that we've done were for your own good!" 4

Rachel sneered as if she had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

"For my own good? You've always been partial to Rue! You tried to kill my child when I was pregnant, then you disowned me from the Bennet family! And now, you're trying to chase me away from the Orange Country! This is for my own good?" 1

Mrs. Bennet grabbed onto Rachel's hand once more.

"Look, as long as you leave Orange Country, no one will know what you've done. This will be good for both you and your child! You don't want your child to endure being criticized for something you did, do you?"

Rachel reflexively withdrew her hand and replied firmly, "You disowned me, that's fair because the Bennet family is yours. But I would like to remind you that Orange Country is not yours, you don't

have the right to make me go away!"

She paused a little before she added, "I will not leave the Orange Country!" 1

Ending her spiel, Rachel stood up and was prepared to leave.

Suddenly, Mrs. Bennet had a change of heart. From the calm attitude she had before, she now picked up her cup of hot coffee and flung it at Rachel's face. 3

Rachel did not have time to evade as the boiling liquid splashed against her face, burning her.

After this, Mrs. Bennet sat on the cafe floor, pounding and yelling like a madwoman. "Come and listen to my woes! My daughter, this woman, had been a delinquent and have done all sorts of naughty things since she was young! When she was in school, she'd already been playing with other men. Now look, she has a child before she's even married!

"We don't even know who the father is! I've been cracking my brain trying to help her, but not only is she ungrateful, she's wishing a premature death to me! Oh, Rachel! What more do you want me to do? The only reason I want you to leave is to protect you from all the gossip!" 2

mother!

Slowly, she raised her hand and wiped away the boiling coffee on her face. She paid no attention to her scalded skin as she stooped down before Mrs. Bennet.

"You really want me to leave that much?"

Mrs. Bennet's tears stopped flowing almost immediately as she grabbed Rachel's hand. "Of course, I want to protect you and the child! Listen to me, leave this place."

"Sure, I can leave, but you can't not give me something in exchange, can you?" Rachel felt nothing for the woman at this point, so she smiled with a cordial detachment at her.

Mrs. Bennet sneered and procured a bank card from her bag. "You just want money, don't you? There are two million pounds in this card, so take it and piss off!"

Rachel took a quick glance at the bank card. "Two million pounds and you want me to leave? Isn't this too miserly even for the prosperous Bennet family?"

A flash of craftiness appeared in her eyes just as quickly as it went away. "No matter what, I should be getting half of Bennet's assets, don't I?"

"You're dreaming! What gave you the idea that you deserve half the assets of the Bennet family?"

Rachel, you're overestimating yourself!"

Mrs. Bennet suppressed her voice, but her anger still showed in her speech.

Rachel covered her mouth and laughed as her eyes glimmered with shrewdness. "Your request for me made me realize I deserve it. I want half of Bennet's assets. If you can give me that, I will leave immediately. If you can't..." 1

Chapter 17 From Now On, I Will No Longer Have Anything to Do with the Bennets

Mrs. Bennet had a bad feeling about the encounter.

"What if I don't?"

Rachel placed her chin on her hand and stared at Mrs. Bennet like she was watching a circus show.

"Simple, we can just wait it out in here."

She knew the Bennets. They loved their family assets more than anything in the world. If they were going to back her up into a corner, she had to retaliate by carving out their hearts to show them what that felt like.

"Rachel! Don't be stubborn! You have to leave today, no matter what! I have even booked a plane ticket for you! You have to leave now!"

In her desperation, Mrs. Bennet resorted to direct orders.

However, Rachel was no longer as naive as she was before who would listen to everything her mom said.

Seeing that Mrs. Bennet had already pulled out the air ticket from her pocket, Rachel applauded her.

Even the applause itself was full of mockery.

"Nice, very nice. You have prepared everything from the start! You've even anticipated my compliance to leave the Orange Country."

Mrs. Bennet pressed her lips together tightly, but her outstretched hand did not falter.

"This is better for both Rue and you. I have no other choices, and nor do you." 1

Rachel took the ticket and her pretty eyes soon glazed over with a layer of frost. "'Mother', what is the meaning of this? Not only do I need to leave the Orange Country, but I have to go somewhere in Africa too?"

Mrs. Bennet avoided Rachel's glare as she spoke because that was not her intention. 1

However, Rue did say that Edward Bluemel frequented countries in Asia for work. If Edward met with Rachel there, the Bennet Group would be as good as bankrupt! 2

That was the reason they decided to send Rachel to the poorest country in Africa.

"So what about Africa? To you, as long as there are

men, you'll be able to stay alive."

Her words were as sharp as an icicle in the winter that it pierced through Rachel's broken heart. 1

Just like that, Rachel tore the ticket into pieces in front of Mrs. Bennet and replied with a sarcastic tone, "What a great speech. In that case, I really can't leave this place now." 1

The paper pieces scattered from her hand as the wind carried them in the direction of Mrs. Bennet's face.

Seeing the aloofness and passiveness of Rachel's behavior, Mrs. Bennet became anxious. 1

Impatient, she immediately picked up the coffee cup in front of her and smashed it to the ground.

The cup broke into a multitude of sharp shards in which Mrs. Bennet then grabbed a piece and placed it against her throat. She did not forget to look at Rachel after that.

"Rachel, I'll ask you one last time, are you leaving or not?"

Rachel looked at the scenario in front of her and silently laughed until her body trembled. "Are you really using the death threat tactic? This is not

professional enough, 'Mom'..."

She reached out suddenly and grabbed Mrs. Bennet's hand that was holding the broken piece, then slowly moved it toward Mrs. Bennet's neck.

Mrs. Bennet did not anticipate Rachel's move at all and so, she began to tremble in fear while she tried to push the broken shard away from her neck.

At this point, her face had turned pale. "Rachel, what are you doing? You traitorous child! Are you trying to kill your mother!"

Rachel bit her lower lip hard until it was bleeding before she swung Mrs. Bennet's arm away from her.

The shard, with the tiniest amount of blood on it, fell on the ground but its trace was unmistakable.

Mrs. Bennet's skin was a little scratched and a little sanguine seeped out through the wound.

With only such a tiny wound, she was already in shock as she sat in place, trembling.

The other people who were watching the event unfold in the cafe were scared away and some of them had even called the police.

Rachel clapped her hands together like she was not affected. "Mom', if you don't have the courage to die, why are you threatening to kill yourself?"

"Rachel, you're an absolute lunatic! How else will you leave this place? You don't even budge even when I'm hurt, do you really want me to grovel to you?"

Mrs. Bennet yelled out of desperation.

Rachel pulled a chair to her and sat down. "Alright then, after you."

Mrs. Bennet paused and placed a hand on her wound as she sank to her knees and knelt in front of Rachel, throwing away her pride and knocking her head on the ground.

Rachel sat and watched as the woman in front of her groveled frantically until her forehead bled, just to beg her to leave the city.

...

She felt a mixed bag of emotion – some confusion, some unwillingness, plenty of anger, and an ample amount of resentment. However, all these emotions vanished in the end, leaving behind peace and detachment. 1

"From now on, I, Rachel, will have nothing to do

with the Bennet family."

When Mrs. Bennet understood what Rachel had said, she realized that the chair was empty and Rachel was nowhere to be seen.

Mrs. Bennet took her phone out. "Rue, Rachel has promised to leave the Orange Country. But she's not planning to go to Africa, I don't know where she would go."

On the other end of the phone, Rue narrowed her eyes that shone with ferocity. "It's alright, mom. As long as she's gone from the Orange Country, the danger of exposure will mostly be gone."

After hanging up the call, Rue tossed her phone casually onto the table.

She then sat on her sofa comfortably.

Looking around the Bluemel mansion, she narrowed her eyes satisfactorily.

'Rachel, only after you're gone can I become Mrs. Bluemel without any worries. You shouldn't blame me for taking away what's yours time after time and instead, you should blame yourself for not having the fortune to enjoy this fate!' ①

After returning from the trip, Rachel did not cry or vent, and neither did she mention anything about

the Bennet family.

Her heart was so numb that she did not feel the Bennets were deserving of her tears.

"Rachel, what happened? Why are you packing?"

Jodie was concerned for Rachel even when the baby was in her arms.

On the other hand, the baby kept reaching out to Rachel as if he wanted mommy to carry him. "Ga, ga~"

So Rachel held onto the baby and explained calmly. "Jodie, I'm leaving the Orange Country."

It was as if the baby had sensed Rachel's mood, he reached up to touch her head like a tiny adult comforting Rachel.

"Leaving the Orange Country? Why so sudden?! Did the Bennets say something to you? I'll go and get them to explain!"

Jodie asked anxiously. Speaking of the Bennet family, her face turned red in anger. 2

Rachel tugged at Jodie's arm in time and looked gently at the sleeping baby in her arms. 1

"The Bennets want me to leave the Orange Country.

They are right, though, my reputation here is ruined. If I stayed in this city, Ziggy might face unwanted attention in the future. I must protect my son, so leaving here will be good.

Jodie balled her hands tightly in frustration as she tried her best to control her anger.

"You're not a member of the Bennet family anymore. Why wouldn't they let you go?" 2

Rachel tapped Jodie's shoulder lightly and smiled in indifference. "It's fine. What happened to the thing that I asked for help with?"

Jodie nodded quickly and handed the bank card to Rachel. 1

"This is your payment for the design you submitted. There are many companies that would like to work together with you long-term, some of them even wanted to hire you as their creative director!" 1

Jodie tried to persuade Rachel to stay with those enticing offers.

Rachel, however, only shook her head lightly. "I will take Ziggy with me, I'm going to Istituto Marangoni in Milan to study."

Seeing Rachel's determination, Jodie was slightly taken aback. "Istituto Marangoni? That's not an

Chapter 17 From Now On, I Will No Longer Have Anything to Do...

easy school to be admitted to, how did you..."

Rachel replied nonchalantly, "I've already gotten an offer letter two months ago..."

Chapter 18 Rachel's Return

Jodie pursed her lips but still managed to squeeze out a rigid smile.

"I guess that's fine, it's a rare opportunity! But Rachel, when are you planning to leave?"

Rachel looked at the apartment with a few things of her own and said laughing, "Tomorrow, might as well."

As Rachel spoke, Jodie leaped up from the sofa.

"Rachel, you unthankful bird! Do you really need to rush off just like that?!"

"Yeah, but don't worry, I'll be back."

Facing Rachel's serious face, Jodie swallowed everything she had wanted to say to her best friend.

The night fell quickly, but the baby was the only one sound asleep, while both Rachel and Jodie stayed up the entire night for different reasons.

The next day, a puffy-eyed Jodie scowled begrudgingly at Rachel who was about to board her flight.

When the airport announcement recited Rachel's flight code, she turned around and began to walk away with the baby in her arms.

Unable to hold back, Jodie yelled at Rachel from behind. "Rachel! You promised to come back! If you break the promise, I will draw a circle every day to curse you!"

Rachel jogged away without looking back at Jodie, but she waved her hand above her head. "I know."

She was afraid she might be persuaded the moment she looked back and would decide not to leave...

Five years later—

The airport was bustling with travelers, and amid the traffic, there was an adult and a child.

"Mommy, why isn't Aunt Jodie here yet?" 1

A handsome young boy turned his sharp-featured face to the side and looked at the cosmetics-free but stunningly gorgeous woman in a sundress.

Rachel tiptoed a little to look at the far end of the hall. "Not sure, she should be here."

"Rachel! Ziggy-boy!"

In the crowd, they heard a familiar voice before a tall silhouette squeezed between people and heaved Ziggy up from the ground.

Seeing Jodie's entrance, Rachel laughed softly with her mouth covered. "It's been five years, Jodie, and you're still the same." 1

Jodie planted a kiss on Ziggy's puffy face. "If you dare to call me handsome, I will absolutely, unhesitatingly beat you into a pulp!"

"Aunt Jodie, if you hit mommy, I will upload a picture of you in a dress online and hire an army of spammers to keep the thread at the top. I believe the Comer family will see it soon enough." 1

Ziggy, who was still in Jodie's arms, swayed his tiny head and brandished the phone in his hand.

Jodie pouted. "Rachel, your son is threatening me!"

Rachel shrugged happily. "Jodie, I guess you better rethink your bullying ways around me, I have my own guardian angel now!"

Jodie lightly slapped Ziggy's bottom. "Right-o! Let's go! I'm bringing you two to a fancy place!"

In a private room of a restaurant, Jodie was playing

with the highchair excitedly.

Sat beside Rachel on his own, Ziggy looked at Jodie like an underaged adult.

"Aunt Jodie, are you trying to sit in that? I don't think you can fit in it with your size." 1

Jodie was startled, but immediately hoisted the chair over and set it down in front of Ziggy. "What are you talking about? This is for you!"

Ziggy leaned back onto the one in which he was sitting on and, while looking at the highchair, retorted, "Aunt Jodie, I'm five! I don't need this anymore." 2

Jodie pinched Ziggy's cheek. "You cheeky boy, acting like an adult now, are you?"

"One-year-olds are babies, three-year-olds are kids, but five-year-olds? Five-year-olds are adults, do you understand?" 2

Ziggy explained to Jodie seriously; he hated being treated like a child!

Jodie nodded dismissively and turned to Rachel.

"Rachel, how are you back so suddenly?" 1

Rachel smiled. "I've missed you, so I came back."

Jodie was moved, but just as she opened her mouth to respond, Ziggy's soft voice wafted in her ears.

"Aunt Jodie, don't get affected by that!"

Jodie asked in surprise, "Why?"

Gracefully, Ziggy used the utensils to cut up the steak before putting them onto Rachel's plate.

"Because the dean in Istituto Marangoni wanted mommy to get a better degree in the United States on her own. But she was worried about me, so we came back. She didn't even finish her degree at Istituto Marangoni!" 1

Jodie was so shocked that all hints of affection disappeared as she made a disgusted look.

Rachel smiled awkwardly. "Jodie, listen to me. I was missing you the whole time, or I wouldn't have contacted you the moment I decided to come back!" 1

Jodie sighed silently. "Why didn't you at least get the degree first? Are you planning to stay here permanently?"

"That's right, so I need to find a place to live as well as a job."

Rachel nodded, ignoring Jodie's other question.

Jodie poked Rachel's forehead out of frustration. "Then why didn't you get the degree before coming back! Didn't you know that the Orange Country is filled with talents? If you had the degree from Istituto Marangoni, there would at least be a line of companies wanting to hire you! How would anyone believe you if you don't even have anything to prove that you went to Istituto Marangoni?" 1

Ziggy placed himself in between Rachel and Jodie, letting Jodie poke him instead. "The dean gave mommy no choice. He said if mommy doesn't want to go, he'll ask mommy to become an associate dean! Mommy said no, but the dean only gave mommy two choices, or he will not allow mommy to graduate! So mommy came home with me."

Jodie retracted her hand and shot Rachel a suggestive look. "Rachel, be honest, is the dean interested in you?!"


Ziggy pressed his hands against Jodie's dancing eyebrows. "Aunt Jodie! That dean can even be your grandfather, so stop joking around!" 1


Jodie grabbed Ziggy's hands and looked at him in feigned anger. "You've been calling Rachel mommy this whole time, don't you know I'm your

godmother? You should at least call me
'godmommy', right?"

Ziggy stared at Jodie seriously for a moment and
opened his mouth. "Aunt Jodie."

Jodie paused but continued to teach him patiently.
"Not 'Aunt Jodie', say 'godmommy', gawd-mom-me,
do you understand?"

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Chapter 19 IT Prodigy

Ziggy opened his mouth once again and uttered, "Aunt Jodie."

Seeing that Jodie was almost at her limit, Ziggy reached out and patted her on her shoulder. "What's wrong, Aunt Jodie? You're my unique, one-of-a-kind Aunt Jodie!"

Upon hearing Ziggy's proclamation, Jodie could not bring herself to be mad at him.

She touched her forehead in exasperation.

'I must be nuts! I'm not even upset at him, but I'm happy? What is this feeling?'

"Rachel, let's go back to the apartment you stayed in before. It's easier for me to get to you, and I can look out for a new job for you."

Rachel shook her head. "I can stay in the apartment, but I can't let you look for a job on my behalf. I can deal with that myself."

Ziggy held Rachel's hand and said in all seriousness, "Mommy, you can stay home and I can earn money for you!"

Rachel rubbed Ziggy's head lightly and smiled.

"You're a good boy, Ziggy, but this is something grown-ups should worry about."

She turned to Jodie. "Jodie, can you help to find a nursery for Ziggy?"

Jodie signed an 'OK' with her hand and nodded.

"Consider it done!"

Ziggy's eyebrows furrowed. "Mommy, I don't want to go to a nursery."

Rachel cajoled Ziggy, saying, "Ziggy, kids should go to school at your age. Earning money is for grown-ups to worry about. Do you trust me?"

"I trust mommy!" Ziggy nodded seriously.

Rachel put up her little finger and showed it to Ziggy with a kind smile. "Let's swear on it. Ziggy will go to school and mommy will earn the money so that Ziggy can marry someone nice in the future!" 2

Ziggy pouted but still held out his little finger. "No! I want to marry mommy! No other women!"

Jodie feigned a cough and approached Ziggy with a smile. "Ziggy-Ziggy! What about me?" 1

Ziggy stared at Jodie for a long time before he said, "I'm not gay." 4

Jodie tightened her fist and rushed up, trying to teach Ziggy a lesson.

"Ziggy-boy, you little scoundrel! Of all the things you pick up from your mother, it had to be confusing other people's gender identity!"

Ziggy was not intimidated at all. Instead, he smiled at her and commented seriously, "I think mommy was right though, Uncle Comer." 1

Jodie's pupils widened for a split second before she covered her eyes in depression. "Just... call me Aunt Jodie."

Jodie was completely lost before Ziggy's peculiarity.

At midnight, when Rachel and Jodie were sleeping, Ziggy, who was being held in Rachel's arms, opened his eyes.

He then carefully climbed out of the bed, switched on the laptop, and logged into an unsaved web address.

The website loaded with an explosion of incoming messages, alongside a plethora of esoteric, professional-looking alphanumeric and symbolic expressions.

Ziggy expressed the naivete and playfulness he

displayed in the day as he smiled in a mature and devilish manner.

Without rushing, he clicked on three messages that kept refreshing.

His fingers danced around on the keyboard with a fey-like grace and an unmatched speed. In no time at all, Ziggy had typed a huge reply to each of the requests there.

The website was full of Ziggy's codes and programs that he had designed himself. Some of them were for companies, some for personal use, and some were even game exploits. 1

Although it was just a tiny website, its pageviews could reach several dozen million clicks per day! Its income was inestimable!

However, the owner of the website was eccentric, to say the least. Every day, he would only take three cases!

If someone wanted to buy a piece of code from him, they would need to book him months before they needed it!

Influence, socioeconomic status, or money, none of those would gain buyers any advantage over other people!

The transaction was completely honest and fair!

Furthermore, the codes and programs that were bought from here would always be perfect; so perfect that not even official patches, codes, or programs could match them!

Those who knew about the website would guess that the owner of the website must be a successful person in the IT industry or a researcher.

Otherwise, how were they able to design such perfect codes and programs!?

However, the real owner of the domain was the five-year-old with an incredible typing speed! 1

If anyone else knew that the owner of this mysterious website was a five-year-old boy, their jaws would probably drop. 1

After completing three transactions promptly, Ziggy cleared the browsing history of the laptop before switching it off.

He stared into the diamond bank card in his hand. That was his achievement after researching into the IT industry!

Within one short year, he had already saved up a handsome amount of money!

'It's not time for mommy to find out yet!'

Every time Rachel was in some kind of trouble, a sum of money would always be transferred into her account mysteriously. 1

Even if Rachel had tried to look for her mysterious benefactor, she had never been successful.

Ziggy looked back at the sleeping Rachel before he carefully crawled back into her arms. 1

'A father? Mommy doesn't need it, I don't need it as well!' 1

'After all, I can protect mommy just as well!'

The next morning, Jodie left enthusiastically, saying that she wanted to look for the best nursery for Ziggy.

Rachel got up and stretched. Smelling the fragrance in the air, she wandered to the dining table.

"Wow! It smells so good! Ziggy, you made noodle frittata again!" 1

Wearing an apron, Ziggy jumped off of the stool that helped him to reach the stove.

He took off his apron with a practiced familiarity and placed two glasses of warm milk on the table.

"Yup, it's mommy's favorite. Mommy, go and brush your teeth before you eat." 1

Noodle frittata was cooked noodles wrapped in a folded omelet before serving.

When biting into the noodle frittata, the fragrance of egg would be followed by the soft, springy noodles which would always make people feel good. 1

This was Ziggy's signature dish! Even after many tries to recreate it, Rachel could not even come close. 2

Rachel hugged the tiny Ziggy from behind with guilt in her eyes. "Ziggy, at your age, you should be letting me take care of you without a care in the world. Let me do these in the future, alright?" 2

Chapter 20 Kitchen Killer

Ziggy held Rachel's hands softly and beamed at her innocently. "Mommy, I'm happy taking care of you. Besides, I'm a big boy now because you took care of me, so it's my turn."

Rachel wanted to retort, but Ziggy quickly pulled her toward the bathroom.

He placed her toothbrush with toothpaste and a cup with water in Rachel's hands. "Mommy, quick, you said you were going to go look for a job today." 1

Rachel nodded. "That's right, I have to go find work today."

Once Ziggy returned to the dinner table, he cleaned up the three empty plates and brought it to the sink with a hint of helplessness.

When Jodie first tried the noodle frittata, she had eaten three helpings of it. What shocked Ziggy was not her brazenness, but how much she could eat.

After Rachel had washed up, she walked over to Ziggy slowly. "Ziggy, what's on your mind?"

Ziggy shook his head and placed the glass of warm milk in Rachel's hands. "Mommy, drink some milk

first!"

Rachel then sat at the dinner table and ate her noodle frittata in utter satisfaction.

"Ziggy, your noodle frittata is so good! I have to learn it, starting from tomorrow!"

Ziggy's composure broke for just a split second, but he smiled innocently at Rachel right after.

"If mommy likes it, I'll make it for you every day! Mommy, my noodle frittata won't be unique once you've learned it." 3

Staring at Ziggy's sincere look, Rachel could not resist giving in. "Alright, fine. Ziggy's noodle frittata can stay one-of-a-kind!"

Ziggy lowered his gaze. The reason he would not let Rachel cook was that she almost blew up the kitchen the first time she tried to cook! 1

The second time, the pot exploded! Finally, on the third attempt, the kitchen survived, but Rachel mistook cooking wine for soy sauce and kept pouring it into her cooking while claiming that the soy sauce had changed because the dish did not take on the color... 1

After having been through all the trouble, Ziggy concluded that his mommy was a kitchen killer!

Rachel took her bag and design drafts as she walked to the door. "Ziggy, I'm going out, be good at home! If you're hungry, order takeout. I will be home as soon as I can."

Ziggy stood at the door with both arms extended, his face full of his dependence on his mommy.

"Mommy, I want a hug."

Rachel paused and bent down, taking little Ziggy into her arms tightly before she left a light kiss on his forehead.

"Baby, will you be afraid of being home alone?"

Ziggy shook his head softly. "I'll be alright mommy. I'm a big boy now, I won't be scared. Remember to be careful when you cross the streets, and mind the traffic lights." 1

Rachel rubbed Ziggy's head and smiled joyfully.

"Alright, mommy knows."

Thud— The door closed softly. It was only after Rachel had left when Ziggy dropped his innocence act.

He opened up the laptop and started typing in a professional coding language on a blank word document, coding a new software from scratch.

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Outside the door, Rachel tightened her fist to encourage herself. ①

"Rachel, you will find a job! You want to raise a smart, beautiful boy, right? You can do it!"

Although Rachel was only wearing her casual outfit and tried not to stand out, she still attracted people's attention on the streets.

She looked at the time on her wristwatch. She should be heading to the talent market to see if there were any companies that would hire a designer!

Seeing as the bus was approaching, Rachel sprinted to it while carrying her drafts.

A dapper-looking man in a three-piece suit exited his sports car and looked at his wristwatch in a weirdly-soothing manner.

Rachel, while chasing after the bus, could not see the man so she ran into him while he looked at his watch. ③

As both of them collided, Rachel's design drafts flew into the air like butterflies before it messily scattered onto the ground.

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"My bus!"

Rachel stared as the bus began to move on in frustration.

She sighed tiredly and started to pick up her drafts.

The man she ran into fell on the ground, but he did not show even a hint of annoyance, and instead, he helped her to pick up her drafts.

As he collected the drawings, his eyes betrayed bursts of astonishment that was mixed in with his calm demeanor.

The man returned Rachel's drafts to her with a compassionate air. "Miss, are you alright?"

Rachel pouted unhappily as she received the drafts. "Of course I'm not alright! If I can't get on the bus now, I'll need to wait for the next one! By the time I'd arrived, the talent market would've been full, how would I have any chances to present..." 1

The man was a little shocked at the outburst, but he managed to collect himself to hand her his business card. "Miss, are you looking for a job? Here's my business card."

Rachel read the name on the card and her eyes widened. "You're Nathan Chapman, the president of

the Orange Country's largest fashion design firm?!"

Nathan Chapman nodded lightly and smiled at Rachel. "That's my name. How should I address you?"

Rachel extended her hand hastily in response. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Chapman. I'm Rachel."

Nathan did not mind Rachel's dirtied hand even after she ran into him and fell on the ground.

He grabbed her hand. "Miss Rachel, I just saw your designs. It's fresh, unique, and your technique is better than many designers I've seen. We need someone with your skillset in our company! Are you interested in working for the Chapman Group?"

Although Rachel was slightly stunned by the offer, she was ecstatic. "Really?! Mr. Chapman, but I don't have a degree due to extenuating circumstances..."

Nathan grinned encouragingly. "I don't care about that. I want good designers, not a designer with only good certificates!"

Upon hearing Nathan's words, Rachel bowed at him in gratitude and out of respect. "Mr. Chapman, thank you for giving me a chance! I won't let you

down!"

Nathan nodded. "You have the talent, but I still need you to work upward from the bottom. Can you accept that?" 2