

The Billionaire's Twins Play Matchmaker Book One: Chapter 6



Julius and March pushed their way through the crowd in time to see Katherine slap the boy bravely standing up for his sister. They stood in shock not only by her hostile behavior but also because of the boy's appearance. His hair had a reddish tint and his eyes were a clear, vibrant green but despite that he looked enough like Jude to be his little brother.

Who was he?

"Security! Security!" Katherine's shrill voice called out. "Get these heathens out of here!"

Door security was already approaching before the summons drawn in by the crowd. They stared from Katherine to the children and back again not sure what the best course of action was. Katherine was an important guest but they had been given special instructions concerning the twins by the host of the event himself.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Katherine demanded while they hesitated. "These creatures are disturbing the guests. Get them out of here!"

Before the brothers could react another voice suddenly thundered, "Don't lay a hand on their heads if you want to keep yours!"

Everyone froze and idle chatter fell silent. The crowd parted making way for the formidable DaLair patriarch. His gray eyes were a storm of rage. Harming his grandkids was a dangerous gamble. The entire crowd felt the unbearable tension unsure of what was happening.

No one knew what to expect until the little girl suddenly exclaimed, "Grandpa Gus!"

Without hesitation the pair ran up to the ruthless business mogul. Augustus's scowl instantly disappeared and he dropped to his knee to catch the exuberant pair wrapping them in a bear hug.

"There are my little rascals!" he laughed much to the crowd's surprise.

"We missed you grandpa!" the little girl said. "Why weren't you waiting for us?"

"I'm sorry sweetie. I got caught up with some business."

"That's okay. We forgive you," Aria said her tone almost patronizing.

Augustus chuckled, "Where's your mother?"

"Looking for you. Mommy! Mommy! We found Grandpa!"

The crowd moved aside allowing the elegantly dressed redhead to approach. She smiled at the twins saying, "I see that. Caden! What happened!"

Macey rushed forward kneeling in front of her son studying the red mark on his face. The boy shrugged off his mother's concern but explained, "That dragon lady was picking on Aria and I told her to stop so she slapped me."

"What dragon lady?" Macey's face darkened.

"Her."

Caden pointed to the stunned Katherine.

Ever since Augustus appeared and claimed the kids as his own she had been left unsure of the best course of action. She was already among his least favorite people and couldn't afford to irritate him further. Despite this she had raised a hand to a child he evidently favored.

Should she beg for forgiveness? Maybe if she fawned over the children and complimented on how adorable they were? But why should she debase herself like that?

Green eyes shining with rage Macey stood marching toward the blonde who dared accost her children. Reaching Katherine she offered no warning before slapping her so hard Katherine stumbled back in surprise. Katherine stared at the furious woman in front of her. No one ever dared lay a hand to her before but the woman in green offered no apology and showed no remorse.

"If you ever lay a hand on my kids again I promise you no one will ever find your body," Macey declared before spinning around and marched back to her children who watched impassively as if this was an expected reaction.

Over the years they had endured a few bullies mostly poking fun at them for not having a father. Rarely did the taunts become physical. The few occasions when the line was crossed immediately brought out Macey's protective side. School officials and parents soon learned never to anger her and mind other children's behavior carefully when it came to the twins. Reaching her children Macey gently stroked Caden's cheek before kissing him on the top of the head.

Augustus cleared his throat, "Have you eaten?"

"We had some hors d'oeuvres but they weren't really good," Aria said.

"Well we can't have that!" Augustus exclaimed. "Let's head over to the restaurant shall we?"

"Yeah!" the twins cheered.

"So how was your flight?" Augustus asked taking Aria's hand as he led the way while Caden clasped his mother's hand.

"We don't like flying," Aria said. "It makes our ears hurt. I got a tummy ache and Caden got a headache."

"You know flying does the same thing to me. How did you like the villa?"

"It's great grandpa! We really like our room!"

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From the moment the twins called Augustus grandpa and threw their arms around him Julius was frozen in place, mouth open in shock. Even more surprising was his father's reaction. Augustus showed no hesitation in embracing the pair. In fact his face was rapt with joy. It was clear he not only knew them intimately he also expected to see them tonight.

And then she appeared.

Like a ghost of the past Macey was suddenly in front of him. She was gorgeous wearing an elegant and simple gown that hugged her gentle curves. Its color highlighted her eyes and complimented her hair and complexion. There was a new confidence surrounding her making her even more alluring.

When the kids called her mommy Julius almost collapsed. He was afraid to move and break the vision in front of him. Watching her tender concern for his son's hurt and exacting immediately retribution as only a mother could Julius felt nothing but pride and adoration. For the first time in six years he didn't know what to do except that he didn't want to look away.

"Jules, did you know? Jules!"

March clutched his brother's arm pulling his attention away from Macey's retreating form. Julius met his brother's enraged gaze reluctantly. Without another word March dragged him away to a private corner away from prying eyes and curious ears.

"Did you know!" March demanded. "Tell me you didn't know!"

"I—I didn't..." Julius stuttered before taking a breath. "I didn't...I didn't find out until after she left. I found the pregnancy test in the trash."

March stood stunned by the news. The only thing holding back his rage was his brother's obvious distress. Over the years Julius's depression and desperation to locate Macey had only grown. At first March thought Julius had finally realized his feelings for her but now it was beginning to make more sense. It was not just Macey he was frantic to find.

"Shit!" March cursed. "Julius..."

"Why do you think I've been so desperate to find her?" Julius asked. "I know I messed up. Just the thought of her out there alone going through everything without me to support her..."

"...Funny you should say that." March said as a thought suddenly occurred to him.

"What do you mean?"

"You don't think dad..."

Julius blinked slowly realizing what his brother implied. From the start it hadn't made sense for a woman of limited means and no connections to simply vanish. As far as he knew both her parents had been only children and she didn't have any family. But if their father helped her...Julius's face flushed with rage. He spun around and burst out of the alcove tearing through the crowd unyielding to their idle gossip.

"Who do you suppose that woman was?"

"She was gorgeous."

"Do you think she's some sort of secret daughter?"

"I don't know but the children called him grandpa."

He left the bar and headed to the restaurant. Julius stepped into the quieter venue. His eyes raked the interior until laughter drew his attention to a secluded corner.

There he saw the DaLair patriarch seated at a table. Beside his father was his daughter crowned with the same riotous, red curls as her mother. Across from her was her quieter and more reserved brother. Though he offered little in terms of conversation his eyes sparkled with the same joy and excitement his more boisterous sister openly expressed. The red mark on his cheek was fading making Julius breathe a sigh of relief. Beside his son sat their mother.

Macey was as beautiful as his exaggerated memory made her. Her gown was modest and offered ample coverage. He recalled she was uncomfortable in gowns that were too revealing. Even so the gown hugged her like a second skin highlighting her hour glass figure. The combination gave her a demur yet alluring figure that tantalized his senses and earned her many admirers. He scowled at the other men glancing in her direction.

He arrived in time to see the flammekueche they ordered arrive. With grace and elegance Macey served his children, doting on them like a mother hen. Julius's heart warmed. She had always been the caring sort. When they were younger he broke his arm earning her sympathy and attention as she cared for him the entire day like an attentive nurse.

"Mommy, can I have parmesan?" Caden asked.

"Of course." Macey grabbed the shaker filled with the finally shredded cheese.

Caden's brow furrowed as it often did when he was trying to work something out. After a moment he asked, "Can I have real parmesan?"

Macey chuckled knowing he meant he wanted a wedge of it to grate by hand and said, "I don't think they do that here, baby."

Caden scrunched his face but nodded. Still smiling Macey gently shook the contents over his serving to lightly sprinkle on the cheese. Setting it aside she kissed his forehead as a reward for compromising.

"Me too! Me too!" Aria chimed. "I want some."

"Oh do you?" Augustus picked it up prepared to follow Macey's example.

"I want to do it, grandpa," Aria took the container in her hands, tipped it upside down and dumped almost half the contents on her slice.

"Aria!" Macey gasped.

"I like it this way," Aria announced and proceeded to eat without a care in the world.

Augustus and Macey laughed at the twins' antics. Julius almost snapped in his eagerness to be closer. That was his family his father was entertaining. The family he had been searching for these past six years.

"Brother, wait," March grasped his arm and pulled him back. "Not here."

"Let go, March." Julius glared.

"Now isn't the time. Look do you want to scare them?"

Julius breathed deep letting his rage settle. No. He couldn't stand the thought of them fearing him. He couldn't let that happen. Their anger he could endure if they were upset at his five year absence from their lives but not their fear.

"Tomorrow," March promised. "We'll confront dad tomorrow. And he better have answers."

Julius nodded calming himself. His longing gaze returned to his family. After six years they were finally here. They were safe. They were so close. Tomorrow he would get his answers.

Tomorrow.