

## Chapter 41 No One Can Bully Mommy!

Ziggy continued to stuff his laptop into his bag without pausing. "Oh, Miss Jane told me to bring a computer to school. She said it's for the curriculum."

Rachel nodded. "Right, let's get to school then."

Under Ziggy's exceptional calculations, they took the bus successfully like the day before and arrived at the Minnow Nursery School without any issues.

Jane was already waiting in front of the school entrance. Rachel smiled as she placed Ziggy's tiny hand in Jane's.

"Using a laptop to teach is such a progressive concept which might help children to study. I'll leave Ziggy in your capable hands."

Jane stared at Rachel, dumbfounded. "Wha—"

Before she could finish her sentence, she felt a tiny hand squeezed hers.

She looked at Ziggy, who flashed her a grin with an underlying intention. 1

Jane immediately understood and nodded at Rachel. "Yes, that's right. Ziggy's mommy, don't

worry. I will take good care of him."

In response, Rachel nodded too before she bent down to Ziggy and planted a kiss on his forehead.

"Baby, be nice."

Ziggy nodded as a smile crept onto his face, flaunting his good mood. "Okay! Mommy, please do wait for me in front of your office after work."

Just as Rachel was about to speak up, Jane spoke, "Ziggy's mommy, Ms. Bennet. I need to talk to you about something. We can't deny that Ziggy's a genius-level child, but at his age, it would be too dangerous for him to wander the streets alone since there has been an abundance of criminals on the route he takes."

"Yesterday, for example, he insisted to leave on his own the moment the school bell rang. Our protocol is to wait for the parents to arrive before letting the child out. There has never been an incident where the child had left on their own to pick up their parents..."

Seeing Jane's seriousness, Rachel nodded in agreement. "Ms. Jane, I didn't notice yesterday, but please insist that Ziggy stays back today until I'm here to get him. Don't let him out before I

arrive."

Jane quietened after hearing Rachel's words.

With a child as stubborn as Ziggy, Jane would not be able to stop him. Her initial idea was to let Rachel coax a promise out of Ziggy, but a mother as young as Rachel did not seem to have thought of it that way.

Jane sighed with resignation. "It's fine. After school, I will accompany Ziggy to your office. That way, it won't be as dangerous for him."

After Ziggy's insistence to walk the day before, she was so scared that she followed him the whole way to Rachel's office until Rachel came outside. 1

Rachel was a little surprised. "How can I trouble you like that, Ms. Jane? I'll come and pick Ziggy up."

With that, Ziggy turned around and looked at Jane.

"Ms. Jane, thank you."

Jane was a little overwhelmed for being thanked by Ziggy.

It was her first time being thanked by a child after working in the Minnow Nursery School for as long as she has.

Jane smiled and looked at Ziggy. "You're welcome."

Seeing as Rachel was prepared to leave, Jane said to her while she held Ziggy's hand. "Ziggy's mommy, you raised a really polite child."

Rachel slowed to a stop and turned around with a bright smile. "I think so too."

After Rachel had left, Ziggy looked at Jane. "Ms. Jane, I will need an hour to deal with my own business." 2

Jane was startled. "What did you tell your mother, what is it about attending school with a laptop? What will you be doing for an hour?"

Ziggy walked into a tiny room on the premise before he said, "Ms. Jane, do you remember what you said when I was choosing a teacher?"

'Your future lies in your hands, you make your own decisions and choices...'

Jane was a little startled but a smile eventually returned to her face. "Alright then, I will wait for you for an hour."

Ziggy nodded lightly and walked into the room.

The room was completely sealed which at no point could anyone from the outside see what was happening in the room. However, it was easy for anyone inside to see everything that was happening outside the room.

So, he pulled out his laptop from his bag and clicked open the Bennet Group's secrets and contracts he had saved the night before.

He then logged onto his mysterious website and posted all the contracts and confidential information on his AKK site.

Squinting, Ziggy also pinned the message at the top of the forum.

All it took was three minutes and the pinned documents about the Bennet Group were browsed millions of times.

Ziggy looked at his wristwatch.

He waited for ten minutes before clicking into news websites and their headlines.

Most of them were about the leakage of the Bennet Group's corporate secrets and agreements. Ziggy's eyes flickered as he subsequently deleted the pinned thread on his AKK website, leaving no trace to point to him.

Within a short ten minutes, there were two billion clicks on the thread!

It was easy to see the influence the AKK site had on society as well as people's attention. 1

At the moment, the Bennets were in the spotlight and the target of many jealousy and envy because of their relationship with the Bluemels. Though now that the Bennets were in trouble, the people who whispered in the dark immediately turned into bystanders, watching the Bennets' response.

A certain iciness filled Ziggy's gaze as a corner of his lips curled up prettily. "Technically, the Bennets are my family and my elders, so I shouldn't do this. But who permitted you to bully my mommy? I am super protective about my family, no one can bully mommy on my watch!"

He then cleared all traces from his laptop before putting it back into his bag in no rush.

Ziggy looked at the clock on the wall and nodded slowly.

'Mm, it's only been half an hour, this is sooner than I thought.'

Ziggy looked around but could not find Jane, who was supposed to be waiting for him.

His brows furrowed as a bad feeling washed over him.

Quickly, he slung his bag on his back and charged out of the room.

Ziggy scanned the surrounding with his huge eyes. It was only after he picked up a noisy discourse that he whipped around to lock his attention onto the storeroom in the far end of the corridor. 2

## Chapter 42 Aggression

Ziggy sprinted to the entrance of the storeroom. After hearing the ruckus, he took out his phone, and set it to record mode before replacing it into his pocket.

"Jane, you've grown powerful now, haven't you?"

"Did you think you will gain influence just by having a genius student?"

"We asked you to buy us dinner last night after school. Where were you?"

"That's right! Did you know just how long we waited here?! Do you have a death wish?"

"I think now that Jane has a genius student, she thinks that her value has risen and no longer wants to do our errands for us!"

"That's right! Looks like we're all her personal assistants from now on!"

...

Jane replied weakly, "It's not that, I had something urgent yesterday, so I forgot..."

"Shut up! I think you're just a wretch who needs to



learn your lessons!"

"Speaking of which, it's been a while since we reminded her of her place!"

"Isn't that so? I think she has forgotten who she is!"

...

Ziggy's tiny knuckle knocked on the door.

Knock knock knock— A moderately heavy rapping on the door disrupted the noise from inside. 1

"Who is it?"

A voice questioned from inside the storeroom.

Ziggy's lips curled up as he said, "My name is Ziggy and I'm looking for my teacher Ms. Jane. She has disappeared."

There was a pregnant pause in the room before an answer came. "You're looking for Ms. Jane? I think she went to the bathroom."

Ziggy's fingers danced on the digital panel of the door. A short moment after, the unlocking mechanism beeped quietly as the talking resumed in the room.

No one in the room heard the door unlock as Ziggy's

lips curled up slowly into a devilish grin.

Then, with the littlest amount of force from his tiny hands, the storeroom's door was easily pushed open. ①

Ziggy marched into the dimly lit storeroom and flicked the light on casually.

About three to four professionally-dressed teachers were standing in the room while they had their hands pressed onto Jane, pinning her tightly onto the table. ②

Seeing Ziggy's sudden entrance, the teachers were dumbfounded as they traded confused looks.

'Did we not lock the door properly? How did this twerp come in??'

Ziggy's sudden appearance had made Jane worried, and even though her hair was as messy as it was, she still looked classier than the properly-dressed teachers in front of her. ①

"Ziggy, please leave!"

Instead of heeding Jane's words, Ziggy looked at the teachers. "Teachers, didn't you say Ms. Jane isn't here?"

The teachers exchanged looks, and one of them

Chapter 12 Aggression

immediately lunged forward to close the door.

At the same time, another teacher advanced and lifted Ziggy off the floor by his collar.

"Ziggy, is it? We would like to advise you not to poke your nose into somewhere it doesn't belong. This is a matter between us teachers, a twerp like you shouldn't get involved!"

The teachers in the storeroom were not afraid of Ziggy even if he was one of Minnow Nursery School's brightest students, a future God's Favored One! It stood to reason that he was protected from all dangers, but since he was not one of their students, his future achievements had no bearing on them.

Furthermore, Ziggy did not come from an aristocratic background!

In the Minnow Nursery School, everyone, including the teachers, was either rich or influential!

However, Jane was an outlier who had managed to get a job offer at the Minnow Nursery School through pure hard work and that was the main reason she was bullied!

Ziggy's current status and situation were almost the same as Jane's.

Since Ziggy was just a child, with some well-placed threats, he would fold in no time.

Even if he told his mother, it would not help the situation. Rumor had it that his mother was also an employee somewhere and therefore not a threat.

In fact, Jane told Ziggy to stay out of it because she had thought about all of that.

"You gang of bullies, are you even worthy of being called educators?"

Ziggy was still dangling in the air, but he was not scared in the least.

Seeing Ziggy's calm response, the teachers were dumbstruck.

'Why is this kid different from other kids?'

The teacher who was holding Ziggy in the air raised her hand and whipped it at Ziggy. "What does that have to do with you?! Don't forget you're just a kid!"

Jane screamed, "Don't hit the child! Whatever you want to do, do it unto me!"

Jane's scream did not stop the teacher's blow. However, the clear slapping sound did not occur.

Instead, one of Ziggy's hands clutched at the teacher's wrist; his eyes burned cold.

The teacher's face turned red as her hand shivered in mid-air but could not land on Ziggy's face. 6

Immediately, she loosened her hold on Ziggy and returned to the other teachers' side, panting.

She shuddered uncontrollably. Seeing Ziggy's icy gaze had reminded her of another person, someone familiar.

Unperturbed, Ziggy reached for a piece of wet tissue in his pocket and wiped his hand. 1

The lead teacher stared at the shuddering teacher.

"You're useless, you can't even handle a runt!"

"What are you still waiting for?! Go and teach the runt a lesson!"

The two teachers went forward as they tried to catch Ziggy.

Jane, who was pressed against the table by the remaining two teachers, was anxious

Suddenly, the door to the storeroom opened up again with a beep.

This time, a gaggle of police and security rushed in, including the headmaster and reporters.

Seeing the scenario in the storeroom, the shock was the unanimous response in the room.

'What is going on?'

The headmaster looked at his phone. Just a while ago, he had received an anonymous text about some thugs appearing in the storeroom and that something was happening in there...

In his haste, he immediately called the police. After all, the students and teachers of the Minnow Nursery School were all precious! It would be a tragedy if any of them were hurt!

However, he could not fathom that his teachers would be the ones to incite the aforementioned school violence!

Not only were they terrorizing another teacher, but they were also enacting aggression onto a student!

Feeling the lull in strength behind her, Jane took the chance to break free of her aggressors and scrambled to Ziggy, taking him into her arms...

## Chapter 43 A Genius with an Intellect of 220

Immediately after the revelation, the reporters at the door began clicking away with their cameras.

The teachers, who were very arrogant just a minute ago, began covering their faces with their hands while they retreated into a corner.

"Stop taking pictures! Stop!"

They were people with influence and could strong-arm the school however they saw fit, but...

It was because of their influence that they could not appear on the news haphazardly, especially news that would jeopardize their reputation like this.

This would be their biggest downfall!

Their reputations would affect their respective families and the benefits of companies attached to them.

Since Jane had covered Ziggy's face, no one was able to get a good picture with Ziggy who just stood there nonchalantly.

Without answering any questions, Jane carried Ziggy away from the storeroom and into a tiny

classroom before she caressed his head.

"Ziggy, thank you for saving me. You're really, really brave. Wait here for a bit, I will return after making a statement." 1

Ziggy reminded her, "This time, don't hold back. Tell the truth and stop cowering in fear. They deserve to be finished." 1

Without turning back to look at Ziggy, Jane shook her head. "Ziggy, you're still young. In this cruel world, there are many things that you still don't understand. Their families have power and money, news like this will be suppressed in no time at all. I'd rather that I take a step back in exchange for a temporary truce."

Ziggy replied with his childish voice, "Ms. Jane, a temporary truce will only exacerbate their bullying in the future. As you have seen, they even made their moves on a student. Teachers like this will only poison the future of this nation, so we might as well remove them from ever causing problems again!" 3

He paused for a second. "Believe me, they will not be able to get away this time."

Jane halted and turned back to see Ziggy's determined, yet calm gaze.



It was odd, as she felt a sense of unprecedented safeness upon hearing the words from a five-year-old.

Her footsteps slowed for a split second before continuing her stride.

Ziggy was not entirely sure what action Jane would take.

Though no matter what, he would not let those women off the hook so easily. Even if Jane said nice things about them, they would never be able to clear their names.

Ziggy retrieved his phone from his pocket and lightly tapped the screen to end the recording.

Then, he looked down in consideration. ①

He had only said what he said to encourage Jane to be brave for herself for once.

If she continued with her submissive attitude and would not stand up for herself, she would be bullied even without these women pushing her around.

So, Ziggy opened up his laptop and transferred the recording audio into it before deleting the last segment of the recording, which was his conversation with Jane.

He even ran the file through a filter to process his voice, distorting it to an unrecognizable electronic buzz.

A unique distortion like that, Ziggy thought, would be difficult for anyone other than him to reverse.

This was a program of his own design, so it would not be easy to hack. It could even be said that only he could reverse the distortion.

Before long, Ziggy was logged into the mysterious AKK website once again and pinned the audio recording to the top of the page.

He captioned it, 'Minnow Nursery School teachers harassing another teacher and a student.'

Within minutes, the click count had already exceeded a million, with reporters of several news sites re-sharing it immediately.

In an instant, the Bennet Group's secrets and contracts, as well as the violence in the Minnow Nursery School were the headlines of the day.

Meanwhile, Jane left the room with her brows knit with hesitation.

Her footfalls stopped in front of the storeroom full of law enforcement and reporters.

'How could the headmaster receive a sudden text about thugs attacking people in school?!

'Someone must have worded it that way! The one who sent it must be one of the parties involved!

At the time, she was being suppressed, so it could not have been her, and neither could it have been any of the other teachers.

There was only one person who fits – it was Ziggy!

1

Ziggy had worded the message that way to have the police and reporters sent here! Was he trying to expose the teachers?!

With influential, rich people like them, they did not have to worry about anything!

However, they would be wary of being gossiped upon!

When Jane finally understood, Jane was shocked. A five-year-old with such planning capabilities!

With a genius-level intellect of 220, he was indeed someone favored by God!

Recalling the words Ziggy had told her in the classroom, her hands balled up into tight fists with

resolve.

If a five-year-old could endanger himself to save her, how could she let him down?! 2

Seeing Jane's return, some of the police and all of the reporters approached her.

"Ms. Woods, according to the other teachers, this was a drill to deal with school violence, is it true?" 3

The police was scrawling on his notepad fervently.

At the same time, the teachers shoot a threatening glare at Jane, with their intent as clear as day.

They approached Jane and held her arm, trying to appear friendly to her.

"Jane, we've been colleagues for so many years, how are we to bully you, right?"

"That's right! We're good colleagues, why would anyone do something as immoral as that?"

"Isn't it so? Please explain this to everyone." 1

"It's just a drill, how could anyone think it was bullying and, what, school violence?"

...

The police stared at the band of babbling bimbos and then back at Jane. "Stop answering the questions for her. I'm asking her, not you four!"

The cameras were focused on Jane.

Jane gritted her teeth, but in the end, she shrugged off the hands of the teachers who had forced her against the table just a moment ago.

Her gaze was icy cold. "That's not what happened! These teachers were brazen at school, and they're usually the perpetrators to school bullying, this isn't their first time! And this isn't some kind of drill! They do this frequently, and I am usually their victim!"

As she was speaking, Jane pulled back her sleeves and pulled up her skirt, exposing the many alarming scars on her limbs. 2

"These are the scars they've been regularly inflicting on me! I used to think that I shouldn't cause trouble, but now that they've laid their hands on my student, I will not keep it down!" 5

All the reporters' eyes lit up as they clicked away on their cameras. This was a headline-material!

## Chapter 44 Be Responsible, Especially as a Man

In shock, the teachers retreated as though they had been beaten back by some bad news. Jane would never have the bravery to say that! No matter how much they had harassed her, she had always borne it without any complaint!

Yet this time, she disclosed everything in front of the police and reporters!

The lead teacher charged to Jane's side, as if she had endured long enough, and tried to pull Jane's hair.

The police, who was scribbling in his notepad, immediately caught her hand and handcuffed her.

His face was cold. "What do you think the police are here for?!"

"Jane, you b\*tch! How dare you talk about me like that, I will rip your mouth out! Do you know what would happen if you displease me?!"

The handcuffed woman was still sneering at Jane.

While the other women stood at the side conscientiously, unlike the lead teacher.

How were they to continue making a scene when they could not even imagine the punishments they would get from their family?

After the teachers were taken away, the reporters soon disbanded.

The headmaster looked at Jane and sighed in resignation. "Jane, the troubles you have been through! Were you the one who sent the text?"

Startled, Jane pressed her lips together as she remembered Ziggy's encouragement.

What actually happened should not be brought to light, or Ziggy would have to face the pressure of living in a society prematurely. ①

Jane nodded lightly. "Yes, I did send you the text."

The headmaster nodded. "You are brave. You should tell me sooner if things like this happen again in the future, okay? Compared to the teachers, the students here are the more precious ones, so we can't let them be hurt in any way, is that clear?" ①

Jane nodded seriously. "Mm-hmm! Yes, headmaster, I understand!"

After the headmaster had left, Jane tied her hair up

into a simple braid.

When she returned to the tiny classroom, Ziggy sat at the same place, reading quietly with a book in his hand.

Feeling as if something had shifted, Ziggy set down the book slowly.

Jane sat lightly in front of Ziggy. "Excuse me, did I disturb your reading?"

Ziggy shook his head and grinned at Jane. "You didn't, Ms. Jane, you're so brave today." 3

Jane was a little taken aback by the comment, it was as if she was absorbed in the moment.

Ziggy gestured by lifting the phone in his hand with the screen fixed on the school violence in the Minnow Nursery School. The star of the news was Jane Woods.

"Ziggy, honestly, I should be thanking you. If it weren't for your encouragement and your text message to the headmaster, we would both be in danger."

Jane looked down helplessly.

She could not believe that someone her age was saved by some five-year-old child.



It mattered not if it was her first time saying 'no' to evil powers.

Ziggy was the one who gave her the courage; it was all Ziggy.

A five-year-old genius.

Ziggy slowly closed the book he was reading.

He understood what Jane meant, of course. If he did not word the text that way, the headmaster would have dealt with the situation more privately with his people.

That would not have solved the issue but rather, it would have exacerbated it.

Jane would have been bullied even harder in the future. ①

These bad apples should be thrown away without hesitation to stop it from happening in the future!

However, it made sense that Jane found out it was him. After all, there were no other people in the room.

"Ziggy, after you sent the text, you needn't come in to witness everything, but why did you endanger yourself like that?"

Chapter 1: The Responsible, Especially as a Man

This was the only thing Jane did not understand.

Ziggy looked at Jane with his big eyes. "If I didn't come in, Ms. Jane would have been hit. If I came in, at least you wouldn't be hit. Besides, you said they have the power to clear their names easily so naturally, I went in to avoid that from happening!"

Jane was moved to the verge of tears, but she was still a little confused. "What do you mean?"

Immediately, Jane's phone beeped.

Ziggy motioned for her to look at it.

Jane looked at the voice recording that circulated all the headlines and played it.

Within seconds, Jane's eyes widened upon hearing the sounds.

Her gaze on Ziggy was mixed with disbelief and surprise.

'How could a genius like this exist in this world?!

Ziggy's entrance was to collect irrefutable evidence. With that, no matter the influence those women had, they would not be able to come out of it

unscathed!

Not only was Ziggy's plan tightly organized and executed, but it was essentially invulnerable!

No wonder he wanted her to expose them herself!

That was her first step to self-confidence! ❶

With that voice recording, the result would have been the same with or without her testimony.

The difference was whether she was brave enough to make the change!

Jane set down her phone and said to Ziggy, "I'm not anyone to you, why would you help me with all your might?" ❶

Ziggy raised his gaze to meet Jane's before he squinted a little.

"Because this incident started because of me."

Jane was speechless for a moment.

Ziggy continued, "They said you didn't buy them dinner yesterday, but you didn't have time after school, did you? You were following me to the Chapman building, didn't you?"

Hearing Ziggy's words, Jane shook.

'How did he find out? I thought I was being super discreet, but how did he know?!

"How did you find out, Ziggy?"

Ziggy shook his head. "I knew from the moment you allowed me to leave."

"This means that it was me who triggered this incident, so I can't just leave it alone. My mommy said that to me once."

Seeing as Ziggy was serious, Jane felt tears welling in her eyes.

Unable to stop herself, she took Ziggy into her arms and nodded while feeling his warmth.

A single tear trickled down her cheek. 1

"Ziggy, thank you, thank you so much! Thank you for making me stand on my own and stand up for myself..." 2

## Chapter 45 Design Draft Destroyed

Ziggy sat up on his seat, letting Jane hold him, while he patted her back lightly with his hand.

"Jane, being nice is not weak. Hopefully, you can become brave and nice in the future."

Jane nodded seriously. "I will, I will do that!"

The few teachers had tried to clean their names by using their family connection, but just as they were about to succeed, a mysterious voice recording crept its way to the headlines.

Within mere seconds, their nearly-cleaned names were plunged into the deep end with no chance of ever recovering.

At this point, it still did not cross their minds that this was all because of Ziggy and instead, believed it was Jane's meticulously-planned revenge!

Naturally, they were fired from the Minnow Nursery School and were told that they had no chance of being rehired.

On the other side, not knowing Ziggy's feat in the Minnow Nursery School, Rachel uploaded her design draft into the computer as she wanted to give it a little retouching.

She then peered at her empty glass before she moved her gaze away from her screen.

Standing up from her chair, she left her station to refill her water. 1

The water dispenser was a distance from her desk.

When Melissa passed by Rachel's station, she was a little stunned, having seen her artwork.

Even the women behind Melissa also noticed Rachel's scanned copy as well as her hand-drawn draft on her desk.

"Dear God! How did an artist like her end up sitting with us?"

"That's right! A superior artist like her could even become the creative director, and no one would bat an eye!"

"No wonder the president gave Rachel such special treatment. She has the talent and skills!"

"I guess the champion for this round would be someone else!"

"You don't say. We must go and placate her! I think her road to promotion must be quicker than we could ever guess!"

As she heard the discussion around her, Melissa squeezed her hand against her glass abruptly, her face as dark as the storm.

She sauntered forward and took the sketch in her hand with a sarcastic smile.

Immediately after, the paper in her hand was torn into pieces and thrown into the rubbish bin.

Everyone around her was astonished.

They looked at Melissa with a look of uncomfortable nescience.

Melissa looked at the girls behind her. "You know how special the president treats Rachel? If she rises to the top, how big of a chance do you think she will become Mrs. Chapman?"

The ladies shared a tacit understanding before nodding at Melissa's analysis.

"Not wrong! We can't let Rachel become Mrs. Chapman!"

"You're absolutely right! President Chapman is ours!"

"Exactly! We've worked here for so long and we've had no promotion. Why does she get to rise to the

top?!"

...

Just like that, one of the ladies with some computer skills sat in Rachel's seat and deleted all traces of the design before she stood up.

"Since everyone has the same intention, we should keep this secret from her. Let's see how she'll be able to climb up the corporate ladder and become Mrs. Chapman!"

Melissa nodded lightly. "She won't make tomorrow's deadline! Even if she redesigned something else, she won't be able to make the product in time."

When Rachel had returned with her glass of hot water, the people around her desk had long dispersed.

However, she furrowed her brows at the feeling that countless pairs of eyes were on her.

'Did something happen? Why is everyone looking at me?'

She returned to her computer but when she noticed that her drawing had vanished, she began to look for it everywhere.



Only after she had turned her computer desk inside out in a confused state, she noticed some paper scraps in the wastebasket.

So, Rachel bent over and picked up the scraps.

Her hands were shaking as she remembered something else.

Hurrying, she moved her mouse to cancel the screen saver but now, all traces of her draft were gone.

Even the back-up and the edit history were cleaned out.

An unnameable fire burned in Rachel's heart as she stood up suddenly.

Her gaze landed on each of her coworkers who was pretending to work but was secretly laughing at her.

Rachel's fist tensed before she slowly loosened her grip.

The fury in her face dissipated and was replaced with a slight smile as she sat down.

In times like this, she should remain calm and not be angry.

Even if she was furious, the drafts were gone. These

people who were waiting for her to cause a scene would only look on with enjoyment.

As she predicted, everyone was unnerved by Rachel's calm response.

'What is happening?'

'How is Rachel so calm after that?'

Having that in mind, they stood up surreptitiously and peered at Rachel.

Meanwhile, Melissa frowned.

'If she can remain that calm after losing her draft, does that mean she has other back-ups?'

Melissa immediately clicked open her design and added the features on Rachel's draft that she had managed to remember onto her own.

When she was done, Melissa's design was sixty percent similar to Rachel's.

Yet, Rachel sat in her place as her brain began churning.

Now that things had gone sour, it was apparent that her draft had been compromised.

She had no way of knowing how many people had looked at her design! Someone would have

plagiarized her ideas onto their own.

That was why she had to prepare an entirely new design, then make the product by today!

Time was of the essence. Even though Rachel was holding her drawing pencil, she could not start drawing.

Youthfulness, the future, hope.

She cocked her head in desperation.

Aside from flowers and grasses, what else could represent those themes?

The more desperate she got, the more chaotic her mind became.

The more chaotic she felt, the more difficult it was for her to think of new ideas.

So Rachel sketched a simple ball gown with one shoulder to show off the clavicle.

The skirt's hemline was wide, so it was easy to imagine how pretty it would be to twirl in the dress.

However, she could not think of the colors and patterns to fill up the emptiness of her design.

## Chapter 46 Danger at the Loo!

Rachel set down her pencil and rubbed her temple, forcing herself to cool down.

Melissa, who was focusing on Rachel's every reaction, snickered.

'Rachel, no matter how capable you are, you can't make any big moves now, can you?'

Time passed. As people started waddling to have lunch, the space silenced once more.

Rachel placed her head in her hand and sighed. At this point, her phone rang.

It was only after hearing Ziggy's voice that Rachel looked better.

"Mommy, have you eaten?"

Rachel shook her head as she felt her stomach rumbling. She said to the phone, "Of course, I have."

"That's great. Mommy, the school is letting me leave earlier today, so I will come and get you."

Rachel halted in worry. "You can't do that, baby. It's dangerous outside, so you can't come. I will get off work earlier to get you, okay?"

A while later, Jane's voice appeared. "That's alright, Ziggy's mommy. I will send Ziggy to the Chapman Group. It's not that far, and it's on my way home."

Rachel nodded at her phone. "Thanks for the trouble, Ms. Jane..."

...

Rachel then set her phone aside and slumped on her table. She was planning to spend the lunchtime napping again.

Cluck cluck cluck— The sounds of leather shoes' heels hitting the ground came closer.

Rachel immediately bounced up from the table and stared speechlessly at Nathan.

"Mr. Chapman, are you looking for me?"

Looking at Rachel's sudden awakening, Nathan was a little taken aback. He nodded. "Mm-hmm."

Rachel sat up straight. "Oh, what can I help you with, Mr. Chapman?"

Nathan could not help but be struck by Rachel, whose hair was down and exuded a hint of softness. He shook his head. "What happened yesterday, it's only because my friend was anxious

to get home..."

"Don't worry, Mr. Chapman. There is no need to explain yourself, I didn't take it personally."

Rachel chuckled.

Nathan nodded with a gentle expression on his face. "Why do you always skip lunch?"

Rachel paused and looked at Nathan with a slight surprise. "How did you know I didn't have lunch?"

Nathan explained, "Everyone's out for lunch and you're sitting here."

Rachel scratched her head and laughed. "I have no one to eat with, so I don't have the appetite."

Nathan nodded. "If that's the case, have lunch with me in the future."

Upon hearing Nathan's invitation, Rachel was dumbstruck.

However, she immediately recovered enough brain cells to shake her head. "No need, Mr. Chapman. Don't worry, I will have lunch now!"

Seeing Rachel's quick escape, Nathan's kind eyes squinted.

His mind was repeating what Edward had said the day before.

'Is she really trying to swindle me? Why does it feel unlikely to be the case?'

As his eyes lingered on the half-done draft on the desk, Nathan helpfully slotted the draft into Rachel's bag. 1

Nathan was out to discuss contracts, so he did not see the surveillance video of Melissa and the others destroying Rachel's design.

Rachel, who managed to slip out of the office and into the canteen, sighed in relief. 'Why is the president of the Chapman Group so fearsome?'

'He felt like a weirdo.'

Even though Rachel did not plan to eat, she entered the canteen after her sigh. 1

'Now that I'm here, I might as well eat a little.'

Rachel bought a plate of food and sat in the corner on her own. In her hand, it was her phone showing all of Ziggy's cute baby pictures. 1

Seeing Ziggy's photos suddenly made Rachel feel as if she had unlimited energy.

All the other tables were full of people.

A few of them joked around with each other until one spotted Rachel from a few tables away.

"Hey, look, isn't that Rachel?!"

"Oh, yeah! So she does eat canteen food. I thought the president will prepare food for her again!"

"Nah, there isn't enough luck to go around like that!"

"So what you're saying is that she chose not to eat yesterday because she wanted to get the president's attention. Today, since he wasn't giving her the attention, she's here to buy food for herself!"

"I think so! Look at her playing politics the moment she started working! Just who does she think she is!"

...

Melissa looked at Rachel as she ate in the corner, her eyes narrowing with mockery.

Meanwhile, Rachel glanced at the time before taking her empty plate to the recollection area and entered the canteen's washroom.

As she entered, she heard footfalls from outside.



Rachel sat on the toilet as a dreadful feeling washed over her.

So, she immediately stood up and unlocked the cubicle's lock. Though when she pushed against the door, it was too late.

The door was unlocked, but she could not open it no matter how hard she pushed.

"Who is it?! Let me out!"

Melissa and the others laughed silently while covering their mouth. 1

The cubicle with Rachel in it had its door barred with mops. No matter how hard the person from the inside was pushing, it would not budge. 2

Melissa crossed her arms and with one look, she gave the lady beside her a cue.

The lady nodded and passed a bucket of dirty water to Melissa.

Melissa then pointed at the door that was blocked by the mops before she nodded.

Just like that, several ladies lifted the bucket and spilled its contents into the cubicle.

Splash— The dirty water was emptied into the cubicle in no time.

Even though Rachel had heard the noises and managed to step aside, her upper body was still soaked due to the size of the cubicle.

Crash— The buckets were all thrown to the ground as Melissa left the washroom with her entourage.

2

Rachel looked at her phone anxiously which had shut down because of the water.

It was almost time for work. If she could not get back in time, she would be late, and her design!

Her design was still on her desk!

Rachel shook off the dirty water on her before she tried to tiptoe to reach the top of the divider. 1

Yet despite her best effort, her height did not allow her to reach the top of the cubicle.

## Chapter 47 Saving Herself

Rachel closed the lid on the toilet seat and stepped onto it.

Barely able to reach the top of the cubicle, Rachel frowned when she saw the mops that were blocking the door and the bucket that was thrown aside casually.

Although her hands could reach the top of the cubicle, she would be hard-pressed to get out from there.

Moreover, she would have hurt herself falling from that height!

So, Rachel eyed the cubicle beside hers.

The cubicles in the bathroom were connected just like public restrooms.

Only her cubicle had been blocked, but if she could find her way over to the next cubicle, she would be saved.

Rachel nodded to herself and propped herself up onto the separator by kicking herself off the ground and sitting on it.

She then extended her leg to hook onto the door

handle of the other cubicle, and while holding tightly onto the separator, she slowly slid herself down.

Shifting her weight, Rachel began to lower her body. Only after she had a firm hold on the ground did she let go of the door handle with her foot.

She opened the door and sighed a breath of relief before she proceeded to move the mops and the bucket aside.

She took a piece of paper towel and opened the door to the cubicle she was using, wiping down the toilet seat she stepped on, as well as the door handle in the other cubicle.

Even though Rachel was more than one hour late by now, she ran back to her office.

Seeing Rachel reappearing in the office, Melissa and the rest were stupefied.

'She escaped so quickly?! Did someone save her?'

Rachel swept her wet hair to the side coldly.

Just as she was about to return to her seat, a woman in business attire stopped her.

"Rachel, do you know you're late for more than an

hour?"

That was Rachel's team leader, the manager of the first floor's design department.

Rachel lowered her head but did not make excuses. "I'm so sorry, team leader, there was an accident."

Seeing Rachel, the team leader covered her mouth and nose.

She took a few steps back in disgust. "Alright, I've already recorded your late return to work, I hope this will not happen again. If it does, I will have to report you to the president."

Rachel nodded. "I understand."

The team leader waved her hand, abhorred by her smell. "Alright, get back to your seat. You're going to make me suffocate!"

As soon as the team leader finished, snickers and whispers began to sprinkle around the office.

Rachel nodded and returned to her seat.

Her face was frigid cold as she swept her gaze at everyone who was laughing at her or whispering among themselves.

The people who humiliated her could be everyone

in this office.

Melissa, who was sat the closest to Rachel, fanned herself with her hand bitterly.

"Oh goodness, what a terrible smell, I can't work like this. Does anyone want to exchange seats with me?"

Everyone laughed.

"Get with it, Melissa. Just endure it for a while!"

"That's right! You're just unlucky, sitting so close to her."

"We don't want to exchange with you. We can already smell the heady scent she's wearing. We can't stand it!"

"That's right! Some people will pollute the air instead of keeping all that to herself."

...

Everyone was whining back and forth, pointing at Rachel as the main perpetrator of their discomfort.

Even so, Rachel sat in her seat without the intention to leave or any hint of remorse.

Her current condition was all caused by these people who now wanted her gone because of her smell. However, why would she?

Seeing Rachel's stolid response, the rest of the office was slightly dumbfounded.

'Is Rachel's skin that thick?'

They had already voiced their opinions in such clarity, so how could she still sit there without shame?!

Melissa sneered with her arms crossed, "Stop it, everyone. She's not someone who cares for the greater good. Even though she's the stinky one, she will still sit there without any shame!"

Rachel slowly set her gaze onto Melissa. Her expression was so cold that it could pierce through the bones.

"I think some people here might know very well why I ended up like this. Since that is the case, shut your flaps! If it was all because of these certain people, what is there to complain about now that this result is achieved?"

Uncomfortable that Rachel was staring at her, Melissa turned away and flinched.

No matter what, Rachel was raised in Bennet's

aristocratic environment, so she had the aura of a rich household since young. Including the incidents she had to endure during her stay in the Bennet villa, she had nurtured a powerful presence.

With Rachel's warning, the cacophonous chatters died down almost immediately.

Rachel used a rubber band on the desk to tie her wet hair into a simple ponytail before looking for her design draft.

Unable to find her draft, Rachel became annoyed.

It would be too late to redesign something else now.

She then looked up at the clock on the wall – office time was nearly over.

Rachel sighed heavily. 'Looks like I can't make the Chapman Group's competition this time after all.'

She shook her head lightly. 'Ah well, truly skilled people won't mind it. There will be another chance in the future.'

Rachel sighed again, but this time at her phone which refused to turn on no matter how much she



tried. Thankfully, Jane would be sending Ziggy over, or she would not have known how to contact him.

When it was finally time to leave work, Rachel did not wait until everyone else was gone.

Instead, she took her bag and powerwalked out of the office.

Downstairs, two figures were especially eye-catching.

Ziggy looked at Jane. "Ms. Jane, my mommy won't come out so quickly, you should go home first."

Jane shook her head. "I can't do that. I need to wait until your mom is out before I can leave." 1

As she was speaking, Jane pointed at the building entrance. "Ziggy, look, your mom is out."

Ziggy turned around excitedly but was greeted with Rachel's wet look speedwalking toward him...

## Chapter 48 Hacking the System

Seeing Rachel's awkward appearance, Ziggy was silently furious.

Meanwhile, Jane was too surprised, she could not retract her outstretched arm.

Even though Rachel did not wear anything like the other parents who could afford the Minnow Nursery School, she had a good foundation to work with and was able to wear anything with style.

In fact, she had never seen an oafish Rachel like she did today.

She looked down toward Ziggy and noticed it was her first time seeing Ziggy displeased and cold.

Rachel quickly walked toward Ziggy and squatted beside him. Just as she was prepared to open her arms and hug him, she stopped herself.

She could see her wet, fetid sleeves the moment she stretched her arm.

How could she hug her cute son in her soiled outfit?

Immediately after, Ziggy's air of displeasure vanished.

He did not care how awkward Rachel looked as he quickly leaped into her arms.

Jane reached out instinctively as if to pull Ziggy back.

Before Rachel could react, Ziggy's saccharine voice declared, "Mommy, I've missed you!"

Rachel paused slightly as she felt the tiny human in her arms and it filled her heart with warmth.

Ziggy's willingness to hug her even though he had seen her graceless look was what moved her!

"My baby, I've missed you too."

Seeing Rachel and Ziggy hugging, Jane was completely touched.

"Ziggy's mommy, I will leave you two now that Ziggy has met up with you."

Rachel stood up immediately and nodded at Jane.

"Alright, Ms. Jane. Thank you so much."

Ziggy cocked his head and looked at Rachel seriously. "Mommy, I'll send you to work tomorrow."

Rachel was startled. "What? You're sending me to work?"

"Uhuh, after sending you here, I can go to school on my own."

Ziggy's statement was laced with naivete, but frigidness flashed in his eyes.

Rachel shook her head lightly and held Ziggy's tiny hands. "That won't do, I'll be worried. My baby, don't forget, you're only five-years-old."

Ziggy gripped Rachel's hands in reversal, his face wearing a serious expression instead of the naivete he was putting on. Somehow, he gave off a domineering-president vibe.

"Mommy, I'm a grown-up now, I can protect you."

He swore to himself that he would never let this happen again! He would never let his mommy appear so miserably anymore!

He would never let anyone bully his mommy!

Rachel and Ziggy returned to their apartment, where Ziggy supported Rachel to the sofa and immediately ran into the bathroom.

He prepared the warm water in the bathtub, set the shampoo, conditioner, bathing gel, and Rachel's pajamas up before exiting the bathroom.

"Mommy, I've prepared the bathing water for you. Please go and bathe now! Don't catch a cold!"

With Ziggy's help, Rachel stood up and smiled.

"Baby, you should bathe first."

Ziggy frowned and shook his head. "I won't! Mommy, I'm okay, but if you're sick, who will care for me?"

Just as Rachel was entering the bathroom, Ziggy tugged at her hand lightly.

"Mommy, how did you get so dirty?"

Rachel looked at Ziggy, puzzled. "Baby, what's wrong? Why do you ask?"

Ziggy looked at her worriedly. "I worry about you, mommy. Tell me!"

Despite her initial speechlessness, Rachel nodded. "I slipped in the washroom after having lunch at the canteen. Don't worry, I'm fine!"

Ziggy did not believe in Rachel at all. If she did slip, how would her upper body be soaked but her lower body dry?

Even though he did not believe in Rachel's story, he patted her hand, pretending that he believed it.

"Mommy, be careful in the future!"

After Rachel went into the bathroom, Ziggy's childlike expression faded into a mature composure.

He looked at the time on the wall and set up his laptop from his bag.

Ziggy quickly logged into his kingdom – the mysterious website AKK – as his fingers glided across the keyboard.

Five minutes later, Ziggy had broken through the Chapman Group's electronic defenses and successfully hacked into its surveillance system.

He immediately locked onto the surveillance in the canteen.

There was no surveillance system in the washroom, but there was one near its entrance.

After doing the necessary settings, the cursor stopped at the surveillance camera. With one click, a video appeared.

Ziggy rewound the video to lunchtime that showed Rachel having her meal in the corner while playing with her phone.

He placed his hand on his chin in the famous thinking pose.

A little while later, the surveillance video fast-forwarded to when Rachel entered the washroom.

Almost immediately, she was followed by four women which included Melissa!

Ziggy paused the video and memorized the women's faces before he hit the play button to continue.

A dozen minutes later, the other women came back out with smirks on their faces, but Rachel was still in there.

Another ten minutes passed before Rachel walked out, slumping...

Ziggy's brows snapped into a furious frown, his spirited eyes were cold and filled with wrath.

'These old hags! How dare they!'

'How dare they touch his mommy!'

Ziggy's fingers danced on the keyboard again.

Before long, he had hacked into the system of the human resource department.

After confirming the women's details, Ziggy squinted slowly.

As he moved the mouse cursor, he stopped at the women's salary detail and an idea came to him...



## Chapter 49 What Despair Really Feels Like

A sinister smile appeared on Ziggy's face. "Now that you've pissed off someone you shouldn't have, I will let you know what despair really feels like."

He copied the bank details of the few women employees before he typed quickly on the keyboard.

His fingers were impossibly fast!

The screen was full of undecipherable codes and scripts.

In five minutes, Ziggy looked up as his finger paused above the 'enter' key.

A flash of decisiveness coursed through his eyes and his finger pressed on the button.

The codes and scripts immediately disappeared as a progress bar replaced them on the screen.

The bar filled up slowly from the tenth percentile to...

Hundred percent...

When the progress bar was filled up, a simple word appeared.

Complete.

Ziggy turned around and looked at the time.

Unhurriedly, he turned off his laptop and crossed his arms.

This was the only way he could enact his revenge! After all, there was no surveillance in the washroom, so he did not have any direct proof that these women had engaged in workplace violence.

If he had any proof, he would have sent it directly to Nathan Chapman's email address.

Alas, he had nothing of the sort!

Therefore, he could only use some of his tricks to make the ladies pay!

Hopefully, they would learn a lesson about offending people they should not have!

The bathroom door opened, and Rachel felt as if she was cleansed and reborn.

"Baby, I'm done. Your turn."

Ziggy jumped off from his dining chair and handed a mug of warm lemon tea to Rachel.

"Mommy, please drink some of this and go to bed. I

can take care of myself, don't worry."

Looking at the steaming mug of lemon tea, Rachel was moved. "Baby..."

Ziggy patted Rachel's head as she bent down to his height. "It's okay, mommy. This is lemon tea, it's not bitter. You should drink it and get to bed."

Rachel nodded. She had never thought about her child to be that mature, it was almost like he was an adult. ①

So, she downed the tea at once.

Taking the mug from Rachel, Ziggy placed it on the dining table and held her hand as they walked to the bedroom.

"Mommy, rest well."

It was only after Ziggy had helped Rachel to lay down on the bed that she said, "But I wanna wait for you, baby."

Ziggy reached out and touched Rachel's forehead, declaring seriously, "Mommy, you're slightly feverish. Since you've already bathed and had the lemon tea, you should rest. You'll feel better tomorrow, and don't worry about me, I'm fine." ②

After that, he sat at the bedside, soothing her arm,

and told her to cover herself with the blanket.

Rachel was so moved, she felt as if her tears would overflow.

Never once had she regret fighting for the chance to give birth to the child. Look at him, what a mature child! 1

It might have been the lemon tea, but Rachel felt a sudden drowsiness assaulting her as her eyes gradually lost focus and closed.

After hearing Rachel's slowed, even breaths, Ziggy covered her with the blanket and slowly slipped out of the room. 1

Restarting his laptop, Ziggy quickly moved across countless pop-up windows and completed three transactions. However, he did not switch off his laptop just yet.

He squinted coldly as a mocking grin curled the corner of his mouth upward.

Among the many requests, one of them was from Mr. Bennet of the Bennet Group.

Aside from buying a script, he wanted to work with Ziggy.

Ziggy picked up his glass of water nonchalantly

and took a sip. He shook his head. The Bennet Group had ample loose ends to tie up, yet they wanted to cooperate?

Without giving it any thought, Ziggy immediately deleted the message from the Bennet Group.

He left the table to refill his glass and saw Rachel's bag.

Since the bag was not completely zipped up, hints of white papers inside became exposed.

Confused, Ziggy approached the bag and opened it.

He then slowly pulled out the piece of unfinished design.

"Is this mommy's design?"

Ziggy gradually turned his attention to the few words on the lower-right corner of the page.

Youthfulness, the future, hope?

'Is this the theme for the design?'

'But... the design is barely complete!'

Ziggy's eyes squinched.

When he hacked into Chapman's system, he had seen it. It was...

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The Chapman Group's company-wide competition!

It was supposed to be due by afternoon the next day!

When he hacked into the human resource department, he also noticed...

'Mommy signed up for it!'

'If mommy signed up, she wouldn't hand in unfinished work, would she?'

Ziggy looked at the bedroom and scanned the draft into his laptop.

He opened up the scanned draft. Although it would be slower to edit on a laptop, it should still suffice.

Maybe it was because of Rachel's frequent drawing sessions when she was pregnant, Ziggy's prenatal education was full of drawings. Besides, he was also exposed to a multitude of art styles after he was born. <sup>1</sup>

So he was familiar enough with arts, and he had never found it difficult to draw.

For a genius with an IQ score of 220, this should be easy!

His tiny hands cupped his chin and he muttered,  
"Youthfulness, the future, and hope huh?"

Ziggy took a couple of swigs from his glass before  
an idea hit him.

He placed his glass on the table excitedly.

"With both his hands on the table," he exclaimed,  
"youthfulness, the future, and hope, isn't that about  
children?!"

Children have their youthfulness, and they are a  
nation's future and its hope!

With newfound inspiration, Ziggy moved quickly.  
He sat in front of his laptop and edited the dress for  
several hours straight until the faintest of light  
colored the sky red as he stretched his back.

Looking at his perfect design, Ziggy nodded  
satisfactorily.

'Only something as flawless as this could be called  
mommy's design!'

Ziggy saved the design into his phone and called a  
number.

"Good morning, Aunt Jodie, can you help me,  
please?"



## Chapter 50 She Felt as if She Was Going to Swear!

Jodie answered the phone sleepily. "Hello? Ziggy? What's wrong? Did you fall in love with a girl from school?"

Ziggy held his forehead helplessly. "No, I will send a design to you in a while but I need the finished product by noon, can you bring it to me?"

Hearing Ziggy's instructions, Jodie immediately became conscious. "What? What design, and what product?! What are you talking about, Ziggy? I don't understand!"

Ziggy looked at the time on the wall. "No time to explain, just please make it by noon! Come to my school at noon. It's concerning mommy, so everything has to be perfect!"

Jodie was utterly dumbfounded, but at the same time, she was nervous for him.

"Ziggy, explain! Why do I feel like I'm getting more confused?!"

Ziggy hung up. "I can't, just do as I say. It's late, I have to make breakfast."

Jodie's mouth was hung open. She could barely get another sound out before she heard the beeping

from the phone.

She looked at the time; it was 6 a.m.

She was about to swear!

Jodie scratched her head. Why did she feel like she was being ordered around like a dog by a kid through the phone?!

Not long after, her phone beeped, signaling a new message.

She looked at the design on her screen and quickly got dressed while she mumbled and ranted the entire time.

...

Ziggy hid the unfinished draft and placed the printed, finished design into his own bag.

He dragged a stool into the kitchen and stepped on it.

Wearing his little apron, Ziggy shook his head.

"Since mommy is not feeling well, let's have chicken noodle soup!" 1

After he had prepared everything, Ziggy carried a cup of lemon tea into the bedroom.

He placed the tea on the nightstand, changed into a

new set of clothes, and placed the unworn pajamas into the washing machine.

When the washing machine was done operating, he placed the clothes into a basket and climbed up onto a taller stool.

Then when he was done hanging the clothes, he stepped down and slowed his pace as he approached the bedroom.

Only after he had wiped away his sweat, he entered. He sat at the bedside and used his hand to check Rachel's temperature on her forehead.

Noticing her fever was gone, he sighed in relief.

At this moment, Rachel opened her eyes slowly and lightly grabbed Ziggy's hand on her forehead.

"Good morning, baby."

Ziggy beamed at Rachel. "Good morning, mommy."

He helped Rachel up and placed the pillow behind her back as he handed her the cup of lemon tea.

"Mommy, here's another cup of lemon tea, you should be fine soon."

Rachel took the cup and frowned when she saw Ziggy's puffy eyes and under-eye circles.

She caressed Ziggy's face. "Baby, did you not sleep yesterday?"

Ziggy nodded and smiled. "How would I not sleep, mommy? After I showered, I slept. I even washed our clothes this morning."

Rachel was not convinced. "But, your under-eye circles..."

"Oh, that? I had a nightmare, it must be because of the nightmare that I didn't sleep well."

Ziggy grinned with his head tilted.

Rachel looked at Ziggy seriously. "You should wake me up in the future if you have nightmares, I will be there for you."

Still grinning, Ziggy nodded sincerely. "I know, mommy. Quick, drink your lemon tea or it'll turn cold..."

Ziggy sighed with relief after Rachel finished her tea.

He exited the room with the cup. "Mommy, wash up, I'll serve the soup for it to cool down a little."

When Rachel came outside and saw the pajamas and clothes from last night, the suspicion in her eyes faded. ①

'Looks like Ziggy did sleep and did not stay up the entire night...'

Naturally, Ziggy noticed Rachel's gaze as he set the bowl of soup on the table.

Rachel hugged Ziggy from behind with regret.

"Baby, you shouldn't be the one doing these chores! I'm supposed to be doing them. You're my baby, I can't stand watching you so tired every day."

Ziggy turned around slowly and stared at Rachel with full sincerity. "Mommy, I'm not tired! I'm happy that I can help you with the house chores!" ①

He reached out his hand and tucked Rachel's fringe behind her ears with a pure grin.

Instead, Rachel shook her head and embraced Ziggy. "What if we split the chores?"

Ziggy was a little stunned. "How, mommy?"

Rachel nodded seriously. "You can do the cooking, and I will do the rest. How does that sound?"

Ziggy shook his head vigorously. "No, I can do the

laundry as well."

Rachel furrowed her brows. "Nope! I will do the laundry!"

The two began to fight over the house chores.

Ziggy pouted, saying, "But mommy, I can use the washing machine to do laundry, it's easy! Let me do it."

It was a knockout. Rachel could never resist Ziggy's pleading.

She nodded helplessly. "Fine, fine."

Ziggy nudged Rachel into the bathroom. "Mommy, wash up and come out for breakfast!"

The duo casually strolled to the Minnow Nursery School after they had finished their soup, where Rachel handed Ziggy over to Jane.

"Ms. Jane, I'll trouble you with Ziggy again today."

Jane shook her head lightly and gawked at Rachel, who looked fine. "Ziggy's mommy, are you alright?"

Rachel planted a kiss on Ziggy's forehead. "Don't worry, Ms. Jane. I'm fine."

It was a while after Rachel had left when Ziggy's phone rang.

He picked up the call. Hearing Jodie's voice from the other side, a gentle smile broke out on his face.

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Rachel looked at Ziggy seriously. "You should wake me up in the future if you have nightmares, I will be there for you."

Still grinning, Ziggy nodded sincerely. "I know, mommy. Quick, drink your lemon tea or it'll turn cold..."

Ziggy sighed with relief after Rachel finished her tea.

He exited the room with the cup. "Mommy, wash up, I'll serve the soup for it to cool down a little."

When Rachel came outside and saw the pajamas and clothes from last night, the suspicion in her eyes faded. ①

'Looks like Ziggy did sleep and did not stay up the entire night...'

Naturally, Ziggy noticed Rachel's gaze as he set the bowl of soup on the table.

Rachel hugged Ziggy from behind with regret.

"Baby, you shouldn't be the one doing these chores! I'm supposed to be doing them. You're my baby, I can't stand watching you so tired every day."

Ziggy turned around slowly and stared at Rachel with full sincerity. "Mommy, I'm not tired! I'm happy that I can help you with the house chores!" ①

He reached out his hand and tucked Rachel's fringe behind her ears with a pure grin.

Instead, Rachel shook her head and embraced Ziggy. "What if we split the chores?"

Ziggy was a little stunned. "How, mommy?"

Rachel nodded seriously. "You can do the cooking, and I will do the rest. How does that sound?"

Ziggy shook his head vigorously. "No, I can do the

laundry as well."

Rachel furrowed her brows. "Nope! I will do the laundry!"

The two began to fight over the house chores.

Ziggy pouted, saying, "But mommy, I can use the washing machine to do laundry, it's easy! Let me do it."

It was a knockout. Rachel could never resist Ziggy's pleading.

She nodded helplessly. "Fine, fine."

Ziggy nudged Rachel into the bathroom. "Mommy, wash up and come out for breakfast!"

The duo casually strolled to the Minnow Nursery School after they had finished their soup, where Rachel handed Ziggy over to Jane.

"Ms. Jane, I'll trouble you with Ziggy again today."

Jane shook her head lightly and gawked at Rachel, who looked fine. "Ziggy's mommy, are you alright?"

Rachel planted a kiss on Ziggy's forehead. "Don't worry, Ms. Jane. I'm fine."

It was a while after Rachel had left when Ziggy's phone rang.

He picked up the call. Hearing Jodie's voice from the other side, a gentle smile broke out on his face.