

## Chapter 16 Sharpening His Knife

Fulton's fathomless eyes narrowed.

In response, Andrew stood up and met Fulton's gaze. "Furthermore, I'd advise you not to even think about doing anything to Maisie and her children. I won't back down on this."

Andrew had no intention of staying. He made to leave.

"You care for that woman?"

Andrew's tall figure paused, and he turned slightly. Blandly, he said, "She's my wife."

"That was before."

"Is there a difference? She will forever be my wife."

Fulton's heart raced. He understood his son very well and knew that coldness was etched into his very bones.

He had never seen Andrew care about anyone in this way before.

After speaking, Andrew didn't stay. He strode out of the study in large steps.

James was casually leaning by the door, a cigarette

between his lips. He looked like a careless playboy.

Andrew asked, "Where is she?"

"Maisie?" James put out his cigarette. "She left."

As he'd expected, that heartless woman had indeed escaped!

Even standing beside him, James could feel the coldness that exuded from Andrew. He put on a serious expression and spoke up hesitantly.

"Andrew, since you care about Maisie so much, why don't you tell her from the start? You're protecting her!"

Emmanuel's condition was so grave now, and none of the doctors knew what to do about it. It was as Elena had said. Maisie hadn't even completed her second year of university, so how could she save Emmanuel?

If she risked it all trying to treat Emmanuel, and he suffered because of it, she would never have been able to leave.

The Clarke family would never let her off, and Fulton certainly wouldn't either.

Andrew knew all this.

"It's not important," he said, tone icy.

"Boss, do you want us to find the madam and bring her back here?"

Andrew raised a hand and said, "No need."

Maisie was very stubborn. She thought that Andrew wanted to take her children away, and the more he forced her, the better she would hide them.

In the end, neither of them would benefit from this situation. It was better that he let her go and have the children stay with her.

All he had to do was watch her. She would definitely mess up at some point.

Andrew wouldn't take the children away from her. But as a father, he wanted to see them, too.

"Drew, it's time for dinner." Elena smiled brightly as she came over to call Andrew to dinner.

Andrew turned to look at Elena, expression neutral. He replied, "Alright."

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After dinner, Giselle sent Maisie and the children home. Maisie guided the kids out of the car and waved at Giselle. "Drive safe."

"Don't worry about me."

"Bye, Aunt Giselle," Elio and June said.

"Bye, kiddos."

Maisie held Elio's hand on one side and June's on the other as they made their way home. "Let's go home, darlings."

Not long after Maisie returned to the country, Giselle found them a new place. It had three rooms and a living room. Most importantly, it was quiet here and near the hospital, so getting to work would be easy.

"El, Junie, you two go shower first. It's Monday tomorrow, which means it's your first day at kindergarten. You should sleep early tonight."

"Okay, Mommy. Will I make a lot and a lot of friends in kindergarten?" June asked.

"Yes, Junie. You'll make lots of new friends."

It was obvious that June liked it here more than she did in Yuvaran.

She had always been more lively and loved making friends. She was curious about starting kindergarten and was looking forward to it.

Elio, however, seemed a bit low-spirited. "Mommy, will we still go back to Uncle Jon's?"

Maisie had a complicated expression on her face. She brought the kids over to sit on the couch.

"Darlings, we won't be going back to Uncle Jon's for now. Is it okay if you live with me here?"

June was in support of it, of course. Elio liked it here, too, but he didn't want his mother to be in danger again.

Elio had heard Maisie's conversation with Giselle. He knew that his horrible daddy wanted to take them away.

But their mommy didn't allow it, and he and June didn't want to leave her, either. Thus, he thought it was dangerous to stay here.

"What are you thinking about, El darling?"

Maisie had seen how Elio seemed to be deep in thought. Elio was more mature than June and had his own opinions and thoughts. He was like a miniature adult.

Elio thinned his lips as he looked at Maisie seriously. "Mommy, will you be happy staying here? Can you be as carefree as when you're at Uncle Jon's?"

Seeing how serious Elio was being, Maisie thought of Andrew's handsome face. Elio looked too much like

his father. Even their serious looks were the same.

Maisie felt sorry for her children. She pulled them into a bear hug and said, "Darlings, don't worry. I will do my best to protect you. I promise you that we can be as carefree here as we were back in Yuvaran."

Maisie's assurances didn't reduce Elio's worries. Instead, his heart ached even more for his mommy.

After helping the kids wash up, they sensibly and obediently went to sleep. They didn't need Maisie to prod them at all.

Just as she decided to take a shower, Maisie received a call from Jonathan.

Before Maisie could speak, Jonathan's low and slightly angry voice said, "My God, what's taking you so long? I've been waiting for you at the airport all day!"

Maisie's breathing stuttered. She had told Jonathan that she would send the kids over to his place and that they would arrive around 10 am. Now, it was nearly 10 pm.

"You're still waiting?"

Had that guy been waiting all day?

Maisie almost couldn't believe it. This guy had

actually waited for her at the airport all day? The same guy who got impatient when a five-second ad popped out while watching TV with the kids?

"What else did you think?"

Maisie could feel Jonathan's annoyance through the phone. She didn't respond just yet.

Taking a moment to collect herself, she spoke gently, "Jonathan, some trouble came up. I have to deal with them, so I won't be bringing the kids over for now ..."

"What did you say? Say that again."

Maisie's expression froze. She felt guilty upon hearing Jonathan's words.

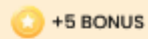
"Fuck, Maisie. How could you make me wait so long?"

"Don't be like that," Maisie said hurriedly. "I'll treat you to a meal next time."

Her only response was the dial tone that sounded in her ear. Maisie put her phone down and thinned her lips.

When mad, Jonathan was crazy enough to do anything. He wouldn't actually fly over here so late and shake her just to vent his frustrations, would he?

Just thinking about it made Maisie shiver. She picked



up her phone again and sent Ernest Crowe a text message.

It read, "Ernie, what's your boss doing right now?"

After a few minutes, Maisie received a reply. It read, "He's sharpening his knife!"

Maisie was stunned by the reply.