



Chapter 0024

Maisie also noticed Elena's presence. Instantly, she couldn't help but shift her gaze back to Andrew.

A hint of sorrow appeared on her apathetic face.

Before the divorce, she would try to flirt with Andrew in a coy manner so that he would go shopping with her. But he would always turn her down, saying that he was busy with work.

Back then, Maisie was incredibly understanding. She even blamed herself for disturbing his work.

When it came to Elena, Andrew was willing to pick her up after work and accompany her shopping. He didn't seem the least bit busy.

Maybe this was the difference between being loved and being unloved.

Maisie sneered. She quickly suppressed her displeasure. Her expression returned to her usual demeanor.

Maisie's gaze landed on Elena for two seconds. Then, she looked at the dress she had on.

She laughed sarcastically. "We do have the same taste."

Elena clenched her fist tightly. The atmosphere seemed to have changed slightly.

How did the same dress look completely different when it was worn by two different people?

Elena had always considered herself good-looking. However, this dress seemed rather ordinary on her. Compared to Maisie, it looked like the difference between expectations and reality.

"Well, aren't you breathtaking, Mais! It is indeed that the right clothing must be worn by the right people to make it look right."

Giselle crossed her arms. She couldn't help but click her tongue. "What do the rest of you think?"

The sales assistants were professionally trained. They knew how to manage their expressions. However, with one look, Elena could tell they agreed with Giselle's words.

Elena pursed her lips. She felt strongly humiliated, which infuriated her.

"Ms. Bardot, you ... you did it on purpose, didn't you?" Her voice was soft, and she sounded upset.

"On purpose? What do you mean?"

Maisie found it amusing. What did Elena mean by "on purpose"?

Was she insinuating that Maisie had chosen the same dress as hers "on purpose" just so she could outshine her and humiliate her?

She didn't have that much free time to come up with that plot. Plus, she was there first.

Where did Elena find the audacity to say that?

Maisie spun around in the mirror. "Alright. It does look good. I'll take

it."

She made her way toward the cashier. Suddenly, she turned around as if recalling something.

Maisie revealed a sarcastic smile. She arched an eyebrow and said, "Don't overthink it. I did do it on purpose."

Elena nearly went insane from rage. At that moment, the dress she had on felt like needles poking at her.

"Wait." A deep voice stopped Maisie in her steps.

Andrew, who had been silent the whole time, finally spoke up.

Maisie's and Giselle's hearts dropped. They froze on the spot and exchanged a look.

Giselle went up to Maisie hesitantly and asked, "What's he up to?"

Maisie pursed her lips helplessly. "Perhaps he's trying to get back at us for his lover's sake."

A glimmer of hope flickered in Elena's eyes as she looked at Andrew. He was going to teach these women a lesson. That must be it.

Elena was happy, to say the least. The amusement was barely visible on her smile.

Andrew's gaze landed on Maisie. His handsome face carried an innate coldness. His deep gaze shifted from Maisie to Giselle, who stood behind her.

His deep voice rang out once more.

"This woman seems familiar. We've met before."

Giselle was taken aback.

It wasn't a question, but a statement!

Giselle didn't know how to react at that moment.

Where had they met?

The hospital! She had pretended to be June's mother. It was the big performance they had put on to save Maisie.

Oh no!

This man wasn't going to recognize her, was he?

Giselle tugged on the corner of Maisie's dress gently. She begged for Maisie's help.

Maisie's mind raced. Immediately, she figured out what Andrew wanted. Her chest felt stuffy at that moment.

That day, Giselle had pretended not to know her. Today, they were holding onto each other's arms.

Maisie hesitated for a few seconds. Then, her beautiful face regained her usual composure.

The corner of her lips revealed a small smile. Her amber eyes met Andrew's gaze.

Her slender lips parted as she asked, "What is it? Did you have any questions for my friend, Mr. Clarke?"



Andrew narrowed his dark eyes slightly, making it look even deeper. The fine lines between his eyebrows knitted together.

Suddenly, he understood what was going on.

"Gigi, do you know Mr. Clarke?" Maisie asked Giselle as calmly as she could while suppressing her fear of Andrew.

Giselle saw how calm Maisie was and how cool and collected she sounded. Maisie's composure had successfully restored Giselle's confidence, which chipped away at her fear.

She shook her head. "I don't know him."

Maisie smiled softly at Andrew. "I think you have the wrong person, Mr. Clarke. If there's nothing else, then we'll be leaving now."

Maisie pulled Giselle's hand. She paid for the dress and didn't stay any longer. They left leisurely.

There was a flash in Andrew's eyes, but he didn't stop them.


After they left the shop, both of them quickened their pace.

Giselle patted her chest. She was still in shock. "Mais, what do we do? Did he recognize me?"

"Yes." Maisie nodded. Knowing how smart Andrew was, he had already connected the dots.

"So what do we do now?" Giselle asked anxiously.

Maisie suddenly stopped in her tracks. She gritted her teeth. "Don't worry. We'll be fine."



Andrew was already aware, but he didn't say anything more. Instead, he let them leave. This meant that he didn't plan on exposing them for now.

But Maisie couldn't seem to figure out what this man was planning.

Then, the ladies picked up the children. After everything that just happened, they no longer wished to stay in the mall. Upon returning home, Maisie personally prepared dinner for everyone.

After dinner, Elio and June were tired from playing all day. Maisie tucked them into bed after they washed up for the night.

There was a small night light illuminating the room.

Maisie sat between Elio's and June's beds with a storybook in her hands. She proceeded to read them a bedtime story in a gentle voice.

Soon, she heard her children's even and regulated breathing. Maisie smiled gently. Every time she saw the two of them by her side, she felt an overwhelming sense of contentment.

She had raised the twins alone. As a mother, she was selfish. She would never let her kids leave her.

Maisie carefully bent down to place a kiss on her kids' forehead. She said gently, "Goodnight, my darlings."

All but one light in the living room was turned off. Maisie sat on the couch while massaging her forehead.

She had advised Giselle not to worry. The truth was, she was trying to comfort herself.



However, she couldn't calm her restless heart.

The more Maisie cared, the more she worried about the repercussions. She was terrified that her kids would leave her one day.

Perhaps she had worried about it so much that it made its way into her dream. Maisie had a nightmare that night.

In her dream, everything was pitch black. She desperately tried to find Elio and June despite not being able to see anything.

Not far away, she saw a ray of light. She rushed toward it with all her might. Just then, she saw Andrew and Elena embracing each other happily.

Next to them was a small cage. Elio and June, who were trapped inside it, were crying out in distress.

"Mommy! Mommy, save me! Mommy ..."



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