

Chapter 0048

Maisie felt speechless. She wondered what these two cheeky kids were thinking about.

"Mommy, tell us quickly." Elio and June looked at Maisie anxiously.

Maisie felt embarrassed. "El, Junie, who told you they both like me?"

"We figured it out ourselves."

Maisie gently tapped Elio's and June's noses playfully. "You two are always up to something. Alexander is my colleague, and he has someone he likes. As for Jonathan ..."

Suddenly, Maisie shivered when she imagined Jonathan sharpening his knives manically.

"He's like a big brother to me. So, both of you, please stop creating romantic stories. None of that liking or not liking stuff."

"Mommy is too dense. She can't see it at all," June murmured to Elio.

Elio wholeheartedly agreed with June. "Exactly."

"What are you two whispering about behind my back?" Maisie asked.

"Nothing! I won't tell you that I think you're silly!" June blurted out without a second thought.

Maisie was silent for a while. Then, her expression darkened.

"Junie, I didn't hear that clearly. Why don't you be a dear and repeat it to me?"

Junie quickly covered her mouth. "Nope! I won't say it!"

"Oh, you cheeky girl!"

"What about our horrible daddy?" Elio suddenly asked Maisie.

He tilted his little head and looked at her curiously.

Andrew ...?

Maisie felt an unexpected surge of discomfort when this man was mentioned.

She used to like Andrew so much that she was ecstatic when she found out she could marry him.

Maisie was so happy that she couldn't sleep properly for several nights.

She liked him to the point where she gave up her dreams and social life for him. Then, she became a perfect housewife. Her world revolved around him alone.

She couldn't deny that he was the only man she had ever liked, loved, and wanted to spend her life with.

But later ... Well ...

Just thinking about it made Maisie's heart ache.

Even if she had been blind and foolish to fall for the wrong person in the past, she still couldn't believe that she saw a hint of concern in Andrew's eyes earlier.

At that moment, Maisie wondered if he had even the slightest

affection for her when he disciplined Elena for her own sake.

But Maisie immediately dismissed it when this thought surfaced.

How could he like her? If he had any feelings for her, he wouldn't have served her divorce papers and handed her a check to get an abortion all those years ago.

Taking a deep breath, Maisie buried all her emotions deep within.

When she faced the children, her smile remained gentle. But when it came to this particular topic, she always chose to evade it.

"That's enough. Sometimes I wonder just how many weird questions there are in those heads of yours. It's time for bed. I'll tell you a bedtime story."

Elio and June couldn't resist the temptation of Maisie's soothing voice telling them bedtime stories.

They lay down obediently, with June hugging her beloved doll and Elio tucking himself in. They closed their eyes and got ready to sleep.

Maisie's soft and gentle voice filled the room. "A long, long time ago ..."

...

In the Clarke Estate, James immediately stood up from the couch when he saw Andrew return.

His usually playful expression was replaced with an unusual seriousness. "Andrew, I have something important to discuss with you."

He had been patiently waiting here until late into the night, all for the

grand plan of reuniting Andrew with Maisie.

He also wished to expose the true colors of that wicked woman. He put in so much effort just for this moment.

"Andrew?"

Andrew headed upstairs with a cold face, completely unresponsive.

James' eyes widened in disbelief. Was he invisible to Andrew?

Tilting his head, he glanced at Igor, who was diligently following behind his brother.

Igor pursed his lips before making a throat-slitting motion with his hand. It was an indication to how terrifying Andrew was right now.

A shiver ran down James' spine as he looked back at Andrew.

Andrew impatiently loosened his tie. The chill emanating from him felt like it was ready to obliterate everything once it erupted.

James' scalp tingled as he gulped nervously. "Andrew, what's going on? Who upset you?"

He then gritted his teeth and followed Andrew upstairs. "Andrew, I need to talk to you."

In response, there was a loud bang as the study door slammed shut.

The doorframe trembled, and James's heart skipped a beat. At the same time, he felt speechless.

Must Andrew be this heartless?

James pressed his entire body against the door, straining to hear any

sound from inside. But there was nothing.

He wondered if he should persist, though he eventually made up his mind. He wouldn't give up until he spoke his piece. "Andrew, can I come in?"

There was only silence.

"Am I really allowed to come in?"

He tried again, but there was still no response.

Not being told to scram usually meant he could enter.

"Andrew, I'm coming in. I'm entering now."

"All the best," Igor said emotionlessly. He might be cheering James on, but his eyes held a hint of worry and pity.

James swallowed hard. As he pushed the door open, something in the air—carried by a sharp, cold wind—came straight at him.

The corner of his eye twitched, and he instinctively dodged to the side just in time.

With a loud crash, a glass was smashed against the wall. It exploded into countless fragments.

James clutched his heart, his brows raised in shock. "Andrew, I'm your brother!"

He wondered what good it would do for Andrew to kill him. If he was dead, no one would help Andrew get Maisie back.