

Chapter 0055

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At that moment, Andrew was lounging on the armchair, leisurely sipping his drink.

However, his gaze held a hint of amusement as he looked at her.

Startled, Maisie hastily gripped the towel which was wrapped around her body. She frowned.

"You were in the room?"

Andrew raised an eyebrow, a teasing smile playing on his lips. "What do you think?"

Maisie huffed, saying, "If you were in the room, why didn't you say anything earlier?"

"I didn't hear anything," Andrew replied casually.

His expression was indifferent as he weaved lies without a flinch.

Maisie was exasperated, to say the least. She grabbed the shirt and returned to the bathroom, refusing to engage further.

Soon after, Andrew heard noises from the bathroom as Maisie forcefully pulled a cabinet to block the door. She made it clear she was on guard against him.

A wicked grin made its way onto Andrew's lips.

Maisie emerged from the bathroom in the new shirt. Her movements

caught Andrew's attention.

His shirt was draped over her, extending just above her knees to showcase her slender legs.

Maisie's skin was fair and flawless. She still carried the scent of the shower gel.

Her delicate and beautiful face held untainted purity. Her amber eyes were clear, cold, and proud, radiating almost unreal cleanliness.

"Thanks for the shirt. I'll return it to you after I've washed them," Maisie said as she found a bag to put her dirty clothes in. She was preparing to leave.

Two soft knocks sounded from the door. Then, it was followed by Elena's gentle voice. "Drew, are you inside?"

Maisie quickly went over and opened the intricately carved double doors.

Elena was dumbfounded upon seeing Maisie. Her entire being stiffened, and her heart felt like it had collapsed.

"Maisie! You ..."

Maisie was wearing a man's shirt with the lingering scent of shower gel on her. Her fair and slender legs were exposed, her perfect face adorned with a rosy hue.

Elena wondered if Maisie had taken a shower in Andrew's room and if they had done something else.

She couldn't hold back her emotions anymore.

Tears streamed down Elena's face, her expression a mix of grievance and despair. She resembled a wife catching her husband cheating on her with his mistress.

Maisie looked embarrassed. She hadn't intended to open the door to let Elena witness her and Andrew together. She glanced back at Andrew impassively.

He silently approached behind her, his demeanor unapologetic. He acted nothing like he had just been caught being in a room with his former wife by his current sweetheart.

Andrew showed no intention of explaining either. His voice remained cold as he asked, "What's the matter?"

"Drew, what's going on here?"

Elena was on the verge of questioning him loudly. She wanted to question if he still had feelings for this woman. She genuinely wished she could beat up Maisie right in front of Andrew.

But she couldn't. She didn't dare to do it.

Andrew's thin lips twitched slightly. "Is there a problem?"

"Nothing, I'm just a bit surprised to see Ms. Bardot in your room. Are you and Ms. Bardot ...?" Elena hesitated.

Then, she pretended to shake her head lightly. "It probably isn't what I think it is. I might have overreacted. After all, Ms. Bardot already has

a boyfriend."

"I have a boyfriend?" Maisie's expression turned icy.

After a brief pause, she understood Elena's deliberate implication. Laced with sarcasm, her voice cut through the air. "Elena, when did you ever see me with my supposed boyfriend?"

Elena exclaimed with a hand over her mouth in mock surprise.

Her innocent eyes couldn't hide the mischief within. "Ms. Bardot, isn't Dr. Miller from the hospital your boyfriend?"

"We all saw Dr. Miller dining with you, escorting you home, and defending you at every turn. I refuse to believe he isn't your boyfriend."
"

"Dr. Miller?" Andrew furrowed his brow as he glanced at Maisie.

In his mind, he unintentionally recalled the image of Maisie and Alexander leaving the underground parking lot while chatting and laughing.

Alexander was the man he saw today at the underground parking lot.

"Yes, Drew," Elena continued, suppressing the turmoil in her eyes.

Then, she approached and linked arms with Andrew's in order to assert dominance.

"Drew, as you know, Dr. Miller is the doctor we saw today. We all think Dr. Miller and Ms. Bardot make a perfect match."

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Maisie couldn't help but scoff internally. She was indifferent to these rumors but wouldn't let Elena tarnish her reputation unchallenged.



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