

Chapter 0059

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Elio quickly shifted the conversation topic, showcasing his wit.

At first, he wanted to give Roblox to Maisie as a birthday present. But they just used it today. Roblox was at the Clarke Estate now, so he had to figure out how to retrieve it.

"Is that so?" Maisie blinked, her eyes filled with suspicion.

"Yup!" June nodded in agreement.

"So, you both stayed up late just to work on this?" Maisie questioned further.

"Yup!"

June enthusiastically nodded. Her face was glowing with innocence. She was completely unaware of the problem.

"So Junie, you aren't sick, and you don't have a headache. You just didn't want me to find out, so you lied?" Maisie probed gently.

"Yup!" June nodded again. Her chubby hand hurriedly covered her mouth when she realized what she had just admitted to.

She then rushed to cover Maisie's ears while pleading, "Mommy, don't listen to me. I didn't say anything."

Maisie chuckled softly. She was amused by June's antics.

Maisie raised an eyebrow thoughtfully and nodded. "So that's how it

is."

"Oh dear."

June's chubby hand quickly covered her mouth as she tried to retract her words. She realized she might have said too much.

Maisie found her children's adorable voices irresistibly heartwarming. She gathered both of them in her arms.

Then, she feigned a hurt expression. "But I was really worried about Junie just now. My heart was aching with worry."

"Mommy, don't feel bad." June quickly rubbed Maisie's chest.

She tried to soothe her mother. "It's my fault. I shouldn't have lied about being sick. I promise that I won't do it again."

"And what about you, El? You'll turn into a little raccoon with dark rings under your eyes because you stayed up late. Oh, my poor darling."

"I won't do it anymore either. I promise to sleep on time next time."

Maisie affectionately kissed both of her little ones' foreheads. Her smile was filled with warmth. "Alright then. Let's go to bed now."

"Okay."

Meanwhile, the Clarke Estate was still in disarray. The maids were busy tidying up the chaotic living room.

"What actually happened? The whole place is in shambles because

of a robotic dog. It's truly vexing."

Laura was elegantly seated on the sofa. She furrowed her brows in annoyance.

Her well-groomed appearance contrasted sharply with her displeased expression. "Find out immediately who dared to play pranks in the Clarke family's residence."

Andrew tightened his grip on the robotic dog's control device. His deep eyes grew even more profound.

"I'll handle this," he declared as he stood up.

Then, he headed upstairs.

"Andrew, I'll go with you."

James nonchalantly glanced around before following Andrew upstairs.

"Drew." Elena, who had been sitting nearby, anxiously got up and stopped Andrew.

Andrew turned to her. Then, he raised his eyebrow slightly. "Is there something else?"

Elena bit her lip, her emotions swirling in her eyes. She thought that Andrew would at least be concerned about her when he saw her like this and comfort her.

However, he seemed indifferent, as if she didn't exist in his eyes.

Elena opened her mouth to say something but ultimately remained silent. She couldn't help lowering her head. Then, she tightly clutched her hands while looking aggrieved.

Laura noticed Elena's plight. After all, Elena was the future daughter-in-law that she had already approved.

Standing up, Laura walked over to Elena. Then, she pulled her to sit on the couch.

"Mrs. Clarke." Elena's eyes welled up with tears.

The way she bit her lip while looking pitifully aggrieved and as if she was suppressing her emotions made her appear vulnerable. It was impossible not to feel sympathy for her.

"Elena, don't rush. Give Andrew some time," Laura said in an understanding tone.

Elena couldn't stop her tears. Biting her lip, she said, "Mrs. Clarke, I know. I'm willing to wait for Drew. I've waited five years. I can wait another five or even ten years.

"I'm afraid of many things, but what I fear the most is that Drew has someone else in his heart ..." Elena trailed off, hesitating to continue.

"Someone else in his heart?" Laura furrowed her brow. She felt that Elena was being paranoid.

In all these years, she had never seen Andrew show any romantic interest in anyone.

Even five years ago, when he agreed to marry Elena, she knew he did it out of duty.

"Mrs. Clarke, I think Drew still can't let go of Maisie."

Elena didn't want to admit it, but based on what she had observed these past few days, it seemed like the truth.

So, she informed Laura. She knew how much Laura despised Maisie, so she was certain that Laura would vehemently oppose Maisie.

"What?" Laura squeezed Elena's hand tightly. "That's impossible. Drew can't possibly still have feelings for that woman."

"Mrs. Clarke, although I can't be certain, the way Drew defended Maisie today and said he doesn't care ..."

Elena deliberately left her sentence unfinished and sighed.

She left it to Laura to contemplate it on her own.

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