

Pregnant With Twins: My CEO's Tricky Love

Chapter 524 Maisie, at Peace

Ever since Vincent had departed D City, Maisie's mental state hadn't shown any problems.

Robert had been worried that Vincent might have done something in secret instead of following his request to the letter.

But his men had looked after his mother all along and nothing unusual had come up.

Now he'd moved the whole family to the mansion on the side of the hill.

Of course, it was a wide area here, with several houses built.

His mother was staying in a small house with two stories, about two hundred square meters, with two servants taking care of her regularly.

Outside that house was a delicate little flower room. It was winter now, but the room was a glasshouse, kept temperate, and beautiful flowers were still blooming inside.

According to the servants' report, his mother spent a lot of time painting inside this glasshouse.

Occasionally, she played the piano here as well, leading peaceful days.

That was what Robert had hoped for as well. It was the afternoon when he arrived, and it was almost

dark out. His mother was inside the flower room.

He watched as Maisie bent down, lowering her head over a flower, seemingly enjoying its fragrance.

Robert's heart inexplicably settled.

Even though he couldn't remember his past memories, he'd never felt like he was distant from his mother.

He cared about her, and seeing her like this now, nowhere near as painful and hateful as before, Robert heaved a sigh of relief.

He stood at the door to the glasshouse, while Maisie picked a few flowers inside.

She turned around, her gaze meeting Robert's in the doorway.

Robert didn't know what to say. He couldn't guess at what his mother's personality was like now, and he didn't even know what expression to put on.

He could only stand there awkwardly, not moving a muscle.

"Come in and sit with me. It's cold outside."

Maisie finally spoke.

She took a few flowers into the living room and put them in a vase.

After a while, she took Robert with her to sit on a living room sofa.

It wasn't a big house, and the décor was delicate.

Robert had told his people to decorate the place according to his mother's likes.

The things here had apparently been bought up while his mother was living here. There were famous paintings hanging on a wall with delicate, beautiful artisan pieces. All in all, it was a room emanating the aura of art.

"I don't know why, but seeing you, I feel a sense of familiarity, but it's also a bit sour. The butler had shown me your photos, but meeting you still made me jolt. I've got such a grown-up son now. My memories still seem stuck twenty years in the past."

Maisie's tones were even and quiet. She didn't seem to be in a panic over losing those memories, and she didn't seem apprehensive either.

She was at peace, and didn't seem to mind it too much. If anything, she seemed thoughtful.

"Last year, you were taken away and your nerves were shot. We didn't manage to treat you all throughout this year, so I found a professional to treat you psychologically, which led to you forgetting a lot of memories of those years. I'm sorry, Mom. You might find them again slowly."

Robert still told Maisie the lie he'd prepared – sickness requiring psychiatric intervention causing memory loss – instead of the truth.

Maisie smiled mildly.

Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines
The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

“Don’t apologize to me. If I’m sick, I should have been treated. I’m not sad about losing those memories.

These days feel peaceful. I’d wanted to go out and take a walk, but the butler and secretary said that there’s been some issues with you overseas, and that it’s dangerous, so I shouldn’t be going outside.

“These days, I’ve just stayed at home and done what I liked. Painted, read, made little pop art pieces, wiling whole days away just like that. I don’t feel that it’s unbearable, but I’d only wanted you to hurry back. They said you were in danger, after all. Now that you’re back safely, I can rest easy. You’re my son, after all. With all I’ve forgotten, I still hope for you to be safe and in good health.”

At Maisie’s words, Robert thought back to his mother’s pain, and felt both sour and happy.

He liked having a mother so even and at peace. He liked having a mother so concerned and protective of him.

“I’ve worried you for what happened overseas. There should be no danger for now. If you’d like to stroll around outside, so long as you bring bodyguards and men, you can go out even now. If you want me to come with you, that’s fine too.”

Maisie shook her head and chuckled.

“For some reason, I don’t feel like going out with the weather so cold. When it’s spring and everything is in bloom, I’d like to go to someplace I choose myself.”

Robert didn’t try to say anything else about that, of course. His mother’s wishes came first on such a thing.

Then Maisie brought something else up.

“I don’t remember the past twenty years and the memories after I got married seem to have vanished into thin air, but I had the butler talk generally about my experiences. I’d wanted to do something, but I always felt like it’d be best to wait for you to come back, and do it together.”

“What do you want me to do?”

Robert asked immediately, while Maisie showed a sorrowful expression.

“I’ve forgotten my memories of Wendy already. She’s my daughter, and I must have loved her once. I don’t recall a thing now, but I’d like to visit her grave. You’re her brother, and I feel like we should go together.”

She still had the two of them on her heart. The moment Robert thought of his sister, he felt a twinge of heartache.

He’d disappeared over the last year, and too much had happened upon their return. He’d actually never had the time to go to the cemetery to visit his sister.

“When would you like to go, Mom? I’ll come with you.”

“You must be busy with all sorts of things coming back. Deal with them first, then find some spare time to bring be there. I’m free every day, and I can go at any time. It’s your time that needs organizing.”

After Maisie said that gently, Robert thought about it.

“I’ll arrange it for this week the best I can.”

After talking about Wendy, Maisie spoke curiously.

“Why did you come alone? Don’t you have a wife and children coming back with you? Is my relationship with my daughter-in-law not so good? So we can’t meet.”

Maisie actually had guessed it correctly.

She probably mostly understood their current relationships and knew that the husband she’d married had ended up abandoning the Simpson family, abandoning her, abandoning Robert, and abandoning Wendy.

She also probably knew that Robert had married the woman who was the daughter of Robert’s father’s later wife, and it was a tangled web of a relationship.

All she felt, though, was how complicated their family was, instead of too much bitterness and rage.

Because she’d lost her memory, the only conception she had of Aidan was a concept, and she felt no emotional upheavals thinking of him.

In Maisie’s memories, her marriage with Robert’s father had been arranged, and she was under the impression that her first love had already departed this world, so she didn’t mind everything Aidan had

done.

“You’ve met Georgia but several times. The butler must have told you that she’d been framed for Wendy’s crash once. There had been unpleasant memories between you, but she and the children do respect you. They’re just afraid you won’t want to see them, because you hadn’t gotten along before.”

“Where’s the real culprit behind the crash?” _____

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Chapter 525 Gentle Grandmother

Robert explained hurriedly.

“The man who’d driven the car was Eden Lane. I took him somewhere to be tortured. He’s dead now... as for the rest, they’ve been punished as well. Wendy can rest easy. We didn’t let the real murderer go, and we didn’t let the people who’d sheltered him go either.”

As Robert finished, Maisie fell silent for a while, then spoke to her son. “It’s almost time for dinner. Let me see your wife and my grandchildren. I’ve only seen their photos. I actually do want to meet them.”

Robert agreed immediately. They were living in the house in front, so Robert brought his mother to where Georgia and the children were resting, in a living room. Right now, Georgia was lying down on the sofa with the children. It had been an exhausting flight, but it wasn’t time to sleep yet, and dinner was about to be served, so they just lazed around on the sofa watching television. Georgia was watching a superhero show with the kids. Whenever she got bored, she took out her phone to check the entertainment news and read some articles.

The moment Robert brought Maisie in, Georgia jolted, then was at a loss at what to do next.

She didn’t know what to say.

The children sat up carefully besides Georgia, their postures formal, not sure what to do with Maisie, who’d just arrived.

“Why do I feel like I’m scaring you and the children?”

Maisie smiled at Georgia and the kids. Georgia blinked, then looked at Robert.

Robert showed Georgia an open-hearted smile.

She reacted right away and turned to Annie and Wesley.

“Annie, Wesley, we’ve left home for so long, and Grandma’s coming to greet us. You should greet her too.”

Wesley tugged timidly at Georgia’s hand and called for “Grandma” with a lowered head, not daring to meet Maisie’s eyes.

Annie’s instincts were sharp, and she sensed that the Grandma today was a completely different Grandma from before.

The old Grandma didn’t like her at all, but the Grandma of this moment wore a gentle smile, and looked kind and approachable.

Annie greeted Maisie with a bright call.

“Hi, Grandma, I’m Annie.”

Georgia also did her best to greet Maisie.

“Come sit down, Mom. It’ll be a while before the chefs finish their dishes.”

Maisie was relieved. She’d worried that she had some hateful grudge with her daughter-in-law and grandchildren.

But seeing her son and his wife and their children, it shouldn’t be too late to make amends, and there wasn’t anything that had happened that couldn’t be salvaged.

Maisie smiled and sat down next to the children, chatting with them about their interests and hobbies.

What did they like to do? What toys did they like to play with? What kind of fun had they had overseas?

Just scattered daily details, but it was clear that Maisie liked Annie and Wesley, and she was kind throughout.

Georgia stood next to Robert, murmuring in his ear.

“It’s rare to see your mother like this. If she could continue on like this forever, that would be so nice.”

“It is nice. Apparently, before my mother married my father, she’d been a gentle, talented woman, who enjoyed painting, traveling, and fine arts. From what the past servants said, in the ten years of married life before my father divorced her, they’d treated each other with respect. My father had been responsible to his family, and acted like he cherished his wife enough. Maybe those ten years put my mother in the fantasy of a happy marriage, which led to how she couldn’t bear it later on.”

Robert said that in a low voice. He and Georgia were standing by a window some distance away from

Maisie, and Maisie and the others couldn’t hear them.

Georgia felt a surge of emotion.

“Love really robs a person of reason. If that love is mixed in with hate and pain, it can even ruin the purity and happiness a person once had.”

“I won’t do that. We’ll grow old together.”

Robert took Georgia’s hand and said gently.

Georgia smiled, then grew curious.

“What did you say to your mother? What mentality does she hold now? Why did she suddenly decide to come over and meet me and the kids?”

“We didn’t talk about that much, actually. She doesn’t remember what happened after she got married, but she knows that I’m her son, and she knows that I’m married to you know. She has a very clear grasp of these relationships, and since the love and hate with my father isn’t a factor, she’d naturally only concerned with us as family should be. But my mother did mention one thing. She wants me to make some time and go visit Wendy’s grave with her.

Angelina Jolie’s Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

What Happened To The Actors Of The Cult Saga 20 Years Later?

“I’ll arrange a time to visit. Ever since I returned, I haven’t gone to see Wendy. It’s time to go visit her.”

“Then you can take care of the schedule. If your mother doesn’t mind, I should go see Wendy as well.

We’re married now, and the children should meet their aunt.

“Of course, if it’s not for me this time, just go with your mother to your sister’s grave to talk. You can take me and the children over next time.”

“I’ll handle it.”

At seven or so in the evening, the chefs finally finished making dinner, and the servants laid the meal across the table.

It was a cozy and harmonious meal. Maisie had remained the picture of care towards the children, her aura one of kindness and love.

She seemed to know a lot of fairy tales or could make up some cute stories, so she got along well with the kids.

Before eating, Maisie had even told an interesting story.

It was the tale of a little fox traveling the world. Georgia didn’t even know if it was a published work, or if

Maisie had come up with it herself for the children.

The children loved it and didn’t even feel like eating, wanting their Grandma to finish the story first.

Maisie still gently told them to finish dinner before she continued.

So, after dinner, Maisie and the kids sat back down on the sofa and continued on with the story.

The kids were enraptured and didn’t even feel like playing games.

They’d still been on a plane the entire day, so at around nine, the children were already rubbing their eyes.

Maisie actually went with Georgia and Robert to help bathe the kids and put them in pajamas for bedtime.

She acted entirely as the most gentle, loving grandmother in the world, endlessly patient with the children.

By the time the kids were sleeping, the adults left their bedroom, then rested for a while in the living room.

Then Maisie raised a question that Georgia hadn’t expected.

“I hear you’ve brought your mother back with you. Is she living alone somewhere? Why doesn’t she come to live with us? It must be lonely for her out there.”

Georgia had come back with her mother and the kids, and of course she did want to live with her

mother. The children liked that Grandma too.

But after being sure that Maisie was going to be living her, Georgia hesitated.

Even though Robert's mother didn't remember the past now, she felt that it wasn't quite right to bring

her own mother in to live under the same roof as Robert's. Her own mother would feel a bit awkward.

And if Maisie somehow recovered her memory one day, she might think of it as an insult.

So she discussed it with Robert and put her mother someplace else temporarily.

Her mother was getting on in years now, so after she got out the car, the driver had taken her to another

mansion on the hill.

It wasn't a large place, but security was tight there.

If she wanted to see the kids, or if Georgia wanted to take the kids to see her, it was only a quarter

hour's drive or so, and it wasn't too troublesome.

"My mother likes the feeling of living alone, but she lives nearby. It's easy to go see her."

Georgia couldn't give out all those tangible reasons and only said that her mother liked living alone.

Maisie, though, chuckled.

"I know the reasons behind it all. I'm just curious about your mother and feel like meeting her, seeing

how beautiful she had to be to get that person to still give up all inheritance of the Simpsons after ten

years of being married to me and divorcing me to chase after his true love. She must be an absolute

beauty."

Maisie sighed, and Georgia didn't quite know how to take it.

"Never mind. I can't remember, and it might be something angering. I might as well let it lie in the past.

But if your mother is willing, please tell her that I'd like to meet her and chat. Don't worry. I won't attack

her or harm her. Of course, such a thing needs her consent as well, but I hope you can relay the message

for me."

“I will.”

Georgia agreed to it right away. It wasn't an unreasonable request. Besides, she did need her mother's thoughts on such a thing. If Casey didn't agree to it, Georgia would of course help her refuse.

She wasn't going to make the decision for Casey. It was a grudge from the previous generation, so the previous generation could resolve it.

Afterwards, Robert took Maisie to her little mansion to rest.

Georgia went to the bedroom, showered, then took up her computer and checked her recent mail. She gave Professor Lee a call.

“I've just come back to the country today, Professor. I'll come by the MU labs probably the day after tomorrow. By then, I need to talk with you about some research projects and a few topics about the future curriculum. I've got a few selections here, and I hope you can involve yourself.” _____

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Chapter 526 Maisie's Daily Life

Professor Lee sounded overjoyed.

“You went overseas for quite a while this time. I even heard rumors that you'd started a slugfest with the Albertson Group, even put it all on high stakes. Everyone's admiring you.”

Georgia recalled what Randy had said. Some people were already thinking of her as a goddess of the stock market. She had to laugh.

“The rumors are just rumors. Something did happen, but it's been resolved. I've got some projects I need help researching. It's hard to speak clearly about it over the phone. If you're free the day after tomorrow, Professor, I'd like to come meet up, then show you the information. I'd also like to invite you into the project, Professor.”

“I'll be in the labs that day, and I'm not busy with much these days. Just staying in the lab and

experimenting with those folks.”

Georgia smiled, relieved. Then she thought of Aston.

“Professor, has Aston gone back to MU to work yet? Something happened yesterday and he’s a bit angry with me, so he came back early. I’ve been too busy to ask after him. Do you know what’s up with him, Professor?”

“That guy did come back, but he hasn’t come in to work yet. I went to see him once. He’s getting blackout drunk in his apartment every day. Refuses to see anyone. If he hadn’t still an ounce of respect for me, I probably wouldn’t have managed to see him either.

“I told him to work properly and get it together, but he couldn’t. He just told me to leave him alone and let him go wild for a while. Seems like there’s a lot of pent up resentment and sadness in him. I just let him do it, so he wouldn’t develop ulcers from working madly in the lab like last time.”

Was he still not getting it together? Georgia didn’t know if her decision back then had been the right one.

But Kayden had requested it, and Kayden was in a safe location now. There was news of her coming out.

Kayden was going through her attacks, and she was in great pain. But her body was well maintained, and aside from her spirit being tormented, her flesh could still take it for now.

Maybe she should meet with Aston and talk about it.

“I’ll go see Aston and see if I can persuade him, Professor. Don’t worry.”

“Then I’ll leave it to you. This kid is really just too invested in emotions. All those years I’ve known him, he’s been cold to people and things outside of himself. He managed to fall in love through so much difficulty, but then he just ended up hurt again and again. The path of love is truly a treacherous one.”

Georgia thought about it and felt the Professor’s words made sense. That was the sort of person Aston was. He didn’t have much he cared about. He had his dreams, so he could work seriously every day, and devote himself to the lab.

With love, he loved and protected that person with complete pureness. But unfortunately, that love was based on lies and deceit from the very beginning.

Even now, he couldn't recover.

After calling Professor Lee, Robert had come back.

"Hurry up and shower, then come to bed. I'm nodding off already."

Robert complied, while Georgia laid in bed, drifting off drowsily.

A few minutes later, she felt a weight by her. Robert had already finished showering, put his pajamas on, and laid down in bed.

"I'm feeling a bit sleepy. If there's anything, we can talk about it tomorrow. Let me rest for a while."

Georgia mumbled and closed her eyes, falling asleep completely.

She slept all the way through to when it was almost noon the following day. She was probably just that

tired and secure in her own home, but Georgia slept particularly comfortably this night. No dreams at all, just restful sleep.

When she woke, she saw the warm winter sun outside.

Who Is Mark Zuckerberg's Wife? 16 Facts About Priscilla Chan

The Criminal Minds Cast: Where Are They Now?

Robert wasn't in bed anymore. She got dressed and left the room, seeing the children playing around in the living room.

Robert was actually playing with the children.

Georgia descended the stairs.

"How long have you been awake? I was the only one who slept in?"

"No, the kids have only been awake for half an hour or so. I got up an hour earlier than you. Everyone slept in today. How do you feel? All rested up?"

"I slept really well. Made up for all the sleep I lost recently. I'm a bit hungry now. Have you had breakfast?"

"I've already eaten with the kids. You go eat. The chef made a mild porridge. Sip at it and soothe your stomach. I'll keep playing with the children here."

Robert said that, while Georgia brought up something else, concerned.

"Right, I saw a missed call from Travis. I was asleep and my phone was on do not disturb, so I didn't get

the call. Did he contact you?"

"He called me and said they're arriving at two or so in the afternoon. Don't worry. I've already told him you were sleeping."

Georgia relaxed and smiled as she went over to the dining room and ate her fill of breakfast.

It was already past noon, and the children went outside to play on the swings, so Robert didn't need to accompany them.

Georgia smiled and walked up to him.

"Where's your mother? Why isn't she coming over to tell her stories to the kids today?"

"The butler told me that my mother's been working on a large painting recently. She stays in the drawing room every morning to paint, and she won't leave for a while. She'll probably come have dinner with us at night."

"So that's why."

Georgia nodded, and Robert continued.

"Jason gave me a call. After he came back, he's been arranging the cooperation between us and Antonio, Adolf, and Riley. We'll have to go meet Riley in a few days and continue on with this. The negotiations might take a while."

"Has Riley made any unreasonable demands? Our sides are cooperating in a relationship that benefits each other and shares information. Isn't that fine?"

Georgia asked strangely.

"It's not that he's made any unreasonable demands. Riley's just mentioned that I'm to discuss terms with him in person. Jason, though, says that he negotiated somewhat with Riley, and found that Riley's particularly obsessed with the details. The man pores over every minute term repeatedly, and sometimes even overturns them, which is why the talks might take a bit longer. He's probably one of those obsessive types."

"Speaking of, have you found who Riley's lover is?"

Georgia asked curiously, and Robert shook his head.

“I’ve put people on it, but I don’t know who that woman is. Riley’s hidden the news well, and the people outside have no idea. He’s invested in such a large biolab in private, and never let it show. It’s probably because he’s putting those people strictly on finding a way to wake his lover instead of running a full biopharmaceutical firm in researching medication for other patients.”

“I’ve never understood Riley Price. The more I know about him, the more I feel like he’s keeping a lot of secrets. But the two of us have it luckier than he does. We have to find a way with them, Robert, and cure your body.”

Robert hugged his wife gently.

“What are you thinking about? We’re fine now, aren’t we? As for Riley, you don’t have to worry. We can’t let our guard down completely. It’s not impossible that one day, he tries to save his lover by ruining me just like Eric did. I’ll watch out for him.”

As the two discussed that, Robert brought something else up.

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Chapter 527 Sarah and Travis, Guests

“I’ve already notified my assistant to bring Rick over. They interviewed him recently, right? The background check came up clean and the kids are home now. I’d like to have Rick over tomorrow to tutor the children. They really should be going to school, but what with the two of us, they’ll just have to study at home.”

So Robert hadn’t forgotten about the children’s education. Georgia chuckled.

“Since you’ve arranged it, we’ll go with your plan. But tomorrow, the two of us should still speak with Rick first to see what kind of personality he has.”

The two chatted for a while, and at two or so in the morning, she finally received a call from Travis.

Their car was at the gates, and Georgia sent word to security.

Soon, Sarah and Travis drove their way inside.

The two got out, and Georgia and Robert were waiting not far away.

“Come on in.”

Georgia and Robert invited the pair inside, and the children greeted them politely.

“Uncle Travis, Auntie Sarah.”

“Annie looks more like you day by day.”

Sarah said jokingly to Georgia, and Georgia couldn't help but shoot a few extra glances at Annie.

This was her daughter. And sometimes, she actually felt like Annie looked more similar to Robert.

After inviting Sarah and Robert inside, the servants brought fruit and sweets.

“My marriage to Travis will be in about five days. Travis only invited you over the phone, but I felt like it

would be more sincere to give you the RSVP in person.”

Sarah smiled and took out the invitation, and the children grew surprised.

Especially Anne, who widened her eyes like saucers.

“Are you two getting married, Uncle Travis, Auntie Sarah?”

Travis smiled and nodded.

“Yes. I'll be marrying Sarah over the next few days. Would you like to be our flower boy and flower girl, Annie, Wesley?”

To be honest, the wedding company could have arranged flower boys and flower girls.

But Travis wanted children he knew to bear the flowers for some reason, and naturally, the only kids he knew and liked were Annie and Wesley.

Sarah smiled. She liked how much care Travis put on their wedding. Even if she was very slightly jealous that Travis cared about things that had to do with Georgia, most of the time, she managed to control her emotions.

She'd planned for the wedding, and she couldn't mess it up.

Annie and Wesley looked curiously at Georgia.

“When are you and Daddy planning your wedding, Mommy? Last time, I almost got to be Daddy and Mommy's flower girl, but then things happened.”

Georgia flinched.

Robert smiled down at Annie.

“Daddy’s making preparations now, but the place isn’t renovated yet. You might have to wait a while before you get to be Daddy and Mommy’s flower girl, Annie.” Robert had already put Jason and making a house on that island of his, and he’d designed a lot of delicate, pretty little houses that were being constructed right now. He was planning on making a whole fairy tale theme park out of it, all dolled up like a fantastical kingdom. Afterwards, he’d get married with Georgia there, and he hoped for it to be an especially perfect wedding, Hearing her father’s answer, Annie turned back to Travis. “I might have to refuse you, Uncle Travis. If it’s my first time being a flower girl, I just want it to be for Daddy and Mommy. But I don’t know about Wesley. You can ask him.”

Angelina Jolie’s Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years
In Case You Want To Move To Antarctica, You Must Know This!
Even Georgia was somewhat surprised with Annie’s words. She didn’t think that Annie would be so hung up on being a flower girl. Robert had even said that he was making preparations, which had her even more curious. What woman didn’t fantasize about her own wedding? She could somewhat guess that Robert was going to surprise her. Travis was a bit disappointed. He didn’t imagine that Annie, whom he’d always doted on, would refuse. But it was a small disappointment, and he could understand how Annie thought. He turned to Wesley. “What about you, Wesley? Are you the same as your sister?” Wesley nodded shyly. “I want to be Daddy and Mommy’s flower boy too, and save our first time for Daddy and Mommy’s wedding instead.” “Alright then. You’ll just have to be part of the audience for our wedding this time, but it’s tiring being a flower bearer. You two are smart kids.” Travis chuckled, his expression still gentle. Sarah, though, was a little displeased.

She'd already put the wedding company on arranging flower bearers before this, but Travis had insisted on having Georgia's children as flower bearers, so it hadn't been set yet. Then these kids refused – for a good reason – but as someone who was about to be a bride, Sarah was slightly unhappy about it.

Still, before everyone, she adjusted her emotions.

"If I have a cute child with Travis later on, I'll arrange a small wedding in secret so my child can bear flowers for us too. It should be a wonderful thing."

That somewhat surprised Travis, and he felt a surge of pity.

He still didn't know that Sarah's tumor was benign and she wouldn't be in danger.

"It'll come true."

Travis held Sarah's hand and said gently.

Afterwards, they sat in the living room and chatted. Sarah and Travis were curious about what they'd gone through overseas.

It was all rumors flying about within the borders, and even though Travis had called and asked about it, it wasn't all the details.

Georgia couldn't lie before Travis, but she didn't give out the whole truth either.

After all, Sarah and Travis both knew about Robert's condition, so she spoke briefly about Eric, and the feud now between the two families, Wimbledon and Simpson.

"You've really gone through quite a bit these few days. When Sarah and I were doing business, we had dealings with Eric Wimbledon. He's a difficult character."

Travis spoke straightly, and Georgia smiled without replying. Sarah suddenly brought something else up.

"I've met Emilia Powell several times before. I've always appreciated her independent nature. How severe is her split personality disorder?"

Georgia spoke in brief about the doctors' diagnosis, and Sarah brought something else up.

"What about Emilia's parents? Have they taken their anger out on you?"

"Somewhat, but they've been helping me and Robert deal with Eric all this time. Emilia's parents never blamed me or Robert. It's me who feels guilty about it, actually."

As Georgia said that, Sarah frowned.

“That’s not right. Emilia’s mother is named Margie Snow, isn’t she? I’ve met the woman. She’s not like what you said at all.” _____

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Chapter 528 Margie Snow Isn’t Right

At Sarah’s words, Georgia remembered her mother’s warning, and grew worried.

“Why do you say so? Is there anything strange about Emilia’s mother?”

As Georgia said that, Sarah seemed to recall something.

She thought about it in silence for a while, then turned to Georgia and Robert.

“How should I describe it? The Margie Snow you see is an understanding, elegant lady of a noble family.

But that’s not the Margie Snow I saw. It goes back to a year before, when I returned to the Duran family

and my father began grooming me as his successor. He took me to a lot of shady places to get to know

people. Some of them were well dressed, and would talk business in the highest-end places. Others

would talk business in messy bars and sex shops, over alcohol. Those were the darker, underground

forces. But that’s how the world works. You can’t stay uninvolved with these people. You’d even have to

maintain good relations with them. There might be times you’ll need them. So I got to know some

people.

“One of those times, I went to a well-known nightclub to talk business with someone else. There were a

lot of girls and boys there. To people with power and status, finding a type they liked should have been

easy. The service there was well-rounded and secrecy was high, so it wasn’t particularly messy.”

Sarah said that much, then turned to Georgia and smiled grimly.

“That’s where I met Margie. Of course, a rich noblewoman looking for a young slab of fresh meat isn’t

anything out of the ordinary. I’ve heard that Margie’s relationship with her husband isn’t so good. Maybe

they just have their own fun out in the open. Logically speaking, it shouldn't have been cause for me to suspect her, but then I saw something else."

"What would that be?"

Georgia was invested now.

"Back then, Margie must have been looking for fun with several other noblewomen she knew. When I met her, she and those ladies had entered a compartment. When I was done with business and leaving, I saw Emilia come out from her mother's compartment. I don't know what happened between mother and daughter, but right away, I saw Emilia bump into a drunkard who was raising a ruckus.

"That man tangled around Emilia and said a few things. Emilia was impatient and got ready to leave. The man was stronger, though, and he actually picked up a nearby wineglass and smashed it on her head.

Emilia started bleeding from the back of the skull right away and almost fainted. The clubhouse had good security, of course, but before the bouncers or bodyguards got there, I saw Emilia's mother come out.

She saw her own daughter messed with by a man and even injured, but her face registered no expression. She just got in an elevator to the penthouse room with several other friends she knew, bringing a man with them."

"That made a deep impression on me. I even stayed for a while deliberately until I saw management bring a bouncer over and toss the troublemaker out. Then they paid reparations to Emilia and apologized, personally escorting her downstairs, probably taking her to the hospital to treat her injury.

All throughout, I didn't see Margie ever speak to her daughter. She just seemed to coldly bring the man she'd taken a shine to up to a room for her own enjoyment."

Georgia was stunned. She didn't doubt what Sarah said. There was no reason for Sarah to lie to her about this sort of thing.

But that was just such a difference between the Margie in Sarah's account and the Margie that Georgia knew.

"Have you come across Margie Snow afterwards?"

"I met her at a banquet, but our families don't have much to do with each other. I only knew her because I memorized all the rich and powerful families and their members back when I was starting out under the old man."

Georgia fell silent, feeling a bit at a loss as to what to do with this revelation.

This was others' family business, sure, but if the relationship between this mother and daughter was only one of cold indifference, why did Margie feel the need to act before them?

Or maybe she was acting and she didn't care whether Emilia lived or died. That was fine so long as she didn't hurt her daughter. After all, Ivan was still taking care of her overseas. But Georgia increasingly felt that something wasn't right.

Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

Who Is Mark Zuckerberg's Wife? 16 Facts About Priscilla Chan

There were plenty of parents who felt nothing for their children and just abandoned them in

orphanages, or set them somewhere where they didn't have to concern themselves over them. It was a situation that existed all over the world.

But Margie just had to act before her. It was true that it could have been to preserve Oscar's reputation, or to put on an act before Oscar himself.

But Casey and Georgia own investigation had told her that there was nothing to be said between Oscar and Margie. Husband and wife were utterly cold towards each other. Logically speaking, Margie wasn't about to go so far as to act for such a husband.

Margie's own family had wealth and power now, and she didn't have to put up with things at the Powell house.

So why did Margie do such a thing?

If she really didn't care about Emilia or she even hated her daughter, why did she have to play the understanding mother? Even now, she was acting like she was so concerned over Emilia that it was possible there was some lurking danger.

Because of what Sarah had mentioned, when it came time for dinner, Georgia was worried throughout.

But she still set her mind to hosting their guests.

In the afternoon, after seeing Sarah and Travis off in their car, she turned to Robert right away.

"Now's the time to contact Ivan. I need to call him and tell him to be cautious about this. For some reason, my heart's pounding, and I don't feel safe."

"I'll make the call for you. Come inside and rest. It's cold outside."

Robert took Georgia's hand and led her back into the house.

The kids were watching a cartoon, so Georgia and Robert walked into the office to get in contact with Ivan.

After the video call connected, Ivan's face appeared on-screen, and he spoke to Robert and Georgia.

"Why the sudden call? The two of you look so anxious. Emilia's condition is stable for now and no further incidents have occurred. You don't need to worry."

Ivan cared a lot about Emilia, and with how relaxed he seemed now, it looked as if the situation really was all right now. Georgia heaved a sigh of relief.

"You look like you're in the hospital corridor, Ivan. Can you find a safe space where you won't be eavesdropped on? I have something I need to discuss with you and the walls have ears." _____

Pregnant With Twins: My CEO's Tricky Love Chapter 529 That Silhouette

At that, Ivan showed a dubious expression.

Georgia was making it seem so mysterious. Still, Ivan left the hospital corridor and went into the hotel room he lived out of nearby.

He'd been planning on going out to eat anyway, and it was no trouble.

The delay took almost a quarter of an hour. Ivan closed the door to his room, then turned back to Georgia.

“What severe topic do you need to discuss, Robert, Georgia? I’ve already closed the door and nobody will hear us speak.”

“Robert and I have only been back for a day. I’d like to ask you something – has Emilia’s mother still kept on visiting her every day?”

“She came once today.”

Ivan nodded, and Georgia asked on.

“What about Emilia’s father? Is his business done yet?”

“Not quite yet. He’s still over in the northwest doing business and he probably won’t be back until the next week.”

“Travis and Sarah came to where we’re living now as guests. They took out their wedding invitations. I brought it up with you in general before. It was fine to begin with, just guests over for dinner, but Sarah asked about Emilia’s situation, concerned, so I told her about what we experienced recently. Then she told me something that I found strange. No matter what, I felt like I need to discuss it with you.”

Ivan was even more confused. He didn’t know what his sister-in-law was talking about.

But he could instinctively feel that it probably had something to do with Emilia.

So he probed on, concerned.

“What is it? Just say it, Georgia.”

Georgia repeated what Sarah had said slowly, adding and subtracting nothing, just describing what Sarah had said in its entirety.

After that, she spoke to Ivan about her doubts.

“I’m a mother myself. If my child was hurt, I’d protect her instinctively, and try to punish those who’d hurt the child. I don’t understand Margie’s approach. Even if there’s a grudge between her and Emilia and even if she’s angry with her, it’s impossible for a mother to leave her own daughter if she was hurt

before her.

“Ever since Emilia’s incident, Margie’s always acted like she was the picture of concern for her. She was even understanding with us. It could be said that she’s been kind. I don’t understand. Why is her attitude like this? There’s no need for her to act before Emilia’s father. Their marriage is over in all but name, and everyone knows that. I’m worried this will affect Emilia’s future, so I want to remind you – if Margie comes to visit Emilia, pay attention to her behavior. I don’t know if I’m overthinking it, but I’m afraid she’ll hurt her.”

Georgia brought something else up after she finished.

“My mother had reminded me before that she felt something was off with Margie, and that she was acting strange recently. I feel like she really might have some secret. While you’re over there, do investigate it. And see if you can send reliable men to look after Emilia. You can’t be by her side twenty-four hours a day, after all. I don’t dare put my trust in the Powell family. It’s better to have our people on it.”

Ivan’s face sank, and he seemed to be considering what Georgia had said.

Robert spoke up as well.

“You know that Emilia’s rarely ever home, and she’s not close to her parents. Their family really might have some secret. Don’t trust anybody easily, even if it’s Emilia’s parents.”

“Haven’t I told you? Emilia’s current personality is that of a child. From expert diagnosis, if someone’s personality splits off into a child’s state, that means that she’s been through something during that time that traumatized her. At least, we can deduce that Emilia’s relationship with her parents broke down at some key moment, which was why she developed the personality of when she was ten and somewhat more trusting of the world. It’s a defense mechanism.

“After she was ten, her parents must have done something. It’s also probably why she grew distant from

them later on.”

Ivan turned to Georgia and Robert and said that.

Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

Who Is Mark Zuckerberg's Wife? 16 Facts About Priscilla Chan

“I’ve got everything you said. I’ll send my trusted people to take care of Emilia, and I won’t trust the

Powell family so easily. Emilia was particularly afraid of emotional burdens from before. The more truly I

showed my feelings, the more she ran away from me. She’s always treated life as a game and feared

other people devoting too much to her. She’s even afraid of having a normal romance, getting married,

and having children. That can only be lingering harm brought on by the original family. I’ll investigate

Emilia’s parents and their past.”

After finishing the discussion with Ivan, it was completely dark outside.

Georgia turned back to Robert.

“I’ll deal with Emilia’s business. I’m not worried for now, but your mother didn’t come over for dinner

tonight. Is there something else going on?”

“The butler says my mother is doing well. She’s been completely absorbed in her painting, and she’s got

her inspiration, so she didn’t want anybody to disturb her. That’s probably why she didn’t come for

dinner. Don’t worry too much. Even if she recovers her memory one day, I’ll manage it.”

“Then go see her, or have the kids talk to their Grandma. After another two hours of playing around, the kids need to bed down too.”

“Aren’t you planning on going to MU tomorrow? Rick’s coming in the morning and I want to bring Mom

over to see my sister’s grave tomorrow afternoon. I’ll bring you and the children next time. The way my

mother is, I don’t think she wants too many people with her this time.”

“All right. You and your mother go over to visit your sister tomorrow. I’m busy anyway.”

After they finished talking about it, Robert went into the house at the back to see his mother.

Georgia played for a dozen minutes or so with the children, then went back to her computer and her work.

She hadn't done research in the lab lately, but she'd kept in email contact with Antonio and Adolf, continuing their discussion on an assortment of technical issues. She was also searching for discussions of scientists all over the world to see if there was anything she could reference from their work.

Meanwhile, Robert had gone over to his mother.

Maisie was still painting in the flower room and the door wasn't shut.

Robert walked lightly to the door and froze in place as he saw the painting.

It wasn't a complicated painting.

But in the centerpiece was a silhouette.

If his instinct was right, it was his father Aidan Simpson's silhouette.

He'd seen pictures of Aidan, and even though it was a silhouette from the back with no visible features,

his gut told him that it was his father.

And the background seemed to be the house his mother had lived in in the past.

Did Maisie still have some memory of Aidan? Robert couldn't help but worry, and didn't walk on or

interrupt his mother from continuing the painting.

Maisie didn't know her son was at the door. She frowned at the silhouette, feeling it was incomplete.

She had frequent dreams about the silhouette, with very little preamble.

She just always dreamed about

the man striding away from her, and her heart hurting in the dream.

But after waking up, the emotion disappeared, and the silhouette was the only thing etched in her mind.

So she started drawing that scene, but always felt that something was missing. She gazed at the painting

constantly, recalled a detail from the dream, and continued to draw.

This time, she couldn't recall anything, and didn't know how to continue.

Sighing, Maisie decided to rest. Then she saw her son standing in the doorway, and smiled.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

Next chapter