

Chapter 2

This time, it was Maisie's turn to fall silent.

Ethan asked, "So, should we come over?"

Maisie still didn't respond.

"I'll take that as a yes. Wait for us, alright? We'll be right there."

"No. Don't come over. I don't want to see Felicia right now."

"That's fine. I can just make a call and ask someone else to come over. You might have to wait for about half an hour, though. Can your man hold out for that long?" Ethan said.

Maisie was wordless.

Ethan asked, "Hello? Is that okay?"

She flung the phone aside, feeling angry at herself. How could she lose to him even when it came to being shameless?

When Seth saw that she was distracted, he pulled her up and made her sit on his lap. He leaned back against the headboard and lit a cigarette, slowly caressing her flawless skin with his other hand. "So, which number am I?"

Maisie returned to her senses. "What are you talking about?"

"You want to get revenge on him, don't you? How many of his friends and relatives have you slept with? Which number am I?"

Her eyes glinted. "Why are you asking?"

"No reason. It's fine if you don't want to tell me."

Maisie's heart was in a mess. Since childhood, she'd been raised to be obedient and demure. People had even called her an innocent little thing during her school days.

Ethan had pursued her for four years, from middle school to high school. Every morning at 6:30 am, he would travel halfway through Rhode City to wait outside her house so he could take her to school on his bike.

When she went to the library to study, he would sit beside her and fan her, helping to chase away annoying mosquitoes.

When she said she didn't like guys with bad grades, he'd used one semester to improve his grades until he was the third in the class. After sitting for his college entrance exam, he'd gotten into Shelkin College.

When her favorite lollipop went out of production, he had gathered all his friends to buy the remainder of what was left on the market.

Maisie couldn't understand it. How had Ethan, who'd loved her so much, become like this?

"Why don't you want to see Felicia?" Seth moved his legs when he was done with his cigarette. He smiled when he saw her bob up and down with his actions. "Does he want to marry her?"

Maisie became even more irritated. "Don't ask."

"Looks like I've guessed correctly."

Maisie didn't respond. Seth continued, "You didn't react much to his previous lovers. Felicia is the only one who's made you break down."

"Could you stop talking?"

"Mad already?"

Maisie got up and picked up her clothes, which were strewn across the floor. She put them on and said, "I'm leaving."

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When Maisie got home, she wanted to head straight to the bathroom. But she stopped short when she saw the person seated on the couch in the living room. "What are you doing here?"

Ethan was reading the newspaper with his legs crossed at the knee. "This is my home. Why can't I be here?"

"Your home is with Felicia, not here with me."

He smirked. "Are you jealous?"

"As if!"

"Try something else next time," Ethan said. "We've been together for so long, and I know you too well, Maisie. You would rather commit suicide than sleep with any random man. You're just not that type."

She let out an exasperated laugh. "Which type am I, then?"

He said confidently, "You couldn't possibly sleep with anyone if you didn't have feelings for them. You just wanted me to come home, right? You didn't need to lie like that."

"How would you have handled the situation if I'd really gone to the room next door yesterday? What would you have done if I hadn't seen you there?"

"Didn't you hear us?"

"Hear what?"

"A man was talking to me when we were on the phone last night."

Ethan looked at her like he wanted to see how long she could keep the act up. "You even got an extra to act with you? How much did you pay him?"

Maisie said, "Don't think you know me that well. It's much easier to be a slut than to be a faithful wife."

"You're all bark and no bite."

That pissed Maisie off more. "What makes you think so? I can call him and tell him to come over right now."

"Sure," Ethan said. "Seth is coming over soon. So, he can hear about your sexcapades, too."

"Who is coming over?"

"Seth. Have you forgotten him? Seth Shaw, my cousin."