

Chapter 4

Maisie's legs started giving way after she'd stood in the kitchen for a while. She didn't know how long Seth had gone without a woman, but he'd been rough with her last night. Her thighs were trembling until now.

She cursed him silently, feeling like a fool. She thought she'd served herself to him on a silver platter. Honestly, she knew now why Ethan and Seth were relatives. Seth was a fake gentleman, while Ethan was a genuine asshole. They were both bastards!

She was still covered in Seth's saliva, and she felt icky. Throwing caution to the wind, she stormed out of the kitchen and headed to the bathroom.

Seth and Ethan jolted at the noise. Seth said, "She must be angry."

Ethan said, "She might be mad at you, you know?"

Seth curled his lip. "Oh?"

"It's not every day that I'm at home, yet you had to come and disrupt us."

"So, should I go?"

"Nah. You're already here, anyway. I'll buy you lunch," Ethan said.

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Maisie took a nice, long bath. She soaked in the warm water until her body relaxed. She was almost nodding off when someone knocked on the door, jolting her awake. "Who is it?"

"Who else?" Ethan asked. "Seth and I are going out for lunch. Do you want to join us?"

"No."

"You sure?"

"Bring Felicia with you." Maisie didn't want to see any of them now. She continued soaking in the tub and only woke up when the water started turning cold. She regained some energy after dozing off for a while but was still sleepy.

She left the bathroom while yawning. Then, she was spooked by the person before her. She pulled her towel tightly around her as she backed into the bathroom, slamming the door shut.

"Why haven't you guys left yet?"

"We were waiting for you," Seth said. "You didn't eat anything this morning and used a lot of energy last night. You'll have low blood sugar if you still don't eat."

Maisie frowned. "I'll order takeout."

"It's not nice."

"I'll cook something, then."

Seth scoffed. "Do you have the strength for that?"

That pissed Maisie. "You—"

"I found it, Seth." Ethan came out of the master bedroom. "Why did you want to see our marriage certificate?"

Seth had been leaning by the bathroom door while chatting with Maisie. When he saw Ethan come out, he straightened up, his smile fading a little. "You wanted me to help you draft a divorce agreement, right? I need to see when you guys registered."

"I could've just told you the date."

"You still remember?"

"Yeah. It's Mais' birthday."

Seth took the marriage certificate from him and checked it. His lips curled slightly, but the smile was a little colder this time. "You guys have been married for five years."

"Yeah. Does that affect the divorce?" Ethan asked.

Ethan and Maisie had pinned a photo of them to the marriage certificate. Seth traced it softly.

24-year-old Maisie had her hair in a ponytail, and her face still carried a hint of baby fat. Her eyes were bright.

The only flaw was that her head was tilted toward Ethan. Seth didn't like seeing this.

He returned the marriage certificate to Ethan and said, "If the marriage is too short-lived, you can ask her to compensate you for a portion of the wedding gifts."

Ethan laughed. "You've been with us at every step of our relationship. Shouldn't you know better than anyone how long we've been married? Did you have to look at the marriage certificate for that?"

Seth said, "I just wanted to be sure in case I was remembering it wrongly."

Ethan nodded. Then, he urged Maisie, sounding impatient, "Aren't you done yet? Seth's already waited for you for two hours."

"He can continue waiting if he wants," Maisie retorted.

Seth knocked on the bathroom door. "Are you going to stay in there forever?"

Maisie took a deep breath. She looked at the hickeys and marks all over her body, wanting nothing more than to bite him. "Wait outside."

Seth chuckled. "Alright. We'll go out. There's no need to rush."

He patted Ethan's shoulder. "Let's go to the living room."

Maisie came out of the bathroom and ran to the bedroom, changing into a simple outfit of a T-shirt and jeans. Then, she blew her hair half-dry before leaving the room.

Ethan raised an eyebrow. "You haven't thrown this outfit away yet?"

It was one Maisie had often worn in college. It was plain and simple but extremely comfortable. In the past, she would put on a full face of makeup and dress presentably so she could match up her identity as Ethan's wife.

Now, however, since she'd already given up on him, she would wear whatever was comfortable. She said, "I didn't throw you away, did I? I've had you around for much longer than this outfit."

Ethan's expression darkened. "Whatever. Let's go."

"Go dry your hair completely before we leave," Seth said with a frown. "It's windy outside."