

## Chapter 6

Maisie looked Ethan in the eye for a long while. They'd known each other since they were 14 years old, and they were now almost 30. He'd been there for half of her life.

Ethan's appearance hadn't changed much from the arrogant teenager he'd been to the elite businessman he was now. His features had become more chiseled, but Maisie could still see the face of the young man who had loved her more than life itself.

Yes. She couldn't bear to part with him. It felt like Ethan was a part of her heart, mind, and soul. Now, she had to tear him away.

"Ethan." She cocked her head. She was smiling, but her gaze was filled with sorrow. "Are you hoping that I'll call him over or not?"

His roguish smile faded a little.

Maisie continued, "I know you want a divorce so you can marry Felicia."

Ethan lowered his head. It was hard to tell what he was thinking. He didn't admit or deny it.

"It's not that I'm refusing to let you go—I just want an answer. Why does it have to be Felicia?"

...

Seth chose the restaurant they went to for lunch. It was a quiet bistro that was tastefully decorated. It had a courtyard with a pond and a small footbridge. There was even a quaint little building to the side.

Maisie didn't say a word. Her eyes were red as she looked at the scenery outside. Ethan pushed the menu to her. "Why don't you pick what you want, Maisie? Anything is fine."

She didn't even look at it. "I want spicy fried peanuts and vegetable stir-fry. You guys can order the other dishes."

Those were the two dishes she and Ethan had eaten almost daily. Back then, Maisie would pick up the old leafy vegetables that the stall owners at the market had discarded. She would boil them before stir-frying them so that they would taste better.

The peanuts were from their neighbor. He owned a supermarket, and his warehouse had been flooded. All of the peanuts had gotten soaked, so he couldn't sell them anymore. He'd given them all to Ethan and Maisie.

The waitress looked like she was in a tough spot. "Our bistro doesn't have those dishes... Is there anything else you would like?"

Ethan pulled out a stack of cash from his wallet and handed it to her. "Think of something."

"Yes, sir." The waitress took the money, rolled it up, and stuffed it into her pants pocket.

Ethan pushed the menu to Seth. "You choose something, Seth."

He ordered a bottle of whiskey.

The waitress was taken aback. "Is that all?"

"Yeah," Seth said.

The dishes were soon served. There was a plate of spicy fried peanuts that had been purchased for cheap somewhere and a plate of vegetable stir-fry that had obviously been hastily prepared.

Seth opened the whiskey and poured it into a dispenser. Then, he placed two glasses before himself and Ethan.

Ethan wiped his face and smiled wryly. "Doesn't this bring you back to that winter in the basement?"

The people were the same, the dishes were the same, and even Maisie's clothes were the same.

Seth said, "It does."

Ethan's expression became a little pained. Then, he took a deep breath and raised his glass. His Adam's apple bobbed as he said, "Mais, let's... Let's end on a nice note."

Maisie pinched her thigh hard. She hated that she was weak enough that her tears just started flowing. She couldn't hold them back at all.

Ethan grabbed a few tissues and handed them to her. "Here. Dry your tears."

She tried hard not to sound like she was going to wail. "You shouldn't be so nice to me now, Ethan. Aren't you afraid I'll refuse to leave you again?"

He faltered before pressing the tissues into her hand. She threw them at him.

Ethan said, "I've already told Seth that the assets under our name, including the house and cash, will all be yours. I'll also give you half of the company's shares. You won't have to worry about money for the rest of your life."

Maisie didn't say anything.

Ethan added, "You can have Coco, too."

Coco was a stray dog they'd adopted when they were still living in the basement. It had only been about two or three months old at the time. Now, it was already 15 years old. It was in poor health and could only lie on the floor all day. It was hard for it to even walk.

They both knew its life was ending, just like their marriage and relationship.

"If there's anything else that you want, you can tell Seth about it. I'll give you anything I have," Ethan said.

Maisie sneered. "I want Felicia's life. Will you give it to me?"

As soon as the words were out, a coquettish voice rang out, "Who wants my life?"

Maisie looked up to see Felicia Green. She wore an expensive-looking outfit and was draped in jewelry. She looked... exactly like Maisie.