

Chapter 7

Seth had asked Maisie why she could tolerate all of Ethan's past flings but not Felicia. It was because she couldn't understand it.

Ethan's past flings had included sexy and innocent women, but he'd never been serious about them. As long as he didn't want to marry them, she could force herself to bear with them.

Felicia was different, though. She was Maisie's twin sister.

This was what Maisie couldn't understand. She and Felicia looked identical. Why was it that Ethan insisted on having Felicia?

She was disgusted by the sight of Ethan and Felicia being affectionate with each other before her. Suddenly, a glass of juice appeared before her. "You should drink this. Don't drink any alcohol."

Maisie laughed derisively. "Your cousin-in-law has changed, Seth. Why do you keep trying to boss me around?"

He pursed his lips and took her whiskey glass away.

"Give that to me." She held out a hand.

He didn't move.

She repeated, "Give it to me."

Seth watched her for a while before nodding. "Fine. I'll just carry you home if you get drunk." He glanced at her body. "You're not all that heavy, anyway."

Maisie acted like she didn't hear him. "Ethan."

She filled her glass before frowning. Then, she grabbed the dispenser from Seth. There was a large amount of whiskey in it, but she downed it.

After that, she flung the dispenser onto the floor, shattering it. "I agree to get a divorce, Ethan. From today onward—no, from this moment onward—we're over."

She turned and left. To her surprise, she ran into someone at the door, almost falling. Seth hurriedly caught her.

She turned to look at his seat and asked, "Can you teleport or something?"

He didn't answer. Instead, he said, "Watch out."

The newcomer was apologetic. "Sorry for being late, Maisie."

The whiskey was getting to Maisie, so she couldn't see who the newcomer was. She remembered calling Ethan's best friend, Jeremy Lloyd, before arriving at the bistro, though.

Jeremy was Ethan's junior in college and had started the company with him. Now, he was the company's deputy CEO and one of Ethan's best friends.

Maisie felt lightheaded, almost as if she were standing on a cloud. "Oh, you're here..."

Jeremy chuckled. "I wouldn't dare stand you up, Maisie."

Her smile widened, and she held out a hand. "Come on. Lend me a hand."

Jeremy didn't think much of this. He was about to hold her hand, but she was tugged backward before their hands could touch.

She staggered backward, feeling like she'd fallen against a wall. It hurt, and her head spun. "Why's the room shrinking? The wall was there, wasn't it? What is it doing here now?"

Jeremy could tell she was drunk. He knew Seth and said, "Hi, Seth."

Seth nodded and frowned as he leaned back slightly to hold on to Maisie.

"Why's Maisie so drunk, Seth?" Jeremy asked.

"You know what, Jeremy?" Maisie looked up from Seth's arms with a grin. "Your best friend's new wife is over there."

She pointed in Ethan and Felicia's direction.

Jeremy was flabbergasted when he saw Felicia. Was he seeing double?

He asked, "What's going on here, Ethan? Are you playing 'Find the Difference' or something?"

Ethan didn't look too pleased. "What are you doing here?"

Jeremy was confused by that. "Didn't you and Maisie ask me to be here? She kept telling me to hurry up, too."

"Maisie called you?"

"Yeah." Jeremy could tell something was up but didn't know what. He scratched his head in confusion. "I can't tell which Maisie is the one who called me, though."

Seth had no idea what Maisie was up to, so he helped her stand up. "Wake up, Maisie."

She squinted, her face red. "What's up?"

Seth asked, "Did you ask Jeremy to come here?"

"Jeremy... Oh, right. Yeah, I did." She turned and fell into Jeremy's arms. Then, she said happily, "You wanted me to call my man over, didn't you, Ethan? He's here now."