

THE EX-WIFE'S BURNING ELEGANCE

Chapter 12

The two were chatting as they walked and soon found themselves beside Keen.

Keen sat alone at a table, staring out the window with confusion that was quite unlike him.

Haynes, however, didn't notice Keen's unusual demeanor as he approached him.

"Rachel's not feeling well. I think it's best if I take her to the hospital first. After that, we can have dinner."

Haynes spoke with a calm yet commanding voice, which left no room for argument. He was the kind of person who wouldn't change his mind once he made the decisions.

Usually, Keen would have agreed without hesitation. But today, something was different. Stella's face kept appearing in his thoughts.

Until now, she had always made sure his meals were ready on time, as his sensitive stomach needed regular nourishment.

Sometimes, when they were out with Rachel and mealtime approached, Stella would insist he have some snacks to hold him over. Those snacks, prepared by Stella, were just right for his specific needs.

Even though Stella was a great cook, Keen had grown tired of eating the same things each day. The choices outside seemed endless and enticing.

Rachel's gentle voice interrupted Keen's train of thought. "Haynie, Keen's health is delicate. Let's ensure he has something to eat first."

Haynes responded indifferently, "Rachel, your health is more important."

Rachel blushed at his words and didn't argue further. Instead, she glanced at Keen. "Keen, how about we grab a piece of strawberry cake for you to munch on the way?"

Strawberry cake was Keen's favorite. Usually, he'd be thrilled at the offer. But today, he just nodded in agreement. "Sure."

Rachel noticed Keen's odd behavior but didn't dwell on it. She asked the server to pack a strawberry cake, then took Keen's hand as they left the restaurant.

On the way to the hospital, Rachel sat in the passenger seat, frequently turning around to remind Keen to be careful with his cake.

"I wish I didn't get carsick," she sighed. "Then I could sit in the back with Keen and keep an eye on him."

Indeed, even when Stella was around, Rachel insisted on the front seat, claiming she felt better because of her motion sickness.

As Keen looked at the cake in his hands, he remembered something Eaton's mom once said about not letting Eaton have sweets, claiming it was for his good. Out of nowhere, Keen asked, "Ms. Pearce, are you the other woman?" Rachel was shocked, almost sure she misheard him. "What?"

Keen repeated the question, looking her in the eye. "Ms. Pearce, are you the other woman?"

Rachel was stunned, unprepared for such a question.

The term "the other woman" was too much, especially for any woman. She froze, speechless.

"Keen!" Haynes' voice was stern and displeased. "Do you even know what you're saying? Where are your manners?"

Rachel snapped out of her shock and quickly intervened. "Don't be upset with Keen, Haynie. He's just a child. He doesn't understand these things."

Pausing for a moment, she added with sadness, "I know Ms. Cameron has never liked me, but no matter how much she disapproves of me, she shouldn't

drag Keen into this. Our issues are for adults to resolve. Keen is innocent-he's just a little boy..."