

THE EX-WIFE'S BURNING ELEGANCE

Chapter 15

Maisie rubbed her eyes, trying to ensure she wasn't seeing things.

Noticing Maisie's unusual behavior, Keen couldn't help but ask, "Maisie, what's up?"

Maisie cautiously handed her phone to Haynes. "Sir, this..."

Haynes glanced down and saw Stella had left the group chat. His expression darkened further.

The next moment, Haynes' phone rang.

Rachel's tearful voice came through the line. "Haynie, what do we do? Ms. Cameron seems upset..."

Haynes suddenly thought of Stella. He rarely saw Stella cry. The only time was when Stella pushed Rachel into the pool, causing her to end up in the ICU, and refused to admit her mistake.

As punishment, he took Keen to the O'Brien Mansion and told Stella she'd never see Keen again if she didn't apologize.

At the time, Keen was having a flare-up of his condition, running a high fever. Stella chased them to the mansion, but Haynes wouldn't allow anyone to let her

in.

Nightfall brought a violent storm.

Preoccupied with breaking Keen's raging fever, the household forgot the woman left shivering at their gates.

Only when the steward intervened - his conscience overriding orders - did Haynes recall his abandoned wife.

They brought her in, rainwater streaming from her trembling form.

And for the first time, he witnessed her weep — silent tears cutting through the downpour's roar.

Rachel's sobbing voice interrupted his thoughts.

"I saw Ms. Cameron leave the group chat. Haynie, let's drop it. If Ms. Cameron doesn't want to make these dishes, let's not trouble her..."

For some reason, a wave of irritation rose in Haynes' heart. He replied, "Okay." Rachel didn't expect that response, and her sobs suddenly stopped.

Haynes coldly added, "Since these dishes are supposed to be good for your health, I'll hire someone to take care of your meals and well-being."

Rachel reflexively protested, "Haynie, that's too much trouble..."

The truth was that she found those dishes tasteless. She hadn't eaten a single one Stella sent. She'd poured them all down the drain. The menu she had given Stella was only a way to make things difficult for her.

Unaware of Rachel's true intentions, Haynes firmly said, "It's decided. I have to go now."

Rachel stared at the ended call in disbelief.

A personal caretaker? If she didn't eat those dishes, they'd report to Haynes and expose her lies!

Rachel gritted her teeth. That damn Stella must be behind this!

Meanwhile, Maisie nearly threw a party when she realized she had the burden lifted from her shoulders.

As a high-society wife, cooking occasionally was charming, even therapeutic. But cooking every day wasn't much different from being a maid. No wonder Mrs. O'Brien was upset enough to leave.

After hanging up, Haynes told Keen. "Finish your breakfast. I'll take you to kindergarten afterward."

Keen rubbed his eyes and obediently nodded. He wasn't as healthy as other kids, and the recent late nights had taken a toll on him.

They sat across from each other, eating breakfast in silence.

Stella usually took care of Keen's daily routines and school. Haynes was often too busy to be involved. When sitting together in silence, the atmosphere was oddly heavy.

Keen found Maisie's breakfast lacking. He'd grown accustomed to Stella's cooking and couldn't quite enjoy Maisie's.

Then, Haynes' calm voice broke the silence from the other end of the table. "Who taught you to say those things yesterday?"

