

Pregnant With Twins: My CEO's Tricky Love /
Chapter 530 Emilia and Her Mother

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"How long have you been here? Why didn't you call for me?"

"You were so focused on drawing that I didn't want to interrupt your inspiration. Let's go out and sit for a while, Mom. There's something I want to tell you."

Maisie nodded, followed Robert to the sofa, and sat. Robert talked about their schedule.

"I'm free tomorrow afternoon, Mom. Let's go over to Wendy's grave and visit her. She might be missing us already."

"Tomorrow afternoon? That's all right. I don't have anything to do, other than draw and paint every day."

"Have you been painting this silhouette all along?"

Robert asked curiously.

"How long have you been painting this piece?"

"Almost a month now. But I keep feeling like it's incomplete, that a lot's missing. So I draw a little bit of what I remember every day."

Robert examined his mother's expression as she replied. She didn't seem too emotional. He probed on.

"Why would you draw something like this? Is there any meaning to it?"

He was a bit worried her memories would resurge. He didn't want her to regain those painful memories. It was better to live like this, quietly and at piece.

"I keep dreaming about this figure that I want to record it. But after waking up from my dreams, I keep forgetting all the details. I feel like it's an especially important figure, so I wanted to paint it, so one day, I won't have to dream about it any longer."

Maisie's tone was mild, and she carried no obvious pain or sorrow.

Robert tried another angle.

"Then do you know who this silhouette is?"

"I don't know who it is. I'm not too interested in knowing what the figure's face is like, either. I just wanted to capture the feeling

that the silhouette gave me. That seems to be what I'm most concerned over, but when I'm drawing it, I can't recall the emotions or put them in the work."

Seemed like his mother didn't know it was Aidan. Robert didn't tell her in the end.

Maisie had stayed in the room for a whole day without eating. Robert had her eat dinner before going back to his house.

Georgia was still busying herself before her computer.

The kids had already fallen asleep for a while. Robert looked over them quietly for a while, then went back to the bedroom to wash and bed down.

Georgia was still busy over the computer after he washed and put on his pajamas.

Robert walked over, trying to persuade her.

"It's almost midnight. Hurry up and sleep. If there's anything important, you can work on it tomorrow."

Georgia, though, shook her head.

"No, I need to arrange this. I'm meeting Professor Lee tomorrow and we have a lot to talk about. So much that I don't know

where to start thinking about it. So I need to organize this data. I'm afraid I'll miss something. I've got business in the morning and I don't feel like there's time. You go and sleep, don't mind me."

"Then can I talk with you about something? I'll sleep after that."

Georgia took a sip of coffee and looked dubiously at Robert.

"What is it? Your expression looks complicated after seeing your mother. What's wrong?"

"I went to see Mom. Then I saw the painting she'd been working on all along. If I'm right about it, she's painting a silhouette that's my father's back. My mother says she keeps dreaming about such a figure, so she wanted to draw it and draw the feeling of seeing that figure. I'm not a woman, and I'd like to ask you what you think my mother's feeling right now. Has she really forgotten my father? She never seemed pained when she spoke to me about this. I don't understand why she's so hung up about the painting."

Georgia set down her work and started thinking about Maisie and her relationship with Aidan.

"Your mother might be drawing the silhouette – which you say is your fathers – in a scene that's clearly, very possibly, the

moment your father left her. It's most probably her most painful moment, which she's never forgotten.

"Even if those memories are gone, the wound that the scene left on her still lingers in her heart. She wants to draw it but can't, because she doesn't remember her feelings back then. Maybe she wants to clear up her emotions. That might mean that deep inside, she still wants to know the truth."

Robert sighed sadly.

"My father really had gone too far back then. He was with Mom for over ten years but left just like that, without a care in the world. That left a huge mark on my mother's psyche that she still hasn't broken free of. Thankfully, everything's normal for now.

"All right, hurry up and deal with this, then rest. I'm going to sleep ahead of you. Don't tire yourself out."

After finishing the discussion, Robert laid down, closed his eyes, and drifted off.

Georgia continued to sit in front of the computer, managing her documents and all sorts of experimental data.

After finishing everything, an hour or so had passed, and it was around one in the morning.

She'd already showered, so she shut off the lights, laid down, and went to sleep.

That was how she'd always been with Robert. They respected each other, just like how tonight, she'd needed to stay up late, and Robert wasn't going to force her to stop while talking about taking care of her body.

It was a comfortable feeling. They were both adults, and they didn't need to bug each other over details, or force the other to do anything supposedly for their own good.

Early morning the next day, before Rick arrived, Georgia got up at seven. She drove straight to her mother's place.

The kids hadn't woken up yet, so she wasn't going to force them to come see their grandmother.

Sarah and Travis had visited yesterday, then she'd rested, so she hadn't seen Casey yet after coming back.

Casey had probably rested at home for all of yesterday as well.

After arriving at her mother's mansion, it was already seven thirty.

Robert had arranged bodyguards and servants here, with the same security system as their place requiring fingerprints and pupil scans.

She'd just gone in when the servants spoke to her.

"Mrs. Simpson, your mother's having breakfast right now. You may dine with her if you go in now."

Casey had woken at about the same time she did, and this was the time Georgia had set for them to meet.

So it was somewhat scheduled for them to have breakfast together.

"How've you rested?"

Casey smiled up at Georgia.

"I slept well the day before yesterday, waking up almost at noon. I'm all rested up. How do you like living here, Mom? If you're not used to it, you can pick a place you like or renovate this house with an architectural style that suits your palette."

"I actually like the style here. If it hadn't been for it being winter, I'd been planning on seeding the garden outside with some plants that I like. There's no need to move or renovate. I'm fine with it, and I slept well these past two days."

Georgia relaxed.

Her mother ate light breakfasts, so the two of them just had a bit of porridge.

After breakfast, Georgia spoke about what Sarah had said regarding Margie Snow yesterday.

"I'd been planning on discussing it with you yesterday, but then I got too busy and forgot to call, so I'm just coming over and talking about it with you in person."

"Is there any conflict of interest with Sarah and the Powell family? Would she lie to you?"

Casey asked, while Georgia smiled and shook her head.

"There's no conflict. She hasn't been in too much contact with the Powells. She's got some business dealings with me, but it hasn't gone anywhere yet. She doesn't have anything to do with the Powells. It's just something that she happened to see Margie do. With their generational gap, there can't be a grudge there. Even if it was a lie, there was no need for her to do it. It's not that I'm going to make trouble for Margie over such a thing – outsiders don't get a say in how she loves or doesn't love her own daughter."

"I had much of the same feeling as what Sarah said. Emilia was still in contact with her mother, but it had felt formal and distant.

I'd never seen Emilia act close or intimate with Margie. But what you said is more serious than I thought. Has their relationship

gotten to this point already? I didn't expect that."

"Did Emilia never talk about how she felt towards her parents? Or any grudges she felt towards them?"??????????