

### Chapter 0030

"Shh." Giselle really did have to worry about everything as their godmother.

Once Andrew was gone, Giselle rushed upstairs with the two kids.

"Mais, I saw Andrew downstairs just now," Giselle said anxiously.

What was Andrew doing there? If Maisie was here, that meant he was there to see Maisie.

"Yeah." Maisie looked calm.

Shit! Why did her response sound so tense?

Plus, behind that calm expression of hers, her eyes were filled up with raging anger. It was as if she wanted to tear someone apart.

Giselle trembled. Why did her best friend's cold and fierce gaze seem as eerie as Andrew's?

"What was he doing here?"

Maisie pinched hard on her still swollen lip. "He was being shameless."

"Mommy, why are your lips so red? Did you secretly eat jalapeno peppers?" Elio asked as he gave Maisie a glass of water.

Giselle couldn't help but burst into laughter. She looked at Maisie's swollen lips. There were still some teeth marks on the corner of her lips which had yet to fade.

From the looks of it, something must've happened between Maisie and Andrew during his visit.

"Your mommy wasn't eating jalapeno peppers. She was obviously—"

"Bitten by a dog," Maisie said with a straight face.

"What kind of dog would bite your lips, Mommy? Does it hurt? Why are there still bite marks? This dog must be very fierce."

June bit her finger as she looked at Maisie. Her eyes were filled with curiosity.

Maisie was at a loss for words. She looked embarrassed. "Junie darling, please don't ask anymore."

Oh, please give her some privacy, June!

"Okay." Junie hugged her princess toy and nodded obediently.

Suddenly, she thought of something and climbed onto Maisie's lap. Then, June wrapped her arms around Maisie's neck.

"Do you need Junie to comfort you, Mommy? That dog bite must hurt."

Elio took the first aid kit. He opened his mouth to say, "Junie, Mommy was bit by a dog. Comforting is no use. We need to disinfect it and clean the wound. Then, Mommy must go to the hospital for a rabies shot."

Giselle slapped her thigh as she continued guffawing loudly.

Poor Maisie slumped against the couch behind her. She looked like

she was about to collapse at any moment.

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Maisie had prepared a new treatment plan for Emmanuel's illness.

The medication she provided when she left the Clarke Estate should almost be used up by now. She wondered how Emmanuel was holding up.

She was unfamiliar with his medical condition. So she could not gauge the correct dosage of medication required. This meant that she still needed to make a trip to the Clarke Estate to diagnose him.

But the biggest problem now was that Maisie could not enter the Clarke Estate. The Clarke family seemed very resistant to her getting close to Emmanuel.

Maisie lowered her gaze and bit her nails. She was deep in thought.

"Mais?" Giselle saw the worried look on Maisie's face. She placed the plate of nicely-cut fruits on the table. "What are you thinking about?"

Maisie sighed. She explained everything to Giselle. Giselle was fully aware of everything that Maisie had been through.

When Maisie finished talking, Giselle couldn't help but worry for her.

"So, Mais, you want to go to the Clarke Estate?"

"Yes." Maisie nodded.

She needed to go.

More importantly, Emmanuel required long-term treatment and

regular check-ups.

Giselle knew her best friend had a soft heart and a strong sense of gratitude. When she decided on something, nothing could change her mind.

Even though she wanted to convince her otherwise, she wasn't sure how to.

Giselle was worried, to say the least. Five years ago, Maisie had left without saying goodbye in order to protect her kids. So, dealing with the Clarkes would be a tedious task.

Maisie's departure back then was sure to have offended Andrew's parents.

Emmanuel, the one who loved her dearly, was bedridden. So, Maisie going to the Clarke Estate would be like entering the lion's den.

Who would protect her then?

Besides, the more she interacted with the Clarkes, the more likely she would expose her children's existence. That would only make things more dangerous.

Giselle frowned. She asked hesitantly, "Mais, have you thought this through?"