

Chapter 0034

"James brought you here?"

Maisie gritted her teeth. Her expression was unpleasant.

She looked like she was staring at her nemesis. She pursed her lips tightly and remained silent.

Andrew felt like laughing when he looked at her appearance. She was saying that she'd rather choose death than surrender.

"Not planning to talk, huh?"

Maisie replied, "Feel free to do as you wish."

Focusing on something for an extended amount of time was tiring. Maisie was so exhausted that she had no energy left to fight him.

"Huh." Andrew sneered coldly.

At that moment, a ringtone broke the still atmosphere between them.

Maisie's heart trembled. Shit. It was her phone.

Giselle and her two kids were worried when they realized she hadn't come back for a while. They must have called her to check on her.

Just as Maisie took out her phone from her pocket to end the call, Andrew snatched her phone within the next second.

Maisie's heart dropped. "Andrew, give me back my phone!"

Andrew stared at the display on the screen. His gaze turned cold, and

he frowned. He murmured in his deep, charming voice, "My beloved darling?"

"Andrew!"

Maisie gritted her teeth. The man was tall with a muscular figure. With the large difference in strength, Andrew was able to control Maisie with just one hand.

Maisie was anxious. She glared at Andrew coldly.

Andrew didn't budge. His dark eyes scanned Maisie's face for a moment. Then, he picked up the phone with a cold expression on his face.

Maisie's heart was pounding. She felt a strong urge to just die on the spot.

"Mommy!" A child-like voice came through the phone.

The atmosphere around suddenly turned silent.

Andrew was stunned. It was a little girl.

Andrew's cold expression gradually softened. The corner of his lips curved upward. It was Maisie's daughter.

His daughter.

Maisie was about to open her mouth to say something.

But Andrew hooked an arm around her neck and covered her mouth with his palm. As a result, Maisie could only manage to let out muffled sounds.

"Mommy, are you there?" When June didn't hear Maisie's response, her voice turned soft with a hint of suspicion.

Maisie was trembling in anger. She pounced forward just to grab the phone.

However, Andrew easily dodged her attempt by angling his body sideways. Maisie failed to grab the phone once again.

"Mommy?"

"I'm your daddy." Andrew softened his voice in fear of scaring the little girl.

There was a moment of silence.

The caller had ended the call.

That heartless little girl!

"Junie, what did Mommy say?" Seeing June's shocked face, Elio asked her in concern.

June blinked at Elio and Giselle.

"Junie darling, hurry up and tell us already! I'm about to die of anxiety!"

"Mommy didn't say anything." June frowned.

She hung her head low and said, "The person who answered said he was Daddy."

Elio was floored.

Giselle was also floored.

Shit!

"Andrew Clarke!"

...

Andrew asked, "Was that my daughter?"

Maisie tried to struggle free from Andrew. But he held onto her unruly hands.

He sounded anxious. "I'm being serious. Answer me."

Maisie's heart was already filled with anxiety. She remembered her nightmare from that night and was consumed by fear.

Every cell in her body warned her that Andrew was now aware of June's existence. He was going to take her kids away from her. She was never going to see June and Elio ever again.

Upon thinking about that, she felt like she was going insane.

Terrified. She was utterly terrified.

"Andrew Clarke! Do you even have a conscience? What more do you want? Back then, you didn't want the baby at all! I spent five years escaping from you because of that reason!

"What right do you have to take her away from me? Don't even think about it! Don't ever think of taking my little girl away from me! I carried her in my womb for ten months before giving birth to her!

"She's more important to me than my life! I won't let you take her away! You can forget about that! Let go of me right now!"

Maisie was usually calm and composed. She had never been this agitated nor lost her composure like today.

Andrew furrowed his brow. He felt a tug at his heart as he watched the unusually agitated Maisie spew those words.

There was an unexplainable feeling growing in his heart.

What was she talking about? When did he say he wanted to take her daughter away from her?

"Andrew, I'm begging you. Please spare my little girl."

Andrew narrowed his eyes. He felt a prick in his heart.

Maisie usually portrayed herself as a calm woman, but within that exterior laid a deep maternal love for her kids.

Everything happened because Andrew had forced her to abort her baby five years ago. Thus, she was extremely wary of him, especially when he mentioned the kids.

Before her baby was born, Maisie was afraid that he would force her to abort. So, she ran away from him.

Now that her kids were born, she was afraid that he would take them away from her whenever he brought them up.

Maisie had kept her emotions hidden for a long time, so any mention of the kids would set off a strong reaction in her.

She would protect her kids with her life.

Andrew narrowed his eyes even more. He didn't know how to explain that he didn't want to take her kids away.

Even so, the evil impression of him was already imprinted deep inside her heart. She wouldn't believe him even if he explained.

In order to calm Maisie down, Andrew could only let go of her.

The moment Maisie was released, she turned to leave immediately. It was as if she was afraid that Andrew would catch up to her once more.

Andrew stared at the woman's slender yet determined back. A trace of regret flashed in his eyes.

"Drew, I'm here to check on Grandpa."


Elena stood at the doorway. Her voice was gentle. She looked at Andrew, who had a gloomy expression on his face. So, she bit her bottom lip in response.

Andrew responded, "Okay."

Elena studied Andrew's expression carefully. She didn't know what had happened in the room just moments ago. But when she saw Maisie leaving the room, she panicked.

She was afraid that her secret was exposed. She quickly came in to have a look.

Elena walked over to Emmanuel's side. She pretended to do a

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thorough check-up on Mr. Clarke Senior.

Her gaze fell on the prescription in the corner. She quickly grabbed it and scrunched it into a ball. After glancing at Andrew, she stuffed it into her pocket.

That Maisie bitch truly was a handful. It was a good thing that Elena had come in to check on Emmanuel.

"How's Grandpa doing?"

"Don't worry, Drew. Grandpa is recovering just fine. I'll write a prescription later. Remember to give it to him, and he'll recover very soon."

Since Elena discovered this prescription, naturally, it was now hers.



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