

Chapter 0054

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Maisie's eyelashes trembled lightly.

As she lifted her gaze, she saw Andrew standing beside her. She was overwhelmed by the imposing air around him.

Her dry lips quivered, and she choked out the words, "Andrew, please let me examine Grandpa."

She believed she hadn't wronged anyone by leaving back then, except for Emmanuel.

"Do you still want to protect this woman, Andrew?"

"Yes," Andrew answered coldly.

This revelation shocked not only Laura, but also Maisie and Elena.

Maisie shrieked in surprise when she suddenly felt weightless. Her entire body was carried effortlessly by the man holding her around the waist. His shoulders were broad, and he carried her without any effort.

"Andrew, what are you doing? Put me down! I want to see Grandpa! Let me see Grandpa, Andrew! I can save him! Only I can do it! I must atone for my sins, Andrew!"

"Shut up!" Andrew snapped.

Maisie's nose turned red as she was unable to hold back her emotions. Tears had welled up in her eyes.

"Andrew!"

Laura couldn't fathom how Maisie had blinded Andrew, causing him to defend her repeatedly.

Andrew's deep gaze swept over her. His brow was slightly furrowed.

He coldly uttered, "I'm taking her with me."

Then, he left the room.

As Andrew escorted Maisie out, the people left in the room displayed various expressions.

Laura was seething with anger, while Elena clenched her fists tightly. The resentment in her eyes was barely concealed.

Only James had a sly smile on his lips. He wished he could cheer for Andrew right now.

Just a moment ago, James was sneering, thinking Andrew could never win back Maisie with such an attitude.

Little did he know how powerful Andrew could be.

"Andrew, where are you taking me? Have you gone mad? I want to see Grandpa! I need to see him!"

Andrew ignored Maisie's cries entirely. He pushed open the door to his room and tossed her onto the bed.

She immediately scrambled to her feet, rushing toward the door. But Andrew kicked the door shut and left her with no way out.

Maisie narrowed her eyes. After taking a deep breath, she said, "Andrew, what exactly do you want?"

"Are you deaf? Didn't you hear Dr. Jones say that Grandpa is no longer in critical condition? Why are you being a nuisance? Are you trying to piss me off?" he retorted.

"This is my business."

Andrew didn't engage further with her. He pulled one of his white shirts out of the wardrobe and tossed it to Maisie.

She stared at him in confusion. "What do you mean by this?"

Andrew moved an armchair to the doorway before sinking into it.

He raised an eyebrow at Maisie. "Take a shower and change your clothes. Just don't mess up my room."

Maisie felt speechless.

She tossed the shirt aside, her expression turning cold. "I can always leave if you think of me as a filthy woman."

"Maisie Bardot! Do you think this is a negotiation?"

Andrew's husky voice was neither loud nor soft, but the rising tone carried a heavy threat.

His demeanor made it clear that she wouldn't be leaving tonight if she didn't shower and change her clothes now.

Maisie fell silent for a moment. Then, she let out a sigh. "Andrew, I

don't have time to argue with you. I came here to see Grandpa. Let me go."

Andrew raised an eyebrow slightly, his tone calm as he spoke. "Are you negotiating with me?"

"Yeah."

"Do you think it's effective?"

Maisie didn't know what to say.

"You can keep stalling with me. I have the whole night, so I'll indulge you."

Andrew raised his hand to gesture toward her with his wine glass.

Maisie frowned. Her beautiful face harbored a mix of anger and speechlessness.

She nodded to herself, realizing she had been naive to think she could reason with this domineering man.

She could feel the helplessness creeping in. The urge to fight back rose as well.

Maisie pursed her lips after a few cold, intense seconds of locking eyes with Andrew. Then, she turned her face away and said nothing more.

A loud bang echoed as Maisie slammed the bathroom door shut. Immediately afterward, Andrew heard the sound of the bathroom door locking.

Maisie kept her guard up after all this time. Did she think he would peek at her?

Andrew chuckled inwardly at that thought.

He had seen all he needed to see five years ago—including the parts he should and shouldn't have seen.

Andrew casually lit a cigarette. He then looked at the bathroom before widening his eyes involuntarily.

The bright lights outlined her slender and graceful figure. It was reflected on the patterned glass. Despite her frailty, she had enough curves in all the right places.

Andrew's heart skipped a beat. His fingers curved as he pressed them against his lower lip. His sexy Adam's apple slid up and down gently.

He shifted his gaze away. Then, he picked up the nearby bottle of wine and downed it in one go. He was trying to suppress the restlessness in his chest.

The room was quiet, with only the sound of the shower running. Andrew's eyes inadvertently caught sight of the clean shirt thrown on the floor.

A faint smile played on his lips.

Maisie had finished her hot shower in the bathroom. She was about to put on her clothes when she remembered that she had left the shirt Andrew had handed her outside the bathroom earlier.

Maisie wrapped a towel around her chest. Leaning against the door, she wiped away the condensation on the glass.

Peering outside, she realized she could see nothing due to the mist.

She leaned against the wall for about three minutes. Then, she finally mustered the courage to lightly tap the glass door twice.

Maisie opened her mouth and called out, "Andrew?"

When she didn't get a response, she added, "Are you still outside, Andrew? Could you please help me with something?"

She pursed her lips. "I forgot to bring my clothes inside. Could you pass them to me?"

After Maisie finished speaking, there was still no movement from outside.

She wondered if Andrew had already left.

Maisie quietly unlocked the bathroom door. She pulled it open a crack and glanced around.

She sighed in relief as she didn't see any sign of Andrew.

Barefoot, she hurriedly went to pick up the white shirt from the floor.

Just as Maisie looked up, her gaze unexpectedly collided with Andrew's deep and intense eyes.