

Chapter 9 Recognized by Andrew

Maisie's eyes widened with sheer terror as she looked at the suited man. At that very moment, Andrew was helping June off the floor.

June struggled against Andrew's hold, pushing him away. Her round eyes glared at him.

In June's eyes, Andrew was the horrible daddy who had taken her mommy away and made her sad. She could get up on her own and didn't need his help!

Seeing Andrew being pushed away, Elena was annoyed.

She bent down before June and said in displeasure, "Kiddo, this man was trying to help you up. How can you push him away? You should be thanking him, got it?"

June looked from Andrew to Elena, confirming her suspicions. Yes, this was the awful woman who stayed by their horrible daddy's side!

"Who are you? Why are you scolding me?" With that, June burst into tears.

Seeing June crying, Elena's mouth twitched. "Hey, kid, why are you crying? I—"

"You're being mean to me! You're scolding me!" June cried harder.

For a child her age, throwing a tantrum and telling lies were her best tactics. Besides, June looked extremely cute, resembling a little doll.

As June's cries grew louder, the onlookers couldn't help but feel sorry. Some of them even came over to help.

Maisie stood not too far off. Seeing June cry, her heart ached. She wanted so much to rush over. But she clenched her fists, unable to go to her.

If she did, she would be exposing herself.

"Oh, little girl, what happened? Why are you crying? Did someone hurt you?" one of the onlookers asked.

"Don't cry, kiddo. It breaks our hearts to see you cry. Tell me who did this to you."

More and more people surrounded them.

June wiped away her tears pitifully and hid in a woman's embrace. She looked over at Elena and Andrew in fear.

Elena's expression darkened as the people around her gave her disapproving looks. She reached out to pull at June, her voice becoming high from panic.

"Little girl, don't spout nonsense. When have I ever hurt you?"

June stumbled a few steps forward when Elena pulled at her and fell straight to the floor. She raised her head and cried even harder, her face flushed from the tears.

"What kind of a person are you? You should talk things out properly, not pull at a child!" An old woman picked June up as she scolded Elena with a stern voice.

"That's right! What kind of a person are you? How dare you put your hands on such a young kid! Shame on you!"

"Who would have thought that such a beautiful woman would have such a cruel heart?"

Andrew frowned at the crying June. He was at a loss when faced with a little girl crying her head off.

"I-I didn't do anything. I just gave her a little tug. I didn't think she would fall," Elena explained in a panic.

She felt that the more she explained, the harder things became for her. She never expected the girl to cry so much from a little touch. It was as if the kid was pulling an accident scam.

Still crying with her head on the old woman's shoulder, June sneaked a playful wink at Maisie.

Hmph! This was what the awful woman deserved for bullying her mommy!

Maisie couldn't help but smile. She didn't know who June took after considering her acting skills and deviousness. June had even tricked Maisie, let alone everyone else.

"Enough." Andrew took June out of the old woman's arms,

holding her himself.

Maisie's heart skipped a beat as she stared at the expression on Andrew's face. She was terrified that he might somehow realize that June was his daughter.

Meanwhile, June kicked and struggled in Andrew's arms.

"What's your name?" Andrew stared at June. When he first saw the girl, he thought her eyes looked like Maisie, especially when she scowled.

Besides, this girl had just come out from the restroom, where Maisie had just been. It was too much of a coincidence.

"Let go of me! I don't know you! I said let go of me! I don't know you, and I won't tell you!" June struggled with all her strength in Andrew's hold.

Some of the onlookers wanted to step in, but Andrew's imposing presence kept them away.

Maisie's heart was lodged in her throat as fear rushed through her. Did he recognize her? Did he?

"Maisie," Andrew called. "Come here."

Andrew's authoritative voice pulled Maisie back to reality. When she looked up, she found his deep gaze settled on her.

Maisie squinted but couldn't tell how Andrew was feeling. His tone allowed no room for argument, so Maisie was

forced to brace herself and step forward.

She forced herself to calm down and placidly walk to stand before Andrew. She met his icy gaze and asked, "What do you want?"

"What are you doing standing there?" Andrew's tone was measured as usual, and Maisie couldn't hear anything strange in it. But his eyes were glued on her, focusing on her reactions.

Seeing Maisie come over, June's eyes couldn't help but light up. This small reaction didn't escape Andrew's notice.

Maisie's breathing became shallower as she loosened her fists by her sides. Then, she clenched them again as she smiled.


"Andrew, do you even have a heart? How could you bully such a young child?"

"Why are your eyes red? Feel bad for her?"

"Interesting choice of words, Mr. Clarke." Maisie scoffed. "She's not my kid. Why should I feel bad for her? I just can't stand watching this."

After saying this, Maisie cast an indifferent glance at June, appearing utterly unfazed.

In reality, Maisie's heart was racing. She felt like Andrew could see right through her and that nothing escaped his notice.

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Tricking him was like poking a sleeping bear. She had no clue if he would believe her.

"Junie."

Right then, an impeccably dressed woman rushed over. It was Giselle.

No, it was Maisie's savior!

Giselle ignored Maisie completely, acting like she didn't know her. She walked before Andrew with quick steps and focused on June.

"Junie, why did you run over here? Mommy was so worried!"

Chapter 10 Wanting to Kick Andrew

"Mommy?" June was confused for a moment, but then she reacted quickly.

Her expression turned back to normal as she opened her arms, wanting to go into Giselle's embrace. "Mommy, hold me!"

"She's your mother?" Andrew looked at June, not quite believing it. Then, he turned his attention to Giselle.

At Andrew's suspicion of her identity, Giselle straightened her back, evidently displeased. She retorted, "Sir, who are you to question me while holding onto my daughter?"

A stunned look crossed Andrew's features. He looked at the child crying soundlessly in his hold. He seemed to hesitate, but he put June back on the ground.

Coldly, he said, "That's not what I meant."

"Good then," Giselle stated briskly as she picked up June. "Junie, don't cry. Let's go home."

Holding June, Giselle's back remained straight as she walked off, looking confident.

After she turned a corner, Giselle leaned against the wall. She bit her lower lip as she calmed her racing heart, breathing heavily. 1

She never imagined she could be so assertive before Andrew. Luckily, she was still well and alive. She'd really given her all for Maisie and June.

"Aunt Giselle, are you okay?"

"I'm not. I've been worried sick because of you and your mother. Did you see that look in your father's eyes? Nearly scared me to death."

"Aunt Giselle, you did very well just now." Elio appeared out of nowhere and stood before Giselle and June.

He'd been around all this time. It was just that Maisie had always said that he had to avoid Andrew and keep himself from Andrew's sight.

"El, I completed my mission. Aren't I great?"

"Yes, you're great, Junie."

"But there are people watching Mommy, so I couldn't bring Mommy and escape. El, Aunt Giselle, Mommy said it's too dangerous, so we should leave first."

Giselle nodded. "It really is too dangerous. Your father must have suspected something just now. If you kids show your faces again, you'll be dead when he realizes."

After all, they both took after their parents. June looked like Maisie, while Elio looked like Andrew.

"Then let's leave first. Mommy has a phone now, so she can

contact us. Let's make a new plan later," Elio said.

"Alright."

Seeing Giselle take June away, Maisie let out a relieved sigh. Giselle had arrived just in time. Otherwise, she might not have held it together much longer.

The crowd also slowly dispersed, the place quieting down. Only Elena was left crying, feeling wronged.

"Drew, I didn't push that girl. Why is everyone blaming me? I really only wanted to talk it out with that kid." Elena bit her lip, looking aggrieved.

"Ms. Summers, your acting skills are quite impressive. What, can't handle it when the same trick's being used on you?" Maisie laughed lightly.

"That's not it," Elena denied. She shot back, "Why are you accusing me like this, Ms. Bardot? What have I done to deserve this?"

"Accuse? Yes, you assume the whole world is accusing you of things, Ms. Summers. You're the only one who's always in the right."

"You!"

"Am I wrong?"

Maisie smirked. "It's best if you stop crying, Ms. Summers. Aren't you embarrassed for acting so petty with a child? Oh,

and what about you, Mr. Clarke? Don't you feel ashamed?"

Andrew's expression was grim, prompting Maisie to smile. She raised an eyebrow provocatively.

Angry, was he? Well, he deserved to be angry! The angrier he got, the happier Maisie felt!

In the end, Andrew grabbed Maisie's wrist and dragged her out of the hospital.

"Let me go, you nutjob! Stop touching me! I don't want any part in your affairs! I can walk on my own!"

"Get in the car," Andrew ordered coldly, allowing no room for argument.

Maisie was in a huff as she glared at Andrew. She didn't even bother to struggle anymore. She just pulled open the back door and went inside.

"Am I your driver?" Andrew asked.

Maisie was confused.

"Sit up front," Andrew said.

How annoying! Why did he have so many demands for just sitting in a car? Maisie really wanted to kick Andrew. Of course, she didn't dare to do so.

Maisie got out of the back seat and opened the passenger door. After she got in, she slammed the door shut.

It was so loud that Igor cringed from just hearing it as he stood to the side.

Elena walked weakly from behind to stand beside Andrew. Her eyes were filled with tenderness and hurt as she said, "Where do I sit, Drew?"

After all, that bitch had taken up the passenger seat next to Andrew.

"Take Igor's car. Maisie's got a few screws loose and talks nonsense. We don't want her to bully you any further!"

"You're the one who's gotten a few screws loose!" Maisie shouted from inside the car.


Andrew's expression turned dark.

Elena wasn't thrilled by the situation. However, she felt better upon seeing Andrew and Maisie at odds with each other.

Maybe letting them spend time together would escalate their fight. Then, Andrew would hate Maisie even more. That was exactly what Elena wanted. 1

With that in mind, Elena smiled. She put on a sweet and obedient expression and nodded. She then got into Igor's car.

In the car, Andrew rested his free hand on the car window as he drove one-handedly. The outside air blew coldly into

 +20 BONUS

the car, just as cool as the expression on Andrew's face.

The car was unusually quiet. Maisie looked in the direction they were driving in and knew they were going back to Seaview Manor.

Was he going to imprison her there again?

Hell no!

Maisie was dead set against it. She took a deep breath and said, "Andrew, what will it take for you to let me go?"