

Chapter 739 Maxine Took The Baby Away

A fierce glint flashed in Maxine's eyes as she strode toward the nurse clutching the newborn.

Paulina instantly stepped in front of Maxine. "Maxine," she warned, her tone sharp as a blade. "Don't you dare lay a finger on that baby."

Maxine's hunger to hold the baby burned visibly in her gaze. Paulina's defiance only fed the fire until it flared into rage. Her lips curved into a dangerous smirk. "I haven't shed blood today, and my hands are itching for it. Move aside, or I'll send everyone in this room straight to their graves."

Paulina didn't flinch. She tensed, ready to strike, when Elliana's strained voice broke through the tension. "Paulina, stand down!"

The command hit Paulina like a whip. Confusion crossed her face as she turned to Elliana.

Elliana was weak and trembling, her hair clinging to her sweat-damp skin. Yet, her eyes were clear, sharp, and full of authority. "Do as I say."

Elliana knew that to defy Maxine now would be suicide. Maxine was unpredictable, her cruelty boundless. If provoked, Maxine would bathe the room in blood—and worse, the stress could endanger the second baby still waiting to be born.

Elliana was betting that Maxine wouldn't harm her baby girl. A moment of submission was a small price to pay to save everyone's lives.

Paulina picked up on the necessity of the concession. With one last, helpless glance at the newborn, she stepped aside.

Maxine swept past Paulina and seized the infant from the stunned nurse's arms. She held the baby close, her touch reverent yet possessive, as if cradling a divine treasure. Her cold features softened as she gazed



down at the tiny face. A strange warmth flickered there—almost motherly.

"She's perfect," Maxine murmured, smiling as if mesmerized. "Look at her—those bright eyes, that thick hair... Flawless. She will surpass every heiress the Griffiths family has ever known!" A wild, triumphant laugh burst from her lips. "Ha-ha! My perfect heiress—at last!"

Elliana lay helpless on the operating table, watching as Maxine held the daughter she hadn't even touched. The simple dream of holding her child felt heartbreakingly out of reach. Tears threatened, but she swallowed them down. She had to stay calm.

"Maxine, please," Elliana said softly, her voice trembling but resolute, "give me my daughter. Name your price—I'll pay anything."

Maxine finally tore her gaze from the baby, eyes gleaming with manic delight. "Even if you offer me the world, I'd still refuse. This child was meant for me. No one will ever take her away from me."

Elliana stared back, her eyes blazing with unspoken defiance.

"When your mother was a baby, I brought her into the Griffiths family and raised her as mine," Maxine said, her tone eerily calm. "I fed her, clothed her, and she repaid me with betrayal. For that, she deserved death. But since you've gifted me such a remarkable heiress, I'll show mercy. I'll spare your mother's life. She can run free—consider it a trade: your daughter's future for your mother's freedom."

Still clutching the baby, Maxine turned to leave.

"Maxine, wait!" Elliana cried, panic breaking through her calm.

Maxine paused, her voice almost sweet. "What is it now?"

Elliana knew she couldn't stop Maxine. But there was something else she needed to know. "My mother... Who were her real parents? Where did she come from?" she asked, forcing her voice steady. The question had haunted her for years, and this might be her only chance for an answer.

Maxine's smile faltered, her eyes glinting with something unreadable. "You want to know her bloodline? That's a dangerous curiosity. I can't tell you—it would stir things best left buried. But I will say this: your

mother was a child I stole. And I, Maxine Griffiths, never steal from the ordinary. She came from greatness—two people of unmatched blood. Only someone of superior lineage could ever catch my eye."

The truth hit Elliana like a thunderclap. Her mother came from an extraordinary lineage, and her maternal grandparents were people of power and influence.

"Goodbye, Elliana." With that chilling farewell, Maxine walked out, clutching the infant like a prize she'd won in battle.

Paulina lunged after Maxine, but Elliana's sharp voice stopped her cold. "Paulina, no! You can't stop her. Going after her now is suicide."

"I don't care! I'll die if I must—I'll get your daughter back!" Paulina cried, tears streaming down her face.

A faint, broken smile touched Elliana's lips. "And you'd die for nothing. Maxine won't hurt the baby—she sees my baby girl as a treasure. Let her go... I'll get my daughter back. But right now, we have a bigger threat—Miguel."

The name sent a chill through Paulina. "What do we do?"

Before Elliana could answer, pain ripped through her body. Another contraction seized her—sharp, merciless. The second baby was coming. All fear was pushed aside. There was only one thought left—to bring her child safely into the world.

Barely ten minutes later, the cry of a newborn filled the room, echoing down the hall—loud, strong, and full of life.