

## Chapter 11 Might Not Make It

"When will you tell me where the kid is?" Andrew's voice was cold as he gave her a sharp look.

Maisie was enraged. "What right do you have to ask me that?"

"It's my right as the father."

"I was the one who gave birth!"

"Could you have given birth without me?"

Maisie looked at Andrew in shock. All Andrew provided was his sperm. Maisie had given birth to and raised her children. How dare Andrew mention this so proudly now?

"It was you who didn't want the baby back then." Maisie was so angry that her voice was higher now.

Andrew was stunned for a moment. He remained silent.

"Bastard! Do you think I'll hand them over just because you want them now? Do you really think you can dictate everything on this earth, Mr. Clarke?"

"It's too late. I risked my life to give birth to them, and I'm not letting you take them away."

Andrew's emotions were in a mess as he said, "Who said I want to take them away?"

"Then what do you want?"

"As a father, don't I have the right to take just one look at my child?"

"So, you know that you're their father!" Maisie scoffed. She wasn't the woman she was before, so she wouldn't believe Andrew so easily.

At that moment, Andrew's phone started ringing. It was a call from Andrew's mother, Laura Hopkins.

"Hello, Mom," Andrew said in his usual cold tone.

"Andrew, are you with Elena? Hurry back, your grandpa is acting up again. He might not make it!"

There was a buzzing in Maisie's head as her heart raced.

Grandpa might not make it?

Andrew was tense as well. His lazy countenance changed, and he gripped the steering wheel with both hands. Then, he swerved the car to the left to head back to Clarke Estate.

"I'm heading there now."

"What's wrong with Grandpa? Andrew Clarke, what's wrong with Grandpa?" Maisie's eyes were filled with worry.

No matter how the Clarke family had treated her in the past, Andrew's grandfather had always been kind to her. Emmanuel Clarke was the only one who showed her warmth.

Now, Maisie suddenly found out that Emmanuel might not have much longer to live. She just couldn't accept it.

"He has a heart condition," Andrew replied softly.

The car sped toward Clarke Estate. At the same time, Igor and Elena arrived quickly as well.

Elena hurried to Andrew's side. "Drew, don't worry just yet. I'll check on Grandpa first," she said.

These days, Elena was the doctor in charge of Emmanuel's care. She'd completed her studies abroad and specialized in cardiology. She was an expert in the field.

Andrew replied quietly, "Alright."

Maisie sprinted straight into Clarke Estate, heading over to Emmanuel's room. She was familiar with the place, so she knew her way around.

When she arrived at the door, she heard crying from inside.

Maisie's heart clenched as she hurried to enter. Once she got in, her breath nearly caught in her throat.

The room was full of people, all of them Emmanuel's children and grandchildren. This included Andrew's parents, Fulton Clarke and Laura Hopkins. Andrew's uncles were there, too.

When they heard the noise at the door, everyone turned to look.

Maisie knew them, and they all knew Maisie in turn. They were shocked at Maisie's sudden return. After all, it had been five years since she left.

"Maisie, what are you doing back?" Laura yelled at Maisie.

Years ago, the Clarke family agreed to the Bardot family's request for Andrew to marry Maisie. It was a gesture of gratitude for what Maisie's parents had done for them.

Despite the different social backgrounds, the Clarkes viewed Maisie as a respectable woman. They believed she knew how to conduct herself.

They never expected Maisie to disappear without a word after three years of marriage.

This caused every member of the Clarke family to hate her, especially Emmanuel. After all, he had doted on Maisie like his own granddaughter.

In the end, this was how that ungrateful wretch had thanked the Clarkes. In fact, Emmanuel's condition was largely caused by the anger she brought him.

"What's the point of coming back?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, I don't have time to explain. Can I please see Grandpa?"

Maisie saw that the old man on the bed had his eyes tightly shut. His face was withered, his eyes sunken in, and he

relied on a ventilator to breathe. The sight made Maisie's heart ache.

"Who said you could come? We don't welcome you here," Laura said frostily, turning her head away.

"Mom, Grandpa really wants Maisie to return. Now that she's here, let her see him."

Maisie cast a thankful look at James, who had just spoken.

"Shut up. She's no longer your sister-in-law. Andrew divorced her, and she has no more connection to our family.

" Laura was furious.

"I brought her here," Andrew said coolly as he walked in.

"Andrew?"

Seeing Andrew come in with Elena, Laura's face softened. She ignored everything else and walked past Maisie to hold Elena's hand. She looked at Elena as if she was their savior.

"Elena, hurry and take a look at Grandpa. His condition is acting up again."

"Mrs. Clarke, don't panic just yet. Let me look at Grandpa first."

Elena anxiously walked over to Emmanuel. When she saw Maisie to the side, she smiled at her provocatively.

Maisie noticed her provocation, but she didn't respond. She was too focused on Emmanuel now.

She wished she could get closer to him to look at his condition. But the butler stood in her way. "Stay back, Ms. Bardot."

Since Maisie couldn't go near, she could only stand to one side and wallow in her worry. The situation was agonizing for her, both personally and as a medical professional.

No one here trusted her. Maisie looked around in worry, her gaze finally stopping on James.

James looked at Maisie and then at Andrew with a raised brow. He subtly indicated that she should ask Andrew for this sort of thing.

In the end, Maisie turned to look at Andrew, her eyes pleading.


Andrew's gaze was deep, his presence heavy. He seemed to be surrounded by an air of grief.

"Andrew, can you let me see Grandpa?" Maisie asked, her eyes pleading.

Andrew's gaze was icy as he looked at Maisie. "I brought you here not to bring me trouble. If you make any more noise, I'll have someone send you back."

After Elena was done examining Emmanuel, she looked worried. Everyone crowded around her.

Laura asked anxiously, "Elena, you have a way to save Mr.

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Clarke Senior, right?"

Pained, Elena lowered her head and shook it. She looked at Laura with a dejected expression. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Clarke, Grandpa is ..."