

Chapter 12 Throw Maisie Out

Elena paused as she spoke, her face filled with despair and helplessness.

Andrew's eyes narrowed, the ice within his gaze replaced by deep sorrow.

"Didn't you say you had Mr. Clarke Senior's condition under control before this? Why did it suddenly become worse?" Fulton was anxious as he asked.

Elena bit her lip after being shouted at. She shook her head aggrievedly.

Emmanuel's heart condition had been serious from the start. Elena could only control it temporarily. She did it by increasing the dosage of his medication.

To a layman, Emmanuel did look better, and it seemed he would recover. But it was just an illusion.

In this way, she had done the Clarke family a favor. Thanks to this, there was a higher chance of Andrew agreeing to marriage if she brought it up.

Besides, she didn't want Emmanuel to wake up either. This old coot had been against her marrying Andrew all these years. If he died, it would be good for her.

Elena had planned to increase the dosage. It would

guarantee that Emmanuel wouldn't die before her and Andrew's wedding.

Once she married Andrew, she didn't care if he lived or died. She could just say that he was old and had a sudden heart attack. She'd done her best, so she couldn't be blamed.

But she never expected this old coot to be so useless. He was going to die before she even managed to marry Andrew.

Maisie was so anxious that she was about to start crying. Her eyes were red, and her body started to tremble.

She tugged Andrew's hand. "I'm begging you! Andrew, let me look at Grandpa. I have a way. I have a way to save him!"

Emmanuel couldn't wait any longer, and they couldn't delay any further.

Andrew's eyes narrowed. Maisie threw caution to the wind and rushed over anyway.

"Take her away! Maisie, are you still trying to hurt Mr. Clarke Senior?"

A maid went over to pull her away.

"Nobody touches her." Andrew's voice was cold.

He didn't know why, but when he saw Maisie's anxious look just now, his heart softened. He decided to trust her.

"Andrew, you really ..." Laura looked at her son in shock. He was the one who hated Maisie the most, so why was he

defending her now?

Maisie sat beside Emmanuel. With Andrew by her side, no one dared to touch her. She calmed down and started to assess Emmanuel's condition.

The Clarke family had made good arrangements. Emmanuel's room had all the necessary medical equipment.

Maisie frowned in worry. Emmanuel's condition had significantly worsened. It was to the point of heart failure, and these symptoms had persisted for a long time.

Now, Emmanuel's body was very fragile. She was afraid that he would die if they removed the respirator.

Maisie took out some silver needles from her bag and held them between her fingers. But then she paused.

Her best plan was to use acupuncture to save Emmanuel's life. However, it also carried more risks.

Emmanuel's heart condition was serious. It was better for him to get a heart transplant.

Maisie didn't understand. With so many skilled doctors around, how did Emmanuel miss the ideal treatment window? Now, he was in danger.

"Grandpa, don't worry. I will definitely save you."

"Ms. Bardot, what are you thinking of doing to Grandpa?" Elena shouted when Maisie wanted to start applying the

needles.

Everyone surrounded the bed.

"Maisie, Mr. Clarke Senior treated you well in the past. Now that he's in such a state, you still want to harm him? What are you planning to achieve here?"

Laura didn't like Maisie five years ago. Now, her animosity toward her was even worse. Her eyes were filled with rage and dislike.

"I'm not hurting him. I only want to save Grandpa." Maisie frowned. She knew that each second and minute wasted now was a delay in treating Emmanuel's condition.

When Elena heard this, her eyes shifted. She smirked and mocked Maisie, "Ms. Bardot, you were expelled from university. You didn't even finish your second year. I'm afraid you're not even a doctor.

"How are you supposed to save Grandpa? He's already very weak now and can't handle your messing about."

Elena's tone was gentle. Those who heard it only found warning and helplessness in it. Elena sounded like she was only concerned about Emmanuel.

Only Maisie knew that Elena was mocking her.

Maisie turned to look at Elena. She looked anxious and nothing else. "Let go of me."

"Ms. Bardot, it's better if you don't make Grandpa's condition worse ..."

Maisie had run out of patience with Elena's endless comments. She shook Elena's hand off of her.

Elena stumbled and fell backward into Andrew. He reached out to support her, his expression cold.

"Drew ..." Elena said softly. She looked helpless and fragile.

Elena seemed like she was wronged, and tears swam in her eyes.

It made people feel bad for her. She had only tried to advise Maisie, after all. But all she got was unreasonable rejection. It was too much.

Yet, when Andrew's gaze fell on her, it was filled with disapproval.

Maisie grimaced, her heart aching.

Laura spoke up to lecture her. "Maisie, how dare you act out in the Clarke family. You're an embarrassment."

Maisie's heart ached. She looked over at Andrew only to find his gaze dark. Yet, he helped Maisie hold back the bodyguards.

He shifted his deep gaze to Maisie.

In that instant, Maisie was filled with hope. Did he really

trust her?

"I'll have someone send you back."

Andrew's cold voice made Maisie shiver. All her hopes were lost.

This feeling was the same as the one from five years ago. She'd been so excited to tell Andrew about her pregnancy. But Andrew had thrown her a check and told her to abort the baby.

Andrew was always harsh to her.

Tears swirled in her eyes. Still, she couldn't hold back a sarcastic laugh.

"This way please, Ms. Bardot." Igor stepped forward.


Igor treated Maisie with much more courtesy than the Clarke family's bodyguards.

"I won't leave." Maisie knew that Emmanuel would die if she left. No matter what, Maisie was still a doctor. Thus, she could not leave.

"Igor," Andrew called.

Igor struggled internally. On one hand, he couldn't disobey his boss. On the other, this was Andrew's ex-wife. Igor couldn't bear to treat her as heartlessly as any other woman.

Left without a choice, Igor could only look at James in question.

 +20 BONUS

James was also in a dilemma. After some hesitation, he said, "Maisie, why don't you ... G-Grandpa ..."

James stumbled through his words. He looked past Maisie to Emmanuel on the bed, who tremblingly held up a hand.