

Chapter 13 Elena Saves Emmanuel

The next second, Maisie's fingers trembled. It felt like something had touched her.

She whipped her head back to find Emmanuel's filmy eyes looking at her in agitation.

Maisie's heart squeezed, and she immediately took Emmanuel's hand. She trembled as she held on tightly.

Her voice was choked with sobs as tears fell down her face. "Grandpa. Grandpa, it's me, Maisie."

Emmanuel tried to open his mouth, but no sound came from it.

Everyone crowded around Emmanuel as a commotion broke out in the room. Laura tried shoving Maisie aside, but Emmanuel held onto her with a death grip. He wasn't going to let her leave.

"What do you want to say, Grandpa?" James quickly asked.

Emmanuel's mouth opened again. James, ever so smart, wore an understanding expression. "Grandpa, you want Maisie to stay, is that it?"

Emmanuel nodded with all his strength.

"Andrew, this is Grandpa's wish. You should let Maisie stay for his sake. What if Maisie can really save him?"

Andrew frowned as he looked at Maisie with a deep gaze. As he did so, his fathomless eyes held a trace of worry. After a moment of hesitation, he turned to leave.

Since Emmanuel wanted Maisie to stay, Laura couldn't say anything against it. She glared at Maisie in warning.

To Elena, she said, "Elena, you're Mr. Clarke Senior's doctor, so you should stay too."

Elena nodded obediently. She was glad to do it since it would win her effortless brownie points.

Everyone in the room went outside, including the household staff. Only Maisie and Elena were left inside with Emmanuel.

The room quickly fell silent.

Maisie sat beside Emmanuel on the bed. She took out a long and thin silver needle and started disinfecting it. She became immediately focused on her task.

"Grandpa, I'll be here the whole time. I know you'll get better again."

As she spoke, Maisie pierced the needle into Emmanuel's skin. His body was weak, and it had taken a lot for him to regain consciousness. Now, he closed his eyes in exhaustion.

Elena folded her arms and stood behind Maisie. Seeing how serious she looked, Elena couldn't help but scoff.

"What's the point of putting on this show, Maisie? Do you have any medical skills at all? Do you really think you can save Mr. Clarke Senior with some silver needles? What a joke."

She continued, "I'm telling you, this old thing is already dying. It won't be long until he croaks. You might as well give him one last send-off—"

There was a loud slap and a shriek.

Before Elena could finish, Maisie slapped her hard.

Elena held her face as shock filled her. "You bitch! How dare you hit me!"

"You'd better keep your mouth shut!" Maisie cried. Her gaze was sharp as she grabbed Elena's hair.

She pointed a needle at Elena's throat. "Let me tell you something. Grandpa won't die. If you say another word, I'll make it so you can never talk again. Got it?"

The fierce look Maisie wore made Elena feel scared and uneasy.

With the needle against her neck, Elena felt the sharp pain of it. She was scared it would pierce into her throat if she moved even a little.

She nodded, and Maisie threw her to the ground.

Elena covered her face, her hands clenched into fists. She

glared at Maisie, her eyes burning with hatred. She wanted Maisie dead.

As time ticked by, Maisie's forehead was covered in sweat. Accuracy was the most crucial aspect of acupuncture. A small mistake could make Emmanuel's condition even worse.

Maisie held her breath for the whole process. She didn't dare to relax for a second, afraid that she might make a mistake.

Plus, Maisie was worried that Emmanuel's body couldn't handle her full treatment. Luckily, his condition was better than she feared.

Once she finished with the needles, Emmanuel's attack also ended. He was out of the woods for now.

Maisie let out a deep breath as she watched the ECG machine. Emmanuel's heart rate was stabilizing, and she could finally relax.

Elena's eyes bulged when she looked at the ECG machine. How could it be possible for Emmanuel's heart rate to go back to normal? Her face was filled with disbelief at the thought.

Maisie was a useless trash who hadn't even finished university. But she had actually saved Emmanuel, who relied on a ventilator to live.

How was it even possible?

Elena's heart clenched. For a moment, her breathing became ragged, and alarm bells rang inside her head.

Since Maisie saved this old coot, she had a very real chance of being accepted by the Clarke family again. If that happened, what was Elena to do?

Elena had been treating Emmanuel for the past few months. She wanted to get on Andrew's parents' good side, to win Laura's trust and favor.

She had thought that she was close to marrying into the Clarke family. But now, Maisie's appearance had ruined all her plans.

No, she wouldn't let that happen. Elena clenched her fists as she thought this. She would never let it happen.

Maisie took out the silver needles and put them away. Emmanuel still needed several stages of treatment; acupuncture was only the first. But, she would first have to research the next steps carefully.

Maisie remembered that Clarke Estate had a repository of medical herbs. It would greatly help Emmanuel's condition if she made a tincture with some of those herbs.

Elena watched Maisie leave, her eyes shining with ruthlessness. She looked at the old man on the bed.

His complexion had been deathly pale because of his fragile health. But now, it was slowly gaining color again.

Elena felt hatred rising at the sight of it.

This old coot had always been against her marrying into the Clarke family. Now that Maisie had saved him, Elena didn't stand a chance of staying here anymore.

With that thought, Elena slowly reached for the ventilator tubes. She then tightened her grip on it.

Right then, footsteps sounded outside the door.

Elena panicked and grabbed a stethoscope. She pretended to listen to Emmanuel's heartbeat. A gentle look replaced her previous malice.

"Grandpa, don't worry. I will do my best to save you. You must try hard and recover, okay? All of us are hoping for you to get better."

This was what Laura heard Elena say when she pushed open the door.