

## Chapter 0021

"Elena, did she just provoke us?" Janice stomped her feet in anger.

The more outstanding Maisie was in the past, the more they despised her.

Who would've thought that even after she was expelled, she still managed to get into the hospital? It seems her good looks alone were enough to grab anyone's attention. She didn't have to do anything at all.

How could they not be jealous?

Elena stared fixedly at Maisie's departing figure. She was irritated when Janice wouldn't stop talking. "Alright. That's enough. It's annoying."

"Hold on, are you saying that you're willing to stomach the idea of working with that loser?"

No way! Was Maisie even qualified to work there?

Of course, she wasn't!

If Maisie wanted to work at the hospital, she'd have to get through Elena first!

...

There wasn't much for Maisie to do during her first day at work. She met a few patients and organized a few medical history records.

Originally, Keith had invited her to his house for dinner. However,

Maisie had rejected it as she still had to pick up the two kids from school at 4:30 pm.

When she left the hospital, Maisie put on her jacket as she walked toward the car park. She found her key and was about to get into her car. Right then, she heard footsteps coming from behind her.

Maisie frowned slightly. She stopped in her actions and heaved a sigh. "Ms. Summers, how long do you want to continue this relentless pursuit?"

Elena did not bother to act any longer. She sneered coldly. "Ms. Bardot, it seems like you're the one who's unwilling to let go."

Maisie cocked her head. She looked at Elena with a calm expression. "What are you trying to say?"

"Ms. Bardot, you left five years ago. Why did you return? Do you plan on starting over with Andrew?"

First, Maisie saved Mr. Clarke Senior. Now, she had joined the hospital. Elena felt threatened, to say the least.

"What does that have to do with you?" Maisie sneered. "What are you afraid of? That I would snatch your position as the future Mrs. Clarke?"

"There's no way you can take that away from me. Our families are already discussing an engagement date. Maisie, I'm the only one meant to be by Andrew's side."

"Okay," Maisie responded casually.

She took a meaningful glance at Elena. There was a hint of

amusement on her delicate face, but the smile never reached her eyes.

"So, what did you want to tell me, then?"

"Don't you dare get close to Andrew! Don't ever show up again at the Clarke Estate! Go back to where you came from!" Elena exclaimed arrogantly with her chin tilted.

Maisie crossed her arms as she leaned against her car. She looked at Elena indifferently.

She was at a loss for words but found her somewhat amusing.

"In the end, you're still afraid I'll snatch your position as Mrs. Clarke, hmm? Don't worry."

Maisie paused as she stood upright. Then, she leaned closer with a charming smile and said, "I'll definitely snatch it from you."

"You!" The smile on Elena's face instantly crumbled.

Maisie arched her eyebrow mockingly.

Just then, a Rolls-Royce drove up to them and slowly came to a stop.

Maisie and Elena turned their heads at the same time. Maisie thought the car seemed familiar as she looked at it. The next moment, a tall figure with a cold demeanor got out of the car.

It was Andrew.

It was as if Andrew could feel Maisie's gaze. He looked up, and his deep gaze locked into hers.

"Drew, you're here."

Elena walked up to Andrew. Her expression switched from one of hatred to sickeningly sweet.

She held onto Andrew's arm and looked up at him. In a gentle and shy voice, she said, "Drew, I'm so happy you could come pick me up after work."

"What were the both of you doing?"

"I was just chatting with Ms. Bardot. By the way, Andrew, did you know that Ms. Bardot joined our hospital? We're colleagues now.

"But since she never continued her studies after she was expelled, I'm sure she's put in a lot of effort to get here."

In a gentle voice, Elena talked to Andrew about Maisie. It sounded as if she genuinely cared for Maisie.

Still, Maisie was able to pick up the underlying meaning in Elena's words

Elena had implied that Maisie had made it into the hospital without continuing her studies. Thus, she must have used improper connections.

Elena seemed desperate to slander her in front of everyone. She tried to tarnish her reputation with her words.

Maisie remained silent. Her lips curved upward as she pretended not to hear what Elena had said.

"Ms. Bardot ..."

Originally, Elena thought that Maisie would fiercely refute her. However, Maisie had chosen to completely ignore her.

Elena could see that Maisie's gaze was one of disdain. A sense of embarrassment welled up within her.

Maisie didn't linger for long. She got into her car and closed the car door. Soon after, she sped away. Her actions were swift and decisive.

Elena could no longer hold the smile on her face. She lowered her head and bit her bottom lip gently. Then, she turned around to look at Andrew.

It was then that she realized Andrew had a thoughtful look on his face as he stared at Maisie's car, which soon faded from his line of sight.

Elena gritted her teeth in anger. She immediately looked upset.

She said gently, "Drew, Ms. Bardot's—"

Andrew retracted his gaze. He said exasperatedly, "That's just how she is. Don't be like her."

Elena came to realize something. Andrew might sound like he was comforting her, but why did she sense a hint of indulgence toward Maisie in his words?

Yet, it seemed like he didn't know he was indulging her.

Elena was pissed off. How she wished she could just drive up and

run over Maisie at that very moment!

"Let's go."

Elena nodded gently. Her expression was still tinged with helplessness. "Alright."

...

"Mommy, we missed you so much!"

Maisie had a gentle smile on her face. The very first thing she did was to pull her two precious children into her arms.

"My darlings, I miss you two so much. How was it? Did you both have fun in school today? Why don't you two tell me if anything interesting happened in kindergarten today?"

"Of course, we had fun, Mommy. Nathan Kirk wet the bed and cried afterward. I noticed him and went up to comfort him."

"Is that so? How did you comfort Nathan, Junie?"

"I told him that he's only five years old, so it's not embarrassing to wet his pants. After all, not everyone is like me, who never wets her pants."

"But I wasn't sure why the more I comforted him, the redder his face became. In the end, he ran away. He didn't seem happier at all. Why is that?"

June tilted her head in confusion.