

## Chapter 0026

Maisie had completed an operation in the morning. Then, in the afternoon, she met several patients. Those two troublemakers did not bother her till the end of her shift.

This made her mood slightly better.

Maisie had a night shift today. So, she called Giselle to pick up the kids. When she walked past the vice director's office, she heard an argument inside.

"Sadie Woods, apologize to Dr. Snow and Dr. Summers this instant! How could you bully your colleagues in broad daylight, you—"

"Bully my colleagues? When did you see me do that? From how I see it, you're just protecting your crush!"

"Eason Harris, I'm your wife. How could you lecture me just to protect another woman? What do you think you're doing?"

This forceful voice belonged to the chubby female doctor she met in the morning.

Maisie blinked, clearly stunned. Just then, she saw Sadie storm out of the room. She could be seen wiping tears off her face.

Maisie backed away immediately. She didn't mean to eavesdrop.

Sadie took a quick look at Maisie.

Maisie was about to speak. But then, a nurse appeared, looking anxious. "Dr. Bardot, the patient in room 886 is experiencing severe chest pain. Please, hurry!"

Upon hearing that, Maisie didn't delay any longer. She rushed into the

ward.

Sadie didn't hesitate either. She followed closely behind.

"What's the situation?" Maisie pushed past the patient's family members.

She was then met with the sight of the patient clutching his chest. His face was pale and mouth wide open. He was gasping for air and trembling all over.

Maisie had a bad feeling about this. She patted his cheek and asked, "Can you hear me?"

She quickly picked up a penlight to examine his pupil. "He's unconscious. His pupil is not responsive. His heartbeat has stopped. Quick, send him to the emergency treatment room."

She quickly added, "Also, get his attending physician."

"That's me," Sadie said.

"Wipe your tears. Prepare for surgery." Maisie gave Sadie a quick glance. She delivered her words firmly. Then, she helped the nurses push the patient into the operating room.

Sadie panicked. She hurriedly followed behind Maisie. "Dr. Bardot, I've only started working. I've never performed surgery on a patient. I'm not ready."

Cardiac surgery was extremely tedious. There was no room for error. Plus, she had no confidence to perform well under such a critical situation.

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"As a doctor, when faced with an emergency, nobody has the time to prepare. You're working in this hospital. So, it means you are qualified as a doctor.

"If I weren't here today, would you plan to leave this operation and let your patient die?"

Given the urgency, Maisie's words were harsh, but she was stating facts.

Upon hearing her words, Sadie's eyelashes fluttered slightly. She lowered her gaze. Her expression was filled with distress and sorrow.

Maisie didn't give her any room to hesitate. She placed the surgical gown into Sadie's arms.

She spoke quickly in a lowered tone, "Get ready for surgery. Stat!"

Sadie held the surgical gown in her hands tightly. She looked at Maisie's disappearing figure as she entered the operating room. Her gaze flickered, and her hands trembled slightly.

As she had just cried, the corners of Sadie's eyes were still red. She still appeared dejected.

Upon seeing Sadie follow behind, Maisie assumed that she was prepared. "You lead the surgery. I'll assist you."

Just as Maisie finished talking, Sadie suddenly clamped down on her



hand. Maisie looked at the hand that was holding her.

Sadie's voice trembled as she tried to speak. She shook her head. "Dr. Bardot, I ... I can't do this."

Maisie's eyes darkened. She appeared displeased.

Bringing one's personal emotions into the operation was extremely unprofessional. It was a display of irresponsibility toward the patient.

Sadie was not in a state to perform the surgery. This was due to her current condition and the emotions she was going through.

Maisie looked at her intently without saying anything more.

In the end, Maisie led the surgery, and Sadie assisted. After two hours of surgery, they managed to save the patient's life.

The patient's family members thanked Maisie repeatedly. After reminding them of the aftercare, she scanned her surroundings. It was then that she realized Sadie was nowhere to be found.

Later on, she asked the nurses about Sadie's whereabouts.

When Maisie finally located Sadie, the latter was at a dimly lit stairwell. The young lady hugged herself tightly as she shrank in the corner. Amidst the silence, there was a soft sob.

She looked as if the entire world had abandoned her.

Sadie's current state was a complete 180 degrees from the one Maisie had seen this morning. Back then, she was confident and bold; now ...

Maisie's eyes darkened. She quietly walked up to her. Then, she leaned against the wall.

Noticing the movement, Sadie lifted her head. Her eyes locked with a pair of amber eyes.

"Dr. Bardot, it's you." Her voice was hoarse after all the sobbing.

"Yes," Maisie responded.

Sadie lowered her head in sorrow. "I'm sorry for being useless."

"It's good that you know that," Maisie responded mercilessly. Her voice sounded cold, without any emotions.

Sadie did back down during an emergency as a professional, after all. How was that not considered useless?

The person who was most suited to lead this surgery was Sadie because of her identity as the attending physician. Thus, she had the best understanding of the patient's medical condition.

However, she chose to back down during an emergency. She admitted to Maisie that she couldn't do it.

What if Sadie was the only person on duty tonight, and the patient had a sudden emergency? Her inability to handle the situation would have led to the patient's death!

How was that not considered useless?

If this had happened in Yuvara, Maisie would have already lashed out at the doctor. They would end up questioning their life choices after



the scolding.

Maisie was literally a saint for reasoning it out nicely with Sadie.

Sadie looked at Maisie with her tear-filled eyes. During the surgery just now, this woman's ability had shocked her.

She was systematic, confident, and precise. There was a glimmer in her eyes. She looked like a superhero filled with an unwavering belief to save the patient's life.

These traits were something Sadie could only hope to achieve.

Sadie sniffled as she looked at Maisie. Maisie had returned to her usual cold demeanor.

Her beautiful face was filled with coldness. She radiated a sense of icy aloofness.

Suddenly, Sadie came to a realization.

Why did the two troublemakers, Elena and Janice, constantly pick on Maisie?

That woman was confident, beautiful, proud, and outstanding. How could any woman not feel envious of her?



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