

Chapter 0035

"Alright. Thank you." Andrew responded casually. He had a cold expression on his face.

"Drew ..." Seeing Andrew about to leave, Elena called out to him anxiously.

Andrew stopped in his tracks. He turned his head slightly and asked, "Is there something else?"

Elena pursed her lips. She quickly took a few steps forward. When she stood in front of Andrew, she looked at him affectionately.

"Drew, I want to know what you think about the question Mrs. Clarke asked during dinner just now. I've been by your side for the past five years.

"These years, I've given my all just to tend to Grandpa's illness and to stay by your side. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, along with my parents, hope that we marry as soon as possible.

"Drew, let's get engaged. How does that sound? I'm sure you don't want to keep our parents constantly worrying about this either, right?"

Elena carefully observed Andrew's expression. Seeing the frown on his stern face, Elena panicked.

She quickly added, "Drew, I wasn't pressuring you. I'm just feeling anxious because I didn't get a definite answer from you. Drew ..."

"Elena, I've explained this to you five years ago. I have a responsibility to fulfill. I won't marry you."

"What responsibility?"

Elena looked at Andrew anxiously. She couldn't help but feel rejected. She had waited for so many years, so she couldn't just give up.

Elena tugged on Andrew's arm anxiously. "Drew, do you plan on using this reason to reject me? You ... You and Maisie are already divorced—"

Elena paused as an icy cold gaze fell on her. She felt like she was being strangled. She didn't dare to even breathe loudly.

Andrew looked at her coldly. He left without another word.

"Drew, I won't give up!" Elena declared loudly in a quivering voice as she watched Andrew's figure leaving her. Her fists were clenched tightly.

She refused to believe that Andrew could be so heartless toward her.

He said that he would marry her. That meant that he did have feelings toward her.

As for the responsibility he had mentioned, Elena couldn't figure out what he meant.

All she had to do now was to cure this old coot to make the Clarke family feel gratitude toward her. That way, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke would stand by her side, and Andrew wouldn't be able to reject her.

With those thoughts in mind, Elena took out the scrunched-up piece of paper from her pocket. She scanned through the herbal medicine

on the paper and sneered.

"And here I thought it would be some great prescription. Turns out it's just this. Ha! As if these herbs can save this old coot. What a joke."
"

"Elena? Are you still concerned about Mr. Clarke Senior's condition?"
A lovely voice sounded from behind.

Elena trembled. She clutched the prescription that she didn't manage to hide in her hand. It didn't go unnoticed by Logan.

"Dr. Jones, what are you doing here?" Elena put on a relaxed appearance.

"Did you forget? Today is the day we agreed to treat Mr. Clarke Senior."
"

Elena quickly went over to take Logan to Mr. Clarke Senior.


Looking at the sick man, he said helplessly, "Mr. Clarke Senior's illness requires a lot of attention. Nonetheless, his illness seems much better now."

Logan closed his eyes and took Mr. Clarke Senior's pulse.

Within a moment, Logan's eyes brightened. He let out a deep breath. A joyous and surprised smile appeared on his face.

"Elena, can you let me observe your next treatment process?"

Elena's expression froze. The treatment process? What treatment process?

 +5 BONUS

The one who had been tending to Emmanuel was Maisie. She had inserted her silver needles on numerous acupuncture points. Elena had never seen anything like that.

But why would Logan say something like that? Did he notice something?

Elena couldn't help but feel nervous. She clenched her fists tightly.

"Dr. Jones, why would you ask that? Is Mr. Clarke Senior's condition—"



Comments



Support

AD is coming