

Chapter 0049

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No one responded. Silence reigned in the study.

The enormous study was pitch black, and a cold wind swept through.

This eerie atmosphere persisted for an unknown period.

James turned his head, his gaze fixed on the door. He inched toward it step by step.

Then, he burst out of the study like lightning. Leaning heavily against the door, he gasped for air.

It felt like a narrow escape.

James hadn't been inside for a minute, yet he felt his blood freezing under Andrew's chilling presence.

He might have been trapped inside if he had stayed a moment longer.

Fuck, that was so terrifying!

"Igor, who could have provoked Andrew like this? He hasn't been this furious in ages."

James shuddered when he recalled the times Andrew had beaten him. He thought whoever had incurred Andrew's wrath must be in serious trouble. Maybe they were already dead.

Igor hesitated, unsure how to respond.

"Speak up! Has the person who angered Andrew already died?"

James asked him.

"No, she's fine, but Mr. Clarke is furious," Igor said carefully after choosing his words.

"She?"

James couldn't believe someone had survived after infuriating Andrew to this extent. He was eager to meet this lucky person. "Who is it?"

Igor was silent.

"C'mon, spill!"

Igor couldn't resist James' fervor for gossip. His eyes shifted around mysteriously before he whispered, "Ms. Bardot."

"Holy crap!" James wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. "You mean Maisie?"

He wondered how Maisie managed to anger Andrew to this extent.

Well, he had gone inside to discuss Maisie's matter with Andrew. Thank goodness he hadn't brought it up. Otherwise ...

He could already envision Andrew chasing him down with a cleaver in his hand.

"I think my life is more important than discussing this matter. I'll wait until Andrew calms down a bit," James said while trying to sound reasonable.



The corner of Igor's mouth twitched. He wondered where James' courage had gone.

"Oh no! Mr. Clarke Senior is having a severe relapse right now! He's coughing up blood!"

James was about to head back to his room when he heard a series of alarmed shouts from the second floor. That was where Emmanuel's room was located.

Andrew, who came out of the study, and James both had thunderous expressions. Then, they swiftly made their way to Emmanuel's room.

At the same time, everyone in the residence was alerted to the urgent situation.

"Hurry! Tell Dr. Jones and Elena to come over right now!" Laura was anxiously directing everyone inside Emmanuel's room.

The family doctor had arrived by then, but the maids were panicking about the situation. It was chaotic, to say the least.

The heart monitor started beeping urgently.

James halted his steps as he entered the room, his brows tangling into a frown. He then turned around and dialed Maisie's number.

Outside, thunder rumbled, and there was suddenly a downpour. As the thunder was too loud, Maisie hurried to close the windows.

June shared Maisie's fear when it came to thunderstorms. Soon, Maisie tucked her daughter in bed.

Maisie was afraid that June might wake up feeling unsettled and cry for her in the night. So, she brought her laptop into the children's room to work.

Maisie was deeply focused on her laptop. She was devising a surgery plan for a patient. Her slender fingers danced across the keyboard the whole time.

Suddenly, her phone rang, showing an unfamiliar number.

She hurriedly muted the phone. Then, she cast a glance at Elio and June, who were sound asleep.

Maisie set aside her laptop. Then, she picked up the phone and quietly left the room.

"Hello, who's this?" Maisie answered the call.

She took a moment to pour herself a glass of water while holding the phone to her ear.

"Maisie, please help!"

"What's wrong?" Maisie's grip on the phone tightened, her heart racing.

"Grandpa is having another attack, and it's really urgent. Please come quickly, Maisie."

"What?"

Maisie's hand trembled. The glass slipped from her grip and

shattered on the floor with a loud crash.

She looked dazed for a moment. Then, she glanced nervously in the direction of the children's room.

Maisie picked up the medical kit while replying, "I'll be there soon."

How could this happen? Emmanuel's condition had shown signs of improvement. If he had followed the prescription accurately, such a severe relapse wouldn't have occurred.

Maisie hurriedly put on her shoes at the entrance.

Elio opened his room door. He rubbed his eyes as he stepped out.

He was concerned when he saw that Maisie wanted to go out this late into the night. "Mommy?"

"Darling, why are you awake? Did my voice wake you up?" Maisie inquired.

El rubbed his eyes again. "No, I woke up on my own. Mommy, where are you going?"

"I need to visit the Clarke Estate, where a very important man is sick and needs my help. Darling, please be a good boy and sleep while I go over. Wait for my return."

"The Clarke Estate? Daddy's home?"

Elio couldn't help but furrow his brow when he heard that Maisie was going to the Clarke Estate.



He had overheard Maisie and Giselle's conversation in the past. So, he had a feeling that the Clarkes were bad guys, just like Andrew.

"Yes."

Maisie crouched down. She straightened Elio's pajamas with a gentle gaze.

"El, Junie is afraid of thunder. Can you take care of her for me? I'll be back very soon."

"Okay, Mommy. Please hurry back. I'll wait for you."

"Oh, you're so sweet."

Maisie didn't have much time to talk to Elio. She hastily gave him a few instructions before rushing out.

Elio obediently followed Maisie's instructions and went back to his room.

As he was about to lie back down, he was drawn to June's soft cries.

Elio hurried over to embrace Junee and gently touched her tear-streaked face.

He asked softly, "What's wrong, Junie?"

Outside, the wind howled, and the rain poured down.

Junie's small body shrank. Her face was red from crying as she clutched her stuffed toy tightly.

She sniffled softly. "El, where's Mommy? I'm scared."

"Don't cry, Junie. Don't cry." El quickly wiped away her tears. "Junie, you don't have to be afraid. I'm here."

Elio then climbed onto June's pink bed. He cradled her in his arms and comforted her in a soft voice, "Do you want to see Mommy?"

"Yeah, El. Where did Mommy go?"

"Mommy has something important to do. She went to our horrible daddy's house. But if you want to see Mommy, I can help."

June was nestled in Elio's embrace. Her eyes were wide open with hope when she heard that her brother had a way for her to see Maisie.

She immediately looked up with her round eyes that were filled with hope. "El, what's your plan?"

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