

Chapter 0060

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Laura fell silent for a moment. Her eyes narrowed with anger.

"It's all because of that woman, Maisie Bardot, who keeps hovering around the Clarke family. She's trying to seduce Andrew!

"I used to think she was kind-hearted, but little did I know about her cunning nature. I won't allow her to get close to Andrew again."

Elena smirked triumphantly. She felt satisfied with her successful scheme.

She promptly stood up and intimately took Laura's hand.

In a soft voice, she said, "Mrs. Clarke, don't be upset. Maisie isn't worth it."

"Elena, you're truly wonderful. You're wholeheartedly in love with Andrew instead of coveting his money. Women like you are rare these days."

Elena bit her lip. A gentle smile graced her face as she sneakily glanced upstairs. That seemingly casual gesture made her thoughts unmistakably apparent.

Laura chuckled. "Go on, then."

Elena immediately withdrew her gaze. Her eyes flickered hesitantly for a moment.

She put on a shy expression. "Mrs. Clarke, I'll go upstairs to check on

Drew. I'll join you for a chat later."

Laura nodded. "Sure, go ahead."

In the study, James meticulously recounted the incident when he witnessed Maisie treating Emmanuel and his speculations to Andrew.

James had wanted to speak up earlier but had not found the right opportunity.

Andrew sat on the chair while holding the robotic dog, Roblox, in his hands.

The light from the desk lamp silently carved out his perfect and handsome features. His brows were twisted into a frown.

"So, you're suggesting that Elena lied, and Maisie is the one who saved Grandpa?"

His deep voice echoed slowly, carrying underlying tones of coldness.

"Yes, it's always been Maisie who treated Grandpa. Elena is an impostor, taking credit for Maisie's achievements and deceiving all of us."

James, who rarely showed a serious expression, wore a stern look on his face.

Andrew rested his fingers on the desk, tapping it rhythmically. He remained silent, his level of belief unclear. However, the chill on his face deepened.

Elena heard the words at the doorway, and her hands were clenched

tightly.

How did James find out about Maisie saving Emmanuel's life? Heck, he sounded so confident about it!

It couldn't be true!

Elena clutched her chest, and the pressure made it hard for her to breathe. A fear like never before washed over her entire being.

"Elena, what's happening?"

Laura had intended to return to her room. But when she passed by the study, she found Elena leaning against the wall.

Not just that, Elena's complexion was ghostly pale and devoid of any color. Her entire body was trembling.

"Elena, are you feeling unwell?" Laura asked anxiously.

Elena was overwhelmed with fear. But they had attracted the attention of Andrew and James, who had now stepped out upon hearing the commotion.

Andrew furrowed his brow slightly after seeing Elena's state.

James pressed his lips together. His furrowed brows carried a hint of disdain as he sneered, "What's this? Are you playing dead after the plan was exposed?"

"What plan?"

Laura blinked. She did not understand what they were talking about

and why Elena had suddenly become like this.

"Ask her yourself!" James couldn't be bothered to explain.

Laura looked at Andrew and then at James. Her gaze then fell back on Elena. Her eyes were filled with questions.

Elena staggered before her legs gave way. She collapsed backward in a dead faint afterward.

Laura's eyes suddenly widened. "Elena?"

"Get her to the hospital."

"Damn, she's good."

Frustrated, James placed his hands on his hips while pacing in circles. He couldn't help but admire Elena's acting skills once again.

Elena was rushed to the hospital overnight.

When she woke up, it was already the next morning.

As usual, Maisie had an operation to perform in the morning. She had discussed the surgical procedure with a few doctors early on.

Once the anesthesiologist had administered anesthesia to the patient, she began the operation.

After a morning of operation, Maisie exited the operating room and sighed with relief.

The family members waiting outside immediately approached her. "Dr. Bardot, how did it go?"

Maisie removed her mask and smiled faintly. "Don't worry, the surgery was very successful. However, the patient is quite weak now. We'll be observing him in the ICU for a few days."

The patient's family was overjoyed, eagerly shaking Maisie's hand while expressing their gratitude. They were almost on the verge of sinking down to their knees.

Maisie felt flustered and quickly helped the woman up. She said, "Ma'am, please don't do this."

"Thank you, thank you, Dr. Bardot! We've consulted several hospitals, but they all said my father's heart condition was too unique and risky for surgery.

"Only you were willing to operate on him! Thank you! You're our saviour!" The woman's hand shook as she tightly held Maisie's hand.

Maisie smiled gently. "Ma'am, you're too kind. Treating patients is our responsibility as doctors. I'll have the nurse update you on the patient's post-surgery condition later."

"Alright, thank you. Thank you so much."

Finally, Maisie escaped from the heartfelt gratitude of the patient's family. Then, she saw Sadie hurrying over.

"What happened?" Maisie asked.