

Chapter 0062

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"What's wrong?"

Alexander's face stiffened at those words. There was a flash of panic in his usually composed eyes.

Maisie pursed her lips and lowered her eyes as she tidied up the medical records she was holding. She let out a sigh.

"Don't you feel the overflowing rage from all the women here? I bet they're only one push away from pouncing on me," Maisie joked, swiping her hand across her neck in a throat-slitting motion.

Alexander chuckled helplessly. "Don't think too much. I'll protect you even if that does happen."

Maisie could only blink stupidly, clearly at loss for words.

Right then, a nurse informed Alexander, "Dr. Miller, there's a post-operative consultation later. The department head requested you to head over and provide some input."

"Alright, I'm on my way." Alexander nodded.

"Go on. Don't keep your patient waiting."

"Remember to apply the ointment," Alexander reminded Maisie.

As she watched him leave, Maisie slipped the ointment into the pocket of her top. She then let out a relieved sigh.

Looking at the questions on the medical chart, she took out a pen and made a few corrections. That was when she heard insuppressible exclamations echoing throughout the hospital.

"Ah! He's so damn good-looking ..."

"Holy shit, check out that man walking toward us. My word, he's super hot!"

"Is he even real? Dr. Miller's already so hot, but this guy is making my heart skip a beat!"

"It's not just his face; it's his bearing. He's not even looking at me, but his presence alone is making my knees weak."

"My goodness, this should be illegal. I'm passing out. Get that hottie to give me CPR."

"Help, I can't take it. He must be an angel from above. He's so handsome!"

Hearing these excited women, Maisie quietly chuckled and shook her head. Calling someone an angel from above sounded way too much like an exaggeration.

She wanted to see for herself how good-looking this supposed "angel" was. However, the first thing she saw upon raising her head was Andrew's face. Her eyes met his profound pair looking back at her.

To say that she was shocked was an understatement.

Angel?

Those women should probably get their eyes checked.

If anything, Andrew looked more like the Grim Reaper!

Maisie's hand, which held the pen, stopped abruptly. At that instant, all sounds around her faded away, leaving only silence in the corridor as the man approached her.

Andrew was clad in a tailored all-black suit. The light that shone on him accentuated his tall and strong build. He had sleek and dark brows, a tall nose bridge, and thin, noble lips that were slightly pursed. His deep eyes were bottomless.

His bearing was icy and distant. His entire being radiated immense pressure that made others hesitant to show him any disrespect. And yet, it was that very face of his that made it difficult for people to look away.

Maisie regained her composure. She had to admit that Andrew had otherworldly good looks. Coupled with his innate air of nobility as he exuded an imposing yet captivating vibe, he was someone who could get women to flock to him and be enamored by him.

Maisie used to be one of those women.

The corners of Maisie's lips were tugged as she closed the medical records she was holding. She then turned to leave.

She knew very well the reason Andrew was here at the hospital.

Now that his lover, Elena, had been hospitalized, it was a given that he would come to take care of her.



Still, now should be when he was busiest at work. Maisie remembered how tied up he was with work when she got sick and called him back then. He only sent Igor to check on her and offer a few words of consolation.

But now, things sure were different when it came to someone he actually cared about.

Maisie let out a sigh. The feeling of something heavy on her chest suddenly made it hard for her to breathe.

Enough was enough. She couldn't believe how recalling this still touched her sore spot.

She could only inwardly berate herself for being weak.

Just as she wanted to return to the office, two bodyguards clad in the Clarke family's black uniform appeared in front of her.

Maisie jolted to a stop.

"Please stay, Ms. Bardot. Mr. Clarke would like to have a word with you."

Maisie's breath hitched, and she wanted to ignore the men. However, the bodyguards had no intention of letting her go.

"This way, please." One of the bodyguards raised a hand, his face blank.

Maisie quietly pursed her lips. Just like Andrew, the rest of the Clarke family were consistently cold and domineering. No one would expect

the word "please" to come from men of their demeanor.

With pursed lips, Maisie turned her head.

Standing just a few feet away from one another, Maisie and Andrew could clearly see each other's expression.

Maisie's hand in her pocket involuntarily clenched. Andrew's cold and penetrating gaze looked like it could see through her being, down to her soul.

She took a deep breath before walking up to Andrew.

When she lifted her gaze to look at the man who was a head taller than her, she had an impeccable smile on her face. "What a coincidence, Mr. Clarke."

She then asked in a lighthearted tone, "Are you here to see Elena? Her condition—"

"Coincidence? Not at all. I'm here for you."

"Me? Is something the matter?" Maisie asked, her eyebrows perked.

The deep voice sounded again. "Follow me."

That put a frown on Maisie's face. "I'm busy," she rejected.

"You're busy, you say? Heh."

Andrew's voice was filled with disdain and mockery.

Out of nowhere, he pulled her into his embrace.



The unexpected collision of their bodies made Maisie shudder. With her eyebrows pulled into a deep frown, she was momentarily stunned. It was the surprised exclamations from around and her instinct that prompted her to push Andrew away.

However, her struggle was nothing but futile to Andrew.

Maisie's body was pressed even closer to his as he tightened his grip.

Enraged, Maisie growled through clenched teeth. "Are you sick in the head, Andrew? What the hell are you doing, huh? Hugging your ex-wife in public? Aren't you worried Elena will hear about this?"

She glared at Andrew.

A faint smirk appeared on Andrew's lips. Even so, his smile wasn't genuine.

As though he wanted to freeze everything, he spoke in that icy tone again.

"You don't look that busy to me. You looked like you were having fun, chatting with your boyfriend."



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