

Chapter 0063

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As Maisie gritted her teeth, her tone suddenly changed.

"That's none of your business," she said with a sneer. "Surely you're not jealous, Mr. Clarke?"

"Heh." Andrew's jaw twitched slightly as he snickered.

"You think you can make me jealous? You were my woman. Even if I don't want you anymore, no one else is allowed to touch you. Have I made myself clear?"

Andrew's handsome face when he uttered those domineering words was cold.

What he said seemed to have stabbed Maisie right in her chest. With a stiff expression, Maisie looked at him.

"You need help, seriously. I suggest you see a psychiatrist," she stated.

"As you wish." Andrew's thin, cold lips curled into a smile. He then reached out to smooth out her disheveled hair with his long and slender fingers.

Maisie could only blink in confusion. She hadn't got a clue what the man was up to. However, his seemingly affectionate actions had elicited a chorus of astonished exclamations from the people around them.

Maisie tried to pull her hand out of his tight grip, but Andrew showed

no intention of letting go. Instead, he held her even tighter.

"Where are you taking me?" Maisie hissed, her voice quiet.

Andrew leaned toward her. Right beside her ear, he purred in a low, husky voice. "You'll see when we get there."

Maisie turned pink at his proximity.

The hearts of everyone here seemed to tremble along with Maisie's. Andrew exuded fatal allure in every move he made.

"Ah! It's Dr. Bardot again! Why are all the fine men interested in her?"

"I wish I could be swept into the arms of the domineering CEO of a company like that. My goodness, he's so handsome. I'm in love with him."

"Why am I not the one he's hugging? Oh, I'm so jealous. Dr. Bardot sure is lucky."

"But doesn't that mean Dr. Bardot is a two-timer? The gentle Dr. Miller was here to give her some ointment, and now, there's a domineering CEO who's hugging her waist. Dr. Bardot isn't playing the field, is she?"

"Now that you mention it ... That'd be shameless of her. Hey, did any of you hear about how Dr. Bardot seduced her professor in college and ended up getting expelled?"

"Who said that? Is there any evidence? That's pretty scandalous. Dr. Bardot is usually aloof and modest. Who would have thought that she'd do something so disgusting behind the scenes?"

"Who said it's just a rumor? But look at how pretty she is. No man can resist a woman with such a perfect appearance."

"That's right!"

Maisie was in the middle of being dragged to the 18th floor when she realized that they were on their way to Elena's ward.

"Andrew, let go of me!"

However, Andrew paid her no mind. Since Maisie was no match for him in strength, she was brought all the way to the ward.

When Elena saw Andrew, a gentle smile appeared on her sickly face. "Dre—Maisie?"

Maisie did not miss the moment Elena's face fell.

Turbulent emotions crashed like waves in Elena's eyes, but Elena forcefully suppressed them. As they rose again, she pushed them down until she eventually managed to put on a feeble smile.

On the couch next to the bed sat two well-dressed women—Laura and Elena's mother, Holly Rivers. Judging from the clear tear stains on Elena's face and her swollen, red eyes, she seemed to have been crying just a moment ago.

As soon as Maisie entered the ward, everyone turned to look at her. Even the air became strangely tense.

Seeing this, Maisie lightly pursed her lips. She somehow felt like she was in a courtroom trial, and she was the accused!

To make things worse, they were looking at her in a way that had Maisie doubting if she had unknowingly done something to make an enemy out of everyone.

"James must've been deceived by this woman who said all sorts of nonsense." Holly angrily huffed.

"Laura, you and I are best friends. You even watched Elena grow up. You know her better than anyone. Even though she had to endure hardships, she went abroad to study medicine just so she could one day treat Mr. Clarke Senior's heart condition.

"Now that she has achieved that, she has been robbed of the credit by this woman. Elena didn't tell us even when she had suffered so much!"

After Holly said that, she pursed her lips, and her tears began to pour. She looked like she had suffered a great injustice.

Seeing this, Laura comforted her with a frown.

"Holly, I know that Elena saved Mr. Clarke Senior. It's a fact, and no one can take that credit from her. Of course, I don't believe that woman's words. James has a straightforward personality. I'm sure he was deceived by that woman."

Clueless about the full story, Maisie found their conversation confusing.

Robbed of the credit? Elena not saying anything even when she had suffered so much?



James had a straightforward personality, which was the reason why he was deceived by her?

Maisie's eyebrows were pulled together into a small frown.

"Drew, do you believe me? I did my best to save Grandpa, and I'm not asking for any recognition. Still, I can't just let Ms. Bardot wrongly accuse me like that.

"I'm a human being too, Drew. Even I can feel wronged. I just want to clear my name!"

Elena bit her lip. The way she appeared to be finally crying after trying her best to hold her emotions in was enough to evoke sympathy.

"Wait."

Eventually, Maisie couldn't help but raise a hand and interrupt her.

"What do you mean I wrongly accused you?"



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