

Chapter 0065

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Maisie returned to her office with the intention of diving into her academic paper from the past two days. However, her mind was far from focused. She found herself unable to type more than a few words.

Today's events had caught her off guard. But what puzzled her even more afterward was Emmanuel's sudden relapse. She couldn't figure out the reason behind it.

Following today's incident, a thought suddenly struck Maisie

In the entire process of treating Emmanuel, the only aspect that didn't involve her was the medication. Maisie had also noticed something during Emmanuel's examination yesterday. His breathing and heart rate were severely irregular.

Unless there were external psychological factors at play, the only plausible explanation would be a problem with the medication.

Yesterday, Maisie was so confident in her prescription that she didn't think much about the medication. Now, it seemed that the pills Emmanuel had taken were not the ones made according to her prescription.

There was a high possibility that Elena had swapped them.

Leaning on her desk, Maisie's hand rested on her forehead as she delved deep into thought. Some scattered details flashed through her mind. She berated herself for not being more vigilant.

A phone call interrupted her thoughts. Maisie brushed aside a few strands of hair from her forehead and glanced at the screen. It was an unknown number.

Maisie answered with suspicion.

"Hey, Mais. If I didn't call, you wouldn't even take the initiative to contact me, would you?" A low, magnetic voice resounded on the other end.

Maisie took a deep breath, recognizing who it was. She pursed her lips and asked, "Do you have something to say?"

"Of course," the person replied.

Maisie raised an eyebrow and chuckled smugly. "Well then, speak up. I'm listening."

Jonathan fell silent for a moment. He was slightly surprised by Maisie's playful tone.

She had been through quite a lot recently, and he was aware of most of it. The fact that she could still laugh indicated her resiliency.

"You can still laugh. That's good."

"If you have something to say, please get to the point. If not, spare me."

Holding her phone, Maisie walked to the window. She watched the sun set with a reddish hue in the sky.

She glanced at her watch. There wasn't much work in the department today, so she could leave on time to pick up Elio and June from school.

"Somebody is investigating you all. To be precise, they're probing the whereabouts of the two little ones."

Maisie furrowed her brow, her once indifferent eyes now filled with concern.

"Who?"

"The Clarkes."

Jonathan had access to one of the most extensive information networks, with informants in business and politics. If he wanted to uncover something, it was only a matter of time.

The Clarkes? Apart from Andrew, no one else from the Clarkes knew about the existence of the children.

So, the person investigating their whereabouts had to be Andrew.

Maisie tightened her grip on the phone.

After a period of inactivity, he indeed hadn't given up on finding the children. Maisie glanced at her watch once more.

At this moment, she couldn't help but worry. She wished she could teleport to the school to bring the children back to her side for her peace of mind.

After a brief silence, Jonathan continued, "And someone is digging into Cynthia's identity."

"Who?" Maisie asked as she began to gather her belongings, preparing to go to the school.

"The Clarkes."

Maisie wasn't surprised by this revelation. Their sole purpose in searching for her, or should she say, for Cynthia, was to have her treat Emmanuel.

"It's interesting, isn't it? They're using such significant resources to locate Cynthia when she's right in front of their eyes.

"You're desperately trying to treat Mr. Clarke Senior, yet they're driving you away. Don't you think their eyes deserve to be gouged out?"

Maisie could hear a cruel and bloody undertone in Jonathan's voice. It made her wonder what extreme measures he had in mind.

"What's your ex-husband's name again?" Jonathan asked after a brief pause. "Ah, I remember now. Andrew. He would be the most deserving to get his eyes gouged out ..."

"Jonathan!" Maisie took a deep breath, her voice stern and cold.

Jonathan was not one to make idle threats. If he said something, he meant it.

But the Clarkes, a top-tier wealthy family in the capital, weren't any

less formidable. Being both ruthless and cruel-hearted, Andrew, in particular, was not someone easy to deal with.

As for Jonathan, he was also a brutal and cruel lunatic. Maisie could not imagine the bloodshed and chaos that would ensue if these two powerhouses clashed.

"Yes? Is there anything you wanna say?" Jonathan asked.

"You promised me last time that you wouldn't resort to violence so easily. Can't you adopt a more reasonable and peaceful way of resolving things?"

"You think I've survived this long by using reasonable and peaceful methods?"

Maisie was rendered speechless.

"Or is it because you're worried about me going after your ex-husband?" Jonathan continued.

Maisie pursed her lips, not wanting to argue with him. "Just don't interfere in my affairs. I'll handle it myself."

"You'll handle it yourself? You're tending to that old man from the Clarkes like a silent hero. But you've allowed others to trample on you. People have unjustly accused you despite your good deeds. Do you really think I don't know, Maisie?"

"Are you a coward? If you can't deal with that woman, just let me handle it. Anyone who bullies my people will regret it!"

"Jonathan, not everything can be solved through violence. I have my

own plans for this matter, and I told you not to interfere."

"Your own plans? You've been bullied, Maisie. Are you dumb?"

Being called a coward one moment and then dumb the next, Maisie felt exasperated.

"I find it hard to talk to you, Jonathan. You're always so irritable. Can't you find a therapist to work on your bad temper? Thanks for telling me all this. I'm hanging up now."

Maisie ended the call, clearly frustrated.

Her gaze was filled with deep concern, and her thoughts were racing. It appeared that Andrew had never given up on taking the children away.

Maisie headed toward the underground parking lot afterward. She received a call from Giselle the moment she got in the car. "Mais, did Andrew go to the hospital to see you today?"

"How did you know?" Maisie was surprised by how well-informed everyone seemed to be. It was as if they were all watching her closely.

"There's a video on the hospital's forum. Someone recorded the two of you and posted it online. What's really happening between you and Andrew? Why did he come to the hospital to look for you?"

Elena immediately shot an incredulous look at Andrew. She couldn't believe that he agreed to it.

Was he willing to disregard Emmanuel's life for Maisie's sake?

Maisie was also surprised by Andrew's unexpected agreement. When she raised her head to look at him, he had already walked out of the ward.

Maisie didn't stay much longer as well.

Peering at Maisie with narrowed eyes, Laura couldn't help recalling what Elena said last night.

Andrew cared about Maisie.

Laura had no choice but to keep an eye out because of Andrew's repeated protectiveness over Maisie.



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