

Chapter 0051

Maisie repeatedly called James and ignored Elena completely.

"Maisie, I don't understand why you're still struggling here. Do you want to get humiliated? It's laughable," Elena commented with a sneer.

"That awful woman!"

Junie had turned bright red in anger upon witnessing the scene on the screen. She couldn't resist banging the table with her hand.

Elio was equally furious. It seemed that everyone in the Clarke family was mean.

Maisie kindly went to their residence to help them, yet they blocked her at the gates.

This awful woman was now flaunting her power to their mother just to upset her. It was despicable, to say the least.

"El, we need to find a way to help Mommy," June suggested.

"Yeah." Elio nodded firmly.

His fingers were about to fly across the keyboard when he hesitated. "Wait, Junie, what do you think Mommy will do?"

Elena remained cold and composed. She then shot the bodyguard a look.

The bodyguard understood her signal. He promptly started driving Maisie away without any courtesy.

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Anger started flooding Maisie's senses. Her icy gaze swept over the guard, then shifted directly to the car behind her. Turning around, she got into her car without a word.

Elena sneered when she watched Maisie retreat in defeat. There was a triumphant glint in her eyes. "If you dare to challenge me, you'll see ..."

A sharp horn suddenly blared.

Elena wondered what this crazy woman was planning to do.

Her eyes widened in disbelief the next second. Her expression was now one of panic.

"Maisie, are you out of your mind?"

The only response she got was the roar from the accelerating engine.

Maisie didn't hesitate to charge toward the entrance. The piercing and drawn-out sound filled the entire space.

The car's windows were wide open, letting in the rain and wind.

Maisie narrowed her eyes slightly as her long hair billowed in the wind.

Despite the guard pointing a gun at her, her resolute gaze reflected her determination. The engine's roar only grew louder.

With a crash, the iron gates were knocked askew. The car that barreled into the Clarke Estate was unstoppable.

Maisie had to enter through the gate today and save the person inside.

Terrified, Elena clutched her chest.

Her gaze was fixed on the car that had broken through the iron gates and was racing into the grounds with disbelief. She wondered where Maisie found the courage to barge into the Clarke Estate.

She gritted her teeth tightly.

No, she couldn't allow Maisie to see Emmanuel!

If Maisie treated him right then and there, Elena wouldn't be able to hide anything anymore!

She absolutely couldn't allow this to happen!

Hence, Elena hurriedly chased after Maisie.

Upon reaching the entrance of the Clarke Estate, Elena saw James personally coming down to welcome Maisie.

"Sorry, Maisie. My phone died. Come in quickly," James said.

Maisie nodded grimly. She grabbed her medical kit and hurried inside.

"James?" Elena walked over to him with a deep frown on her face.

"Elena?" James sneered openly. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to treat Grandpa," Elena said urgently.

She feigned a pitiful expression. She tried way too hard at being pitiful.

A trace of mockery flashed in James' eyes. He stood tall and imposing, blocking Elena's way.

He leaned casually against the doorframe. "Drop the act, Elena. I can't stand women like you the most. Stop causing trouble for Maisie, or I won't spare you."

"I ..." Elena wanted to say something, but James didn't give her the chance.

Firm determination surged in Elena's eyes.

She couldn't wrap her mind around this sudden turn in events.

Why was James, this arrogant and insolent playboy, always protecting Maisie?

The frightening thing was that James continued to treat Maisie with so much respect as though she was still married to Andrew. He even behaved that way in front of Andrew himself.

What terrified her even more than that was that Andrew had never contradicted James about this.

A terrifying thought popped into Elena's mind. When Andrew didn't refute something, it meant he acquiesced to it.

She wondered whether it could be that Andrew still regarded Maisie as his wife.

Elena was startled by her intrusive thoughts. She stumbled back a few steps.

Unconsciously, she looked toward the grand and majestic residence belonging to the Clarke family. It was the place she had dreamt of entering with the demeanor of Andrew's legally married wife.

No, she couldn't allow Maisie to seize the opportunity ahead of her. She would never compromise with that.

Inside the room, Logan had just examined Emmanuel.

He carefully placed Emmanuel's hand under the blanket. His brow furrowed in concern.

Andrew frowned involuntarily when he saw Logan's expression. A chill spread around him as he asked in a low voice, "How's Grandpa?"

"Compared to last time, he's not doing well. Have you changed Mr. Clarke Senior's medicine recently?" Logan inquired.

"No, the medicine we've been giving him is prepared according to Elena's prescription," Laura replied while clutching her chest.

She was already breathless from crying. Right now, she was being supported by a maid.

"How is Grandpa now?"

Maisie rushed in, not giving anyone a chance to stop her. She immediately crouched by Emmanuel's bed.

Without even taking a moment to catch her breath, she forced herself to calm down. Then, she placed her fingers on Emmanuel's pulse.

Maisie's brow furrowed deeply.

How could this happen? It was worse than she had anticipated.

Maisie took out a small bottle of pills from her medical kit without hesitation. She tipped one into Emmanuel's mouth.

She was swift, but immediately, a sharp voice sounded behind her.

"Maisie!" Laura saw Maisie and instantly glared at her as if she had seen her archenemy. "Someone, drag her away!"

Maisie was yanked away from Mr. Clarke's bedside by a few maids.

Andrew's gaze flickered, and his expression turned cold again.

Maisie was soaked from head to toe as if she had just been pulled out of a river. Even her hair was dripping with water, clinging to her frail shoulders. She looked utterly disheveled.

Didn't Maisie know it was raining outside? What a foolish woman!

Andrew looked away from Maisie afterward. He felt that whether she was wet or not was none of his damn business.