



## Chapter 0056

Playing along, she said, "Elena, your intention behind this is clear. You're trying to make Andrew misunderstand me.

"Is playing these tricks worth your time? What you value might not tempt me at all. You can rest assured. Just focus on keeping your belongings for yourself."

Maisie arched her delicate eyebrow. She then turned around and left without a second thought.

Elena's thoughts were laid bare, and her face stiffened in response. She hurriedly glanced at Andrew, finding his expression dark and unforgiving.

Panic gripped her heart. Then, she forced a smile. Her demeanor was rigid and uneasy.

Andrew shot her a deep and penetrating look but said nothing.

However, whether he believed her or not, once the seed of suspicion was planted, it was bound to grow and flourish.

As Elena watched Maisie's retreating figure, determination welled up inside her.

She would never let Maisie outwit her.

...

Although Laura disliked Maisie, her concern for Emmanuel was

genuine. Today's sudden deterioration of his condition shocked her profoundly, leaving her uneasy.

"Dr. Jones, I came here to ask if there's any hope for Mr. Clarke Senior's condition to improve," Laura inquired.

Logan sighed deeply. "Mr. Clarke Senior has frequently lapsed into unconsciousness due to his condition. If there's no improvement soon, he might end up in a vegetative state, or worse.

"If this situation arises again, even I won't be able to help him."

Laura clenched her fists tightly. Her heart pounded as she listened to Logan.

"What should we do, then?" she asked.

"If you want to save Mr. Clarke Senior, you might have to find her," Dr. Jones replied.

"Her? Who?" Laura questioned.

"Cynthia. She used to be the head of cardiac surgery at Yuvaran General Hospital. She was widely admired, having performed hundreds of surgeries without a single failure.

"One of her surgeries even garnered national attention, making her the top-ranked surgeon in the medical community. I happened to see her once, and she truly was extraordinary.

"However, she's incredibly mysterious, and she's shielded by a formidable force. The world has yet to see her face beneath the mask."

Logan, a highly respected figure in the medical community, spoke with admiration when discussing this individual.

"If someone like her has your high praise, she must be exceptional. But do we really need to find this Cynthia woman to save Mr. Clarke Senior?" Laura asked.

"That's correct. I'm afraid only she can save Mr. Clarke Senior now," Logan affirmed.

"In that case, I'll immediately inform Fulton to bring Cynthia here," Laura said.

"Mrs. Clarke, please don't be hasty. Cynthia is no longer in Yuvaran. Her whereabouts are hard to trace, and it might take some effort to locate her," Logan cautioned.

"If she can save Mr. Clarke Senior, my family will find her no matter where she is," Laura replied.

Maisie was persistent. She still wanted to see Emmanuel, but four bodyguards guarded his room.

When they saw her, they treated her like an intruder. They pulled out their guns and sternly warned, "Ms. Bardot, please leave immediately or suffer the consequences."

Maisie felt a strong sense of helplessness, and it was reflected in her eyes. It seemed impossible to see Emmanuel today.

Frowning, Maisie walked toward James' room and knocked gently on the door.

James opened the door swiftly. He glanced at Maisie's outfit with casual indifference.

A sardonic smile played on his lips. "Maisie, what happened between you and Andrew?"

She pursed her lips. "Cut the sarcasm. You know full well that Andrew and I are divorced. Oh, and this."

She handed James a small bottle of pills from her medical kit. Seeing his puzzled expression, she said, "If Grandpa has another attack, make him take these pills first, then call me immediately."

"What kind of pills are these?" James inquired.

"Life-saving ones. Did you get that?" Maisie was worried he might forget if he was distracted by something else.

"That sounds miraculous." James shook the pill bottle. "Don't worry, I'll carry these pills with me from now on. I won't forget my task."

Maisie couldn't help but find his transition from a nonchalant expression to a serious demeanor amusing.

"Alright then. I'm leaving."

"Maisie, let me walk you out. It's raining outside. It's not safe for a woman like you."

"No need. I drove my car—hey!"

Suddenly, Maisie felt someone grabbing her by the nape.

## Chapter 0057

Maisie widened her eyes and turned around, only to see Andrew.

Andrew's demeanor was as frosty as ice as he exuded a chilling and menacing air. He resembled a demon that had just crawled out of hell.

A sense of horror washed over Maisie. Still, she rolled her eyes in exasperation.

"Let go of me!" Maisie gritted her teeth. She wondered why he was so persistent. "Where are you taking me?"

"I'm taking you home," he replied.

"I don't need your help!"

"It doesn't matter what you need."

Andrew could see the fury erupting in Maisie's amber eyes.

She closed her eyes with frustration. "Andrew, are you some kind of bandit?"

Andrew didn't respond. He just carried her out without even glancing at her.

His dominance and arrogance were showcased vividly.

"Andrew, can you stop resorting to violence every time?" Maisie protested. "I can walk on my own! Let go! Are you crazy? Get yourself

treated if you're sick, Andrew!"

Little did she know that a moment after she left, the Clarke Estate would face an unprecedented "terror attack".

With a loud crash, something collapsed.

The maids gathered downstairs. Apparently they were chasing after ... a robotic dog? What was happening?

James was thunderstruck. What on earth was happening?

He hurried downstairs. Then, his eyes widened in disbelief. The luxurious living room had turned into a chaotic mess in no time.

Couches were torn apart; several holes now marred their once-perfect surface.

The enormous vase from before lay shattered on the ground. Potting soil was scattered everywhere, and remnants and debris littered the area like the house had been attacked by aliens.

James was utterly dumbfounded.

"Catch that dog!" he ordered.

"Where did this dog come from? Chase it away, quickly!"

Laura was fuming. Her temples pulsated visibly, and her eyes were shooting daggers.

All the bodyguards were deployed to apprehend Roblox. However, being small and nimble, Roblox was agile as it flew around and

effortlessly outmaneuvered them.

The fist-sized robot kept them all in a whirlwind as it howled.

More surprisingly, Roblox shouted, "Down with the villains! Eliminate harm for the people! Down with the villains! Eliminate harm for the people!"

They wondered what this slogan was about.

Elena came down upon hearing the commotion. She witnessed the unbelievable scene before her.

"What's going on?" she asked incredulously.

Her voice caught Roblox's attention. Its mechanical eyes glowed red and zeroed in on the target.

Roblox shouted, "You awful woman! Let me show you the consequences of angering me!"

Before Elena could grasp the situation, Roblox lunged at her unexpectedly. She barely had time to scream before stumbling and falling down the staircase.

"Eek! Get away from me!"

Roblox's powerful suction cups on its feet adhered directly to Elena's face. She flailed around pathetically.

However, she could not cause any harm to Roblox, which only intensified its attack.

Behind the scenes, Elio and June, who were orchestrating everything, couldn't help but laugh.

"We'll make this awful woman understand the consequences of bothering Mommy every day. She deserves it," June remarked.

"Watch this, Junie. I have something even more impressive," Elio said to her.

Then, a mischievous smile played on his lips as he deftly pressed a small button.

As Elena flailed, she suddenly felt something cool trickling down her head.

"What the—"

It was dog pee!

"Ahh!" Elena's shrill voice involuntarily amplified. "This is so disgusting!"

James, always ready for a spectacle, watched Elena's reaction. He couldn't help but burst into laughter. This was harmless but incredibly humiliating.

"You stupid woman, how can a robotic dog pee? It's just water."

James had no intention of helping her.

He lazily leaned against the wall and casually watched her. He also occasionally clapped and cheered for Roblox.





Elena's face turned as sour as it could get.

Maisie had already humiliated her earlier. Now, she had a robotic dog sitting and urinating on her, ruining her dignity.

"Are you all useless? Are you just here to watch? Can't any of you come and help? What's the use of keeping so many useless people around?"



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