

## Chapter 0064

She paused, her gaze unwaveringly fixed on Elena.

That cold, sword-like gaze made Elena's heart clench. She couldn't help but grow weary under those eyes.

"You're making me curious. What are you talking about? Me? Accusing you? What did I accuse you of?"

Elena chewed on her lip. "Why ask when you already know the answer, Ms. Bardot?"

"You're not asking that to gloss over my question, are you?"

There was no way Maisie would let Elena off easy.

The corners of her lips lifted into a smirk as she continued, "I'm afraid I really don't know what you're talking about.

"How about you enlighten me? I'm listening. In fact, I'm dying to know how I accused you."

Maisie leaned back on a nearby couch and nonchalantly smoothed out her white coat. After she poured herself a glass of water, she glanced at Elena and tipped her glass. Clearly, she was getting impatient because of Elena's hesitation.

"Anytime now, Ms. Summers."

Andrew's deep gaze shifted from Maisie to Elena.

"How dare you, you wretched woman—" Seeing her daughter being cornered, Holly couldn't help but stand up and point at Maisie.

However, just as she was about to go off on Maisie, an icy and oppressive gaze immediately fell on her.

Holly's throat tightened as though something was choking her. She couldn't say another word.

"Go on," Andrew instructed.

Holly shuddered, looking to Laura for help.

The look on Laura's face changed as she pulled Holly back into her seat. "Let Elena speak. Better yet, get down to details so that Maisie is completely convinced."

Elena pursed her lips at those words. Having to talk about this in front of Maisie filled her with guilt. Still, she slowly opened her mouth as she clenched the bedsheet.

After Maisie gave it a thought, she could roughly guess what they were talking about. After hearing what Elena had to say, she couldn't help but snicker. It was exactly as she thought.

As expected of Elena ... She had perfected the art of distorting the truth.

The way she put on an aggrieved yet resilient mask could easily deceive anyone.

When Elena was done, Maisie didn't say anything. She only had a

calm expression. It was as if she was contemplating something.

"Don't you have anything to say?" Andrew's jaw moved slightly. His chilly gaze bore into Maisie. He exuded an intimidating coldness.

"Would you believe me if I said anything?"

Maisie slowly looked up and met Andrew's eyes.

After a long minute, her thin lips slightly parted as she asked in a clear voice, "Would you believe me if I told you that she's lying and I'm the one who saved Grandpa?"

Maisie's eyelashes quivered ever so slightly when she asked that question.

Hearing that, Andrew pressed his lips together. His gaze looked deep, but he didn't answer her.

Maisie sneered. "Andrew Clarke, if you don't have absolute trust in me, I'd rather you not mention it in the first place, okay?"

Because his distrust stung her greatly.

"I'll look into it." Andrew frowned, his voice turning colder.

"Look into it?" In other words, he didn't believe her.

A moment later, Maisie looked away with a small smile on her face.

So be it. He had never believed in her anyway. Her words weighed far less than the words of the woman he loved. She knew this very well.

It was her fault for harboring expectations. The disappointment

wouldn't have hit her so hard if she hadn't been hopeful.

"Mom, Andrew, I told you that Maisie's the one who saved Grandpa!"

At some point, James had entered the ward. He didn't hesitate to break the deadlock when he noticed the different expressions on everyone's faces.

"James, you've been fooled by Maisie. How could Elena's medical skills be inferior to hers?" Laura stood up and asked.

"Exactly. Elena specifically chose to study cardiology abroad before she came back. James, Maisie's medical skills can't compare to Elena's. Don't let her deceive you."

"James, I know that you don't like me because of Ms. Bardot. I don't blame you. I don't care what anyone says about me, but please, just don't slander me."

The three women spoke, echoing what each other was saying. The fact that Laura was among the women persuading James disappointed him.

Ignoring the commotion, Maisie downed the glass of warm water and stood up.

As she smoothed out her clothes, she spoke up with a smile, "Forget it. Thank you, James."

At the very least, she still had someone who chose to believe her.

Maisie knew that these people wouldn't trust her words if she explained to them without any evidence. Any attempt to explain

herself would be useless.

She didn't want to waste her time doing that. No one would believe her no matter what she said.

Seeing this, Elena squinted at Maisie. She couldn't understand how Maisie could remain so composed. Even when she was accusing Maisie, Maisie seemed rather unfazed.

Maisie even let out that nonchalant chuckle as though she didn't care to take Elena seriously.

Elena couldn't help but wonder just what Maisie was thinking.

With a glint in her bright eyes, Maisie laughed and suggested, "How about this? Since Grandpa will continue receiving treatment, I'll treat him alongside you. The rest of you can be there during the treatment. You'll know who the liar is then."

Elena's body trembled imperceptibly, and she stared at Maisie.

What could Maisie be up to? Was she using this as an excuse to treat Emmanuel?

Elena could never let that happen. Her lie would be exposed otherwise!

She couldn't let things happen the way Maisie wanted.

She eventually spoke up.

"Ms. Bardot, we're not talking about a common flu here. Are you sure you can do it? I'm not questioning your abilities, but just look at your

qualifications. You haven't practiced medicine in so many years. Are you sure you can do it?

"With Grandpa's heart condition, we can't afford any mistakes."

Elena's eyes welled up with tears. Her words might have sounded like well-intentioned advice for Maisie to retreat in the face of the impossible.

However, Maisie knew that Elena was trying to embarrass her in front of everyone by saying that her medical skills were inadequate.

The domino effect of those words prompted Laura to stand up and oppose Maisie.

Maisie's eyes dimmed. "If I said it, it means I can do it. Grandpa has been nothing but kind to me. I'd never joke about his life."

"But Ms. Bardot, are you confident you can do it?"

"You're quite amusing, Elena. Do you have difficulties understanding what I'm saying?"

"I'm just worried that Grandpa can't withstand your treatment. If—"

"That's enough."

Elena was about to continue when she was interrupted by a cold, stern voice.

Andrew's face was glum. His tone was icy as he instructed, "We'll go with what she said."

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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