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Giselle couldn't help but worry about Maisie. She'd only mentioned the video, but the comments which followed were another story entirely.

Despite Maisie's innocence, some accused her of intentionally seducing men and being involved with multiple partners.

Giselle was enraged by these comments. She engaged in a fierce online battle with these keyboard warriors before calling Maisie to discuss the situation.

Maisie placed her phone on the mount. She started her car and recounted today's events to Giselle.

Giselle's angry outburst echoed throughout the car's interior. Maisie had expected this reaction from her as it was quite understandable.

"Elena, that bitch! Where on earth did she even come from? I've seen shameless people, but I've never seen anyone this shameless. How can she be this disgusting?" Giselle shook her head in disbelief as she ranted to Maisie.

"She thinks she can save Mr. Clarke Senior?" Giselle continued, her voice filled with incredulity. "My goodness. Given her medical skills, it'd be a miracle for her to not harm him instead!"

"I'm so fucking pissed right now. If I had been there, I'd have slapped some goddamn sense into her head!"

Giselle's voice became stern. "And you, Maisie! You're Cynthia, for

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heaven's sake! How dare she challenge your medical expertise? Mais, you need to reveal your true identity and put her in her place."

Maisie gripped the steering wheel, her gaze fixed ahead. Compared to Giselle's anger, Maisie remained much calmer.

She couldn't fathom Elena's audacity.

Wasn't she afraid that Emmanuel might wake up one day and expose her actions? What was more, Elena had the nerve to accuse Maisie of stealing her glory.

Maisie shook her head with a wry smile. Elena's level of audacity was beyond her comprehension.

She sighed after taking a deep breath.

"It's indeed infuriating, but Elena's actions today may have yielded an unexpected benefit. At least I now have the opportunity to treat Grandpa at the Clarke Estate. This will save me a lot of trouble."

Giselle tried to persuade her.

"Maisie, wake up. The Clarkes have treated you this way, yet you still want to save Mr. Clarke Senior? Even if he has a debt of gratitude to you, it's because your mother saved him first.

"You don't owe them anything. This is a thankless task. Can't you just forget about it?"

"No," Maisie replied firmly.

She couldn't possibly not save Emmanuel.

Moreover, Emmanuel fell ill because of her. She couldn't give up on saving him. She was determined to nurse him back to health.

Giselle fell silent for a few seconds and let out a heavy sigh.

"I know I can't convince you. Fine, but Maisie, you have to protect yourself. You're in such close contact with the Clarkes now. Aren't you worried about El and Junie being ..."

"Giselle!" As Maisie's grip on the steering wheel tightened, her voice grew louder as she called for Giselle.

On the other end of the call, Giselle was startled. "Mais, what's wrong?"

Maisie frowned as she locked her gaze on the black car being reflected in the rearview mirror. Composing herself, she calmly uttered a few words.

"I think I'm being followed."

"What? Where are you now? Should I come find you? Park in a crowded place and don't get out alone. I'll come right away ..."

"This license plate ..." Maisie furrowed her brows. "It's the Clarke family's car."

"The Clarkes?"

"Yeah, their license plate is probably recognizable by everyone in this capital."

"Why are they following you?"

Maisie calmly steered her car toward a parking lot and stopped steadily. She grabbed her coat and phone before getting out.

"Hello? Hello? Maisie, what's happening?"

"I don't know either."

Maisie squinted her eyes, her cold gaze fixed on the black car parked in front of her.

Regaining her composure, she calmly said, "I'm okay, Gigi. Help me pick up El and Junie. Once I finish handling the situation here, I'll come to look for you guys."

"Alright, but please be careful. Call me immediately if anything happens."

"Okay."

Maisie put her hands in her coat pockets. Her cold gaze locked onto Laura, who was slowly exiting her car.

Laura, carrying a custom-made women's handbag, raised her chin slightly as she looked at Maisie. Her gaze was filled with disdain and scorn. Not only that, she exuded an air of superiority, resembling a haughty and long-standing noblewoman.

Laura's imposing presence was evident. Her condescending gaze was all too familiar to Maisie. It was the same look she received when she first met Laura at the age of 18. Laura always seemed to

regard her with disdain and superiority.

Maisie's eyebrows subtly furrowed. Her expression remained calm, and her gaze was steady.

"Let's talk." Laura's tone was stern.

Raising an eyebrow, Maisie pointed toward the coffee shop nearby.

In the coffee shop, Maisie and Laura sat facing each other.

Fishing out her phone, Laura tossed it onto the table in front of Maisie. With a raised eyebrow, she commented with a sneer, "Maisie, it seems you're still fixated on seducing my son."

Maisie glanced at the video on the phone. It was a secretly recorded clip of her and Andrew at the hospital.

A small frown graced her features. However, her expression remained unchanged, even in the face of Laura's intense and intimidating gaze.

"Mrs. Clarke, you followed me all the way here just for this?"

Maisie lowered her gaze while stirring her coffee.

Laura let out a disdainful snort.

"I'm here to remind you, Maisie. Don't delude yourself into thinking you can return to the Clarke Estate. Do you really think you can do that?"

Laura's voice was cold and dripping with sarcasm.