

Chapter 26

Sergio was never planning to let either one of the Vanderbilt daughters get away tonight. He could just wait until the other one came back, then ravage the both of them!

Willow struggled for a little while before the fast-acting drug took effect. Her body went limp. Too weak to move, her still body leaned against him. Sergio pinned her down. "Come to daddy." In the ladies' washroom...

Maisie knelt in front of the toilet. Holding her throat, she puked out every last bit of the juice. She stood up slowly by supporting her hands on the wall.

"D*mn it, both of the juices were spiked!"

Not only was Sergio out to get her, but he was also targeting Willow!

Hah! Willow had wanted to set her up. But no way in hell was Maisie going to just sit there and be played. Willow could have a taste of her own medicine, all by herself!

Maisie washed her face. Feeling slightly sober, she got out of that hellhole as fast as she could.

Standing by the road, Maisie tried to hail a cab, but all the passing cabs were already occupied.

Her head was starting to feel dizzy.

She gave up and lowered her body to her knees.

Quincy drove by and saw the woman crouching by the street with one hand waving. She looked familiar. He took a closer look and was shocked. "Isn't that Miss Maisie Vanderbilt?"

Nolan looked over, his eyes dimmed. "Stop the car."

Quincy parked the car by the road. Nolan stepped and strode toward Maisie.

Did this woman have too much to drink?

Hearing someone call out her name, Maisie instantly lifted her head up and stared blankly into his eyes.

Perhaps it was because of her flushed cheeks that the state of her drunken stupor somehow seemed incredibly seductive. Nolan swallowed a nervous gulp and pulled her up from the ground. "What are you doing on the ground? Don't you know how dangerous it is out here?"

Any man would take advantage of a drunken girl crouching at the side of the road, let alone someone like her.

Maisie shook her head with all her might and shrugged off his helping hand. "Get away from me, just leave me alone."

She turned to leave, but Nolan pulled her back. Maisie lost her balance and fell into his embrace.

Gazing down at the woman in his arms, her skin so soft against his, Nolan felt his body stiffening. Even when Willow had hugged him the other night, it was nothing as intense as what he was feeling now.

He was about to lose his mind.

Nolan lifted her back to her feet in one fell swoop, placing both hands on his shoulders. “Miss Vanderbilt, you think that just because you—”

Upon seeing the blood trickling from Maisie’s chewed-up fingers, Nolan’s brows scrunched up. Holding her hands down, he growled, “Have you gone mad?”

“Take me to the hospital, please.” Maisie spoke in a gentle and soft voice. Unlike her usual arrogant demeanor, she was sincerely begging for help.

It finally dawned on him that something was really wrong with her, so Nolan quickly took her to his car. “Hospital, now.”

Quincy had no idea what was happening, but he quietly obeyed. At the hospital..

Maisie was lying in the bed of a private ward. After the nurse gave her an IV drip, she turned to look at the two men. Maybe it was because Quincy was standing closer to Maisie that the nurse questioned him, “Are you the boyfriend?”

“Huh?” Not knowing what to say, Quincy gaped at Nolan.

The nurse looked down at the examination report and said, “How could you make your girlfriend take such analeptics? Things like these require mutual consent. I get that you might want to spice up your love life, but these drugs are harmful to the body. My advice, stay away.”

“No, wait, I...” Quincy’s face blushed red like a tomato. He had never even been defiled! The nurse’s judging tone made him feel impure!

The nurse ignored his attempt to clarify himself and walked off. Looking humiliated, he turned his head around. “Mr. Goldmann...” “Wait outside.” Nolan sent him away.

Quincy kept his mouth shut. ‘Oh, come on!’ He left the room immediately.

Nolan gazed down at the unconscious woman for a long while. He never had the chance to properly look at her face before this. Each time they met, she would always have her teeth bared, claws out, ready to pounce.