

Chapter 27

Nolan never knew this woman could look so serene and gentle asleep.

He glanced at the bite marks on her fingers. Was it because she was drugged and had to resort to such methods just to keep herself awake? How did someone as sharp-witted as her end up being preyed on?

If he had not run into her tonight, or worse still, if she had not escaped, then she would have...

Maisie's brows suddenly scrunched up, and her lashes trembled. It seemed like she was having a nightmare.

"No!" Hearing her scream, Nolan leaned closer to her. "Maisie?"

In her dream, Maisie yet again saw the man ravaging her that fateful night six years ago, but this time the man was faceless...

Maisie opened her eyes. She was frightened by the magnified face before her eyes, so she lifted her hand instinctively. "Ahhh!"

"Mr. Goldmann, is everything okay..." Hearing the commotion inside, Quincy barged in through the door. The moment he walked in, he saw a swollen red slap mark on Nolan's cheek. He quickly turned to leave, shutting the door tightly behind him.

Mr. Goldmann had been slapped in the face. No way was Quincy telling anyone that! So, he saw nothing!

Maisie finally came back to her senses. Seeing the storm clouds surrounding Nolan, she blurted awkwardly, "Haha... Why did you suddenly get so close? For a second there, I thought you were a ghost..."

Nolan brushed his fingers against his throbbing cheek and looked up at her. "This is the kindness I get in return for sending you to the hospital?"

"Well, that was completely unintentional," Maisie said in her defense. She lifted her face forward. "How about you give me a slap, and we call it even?"

Nolan was done talking to her. He preferred her best when she was asleep.

"What were you doing at a karaoke bar?" Nolan asked.

Maisie smiled politely. "What's the point in telling you? You wouldn't be pleased with my answer anyway."

She turned away and laid back down. She waved him away. "I'll just rest here for a while more. You, kind sir, may leave now."

Nolan seriously wanted to strangle this ungrateful woman.

He had sent her to the hospital, yet now that she was well and about, she immediately pushed him away?

Nolan walked out of the ward. Quincy, who was patiently waiting outside the door, continued pretending not to see the swollen red mark on his face. "Mr. Goldmann, shall we head back?"

"You stay back. Send her home once she wakes up."

Quincy was too lost for words to utter a response.

Clutching her waist, the disheveled Willow stumbled out of the karaoke bar entrance, furiously cursing through gritted teeth, "Maisie, you cursed b*tch. If it weren't for you..."

If Maisie had not escaped, she would not have fallen into the groping hands of Sergio Baldwin!

No way in hell was she going to let Maisie get away with it!

When Maisie finally woke up again, it was already ten at night. Carrying her cellphone in one hand, she walked out of the ward. To her surprise, Quincy was sitting upright on the corridor bench. "What are you still doing here?"

'Isn't that Nolan's personal assistant?' Maisie wondered.

Quincy got up slowly and said reluctantly, "Mr. Goldmann wanted me to give you a ride home."

'I know! That's so sweet of him! I'm so touched, I could cry!' was what he imagined her response would be. After all, Mr. Goldmann hardly ever cared about the women he met.

"Oh, I see. Well, let's go then."

Maisie waved her hand, signaling for him to come. No sign of overwhelming gratitude. Instead, she acted as if this was all well-deserved and treated Quincy like he was a free Uber ride. Quincy let out a sigh.

Just another ordinary day in his pitiful life.

Quincy drove Maisie to the address she had given him. After Maisie got off, she dug through her purse and placed \$2 on the passenger seat. "For the ride. Drive safe."

Quincy picked up the crumpled dollar bills, so deformed there were little tears from the folds. His heart screamed in frustration. is barely enough for gas! 'And this is a luxury car! No, wait... What do I care? I'm not an Uber driver!

'Hold up, this neighborhood she lives in...' Quincy was confused. 'Miss Maisie Vanderbilt is staying in Seaview Villa, too? What are the odds?'