

## Chapter 361

“Why don’t you compensate me for emotional damage, then I’ll compensate for your loss?”

“You

Mrs. Winters chocked. Why was it so hard to deal with this person?

“Nobody’s money fell from the sky. Everyone earned it. Do you think you could get money out of me from your daughter’s passing?”

Maisie’s face darkened, and she didn’t sound courteous. “If you want trouble, go ahead, I’m not afraid, but I won’t be responsible for the consequences. Now that I’m being extorted, if I still keep quiet, people are going to think that they can walk over me. I’m not stupid.”

She turned to Cherie and said, “Send them out.”

Cherie nodded. “Sure.”

Cherie walked to the two of them and said, “I’m sorry, please leave if you’re done making a scene so that you don’t feel humiliated.”

She was worried about the two people and their dignity if they were shamed in public.

The Winters couple wasn’t happy, but there was nothing they could say, so they left. Cherie walked them to the door and went back to the office.

Nolan heard that Wynona’s parents had visited Maisie to ask her to ‘pay her debt, and his face dropped. “How did they know that Zee was here?”

Cherie shrugged. “I have no idea. They just showed up.”

Nolan frowned

They wouldn’t have known that Maisie was in Blackgold if not because someone had told them.

“Mr. Goldmann, what if they make this into a big issue? Even though Maisie doesn’t care, it will affect her reputation”

Seeing that Cherie was concerned about Maisie, Nolan realized that it would be best to arrange for someone to be around Maisie.

He smiled “You just need to focus on her safety. I’ll take care of the rest.”

“You are so nice to her, Mr. Goldmann. She probably accepted you by now, right?” Cherie suddenly looked like a busy body.

Nolan’s smile faded. “If you don’t want this job, I can always give it to Quincy.”

\*Don’t! I’ll stop asking. I’ll leave right now.” Cherie went out and closed the door right after that.

Mr. and Mrs. Winters walked to a car and said to the person inside, “We went to see Ms. Vanderbilt, but there was no point. She didn’t care.”

The car window rolled down a little. The woman inside looked at them through the corner of her eyes and said, "Make it a big issue then. Someone will tell you how to do that."

Mrs. Winters smiled and nodded. "Alright, will do." 1

The man in the car handed them a stack of money. The car drove off once they took it,

Mr. Winters was a little concerned. "Honey, I don't think that's a good idea. We're using our daughter's death to put someone in trouble."

"That's not putting someone in trouble. Is our daughter's death not related to that Vanderbilt woman? Everyone from the camp said that our daughter angered the Vanderbilt woman.

"If it weren't because she angered her, our daughter would still be alive. I'm just avenging her."

Even though what she said calmed Mr. Winters down, he still felt that the woman helping them wasn't that simple. He had to be careful

The next day...

Wynona's death was featured in the news as expected.

When the couple in the news was interviewed, Mrs. Winters cried her heart out and was sure that Maisie was the reason her daughter had died in the camp, all because she had offended Maisie.

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A lot of netizens went to Maisie's Twitter to question her about his, but some of them thought that the couple was just trying to ride her fame. The hype of Maisie and Nolan getting registered was still recent, so the couple must have come out and accused Maisie of being behind their daughter's death.

"Do you think Ms. Vanderbilt really caused someone's death?"

"We shouldn't come to conclusions so quickly. Didn't you notice that any news about Ms. Vanderbilt would be proven false after a few days?"

"What if it's true this time?"

A few employees were having a discussion when Maisie showed up. They had heard that Ms. Vanderbilt had slapped Ms. Summers because she 'spread rumors', and Mr. Goldmann had just let her do it. With that as a precedent, no one would dare say anything out of line anymore.

Cherie followed Maisie and heard the discussion. "Don't worry, Maisie. Mr. Goldmann said that he will take care of this."

Maisie turned to look at her and said in a whisper. "Cherie, I need your help with something.

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Cherie was curious. "What is it?"

When they got to the elevator, Maisie tapped Cherie's shoulder and said, "Go talk to the couple and tell them that I will pay them. Let them decide the price."

Cherie was surprised "Did you bump your head?"

Maisie didn't say anything.

Cherie immediately said, "They're obviously trying to scam you. Why would you pay them?"

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Maisie was quiet because she realized why Nolan had chosen Quincy to be his assistant instead of Cherie. Her straightforwardness would send Nolan to his early grave,

Maisie tapped her head "Do you think that I'm stupid? I want you to tell them that. I can only find a solution when I meet them."

Cherie touched her forehead and suddenly understood. "I get it now."

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Maisie returned to Soul and saw Nolan's back toward her. He slowly turned around when he heard footsteps.

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Maisie rushed into his arms before he could say anything to take a whiff of his cologne. "Sending love-so early in the day?"

She raised her head and smiled sweetly.

Nolan raised his brows, "Yes, I'm here to deliver hugs so that you're not affected by the bad news, so..."

He got closer and smiled sheepishly. "I came to cheer you up

Maisie's ears turned red, and she awkwardly retreated. "I don't need you to cheer me up. I wasn't affected."

His warm hand patted her head. "What are you thinking about? Aren't I trying to cheer you up now? Or are you trying to say that you want some other type of cheering, hmm?"

Maisie's face turned red too. She couldn't handle his teasing. If she didn't push back, he would bully her.

She raised her hand to hold him against the window, her finger touching his chest, and smiled. "You've been doing things to me every night. Aren't you tired? Isn't your back... going to hurt?" Nolan frowned, and the shine in his eyes was piercing. Nolan raised his hand, pulled her into his arms, and raised her chin because he was amused. "I think I need to work harder."

Maisie didn't say anything.

His lips bumped into hers, and Maisie was startled. She pushed him away red-faced. "Stop horsing around!" Nolan pulled her back into his arms and lowered his voice. "You need to put out the fire you started."

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"Someone is coming, let me go this one time--"

Maisie 'begged' him gently, her beautiful face and pretty eyes mesmerizing.

Nolan's heart melted. How dare this woman start a fire and beg him to stop? No one could handle that.

He took a deep breath and hugged her. "Don't move, let me hug you."

Maisie didn't dare to move because she knew that Nolan was holding himself back. If she moved, he might lose it.

"Are you done?"

There was only silence.

"Nolan, can I tell you a joke? I promise that you'll calm down."

She heard 'OK' from behind her, with a hint of curiosity in his voice.

"A cube of sugar was walking toward the North Pole, and when it got there, it felt really cold and was frozen solid, so it became rock sugar."

Nolan was rendered speechless.

The woman excitedly continued "I have another one. A cabbage started to strip while it walked, and after a few steps, it disappeared!" Nolan immediately lowered his head and kissed her lips to stop her from talking

"Maisie, I have

Cherie opened the door, and the three of them stared at each other, Cherie frozen on the spot. Oh no, that would be the end of her.

"Oh, I've suddenly gone blind I can't see anything." Cherie cleverly closed her eyes and tried to feel for the door, walked out, and closed the door.

Nolan's expression was scarily dark, and the weather immediately turned cloudy.

Maisie stood on her toes to kiss him and said when she saw his anger subside, "Alright, Cherie came to see me because I have something to get to. Mr. and Mrs. Winters are waiting for me."

"Why are you meeting them?" Nolan's face dropped in a second.

Maisie tidied up his collar. "To solve problems, of course."

Nolan hugged her waist. "Do you need my help?"

Maisie chuckled. "No, I can manage."

She was leaving when Nolan pressed his body against her. "There's no rush then Let them wait-Mm."

Maisie stood on her toes and stopped short of his lips. "Can we finish this tonight?"

Nolan turned into a wolf who had just gotten his way. "You promised."

At the restaurant, in a private room...

Maisie and Cherie opened the door and saw Mr. and Mrs. Winters waiting for them in the private room.

Mr. Winters stood up to greet them, but Mrs. Winters pulled him down and said impatiently, "She's just trying to solve the issue now that it's been blown up. What's the point? People like you with a reputation only care when it's at stake. You're just hiding skeletons in your closet."

Maisie walked to the table and sat down with no expression. She said in a classy manner, "Mrs. Winters, that's not true. I just came here to have a chat with you. How would this be hiding skeletons? I was just thinking for you."

"Thinking for us?" Mrs. Winters laughed. "You want my daughter to sacrifice herself, yet we as parents have no place to say our piece? I don't think it's too much to ask for compensation from you since you caused our daughter's death."

Mrs. Winters said that without batting an eyelash because she had heard how some people had bullied her daughter in the camp. In case their daughter was still alive and offended 'Mrs. Goldmann', all they would have to do was to get her to apologize.

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Now, their daughter was no longer around. She had wanted her to work with powerful people for a chance to get a high-paying job. Now all they had left of her were empty dreams.

Maisie smiled. "How much do you want as compensation?"

"At least \$800,000."

Cherie almost lost her cool when she saw Mrs. Winters trying to take advantage of the situation \$800,000? She thought that \$800 was too much!

Maisie smiled. "Do you plan to come back and ask for more when you're done spending that?"

Mrs. Winters was stunned, as though Maisie had seen through her plan, and angrily said, "What are you trying to say? Are you going to give it or not?"

"Cherie, what is the legal term for this?" Maisie didn't answer her but instead asked the person beside her.

Cherie picked it up right away. "Extortion. The minimum sentence is three years, but if it's for an amount as much as \$800,000, I'm guessing maybe 15 years."

The two old people looked terrified

“How is this extortion? You’re just slandering us!” Mrs. Winters was anxious.

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Maisie took an agreement out of her bag the file showed that it was from a law firm

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“Mrs. Winters, if you would like compensation, let’s do it the lawful way. Based on the law, if Wynona’s death is my fault, and the court decides that I should compensate you \$800,000, I’ll do it without hesitation. But if the court decides that I’m not related to her death, won’t I have the right to reject your claims?”

Mrs. Winters was rendered speechless and looked horrified

Maisie calmly continued. “If you think that I’m hiding behind the Goldmanns and bullying you thanks to Nolan, I’m afraid that Nolan would be the one who would be speaking to you. I’m quite reasonable, so it’s up to you. I won’t be showing you any empathy because you are Wynona’s parents when I do become unreasonable. I respect the dead, but you’re the parents and you’re using her death as a reason to extort me. Do you think I’m easily fooled?”

Mi. Winters was quiet because he didn’t know what to say..

Mrs. Winters stood up angrily. “Don’t even think that you can just brush me off. I’ve had a lot more experience in life than you do, I’m not going to buy this!”

Maisie stood up and sternly said, “I’m not going to buy this either. It’s been such a long time since Wynona’s incident, yet you two just came to see me now? If it wasn’t because someone was persuading you or told you something, why would you urgently come to see me?”

“Go tell whoever is behind you not to think of me as dumb as you are. I know very well whether Wynona took her own life.”

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Maisie turned to leave, remembered something, and turned to look at the two old people who were too stunned to move.

“I’ve recorded our entire conversation. I advise you to keep things to yourself if you don’t want any more trouble.”

Maisie left with Cherie walking close behind. “Did you really record them?”

Maisie’s lips curled. “I was just bluffing. I didn’t put in that much effort, but they will probably tell the person about our recording.”

The person instigating them, of course. Cherie suddenly understood. “Oh, I guess you can scare them a little?”

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Maisie looked at Cherie. “If they were really instigated, they wouldn’t dare step out of line.”

If no one were instigating them, they wouldn't know about Wynona and Maisie's rivalry at the camp, nor would they dare think that she had caused Wynona's death. Thus, the person behind them must be closely related to Wynona.

At Blackgold...

Nolan was on a call at his office desk. He looked at the file in his hand, and his eyes turned dark.

"Keep your eyes on them. Also, look into Wynona's parents. See who they have been in contact with recently."

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The person said something, and Nolan ended the call.

At the same moment, he received a text on his phone.

[Mr. Goldman, Maisie has settled it!]

His eyes were a little less cold after reading Cherie's text. His pretty little wife had settled the issue with the two old people, and it was time he helped her settle something else.

The news about the accusation from the Winters was gone quickly. Even when people clicked on the links, it would show that the content was no longer available.

Soon after that, a new topic was trending on Twitter.

#Maisie is innocent#

It was the fifth on the trending list, nothing too deliberate.

Some insiders from the camp spoke about the relationship between Wynona and Maisie and how Maisie was the victim while Wynona was the aggressor.

Maisie had never hurt Wynona, but the latter always started something with her, causing Maisie to be bullied and ostracized in the camp. Wynona had even asked her friends to boycott Maisie but was later shamed by Maisie in return.

Some people even posted Maisie's results from the camp online. It proved that the training she had gone through was the same as everyone else's and hadn't gotten special treatment because of her relationship with Mr. Goldman.

Once the post came out, it garnered a lot of attention online.

#I finally know why Mr. Goldman married her. She's pretty and cool!#

#Why was Wynona cocky enough to ostracize her? Maisie was just the boss' wife pretending to be weak'#

#When the haters were being keyboard warriors, Zora was being an internationally known jewelry designer.#

At Blue Bay villa...

Maisie was sitting on the couch scrolling through Twitter on her tablet when she saw the 'good husband' cooking in the kitchen. She laughed. "Nolan, did you cover the news about the Winters?"

Nolan was wearing a blueish-gray knitted cardigan with a white collared shirt. It was comfortable and casual.

When Nolan heard Maisie's voice, he took out the freshly cooked fish, put it on the plate, and answered, "I just didn't want my wife's reputation ruined."

Maisie put down the tablet and walked to the dining table. Nolan placed the food on the table.

Maisie raised her eyebrows. "I realized that it's not bad at all to have a man who can cook." Nolan walked behind her and hugged her. "How will you reward me then?" The air he breathed out swept past her ear, and it tickled.

She lightly shrugged and laughed drily. "We should eat first,"

Nolan cleanly gave her a kiss on her fair neck. "I'll tell you some good news after dinner."

"What good news?" Maisie turned to look at him, her curiosity piqued. Nolan tapped the tip of her nose. "Let's eat, or... I could eat you too."

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Nolan let out an evil smile, rendering Maisie speechless.

After they had finished the meal, Maisie returned to the room to find that Nolan was sitting on a chair with his legs crossed next to the window, running his fingers over the document in his hand.

"What is the thing that you want me to see?" Maisie approached him and sat beside him.

Nolan handed the document to her and replied, "The thing that you want to know."

Maisie was stumped. She took over the document and glanced through it.

The images on the document were photocopied. Although it was black in color, it could be seen clearly. Then, a photo from the security footage of a reflexology center caught her attention.

The woman with heavy makeup was none other than Willow, and she was talking to three people in the picture.

"This is... Willow?"

"Yes. I had someone go to the Underground Freeway to retrieve the security footage. They were the ones who took Willow away," Nolan replied flatly.

Maisie looked at the three people in the photo. Two of them were men, while the third one was a woman. The woman was wearing a mask, and she exuded a mysterious vibe.

Another picture showed a location near the Vanderbilt manor. However, this time, there was only one man and Willow.



The man was wearing a hat and a mask. Perhaps he had covered his face because he knew there were surveillance cameras at the intersection

“So, this man is one of the two guys who took Willow away?”

The light in Maisie’s eyes dimmed. Even though Willow had confessed that she was the one responsible for what had happened to Stephen, the objective of the one who made her do these things was to force her to leave Nolan. That person had even gone as far as framing Titus by taking advantage of the fact that he had just gone to meet her father. This gave Maisie the false impression that Titus had harmed her father.

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Willow did not know about Maisie’s rocky relationship with Titus, so there was only one person who had the nerve to take advantage of Titus.

Maisie wondered whether that woman was behind the incident of the Winters as well.

Looking at the expression on her face, Nolan pressed her head against him and placed his lips on her forehead.

“Zee, I think you know who this woman is, right?”

Maisie turned her head to look at him and said with her mouth pouted, “She has helped you and your family a lot, not to mention that she’s your childhood friend. Are you not worried that I’ll go to her after telling me these things?”

Nolan giggled and replied, “Are you jealous?”

“I’m not.” Maisie snorted.

Nolan wrapped his strong arms around her and held her tight on his lap. “I’m sure you’re being jealous. After all, she met me earlier than you and has a good relationship with my family members.”

Maisie coiled her arms around his neck and replied defiantly, “If it’s like that, then I should be the one who slept with you first, isn’t it?”

Nolan squinted his eyes.

It seemed to him that the woman in front of him was getting bolder and bolder.

He cupped her chin and said, “Hah, how can you be so sure that it was you who slept with me first?”

Maisie fell silent, and Nolan regretted it as soon as the words left his mouth.

What if she really believed him? Would she kick him out of the room?

However, Maisie said in embarrassment, “If you had slept with other women before, you would have performed better that night.” 1

Nolan’s face was getting darker and darker with every passing second. Just as a bad feeling rose in Maisie’s heart and she was about to say something, he jerked up, grabbed her forcefully, and threw her on the bed.

\*Are you implying that I performed awfully that night?" Nolan said with a low voice, a devilish smile spreading over his face.

It seems to me that I have to show you again tonight."

He wouldn't let her go even if she begged him.

They spent their time on the bed until late at night. Maisie had shouted herself hoarse, and she felt so weak as if her bones had fallen apart.

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Maisie was so exhausted that she did not know when or how Nolan had brought her to the washroom to take a shower.

When Nolan put her back on the bed and was about to tuck her in the blanket, his phone on the desk vibrated.

Nolan picked his phone up, and his gaze turned sharp.

[Hans: The Winters have run into an accident. Mrs. Winters died on the spot from serious injuries while Mr. Winters was admitted to the ICU. The doctors are working hard to keep him from dying.]

[Nolan: Send someone to man the perimeter of the hospital in case some people want to get rid of him. Also, don't tell Cherie about this matter first.]

Nolan put his phone down and turned around to look at Maisie, who was fast asleep.

He did not want her to get the wrong impression that she was the one who had brought this disaster to the Winters.

After putting on his clothes, he left the room quietly.

In the hospital...

"Mr. Goldmann, you're here." Hans hastily approached Nolan when he saw him. "I've already sent someone to stand outside of the ICU. I wonder how Mr. Winters is doing."

"What do the police say?" Nolan asked.

Hans replied, "According to the cops, the accident happened on the highway. Their car suddenly lost control and crashed into the divider, killing the driver and Mrs. Winters on the spot."

Nolan's face turned grim as he asked, "Where were they going in the middle of the night?"

"The highway where they met the accident is the outbound direction. I think they were going home."

They had run into an accident on their way back after receiving the hush money. No matter how Hans thought about it, he felt something was fishy about this accident.

In the meantime, the doctor came out and asked, "Which one is the family member who sent Mr. Winters here?"

Hans walked up to the doctor. "I am. How is he doing now?"

The doctor took off the mask and said, "His ribs punctured his lungs, and he suffered a massive hemorrhage. Although he made it through the surgery, things are bound to change. Also, we can't tell when he will wake up."

Mr. Winters had gotten lucky, but his wife died in the car accident. They all were certain he wouldn't be able to accept the truth when he woke up later.

Nolan patted Hans' shoulder and said, "I'll leave him in your hands."

Hans nodded. "Don't worry, Mr. Goldman."

The next day...

Just when Maisie cracked her eyes open and was about to get out of bed, an arm pulled her back into an embrace.

Nolan secured her tightly in his arms and rubbed his cheek against the nape of her neck. "Don't go. Let's sleep for a while longer."

"Nolan, did you go be a thief last night?" Maisie teased, surprised at the fact that there were times when he refused to wake up from the bed.

Opening his eyes slightly, Nolan chuckled and said, "Wasn't I with you last night?"

Maisie was rendered speechless. He was right, and she did not know how to respond.

Maisie picked up her phone. She suddenly remembered something when she saw the date and jerked up from the bed. "Oh sh\*t!"

Nolan got up from the bed as well and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Today is the anniversary of my mother's death. I need to go back."

After that, she went into the washroom to get herself cleaned.

When she came out of the washroom, Nolan had already finished dressing, and she was stunned.

"Didn't you want to sleep a little more?"

for me to visit my future

As Nolan buttoned his sleeve, he lifted his head and said, mother-in-law as your husband."

Maisie was dumbfounded.

The de Arma family was involved in his mother's death in a foreign country. Besides, Hémandez was her grandfather and her mother's father, so she did not understand why Nolan wanted to accompany her.

Nolan cupped Maisie's face as if he could read her mind and said, "Didn't I already tell you before? I know you have nothing to do with the de Arma family, so stop thinking too much. I'm not going to blame you and your mother for what happened between my mother and the de Arma family."

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That being said, Maisie still felt sorry for Nolan.

She stroked the back of his hand, lowered her eyes, and said, "Nolan, no matter what happens in the future, I'll not leave your side. Unless..."

'Unless what?

Well, she hadn't thought of that yet.

She did not know why she would say something like this all of a sudden. Perhaps, it was because Nolan had tolerated everything of hers? She couldn't tell.

In the past, she had been under the impression that Nolan was only a passerby in her life, and perhaps he was only doing it for the sake of the three kids.

However, after spending so much time with him, she realized that Nolan was the one who had contributed the most to their relationship

A smile appeared on the tip of Nolan's lips as a surge of gentleness rose from the depth of his eyes.

"It took so much effort and time to get you to my side, so how is there any possibility I will push you away? There's really no way you can leave me either. Unless, of course, I die."

There was no way he would let her get away from him.

Maisie snorted, shattering the heartfelt moment. "Don't worry. You will live to a ripe old age."

After that, she walked into the dressing room to get herself changed.

A hint of contentment filled Nolan whole as the corners of his mouth lifted while he looked at her figure rummaging for clothes in the dressing room.

After all, regardless of her body or heart, she now belonged completely to him.

She wouldn't be able to live without him, and he would not let her leave his side as long as he was alive.

Maisie and Nolan went back to the Vanderbilt manor together. When Stephen saw Nolan, he was stunned as well.

"Dad, can I take Noles to see Mom?" Maisie asked, offering her father an awkward smile. After all, she had not told her father in advance that Nolan was coming with her.

Nodding, Stephen replied with a smile, "Of course, you can. After all, you two are married, and it's only right to take him to see your mother."

Her mother's grave was located in a cemetery near the mountain. Although it was in a remote area, it was quiet and had a beautiful view.

Stephen remembered that Marina loved Iris Flowers very much. They carried the meaning of light and freedom.

Carrying a bouquet, Maisie walked up to her mother's grave. She had forgotten how long it had been since the last time she visited her mother.

“Mom, I’m here with Dad and my husband to see you.”

Nolan looked at her when she mentioned the word “husband.”

Maisie squatted down and put the flowers in front of the tomb. She then lifted her head to look at her mother’s name and the engraved words on the tombstone. While she was talking to the tombstone, Stephen and Nolan walked away.

Stephen lifted his head and looked into the distance. There was a forlorn expression on his face as he said, “I didn’t expect Zee’s mother to be from the de Arma family.”

His words successfully made Nolan retract his gaze from Maisie. He turned and looked at Stephen. He knew that his grandfather had met with Stephen before, so he figured that he must have told him everything.

“Father, you don’t have to take the things my grandfather said to your heart,” he said plainly.

Stephen nodded and said, “I understand. Even though your grandfather wanted me to break you two apart, there’s no way I can do that to you two. I know how much you love Zee.”

Stephen turned his head to look at Nolan and continued. “When her mother was still alive until the day she passed away, there wasn’t a single day that Maisie stopped worrying about her. I’ve neglected her too much because of her mother, and I owe her a lot.

Therefore, I’m relieved since I know you’ll take great care of her.”

Nolan smiled faintly and replied, “I’ll take care of her, I promise you. However, can I ask you a question?”

Stephen was stumped. “Sure. What is it?”

Nolan looked at Stephen and asked, “Do you know why Zee’s blood is so special?”

This was the only thing Nolan was worried about for he did not know if it would affect her or not.

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Stephen was confused.

“Wait, what’s wrong with Zee’s blood?”

It appeared to Nolan that Stephen did not know anything about it. He shrugged it off with another matter, and he hoped that Professor Leonhardt had discovered something about Maisie’s blood.

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Nolan walked up to Maisie and saw that she was sitting on her knees in front of her mother’s tombstone with a gloomy look on her face. He placed his hands on her shoulders and looked at the tombstone.

“Don’t worry, Mom. From now onward, I’ll take care of Zee for the rest of her life until death do us part.”

Maisie lifted her head and looked at him in surprise, but Nolan just raised his eyebrows as a response.

Nolan helped Maisie to her feet, and Maisie spun around to face Stephen. "Dad, do you have anything to say to Mom?"

Stephen was stumped for a moment. His lowered face was filled with the scars of the vicissitudes of life. He looked at the tombstone for a while before smiling bitterly. "Nope. I've already told her everything I want to say in my heart."

By the time Maisie returned to her studio, she saw that Cherie was pacing nervously in the corridor. She walked up to her and asked, "What's wrong?"

When Cherie saw her, she became even more flustered and said, "The cops have found something about Wynona's death, and... it seems like she really didn't commit suicide."

So Wynona was framed and became someone else's scapegoat!

Maisie was not surprised with the outcome. "I've more or less guessed it."

"The person who framed Wynona is dead as well. He killed himself."

Maisie fell into a long silence after hearing what Cherie said.

Cherie then continued. "Fortunately, we can confirm that person's identity. He was one of the training camp members, but he left some years ago. Therefore, he was very familiar with the camp. It's just that we still haven't figured out how he got into the training camp. However, other than a few of us with high-level authority, who else can bring an outsider into the training camp?"

Cherie couldn't imagine there was a "mole" amongst the high-level supervisors.

At the administrative office.

Rowena walked up to Nolan's office desk holding a document and gave a summary of the contents of the project at the meeting with Nolan.

Nolan closed the document and asked with a cold face, "Is Wynona your friend?"

Rowena was stunned and seemed a bit surprised that he would suddenly ask about Wynona.

That said, she did not allow her true emotions to escape to her face. She just gave out a faint smile and replied, "You can say we're acquaintances. Why are you asking me this, Nolan?"

Nolan put the document on the desk, his eyes deep like two black holes. Then, he asked apathetically, "You're the only one who knew that Wynona was not on good terms with Maisie, right?"

Rowena tightened her grip on the document. She bit her lips and answered, "Of course not. Everyone in the training camp knows about the relationship between Wynona and Ms. Vanderbilt."

"Wynona is dead, and her parents are dead too. Since you're an acquaintance of hers, why don't you feel sad?"

Nolan had never once raised his head to look at her. His voice was cold, as if he was just asking a very simple question.

Lowering her head, Rowena said, "Even if I'm sad, there's nothing I can change..."

Nolan's hand that was gripping the pen froze. He lifted his eyes and glanced at her coldly before opening the document and signing it. "If there's nothing else, then get out of my office. Don't disturb me."

Rowena turned around and left the office. When she closed the door, her face turned grim.

As Rowena walked back to her office, she passed by the strategic department and heard a staff member ask, "It has been almost a week since Meryl came to work, right?"

Another staff member took a sip of water from her cup and replied, "I think so. I heard she has resigned?"

"Resigned? That's impossible. If she has already resigned, then she should've taken all her belongings with her."

Both of them then turned to look at the desk that still had many personal items on it.

Rowena hastily returned to her office and placed the document on the desk. As if something popped up in her head, she pulled her

phone out and sent a text message. [Nolan has started to get suspicious. You guys have to find a way and leave Bassburgh as soon as possible.]

## **Chapter 370**

Golden Lounge...

There were hardly any people in the lounge during the day, and only a few tables of customers were dining.

Maisie followed the waiter and came to the table where Erwin was waiting for her.

"Uncle Erwin."

Erwin was holding a bottle of limited edition Conti in his hand while checking the production date. When he saw Maisie, he put the wine back into the gift box.

"Maisie, you've come."

After Maisie took her seat, she glanced at the wine beside him and asked, "Is it a gift from someone else?"

Erwin chuckled and replied, "Yeah. It's a gift from an old friend of mine who just came back from overseas. He just left not long ago."

After that, he lifted his head and looked at Maisie. "So, what brings you here today?"

Resting her head on her hands, Maisie replied, "I'm here to thank you for your help."

Erwin smirked. He ordered a cup of coffee from the waiter and pushed the wine aside. "Alright, don't beat around the bush. Tell me what you want."

Maisie put her hands down and sat upright. "Today is my mother's death anniversary."

Erwin was stunned for a moment after hearing that. He let out a sigh softly. "I've forgotten about it. It has been so many years since your mother died."

"Uncle Erwin, Mrs. Lucas told me that my mother died from a strange illness. Can you tell me what kind of strange illness she had?"

A dark glint crossed Erwin's eyes. After the waiter served the coffee, he pushed the cup to Maisie and said, "Zee, I can't tell you about this for the time being."

"That's what you always say each time." : "This is for your own good."

Erwin looked at her, his face stern. "Your mother asked me to take care and protect you before she died, so I have to keep my promise."

Maisie pressed her lips tightly. She picked up the cup of coffee and took a sip.

Erwin looked outside the window, his eyes glazed over with forlorn. "I'm not kidding about what I said before. There are some things that are not good for you to know now."

After all, she was in a relationship with Nolan.

Confused, Maisie asked, "Why?"..

Erwin sighed softly. "There are too many things involved that are not good for you, especially since we can't let anybody know about your special blood."

"My blood?"

Maisie was stunned. She suddenly remembered the things that the doctor had said to her in the hospital after Leila's attack.

"Uncle Erwin, is my blood really that special?"

If not, why would the doctor ask whether she had received any kind of injection before in her life? However, she had no memory of it at all.

Erwin nodded. "Let me ask you a question. You've never had any serious illness when you were a child, right?"

Maisie was stunned.

Maisie realized that she indeed had never had any serious illness since she was a kid.

When I was a kid, the people around me would fall sick or catch a cold from time to time, but I had never had a cold or fever.'

When she was in college, there had been a disease outbreak that year. Most of her roommates had fallen sick and had been absent from classes save for her.

"Uncle Erwin, do you know why my blood has become like this?"

In the past, she did not feel strange at all. This was because she thought she had a healthier body than other people, and it was just luck that she hadn't been infected.



However, after listening to what Erwin said, she became even more curious about her blood.

Erwin lowered his eyes and said, "All I can tell you is that it has something to do with the illness that your mother had. It's just that you're luckier than your mother. This is because once you get infected, even with the medication, the chances of genetic infection are greater than 50%.<sup>92</sup>

"Genetic infection?' Maisie's fingertips trembled as she held the cup.