

## Chapter 671

Maisie squinted her eyes. "Eugene would never suspect Ryleigh, and Ryleigh doesn't know that you're the one who exposed the news. Other than both of us..."

Barbara looked at her and said, "I believe you. But of course, if he suspects you, you can also sell me out."

Maisie shook her head and replied in a serious manner, "I won't break my promise to you, and as for the video, I will find a way to get it

for you."

When Barbara came out of Soul and left in her car, the woman in a blue car not far away looked at the car that was moving further away and frowned. "Isn't that Barbara?" Maisie knew who Barbara was, but she did not expect to bump into her here.

'Could it be that she knows Maisie?'

In the evening, at Blackgold...

The sunlight from the westbound sun spilled into the desk through the ceiling-to-floor window. Nolan was sitting in a leather chair with his head held down as he sorted through the documents in front of him. The light cast on his profile had further accentuated the perfect lines on his face.

Quincy knocked on the door, and Nolan replied without raising his head, "Come in."

He walked to the desk and said, "Mr. Goldmann, Ms. Chase has erased her reservation information for the gem-hunting event. She has removed both Ms.

Vanderbilt and Ms. Hill's information too. It seems to me that she isn't trying to take advantage of Ms. Vanderbilt."

If Barbara wanted to take advantage of Maisie, she should have erased her information only, leaving Maisie and Ryleigh's information behind and leading Eugene to investigate both of them. However, she did not do that.

Nolan lifted his head and said, "No matter what her intention is, keep an eye on her."

He paused for a moment before asking, "How about Katrina? Did she make any move?"

Quincy shook his head. "Nope, Eugene has been avoiding her ever since their relationship was exposed. But Ms. Vanderbilt and Saydie went to look for Barbara today."

Nolan put the documents aside and fell into contemplation.

The night came, and the sky slowly turned dark.

Maisie noticed that Nolan had been investigating Barbara through his computer. When he came out of the bathroom after taking his shower, Maisie showed him the material and asked, "Why are you investigating Barbara?"

Nolan pretended to be in a bad mood and replied, "What do you think?"

Maisie chuckled. "Are you worried that Barbara might harm me?"

Nolan stopped in front of her and said, "She was the one who exposed the relationship between Eugene and Katrina to the media. Not only that, but she also invited both you and Ryleigh to the gem-hunting event. Of course, I'm worried about you."

Maisie tousled his hair and asked, "So, did you find anything?"

Nolan grabbed her wrist and said through a serious face, "Do you think I'm a 3-year-old kid?" "Well you are not." She lifted her eyebrows and chuckled lightly. "You're much easier to handle compared to a 3-year-old kid."

Nolan was rendered speechless.

"I know everything about Barbara, and I'm sure that you know about her relationship with Katrina. Her target is Katrina, and I'm just returning her the favor. After all, she helped me a lot in pulling Mr. Ludwig down."

Maisie took a towel, stood on the tip of her toes, and tried to help him dry his hair. "Why don't you help me as well, Nolan? Didn't you

study computer science in college?"

Nolan wrapped his arm around her waist and asked,

How did you know that I studied computer science in college?"

She smiled and replied, "You're the one who told me that."

He did not have any memory of it, but she still remembered it.

This was the first time she asked for help from him, so he leaned closer and asked, "What do you need me to do for you?"

"There is a video on Katrina's phone. It's about Barbara, and it might negatively affect the Chases' reputation if it gets out."

Maisie coiled her arms around his neck, and there was a smile on the tip of her lips. "Since you can hack into other people's laptops, I think it shouldn't be a problem for you to hack into someone else's phone, right?"

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Nolan carried her to the table and secured her tightly in his strong arms. He pressed his forehead against hers and revealed a foxy smile. "How are you gonna pay me then?"

Maisie coiled her legs around his waist and planted one kiss after another on him.

"With my body? How does that sound?"

‘That sounds great to me.’ Nolan replied in a serious manner and without any hesitation. The next morning, a ray of sunlight cast on the bed through the slit of the curtains. Maisie turned sideways but found no one beside her. Her senses were slowly returning to her when she heard the sound of keyboard tapping.

She slowly cracked her eyes open and got up from the bed. She did not know when Nolan woke up. He was sitting behind his desk, typing away on his keyboard as he stared fixedly at his computer.

She took a look at the clock-7:00 a.m. When Nolan lifted his cup of coffee, he raised his head and noticed that Maisie had woken up. He looked at her with a gentle smile in his eyes as he asked, ‘Why don’t you sleep a little longer? Did I wake you up?’

Hugging a pillow, Maisie yawned and replied, ‘Why did you wake up so early?’

Nolan took a sip from the coffee before putting the cup down and replied, ‘I’m helping you, of course.’

Maisie was stunned. It was only then she remembered the things she had told him yesterday. She threw the pillow away and got out of bed. She walked to the back of his desk and wrapped her arms around his shoulder. ‘But do you need to be so early?’

Nolan chuckled. ‘I figured that now is the best time for me to hack into her phone.’

She knew what Nolan was saying. Someone like Katrina, who led the life of a ‘rich woman’, would definitely not wake up so early. In other words, she wouldn’t use her phone at a time like this.

Maisie looked at the screen that was fully filled with codes. She did not understand whatever was going on at all, but there were still six minutes left before they could hack into Katrine’s phone.

However, when she saw that this had been running for two hours from the bottom left corner, she was taken aback and turned around to look at Nolan. ‘D-Did you wake up before dawn?’

In other words, did this mean that he had only slept for two hours?

Nolan cleared his throat and stroked her cheek with his palm. ‘It’s okay. There isn’t much for me to do at the office, so I can get some rest later.’

Maisie leaned forward and rested her chin on his shoulder. She pressed her cheek closer to his and grinned from ear to ear. ‘Thank you so much, honey. You’re the best.’

Nolan was stunned for a moment, and the tips of his ears turned red.

After successfully hacking into her phone, they ran through her call records. Other than Barbara’s father, the person who she had called the most was none other than Eugene. However, Eugene rarely picked up her calls. Even if he did answer her calls, their conversation wouldn’t last longer than three minutes.

What surprised Maisie the most was there were a lot of videos about Eugene on her phone. Just when she was about to click into one of them. Nolan suddenly grabbed her into his arms and closed her eyes. ‘No. I won’t allow you to look at something like this.’

Although Maisie did not have a clear view of the videos, she more or less could guess what they were all about. She chuckled. ‘Why? Are you worried that it might get my eyes dirty?’

Nolan held the mouse in one hand and scanned through the videos. Maisie seized her chance and stole a glance at them. Then, she turned her head around and buried her face into his chest. "Eww, this is so gross!"

She did not expect that they could find such videos on Katrina's phone.

Nolan turned her around, forcing her to look at him. He pinched at her waist as a punishment and said, "Who asked to glance at them?" Maisie felt itchy and squirmed in his arms. She covered her face with her hand and looked at him through the slit between her fingers. "How would I know it would be that kind of video? I didn't expect Katrina to have such a hobby."

She reckoned that Katrina kept these videos to blackmail Eugene. Perhaps even Eugene himself didn't know that Katrina had saved these videos on her phone.

Once Katrina released these videos, Eugene's reputation would be greatly affected.

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When Maisie saw that Nolan had been staring at the screen, she asked sarcastically, "Do you like these videos so much?"

"I'm not..." Nolan said helplessly. However, he came to a sudden stop before he could finish his sentence when he realized something. With a smile tugging at the corner of his lips, he lifted her chin and said, "Why should I look at the videos when I have you?"

Maisie's face turned red.

Nolan stopped teasing her and said, "Alright, let's get back to business. Is this the video you're looking for?"

Maisie slowly turned her head over to the screen.

Those disgusting videos were long gone, and the video that he clicked into was a backup clip that had been saved several years ago.

She turned her body around and sat with her back straight. The person inside of the video was indeed Barbara. Although it happened several years ago, her appearance had not changed much.

Barbara was being pinned on the bed by a man. She was struggling with all her might but to no avail. The video was only two minutes long, and toward the end of the video, Barbara stabbed the man who was going to violate her with the knife on the table.

"Yes! This is it! This is the video!" Maisie nodded.

Nolan copied the video and deleted the video from Katrina's phone.

"Will she realize anything?" Maisie asked.

Nolan stroked the corner of her lips with his fingertips and replied, "Don't worry. Even if she notices it, she won't know how the video was lost."

In a coffee shop...

Maisie handed the copied video to Barbara,

Barbara looked at her in surprise and asked, "How did you get it?" "I asked-Nolan to hack into her phone and get it from there," Maisie replied with a smile. "Don't worry. We've deleted the video on her phone too. She won't be able to threaten you anymore."

Looking at the copied video in her hand, Barbara let out a sigh of relief. Then, she earnestly said, "Thank you so much, Maisie." "Don't mention it," Maisie said. She suddenly remembered something and asked, "How did she get the video, by the way?"

Barbara frowned. "I don't know either. Perhaps someone had installed cameras in that room at that time."

This was the best explanation they had right now. Maisie stirred the coffee with a spoon and asked, "So what are you going to do next?" Barbara clenched her phone tightly and said calmly. "As long as she no longer has something in her hands that threatens the Chases, I should still do what I have to do."

Maisie lifted her head to look at her and said meaningfully, "Honestly, you don't have to do anything to her. Eugene has never wanted to marry her. Even if you don't do anything, Eugene won't let her off so easily."

Barbara was stunned and looked at Maisie in confusion.

Two days later, Eugene returned to Stanford Manor. Katrina greeted Eugene with a pout when he was finally willing to come and see her. "Eugene, I missed you so much." She put her hands on his shoulder and showed him the ring. "Eugene, do you think this ring looks nice on me?" Eugene's expression sank when he saw the ring on her finger. He grabbed her wrist and asked, "Where did you get the ring from?"

This ring was the antique diamond ring that he had ordered when he married Samantha. It cost him about \$3,000,000, and this was the only pair.

Katrina fell silent for a while as she had expected his reaction. "Eugene, everyone out there is saying that I'm a homewrecker. I don't want to be a homewrecker anymore, but I've been waiting for you for so long, and I'm running out of patience. You... You're not lying to me, are you?"

Eugene did not expect Katrina to say something like this. His face was dark as he asked, "Are you going to use this to threaten me?"

Katrina pulled her wrist out of his hand and dusted his suit. "Eugene, I gave five years of my life to you. You promised me that you would marry me after you get a divorce from Samantha

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Eugene pushed Katrina away.

She was stunned and looked at him in shock. "Eugene H

Eugene pulled out a box of cigarettes and held one stick between his lips. He lit it up with a lighter and said, "Even if I want to marry you, the Bouchers won't allow me to do so. You should be aware of that, Katty."

The smile on Katrina's face froze. It slowly disappeared as she said, "So, you were lying to me?" Eugene lost the patience he used to have with her. "Manor, car, money, I can give you everything you want, so why are you still not satisfied yet?"

Katrina's shoulder shook. She had started a relationship with the 48-year-old Eugene at the age of 25, and she had been his "invisible" lover for five years for only one reason.

She wanted to become his wife to exact her revenge plan on the Chases. But now, her plan was foiled.

She became agitated as she shouted, "Are you messing with me, Eugene?"

Eugene gave a slap on her cheek. She couldn't evade in time and fell onto the floor.

"You're only my mistress. You stay in my house, you spend my money, and everything you use is mine.

Who do you think you are to demand something back from me?"

Katrina froze on the floor, covering her cheek and looking at him in disbelief.

Suddenly, the bell rang.

Eugene asked the frightened maid to open the door. When the maid opened the door and saw the woman outside of the door, she was stunned.

Before the maid could say anything, the woman standing outside of the door pushed her away and strode inside. Eugene's expression changed, and his face sank. "How did you know that I'm here, Samantha?"

Samantha looked at Katrina, who was sitting on the floor, and said to Eugene, "Now that things have developed to this point, are you still afraid that I will know about it?"

Eugene walked up to Samantha and grabbed her wrist. "You followed me?"

Samantha flung his hand away.

"You've overestimated me, Eugene. No, I didn't follow you, but that is not important right now. Now I've seen it with my own eyes. Since you're doing it for this woman, I'll give you a chance. You just need to sign the divorce papers."

Eugene hissed while gnashing his teeth. "Samantha!"

Katrina got up from the floor. Her body was shaking as she said, "Eugene, you promised me that you would marry me after you got a divorce from her. Why don't you want to leave that old woman? Do you really want me to expose everything between us?"

Eugene turned around and slapped her again. He did not take any effort to hold himself back anymore this time, and she was sent flying away into the distance. Both Samantha and Katrina were stunned.

After a short while, she covered her swollen and reddened cheek and said, her voice filled with sobs and her face with tears, "Eugene, I've been dating you since 25, and I've been your mistress for five years. You told me to get a tubal ligation because you only wanted one son, and I didn't have to bear one for

you after marrying me. Now that I think of it, I must be the most foolish person to believe you and ruin my life!"

Samantha looked at Katrina in surprise. She did not expect that Katrina would really go and get a tubal ligation. It was only now she knew why Katrina had never been pregnant once in the past five years.

Samantha knew how heartless and cruel her husband was. Not only Katrina, but all those women in the past were nothing but his playthings.

The only difference between Katrina and those women was that Katrina wanted to become Eugene's wife, while those women just wanted his money.

Samantha had long been exhausted by Eugene's unfaithfulness. She used to put up with her husband's cold treatment, would not say anything when he came home late and would remain silent toward his ruthlessness for the sake of her son, Francisco.

However, now that her son was old enough to form a family of his own, she decided that she wanted to be herself.

Samantha looked at Eugene and said, "You settle your stuff first. We will talk about the divorce later."

Just when she turned around, Eugene's angry voice rang out. "Are you the one who exposed the scandal between Katrina and me?"

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Samantha was stunned. She looked at him in disbelief as he grabbed her by her neck. Even though he did not exert much force, she still felt suffocated

He asked, "Did you expose the things between Katrina and me just to force me to sign the divorce papers?"

Samantha laughed. "Do you think I'm the one who did it?"

Eugene did not say anything in return.

At the same time, a woman came in with two bodyguards. She was none other than Barbara.

Katrina was stunned when she saw Barbara. "Yelena?"

Yelena was Barbara's name before changing it. No one was more familiar with Barbara's face than Katrina.

"You've returned?"

It went without saying that Eugene knew Yelena was a member of the Chases. It was just that he did not expect her to show up here.

Barbara was not afraid at all when she saw Eugene. She ignored Katrina and said to Eugene, "I heard that you're looking for the person who exposed your scandal, Mr. Boucher?"

After hearing what she said, Eugene looked at her suspiciously and replied, "Don't you think you're being

a little bit too nosy, Ms. Chase?" "Really? I don't think so." Barbara chuckled. "After all, Mrs. Boucher isn't the one who exposed your scandal, Mr. Boucher."

"What do you mean?" Eugene's face sank. Even though he was not afraid of the Chases, he couldn't fall out with them entirely. After all his father, Richard, was Barbara's grandfather's colleague in the authorities. Barbara replied calmly, "I'm the one who did it."

Eugene was stunned.

Katrina got up from the floor. Her pretty features were contorted into a grimace of anger as she shouted, "So it's you, Yelena. You're the one behind all of this!"

Barbara helped Samantha get to her feet and stood beside her. She said, "I just can't take it when a husband abandons his wife for another woman, so I decided to do Mrs. Boucher a favor."

Eugene laughed coldly. "Who do you think you're to poke your nose into my family affairs, huh?"

"Well, it's true that I don't have the right to poke my nose into your family affairs," Barbara replied. "But your mistress over there is related to the Chases. I'm sure you're aware of it, right?"

Eugene was stumped.

"What do you mean by that, Yelena?" Katrina shouted angrily.

Barbara walked up to Katrina and said, "You think you have something in your hand that you could use to threaten me, so you're willing to become Eugene's mistress in order to become one of the Bouchers and get revenge on the Chases. Did you think I'd give you a chance?"

Katrina wanted to grab her collar, but the two bodyguards at the back prevented her from doing so.

She then pounced toward Eugene and complained, her mouth pouting. "Did you hear that, Eugene? She's the one behind everything. You must do something to her!"

However, Eugene did not say anything.

Although he had been looking for the person that exposed the relationship between him and Katrina, his objective was not to get rid of her but to squeeze the last bit of worth out of Katrina. It was just that he did not expect Barbara would show up and admit it herself. Barbara laughed and looked at Eugene, whose face was dark. "Mr. Boucher, you're one of the Bouchers, and I'm sure you don't want to get fooled by a woman, right?" "Yelena!" Katrina shouted at her furiously, "What do you mean by that? Are you saying that I'm fooling Eugene?" "Well, if that's the case, why don't you show Mr. Boucher your phone?" Barbara said as she stared at Katrina coldly. Katrina's face turned pale when she heard the word "phone" out of Barbara's mouth.

Eugene suddenly grabbed her arm. "What is in your phone?" . Katrina's body trembled, and she averted her gaze guiltily. "No-Nothing. There's nothing in my phone!"

Barbara pressed on. "Is it nothing, or are you afraid to show it to Mr. Boucher?"

"You..."



Katrina jerked her head around, and she was stunned when she met Barbara's eyes. There was nothing but confidence on Barbara's face, and it seemed to her that she knew about the things in her phone. Katrina's brain went blank.

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Katrina would always carry her cell phone with her. She would not even let Eugene touch it because others could not know all the secrets that were stored in the cell phone.

She was even thinking about disclosing the secrets stored inside this cell phone if Eugene were to really force herself into doing something that she did not want to. Eugene was not going to get by easily if he were to decide to make things difficult for her.

'But why would Barbara know about this?'

Looking at Katrina's panicked expression, Barbara believed what Maisie had said even more now.

'There's indeed something on her phone that can be used to threaten Eugene.'

Eugene was not a fool either. He had realized the minor changes in Katrina's expression, so he requested Katrina to hand over her cell phone, but Katrina refused. It was until Barbara asked the bodyguard to subdue her on the floor. Katrina resisted fiercely. "Yelena Chase, what in the world are you trying to do? Since you know what I keep on my phone, how dare you do this? Aren't you afraid that I'll-"

Her warning was interrupted with a question. "Are you sure that there is something on your phone that you can use to threaten me?"

Katrina was startled again.

The bodyguard snatched her phone, questioned her forcibly for the password to unlock it, unlocked the device, and handed it to Barbara. Barbara looked through the list of videos, however, she did not watch any of them but handed the phone to Eugene. "Mr. Boucher, do you want to watch them yourself?"

Eugene grabbed the phone.

Katrina shouted. "No!"

Unfortunately, Eugene had already tapped on a video, and the unbearable voices that came out of the loudspeaker caught him off guard. They were his and her voice.

Even Samantha's expression changed at that moment. It now looked rather awkward.

Eugene was stunned in place, and his aura became gloomier and gloomier as time went by.

Eugene threw her phone to the ground exasperatedly. He threw it so harshly that the screen of the phone shattered. His eyes looked bloodshot due to rage as he walked up to Katrina and pulled her hair hysterically. "B\*tch! How dare you record these videos secretly? Did you plan to use them to threaten me when the time was right?"

Those videos had undoubtedly piqued Eugene and crossed his bottom line.

Once these videos were spread, let alone his reputation, he might not even be able to keep his title as one of the Bouchers. After all, the Bouchers would never allow such a scandal that would corrupt the family to exist.

Katrina's scalp was in agony, and she burst into tears but was not reconciled. "Nobody asked you not to marry me! Eugene Boucher, you ungrateful b\*stard, all you've done is play with my feelings!"

Eugene got up, lifted his foot, and kicked her to the bottom of the table.

The kick hit Katrina in her lower abdomen, so she twitched in pain as she crawled on the floor, and her messy hair was covering her flustered face,

She glared at Barbara murderously. "It's you! It's you who wanted to bring this upon me!"

Barbara looked at her. "All I've done is only give you a taste of your own medicine, isn't it? You've been threatening my father with that video recording for so many years, and now that you've lost the video, what else will you use to blackmail him?"

Barbara did not say anything else and left Stanford Manor with her men.

Maisie was right. Having one's revenge did not mean that they had to do it through their own efforts. As long as Eugene was informed about the secrets that were stored in Katrina's cell phone, he would know that Katrina also possessed his filthy little secrets. Thus, instead of wanting to know who had used the videos to smoke him out, what he cared more about was Katrina's plan to set him up.'

As such, Barbara did not even need to do anything herself. Eugene would do it for her sooner or later.

Katrina wanted to explain, but the pain that she felt all over her body made it difficult for her even to catch her breath. Not to mention the panic that she was going through when she saw Eugene's gloomy face.

She crawled to Samantha's feet and asked her for help. However, all Samantha did was give her a profound glare. She then took a few steps backward, turned around, and left.

Barbara was about to get in the car when Samantha stopped her. "Ms. Chase, please stay for a moment."

She turned around and faced Samantha with a smile." Mrs. Boucher."

Samantha lowered her gaze. "You're the one who asked me to come to Stanford Manor. What's the purpose of getting me here to witness this whole farce live?"

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She's the one who exposed the scandal between Eugene and Katrina and sent me Stanford Manor's address on purpose, telling me that Eugene and Katrina would be here. Did she do all these so that I could be here to watch this play live?'

Barbara smiled. "I don't mean anything else. I just wanted you to witness this scene and then rethink your stand on your divorce with Mr . Boucher."

Samantha was stunned for a moment and did not speak. Barbara added, "Katrina wants to get herself through the gates of the Bouchers and into the family, but the Bouchers will never agree to that. And I can't let her do so either. You should have witnessed her fate now. Mr. Boucher had no intention of marrying her all this while, so if it's not for these incidents, Katrina would have accepted her position in life and lived as Mr. Boucher's mistress, while Mr. Boucher still wouldn't end his relationship with her." Samantha had already decided that she wanted to proceed with the divorce, and she could also understand the implicit message hidden in Barbara's reply.

'If none of these things had happened, Eugene would indeed continue to keep Katrina as his mistress. 'Many women hope that their husbands will come back to the family after ending their affair with their mistress. That's why most of them chose to give up the idea of a divorce in the end.' However, Samantha's disappointments throughout all these years of marriage had already pushed her toward her limits. These disappointments had already started to accumulate more than ten years ago. She had endured everything up until now for the sake of the child, but even if she did not opt for a divorce, she was living an extremely depressing life when she was living in this family.

Her son and even her father-in-law were both on her side, so since she had been given a chance to set herself free, why should she imprison herself within this family?

No one knew what Eugene had done to Katrina, only that Katrina was no longer living in Stanford Manor in the next few days.

It was said that Eugene had chased her out of the manor and banned her from all activities in Bassburgh.

Samantha insisted on getting a divorce from Eugene. Unfortunately, Eugene refused to sign the papers, so the lawyer in charge had to come forward.

The lawyer that Samantha hired happened to be Jenny's father, and all evidence pointed to the facts that Eugene had cheated, had shown traits of domestic violence, and had threatened his wife.

Moreover, the couple had been separated for almost half a year, plus Samantha had not named any terms, nor had she asked for half of Eugene's assets. That was how the divorce was passed smoothly in the end.

At the entertainment club...

Ryleigh, Barbara, and Maisie raised their glasses for a celebration toast. "My second aunt has finally gotten a divorce. Nothing's impossible as long as you're willing to put in the effort. It's great to see her leave that scumbag and live a happy life now."

Barbara finished her glass of wine, smiled, and said, "So, we have to keep our eyes wide open before we choose to get married to someone. And what we need to do is to learn from Zee."

Maisie was caught off guard for a split second and then chuckled. "I was only lucky." "Yeah, you've found a great man like Mr. Goldmann just because you're lucky, but you still got to marry the man that you love. Sigh, I'm so envious of you." Ryleigh leaned on Barbara's shoulder.

Barbara pushed her away in disgust. "Why are you envious of her? I think the young heir of the Lucases doesn't look too shabby either." Ryleigh's expression turned gloomy as soon as Louis' name was mentioned, so Barbara approached her. "Did the both of you argue?" "No." Ryleigh put down her wine

glass. "What's there to argue about? I'm not dating him. It's just an engagement. Besides, he's not marrying me because he likes me."

"How do you know that he doesn't like you?"

Ryleigh took a glance at Barbara. "His ex-girlfriend looks better than me. Actually, what's there to like about me? Maybe he just doesn't care about who he marries after breaking up with his ex-girlfriend."

Maisie raised his eyebrows. "Speaking of which, you've already looked into his ex-girlfriend?"

Barbara laughed. "Yeah, you're actually talking about his ex-girlfriend now. Have you met his ex-girlfriend? What's her name? Tell us so that we can help you analyze her."

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Ryleigh looked at the two of them. "His ex-girlfriend is quite a famous lady, her name is Xyla Mayweather, a supermodel, and her father is the chairman of Royal Crown Entertainment Co."

Maisie got into a slight pause.

"Xyla Mayweather? This name sounds very familiar." She then asked, "Is she the international supermodel who often appears on the Sheena Jewelry Show?"

Ryleigh nodded.

Maisie smiled. "Then I know who she is. She signed a contract with Luxella back when I was still in Stoslo, and she is Luxella's ambassador for the Eurasia continent. I was fortunate enough to meet her a few times back in Stoslo nine years ago. She's indeed very beautiful-looking."

Ryleigh rolled her eyes. "Isn't this a small, small world?" Barbara placed her hand on her shoulder, "Ryleigh, don't be discouraged. They still broke up no matter how gorgeous she looks, didn't they? Maybe Mr. Lucas doesn't like her type?" Ryleigh glanced at her. "He's managed to be with her for six straight years even though she's not his cup of tea?" "Six years?" Barbara was surprised. "They could have gotten married after being in a relationship for six years, so why did they break up

Ryleigh responded with a scoff, "Who knows?" Ryleigh and Barbara both drank quite a lot tonight, so the two staggered side by side when they came out of the club.

A Bentley, which was parked not far away, honked and flashed its lights twice.

Maisie subconsciously raised her hand to cover her eyes, only to see the person in the car getting out of the car.

He was wearing a black trench coat. His handsome face looked warm and charming when he was standing against the blazing white lights.

Barbara pushed Maisie. "Yo, your husband is here to pick you up."

Nolan walked forward and saw that Maisie was wearing thin clothes, so he took off his coat, draped it over her shoulders, and wrapped his arm around her shoulders tightly. He then suggested gracefully, "Let's go back together. We'll see you on the way. You girls are a little drunk, and Zee would worry."

The street lights on the side of the road swept across the car window, and the bright light and gloomy darkness intertwined in the dimly lit car. Maisie sat in the front passenger seat and turned to look at Nolan, who was driving, and could not help but giggle.

'This guy is doing pretty well in front of my friends. Of course, this would only happen with the amnesiac Nolan. I think even Ryleigh won't be able to see his gentleness and politeness if Nolan regains his memory.'

Barbara and Ryleigh were leaning against each other. They were already half-drunk because they had drunk a lot.

They first sent Barbara back to her manor, where the housekeeper came out to pick her up, and then sent Ryleigh back to Hill mansion, where Ryleigh got out of the car.

Maisie lowered the window. "Don't forget your keys."

"Are you kidding me? Do I look like the kind of person who forgets to bring her keys out?" Ryleigh waved her arm and did not forget to turn around. "You guys should hurry back already. Remind your husband to drive slowly,"

Maisie was relieved when she saw her step into the courtyard. That was when Nolan lifted the back of her hand and kissed her fingertips. "How did I behave today?"

Maisie chuckled. "Very good, you can see that they both envy me."

Nolan embraced her and kissed her on her forehead. "I'll make everyone in Bassburgh envy you even more in the future."

Ryleigh stood at the door and tumbled with her satchel for a long time. However, she still could not find the key after searching through the bag's interior for a long time.

She suddenly sobered up. "No way..."

She crouched down on the ground and turned on the flashlight on her cell phone for some light.

Unfortunately, she really had not brought her keys along with her!

"Zee, you jinx!" Ryleigh murmured sadly and indignantly.

Seeing that her phone had only 6% of battery left, she quickly rummaged through her contacts.

Who can I call? Yes, Helios!

After the phone call, Ryleigh sat on the ground and waited. It was cold on this late autumn night, so she took off her coat and draped it on herself. After dozing off a few times, she finally saw a car parked outside.

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Ryleigh quickly got up with her coat, ran toward the car, opened the door, got into the front passenger seat, and fastened her seat belt. "Helios, that's very kind of you! I just knew that you wouldn't leave me!"

She then turned around to take a look at the man who was sitting in the driver's seat, and her smiling face stiffened in an instant. "Why is it you?"

She looked back at the empty back seat, and no one was there,

Louis smelled the strong, alcoholic odor that originated from her body, and his expression remained unchanged as he lowered the car window. "Your cousin doesn't have the time to take care of you." "... Did Helios ask you to come?" Ryleigh was astonished.

She then thought of why Helios would agree so readily when she called earlier. 'He agreed to it without planning to come in person all along! What a cousin! Louis did not say anything. Id better call my father to open the door for me.' Ryleigh unfastened her seat belt and was about to open the car door.

Surprisingly, Louis locked the door all of a sudden,

and she could not open it. Thus, she stared at him in horror and doubt. "What are you doing?"

He smiled. "Where did you muster the courage to come home so drunk so late in the night? Aren't you afraid that Uncle Hill will beat the crap out of you?"

"Then I..." Ryleigh stammered. She really did not dare to wake her father and ask him to open the door for her. "Then just take me to the nearest hotel."

As soon as she said that her cell phone screen went black, and it shut down automatically.

Louis raised his eyebrows. "Do you have the money to check yourself into a hotel?" Ryleigh took out her purse, opened it up, and glanced at its content. There were only \$7 and a few pennies left.

Louis scoffed. "You're so broke, huh?"

"Why am I poor?" Ryleigh flung her purse at him. "Isn't it because of you? I've been unemployed for three years because no company in Bassburgh would hire me, thanks to you. Can I apologize to you now? I'm sorry! Everything's my fault." Ryleigh was so drunk that she could not keep herself together anymore, so she sat in the car and started crying non-stop. Louis picked up her wallet, put it away, and glanced at her. Seeing that she could not stop weeping, he asked with a more pleasing tone, "I have a job vacancy on hand now, do you want it?"

She choked, sobbed, and asked, "What's the job?"

He stared at her. "The Royal Academy of Music is currently recruiting a tutor for the folk music department."

Ryleigh was astounded. Her crying face dimmed instantly, and she gnashed her teeth and rejected his offer without any hesitation. "Over my dead body!"

Louis asked, "Why?"

"I don't want it means I don't want it! Why must there be so many whys?" Ryleigh turned her head away and looked out of the car window-subtle emotions could be seen rippling in her bloodshot eyes.

Louis did not utter another word and drove the car away.

He drove the car to a nearby hotel, stopped, and unbuckled his seat belt. "We're here. You can get off already."

He did not hear any response coming from the person beside him, so he frowned and turned around, only to see Ryleigh leaning against the car window, fast asleep.

Louis stared at her and saw that she had crossed her arms subconsciously, so he took off his blazer and covered her.

The car's interior was dimly lit, and a few neon lights swept across her beautiful face, grinding away the rather offensive attitude that she exhibited when she was awake. What was left was only silence and beauty.

He drove back to his family's villa. The housekeeper had not slept yet, so she came out of the kitchen when she heard the commotion from the living room.

She was taken aback when she saw Louis holding a woman in his arms.

Since she could not see her face clearly, the housekeeper did not know that the woman was Ryleigh. "Mr. Lucas, you--"

"Make me a mug of hangover remedy tea." Louis left the order behind and brought the woman upstairs.

The housekeeper was frozen in place for a long time and walked back into the kitchen in confusion. My God! The young master is engaged to Ms. Hill.

How could he bring some random woman back home!?

"However, could it be that the young master has found a lady that he likes? What should we do about that?"

The housekeeper made the hangover tea and sent it upstairs.

Louis opened the door and took the remedy from her when he heard the knock. "Thank you. You should go and grab some rest."

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Louis then closed the door.

The housekeeper stood still outside the door, hesitating whether she should inform Mrs. Lucas about this tomorrow.

Ryleigh turned over, scratched her cheek, and spoke vaguely while sleeping.

Louis sat beside the bed, placed the hangover remedy on the bedside table, and looked at her. "Ryleigh."

She did not wake up, so Louis leaned over and patted her on the shoulder. "Hey, wake up." "Shut... Shut up." Ryleigh waved her arms around her face, smacked his hand by accident, and inadvertently clawed his collar with her fingertips, tearing off a button from his shirt.

The buttons rolled to the bottom of the bed, and Louis grabbed her by her wrists. "Ryleigh Hill, you..."

But Ryleigh happened to be a drunk woman who was sleeping soundly. He stared at the face that was only inches away from his cheeks. And it seemed that the smell of alcohol that she exuded was intoxicating enough almost to push him off the cliff as his Adam's apple rolled twice, and he gulped.

He sat up immediately, calmed himself down for a moment, and left the room.

The housekeeper informed Larissa about the incident early the next morning. Larissa put down the magazine in her hand, and a hint of surprise flashed across her eyes. "What?"

The housekeeper said, "Madam, the young master did bring a lady back last night. As we all know, the young master is indeed engaged with the Hills' daughter, but what if the young master has found a lady that he likes? What should we do if that were to happen?"

Larissa narrowed her eyes. She knew her son's personality. After his breakup with Xyla Mayweather, the daughter of Mr. Mayweather of Royal Crown Entertainment Co, he had never found another woman.

Larissa had never gotten her mind off his age. She was extremely anxious about introducing ladies to him over blind dates, but it was a pity that her son had not fancied any of them.

Thus, she had thought of their family's close-knit relationship with the Hills. It would be perfect if she could get Ryleigh to get engaged with her son, but if her son really did not want that, she would not dare to push it onto him too harshly.

As such, she had mentioned the engagement three years ago and had not brought it up until now as she was still waiting for her son to voice his opinion on the engagement. The strange thing was that Louis had never objected to the idea of this marriage.

'So why would he bring a woman back home out of the blue?'

It just so happened that Louis was coming downstairs, and his attractive face looked haggard, probably because he had not slept well.

The housekeeper and Larissa exchanged gazes as he pulled out a chair and sat down with a bowl of oatmeal but without bringing up what happened last night. Larissa cleared her throat and asked, "Louis, have you found a woman that you like?" Louis froze in position and then raised his head suspiciously. "What?"

Larissa did not care whether it sounded too straightforward or not as she had to get a clearer picture of the matter first, so she continued earnestly. "I mean, if you've found a woman that you like, then the engagement between our family and the Hills... I can always go over and discuss with Uncle Hill to see if we can cancel it."

Louis stared at her. "Why would you cancel the engagement?"

Larissa was bewildered and astounded. Seeing that her son had no idea about what he had done, she was upset at the moment. "If you don't want me to cancel the engagement, then why would you bring a woman back for the night?"



Louis slowly ate the oatmeal in the bowl and gave off a casual smirk. "What makes you think this is a hilarious thing to do?" Larissa put her silverware down heavily. "Louis, I don't care who the lady you fancy is, but since you've chosen that woman, you should issue an announcement or a statement about your relationship. Not to mention that you still have an engagement on your shoulder. Yet, here you are, bringing another woman home for the night. How do you expect me to explain this to Uncle Hill?"

Louis burst into laughter. "Wouldn't Uncle Hill be delighted to know about this?"

"You!" Larissa's face turned purple with anger. "If you don't want to cancel the engagement, then break up with the lady that you brought home last night. And if you wish to be with this lady, then I'll inform the Hills truthfully and give them a proper explanation for that. After all, this mess originated from my useless son."