

Chapter 841

Maisie placed her hands on Barbara's shoulders and said, "Let's go upstairs and talk."

It was only then Barbara came around to her senses and followed Maisie and Baydie into the elevator. The decoration and items in the office on the fifth level remained the same. It seemed as if nothing had happened before.

Barbara stood in front of the office and only snapped out of her trance when Maisie called her. She stepped into the office and sat on the couch.

Saydie closed the door and waited outside with the bodyguards.

Maisie took the cup from the table and said, "When you went missing that day, I came to look for you at the club. Mr.

Summer received me. He gave me a clue, and he wanted me to do him a favor,"

Barbara's hands on her lap clutched tightly. "Why didn't you tell me at the hospital?"

"I'm sorry, Barbara. I promised Mr. Summer that I would only tell you after taking over Glitz," Maisie replied as she lowered her head. "Mr. Summer knows that you might not want to see him."

"So?"

Barbara's shoulders were shaking as she tried her best to suppress her emotions. "He has been following my life as a mysterious stranger. He told me everything that Katrina was doing, answered all of my demands, yet he refuses to see me and keeps making these kinds of pointless compensations?"

Maisie did not expect that Barbara would react so vigorously when she mentioned "Mr. Summer," otherwise known as Ian Summer. It seemed to her that they were more than just acquaintances.

'Could it be that.....

Seeing that Barbara was crying, Maisie took a tissue paper and walked up to her. She handed the tissue paper to her and said, "If you want to cry, then cry. There are only the two of us here. The people downstairs won't be able to hear you no matter how loud you cry."

Barbara couldn't hold herself anymore and cried out loud after hearing what Maisie said. Maisie did not interrupt. After all, crying was one of the best remedies when one was depressed and on the verge of a breakdown.

Barbara felt a lot better after she cried. She smiled at Maisie and squinted her swollen eyes into a fine line. "Do I look ugly now?" Maisie chuckled. "Nope. You're as beautiful as always even after you cried."

"I'm sorry for making a fool of myself in front of you," Barbara said, offering Maisie a n embarrassing smile. "I thought I would never shed a tear in front of anyone in my life."

Barbara told Maisie that she had hated Ian. If Ian had been willing to save her back then, she might not have needed to go through hell.

She hated Ian not all because he had refused to save her, but because he was the man she had wanted to marry the most back then.

She looked up to Ian, and he was the only man she had fallen for. However, she had thoroughly been disappointed when he turned a blind eye toward everything that had befallen her back then.

Barbara rested her head on Maisie's shoulder and said with a trembling voice, "Eric nearly destroyed me. Although I killed him in the end, I became a monster. I don't want anything anymore, but why... Why he

Maisie patted her back gently and looked at the wall. "Has it ever crossed your mind that it was a misunderstanding that he didn't save

you?"

Barbara was stunned.

Maisie took a deep breath, helped her to sit straight, and said, "The private room was too dark back then. He didn't know it was you, not to mention that Katrina was distracting him and taking him away to another place. He missed the opportunity to save you because he was in a hurry to find you."

Barbara's shoulders shook.

Her memory went back to the year when she had been calling for help in the private room after Eric had a few men pin her down and pour wine into her mouth. She had even cried out in her heart, praying that if someone could come to her rescue, no matter which man it was, she would marry him.

When Ian had appeared at the door, her heart shook, and she saw her hope.

However, Ian had just glanced at her and left hurriedly.

Chapter 842

At that time, she had felt her world had crumbled, and she had had a hard time breathing.

That night, no one had come to her rescue. She had become a "sinner" and had fallen from heaven to hell.

Maisie sighed. "He knew something had happened to you, but it was only on the second day that he found it was you in the private room that night. So... He doesn't dare to show up in front of you. He knows how you see him, and he knows you probably hate him."

Barbara sat on the couch in a trance. She felt as if there was a hole in her heart.

"He couldn't bring himself to appear before you, so he could only contact you through phones. He knew you wanted to get revenge, so he guided you against Katrina. He gave you help as a stranger, and that's all he could do for you."

Maisie turned her head around to look at her. "He had been on an undercover mission back then. He had long been aware of the deal between Tony and Peter. He had approached you to investigate Tony through Eric since Tony was his uncle.

Honestly, he knew how you felt about him, but he couldn't reciprocate to you since he might die at any time due to his status as an undercover agent.

"He had been in deep regret after what happened to you. He said that it wasn't because he didn't want to save the girl in the private room. It was because he was an undercover agent, and he mustn't get busted. However, he also said that if he had known that the girl was you, he would have done everything he could to save you.'

When Ian had been unable to find Barbara, he returned to the private room, but there was no one there anymore. He only learned about Barbara's news the next day.

He still regretted it and loathed himself. After that, Barbara had changed her name and gone overseas. He had gone into hiding and established the Glitz Club. He had also helped the Chases a lot from the dark.

He was also the one who had helped Barbara's father when he raided Peter's bath center.

"He hired Katrina and forced her to serve others with her body to humiliate her. It was his plan for her to get close to Peter, but Katrina refused to comply with his plan. She attempted to break herself free from Glitz through Peter, and she even exposed your story to the media."

That was why he had made Katrina go through what Barbara went through back then. However, it was even crueler than what had happened to Barbara.

After her uncle's accident, Ian refused to let her get involved in the matter because he did not want her to get hurt. However, Tony still got her in the end. Fortunately, he had planted an undercover agent around Tony, and thus the police were able to find their location.

Besides, it was also him who had caught Peter's son, distracted other people, and bought time for Yael and the police.

Barbara cried out again, feeble and full of regret. Just because of a wrong judgment, she lived in the dark while he lived in guilt.

She had recognized him only when he called her "Elie" instead of "Ms. Chase" in the text message. It was also because he had changed his way of addressing her that evoked the deepest memory in her heart, a past that she had forgotten.

At the Blue Bay villa...

The rain fell on the window, leaving water trails on the windowpane. The house's interior was filled with warm yellow light from the floor lamp. Nolan was sitting in his chair with his eyes closed. He seemed to be sleeping, but the document in his hands still remained open. There was a light glow around his handsome face.

Maisie tiptoed up to him and took the document from his hand gently. She closed it up and put it on the desk quietly. Just when she was about to get the jacket on the chair, Nolan stretched his arms and

grabbed her into his arms. He opened his eyes, and Maisie could see anger in them. However, he suppressed his anger and said, "You've become naughty, Zee. Why did you come back so late, huh?"

Chapter 843

Maisie leaned on his shoulder and wrapped her arms around him. "I'm sorry, darling. I was wrong."

"You were wrong? What have you done wrong?" Nolan replied nonchalantly, allowing her to hug him.

"... I shouldn't come home late, and I shouldn't make my husband wait for me in our house alone," Maisie whispered into his ear. Her eyes were misted over, and she looked alluring.

However, Nolan remained calm and impassive. There was no expression on his face, and he seemed rather unaffected.

Just when Maisie was going to kiss him, he turned his head sideways. He pinched her cheek with his hand and said exasperatingly, "Zee, you can't expect me to forgive you after you offer yourself to me every time you make a mistake."

This was the first time Maisie felt defeated.

Nolan pushed her away, rose to his feet, and walked away.

Maisie followed after him and asked, "Where are you going?"

He opened the door and replied, "I'm going to the study room."

Maisie kicked the slippers off her feet and ran up to him with her bare feet. She stood in front of him, blocking his way, and said, "No. I don't allow it."

She followed everywhere Nolan went. He lowered his head to look at the woman in front of him and narrowed his eyes. "You don't allow me to go to the study room?" "No. You can't go to the study room," Maisie replied with her lips pouting.

He stood in front of her and asked, "Give me a reason."

Maisie knew Nolan was really angry this time. He had regained his memory, so the trick she always used on the amnesiac Nolan wouldn't work on him right now.

She tugged at his sleeve softly and said, "I was with Barbara just now. That's why I came home so late."

He frowned. "And?"

'And?'

Maisie met his inquisitive gaze and immediately understood what he was trying to say.

"I took over Glitz?" Nolan chuckled. "So, you were not going to tell me if I didn't ask you, Ms. Vanderbilt?"

Maisie bit her lips, and she did not know what to say.

Nolan pushed her away and walked into the study room decisively. He closed the door, causing the last ray of light to disappear from the corridor.

Both of them stayed up all night.

At the restaurant... "You, a married and pretty woman, took over Glitz behind Mr. Goldmann's back. Honestly, if I were Mr. Goldmann, I wouldn't want to talk to you either."

"Can you stop making fun of me, please?" Maisie said as she rubbed the center of her forehead. There were two dark circles around her eyes.

It was her fault for not telling Nolan about it. However, Ian had given Glitz to her because he did not want it to fall into the wrong hands. She was just going to take over Glitz temporarily. After all, he wanted to give Glitz to Barbara. It was just that Barbara had never been engaged in business, and he was worried that other people would take advantage of her.

Besides, he had brought up Glitz by himself. It was his pride and joy. Since he couldn't find a suitable candidate, he gave it to Maisie in the end.

Louis took a sip from the soup and said, "There are too many dangerous people in the club. Mr. Goldmann is just worried about you."

Maisie was momentarily stunned before replying, "I know... But I'm not good at explaining..."

It was true that she was never good at explaining. Therefore, even if someone misunderstood her, she wouldn't try to explain herself. "If you don't explain to him, how is he going to know what is in your mind?" Maisie was stunned again after she heard what Louis said.

Then, he continued calmly. "Although both of you trust each other, you keep wanting him to read your mind, and he indeed tries his best to understand what is in your mind, but the problem is, you don't understand him. As time goes by, men will just give up."

Maisie's eyelashes fluttered.

Both Nolan and she had gone through a lot of things, so she thought their minds were in sync. After all, they could know what was on each other's minds just by looking at each other.

However, it was only now that she realized that was not the real case. It was Nolan who always tried to read her mind and understand her.

He could instantly know what she was thinking by just looking at her eyes. Just how well did he know her for him to be able to do this?

Chapter 844

Seeing that Maisie had fallen silent, Louis popped a piece of meat into his mouth and said with a smile, "Do you know there is something known as the best husband material' going on in the city lately? Do you know who started it?"

Maisie looked at him in confusion. Louis chuckled and continued. "It's Mr. Goldmann. Some women even demand their partners to love and dote on them like how Mr. Goldmann dotes on his wife." Maisie put her hand to her forehead and smiled awkwardly, "Seriously?"

“Yes. It’s not an exaggeration to say that Mr. Goldmann is the most desirable man in Bassburgh. All socialites in Bassburgh are hoping that he will get a divorce as soon as possible. As your cousin and your best friend’s fiancée, I shall remind you that you should watch out for it.”

Maisie sat upright and replied, “What? Who do they think deserves my husband?”

serves

There was no way she would allow something like that to happen. If she really broke up with Nolan, wouldn’t that give those women a chance? No! She would never let that happen.

She had not let go of Nolan in the past, so she would definitely not let go of him right now. She grabbed her purse and stormed out of the restaurant. Louis looked at her back and chuckled. He did not know about a certain man, but he definitely was not going to be dominated by a woman.

He pulled his phone out and made a call to Ryleigh. He wondered if she had her breakfast or not and what she would like to eat if she had not.

[Good Daughter: I’m on a diet!] (Louis: You’re so thin that you’re basically flat-chested, and you still want to go on a diet?) [Good Daughter: Get lost!] He waved at the waiter and ordered some food for Ryleigh.

At Blackgold...

After Nolan had finished his meeting with his client, he came out of the meeting room with Quincy and the group of executives.

He had an upright posture as he walked amongst the crowd. His deep blue suit wrapped around his body as fit as a glove. His gaze was deep, and he was both handsome and elegant under the shower of the white light.

When a group of female staff saw him walking past them, they grabbed their phones excitedly and exclaimed, “Ah! It’s such a shame that Mr. Goldmann is married!”

“Although I like the story between Mr. Goldmann and Helios very much, I love how Mr. Goldmann spoils his wife too!” “After seeing Mr. Goldmann, I just want to get a divorce. I can’t stand looking at my husband at home anymore.” “Wake up. The sun is still up. You should probably stop dreaming now.”

Quincy was walking beside Nolan as both of them were heading toward the administrative department. He took a look at Nolan, who seemed unusually quiet today, and asked, “Mr. Goldmann, did you not sleep well last night?”

Nolan raised his hand to loosen his tie and said begrudgingly. “It’s not that I didn’t sleep well, I didn’t sleep last night.”

Quincy replied, “I knew it...” He paused for a moment before continuing. “You’re just mad at Ms. Vanderbilt for not telling you, right? But it’s such a small matter. I think it’s fine as long as she explains it to you.’

Nolan did not say anything,

He did not need an explanation. He just wanted her to reflect on her own mistake

He was fine with her going to Glitz alone, but how could she not discuss with him about taking over Glitz? Was he dead?

Would she have kept him in the dark forever if he had not asked? It seemed to him that this woman didn't give a d*mn about him, and she was just treating him as if he was invisible!

As soon as they stepped into the office, they saw Maisie was standing in front of the desk, waiting for them. She was wearing a long purplish red dress that accentuated her great body figure. There was a pearl hair clip on the top of her ear, which made her look more charming and sweet.

Quincy knew they were going to talk, so he went out of the office and closed the door.

Maisie turned around and looked at Nolan. Her eyes were misted over as if she would cry, and it struck at the soft spot deep in Nolan's heart.

She just stood there and looked at Nolan pitifully. A drop of tear dangled at the corner of her eyes as she said, "Are you not

going to talk to me anymore?"

Chapter 845

Nolan took a deep breath, his heart pumping fast in his chest.

He took off his tie and threw it on the desk. While he tried to suppress himself, Maisie said, "I know I was wrong. I know I shouldn't have kept you in the dark. Are you still not going to talk to me?"

Her voice was filled with sobs while a string of tears fell and trickled down her cheeks.

Nolan stopped in front of her, and she couldn't read his expression,

"I want you to rely on me, not ignore me."

"I didn't ignore you..." Maisie looked at him begrudgingly.

'Really?' he asked. He put his hands on the desk and leaned closer to her. "You decide things on your own without discussing them with me. Am I still your husband?"

Maisie stretched her arms and wrapped them around him. Nolan did not push her away and allowed her to hug him.

With her voice filled with sobs, she said, "I'm sorry, I just don't want to rely on you to solve everything. Yes, I took over the club, but I'll give it away once I find a suitable candidate"

Before she could finish her sentence, Nolan lifted her chin and planted a kiss on her lips.

After a long while, he let her go and stroked her cheek with his hand. He wiped the tears off her face and said, "You just know how to use your tears to make me forgive you."

Maisie pouted and did not say anything.

“Do you know that it feels as if someone is stabbing my heart with a knife whenever I see you crying?” He kissed her again in between her eyebrows, and his eyes were filled with a smile. “If you cried like this last night, maybe I wouldn’t have stayed in the study room.” Maisie stopped crying and glared at him through her foggy eyes. “You tricked me into tears?”

Nolan chuckled and replied, “Am I the one who asked you to cry?”

Maisie mumbled, “Of course, it’s you.”

Nolan coiled his arms around her waist, lifted her up, and put her on the table.” Whenever I see you are crying, it just breaks my heart. What kind of poison have you fed me? Although I’m angry with you, I just can’t scold you. I can’t even beat you, and I have to comfort you in the end.”

She turned her face sideways and said, “Well, you can just leave me alone.”

Nolan gently kissed the corner of her lips and chuckled. “If I ignore you, what if you run away from our house? If I ignore you, what if you run away from the house? Then I’d have to take the kids to look for their mother. That’s the last thing I want to do.”

Maisie was tickled pink by his comment. There were snots in her nostrils, and a bubble came out when she laughed.

Nolan couldn’t hold himself anymore and dissolved into a fit of laughter.

Maisie felt embarrassed. She wiped her nose and lifted her leg in an attempt to kick him, “Stop laughing!”

He evaded her kick effortlessly.

Maisie turned her head sideways and ignored him.

Nolan secured her tightly in his arms and rested his chin on the top of her head.

There was a smile in his eyes as he said, ‘ You’re getting more and more adorable, Zee. You still look adorable even though you’re crying

Maisie did not say anything. Nolan kissed the top of her head and continued. “Honestly, I was mad at you because of your refusal to rely on me. I know you don’t want to bother me, but I just want to be bothered by you.”

Maisie was stunned. She lowered her head and asked, “But won’t you feel annoyed if I bother you too much?”

“Nope,” he replied, his voice hoarse.

Maisie looked at him and said, “It’s not that I don’t want to rely on you. It’s just that I’m worried that you’ll get tired of me if I rely on you too much. People always say that marriage is the grave of love. We’ve only been married for three years, and we still have a long way to go. If you think I’m annoying, then...”

Nolan cupped his hands around her cheeks, forcing her to look him in the eyes. "A husband who can't even solve his wife's problems shouldn't expect his wife to rely on himself. So what if marriage is the grave of love? Can't we love each other in the grave?"

He hugged her tightly and said, "I'll be by your side forever, be it 10, 20, or even 30 years. I'll have only one wife in my life, and her name is Maisie Vanderbilt."

Chapter 846

Maisie stretched out her arms, wrapped them around Nolan's neck, and laughed out loud suddenly. "Nolan, I told you a secret of mine when you lost your memory."

He stared at her. "And what's that?"

Her eyelashes were wet from the tears, and she kissed him. "I love you very much, Nolan Goldmann."

She found out that she loved him more than she had ever thought three years ago, back when he had given his life to block the bullet for

her.

Nolan was astonished. He closed his eyes and clasped the back of her head with his hand to intensify the kiss.

Ryleigh walked back from the classroom to the office, and most of the students that she met along the way addressed her as "Mrs. Lucas" instead of "Ms. Hill" when they ran into her.

The whole academy knows that I'm Louis's fiancée now!

She returned to the office in a hurry and saw many meals brought straight to her desk from Michelin-starred restaurants.

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Several professors looked at her enviously. "Ms. Hill, Mr. Lucas really treats you so well."

"Yeah, you'll get lunch every day if not breakfast. He's such a considerate man." Ryleigh took a deep breath, picked up all the food on her desk, and walked out of the office.

Those professors looked at each other in dismay, then suppressed their idolizing expressions after she had left. "Didn't she get hired here only because she's Mr. Lucas' fiancée? So what's with that arrogant attitude?" "What can you do about that? Allow me to hit you with the truth. You're nowhere near as lucky as she is when it comes to choosing which family to be born in, which then leads to her being able to get married to the Lucases." "She's about to get married into a wealthy family, so why not stay at home and take care of her husband and future kids? Why must she come out here to compete with us for a job? I guess she's mostly here just to show off." Ryleigh brought the food into Louis' office, and there was no one else in the room except him. She piled all the meals on his desk. "Louis Lucas, don't bring me any more breakfast or lunch meals in the future." Louis leaned into his chair and flipped through a book. He raised his eyelids languidly upon hearing this and glanced at her. "Someone is bad-mouthing you behind your back." "You know that too?" Ryleigh actually knew that her colleagues in the

office did not like her. "Since you know that, stop bringing me all these in the future. I don't want others to think that I got here because of my relationship with you.

Louis closed the book. "Then did you get here because of that?"

Ryleigh was extremely annoyed. "Of course not!"

Louis then placed the book on the desk. "That's it."

She choked for a split second and stomped her feet. "Then just take it as I don't wish for others to gossip about me anymore, so why can't you,"

Louis stood up, and she retracted her neck backward in fright. "What are you doing?"

He raised his hand, pinched her chin, and said word by word, "Why do you care about other people's opinions?"

"I-I don't care about those, but the way they stare makes me feel uncomfortable," she replied in a stern voice.

"Ryleigh Hill, you have the skills. Others are talking about you only because they're jealous of you." He put his lips next to her cheek and whispered into her ear, "Or are you telling me that you're really the Ryleigh Hill that others think you are?"

Ryleigh was astounded and froze in place for a split second.

What he just said makes sense.' He then pinched her cheek. "What a cute little idiot."

Ryleigh flung his hand away and stood on tiptoe because of her disadvantage in the height department. "Who are you calling an idiot?"

He chuckled. "Whoever responds is the idiot."

She choked on her own words. "You-"

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"What about me?" Louis raised his eyebrows with interest. "Isn't it true? You're my fiancée, and that's a fact. Anything that

I give you is between us. The jealousy that others feel is their problem, and none of that is your business. If all you do when others comment on you behind your back is always take a step backward, then you might as well resign now and go back to being the young lady of the Hills."

Ryleigh stopped talking.

She could not refute anything that he said.

And her stomach chose to fail her at that exact moment by letting off a growl due to the hunger, and she lowered her head in embarrassment.

Louis propped his chin against one hand and sat on the side while watching Ryleigh shoving all the food into her mouth.

Chapter 847

Ryleigh gobbled all the food and left a lot of crumbs and sauces around her mouth, completely disregarding her image. Her mouth kept moving as she let off loud chewing noises as if she was a small hamster.

Louis squinted slightly,

She mowed down all the food and beverages and then gave off a burp. "I've finally resurrected."

Louis took out a tissue and wiped the oil stains off the corner of her lips for her. "Tsk, can't you eat like an adult? You have stains all over your mouth."

He was obviously disgusted, but what he did contradicted what he said.

Ryleigh snatched the tissue from his hand. "Are you disgusted by my table manners? But there's nothing you can do. If you don't like it, you can always go back to Ms. Mayweather, that elegant ex-girlfriend of yours." Louis raised his eyebrows. "You're always mentioning her, are you jealous of her?" Ryleigh stood up and smiled. "I don't like being jealous of others."

She walked to the door.

Louis raised his voice and stopped her.

Ryleigh turned around and was about to ask something when he got up, dashed toward her, stretched out his long arms, and took her into his arms.

She was forced to lift her head, and her pupils constricted as his face came so close that it was blurred. Then, all she felt was a warm sensation on her lips.

Everything became more and more real as she gradually returned to her senses.

Ryleigh's eyelashes trembled, and she pushed against his chest while she was almost running out of breath.

Louis let go of her, saw her blushing cheeks, and smiled. She reacted and pressed the back of her hand against her lips. "W-What was that?!"

He replied, "A kiss."

Ryleigh was astonished, and her mind was still blank. "How could you..."

Why would he kiss me?'

Louis stared into her soul. "I've been wanting to do this for a long time."

Ryleigh was shocked.

At Soul..

Maisie frowned when she saw the news of Tony's arrest.

It seems that Maisie has indeed cooperated with the police and assisted them in Tony's arrest.' A female employee knocked on the door at this moment, and Maisie raised her head." Come in."

The clerk came in. "Ms. Vanderbilt, something came up, and Mr. Kennedy has applied for a leave. He asked me to report this to you."

"Okay, did he tell you the reason?" Maisie asked.

The clerk shook her head. "No, he answered a phone call and then went out in a hurry. He only asked me to inform you about that."

Maisie nodded.

After the female employee went back out, Maisie leaned back into her chair.

I've yet to find a suitable person to take over Glitz. And if I were to transfer it to someone else casually, it might ruin the business or get it seized because of certain involvement in crimes. How am I going to explain that to Mr. Summer if that's the case? :

"Am I left with only an option, and that is to go to my omnipotent husband for help?"

Maisie took out her cell phone and tapped into the WhatsApp chatbox that she shared with Nolan.

(Hubby"] Nolan seemed to be on his phone at the time the message got through and replied within seconds.

[Yes?)

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Maisie wrote something, deleted parts of it, wrote something else, deleted some again, and sent a series of long messages at the end. The summary of all the messages was to ask him if he knew someone suitable that could take over the club. She then lay on the desk and waited anxiously.

Soon, she got a reply from Nolan.

[Helios)

Maisie was dumbfounded. "He's planning to get Helios to take ownership of a club? Is that even okay?"

Maisie struggled for a moment, and Nolan sent her a screenshot of his chat with

Helios that he had taken earlier after a short while.

[Helios: What kind of club is that?)

[Nolan: It's a legal establishment, do you want it or not?]

[Helios: Why are you throwing everything at me, including all sorts of pieces of trash? Do I look like I've lost my mind?]

[Nolan: It's the Glitz Club. Even your father goes there, so does that mean that your father is also a piece of trash?]

[Helios....]

[Helios: I'll think about it.)

Maisie was rendered speechless.

Two days later, nobody knew what Nolan had done, but he had managed to get Helios to take over the Glitz Club.

However, Helios did not want others to know his identity, so he chose to remain anonymous and took over the club as "Mr. Hell".

Maisie arranged for Saydie to be one of the shareholders of the club.

Saydie looked at her in surprise. "Ma'am, I... I'm not that good when it comes to running a business."

Chapter 848

"Everything's going to be fine with Helios there. You don't have to do anything as one of the shareholders. Only when an issue that he can't solve emerges, such as customers creating a scene, that's when you come forward and solve it however you deem appropriate."

Saydie thought for a while, "I know only how to beat people up."

Maisie rubbed her temples. "You can beat someone up only when they're the one who started it first. Otherwise, you'll get yourself in trouble."

Saydie nodded.

Maisie waved her hand. "But try not to let any troublesome guests through into the premises, and..."

She looked at Saydie seriously. "You need to make more friends. Don't always be by yourself. You're no longer in the Metropolis, so you have the right to get associated with others."

Saydie was stunned. Her lips were tightly closed, and she did not speak.

Maisie walked up to her and patted her shoulder. "Strix asked you to stay away from that dark life for your own good. You're still young, and you shouldn't give up your life for the organization."

Saydie lowered her gaze, gradually loosened her clenched fists, and suppressed her normal attitude. "Okay, I'll try my best not to cause any trouble."

Maisie left Glitz, and a familiar Rolls-Royce was parked not far away from the building.

She opened the door and got in the car, only to see Nolan still holding a laptop in his hand, looking at some data regarding the stock market.

Quincy slid down the rearview mirror and looked at her. "Mrs. Goldmann, you can finally be at ease now, can't you?"

Maisie sat with her arms crossed. "Yeah, you're right."

She then approached Nolan. "And that's thanks to my husband!"

Nolan looked away from the screen, closed the lid of the laptop, and turned to look at her. "So, do you know just how useful your husband is now?"

Maisie blinked while resting her chin on his shoulder. "I know."

Nolan fondly stroked her hair.

Quincy sighed. He could not bear to witness such a lovey-dovey scene at his age!

Maizie returned to the Hannigan manor, and Nathaniel's expression changed the instant he saw her. "You're actually shameless enough to come back here?"

Mrs. Hannigan was worried that her husband would teach their daughter a lesson, so she stepped forward to stop him. "Nate, Zee is pregnant now, so don't hit her."

"Pregnant?" Nathaniel was stunned for a split second and then roared with a furious expression while pointing at his daughter with his trembling hand, "You only think about coming back home after getting impregnated by some random man out there? The Hannigans can't afford to put their reputation on the line by taking you back in! Get out of here!"

Maizie scoffed when Mrs. Hannigan was about to say something. "Father, what are you talking about? This baby isn't the child of some random man. It belongs to the second heir of the Bouchers."

"W-What did you just say?" Nathaniel was startled.

Maizie stroked her flat abdomen. "I said the child that I have in my womb belongs to the second heir of the Bouchers, so do you plan to go to him to settle the account?"

Nathaniel was rendered speechless, probably because he heard that the baby belonged to the second heir of the

Bouchers. Thus, he did not say anything anymore. – ... Mrs. Hannigan supported her. "Zee, since you're pregnant with the Bouchers' child, then you have to get them to provide you with an explanation."

"Mother, don't worry. I'll get the child's father to be accountable for his actions." She smirked proudly.

'I'll definitely get into the Bouchers in no time.'

Tanner, who was upstairs at the moment, just so happened to take off his earphones and hear the conversation. He frowned, took out his cell phone, and sent a text message to Helios,

Tanner knew about it, then Helios got to know, so it was only a matter of time before the members of the Bouchers knew about it too.

When Elder Master Boucher asked Eugene about this, he was obviously shocked." What!?"

Richard took a sip of tea, looking extremely displeased. "Look at your marvelous son. He got a girl pregnant before marrying her, not to mention that the girl is the daughter of the Hannigans."

Chapter 849

Richard put down his cup heavily and said earnestly, "Nathaniel Hannigan is asking us for an explanation. If this is true, and the child Maizie Hannigan is pregnant with indeed belongs to the Bouchers, we can only make Francisco marry her."

Francisco happened to overhear his grandfather telling his father that he wanted him to marry Maizie from upstairs and rushed downstairs immediately to object. "You want me to marry Maizie Hannigan? Why should I? I won't marry her!"

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Richard pointed at him furiously. "Isn't this because of the mess that you made out there? That girl is now pregnant with your baby!"

Francisco was astonished. "What baby?" "You! How dare you play dumb in front of me? Francisco Boucher, what have you learned throughout all those years when I left you in the training camp? One of you is the father, while the other is the son. You two are indeed cast in the same mold. Both of you have a thing for sleeping with random women, don't you?"

"And you don't even know how to cover your *sses when you're doing so. Now that the girl is pregnant with your kid, you're refusing to take accountability for your actions? Do you want everyone in Bassburgh to make a laughingstock of the Bouchers?"

Richard was extremely livid, and Eugene, standing next to him, could not even utter a single word when he got embroiled in his father's comment.

Francisco frowned. "How could it be possible for her to get pregnant? I didn't even--"

"I'll ask you this once. Have you ever slept with her!?" Richard asked and slammed the desk. The whole desk shook.

Francisco was nervous. "I... Grandfather, I lost consciousness the other night. But I swear that I certainly didn't sleep with her."

I'm certain of that. Because even if I was drunk and had done something promiscuous, it's impossible for me to have no memory at all, right?

'Something was definitely wrong with the wine that I drank that night. I didn't even have too much, and I had already lost consciousness. Maizie's pregnancy has nothing to do with me, that's for sure!'

Richard's face paled. "Enough! If she is not pregnant with your child, would they dare to come and hold you responsible?" "Grandfather, I really--"

"Francisco, Maizie is an innocent girl, anyway. She was rejected by your cousin back then, and she's pregnant with your child now. No matter what your marriage with her has been decided."

Richard used the cane to stand up, and Eugene walked him away.

Francisco froze in place. He then clenched his hands into fists as he felt more and more powerless.

Everyone in “The Single Ladies of Bassburgh” group chat had already learned about Maizie’s pregnancy within a few days. To their surprise, some of them said that the child she was pregnant with belonged to Francisco Boucher, the second heir of the Bouchers.

Maisie saw the news by accident when she was going through the messages and was quite shocked.

[Ryleigh: Since when did Maizie and Francisco get together?]

(Jenny Weiner: That’s huge!

(Barbara C: Hehe...]

Barbara only sent a short “hehe” and ended her message with a rolled eyes emoji. That was it.

Others might not think that there was any problem, but Maisie could see the implicit message that was hidden behind Barbara’s “hehe” at a glance.

In fact, Maisie and Barbara both knew that Maizie had a godfather named “Tony Grant”.

Tony was not married and had no children, but he had been taking such special care of Maizie, not to mention the hotel suite that he had reserved for her for half a year. He had not even suspected her when she lured him out to the police. Thus, to say that nothing was happening between the two of them was truly unconvincing.

As for why she would say that she was pregnant with Francisco’s child, only the people involved in this matter would know.

Kennedy stood outside the office and knocked on the door, and Maisie lifted her head. “Uncle Kennedy, you’re back.”

He walked into the office. “Yeah, I’m sorry, I took a few days off, causing some work to be delayed.” “It’s okay, but are you in any trouble?”

Maisie could not help but ask him.

He paused for a short while and smiled.”

It’s no big deal.”

Chapter 850

Seeing that Kennedy did not seem to want to talk about it, Maisie did not force it but handed him a proposal that was lying on her desk. “Xyla Mayweather and Nathan Hayes previously came together as an onscreen couple for an advertising endorsement. Its effect was quite good, so I thought about it. We can hire a more popular on-screen couple to shoot commercials for Soul’s couple jewelry series.”

Kennedy took the proposal from her and skimmed through it. “A popular on-screen couple?”

Maisie smiled. “Celebrity pairing is a commercial marketing method too. If we hire an on-screen couple that is currently on fire on the Internet to help endorse Soul’s couple jewelry series, it will not only satisfy the wishes of their fans but will also boost Soul’s marketing by folds.”

“This is a good idea.” Kennedy nodded, then thought of something and said, “But there are not many on-screen couples on the Internet recently.”

“Didn’t we have one some time ago?” “Some time ago?” Kennedy was slightly startled.

Maisie felt a little embarrassed out of the blue. “It’s, of course, the ‘HeliosxNolan’ onscreen couple that happened between Helios and Nolan.”

She had been thinking about it for a long time.

Kennedy was out of words.

‘She’s planning to hire her own husband and Helios Boucher? Is she actually a fan of this pairing?’

At Royal Crown Entertainment Co...

“The endorsement of Soul’s couple jewelry series?” Helios looked at the proposal and script, raised his head, and stared at Nina. Nina felt a little guilty and smiled awkwardly. “Mrs. Goldmann was the one who called and invited you in person.” She did not dare to say that Mrs. Goldmann had been thinking about his on-screen couple pairing with Mr. Goldmann for a long time!

Helios frowned.

He had recently reduced a lot of activities and events, including a handful of product endorsements. The only project that he had kept was a large-scale historical drama about a conspiracy against the throne. He had even taken the initiative to pick up the role of the general, which he had not tried before, and had declined all modern scripts and roles.

He had put this forward because he was already in his 30s. He would much prefer not to play the leading role in any trendy modern drama anymore, and he was also doing so to give some of the young actors a chance at those dramas.

Nina looked at him cautiously. “Mrs.

Goldmann really hopes that you’ll agree to her proposal.”

“Oh really?” Helios squinted his eyes and asked casually, “A couple jewelry series would need an on-screen couple for its commercial shooting, so who’s the person that she’s found to pair up with me?”

Nina stuck the tip of her tongue out, licked her lips, lowered her gaze, and bit the bullet before uttering two words, “Mr. Goldmann.”

I knew it!

Helios seemed to be giving off a smug expression as if he was a prophet and smirked. “What a foolish idea.”

Nina asked immediately, “So does that mean that it’s a yes from you?”

Helios closed the script and let off an approving expression. “I won’t say no to this project if Nolan has the guts to take it on too.”

Nina thought for a moment.

'Mr. Boucher and Mr. Goldmann... It will be a pity if this quarrelsome and loving couple doesn't get together for this project.

'It's no wonder Mrs. Goldmann would be a fan of this pairing. Even I want to be in their fandom now!

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At Blue Bay villa...

As soon as Nolan stepped through the door, he smelled the fragrance that was wafting out of the kitchen. Maisie was in a pink apron and was bringing the dishes to the table with a wide grin on her face. "Hubby, it's time to eat."

Nolan narrowed his eyes and walked up to the dining table. "What's wrong with you tonight?"

"Why the sudden enthusiasm?"

Maisie took off her apron and hung it on the wall. "Can't I cook for my husband?"

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He laughed out loud. "Of course not." Maisie went around behind him, pressed on his shoulders, and made him sit down. "I'll go get you a plate of spaghetti."

Nolan raised his eyebrows but did not say anything. His eyes shifted from place to place as she moved around in the kitchen, and it looked like he was thinking about something.

Maisie placed the meal in front of him, pulled out the chair, sat right beside him, and blinked. "Hubby, what do you want to eat? I'll fetch it for you."

Nolan glanced at her. "I'll eat whatever you fetch into my plate."

Maisie put the food onto the plate for him and even delivered it to his mouth. "I'll feed you."