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“Really? But I don’t have any recollection of meeting you before, Mr. Kent,” Maisie answered calmly as she picked up the cup. “Did Prince Roger send you?”

Daniel looked at her but did not say anything.

Maisie lifted her head and smiled, “Are you here to accomplish what Mr. Shawn couldn’t, Mr. Keni?”

“I’m not looking for you because of the de Arma family.” Daniel replied. He poured himself a cup of tea and smiled, but his smile did not reach his eyes. “I just want to make friends with you, Ms. Alice.”

Maisie chuckled as she stroked the rim of the cup with her fingertip. “Why don’t you tell me directly your intention, Mr. Kent?”

Since Maisie had made it very clear, Daniel was not going to beat around the bush anymore. He said, “I’m here to propose you a deal, Ms. Alice.”

She frowned and asked, “What do you mean?”

“Just like what it sounds,” Daniel said as he put a name card on the table. “I want to make a deal with you in exchange for the secret you want to know.”

Before Maisie could come around to her senses, Daniel rose to his feet. He tidied the suit he was wearing and said, “I’m sure you will contact me, right, Ms. Alice?”

After that, he took his steps and left straight away.

while Maisie looked at the name card on the table and pondered for a long time.

Nolan did not come in the end.

After Maisie left Season’s Restaurant, she received a call.

“Ms. Vanderbilt, can you come over here?”

Judging from the voice, she knew it was Quincy.

However, Maisie was frustrated at the fact that Nolan had stood her up. She said, “Tell Nolan, if he doesn’t want to come, then don’t say yes and stand me up!”

She hung up the call without waiting for Quincy to say anything.

Soon, she calmed down and felt somewhat regretsul for lashing at Quincy. She looked out of the car window, and the light in her eyes slowly dimmed.

Once Maisie had hung up the call, Quincy turned around and went back into the room. He looked at the doctor checking on Nolan and asked, “How’s Mr. Goldmann doing?”

The doctor removed his mask and shook his head, “Not good. The virus in his body has started spreading. Given its speed, Mr. Goldmann won’t last for more than a year.”

Quincy’s expression changed. He knew that day would come, but he did not expect it to come so soon. It had been three years. If nothing went sideways, Nolan could make it through next year. Unfortunately, Nolan’s condition got worse, and he wouldn’t survive until the next year.

Nolan was calling Maisie while he was unconscious. That was why Quincy had decided to call Maisie.

After all, Nolan had a date with Maisie, and he did not want her to misunderstand.

Soon, Titus arrived at the villa. Quincy reported the things the doctor had told him to Titus, and the latter’s face sank little by little. “There’s only one way to save Nolan’s life right now.”

Quincy was stunned. “There’s a way to save Mr. Goldmann?”

Taking a deep breath, Titus said slowly, “Unless we can find Strix. Other than Strix, no one can save him.”

Shocked, Quincy said, “But Strix has gone missing for more than 30 years. Nobody knows where he is now.”

After the epidemic 30 years ago, Strix had retired from the medical world. No one had ever seen him

ever since, so how were they going to find him?

"I don't care if we can't find him or not, we're going to try to look for him."

Titus did not have any other better choice anymore. After all, only Strix had researched the virus before.

The next day...

Maisie was having her breakfast when Saydie handed her a newspaper. The newspaper was talking about the meeting between her and Daniel in Season's

Restaurant

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Maisie put the newspaper on the table, and her expression changed. "There were reporters nearby?"

Saydie replied, "Maybe."

Her meeting with Daniel had been exposed by the reporters. Was it a coincidence or was it a plan all along?

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Maisie turned her head around and looked at her phone. She had not received a single message or call from Nolan ever since yesterday

'Is he really not going to explain himself?' Maisie thought, 'Hmph! I shouldn't believe in his bullsh*t anymore!

She took out the name card and said, "Saydie, help me to contact Daniel."

In the afternoon, Maisie brought Saydie to the Kent mansion.

The maid prepared a cup of tea for her, and soon, Daniel came down from the stairs.

Daniel walked up to the couch with a smile on his face and took a seat. "I knew you would come to find me, Ms. Alice."

Maisie looked at him expressionlessly and asked, "I believe you aren't the one who brought the reporters to Season's Restaurant yesterday to take pictures of us, are you, Mr. Kent?"

"Could it be that you think it's me who made our meeting public, Ms. Alice?" Daniel sat with his legs crossed as he replied nonchalantly. "Well, unfortunately, it isn't me. But since all media outlets are curious about your true face, it's not impossible that some reporters would follow you around to get more information about you, Ms. Alice."

Maisie's eyes flickered. She was not going to believe everything that Daniel said. No matter if it was him or not, she must not let down her guard.

"So can you tell me now, Mr. Kent? The secret that you said I want to know."

Daniel placed both his hands on his knees, and a hint of amusement entered his eyes as he said, "Don't you want to know what happened to Nolan, and what kind of illness he has?"

Maisie pressed her lips thin.

"Should I call you Ms. Alice or Ms. Vanderbilt?" Daniel asked as his eyes turned cold. He now looked just like a cheetah that had its eyes set on its prey. He was not going to kill the prey instantly. Instead, he was going to play with it and kill it slowly.

Saydie could sense the changes in the atmosphere. She turned her eyes and realized that a few black-clad bodyguards had come downstairs, and all of them had assumed an attacking stance.

Maisie was not going to hide anymore since Daniel already knew who she was. She said with a faint

smile on her face, "You have a nice memory, Mr. Kent. You could recognize me even though I was wearing a mask at that time?"

"It's your perfume that sold you out, Ms. Vanderbilt. It's so unique that I just couldn't forget about it," Daniel said as he stroked the corner of his lips. His eyes were cold as he added, "Honestly, I didn't think it would be you at first."

"So, what now? Are you going to kill me since you know who I am?"

"Nope," Daniel replied, looking at Saydie. "The girl behind you is strong, and I doubt my men can defeat her. I'm not that stupid enough to make a move on you right now and get myself into trouble."

Maisie harrumphed and said, "That's one wise move, Mr. Kent. But rather than saying that you're afraid of Saydie, it's more accurate to say that you're afraid of the Metropolis behind me, right? Since you've resorted to using Nolan as bait to make me expose my identity, you might as well tell me your intention, Mr. Kent."

"Do you know about the election, Ms. Vanderbilt?" Daniel asked as he lifted the cup in front of him. "Hernandez has a negative vote in his hands, and that's what I want."

"You're really loyal to the prince, Mr. Kent," Maisie said, gnashing her teeth. He wanted the negative vote to ensure the prince's candidate would become the president without any issue.

The members of the left-wing party would support and vote for the prince's candidate. Judging by the fact that Nolan was giving Wesley a hand, Wesley must be canvassing in secret as well.

Hernandez would not support the prince's candidate, so his vote was crucial for them to win.

"You love Nolan very much as well, Ms. Vanderbilt," Daniel said with a smile as he looked at Maisie's grim face. "Otherwise, he wouldn't have fallen for the scheme three years ago."

"You're the one who attacked us at the amusement park three years ago?" Maisie squinted her eyes.

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Daniel gave her a meaningful smile and replied, "Nope. It wasn't me. My men didn't even get the chance to make a move."

Maisie was stunned.

'Could it be that it was someone else who caused the incident in the amusement park three years ago?' She then turned around and looked at the few men in black standing on the staircase, all of whom had the same tattoo on the back of their hands.

'Oh yeah, those people didn't have any tattoos on the back of their hands, while Daniel's men have tattoos on the back of their hands. So, it was another group of people and not Daniel's people!'

"Is it the prince's men?"

"You're smart, Ms. Vanderbilt," Daniel said as he started to look at the woman before him in a different light. "If not, how else would you have led Rowena, that stupid woman, into your trap three years ago?" Maisie clenched her fist, and her face sank when Daniel mentioned Rowena. "Speaking of which, how come I don't see Ms. Summers around Mr. Kent anymore?"

Daniel caressed the rim of the cup with his fingertip and replied, "That stupid woman has betrayed me.

Do

you think I'd still keep her by my side?"

'Rowena has betrayed him?' Maisie was shocked. Then, she saw a devilish smile crawl onto Daniel's face as he continued. "But still, I need to thank that stupid woman. If it hadn't been for her, Nolan wouldn't

have been infected with the virus.”

Maisie froze when she heard what Daniel said, and her fingertips slowly turned pale.

‘Nolan is infected with the virus? But... But how is that possible?’

Erwin had told her that Nolan was seriously ill. However, after seeing Nolan again, he seemed as fit as a fiddle to her, and she thought he was just pretending to be sick.

Suddenly, she thought about how Nolan had forced her to get a divorce with him three years ago, and her heart trembled.

‘Is it because he’s infected with the virus that he wanted to get a divorce with me?’

“How... How did he get infected with the virus?” Maisie asked in a low voice. She felt as if there was a lump in her throat.

Daniel replied nonchalantly, “When he was shot, the virus was smeared on the bullet. I heard that he’s going to die soon, right? He needs to rely on a wheelchair to get around, and he seems to be a sick man on his death throes.”

“Are you the one who did it, Daniel?” Maisie asked. Her shoulders were shaking, and her eyes were filled with despair.

Daniel shrugged but did not answer her question directly.

Maisie shot up from her seat, and the bodyguards on the staircase got into an attacking stance.

She stared at Daniel for a long while before turning around to leave.

Just when she was walking toward the door, Daniel’s voice rang out behind her. “If you want to save him, get me the negative vote in Hernandez’s hands. Otherwise, I’ll make sure he’ll die the most painful death.”

Maisie clenched her fists tightly and left the Kent mansion without turning her head.

After getting into the car, she said to Saydie, “Go to East Island Villa.”

Daniel’s words echoed in Maisie’s mind on the way, and anxiety and panic gradually crept into her body..

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It was because Nolan had taken the shot for her three years ago that he was infected with the virus.

However, if Daniel really wanted to kill him, why would Nolan still need to take the shot for her? So, did this mean that the bullet was actually meant for her?

Daniel had said that Rowena had betrayed her, so she was among the people he had sent back then.

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If the person who had fired the shot wanted her to get infected with the virus, then that person must be Rowena. After all, she was the only one who hated her to the core.

Rowena had defied the order and instead of shooting Nolan, she fired at her. Otherwise, Nolan wouldn’t have taken the bullet for her.

Nolan was infected with the virus because of her.

“Why would it turn out this way?’

The car stopped outside of the East Island Villa.

Maisie got out of the car and ran inside, but she bumped into Titus and Quincy in the garden.

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Quincy was a little surprised to see Maisie here, and he asked, “Ms. Vanderbilt? You...”

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Similarly, Titus was surprised to see Maisie here as well. "Maisie? What're you doing here?"

Titus knew Maisie was alive. After all, they couldn't find her corpse back then, so that could only mean she was still alive. It was just that he didn't expect to see her in Stoslo.

Maisie calmed herself down and approached them." Where's Nolan?"

Just when Quincy wanted to say something, Titus' face sank, and he answered, "Both of you stopped being husband and wife three years ago, so why are you still looking for him?"

"If I didn't come here, how would I know he's infected with the virus?"

Quincy was stunned when he heard what Maisie said.

'How did she learn about it?'

Titus frowned and harrumphed coldly. "Isn't it because of you that he got infected with the virus?"

Maisie was stumped, and her heart trembled.

"Maisie, why do you think Nolan was so hellbent on getting a divorce with you back then?" Titus took a deep breath and said in a stern voice, "He could sacrifice his life for you. He even has put in his will that you'll inherit half of Blackgold's shares. Once he's dead, Blackgold will be almost yours."

Maisie froze. All colors were slowly fading away from her face, leaving only an ashen pale behind.

Helios had told her before that owning half of Blackgold's shares was similar to being Blackgold's biggest shareholder. She had suspected before that why he wanted to give Blackgold to her. She only thought that...

"If you really want the best for him, then let him spend this year in peace," Titus said and left.

After Quincy saw Titus away, he turned around to look at Maisie. "I'm sorry, Ms. Vanderbilt. I think you should go back--"

"I just want to have a look at him," Maisie interrupted, cutting him short. "Til leave once I see him."

Quincy thought for a moment and then nodded.

He led her to Nolan's room. Nolan was receiving an infusion treatment on the bed. His face was still as handsome as before, but he looked pale and sick.

Maisie walked up to his bed, and her eyelashes were quivering. Did he hide it from her and push her away three years ago because he did not want her to see him like this?

"Did you know about it all this time?" Maisie asked Quincy.

Standing beside her, Quincy nodded and replied, "Yes, but Mr. Goldmann forbade us from telling you."

Maisie laughed weakly and said, "Nolan, you are a j*ck *ss!"

"Ms. Vanderbilt, Mr. Goldman didn't stand you up on purpose. His condition isn't as stable as it used to be two years ago. He would have a low fever and cough out blood from time to time. It would last for a few days, and he couldn't control it."

Maisie did not say anything.

Quincy continued. "It's not that Mr. Goldmann didn't go look for you. He knew you were in Morwich, but he didn't have the courage to see you. He knew you would keep in touch with Ms. Hill, so he kept asking about the connection between you and Ms. Hill."

Maisie was taken aback when she heard what Quincy said, and she turned her head around to look at him.

She indeed had kept in touch with Ryleigh throughout the last three years as she was her only window to learn about her children's situation. She previously did not understand why the Goldmanns suddenly focused on cultivating the three children, even letting Wayion take over Nolan, but she understood it

now.

Titus had once told her before that she would get Nolan killed one day, and it really was happening now. Perhaps this was as far as Nolan and she could get.

Suddenly, something crossed her mind, and she asked, "Uncle Erwin has told me before that the incubation period of the sleeper virus is one year. He got infected in Stoslo, and then he had a low fever the day after being discharged from the hospital. Does this mean that..."

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"It's a new type of virus." Quincy looked at her and said, "This virus doesn't have an incubation period, and the onset is more rapid than the virus 30 years ago.

Maisie's jaw was set tightly. She remained silent for a long time before she opened her mouth and said, "You take care of him."

After that, she turned around and left the room. When she arrived in front of her car, Maisie stopped in her tracks and turned her head to look at the ceiling-to-floor window.

In the end, she went back into the car and said, "Let's go back."

Saydie took a glance at her through the rearview mirror and drove off. A man sitting in the car not far away from them curled his lips upward coldly as he watched the car slowly disappearing into the distance.

"Finally found you."

Several days later...

Maisie met with Daniel in a restaurant. When Daniel showed up, a grin was tugging at the corner of his lips. "What do you think, Ms. Vanderbilt? Have you finally come to a decision after considering it for a few days?"

Maisie lifted her head and looked at him expressionlessly. She put her phone at the side and asked, "If I give the negative vote in my grandfather's hands to you, can you save Nolan's life?"

Daniel sat down, and a waiter came to pour him a glass of wine. After the waiter had gone away, he lifted his eyebrows and smiled. "You want me to save him?"

"It's your fault he's infected with the virus. Since you can develop such a thing, I'm sure you must have a vaccine in case one of you accidentally gets infected by the virus, right?" Maisie asked, looking straight at him. There was no expression on her face.

Daniel met her gaze and chuckled. "I didn't expect you to be so naive, Ms. Vanderbilt. If we could develop a vaccine against the virus, we would've succeeded a long time ago. We wouldn't need to go around and find someone to test it anymore, would we?"

"Nah!" Maisie sneered coldly as she lowered her head. She tapped the wineglass with her fingertip, releasing a crisp ringing sound into the air. "You're threatening me and want me to get the negative vote in my grandfather's hands for you, yet you can't save Nolan? Do you think I'd make that deal?"

"Honestly, it doesn't matter to me if you want to make the deal or not. This is not my objective anyway." Daniel clasped his hands together and put them on the table. He leaned forward a little with a cold smile playing around his lips. "You went to see Nolan when you found out that he's infected with the virus, right?"

Maisie was stunned. She stopped tapping the wineglass and jerked her head up. She looked slightly confused and asked, "What do you mean?"

Daniel lifted the red wineglass on the table and replied, "Thanks to you, we finally found where Nolan is hiding. Ms. Vanderbilt, do you think you have the right to refuse now?"

Maisie's expression changed. "You're using me?"

When he saw the surprise and anger in her eyes, Daniel spread his arms wide and looked at her as if he were the winner. "I'm just telling you the truth. How can you say I'm using you?"

"You are the most despicable man I've ever met, Daniel." Maisie hissed, gnashing her teeth.

Starting from the moment Daniel had told her Nolan was infected with the virus, he was betting on whether she would be concerned about this matter and go to look for Nolan.

They all knew Nolan was in Stoslo. It was just that they did not know where he was hiding.

From the moment Daniel had approached her, exposed her identity, and told her what happened three years ago, he had been betting, and she was walking step by step into his trap.

Giggling, he said, "It goes without saying that you can still reject my proposal, Ms. Vanderbilt. However, let me remind you that my men are hiding around there. I'm sure that Nolan and his men don't know I've found out their hiding location. As long as we attack them while they're not aware, taking Nolan's life would be a breeze."

Maisie took a deep breath to calm down and said, "How do I know that you'll call your men back after I agree to your proposal?"

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Daniel spread his hands. "I'll call my men and get them to withdraw from the villa at this moment if you agree to my proposal, I'm a man of my words."

"You just set me up a few days ago." Maisie picked up her cell phone and put it back into her handbag, then stood up slowly. "Can I even trust you for a second time?"

"You can." Daniel looked at her. "I only want to get the negative vote, so I'll let him go this time around for your sake as long as you agree to my term."

Maisie smiled. "Okay, I promise."

Seeing that she agreed, Daniel also took out his cell phone and made a call. "You guys can withdraw from the place now."

He then looked at her. "Are you satisfied now?"

Maisie glanced at him meaningfully. "Mr. Kent, I don't like to suffer a loss when it comes to business. You've taken advantage of me this time, and I'll keep this in mind."

She gave him a faint smile and hurried out of the restaurant with a gloomy face.

Saydie stood in front of the car and asked her the second she appeared, "Do you really plan to hand Sir Hernandez's negative vote to him?"

Maisie smirked. "It's just my plan to divert the enemy's attention. I have a final move kept right up my sleeve."

Maisie got into the car.

Saydie got in the car and drove away from the restaurant, while Maisie took her cell phone out of her handbag and glanced at the icon saved on the screen. Then, a hint of coldness beamed from the corners of her lips.

'It's not that I don't know there's no cure for the virus infection. I only needed to get the fact that the virus is related to them out of him.

'I knew that Daniel had ill intentions, so I didn't trust him, not even for one second. Playing dirty is a

must when it comes to dealing with such a person. I didn't expect him to take advantage of me before I did.

Daniel had deliberately placed someone in an ambush near the East Island Villa to wait for her grandfather's vote.

She picked up her cell phone and called Quincy.

Nolan was leaning on the bed, looking out the window when Quincy walked in. "Sir, Daniel Kent is aware of our hideout now. Elder Master Goldmann is sending over more men now."

"Okay." Nolan responded lightly. He thought of something and asked, "How... How is she doing?"

Quincy was stunned for a split second, but he knew who Nolan was referring to. "Ms. Vanderbilt came over to see you a few days ago."

"She's been here?" Nolan turned his head toward Quincy, but the surprise in his eyes disappeared almost immediately. "Does she know?" Quincy nodded.

Nolan's thin lips pursed into a cold line, not knowing what to think about at this moment.

Quincy looked at him and said, "Ms. Vanderbilt dealt with Daniel but was used by him. Daniel's men followed her here when she came to us the other day."

Nolan closed his eyelids. "Daniel seems to have been aware of her true identity."

"Sir, you don't have to worry about Ms. Vanderbilt. She has Saydie by her side and the entire Metropolis behind her. Even someone like Daniel wouldn't have the balls to do anything to her," Quincy added.

The power of the Metropolis of Morwich should not be underestimated. If Prince Roger dared to lay his fingers on Maisie, Mr. Henry would never just sit back and watch from the side. That would only make the situation more unfavorable to Prince Roger.

Nolan rolled over and got out of bed.

Quincy was astonished. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going."

"Where does a sick man like you want to go?"

A voice came from the doorway, and Quincy was shocked when he turned his head around. "Ms. Vanderbilt!?"

Maisie was wearing a black, long windbreaker that was just enough to cover her up to her calves. It was lined with a silk high neck. She also wore a pearl necklace at the neckline and a pair of 2.5 inches high heels.

She looked capable and elegant, as well as glamorous and regal.

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Nolan was startled, but a warm smile appeared on his face. "You're here?"

Quincy cleared his throat. "Then I'll take my leave first."

He walked out of the room and closed the door on his way out.

Maisie walked up to Nolan and stood in front of him with an expressionless face. "Nolan, are you planning to hide your infection from me until the day you die?"

Nolan raised his gaze and stared at her but did not answer.

Maisie leaned over to look at him, and her scarlet lips moved. "If you're planning to die, please sign the divorce papers before you do so. After all, it will be hard to remarry if I become a widow."

Usually, when the concept of remarriage was mentioned in the past, Nolan would have expressed his

jealousy by now. However, he only smiled and looked at her with his gloomy eyes this time. "Have you found your Mr. Right?"

Maisie stood up and shrugged. "Not yet. If I have to come up with someone that suits my taste, Helios is not too bad, not to mention that he likes my kids so much. As long as he's not married when I return to Bassburgh, there might be more opportunity for us to try things out."

Nolan frowned slightly but said nothing.

Maisie raised an eyebrow and smiled. "Am I sensing a tad bit of reluctance?"

"Even if he's willing to take you in, the Bouchers might not feel the same." Nolan's expression dimmed.

"Are you implying that I'm not worthy of the Bouchers with my current identity? No matter what, my family has connections with the royal family, which makes me more significant and influential compared to the rich and famous."

Maisie chuckled lightly, raised her hand, and patted him on his shoulder, "Don't worry, the Bouchers are close to the Goldmanns. I can always visit the kids with Helios whenever I miss them in the future while showing off my newly-wed husband in front of you."

Seeing that Nolan's expression was getting sulkier and sulkier, Maisie smiled even more proudly. "In this case, you can leave in peace."

Nolan turned his head away, not wanting to see her anymore.

'If I were to die someday, it may not be because of the virus, but wrath.'

"What's the matter?" Maisie sat down beside him deliberately. "Didn't you want to make a match out of Helios and me back then? I'm willing to be with him now. Are you still not happy about this?"

The corners of Nolan's lips stiffened.

He kept quiet, ignoring everything she said.

'She's the only person in the world who can piss me off. However, I'm the one who brought all this upon myself, so what can I do about it?'

Maisie chuckled, stretched her hand out, pinched his cheek, and turned his head to make him face her."

Nolan Goldmann, are you

pissed?"

"If you want to die young, you—"

Before Nolan could finish his sentence, Maisie had already taken the initiative to stick her cherry lips onto his lips.

A hint of surprise flashed across Nolan's eyes instantly, but he gradually took back the initiative and turned the tide by placing his palm on the back of her head to intensify the kiss.

"Sir—" Quincy suddenly appeared at the door, frightening the two of them into separating from each other swiftly.

He seemed to have seen something and felt a little embarrassed. "Ahem, err, Mr. David is here."

Nolan nodded. "Bring him in."

Maisie got up from the bed and walked to the side.

Soon, Wesley entered the room. "Mr. Goldmann."

His gaze shifted on Maisie, who was still standing in the room. Maisie was not wearing a mask, so he did not recognize her. "Who's this

Nolan looked at Maisie with a trace of amusement shimmering at the bottom of his eyes. "She's my."

"I'm Alice."

Nolan was caught off guard by her answer and was rendered speechless.

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Wesley looked at Maisie in astonishment. She was wearing a mask the last time, so he couldn't see her face clearly. He didn't expect

this. "You're a brunette, M s. Henry?"

'Isn't she Mr. Henry's daughter?'

ler?'

Maisie stepped forward and replied with a smile, "I'm indeed a brunette, but I'm not Mr. Henry's biological daughter. He had a history with my mother. I don't have any relatives now, so Mr. Henry took me in as if I'm his daughter."

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Wesley's mind clicked, and he nodded. "I see, no wonder you've been wearing a mask."

'Mr. Henry claimed to the media that Alice is his biological daughter, but she is a brunette and her facial features don't give off any clue saying that she's a mixed-blood. It's only natural for her to be questioned if she hadn't been wearing a mask.

He then thought of something and stared at them." Then have you two known each other for a long time?"

Maisie shrugged while Nolan smiled bitterly.

After five minutes, Wesley sat himself down on the couch, and Quincy poured him a cup of coffee.

Nolan turned to look at him. "Wesley, is there an emergency?"

Wesley could not even care about taking a sip out of the mug as he had some urgent news to bring up.

He forced himself to calm down

and replied, "It's true that this is an emergency. My men heard that Prince Roger had brought the presidential election forward. Those people in the government, except my father and a few of my father's colleagues, have all been bribed by the prince."

Nolan's eyes narrowed slightly, but his voice sounded surprisingly calm. "They're moving so quickly, huh?"

The election would not be taking place, at least not until the end of the month. He did not expect that Prince Roger had already had his hands this deep in such governmental matters and was able to push the election forward.

He was so blatant it was obvious he no longer cared about the Queen and the Millers.

"I didn't expect Prince Roger to have the balls to do this too. Perhaps his forces are mature enough now."

Wesley frowned. "If the person he chooses becomes the next president, the people of Stoslo will surely suffer."

'Roger is only a prince, and he's already helping those nobles and unscrupulous businessmen in squeezing every single ounce of benefit out of the citizens of Stoslo. Not only did they increase taxation, but they also split the agricultural produce that the farmers had harvested among themselves. Apart from that, the land that the farmers have worked so hard to cultivate doesn't even belong to them. At the end of the day, who wouldn't want to see any changes?

'These people are just cattle and donkeys who work for the nobles and the royalty.

Maisie put the teacup down. "What do the people think about this?"

Wesley was flustered and then shook his head. "A small number of people are protesting, but half of the people are supportive of Roger's faction. Of course, those who are supporting him probably have gotten quite a lot of benefits out of this."

Nolan was about to say something, but he covered his mouth and coughed.

Quincy quickly handed him a glass of warm water.

Wesley was startled. "Mr. Goldmann, are you ill?"

Nolan clasped his palms together and said calmly, "It's just the mild flu, I'm fine. Since Roger has brought the election forward, then we should also bring our plan ahead."

Maisie pursed her lips while her eyes were fixed on Nolan as she could not help but wonder, 'How has he survived like this for the past three years?

'He's been fighting against the torment of this infection alone. And he's been enduring all these sufferings all this while in secret.

'He didn't even let me know about it!

After Quincy sent Wesley away, Maisie was still sitting on the couch indifferently.

A faint smile appeared on Nolan's face upon seeing she did not intend to leave, and he said in a low voice, "Zee, do you wish to stay back to accompany me?"

Maisie was astounded. She returned to her senses slowly and curled her lips. "Don't you want me to stay with you, Mr. Goldmann?"

She then stood up and fastened the ribbon around her waist before Nolan could respond. "Then I shall take my leave now."

She walked past him, but he grabbed her hand,

Nolan dragged her into his arms and hugged her. The familiar scent and her soft body were all the things that he could think of day and night but did not dare to indulge too much in them.

Nolan rested his chin on her shoulder, and the warm air that came out of his nose brushed against her fair neck. "You've already delivered yourself to my doorstep. There's no reason for me to send you back."

Maisie was willing to stay with him-this alone was already a luxury to him.

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"Nolan Goldmann, I might have promised to stay here with you, but I haven't forgiven you for what you've done." Maisie pushed his arms away gently, stood up, and looked at him after saying that. "You have to live on first if you want to make it up to me."

Nolan scoffed silently.

Maisie had been staying at the East Island Villa these few days, and she had sent a text message to Saydie so that she would not have to worry about her.

She and Nolan both slept in separate rooms throughout those days. Although a certain man would come over to her room and occupy her bed in the middle of the night, nothing happened in between them.

The reason Nolan kept his hands off her was that he was worried she would get infected 100. Even if she would not get infected, there was no guarantee that the virus would not be passed on to their kids if she were to get pregnant again.

Babies were more likely to die from the virus than adults.

When Maisie's mother had been pregnant with her, she had already injected herself with the antibodies. Stephen hadn't gotten infected because of that.

Unfortunately, the antibodies had been useless to her mother at that time. Maisie had also inherited the virus genetically, but it just happened that the antibodies and the inherited virus were keeping each other in equilibrium all this while.

Maisie was preparing a meal in the kitchen when she received a text message on her cell phone. It was Daniel.

And that was when a pair of arms hugged her from behind.

Maisie put the phone away and frowned. "Why aren't you resting in bed?"

Nolan's chin was resting on the top of her head as he chuckled hoarsely. "I'm not so sick to the point of being bedridden, am I?"

"Zee, these few days have been like a dream to me, it's so surreal."

Nolan subconsciously hugged her as if he was afraid that the past few days were just a dream and she would disappear when he woke up from the dream.

Maisie was taken aback. The man's broad shoulders and warm embrace were the same as before they had never changed.

Why had she disregarded all consequences and chosen to fall in love with Nolan in the first place?

Perhaps it was because she could feel the warmth and be at ease when she was by his side?

Yes, who would have thought that the indifferent and cold man standing in front of her could be her scorching sun, melting the glaciers surrounding her after what had happened to her mother?

She turned around to look at him and raised her eyebrows. "Nolan Goldmann, when you can't tell the difference between your dreams and reality, have you ever thought of slapping yourself in the face to see if it hurts?"

Nolan lowered his head and kissed her out of the blue, and a hint of triumph flashed across his eyes as soon as he succeeded. "There's no need for me to slap myself. I'll know that it's not a dream when I get to kiss you in person."

"You shameless piece of sh*t!" Maisie gently pushed him away and took off her apron. "I'm going out."

"Who are you going to see?" His brows creased.

"Who do you think?" Maisie put away the apron and turned to look at him. "Who else can it be except Prince Roger's lackey?"

Nolan's eyebrows turned cold and concerned. "He asked to meet you?"

He knew who it was in an instant as Quincy had told him Daniel had met Maisie. If he could ask to meet her once, a second meetup would definitely follow.

Maisie walked up to him, stretched out her arms, wrapped them around his neck, and smiled subtly. "Are you worried about me?" "I'm indeed worried." Nolan grabbed her hand and kissed her on her fingertips.

"Daniel is a scheming and secretive b*stard. I'm afraid you won't be able to win against him in a fair fight."

"He's already obtained my grandfather's negative vote, so he won't fall out with me so quickly." Maisie gave off a gloomy smile.

Nolan frowned slightly. "You gave Hernandez's negative vote to him?"

'Did he threaten her?'

Maisie pretended to feel aggrieved. "Yeah, he would have made a move on you the other day if I didn't

give it to him. You said in the training camp that your life is mine to own, so how could I let you die because of him instead of me?"

Chapter 510

Nolan was stunned for a short moment, then lowered his eyes and smiled dumbly. "You actually remember."

"You can bet on it that I won't forget about that, Nolan Goldmann. I won't forget anything that you said to me before this. You still owe me so much more, so how can I allow you to die?"

Maisie stretched out her hand, took out her cell phone, and sent a text message to Saydie. She then said calmly, "Daniel approached me just to make the public think we are on the same side. I'm guessing that the election was pushed forward probably because I showed my support for them."

With that being said, she lifted her cell phone. "I have to put on a full show for them."

Nolan kissed the top of her head and gave off a warm smile. "Then should I play along with you?"

A high-end restaurant with a cozy environment had been reserved, and men in black were standing by on the inside and outside of the premises. The atmosphere was rather solemn.

Maisie only brought five people along, and Saydie was among them. She stepped into the restaurant and saw Daniel standing by the window, waiting for her.

"I thought Ms. Vanderbilt would refuse to come." Daniel slowly turned his body and had his gaze fixed on her.

She did not wear a mask and deliberately did not put on any makeup today. Even though she was not wearing makeup, her facial features were still a feast to the eyes. She looked elegant and regal, and the determination that was beaming from her eyes would give rise to the urge of conquering her in anyone who exchanged a gaze with her.

Daniel was somewhat envious of Nolan for being able to conquer and rein such a woman.

Maisie had not worn makeup on purpose as it was Stoslo's most basic etiquette to meet people with makeup on, even if it was only light makeup. It was obvious that she did not regard Daniel as someone she would treat with courtesy.

Still, she felt uncomfortable when she saw him staring at her with his cryptic gaze as if he was glaring at his prey.

'There are only two reasons why a man will stare at a woman as he does. It's either I'm purely a feast to the eye, or his desire to get his hands all over me is going through the roof.

'And Daniel is definitely the latter.'

Saydie pulled out the chair for her.

Maisie said calmly after sitting down, "Mr. Kent, you're indeed a pro when it comes to threatening others." 'If it weren't for the sinister way he used to gain the negative vote that belongs to Grandpa, which contributed to the prince's decision to bring the presidential election forward, and the treacherous threat to reveal my identity to the public that he posed to coerce me into coming here, I really wouldn't want to see him ever again.

'Once my relationship with the de Armas is made public, it'll be equivalent to allowing the anti-leftists to think I'm supporting the prince's faction. My relationship with the Metropolis has already made them dread my existence. The only reason my arrival has attracted their attention is simply due to my political stand.

'The prince doesn't know about my relationship with the de Armas, so he's more cautious and watchful

with me, but Daniel is different.

'He's seen through my identity and knows about my relationship with Nolan. The forces behind the Goldmanns are mustering their strength and are ready to wage war at any time. Not to mention that I now have the Metropolis behind my back, which would make the Goldmanns an even more formidable power.

'So all Daniel needs to do now is to do everything in his power to restrain me!

Daniel asked the bodyguard behind him to pour him some wine while his creased eyebrows gave him a sullen appearance. "Ms. Vanderbilt, if you didn't have anything else on your mind, why would you be threatened by someone like me?"

What he meant was that she still cared about Nolan.

Maisie propped one of her hands against her chin. "Aren't you afraid that I'll fall out with you?"

Daniel took a sip of red wine from the glass. "It depends on what you're willing to give up, Ms. Vanderbilt."

It was either she gave up Nolan's life or her identity as the daughter of the de Armas.

Maisie did not answer.

Daniel pinched the stem of the glass in between his fingers and swayed it. The red wine in the glass oscillated from side to side, staining the interior of the glass as if it was blood. "You should work with me. No one knows that you're Hernandez de Arma's granddaughter. You're just Alice Henry of the Metropolis to them. They don't have a choice even if you're standing with us."