

Chapter 571

Maisie's face was pale. She lowered her head and took the golden ring out of her pocket. "This is what my grandfather left for me. That man said that my grandfather was still alive!"

She grabbed Nolan's arm. "Nolan Goldmann, you lied to me, didn't you? My grandfather may still be alive, he isn't dead yet!" 'I have only one relative left. Since he could set up a plot to confuse us, he should be fine.'

Nolan hugged her tightly again. "Zee, I know you feel bad about this, but it's already very obvious why your grandfather gave you the ring of the de Armas."

Maisie was astounded, and she could not help but tightly clench her hands stuck between her body and his warm chest.

'That's right, why would Grandpa ask the man to pass me the ring that represents the status of the patriarch or matriarch of the de Armas? It is because he wants me to inherit his identity!'

Maisie did not know why she felt sad. Even though she did not have much contact with her grandfather three years ago, maybe it was because they were relatives.

He was her grandfather, a relative who was related to her by blood apart from her biological father. The night sky outside the window was dark, and the lights in the house were dim. Nolan hugged Maisie from behind, his chin resting on top of her head while he held her soft, smooth hand in the palm of his hand.

He then said in a hoarse voice, "Zee."

"Huh?" Maisie responded to him languidly while her eyes were fixed on the windowsill. "I'll stay here with you." Nolan lifted her black hair and kissed the back of her ear. "We'll go home after we take care of all the matters here. The children miss you very much."

Maisie turned around and glanced at him. "What identity will I go back with when I return with you?" Nolan chuckled. "Of course, you'll return as my wife."

Maisie snorted softly. "Everyone in Zlokova knows that you've divorced me. How embarrassing would it be if I were to go back with you this time around?"

Nolan's tall and broad body came in front of her, and he kissed her affectionately. "Then I'll say that I'm the one who begged you to come back."

He then smirked. "I don't care how embarrassing it'll be."

On the day Nolan was discharged from the hospital, reporters waited for him outside the entrance. In fear that the reporters would crush Maisie, Nolan grabbed her hand tightly, walked with her by his side, and protected her with his body.

The reporters only asked him about his condition and did not ask anything about Maisie. In the pictures and video recordings, Nolan looked as if he had had enough time to recharge his batteries-his complexion had recovered and looked ruddy.

He then took Maisie into the car after calmly answering all the reporters' questions.

Maisie loosened her collar after they got into the car, and the obvious hickeys on her neck made her blush.

Nolan saw that she took the liquid foundation and concealer out of her bag to cover them up, and he grinned through the corners of his lips. "What's there to cover?"

Maisie glared at him and muttered, "Your brutal mouth just doesn't know how to restrain itself."

He smirked silently.

Back at the East Island Villa, a strange man was sitting on the couch, drinking tea.

The man's attire was very tasteful. The grayish-green casual suit he had on was not from any common

luxury brand but custom-made. He looked as if he was around Nolan's age. He looked unfamiliar to Maisie, but he was no stranger to Nolan. The man put down the teacup and raised his head. His gaze looked harmless, but it was particularly sharp when he was staring at someone, and a wide smile emerged on his originally calm face." Congratulations on your discharge." "Why are you here?" Nolan looked at Quincy, motioning him to bring Maisie upstairs first. Maisie also understood the signal and followed Quincy upstairs. The man glanced at Maisie and smiled at Nolan." She's the woman for whom you blocked the bullet three years ago, isn't she?" Nolan walked to the couch, sat down, and crossed his legs without answering his question. "Why have you come to visit me?"

Chapter 572

The man poured a cup of tea. "Grandma wants to see you." Nolan remained silent for a while. "She's in Stoslo?" "Yes." The man took a sip of tea. "It's just that it's not very convenient for her to come to you." Standing upstairs, Maisie was a little surprised when she heard their conversation. 'Nolan's grandmother is in Stoslo?' She could more or less guess the identity of this man now. He should be Yorrick, the current patriarch of the Hathaways. "You can bring her with you. Grandma is willing to meet her granddaughter-in-law too." Yorrick placed the teacup next to his lips and smiled. Not long after their conversation, Yorrick got up and left the villa. Maisie was sitting on the chaise longue in the room and was casually flipping through some books. It was when Nolan entered the door that she raised her gaze. "Have you finished talking?" "Hmm." Nolan managed to squeeze one word out of his throat, walked up to her, sat down, and leaned toward her. "What are you reading about?" "I'm just skimming through the content." Maisie closed the book and put it down. "Why haven't you mentioned anything about your grandmother to me?" She could not help but ask. Nolan rested his chin on her shoulders and wrapped his arms around her waist languidly. "I didn't mention her because she and my grandfather aren't legally married." Maisie was dumbfounded. 'They're not a legal couple? Does that mean that they only have children together but aren't married at all!?' "Actually, it is my grandfather who owes her his life." Nolan got up and walked up to the French window. Maisie turned to look at him. Nolan then explained calmly, "My grandfather only wanted to take over the Night Banquet that my greatgrandfather left behind back then. He had always been living an extremely hazardous life ever since he was a young lad. So, he knew very clearly that his wife and children would become his weaknesses if he were to get married and start a family." Maisie finally understood and recovered from the bewilderment. "So, that's why he left your father to

the Summers in order for them to raise him?"

Nolan nodded. "My father told me that my grandparents' relationship wasn't a tango of two. It was only my grandmother's one-sided wishful

thinking back then, and she followed my grandfather around without even having a title or status in the Goldmanns. My grandfather even took my father away after she gave birth to my father..."

Even so, his grandmother would still take time to visit Nicholas every year until Nicholas grew up, got married, and gave birth to Nolan.

His grandmother would also send Nolan gifts when he was a young boy. She had even come all the way from Yaramoor to visit when Nolan celebrated his first birthday. However, she would always choose to come when Titus was not in the country-that was how the two had never met again. Maisie lowered her gaze and said nothing.

'No wonder Yorrick said it's inconvenient for her to come to Nolan now. She's avoiding his grandfather. 'She didn't even ask for a title before giving birth to a child for him. Just how deeply in love was she back then? But she chose to never see him ever again since then. She must've been completely disappointed in order for her to decide not to see him again.'

"Do you want to go to meet my grandmother with me?" Nolan asked her.

Maisie returned to her senses and chuckled. "Do you plan to take me there?"

Nolan smiled. "It's nice for her to be able to meet your granddaughter-in-law."

The next day...

Probably due to the cloudy and rainy day, the temperature dropped a lot. The rain drizzled in the direction of the wind, the ground was wet, and a layer of cold reflection could be seen rippling on the puddles.

When the car arrived outside a large hotel on Waltz Street. Nolan wore a long black trench coat over his suit. After getting out of the ca

he took the black umbrella in Quincy's hand and used it to protect Maisie from the rain.

Maisie wore a leather jacket with a lace turtleneck, a silk scarf that adorned her neckline, and a pair of white short high-heeled boots under the pleated skirt.

She looked gentle and elegant, and her temperament felt rather casual.

Chapter 573

They took the elevator to the executive steak house located on the 12th floor. The entire restaurant seemed to have been reserved. Several bodyguards were waiting on the outside, and only a few waitresses were left behind to serve them.

Yorrick was waiting in the corridor. He looked down at his watch when the two of them arrived. "You're quite punctual."

Nolan asked indifferently, "Where's Grandmother?"

"She's inside," Yorrick said, turned around, and led them in.

Nolan held Maisie's hand as they walked toward the dining room. Soon, they saw a white-haired old lady sitting alone at the dining table with her back facing them, fiddling with a green rose found in a vase in her hand.

Yorrick walked up to Madam Hathaway's side and bent down. "Grandmother."

Nolan led Maisie around the long white table to the seat opposite Madam Hathaway.

Madam Hathaway then inserted the flower into the vase, placed it aside, and slowly raised her head. "It's been so many years since I last saw you. How have you and your father been doing?"

Maisie only got a better look at Madam Hathaway's face. She was about 70 years old, and her hair was as white as snow. However, judging from her facial features, she could see the stunning demeanor she had back when she was younger.

Although her appearance was not as prepossessing as it was before, she still had the indifferent and cool temperament with her. The aura she exuded came from her gaze, and her eyes looked so lucid as if they were two crystal clear lakes.

Nolan smiled. "We're doing fine. You can always return and have a look if you want to see him."

Madam Hathaway's gaze landed on Maisie. "Is she your wife?"

Nolan nodded without hesitation.

Maisie nodded politely and smiled. "Nice to meet you, Grandma."

"Take a seat," Madam Hathaway said slowly while pouring tea. "It's just the few of us. No outsiders are joining us today, so there's no need to be so polite and restrained."

Yorrick sat on the left-hand side of Madam Hathaway and summoned the waiter to serve the food, and the waiter started to bring the dishes to the table.

"Grandmother, why are you in Stoslo?" Nolan looked at her.

Madam Hathaway held up her teacup. "I heard Yorry talk about the situation that you ran into in Stoslo, saying that you were infected with the virus. But looking at your current complexion, I think you should've recovered a lot."

"Grandmother, I told you not to worry, didn't I? How would he not be okay with Strix around?" Yorrick sneered, and a hint of mockery could be seen through his eyes and brows.

Nolan cut the steak on his plate slowly. "Mr. Hathaway has a lot of money to spare. You have so much money that the method you used to cripple someone is so crude. People who don't know what has happened will definitely think that you've shifted your career into running a charity."

He was referring to the money that Yorrick had wasted on Roger.

Yorrick should have long known that those vaccines had nothing to do with Strix of Morwich, and those vaccines were useless to him. Thus, even if Roger had the sum of money to monopolize all the sources of the vaccines, he would still lose money.

Roger had borrowed the money from Yorrick, and they must have talked about what was in it for him. Roger would still have to pay up if they suffered a huge loss or things went south.

Yorrick's smile intensified. "If Grandmother didn't ask me to help you this once, I wouldn't be bothered to lift a single finger of mine." ,

"If what you did was to help me, I still have my grandmother to thank." Nolan took a sip of red wine from the glass.

Maisie took a glance at Yorrick and then at Nolan. Although she had figured out their relationship, she was still a little surprised.

"By the way, aren't you going to introduce Grandmother to her granddaughter-in-law?" Yorrick swayed the glass of wine. "I heard that she used to be a jewelry designer in Luxella Inc. and graduated from a famous college. You should do so so that Grandmother can know who's the woman who snatched your heart away from you."

Maisie was stunned for a split second before looking at Yorrick. He looked as if he was sitting there, waiting for the play to begin.

Nolan covered the back of her hand that was placed on the table with his palm. "It doesn't matter who Zee is. The important thing is that I'm worthy of her."

Chapter 574

Maisie was in the middle of picking up the glass to drink some water, but this sentence almost made her choke.

A smile gradually appeared on Madam Hathaway's cold and stern face. "I don't have any objection as long as Nolan is satisfied with their marriage. My issue is with you."

As the focus of the conversation changed, she stared at Yorrick. "Your father has introduced you to all the ladies and celebrities from all over the world, but you haven't taken fancy to any of them, yet you have the guts to mock others?"

Yorrick chuckled. "It's just that I haven't run into the right girl. Besides, Grandmother, why can't I stay single for the rest of my life when you've never gotten married throughout your whole life?"

As soon as this was mentioned, the atmosphere in the dining room froze for a moment.

Maisie glanced at Madam Hathaway. Although she could not tell whether Madam Hathaway was infuriated or gleeful, she caught a glimpse of the gloom that flashed across her eyes and disappeared instantly like smoke.

"How long do you plan to stay in Stoslo, Grandmother?" Nolan changed the subject.

Madam Hathaway raised her gaze. "I'll be here for a few days. I'm relieved to see that you're alright."

After the meal was over, Nolan and Maisie escorted Madam Hathaway to the door.

While standing in front of the car, Madam Hathaway turned to look at them. "Do send my regards to your father when you guys go back to Zlokova."

Nolan nodded.

When Madam Hathaway and Yorrick got into the car and left, Maisie watched as the car drove away and raised her gaze to look at him. "So the man who sent Roger money has always been helping you?"

He smiled. "Why didn't you just call him that in his face?"

Maisie crossed her arms. "I'm not very close with him, and I would've offended him if I were to say so."

Nolan put his arms around her. "According to your seniority in the family, you're his elder cousin-in-law, so he wouldn't dare to say anything even if you were to offend him."

"To everyone else, we're a divorced couple, so whether I want to continue to stay with you depends on my mood." Maisie pushed his hand off her body and walked toward the car that Quincy drove over.

Nolan was helpless.

'She has begun to hold a grudge against me now that I've recovered, so I might as well not recover.'

There was only a yellow lamp beaming faintly on the wall in the dimly lit corridor.

A bodyguard carried some leftovers as he walked to a locked door and unlocked it as usual. Behind the outer door was another locked iron door as if it was a cage opening.

Looking into the room through the iron door, Rowena was lying motionless on the bed. The room was not ventilated, so the smell coming from inside was very unpleasant.

"Hey, get up and eat." The bodyguard kicked the iron gate roughly, making a loud noise, but Rowena did not move.

Seeing that she was not moving, the bodyguard wondered if something had happened to her. Thus, he

quickly took out the key and opened the iron door.

When the bodyguard approached the bed to check her out, Rowena suddenly stood up and pounced onto him, pushing him to the ground. She then sank her teeth into his neck frantically. No matter how the bodyguard pushed her away, he could not get her off his' body.

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While biting off a chunk of flesh from his neck, Rowena took the opportunity to grab his gun from him and then shot him without hesitation.

Blood splattered onto her face.

Rowena stared at the man whose neck was a bloody mess and had gotten a headshot and giggled hysterically. She then opened her bloody mouth, looking all creepy. "You want to lock me here for the rest of my life? Keep dreaming! If you want me dead, I'll definitely drag as many people as I can down to hell with me!"

She then stood up and fled without looking back.

At the Easton Estate...

1/2

16.0

Chapter 574

Nolan and Strix were sitting in the study, playing chess. One looked graceful and charming while the other looked reserved and two could be said to be evenly matched in terms of their temperament.

Strix moved his chess piece. "You shouldn't have come to me just for a simple thank you, should you?"

Seeing that he had been exposed, Nolan responded steadily, "I actually came here to ask you about something."

Strix smiled. "Do you want to know how Zee has been in the past three years?"

Chapter 575

Nolan did not deny it.

Strix held the chess piece in his hand, seeing that Nolan did not play his next move. "She hasn't been doing too well in the past three years. Her biological father died in that accident, while she lost her baby. No one should be able to sustain such a severe blow."

Nolan put his chess piece down, and his indifferent expression looked slightly moved. From the moment he had learned that she was pregnant with a child back then and that she had lost the child in that accident, he knew that he would be in her debt till the day of his demise.

If she had not been pushed away from his side in the first place, perhaps that incident would not have happened.

Strix looked at him. "Why? Hasn't she forgiven you?"

Nolan retracted his gaze from the chessboard but did not answer the question as he looked elsewhere.

Strix took a look at the chessboard. "If she hadn't forgiven you, she wouldn't have put in so much effort to save you. I can see that she never gave up on you."

Nolan exchanged gaze with him as his lips were tightly pursed.

The scar looked very deep. She had never let go of the past, but he never really wanted to give up on her either.

Strix twisted the chess pieces with his fingers. "You forced her into leaving you just because you had been infected with the virus, and you didn't want it to affect her. I can understand your actions."

Having said that, Strix turned his head and looked out the window. "Back then, her mother left me because she didn't want to burden me anymore too. She knew that she didn't have much time left, and she didn't want me to waste more of my time on her. As for me, I had failed to save her in time, and that's a regret that I will never get past for the rest of my life. That's why I don't want Zee to follow in my footsteps."

Nolan walked out of the study, and Maisie just so happened to enter the corridor.

She was surprised and walked forward with a bright smile. "Oh, what a rare thing to see, the legendary Mr. Goldmann actually came over in person."

He smiled. "Of course, I have to come in person to inform Strix that I'm bringing my wife home."

Maisie inserted her hands in her pockets. "My grandfather's funeral hasn't been held yet."

Nolan brushed his finger across her cheek. "It's okay. We'll go back only after your grandfather's funeral."

"I haven't figured out whether I want to go back with you." Maisie dragged the end of the sentence deliberately. But what caught her off guard was his thin lips, which approached her lips in an instant and kissed her. All she felt in the next couple of seconds was his warm breath caressing the surface of her face.

Worrying about being seen, Maisie hurriedly shoved his chest to part his lips away from hers. "Nolan Goldmann, you,"

"Whether you'd like to go back with me is not up to you to decide." He chuckled as he brushed over the hair scattered over her shoulders and hanging over her chest with his fingertips. "Our marriage certificate is still with me."

"But we've lived in separation for three years." Maisie lifted three fingers and placed them right in front of his eyes.

"We got back together in Stoslo, and we've been living together for quite some time already." Nolan approached her with a smirk on his face. "I didn't cheat on you, and I didn't show any traits of domestic violence. So can the court force us to break up if I refuse to file the divorce?"

Maisie was rendered speechless as she had obviously lost.

'I don't want to bring our divorce up over and over again, but forgiving him just like this makes me feel extremely embarrassed as if I'm a shameless woman.

'Anyway, he has recovered and is perfectly healthy now, so I should play with his emotions while I still can.'

Looking at Maisie's feisty and childish reaction, Nolan leaned toward her and pinched her earlobe. "I'll stay here for the night."

After saying that, he walked toward her room on his own. Maisie suddenly came to her senses, caught up to him, and tried to drag him backward. "Nolan Goldmann, don't you even dare think about it!"

As soon as he stepped into the room, Nolan took her into his arms, locked the door of the room with his other hand, pressed her against the wall, and kissed her vigorously. "You really don't want me to stay here?"

Maisie lost her rationality almost immediately. They had been maintaining a lukewarm relationship when he was ill, and Nolan had

obviously been suppressing his strength. But now that he had recovered, every action of his felt like he was a volcano that was erupting, and the lust and desire that had been suppressed for such a long time were transmitted through his body temperature and thrilling heartbeat.

Chapter 576

The sweat rolled down from his brows and burned her shoulder. The breath on her neck surrounded her while he asked, "Are you not going to ask me to stay?"

Maisie looked into his deep, seductive eyes.

Nolan carried her into the bathroom. Maisie looked so delicate and innocent in his eyes.

After putting her down, Maisie pushed his arm and screamed, "Get out, I'll do it myself."

He squinted. "You still have energy?"

Maisie blew air through her nose, not answering.

Nolan kissed the top of her head and forehead. "I'll wait for you outside."

Maisie walked out after she finished showering.

Nolan stood with his back against her, looking like he was on a call.

He was just wearing a shirt, and parts of the shirt stuck to his back because of sweat, showing his body.

"Alright." Nolan hung up and put his phone down.

"Are you still busy?" Maisie walked to the hairdryer while drying her hair with a towel. Nolan frowned and turned to look at her. "Bad news."

Maisie picked up the hairdryer and looked at him.

What bad news?" "Rowena got out."

She paused and looked at him again. "How?"

Nolan rubbed his brows. "The person who sent food in thought that she was acting funny and was bitten by Rowena when he went in to check. She stole the gun and killed him."

That crazy woman just wouldn't behave even when she was locked up.

Seeing that she was frowning, Nolan walked to her and hugged her shoulders with one hand while he picked up a towel with another hand to help her dry her hair. "Quincy secretly followed her. She will try to take revenge now that she has escaped. She won't be able to stay quiet."

Zena had been leaden with overcast for those two days. 1

Maisie went back to the de Armas to attend her grandfather's funeral. It was a simple one with no ashes nor body. They only raised a tombstone.

No one other than Strix, Erwin, and Nolan attended the funeral that day.

Maisie stood in front of the tombstone for a long time. Nolan walked behind her and put his coat on her shoulders. She wrapped it tightly around herself.

At that moment, Quincy suddenly rushed over. "Mr. Goldmann!"

Nolan turned to look at him. His eyes darkened when he saw that he looked pale. "What's going on?"

"Rowena has taken Young Master Wayion and Elder Master Goldmann as hostages. We're confronting her at the pier."

Maisie immediately rushed forward after he spoke." What did you just say!?"

How could she take Wayion and Titus hostage?

Maisie knew Rowena wouldn't lay low, but she didn't expect her to kidnap her son instead of her!

"No, I have to go..."

Nolan pulled on her arm. "I'll go. If you go, she won't let Wayion and Grandpa go."

Maisie was stunned, but the moment Nolan let go, she held his wrist and looked at him, her face pale.

"Nolan, I'll go with you."

Nolan put his hand behind her head and lowered his head to touch her forehead. "Trust me, I'll bring Wayion back."

Nolan pulled her hand away and left with Quincy.
Erwin looked at Strix. The latter nodded, so Erwin left with his men.

Chapter 576

A group of men in black stood at the pier, confronting Rowena, who was on a boat. The men didn't dare act rashly because Rowena had a gun in one hand and had the controls to the bomb tied around her body in the other.

Chapter 577

If they weren't careful, everyone on the boat would lose their lives.

Titus and Wayion were tied to the deck. He didn't expect that Sue was Rowena.

"Rowena, what do you want? Don't do anything to the child. Just put all your anger on me."

Titus tried to convince her, but Rowena wasn't having any of that and yelled back with a crazy expression, "Shut up!"

She had completely lost her mind. "Do you think I would still believe anything a Goldmann says?"

Titus saw that she was emotionally unstable and started worrying. His face darkened. "Rowena, we have never done anything bad to you."

They had really never done anything wrong. They had taken her in and brought her up. When had they ever treated her badly?

Titus trusted her, but she had fallen from grace because of her selfishness.

"Do you think you didn't do anything to me?" Rowena screamed with all her might, "I've done so much for your family. How could you just kick me aside?"

Her eyes were red. "Everything I have done was for Nolan. I just wanted to force that woman away. Was I wrong?"

Titus closed his eyes and changed his tone. "Rowena, I gave you a chance." "That wasn't a chance."

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat when Rowena threw her arms. The hands holding guns started sweating.

She had completely lost it, and the veins in her neck were popping. "You gave me a chance but asked the police to hunt me down? I could only hide in dark places because I had nowhere to go!"

Titus turned a little pale. "Rowena, you can take your revenge. Take my life, but I beg you, let the child go."

"Dream on!" Rowena cackled and walked to Wayion, holding his jaw. "I would consider letting his kid go if he wasn't her son, but he is."

"What are you trying to do?"

Titus had totally lost his cool. He didn't mind losing his life, but Wayion was just a child. He had to make sure that he was safe.

Rowena let go of Wayion and walked to the front of the deck. "I'm going to bring you to hell with me."

"Rowena!"

Nolan walked out among the men in black, his eyes looking fierce as ever. "Let them go, and I'll be your hostage. You can do whatever you want."

Quincy was shocked out of his mind and tried to stop

him. "Mr. Goldmann-" "Don't worry." Nolan took off his coat and tossed it to Quincy. He then unbuttoned his sleeves. "I'm the one you want, right?" he said to Rowena.

Rowena laughed hysterically while tears fell. "Nolan, would you like to die with me?" Nolan didn't answer. He raised his hands to show that he wasn't carrying any weapons while he walked toward the boat. "Just name your requests. Just let Grandpa and Wayion go." Rowena watched him take one step after the other toward the boat until he finally stood on the deck in the wind. The strong wind messed up his hair, flapping on his hard expression. He looked pale. "Are you going to agree to all my requests?" Rowena scoffed. Nolan didn't hesitate. "Yes." She scoffed again and harshly said, "Nolan, I'm not going to believe you after you lied to me so many times!" He frowned. "What do you want?" Rowena pointed the gun at him. "I want you dead right now." "Rowena, don't!" Titus' expression changed.

Chapter 578

Rowena ignored him and pointed the gun straight at Nolan's head. "Nolan, I didn't do anything to you all those years ago. How could you be so cruel to me?" She had tears in her eyes, but she was smiling coldly. "I wasn't cruel enough, but now I understand. If I can't have you, I'm going to destroy you. I want to show that woman that she's the reason you're dead!" Wayion escaped his bindings and suddenly rushed forward and pushed Rowena over. The gun in her hand flew off. "Wayion!" Wayion immediately kicked the gun to Nolan's feet, and he picked it up. Rowena, who fell to the ground, looked menacing. She raised the trigger and yelled into the wind, "None of you will get away!" Bang! Nolan immediately shot her hand, but she had already pushed the button before the remote left her hand, and the countdown on the bombs started. Rowena jumped toward Nolan and held him tight, pushing him into the sea. "Daddy!" "Nolan!" "Nolan!" Maisie, who rushed there, saw that and wanted to rush onto the boat, but Quincy pulled her back from behind. After a muffled noise, the explosion caused a huge wave that rocked the boat. Wayion fell on the deck, and the water drenched everyone on deck. Wayion crawled toward the edge of the boat and looked at the bloodied water. "Daddy!" Titus' eyes turned red, and he stood on the spot for a long time, dazed. Maisie's vision turned black. She struggled to get away, rushed to the bank, and fell to her knees. Blood floated on the water's surface, but there was no movement. She yelled with all her heart, "Nolan!" A sharp pain pierced her heart. She was on the edge of losing her mind when she didn't get a reply. Everything started spiraling. When Maisie opened her eyes again, she felt like she had just woken up from a dream. Her cold sweat had soaked her pillow. However, she remembered something and immediately sat up, moved the blanket away, and jumped

out of bed.

Erwin walked in at that moment. "You're awake, Zee?" Maisie grabbed his arm. "Uncle Erwin, where's Nolan?"

Erwin stood still and didn't answer.

Maisie slowly let go when she saw that and took a few steps backward. "No, he couldn't have died. I need to go find him..."

When she got to the door, Erwin's voice came from behind. "No one said he died."

Maisie immediately stopped and looked back at him. Erwin sighed. "He didn't die. When they fell into the water, he got away, but he was badly injured. He hit his head on the rocks when the explosion pushed him away."

Maisie's emotions calmed upon hearing that Nolan was still alive. "Was he badly injured?"

"Yes," Erwin nodded and walked to her, "He hit his head and may possibly not have his memory when he wakes up. I came to remind you so that you know what to expect."

Maisie and Erwin arrived at the hospital.

Titus and Quincy were in the room. Nolan was awake, but he really had memory problems.

Nolan sat in bed with his arms crossed, staring at Titus and Quincy for a long time. "My grandpa isn't this old, and Quincy doesn't look like this."

Titus wanted to say something but stopped, looking gloomy.

Quincy helplessly scratched his face. "Mr. Goldmann, how old are you?" He didn't hesitate to say, "17!"

16:05

Chapter 578

Quincy took a sharp breath. His memory was stuck when he was 17 years old!

Chapter 580

Maisie touched his head. "You're just a 17-year-old kid now. What's wrong with calling me Ms. Vanderbilt?"

Nolan pushed her hand away. "But I'm a man too."

"Are you considered a man at 17?"

Nolan was tongue-tied and turned his head away to avoid looking at her. "Why would I fall for you? Just because you're pretty?"

Maisie took her hand back and wasn't angry, "Yes. You loved my beauty but kept bugging me, so I married you."

Nolan raised his brow and looked at her, "I'm such a shallow person?"

After saying that, he looked at that delicate and innocent face and didn't say anything more. She was indeed his type.

Maisie beamed, getting closer to his lips until they were an inch apart. They were so close their warm breaths blended together. "I don't know if you're shallow, but all I know is that you love me a lot."

Nolan stayed in the hospital for a week. The injury to his back had pretty much healed, but his memory didn't show any signs of improvement.

Maisie passed the binders that Quincy had prepared for him. There were a few of them, a record of what had happened that his memory had not registered.

Not only did he have three children, but he also found out why his mother had died and that his childhood friend Rowena had been the culprit behind all that. His marriage with Maisie existed, and they had signed the papers three years ago.

A sharp pain shot through Nolan's head. He closed the binder and put it aside. "Aren't my children already eight? Why did we only get married three years ago?"

Maisie peeled an orange while sitting next to him. "Nine years ago, some irresponsible man slept with me, and I got pregnant and gave birth to the children alone overseas. Six years after that, that man brought me back to the country by giving me a job as the designer for his sweetheart with a high salary and threatened me because of his sweetheart."

She peeled the oranges apart and put the slices in her mouth, only telling half-truths. "But that man was pretty dumb because he didn't know who he slept with. He wouldn't leave me alone and started suspecting his sweetheart. He then took a paternity test for my children."

"I did all that?" Nolan looked at her with surprise, feeling that she had made that up.

Maisie raised her brow. "You got me pregnant before we were married. What do you think?"

Nolan was quiet.

Quincy brought a man through the door, and that man was none other than Yorrick Hathaway.

Maisie slowly stood up. "Mr. Hathaway."

Yorrick tried not to smile. "My aunt asked me to come to visit Nolan. I heard he lost his memory?"

Maisie shrugged. "To a certain extent, it's memory impairment. He only remembers what happened before he was 17."

"Oh?" Yorrick looked at Nolan and smiled. "If he's only 17, wouldn't he have forgotten about you?"

Nolan's face dropped.

Maisie smiled. "As long as he's fine."

"You stay with him even when he cannot remember you. That's so touching." Yorrick ignored Nolan and walked toward Maisie. "Have you thought of remarrying someone else?"

Maisie paused, obviously suspicious.

A pillow hit Yorrick's body.

He caught the pillow and saw Nolan staring daggers at him. "Stay away from her."

Yorrick smiled. "I thought you didn't remember her?"

Nolan crossed his arms, looking cocky. "Even if I don't remember her, she's still my wife. You have no chance."