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Maisie lowered her head, and she couldn't help herself but cover her own mouth. Even though Nolan had forgotten about her, he still treated her like she belonged to him.

Yorrick grinned and said, "I'm just kidding. Please don't take it to your heart, cousin."

Gnashing his teeth, Nolan said, "I'm not your cousin! Do you think that I've forgotten about you?"

"Well, it seems like you still remember," Yorrick said as he put the pillow on the bed. "Alright. Since you are still breathing, I think your grandmother should be relieved."

After that, he put his hand on Maisie's shoulder and continued. "I'll leave him--"

"Let go of your hand!" Nolan hissed, cutting Yorrick short.

Yorrick took his hand away from Maisie and shrugged. "Okay, okay. I'm going to take my leave now. I'll leave this overage "teenager" i your hand then, Ms. Vanderbilt."

After Yorrick left, Nolan crossed his arms in front of his chest, and his face was dark. He used to be someone who was very good at concealing his own emotions. However, after his memory returned at the age of 17, he seemed to have lost the ability to do so.

That's right! At present, Nolan only had memories of when he was a headstrong 17-years-old teenager.

Maisie walked up to him and sat beside the bed. She leaned closer and asked, "Are you mad?"

However, Nolan ignored her.

Maisie held his cheek with her hand and pecked on his lips. Although it was just a light kiss, it was intoxicating.

Nolan froze, and his eyes turned glassy as he stared at her lips.

Just when she was about to get up, he raised his hand and pressed the back of her head. He wrapped one arm around her waist and deepened the kiss.

Maisie's pupils constricted, and she tried to push him away. He had lost his memory, but his body still remembered how to do it.

It was just that now was not the right time. Maisie bit his lips, and he hissed in pain. The desire in his dark eyes was getting thicker and thicker with each passing second, while his chest was rising up and down vigorously. "Why did you bite me? Aren't we husband and wife?"

Maisie pulled herself out of his arms and placed her fingertip on his lips. "We're husband and wife, but let's wait until you've recovered first."

"But you're seducing me," he said, his eyes filled with lust and innocence. "You kissed me first, so how can you pull out now?"

Maisie was stunned. She was very close to him right now, and his scorching breath overwhelmed her instantly.

"Let me do it, please. I promise it'll be very comfortable," he said as he leaned closer to her, causing Maisie to feel as if she had fallen into lava and was about to melt.

"Daddy!" Wayion suddenly appeared.

Maisie pushed Nolan away, and he fell to the bed. As he was watching the ceiling, he put his arm on his forehead, and his cheek flushed in embarrassment.

Maisie cleared her throat and said, "Wayion, your--"

"I know. Uncle Quincy has told me about it," Wayion said as he stopped in front of Maisie. He lifted his head to look at her and asked, "Mommy, has Daddy really forgotten about us?"

Nolan turned his body sideways, propped his head with his hand, and studied at the boy who looked exactly like the miniature version of himself. He frowned slightly and asked, "Are all of them boys?"

Wayion did not reply to him. He turned his head and said, "It seems like Daddy has really forgotten about us."

Nolan was stunned and pressed his lips tightly.

Maisie rubbed Wayion's head and said, "He'll remember everything, including you guys, very soon."

Soon, it was the day Nolan was discharged from the hospital. Instead of wearing a suit, Nolan had put on a casual outfit. As he walked out of the hospital, he still looked as handsome and regal as always.

He slowed down his pace and grabbed Wayion's hand. Wayion was slightly taken aback, but he did not let go of his hand.

Maisie walked to the passenger seat, and just when she was about to open the door, Nolan asked, "Why are you sitting at the front?"

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She was stunned. However, she regained her senses, turned around, and smiled. "I'm giving you an opportunity to bond with your sou

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Nolan did not know what to say.

The car was slowly moving toward the East Island Villa. Nolan did not know how to get along with his son along the journey, but there was an inexplicable desire to get closer to him in his heart.

The good thing was that Wayion did not make things hard for him at this time and took the initiative to spark a conversation with him. Nolan only had memories from before he was 17, so it was not too hard for him to talk to an 8,5-year-old boy.

Maisie turned her head to look at the father-son duo and asked Quincy in a soft voice, "Is this how Nolan looked like when he was 17?"

Quincy nodded. "Yeah."

Then, he sighed slightly and continued. "Mr.

Goldmann did use to be like this in the past before the incident involving Madam Goldmann."

Maisie did not say anything as she looked at Nolan. Nolan used to be a man who would give off an indifferent and imposing vibe that made people reluctant to get close to him. However, right now, he had become a lot more approachable. Perhaps, it was because he had lost his memory? But one silver lining was that he still treated them as his family despite having no memory of them.

In any case, no matter what happened to him, he was still Nolan.

Nolan did not have any memory of the East Island Villa. After getting into the villa, he scanned the surroundings for a long while before asking, "Where is our room?"

His question made Maisie freeze in her tracks. She asked Quincy to bring their luggage into their rooms and walked up to him. "It's not our room. It's your room. Come, let me show you where it is."

Nolan followed beside her and asked with a frown, "But aren't husbands and wives supposed to sleep in the same room?"

Maisie was tickled pink by him, and she replied, "Yeah. We used to be husband and wife, but you insisted on getting a divorce with me three years ago, so we've been sleeping in different rooms ever since."

A hint of surprise crossed Nolan's eyes. He stopped and looked at her as she climbed upstairs.

When they were in his room, Nolan looked around and frowned. It indeed did not look like a woman had been living there.

Placing her hands at her back, Maisie approached him and chuckled. "Why? Do you want to stay in the

same room with me?"

Nolan lowered his head and looked at the alluringly beautiful woman smiling brightly like a flower before him. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down nervously as he averted his gaze. "I'm just asking." She then parted her luscious red lips and said, "We're going back home in another two days. In the meantime, you should get some rest.

After that, she turned and left. Nolan lifted his arm but stopped in midair. He clenched his fist slowly and then lowered his arm back.

When Maisie got downstairs, Quincy came into the villa and said, "Ms. Vanderbilt, here's a letter Mr. Hathaway asked me to give you."

"A letter from Yorrick?" Maisie frowned in confusion. She took the letter, opened it up, and started reading it.

Quincy was curious about the contents of the letter as well, so he asked, "What did Mr. Hathaway say in the letter?"

Maisie folded the letter and replied, "Madam Hathaway wants to see me."

At a hotel in Waltz Street...

The bellman led Maisie to the room. The room was spacious, with built-in floor-to-ceiling windows that offered a panoramic view. It was both upscale and stylishly simple.

Madam Hathaway was sitting on the couch. She was wearing a dress, with a scarf draped over her shoulders.

Maisie had to admit that other than Madam Nera,

Madam Hathaway was the most elegant older woman she had ever seen.

Although they had met once, she hadn't interacted much with Madam Hathaway. Therefore, she was curious as to why she was looking for her today.

"Are you looking for me, Grandma?" Maisie walked up to the couch, but she did not take her seat.

Madam Hathaway put the cup down and said, "There's no need to be so stiff. Have a seat."

It was only then Maisie took her seat and looked straight into Madam Hathaway's eyes. Madam Hathaway looked at her and asked, "Do you know why I want to see you today?"

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"I'm not sure about it, but I guess it's about Nolan?"

Holding a cup in her hand, Madam Hathaway chuckled. "Although I didn't watch him grow up myself, I was always keeping an eye on him. He had shut himself up after his mother's accident and stopped paying attention to those meaningless things."

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Maisie wondered why Madam Hathaway was telling her about this, but she did not say anything to interrupt her.

Madam Hathaway said, "If it were in the past, he would never care about anything that happened in Stoslo."

Maisie was kind of surprised when she heard what Madam Hathaway said. However, she felt she was right when she gave it a second thought. When Maisie had first come across Nolan, he indeed had never told her anything about his family background. He had just told her that he was the CEO of the Blackgold Group.

'But when did he start to interfere? Was it because of my mother's relationship with the de Arma family, or did he suspect that there was a problem with the "feud" between the de Arma family and the

Goldmanns?’

Madam Hathaway looked at her and said, “I know you’re Hernandez’s granddaughter.”

At the East Island Villa...

Nolan walked down from the upper floor and bumped into Quincy. The latter was stunned and asked, “Mr. Goldmann?”

When Nolan walked across the living room, he felt they had only been living here for a short time as he noticed that the furniture in the living room was almost brand new.

He asked, “How long have we been staying here?”

Quincy scratched his chin and replied, “I think we’ve been living here for a few months.”

“A few months?” He frowned.

“Yeah. Oh, silly me, I forgot that you don’t remember anything,” Quincy said. “You came to Stoslo several months ago and bought this villa as your temporary house.”

“So, we have been living in different houses for the past few months?” Nolan asked. He had no idea why, but he just couldn’t accept the fact that he and Maisie were not staying in the same house and sleeping in the same room.

Quincy cleared his throat and said, “Ms. Vanderbilt only comes over occasionally to keep you company.” Suddenly, something surfaced in Nolan’s head. He looked intently at Quincy and asked, “So we’re really divorced?”

Quincy let out a smile of embarrassment. “Well, you can put it that way.”

When he noticed that Nolan’s face had turned dark, he hastily explained, “However, you haven’t signed the papers, so it’s not entirely official yet.”

It was only then Nolan’s frown loosened. However, he soon realized something was not right and asked,

Does this mean that she has already signed the papers?”

‘So, she’s the one who wants to get a divorce with me?’

Quincy let out a bitter smile. He did not know how he should tell the amnesiac Nolan about what had happened three years ago-how he had “forced” Maisie to get a divorce with him and how Maisie had left three years ago. Quincy was worried that he might cause Nolan even more confusion if he told him too much.

“Where’s she?” Nolan wanted to ask her in person why they would get a divorce.

Quincy replied, “Ms. Vanderbilt has gone to meet Madam Hathaway. I don’t know why Madam Hathaway is looking for her, but she Huh? Mr. Goldmann? Where are you going?”

Quincy hurriedly followed after Nolan when he saw him rushing out of the villa.

Meanwhile, Maisie pressed her lips tightly and lowered her head. Since Madam Hathaway was aware of her identity. Maisie was certain that she must have already run a background check on her.

“You don’t need to feel nervous,” Madam Hathaway said. “The fact that Nicholas and Nolan could accept your identity indicates that they don’t care who you are. Besides, the feud between the de Arma family and the Goldmanns has been properly resolved.

“Nolan was infected with the virus after taking the bullet for you three years ago. From this point, I can see that you must mean a lot to Nolan, and I know what’s going on with him right now. I just hope that you won’t let Nolan down, given how much he has sacrificed for you.”

Maisie was stunned. Madam Hathaway’s eyes betrayed her trust. Nolan’s feelings for Maisie were similar to Madam Hathaway’s feelings for Titus. They weren’t hoping for anything in return. They just hoped that the people they loved wouldn’t let them down.

Madam Hathaway probably did not want to see Nolan ending up like her. She had given her everything, yet ultimately, she did not get anything in return.

Maisie's eyelashes fluttered, and she offered Madam Hathaway a smile from the bottom of her heart. "Don't worry, Grandma. Nolan will

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be the only man I will marry in my life, even though he and I didn't come together because of love in the first place."

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Maisie looked at the table as she spoke. "I only realized the difference in Nolan after spending some time with him. Although he's bossy, calculative, and gets jealous often, he's cute and silly sometimes. However, when my life is in danger, he'll do everything he can to protect me at the cost of his own life. I'll never let go of a man who loves me like that."

Madam Hathaway looked toward the door silently.

As if Maisie finally sensed something, she turned her head around and then froze in place.

'Nolan? Since when did he come here? Hold on a second, if he's here, does it mean that he has heard everything I said just now!?'

Madam Hathaway chuckled and said, "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be resting right now? Did you rush all the way here because you were worried that I'd give her a hard time?"

Nolan shifted his gaze away from Maisie. There was a hint of embarrassment on his face, but he forced himself to calm down. "Grandma, when did your hair turn so gray?"

Madam Hathaway knew that Nolan was having some memory issues right now. Apparently, his impression of her still remained the same as when he had met her years ago.

"I'm already old, so of course, I wouldn't look as young as I used to be."

She slowly rose to her feet and said, "Nolan, make sure you take care of your wife."

Nolan turned to look at Maisie.

Maisie lifted her eyebrows with a smile at the depth of her eyes.

The couple came out of the elevator one after the other. Nolan looked at her back and took a few quick steps forward to grab her arm, catching her off guard.

Maisie took a step backward, and in the next second, she was pinned on the wall by Nolan.

Nolan fixed his gaze on her face and said, "If everything you said just now is the truth, then we..."

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down twice before he finished his sentence. "Then why would we get a divorce?"

Maisie looked straight back at him but did not say anything. After a short while, she snorted lightly. "You will know why when you regain your memory."

Nolan was stunned and tightened his grip on her wrist.

Maisie lowered her gaze before lifting her head. She leaned closer to him and asked, "Nolan, does this matter greatly to you?"

They were so close to each other they could feel each other's breath. Nolan's heart fluttered, and he subconsciously let go of his hand and turned sideways. "I can't remember anything about it, so it intrigues me a lot."

"I see," Maisie said, dragging her last vowel. She approached him from the back, stood on tiptoe, and turned her face sideways to look at him. "So that means you care about me."

She smiled and narrowed her eyes like a cunning fox. However, it made her even more beautiful and seductive. Nolan loosened his collar and said, "Can you be more serious?"

Maisie chuckled and replied, "Don't you remember that you said the same thing to me as well in the past?"

Nolan was stunned and turned around to look at her.

The smile at the corner of Maisie's lips deepened as she watched the man in front of her opening and closing his mouth several times. She had to say that after losing his memory, Nolan had become as innocent as a deer. Although he tried to make himself look tough, all it would take for his defense to crumble was a simple touch.

Nolan had been unpredictable and lustful before losing his memory. He had been like a king who wanted to control everything, and nobody could figure out whether he was happy or angry.

However, Maisie just needed to tease him a few times now, and his face would turn red, or he would get angry now. He didn't even dare to make eye contact with her.

"Am I pretty?" Maisie wrapped her arms around his waist and placed her chin on his shoulder.

Maisie had gained a new hobby due to Nolan's memory loss-that was teasing Nolan.

Nolan was standing as stiff as a ramrod, and he did not even dare to make a single move.

Maisie blew softly into his ear.

Nolan's ears turned red, and he quickly turned away. He then grabbed her shoulder to push her away from him and asked, "Can't you

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see that there are so many people here?"

Maisie smiled nonchalantly as she replied, "So, you're saying that I can do that if there are no people around?"

Nolan was rendered speechless.

Maisie pouted and continued. "Have you forgotten what you wanted to do to me at the hospital that day? If I hadn't stopped you would have had your way already, right?"

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"You..."

The things that had occurred that day surfaced in Nolan's head. He had just been following his basic instinct, and it wasn't something that he could control.

He let go of her and covered his forehead with his hand helplessly.

"How could you blame me for that?"

Maisie had been the one who kissed him and seduced him first. In any case, he would lose control of himself whenever he got close to her.

Maisie pulled his arm and said, "Alright, alright. I'll stop making fun of you. Let's go home."

'Go home...'

Nolan's eyes suddenly turned glassy. When she said the words 'go home', he did not know why, but he felt a sense of familiarity.

Maisie wrapped her arm around his. In other people's eyes, they were an eye-pleasing couple, and nobody would have thought they had already gotten a divorce.

When they returned to the East Island Villa, they saw Titus, who was reprimanding the group of bodyguards for not taking good care of Nolan.

It was only when he saw Nolan that he stopped. Titus

looked at Nolan and harrumphed. "Why didn't you tell anyone where you were going?"

Nolan had lost his memory, and Titus was certain that he couldn't take it this time if something were to happen to him again.

"I went to see my grandmother. Why do I have to inform you about that?" Nolan said nonchalantly.

"You..."

Titus was stunned. Something flitted across his eyes, and his face darkened. "You went to see her?"

How... How is she now?"

Nolan scoffed. "Why don't you go and look at her yourself?"

When Nolan passed by the staircase, he turned his head around to search for Maisie. Just as Nolan was about to call out to Maisie when he noticed she was not following him, he saw her walking toward Titus.

"Grandpa," Maisie greeted.

Titus was taken aback when he heard Maisie calling him 'Grandpa'. After all, she had never called him so intimately in the past.

Maisie smiled and said, "Life is short. I think it's better to make something clear face to face. Even if you can hide for a while, you shouldn't always hide for life."

Quincy gasped. Titus did not like other people to decide for him, and Quincy was sure Titus would reprimand Maisie.

Surprisingly, he did not. Titus did not say anything this time, and he looked as if he was contemplating Maisie's suggestion.

Maisie nodded at him politely. She then walked to the staircase and went upstairs.

Nolan's jaw was tightly set. He turned his head to look at Titus before following after her.

"Maisie," he called her outside of the room.

Maisie stopped and looked at him. "Yeah?"

Nolan stopped in front of her, his eyebrows tightly knitted. "How could you say something like that to my grandpa? Weren't you worried that he would get mad at you?"

Maisie chuckled. She put her hand on his shoulder and replied, "Well this wouldn't be the first time he'd be mad at me."

Nolan squinted his eyes.

Maisie took a look at his room, and her smile disappeared. She turned around and pushed him. "Go back to your own room."

After that, she went into her room, closed the door, and blocked him outside.

Nolan was rendered speechless.

On the day they returned to their own home, Maisie bade farewell to Strix and Erwin in the airport.

Strix knew what she was thinking. He put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Zee, I'll take care of the matter about the de Arma family in Stoslo, so you don't have to worry about it. No matter where you are, you're still Alice'."

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Erwin looked at her and said, "I won't return to Zlokovia this time, so take care of yourself."

Maisie nodded. She could feel a lump was forming in her throat. Erwin had accompanied her mother in Zoklovia for a long time, not to mention that he had watched Maisie grow up. It went without saying that it was time for him to do his own thing.

As for Strix, she treated him like her own family after spending three years as his daughter.

Strix called Saydie. "Saydie, do you want to go with Zee?"

Saydie was stunned. "What about you?"

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"We have so many people in the Metropolis. Why is there a need for you to worry about me?"

Strix patted Saydie's shoulder. "You're still young. You can't stay in the Metropolis all the time for the rest of your life. You should leave, go out there, and experience what the world has to offer. Plus, you'll be following Zee around. I can rest assured with that in mind."

Maisie did not expect that Strix would assign Saydie to her.

"Saydie has always been staying within the Metropolis. It should be hard for her to get used to her life after leaving Metropolis, right?"

Maisie was about to say something when Saydie responded, "Okay, I'll follow Ms. Vanderbilt."

Maisie was surprised again.

Nolan, who was standing not far away, put down his cell phone. Seeing that Maisie was talking to the two men for so long, he looked a little upset.

Quincy stared at Nolan as he stood on the side.

'His jealousy is so sour that it's about to corrode the whole airport.'

Maisie walked up to Wayion, leaned over, and rubbed his cheek. "Wayion, mommy and daddy will go back to Zlokova first." "Okay, Mommy. You go back first." Waylon stood on tiptoe, kissed her on her forehead, and said, "I'll return to Zlokova to accompany you, Daisie, and Colton after I graduate."

Maisie hugged him reluctantly. "Then you have to take good care of yourself. Don't get sick or hurt yourself, and listen to your

grandfather. Do you understand?"

Wayion nodded. "Don't worry, Mommy. I will."

Nolan walked up to his back and rubbed his head. "Little rascal, just bring up my name if anyone dares to bully you."

Wayion scotled. "I wouldn't be so dumb to let others bully me."

Nolan pinched his tender cheek. "Heh, you're this capable now, huh?"

Wayion smacked Nolan's hand off his cheek. "Idiot, don't you dare bully Mommy, or else I'll fight you to the death when I return to Zlokova!"

"You brat! You better watch your manners." Nolan wanted to chase after him, but Wayion had already run to Strix's side and made a face at him.

Maisie smiled helplessly. "You two are so childish."

Nolan walked beside her with luggage behind him. "Who are you calling childish? That childish one is obviously your son..."

"He's your son too." Maisie glared at him as she went through the security check with Quincy and Saydie.

"Maisie Vanderbilt, you stop right there!"

Nolan was forced to sit beside Quincy on the plane, and the aura his body emanated was gloomy and cold.

Quincy, who was sitting beside him, could not help but cover himself with a blanket. He then asked weakly, "Mr. Goldmann, if you want Ms. Vanderbilt to sit here, I can--"

"When did I say I want her to sit beside me? So shut your trap." He frowned and took a glance at Maisie while she was resting with a sleeping mask on and was not doing anything at all.

He leaned on the seat with his arms crossed in front of his chest and looked out the window, keeping his

mind clear.

When the plane arrived at Bassburgh Airport, it was already 9:00 p.m. Everything felt familiar the moment Maisie stepped out of the plane and onto Zlokova's land once again.

"Mommy!"

Daisie and Colton were standing beside the butler at the arrival gate, and the two dashed toward Maisie and hugged her.

"Mommy, you've finally come back! We missed you so much!" Daisie had already grown into a graceful little girl, but she was still a crybaby just like before.

Colton added, "Wayion told us that Mommy was in Stoslo. It seems that Wayion didn't lie to us!"

Maisie hugged the two kids. "Of course, Wayion didn't lie to you. By the way, let's introduce you to mommy's new friend, Baydie."

Baydie was a little stunned. She did not expect Maisie to have two more children. Seeing the two children staring at her with their clear and moist eyes, she relaxed her slightly expressionless face and nodded at them. Chapter 587

Daisie ran up to Nolan. "Daddy, has your illness been cured?"

Nolan was stunned, probably because he was not mentally prepared for the title "Daddy". He was petrified for a while.

Daisie tilted her head. "Daddy?"

Quincy brought Daisie aside immediately, leaned over, and looked at her. "Young Miss, your father had an accident, and he doesn't remember a lot of things up here."

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He pointed to his head.

Daisie blinked. "Are you saying that Daddy has gone dumb?"

The corners of Quincy's lips twitched slightly,

Maisie walked to Daisie's side, squatted down, and sorted her messy braids. "Your daddy's memories make him a 17-year-old teenager now, so he may not be able to remember us for the time being."

Daisie and Colton exchanged glances and then looked at Nolan. Their eyes feared up as if they felt sorrow over Nolan's condition.

Nolan clenched his hand into a fist, placed it in front of his lips, cleared his throat, and then looked away.

"I'll remember everything soon

Maisie got up and looked at him. "It doesn't matter if you can't remember. We don't mind getting another elder brother, do we?"

Daisie nodded. "Yes, it's not a big deal if Daddy can't remember anything. Daddy just won't be our Daddy anymore, but our brother instead. Not to mention that we still have a godfather!"

Nolan trembled with anger as his expression dimmed. "Who's your godfather?"

"It's Uncle Helios, the actor!"

The veins on Nolan's forehead bulged. "Who is Helios?" 'My children actually have a godfather?'

Daisie stopped talking.

'This is bad! Daddy doesn't even remember our godfather.'

Maisie asked the two children to get into the car first.

Nolan stepped forward. "I haven't finished--"

As soon as Maisie turned around, the two of them were very close for an instant. And she happened to look up while he lowered his head, so their faces were only inches away from each other.

Nolan lowered his eyes. His gaze shifted across the scarlet lips, and his jawline was taut.

Maisie raised the corners of her lips and gave off a grin. "Helios is your best friend. His full name is Helios Boucher. Are you satisfied with this answer?"

Nolan was slightly astonished for a split second as he looked away from her face reluctantly. His hoarse voice then sounded. "Helios got into showbiz?"

Maisie tucked her long hair that was draped in front of her face behind her ears. "Yes, he's been awarded as the best actor of the year more than anyone else in the industry, and he's made a name for himself in showbiz. Plus, he's still single." Nolan grabbed her wrist. "Are you implying that you're interested in him?" Maisie leaned closer to his ear, pulled his collar to tidy it up, and smirked. "So far, not yet."

Having said that, she turned around and got into the car.

Nolan's heart skipped a beat as some images flashed across his mind. However, this happened too fast, and the images were fragmented. He had no way to put them all together and restore the images.

At the Goldmann mansion...

Nicholas was wandering in the living room. He had received a call from Titus earlier today, saying that Nolan and Maisie were returning to Zlokova today. He was looking forward to their arrival very much. "Grandpa! Daddy and Mommy are back!" Daisy ran toward him.

Nicholas gave off a wide grin as he saw Maisie, Nolan, and Quincy enter the mansion together.

Nolan looked around the mansion and was impressed with the interior design. After all, this was where he had grown up.

Nolan's gaze was then fixed on his father's face, and his creased brows relaxed. "Father, 1-"

Nicholas ignored him and walked toward Maisie. "Zee, you're back."

"Yes, Dad. Nolan and I are back." Maisie nodded with a smile.

"That's great. What happened three years ago was all the Goldmanns' fault in the first place. I'm really happy that you still chose to come back with this useless boy."

Nolan frowned.

'It's something that happened three years ago again? Did I really divorce Maisie three years ago? But why?'

No matter how hard Nolan thought about it, he could not remember the reason.

Could it be that I wronged her back then?'

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'So, was I really a jerk?'

Seeing that Nicholas was staring at Nolan, Maisie uttered slowly, "Dad, about Nolan, he's-"

Nicholas raised his hand to interrupt her, looked at her, and said, "I am aware of his condition. Don't worry, I don't blame you. All these are part of his fate. It's no big deal as long as he's still breathing."

Nolan was rendered speechless.

"Am I his biological son, or did he pick me up from some random dumpsite?' 1

When Maisie arrived at the entrance of their room, a silhouette appeared behind her all of a sudden, propped his arm against the wall, and wrapped her in his arms. "Let's talk."

Maisie was stunned for a short moment and then gave off a bright smile. "What do you want to talk about, Mr. Goldmann?"

Nolan asked cautiously, "Did I wrong you before this? Did I cheat on you, or..." The white light on the corridor shone on his attractive face, softening the features of his forehead and the bridge of his nose.

He looked much gentler, but his eyes were still keen and profound like a ray of light that was beaming from the depth of an ocean.

Maisie lifted her arm and rubbed his wrinkled glabella. "Didn't I tell you that you should wait until you remember it yourself?"

Nolan held her cold fingertips. Perhaps it was because the nights were more prone to give him butterflies that he lost his cool again and could not help but get closer and closer to her. Maisie's lips were only inches away from his face. However, the warmth that he was about to feel on his lips dissipated when he found his lips pressing against her fingertips in a position that was about an inch away from her lips.

Unexpectedly, Maisie turned around and pressed him against the wall before he returned to his senses. "Nolan, don't let your fantasy run wild." She looked at him half-jokingly and gave off a cunning smile as if she was a fox. Nolan was caught off guard and stood still in place.

Maisie let go of him. "For safety's sake, we'll continue to sleep in separate rooms,"

She turned around and was about to go out, but Nolan caught her wrist from behind, and his faint voice sounded. "Why should we sleep in separate rooms?"

Maisie did not look back. Nolan walked up to her back and placed his chin on her shoulder. "Aren't we husband and wife?"

Maisie stomped his foot hard, which caused him to let go of her in pain, squat down, and glare at her. "Woman, how could you be so savage!?"

Maisie leaned over and pinched his jaw, looking amused. "Who are you calling a savage woman?"

Nolan pursed his lips and stared at her.

She then laughed. "Nolan, are you planning to take advantage of me even after losing your memory?"

Nolan let go of her hand, stood up, and approached her with squinted eyes. "I'm still your husband even though I've lost my memory."

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Maisie's expression looked a little complicated at the moment. Although Nolan had the appearance of an adult, he only had the cognition of a 17-year-old teenager. She really could not get it on with him.

Nolan suddenly walked to the bed, formed a wall in the middle of the bed with a few pillows, and separated the bed into two halves with the border.

Maisie was dumbfounded.

Nolan sat beside the bed and glared at her solemnly. "Whoever crosses the border is a pervert." Facing this sudden plot twist, Maisie smiled awkwardly.

The night sky outside the window was silent, and the light inside the mansion was dim.

Maisie turned to look at the man lying beside her. He was lying flat on his back, with his fingers intertwined and resting on his abdomen. Even the collar of the pajamas, which he would normally leave loosely opened, was now tightly buttoned up to his Adam's apple, not leaving any part of his skin exposed. Nolan had not fallen asleep, so he noticed her gaze and turned his head around. "Insomnia?"

Maisie turned to face him with a smile. "Yes. What should I do if I can't sleep?"

Nolan could not help but tighten his intertwined fingers. He then thought of something and reached out to her all of a sudden. "I'll allow

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you to hold my hand while sleeping."

Maisie burst into laughter and held his hand in her palm. Later on, she had a good night's sleep, while Nolan had a sleepless night.

The next day...

Nolan walked downstairs and saw Maisie having breakfast while reading the newspaper. He pulled his chair, sat down, and took a look around the living room. "Have the children gone to school?"

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"Yeah." Maisie closed the newspaper and raised her head. "I'm heading to the company today, so I won't stay here with you."

"Are you going to work too?"

"Otherwise, are you going to pay my bills?" She raised her eyebrows with a smirk, picked up a glass of milk on the table, finished it in one go, and was about to get up

"Are you saying that I can't afford to pay your bills for you?" Nolan looked at her aggressively.

"Am I so lousy that even my wife has to go out to work now?"

Maisie could not help laughing upon hearing this. She walked to his side and leaned over to look at him with her arms propped against the dining table, pretending to be aggrieved. "I went out to work because you said you dislike prodigal women. You also mentioned that you prefer smart and independent women."

"D-Did I say that?" Nolan frowned and pondered over that statement for a moment but to no avail.

Maisie pressed her fingertips against his lips and said in an enchanting and seductive tone, "Hubby, I'm about to depart for work already . so don't miss me too much."

Nolan's Adam's apple rolled, but Maisie had already pulled herself away and left the scene without waiting for him to react at all.

He froze in place and was forced to suppress all his impulses.

'Why do I feel that she has gotten addicted to teasing me?'

At Soul Jewelry...

Maisie walked up to the counter, and the receptionist at the front desk smiled at her. "Hello, miss, what kind of jewelry are you looking to purchase?"

She removed her black-framed glasses and smiled. "Is Director Fannon in?" "You're looking for Director Fannon?"

"Ms. Vanderbilt!?" Another female employee appeared out of nowhere and stared at Maisie in surprise. This female employee happened to be an old employee of Soul Jewelry. "Is it really you? Weren't you-" Maisie smiled. "I'm back now. Where's Uncle Kennedy?"

"Director Fannon is in the office. I'll take you there!"

The female employee put away all the documents in her hand immediately, turned her head, and whispered to the new employee, "Ms. Vanderbilt is the founder of Soul Jewelry and our boss. You should remember this from now onward."

She then brought Maisie toward the elevator.

The elevator ascended slowly, and she informed Maisie of all the operations that had taken place in Soul Jewelry over the past three years. And that included the fact that Blackgold had acquired Soul Jewelry and had been managing it under its enterprise after her accident three years ago.

"Blackgold acquired our company?" Maisie looked at her suspiciously.

She then explained. "That's because many jewelry companies had been keeping an eye on Soul Jewelry ever since news about your accident went public. Mr. Goldman did not want the brand that you had just created to fall into the hands of others, so he took the lead in acquiring Soul Jewelry and placing it under the Blackgold Group."

Maisie did not say anything.

'The accident happened unexpectedly back then, and I didn't even have the chance to explain everything to Uncle Kennedy before leaving Zlokova. The company's affairs were something that I didn't even want to manage at all with the mental state that I was in at the time. Thinking about it now. I might have placed too many burdens onto Uncle Kennedy's shoulders. He is still managing the company on my behalf.'

The elevator door opened, and Maisie walked toward the office and knocked on the door.

She only pushed the door open and walked in after she obtained permission to do so.

Kennedy was sitting behind the desk with his head buried in the documents lying in front of him, writing something.

He was extremely focused until a familiar voice sounded. "Uncle Kennedy."

Kennedy's hand stopped moving for a moment. He then lifted his head to meet Maisie's face in surprise and stood up in shock. "Zee!?"

Ten minutes later...

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16:10 –

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Kennedy and Maisie were sitting on the couch drinking tea. After her description and explanation, he suddenly made sense of some of the events and incidents that had taken place back then.

Maisie raised her teacup and asked, "Uncle Kennedy, have there been any changes in the trend of the jewelry industry in the past three years?"

Kennedy took a sip of tea and said, "There has been little next to no movement in the jewelry industry in the past three years. Taylor Jewelry is still the pioneer in the jewelry industry. Although something happened to you back then, Taylor Jewelry didn't take the opportunity to withdraw the tanzanite supply collaboration that we have with them." Chapter 590

Maisie was stunned and seemed to be a little surprised.

'It would still be excusable even if Madam Nera were to decide to terminate the tanzanite supply deal they have with Soul after that incident. After all the cooperation relationship that I negotiated with Madam Nera was based only on her personal interests. It would be normal if she were to say that she doesn't believe that others could bring her any new benefits and wanted to terminate her collaboration with Soul Jewelry.

'I didn't expect Madam Nera to maintain the relationship between our companies, or did Madam Nera always know I would come back someday in the future?'

"By the way, does everyone in Bassburgh think that I died in that accident?" Maisie asked suddenly.

Kennedy replied, "Mr. Goldmann suppressed the news and prevented it from spreading like wildfire after the accident. Thus, most of the citizens shouldn't know about your so-called death."

He looked at her upon saying that and suggested, "Zee, since you're back, I shall hand Soul Jewelry back to you."

At the Goldmann mansion, in the study...

Nolan flipped through a book absentmindedly, but his cold face betrayed a hint of irritability.

Quincy stepped into the room along with some documents and placed them on the table. "Mr.

Goldmann, Mr. Goldmann Sr. has asked me to bring these to you. He's organized all the information of the major changes that have taken place within Blackgold in the past three years into all these documents for you."

Nolan threw the book aside, grabbed a few documents, and put them on the desk. He picked one of

them but then asked casually, "Why don't we have any wedding photos of me and her at home?" Quincy was astounded for a split second but replied in the blink of an eye, "You and Ms. Vanderbilt only obtained your marriage certificate back then. You didn't even hold a wedding ceremony." Nolan closed his eyelids and raised his hand to rub his eyebrows. "Why didn't we have a wedding ceremony?"

Quincy answered patiently, "There were a lot of matters that needed to be arranged, not to mention that Elder Master Goldmann didn't really like the idea of you being together with Ms. Vanderbilt. Thus, it couldn't be done."

Nolan turned the leather armchair to face the window and creased his eyebrows. "Help me find out which company she works for."

Quincy smiled. "Mr. Goldmann, Soul Jewelry is actually Ms. Vanderbilt's own company."

Nolan was surprised.

Quincy and Nolan stepped into the lobby of Soul Jewelry, and all the employees were amazed when they saw him.

All of Bassburgh's media outlets had only had their eyes fixed on Nolan's condition in the past three years as it was rumored that he had been terminally ill.

But now that they met him in person, how was he terminally ill?

Quincy called the elevator for him, and the two entered the elevator as soon as the door opened. Just as the door was about to close fully, a figure squeezed into the elevator hurriedly. "Wait for--"

When Byleigh took a better look at the man in the elevator, her expression showed that she was clearly startled. She then scoffed. "Oh, I was still wondering who this was. It turns out to be Mr. Goldmann, huh?"

Nolan narrowed his eyes as he stared at Quincy. His expression looked as if he was asking him who that woman was.

Quincy leaned into his ear and whispered, "Mr. Goldmann, this is Ms. Byleigh Hill. She's Ms. Vanderbilt's best friend. You know each other."

Ryleigh looked at him suspiciously. "Wow! Are you pretending not to know me?"

Nolan snorted. "Why should I know you?"

"Huh?" Ryleigh was shocked.

'Is it just me? Why does it feel like Mr. Goldmann seems to have changed?'

The door opened just as she was about to say something. Nolan immediately sorted his clothes out and quickly stepped out of the elevator.

Quincy and Ryleigh also exited the elevator when Ryleigh pulled Quincy backward. "Has Mr. Goldmann lost his mind?"

Quincy took a glance at her. "You could say that."

Nolan appeared outside Maisie's office, but Ryleigh caught up to him and rushed into the room ahead of him. "Zee!"