

Chapter 611

Maisie lifted her head. "Who's that?" "Madam Vanderbilt," Kennedy turned around to look at her and replied, "She has come and caused us quite a lot of trouble in the past three years. Although Vaenna Jewelry has become Soul Jewelry, it's still one of the Vanderbilts' assets in its core. They thought you were dead, and she insisted on letting her grandson inherit Stephen's assets."

Maisie let out a laugh. As she swirled the pen around in her hand, she said, "After so many years, the Vanderbilts from Coralia haven't changed at all."

Kennedy sighed helplessly. "They're just getting worse and worse. This isn't the first time they came here and made a scene. They even summoned the police, but there was nothing the police could do Eitasp. After all, you're the legal heir to Stephen's assets according to his will."

After he finished talking, he looked at Maisie and said, "Are you going to do something?"

Maisie slowly rose to her feet and replied, "I'm not going to show myself yet. I want to see what they're going to do this time."

Madam Vanderbilt, Hector, and a few of the Vanderbilts were making a scene in the hall. This wasn't the first time they came here, so the staff in the hall had already gotten used to it.

They would scold them badly if they said something to them. If they called the police on them, they would make a scene or even throw a tantrum in the hall. They would do everything they could, so the staff could do nothing to them.

When Madam Vanderbilt saw Kennedy, she harrumphed and sneered coldly. "You've been hogging our assets for so many years. Don't you think it's time for you to give it back to us?"

Kennedy replied calmly, "Whether it's Soul Jewelry or Vaenna Jewelry, it belongs to Zee. These assets aren't yours."

Madam Vanderbilt flew into a rage. "That s--- is dead. She isn't the heir. If she hadn't interfered in the first place, Hector would be the heir of this company!"

Maisie was watching them from behind the wall, with Saydie standing beside her. Her arms were crossed in front of her chest, and a grin appeared on the corner of her lips when she heard what Madam Vanderbilt said.

Kennedy knew that Maisie was alive, so he wasn't angry when he heard Madam Vanderbilt's words. He chuckled and replied, "Zee is your granddaughter, and Stephen is your son. Your granddaughter and son have been dead for three years, yet not only did you not mourn for them, but you only think of taking your son's assets. You're already so old, don't you think it's time for you to do something good?"

The onlookers were pointing their fingers at Madam Vanderbilt, jeering at her for her ruthlessness.

They were family. However, not only did she not mourn for her deceased son and granddaughter, but she even wanted to take her son's assets.

Wasn't that ridiculous?

Madam Vanderbilt's face turned livid with rage. "It was him who chose that woman over me. I'm his mother. I gave birth to him and was the one who raised him, so of course, his assets belong to me!"

A staff member couldn't stand watching anymore and retorted, "You're just morally blackmailing us, Madam."

"That's right. Mr. Vanderbilt passed away three years ago, but you're still taking advantage of him. Don't you know that you should show respect to the deceased?"

"Shut up, you batches! Nobody wants to hear your opinion," Madam Vanderbilt shouted at them. She even went forward and pushed one of them.

A female employee pushed her back. She lost her balance and nearly fell to the floor. Luckily, a few Vanderbilts grabbed her in the nick of time and prevented her from falling to the floor.

Hector pulled a bat out of his bag and snarled, "How dare you push my grandma!? You must have a death wish!"

Just when he raised the baseball bat high in the air, a figure zipped past, grabbed his arm, and threw him on

the floor.

Saydie took the baseball bat away and played with it in her hand. She looked at them expressionlessly and said, "Ms. Alice said that if you guys want to make a scene here, go ahead. I haven't killed anyone in a long time."

She cracked her knuckles, emitting clicking sounds into the air. Her eyes shone with excitement, and she looked just like a bloodthirsty beast

Madam Vanderbilt and her gang's faces turned pale in fear. They all retreated and said, "What... What do you want from us?"

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"Ms Alice told me to give you guys a good beating since it seems to her that you're pretty looking forward to it. Besides, your grandson has served time in prison before He should have gotten used to getting beaten up, so he should be a good punching dummy for me to polish my skills."

Hector was frightened and hid behind Madam Vanderbilt "Grandma, s she wants to beat me."

"Let's go We shouldn't bother ourselves with these barbarians!"

Since the person behind Saydie knew about her grandson's imprisonment, Madam Vanderbilt could tell that the woman in front of her was not someone they could mess with

Maisie returned to her office and asked about everything that had happened to the Vanderbilts in Coralia for the past three years. It turned out that the Vanderbilts had been suffering from a slump in profits for the past three years. They couldn't sustain the operation of their hot spring hotel, so they sold it to someone else for \$150,000

This amount was not enough for the Vanderbilts to spend, especially in the past three years-Yorick had been hooked on gambling and owed several thousands of dollars to loan sharks. He did not even dare to return home.

When those loan sharks had gone to collect the debt, Madam Vanderbilt had threatened them with death. Those people were afraid to get into trouble, so they didn't approach Madam Vanderbilt anymore.

"I thought Hector needed to serve five years in prison?" Maisie asked.

Shaking his head, Kennedy replied, "Madam Vanderbilt used half of the money she got from selling the hot spring hotel to fund her grandson's lawsuit Hector told the judge that he didn't do it on his own free will. He even became a state witness and gave up quite a number of people. In the end, he was sentenced to two years and six months of imprisonment, and he was released at the end of June this year

Maisie squinted her eyes.

She was the one who had reported Hector of drug trafficking back then after finding out that he had been dealing with drugs since he was 18. Therefore, rather than being forced, he had done it of his own free will.

She thought he would turn a new leaf and become a good man after serving a few years in prison, but it now seemed to her that she was wrong He had not learned his lesson and was still the same person he used to be in the past.

In short, Madam Vanderbilt was the main culprit Hector had turned out this way. She had doted on him too much

"Zee, I don't think they will just give up like that. I'm sure they will come back again," Kennedy said worriedly

"Of course, she wouldn't give up for her grandson," Maisie said. She suddenly thought of something and made a call to Quincy.

Quincy went to the corridor to answer the call. "Is there anything I can help you with, Ms. Vanderbilt?"

Smiling, Maisie said, "I want you to help me to find out where Yorick Vanderbilt is. Can you let me know about it as soon as possible?"

Quincy was stunned. "Yorick?"

"Yeah. Don't tell Nolan about this. I don't want to make an amnesiac man worry about me."

As soon as Quincy hung up the call, he was started by Nolan, who was standing behind him. He looked at him and asked hesitantly, "Mr

Goldmann? When did you come here?"

Nolan looked at him expressionlessly. Quincy eventually gave in to his cold, steely gaze and said, "It's a call from Ms. Vanderbilt."

In the evening

Nolan came to pick Maisie up from her company

When she got into the car, she sensed that Nolan was angry.

She got closer to him and smiled. "Who pissed off our Mr. Goldmann?"

Nolan averted his gaze and looked outside the window. Then, he replied in a grumpy voice, "I'm angry about myself."

Maisie cupped his face with her hand and turned his face to look at her. "Why are you angry with yourself?"

A hint of emotion appeared in the depth of Nolan's eyes as he said, "I don't remember anything from the past, including what happened to your family"

Maisie darted a glance at Quincy

Quincy felt like weeping but had no tears.

"You can't blame me for this, Ms. Vanderbilt Mr.

Goldmann heard our conversation, and he insisted on telling him everything, so I had no choice but to sell you out!"

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"Is it because Ive lost my memory? Nolan parted his lips and said, looking as pitiful as a little kid who his parents had abandoned, 'Is that why you dont need me anymore?"

Maisie chuckled and threw herself into his arms. She pressed her lips on his ear and said, "Who told you that I don't need you anymore? I need your heart. I want your body. I want to make every single inch of you mine."

Nolan looked at her intently. Her smile was charming and alluring. It tickled his heart all the time, and every cell in his body was

screaming at him to get closer to her.

He kissed her forehead and said in a serious manner' Let's go home first, and I'm all yours.

The night was getting darker.

The light on the bedside table cast a warm yellow light under it. Half of Nolan's face was lit by the light as he ran over Maisie's hair with his finger

Maisie turned around and buried herself in his chest. Then she said. "Nolan, I want to borrow someone from you."

Nolan lowered his head and asked, "Who do you want to borrow?"

"Quincy," Maisie replied as she lifted her head to meet his deep gaze. There was a smile in her eyes as she added, "You do believe in him, right?"

He chuckled and lowered his head to kiss her forehead. "Alright:

While drawing circles on his chest with her finger, Maisie said, "Til leave Saydie to you."

Nolan frowned slightly and held her hand, stopping her from drawing circles on his chest. "Why would you leave Saydie to me?"

Maisie groaned and said, "What if some woman with bad intentions gets close to you when Quincy isn't around you? I'd only be relieved to have Saydie by your side."

Nolan chuckled deeply. "Alright. Anything you say, but I

A hint of a devilish smile crossed his eyes, and he turned off the light on the bedside table. He kissed her and rubbed his coarse palm against her silk nightgown. "It's time for us to sleep.'

Maisie got Yorick's address from Quincy.

Yorick owed a lot of money to the loan sharks, so he had left Coralla. He was now hiding in a coastal town outside the suburbs of Bassburgh

Quincy did not know what Maisie was going to do, so he asked, "Ms. Vanderbilt, why do you want to know where Yorick is?"

Looking at the address on the paper, Maisie chuckled. "Not only do I want to know where he is, but I'll also help him to pay his debts. I'll also give him a sum of money and let Madam Vanderbilt know that Yorick has money."

Quincy was stunned. He looked at Maisie and said, 'So you want them to fight against each other?"

After selling the hot spring hotel. Madam Vanderbilt would rather use the money to fund her grandson's lawsuit than help her son pay his debt. She did not even care if Yorick was dead or alive.

In the past three years, she had been trying her best to get Stephen's assets. If Larissa hadn't bought the house, Madam Vanderbilt would have moved in with her grandson.

if Madam Vanderbilt learned that someone had helped Yorick pay his debt and even gave him money, Maisie was certain that she would go back to her son.

At that time, they would be busy fighting against each other, and Madam Vanderbilt wouldn't have the time to care about Soul Jewelry anymore

Maisie went to the bank and withdrew the money.

Quincy had brought a few bodyguards with them when they came to Coralia to be on the safe side.

The residence of Yorick's debtors was located in a very old office building. The building was plastered with advertisements for loans. Since they were loan sharks and dishonestly ate their money, they kept their business very hidden

When the bodyguards entered the office, there were five men drinking beer and playing poker inside

Their faces turned pale when they saw the bodyguards were holding guns. All of them raised their hands in the air and squatted under the table

One of them asked fearfully. "Who... Who are you guys?"

Holding a silver briefcase in her hand, Maisie stepped out from behind the bodyguards with Quincy.

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It seemed to them that the group of people in front of them did not come with good intentions. However, the loan sharks couldn't remember what they had done that offended these people.

Maisie took a seat on the couch and asked, "How much money does Yorick owe you guys?"

The group of people was stunned. They knew who Yorick was, but they did not expect that he was the reason that Maisie and her gang were here.

All of them wondered when Yorick had someone from high society as his supporter.

Wearing an ingratiating smile on his face, a man said, "About \$70,000."

Maisie put the silver briefcase on the table, and Quincy proceeded to open up the briefcase. The briefcase was filled with notes, and it seemed to them that there was about \$150,000 in it.

Maisie said expressionlessly, "I'll pay for his debt.

There is \$150,000 here. Give me Yorick's debt contract."

A man went to the desk to look for Yorick's debt contract. When he found it, he handed it to Maisie with both hands.

Maisie took the contract and glanced through it. After that, she tore the contract off in front of them and

threw the paper shreds on the floor.

She patted her hand and said with a smile playing on the corner of her lips, "Now that I've settled Yorick's debt, he..."

"Don't worry," the man hurriedly replied with a smile on his face, "Since Yorick doesn't owe us anymore, we promise we wouldn't bother him or his family again."

Smiling, Maisie lowered her gaze and stood up slowly. "Also, please help me to inform his mother that his debt has been settled."

"Sure, sure, sure, we will."

Not only did they get their money back, but it was also double the amount that Yorick owed them. Thus, it went without saying that they were more than willing to make the trip for her.

They were indeed very efficient. Although Yorick had changed his phone number to escape the debt, they knew Madam Vanderbilt's phone number.

They called Madam Vanderbilt and told her that someone had settled the debt for Yorick. They also told her that her son had found someone to support him. Their tone was deferential. They did not sound harsh and threatening, like when they had tried to collect the debt from her.

Madam Vanderbilt was dumbstruck upon hearing that.

She couldn't believe that her son had found someone to help him settle his debt.

"That bastard! He's found someone to support him, yet he didn't tell me anything about it?" After she hung up the call, Madam Vanderbilt's face was livid with rage.

Hector walked up to her and asked, "Grandma, did my dad pay off all his debt?"

"Yeah. He has found someone to help him pay all his debt, yet he didn't tell us anything about it. I bet he must be enjoying his life now with all the money he has. He doesn't care if you're dead or alive."

She did not have much money left after using the money from selling their hot spring hotel to fund Hector's lawsuit. It was enough for them to put food on the table, but they wanted more.

Not only that, but her grandson still needed to buy a house, a car, and get married. Initially, she thought she could move into the Vanderbilt mansion since Stephen and Maisie were dead, but little did she expect that someone else had bought the mansion.

She then wanted to force Kennedy to hand Soul Jewelry to her grandson, but much to her chagrin, he paid her no mind.

Just when Hector was about to say something, he received a text message, and his eyes shone "Grandma, I know where my dad is! Let's go and find him now!"

Quincy had sent the message, so he went back into the car and reported, "Ms. Vanderbilt, I've sent the text message to Hector. I guess they will go find Yorick soon."

Sitting with her arms crossed in front of her chest, Maisie looked outside through the window and said, "Yorick should have received the money by now."

She was curious what Yonck would do when he found out that he had \$150,000 in his bank account and when Madam Vanderbilt found him.

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In a rental house along the coastal town

The house was a mess The table was littered with fast food boxes from the day before yesterday

The weather was no longer as hot as it was in summer, and the climate in coastal areas was humid it was cold at night, so there was not a single fly hovering around

The phone on the table next to the bed lit up, and Yonck picked it up to have a

The ashtray was filled with cigarette butts to the brim look at it

He had a bad hangover, and he came to his senses abruptly after seeing something on his phone He sat up and stared at the extra \$15

0,000 in his account

Yonck's hand that was holding his phone was shaking. He rubbed his eyes and took another look at it. The extra \$150,000 was still there in his account.

He logged into his bank account and found that the money had been transferred about an hour ago.

Yorck snapped out of his trance when he heard someone knocking on the door. He put on his trousers and went to open the door.

Madam Vanderbilt pushed the door open and forced her way into the house. "Hah, so you're hiding here!" "Mom? How did you get here?" Yonck's face sank when he saw Madam Vanderbilt. Then he saw his son walking into his house with a suitcase.

After scanning around the house, Hector asked disdainfully, "Dad, didn't you have money already? Why are you staying at a place like this?"

"What do you mean?" Yorick was confused.

Before he could say anything, Madam Vanderbilt pointed at him and scolded, "You heartless b*stard! You still want to lie to me? Those loan sharks have called me and told me that someone has paid off the debt for you, and now you're still saying that you have no money?"

Yorick was stunned.

He thought he was dreaming.

"Someone has helped me to settle my debt!?"

Then, he thought of the extra \$150,000 in his bank account. Who gave him the money? And who paid off his debt?

However, he did not tell Madam Vanderbilt about the extra money in his bank account. After all, he knew his mother very well, and he knew exactly what she would do once she found out that he had the money.

He walked to the table and began cleaning the rubbish. As he threw them into the rubbish can, he said, "I don't have money, and I don't know who helped me pay off the debt." "Stop lying!"

"I'm not lying!" Yorick threw the rubbish can on the floor. He shot to his feet and looked at his mother. "Is money all you think about? What about me? When those loan sharks were hunting me, did you ever help me?"

"That's your own fault. After all, you were the one who got addicted to gambling." Madam Vanderbilt replied matter-of-factly.

Yorick let out a laugh and said, "I was the one who worked tirelessly to keep the hot spring hotel running. You were the one who wanted to sell it. After you sold the hotel, you only spent \$23,000 to fund Hector's lawsuit. I would be grateful if you gave me \$60,000 to pay off my debts."

"All you've ever cared about is yourself and your grandson. You've never cared about Stephen or me. After Stephen died, not only did you not mourn for him, but you even went as far as trying to claim his assets for yourself. It's truly sad to have a mother like you."

His words angered Madam Vanderbilt "I have never cared about you? When the hotel was investigated for money laundenng, it was me who went around and asked for help. If not, do you think you could get out of jail so soon? Also, is it wrong for me to care about Hecky ? He's your son!"

"Yes, I was arrested back then, but it wasn't because of you that they released me. It was because of Maisie and Mr. Goldmann!"

Madam Vanderbilt was stumped.

Yorick took a cigarette from the packet on the table and went to bed. He lit it up, calmed down, and said, 'If we didnt try to get Vaenna from Stephen, the police wouldn't have investigated our hotel, and we wouldn't have had to shut it down. It's all your fault"

He took a long drag from the cigarette. The more he thought about it, the more he regretted it. If he hadn't tried to get Vaenna from Stephen, he wouldn't have been influenced by Leila, and Yanis wouldn't have died. The hot spring hotel wouldn't have shut down, and he would not have taken the path of gambling for money.

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Yorick had not lived the life of a human after hiding for so many years. He had once been a brilliant man but was now living a destitute

life

He missed those days when he was a successful and prestigious man, and he would regret it on countless nights

But it was useless to feel regretful about anything now

He thought that all those that had happened to him were the results of his mother's insatiable greed

"Dad, why are you scolding Grandma? This is obviously not Grandma's fault. None of these would have happened if Uncle Stephen had handed Vaenna to me instead of Maisie in the first place."

Hearing that Hector was still fighting for Madam Vanderbilt, Yorick glared at him and snorted.

'If I had known back then that this b*stard would grow into someone so useless and pathetic, I would've strangled him to death when he was born

Madam Vanderbilt soothed her grandson's emotions and said to Yorick, "Son, what's happened, happened. You and Hecky are the only relatives that I have left now. How can you find it in you not to care about your mother and your son?" "If money is what you want, I don't have any." Yorick

debunked Madam Vanderbilt's intentions bluntly

"Hector is 25 years old this year. Shouldn't he be finding himself a job already? Just what does this beloved grandson that you've paid so much attention to bring up know to do at this age? When you're too old to help him out, he'll only be capable of becoming someone that knows nothing at all. So what then? Should he come back to me and count on me? Not to mention that I'll get old someday too. How many more years can he rely on me?"

Madam Vanderbilt was displeased. "How can Hecky go to work? He's destined to be a boss!"

"Since you're the one who has spoiled him, you can keep him to yourself." Yorick extinguished the cigarette butt in the ashtray and got up. "You can leave now. Don't ever bother me again."

"W-What are you talking about? How can you not care about your own son?"

Yorick roared at her, "I'm not capable enough to care for him, so get out of here now!"

Madam Vanderbilt and Hector were obviously taken aback. Yorick's eyes were bloodshot due to his wrath, so they did not dare to say anything more

She got up. "Hecky, let's go."

After they left, Yorick slammed the door shut, leaned against the door, and gradually slid down onto the floor.

My son has been spoiled by his grandmother and has turned into a self-centered, aimless, and useless full-grown brat who knows only to loaf around and do nothing all day long. What's more, all he can think of is to become a boss of a company. So what else can I expect of him?

"If that's the case, I'd rather not have a son. I don't plan to pay for the consequences that his dotting grandmother has left behind

anymore.

When Madam Vanderbilt and Hector left, the bodyguard who was hiding in the shadows came out with a Bluetooth headset and removed the miniature camera that he had placed on the window.

Quincy broadcast the whole recording through a loudspeaker, and Maisie was also there to listen to their argument's content.

Uncle Yorick only started to regret his actions when he was in despair, and all he does is put all the blame onto his mother.

As for Madam Vanderbilt, she has spoiled Hector so much that she's managed to turn him into a brainless and self-centered b*stard. However, she's getting older as days go by, and she has not much time left to live. And her next plan for her good-for-nothing grandson is actually to leave him with his father so that he can continue to live off his father just like a parasite. It's only natural for Yorick to refuse to accept this arrangement.

"However, Yorick should hold half of the responsibility when it comes to the reasons why Hector has grown into such an adult. He didn't correct Madam Vanderbilt's dotting attitude toward her grandson and allowed her to pamper and spoil him. He has also failed to educate his son properly. In general, he's a failure as a father,

If Yorick didn't think about joining forces with the others to force Dad into transferring his company to Hector, I might sympathize with him at this very moment.

Quincy asked her, "What's next?"

Maisie's tone sounded indifferent. "Get someone to keep an eye on Yorick secretly and see what he'll do with the \$150,000.

At Blackgold Group, in the administration department

Maizie sashayed up to the front desk She had very innocent and light makeup on and deliberately placed her new Louis Vuitton

handbag on the counter. "Is Hole here?"

The department's receptionist looked up at her and knew that she was the daughter of the Hannigans." I'm terribly sorry, but Mr. Goldmann has issued an order, saying that he won't be seeing anyone today."

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Maizie's expression changed slightly. "Then tell Nole that I'm here to see him."

The receptionist kept her patient and professional smile on. "Ms. Hannigan, please don't make it difficult for us. We can only follow the order Mr. Goldmann has given us unless you can call Mr Goldmann in person."

Maizie's expression dimmed, and she slowly took out her cell phone but did not dial any number. After all, she did not have Mr. Goldmann's number.

"He opted to meet me the last time I was here to ask him out for dinner, so why is he rejecting my meeting request this time around?"

At that moment, Nolan came out of the elevator, but the person walking next to him was not Quincy but a young woman with short hair.

The woman was not wearing formal attire but was in casual and neutral clothes, and she looked as handsome as a real man.

"Nole!" Seeing Nolan, Maizie ran straight toward him, and the three-inches high heels under her feet snapped deliberately as she pounced in Nolan's direction.

Unfortunately, she did not fall into the arms that she expected to land in because someone else grasped her shoulders and managed to stabilize her unbalanced

body.

She was astounded as she glanced back at Saydie, who was grabbing her expressionlessly, and a hint of anger flashed across her eyes. "You, let go of me!"

Saydie let go without any hesitation, and Maizie immediately embarrassingly fell to Nolan's feet.

Maizie got up and was about to lose her temper. When she also saw Nolan standing indifferently in front of her, she felt aggrieved. "Nole, this woman has just bullied me. Look at this. It hurts so much."

Having said so, she stretched out her hand and showed him the minor laceration located on her palm with a pitiful expression.

However, Nolan did not even take a glimpse at the wound. His gloomy eyes still looked cold and unconcerned. "Does it hurt?"

Maizie thought he was showing concern for her and nodded. "Yes, it hurts a lot."

"Good then.

Maizie was dumbfounded, and her heart skipped a beat when she met Nolan's indifferent gaze.

"Nole--"

Nolan interrupted her coldly, "Ms. Hannigan, I'm not an idiot. It's time for you to end the scheme that you and Mr. Hannigan tried to use to make a fool out of me. Why push your luck further just because I've given you a tiny gleam of hope?"

Maizie's face could not help but pale.

Could it be that Mr. Goldmann's memory has started to come back to him?

She stood up stiffly under the ridicule of the crowd present in the department's lobby. "Nole, I-I'm not"

"May I know how others address me?"

"Mr. Gold... Mr. Goldmann."

Nolan's face looked calm and unwavering. "You should address me just like how others do."

Nolan did not even want to take a glance at her, but he still commented as he passed by her, "Your name, it's annoying to my ears.

Nolan walked toward his office with Saydie, leaving only a few staff members who were secretly watching the drama at the side.

"Did the Hannigans really try to take advantage of Mr. Goldmann?"

"Yeah, the last time the Hannigans came to pay Mr. Goldmann a visit, Mr. Hannigan told Mr. Goldmann that Ms. Hannigan was his ex-girlfriend. He really believes that Mr. Goldmann has amnesia and would be fooled so easily."

"Even if Mrs. Goldmann were to be dead now, it still wouldn't be her turn."

Maizie's hands, which were resting on the sides of her body, could not help but clench into tight fists. The gossip that was coming from behind her did not escape her ears—all of them were mocking her for flattering herself and that she was way too full of herself.

She bit her lip, glared back at them, and left the scene angrily

Quincy got out of another elevator and walked straight to the office not long after she left. He knocked on the door and Saydie opened the door for him

"Saydie, sorry to have to bother you with this matter. I'll handle it from here onward. You can return to Ms. Vanderbilt now" He smiled

Saydie left with both her hands inserted in her side pockets

Nolan, sitting on the leather executive armchair, raised his head. "You're back already?"

"Mr. Goldmann, Ms. Vanderbilt's matter has been resolved, as for yours.."

"Saydie has resolved it too." He intertwined his fingers and placed his hands against his lips.

Zee's decision to keep Saydie here has worked in our favor. That woman really came back and created a stir.

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Mr Goldmann, it seems that Ms. Hannigan has her eyes on you. You have to think of a way, or else Ms. Vanderbilt will surely get jealous again," Quincy reminded him

Nolan narrowed his eyes Don't they know that I have a wife?

Having said that Nolan stared directly at Quincy "Did we get married secretly and didnt make our relationship public?"

Quincy was stunned

Mr Goldmann has forgotten what happened three years ago Mr Goldmann St suppressed the news that was unfavorable to Mr. Goldmann back then, and the Blackgold employees were forbidden to mention "Ms. Vanderbilt" in front of Mr. Goldmann

Of course, the person who issued the ban back then was Mr. Goldmann himself But does he still know about these details

Quincy was embarrassed as he tred to explain it to Nolan. "Mr Goldmann, don't overthink when it comes to this matter. What Ms. Vanderbilt cares about is your wellbeing That's why she chose not to disclose your relationship update to the public herself."

Why care about my wellbeing? Nolan lowered his gaze and clenched his hands that were placed on the desk slightly. "It must have something to do with the fact that I forced her to agree to the divorce back then

I need to regain my memory as soon as possible, even if it means that I have to rely on any hints that can help me recall anything...

Speaking of this, he stood up abruptly. "Quincy, get in touch with the best psychologist that Zlokova can offer right now, I want to undergo a psychological hypnosis

"I may need to stimulate my own brain in order to regain my memory forcibly.

At the Hannigan manor...

"Dad, Mr. Goldmann seems to have regained his memory. He now knows that we were taking advantage of his amnesia. What should we do now?"

Maizie reported what she had run into back at Blackgold to her father, Nathaniel, and he put down the newspaper in his hands immediately. "He has regained his memory?"

Maizie was not sure. "It seems so."

Nathaniel wanted his daughter to get married to the Goldmanns.

Anyway, Mr. Goldmann is already divorced, so even though he has kids, it wouldn't hinder anything.

"However, if he's regained his memory, this method is not the way to do it anymore. Not to mention that things would only go south if we were to upset the

Goldmanns

"Forget it, my princess. Let's wait for your elder brother to marry the Santiagos' daughter first. Then I'll find another prestigious family for you."

"I don't want that!" Maizie was displeased. "How can you find a better man in Bassburgh than Mr.

Goldmann?"

Seeing how she reacted and her stubbornness, Nathaniel added helplessly. "How is that so? We still have someone like Helios Boucher, don't we?"

Maizie was stunned for a moment.

Nathaniel then continued earnestly. After all, the Bouchers are one of the prestigious and powerful families in Bassburgh too, and let's not forget your brother is friends with him. I can always ask your brother to help bring the two of you together.

"I've gotten to know some people over all these years too. I'll ask them to be your matchmaker when the time comes. And when that's the case, won't everything between you and Helios fall into place almost instantly?"

It was only natural for Maizie to know Helios

"He's won the title of the best actor twice in a row in the entertainment industry, he's never been involved in any scandals ever since his debut, and he's never been said to be a poser

"He may not be a top star, but he's able to secure his spot on the throne of the industry. That's not only his talent speaking for itself but also his noble identity and handsome appearance

"Helios is still single so far, and many women want to marry him in Bassburgh. Whether any one of them can get their feet into the Bouchers will highly depend on their ability, however.

"I don't want to give up on Nolan, but I can live with it if Helios is what I get in the end. So, I might as well give it a shot. I'll just flirt with both Helios and Nolan. Someone will definitely take the bait someday in the future!

Two days later

Ryleigh laughed so hard in Maisie's office that she almost blacked out from not being able to catch her breath. What they were talking about was that Marzie had her eyes fixed on Helios this time

Maisie looked up at her. "Is it so funny?"

"Isn't this funny Ryleigh tried to hold back her laughter so badly that her shoulders were trembling, and she was still laughing intermittently

Chapter 619

The funniest detail was that these words actually came out of Maizie's own mouth. She had told one of her best friends about the change in her plan, and that best friend of hers was in the WhatsApp group chat that Ryleigh was in too. And that was how Maizie's chat history was shared among the group chat participants and why Ryleigh was struggling to catch her breath at this moment.

Maisie shook her head helplessly. "That group chat of yours is really messed up."

"That's because Maizie has a bad reputation in that particular circle. Those people seem to have a good relationship with her, but they actually complain about her quite frequently in private. After saying that, Ryleigh propped her head on her hands and blinked. "I'm just an invisible witness, and I almost don't speak in the group. I only lurk among them from time to time in order to get my hands on some gossip that even news reporters can't find out."

Maisie's curiosity was piqued, so she picked up her cell phone and raised her eyebrows slightly. "Why don't you invite me into the group too?"

Ryleigh's smile gradually disappeared as it turned into shock.

Ryleigh invited Maisie into the group.

The group was named "The Single Ladies of Bassburgh" and about 100 women were there.

Maisie changed her username to Alice.

Since Ryleigh had invited her into the group, the other ladies did not have any doubts. Some of them only thought that her username "Alice" sounded rather familiar.

[Barbara C Who is Alice?]

(Ryleigh (Barbara Cher name is Alice Henry, and she's a jewelry designer from Soul Jewelry.)

Jenny Weiner: (Ryleigh You're actually in this group?)

(Ryleigh. Z) Jenny Weiner Cut the billcrap! I've invited my darling into our group, so you girls better not bully her.]

[Alice Click this link to get your fair share.)

The group chat exploded as soon as the link went through.

Ryleigh clicked on the link immediately, but she was already one step behind the other ladies. She then raised his head. "Zee, are you so rich that you have nowhere else to spend your money? If that's so, give some to me!"

Maisie handed out a series of \$500 online payment transfers without even hesitating. She then raised her cell phone with a smile. "As the newcomer of this group. I've sent out a couple of \$500 online payment transfers up for grab. Take them as a greeting from me."

Ryleigh pouted. "You're just plotting in advance so that you can get your hands on some information from the group in the future."

Maisie smirked. "Aren't you my secret accomplice in this scheme?"

Ryleigh stopped talking.

In the evening, at the Goldmann mansion..

Maisie was lying on the bed and scrolling through her phone, going through the group's chat history.

Her choice to join the group had been so good so far.

This group is as great as Ryleigh has promoted it to be. These ladies really have all the gossip circling in Bassburgh in their possession.

'For example, who has just gotten divorced today, or who cheated on their husband or wife yesterday, or who's separated from her boyfriend and has

gotten together with another man. In short, I can get all the details of such trivial matters through these ladies as if I have surveillance cameras set up all over Bassburgh

Maisie asked casually about what happened to Nolan three years ago in the group, and all the ladies really knew everything as if they were a complete

collection of encyclopedias

Some of them said that Nolan went to the accident scene, knelt, and almost lost his mind when he saw the crashed car. Some of them mocked that he had lost his wife and was now amnesiac, so Bassburgh should honor him with a trophy for the most unfortunate man of the decade.

Maisie could not help but chuckle.

A broad body came out of nowhere, pressed against hers from behind, propped his elbow to the side, rested his chin to the top of her head, and asked in a hoarse voice. "What are you laughing at?"

Maisie turned off the phone's screen immediately, turned over underneath his body and wrapped her arms around his neck. "I'm laughing at you."

Nolan narrowed his eyes.

Maisie kissed his chin, caressed his jawline with her fingertips, and raised her brows. "Nolan, I have a secret for you."

He lowered his head and moved closer to her. "What's that?"

She smirked. "I'll tell you when you remember everything."

Nolan kissed her nose and lips. "Can't you tell me now?"

Maisie turned over and changed positions with him,

She then took the initiative to kiss him as she whispered, "No, Noles, because you still owe..."

Nolan stopped moving, and his dimmed and profound gaze sparked. It was obviously the first time he had heard her call him by the name "Noles", but it felt like it had been the case since tens of thousands of years ago.

Chapter 620

Maisie held his hand and clasped his fingers tightly. They were deeply in love, she looked as captivating as a full moon, and her gaze looked extremely enchanting as she approached his ear and asked, "Are we still going to take our wedding photos?"

Nolan hugged her tightly with his glowing arms, kissing the corner of her lips as sweat droplets rolled down from his temples and dripped onto the corner of her eyes as if she had gotten in touch with a fiery teardrop.

"Didn't you tell me back then that you didn't like it?"

Maisie murmured, "Who told you that I didn't like it?"

He looked down at her as the veins on his arms bulged, while Maisie started to go short of breath, and her sentence became discontinuous, "Since when did I tell... Tell you that I didn't like it?"

Nolan wrapped his arms around her waist and picked her up, kissed her auricle, and chuckled softly, "Okay, we'll start shooting at dawn."

The next day, at the Wedding Palace

Maisie was sitting in the dressing room doing her makeup while the hairstylist was doing her hair and asking her for preference from time to time

Two hours later, she was standing in front of the fullbody mirror wearing a black and white wedding dress. Her long dark hair was braided into a half-up. half-down braid, and a black flower crown adorned her head. It was a perfect match with the black diamond necklace hanging in front of her chest.

The pure white dress was covered in a layer of black gauze. It was oozing out a sacred and yet mysterious aura and a regal and yet glamorous feeling.

The employee of the premises opened the curtain behind her as she turned around, only to first catch Nolan's full attention.

Nolan, who had always looked better in dark clothing, was currently wearing a custom-tailored white tuxedo, which perfectly complemented his elegance

-it even softened his cold and profound facial features

Nolan stared at Maisie. He was unable to conceal the pleasant surprise in his eyes and reached out to her.

Maisie picked up the hem of her dress, walked toward him, held his hand, threw herself into his arms, and whispered in his ear, "It seems that my husband looks great in white too."

Nolan wrapped his arm around her waist. "While my wife looks as beautiful as usual."

When taking pictures, Maisie and Nolan posed around each other very skillfully as if they had been doing this for years. Their gazes were filled with affection that could not be hidden and were clearly revealed through the lens of the camera.

When they were taking the last set of photos, Nolan hugged her from behind and whispered in her ear, "Let's go abroad for another shooting in the future."

Maisie was slightly astounded as he fiddled with a clump of her hair that was hanging down from her ear. "We'll do it after holding our wedding ceremony"

Maisie turned to look at him in surprise, and Nolan took the opportunity to kiss her on her lips.

The last photo captured them in the best pose.

While Nolan was fetching her back to the company, she leaned on his shoulder to take a nap. She was probably a little tired from the shooting schedule and because she had not rested well last night.

Nolan placed his arms around her shoulders and did not disturb her. Thinking of how the idea of holding a wedding ceremony moved her during the photo session, he could not help but wonder if that was what he owed her throughout all these years.

Nolan could not remember anything and did not have any memory of the past. He did not know why they had not held a wedding ceremony, why they had not made their marriage public, and why...

At this time, Quincy took a glance at the information on the phone screen and said, "Mr. Goldmann, the psychologist that you've requested will arrive in the afternoon."

Maisie had not fallen asleep, so she heard that.

"A psychologist?"

Nolan clenched his fist, placed it in front of his lips, and cleared his throat. "I'm planning to stimulate my memory through hypnosis..."

A hint of surprise flashed across Maisie's eyes.

She then sneered after a long pause. "Is it because I always tell you to wait until you begin to remember once again?"

"Not just because of that." Nolan took her into his arms and rested his chin against her head. "I just want to know what happened in the past."

Maisie did not say anything else-she felt at ease as his warmth and heartbeat surrounded her.

The car stopped outside the entrance of Soul Jewelry. Maisie got out of the car, watched as the car left, and received a text message on her phone.

She then asked Quincy to contact the bodyguard who was keeping an eye on Yorick, and the bodyguard reported everything that Yorick had done in the past two days back to her.