

Chapter 621

Predictably, Yorick took the money and started gambling away. He won more than \$30,000 the night before and spent half the amount to pay for a bunch of friends meals and drinks.

Maisie squinted. If he used that money to start a business, she would find someone to help him out in secret. It was great when people changed after making mistakes. She could have given him a chance because this uncle of hers had never been bad to her father and her.

But too bad, he just wouldn't turn over a new leaf, so she couldn't help him.

She sent a message to her bodyguard.

After Madam Vanderbilt found out, she angrily went to the rental Yorick was staying in.

"You told me that you didn't have money, but you used the money on gambling and drinking!?"

Yorick smoked a cigarette on the couch. He had a hangover and just woke up after half a day had passed. He couldn't care less about his mother's questioning. "My friend lent me some money to gamble. So what if I won and used it for drinks?" "You've abandoned your mother and son. Are your friends more important now?" Madam Vanderbilt was almost getting a stroke.

Yorick dropped the cigarette on the floor, flattened it, and then stood up. "Yes, they are more important than you. You call yourself my mother, but what have you done so far? And Hector, you were the one who coddled him too much. Now you want me to take him back?"

He mocked, "I would rather not have you as a mother, and I could do without that useless son too!"

Madam Vanderbilt's pupils shrank, and her fingers trembled. "W-What did you say?"

Yorick sat on the couch. "All my misfortunes were because of you. Ever since Dad died, I've kept quiet for a long time. I'm going to imagine that my mother is no longer around from now on. What happens to you and Hector will no longer be any of my business!"

Madam Vanderbilt shuddered and turned pale as a sheet. She never imagined that her own son would cut her off.

She fainted because of all the anger.

She was lying on a hospital bed when she woke up, but only Hector was by her side.

"Grandma, what am I supposed to do if anything happens to you?" When he saw that she was awake, Hector complained, "Dad left us, for good."

Madam Vanderbilt already had a headache, but now that her grandson was complaining, she became anxious. "Hecky, don't cry. You are your father's son. He wouldn't just leave you."

Hector calmed down when he heard that.

The doctor walked in. "Madam Vanderbilt?"

Hector got up and walked to the doctor, "Doctor, how's my grandma?"

The doctor took a look at her charts and said, "She has high blood pressure and has to take care of her temper. Stop making her angry. High blood pressure can cause cerebral thrombosis, which can be lifethreatening."

When the doctor left, he turned and said to him, Please settle the bills at the reception."

Madam Vanderbilt had another problem. The bills cost a lot, so she asked, "Hecky, who sent me here? Was it your father?"

"No, it was someone I didn't recognize," Hector replied.

Madam Vanderbilt's heart felt cold. Had her son really left her to die?

When she noticed Hector was not moving, she said, "Hecky, please help me settle the bill."

Hector turned to look at her, avoiding her eyes. "But Grandma, we're almost out of money."

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Madam Vanderbilt almost suffocated, Why? We don't even have a few hundred dollars?"

Her face turned pale as Hector kept quiet, "Hecky, you used the money?"

Before he could answer, Madam Vanderbilt's anger rose to her head, How could you spend that money? What did you spend it on?"

The money was what they had gotten from selling off the hot spring hotel There should be quite a lot left when they had come over from their home in Coralia, they just rented a cheap motel so that they could get Stephen's inheritance

The money was in her account, and she would keep the card with her. However, she was worried that she would lose it, so she gave it to her grandson for safekeeping

She believed that her grandson would obey her and wouldn't spend the money, but now that it was suddenly gone, how could she not be angry?

Hector wasn't happy. "You promised that the money was for my wedding. That money is mine. I can spend it however I want!"

"Hecky!" Madam Vanderbilt said in a heavy tone." When you get your uncle's inheritance, you can get any woman you want! How could you spend the

money now? Tell me, what did you spend it on?"

Hector suddenly realized that his grandmother was right, so he stopped arguing. 2. I met a girl, and I like her a lot..."

Madam Vanderbilt almost fainted again.

"You... You b*stard. You spent all the money on that girl?"

Hector tried to explain, "Grandma, Cindy is a good girl. Her father sold her off to pay off their debt. I felt sorry for her, so I lent her some money to pay off their debt. She promised that she would pay us back."

Madam Vanderbilt couldn't take it anymore and fell onto the bed and started crying. "What have I done to deserve this!?"

"Cindy?" Maisie was listening to the report from the bodyguard and squinted. "Go find out who this Cindy is."

After the call ended, Maisie put the phone down and looked at the view far away.

She had almost forgotten that even though Madam Vanderbilt had been pampering Hector, he was also too protected by her.

He was a 25-year-old who would easily fall for a woman's seduction.

Madam Vanderbilt had never thought that the way she brought him up was wrong. She was extremely upset that Yorick had abandoned her and that Hector had lent money to a woman he barely knew.

Would she finally realize her mistake when she had to deal with all this betrayal?

At Blackgold...

Two bodyguards in black suits stood outside the guest room. No one dared to walk close.

The employees who walked past were all curious who Mr. Goldmann was meeting under so much mystery.

Quincy drew the curtains, and the room turned dark. The psychologist started putting Nolan under hypnosis.

Although they weren't sure if hypnosis would work, he couldn't help but worry about whether he could remember anything under the psychological suggestion. The entire process was eerily quiet. Only the sound of the psychologist's watch ticking could be heard.

"Mr. Goldmann, what do you see?"

"Nothing."

"What do you wish to see?"

Nolan held his fist. He wanted to see his past, the memories he had forgotten.

The psychologist prompted, "What do you see around you?"

Nolan frowned, feeling a little uncomfortable, "Darkness."

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Nolan was standing in the darkness, and no light, nothing could be seen.

The psychologist looked at his pocket watch, took the paper Quincy handed to him, and said, "Can you see the scene of the incident?"

Scene of the incident?

Sweat rolled down Nolan's brows.

The psychologist hinted, "When your wife got into the car accident, you went over to the scene."

Nolan was standing in the darkness, frozen on the spot, but he could see the fire from afar. He took heavy steps toward that direction, some sounds floating around in his mind.

"Zee, I'm sorry, Zee..."

"We don't need to be divorced, don't leave me..."

Nolan stared at the man kneeling in front of the car, crying his heart out.

His breathing stopped as a head-splitting sharp humming started, drowning out all the surrounding noises.

"Nolan!"

He slowly raised his head.

Maisie was in front of him with a swaddle in hand and walking toward him with a smile. "We have another child. Look, he looks so much like you."

Maisie showed the child to him, but it was just a bloody chunk of flesh.

Nolan immediately sat up, looking pale and covered in a cold sweat.

Quincy walked over to him. "Are you alright, Mr. Goldmann?"

The psychologist put the pocket watch away and sat down on the couch. Quincy looked at him, "Did the suggestion not work? Why is he so afraid?"

The doctor answered, "Memory impairment is usually caused by trauma in the brain. There might be some hindrance with psychotherapy with his current condition. There's something in his subconscious that he is trying to avoid."

Quincy was stunned. Something he was trying to avoid? Is it...

Quincy let the bodyguards send the doctor back. In the large guest room, Nolan's body was swallowed by coldness.

Quincy pulled the curtains apart, from darkness to light. The setting sun's light covered each corner in front of the couch, dust particles floating in the light

Quincy looked at Nolan's pale face and couldn't help but worry. "Mr. Goldmann, are you alright?"

Nolan calmed down and asked, "Incident... What does that mean?"

Quincy paused. "Do you remember?"

Nolan shook his head. "I have a vague impression, but I can't remember." Then he stopped talking.

Nolan looked up, his eyes red. "You're hiding something from me. You and my dad know it, right?"

Tell me, right now."

Quincy looked helpless. It wasn't that he didn't want to tell, but Nicholas had said that if Nolan found out, it would affect him.

Didn't Maisie avoid telling him for the same reason?

Quincy was caught in a tough spot because Nolan was shooting daggers at him, but the door was pushed open just then

Quincy relaxed when he saw who came in

Maisie walked in and looked at them, curious. "What's going on?"

"Mr. Goldmann just finished his... psychotherapy."

After Quincy said that, Maisie walked to Nolan." What's wrong?"

Nolan turned to look at Maisie and saw the woman who was carrying a bloody swaddle walking toward him. The smile was one of hatred, and it suffocated him

He was afraid of the Maisie, who felt so foreign.

'No, don't

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'Don't hate me!' 'Nolan!"

A voice dragged him from this muddy subconscious back to reality. He slowly saw the person in front of him. It wasn't the Zee that was filled with hatred, but the Zee who loved him and was worried about him.

Maisie put her hands on his cold face and leaned on him. "Are you alright, Nolan? You're scaring me."

Nolan pulled her into his arms. His fingers that held her shoulders tightened, feeling her warmth, the warmth that really existed, and the coldness in his heart slowly faded away

Quincy drove to the Goldmann mansion while Nolan lay on Maisie's shoulder all the way.

Maisie turned to look at the man leaning on her.

Quincy had told her that he seemed to have been startled after the psychologist gave him some psychological suggestions.

Something that his subconscious mind rejected, avoided, something about the incident...

Was he rejecting the part about their child?

Maisie had talked about it in Stoslo, but she didn't notice anything from Nolan's expression other than the shock. Was he just hiding it from her? Could he really be able to accept it if she told him now, under his current condition?

After the session, Nolan had a fever. Maisie gave him some medication and sat by his bed, wiping the sweat off his face with a hot towel.

He didn't sleep well and kept muttering her name.

Maisie held onto his burning hand and comforted him, "I'm here, it's alright, go back to sleep."

Maybe because he heard her voice, his breathing slowed. The two children pushed the door open in their jammies. "Mommy, is Daddy sick again?"

Colton said, "Daddy is so weak now."

Maisie patted their heads and said, "Your dad is just a man. It's just a fever. He'll be fine after taking meds and sleeping, just like you."

Colton pursed his lips. "That's being weak too. Daisy and I have never fallen sick, but Daddy keeps falling sick."

Maisie laughed. "Your dad is a delicate flower now. He needs our love and care--"

Something grabbed onto her wrist.

Maisie and the two children were surprised.

Nolan was holding onto Maisie's wrist. He wasn't asleep and had heard everything. He frowned and said in a low voice, "I'm not a delicate flower."

Daisy approached him with a doll in one arm. She pushed the doll into his arms. "Daddy, if you're feeling horrible, you'll feel better when you hold her."

He took it. He didn't open his eyes but smiled and answered when he heard his daughter's soft voice "Alright, thank you, Daisy."

The nanny brought them both out, and when Maisie was getting up, Nolan pulled her into his arms, pushing the doll Daisy gave him aside.

The doll was nowhere as nice as his wife.

Maisie was startled but immediately pretended to be angry. "Nolan, you shouldn't be moving around when you're sick."

"You've got me wrong." He hugged her tight. His temperature was high from the fever, so Maisie felt like she was melting when he hugged her, but she didn't move around. She ran her finger over his eyebrows, "What did I get wrong about you?"

His breath was burning when he slightly opened his eyes and said in a sad tone, "I just wanted to hug you, but you think I'm trying to do something."

Maybe because he was sick, he suddenly started 'behaving'.

Maisie couldn't help but smile while she pressed her cheek on his heaving chest. "Sleep Nolan, I'll be here

with you."

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Nolan turned around and hugged her face to face. He fell asleep soon after that

The next day, at Soul Jewelry...

Maisie received the information that the bodyguard provided and found that the Cindy that Hector had mentioned was Cindy Benette, a server in a club at Bassburgh

She handed the information to Saydie. "Look into this woman at the club."

Saydie nodded and left the office with documents in hand Not long after that, Kennedy walked in. "Maisie, Madam Vanderbilt called the front desk"

Maisie paused and raised her eyebrows. "Is this about money?"

Kennedy nodded, "She is admitted to the hospital but can't pay the bills. She's using her identity as your grandmother to get the front desk to pay for her" Maisie was quiet

Madam Vanderbilt had chosen to put her pride aside now that she was old,

She smiled. "If she calls again, let the front desk tell her that Soul isn't responsible for paying for any of her bills, and we're not obligated to take care of this lonely old woman. Let her go ask her other relatives."

If she were to pay, Madam Vanderbilt would look to her again in the future. Maisie wasn't obligated to clean up after her, even if she was her grandmother

She should know that not everything in the world would work in her favor just because of her age!

At the hospital...

When Madam Vanderbilt heard the reply from the front desk, she was stunned.

Even if she threatened them, they weren't falling for it. The bills have been delayed for a day, and the nurse had already asked twice,

Madam Vanderbilt was anxious, so she called Hector, but no one picked up. She called her other relatives, but they either found an excuse not to lend her the money, or they wouldn't even pick up.

She sat on the bed, out of ideas.

She was alone in the cold room.

Madam Vanderbilt remembered how she had sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren around her when she was sick, but now, she had nobody. The helplessness in her heart kept growing.

She thought of someone and picked up her phone to make a phone call.

Madam Vanderbilt was very happy when the call connected. "Lynn, it's grandma. I-" "Stop calling me. Don't you think you've made my life miserable enough? If you didn't force me to marry Jimmy, I wouldn't have suffered domestic violence. You're the reason my life is filled with suffering now!"

Before Madam Vanderbilt could say anything, she hung up.

Madam Vanderbilt sat on the bed, the phone dropping from her hand...

The bodyguard who was standing outside called Maisie to report. As Maisie could have guessed, when Madam Vanderbilt was in trouble and needed help, all the relatives chose to avoid her.

Hector had spent the money that she worked hard to get back, while Yorrick wouldn't give her money even when he had some.

Madam Vanderbilt finally understood how it felt to be all alone.

Maisie told the bodyguard, "There's something else to be done next."

Saydie went to the club and found out more about Cindy. Even though she was a server, not only was she not single, but she also had a few boyfriends at the same time,

Saydie said, "Cindy isn't well paid but can always afford luxury items. She has a bad reputation at the club. Her colleagues said she uses her sad history to cheat money out of men."

Maisie crossed her arms and raised her eyebrows. "Hector was so naive. He was cheated but thought that love had finally found him. I guess it's time to

show Madam Vanderbilt the truth."

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In the afternoon, Cindy left the apartment in a fancy dress. She seemed to be talking to someone through the phone, and she sounded chirpy.

A black car stopped in front of her, and two bodyguards in black suits got out of the car. "Are you Ms Benette?"

Cindy was stunned She raised her guard and asked, "You are

"Our madam wishes to see you."

The bodyguards opened the door, and the alarm in her head blared. Just when she turned around, Saydie suddenly appeared behind her, grabbed her hair, and dragged her into the car

Cindy was terrified. She raised her head and found out that the woman sitting beside her not only had an elegant and noble air about her, but she also had pretty looks

After Saydie and the others went back into the car, the bodyguard then drove the car away

Cindy was shaking, and her lips and teeth were trembling. "...I don't know you, and I've never offended you before. Where are you guys taking me to?"

Maisie turned her head around to look at her. "Calm down, Ms. Bennett. We mean no harm to you." Who are you?"

Cindy had no recollection of having met this woman before or of having offended her before. Could it be that she was the wife of one of the men she had cheated?

However, Cindy rejected the thought as soon as it appeared in her head. Although those men were rich, they did not come from big families.

Judging from the attire the woman in front of her was wearing and her bodyguards, she surmised that Maisie must be someone from an influential family

Maisie smiled and replied, "It doesn't matter who I am."

Cindy's face was getting paler with each passing second when she noticed that they were going out of the town.

"Could it be that they're kidnappers, and they want to kill me by taking me out of town?"

Cindy was by no means a good person, so she was worried that someone might come and take revenge on her. She figured that she had to do something

However, just when she touched her phone, Maisie saw it, and Saydie hastily snatched her phone away." What do you guys want from me? You"

"Saydie, give her phone back to her," Maisie said.

Saydie took a look at Cindy and returned the phone to her.

Cindy quickly keyed in 911, but Maisie chuckled before she pressed the call button. "You can call the cops, but you need to make sure that the cops are on your side

Cindy froze. She turned her head to look at Maisie and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Cindy Benette, 24 years old. Your parents got divorced, and your father is serving time for robbery. Originate from Sovia City in Asperia. Your mother has remarried, and your stepfather treats you badly. You left your house at a young age and started working to feed yourself. You don't have a high-paying job, but your purse, which is a designer brand, costs at least five figures."

Maisie lowered her gaze and glanced at her purse. Cindy subconsciously grabbed her purse tightly, and her eyes turned glassy

Since Maisie knew everything about her, Cindy reckoned that she must have offended the wrong person.

"W-What do you want?"

"How much money have you gotten from Hector?"

Cindy sucked in a sharp breath when she heard the name. "I didn't take it from him. He gave it to me himself."

"Really?" Maisie fixed her eyes at Cindy, her gaze sharp. "If you hadn't lied to him and made yourself look so pathetic, would he have lent you the money?"

Cindy's face turned even paler, and a cold sweat began to trickle down her back.

Maisie then continued calmly. "Cindy, you swindled Hector out of \$15,000. You're the one who'll get the short end of the stick if you call the police. After all, not only do I have many ways to put you in jail, but I can also make you spit out the money you swallowed."

"Miss, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have cheated him out of his money. I-I promise I will pay him back once I have the money," Cindy said in a panic.

"That's not something you should be saying to me," Maisie said as she looked meaningfully at her. "You should explain to Hector's grandmother."

The car was stopped outside of the hospital where Madam Vanderbilt was treated. Saydie dragged Cindy out of the car, and the two bodyguards escorted her to Madam Vanderbilt's ward.

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When they entered the ward, Yorick was there as well. He was sitting on a chair and the bodyguards behind him had their hands placed on his shoulders, making it impossible for him to escape.

Madam Vanderbilt was dumbfounded when they brought Cindy into the ward. When Cindy knelt on the floor, she asked, "Who is."

Before she could finish her question, Baydie chimed in and said expressionlessly. "She's the Cindy that your grandson speaks of. Anyway, she'll explain everything to you herself."

Cindy?

Madam Vanderbilt turned her head around and looked at the woman again. Cindy crawled over to her bed and cried out loud, "I'm sorry, Madam Vanderbilt. Please forgive me. I shouldn't have cheated Hector. Can you please ask them to let me go?"

It was only then that Madam Vanderbilt realized the woman before her was the one Hector had given the money to. She instantly flew into a rage and pushed her away. "You still have the nerve to beg me? Where is my grandson's money?" Cindy fell to the floor. Her shoulders shuddered, and her face was filled with tears. She did not know how to tell Madam Vanderbilt that she had used up all the money.

"Cindy!"

Hector suddenly appeared at the door. When he saw Cindy sitting on the floor, he hastily went forward and helped her up. "Grandma, what is Cindy doing here?"

"What is she doing here?" Madam Vanderbilt's face was livid with rage. "She's the one who took your money! She's a swindler!"

"No way! There's no way Cindy would do that to me!"

Madam Vanderbilt's expression changed. This was the first time Hector talked back to her because of an outsider.

Holding Cindy's shoulder, Hector asked, "Don't cry, Cindy. Tell me what happened. What are you doing here?"

Cindy did not dare to say anything. She glanced at the group of people behind him.

It was only then Hector realized there were other people in the ward. Who are you guys? Dad... Why are you here too?"

Yorick did not reply to his question. In fact, he had been suspecting that someone was controlling everything from behind. Perhaps it was the person who had helped him settle the debt and given him the money.

Saydie then said coldly, "Ms. Benette, do you want us to call the police and have them force you to tell the

truth, or will you tell the truth yourself?"

Cindy's face turned ashen pale. She then said anxiously, ... I'm a swindler. I'm sorry, Hector. I approached you on purpose because I wanted to cheat you out of your money

Hector was stunned and stumbled back a step. "No... NO... This is impossible. You're not a swindler. You said you love me, a-and. aren't we dating?"

It was all an act. I've never loved you I said that because I wanted your money, and I dated you because I wanted you to think that I truly love you."

Cindy did not want to go to jail, so she had no other choice but to confess everything. Of all the men she had cheated, Hector was the only one who would give her money without her having to sacrifice her body

Not only was he an idiot, but he was rich as well. Thus, it went without saying that she wouldn't want to let him go.

"Did you hear what she said. Hecky?" Madam Vanderbilt chimed in as she pointed at Cindy 'She's a swindler, and yet you still gave all the money to her?"

Hector froze in place. It had taken him long enough to find a girl he liked, but it turned out that she was a swindler?

Maisie slowly walked in through the door and said What a great show. It truly blew me away

When Madam Vanderbilt saw Maisie, her face turned pale in fear. Even Yorick and Hector were shocked as well

"M-Maisie? You're still alive!?" Madam Vanderbilt asked her voice shaking.

Maisie sat down on the chair that Saydie had brought her. She dusted her dark green trench coat and replied. You must be very disappointed that I'm not dead, right?"

Madam Vanderbilt did not know what to say, and it was only now she saw the light why they couldn't get Stephen's assets. It turned out that Maisie was still alive

Yorick looked at her and asked, Zee, you're the one who helped me settle my debt, right?"

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Maisie did not deny

“Yeah,” she smiled, ‘m the one who gave you the \$ 150,000 too. You didn’t tell Grandma about it, did you?”

Madam Vanderbilt turned her head around and looked at Yorick

Yorick did not say anything, meaning that Maisie was telling the truth.

“It’s none of my business if you want to go back to your mother or your son. After all, it’s up to you how you want to use the money,” Maisie said as she crossed her arms in front of her chest, her gaze cold. “Of course, if you were willing to spend that money the right way. I may still be able to give you a chance But unfortunately, you’re a lame duck, and giving you more money won’t do any good.”

Yorick clenched his fist and lowered his head in embarrassment.

Madam Vanderbilt looked at Maisie and said, “Zee, since you’re still alive and you’re willing to help your uncle and cousin.”

“Grandma, please don’t get the wrong idea,” Maisie interrupted her. “I didn’t help them for nothing. I’m doing this so that you can see the brutality of the world.”

Madam Vanderbilt looked at her in a trance,

Maisie rose to her feet and walked to the window. She turned sideways to look at them and then continued.” I wanted to know if my uncle would return to Coralla and start a new business after getting the money. I also wanted to find out whether you would go find him if you learned he has money or whether he would help you.”

Madam Vanderbilt lowered her head.

Maisie chuckled and said, “I’m sure you’ve seen it now. You can’t even afford to pay the medical bills. My uncle has money, but he doesn’t want to pay for it, and my cousin gave your money to Cindy. Of course, you could borrow money from your relatives, but what did they say? Did they lend you the money?” Before Madam Vanderbilt could say anything, Maisie walked up to her bed and leaned forward. She looked into her eyes and said, “Grandma, both my father and my uncle are your sons. However, my dad is gone, and my uncle wants nothing to do with you.

“Hector only knows how to spend money, but he doesn’t know how to earn it and you still want to take my father’s assets? Do you think he has what it takes to manage the company?”

“If I hand Soul to Hector, I can assure you that Soul will go bankrupt in less than a month.

“At that time, not only will he have to shoulder the money that the company has lost, but he will have to pay back to the bank, as well as other partner companies. It could rack up to millions of dollars, and you wouldn’t be able to pay all of it even if you sold him off.”

The atmosphere in the ward took a nosedive and became tense after what Maisie said. Both Yorick and Madam Vanderbilt did not dare to say anything.

As for Hector, he was still immersed in the sadness of being swindled by Cindy, so he was not in the mood to argue with Maisie.

Maisie stood up and approached Saydie. Then, she said, "This will be my last piece of advice. Don't try to get something that doesn't belong to you. Go back and start a business or something. Don't expect to get something for nothing. No one is obliged to help you."

In Blackgold...

Quincy received a call from the bodyguard, and he called his men back since Maisie had dealt with Madam Vanderbilt.

In the meantime, a man wearing casual attire came out of the elevator. He was wearing sunglasses and a face mask. Although his face couldn't be seen, he still gave off an imposing vibe.

Quincy couldn't recognize him at first glance. It was only when he got closer to him that he exclaimed, "Mr. Boucher?"

Helios removed his face mask and smiled at him, "It has been a long time, Quincy. Is Nolan in the office?"

Quincy brought Helios into Nolan's office. Nolan put the document down, and he frowned when he saw the man beside Quincy.

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Helios removed his sunglasses and put them in the pocket in front of his chest "I suppose you don't need me to introduce myself, right?"

Nolan knew who he was and said, "Seems like you're doing pretty well in showbiz"

Helios chuckled and replied, "I didn't believe it when someone told me that you've lost your memories. He walked toward the couch and sat down. Quincy then brought him a cup of tea."

Nolan stood up and came to the couch. He undid the button on his shirt and sat down as well.

"Well, it's rare for you to come and see me, so what do you have for me?"

"There indeed is something I need your help with," Helios said as he took a sip of tea. "I believe you've gotten in touch with Nathaniel before, right?"

Just when Nolan was thinking who Nathaniel was, Quincy leaned forward and reminded him, "It's Mr. Hannigan, you met last time."

Nolan squinted his eyes and let out a meaningful smile, "What's wrong? Are the Hannigans after you?"

Helios did not reply.

Nolan added matter-of-factly, "You aren't young anymore, and it's about time for you to settle down."

Helios put the cup down and said, amusement thick in his voice, "Why are you so worried about my marital status?"

Nolan's face sank. He crossed his arm in front of his chest and looked at him. "Which one of your eyes sees that I'm worried about you?"

Helios chuckled and replied, "Both of them."

Nolan set his jaw tightly and had an urge to chase him out of the office. As for Quincy, he stood at the side and sighed inwardly. There was no way Nolan could outwit Helios losing his memory. After all, Helios was as cunning as a fox.

"I heard that Ms. Vanderbilt has come back with you."

"It's truly amazing how you learn about the news so soon."

A sense of crisis rose from Nolan's heart when he remembered the things Maisie had told him.

Helios narrowed his eyes and smiled, "Why? Am I even not allowed to care about my friend?"

Nolan gnashed his teeth and said, "It's not your turn to care about her."

"That's not what you told me in the past." Helios raised his eyebrows and laughed nonchalantly. "You told me that I might have a chance after you guys have gotten a divorce"

Nolan sucked in a sharp breath, and veins were bulging from the back of his hand that he put on his forehead. "We won't get a divorce. Don't even think about it."

Maisie belonged to him, and nobody could take her away from him.

If Helios wanted to get her away from him, then he had no other choice but to get rid of him first.

After he had enough fun, Helios stopped teasing Nolan and went into the main topic. "Since the Hannigans can't get you to their side, they now have shifted their target to me. Tanner is my friend, and he clearly states that he won't help the Hannigans. I can't intervene in the business world, so my hands are tied, but you are different."

He was stating the truth.

First, he was someone from the entertainment industry, not to mention that he was a famous public figure. If he made a move on the Hannigans, it would bring bad publicity to him.

Secondly, he was one of the Bouchers, and the Bouchers would never be involved in the business world. Besides, when he had insisted on entering the entertainment industry, he had said he would never use his family's connections to do anything.

Everything he had today was the result of his own effort. He had never bribed anyone and had never used any connections. Therefore, if his grandfather found out that he had used the connections of the Bouchers to stop it because of the Hannigans, he would need to quit the entertainment industry and go home to inherit the family business

Nolan narrowed his eyes and asked, "Why should I help you?"

Helios leaned forward to look at him and said, "As far as I know, although the Hannigans have changed their target to me, Maizie hasn't given up on you yet. If you help me, you can get rid of her as well."

"How did you know about that?" Nolan asked.

Helios took another sip of tea and replied, "It's none of your business. If you don't want to help me, I have no other choice but to ask for help from M-"

"I do it," Nolan interrupted him.

He dusted his suit and said, "The Hannigans are nothing. Besides, it's time for me to settle the score with them too."

Chapter 630

Helios offered Nolan a smile and did not say anything

Quincy did not know what to say. It seemed to him that Nolan would lose his ability to think rationally when it came to Maisie

At Soul Jewelry

Saydie informed Maisie that Yorick and Madam Vanderbilt had brought Hector back to Coralia

The police were in the process of helping them to get the money back from Cindy. Although they currently could only get a few thousand dollars back, they had put a travel restriction on Cindy, so she couldn't run away from them

Maisie did not say anything.

Madam Vanderbilt started behaving nicer after the incident. At her age, even if she still wanted to keep causing them trouble, she wouldn't have the chance to do so either

Her grandson had spent all her money and had got swindled. Her son refused to acknowledge her, so of course, she wouldn't have the time and mind to think about Stephen's assets.

Alice plagiarizes Zora#

The headline that popped up on Facebook's new feed nearly made Maisie spurt the water out.

'plagiarized myself?'

She clicked on it. The content was about the similarity of the jewelry she had designed for couples with her previous designs. Someone accused her of plagiarism, and some ignorant netizens were convinced.

This was the first time she appeared in Google Trends because she had plagiarized herself, and she was interested.

She sent the post to Kennedy and asked him to check who was the one that had published the post. She wanted to see for what purpose they had said she was plagiarizing

Ryleigh was buying two cups of coffee in a coffee shop. Suddenly, she faintly heard two waiters discussing the matter about Alice stealing Zora's design. She frowned and looked at her. "Who are you two talking about? Who stole Zora's design?"

The two waiters looked at her in shock and said, "You don't know about that? It's Alice, the new chief designer of Soul Jewelry. She has been found plagiarizing Zora's designs."

"Yeah, both Alice and Zora have different design concepts, but when you take a closer look, you will find some similarities in both of their designs. If Alice didn't steal Zora's designs, why would their styles look so similar?"

Ryleigh did not know what she should say. She took her phone out and logged on to her own Facebook account. When she saw the post, she said, "Who the hell wrote this? How could they say it's plagiarism?"

'Zee needs to steal other people's designs? And she's stealing from her own design? That's the most absurd thing I've ever heard! Both Alice and Zora are Maisie. They are the same person, so of course, they would have the same designs. These people are so idiotic!

A waiter asked, "Are you one of Alice's fans?"

Ryleigh replied through gritted teeth, "She's my best friend, so watch your mouth. She doesn't need to steal designs from any people! You don't know anything, and you're accusing her of plagiarizing? Are you not worried about having an egg on your face later?"

The two waiters did not say anything anymore after seeing how angry Ryleigh was.

Suddenly, a sarcastic voice wafted into her ears. "Well, they're just telling the truth, so why do you have to get so mad at them?"

Ryleigh clicked her tongue and rolled her eyes when she heard the voice. She turned around to look at Maizie and said, "I wonder, why do I run into you whenever I go? Could it be that you've been following me around?"

Maizie's face sank. However, she forced herself to stay calm and said, "Ryleigh, I'm your future cousin-in-law, so you'd better show some respect to me."

"Hah, do you really think you can marry my cousin?" Ryleigh said as she crossed her arms in front of her chest, "I will chop my head down and let you kick like a ball if my cousin falls for you."

Maizie laughed and replied, "Sure! I'll be looking forward to the day where I can kick your head like a ball."

Ryleigh went closer to her. "You truly are the most shameless person I've ever seen, do you know that?"

Maizie looked at her straight in the eyes and said, "Then you're the nastiest woman I've ever seen. Would any man ever like you?"