

Chapter 791

The wine bottle shattered with a loud bang. The burly man fell to the floor and covered the bleeding wound on his head.

The other people were startled by her bold action, and none of them dared to approach her.

Peter cursed out loud and shouted, "What the hell are you losers doing? She's just a woman. Go get her!"

Maisie made her move first. Although she could take two or three of them down, there were eight of them left.

She was wearing a pair of stilettos. Soon, she started to feel exhausted, and the floor was littered with broken bottles.

A man saw his chance and pounced at her, pinning her on the couch. Maisie bent her knee and delivered a fierce kick, and the man fell down in a curled-up position, covering his crotch in pain.

Another two strong men grabbed her and pinned her back on the couch. Peter barked out his order, "Remove her mask!"

Katrina watched as they moved on to remove Maisie's mask. Her fingers had stabbed into her arms that were crossed around her chest

Just when those men touched Maisie's mask, a few people flew through the door and fell to the floor at Peter's feet.

The two strong men were stunned. The bodyguards that filed into the room were professional fighters. No sooner had they entered the private room than they had beaten all Peter's men to the floor.

Katrina screamed in terror. She cowered under the table and covered her ears.

Peter was dumbfounded, but he soon came around to his senses, His face contorted with rage as he shouted, "Who the hell are you? Do you know who I am?"

The group of bodyguards dressed in black made a path, and the middle-aged man who walked out from behind the bodyguards was no other than Yael

Peter's face instantly turned red as he froze. "M-Mr. Boucher!"

Katrina trembled, and her face turned ashen pale

*Mr. Boucher? What is he doing here?'

Maisie got up from the couch and adjusted her mask to prevent it from falling. She, too, was very surprised like the other two people.

"Mr. Boucher? Isn't he Helios' father?"

Yael stood in front of Peter with his hands clasped behind him. There was a smile on his face as he said, "Of course, I've heard your great name, Mr. Zhivkov."

Peter's face was livid with rage. That said, he couldn't lash out at Yael, so he could only swallow his anger and ask, "What do you mean by this, Mr. Boucher? I don't think my affair with the Chases has anything to do with you, right?" "Yes, you're right. It has nothing to do with me," Yael said as he lowered his head. He walked closer to Peter and patted his shoulder before adding, "However, it seems to me that you have forgotten about my relationship with Michael, Mr. Zhivkov."

All color faded from Peter's face when he heard what Yael had said. He did not expect that the Bouchers would stand up for the Chases at all.

He was not worried about the Chases since Michael was retiring from his position soon. However, the Bouchers were different.

Yael was obviously more powerful than the person behind him. If he did not give him what he wanted, Yael would not let him go so easily.

He gnashed his teeth and offered Yael a smile. "You're right, Mr. Boucher. My anger has gotten the best of me. This is my fault, and I hope you will forgive me."

He turned around and pulled Katrina out. He gave her a slap on the cheek, causing her to fall on the table, and blood began to line her lips.

Katrina covered her face, her body shaking as she looked at Peter in shock.

Peter pointed at her and hissed menacingly. "You b*tch, how dare you!

Who do you think you are to tell me what to do?"

Katrina did not expect that Peter would make her his scapegoat. Her blood turned cold as she said, "Mr. Zhivkov, 14"

Peter grabbed her hair and threw her on the floor. He lifted his leg and stomped on her hard.

Katrina crawled on the floor like a frozen shrimp, shivering and crying out in pain. –

After Peter had finished venting his spleen, he spat at her and walked up to Yael. "Mr. Boucher, it's my fault for not being able to see

through her evil intentions. She took advantage of me. Can you..."

Yael glanced at Katrina before turning back to Peter. He smiled at him and said, "I understand, Mr. Zhivkov. She's such a beauty, and I doubt anyone can avoid losing their heads before her. Since she has received her punishment, I'll let this slide this time

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Peter replied reverently, "Thank you for your understanding, Mr. Boucher." After that, he turned to the two injured strong men and ordered, "Take this b*tch to the boss of the Glitz Club. Ask him to teach her a good lesson."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Zhivkov. Please, I won't do it again! Please!" The two men grabbed Katrina up from the floor and pulled her out of the room.

After that, Peter brought his men and left the private room.

Nolan and Quincy soon appeared outside of the room. His face darkened when he saw the mess in the private room and the frightened Maisie, who was standing in front.

He marched toward Maisie in strides and grabbed her into his arms. Securing her tightly in his embrace, he turned his head to look at Yael and said, "Thanks for your help, Uncle Boucher."

Yael dismissed him by waving his hand and said, "Don't mention it. I hope you won't forget the things you promised me."

Nolan came out of the Glitz Club with Maisie in his arms. The night wind was strong. He took off his jacket and draped it on Maisie's shoulder. Then, he ordered Quincy to get the car.

Nestling in his arms, Maisie clutched at his lapel and said, "Nolan..." Nolan wrapped his arms even tighter around Maisie, lowered his head to kiss the top of her head, and said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have left you alone in the private room. It's all my fault."

She shook her head and then rested her head on his warm chest. "I'm fine. They didn't manage to hurt me. Honestly, we didn't expect things would turn out this way either. Barbara just received news that her father is retiring in another week, and Peter wanted to take advantage of it."

Nolan rested his chin on her shaggy hair. The wind blew across her hair, causing it to coil around his arm.

"Did you go to see Mr. Boucher just now?"

"Yeah," Nolan replied plainly.

Maisie lifted her head to look at him and pressed on. "Did you promise Mr. Boucher something?"

Nolan had asked for help from Yael because he couldn't reveal his identity yet. Besides, Yael was someone from the higher-ups, and Peter happened to have a relationship with one of them. Therefore, Yael was the perfect person to step forward and settle the situation. After this incident, she was confident that Peter wouldn't dare to cause them any trouble anymore.

It was just that Maisie wondered what Nolan had promised Yael.

Nolan lowered his head to look at her. He stroked his cheek with his warm hand and said, "Luckily, I didn't let you come alone.' Luckily, he had decided to come with her. Otherwise, he wouldn't dare imagine what would have happened to her.

Maisie kept her head low and did not say anything in return.

Quincy stopped the car at a distance not far away from them. After they got into the car, he looked at the back through the rear mirror and said, "Mr. Goldmann, those injured bodyguards have been rushed to the hospital. They were ambushed. Honestly, I had no idea that Peter would have the guts to send his people to do something like. Fortunately, Mr. Boucher was at Glitz."

Nolan did not say anything in return, his face expressionless. He just secured Maisie in his arms. The car was dimly lit, and his face that sunk in the shadow was gloomy.

Even if Mr. Boucher had been at Glitz, he would not care who was behind Peter anymore and get rid of him for trying to harm his woman

After returning to the Blue Bay villa, Nolan carried her upstairs in his arms. He put her on the bed, and just when he was about to leave, Maisie coiled her arms around his waist.

“Nolan, there is something I want to tell you.”

They did not switch on the light. The room was ill-lit, and the darkness covered Nolan’s handsome face.

He sat beside her and picked her up so that she could sit on his lap in front of him.

A ray of moonlight sprinkled on his face through the window, and his outline became clear in Maisie’s vision.

“What’s it?”

Maisie put her arms on his shoulders. She hesitated for a while before saying, “When I was at the opera with Madam Nera in the Golden Garden Theater, we bumped into Helios’ mother.”

Nolan was taken aback, but he just looked at her calmly.

Maisie did not dare to tell anyone about it, not even Helios or Ryleigh. However, if it was Nolan...

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This matter had been bugging her for a long while. However, she had put it in the back of her mind, and she only remembered it when she saw Yael.

Nolan cupped his hands around her cheek and chuckled. “Stop beating around the bush, Zee.”

“No...” Maisie grabbed his wrist. “I saw Mrs. Boucher was meeting with a man. Madam Nera knows the man as well. He’s called Tristan Knowles. Oh yeah...”

She suddenly remembered something and added, “Madam Nera said he’s here to work with Eastwood Enterprise on an overseas project

Eastwood Enterprise was Anthony’s company.

Nolan put her back on the bed and rose to his feet. As he undid the buttons on his shirt, he said, “Tristan, huh?”

Maisie lay on the bed and replied, “Yeah. That’s what Madam Nera told me.” He removed his shirt, exposing his lean body. His belt was undone, and his pants were hanging loosely across his waist. He suddenly scooped Maisie up, and she was stunned. “What are you doing?” Maisie asked.

He carried her into the bathroom and replied, “We’re going to take a shower.”

Maisie’s face turned red with embarrassment. She punched him and said, “We’re having a serious talk right now!”

Nolan chuckled. “Well, we can have a serious talk while taking a bath.

The night sky was getting darker. The transparent window screen was swaying gently, and the room was flooded with the warm yellow light.

Maisie was lying in Nolan's arms. Her cheeks were red, and she looked charming, Nolan collected her hair behind her ears, setting her alluring face free. "I don't think I've ever told you about my mother." Maisie was dumbfounded. She lifted her head and looked at him.

It was true that Nolan had never told her anything about his mother before.

Everything she knew about her was from Cherie's mouth three years ago.

Maisie blinked her eyes and said, "Cherie told me that your mother was Mr.

Boucher's girlfriend before she married your father,"

"Yeah. She was." Nolan replied. He caressed her cheek with his palm, rested his chin on the top of her head, and said in a calm voice, his emotion unreadable. "It's only because Helios' father was bound by the Bouchers, and he picked the Bouchers in the end that my father had a chance."

Maisie hugged him back and said, "Let me guess. Your grandfather was against their marriage, right?" Nolan chuckled deeply and replied, "Yeah, but there was nothing he could do about it. I inherited my father's personality, My father had to marry the woman he loved, and so did I."

Maisie was tickled pink.

It was only because Nolan had insisted on marrying her that they were where they were today.

"Actually, Helios' father never forgot my mother."

Maisie was stunned slightly,

Nolan sat up straight to lean against the head of the bed. As he stroked her hair, he continued. "When Helios was a child, his parents were too busy to watch over him. Honestly, they weren't busy at all, and being busy was just an excuse." He lowered his head to look at Maisie. "Elder Master Boucher arranged the marriage between Mr. Boucher and his wife. His parents were doing a marriage of convenience. They look like they love each other on the surface, but in fact, they don't like each other at all.

"Helios was brought up by Elder Master Boucher when he was a kid, and he only met his parents when he was five."

Maisie's eyelashes trembled.

To meet one's biological parents five years after birth not only made their relationship estranged but also cruel to a child.

She suddenly thought of something and lifted her head. "But from the incident at Winston Island, it seems to me that Mr. Boucher cares about Helios a lot."

Nolan smiled and continued. "That's because Helios decided to be rebellious for once and ran away from home when he was 12. It was only then Mr. Boucher realized how important his son was to him."

Maisie got up. "So the reason Helios intends to detach himself from the Bouchers and even start his own business is that he doesn't want to follow in his father's footsteps?"

"Maybe."

Nolan looked at the window and said, "When we were kids, my mother treated him like he was her own child. I guess that's the reason he decided to become an actor. Honestly, his father isn't against him interacting with us. But his mother and Elder Master Boucher don't like us."

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Maisie lowered her head slowly.

Only now she understood why Mrs. Boucher's attitude would change drastically after knowing that she was Nolan's wife when they bumped into each other at the Golden Garden Theater.

After all, she was Nolan's wife. Yael had never once forgotten about Natasha. No wife in this world could tolerate her husband thinking about another woman.

It was just that there was something she did not understand. What was going on between Mrs. Boucher and Tristan? 'Tristan Knowles, Natasha Knowles...!

Maisie seemed to have connected the dots and asked, "Your mother's name is Natasha

Knowles... Does this mean that she is..." Nolan fixed his gaze on her face and said in a serious voice, "There are two large families in Yaramoor, the Knowles and the Hathaways. Eleven years ago, Rick Knowles, the eldest grandson of the Knowles, married the princess of Yaramoor, so the Knowles are the relatives of the royal family right now."

Nolan's face sank slightly when he talked about this. "The Knowles adopted my mother. She was Rick's aunt, and Tristan is my mother's elder brother."

Maisie was so stunned that she did not know what to say.

There was no emotion in Nolan's deep-set eyes as he continued. "My mother's life with the Knowles was a nightmare. That's why she decided to run to Zlokovia."

He wrapped his arms around Maisie and kissed the corner of her eyes. "Honestly, I'm not surprised when you told me you saw Mrs. Boucher and Tristan together. After all, Mr. Boucher knows about it." "Mr. Boucher knows about it?" Maisie was taken aback.

Nolan chuckled and continued. "Mrs. Boucher started seeing Tristan several years ago. It's just that Mr. Boucher turns a blind eye toward it. He was forced to marry a woman he didn't love. He has been treating her coldly for years, so he found no reason to blame her for her infidelity."

Maisie did not reply. In the end, the marriage between Mrs. Boucher and Mr. Boucher was indeed a sad story. They had to pretend like a loving couple in front of everyone for decades, but only they knew that their relationship was slightly better than that of a stranger.

However, Mrs. Boucher's eyes had been red that day Maisie had seen her when she pushed Tristan away. It now seemed to her that Mrs. Boucher was trying to cut ties with him.

She asked slowly, "So about the thing you promised Mr. Boucher. Is it about Helios?"

Nolan fell silent for a moment before replying, "Yeah." Maisie was exhausted, so she did not ask any questions anymore. She closed her eyes and fell into a deep slumber several seconds later.

On the other hand, sleep just wouldn't come to Nolan no matter how hard he tried. He allowed Maisie to hug him and maintained his position throughout the entire night.

Maisie woke up early in the morning. It was only 6:00 a.m., and the sky was still dark and gloomy.

Nolan was no longer beside her. She did not know whether he had not slept the whole night or he had just slept for several hours only.

After washing herself, she came downstairs. She looked toward the window, and it seemed to her that it had rained since the ground was wet.

The light in the kitchen was on, and there was a long shadow on the floor.

Nolan was frying an egg, and the air was filled with the fragrance of the egg.

Maisie came to the kitchen and asked, "Why did you wake up so early?"

Nolan turned off the stove and put the egg on the plate. He brought it to the table, turned around, and looked at her, "Of course, to make breakfast for you."

He was wearing a saggy blue silk robe. The sash was loosely tied around his waist while the collar was opened, revealing his firm chest and abs. He looked sexy and elegant at the same time.

– Maisie averted her gaze. "How were you so sure that I would wake up so early?"

He finished preparing the last pancake and replied with a smile on his face, "That's because I knew you'd wake up early." She walked to the table and took her seat. She glanced at Nolan and thought, 'Not only is he good at managing a company, but he can also cook a lot better than me.'

Biting her fork, Maisie thought about something and asked, "Nolan, when is your birthday?"

Nolan froze. He turned his head around to look at her. "Why?"

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"Tell me, please." Maisie pressed on as she nudged his arm. He chuckled and replied, "It's on the 23rd of October."

Maisie blinked her eyes. "Isn't that next month?"

She paused for a while before saying, "I haven't spent a winter with you before. Let's go to see the snow at Coralia this winter. It'll snow at the end of October in Coralia, and I know there is a natural ski resort there. Should we bring Colton and Daisy along,"

Before she could finish her sentence, Nolan got up to her silently, turned her face, and kissed her lips.

He only let go of her reluctantly after a long while. As he caressed the corner of her lips with his finger, he said, "Don't worry. I'll spend the winters with you for the rest of your life from today onward."

She had spent the past three years' winters in the City of Saint Page of Morwich. The snow was white in the winter, and he hadn't been there with her for 1,095 long, dark nights.

He was the same as well.

Maisie threw herself into his arms and wrapped hers around his neck. "Nolan, are you seducing me?"

Nolan was stunned. The smile on his face widened as he replied, "Am I?"

Maisie went closer to his ear and whispered, "Hmm, I suddenly don't feel like eating breakfast anymore. I want to eat something else..."

"As you wish, my lady."

Nolan scooped her up from the floor. No matter what she wanted, even if she wanted the moon, he would do everything he could to get it for her.

After being tortured for a night, Katrina was abandoned in an alley around the Glitz Club. Her clothes were tattered, her hair disheveled, and she had bruises all over her face.

There was one old woman collecting the garbage. When she saw Katrina, she was scared out of her wits and shouted.

In the end, Katrina was rushed to the hospital by a kind soul. Her body was shaking, and her consciousness was fading because of the rain.

When she woke up, the first thing she saw was Barbara. She was leaning against the wall, and her face was expressionless. Suppressing her pain, she asked through gritted teeth, "Are you here to laugh at me?"

"Laugh at you?" Barbara looked outside through the window. "I really do want to laugh at you, but I changed my mind when I saw how miserable you are."

"Save your crocodile tears for yourself!" Katrina snarled. When she accidentally pulled the wound at the corner of her mouth, she hissed in pain.

Barbara retracted her gaze, straightened her body, and walked up to her. She stood beside her bed and said, "It seems like Mr. Zhivkov has abandoned you as well."

When the things that Peter's men had done to her last night came into her mind, her face turned red, and her body was shaking with anger. "It's you!"

Barbara asked, "Me what?"

"Hah, you were the one who called Mr. Boucher, weren't you? It was you who exposed my affair with Eugene earlier, and this time it's you again!" Katrina growled. Her eyes turned bloodshot as she stared at Barbara viciously.

Barbara did not feel the need to explain to her since she felt it was unnecessary. "Suit yourself. I'm just here to remind you to stop causing any trouble. Or else, you might end up dying." Barbara walked to the door. She turned her head sideways when she remembered something and said, "You reap what you sow. You brought this upon yourself, and no one will bear the responsibilities for your mistakes."

After that, Barbara left with the bodyguards outside of the ward.

At Soul Jewelry...

"I had no idea Peter would be so cold-hearted. I doubt there's anything Katrina can do since he has abandoned her."

Maisie remembered how Katrina had tried to please Peter last night. She lived under the control of men and treated herself as a man's appendage, relying on her beauty to bewitch men into doing her bidding. In the end, she still lost to "benefits."

For those men, wildflowers would just be wildflowers. No matter how beautiful they were, they were nothing but a plaything to entertain them.

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Peter's wife originated from a wealthy family, and she was the woman that was legally married to the Zhivkovs. A ruthless man like Peter could not vent his anger on his wife, so it was only natural for his mistress to suffer.

Barbara picked up the cup of coffee and took a sip from it, but she looked expressionless. Maisie glanced at her. "Do you regret it?"

She was stunned for a split second and then stared down at the rich coffee in the cup. "I don't feel regret. I only feel sad for her."

"I once felt so for two people too." Maisie picked up the pen on the table and fiddled with it. "I sometimes wonder if they would regret it if they were to know what would happen to them in the end."

Barbara laughed. "Are the two people you mentioned the women who had a thing for Mr. Goldmann?" Maisie accidentally flung the pen out of her hand. She quickly covered it with her palm so that the pen would not fall from the table to the floor.

"Must you be so honest?" Maisie felt extremely embarrassed.

Barbara crossed her legs and leaned elegantly on the back of the couch. "Mr. Goldmann is indeed so charming that so many women are attracted to him. The problem is that they don't even give a crap about his wife."

Maisie rubbed her forehead. She once thought that Nolan was good in almost every aspect of life-the only downside was that he was extremely popular among the single ladies of Bassburgh. He would attract plentiful unwanted encounters whenever he left the house.

Putting the topic aside, Maisie asked suddenly, "By the way, is your father close with the leader of the Bouchers?"

Barbara shook her head. "I can't say that they're close. It's just that they were colleagues who used to work together."

Maisie realized out of the blue that the words that Mr. Boucher had said to Peter that night should be rather faceted. The Bouchers had only helped the Chases the other day because of Nolan.

Barbara received a text message on her cell phone all of a sudden. No one knew what the text message was about, but her face turned pale in an instant.

After reading the message, Barbara claimed that something urgent had happened at home and left Soul immediately.

Maisie could not help but frown, looking at her anxious expression. She thought that something serious must have happened.

Unsurprisingly, she asked Quincy to help find out about the Chases and discovered that Barbara's uncle had gotten into a car accident. It was said that he died while being sent to the hospital.

"Is the news reliable?"

Quincy's voice came from the other end of the phone call. "It's definitely reliable.

Although the news hasn't been released yet, Mr. Michael Chase and Ms. Chase should be on their way, rushing to the hospital at this moment. The hospital just declared that the rescue procedures have failed." Maisie perspired on her forehead out of nervousness. She walked to the couch and sat down with a gloomy expression." Barbara's uncle died abruptly, and her father will step down from his position in a few days. Isn't that..." "Mr. Michael Chase's younger brother was indeed about to take over, but no one can do so now. It means that the Chases' connections with the higher-ups of the city have been severed."

Maisie pursed her lips.

After ending the call, she stared at her cell phone screen and was lost in a trance. 'Barbara's uncle was about to take over her father's position but got into a car accident out of the blue. This is quite coincidental...' Maisie felt that things did not seem that simple.

Quincy hung up the phone and walked into the office. Nolan was standing in front of the French window, looking into the distance with a cold expression. "Get someone to investigate this accident secretly."

Quincy was startled but then nodded." Understood." Quincy left the office, and Nolan turned to look at the screen of his cell phone that was lying on the desk when a text message popped up.

He picked up his cell phone and tapped on the notification. It came from an unknown number.

[Howling's Golf Course, see you there.]

Nolan drove to Howling's outdoor golf course, parked his car outside, put on his trench coat, and entered the facility through its gate.

There was no one on the empty golf course, and the quiet field looked even more serene.

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The waiter led Nolan into the courtyard. A man was sitting in the corner of the outdoor cafe on the balcony.

The man turned his head upon hearing the footsteps of someone walking up the steps, and he looked at Nolan. "Mr. Goldmann actually came to see me, I'm truly honored." "I'm guessing Uncle Topaz is the one who gave you my contact information." Nolan pulled out the chair and sat down slowly across from that man.

Tristan summoned the waiter. "Fancy something to drink?"

He replied indifferently, "Anything will do."

Tristan said to the waiter, "Give us another cup of Blue Mountain."

The waiter nodded.

"Anthony is indeed the person who gave me your contact information. No matter what, I'm still your uncle."

"My uncle?" Nolan lifted his gaze and looked expressionless. "The Goldmanns have never admitted to the fact of having you as a relative."

Tristan scoffed. "You're still blaming us for your mother's encounter. The Knowles actually treated your mother very well, even though your mother wasn't related to us by blood."

"You people treated her very well?" Nolan sneered. "The Knowles couldn't give birth to a daughter, who could bring benefits to the family through marriage, so you adopted an orphan in order to make her into a victim that would help the Knowles consolidate its status among the upper class." Looking at Tristan's expression, which dimmed gradually, Nolan smirked. "You people from the Knowles didn't need a daughter. What you needed was a tool that could help you gain benefits, am I right?"

Natasha's appearance had been outstanding, and she had once been considered a scarce belle of the entertainment industry. Back then

in Yaramoor, the Knowles had pushed her into the business and political circles because of her exceptional appearance. And all the men who her beauty had intoxicated would spend a lot of money just to be able to approach her.

The Knowles had been the ones who profited the most from the benefits given by those men. They had been treating her as if she was the party girl of the Knowles rather than the daughter of the Knowles.

Tristan's smile faded bit by bit. But the Knowles never allowed her to suffer."

"Indeed." Nolan picked up the coffee that the waiter had just placed on the table, his tone sounding unconcerned. "She would be of no value if she were to be tarnished by any man, and the Knowles knew that really well. An unobtainable item is often the most valuable and tempting one."

Tristan gave off a clear grin. "But when it came to the entertainment industry, it was her choice to set foot in that field."

"The entertainment industry is indeed a complicated circle, but it's at least clearer than yours."

Nolan put down the cup and brushed across the mouth of the cup with his fingertip. "Regardless of the desire for power, status, and ambition, no matter how bad the entertainment industry was, it would not

dare to push someone to be a party girl or even a call girl.” Although the entertainment industry was a complicated circle, most of the people who were living in it did things voluntarily rather than compulsorily. The entertainment industry in Zlokova was no longer a circle where the prestigious could do whatever they wanted. All artists had human rights. If anything was forced onto anyone and the incident was exposed, the reputation of the person who overstepped would be ruined, and no one had the guts to take the risk.

However, if one was living in the upper-class circle of Yaramoor, the country of capitalism, one who did not have a powerful background could only become a plaything of the others.

Tristan calmly took a sip of coffee. “But the Knowles are nowhere near as despicable when compared to the Goldmann, am I right?”

Nolan turned his thumb ring and did not speak.

“Your great-grandfather impregnated the princess before marrying her. He didn’t even marry her officially in the end.

However, he still managed to get the Goldmanns promoted to royal blood for no reason. As for your grandfather, he played with Ms. Hathaway’s feelings and only made her into a tool to reproduce offspring. That definitely provoked the Hathaways, didn’t it?”

Nolan’s expression dimmed in an instant.

Tristan scoffed, but the sneer faded almost immediately. “No matter how bad the Knowles were, we at least acted responsibly for the sake of our family’s reputation. Even though we used your mother, we never treated her badly.”

Nolan stood up slowly. “Since Mr. Knowles has nothing else better to say, I’ll take my leave first.”

Seeing him leave, Tristan lifted his eyelids. “Your two kids are studying in a private elementary school, aren’t they?”

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Nolan stopped moving forward, turned his head, and looked extremely cold.

Tristan picked up the cup of coffee. “What a coincidence, my great-nephew studies in this elementary school too.” Katrina, who had been hospitalized, could not eat anything. Looking at her swollen and disfigured face, she smashed the mirror on the

floor

Maizie walked up to the door of the ward and knocked first. Katrina looked at her. “It’s you? What are you doing here?” Her relationship with Maizie was not very friendly, and she certainly did not want to be friends with Maizie. She had only revealed that Barbara and Mrs. Goldmann were on the same side. “I’ve come to see you.” Maizie stopped by the bed and took a good look at her. “Mr. Zhivkov is such a cruel man.”

Katrina trembled slightly, and a hint of surprise flashed across her eyes. “You...”

'How does she know about my relationship with Mr. Zhivkov?'

Maizie was not at all surprised by her reaction. "Ms. Zalensky, you're a woman of no background. It's very difficult for you to survive in that circle.

She seemed to take pride in her status." After all, I'm the daughter of the Hannigans. It's not that difficult for me to get my hands on information regarding the matter between you and Mr. Zhivkov." Katrina's expression turned gloomy. "So what now? Are you here to show off your background?" "Of course not. I'm here because I wish to cooperate with you, Ms. Zalensky." "Cooperate?" Katrina stared at her suspiciously. Maizie walked to the window. "I know you want to bring down the Chases, so I bear good news."

Katrina was startled. "What's the good news?"

Maizie smiled. "You'll definitely benefit from this good news. It's said that Yelena's uncle got into a car accident and died amidst rescue in the hospital. The Chases have suppressed the news, so even the media doesn't know about it."

Katrina was astonished and froze on the bed.

"You... What did you just say?" Katrina was shocked and could not believe it was true.

Maizie walked to the bed, bent forward slightly, and looked at her. "I got this piece of news from Mr. Zhivkov, so I'm pretty sure it's true.

Katrina grasped her blanket tightly, She did not expect that the heir of the Chases had run into a car accident.

Oh. God is almighty and, more importantly, fair. He actually wants to help me at this moment.'

She thought of something all of a sudden and glanced at Maizie vigilantly. "You came to tell me this deliberately. What do you have in mind that requires me to cooperate with you?" "If you want to tear down the Chases, I can help you." Maizie stood up straight and paused for a second before adding." However, you have to help me get into the Vouchers through marriage."

Katrina was astounded by the idea at first. She then laughed out loud. "You want me to help you get married to the Bouchers?"

'I have no other choice now. I can't even go back to the Hannigans, Father has frozen all my credit and debit cards, and Tanner has been ignoring me all this while. In short, I've been completely forced into a corner.

There's no way that I can get back at that b*tch as long as I'm stuck in this situation. The only way to get my revenge is for me to get married to the Bouchers. This is the only path that can provide me with the power to one-up Maisie Vanderbilt.

'I will make sure she will suffer all the humiliation I had to endure back then!" "Yes, I want to marry Mr. Francisco Boucher. You had been together with his father, so you're the only person who can help me."

"I'm now fighting for another chance to retaliate against her.'

Katrina leaned against the head of the bed and scoffed. "You're flattering me. Eugene has blocked me. Are you suggesting that I go find him and get myself killed in the process?"

"I didn't ask you to go find him." Maizie crossed her arms. "I know you're a pro when it comes to flirting with men. Otherwise, you wouldn't have managed to get together with Mr. Eugene Boucher and Mr. Zhivkov after that."

Katrina scoffed. "Instead of going for Eugene's son, you might as well set your eyes on Helios Boucher, the eldest heir of the Bouchers. And when Helios becomes the head of the family in the future, you'll automatically become the family's matriarch."

Chapter 799

Maizie looked disdainful. "You might not even be able to get Helios to take a fancy to you even if you were the one to approach him. I don't want to go for wool and come back with shorn, so Francisco is the best choice."

"I've tasted defeat when it comes to Helios.

He won't be captivated by women, is as humorless as a monk, and doesn't know how to be romantic. That's why I dare not put my hope on Helios. I'll be left with nothing if I lose again this time around.

'But I'll still stand a chance if I go for Francisco. I've looked into Francisco's background. Although he was a good-for-nothing playboy, he hasn't gotten in touch with any of those women ever since he went to the training camp a few years earlier.

'So I must minimize the risk by making Francisco my target. Anyway, he's one of the young heirs of the Bouchers, so marrying him won't make much of a difference. I'll still get what I want at the end of the day.'

Katrina opened the drawer abruptly and took her purse out of it. "I can help you out, but I do have a condition."

Maizie looked at her. "What's that?"

"You can't betray me no matter what. This is my condition." Katrina handed her a packet of powder.

Maizie was startled. "What is this?" Katrina sneered. "Something that will turn any man into beasts."

At the Blue Bay villa...

Maisie was absent-minded while eating. She kept on fiddling with the mashed potatoes on her plate, but she had not eaten much, not

even a few mouthfuls.

Nolan answered a phone call in the corridor and came back to the dining table. "We've looked into the accident." Maisie returned to her senses and was dumbfounded. "You've looked into the accident?"

He stretched out his hand and caressed her cheek. "I can't bear to see that you're so bothered by someone else's affairs."

She chuckled.

Nolan narrowed his eyes. "What are you laughing at?"

"If you hadn't regained your memories, you would say..." Maisie imitated how he would look when he was saying something serious to her before he recovered from the amnesia. "You're always worrying about other people's affairs, and I don't like that."

Nolan gave off a pregnant smirk. "Do I look that retarded?"

Maisie blinked, realized what he meant, grabbed him by his shoulders, and shook him vigorously, "How dare you call me a retard!"

Nolan took her into his arms, covered her eyes with his hands, and grinned from ear to ear. "You don't look retarded, but cute instead."

Maisie took his hand off her eyes and stared up at him. "So, what's the cause of the accident?"

His expression turned slightly solemn. "It was hit by a truck and went over the railing of a 5-meter-high bridge. Although there was a lake underneath the bridge, he was trapped in the car and couldn't swim.

That's why he couldn't save himself."

"What about his driver?"

"His driver was unconscious and couldn't be rescued either."

Maisie froze in her seat, feeling that something was wrong. "But it was such a huge accident. Didn't anyone run into the incident and rescue him in time?"

Nolan squinted. "The incident happened at dawn, and the path they took was a shortcut, so there were very few vehicles passing by that part of the road so early in the morning. Not to mention that it's located on the outskirts of the city. There are no residents who live nearby. so it was already too late when someone found out about the accident." Maisie was stunned and lost in a trance.

Why would Barbara's uncle take a shortcut? If it's a shortcut, it should be rather isolated. There would be traffic cameras if he were to choose to take the freeway, and the owner of other vehicles would have called the police in time if there was an accident.

'Now, judging from what Nolan just said, the truck driver must have fled the scene, either out of fear of being held accountable or because he was the one who deliberately caused that accident. 'This is a critical period, yet such a huge change occurred in the Chases in just a few days. This is extremely unfavorable to the Chases.'

Chapter 800

Nolan snatched her silverware away from her, placed them on the table, and picked her up. "You'll get to eat again later."

"Nolan Goldmann!" The objection was invalid.

The night was hazy, the music in the bar was deafening, the lights were dazzling in the dimness, the ladies on the stage were dancing pole dance while the fashionable men and women were drinking in the booths below the stage.

Francisco and a few friends went to the bar for a drink and some entertainment..

However, no women were sitting next to him, so he was there drinking by himself.

One of the men grinned. "Young Master Boucher, would you like us to get you a bargirl?" Francisco waved his hand and placed his arm on the edge of the back of the couch. "No, I'm not interested in getting close with any woman."

"Yo, Young Master Boucher, it seems that you've reformed. You were the one who introduced us to ladies when we used to come out for a drink."

"Yeah. Have you quit being a playboy ever since you came back from the training camp?"

Francisco picked up his wine glass and placed it in front of his lips but did not drink from it. "I didn't quit being a playboy, it's just that I'm looking for someone willing to get into a serious relationship with me.

"Get into a serious relationship?" Those men stared at Francisco in shock as if the statement that came out of his mouth was an auditory hallucination!

He was astonished for a split second and put his glass down. "Do you have any comments about my plan to get into a relationship with someone?"

Those men chuckled, picked up their wine glasses, and clinked glasses. "Come on, let's drink. Cheers."

Francisco got up and walked toward the restroom when someone rammed into him. He was about to scold someone, but he realized that it was Maizie when he looked up.

Maizie had dressed herself up glamorously on purpose, and she smiled at Francisco

after bumping into him deliberately. "Mr. Boucher, what a coincidence." "What are you talking about? Get out of my sight!" Francisco had a very bad impression of Maizie. It could be said that he despised her very much. He pushed Maizie away and was about to leave, but Maizie held him back. "Mr. Boucher, I wish to apologize to you. I'm sorry, I was wrong before this. But don't you worry, I won't pester you again in the future."

Maizie, who had reflected on herself with a strange expression, and was astonished for a few seconds.

Without giving him the time to react, Maizie summoned a waiter and picked up two glasses of wine from his tray. "Mr.

Boucher, I propose a toast in order to apologize to you. I'll finish my glass first to show my sincerity and respect." She drank all the wine in the glass until there was not a drop left. After she finished drinking, she saw that Francisco did not move. "Mr. Boucher, I'm apologizing to you sincerely. Aren't you going to

accept my apology?" Seeing that she had finished her drink, Francisco thought it would be very disrespectful for him not to drink at all.

He finished the glass of wine, and Maizie kept staring at him as he swallowed each and every gulp of the wine.

"Done." Francisco put down the empty glass and dashed to the bathroom as he had been holding back for a long time.

Maizie looked at his silhouette that disappeared into the crowd, and the corners of her lips could not help but twitch.

'The fish has taken the bait. This is truly a piece of cake.'

At Soul Jewelry...

Maisie arrived at the company very early in the morning and saw the news articles about the Chases. Reporters even surrounded Barbara and her father outside the funeral parlor for an interview.

She frowned slightly.

'It seems that the Chases aren't the ones who broke the news. But the media still found out about the incident.'

Barbara had not been able to reply to the message that Maisie had sent her. It was most probably because she was too busy.