

Chapter 941

It isn't a smile from a brother to a sister. It is that of a couple. Could it be that she isn't Mr. Boucher's sister? Could it be that I was wrong the whole time?' After they had left, Barbara sat at the side of the bed with her arms across her chest and said, "So you're not unable to reject other people, Mr. Boucher."

Helios was eating the food she brought him and giggled. "Well, I can even sense your jealousy from here, so of course, I have to reject

her."

Barbara went closer to him and continued." It seems to me that she likes you so much that she wants to marry you."

Squinting his eyes, Helios fixed his gaze on her for a while before chuckling. "I'm already yours."

Barbara was stunned for a moment. After that, she averted her gaze and said, "Hmph. Don't you dare think that you can get away like that."

The smile on Helios' face widened as he put the meal box away. He reached out for her and pulled her into his arms as he said, "Isn't it because I have met you?"

Barbara turned her head around and asked, "Would you fall in love with me if I chased after you three years ago?"

– He narrowed his eyes and asked, "Would you fall in love with me if any of these happened three years ago?"

Barbara thought for a while and replied," Nope." She then paused for a moment before continuing with a smile on her face. "I don't think you would be my type three years ago."

Helios looked at her. "Why?"

"Because you're walking in the sun while I had to lurk in the dark. We were two people from two different worlds, so I don't think we would have met each other," Barbara replied solemnly.

She had approached him that year because he was the eldest grandson of the Bouchers. She had a motive of her own, so she did not expect that she would fall in love with Helios.

Helios caressed her cheek with his finger. There was a gentle, warm smile on his face as he said, "Perhaps this is what they call fate."

They should have met each other three years ago. Both of them thought they would never be attracted to each other, but three years later, everything that happened happened.

Perhaps this was known as fate, and nobody could escape from it.

Barbara lifted her head to look at him. Both of them were getting closer and closer to each other, and then Christina came in." Son,"

She saw the things that happened before her eyes and froze.

Barbara pushed Helios away and rose to her feet. She was so embarrassed that she turned her gaze away. "Mrs. Boucher."

Christina looked at her in surprise and then turned her head toward her son. Barbara hurriedly left the ward before Christina could ask anything.

Christina watched as Barbara exited the ward. She turned her head back to Helios and asked, "Helios, you..."

Helios met her gaze squarely and offered her a smile. "Yes. Just as what you've seen."

Christina covered her mouth in surprise. "When did that happen?"

"Before I came to Coralia for shooting."

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Helios looked at Christina and continued before she could say anything. "I think she's the one."

This was the first time Christina in her whole life heard her son saying that he was in love with a woman.

It took her quite a long while before she could come around to her senses, "Have you told your father and grandfather about this?" "Not yet. She isn't ready to meet with you guys yet. That's why I didn't tell you about it," Helios replied helplessly,

"That's awesome! I thought my son didn't want to be in a relationship because he had some issues with his sexual orientation."

Helios was rendered speechless. Christina pulled out her phone. While she was making a call, she asked again, "You're not lying to me, right?"

Helios covered his head with his hand and replied, "What are you talking about? Of course, I'm not lying."

"I need to share this piece of good news with your father and grandfather. Hey,

Yael, I have good news to share with you!"

She talked through the phone and exited the ward.

At Bassburgh...

Maise and Larissa were eating in the private room of a restaurant. When Larissa asked Maisie when her wedding was, Massie chuckled and replied, "Next year, I guess. By then, it should be about the time my cousin and Ryleigh hold their wedding."

Larissa was stunned. She put the cup down and asked, "You want to wait for them?"

Maisie smiled.

“Now that you’ve mentioned it, both of them were engaged three years ago. Originally, I wanted them to get married as soon as possible, but I was worried that Louis didn’t like Ryleigh at all. Since they’ve been bonding with each other for three years, I guess it’s time to consider their wedding.” Larissa said.

She looked at Maisie and continued. “If you two want to wait for them, then let’s do it together next year. I’m sure it’s going to be very lively.”

Maisie chuckled and said, “Maybe it’s three families.” Before Larissa could understand what she was talking about, she received a call from

Christina. She picked it up and said, “Christina?”

Maisie did not know what Christina had said. She saw that Larissa froze for a moment before replying in a surprised voice, “Really!?”

Both of them chatted for nearly a minute. After that, Larissa laughed and hung up the call. “Seems like a good thing is about to happen to the Bouchers as well Helios has found himself a girlfriend too.”

Maisie picked up the cup and said, “You’re talking about Ms. Chase, right?” “How did you know about it?” Larissa asked. She smiled and replied, “Ryleigh and I have known about it a long time ago.”

“I see!” Larissa laughed happily. “That’s what you were talking about just now. This is great. We can have three weddings at the

same time.

After Maisie and Larissa had finished their meals, both of them came out of the restaurant. Maisie had Larissa goodbye and watched as she went away in her car.

She walked toward her car, and when she turned her head around, she saw a car with the number plate of Octavia parked not far away from her. It was rare to see a car from Octavia in Bassburgh, so she took a few more glances at it.

Suddenly, a woman appeared from the car. Maisie had seen her before during the banquet with Tristan last time, and her name was

Zeta.

Zeta noticed Maisie as well. She recognized her and waved her hand at her with a warm smile on her face. “What a coincidence.”

Maisie responded with a smile and replied, “Yeah. What a coincidence. Are you here for lunch, Ms. Yanev?”

“Yeah,” Zeta replied, smiling at Maisie. “Tristan told me that the food here is good, so I thought I should come and try it. What about you

Maisie looked at her and replied, “Yeah, I just finished my meal. The food here is good indeed.” She then looked at the car that was leaving and continued. “Didn’t Mr. Knowles come with you?”

Zeta was stunned. However, she soon came around to her senses and replied with a grin, "Well, he's busy, so I came here with a few of my friends."

Maisie nodded. "I see."

Zeta lowered her head to look at her watch.

"I'm going in first. I can't let my friends wait for too long." Maisie nodded. Meanwhile, at the Blackgold Group... Quincy came into the office and put his findings on the desk. "Mr. Goldmann, here's the identity of the car owner." Nolan flipped the document and glanced through it. "Jackie Clifford? The Cliffords from Octavia?" Quincy nodded. "The Cliffords monopolized the real estate industry in Octavia back then to become the leader, and its status is comparable to that of the king of casinos," he said before hissing in wonder. "I don't understand how he would meddle in the affairs of the Knowles either."

"Jackie studied in Yarammor before, so maybe that was when he came in touch with the Knowles," Nolan said as he put the document down. "Have someone to keep a tab on them, but don't alarm them." "Roger," Quincy replied before exiting the office.

Nolan looked at the document on his table for a while and fell deep in thought. Then, he pulled out his phone and made a call.

Tristan was currently enjoying a hot spring in a bathhouse, surrounded by many pretty women. The bathhouse room was foggy, and the decoration was antique.

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The servant led Nolan inside. "Mr. Knowles, your guest is here."

Tristan waved his hand to dismiss them. He then poured a glass of red wine and said, "Seems like you've found something regarding the thing that happened on Christmas."

Nolan undid the buttons on his sleeves slowly and replied, "Can you show me your sincerity?" Tristan's hand froze in the air. He lifted his head to look at Nolan and smiled. "What kind of sincerity are you talking about?"

Nolan stood in front of the pool and said, "You're hiding something from me."

Tristan put the glass on the side and came

out of the pool. He put on the bathrobe, and while he was tying the belt, he asked, "What have you found?"

Nolan turned his head around to look at him. "The things that your mother did to that kid."

Tristan threw himself on the couch. He pulled a cigar out of a box and took a sniff. "Do you think it's an accident?" ,

He played with the lighter with his hand, and the fire lit up half of his face. He took a drag from it, causing some sparkles to jump into the air from the cigar. "The affairs regarding the Knowles aren't as

simple as the outsiders think they are. Do you think that woman would only do something like that to a kid? Regardless of who you are, as long as you're one of the Knowles, she would never go easy on you."

Even though they were talking about his mother, there was a smile on Tristan's face, and it looked as if he was talking about someone who was not related to him.

Nolan frowned.

Tristan looked at him through the thick white smoke and continued. The environment that I grew up in was different from you people. You can have whatever you want since you were kids, but I can only fight for, it myself. My mother hates me and never takes care of me. My father was very old when I was born, and he passed away after a few years, leaving me to my elder brother and sister-in-law's care."

After he finished talking, he shook off the ash and laughed. "When she adopted your mother, she treated her better than me, her own son. She would rather exploit your mother than spare a glance at me." Nolan looked at him and asked, "That boy isn't your only reason that you come to Zlovakia to cooperate with Mr. Topaz on a project, right?"

Tristan smiled and replied, "Noilace is my elder brother's grandson. I'm indebted to my brother, so of course, I'm here for him."

Nolan walked to the couch on the opposite side and sat down. "Those people couldn't find him even though he had been in Bassburgh for so long. You asked me to look after Noilace for you, but those people showed up before us on Christmas."

He looked at Tristan meaningfully and continued. "You took advantage of me to shelter his safety, used him to draw out those people, but in the end, it was my son who got hurt. You're certain that I would investigate the matter, and when I did it, you would get rid of those people through my hands."

Without waiting for Tristan to say anything, Nolan added calmly, "There are only two reasons why they managed to find out the school that the kid attended. One is that you told them. Second is that you suspect there are spies around you, and you want to find them out." Nolan squinted his eyes and tapped his finger on the table rhythmically. "There's no way an 8-year-old child could have predicted the coming danger. No matter why my son changed his role with him, you all have included me in your plan. This is because you knew I'd be there that day, and I wouldn't stand by and watch my son get into an accident."

After he finished speaking, Tristan snubbed out the cigar in the glass of wine and said, "As expected of someone from the Goldmanns. It seems your father was right to let you step into the business world early to hone your skills."

Nolan's expression turned cold as he said, "You weren't going to tell me the truth from the beginning. Not only that, but you also included me in your plan. If anything really had happened to my son, I wouldn't let any of you off."

Tristan chuckled. "Do you think I'd do it if I weren't sure about it? If I hadn't cut the power, it would have been more than just broken wires."

Nolan frowned, "It wasn't them who cut the power?"

Tristan smiled and replied, "What they wanted was to create an accident, so why would they shut out the lights? The people who could reach the wires had to make at least sure that there would be no accidents before they carried out their plan. Since you're so smart, I'm sure you'll be able to find the answer yourself, Mr. Goldmann."

Nolan fell silent

After a short while, his phone rang. He pulled his phone out to take a look. It was from the school

Nolan answered the call and put the phone near his ear. Nobody knew what they were talking about, but Nolan's face suddenly turned cold.

When he hung up the call, Tristan said, "Seems like they have found the reason the wires snapped?"

Nolan rose to his feet and turned around. Just when he was about to leave, he thought of something and stopped in his tracks. Without turning his head, he asked, "What kind of role do the Cliffords play in this incident?"

Tristan was stunned. He stared at the cigar inside the glass of wine and replied, "I'm still investigating it."

Nolan glanced at him for one last time before he resumed walking and left the bathhouse. Quincy was waiting for Nolan inside the car. When Nolan got in the car, Quincy asked, "Did you manage to get anything out of his mouth

"Things are more complicated than we thought," Nolan said as he buttoned up the buttons. "Let's go to school first."

Quincy started the engine, stepped on the accelerator, and headed to the school.

The principal sat in his office looking incredulously at the broken wires as well as a kind of weapon that resembled the short arrow of a crossbow.

When Nolan appeared outside of his office, the principal rose from his chair and greeted, "Here you are, Mr. Goldmann." After they had come into the office, Quincy noticed the items on the desk and was stunned. "What is this?"

The principal did not know what it was either. He said, "This thing was found at the crane when my people took down the wires. It was stuck there, and my people felt suspicious, so they brought it back."

Quincy picked up the short arrow and took a look. The tip of the short arrow was sharp, and it resembled a hidden weapon that was fired from a crossbow.

He turned around to Nolan and said, "Mr. Goldmann, please have a look at this."

Nolan took the short arrow from Quincy. He squinted and glanced at the broken wires.

He took the broken wires from the desk and studied them. There were jagged teeth at the end of the wires. It seemed to him that they had been cut by something sharp. They couldn't bear the weight of two kids, so they would slowly deconstruct until they finally snapped.

After all, they were micro climbing wires. They were very sturdy, and normally, an accident like this would not happen.

Nolan gave the short arrow back to Quincy and ordered, "Go find out who has bought this cold weapon before." Quincy took the short arrow and studied it once again. He nodded and said, "Roger. I'll go check right now."

Nolan then focused on the broken wires again. The things that Tristan said to him surfaced in his mind again. If the purpose of creating an accident and putting out the lights was to deceive the crowd, then the wires wouldn't be the target of the short arrow.

Darkness was to throw everyone into confusion.

In the evening, at the Goldmann mansion...

Colton and Maisie were having their meals on the table, but both of them did not have any appetite.

When Maisie noticed their condition, she asked, "What's wrong?"

Daisie lifted her eyes to look at her and asked, "Mom, is it true that we can't play with Nolly anymore?"

Maisie was taken aback.

It seemed to her that Daisie was really upset at the fact that she couldn't have fun with Noilace anymore. Maisie pressed her lips thin

and popped a shrimp, which was Daisie's favorite, into her plate and said, "Your father didn't say you can't have fun with Noilace anymore. It's just that you can't play with him now."

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Cocking her head, Daisie asked, "Why? Is it because Nolly offended someone, and they want to hurt him?" Maisie did not know how to explain it to Daisie. Suddenly, Colton opened his mouth and chimed in, "Noilace has a complicated background, right? There are people who want to take his life."

Maisie opened her mouth, but Colton put the fork and spoon down before she could say anything. "I was the one who wanted to switch roles with him. He should be the one who played the role that night. He originally wanted to switch with another student, but that student didn't want to play the role, so I helped him."

Daisie looked at him in confusion and

asked, "What kind of background does Nolly have? Why would anyone want to kill him?"

Colton did not say anything.

Would he not expose that he had overheard the conversation between his parents in the study room if he said it out?

Maisie looked at them and smiled. "After his uncle sorts everything out, you guys will be able to play together again."

"Will he be in danger?" Daisy asked.

Maisie's eyelashes twitched, and she replied, "His uncle will protect him. Just like how your father will protect you guys."

Both of them did not say anything anymore and resumed eating their meal. By the time Nolan came back, it was already 10:00 p.m. When Maisie came out of the kids' room, she ran into him. He draped his jacket over his arm and loosened his tie with one hand. "Are the kids asleep?"

"Yeah," Maisie answered as she took over the jacket in his hand. Nolan walked closer to her, lowered his head, and kissed her on the top of her head.

Maisie giggled and slapped his chest gently. "What are you doing?" He grabbed her into his arms and buried his head in her shoulder. He pitched his voice low and laughed. "Whenever I think that I have a great wife waiting for me at home, I feel that I'm so lucky." "Aren't you investigating the incident that happened that day?" Maisie asked as she smoothed out the crease on his shoulder.

Nolan pinched her chin and giggled. "When did you become so insensitive, Zee?"

Maisie coiled her arms around his neck and smiled brightly. "Are you sure you want to talk about that with me here?"

Nolan scooped her up from the floor. "Let's go back to our room then."

At night, Nolan was taking a bath in the bathroom while Maisie was reading documents on the bed with her feet up in the air.

Then, she suddenly saw something that stunned her and made her sit bolt upright: n the bed.

The sound of the water in the bathroom was turned off, and Nolan walked out of it with a bath towel around him, wiping his wet hair with a towel.

Seeing that she hadn't slept yet, he threw the towel on the table and hugged her from the back.

"What are you reading?"

Maisie was startled. She jerked her head back and pushed his head away. "Go dry your hair first before coming close to me."

Nolan chuckled. "Why? You don't like me already?"

He looked at the document in her hand. It was the report of his investigation on Jackie. He squinted his eyes.

Maisie flipped through the document in her hand and gave it back to him. "Why are you investigating him?"

“How could you get interested in another man, Zee?” Nolan asked, donning a gloomy expression.

His reaction amused Maisie. She leaned closer and took a sniff. “You have taken a bath, but why can I still smell jealousy from you?” Nolan pressed his lips on hers and nibbled her lips. She frowned. “Are you a dog?”

He chuckled hoarsely. “Am I a dog? Do you want to see the bite marks on my shoulder?”

Maisie was stumped. Her face turned red in embarrassment as she turned her head sideways. She pulled the sheet and lay down. “Hmph. I’m going to sleep,” i

Nolan was caught between laughter and tears.

He glanced at the document again and threw it on the table before going to look for a hairdryer.

The next day, at Soul...

Maisie was flipping through the company’s ledger on her leather chair. Recently, the sales of jewelry had been very stable. Coupled with the endorsement of celebrities, Soul had become more and more popular among the public.

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Maisie put the ledger on the desk and looked at Lucy. “I’ve thought about it. Let’s purchase two more shop lots.”

Lucy was startled. “Are you planning to make Soul Jewelry a chain brand?”

Maisie nodded. “I’m turning it into a national chain. We’ll then go global after the brand has stabilized in the country.”

‘My original idea was to make Soul one of the top contenders in the jewelry industry and go international, but I’ve changed my mind. I’m not only aiming to propel Soul’s reputation into the global market. The brand will also be picking up a piece of the pie in the international jewelry industry.’

“I believe that it’ll be successful.” Lucy smiled and gave herself a pep talk. “I’ll stay

in Soul Jewelry and witness the development of our brand. No one will ever get to say that we’re a small company in the future.” Maisie laughed and breathed a sigh of reassurance. “I finally know why Uncle Kennedy would choose you as his assistant. It would be great if everyone could be as energetic and enthusiastic as you.”

Lucy scratched her head in embarrassment and smiled.

At noon, Maisie asked Madam Nera out for some tea and snacks at a dim-sum restaurant and told Madam Nera about her plan.

When Madam Nera heard this, she laughed. “I thought you’d forgotten what you promised me in the past once Soul stabilized its market in the country.” Maisie smiled in embarrassment. “How would I dare

to forget about that? I promised you to make Soul a top gun in the industry and then bring it into the international market. If things hadn't gone sideways three years ago, all those promises would have been actualized by now."

Madam Nera put her teacup down. "It's great to have such ambitions and beliefs. I have high hopes for you, however..."

Madam Nera paused for a bit and then continued. "If you want to expand the company, you won't make the cut with only one designer, The same monotonous design concept won't build you a brand. When a jewelry company is trying to expand, its design concept has to be different, and there have to be many styles.

Most customers get tired of old designs and take a fancy to new designs rather quickly, so other new design styles will always overshadow the design style of a jewelry company. This happens among those socialites and rich ladies who love to own a jewelry collection. Their pursuit of jewelry will never be satisfied by only one design language."

Maisie understood what Madam Nera meant.

'If Soul wants to go international and become a larger brand, it has to cater to different customers' preferences and tastes. I really won't be able to achieve that as the company's sole designer,

I've long been a famous designer, and I've been a jewelry brand owner for quite a long time. My design concepts and styles have become rather well-known to the public over time.

'But if I want to make Soul into a luxury chain brand, or even more than that, it's only natural for me to run into the need of recruiting some new blood to give the company a fresh breath of creativity.

'A huge brand should always come up with more design styles continuously. It should also aim to become a culture vessel where new talents are cultivated and form a mutual win-win relationship with its designers. That's how a company develops further.

'That's how Taylor and Luxella developed into the companies they currently are now, isn't it?'

Maisie humbly accepted Madam Nera's advice. "I understand that. Godmother.

Thank you." "And you're still trying to be that polite with me." Madam Nera waved her hand, smiled, and added, "I suffered a lot and ran into quite a handful of failures when I tried to start a company around your age, and all those setbacks made me almost want to give up. I was almost 40 years old when Taylor Jewelry was successfully established and when I became famous." Maisie wrapped her arm around Madam Nera's. "That's why you're the role model for all working women. I can, at most... be seen as someone fortunate enough to have encountered a huge wave and ridden along with it. Frankly speaking, my success is mostly due to you and Nolan."

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Madam Nera laughed. "You don't have to be this humble when you're with me. All I've done is provide you with the channels. As for Mr. Goldmann, if you really wanted to rely on him, he would have helped you turn Soul into a top gun in the industry long ago."

She then placed her hand on the back of Maisie's hand. "I have high hopes for you because, despite your ability, you're very modest and have always kept a low profile, which is completely different from the big names that I've met in the past.

"It's always been rather inevitable for many designers to become arrogant after gaining the reputation and identity they've always dreamed of. Of course, they've put in a lot of effort to attain such glory, so although they're not as humble as I wish they could be, they've already proven themselves with their success. It's just that their essence has changed

"Once someone possesses fame, status, and power, it's rare and valuable not to forget their original intention and passion. So, Zee, no matter how much fame you manage to accumulate in the future, don't forget who you are and your origin."

Maisie stared at Madam Nera and nodded with a smile.

After having afternoon tea with Madam Nera, Maisie pushed Madam Nera in her wheelchair as they walked along the corridor while the female bodyguard and assistant were behind them.

"Godmother, have you and Mr. Knowles known each other since you were young?" Asking more about Tristan was part of Maisie's original intention when she had asked Madam Nera out for tea.

It was just that she could not make it look too obvious, so she could only ask her about him at the right time.

Madam Nera smiled and nodded. "Yes, I worked as a design apprentice in Yaramoor when I was younger. I didn't have much money back then, so I could only study and work as a part-timer in order to pay for my tuition fees."

Maisie was stunned and looked a little surprised. "You've been to Yaramoor in order to become an apprentice?"

She smiled again. "Unbelievable, isn't it? Even someone like me started from the very bottom of the industry and had to work hard too. I had to work in almost all types of industries back then. The mentor who taught me about jewelry design at that time was Tristan's mentor.'

After saying so, Madam Nera sighed all of a sudden. "Tristan actually has quite a talent for jewelry design, however..."

"However?" Maisie was curious.

Madam Nera sighed again. "It's just that his mother didn't like it. That's why he gave it up."

Maisie froze in place for a split second.

Nolan had told her before that Tristan's mother did not like her son for some reason.

She pretended to be surprised. "Why would his mother not like it? Wouldn't it be a pity for him just to give up his talent?"

Madam Nera turned to look at her. "Why do you want to know these things?" Maisie smiled helplessly and answered her, "Nolan's mother is related to the Knowles, but he doesn't like the Knowles very much. But I don't think Mr. Knowles looks like a despicable person, so I want to know more about him."

Seeing that she was doing so for Nolan, Madam Nera nodded. "So that's the case. I don't know much about Tristan, but I've heard a thing or two about his mother."

Madam Nera told her that Tristan's mother, the current leader of the Knowles, was of mixed blood, and she was part East Winstonite.

That woman's social skills were in another league compared to other socialites of her time. Otherwise, she would not have caught Elder Master Knowles' attention.

She had only been in her 30s when she became the second wife of Elder Master Knowles, who was already in his 50s at that time. Of course, because the two had a 20-year-age gap, it would be a frequently discussed topic among Yaramoor's nobility that she had chosen to marry the old man for profit.

Maisie stopped, and a trace of suspicion flashed across her face. "Could it be that the two of them didn't come together because of love

?"

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'If they were in love, why would Madam Knowles dislike her son? Was she really in it for the benefits that she would get from the Knowles?

But if she's plotting against the Knowles for its assets and property, she should value her son even more. The only thing that would await her in the future was a happy and wealthy life if she were to assist her son in inheriting the Knowles.

However, Nolan told me that Tristan's mother not only doesn't want to see him, but she also never thought about letting her son inherit the Knowles.

'She's the one in power among all the knowles, and everything in the Knowles has to go through her. What kind of woman would have the ambition to occupy all her

deceased husband's property and even suppress all the descendants of the Knowles?'

Madam Nera shook her head. "I don't know if they're in love with each other, but according to what I heard, the Knowles have been in a very chaotic mess ever since Madam Knowles took over the family. So, I can only say that Tristan's mother is, by no means, an ordinary woman."

In the end, Maisie watched Madam Nera get into her car and leave. She then stayed where she was to think for a long time.

'What Godmother said isn't unreasonable. Tristan's mother wouldn't have sent an assassin here to kill the eldest grandson of the family if she was an ordinary woman.

'Being in power and creating a stir within the Knowles, her purpose isn't only to own the Knowles, but she plans to disintegrate and end the family from its very roots completely.

Just how much does she hate the Knowles for her to do such a thing? And if that's the case, Nollace's abduction from two years ago was more or less related to Madam Knowles too.'

Maisie suddenly recalled the man named Jackie Clifford that Nolan had been looking into last night.

She remembered that there was also a boy named Jackie Clifford who studied in the same class as she did back in high school, but the two did not look like the same person after she had taken a look at the profile photo last night.

Maisie returned to the Vanderbilt manor, a place where she had not returned for a long time. The manor had been abandoned for three years as she did not want to make any changes even after Larissa gave her the title of the manor.

She unlocked the door with the key, pushed the door open, and walked into the living room. The furniture in the living room was all covered in white cloth, and all of them were covered in a thick layer of dust, while the corners of the ceiling and the chandeliers were all cobwebbed. When she walked upstairs and passed by the study, she could not help but stop-the past flashed across her mind like a flipbook. Everything was still so vivid to her.

She looked down at the living room from upstairs, as if her father was still sitting in his armchair and drinking his tea in the living room, while Leila was trying everything in her ability to please him, and Willow was showing him all her achievements.

The scene flashed back to nine years ago when her father had slapped her and driven her out of the manor.

Maisie could not help but laugh at herself. She did not expect that those people who she thought would have nothing to do with her in the future would eventually become part of her memories. When she got to her room, she stood at the entrance for a long time before opening the door. Everything in the room was also tightly covered by white cloth. The only items that were not protected by cloth were the photos on the walls, and they were already covered in dust.

Maisie walked up to the cabinet, lifted the white cloth, raised her hand to clean the dust, opened the drawer, and took out her high school yearbook.

She turned to the photo section, went down the list of names, and finally found Jackie in the yearbook. However, the Jackie that she found in the photo was plump, wore glasses, and looked very inconspicuous. The reason Maisie remembered his name was that his grades had been very good, and he was an introverted and shy boy.

Maisie placed the yearbook in her bag, got up, and left the room.

Tristan and Nolan sat in the dining room while Quincy placed the short arrow in an airtight bag in front of Tristan.

Tristan took the short arrow out of the sealed bag and glanced at it. Nolan intertwined his fingers, placed his hands on the table, and explained with a calm expression, "There's an assassin organization in

East Winston that uses this kind of weapon to murder their targets secretly. I think you should know a thing or two about that organization.”

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Tristan pursed his lips tightly and put the arrow down. “Why do you think that I would know?”

Nolan smiled. “Even if you don’t know that, Madam Knowles should know that. Her family is from East Winston, isn’t it?”

Tristan did not utter a single word. Nolan leaned on the back of the chair and tapped his fingertips against the table. “Actually, you’ve long suspected that your mother has placed a spy by your side. I think it’s impossible for you not to know that.”

After a moment, Tristan chuckled silently. He then straightened his posture and looked at Nolan. “Some troubles in the world cannot be resolved that easily.”

“Even if you know that Madam Knowles is the person behind the scheme, she’s your mother, and you don’t have it in you to go against her hard. That’s why it’s natural for you to feel troubled.”

Nolan saw through him at first glance. Tristan exchanged gazes with Nolan for a long while and then said sullenly, “I just want to know why she hates me that much, that’s all.”

“Then you should start looking into the Knowles. If she doesn’t have any immense grudge against the Knowles, then why can’t she even tolerate the existence of a kid from the family?” Nolan stood up and buttoned his suit jacket.

When he and Quincy reached the door, Tristan’s lips moved suddenly. “The Cliffords have also contributed in secret regarding how badly the Knowles are doing nowadays.”

Nolan stopped moving forward, turned around, and glanced at Tristan, who was sipping tea. “So part of the reason you came to Zlokova is to investigate the Cliffords.”

“Yes.” Tristan stared at the teacup in his hand. “My father’s death and my brother’s illness aren’t mere coincidences. I’ve looked into the doctor who treated my father. He has something to do with the Cliffords.”

Nolan said nothing and left the private room with Quincy.

After getting into the car, Quincy fastened his seat belt as he still felt a little strange. The Cliffords’ sphere of influence has always been in Octavia, and they can actually extend the reach of their power up to Yaramoor. Is it possible that it has something to do with the Cliffords’ son?

“How is the Cliffords’ son related to Madam Knowles? They’re so close that he was willing to devise a plan to kill Elder Master Knowles for Madam Knowles.”

Nolan frowned. “It shouldn’t be Jackie. He’s only in his late 20s. He was still studying in a college in Yaramoor eight years ago, and Elder Master Knowles was already dead back then.”

Quincy was startled. "Could it be one of the elders of the Cliffords?"

Nolan pondered for a moment, then scoffed coldly. "There's only one person in the Cliffords who has some connection with some East Winstonites.

Quincy was astonished. "Is it the Elder Master of the Cliffords, Mr. Thomas Clifford?"

Thomas was the father of Lance Clifford, and Jackie was his grandson. Thomas was very famous in Octavia and East Winston. It was said that he had traveled all around the world when he was young, stayed in East Winston for a few years, studied civil engineering in Yaramoor, and accumulated quite a reputation in the upper-class circles.

After Thomas returned to Zlokova, he had monopolized Octavia's real estate industry and was on an equal footing with the king of casinos.

The king of casinos could look down upon Lance and disregard him, but he still had to show Thomas some respect. It was said that if it were not for the local government, which suppressed Thomas' influence in the region, Thomas would have long been the sole player who owned the whole of

Octavia.

At the Goldmann mansion... Maisie pushed open the door of the study and rummaged through the documents on the desk, only to find the document that Nolan got by investigating Jackie.

She took the document out and compared the photo on the document to the photo in her yearbook.

Apart from the body figure of the two, both of them wore glasses. And when she looked closely, Maisie realized that the facial features of the Jackie found in the document looked exactly the same as a slimmer version of the Jackie found in the yearbook.

She was a little surprised.

'Jesus! Were we really classmates back in high school? And did he undergo plastic surgery? Aren't these changes a little too huge?'

The Jackie in the document wore a suit and silver-rimmed glasses, giving off a sense of humility, courtesy, elegance, and gentleness. The gaze of the person in each of the photos looked completely different.

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One of them looked introverted and shy, while the other looked regal and confident.

Maisie frowned and could not help but murmur, "So why is Nolan investigating him?"

She placed the documents back in the folder while another document slid out of the folder. She was astounded for a split second, picked the document up, skimmed through it, and was stunned in place.

"What are you looking at?" Nolan appeared outside the door.

Maisie's expression turned slightly restrained, and she put the document back. "I'm going through the findings of your investigation."

Nolan draped the coat hanging on his forearm on the back of the chair and walked toward her. "Why are you so interested in this person

?

Maisie paused for a bit, raised her head, saw Nolan's slightly grim expression, and could not help but chuckle. "I think I've been wrongfully accused."

He approached her. "Then why would you want to know more about him? Is it because you think he looks better than I am?" Maisie stretched out her arms to hug him and pointed her finger at the tip of his nose. "My husband looks better than him."

Nolan held her palm and kissed her fingertip. "Oh, is that true?" "Yeah.' Maisie smiled playfully and picked up the yearbook. "Look at this , I'm investigating him too."

Nolan's gaze landed on Jackie's photo. He was startled instantly and picked up the yearbook. "Jackie was one of your classmates?"

"Yeah, I thought his name was familiar when you told me you were investigating him, so I compared the two photos. The subjects in these two photos seem to be the same person. But according to my memory, Jackie was very introverted and shy, which made him almost a nameless and faceless student in the class. But he turns out to be the young heir of the Cliffords from Octavia?"

Seeing that Nolan did not say anything, Maisie remembered something. "By the way, after having dinner with my aunt in the restaurant the day before yesterday, I met Zeta Yanev, the female companion that Mr. Knowles brought to the opening ceremony the other day. She was getting out of a car at the time, and the license plate number of that car is the one that you found through your investigation."

Nolan kept quiet for a long time, then put down the yearbook in his hand. "I was investigating the license plate number because this car was seen at the school on Christmas." Maisie was shocked. "Are you sure?" "Zee, the Cliffords intervened in the Knowles' affairs, and I suspect that this isn't as simple as it seems. The assassination that we experienced the other day is related to an assassin organization located in East Winston. So even if Jackie has nothing to do with this matter, he's Thomas Clifford's grandson. He should know about this."

Nolan stared at her after saying that. "Be careful of that woman. She might be a spy who's been assigned to approach Tristan."

Maisie was shocked and was silent for a long time.

At the private elementary school...

Noilace was walking on the campus, and a small figure was catching up to him in a hurry. "Nolly!" He stopped, turned around, and saw Daisy running toward him. Daisy caught up to him, bent over, and panted. "Are you going to quit school?" Noilace shook his head. "No, I'll be taking a break from school for a while." "Why do you have to take a break from school?" Daisy was dumbfounded and thought of something. "Is it because you're afraid of getting us involved?"

Noilace did not utter a single word.

Daisie pursed her lips. "Nolly, my dad won't allow us to play with you, but I know you won't hurt us. And my mom said that we can still play together after Uncle Tristan has solved all your affairs, is that right?"

Noilace smiled and turned around. "I'm not as good as you think I am."

"No." Daisie walked around him and stopped in front of him with a serious expression. "Just because you saved Colton, I think you're a good person."

Noilace glanced at her. "Then can you define what's a good person and what's a bad person?"

The question was out of Daisie's league. She scratched her head for a long time and could not say anything, but she still went with her intuition. "But I still think that you must be a good person."