

## Chapter 971

'Madam Knowles is in charge of the Knowles. Perhaps she wants to lock Rick and his wife up because she doesn't want them to interfere with her plan. Now that Sam is dead, Rick and his wife will probably be her next targets. This old woman indeed is ruthless. She started by dealing with the Knowles first before sending someone to take Noilace back to the Knowles. There is a chance that she might set up an accident or something to kill Noilace, and no one would be suspicious of it,' Nolan thought silently. After a while, he said, "Turn around. Let's go to the Clifford manor."

By the time Nolan arrived at the Clifford manor, the servant told him that Thomas had already gone out, and a bad feeling

rose from his stomach pit. He surmised that Thomas had gone to the wine cellar, and it seemed to him that Madam Knowles had sent someone to take Noilace back to Yaramoor.

Suddenly, his phone rang. He answered it and put the phone near his ear. Before he could say anything, the bodyguard on the other side of the phone said nervously, "Mr. Goldmann, Ms. Daisie has run away again!"

Nolan's face sank as soon as he heard what the bodyguard said. This was the bad feeling he had been getting since just now!

The driver brought him to the wine cellar, but he was still a step late. Nollace had been taken away by the time he arrived.

"Let's go to the airport!" Nolan growled.

Meanwhile, at Octavia Airport...

Zeta brought Noilace out of the car. Nollace was being watched closely by two men in black, and there was no way he could run away even if he wanted.

As soon as they stepped into the airport, Daisie appeared and shouted, "Nolly!"

Zeta signaled at the two men in black, and one of them went forward to stop Daisie from getting close to them.

Nollace lifted his head and fixed his gaze on her. After a long while, he smiled and said, "Daisie, go home."

Daisie shook her head. "You can't go with them."

As she was talking, she tried to rush forward. Zeta lowered her head to look at her watch and gestured at the man in black. The man in black nodded and pushed Daisie away.

"What are you doing!?" Noilace wanted to run over to Daisie, but Zeta did not give him the chance. She pressed her hand on his shoulder and warned him, "Young Master Knowles, if you don't want anything to happen to her, I suggest you don't do anything stupid."

Noilace was stunned and stopped himself from rushing forward.

Daisie got up from the floor again. She was weak and was no match for the man in black at all. Her eyes were red around the rim as she shouted, "Nolly, you can't go with them. Just wait over there! I'll call Dad to save you!"

Nollace lowered his head. He clenched his fists tightly, and when he raised his head up again, there was no smile on his face." Daisie,

although I'm very grateful to you, I... I've never thought of you as my friend."

Daisie was astonished.

Nollace looked at her expressionlessly and continued. "I've been using you and your brother. You're too naive. I'm not a good person at

all."

Daisie was stumped. Her brain went blank, and she couldn't respond for a while.

When Nollace turned around, he stopped. He took one last look at Daisie across the crowd before crossing the checkpoint without turning his head.

Suddenly, Daisie's voice rang out behind him. "Nollace Knowles! You're a j\*rk! You're a liar!"

Nollace froze and stopped in his tracks, but he did not turn his head back.

He pressed his lips tightly and continued to walk forward until the crowd drowned his figure.

Meanwhile, Nolan and Quincy had arrived at the airport. Both bodyguards went to look for Daisie, and Nolan also split up with Quincy. They slalomed among the crowd of passengers, trying their best not to miss a single person or corner. When a bodyguard arrived in a corridor, he suddenly noticed a small figure at the side. He hastily made a call to Nolan and said, "Mr. Goldmann. I found Ms. Daisie."

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Daisie was sitting on the long bench with her back leaned against the ceiling-to-floor window, looking sad and forlorn.

When Nolan rushed over, he saw the wound on her knees and frowned.

He walked over to her and placed his hand on the top of her head.

Daisie raised her head, and her big, pretty eyes were filled with tears to the brim.

Nolan wiped the tears off and grabbed her into his arms. "Dad, bahh..." Daisie couldn't hold herself anymore and cried out loud. Nolan patted her head gently to comfort her. When they were on their way back in the car, Daisie leaned against Nolan and fell

asleep.

Quincy looked at her through the rear mirror and sighed. "Ms. Daisie is going tobe sad for a long time."

The westbound sun cast its light through the car window. Nolan tilted his head and looked at the little girl who had cried herself to sleep beside him. "She's young. I'm sure she will forget about him after some time when she gets more new friends."

Quincy did not say anything. When they returned to the hotel, Nolan carried her into the room. He put her on the bed and tucked her into the sheet gently so that he wouldn't wake her up.

It was only after Nolan had left that Daisy opened her eyes. She turned around to look outside through the window and mumbled, "Liar." A drop of tear fell on the pillow.

At night, Nolan sat inside the study room, taking drags of his cigarette, one after the other. When Quincy came in, the first thing he saw was the heap of cigarette stubs in the ashtray. "Mr. Goldmann, should I give these materials to Elder Master Clifford?"

Nolan dropped the cigarette ash on the ashtray and said, "Yeah. This is something that he should know."

Quincy lowered his head. "I wonder if he can take it or not. After all, he has been under the impression that the Knowles are the murderers all this time."

Nolan chuckled hoarsely and snubbed out the cigarette on the ashtray, "Most of the truths are cruel, right?"

Quincy pouted and did not say anything.

Suddenly, he thought of something and asked carefully, "Mr. Goldmann, can I ask you a question? Why do you dislike Noilace so much?" Nolan leaned against the back of the chair and lifted his head to look at the ceiling. After a long while, he parted his thin lips and said, "Do you still remember that he was abducted two years ago?"

Quincy nodded. "Yeah. I remember."

After all, he was the one who had investigated it, but he didn't understand what it had to do with that.

Nolan's face turned solemn as he looked at Quincy. "It was Noilace who killed those kidnapers."

Quincy was taken aback. "W-What? He was only 6 years old two years ago. How could he?"

Nolan rose to his feet and walked to the window. He looked at the night scenery of the city and continued. "I've looked into the kidnapers' cause of death, and I found out that all of them died of poisoning. If someone had stepped in and saved Noilace, there should have been a fight, but there were no traces of a fight at the scene. Besides, he only poisoned the people around him when they let their guards down."

After he finished speaking, he turned around to look at Quincy. "Do you think a few adults would keep their guards up in front of a kid?"

Quincy still found it hard to believe.

Noilace had just been a 6-year-old kid when they kidnapped him, so of course, they did not feel the need to keep their guards up against a kid because they did not think a little kid like him was capable of anything.

However, it was this 6-year-old little boy who had poisoned them. Most of the kids at his age were still protected by their parents. They didn't even know what poison was, much less think of using it to harm people.

Quincy suddenly thought of something and asked again, "Since he had run away after poisoning those kidnapers, why did he stay in the slum for another month?"

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"This is why I said he isn't an ordinary kid," Nolan said as he lowered his voice. "After killing those kidnapers with poison, there was a chance that the same thing might happen to him again if he were to return to the Knowles.

"Although he was a kid, he knew that the one who kidnapped him was Madam Knowles, so he hid in the slum for a month. When the police came looking, Madam Knowles would think that someone knew about it and saved him, so she wouldn't dare to do anything rash

Quincy was stunned. He still found it hard to believe. If everything Nolan had said was true, then Noilace was truly a genius.

Quincy thought that Nolan's kids were already smart enough, but he did not

expect Noilace to possess such a great mind which could develop a strategy like this at a young age. It was only now he saw the light why Nolan was reluctant to let Daisy get so close to Noilace. If Noilace was lucky enough to live to adulthood, perhaps he would be a tricky opponent in the future.

The next day...

Thomas was astounded on the couch when he saw the documents. His hand holding the newspaper was shaking as he said, "W-What are these?"

Nolan was sitting in front of him. He took a sip from the cup of tea leisurely and said, "You still don't get it? Madam Knowles took advantage of you." "That's impossible!" Thomas smashed the documents on the table. He still refused to accept it. Nolan had expected his reaction, and he added flatly, "It wasn't Rick who killed Simone. After all, there's no way Rick would kill the woman he loved."

"What did you say?" Thomas was stunned.

Nolan put a newspaper in front of him. "Ten years ago, the woman that Rick loved jumped herself to death. I asked Yerrick to get a newspaper of that year, and according to it, Rick knew Simone earlier than you. Simone was Rick's childhood friend. He loved Simone, but she didn't have any feelings for him, and this person who jumped to her death was none other than Simone, his first love."

Thomas was stumped, and his hands on the newspaper were shaking. "If it were not Rick... then why would Madam Knowles tell me that Simone was forced to jump to her death by him?"

The corner of Nolan's lips curled up. "That was because Madam Knowles was in love with Rick." He took a sip from the tea before continuing calmly. "She wanted to marry Rick, but Rick was too heartbroken due to Simone's death, and he accepted the marriage his family had arranged for him.

“Elder Master Knowles took a liking to Madam Knowles, so he forced her to marry him. Madam Knowles resents her fate. The man she loved didn’t love her, and she was forced to marry an old man. Although the old man was very good to her, she still hated him.”

Thomas covered his aching heart with his hand and asked through gritted teeth, “Then, who killed Simmie?”

He had been under the impression that Rick had killed Simone for so many years, so he helped Madam Knowles take revenge on the Knowles to avenge Simone.

However, little did he expect that Rick was not the one who had killed Simone. Was he wrong for helping Madam Knowles in her revenge against the Knowles all these years?

He wanted revenge, but in the end, he took revenge on someone who had absolutely nothing to do with Simone’s death.

“Why would she lie to me?” Thomas seemed to have aged ten years, and his head hung low in dejection. Nolan looked at him and asked, “Have you ever thought that maybe the murderer of Simone is Madam Knowles?” “No. That’s not possible.” Thomas shook his head, “Both of them are sisters. There’s no way she would kill Simmie.” “Nothing is impossible.” Nolan chuckled. “Madam Knowles wanted to marry Rick, but Rick only loved Simone. Therefore, only after Simone’s death would she have a chance.”

Nolan lowered his head to look at the cup of tea in his hand and said, “Even brothers would fight against each other for something both of them want, let alone sisters. Once a person is blinded by their greed and ambition, they will do everything they can to achieve their goal, even if it means harming the people closest to them.”

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Thomas did not know what to say anymore.

Meanwhile, Nolan pulled a photo out of his pocket. “I don’t think Madam Knowles has told you about my mother, Natasha, before, right?” He put the photo on the table and pushed it toward Thomas.

“T-This is...” Thomas was stunned.

“She is my mother. Madam Knowles adopted her,” Nolan said as he looked fixedly at Thomas. Thomas picked the photo up, his hands trembling vigorously. The woman in the photo, especially her features, resembled Simone a lot when she was younger. “As for why Madam Knowles would adopt my mother, I guess no one knew my mother’s identity better than her. Now that I’ve learned all the truth, I can say with confidence my mother is probably your and Simone’s daughter.” Thomas jerked his head up to look at Nolan. He opened his parched lips, but no words could come out.

At Bassburgh, at Sout..

“I believe that Mr. Boucher isn’t that kind of person. Does that little-known actress want to be famous so much?” “That’s right. I don’t think Mr. Boucher needs a public stunt. He didn’t get famous only because of his good looks. He’s able to rise to stardom because of his own effort and capability. Those

who said that he needs to use a public stunt must have something wrong in their brains.” When Maisie and Lucy came out of the elevator, they overheard a few female employees talking about Helios.

Lucy was one of Helios’ fans as well. When she heard that someone was throwing mud at her idol, she gnashed her teeth in anger but couldn’t show her emotion in front of Maisie.

Maisie noticed the changes in her expression as well. She walked toward the group of female staff members with a smile on her face and said, “Of course, Mr. Boucher doesn’t have to use a public stunt. Those people are just slinging mud at him to get more attention. All of you should get back to work now.”

The group of female staff members heaved a sigh of relief after they heard what Maisie said. One of them patted her chest and chimed in, “See? I know Mr. Boucher isn’t that kind of person.”

Just when Maisie was about to leave, she suddenly remembered something, and a smile appeared on the corner of her lips. She turned around to face them and announced, “The top three sales performers will be awarded Mr. Boucher’s autograph and \$450 cash this month.”

The group of female employees was first stunned. When they finally came around to their senses after a short while, they all jumped up excitedly.

Lucy hurriedly followed Maisie and asked with a grin, “What about me, Ms. Vanderbilt?”

Maisie patted her head with the document in her hand and said, “The same goes for you as well.”

Lucy froze at the spot for a while. She cupped her cheeks with joy and swore in her heart that she was going to get her idol’s autograph. At Royal Crown –

Morgan looked at those news reports that said Helios had his own personal motive for saving that person. Helios had not given any explanation so far, and although his fans trusted him, some netizens were hostile toward him.

Nina knocked on the door and came into the office. “Mr. Lynch.”

She handed the tablet to Morgan and said, “Look at what Zestar Media Corporation has done. How could they work together with that little-known actress and throw mud at us?”

Morgan took a look at Facebook and placed the tablet down. “Where is Helios? Why does it seem to me that he isn’t worried about everything that is happening right now?” “Hels is... He’s in a relationship, so he doesn’t have time to care about all these,” Nina said.

Morgan was shocked. “What!? H-He’s in a relationship?”

Nina had no other choice but to tell Morgan about the relationship between Barbara and Helios. After that, she continued. “It’s about time for Hels to get into a relationship. After all, his family members have been urging him to find a girlfriend for a very long time. Hels has always ignored these things. Moreover, he has already gotten all the awards and has been a very popular actor in the entertainment industry for so long. I can see that he has the intention of retiring.”

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Morgan paced back and forth in front of the table with his hands clasped behind his back. Suddenly, he stopped pacing around, lifted his head to look at the ceiling, and sighed, "Well, I could sense that Helios intends to retire from the entertainment industry. Sigh, I'm the one who brought him into this industry, made him famous, and watched him get 12 film awards. Honestly, I really don't want him to retire from the industry."

Morgan lowered his head. His eyes were red around the rims, and he felt like crying.

Nina walked forward and patted his shoulder to comfort him. "Mr. Lynch, you need to think in this way. All good things must come to an end, and we won't have new blood coming in if all those old actors and actresses refuse to give way."

Morgan covered his face and said, "I'm still very sad. He's just like my own son. Why can't he just stay for another 10 years? The market for old actors and actresses is pretty good nowadays as well." Helios was standing outside of the office right now. He knocked on the door and shattered the sad environment in the office. "What are you crying for?"

Morgan quickly wiped the tears off his face and took a few deep breaths to calm himself down. "Helios, since you really want to retire from the entertainment industry, we won't force you to stay."

Helios walked over to the couch and sat down. He chuckled and said, "Sooner or later, I'd have to retire from the industry. Besides, as the saying goes, 'Out with the old, in with the new', right?" "But you're leaving Royal Crown!" Morgan felt like crying again when the thought surfaced in his head. It was like watching his own kid flying away, leaving him alone in Royal Crown.

Helios shook his head helplessly and said, "I'm not leaving Royal Crown."

He took out a document and placed it on the table. "I'm officially one of Royal Crown's shareholders. I would prefer to go behind the scenes, but if there is a good script to ask me to play a part, I will also consider."

Both Morgan and Nina were astonished.

Helios thought of something and added, "Oh yeah, by the way, I want to hold a press conference, and I have already communicated with Royal Crown's board."

In the afternoon, Royal Crown gathered up all the journalists and reporters in the conference room. Helios walked on stage under the flashing lights of the reporters' cameras and looked at them. "I know that you are all concerned about my recent incident in Coralia. I gathered all of you here today because I have three announcements to make."

The reporters below the stage were talking to each other, and some of them took out their notebooks and started taking notes.

Helios glanced at the crowd and said, "The first thing is about the avalanche that the crew encountered in Coralia. I would like to tell you all here that I would do the same and save them no matter who was in that situation. I don't really care about what other people say about me. As for the rejection, I just want to say that I've accepted her feelings, so I don't think there's any need for me to explain further. "The

second thing is that I have a girlfriend, and I decided to marry her.” The press and media did not react so strongly toward his first announcement, but all of them were blown away by his second announcement.

“You’re going to get married, Mr. Boucher?” “When did you get a girlfriend, Mr. Boucher? Why don’t we know anything about it?”

“Is your girlfriend in the entertainment industry as well?”

Helios answered their questions one by one patiently. “She’s not from the entertainment industry, and as for who she is, all of you will find out on my wedding day. I believe that my fans, and those who support me, will understand me and wish me well.”

A reporter stood up and asked, “What is the third announcement you want to make, Mr. Boucher?”

Helios looked at the reporter and replied, “I, Helios Boucher, will retire from the entertainment industry from today.” The crowd of reporters was stunned. None of them spoke, and only a few flashing lights were still on.

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One of the female reporters stood up. “Mr. Boucher, are you planning on retiring?” Helios nodded. “We should always leave more opportunities for the newcomers to the entertainment industry.”

The reporter asked, “But why would you choose to do so?”

He replied, “It was just a matter of time. I wish to place more focus on my career behind the scenes and leave the silver screen to the newcomers. Of course, if there’s a script that requires me to play a role, I’ll still consider it.”

The reporter moved on to the next question. “Did you quit the industry because of your girlfriend?”

Helios blinked, looked around the room, and chuckled. “No matter what my decision is going to be, I think she’ll still support me, and my fans will definitely understand the reason behind my choice. And now, I also hope my fans won’t start arguments with anyone else or abuse others on any platform because of me. Although I might’ve left the circle, I’ll still be with you.” He bowed to all the attendees in the center of the stage. Waves of warm and thunderous applause came from the audience.

#Helios Boucher announced his withdrawal from the entertainment industry.#

#Helios Boucher’s girlfriend #

#The “light” of the entertainment industry will never disappear.#

Helios immediately occupied three of the most popular search topics on Google Trends after the press conference, especially the one that reported Helios’ retirement announcement, which almost paralyzed Google and Twitter.

Tens of thousands of Helios’ fans commented on Twitter one after another. Some felt sad about losing their idol, some gave him their sincere blessings, and some even left him messages, crying and weeping.



Some of the fans were optimistic.

#Hels hasn't left us for good. He's only pursuing his career behind the scenes, he's still our light.#

#Hels is so magnanimous. Even though he was misunderstood, he didn't come forward to explain himself. He even told us not to abuse others. I'll miss him so badly!#

#How should I put this into words? I've been a fan of Hels for 16 years, so no matter what, I'll bless him in his romantic relationship, and I'll support him whenever he feels like quitting the industry. In short, Hels will always be my light!#

#+1, to our eternal light, Hels!#

Royal Crown also retweeted @ Helios Boucher's tweet.

#We've not lost ourselves the best actor, but we've found ourselves a partner, looking forward to working with you in the future.#

At the same time, the Zestar Media and Michelle's Twitter accounts were filled with so many reprimanding comments from netizens that they were forced to change their accounts into private accounts. All this happened only because the netizens who originally supported them saw the information about Helios' retirement and clarification. They believed they were only doing so to create hype.

Zestar Media realized that they had made a mistake and immediately deleted their tweet and apologized, but the netizens did not buy the sudden change in their attitude and position. They even mocked the company, saying that Zestar Media "is just too small of an operation" to "have the vision to do the right thing". An hour after Helios' astonishing announcement, some netizens even found out that Michelle had deactivated her Twitter account.

At Skyhigh Condo...

Barbara was astounded when she saw the information on Twitter. She tapped on the link and covered her mouth in surprise.

She never thought that Helios would one day disclose that he had a girlfriend in front of the media.

Hearing the doorbell ring, she put down her phone, got up, went to open the door, and was stunned. Helios was standing at the door in a gray coat, the same one that he wore at the press conference.

Barbara stepped forward, hugged him, and kissed him on tiptoe. Helios gained momentum, placed his palm on the back of her head, and lowered his head to kiss her. He pushed her into the entryway and closed the door behind him.

The two kissed at the entrance. Barbara took off his coat while he pushed her against the wall, pecked his way toward her ear, and chuckled. "Are you happy?"

Barbara gasped. "What should I be happy about?"

Helios picked her up and allowed her to hang herself on him by wrapping her arms and legs around him. "Because I have the time to accompany you."

Barbara wrapped her arms around his neck and chuckled. "Yeah, that's rather delightful news to get." He responded with a hum, raised his head, and kissed her. "I didn't get to finish what I started last night."

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Barbara's cheeks were slightly warm as she buried her face in his shoulder and neck while he chuckled and carried her into the bedroom.

The next day, because of last night's downpour in Bussburgh, the cold weather could not have gotten any colder. It was 9:00 a.m. when it was still drizzling, Maisie took Lucy to several shops to discuss the rent and lease of those locations, and they finally chose a shop lot that was located in the Golden Triangle.

As the two walked out of the building, Lucy held up an umbrella and walked next to Maisie. "Ms. Vanderbilt, only the rent would cost us \$500,000 per year. Wouldn't it be a little too expensive?"

Maisie smiled. "The Golden Triangle is the most prosperous commercial center in Bussburgh. After all, it's located in an area that has a large flow of people. A lot of foreign businessmen would fight each other just to secure themselves a location in this area for their business. Finding ourselves a shop lot here with an annual rent of only \$500,000 is more than what we could've bargained for."

Lucy arrived at a lightbulb moment after hearing that explanation.

The two walked to the car and saw Jackie's car parked nearby.

Two men in black approached them, and Maisie took the umbrella in Lucy's hand and said to her, "You should get in the car first."

But..." Lucy hesitated, but Maisie comforted her and said everything would be fine.

After Lucy got into the car uneasily, Maisie closed the door and glanced at the two men walking in her direction.

One of the men said, "Ms. Vanderbilt, our employer has requested you to come with us."

Maisie followed them to the car, and the man in black opened the car's door. The car's interior looked extremely spacious, and it was equipped with everything other than a kitchen sink.

Jackie sat in the car with a dark brown fur coat draped over his body and a black turtleneck. He gently shook the wine glass in his hand, and the swaying wine looked as red as blood. "Aren't you going to bring anyone along with you this time around?" Maisie laughed, crossed her legs together, leaned forward slightly, propped her elbow against her knee, and rested her chin on her palm. "Mr. Clifford, how many men do you expect me to bring along?"

Jackie raised his head and took a sip of wine, and his gaze was fixed on the wine glass. "You set me up the other day. Aren't you afraid that I am back to even the score?" She chuckled. "So, are you saying that you're going to settle the account with me now?"

Jackie looked at her.

Maisie crossed her arms and leaned against the car window. "The dignified young heir of the Cliffords lost to a woman and got tricked by the woman. It's indeed a really embarrassing fact to live with." Maisie smirked as she said that. "But if the public were to find out that you've been played only because you were plotting against me in

the first place, it'd be even more humiliating for that to be spread around the city."

Jackie looked a little embarrassed. "So, are you planning to threaten me with this?"

"Why should I threaten you?" Maisie flipped her hair backward. "I want to preserve my reputation too. What would the public make of me when they learn that the prestigious Mrs. Goldmann had been to a hotel to meet a man and almost got one-upped?"

Jackie scoffed. "We were classmates for three years. I really don't know that you would become the wife of the legendary Mr. Goldmann one day." "Everything in the world is unpredictable. You've also become the heir of the Cliffords yourself." Maisie raised her eyebrows. "When it

comes to concealing one's background and identity, I don't think anyone in the world could outdo you."

Jackie did not utter a single word.

"Since Mr. Clifford has nothing else to say, I'll take my leave first. My colleague is still waiting for me in the car." Maisie was about to open the car door, so Jackie put down the glass. "Don't you want to know more about the history between the

Cliffords and the Knowles?"

She stopped and looked back at Jackie.

From time to time, Lucy, who was waiting in the other car, leaned out of the car window, feeling a little worried.

'Who's the person who is looking for Ms. Vanderbilt? Why is their conversation taking forever? Will everything be alright?'

Maisie listened patiently to Jackie's stories – they were about the great grievances between the Cliffords and the Knowles.

Jackie's grandfather's lover in Yarmoor had been forced to death by Sam Knowles back then. That was why Thomas hated the

Madam Knowles had contacted Thomas through a certain medium and told him that the woman he loved was forced to death by Sam back. That was why Thomas would interfere in the Knowles' affairs.

Maisie squinted. "So Elder Master Clifford chose to cooperate with Madam Knowles in order to get his revenge?"

She chuckled after saying that. "If Sam really forced Elder Master Clifford's lover to death, and Madam Knowles has used this condition to convince your grandfather into getting back at the Knowles, don't you think it's strange? Shouldn't Sam be the one who gets killed first and not Elder Master Knowles, who has nothing to do with it?"

"Madam Knowles allowed Sam to live until he died of illness. How could your grandfather wait so patiently for so many years?" She stared at Jackie and uttered word by word, "If it were me, I wouldn't be able to wait for that long. Unless there's a reason for me to do so."

Jackie looked down as he thought about something. He then picked up the wine glass after a long time. "That woman... She seems to have given birth to a daughter for my grandfather."

Maisie returned to her car. Lucy's finger, which was about to dial 911, trembled when she saw Maisie open the car door.

Lucy raised her head. "Ms. Vanderbilt, you're back. I was about to call the police if you still hadn't returned." Maisie closed the car door and fastened her seat belt. "I told you that it'd be fine, didn't I? I wouldn't lie to you."

Lucy heaved a sigh of relief and asked again, "Do you know that person?"

Maisie replied while driving, "He's an old classmate of mine."

"An old classmate?" Lucy scratched her cheeks and muttered, "Why is my intuition telling me that he's a mobster?" 'He actually brought two men in black along with him. I thought they were debt collectors who came to talk business.'

Maisie smiled and said nothing. At Octavia, at the Clifford manor...

Thomas stood in front of the photo with his hands crossed. His expression looked gloomy as he whispered to the woman in the photo, "Simmie, I've been looking for our daughter for most of my life, but I haven't even had the chance to run into her. Did she just go with you? If that's the case, I hate myself more. I hate myself for believing what Olga said." Speaking of this, Thomas could not help but look even sulkier. I've never doubted Olga because she's Simmie's sister, but she obviously adopted our daughter and chose to keep it from me for decades. She even made our daughter live in the Knowles as a tool that profited them!

Thomas shouted, and a bodyguard came in from outside. "Sir."

Thomas said expressionlessly, "Contact Madam Knowles on my behalf and tell her that our collaboration ends today. By the

way, I want to settle an account with her."

In the courtyard...

Daisie was sitting alone on the swing. She had become a lot less talkative and a lot more depressed than before. She was not the lively girl that she usually was anymore. Quincy, who was standing in the corridor, saw this, lowered his head, and sighed. Nolan came over at the exact moment. What's wrong?"

Quincy looked at him, "Mr. Goldmann, the young lady has been extremely quiet these past few days. It seems that Noilace's affair has affected her quite a bit."

Nolan frowned and looked in Daisie's direction. "This girl has a sensitive soul, I think she'll remain in this state for quite some time, but she'll eventually recover

from the heartbreak:

"But how are we going to explain this to Mrs. Goldmann when we get back to Bussburgh?"

'The child was enthusiastic and kicking before coming to Octavia, but she's become so dispirited now. Those who don't know would most probably think that she's undergone some kind of mental abuse.'

Nolan pinched and rubbed the bridge of his nose, "We'll take care of that when we're back."

"Mr Goldmann!" A bodyguard rushed toward him in a hurry and said something to Nolan.

Nolan paused for a bit and frowned faintly." Are you sure about that?"

The bodyguard nodded. "The news came from Yaramoor, so it shouldn't be fake." Quincy was shocked after hearing this, and he could not help but look in Daisie's direction. "If the young lady were to be informed about this..."

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Nolan's expression dimmed. "No one is allowed to mention this. And pay close attention to the latest news. As soon as it's reported in the country, you're to immediately suppress and block the news."

Quincy nodded. "Yes."

It was evening in Yaramoor. Zeta walked into the manor, took off her coat, handed it to the servant, and stepped into the study.

She walked to the fireplace, leaned over next to Madam Knowles, and reported something. Madam Knowles, who was lying on the rocking chair, slowly opened her eyes. "Was everything done flawlessly?"

Zeta nodded. "Bob claimed that he didn't leave anyone alive behind. Madam Knowles beckoned to the poodle lying at her feet. The poodle stood up, shook its body, and jumped into Madam Knowles's arms. She then stroked the poodle's fur. "That's great. The young one is now dead. We'll just leave the two old ones alive and let them live their remaining years in grief and regrets."

A commotion came from outside the study, and it was Tristan. He knocked out the three bodyguards who were on standby outside and broke into the study.

Zeta's expression changed slightly when she saw Tristan.

There were still visible snowflakes on Tristan's shoulders. It seemed that he had come here in the heavy snow and the aura that he was emitting felt murderous and cold. He took off his hat and glared at Zeta expressionlessly. "I knew it. You're indeed a spy that my mother sent."

Zeta lowered her head and did not say anything.

Madam Knowles looked at Tristan. "So what if you've guessed it? That little b\* stard has died. So what now? Are you telling me that you 're going to come at me for that?"

Tristan chuckled. "You've always regarded me as your enemy ever since I was a child. So do I even qualify to be on the same side as you, Mother?"

"Presumptuous!" Madam Knowles sat up straight and gave him a sharp glare. "If you weren't the brat that I gave birth to myself, I would 've killed you ages ago."

Tristan stepped forward slowly. "It's not too late if you want to do it now. Since you're the one who brought me into this world, I won't mind if you wish to take it back. Go ahead."

Madam Knowles stood up abruptly, raised her hand, and slapped him. The slap echoed through the study, and Tristan's cheek felt numb

The bodyguards who came after getting the intruder alert were all taken aback and froze in place outside the door. Even Zeta did not dare to say a word and only watched the whole process silently.

Madam Knowles gnashed her teeth. "Yes, I hate you. I hate you for being my son. How would I have given birth to you, a useless piece of sh\*t, if it weren't for that man?"

Tristan stroked the mark on his cheek. He looked expressionless when it happened as he was already numb deep down. He then grinned. "Yeah, apart from giving birth to me, you've played no part in raising me. So to me, I've never had a mother in all my life.' "You. .." Madam Knowles was about to raise her hand again when someone came in from outside to reiterate the message that came from the Cliffords in Octavia.

Madam Knowles paused.

Tristan straightened his coat. "Madam Knowles, I'll remember everything that you've done deep in my heart. You're getting older by the day, and it's time to start to think about the rest of your life.' Tristan left the study indifferently, and Madam Knowles stood there and watched him leave as her face dimmed gradually

The bodyguard came into the study and lowered his head. "Madam, Elder Master Clifford has a message for you. He said his cooperation with you ends from today onward, and he also said...

Madam Knowles's gaze looked stern. "What did he say?"

The bodyguard replied, "He also said that he will settle an account with you." Nolan had gotten back to Bussburgh together with Daisie, and Maisie had been waiting for them at the airport half an hour in advance.

Seeing Nolan walk out of Exit T2, Maisie ran straight toward him with a wide smile.

Nolan hugged her, buried her in his arms, and laughed. "Did you miss me?"

Maisie saw the gazes of the surrounding passengers, and only then did she notice where they were and pushed him away gently, "What

## Chapter 980

Nolan lowered his head and chuckled. "I missed you too." Maisie looked around the exit. "Where's our daughter?"

Nolan turned around while Daisy and Quincy slowly walked up to them from behind.

Just when Maisie was about to go up to her and give her a hug, Daisy walked past her as if she had not seen her.

Maisie was astonished. She turned around and asked, "What's wrong with Daisy?"

Quincy was a little awkward. "Mrs.

Goldmann, Mr. Goldmann will explain everything to you."

Maisie turned to look at Nolan, and Nolan

clenched his hand, placed it in front of his lips, and cleared his throat softly. "We'll talk about it while we're on our way home." ;

Daisy and Quincy sat in the rear of the car while Nolan and Maisie took the same car. Nolan recounted to Maisie what had happened to Daisy when they were on their way back. She was extremely dispirited because she had witnessed Nollace still get brought back to Yaramoor in the end, but she could not do anything to stop it. She felt like she had lost a friend and was very depressed about it.

She really loved staying close to Nollace. The reason she had followed Nollace to Octavia was only to save him.

Maisie looked at him. "Didn't you go to Octavia because you could save these two children?" Nolan was about to say something but hesitated.

I'd indeed be able to save both of them before I got to know that Thomas is my maternal grandfather and found out about the other things.

'Octavia is the territory of the Cliffords. If I were to have made a rash move without knowing anything, it'd be impossible for us to retreat safely and soundly, let alone Daisy, no matter how good my men are.'

"Zee, about this matter-"

Before he could finish speaking, Maisie placed her finger against his lips to stop him, "Okay, don't say anything. Nollace has only been sent back to Yaramoor, so maybe they'll still have a chance to meet each other in the future. Daisy will only be downcast for a while."

Nolan's eyelids drooped. "No, that's not possible anymore."

Maisie was astonished. "What?"

Nolan looked out of the car window. "I've received news from Yaramoor saying that Noilace was assassinated as soon as he arrived in the country. Madam Knowles didn't even let Noilace live to see Yaramoor's land again. Her plan to abduct Noilace to Octavia was only to avoid Tristan's men. No matter how powerful and influential Tristan is, he wouldn't be able to save Noilace in Thomas's territory."

Maisie froze in place for a moment and then took a deep breath. "Wait a minute. T-This is impossible, right? That boy is dead?"

Nolan did not say anything.

But his silence had already given her everything that she needed to know.

Maisie did not know what the emotion she was feeling deep down was. No matter what, Noilace had still been a boy who was alive and well. He had even gotten to spend quite some time with her children.

'If I were to let them know about this...

'Especially Daisy, how sad would she be?'

Nolan hugged her. "I wish that it was not true too, so we can only hide this from the kids for now."

A few days later, at Yaramoor...

Zeta walked to the study and knocked on the door. "Madam, the boat has arrived at the dock. We should leave now."

Madam Knowles stood in front of the fireplace and threw the photos in her hands into the fireplace, and the fire devoured the photos, giving off crackling sounds.

She then exited the study with Zeta, and several cars were already parked outside the gate. Zeta opened the car door for her. As soon as Madam Knowles got into the car, she closed the door and stepped into the front passenger seat. "Let's go."

The driver started driving, followed by several vehicles behind them.

Madam Knowles sat in the rear seat with her poodle in her arms. She had to return to her home, East Winston, after all.

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Several cars were parked at the pier.

Madam Knowles then got out of the car, and a luxurious cruise ship bound for East Winston was docked at the pier, waiting for them to board.

"Madam, please board the boat." The bodyguard made a gesture of showing

Madam Knowles the way.



Zeta and Madam Knowles walked up the steps with bodyguards behind them, but that was when they were assaulted.

Several gunshots sounded all over the place, and Madam Knowles reacted by bending forward and standing steadily. The poodle in her arms was frightened and kept barking and broke free from Madam Knowles' arms.