

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 371

[/ The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 371 In the night, at Blue Bay villa...](#)

Maisie made dinner, and for a moment, she was lost in the conversation that she had had with Erwin in the afternoon. Soon, she recovered from the trance and realized that she did not see Nolan come downstairs. Thus, Maisie went to the study and heard Nolan's voice when she was about to knock on the door.

"An engine failure caused it? Are you sure?"

Maisie's raised hand was retracted slowly.

'What engine failure is he talking about?'

"Mr. Winters hasn't woken up yet?"

"Okay, I got it.

"You should cooperate with the police's investigation first to see if the couple had contacted anyone before the accident or if there, was any trace of money transfer in their bank account."

Nolan ended the call, turned his head, and saw Maisie pushing the door to come in. Seeing Maisie's expression, he slowly opened his tightly pursed lips. "Zee, you--"

I heard it all," Maisie interrupted him calmly "Has that couple run into an accident?"

Nolan walked up to her, grabbed her shoulders lightly, and said with a solemn expression, "Yeah, the police are now investigating the cause of the accident, and I've asked Quincy to look into it."

Maisie lowered her gaze as her eyes turned gloomy. She seemed a little powerless.

'Did they die just like that?'

"Zee, Mr. Winters is still alive. It's just that we still don't know when he'll wake up. He's smart, I'll give him that. He deliberately leaked his location when he left. That's how our men arrived in time to save his life."

Maisie's eyelashes twitched "Is she the one who did it?"

Nolan's eyes turned slightly cold. "Rowena has an alibi. Two people managed to flee the scene, so it's obvious that they were fully prepared. But they can't run very far. I've already asked Hans to seal the city secretly."

She then asked, "Do they know that Mr. Winters is still alive?"

"They don't." Nolan tucked the hair that was dangling on her cheek behind her ear. "I tested Rowena earlier today, and she thinks that the Winters are both dead. I didn't let anyone disclose the fact that Mr. Winters is still alive, so no one knows."

Maisie raised her eyes to look at him. "Did you already learn about it some time ago and were not planning to tell me?"

Nolan was stunned for a split second and then explained with a hint of helplessness in his eyes, "They ran into an accident not long after you went to see them. I was worried that you'd be affected."

The smile on Maisie's face looked a little pale. "I scared them just because I wanted to force the person behind them to come out from behind the scene. But I didn't expect."

Nolan took her into his arms and kissed her on the top of her head. "It's not your fault. The party who hired them had never thought of letting them walk away in one piece. Maybe it's because Mr. Winters started to regret it. That's why they tried to kill them."

She raised her head. "He regretted it?"

Nolan nodded. "Mr. Winters didn't fully trust them. He must've found something, or else, he wouldn't have deliberately leaked their location when they were being taken away."

Maisie immediately fell into contemplation.

'It's obvious that Mr. Winters noticed that the other party wouldn't be so kind that they would help them sincerely, so he was careful. But he didn't expect it to turn out to be a disaster to them.

'Mrs. Winters died on the spot, and Mr. Winters is still in a coma. No matter what, a life has been lost!'

Maisie supported her chin. "Mr. Winters must've known something before he regretted this. If they learn that Mr. Winters is still alive, they'll definitely make another move, won't they?"

Nolan hugged her all of a sudden. "So, as our only lead, he has to be protected."

Maisie's eyelashes trembled as she thought of something. She stood on tiptoe and wrapped her arms around his neck while her eyes lit up "If Mr Winters is a

very important lead, then what will the people behind the curtain do when the fact that Mr. Winters is still alive is spread? Won't they get anxious?"

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"They won't leave anyone alive." Nolan looked at her. "Do you want to lure the culprit out from behind the curtain?"

Maisie smiled slowly. "Are you confident?"

Maisie felt the warmth of his palm on her waist and watched as he lowered his gaze and chuckled. "It's worth a try."

At the administration department...

Several employees who ordered takeout gathered around to gossip in the break room. "Have you heard that the couple who caused Mrs. Goldmann trouble a few days ago has died in a car accident?"

"Of course. I heard the employees on the 16th floor say that the couple was shameless enough to blame Mrs. Goldmann for their daughter's death and asked Mrs. Goldmann for compensation."

"Yeah, it was clarified a few days ago. I feel that Mrs. Goldmann had been inexplicably wronged. What is that woman's name, Wynona, right?"

Rowena happened to hear the conversation inside when she passed by the break room, and her footsteps froze in place when she heard the name "Wynona".

She peeped inside through the creak of the ajar door and discovered it was a conversation that was happening between several female staff members who were eating their lunches.

"Who do you think Mrs. Goldmann provoked? She's been running into quite a lot of turmoil recently. And that couple, they really deserve it. It's their retribution if they've run into an accident."

"Let's end this topic already. Anyway, hasn't that man been rescued? I heard that his wife died on the spot, but he survived that. Just how lucky can he be?"

Rowena's hand that was holding documents could not help but tighten while her expression turned cold and stern all of a sudden.

'D*mn it! Those incompetent b*stards actually let that old geezer live!

'The old geezer has already seen my face. He mustn't live!

At Soul Jewelry Studio...

Cherie dashed toward Maisie's office and opened the door. "Maisie, this is bad, the Winters..."

But the first thing that caught her eyes before she could finish speaking was the sight of Nolan feeding Maisie food in the office.

Cherie was immediately petrified in place. 2

'I seem to always come at the wrong time, right?'

Maisie withdrew the fork that he used to feed her from his hand with extreme embarrassment.

Thank God we were only eating and not doing anything else!

Nolan glared at Cherie. The dissatisfaction of being interrupted was clearly displayed on his face, causing Cherie to sweat immediately and give off an ear-to-ear grin. "Then I'll come back later."

"Get your *ss in here!"

"Yes!" Cherie entered the office, sat on the couch, and started blabbering, "Mr. Goldmann, Maisie, how can you still eat so carefreely here? The Winters have run into an accident, and the news is now spreading in the company like a wildfire."

"We already know that." Maisie took a sip of the soup from the bowl, then smiled. "So just let the rumors do their job. All we need to do is to wait for the results."

Cherie could not help but wonder. "What results are we waiting for?"

Maisie was about to say something when Nolan rubbed his brows casually. "Go to Quincy, and you'll know what to do."

"Oh," Cherie responded, got up, and exited the room.

: Maisie turned to look at him. "Why didn't you let me tell her?"

Nolan grabbed a pinch of her hair with his fingertips and fondled it: "Cherie isn't very well-prepared for the people who are close to her. Thus, she might tell others if we were to tell her now."

"That implies that Cherie has no guard against Rowena, so if she happens to know about the plan and Rowena happens to ask her about something, she might tell her everything.

'Hence, he sent her to Quincy. He may teach her a thing or two.'

Maisie sneered. "Wouldn't it be a disadvantage to Cherie if she was allowed to leave for society?"

Nolan looked at her. "Certain sufferings are inevitable, and she'll learn that people's hearts are sinister when she has suffered enough. However, you don't have to worry about her. She still has Quincy and Hans. She's not in the position to suffer too much."

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Maisie placed her hand on Nolan's shoulder. "Is Quincy ready now?"

Nolan raised his eyebrows. "What do you think?"

That night...

No one was guarding outside the ICU ward of the hospital

When the nurse on duty was doing her rounds, she saw a doctor walking by and greeted him.

The doctor nodded at her and walked toward the ICU ward.

When he arrived at the door of the ward and saw the nurse walking away, he pushed the door open and entered. He then saw the person lying on the bed through the faint light from outside the ward, walked up to the bed, and took a bottle and syringe out of his pocket

He pricked the needle into the infusion bag, and just as he was about to squeeze the syringe and let the liquid inside seep into the bag, the light of the ward was turned on abruptly. He turned his head instantly, and Cherie had already punched him to the ground.

Quincy asked the bodyguards behind her to subdue him on the ground and tore off his face mask.

The man looked sulky as he glared fiercely at them. "It's you?"

Quincy took a glance at his watch, and the corners of her lips were raised. "I didn't expect that you really wouldn't give up when we deliberately leaked the news."

The man understood something and was astonished.

This is a trap!

Quincy said to the others, "Take him away."

At Blue Bay villa...

Nolan received a message from Quincy.

[Sit, the man is being held at Summer Pavilion)

Maisie had just finished taking a shower, and her hair was still wet when she came out of the bathroom. She wrapped herself up in a towel and saw him looking at his phone. "Have they done it?"

Nolan curled his lips. "Yes, the fish really took the bait."

"They want to take Mr. Winters' life in such a hurry. It seems that Mr. Winters really knows a secret?" She walked toward the dresser and picked up the hair dryer to blow her hair.

'If Mr. Winters didn't know anything, the other party wouldn't have to get rid of him no matter what.'

Nolan did not answer as his gloomy eyes landed on her body. She was wearing a black lace nightdress, and her action of brushing her hair when blowing her hair was extremely attractive and seductive.

The graceful figure was enough to make his lust boil. 1

Her hair was only half-dried when Nolan appeared behind her, hugged her, and grabbed her hair dryer from her.

"Nolan, I'm drying my hair, you—"

Nolan tugged her long hair with his fingertips, and his voice sounded bewitchingly low. "Using a hair dryer harms the quality of your hair."

Maisie was astounded. She stared suspiciously at the man standing behind her in the mirror and questioned, "I don't think that's what you're thinking, am I right?" ..

A chuckle came from above her head, and his hand..

"It seems that you're starting to know me better." Nolan leaned over and kissed her shoulder and back.

After a while, Maisie was turned to face him, standing wobbly on one foot. She would have fallen if it was not for the dressing table behind her. "Wait, aren't we going,"

"Don't worry, there's time."

Nolan occupied her willfully and recklessly. His gloomy eyes did not want to miss any of her intoxicating expressions. She frowned slightly. It was a rather bloody scene, but she did not show her disgust. A coat was then placed on her shoulders.

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The man in black punched the man's stomach so hard that the man vomited there were even traces of blood in his vomit. Perhaps Nolan did not want her to see such a cruel scene, so he reached out and rubbed the top of her head "Zee, why don't you wait for me outside?"

II

Maisie followed Nolan into the private room and happened to witness the scene in which the man was being beaten up.

At the private club, Summer Pavilion. "F*ck, do you still want to act so stubbornly?"

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Maisie took a glimpse at him and whispered, "Don't worry about me. I'm not that weak that I can't bear this."

Some people could not stand the blood and cruelty, and those who were weaker psychologically would find such scenes too gruesome. She might not be able to adjust to it, but she could still take it

Nolan only smiled.

Quincy cleared his throat, and then the men in black stopped.

The man, whose nose was bruised and face was swollen from all the beating, gave off a bloody smile. "No matter how you torture me... That's my doing. I dare you to beat me to death."

1

The man in black walked up to Nolan and said respectfully, "Mr. Goldmann, this fella is as stubborn as a mule. No matter how hard we beat him, he won't give anyone else up."

Nolan's cold gaze shifted onto the man as he said indifferently, "Since you like to suffer that much, let's move on with it."

Nolan led Maisie to the couch, sat down, and grabbed the wine from the servants slowly and calmly

The man in black took a glance at Maisie hesitantly. "Sir, Mrs. Goldmann is here. If we act too mercilessly.

There was a woman here, so they were afraid that they would scare her if they were to be too ruthless with their actions.

Maisie smiled calmly before Nolan could speak up. "It's okay. You should do as you please, just don't kill him."

He's taken a life. Ending him would be an easy way out for him.'

Nolan looked at Maisie and raised his eyebrows lightly.

Those men in black were all surprised

'Mrs. Goldmann seems to be a ruthless woman!

One of the men in black nodded "Since Mrs. Goldmann has said so, then it's time to put on our game face."

The man gnashed his teeth and roared, "F*ckers, I dare you to kill me!"

Quincy, who was standing on the side, raised his foot and kicked his head.

He was kicked to the corner of the wall, lost consciousness for a split second, and could not get up.

It was the first time that Maisie saw Quincy, who had always been gentle, being so fierce and unforgiving.

Quincy took off his coat, put on his brass knuckles, and looked at the man condescendingly. "Killing you now is equal to showing you mercy indirectly."

The man was almost beaten to death, but he did not beg for mercy in the end as if he was asking to die. He did not give his accomplices up from beginning to end

Seeing that the man was no longer moving, Quincy walked up to Nolan. "He passed out."

Nolan sipped the fine wine in the glass, his cold eyes looking gloomy, "Wake him up."

Someone brought a pail of cold water and poured it on him.

The man opened his eyes feebly again. The repeated torture had obliterated his desire to survive. His voice sounded hoarse. "Just kill me..."

Maisie's eyelashes twitched, and she suddenly said when they were about to make a move on him, "Wait." ;

Those men stopped and looked back at her, and even Quincy looked doubtful.

Nolan looked calmly at Maisie, who got up and walked toward the man

However, Quincy hurriedly stopped her before she could approach him. "Ms. Vanderbilt, it's better not to get too close to him, he might"

"He can't hurt me as long as you're here." Maisie patted his shoulder.

Quincy withdrew his hand and watched as Maisie half-squatted in front of the man, "Do you have a family?"

The man's pupils dilated slightly when he heard this sentence, but he soon became silent.

The unwillingness to answer was sometimes equivalent to avoiding the question

"It looks like you do have a family." Maisie nodded and looked at him with a little sympathy. "You have a family, and yet you're still willing to sacrifice yourself for some random employer. There may be two reasons. It's either your family's life is in the hands of that employer of yours, and you're forced to do so, or you're trying to protect your family from being violated." ". Nol" The man wheezed.

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Maisie chuckled. "Your pupils obviously dilated when I asked you the question just now. That proves you're very nervous about this question. Not to mention the hesitation that you showed when you answered 'No'."

"I told you, no!"

The man was agitated all of a sudden and seemed to want to pounce at her with all his strength. Unfortunately, he was subdued on the ground by two men in black.

Maisie was taken aback, but she quickly regained her composure, stood up slowly, and looked at him expressionlessly. "Although I don't know which one of the two reasons fits your situation the best, you'd better think about whether you have the bargaining chip to keep them safe or not. You should've seen the fate of the Winters, after all: You're the person who's caused that incident, so you should know best."

The man lay on the ground, did not move, and looked at the distance with his blank eyes. Nobody knew whether he had run out of energy to put up a fight or had given up hope.

Nolan walked to Maisie's side, wrapped his arm around her shoulders, turned to Quincy, and said, "Get someone to keep an eye on him and ask him again after he's got the time to think it through."

Quincy nodded.

After Nolan led Maisie out of the private room, he picked her up abruptly and carried her to the car.

After carrying her into the car, Nolan propped his arm against the seat, lifted her chin with his fingertips, pulled her closer, and raised the corners of his lips. "Zee, you actually know how to read psychological hints?"

Maisie's brows rose. "Why can't I know how to do so?"

Seeing that Nolan was staring at herself with his scorching gaze, she looked away slightly and replied, "Waylon loves to read books related to psychology, so I sometimes skim through them when I'm bored. So-Umm!"

A trace of warmth caressed her lips. It took quite some time before she could get a gap to catch a breath.

Nolan rubbed her delicate lips with his fingertip and chuckled softly. "My wife is so smart. I've really found myself a treasure."

'My young wife is truly a little treasure.'

Maisie pushed him away lightly and fastened her seat belt. "All I did was bluff. He's the one who gave off the clues."

Nolan smiled. "That old man actually claimed that you don't have what it takes to become the mistress of the Goldmanns. It seems that he's made the biggest mistake of his life."

Maisie's tone changed. "In his opinion, the mistress of the Goldmanns should be Rowena."

"Are you jealous again?" Nolan was rendered speechless and amused at the same time.

Maisie changed the subject. "What if that man doesn't confess?"

"We've already guessed the mastermind behind this whole incident, so it doesn't matter whether he confesses or not." Nolan leaned over and kissed her forehead, his warm breath ruffling the hair that was dangling on her forehead. "She'll naturally panic when someone else panics."

The next day, at Blackgold Group...

Rowena walked to the administrative office and suddenly heard Maisie's voice when she was about to knock on the door. "Ms. Summers."

Rowena's eyes turned slightly gloomy upon seeing that Maisie was walking in her direction, but she still let off a monotonous grin on her face. "Ms. Vanderbilt, why are you here?"

'Why is this b*tch always here?'

Maisie raised her eyebrows. "You've heard about the rumors about last night, haven't you?"

"What do you mean by that?" Rowena's tone turned sullen.

Maisie gave off a faint smile and said casually, "Mr. Winters was assaulted in the hospital last night."

Rowena's expression changed abruptly, but she managed to suppress it soon.

'D*mn it! Has this b*tch found out about something?'

"I don't know what you're talking about." She quickly calmed herself down, let off an innocent expression, and diverted the topic. "Ms. Vanderbilt, I still don't know why you must paint a target on me. If it's because of Nolan, you're already married to him, so why do you still need to be wary of me?" Maisie tucked her hair behind her ears. "But the man who got caught in the hospital last night said that he knew you."

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Rowena realized something, and there was a subtle change in her expression: "Maisie, don't try to frame me without evidence!"

"I'm not framing you." Maisie beamed her face in a bright smile. "How did you come to the conclusion that I'm framing you? Even if that man did it, he said he knew you, so I just asked."

Maisie wanted to go in but pretended to think of something, then said, "By the way, do you remember that the man had bumpy skin with acne scars?"

"That's not possible"

Rowena suddenly gulped while her shoulder shuddered and her face turned a little paler.

Maisie walked into the office, and Rowena rushed to hold her. "You best be clear="

When Rowena saw Nolan sitting in the office, the uneasy feeling in her gut suddenly became clearer. "Nolan 1-

"It seems like he really was working for you."

His casual words turned Rowena's face as white as a sheet. She realized that all that had been a trap waiting for her to fall into. She knew that she had fallen into their trap when that old thing didn't die.

How could she let them get her! Her hand that was holding her mobile phone had dialed a number.

"Nolan, I'm really not involved." Rowena anxiously walked up to him to explain. "I don't know when I offended Ms. Vanderbilt and

why she's treating me this way, Nolan, I swear, I really didn't-"

"Didn't do this?"

Nolan cut her off while coldly looking at her. Rowena stopped speaking. The office turned gloomy, and she started to panic.

Rowena held her fists, and her eyes filled with tears. She bit her lip and said, "Nolan, why are you treating me this way?" Nolan lazily sat on the chair, his amber eyes dark. "I've said it, you should know what you've done."

Rowena was stunned, and a crystal clear tear rolled down the corner of her eye.

Nolan calmly said, "Willow had admitted to it was 'Lady Wolfsbane' that she mentioned not Rowena Summers?" He never believed her.

Rowena shuddered, and her nails dug into her palm. "Yes, I helped Willow. I let her out, but what does that prove?"

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"I let Willow out, but she was the one who sought revenge against Maisie. How was that my fault? I admit that I learned that Maisie was related to the de Armas from Willow, and I told Grandpa, but it was for Grandpa's good!"

Nolan's eyes were still cold and dark. "So you manipulated Grandpa's trust and used him to see Stephen and help Willow attack her so that you can pin this on him?"

"Nolan, I, no, I wasn't using him. Willow did it. Willow hated Maisie. How could you pin what she did on me? You can't trust her!"

Nolan laughed dryly. "I've wasted all four of Willow's limbs, and she will just be a handicapped person now. She admitted to everything to stay alive. Do you think that I'd let her off if she lied?"

Rowena shuddered.

Nolan's expression hardened. "You've been trying to use me from the day of The Jade Store's auction, and I've never trusted you since the time you came to me with a picture of Zee and Francisco."

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"Rowena, you know my bottom line, yet you've crossed it. You still want my trust?"

These words rendered Rowena speechless.

Nolan didn't give her a chance to explain herself. "I could let you off for instigating something between Zee and me, but when you did that to Grandpa and told him something behind our backs, I think there's no longer the need for clarification" .

Rowena's face was white as a sheet, and she felt absurd. She held her fists and asked, "Why didn't you call me out in front of Grandpa then?"

Nolan sniggered. "Doesn't Grandpa trust you? I wanted to know your motive."

Rowena lost her strength.

Maisie turned to look at her. "Were you involved in Wynona's case too?"

Rowena fiercely stared at Maisie, "How was Wynona's case related to me?"

Maisie calmly said, "Weren't you well aware of my rivalry with Wynona in the camp? If I died, Wynona would be the biggest suspect. Since we have a tumultuous relationship, Wynona would be the biggest suspect.

"However, it was easy for me to make Wynona confess what she did. Yet, after interrogating her for a few days for the incidents about the snake, she never admitted to it and suddenly took her own life."

Rowena clenched her jaw. "How would I know?"

"People who are familiar with the camp aren't just the instructors. It could be someone who spent time there too, right?"

Maisie looked at her through the corner of her eyes. "How would someone who wasn't familiar with the campgrounds be able to sneak in easily without being detected and escape?"

Anger flashed across Rowena's eyes. 1

Maisie was still observing her expressions. "Think about it. The person who wants me dead the most must be the person who sees me as an obstacle.

"Wynona was afraid of being punished. I warned her once, and she should have gotten her act straight. Her friends were even more cowardly than she was.

"So who would dare release the snake and make Wynona take the blame? It must have been someone who knew our relationship well and had some history with me."

Rowena wouldn't speak.

Beads of sweat were hidden in her hairline, hard to be seen, but the corner of her shirt had been wrinkled from being held on too tightly.

At that moment, the office door opened, and Titus appeared.

Seeing Rowena standing there with her eyes red, he frowned and asked, "What is going on?"

Maisie was surprised by Titus' sudden appearance.

Nolan seemed to have figured something out, his eyes turning even darker.

When Rowena saw Titus, she saw a glimmer of hope. "Grandpa, it was all my fault. I made a mistake. ... don't deserve to be Nolan's special assistant."

Titus' face dropped a little. He looked toward Maisie and Nolan and said, "What did Rowena do for you to treat her this way?"

"Grandpa, don't blame them. It was because I-I treated Ms. Vanderbilt badly because she was related to the de Amas."

Rowena had to take the initiative because the situation wasn't on her side. If she lost Titus' protection, it would end horribly for her.

Rowena knew Titus well. She had to admit to her mistakes and change her attitude for him to be on her side. She had to do it for the Summers!

Maisie wanted to say something when Nolan calmly said, "Was it as simple as treating her badly?"

"Nolan, I know that you hate me, but I was thinking of the Goldmanns," Rowena said with reddened eyes, as though she was the one being wrongly accused. "I knew that you wouldn't believe what I said. I admit that I was trying to get Ms. Vanderbilt to leave you, but I never hurt her!"

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Maisie pressed her lips together. Ever since Nolan had leaked information to Rowena, they had determined that she was related to those issues.

When Maisie had tried to fool her with the picture of the man, Rowena panicked and admitted that the person she had sent over wasn't the one they were talking about and couldn't be sure if he was caught.

It was obvious that she was the reason Titus had shown up.

Titus frowned. "It's just a small issue. There's no need to turn it into this." He still trusted Rowena.

Nolan's eyes were stern. He laughed. "Is murder a small issue?" It was rhetorical

Titus' expression changed as he looked at Rowena.

Rowena tried really hard to deny it and explained, "Grandpa, I didn't. I've always been by your side. You know who I am!" What she meant was she would never do something to hurt someone.

Titus hesitated, but he remembered that Rowena had been by his side for the past few years and had never done anything out of line or anything too suspicious. Thus, he felt that it was just his grandson's bias toward her, and he took a step back to compromise. "If you don't like Rowena being by your side, just bring Quincy back."

Rowena looked down, and hatred flashed across her eyes. She no longer cared if she could stay by Nolan's side. They had set a trap for her and had been suspecting her all this time.

She was lucky that Titus still believed in her, but she couldn't just sit around. Now that the truth had been revealed, she couldn't stay around any longer

Nolan was expressionless, seeming to have guessed the outcome. His expression was dark, and he didn't say anything.

Titus asked Rowena to go outside before him and sternly said to Nolan, "Rowena grew up with us, so no matter the reason for your disdain for her, you have to treat her nicely for the sake of Uncle Summers."

Nolan's expression remained the same. "Yes, the Summers were nice to have brought you up, but I don't owe anything to them. I don't have to treat them nicely." He didn't care about respecting them.

"You—"Titus choked, thinking that Maisie had instigated this. He stared at her and left the office.

Maisie was helpless. Had she been turned into the instigator now?

Nolan walked toward her and took her into his arms. "Feeling sad?" He was referring to the outcome of the situation,

Maisie knew Titus would speak up for Rowena, but she didn't expect him to trust her fully. "A little."

He held her chin up with his finger and caressed her lips. "We're not totally at a loss."

Maisie paused. They hadn't suffered a total loss because they had at least found out that Rowena was behind all that and the clue that Mr. Winters and the other man had.

Nolan looked at her. "Do you want to go visit Mr. Winters at the hospital with me?"

Mr. Winters had been transferred to a private hospital in secret. Maisie, who was there with Nolan, looked toward the ward, "Hasn't Mr. Winters woken up yet?"

Quincy shook his head, "Not yet. The doctor said it's all up to him whether he wakes up or not."

Maisie didn't say anything, but she heard Nolan ask, "Have you found anything about that man's family?"

Quincy paused, then answered, "Yes, but the odd thing is, both his parents are no longer around. He went through a divorce and has no close friends. He wasn't trying to protect anyone as Ms. Vanderbilt suspected." Maisie lowered her head to think. "Did I make a mistake?"

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"You were right." Nolan calmly said, "Our investigation wasn't thorough enough. I think the person he was protecting was also involved in this."

When he said that, Quincy seemed to have remembered something. "Yes, I noticed that money was deposited into his account every few months."

Nolan raised his brows, "Look into it."

When they left the hospital, Maisie got Nolan to send her to Vaenna

The car parked at the main doors, and when she was about to get off, Nolan tugged at her wrist and stared straight at her. "Are you really going to move here?"

They looked at each other for a couple of seconds, and she blinked. "I can't be running around." She scoffed. "I can't work as two people. It's very tiring."

Upon making sure that her move was because of work, Nolan let her go. "Alright, I'll pick you up at night."

"Alright." Maisie got out of the car.

When she walked into the office, she saw Ryleigh waiting for her while having a snack. Her office was filled with the smell of the food, and she was enjoying it.

When she saw Maisie, Ryleigh pretended to be angry. "Maisie, how could you move without telling me? I spent so much money for a cab to see you at Blackgold."

Maisie saw that she had a few bags by her side and smiled, "What is this?"

Ryleigh helplessly hummed. "I went home and was kicked out because I had a fight with my dad. He even took my cards. I only have a few dollars left. It's hot outside, and I have nowhere to go, so I came here for the air conditioning,"

"Ms. Hill, didn't I let you live at my old place?" Maisie cut her off with her arms crossed.

Ryleigh awkwardly said, "I-I didn't have money to pay the bills, and the water has been cut off for a while already." 1

Maisie walked to the couch and sat down. "Tell me why your dad kicked you out this time."

Ryleigh finished all her food and answered, "I don't know what Madam Lucas and my dad are on. They asked me to marry into the Lucas family, and even my aunt has agreed to it. I was the last to know.

"If I didn't fight back and wasn't kicked out, we'd be related in the future. I'm not taking advantage of you."

Ryleigh lay on the couch and seemed to have had a glimpse into the meaning of life. "What do you think I've done to deserve this? If I were to marry Louis, I'd probably die a lot earlier."

Maisie just smiled upon hearing her complaint. "Louis is actually quite good-looking."

Louis was her cousin and Colton's teacher in school. Many women would want to marry him because he was the grandson of Hernandez de Armas and for his looks and talent.

Building a connection through marriage was a very common thing among the affluent, and the Hills, Lucases, and Boucher had always been connected, so it was just a matter of time for Mrs. Lucas to think about Ryleigh. There would be fewer concerns if they knew who they were getting married with.

Ryleigh sat up and asked helplessly, "What is good about him? Do you know how he teases me? My life would be joyless if I married a man like that. If there's no joy, I will just die of anger."

Maisie laughed. "There's always the enemies to lovers trope."

Ryleigh took out her phone. "I think it's time to put our friendship on the blacklist."

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Maisie waved. "Alright, I've paid your bills for the entire year. You should find a job. Even if you refuse to be a rich girl, you can't be a 'tramp'."

Even though what Maisie said hurt a little, Ryleigh still smiled. "Although I'm ashamed that you have to pay for my bills all the time, I know that you still love me. Don't worry, I'll get a job in the next few days!"

At the Goldmann mansion...

"Grandpa, believe me, I really didn't do anything."

Rowena stood behind Titus and had been keeping her head low, positioning herself as a 'victim'.

Titus looked at her. "I would believe you if you said you really weren't related to all that, Rowena, but I need to ask you something, and you have to answer me truthfully."

Rowena pressed her lips together and nodded.

He asked, "Were you behind the two children's near-accident?"

Titus could ignore everything, but his great-grandchildren's lives were important, so he had to know.

Rowena shook her head, holding her fist tight. "It wasn't me. It was Maisie's sister Willow who did it. They never had a good relationship. If I knew that Willow was behind that, I wouldn't have brought her out of the streets." 1

Rowena looked pitiful and was sincerely reflecting on her mistakes, but the absolute trust Titus had for her started to waver, and he said, "Remember that I can protect you, but if I find out that you were related to the children getting hurt, I will never forgive you."

Rowena left the study, and her tense body relaxed, but her eyes were still cold.

It looked like she had to divert Titus' suspicions!

"Sorry, Nolan'

At midnight...

The rain poured. A black car slowly drove through the rain. Nolan's eyes were dark as the night while he sat in the back seat.

Quincy looked at him through the rear-view mirror, "Mr. Goldmann, I've looked into the account holder. It was that man's brother."

"Where is he?" he calmly answered

"In the camp." Quincy was a little hesitant. "He's someone we know well."

Nolan's eyes turned colder, and he didn't say a word.

He looked out the window and saw lights approaching from the side mirrors outside. "Someone is following us."

Quincy saw it too. "Alright." He accelerated.

At Blue Bay villa...

Maisie dried her hair with a towel as she walked out of the shower. She frowned when she noticed the rain getting heavier.

Nolan had said he was going out for some urgent business but wasn't back yet. Had something happened? She took out her phone and dialed, but no one picked up, and it made her anxious.

Maisie called Quincy, and when the call went through, she immediately asked, "Where's Nolan?"

Quincy said something to her, and she hung up immediately. She then changed and went out with an umbrella.

She rushed straight to the surgery department when she reached the hospital.

Maisie saw Quincy in the corridor and sped up to grab Quincy's arm. "What happened? Where's Nolan? Is he alright?" 1

Quincy opened his mouth to say something upon seeing how anxious she was, but a deep voice came from behind them. "I'm fine."

Maisie was surprised to see Nolan walking out unscathed. The man with broad shoulders rushed toward her and took her into his arms.