

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 491

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As soon as Maisie finished speaking, a man came out from behind her with a silver box, stepped forward, and opened the box. There was a fragile and clearlooking Nine Dragon jade cup lying in the box.

Everyone knew that the world-renowned Mr. Wesley David liked to collect Victorian antiques the most—he loved them so much that they were priceless to him.

Sure enough, Wesley was pleased. “Please thank Mr. Henry for me. I like this gist very much.”

He motioned the person beside him to receive the box.

Maisie took the wine glass handed over by someone from the side and clinked her glass with Wesley.

The people on the side were discussing, most of them having doubts. “So, she’s really Ms. Henry.”

“Why is she wearing a mask? Is she afraid that others will see her face?”

“Mr. Henry is very protective. After all, even the media hasn’t been able to find out any information about her. Not to mention that she wears a mask whenever she appears. She’s truly a mysterious woman.”

Maisie ignored all those discussions and went straight into the discussion about partnering up.

Wesley was stunned for a short second and then laughed. “Ms. Henry, are you saying that you want to get into a partnership with the Ashton Group? That’s rather unfortunate. You’re a step behind someone else.”

“A step behind? How can this be!? I’m already ahead of Prince Roger.” Maisie’s hand, which was holding the wine glass, clenched slightly, but her expression showed no signs of turbulence. She then said regretfully, “Is that so? Then I really am late for the party. But I’m curious as to who has beaten me to the opportunity. Who has earned the spot to collaborate with you, Mr. David?”

Wesley answered without any hesitation, “It’s Mr. Goldmann. He’s from

Zlokova and an old friend of mine. I've agreed to get into a partnership with him."

Maisie's expression changed instantly when she heard the words "Mr. Goldman".

Wesley looked in another direction and smiled. "Mr. Goldman is here." Maisie turned her head slowly, and the wine glass in her hand trembled slightly. She was astonished and felt as if someone had taken away her ability to breathe the scene that appeared right in front of her hurt her eyes even more.

Nolan was sitting in a wheelchair. He had changed a lot compared to three years ago, looking more mature and sharper. The dark suit he was wearing made him look former and more resolute.

Several bodyguards in black were always walking in proximity to protect him. Quincy was pushing the wheelchair when he looked at Maisie, and a hint of surprise emerged on the surface of his face.

The mask might be able to conceal her appearance, but that would only work on the people who did not know her.

But for them, even though she was wearing a mask, they still saw through who she was-Maisie Vanderbilt!

Wesley turned to Nolan. "Mr. Goldman, you've arrived just in time. By the way, this is Mr. Henry's daughter, Ms. Alice Henry."

All gazes were undoubtedly fixed on Maisie, especially Quincy, who was the most surprised.

"How did Ms. Vanderbilt become Alice!? If she's Alice, what happened to Mr. Henry's paternity test? Could it be that she deliberately concealed her true identity so that others wouldn't suspect her?"

Nolan's unchanging gaze trembled for a split second, but all the subtle emotional changes fell into the deepest abyss in his eyes immediately Maisie quickly quelled the fluster and thoughts in her mind and heart, and then gave off a faint smile. "So, this is Mr. Goldman. I've heard a lot about you."

Maisie's greeting was detached while her demeanor was distant.

It sounded as if they were never acquainted, and their reunion after years of separation felt like a strange yet familiar occurrence.

Nolan stared at her emotionally, but he was still able to remain calm.

“Ms. Henry has heard of me? I’m honored.”

His voice still sounded deep and melodious. It brought back memories, where her life used to be filled with such a soothing voice, surrounding her with love and coaxing her gently.

However, the recollection only lasted for a moment as she suppressed all the thoughts and memories from pouring out of her mind, and the ripples of emotions in her eyes slightly faded.

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When she turned around to place the wine glass back, the waiter who appeared out of nowhere bumped into her hand, and the wine in the glass spilled on her sleeve.

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“Ma’am!” Saydie exclaimed.

The waiter bowed and apologized in great panic. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Maisie took out a handkerchief nimbly, wiped her hand, and then said with a smile, “It’s no big deal, you’re good to go.”

Nolan looked at her. “I asked someone to prepare a gown just in case something like this happened. I think it should suit you very well, Ms. Henry. After all, the banquet is nowhere near over yet.”

It seemed that she was planning to leave the venue halfway. However, the banquet was not over yet, so he said that to keep her here for now. Wesley grinned and said, “Indeed, Ms. Henry came to attend my banquet. She mustn’t be wearing clothes that are stained with wine. That would make other people think that I’m not playing a good enough host.”

Maisie raised her head and accepted the kindness readily. “Then I might

have to trouble you for the gown already, Mr. Goldmann.”

Maisie asked Saydie to accompany her even when she went to change her attire in the guest room because she knew that Saydie would never let anyone approach her.

Saydie waited at the door and passed the gown to Maisie after receiving it from Nolan’s men.

Maisie closed the door and took off her burgundy suit and the ruby pendant.

She then recalled Nolan who had appeared in a wheelchair, as well as what Erwin had told her, saying that Nolan was gravely ill. A hint of gloom flashed past her eyes.

She removed all her clothes and picked up the wrapped gown Nolan had sent. After unwrapping the outer packing and opening the purple box, she saw a dark green gown lying within the purple box

‘This looks a lot like the one that I wore to the Bouchers’ banquet three years ago! It’s just that the design on the back isn’t a cutout but is covered with a thin layer of tulle.

“How did he...

The hand holding the dress tightened

Just as she had just put on the dress, the lights went out all of a sudden.

Not only the lights in the guest room but also the lights in the corridor outside the room.

“Saydie!” Maisie yelled at the person outside the door.

Saydie replied, “I’ll go and take a look.” Maisie’s eyes adjusted to the darkness not long after Saydie left, and she walked out of the room. She knew that it was definitely not a power outage, but someone’s deliberate arrangement!

At that moment, a shadow approached abruptly and pulled her into his arms in an instant,

Maisie’s body froze as the silhouette in the darkness had a scent that was very familiar to her—the faint fragrance of the Gucci cologne was a nostalgic scent.

He kissed her lips out of the blue. It felt hot and hysterical, without even a gap in between the whole length of the kiss.

After an abrupt sink into the sensation of the kiss, Maisie returned to her

senses in an instant, raised her elbow to push his chest away from her, escaped from the embrace that she was reluctant to leave, and listed her arm.

A crisp slap then reverberated throughout the corridor in the darkness.

Soon, the lights were turned on again.

The faintly visible mark stood out conspicuously on his slightly pale cheek.

Maisie's fingers were trembling. She had not exerted much force. She could not bear to hit him as hard as she could have, after all.

"Ma'am." Saydie sprinted back and frowned slightly when she saw Nolan standing with her at the door.

· She quickly approached Maisie and stood between both of them as if she regarded Nolan as someone of great peril. "Sir, please stay away from her."

As soon as Saydie said that, she turned around and asked Maisie, "Someone deliberately cut the main switch of the guest room. Are you alright?"

Saydie had dared to leave Maisie in the room and go check things out because she thought Maisie would not come out of the room so easily. When Saydie saw this man, she immediately understood something.

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'It was a plot to lure me away so that he could approach Ms. Henry. If I were to return to an injured employer, then I would've been tricked due to my carelessness.

Nolan gave off a faint smile. "The person that Mr. Henry sent to protect you is quite professional."

Maisie curled her lips. "I didn't expect you to turn to such a vulgar plan just to see me, Mr. Goldmann."

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Nolan chuckled again with his profound gaze, “You wouldn’t have come out of the room if you didn’t want to see me.”

The moment Maisie had chosen to step out of the room, it meant she wanted to see him too.

‘The security of Mr. David’s banquet can be considered as the top of the notch when it comes to its strictness this time around, not to mention that I’m Mr. Henry’s daughter. Who would dare to lay a finger on me so casually?’

‘However, of course, he’s famous for his huge pair of cojones. He even did it so blatantly!’

Maisie’s heart trembled. She had been aware at the time that the power outage must have been intentional, and she had guessed it, more or less...

Maisie snorted. “You’re as cheeky as you used to be, Mr. Goldmann.”

Nolan did not refute her statement, which meant that he had admitted it deep down.

Maisie did not want to get too involved with him and said to Saydie, “Let’s go down.”

Saydie nodded, took a glance at Nolan, and followed closely behind Maisie.

Unexpectedly, Nolan’s deep voice echoed from behind her all of a sudden. “If you want to partner up with Wesley, you might as well partner up with me.”

Maisie stopped moving for a split second.

Nolan had already caught up to her and was standing beside her. “I think you’ll surely agree to my suggestion for the sake of the de Armas.”

He then took the lead and walked away as soon as he said that.

Maisie’s clenched fist loosened slightly—the residual warmth on her lips, as well as his fragrance and breath, were all still there.

Could she forget the man who had left her more than 1,000 days ago?

No, she had never forgotten him.

The name Nolan Goldmann was like poppy seeds to her, and it became extremely addictive once she got the first taste. She could not quit thinking about him even if she wanted to, nor could she suppress the urge to touch him even if she wanted to. Not to mention that she still fell into a trance because of the earlier kiss, which was ridiculous.

When Maisie got back to the banquet hall, Nolan was found sitting in his wheelchair as if nothing had happened, chatting with Wesley and a few foreigners.

Maisie squinted her eyes.

‘He obviously doesn’t look like a gravely ill man, but he’s sitting in a wheelchair. Is he pretending to be ill or is he truly ill? That’s still unknown. “Ms. Henry, you’re back. Did you get this gown from Mr. Goldmann? It looks gorgeous on you.” Wesley’s gaze landed on her. Even though she was still wearing the mask, she already looked out of this world.

That was especially so for her half-covered face, which made others want to peep at the beautiful face underneath the mask.

Maisie smiled politely. “Yes, Mr. Goldmann has been generous.”

Nolan picked up the wine glass. “Glad that you like it, Ms. Henry.”

At the beginning of the ball, Wesley invited Maisie for a dance under the watchful eyes of the crowd.

Maisie did not reject him. She placed her hand on his palm and danced together with him in the crowd. The two matched very well and danced their way through the gentle and melodic waltz.

The onlookers were amazed. Maisie, who was wearing a dark green evening gown, looked like a goddess dancing under the moon under the dazzling shimmer of the chandelier. She paced around the dance floor on Wesley’s lead and turned from time to time—her moves were the sole thing that gave elegance, beauty, and confidence their meanings.

She was remarkable and unforgettable just like how she had been at the Bouchers’ banquet three years ago.

Quincy looked at the person beside him worriedly. Although Nolan’s

face was expressionless, his fixed gaze on Maisie became a lot gloomier. It was not until the end of the dance that the two separated in a thunderous round of applause.

Maisie nodded and chuckled. "I'll remember my dance with you tonight, Mr. David, but I have to take my leave now."

Wesley did not make it difficult for her and nodded. "Okay, let's meet again some other time if fate permits."

Maisie left the scene in a hurry with Saydie. They almost did not look back, but she knew that a scorching gaze had been tailing her all this while.

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Back in the car, Saydie asked her, "Do you know that gentleman?"

Maisie paused for a bit and smiled wryly. "You can take it as a yes."

"We don't only know each other, but we also had a marriage relationship back then. I even had children with him.

"It was such an inseparable relationship, but how did it come to this point?"

The lights in the East Island Villa's courtyard were brightly lit, but the luxurious private villa felt so quiet and sorrowful as if it was a beautiful body that did not have a soul.

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Nolan sat in the dimly lit study, rubbing his glabella until Quincy walked into the study with a glass of warm water.

Over the years, Nolan had to rely on sleeping pills to fall asleep.

"Sir, do you need me to look into Ms. Vanderbilt's affairs?"

That included how she had gotten involved with Mr. Henry and the paternity test.

Nolan's eyes dimmed. "No, I've more or less already speculated about

her relationship with the Metropolis.”

It was obvious why Erwin would serve her mother back then and even protect Maisie up until today.

Nolan took out the medicine box and poured a pill onto his palm, but he did not take it immediately.

Quincy looked at him. “Ms. Vanderbilt surely provoked Roger as soon as she arrived in Stoslo. And I think her appearance at Mr. David’s banquet tonight was to win Mr. David over to her side.”

The corners of Nolan’s lips raised inexplicably. “But they couldn’t have ever imagined that I had already roped in Wesley.” ‘Not only Roger wouldn’t have thought of it, but Mr.

Henry wouldn’t have thought of it either.

‘Mr. Henry was clearly well-prepared long before he allowed Zee to come to Stoslo, which is why she has the guts to go against Roger under broad daylight to snatch the territory that belongs to the de Armas. I’m sure she’ll contact me again for the sake of the de Armas.’ Nolan took the sleeping pill. Perhaps because he was eager to meet the woman that he wanted to see the most and needed to relieve his lovesickness, he fell asleep even before the medicine took effect.

On the contrary, it was Maisie who could not sleep all night. She tossed and turned on her bed but still could not fall asleep.

All she could think of was Nolan as soon as she closed her eyes, so she turned on the bedside lamp, sat up, walked to the window, and opened the curtains.

The soft moonlight shone on her body, and there was a beauty that looked distinct, which branched from the silence.

At that moment, she received a text message on her cell phone. She took a glance at the time—it should be evening in Morwich now.

Strix: (I heard that someone has beaten you to getting into a collaboration with Mr. David?)

Maisie knew that it was Saydie who had told him that and replied: [Yeah, I’ve failed you.]

Strix: (Don't take this as a failure, you've done your best.) It looked like he was comforting her.

Maisie thought of something and typed: (Roger didn't get to collaborate with him either, so I still have hope.)

Strix: [I've already sent someone to look for your grandfather's whereabouts. And it's getting late in Stoslo already. Now, rest earlier. I don't want to have a daughter who looks like a panda.]

Maisie chuckled, but the smile on the corner of her lips gradually faded. She looked up at the moon that was hidden behind the thick fog.

'If none of those things had happened back then, what would I be doing right now?'

Nolan had just finished a call with someone when he received a call from an unknown number.

However, he answered it almost without hesitation, "Hello?"

Maisie's hand, which was clenching her phone tightly, trembled once again upon hearing this familiar voice.

'He didn't change his number after so many years! I only tried to call his old number, and it actually worked.'

'D*mn! Who gave me such an incredible memory?'

Perhaps because she remained silent for a bit too long, his hoarse voice that came from the other end of the call sounded a little amused. "I knew that you'd call me."

Maisie was taken aback for a split second, gnashed her teeth, and smiled.

"How did Mr. Goldman know that it's me?"

'I even changed my number!'

Nolan was silent for a moment, but then replied slowly, "Intuition."

He had not changed his contact information in the past three years, and all he had been waiting for was Maisie to make this call someday in the future.

He had finally gotten what he had been waiting for. Maisie chuckled lightly as her eyes narrowed. "Mr. Goldman, you said that you want to partner up with me. What exactly is on your mind?"

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Nolan did not answer her directly but responded lightly, “Let’s meet and talk about it.”

Following the address Nolan had given her, Maisie brought Gaydie and two other bodyguards to the East Island Villa.

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Maisie asked the two bodyguards to wait outside the main entrance and entered the villa with Saydie.

Quincy was already waiting for her in the lobby of the villa. “You’ve come.”

He looked at Saydie and claimed, “Mr. Goldmann only allowed you to go up alone.”

Maisie’s footsteps stopped, and she looked at Saydie.” Wait for me here, I’ll be fine.”

Saydie hesitated but did not refute. Still, she watched as Maisie went upstairs.

Quincy took a glance at her and smiled all of a sudden. “I heard that you’re quite a fighter, Ms. Saydie.

I wonder if I can learn a thing or two from you when you’re free?”

Saydie gave him a sideways glance and answered without frowning or hesitating, “Not unless you want to die.”

Quincy was rendered speechless.

When Maisie walked into the study, a man was standing in front of the window with his back to her and with only a shirt on him. It was still the same reassuring silhouette as before, but he felt a little lonely for some reason.

Nolan had already sensed that she was behind him, so his voice sounded calm. “How have you been in the past three years?” Maisie crossed her arms and responded clearly to his question, “Mr. Goldmann, you’ve asked me to come over to talk about the details of our partnership, but the first thing that you’re asking about is something that has nothing to do with the partnership?”

Nolan turned to look at her and asked again, “How have you been?” ; Maisie curled the corners of her lips. “I’ve been living a good life. It’s been very comfortable and free, and I’m very happy.” –

He continued as soon as she finished speaking. “But that’s not the case for me.”

Maisie pursed her lips, and the glint that flashed across her eyes disappeared immediately into the gloomy pupils.

Nolan walked toward her. When Maisie took a step backward subconsciously, he quickly propped his arm against the wall behind her and wrapped the other arm around her, keeping her within his embrace. The familiar scent enveloped her once again, dragging her into a trance instantly.

“Zee, I missed you very much.”

Maisie’s eyelashes trembled slightly as Nolan’s words echoed repeatedly in her ears.

‘Zee, I missed you very much.

‘He actually missed me? Isn’t he the one who insisted on pushing me away?’

A hint of coldness could be seen in Maisie’s expression as she looked at him blankly and clenched the hands hanging by her sides. “Nolan Goldmann, what makes you think you have the right to say that?”

Nolan did not say anything, and the gloom at the bottom of his eyes gradually thickened.

Maisie looked directly at him without any hesitation.” You’re the one who pushed me away and wanted to divorce me three years ago.

Are you telling me that you regret it now? And are you asking me to come back to you?”

Nolan suppressed the hidden emotions in his eyes and smiled. “You don’t need to come back to me.”

Just when Maisie was puzzled, his eyes were fixed on her. “We’re still husband and wife.”

Looking at the trace of surprise that was surging in her eyes, Nolan placed his palm against her cheek.” Zee, we aren’t divorced.”

“What do you mean?” Maisie’s fingertips slightly stiffened.

He gave off a faint smirk. “I didn’t sign the divorce papers.”

‘He didn’t sign them?’

Maisie’s head was blank.

‘Why didn’t he sign them? Isn’t he the one who wanted to get a divorce?’

He’s the one who asked Quincy to come and ask me to sign the papers, but he didn’t sign them in the end?’

‘But so what if he didn’t sign them?’

“He was indifferent back then. If I hadn’t begged humbly for him to appear in the rain that day, I wouldn’t have fainted, and Dad, Cherie, and the baby in my womb wouldn’t have been implicated in that accident!

Maisie pushed him away indifferently. “After three years of separation, our marriage can be considered to have been dissolved.”

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Nolan grabbed her wrist. “Nobody can dissolve it as long as I don’t agree to it.”

Maisie shook his hand off her. “Nolan, now you’re just being a jerk!”

“Yes, I’m just a jerk,” he admitted.

Maisie was astonished, but he did not let her go.

“Zee, do you know why I haven’t come to Morwich to find you in the past three years?”

Maisie did not utter a single word.

“Because I don’t dare to do so,” he explained.

Maisie's eyes looked blank, and the warmth that she felt on her wrist was difficult for her to resist.

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Nolan smiled, but it carried hints of sadness. He said in a low voice, "I was afraid that I would lose control if I saw you, just like how I saw you yesterday."

He approached her and blocked her path. "Zee, if you didn't show up, I would have lost control and come to find you, but you showed up.

Nolan's persistence and control had forced him not to think about it for three years. He had managed to fool everyone but himself.

Maisie's hand loosened, while her long lashes covered the emotions she had in her eyes. After a long time, she retracted her hand, "We should talk about our partnership."

Nolan looked down, smiled, walked to the desk, and picked up a file.

"Here's a list of candidates. Wesley gave it to me."

Maisie paused. "Why would he give this to you?"

She snapped back to how she was in the past. Even if it was because they were talking business, he was content.

Nolan approached and handed the file to her. "Because his concerns are the same as ours."

Maisie took the file and looked at the names of people on the list—Wesley was one of them.

"Mr. David is one of the presidential candidates?" She was shocked.

Hadn't he just taken over the Ashton Group?

Nolan nodded. "Mr. Henry probably told you about his background. His family had always been in politics. His grandfather was elected president two terms ago, but was caught in an accident in less than three years."

Maisie looked at him. Nolan got into the mood quickly when it came to work-related matters, serious and restrained as usual. "Wesley knew that

his grandfather's death wasn't as simple as an accident, so he had been pretending to be a rebellious man who only cared about investing in businesses."

Nolan looked up and saw how she was staring at him, so he intentionally unintentionally' walked close to her. "Do you have a question?"

The face reflected in her eyes suddenly became large and snapped her back to reality. She looked away and pretended to be calm. "So that's why Mr. David is working with you?"

Nolan smiled. "Yes."

Maisie's ears turned red, just like in the past. Even though she had changed, it wasn't that much of a change. She had become more sophisticated and beautiful.

Maisie knew that he was staring at her. She tried to calm her heart and cleared her throat. "Then why do you want to work with me?"

Nolan and Wesley were colluding. Neither she nor Roger could get a partnership with Wesley.

Nolan stared at her and warmly said, "Because I can't show my face, so I still need you."

"Can't Mr. David do that?"

"Wesley's identity is complicated, and you are Alice." Nolan seemed to intentionally 'get close' to her.

Maisie froze, not daring to look up. She moved her legs to walk away, but a pair of arms pulled her in, twirling and locking her in a familiar embrace.

Maisie struggled. "Nolan, let go of me!"

"Stop moving, Zee." Nolan put his head on her shoulder, sounding helpless while holding her tight in his arms.

Maisie felt something and suddenly stopped moving.

She gnashed her teeth. "Nolan what are you doing? You're using this discussion as an excuse to take advantage of me? Don't forget that none of your men can fight better than Saydie. I'm going to--"

"You wouldn't." Nolan placed his chin on her shoulder as if they were

rubbing ears. "You wouldn't let her harm me."

Maisie pressed her lips together and bitterly frowned, "You are still full of confidence, Nolan."

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Was Nolan willing to bet on it? He had already won the bet, anyway. Maisie really wouldn't have let Saydie harm him. If Nolan's constant need to stick to her was terrible, what about her? She wanted to let go but wouldn't, wasn't that just as terrible?

The man behind her laughed. "I'm not confident, I just trust you."

Nolan raised his hand and held her hand with his palm facing upward, He slipped his fingers between her fingers and held onto her hand, then lowered his voice. "I'm sorry, Zee."

His tone was apologetic, remorseful, and cautious. If he hadn't done so many things to make her leave three years ago, that accident might not have happened.

"What's the point of apologizing?"

Maisie's eyes turned dull, and she started laughing at herself. She retracted her hand, stood up, and walked aside, avoiding eye contact.

"Dad is dead, so is Cherie. We lost our child too. If I hadn't stood in the rain."

"What child!?" Nolan gulped, shock and complicated feelings flashing across his amber eyes.

Maisie opened her mouth but didn't say anything. He probably didn't know about her pregnancy.

Nolan stood up, walked to her, and turned her around." Zee, you were pregnant!?"

'She was pregnant...

"Why didn't you tell me?" Nolan's face was as pale as a piece of paper.

Maisie looked at him and curled her lips but didn't smile. "Have you

forgotten? When you announced our divorce, I came to see you but you wouldn't meet me."

Nolan's hand curled. He wanted to say something but ended up just pressing his lips together. His calm face started turning dark.

Announcing the divorce wasn't his idea, but he knew about it.

Maisie smiled. "I waited for you in the rain for more than an hour, but you never agreed to see me."

"Zee, I—"

"Nolan," Maisie cut him off with a calm expression, "I wanted to hate you, but I couldn't find a reason to. I knew that you were not involved in any of that, but if you were honest with me, none of this would have happened, right?"

Nolan's heart shuddered—it hurt. He didn't know that she had come to see him or even that she had waited for him in the rain for more than an hour. All the hurtful things that he had said were to make her accept their divorce. However, after learning that she had gotten in an accident, Nolan regretted it. He regretted asking for a divorce and letting her leave. Sometimes, a decision that seemed small could trigger a huge event. He had even caused her to lose her child, their child.

After Maisie calmed herself, she smiled. "Get Quincy to contact me when you have a plan about our partnership."

She looked at her watch, "Saydie is probably worried sick, I need to leave."

Maisie left the study, but Nolan stood in the spot even after she left, like an anchor, unmoving.

Not long after that, Quincy walked into the study. "Mr. Goldman"

"Did you know that she was pregnant?" Nolan asked without turning around, his eyes bloodshot.

Quincy paused and looked away with guilt in his eyes. "Yes."

Nolan gnashed his teeth and turned around to look at him with anger and blame in his eyes. "Why didn't you tell me after that!?"

Quincy was put on the spot. It wasn't because he didn't want to tell him,

but Titus had forbidden it, because...

Titus had said that Nolan's psychological burden would increase if he found out about it.

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Nolan stared at Quincy for a long time before his lips curled upward. He was unintentionally sarcastic." You've been by my side all these years, but you colluded with my grandfather to keep me in the dark." :

Nolan knew that his grandfather was behind the announcement of their divorce. His grandfather had also gotten Quincy to force Maisie to sign the divorce papers. He knew that Quincy wouldn't have hidden this from him if not because of his grandfather's orders.

But how could he have stood on his grandfather's side and kept him in the dark about such an important issue ?

"Mr. Goldmann, Elder Master Goldmann did that for your own good."

"For my own good?" Nolan scoffed and mocked himself, "I was the reason she lost our child. He did things for my own good, but now, I will be indebted to her and our child forever."

The child that was never born. He didn't know about the child all these years. How was he supposed to make it up to them and face the truth ?

Nolan started coughing blood because he was too worked up.

Quincy's face turned pale. "Mr. Goldmann!"

Saydie was driving when she saw through the rearview mirror that Maisie's eyes were filled with sadness. "Are you alright, Ma'am?"

"I'm fine." She kept her eyes on the view outside with no expression on her face. Saydie didn't press her.

Maisie looked back, crossing her fingers. She couldn't forget the scene from three years ago.

She didn't have a reason to hate Nolan. She didn't really hate him, but that incident had caused her to lose her father, Cherie, and her child. She

couldn't accept that.

Just as she had said, she didn't have a reason to hate him. Nolan had just wanted to force her to accept the divorce.

She loved Nolan and didn't want to let him go, but she resented his cruel decision and didn't want to forgive him for that.

When they reached the Easton Estate, Maisie got out of the car while the housekeeper walked quickly toward her. "Ma'am, the prince's people are waiting in the great hall."

Maisie squinted. The prince didn't seem to have given up on the issue about the territory. Since he had already sent someone over, she smiled and took the mask that Saydie handed to her. "I guess I have to meet them then."

Maisie and Saydie walked into the villa. A man in a suit from Stoslo sat on the couch in the hall, with two bodyguards in black standing behind him.

He stood up and smiled when he saw Maisie. "I'm guessing you are Ms. Henry? I'm the representative the Prince sent over, Shawn Pattinson."

Maisie nodded, walked to the couch across from him, and sat down. "Mr. Pattinson, please take a seat."

After Shawn sat down, the bodyguards brought over a silver briefcase and placed it on the table, opening it to expose stacks of money. Maisie frowned. "What is the meaning of this?"

Shawn smiled. "Ms. Henry, His Highness would like to purchase the territory that you are holding. If you think that that's not enough, you may name your price."

Maisie's eyelids twitched.

They were trying to take over the de Arma family's territory while her grandfather wasn't around, but the Metropolis had already taken it. If they tried to snatch it back, it would attract attention, so they were trying to 'buy' it instead.

Maisie leaned back and looked apologetic. "Mr.

Pattinson, the money does look tempting, but I have enough of it." "Ms. Henry, the royals of Stoslo and Morwich have always been allies. Our

prince does not wish to break the alliance. Furthermore, Metropolis interfering with Stoslo's affairs already violated the mutual benefits we share."

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"If you're willing to accept that, His Highness will treat you well and even give you more benefits."

Shawn made it seem like this would affect the alliance between the royals of the two countries, but he was actually telling her that Metropolis didn't have the right to be involved in Stoslo's affairs.

Did she want to keep the territory for the benefits? Maisie laughed.

"Metropolis shouldn't have interfered, but this isn't about benefits.

Anything that has to do with the de Armas is my business." Shawn was evidently unhappy because she wasn't backing down. "If you insist on interfering. His Highness won't just let this slide. This is my final advice to you." Shawn stood up, buttoned up his suit, and left, while Maisie calmly said, "I have a past with the de Armas." He paused but didn't turn around. Maisie turned to look at him. "I'm going to keep the territory." After they left, Maisie asked the housekeeper over and asked, "Who's this Shawn that the prince sent over?"

The housekeeper answered, "He's a businessman from Stoslo who was previously promoted by the prince. He has a hand in most of the casinos and entertainment in spots in Stoslo, and he's considered a spy that the prince placed among the nobles. The casinos and entertainment spots that he owns are mostly visited by the nobles, so he's in charge of the business deals between the prince and the powerful people."

If Shawn had prepared so much money to have a discussion about the territory with her, he probably considered this a business deal. The people of power had dealings with him to get close to the prince.

Of course, since Maisie rejected it, the prince wouldn't quietly back

down.

When Shawn reported back to Roger, the latter's blue eyes squinted, unclear if he was happy or angry.

A man stood at the side with the sun behind him, the light blurring his silhouette and face. He said in a deep voice, "She has a past with the de Armas?"

Shawn nodded. "Yes."

"Did you see what she looked like?",

"Just like how the media reported, she wore a mask."

The man didn't have any further questions.

Roger's gaze turned sharp. After Shawn left, he said, "Have you found out where Hernandez is?"

The man answered, "Not yet."

Roger huffed. "To be careful, you need to get rid of him if you find his whereabouts. Hernandez knows too many secrets, and it will work against us. We can't let him come back alive."

Ever since they couldn't control and manipulate Hernandez, he had been labeled as an 'outcast'. Anything or anyone that would jeopardize their plan would need to be eliminated.

Roger said to the man, "As for Alice, I trust you have a solution."

Maisie sat at her desk, going through some information that night. She found out that there were three people Prince Roger trusted." Other than Shawn Pattinson, who was in the business field, there were two others. One of them was Robert Stark, the finance minister of Stoslo, and he came from one of the richest families in Zena. If Shawn was the prince's envoy, Robert would be the prince's financial vault.

The third one was Gregory Grissom, a high-ranking officer in the Bureau of Investigations who had connections with all high-ranking people in the government.

It seemed that Nolan was right-the prince had reached out toward the government. Otherwise, he wouldn't have interfered with the election. At that moment, her phone's screen lit up. The number that was calling

was one she was very familiar with.

Maisie hesitated for a moment but didn't pick up the call. Soon after, she received another call. She couldn't hold it anymore, so she answered it.

"Mr. Goldmann, what can I do for you at this hour?"

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"You're still awake." His voice was a little coarse but sounded sultry.

Maisie paused and clenched her jaw. "Who told you that? I was asleep."

Nolan was quiet for a moment before quietly saying, "Your lights are still on."

Maisie got up and walked to her window. A black car was parked outside her gates, and Nolan was standing in front of the car, looking dashing and tall in a brown trenchcoat. The light shining on him made him look lonely.

Maisie rubbed the center of her brows because her head was aching.

"Nolan, do you need anything?"

"No." He looked up at the window. "I was just passing by."

Maisie laughed. "You drove all the way here to pass by? Mr. Goldmann, your excuse is terrible." "Roger sent someone to see you." Nolan took a cigarette out of the packet.

Maisie squinted. "How did you find out?"

Nolan held the cigarette in his hand but didn't put it to his lips. "He wouldn't give up on the de Armas' territory.

"That's true, but I won't back down either." Maisie turned around.

"Nolan, it's late, let's talk tomorrow."

"Are you asking me out?" Nolan chuckled.

Maisie took a deep breath. "Don't forget that you wanted to work together. I'll see you at Seasons Restaurant."

He quietly laughed. "Alright."

After Maisie hung up, she looked outside the window for a moment then

pulled the blinds.

Nolan didn't leave until her lights were off. He smiled sadly. Even if they could only get closer because of the partnership, it was better than not being in contact.

The next day...

Maisie waited at the table in Seasons Restaurant early with Saydie by her side.

Saydie looked at her watch. "Ma'am, it's been 20 minutes."

Maisie's hand that was holding the teacup stopped midway as she looked down. "Just a little longer."

Was Nolan not going to show up?

After waiting for ten more minutes, Nolan still hadn't shown up. Maisie had already been waiting in the restaurant for a long time, so the waiter walked to her and said, "Ms. Henry, are you ready to order?"

Maisie didn't reply.

Who did Nolan think he was? Did he do this on purpose? What was he doing?

"Ms. Henry?" the waiter whispered.

Maisie put down the teacup, and her face sank. "A little later."

The waiter nodded and walked away.

She picked up her phone and searched for Nolan's number. Right when she was going to call him, she hesitated.

Did Nolan's absence mean that he was giving up on their partnership?

Had he lied to her?

"Welcome, sir. Do you have a reservation?"

Maisie turned around when she heard the waiter say that, and she was shocked when she saw the man that had just walked into the restaurant.

It was Daniel Kent!

He walked toward her with a sharp stare that felt as though he could see through her mask.

He stood before her. "Are you waiting for someone?"

Maisie didn't answer, trying to guess his motive.

Daniel smiled, but there was no joy in that smile. "Let me introduce

myself, I'm Daniel Kent.”

Maisie smiled. “How can I help you, Mr. Kent?”

Daniel sat across her without prompt, stared at her, and smiled. “Ms. Henry, you look familiar, have we met?”

Maisie pressed her lips together. Daniel had seen her three years ago, but they didn't have a lot of interaction. He probably couldn't

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recognize her with her mask on.