

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 541

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Maisie frowned in doubt. "Do I know you?"

The man glanced at her, "Are you Ms. Vanderbilt?"

Maisie replied, "I am."

"I'm someone who had been on Mr. Hernandez de Arma's side. I've come here because I heard that Ms. Vanderbilt is living in the Easton Estate. I'm here on behalf of Sir Hernandez!"

Maisie stood up abruptly when the man mentioned Hernandez's name.

"Where's my grandfather?"

"He's still alive, but he's currently being held captive by someone else," the man replied.

Maisie glanced at Saydie, and the latter immediately understood what she meant and walked up to the man. "What evidence do you have to prove that you are on Sir Hernandez's side?"

"I have his ring in my pocket!"

The bodyguard behind him fumbled in his pocket and found a golden ring that had the emblem of the de Armas engraved on it.

Saydie took the ring from the bodyguard, took a glimpse at it, then walked up to Maisie. "It's genuine."

Maisie took the ring into her hand. She seemed to remember that her grandfather had indeed worn such a golden ring on his hand.

"It's impossible for people in Stoslo not to know about this.

The butler took a glance at it and nodded.

Maisie walked up to the man and asked, "Who has captured my grandfather? And how is he doing now?"

"Sir Hernandez has been injured. We were assaulted that day, and it was the Kents who attacked us. The rest of us managed to get Sir Hernandez out of the car. But then we encountered another group of people while we were escaping from the scene. We were all injured and couldn't resist, so

they managed to take away Sir Hernandez. But before Sir Hernandez got taken away, he gave me the ring and told me that I must find Ms. Vanderbilt.”

The man answered everything clearly and smoothly, and it did not look like he was lying, as if he had really experienced what happened back then.

Maisie clenched the ring lightly. “Who are the people who took him away?”

The man heaved a sigh of relief and replied, “I don’t know who those people are, but they don’t seem to be from Stoslo, nor Morwich.

“I wanted to go back to the de Armas originally, but I realized that both the Kents and Prince Roger’s forces were secretly trying to locate Sir Hernandez. As such, I’ve been hiding all the time and asked around until I found out that his granddaughter was living in the Easton Estate. That’s why I’m here.”

Maisie pursed her lips tightly and only asked after a long time, “Apart from asking you to pass the ring to me, what else did my grandfather say?”

The man caught his breath and replied, “Sir Hernandez didn’t say much. He only asked me to pass you the ring.”

Maisie asked the guards to let him go.

Saydie looked over after he left. “Do you need me to tail him?”

“No.” Maisie shook her head. “He doesn’t seem to be lying.”

‘Even Strix and Nolan’s men couldn’t find out my grandfather’s whereabouts. At least, this proves that my grandfather is still alive at this moment. It’s just that I don’t know how he’s doing and who’s holding him captive now. It’s not someone from the Metropolis, not someone hired by Prince Roger, nor was it Nolan’s men. Could there be another hidden force?’

At the East Island Villa...

Quincy whispered something to Nolan beside him. Nolan’s hands, which were flipping through some documents, stopped all of a sudden, and his eyelids were slightly lifted. “Are you sure?”

“It shouldn’t be fake. Our men have been keeping an eye on Shawn Pattinson and found out that he’s been very close with the people from Yaramoor recently.” Quincy thought of something and added, “Roger has lost his finance minister, Robert, and the economy of his force has suffered a huge loss. Coupled with the turmoil caused by Daniel’s connection with the virus, the Millers have recently been suppressing Roger intentionally from time to time. He can’t take this alone, and if he hadn’t gotten the support from someone from Yaramoor, he definitely wouldn’t have so much money to monopolize the business of antibodies.”

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Roger had spent a huge amount of money to monopolize the resources to develop the vaccine, mostly because he wanted to suppress the enormous turmoil that Daniel had created. After all, the Kents had deceived the public with their development of fake vaccines, causing public anger. Since someone under the guise of Strix had developed the vaccine, people who believed in Strix’s reputation would definitely buy them. Regardless of the effect of the vaccine, even if they were fake, the person who would have to face the public’s wrath would be the real Strix instead of the impostor. However, if the vaccine was real, Roger could make a fortune and clear his name from the relationship that he had with the Kents, winning both fame and fortune.

To put it bluntly, Roger had been planning a comeback with these vaccines.

The corners of Nolan’s lips stiffened, and his fingers were tapping on the table. “The people from Yaramoor wouldn’t interfere in these matters for no reason.

There should be some purpose behind their decision to do so. In short, send someone to keep an eye on them for now.”

There was a knock on the study’s door.

Quincy turned her head. “What’s the matter?” “Mr. Lawson, there’s someone outside who claims to be Ms. Reynolds. She’s looking for Mr. Goldman, saying that she’s here to review Mr. Goldman’s condition.” Soon, the bodyguard brought Sue and a paramedic, who came with her in. Walking into the study, Nolan was seen sitting on the executive chair while Quincy was standing beside him, clasping his hands together and placing them in front of his lower abdomen. He then shifted his gaze onto the medical suitcase that the paramedic brought along with them. “I’ll have to take a look at its content for security’s sake.”

Sue smiled, nodded, and motioned the paramedic behind her to open the medical suitcase. There was indeed nothing else other than a few syringes and medical drugs in it.

Sue looked at Quincy. “My teacher wants to draw some blood from Mr. Goldman for testing. I wonder if Mr. Goldman can provide us with some of your blood.”

Nolan glanced at her, did not reject her request, and responded lightly. “Yes.”

The paramedic stepped forward and asked Nolan to roll up his sleeves. Nolan did as she directed, rolling his sleeves up to his elbow. The paramedic then used an elastic band to bind his upper arm, waiting for the veins to emerge on the surface of the arm.

He then untied the band after the needle pierced into the arm, and a tube of blood was drawn. “It’s done now.”

The paramedic got Nolan’s blood and placed the vial in the medical suitcase.

Sue looked at Nolan’s pale complexion, and a hint of strangeness flashed across her eyes. However, when Quincy looked over, she put on a calm expression and asked, “How have you been feeling recently, Mr. Goldman?”

“I’m feeling alright.” Nolan pulled down his sleeves, still sitting properly and upright. “Ms. Reynolds, I wonder if a meeting between your teacher and I can be arranged?”

Sue’s facial expression changed slightly. “I’m sorry, I’ll arrange it if my

teacher agrees to meet you too. I'm only his assistant, and I have no say in such matters."

After saying so, she lifted her gaze and smiled. "Don't worry, Mr. Goldmann. My teacher is only interested in his research. You're just a patient to him, that's all."

Nolan did not say anything. His gloomy and mysterious eyes looked unpredictable.

Quincy began to wonder right after Sue left with the paramedic. "Why do they want your blood?"

"Perhaps he wants to find out about something." Nolan's eyes looked cold.

'Since they're interested in this, it's only natural for me to play along till the end of all these shenanigans:

Nolan thought of something and said, "Get someone to look into the background of that woman who's named Sue Reynolds."

"Her background?" Quincy was slightly astonished..

But the only thing that he saw was Nolan's eyes, which looked gloomy and sullen. There was a deep and pregnant expression on his face that even Quincy could not decipher.

Quincy compromised. "Okay, I'll try my best to investigate her."

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Nolan received a call from Maisie and chuckled as soon as Quincy went out. "Did you miss me?"

Maisie responded to the tease smoothly, "Yeah, I woke up this morning and didn't see you. It turned out you left without even saying goodbye. I thought what I experienced last night was just a dream."

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Nolan squinted while staring at the documents on his desk. "Come to my

place if you miss me. I'll be waiting for you at the villa."

Ten minutes later, Maisie appeared outside the study door in a burgundy textile dress with a stand-up collar, loose, long sleeves that ended with a tight wrap around her wrists, and an antique silver-copper necklace set with blue diamonds inlaid on it.

She was also wearing a beret of the same color, and her long black curly hair was resting on her left shoulder, making her look both elegant and enchanting.

Her temperament was cold and sophisticated, her complexion was as fair as snow, and her appearance matched perfectly with such a retro dress, especially the color burgundy, which complemented her beauty.

Nolan's gaze was fixed on her, and he was reluctant to take his eyes off her. "You're wearing such a glamorous dress. Are you trying to seduce me?"

Maisie gave off a faint smirk, stopped in front of him, leaned over, and stared at him. "Well then, Mr. Goldmann, are you open for seduction?" "I can't wait." Nolan pulled her into his arms and let her sit on his thigh. "You've taken the initiative to come to me, so something huge should've taken place." Seeing that Nolan had seen through her, Maisie turned around to look at him. "I got news about my grandfather."

Nolan narrowed his eyes.

Maise continued. "My grandfather asked someone to bring his ring to me, but that person doesn't know his whereabouts. He only knows that he's still being held captive by someone else."

Nolan closed his eyelids. "It seems that someone has transferred him elsewhere. My men had found some clues a while back, but all leads have been lost now."

"Your men had discovered some clues?" Maisie was surprised. Nolan pinched a clump of her hair on his fingertips." According to the last piece of information that I received, he was being held in a small town known as Lowestoft."

Maisie frowned slightly.

Nolan glanced at her. “However, they had already withdrawn from that place when we rushed there.”

“Nolan, do these people have anything to do with the leftists?” She had a bad premonition that some incidents would definitely repeat themselves. Nolan wrapped her in his arms. “They would have killed your grandfather already if that was their plan all along. There’s no need for them to hide him. Not to mention that Roger doesn’t have the balls to act rashly anymore, judging from the current sh*thole that he’s found himself in.” Maisie lowered her gaze.

‘Indeed, the fact that Robert is being investigated and the exposure of the disaster that took place in the past, which was caused by the Kents’ vaccine development, were more than enough to give Roger a hard time. ‘Even though he still has his major underlings, Shawn and Gregory, the Bureau of Investigation is watching so closely that it’s inconvenient for Gregory to intervene. As such, Shawn can only find a way to make up for their huge financial losses by himself.

‘With that being said, it’s impossible for them to still have the extra time and energy to deal with my grandfather. What’s more, the man said that the men who took grandfather away weren’t from Stoslo nor Morwich: “Mr. Goldman, I saw-” Quincy pushed in the door, and Maisie got up from Nolan’s arms abruptly.

The warm and soft figure only stayed in his arms for such a short time before Quincy interrupted them. Nolan could only hold on to her tiny hand under the desk without changing his expression. “What did you see?”

“I just saw Sue Reynolds getting into a car at the intersection. I took a good look at the man in the car. It was Jones Smith.”

Nolan frowned. His face looked like a gloomy sky that had been covered by a layer of fog, his emotions elusive as usual,

Maisie looked up suspiciously and asked him, “Sue Reynolds? Who’s this Sue Reynolds?”

Quincy was astounded for a split second. “It’s Strix’s apprentice, the

woman from the other day.”

“Her name is Sue Reynolds?” Maisie was stunned, lost in her thoughts for a moment, and then asked calmly, “Do you have any information on her?”

Nolan calmly handed the document to her. Maisie picked up the document and scanned it with a solemn expression.

Sue Reynolds: Graduated from Turner Institute of Art, her father is a Caucasian, and her mother is of oriental origin. All the information is correct, except for the photos.’

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“Zee, do you know Sue Reynolds?” Nolan’s gaze was fixed on her as if he had understood something from her expression.

Maisie replied after a short while, “This is impossible. She’s not Sue.”

Quincy was shocked. He looked at Nolan and asked immediately, “Ms. Vanderbilt, what do you mean by that?”

‘Isn’t she Sue Reynolds?’

Maisie pursed her lips slightly. “I met Sue Reynolds while I was still living in Stoslo nine years ago. She is of mixed ethnicity from East Eurasia, her father is a Caucasian from Zlokova, and her mother came from Jakukari and is of oriental origin. She’s definitely a student who graduated from Turner Institute of Art and went through an internship in Luxella Inc.

However, she doesn’t look like this.”

‘Sue Reynolds. I can totally understand this if it’s just the same first and last name. But her identity, background, and information listed on this document are exactly the same as that of Sue’s. The only difference is that the person in the photo is not the Sue that I know.

‘That face, that temperament, I can’t even feel the slightest similarity that I get from the Sue that I know

from my memory. Her voice sounds different. As for her eyes, they are totally out of the question. The Sue that I know has almond-shaped eyes, and they look very soulful and profound.

‘As for this Sue, she has a pair of fox eyes that have slightly raised corners, which exudes a keen, stern, and distant aura.’

“Could it be plastic surgery?” Quincy asked.

Maisie shook her head. “Even if Sue underwent plastic surgery, it’s impossible not to have the slightest resemblance to her original appearance. The Sue that I know is only 5’2 in height. Now the Sue that we’re looking at in this photo, she’s at least 5’5 even when she’s not in heels.”

Maisie had only felt familiar when she heard Quincy mentioning Sue’s name. As soon as she skimmed through her information, it looked exactly the same as the information of the Sue Reynolds that she knew from nine years ago.

‘Sue was assigned to work in my department when she was an intern in Luxella. It’s impossible for me to mistake Sue for someone else when I ran into her in person.

‘Therefore, this woman who’s named Sue is definitely not the Sue that I know.’

Quincy was stunned.

‘The Sue Reynolds in the picture is indeed not wearing high heels, and she looks quite tall!

Nolan tapped his fingertips against the table and said faintly, “The heavy makeup that she applies on her face is indeed used to cover up the traces of the plastic surgeries that she had undergone.”

Maisie crossed her arms and recalled something all of a sudden. “When you told me that you were looking at her face in the hospital, this is what you meant back then?”

Nolan chuckled. “Otherwise, do you really think she can get my attention with that face?”

Maisie curled the corners of her lips and said nothing.

“Mr. Goldmann, if she’s not Sue Reynolds, won’t the people who

surround her know that?"

'Even if she has undergone plastic surgery, they should know, shouldn't they?'

Nolan lowered his gaze. "If she wants to falsify her identity without being noticed by others, she's not that capable alone. Someone must be helping her from behind the scene."

Maisie leaned against the side of the desk. "Indeed, after all, things like height can be falsified too. They don't prove anything."

She then raised her eyebrows. "It seems that I have to pay Luxella a visit already. Luxella's human resources department should still have Sue's information."

"Do you want me to accompany you?" Nolan was worried about her. Maisie walked to the study entrance, stopped, turned around, and smirked. "Your health is more important, just stay here and be the man who hides behind me."

Nolan chuckled.

Saydie drove through the streets, and Maisie got out of the car as soon as the car stopped outside Luxella.

After Saydie went to park the car, the two stepped into the bright white lobby.

Sue was still working in Luxella when I resigned and left, but we haven't been in contact ever since my resignation. I really don't know what happened to her

Saydie went to the counter and said something to the receptionist. She then came back after a few minutes. "Ma'am, the board of

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directors of the Luxella has changed, and so has the owner."

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Maisie was stunned. "When did that happen?"

Saydie replied, "That was three days ago. The original board of directors also left after all the internal changes took place."

Maisie lowered her gaze and remained calm.

There was a big change in Luxella Inc.'s internal structure three days ago? 'Luxella's owner, Eason Sachsen, has been quite a big gun in the jewelry field for more than 20 years, and Luxella has always been one of the top brands in the jewelry industry. So why would he hand Luxella to someone else?'

"Aren't you Ms. Zora?" A rather familiar voice came from behind her, and the person who would call her by that name...

Maisie turned sideways, and by coincidence, the first thing that caught her eyes were the deep and well-defined eye sockets.

"Mr. Smith?" She narrowed her eyes.

'What a coincidence!

Jones could not believe it was her at first, but he was convinced as he stepped forward and saw her face, "I haven't seen you for three years, and you don't seem to have changed much, Ms. Zora."

"You too, Mr. Smith." She curled her lips and said casually, "I came back here to have a look around, but I found that Eason is not here anymore. The owner of the company has changed?"

Jones nodded. "Luxella was acquired by Mr. Hathaway, the son of a consortium from Yaramoor three days ago."

"Acquired?" Maisie was slightly surprised, while Jones shrugged. "It's said that after the Bureau of Investigation brought in Mr. Stark, Luxella was hit really hard due to its direct connection with Mr. Stark. That's why Eason sold Luxella to Mr. Hathaway."

Maisie pursed her lips

'Robert has been imprisoned, which brought up the connection between Luxella Inc. and Robert. Did Prince Roger have his hand in the jewelry industry all this while?'

Maisie was trapped in a trance, thinking of the Sheena Jewelry Show that had taken place three years ago.

‘Daniel attended the show as a special guest back then, and his men could even take me away from the venue without being noticed by the guards. And Nolan’s mother was also kidnapped by those people during the Sheena Jewelry week that took place in Stoslo 18 years ago. ‘They had the guts to make a move during the jewelry week. How could they act so blatantly if they didn’t have their own men working as an insider?’ A trace of complex emotions flashed across her eyes.

‘Although Roger is only a prince, he’s already had his hands in the political circle, the commercial circle, and the nobles.

‘Now, not only has he lost Robert and Daniel, two of his major pawns but the Millers are also suppressing him. However, the so-called Strix’s vaccine appeared not long after the incident about the virus outbreak was exposed. Such a coincidence is the most beneficial thing that could happen now when we look at this from Roger’s perspective.’

Maisie returned to her senses and smiled. “By the way, do you know Sue Reynolds?”

Jones was taken aback for a split second and then gave off a grin. “Ms. Reynolds is my uncle’s assistant. What’s wrong with that?”

“It’s nothing.” Maisie’s gaze did not even waver. “I heard that she’s Strix’s apprentice, and I was intrigued by that. I wonder if I can get a chance to get to know her.”

“We’ll see.” Jones took a glimpse at his watch and said again, “I still have another appointment to attend to, so I’ll take my leave first.”

Maisie nodded.

Maisie’s expression turned slightly solemn as Jones walked toward the elevator.

‘He seems to have avoided the topic on purpose. Does he not want to talk more about Sue, or does he know about something that’s going on?’

Inside the car...

Maisie was flipping through the documents.

The manager of the human resources department of Luxella was still working in the company, so she had managed to obtain Sue’s information from the department.

‘Sue resigned from Luxella three years ago. That’s when I went back to the country.

At that moment, Maisie received a call from Nolan, and he asked, “Are you still in Luxella?”

“I just got my hands on Sue’s documents.” Maisie leaned on the back of the rear seat. “And guess who else did I meet?”

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He remained silent for a short second “Who?”

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“Jones,” Maisie looked out the window, her eyes twitching, “He told me, Sue Reynolds is his uncle’s assistant.”

Nolan laughed but didn’t say anything. He kept his thoughts to himself.

“But when I mentioned Sue and Strix, Jones avoided the topic.” She grinned. “I guess he knows something.” He knew something about the ‘imposter Strix’ researching the antibody.

Nolan sucked in air as if he was smoking and said in a low, husky voice, “From what I know, no one in Jones’ family is medically trained, but there was one person who left the family a long time ago.”

Maisie paused. “Are you referring to his uncle?”

“Yes.” Nolan paused and calmly said, “But don’t worry about them. The antibody is authentic. Roger wants to get his reputation back with the antibody while I didn’t use the antibody, so it’s still considered a win.” He was infected, so the media would focus on him. His recovery would benefit Roger.

Roger wouldn’t do anything to him for now and would wish for nothing but his recovery.

Maisie looked at the document in her hands. “I want to know more about Sue Reynolds if I can confirm that they’re two-”

“They’re two people.”

A chunk of ash from Nolan’s cigarette dropped while he calmly said, “She isn’t the Sue that you think you know because I just found something new.” 1

“Hah, you’re quick. What did you find?” Maisie pushed her hair behind her ear and smiled.

“I’ll tell you tonight.”

The moonlight shone through the curtains into the room, the light shining on the soft bed. The light from the lamp on the cabinet illuminated the pair who had no clothes on.

Maisie lay on Nolan’s chest and delicately groaned.” You were planning to tell me with your actions when you said you’d tell me tonight?

Nolan touched the hair that fell on her back. “You’re too mesmerizing, and I couldn’t help myself.”

Maisie grunted. “Enough with your excuses. You’re just trying to torment me.”

Nolan didn’t continue teasing her. He got up and pulled a document out of a drawer. “Sue died three years ago.”

Maisie was surprised until she saw the words “Death Certificate” on the white paper.

Female, Sue Reynolds, 23, died in a fire, burns to her face causing asphyxia due to obstruction of the respiratory system.

Her death was two months after Maisie’s accident three years ago, which was a few months after her resignation from Luxella.

Maisie looked at Nolan with astonishment. “How did you find the death certificate?”

Nolan leaned on the headboard while hugging her waist. “The hospital had records. All I needed was a bit of skill.”

Maisie knew about hacker skills, but she didn’t know that he had them. “Are you surprised?” Nolan touched the corner of her eye. “I studied computer science in university, but I majored in finance.”

“Yes, you’re good.”

“What am I good at?” Nolan approached her ear but not too close.

Maisie felt a tickle, so she shrugged to escape. She smiled. "You're good at everything, alright?"

They returned to the main topic when she asked, "Even if Sue's passing wasn't announced, the police would have a file about it, right?"

Nolan looked deep into her eyes. "There really isn't."

It wasn't reported to the Registry of Vital Records and Statistics, and plastic surgery could change how one looked. If the person left their social circle, no one would have found out.

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There was no way one person could have done all of that unless someone helped, and that person would have a certain amount of power.

Maisie leaned on Nolan. At least now they could prove that this 'Sue' was an imposter.

She beamed and grinned. "I think Sue likes you."

Nolan frowned. "Are you still thinking about what happened at the hospital?"

"No."

Maisie raised her brow and ran a finger over his Adam's apple. "I'm interested to know her intentions."

She had gotten close to Nolan and pretended to know the imposter 'Strix'. If that were their arrangement, she would one day make a mistake.

Nolan held her hand and smiled. "Are you going to put on an act again?" "It's a waste you didn't become an actor with Helios with your acting skills."

Nolan lowered his head and kissed her deeply because she mentioned Helios. When she finally had the chance to breathe, her face was blushing while her eyes were wet, looking sultry.

"Some annoying person wanted to give me to him at one point. So I can't mention him now?"

Nolan's eyes turned dark, and he pushed her down and scoffed. "I guess

I have to work harder to make you forget what that annoying person said then.”

The next day, right when Maisie left the East Island Villa, Titus arrived to discuss the lunch party with Nolan.

“You need to attend the lunch party no matter what. M s. Reynolds and Strix helped us. We need to repay our debt by doing something.

Titus was firm about this because he trusted them.

Nolan closed the document and didn’t reject him. “If it’s a party, can Zee come along?”

“Do you plan to bring her along?”

Seeing how Nolan looked, Titus’ face dropped, “Do whatever you want.”

He walked out

Quincy stood outside and watched Titus walk away before he walked into the study. “Mr. Goldmann, does Elder Master Goldmann still have a negative view of Ms. Vanderbilt?”

“You know how stubborn that old man is.” Nolan looked at him and grinned. “But just let that old man continue behaving like that.”

The lunch party was held in the Regent Restaurant.

· Nolan and Quincy entered the private room and saw Sue having a great chat with Titus.

Sue turned to look at that cold face. “How is your condition? My teacher is concerned.”

Nolan lightly smiled and asked, “If he’s concerned, why don’t I see him around?”

Titus set down his wine glass. “That’s true. I’d like to meet Mr. Salazar personally. Is he not here?”

Sue’s expression changed for a second, but she still kept her smile. “I’ve informed him, but he’s very busy. I’m afraid he won’t be able to attend.”

Titus understood. “Mr. Salazar never liked to show his face, but it’s understandable.”

Nolan looked at the message on his phone, smiled, and raised his brows.

“Let’s eat.”,

Quincy paused, then whispered, “Mr. Goldmann, are we not waiting for

Ms. Vanderbilt ?”

Titus said, “Didn’t you say you were bringing Maisie ? Why isn’t she here yet ?”

“She’s not coming.” Nolan locked his phone and placed it on the table. “There might have been a misunderstanding at the hospital the other day.” “What happened ?” Titus squinted.

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Nolan took a quick glance at Sue. “She thought that something happened between Ms. Reynolds and me.”

Sue looked surprised, but the shock immediately dissipated, and she laughed, “Oh, you were talking about that woman ? I’m sorry, I didn’t know what happened would cause any problems.”

“That’s ridiculous. Ms. Reynolds saved Nolan. Where was she when Nolan was gravely sick ?” Titus didn’t look happy.

“Since you’re divorced, you should cut ties. If she cared about you, where was she when you were sick ?”

When Nolan had been hospitalized, Maisie had never shown up. If it weren’t for Sue and the so-called Strix’s vaccine, how could he have recovered so quickly ?

Even though Maisie was innocent in the incident three years ago, Nolan was true to her. Titus felt bad for her for losing her child, her father, and Cherie, but he didn’t want his grandson to be involved in an accident either. He should have cut ties.

Sue listened intently..

She had learned about their divorce that year and finally appeared in front of him with a different identity after hiding for three years as’ Sue Reynolds’. She then gained Titus’ trust again..

However, she didn’t expect that Maisie was still alive. Nonetheless, being alive didn’t mean anything. If she could cause an accident back

then, she could make it happen again.

She collected her thoughts and pretended to be surprised. “That lady is your ex-wife?”

“Are you not married yet, Ms. Reynolds?” Nolan swirled the wine glass in his hand, and the wine sloshing around reflected a glimmer under the lights.

Sue paused and looked down. “Not yet. Mr. Salazar gave me a lot of work. I don’t have time to be in a relationship.”

Nolan casually asked, “But you have someone in mind?”

Sue pressed her lips together, smiled, and looked at him. “Why are you asking?”

“No reason,” He drank all the wine, His Adam’s apple moved, and there was a sexiness and wildness to it.

After not seeing him for three years, he had become more mature and sophisticated, more elegant. Even his eyes were deep and unreadable. She was madly in love with his cool elegance, decisiveness, sharpness, and how unperturbed by the world he was.

She was jealous of Maisie and hated her because she received all his love. After Nolan had taken the bullet for Maisie three years ago, she had fallen apart and started resenting Maisie. Nolan was willing to die for her. Since she was back and they were divorced, if ‘Strix’ could heal Nolan, would this touch him?

After the meal, Titus walked to the door and turned to say to Quincy, “Send Ms. Reynolds back.”

Quincy looked at Nolan and saw that he wasn’t against it, so he nodded. Sue pushed her hair behind her ear and smiled. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll get a cab.”

“Don’t be shy. We can’t let you take the cab after inviting you over. Let them send you.” Titus waved his arm and got in the car, Sue turned around to look at Nolan and Quincy.” Thank you, then.”

In the car...

Nolan and Sue were in the backseat.

Sue turned to look at him. “Don’t you plan to explain yourself to that lady?”

His eyes were calm. “There’s nothing to explain.”

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“But I can tell that you must have loved her.” Sue looked at Nolan’s face as if trying to find some expression.

Unfortunately, she didn’t.

Nolan lowered the window a little to let the wind blow in and mess up his hair. “How can you tell?”

Sue paused and answered without a hitch, “A woman’s instinct.”

Nolan turned to look at her. “People change. I might have loved her in the past.”

Sue’s heart skipped a beat. Was there a crack in his relationship with Maisie?

She catechized, “Have you changed?”

Nolan suddenly laughed and stared straight at her face mysteriously.

“What do you think?”

Her heart shuddered. She never looked Nolan in the eyes before, not even in the past, but hadn’t she been looking forward to this in the past?

She had fallen on him in the ward, but he didn’t push her away. If it weren’t for that woman, maybe...

“We’re here,” Nolan looked away, “Ms. Reynolds, have a great day.”

Sue smiled. “Thanks.”

She was getting out of the car when she turned her head. “Are you available in the near future?”

He furrowed his brows and answered, “Yes.”

She closed the door and happily left.

Quincy drove away after she walked away, and Nolan lowered the window all the way. The wind that blew in swept away the smell of

perfume lingering in the car.

Quincy looked into the rear-view mirror and couldn't help but say, "Ms. Vanderbilt was really willing to sacrifice your looks like that."

Nolan didn't answer, his eyes looking dark.

Maisie sat in the pavilion in the garden while enjoying her afternoon tea until her phone lit up with a message. She got up and walked toward the door.

Nolan's car was parked not far away.

Quincy was 'forced' out of the car the moment she got in the car.

Maisie didn't even have time to speak when Nolan pulled her into his arms and was forced to sit on his lap, facing him.

She beamed. "Had lunch?"

"What do you think?" Nolan held her waist and put his face on her neck, his lips lightly caressing her skin. "I prefer your scent."

'The light scent of lilies.

Maisie laughed. "She fell for it?"

Nolan nibbled at her neck, and his calm eyes started to burn. "And you let me do it. Aren't you jealous?"

Maisie hugged his neck and chuckled. "I'm not a man. She wouldn't be interested in me."

She lowered her head to peck his lips, then gently and lovingly said, "I could just pay you for the performance." Seeing that Maisie was teasing him, he gulped. "What are you paying me with?"

She went close to his ear and whispered, "Can I pay with my body?"

"Minx."

Nolan kissed her passionately and pressed his tall frame on her.

Two days later...

Sue arrived at a residence in an outskirt location. The three-story-high villa wasn't for people to live in but for her to run experiments.

The guard let her in. She walked to the study, knocked, and entered after getting permission. She looked at the man who had both his hands on the table and his back facing her. "Mr. Kestner."

Adrian turned his face sideways, “The vaccine isn’t working on him.”
“What?” Sue paused. “Why isn’t it working!?”

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“Hah!” Adrian looked outside the window with a dark gaze. “The virus he was infected with was a mutated variant, and he’s already in the late stages.”

Sue turned pale and held her hand into a fist.

Daniel had only told her that it was the sleeper virus but didn’t tell her anything more. She had wanted that woman to be infected.

Her face wouldn’t have been ruined if it weren’t for that woman, and Daniel wouldn’t have treated her that way either.

She knew it wouldn’t have ended well for her if she stayed with Daniel. Thus, she had decided to leave Daniel after carrying out her task in Zlokova.

She had bumped into Sue and learned that Sue was Adrian’s apprentice when she had nowhere else to go. Even though he was a lecturer at Turner Institute of Art, he was actually Jones’ uncle and had quite a lot of knowledge in medicine and viruses.

He had even been in the same class as Strix.

Hence, she had started the fire to steal Sue’s identity.

After sacrificing Sue in the fire, she had pretended to be her family member and claimed the body, going through the procedures. Since she had had an alibi, the police had asked her a few questions and let her. She hadn’t canceled Sue’s identity information and used the money in her card to get plastic surgery. She then approached Adrian as Sue during her one year of recovery. Adrian had felt sorry for her ruined face and had taken her in. He hadn’t suspected her because Sue had told her everything about her life in university.

She had been afraid that Daniel would find out, so she stayed by Adrian’s

side.

Adrian always wanted to surpass Strix in medicinal research, and he never gave up on the research of the virus, even after Strix's disappearance.

When Daniel passed, the news about the virus broke out, and Roger personally asked for Adrian's help, she took the chance to beg Adrian to save Nolan. If Adrian could save him, she would have a chance.

However, why did things go wrong when her chance finally came?

"Sir, don't you have any other ideas?" Sue was agitated.

Adrian picked up the cigarette packet on the table, picked one out, and put it to his lips, then fumbled for a lighter. "Even he wouldn't be able to help for the final stages of the sleeper virus."

He lit the cigarette and took a long drag, smoke escaping his mouth and covering his face. "This disease is just like the final stages of cancer.

There's n

o cure unless there's a miracle."

Sue's shoulder trembled, and her face turned pale.

When she walked out of the room, she got a call from Titus, who said something to her, making her lose her focus.

When Sue arrived at the hospital, Titus and Quincy were already waiting outside the room. She pressed her lips together and walked forward.

"Elder Master Goldmann, how is Mr. Goldmann?"

"Nolan started coughing out blood again, and the doctor said that it's worse than before. Could you please ask Mr. Salazar to come over

Sue held her fists. Even Adrian didn't have a solution. How could she ask him?

No, she couldn't give up on this opportunity! She had finally gotten close to Nolan and gotten Titus' attention!

After calming herself, she said, "Don't worry, Elder Master Goldmann.

My teacher says that we can only control it but not fully heal him yet."

To avoid raising Titus' suspicions, she added, "He is already working on something because what Mr. Goldmann contracted isn't the usual sleeper

virus.

The normal vaccine cannot fully heal him.”