

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 651

Chapter 651

Eugene paused, “Did Samantha tell you that I’m here?”

Christina put down her teacup and mocked him.” Samantha has protected your other woman Katrina for so long, yet you suspect her?”

Eugene was quiet

Christina stood up. “Samantha is a decent woman. Leaving you wasn’t a loss for her but for you. You’ll regret this one day, and Yael and I will not help you anymore.”

They walked out of the room next door. Ryleigh wanted to see her aunt and get some news but was probably there for the gossip. Maisie and Barbara stopped in the hallway, and after Ryleigh left, she slowly spoke. “Were you the one who snitched him to Mrs. Boucher?” “Yes,” Barbara admitted. Maisie was a little surprised, “How did you find out such private news of the Bouchers?” Even the media didn’t know that Eugene was cheating, but she knew. She was even the one who had told them that Mrs. Boucher was here. Barbara flipped her hair and smiled at her. “I know Katrina.”

Maisie was shocked.

Barbara leaned against the pillar, looking stoic. “We had a past, and I’m not afraid to tell you. She’s my father’s illegitimate daughter, a half-sister who’s four years older than me.”

Maisie didn’t speak but was surprised that Barbara would tell something so private to a person she wasn’t close to.

“In the three years that you weren’t here, Ryleigh told me a lot about you.” Barbara looked down, her calm face hiding some emotions.” She said that we had a similar past.”

Maisie’s eyes darted.

Barbara turned to look at the people who were still in the venue. “We both have a cruel sister who tried to frame us, but you were a lot luckier than I am.”

Maisie walked to her. “She’s a Zalensky, but you’re a Chase.”

Barbara turned to look at her, maintaining her cool and logic. “My father didn’t marry her mother. He chose to come back to our family and spoiled me rotten to make up for what he did all those years ago. He would give me anything I wanted, but it could never make up for what I’ve lost.

“You’re luckier because you met a man like Mr. Goldman, but I didn’t. Everything that happened to me was because of Katrina.”

Maisie returned to the Goldmann mansion in the evening. Alfred walked over to welcome her. “Would you like to have dinner, Madam?” Maisie wasn’t hungry, so she shook her head. “There’s no need for that.” She went upstairs, still shocked by what Barbara had said. Barbara’s experience nine years ago was really similar to hers, but she was right, she was luckier because she had met Nolan.

Barbara wasn’t as lucky. She had just been around 17 or 18. Those years when life should have been wonderful were instead a dark time in her memories.

Barbara hadn't lost her virginity, but she killed someone while defending herself. It had been self-defense, and she was released because she was not guilty. However, the rumors stabbed her like a knife.

In the eyes of outsiders, she was a filthy girl who had seduced a man and even killed him.

She hadn't been sent to prison because she had good backing—the rumors were even worse than losing her innocence because that was something that could destroy someone's reputation. Her father could suppress the rumors, but she was advised to leave school. Her father had helped her change her name and sent her to study overseas out of guilt.

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Barbara returned after a few years when those rumors had been long forgotten, so her name Barbara Chase was as if she was reborn.

Maisie was really impressed by Barbara's calmness. If it were other girls, and that happened to them, they might have chosen a different way out of the rumors.

Even if she had a past like Barbara, she couldn't say that she would be able to survive just as well.

If Barbara weren't born where she was, she would have been sent to prison by the deceased's family and would have had to live with all the guilt.

Maisie was in deep thought and stood outside the door. Nolan walked out of the study and saw her standing there, so he walked toward her and hugged her from behind. "You're back." Maisie was pulled back into

reality and suddenly fell into his arms. Nolan paused, gently putting his hand on the back of her head. “What’s wrong?”

“I missed you.” Maisie rubbed her face on his chest. Nolan’s eyes were gentle upon seeing how she was acting. He then pushed the room door open and carried her in.

Nolan let her sit on the bed, put his hand on the edge of the bed, then held her in his arms while putting his face on her forehead, and said in a low voice, “You’re

missing me right after coming back? Did something happen?”

Maisie hugged his neck. “Nolan, would you cheat one day?” He paused and frowned. “Why would I cheat?” Maisie was probably more sensitive because of what happened today, so she said, “Rich men like to have other women after they get married. Would you find someone younger outside once you’re bored of me?”

Nolan kissed the corner of her eyes. “No, I just need you for my needs. There’s no need for that in principle either.”

Maisie curled her finger around his tie. “Wouldn’t you be bored, just sleeping with one person?”

“Compared to the wild flowers out there,” Nolan pressed his finger on her lips and looked at her with a burning gaze, “I prefer this rose have at home.”

Maisie laughed. “You’re just saying that.”

“Do you feel better?”

He leaned down, and Maisie leaned back along, looking bashful, but her eyes were smiling. “Yes, I’d feel better no matter what you say.”

He deliberately said, “What if I did this?”

She bit her lip. “You’re nasty.”

The next day, at Soul...

Maisie finished the work she had and lay on the desk, tired.

Ryleigh suddenly entered. “Zee!” She was holding a magazine in her hand and ran toward her. “Big news, major news!” Maisie raised her head tiredly but immediately became alert when she saw ‘Eugene Boucher bringing his mistress to the gem-hunting event’.

She sat up straight and took the magazine. “Why are the media suddenly reporting about this?”

“I have no idea, probably because someone had to call them out.”

Ryleigh walked to the rocking chair and sat down, swinging lightly. “I heard that it wasn’t the first time that Eugene Boucher had cheated. There were a few more before this, and Katrina was just one of his new lovers.”

“Didn’t you ask your aunt?”

“My aunt wouldn’t tell me. I asked around. Too few people know about this, but now that it’s exposed, it isn’t going to be covered up.” Ryleigh said.

Maisie looked at the magazine in her hand, guessing that Barbara would be the only person who would dare spill the news about Eugene’s lover.

At the Boucher manor...

Elder Master Boucher threw the magazine at Eugene.” I asked you to lay low, and you give me a scandal instead!?”

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Eugene’s jaw moved, but he didn’t dare speak.

Christina put down the teacup. “Dad, please calm down.”

“How could I calm down?” Elder Master Boucher knocked on the table. A great woman like Samantha was married to you for over 30 years, and how much did she sacrifice for this family, Francisco, and you? You could go out with other women, but you should always remember that you have a wife and son at home!”

Eugene relaxed his fist and frowned. “Christina, did you expose this?” Christina paused, then said in a serious voice. “You think I did this?”

She looked stoic and didn’t hesitate. “If I wanted to do this, why would I have said all that at the auction? I’m one of the Bouchers, and it’s my responsibility to protect our reputation.”

Eugene was bewildered.

At that moment, Samantha walked through the door with light makeup and plain clothes, no flashy jewelry,

*Dad, Christina.”

Elder Master Boucher looked calmer when he saw Samantha, “Samantha, I’ll get someone to suppress

the news. Don't worry, I'll make sure Eugene clears this up." Samantha had given up long ago, so she placed the document she was holding on the desk. "I was actually here to tell you that I've decided to divorce Eugene."

Elder Master Boucher was stunned, and even Christina was surprised. She knew that Samantha wanted to get a divorce, but she thought she was just angry and wasn't serious about it.

The most surprised person was Eugene. He stared at Samantha, his expression vague. "You want a divorce?"

Samantha didn't look at him. "Yes, I'm tired after 30 years of marriage. Francisco is an adult now, and he respects my decision."

Elder Master Boucher, who had been quiet, sighed. "I'll let you talk about this. I won't interfere." He picked up his cane and stood up, then Christina helped him upstairs. Eugene walked to her, looking fierce. "You want a divorce, Sam? You're nothing without the Bouchers!"

"I'm nothing if I continue to be your wife." Samantha had no expression, unlike the gentle look she used to have.

Eugene saw that she was serious, so he loosened his grip on her. "You--"

"Eugene Boucher, if I knew that this was the end, I wouldn't have married you. I should have seen this side of you sooner." Samantha pulled her hand back and handed the pen to him. "Sign."

Eugene pushed the pen away, and it fell to the floor, the ink spilling onto the tiles.

"You want a divorce so that you can get away from my control, right? Samantha Green, without me, you would have been on the streets. All

the money and status you have now are because of me, and you want a divorce ?”

He grabbed her hair to pull her closer. “Didn’t you marry me because of who I am ?”

Eugene pushed her to the floor. Samantha’s palm hit the corner of the table, and her skin tore open, blood sipping on her sleeve.

The anger slightly disappeared from Eugene’s face when he saw this. It looked like he was going to put out a hand to help her, but she stumbled up while laughing.

He was stunned. “Why are you laughing ?”

“Have I ever asked you for money all these years ? You were the one who gave me all the jewelry and branded items.” Samantha’s eyes were filled with tears, but they didn’t drop. “Sign for the divorce. I want nothing else.”

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Samantha turned around and stopped in front of the pen, picked it up, and placed it on the desk. “I’ve already signed the papers. If you don’t sign, I’ll talk to Dad. I don’t want to bring this to court to avoid affecting our reputation. I’ll give you three days.”

The cut on her palm hurt so much it became numb, and blood dripped onto the tiles like flowers. She left the Bouchers without looking back, leaving everything behind.

At the hospital...

The nurse helped Samantha sew up her wound and bandaged it. She told her not to get it wet for a few days and that they would be able to remove the suture in a week.

Samantha picked up her bag and left the room but bumped into Ryleigh and Maisie there.

Maisie immediately recognized her. She was the woman who had saved Kennedy the other day, but before she could speak, Ryleigh suddenly called out, "Aunt Samantha?" Samantha smiled and walked toward them. "It's you."

Then she noticed Maisie and was going to say something, but Ryleigh was shocked. "Are you hurt?"

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She paused and hid her hand. "I'm fine. I just fell and scraped my skin. Is this your friend?" Ryleigh pulled Maisie over and introduced her, "Yes, she's my best friend, Maisie." Maisie smiled. "You know Ryleigh. I didn't have the chance to thank you for the other night." "What happened the other night?" Ryleigh looked over, confused. Samantha smiled. "I just did what was right. How is that man?" "Uncle Kennedy is alright. He rested for a while and is fine now." Maisie answered, and Ryleigh understood what it was about. So, the woman who had helped Kennedy was Samantha.

After their conversation, Samantha said goodbye, her face looking tired throughout the conversation.

Ryleigh watched her enter the elevator and started feeling angry, "Uncle Eugene has terrible taste. How could he leave such a kind and gentle

woman and instead play around? Some people just have bad taste.” Maisie didn’t expect that she was Eugene’s wife and started feeling bad for her.

“Zee, would all married men turn out the same?” Ryleigh started worrying. “If that’s the case, I’d rather never get married.”

Maisie flicked her forehead. “Don’t think that there are no good men left in the world because of one bad apple.”

She rubbed her forehead and said, “That’s because Mr. Goldmann is a good man.”

Maisie and Ryleigh got to Kennedy’s room with lunch. When he saw them, he smiled, “Thanks for thinking about me.”

Ryleigh said,” Maisie said you don’t have a family in Bassburgh and was worried that you’d be bored in the hospital.”

Kennedy smiled again.

Maisie joined in. “If Uncle Kennedy was married, I wouldn’t need to be worried about him like a daughter.”

Kennedy was helpless. “Who would marry a man like me?” “Uncle Kennedy, you’re just being modest.” Raleigh sat next to the bed. “You don’t look old. When I first met you, I thought you were in your early 30s.”

Kennedy really didn’t look old. He was in his 40s, but he wasn’t balding or had a big belly. or even looked out of shape like other men his age.

He, Erwin, and Strix were the men who became more dashing as they grew older, like red wine, getting better with age.

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Of course, when men reached a certain age and still wanted to keep looking fit, it would require a lot of self-discipline. The men who had a big belly usually got it from drinking too frequently, having stress during work, and didn't work out. On top of that, they usually preferred oily food, so it would make sense when they grew fat.

They spent some time with Kennedy before leaving. Ryleigh walked to the car and suddenly said, "Why do you think Uncle Kennedy never got married?"

Maisie opened the door. "How would I know?"

She sat in the car while Ryleigh got into the passenger seat, put on her seatbelt, and said, "If Aunt Samantha married someone like Uncle Kennedy, she would probably be very happy." Maisie turned to look at her and chuckled. "You should worry about yourself first."

Ryleigh snapped her mouth shut.

Soon after the car started driving, a car suddenly bumped into them from behind. Their car shook, bringing Maisie back to the scary incident three years ago. She grabbed onto the steering wheel with her dear life and didn't know what to do.

"Zee!

Ryleigh grabbed the wheel when she saw that Maisie wasn't stepping on the brakes and their car was going to run into the car in front. The car lost control and ran into the road signs at the side.

Quincy suddenly opened the door of the conference room and interrupted the meeting. The executives sitting on both sides of the table looked at him as he walked toward Nolan and said something into his ear.

Nolan suddenly got up with a serious face. "Let's continue this another day." Someone said, "But Mr. Goldmann, this is a \$ 150,000,000 project—" Unfortunately, Nolan dashed out of the room without looking back, leaving the executives staring at each other confused. Nolan pulled down his tie, walked to the car, and got in. "Did you find out who ran into their car?"

Quincy strapped in and started the car. "Yes, it was a drunk driver. Ms. Vanderbilt is fine, but she's just a little shocked..."

"Get to the hospital immediately." Nolan looked gloomy. He started panicking when he heard 'accident

His hand was tight in a fist as he was worried he would lose her if he let go.

Maisie must have been terrified. He had to get to her immediately.

In the ward...

"Ouch, that hurts!"

Ryleigh pummeled the pillow in pain, her tears falling after the doctor put her dislocated arm back in place.

Maisie, who sat next to her, had a big scratch on her forehead but was otherwise fine. She was in shock and finally calmed down after a long time.

When Kennedy walked in and saw that, he laughed.” You just left the hospital and got sent back immediately. There was no need to do that even if you missed me.”

Ryleigh was laughing too. “Does this mean that we left walking but came back lying down?”

She saw Kennedy looking serious, gave two more chuckles, and stopped.

“Zee!”

Nolan appeared at the door anxiously. saw Maisie sitting on the bed looking distraught, and rushed to hug her sadly.

Maisie was surprised but noticed that his hands were shaking. She slowly raised her arms and hugged him.” I’m fine...”

Nolan let go of her, his palm touching her pale cheeks. The scratch on her forehead wasn’t obvious, but it looked glaring to him. “You have a bump on your head. How is that fine?”

There was hidden anger on his face even though he was speaking to her in a serious but gentle tone.

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Maisie did not say anything in return.

Nolan noticed that he might have scared her, so he calmed himself down a bit and said, “You scared the hell out of me.”

“Pfft!” Ryleigh couldn’t help herself and chuckle. “Mr. Goldmann, can you please look around you? There are doctors and patients around. Can you please take care of their feelings?”

“Why should I care about them when my wife is here?” Nolan replied.

He then proceeded to scoop Maisie up into his arms, and Maisie was stunned. “What are you doing, Nolan?”

He replied through gritted teeth, “I’m going to bring you for a proper examination. I’m not convinced with the doctors here.” Ryleigh rolled her eyes at Nolan and imitated the way he talked. “I’m going to bring you for a proper examination. I’m not convinced with the doctors here. Oh, please, you make me sick.” Nolan brought Maisie to do a thorough physical examination. Even though she had not sustained any other injuries, Nolan still made her stay in the hospital for two days.

While he carried her into an individual ward, Maisie

said helplessly, “Nolan, I’m really fine.”

He put her on the bed and replied, “You’re not going anywhere until the swelling goes down.”

Maisie did not know what to say.

She tried to get up from the bed. “You’re wasting the resources.”

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“I paid for it, so this ward is yours. Now, get down on the bed,” Nolan said as he pushed her back to the bed and tucked her in.

Looking at how anxious Nolan was, Maisie turned around and chuckled.

“Are you really so worried about me, Nolan?”

He replied without any hesitation, “Yeah.”

She laughed and reached out for his hand. “Honestly, I’m scared too.”

Nolan looked at her intently. Maisie did not know what he was thinking right now, and he only came back to his senses after a long while. He planted a kiss on her forehead and said, “Then, don’t make yourself hurt anymore.”

“Why didn’t Quincy come with you?”

“He’s at the police station investigating the incident,” Nolan replied. He stroked her hair, and Maisie could see her own reflection through his deep amber eyes.

The man had been drunk driving and crashed into the rear of her car. He had been reeking alcohol when he got out of the car. It would be fine if he had been drunk driving, but what if he was not? As if Nolan could see the worries and apprehension in her mind through her eyes, he replied, “Don’t worry. I’ll ask Quincy to run a background check on him too.”

Maisie blinked as she asked, “Are you still angry with me?”

As soon as she finished speaking, Nolan’s face sank.

“Well, I think he’s still angry.”

Maisie got up from the bed and wrapped her arms around his neck. Then, she said in a sweet voice, “Please don’t be angry with me, honey. I promise I won’t drive alone anymore in the future.”

It seemed to work on Nolan. He thought for a while and replied in a deep voice, "Okay."

Maisie pecked on his cheek and lay back down on the bed. She grinned from ear to ear as she looked at Nolan.

Nolan tried to hold himself back. He tousled her hair and said, "You must be exhausted. Get some rest. I'll be staying here with you."

In another ward, Ryleigh was playing Arena of Valor on her bed. After losing a few times in a row, she threw her phone on the bed. "D*mn it! Why are all my team members so useless? This is so frustrating!"

"How can you blame other people when it's your fault? Do you really have no idea how lousy you are at this game?"

A voice waved behind her, and she jerked her head back in shock to see that Louis was standing beside her bed looking at her.

Ryleigh jerked up from the bed, and she winced in pain when her leg cramped.

Frowning, Louis bent down to check her leg. She stopped him unconsciously and shouted, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to take a look at your leg," he replied. "No," Ryleigh replied as she pushed his hand away. Then, she asked, "How did you know that I'm in the hospital?"

It seemed that Louis had been appearing around her very often lately. Louis looked at her and replied, "What do you think?" He grabbed her

ankle. When she tried to shrink back, h e grabbed her even tighter.

“Don’t move.”

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Ryleigh did not move anymore. Louis was seriously massaging her ankle, and Ryleigh was shocked.

It seemed to her that the Louis in front of her was not the real Louis. Thinking of all his strange behavior patterns, she took a deep breath as an idea popped up in her head. Initially, she was going to use a more euphemistic approach, but the words escaped her lips before she could even realize it. “You do not have a crush on me, do you?”

Louis was stunned, and the ward fell into an awkward silence.

Ryleigh hoped that she could kill herself by biting her tongue right now. Just when she was looking for an excuse to save herself from this awkward situation, Louis raised his head to look at her and said, “What are you thinking about?”

He seemed rather calm as he continued in a clear voice. “You’re my fiancée. You’re going to marry me in the future, so isn’t it normal for me to take care of you?” Ryleigh replied, “Oh, I see.”

Louis let go of her foot, stood up straight, and looked at her. He lifted his eyebrows and asked, “Are you disappointed?” “Nope. I’m not disappointed, thank you for your help, and also, I won’t necessarily marry you yet.”

After that, she turned around to face him with her back.

Louis left after he stayed for a short while.

When Louis came out of the ward, he saw that Nolan was talking to Quincy in the corridor.

Quincy noticed Louis and bowed at him slightly. "Mr. Lucas."

Nolan squinted his eyes. Louis knew that Nolan had lost his memories, so he asked Quincy, "Is my cousin alright?"

Quincy replied, "Please rest assured, Mr. Lucas. Ms. Vanderbilt is alright."

Louis nodded and said, "That's great to hear." He then looked at Nolan, who had a serious expression on his face. He smiled at him, turned around, and left.

Nolan watched as Louis walked into the elevator and fell into contemplation. Quincy knew he couldn't remember Louis, so he explained, "Mr. Goldmann, Mr. Lucas is Ms. Vanderbilt's cousin."

"Did I ask you to explain it to me?" Nolan said as he glanced at Quincy. Quincy stopped talking about Louis and went back to the main topic. "About the Hannigans..." "Give it to Nathaniel and see what he'll do . If he can't

take care of his own people, I'll help him to take care of it." Nolan's gaze suddenly turned cold.

On the next day, everyone was talking about Eugene's scandal. The Bouchers had no other choice but to spend money to keep the news from spreading.

Someone had found out the identity of the woman that appeared with Eugene and posted it online. The news of Katrina becoming the homewrecker appeared on Facebook.

Katrine smashed her phone on the TV. This startled the maid who came in with the soup, and her face turned pale. “Ms. Zalensky...”

Eugene had gifted her this villa. All of the maids in the villa were hired by Eugene to take care of her as well. It was true that she was the mistress who couldn't show up in front of the public. However, Eugene had promised her that he would marry her after getting a divorce from his current wife.

Only by becoming Eugene's wife could she fight with the Chases.

However, little did she expect someone to expose the scandal between her and Eugene. Everyone now knew that she was a homewrecker.

She walked to a couch and sat down. The maid put the soup on the table with faltering hands and then retreated from the room.

When Katrine saw the soup on the table, she was so infuriated that she pushed it on the floor. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. In the end, she picked up the phone from the floor and called Eugene.

As soon as Eugene picked up her call, the angered expression on her face disappeared, and she pouted.” Eugene, now everyone knows that I'm your mistress. You promised me that you would marry me after getting a divorce, so when are you going to do it? I've been waiting for you for five years!”

Eugene was sitting in the study room right now. He rubbed the center of his forehead, and there was no expression on his face. “Katty, I know this isn’t fair for you, but please be patient and wait for a while.”

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“How long do I have to wait?”

“Be a good girl, Katty. I’m sure you know that the Bouchers won’t accept you so easily. Just wait until I get everything settled. Also, I won’t come to your place for some time,” Eugene said before hanging up the call.

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Eugene looked at the document on the desk, and there were some dried blood stains on the paper. Samantha had signed her name, but he had not signed yet.

He crumpled the divorce paper into a ball and hissed.” You want to get a divorce with me, Samantha? No way! I won’t allow it. If you leave me, you’ll be left with nothing...”

At the hospital...

Colton was peeling an apple for Maisie. There was a disappointed expression etched on his face as he said, “I can’t believe how you can get yourself into the hospital while you’re an adult.”

Maisie was enjoying the apple fed by her son with a grin of satisfaction on her face. She decided to forgive him for dissing her as she replied, “I didn’t get myself into the hospital. It’s your dad who wants me to stay in the hospital.” “Mommy, the parents’ meeting is next week. Are you sure you’re going to come with Daddy?” Maisie was stunned. She met Colton’s doubtful gaze and asked, “Why not?” He shrugged. “Well everyone in the class says that my mom is dead. If you come to the parents’ meeting, they might think you’re a zombie.”

Maisie nearly choked on the apple.

After returning to her country with Nolan, she hadn’t made her relationship with Nolan public. She didn’t expect she was going to the parents’ meeting as Nolan’s wife.

Everyone in Bassburgh knew that she and Nolan had already divorced. Some of them even said that she died in a car accident three years ago. As for Cotton and Daisie...

Maisie stroked his head and said, “I’m sorry, Colton. I didn’t make public the relationship between your father and me because he has lost his memory, I don’t want those paparazzi to disturb him.”

Colton nodded and said, “In this case, I think you shouldn’t come to the parents’ meeting, Mommy. Daddy alone will do.” “No way!” Maisie looked at him, “I’ve been absent from your parents’ meetings many times already, so I must go this time. Don’t worry. I ‘ll figure something out.”

Nolan was standing outside the door. When he heard the conversation between Maisie and Colton, he looked deeply into the ward, took his hand off the door handle, and turned to leave.

Maizie received a text message on her phone. After seeing the content of the message, she transferred the money to the person. After that, she put the phone at the side and continued to put on her makeup.

She swore to herself that she must get Nolan this time. As for the woman who had gotten ahead of her, she was going to teach her a little lesson.

I'd like to see what you're going to do this time, b*tch.'

Suddenly, a maid knocked on her door. "Miss, are you in there?"

Maizie replied impatiently, "What?"

"Mr. Hannigan is looking for you. He said it's very urgent, and he wants to see you downstairs now," the maid replied.

Maizie froze for a moment upon hearing what the maid said. She calmly put down her cosmetics and got up to her feet. She walked out of the room, wondering why her father was looking for her. Could it be that the Bouchers had backtracked and wanted to do the marriage of convenience with her?

'I knew it. After all, I'm so pretty and smart. How is it possible that Helios wouldn't fall for me?'

When she got downstairs, she saw that Nathaniel was standing there looking at something.

"Are you looking for me, Dad?" she asked as she walked up to him.

Nathaniel suddenly turned around and gave her a slap on the cheek.

Maizie couldn't evade in time. She received the full force of the slap and fell on the floor. She looked at her father in a daze.

Mrs. Hannigan was shocked and went forward to stop Nathaniel. “What are you doing. Nathaniel?”

Nathaniel pushed her away. Maizie looked at him in shock and confusion as she asked, “Why are you hitting me. Dad?”

He threw the phone on her and said, “I didn’t expect that you would do something like this behind my back!”

When Maizie saw the transaction record and the chat history between her and the man she had hired to run into Maisie’s car on the phone, she was stunned, and her brain went blank.

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‘That man sold me out!?’

Mrs. Hannigan was stunned. “Zee, what have you done?”

Nathaniel shouted at her, “Your good daughter hired a man to pretend to be a drunk driver to run over someone. Is she tired of living, or does she want to go to jail?” Mrs. Hannigan was stunned when she heard what Nathaniel said. She looked at Maizie and found it hard to believe that her daughter would do something like that.

‘My daughter hired a man to be a drunk driver and run over someone? How is that possible?’ Maizie squeezed tears out of her eyes and explained, “No, Dad. I didn’t do that. Someone framed me-”

“Framed you?” Nathaniel interrupted, cutting her short. He pointed at her and growled, “Are you saying that Mr. Goldmann is framing you?”

That man is in the police station right now, and he has confessed everything. He said that you're the one who hired him, and Mr. Goldmann wants me to give him a reasonable solution. I'm sure you know what's going on in our family, right? And you still want to do something like that? Do you want me to get into trouble?"

Maizie's shoulders shook.

'Mr. Goldmann? But why? Does he love that woman that much!?"

"Dad, I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I just wanted to teach her a lesson. I didn't want to cause an accident!"

Nathaniel went forward and slapped her again. Mrs. Hannigan cried out loud and pounced forward to shield Maizie with her body. "Stop, Nathaniel, stop beating Zee! She has already learned her lesson, so please, stop!"

"Get out of my way!" Nathaniel pushed her away, causing her to stumble into the couch nearby.

Nathaniel then grabbed Maizie's hair and said, "You just want to teach her a lesson? What if something happens to her? The entire Hannigans would be in big trouble because of you! Do you know who that woman is? She's Mr. Goldmann's wife! If not, why do you think he wouldn't take the bait even though he has lost his memory?"

Maizie was dumbfounded when she heard what her father said.

'Didn't Mr. Goldmann's wife die three years ago? How is she still alive!?"

Suddenly, the scale fell before Maizie's eyes.

‘It’s no wonder that she’s so confident and arrogant, so she’s his wife from three years ago?’ ‘That’s impossible! There’s no way she’s still his wife.

They got a divorce three years ago!’

Seeing that Maizie still refused to accept the situation, Nathaniel was so exasperated that he raised his hand again. Mrs. Hannigan held his hand and cried. “Please stop. Nathaniel. Please stop hitting her.”

Nathaniel did not slap Maizie anymore. He pushed Mrs. Hannigan away, and she went forward to hold her daughter in her arms.

He pointed at them and growled, “Both of you better not do anything stupid. I’m sure you’re aware of our family’s condition right now. If Mr. Goldmann really does something to us, I’ll kick both of you out of the house!” At Blackgold...

“Mr. Goldmann, Nathaniel said that he punished Maizie and promised that he would keep an eye on her. He won’t let her come out and cause us any trouble anymore,” Quincy said.

Nolan leaned back in his chair. He put his arm on the armrest and covered his eyes with the other hand. His expression was dark.

Quincy looked at his face and asked, “Are you alright, Mr. Goldmann?”

Nolan waved his hand and said, “I’m fine. You’re dismissed.” Quincy exited the office.

Nolan stared at the computer for a long while before keying in Maisie and his name on Google. However, he did not get any search results when he hit the button

He then deleted Maisie's name and hit the button again. This time, several things popped up.

#Nolan is seriously ill#

#Has Nolan gotten a divorce?#

#Who is Nolan's wife?#

He scrolled down and looked at each of them. It was rumored that he had been terminally ill three years ago, but there was no solid information about it. Three years ago, it was rumored that the Goldmanns had announced the separation between him and his wife, but there was no information about it either.

It seemed to him that someone had erased those things from the Internet. Sensing something, he picked up the phone and called someone at the front desk to bring up a spare laptop.

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Soon, a staff member from the front desk brought him a spare laptop. After Nolan sent him out, he opened up the laptop and searched for the same thing on Google. As he expected, he was able to get a lot more information from other laptops!

He clicked into one of the search results with the title "Mr. Goldmann's wife dead?" and sucked in a sharp breath. He looked at the word "accident," and he did not know if he should click into it or not.

When Quincy passed by the front desk, a receptionist told him that Nolan had asked for a laptop from them. The staff member seemed puzzled as he asked, “Isn’t there a computer in Mr. Goldman’s office?” Quincy suddenly remembered something and rushed back to Nolan’s office. He pushed the door open. “Mr. Goldman!”

However, there was no one in the office, and the laptop on the desk remained open.

Quincy walked up to the laptop, and his heart skipped a beat. It seemed to him that Nolan had not given up on investigating everything that had happened in the past, and he was suspicious of everything that they told him. Sitting in the car, Nolan held a lighter and lit up a cigarette. He did not know when he picked up the

habit, but he knew he had been doing it for a long time.

The smoke had blurred his vision. He lowered the window again and fell deep in thought.

He had indeed forgotten something. The accident three years ago was real. The media speculated that his wife, Maisie, had died in that accident, and even their divorce was known to the media.

However, he had forgotten about it. He was certain that Maisie had not told him everything for his own good. She did not want to make their relationship public because she did not want other people to bother him, but what could he do for her?

Barbara came to the hospital to visit Maisie and Ryleigh. She chuckled when she saw they were not seriously injured yet still refused to leave the hospital. “What is going on with you two?”

While Ryleigh was munching on an apple, she replied, “Nothing happened. Just got a little bit unlucky. A drunk driver hit us just after leaving the hospital, but both of us just sustained some minor injuries. It’s not a big deal.”

Barbara squinted her eyes and replied, “Well, that’s truly unlucky.”

Maisie folded the newspaper in her hand and replied, “I want to be discharged from the hospital.”

Ryleigh looked at her and asked, “Has Mr. Goldmann approved that?”

“How long do I have to stay in the hospital with this scrape on my forehead?” Maisie got up from the bed and said, “Ryleigh, you go get both of us discharged from the hospital. Don’t worry, I’ll handle Nolan.” “Alright, then,” Ryleigh replied. She put the apple down and walked out of the ward. After Ryleigh left, Maisie turned to look at Barbara and asked, “You’re the one who exposed the scandal about the Bouchers, right?”

Barbara lifted her brows. “How did you know about it?”

Maisie chuckled. “Katrina has always wanted to become Eugene’s wife. Although exposing their relationship might affect the Bouchers’ reputation, it’s possible the Bouchers will think it’s Katrine’s doing because she couldn’t wait any longer to become one of the Bouchers. This way, the Bouchers would definitely not allow Eugene to marry her.

“You invited Ryleigh and me to the gem-hunting event because you knew Katrine and Eugene would show up there. You informed Christina, and she would certainly confront Eugene because of the Bouchers’ reputation. This way, Eugene would only be suspecting his sister-in-law when the scandal between him and Katrine got exposed.”

Maisie could find a reason for everything but one.

Barbara could have done this all by herself, but why must she include Ryleigh and her?

Ryleigh had told her that Helios introduced Barbara to her three years ago. Barbara shouldn't have had any interaction with the Bouchers before. She had only approached the Bouchers because she knew that Katrine had hooked up with Eugene. Barbara hated Katrine to the core. She had endured the humiliation of studying abroad for so many years, and now that she had returned, she would naturally implement her revenge plan.