

## Chapter 1001

Maisie walked to the room and opened the door. Ryleigh was still looking out the window.

She walked to the side of the bed and sat on the chair. "Ryleigh, Joe's wake will be in seven days."

Ryleigh started reacting when Joe was mentioned, and her finger shook.

Maisie held her hand and said, "I know that you blame yourself. I do too. I should've been by your side that day. Joe did this to save you, and it will be a pain that you can never recover from for the rest of your life, so you're feeling guilty about it."

Ryleigh suddenly spoke. "It was my fault... I did this to him. I should have been the one to die."

"Ryleigh, nobody is at fault. Did he save you so that you'll be sad and suffer for the rest of your life?"

Ryleigh's tears rolled down her face then she shook her head. "But I--"

\*Alright, let's not talk about this.\* Maisie wiped her tears away. "You didn't do anything wrong, and neither did he. He liked you, and even though he used this way to take you away, he still saved you with his life. Some people will sacrifice themselves when they're in love, sometimes two people fall for each other and live happily ever after. But when three people are involved, someone has to back out even though it's cruel."

Maisie looked up at her. "In a dangerous situation, do you think he regretted when he pushed you out of harm's way?" Ryleigh looked around and pressed her lips together. Maisie looked at her. "You want to appreciate this friendship, but once it surpassed the level of friendship, you didn't know what to do, but he knew that there was no way to turn back. He never regretted saving you because he let you know how he felt."

Ryleigh's lips parted but didn't say anything. Maisie slowly got up. "Keep this love of his in your heart. You have a long life ahead of you. He would regret saving you if he saw you living your life feeling sorry for him."

Maisie was walking to the door when Ryleigh suddenly said, "The wake..." She paused, "Can I go?"

Joe's wake was held at the funeral home. Aside from his family members, his old friends from school showed up too.

The people walked to the casket and placed white roses on top of it.

Joe's family was devastated, but the people who showed up were consoling them.

Maisie wore a black dress. She placed the white rose on his casket and looked up at the picture next to it.

When she turned around, a tired-looking woman spoke to her, "Excuse me."

Maisie turned around and saw a woman in her 50s with a white flower pinned to the front of her chest. It was Joe's mother.

Maisie nodded. "Ma'am." "Are you Joe's friend from school? You came to our home with another girl before this, right? You look pretty different, so I couldn't be sure."

Maisie walked closer to her and held her hand, "You're right. I visited your home with Ryleigh when we were in high school."

Mrs. Watson gave a sad smile. "It's all part of life."

"My condolences." Maisie held her hand. "We will remember Joe even when he's no longer around, always."

Mrs. Watson wiped her tears away and squeezed out a smile. When she composed herself, she remembered something, "Did the other girl not come? I remember that Joe liked her a lot, but he never confessed his feelings."

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Mrs. Watson seemed to be imagining how Joe was when he was alive while speaking. Some people found it hard to accept the truth when they were in pain because the only way to escape was to imagine. Maisie didn't interrupt her because she looked as if she was talking about her son's daily life, but while she spoke, she suddenly started laughing while tears still fell, choking back her words.

Ryleigh walked in at that moment, carrying an old box in her arms.

Maisie looked at her.

Ryleigh stopped in front of Mrs. Watson, gave a pale smile, and handed the box to her. "Ma'am, these are all books that Joe lent to me from the library, but I never returned them to him. The books in the school would disappear, and Joe would get interrogated by the teacher. In the end, he was banned from entering the library."

She said that and then smiled, but the smile was uglier than crying. Mrs. Watson smiled too. She walked over and took the box, and they both started crying uncontrollably.

Ryleigh walked forward and hugged Mrs. Watson. "I'm sorry, Ma'am, it's all my fault. I'm sorry." The sun shone on the corridor while the two hugged each other, releasing their sadness and pain.

One month later...

Helios went to wedding dress stores with Barbara to try out some wedding dresses. Maisie and Nolan followed along.

They booked the entire store, and there were only four of them in the huge store. The store manager served them personally, giving the best service.

Barbara picked one with a corset, but Maisie looked at it and thought that something was off. "You're pregnant now, so I don't think a corset would be good."

“But I like how it looks.” Barbara was very much in love with the dress she was holding. Maisie thought of something, then walked to the manager and whispered something into her ear. The manager smiled. “Of course we can.”

The manager walked toward Barbara. “Mrs. Boucher, we can alter the corset so that it won’t hurt the baby.”

Barbara was surprised when the manager addressed her as Mrs. Boucher because she wasn’t used to it, but she handed the dress to the manager with a smile.

The two men sat waiting outside on the couch. Nolan flipped through a magazine while Helios waited excitedly to see how Barbara looked in a wedding dress. Nolan looked at him being nervous, and he spoke from experience. “We’ll be here for at least two hours.” Helios laughed. “You’ve definitely done this before.” Nolan closed the magazine and placed it on the table. Maisie pulled the fitting room curtains apart, and Barbara was there in her favorite dress.

The layers of the ball gown were nicely separated and shone like crystals. The corset was altered so it wasn’t too tight around the belly. It was just the second month of the pregnancy, so it wasn’t noticeable. It still made her look slim.

The top was an off-shoulder with chiffon sleeves to make her arms look slim. There was lace at the bottom of the sleeves.

Maybe because of the pregnancy, she looked gentler and more elegant.

Helios walked toward her and stopped in front of her. Barbara was curious as to why he kept staring. “Does it look funny?”

He stared at her. “No, it looks great.”

Barbara looked down and couldn’t help but smile.

Helios tilted her chin upward. “I wish this was our wedding.” Barbara put her hand on his chest, pushed him gently, and whispered, “There are people here.”

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Helios turned around, but Nolan and Maisie weren’t there anymore. As such, he smiled. “Nobody’s here.”

Barbara burst out laughing. Helios lowered his head and kissed her while she put her arms around him. Under the lighting, they looked like a beautiful painting.

At that moment in the garage...

Nolan kissed Maisie passionately while holding her against the car. He moved his hand down from her lips to her neck. Maisie held her cheeks and snapped back. 'Hold on. We're not at home!' He smiled, held her hand, and kissed her fingers. "Let's go home then." When they got back to the Blue Bay villa, they started kissing the moment they stepped in. Nolan carried her to the table and let her sit on it.

He pulled off his tie and looked at her seductively. "You're not going to get away."

They were all over each other, and Nolan immediately kissed her passionately, making her lose her mind. He said into her ear, "Maisie, call my name."

She moaned, "Nolan."

He wanted more.

She yelled, "Noles!" He still wanted more. Maisie hugged him and said in a shaky voice, "Noles, my love!" Nolan smiled while his heart thumped, and he was sweating. He kissed her again. "Say that again." She called him that throughout the night.

The next day...

When Maisie woke up, the first thing she saw was Nolan's face. She ran her finger over his brows and down the front of his nose to his lip. He suddenly bit her.

"Ouch!" Maisie jumped.

Nolan crawled on top of her and held her down, smiling. "You're going to be punished." Maisie pushed him away angrily. "Are you not letting me go to work?"

Nolan lowered his head and kissed her forehead. "Of course, I'll let you. How could I not?" He tousled her hair and sat up. "Get up and clean up."

Maisie hugged him from behind and put her chin on his shoulder, "Carry me there.'

Nolan gave her the side-eye, pulled her into his arms, and then walked into the bathroom.

Suddenly, Maisie's voice resounded." Nolan, you \*ssh\*le!"

At Soul... Maisie rubbed her sore back. Nolan was in his 30s already but was still energetic like someone in his 20s. He had almost broken her in half. Lucy knocked and went in with a folder in her hands. She said with a smile, "Ms. Vanderbilt, renovations for our store are done, and it's based on your style. Take a look."

She handed the folder to Maisie.

Maisie received it, took out the store design, and smiled happily. "Not bad at all. I guess you know my taste best after working with me for so long."

Lucy smiled shyly.

Maisie handed the folder back to her and looked at her. "Kennedy will be busy, so you will have to take over his tasks."

Lucy said, "No worries, I'll do my best!"

Maisie held her chin. "If Kennedy and I are not at the office, you'll be in charge of the company. By the way, you won't be Kennedy's

assistant anymore."

Lucy was startled. "Hmm?"

Maisie handed her the letter of reassignment. "You'll be the Administrative Officer from now on. I'm looking forward to promoting you to

a manager."

Lucy was stunned and took the letter in disbelief. "I... can I really do this?"

Maisie nodded. "Yes, believe in yourself."

Lucy smiled and nodded. "Thank you, Ms. Vanderbilt. I'll do my best!" Lucy happily hopped out of the office like a child but bumped into someone when she was turning the corner and fell to the floor.

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"Are you alright?" Lucy was getting up to apologize, but the person held out a hand. She paused and looked up. Lucy saw a handsome man in front of her and was stunned. Since when did they have such a handsome man working here?

Hector looked at her curiously. "Hey, are you alright?" "Oh, I'm sorry." Lucy stood up and patted her skirt, then flashed a bright smile. "I'm fine."

Hector nodded and walked past her. Lucy was still thinking about something when she saw Hector walk toward the office, and she was surprised. Was he someone close to Ms. Vanderbilt?

Maisie looked up when someone knocked and put the agreement down. "Come in." He looked at her. "It's me, Hector."

Maisie stood up and took a long look at him. "Hector?" She walked over. "Did you get cosmetic surgery?"

Hector rolled his eyes. "No."

"Hmm..." Maisie circled him and nodded. "You cut off your annoying yellow hair. You look a lot better with short hair. Even your clothes look clean and tidy. It's a huge improvement."

Hector scratched his head but didn't speak. Maisie crossed her arms and looked at the couch. "Sit there."

Hector nodded affirmatively, walked over, and sat down. Maisie poured him a glass of water and sat across from him. "Why are you here?"

He answered honestly, "To get a job."

Maisie paused. In her eyes, Hector had been a rebel, but she knew that it was because Madam Vanderbilt had spoiled him.

He wasn't a bad person, just spoiled and arrogant. He had a bad temper too, but time could change a person. He was no longer the short-tempered and arrogant man anymore.

He had seen how cruel reality was about half a year ago and became more mature.

Maisie asked, "Do you know what you want to do?" He shook his head and looked at her. "Anything." Maisie looked down. Even though she initially didn't like the Vanderbilts, she changed her mind after enough time had passed.

"If you don't have any idea, stay here. I'll arrange for something."

Maisie wanted to stand up when Hector looked at her. "Maisie."

She paused and looked at him. "What is it?"

Hector slowly stood up and tugged at his shirt because he was a little anxious. "I'm sorry about what happened in the past."

Maisie was surprised, but then she chuckled, walked to him, and tousled his hair. "There's no need to apologize. It's great that you've changed for the better. Learn to live a good life now."

He nodded.

Maisie guided him to the administration department, and the few staffers there stood up.

Maisie asked Lucy to come over, and the latter did. "Ms. Vanderbilt?"

"This will be your new colleague from today onward. Please guide him." The few female staffers smiled and nodded. "Don't worry, Ms. Vanderbilt, we will." "Ms. Vanderbilt, we finally have a handsome man in the office."

"Please hire a few more."

Maisie cleared her throat and raised her hand, looking serious. "Quiet. I know we have too little fresh meat here."

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A few female staffers laughed.

Maisie looked toward them and smiled while raising her brows. "If you perform well I'll hire a few more handsome men."

"We love you, Ms. Vanderbilt!"

Maisie turned and looked at Lucy. "Let him be your shadow for a few days."

Lucy was surprised. She then took a look at Hector and nodded. Maisie turned around and put her hand on Hector's shoulder. "Good luck.", When Maisie left, Lucy looked at him and smiled. "Let me arrange for a desk for you and bring you around, okay?"

Hector nodded.

In the afternoon, Maisie and Erwin were having lunch in the restaurant, and she had a video call with her grandfather.

Hernandez sat in a wheelchair, his hair a lot whiter than before, and he looked much older. He had lost all feeling in the lower half of his body and couldn't take care of himself, so someone had to help him.

Maisie's eyes turned red, but she smiled." How are you, Grandpa?"

Hernandez smiled and responded. "I'm good, don't worry about me." He looked guilty. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hide things from you."

"I'm glad that you're alive." Maisie looked down and composed herself. "I'll come to visit you when I have time."

"Alright." He assented and then asked, "Are the three great-grandchildren all grown up yet?"

Maisie smiled. "Yes, they've grown quite a lot. Wayion is going back to school soon in Stoslo. I'll ask him to go visit you." Hernandez smiled, his eyes revealing a few extra wrinkles around them. "Alright."

After the call ended, Erwin put the tablet aside. "Are you relieved now?"

Maisie nodded and smiled, "Thank you, Uncle Erwin."

"Don't worry about it. I've always treated you as my niece all these years even though you're quite a handful." Maisie chuckled. "I'm the one who's a handful?" Erwin poured out some tea. "I'll be going back to Morwich in a few days."

She asked, "Again?"

"Yes," replied Erwin He picked up the teacup and took a sip. "I really want to stay and attend your wedding, but I'm afraid I can't. But it's fine, I'll send the gift Strix and I have prepared."

Maisie smiled and nodded.

At the Goldmann mansion...

Nolan played chess in his study with his father. Nicholas made a move and asked, "What do you plan to do after the wedding?" "What plan?" Nolan countered his move. "I plan to put work aside for a bit." Nicholas raised his eyebrows and chuckled. "Oh, going on a honeymoon?" Nolan nodded. "Something like that."

They were quiet for a moment when Nicholas spoke again. "Wayion and Colton, who do you think would be a better fit to take over the business?"

He looked down, and his thin lips moved a little. "Colton."

Nicholas asked why. Wayion was better than Colton in many aspects. If he were to take over Blackgold in the future, he would be a great leader.

Nolan smiled. "Wayion is outstanding.

Even though his personality is a lot like mine, Blackgold doesn't need another leader with this personality.

"Colton is great at math and very sensitive with numbers. This boy is sleek and savvy, so he would do better in business. Given Wayion's talent, he might just become a

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Nicholas nodded. Something surfaced in his mind, and he said, "However, I hope that Wayion won't turn into a heartless monster like your grandfather. After being trained by your grandfather, he has become more ruthless. He also resembles your grandfather more than you do. If we don't do anything, he might get too aggressive, and it will be hard for us to keep him under control."

Nolan chuckled, "No matter how ruthless my grandfather is, he's as docile as a little dog in front of my grandmother."

Nicholas thought for a moment and felt that Nolan was right. "Oh yeah, Dad," Nolan recalled something and said, "I always forgot to change those three kids' names.

"Too many things happened three years ago, and then you lost your memories three years later."

Nicholas harrumphed. "If you hadn't mentioned it, I would have thought you had forgotten about it."

Nolan did not say anything in return. Nicholas cupped his chin with his hand and fell into thought. After a short while, he said, "We don't need to change Daisie's name. After all, Daisie is a good name for a girl. However, we should think of other names for Colton and Wayion." They surmised that Maisie couldn't come up with good names for them, so she had settled down with those names, and now it was time to change them. "You are their grandfather, so I'll give you the chance to pick names for them," Nolan said as he looked at Nicholas. Nicholas looked at the chess in front of them and thought for a long while. "What do you think about Coleman Goldmann and Wayne Goldmann?"

Nolan played with the chess piece between his fingers and nodded. "They sound good to me." Nicholas let out a boisterous peal of laughter and said, "That's great then. I can finally give my grandsons more normal names." Nolan was rendered speechless. Fortunately, his mother had chosen his name. Otherwise, given his father's randomness in giving him his name, he must regret it now. Nolan put the chess piece down and said, "Dad, there are two more things I want to discuss with you." "Yeah? What are they?"

"The first thing is about the de Arma family. Hernandez doesn't have any descendants, but he gave the inheritance to Maisie. If possible, 20 years later, if one of those three children has a kid, I would like to have them join the de Arma family, albeit it is something unheard of."

Nicholas frowned. After a short while, he said, "Well, I think it's fine. The de Arma family and the Goldmanns will be one family from now on. We'll set a precedent, but we'll have to discuss it with the



kids in the future.” When he asked about the second thing, Nolan replied, “Daisie will take on her mother’s surname.”

At the Blue Bay villa...

Daisie will take my surname?’

After listening to what Nolan said, Maisie, who had just finished putting on the mask, turned her head to look at him and frowned. “You don’t like Daisie?”

Nolan was caught between laughter and tears. “What are you talking about? Daisie is my daughter, and I love her more than anything else.”

He walked up to Maisie and hugged her from the back. He rested his chin on the top of her head and continued. “The reason I said so is because of you. Colton is going to inherit Blackgold in the future, and my grandfather likes Wayion so much. If possible, I’d also want one of our sons to take on your surname.”

Maisie chuckled. She turned around and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Then does this not mean that I should thank you instead? For leaving an heir to the Vanderbilts?”

Nolan trailed his lips from the corner of her eyes to the tip of her nose. He scooped her up from the floor and asked, “So, how are you going to pay me back?”

Hanging on his body, Maisie looked at him and smiled. “I’ll offer myself to you, then.”

He put her on the bed and mounted her on him. “Then I want you to offer the rest of your life to me.”

Several days later, at Soul...

When Maisie and Kennedy came out of the elevator, they saw that there were twice as many customers in the lobby than usual, and most of them were young female customers.

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Maisie shook her head. “Not that I’m aware of.”

Both of them walked over and saw Lucy. Kennedy and Maisie squeezed themselves through the crowd and patted her shoulder. Lucy turned her head around and offered them a smile. “Ms. Vanderbilt, look. Our store is swamped today.”

Maisie was about to ask what was going on when she looked up and saw Hector personally putting on a necklace for a young female customer before proceeding to introduce the right jewelry to the female customer.

Maisie was stunned.

Kennedy asked Lucy, “Since when did we hire a new staff member?”

Lucy replied, “Ms. Vanderbilt hired him herself.”

It was only then Maisie came around to her senses. She smiled at Kennedy and asked, "He looks a lot different, right? He's Hector."

Kennedy was greatly taken aback. He studied Hector up and down several times and said incredulously. "Is it really him!?"

Hector was wearing a formal uniform. He did not give off the thug vibe that he had back then. He even had shaved off his inappropriate hair and kept a more general buzz cut.

However, this kind of hairstyle suited Hector a lot. He did not look as untidied as he was when he was keeping a long hairstyle.

After shaving his hair off and putting on different clothes, Hector gave off a totally different vibe. Even his arrogance and domineering behavior that stemmed from Madam Vanderbilt's spoiling could no longer be found.

At the same time, a female customer took a liking to a pink crystal bracelet. She brought it to him and asked if it looked good on her or

not

If it were another salesperson, they might praise the customer and cajole them into buying the bracelet for the sake of sales performance.

As Maisie wondered what Hector would do, he looked at her for a while and shook his head. "You don't look good in pink."

The female customer was stumped. However, Hector soon gave her an explanation. "I'm not someone who's good with words. If you like this bracelet and insist on buying it, I won't stop you either. After all, men and women have different tastes. In my opinion, I think light-colored jewelry is more suitable for you. This palecolored bracelet, for example.

"You don't have fair skin, and pink will look better on people with fair skin. Therefore, you should wear a lighter color. However, you still have to see it for yourself. I'll help you to put it on, and you can compare them yourself." After he finished speaking, he put on the pink crystal bracelet on her left hand and then the light-colored bracelet on her right. He then gave her a mirror and let her compare the difference between them herself. Another slightly older female customer beside her chimed in, "He has a good taste. I also think that you look better in this bracelet compared to the pink one."

The female customer consulted other women behind her. All of them nodded in assent and said, "Yeah. He's got a good taste."

In the end, the female customer decided not to buy the pink crystal bracelet. She smiled at him and said, "Thank you so much for your suggestion. I'll take this one then."

Hector responded with a smile. "You're welcome." The rest of the female customers were excited as well. "I want him to pick a bracelet for me as well. He's so patient." "Yeah, right? I went to the other jewelry store to buy a bracelet. I don't know what was going on with that salesperson's head. He picked a dark purple bracelet for me, saying that it would make my skin fairer. When I got home, my boyfriend said I looked old in purple. You have no idea how angry I was at that time." "I've decided. Whenever I

come to Soul Jewelry in the future, I want him to serve me!" Kennedy looked at him and smiled." Honestly, I think he has good taste too."

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Even Kennedy felt that a light-colored bracelet was more suitable for that female customer. This was because she had a darker skin tone, and wearing pink would make her look dull. However, if she put on a light-colored bracelet, it wouldn't create such a stark contrast with her skin tone. In fact, people with darker skin tones would look better in light colors than in bright colors such as pink, red, and purple.

Maisie cupped her chin with her hand and fell into thought. She started to look at Hector in a new light, and it seemed to her that he was pretty good at this.

Two hours later, Hector finally completed all his tasks. He returned to the administrative office, and several female employees stared at him fixedly.

He did not have a good feeling about this. However, before he could find out why, they all surrounded him and asked him for advice. "You're so good at this. I'm going to ask you first when I'm buying jewelry next time."

"I hate multiple-choice questions the most. I always have a hard time picking the jewelry that suits me the most, so can you help me out

"I really can't figure out what color goes well with what skin tone. Can you help me pick one for me?"

Hector was rendered speechless.

"Ahem." Maisie cleared her throat, stunning the group of female employees. They all made way for her and held their heads low in embarrassment.

She then looked at Hector and said, "Come to my office."

After that, she turned around and left.

Hector followed her into her office.

Maisie placed several jewelry boxes with various kinds of jewelry on the table, so Hector asked in confusion, "What's this about, cuz?"

"I'm going to give you a test," Maisie said.

After that, she asked Kennedy to bring

Lucy into her office. Lucy did not know what Maisie was doing either, and Maisie gestured to her to sit on the couch.

Lucy did as she was told.

After that, Maisie turned to Hector and said, "I want you to pick the most suitable piece of jewelry for her."

Lucy was stunned.

'Pick the most suitable piece of jewelry for me?'

She blinked her eyes and was excited. After all, she wanted to know what kind of jewelry Hector would pick for her as well.

Hector scanned through the various opulent jewelry placed on the table and then looked at Lucy, who suddenly felt a little embarrassed and nervous. Maisie and Kennedy were standing at the side. She pitched her voice low and asked, "Uncle Kennedy, if it were you, which one would you choose?"

Kennedy thought for a while and replied to her in a low voice, "I think I'd pick something that fits her character. For example, if you want to know if a necklace is suitable for you or not, you need to look at a few aspects. Other than your skin color and character, we need to look at the length of your neck as well. For instance, someone with a shorter neck won't look good in a pearl necklace. A pearl necklace will make your neck look cumbersome, and the overall aesthetic sense isn't that great. However, for someone with a longer and slender neck like a swan-like neck, wearing a pearl necklace can enhance their overall appearance."

One of the reasons some of the actresses did not look good when they attended dinners or events was because they chose jewelry that did not match their style.

Jewelry wasn't only a kind of decoration for beauty. Although many people liked jewelry, one thing they must take note of was that they needed to see if the jewelry was suitable for them or not.

For example, if a plump woman with a short and thick neck favored thick and extravagant necklaces, even though her skin may be fair enough, the necklace would not be able to bring out the beauty of her neck, so everyone would only be attracted to the necklace instead. It would make her look like a rich redneck, which begged the question: Would people praise that it was a nice necklace or that the plump lady looked good wearing the necklace?

The answer would be the first one. However, if the plump lady picked a simple but similarly extravagant gemstone pendant, it would be

a different story.

It would also make her look like a rich lady instead of a rich redneck. Therefore, those rich ladies from wealthy families would pick jewelry that matched their styles,

On the contrary, the wives of some rednecks who had become rich all of a sudden liked to flaunt their wealth by putting on all sorts of jewelry on them regardless of whether they looked good or suited their styles.

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Maisie chuckled, "As expected of you, Uncle Kennedy. You really know a lot of stuff about those rich ladies."

Kennedy smiled in return and said, "After all, I've been in the jewelry industry for so many years, so this is just basic knowledge. Besides, the fashion industry and the jewelry industry are like sisters. They can't be separated. If we didn't set our sights high and if everyone pursued the same thing, the fashion industry would've been a goner."

Lucy sat anxiously while waiting for Hector. In the end, Hector picked a pair of stylish tassel earrings.

Maisie looked at him and asked, "Can you tell us the reason you picked this pair of earrings?"

Lucy was curious as well.

Hector thought for a while and said, "She doesn't have a slim face, and if she wants to make her face look slimmer, this pair of tassel earrings is a better option."

Lucy subconsciously covered her chubby cheeks with her hands and asked, "Does my face really look that big?"

Hector nodded.

Maisie gave him a smack at the back of his head and said, "She doesn't have a large face. That's a chubby face. If she were your customer, I'm sure she'd smack you."

Hector touched the back of his head and said, "Alright, alright. I don't know how to distinguish women's face shapes. Anyway, this pair of earrings suit her the best." Maisie asked Lucy to put on the earrings. Lucy did as she was told, and when she looked at herself in the mirror, she was stunned. "Wow. they do look good on me."

Kennedy laughed and chimed in, "Tassel earrings do go well with girls who have chubby faces. It can make your face look longer, and if you choose a round or squarish earring, it will make your face look broader."

Maisie rubbed Hector's head and said, "Way to go, Hector. I had no idea that you have such great taste. You have the potential to be a stylist as well."

"Me?" Hector pointed at himself.

She patted his shoulder and said, "Hector, having a good taste is a great skill as well. After all, men and women have very different perspectives when it comes to fashion. You can precisely distinguish what kind of jewelry is suitable for girls, and it's a waste if you don't become a stylist."

"I don't know how to do makeup and styling," Hector said with his mouth pouted.

Maisie lifted her eyebrows and said, "You can go learn about it. Given your taste, I'm sure you'll get the hang of it very soon."

When you become a first-class stylist, even the top celebrities will have to come to you and ask for your advice. Besides, a first-class stylist can make a great deal of money. Do you really not want to give it a shot?"

Hector fell silent. After a short while, he said, "I'm worried that I can't do it."

“Never try, never know,” Maisie said as she put her hand on her shoulder. “Hector, our life is short, and if we don’t find a life goal, it will end very soon. We can’t restart our life, but it doesn’t mean that we can’t start it over if we fail. You think you’ll fail without trying because you don’t dare to take the shot. You’re still 25 this year, and there are still a lot of chances for you. By the time you are 70 or 80, you won’t have any chance anymore, even if you want to try.’

Hector froze. He lowered his head to think for a while, and by the time he raised his head again, there was determination in his eyes.

“Okay, I’ll give it a try.” Several days later, Hector began to study how to do makeup and styling. Other than reading books or magazines when he was free, he would also do some modeling experiments with the female staff in the company.

It was rare for their company to have such a handsome young man, so it went without saying that Soul’s female staff members were more than willing to help him out. Besides, those who knew how to apply makeup would also be there to show him how to do it.

At other times, Hector would still help to sell jewelry in the store. More and more female customers were coming to Soul, and because of his “candid opinion” as well as his “great taste,” he became popular on the social media platform,

## Chapter 1010

At Blackgold...

Quincy was scrolling through the tablet as he reported the findings of his work in front of the desk. Nolan was holding a cup of coffee in front of his lips, but he did not drink it. He tapped his fingers on the desk and was obviously distracted.

Quincy lifted his head and asked, “Mr. Goldmann?”

Nolan looked outside through the window and said, “It seems like a lot of things are going on in Soul”

Quincy chuckled and said, “Isn’t that a good thing when more and more people are buying jewelry from Mrs. Goldmann’s Soul Jewelry?”

Nolan frowned. “Did you know that she just hired a new staff member? I heard that he’s quite handsome, and he has gotten quite a lot

of attention lately.”

Quincy was rendered speechless.

‘Is this what you’re concerned about?’

Nolan put the cup of coffee down, and the expression on his face was unreadable. “I also heard that she puts a lot of effort into nurturing that little boy.”

The corner of Quincy’s lips twitched. “Isn’t it normal? I’m sure you would do the same as well if you came across a talented staff member, Mr. Goldmann.”

Nolan lifted his head to look at Quincy. His face was dark as he said, "When she's busy training new staff, she doesn't have time for me. She didn't call me either. Am I not attractive to her anymore?"

Quincy held back the urge to laugh and lowered his head, "Mr. Goldmann, they say only women would think about such things, so why would you..."

Nolan frowned. After a while, he stood up and took the jacket at the back of his chair.

Quincy was stunned. "Where are you going, Mr. Goldmann?"

"I'm worried about her, so I'm going to keep an eye on her." Nolan put on his jacket and stormed out of his office, leaving Quincy frozen stiff on his spot.

When Nolan arrived at Soul in his Rolls-Royce, he did not get out of the car. Instead, he looked toward the shoppers who were coming in and out of the lobby one after another.

He squinted his eyes and rolled the window down. In the meantime, two young men walked past his car, and one of them was complaining to another guy.

"I won't let my girlfriend come to this jewelry store anymore."

"Why?"

"Why? Every time my girlfriend comes to this store, she'll complain to me, saying that my taste is worse than that brat that sells her jewelry when we get home. Not only that, but she'll praise him for being handsome and having good taste in front of me, so do you think I can take it?"

"Chill, brother. Beer's on me tonight."

After both of them had gone away, Nolan couldn't hold himself back anymore. He got out of the car and strode toward Soul's lobby.

Meanwhile, in Maisie's office....

Lucy was praising Hector. He had only joined them for a few days, but his sales performance was a lot better than all of them. She also told Maisie that everyone on the Internet was talking about him as well.

After Maisie heard what she said, she chuckled. "Happy with the jewel I picked up for you?" Lucy nodded profusely. After a short while, she thought of something and asked, "Oh yeah, Ms. Vanderbilt. He really has good taste, and it'd be a shame if he doesn't work in the fashion industry."

Maisie looked at her and said, "I also didn't expect him to be so good at what he does. I really didn't notice it before."

Could she have told in the past?

Well, she couldn't be blamed. In the past, Hector's friends had all been hooligans. He couldn't calm his mind down, nor did he know what was suitable for him and his life goal. Thus, he could only follow his friends.

People always said that the environment had a heavy influence on one's behavior. It was only after Hector turned a new leaf and cut ties with his previous friends that he could regain a sense of his own worth.

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Something popped into Maisie's head, and she said, "Oh yeah, help me to take over the company today. I'm going to bring him to buy some clothes later. After all, he's the most popular salesperson in our company, so his appearance is important." Besides, she also needed to bring him to look for houses. He had come all the way here from Coralia, and he needed a house to live in.

"Are you not going to ask me for my opinion when you're taking a man to get him clothes?" Nolan's voice rang out, stunning both Maisie and Lucy. They turned their heads around to see that Nolan was standing by the door with his arms crossed in front of his chest while looking meaningfully at Maisie.