

Chapter 101

Maisie changed into a set of plain and neat office attire.

She chose to wear a pure white Y-neck, lantern sleeve top, and a pair of beige high-waisted, wide-leg trousers. A ribbon was tied to the left side at the waist, which made her look graceful and sharp

It looked simple but did not lack fashion sense.

The waiter led them to the private room while the two bodyguards in black waited outside the door.

“Mr. Goldmann.” The bodyguards in black nodded at Nolan and pushed the door open.

In the elegantly decorated private room, a prestigious middle-aged man who was in his 50s was sitting at the table.

The sense of oppression that originated from the man was so intense that it was worthy of someone as regal as Nolan’s father.

However, the Goldmanns had always been a wealthy and distinguished family, so they should have high standards for their daughter-in-law.

They should expect their daughter-in-law to at least be the daughter of a royal family or the heiress of a consortium. 1

Nolan wrapped his arm around Maisie’s waist and led her forward. “Father, I’ve brought your daughter-in-law here.”

Maisie was shocked.

‘What?!

Mr. Goldmann Sr. scrutinized Maisie’s appearance, making Maisie tighten her hand that was holding her handbag, but she still behaved very calmly on the surface. “It’s nice to see you, M 1. Goldmann.”

‘I don’t care if he’s satisfied with me or not. Anyway, I’ve never thought about marrying myself into the Goldmanns and becoming Mrs. Goldmann.

‘I’d rather that he’s not satisfied with me. If he were to promise to pay me \$15,000,000 to get me to leave his son, I would agree very readily! 1

- Mr. Goldmann Sr. waved his hand. “Take a seat, there’s no need to be so reserved.”

Maisie walked to the side and sat down.

Mr. Goldmann Sr. glanced at her. “I didn’t expect that such a young lady would’ve given birth to three children for Nolan.”

Maisie’s lips were tightly pressed while her brows could not help but crease.

Are the children the only thing that Mr. Goldmann Sr. cares about? Could it be that he’s planning to fight for their custody?’

“Hmph, you must’ve suffered a lot of wrongs in order to give birth to those children for this kiddo. It’s my son’s blessing to have such a decent lady take a fancy to him.”

Maisie was once again astounded.

‘What!?’

She looked at Mr. Goldman Sr. in a daze.

‘Where’s the cheesy cliché that I anticipated? Shouldn’t the conversation start with: “I’ll pay you \$15,000,000 to leave my son alone.”?’ 2

Nolan squinted his eyes. “No matter how bad I am, you’re still the one who gave birth to me.”

“If I were to know that I’ve given birth to such a prodigal and useless son, who’s only willing to start a family in his 30s, I would’ve strangled you to death back then!” Mr. Goldman Sr. was exasperated.

Maisie’s gaze shifted slowly, and it landed on Mr. Goldman Sr. in the end. “Mr. Goldman, 1-”

Mr. Goldman Sr. raised his hand, interrupted Maisie, and responded calmly, “It’s okay, I’ll definitely stand by your side if this kid treats you badly in the future. You’ve left our family with three heirs, which makes you the Goldmanns’ savior. If it weren’t for you, our family’s

legacy would’ve ended in the hands of this rascal.”

Maisie pursed her lips and did not say another word.

‘Mr. Goldman Sr. indeed looks as distinguished as I imagined, but I’ve never expected that all the majesty was a mere facade. It’s just that I’m also a little surprised by how satisfied Mr. Goldman Sr. is with me.’

“Nolan’s mother kicked the bucket at a very young age. He had always been very rebellious before this and had never listened to anything that I said. I’m relieved now that someone is

able to exert some control over him.”

Mr. Goldman Sr. sighed, thought of something, and chuckled again. “I’ve met Waylon and Daisie. I assumed that they must be Nolan’s kids when I first saw them, but I didn’t expect it to be true. They’ve been growing on me the more I see them.”

Maisie stared at the man. ‘The love that he has for Waylon and Daisie, which was revealed through his expression, is genuine.’

This made Maisie feel a little bewildered for an instant.

“Your name is Maisie Vanderbilt, am I right?”

“Yes.” She nodded blankly.

Mr. Goldman smiled kindly. “Then I shall call you Zee from now on. By the way, I brought you a gift before I came here.”

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“Mr. Goldmann, there’s no need for that. You really shouldn’t have spent the money,” Maisie was in a flurry.

‘How can I accept gifts from an elder?’

Mr. Goldmann Sr. had already taken out a brocade box and opened it slowly. “I’m not sure if this fits your liking.”

There was an exorbitant jade bracelet lying in the box. Maisie took a closer look and was stunned. “Is this... an imperial jade?”

Mr. Goldmann Sr.’s eyes lit up. “Oh? Do you know this type of jade?”

The corners of Nolan’s lips twitched and were raised slightly. “Father, Zee is a jewelry designer, so she knows a thing or two about jewelry.”

“So that’s why she’s so incredibly insightful. This imperial jade is so rare that it’s one of its kind. It’s our family’s heirloom and the dowry left behind by Nolan’s mother. She told me to hand this imperial jade to Nolan’s wife as soon as he found one in the future.”

Maisie felt that she could not accept the gift so casually after listening to Mr. Goldmann Sr.’s explanation. “Mr. Goldmann, this imperial jade is too precious. I really can’t accept it.”

“How can you return a gift that has been given to you to the giver? I’ll keep it for you for now.” Nolan accepted the gift on her behalf.

“You...” Maisie turned her head and glared at him.

Mr. Goldmann Sr. glanced at them and said with a chuckle, “You’re still young. There’s still time for you guys to get along and work things out.

“After all, I know my son well enough to know that not all women can control him.”

Maisie was on the verge of crumbling deep down. ‘Nobody wants to control him! No, I don’t want to do so!

It was already very late when they arrived at the Goldmann mansion together after having dinner with Mr. Goldmann Sr..

Mr. Cheshire stepped forward with a wide grin when he saw Mr. Goldmann Sr. “Mr. Goldmann, have you come back?”

“Yes, I’ve come back to see my grandchildren.”

“Grandpa!” Daisy came downstairs with Waylon and then dashed toward Mr. Goldmann Sr. happily when she saw him.

Mr. Goldmann Sr. knelt to welcome her into his arms. “Oh, this little girl has gained some weight, huh?”

“I haven’t!” Daisy snorted.

When Mr. Goldmann Sr. saw Colton, who looked very similar to Waylon again, he waved at him with a smile. "Come, come here."

Colton walked up to Mr. Goldmann Sr. "Oh, you resemble Waylon so much. It's no wonder your father didn't realize it when you impersonated your brother."

Colton hesitated before greeting him, "Hi, Grandpa!"

The three rugrats surrounded Mr. Goldmann Sr. while he looked at them with joy.

As for Maisie, her eyes could not help but droop when witnessing the happy scene from the side.

'I actually get to feel the warmth that I've never felt in the Vanderbilt manor in the Goldmann mansion. Is this how family members get along?'

Nolan turned his head to look at her, and his eyes dimmed as soon as he did so...

Maisie came out of the bathroom after taking a shower. Just as she was about to turn on the light in the bedroom, Nolan wrapped his hands around her, turned her around, and put her on the bed.

"Aah, Nolan Goldmann, what are you doing!?" Maisie resisted his body that was pressing against her.

Nolan squinted his eyes, grabbed her hand, and kissed the back of her hand softly. "My father is very satisfied with you."

Maisie looked away. "So what?"

"You should be able to see that not only is my father satisfied with you, but he's also very fond of the kids." Nolan rubbed her cheek with his fingertips. "Zee, the Goldmanns will never wrong you, nor will I."

Maisie's eyelashes trembled slightly. To be honest, that was very touching, but she still could not open her heart to anyone.

"Nolan, maybe you wouldn't think so if it weren't for those three children?" Maisie asked softly.

Nolan stared at her as his eyes dimmed.

Maisie exchanged gaze with his gloomy pupils. "What happened six years ago was just an accident..."

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"Indeed, what happened six years ago might just be an accident to you," Nolan stared at her eyes and said with a mild tone, "But it isn't to me."

'I wouldn't spend so much effort to locate her if I only treated that incident as an accident.

'Perhaps it can be said that the person who drugged me back then led me to a woman who gave me one hell of a night six years ago.

'Her beauty, her fragrance, I can never forget each of the details.

'I've been in the business circle for so many years and have seen countless gorgeous women, but I've never met a woman who can make me feel such a strong sensation. That's something that even Willow can't achieve.'

Nolan pinched her chin lightly and brushed her red lips with his fingertips. "Even though I had kept Willow by my side for six years, I never touched her. Because the woman that I got it on with that night was someone that had the ability to make me lose control, but she isn't."

Maisie was petrified.

'Is he seducing me? He's obviously a flirtatious man!'

"Nolan, you- Um!"

The kiss that he cast on her lips felt exactly the same as he was at the moment, wild and violent, and it was difficult to resist once set ablaze.

"Didn't you feel it?" Nolan loosened his grasp and muttered softly as his warm breaths brushed across her cheeks.

"Nolan, you let me go first." Maisie pushed him away anxiously, but his chest that pressed against her once again immobilized her.

Maisie was at sixes and sevens due to the kiss.

She gripped his collar tightly with her slender hands.

'His body feels very warm.'

This feeling of losing control made her panic, so she began to object and said ambiguously, "Nolan Goldmann... You said you won't touch me!"

"Don't move!" He lowered his voice, and it sounded a little hoarse. His eyes that were fixed on her lit up as if they were torches.

"I won't touch you, but you should at least give me a piece of the action."

He then kissed her again after saying so.

Everything that happened in the quiet room was rather bashful.

Maisie started the whole process by struggling and resisting, but she gave up gradually, There was even a moment where she was on the brink of submitting.

"The bracelet that father gave you, keep it somewhere safe." His voice was low, and his tone sounded quite forceful.

He then got up, let her go, sorted out his clothes, and left the room.

Maisie was left lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling in a daze and thinking about what just happened...

'I almost gave in just now!

Mr. Goldmann Sr. had been keeping the three rugrats company during the days when he was staying in the Goldmann mansion-the children also loved to be around him.

As for Maisie, she had been designing and manufacturing jewelry ever since she got her hands on Taylor Jewelry's supply chain.

Of course, she did not stop paying attention to anything related to Vaenna Jewelry.

Vaenna had been popular for some time because of the gothic design collection, but because the production of each item was very limited, many customers who pre-ordered launched a series of complaints.

This incident made Willow very irritable as she constantly urged Freddy to come up with new designs.

Freddy got in touch with Kennedy, and Kennedy walked into the office after picking up the call. "Zee, the number of customers that have pre-ordered from Vaenna Jewelry has exceeded hundreds of people. At this rate, we won't be able to even complete our own work."

Maisie was wearing a cylindrical magnifying glass on her right eye, and she was carving a flower meticulously

After listening to Kennedy's words, she raised her head and took a glance at him. "How much profit has Vaenna made?"

"Including the orders that have been made, they've made at least \$900,000."

Vaenna Jewelry had auctioned the jewelry that Maisie designed at exorbitant prices and had earned \$6,000,000. The customers who had paid a deposit to pre-order the products had also contributed at least \$450,000.

Vaenna had lost \$9,500,000 in total, so they were more or less \$3,000,000 away from a full recovery.

Maisie smiled. "It seems that she has gotten a taste of hope." "Willow is now urging Freddy to produce more designs in a short period of time."

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"Hand him all the drawings on the desk."

"Do you plan to give her more?"

"Yes." Maisie raised her eyes. "She'll start to be ambitious once she gets a taste of hope. So in order to make her more ambitious, we'll have to satisfy her appetite."

Kennedy delivered all the designs to Freddy in secret following Maisie's intentions.

After Freddy got the designs, he went over to Vaenna Jewelry and handed them to Willow.

Willow was overjoyed when she got her hands on the sketches. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) After all, Vaenna was going to rely on the designs on these sketches to maintain its profit and reputation.

'And if I were to be known as the creator of all these designs. Willow was exceptionally excited when she thought of Freddy's willingness to be her ghost designer. She even posted all these designs onto her personal Facebook and Instagram accounts.

Sure enough, the click-through rate of all the posts had hit tens of thousands

When Maisie saw that Willow had posted all the designs onto Facebook and Instagram, she handed her cell phone to Kennedy. "Let's help her secure a spot on Google Trends and create a hype out of these posts."

#Vaenna Jewelry's Designer#

#Willow Vanderbilt, Jewelry#

Willow rose to fame overnight.

The comment area was full of compliments and praises for her, and every single aspect of this situation seemed like a dream to Willow.

Madam Vanderbilt was delighted that the Vanderbilts had raised a celebrity, and she had brought such great benefits to Vaenna through her fame.

Unexpectedly, Stephen failed to feel joyous about this incident because he knew that those jewelry designs did not originate from Willow.

"Willow, you're so amazing!" Linda ran up to Willow, her eyes full of envy.

Madam Vanderbilt then said to her, (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) "Lynn, follow your cousin around more often in the future and let her bring you around Bassburgh so that you'll get to know more people."

Linda smiled shyly. "I understand, Grandma."

'Grandma is right. There are so many entrepreneurs, dignitaries, and socialites in a prosperous city such as Bassburgh.

'I've never been inferior to other ladies, and Hector wouldn't bully me if one of those influential and prestigious men could take a fancy to me. Even Grandma will value me more if that's the case!

That was what she thought.

However, Willow did not think so. She thought that Linda was just an unsophisticated and brainless girl that came from the rural regions.

'She actually wants to gain power and wealth using that appearance of hers?' Why would I bring her around town if I didn't need her to help me deal with that b*tch?'

Willow received an email on her cell phone at that moment. She looked extremely excited right after she clicked on the email.

"Willie, what's the matter?" Leila asked nervously.

"Mom, I've been invited to a socialite party that's taking place in Bassburgh tomorrow night!"

The socialite party was a party that took place in Bassburgh, and all the guests that were invited to the party were the daughters of all the reputable families from the entire Bassburgh.

All celebrities from all walks of life would gather at the banquet when the time came.

Of course, not only young ladies would attend the socialite party, but there were also many wealthy men.

Madam Vanderbilt was dumbfounded when she heard that, so she stood up and said, (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com)“Willie, you’ll take Lynn tomorrow night, won’t you?”

‘If both of my two granddaughters can make someone take a fancy to them, then the Vanderbilts will definitely have a bright future!

Willow was slightly upset when she heard that, but she only explained implicitly, “Grandma, attendees of the banquet will have to possess an invitation letter, and I only have one.”

Madam Vanderbilt was unhappy when she heard the response.

Leila also tried to persuade her. “Yeah, Mother, one can’t go in if they have no invitation letter for this socialite party. Even Zee won’t be able to get herself into the banquet.”

‘Willow has always been known as the illegitimate daughter of the Vanderbilts. That’s why she’s never participated in any grand banquet. The Vanderbilts can only be considered a rich family, but not an esteemed family in Bassburgh. Hence, its family members can’t be invited to the city’s feast for celebrities.’

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‘Maybe it’s because Willow has become popular now and has been invited by exception! In short, Willow’s ability to get invited to such an event has salvaged my status in the family!

Stephen stood up and went upstairs in silence-that was when the atmosphere of the room brightened slightly.

Leila smiled. “I’ll go upstairs to see your father.”

Leila followed him to the room. Seeing that Stephen’s expression looked distressed, she stepped forward and grabbed his arm. “Dear, what’s the matter with you?”

Stephen flung her hand away. “As a mother, how can you allow your daughter to act like this?”

Leila, who got scolded out of the blue, felt baffled. “What’s wrong with Willie?”

“She’s not the designer of all those jewelry. You can fool anyone else and Mother, but you can’t fool me.”

Stephen knew too much about his daughter.

He would be convinced if the series of jewelry were said to be designed by Maisie because her ability and strength were obviously up there.

However, if they were said to be designed by Willow, he could not convince himself to believe in the statement at all.

Leila stepped forward and hugged him. “Dear, you’ve misunderstood Willie. Willie’s been learning jewelry design, it’s just she didn’t tell you about that.” Stephen remained silent.

Leila then added aggrievedly. “Willie is doing so for Vaenna too. Yes, she’s not as competent as Zee, but she’s been working hard. If you don’t believe her, just let it be. But can’t you recognize her hard work?”

“It’s not that I don’t recognize it, but how can she come up with such perfect designs in such a short period of time?” Stephen did not know why, but he had always had an ominous premonition deep down.

‘Those designs look very familiar, especially their design concept.’

Leila coaxed him and caressed his chest with her fingertips. “Dear, let’s not worry about Willie’s affair. It’s time to talk about us.

“You know, your mother has her eyes fixed on Vaenna now. If we can still bear a son, she’ll definitely value us more.”

Leila took the initiative to kiss Stephen.

Although Leila was already in her 40s, she had maintained herself well.

She also knew men very well, especially when it came to such matters. She had always been very open-minded and extremely sexy. She was so seductive that no man would be able to withstand her, and after two to three minutes, Stephen could no longer hold himself back anymore.

The next day, in the evening...

The socialite party took place at the popular VIP Hall of the Regal Ballroom. A red carpet had been laid outside the entrance, and dozens of security guards were there keeping order.

The cars entering and leaving were all luxurious ones that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars or even millions, and the ladies who got out of all the cars were gorgeously dressed and had an elegant demeanor.

In the center of the magnificent banquet hall were a huge variety of snack and cake layered trays, fruit platters, and various fine wines.

Familiar celebrities and socialites would gather around to drink and chat, discussing the influential and wealthy representatives of the city.

Of course, the top attendees would enter the venue through private passages. Their invitation cards were black in color-black represented the filthy rich and the powerful, while white represented ladies from ordinary wealthy families.

Maisie walked slowly among the crowd holding a wine glass. The beautifully curved tube top evening dress made her waist look exceptionally slender, and the black hair bun brought out the best of the snow-white dress.

The irregularly long and short crystal tassel earrings hanging on both of her ears became the ultimate finishing touch. The delicate folds at the hem of the long dress waved gently as she ambled down the aisle, and she looked like a blooming lily.

“Zee...” Kennedy walked toward her. “There’s a mix of people from all walks of life here, so don’t run around.”

“Got it.” Maisie smiled.

‘Although attending such parties has never piqued my interest, Willow’s here, so why shouldn’t I come and join in the fun?’

Sure enough, Willow appeared at the occasion.

She wore a strapless black evening dress with high forks and had curled her hair, her makeup looking particularly heavy and glamorous.

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Maisie burst out laughing. “Has Willow stopped pretending to be innocent?”

Did she change to a sultrier style?

When Willow saw Maisie, her expression changed. Why was this woman here too? Hmm, it was great that she was there too, though.

“Haha, even you got an invite?” Willow. walked toward her.

“Yes, but I’m surprised that even you were invited.” Maisie pretended to be surprised. Willow probably didn’t know how she had gotten her invitation. Willow smiled arrogantly. “It’s probably because I’m trending. Maisie, I’m going to be part of the fashion jewelry business soon.”

“Oh, really?” Maisie looked calm. “It isn’t easy to survive in the industry. If you don’t do well, your reputation will be tarnished.”

Willow gnashed her teeth. “Hah, I think you’re just afraid. I would be too. You haven’t even made a splash after leaving Vaenna for so long. Vaenna, on the other hand, is doing very well

now.

“Maisie, don’t be too happy that Nolan is supporting you now. When I become a bigger designer than you are, I’m going to take Nolan back.” 2

“Alright, work hard then.” Maisie smiled. She wasn’t concerned with her threats.

Willow’s temper rose, seeing Maisie not reacting. She was only arrogant because of Nolan!

When she turned her life around, she would step on her and make sure she wouldn’t survive in the business!

“Are you the new jewelry designer?”

“Your designs are really creative. Can you tell us more about them?”

Two socialites walked toward Willow, who had become famous for her jewelry designs. Even though she wasn’t at the top yet, she was known. Willow’s expression froze, but to get on their good side, she tried really hard to put forth her best smile. “Those were my initial designs. They’re just alright.”

Modest and humble. The two socialites liked her.

“No way. I think those designs are great. The style is perfect!”

“Yes, I only loved Dila’s design when it comes to the gothic style, but when I saw your work, I realized that dark-themed jewelry has a charm of its own.”

The two socialites were happily discussing. All the socialites there knew something about jewelry

“Who’s Dila?” Willow, who was trying to join the conversation, asked.

The two socialites looked shocked.

“Haha,” Maisie laughed, lightly swaying the wine glass in her hand. “I’m curious how you really came up with those designs if you don’t even know who Dila is.”

Willow’s expression changed, and she stared at her fiercely. “Zee, that’s not what I meant. Of course I knew. It just slipped my mind.”

She started pretending to be innocent again.

The two socialites thought that it was understandable since one couldn’t pay attention to every designer.

Maisie looked down and smiled. “That’s true. Dila is the father of gothic-style jewelry. His works are as rebellious as he was. They always had a cold, wildness.

“Dila was the classic rebel in real life. His work had always been debated before he became famous. It’s too bad that a genius like that was only 16 when he passed, and the dark style only became iconic decades after his passing.”

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“Not a lot of people from the younger generation know his name. It’s nothing weird.”

It was something her mother had told her when she was a child. Her mother had started becoming a designer because she loved Dila’s work. She had wanted to use the gothic style to prove that dark jewelry, just like vintage jewelry, had its unique charm.

Willow bit her lip

‘Annoying Maisie, why would she talk about a dead man? She’s just jealous that my designs are trending.’

“Yes, old Mr. Dila passed away when he was young. I just got into this business not long ago, so I just never made the connection.” Willow pretended to look sorry.

Maisie raised her brow. “That’s weird then. If you don’t even know about old Mr. Dila, where did you get your gothic inspiration from?”

Willow’s face slowly became stiff.

The people around them seemed to be interested in Willow's answer. The two socialites looked at Willow.

Willow's hands curled into fists, and she couldn't wait to tear up Maisie's mouth.

It was a burden to bear. Maisie wanted Willow to know the price of taking someone else's credit. Since she had chosen this, she was going to take her time annoying her.

This was what she had arranged for her.

"What are you talking about here?"

A woman's voice sounded, and everyone moved aside to make a path.

Pearl strutted over on her heels, looked at them, and said, "This is a party for socialites, not a jewelry fair. She's just a new designer. There's nothing interesting about that."

Pearl sized up Willow with disdain in her eyes.

That was her confidence.

Pearl was part of the jewelry business, and her father, Antonio, was well known. Since she was from the La Perla Group, she had a great status and social standing.

La Perla was only second to Taylor Jewelry and on par with Hailey & Co., but in reality, it was better than them.

Vaenna of the Vanderbilts was nowhere near them. Furthermore, she was just a new designer who was just starting to become reputable. Pearl was not concerned about her.

"Pearl, you're here."

The two socialites walked next to her. They were no longer interested in Willow. Even if Willow had 'talent', she was nothing compared to the heiress of the La Perla Group.

Willow, who was 'abandoned', held her fist tighter. Pearl was just the daughter of an elite family. There was nothing to be proud about.

She would one day know how it felt to be walked over by someone she couldn't care less about

Pearl suddenly looked at Maisie and Kennedy, and something came to her mind. She arrogantly walked toward Maisie, "It's you. The socialite parties have lost their class. Anyone could get in now?"

Maisie was just there for the drama and did not expect the attention to shift to her when Pearl showed up.

She was a little annoyed.

Mr. Santiago's daughter didn't seem to have much in the brains department.

Maisie raised her brow and smiled. "Ms. Santiago, what you said probably offended everyone here. Everyone here was invited, and this isn't a party organized by your family either."

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What Maisie meant was Pearl had no power as a guest here.

Pearl looked around at the people whispering to each other and realized something.

She crossed her arms. "Which family do you belong to?"

Maisie shrugged and didn't answer.

Willow walked next to her and said, "We're the Vanderbilts. She's my sister."

The Vanderbilts were famous too.

Maisie touched her forehead. The Vanderbilts had money, but they were not considered elites. Why would she say that out loud?

"Vanderbilts?"

Pearl asked, "What Vanderbilt? I've never heard of you."

Great, Willow was caught in a tough spot.

Everyone there seemed to know and started whispering. "Vanderbilts? Vanderbilts of Vaenna?"

After Pearl heard them, she covered her mouth but laughed. "Vaenna Jewellery? That small jewelry company? You're nothing compared to La Perla."

Willow lowered her head, biting hard on her lip.

But something came to her mind. She looked kind and generous, "Ms. Santiago, Vaenna was founded by my sister's mother. By saying that, you're insulting her late mother."

Maisie squinted. Was Willow trying to get out of the spotlight by moving the attention onto her? No way!

Maisie pretended to be shocked. "That was a long time ago. Vaenna fully belongs to you now. If Vaenna is being trashed, how could you, as the owner, push the responsibility aside? 3

"Furthermore, you're famous now, the genius designer. You were able to create such great designs not long after you started learning. I'm really impressed."

Kennedy almost laughed upon hearing what Maisie said.

She walked to Pearl. "Ms. Santiago, I'm sure none of the designers at La Perla are as talented to be able to create work like this not long after they begin, right?"

Pearl gave Willow a sidelong glance.

Willow was imploding with anger. How dare this woman mock her!?

"I- I didn't-" she almost cried, as if Pearl was bullying her.

Pearl looked even worse when she saw that. She stared at Maisie. "Are you trying to provoke me?"

“Hah, I couldn’t care less about Vaenna or your new jewelry company. You didn’t even get a chance to collaborate with Taylor. Why would you even stay in this business?”

“The socialite party has lowered their class by inviting you over. Did you sneak into this place?”

Kennedy couldn’t take it anymore. “Ms. Santiago, please be more careful with your words. We walked in through the front door.”

“Show me your invitations,” Pearl crossed her arms. “I want to see why they invited you.” Kennedy wasn’t impressed. “You’re being so pushy. Aren’t you afraid that your father would be ashamed of you?”

Maisie laughed drily. “She’s not afraid of anything. Her father is always there to clean up after her.”

Pearl lost her cool when they mocked her. She walked to Maisie and shoved her. “That’s nonsense!”

Maisie wasn’t ready for her sudden attack. Everyone there was stunned beyond words,

Willow was secretly celebrating.

Maisie, who was pushed, suddenly looked cold. She fell backward toward the wine bottles and glasses behind her.

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Crash!

The place went into chaos.

“Zee!

Kennedy immediately rushed over to help her up, but she knocked over the wine bottles and glasses on the table when she fell. Her white gown was dyed red, and shattered glass cut her

arm.

All the discussion was on Pearl.

Pearl stood there, rooted, looking pale. “No, no, I, I didn’t mean to push her.”

She hadn’t used any force!

*Zee, you’re hurt!” Kennedy looked at her arm and started to panic.

Willow looked happy

Even though she wasn’t too badly hurt from the fall, she would probably be thrown out for causing such a commotion.

‘I’m alright, Uncle Kennedy.” Maisie slowly stood up, ignoring how messy she looked. She calmly looked at Pearl, who was pale.

“Ms. Santiago, I was just giving you a reminder. I didn’t expect you to do this. I have a terrible impression of La Perla now.”

'I-You did this deliberately!' Pearl snapped back into reality and pointed at her. "I just lightly pushed you, and you fell. You're trying to frame me!"

Frame?

Maisie couldn't deny that she had indeed fallen back on purpose. How would she be able to teach Pearl a lesson if she didn't do that?

The security guards came over. When Pearl saw them, she yelled, "She's trying to make a scene and broke those bottles. Kick her out now!"

The security guards didn't know what went out, but they knew that Pearl was a Santiago, so they mustn't offend her. They could only listen to her and decided that Maisie was causing a scene.

Willow was very excited. Yes, that was the right thing to do. If Maisie was kicked out, she would never be able to recover from this!

"You have no right to send me away." Maisie took out a black invitation when she saw that the guards walked closer to her.

The security guards immediately stopped when they saw the invitation.

Pearl's expression changed. "No way, how could you-How could you get a black invitation?"

She wasn't able to get that even as the eldest Santiago. Who was this woman?

"Did I steal it? Do you want to confirm my identity?" Maisie said coolly.

The PR manager that rushed over immediately walked up to them and said, "What happened?"

Pearl pointed at Maisie and said, "She stole that black invitation. Throw her out!"

The PR manager wasn't someone in charge of guests with black invitations, so he didn't know if that was authentic.

He walked up to Maisie and requested to show her invitation and her ID to confirm her identity.

Seeing that Maisie didn't react, Pearl cackled. "I knew that black invitation was stolen. She wouldn't dare!"

"I'm sorry, Madam, if you don't comply, we would need to ask you to leave."

"I'd like to see who would dare do that."

Nolan appeared among the crowd and walked over under the lights in his elegant suit. His amber eyes had a mysterious coldness to them while his thin lips were pressed into a thin line.

"Mr. Goldmann" "Why would Mr. Goldmann be here?"

Chapter 110

Willow got excited when she saw Nolan walking over.

"Nol-"But when she started to speak, Nolan walked past her as if she didn't exist.

He walked to Maisie under watchful eyes.

Pearl was stunned.

Why was Mr. Goldmann there? How was that possible?

“Mr-Mr. Goldmann, who is this woman? Why are you—”

Nolan looked at her through the corner of his eyes. “Since you touched my woman, I don’t think you wish to continue surviving in this business.”

“Mr. Goldmann’s woman!” the crowd murmured.

Mr. Goldmann had never announced his love interests, but today, he did so!

Many socialites’ hearts shattered on the spot.

Willow’s face slowly started to turn pale. Her nails dug into her palm while she shot daggers at Maisie.

Why? Why was Maisie so charming that she could make Nolan admit to their relationship?

She had been by his side for six years, but he never openly admitted to their relationship. She couldn’t accept that!

The PR manager carefully explained, “Mr. Goldmann, I’m sorry, we didn’t know-”

Nolan carried Maisie in his arms and stared at them. “Get your organizers to come to see me.” He then left.

Pearl’s legs gave out. She would have collapsed on the floor if others didn’t hold onto her.

When the crowd dispersed, the discussions continued.

“Ms. Santiago has gotten into big trouble.”

“Exactly. That was Mr. Goldmann’s partner. La Perla definitely offended Mr. Goldmann this time.”

“I guess Ms. Santiago will not be on the invitation list for the next socialite party.”

Nolan carried Maisie into the VIP lounge.

Maisie’s eyes were looking downward. She lightly pushed him. “Put me down, please.”

Nolan walked to the couch and let her down. When he saw the cut on her arm, his eyes grew dark.

“Wait here,” he commanded.

Seeing Nolan walk to the crew and ask for a medical kit, she quietly said, “It’s just a small wound. There’s no need to worry.”

“Shut it.” Nolan sat down in front of her. “Hold your arm out.”

Maisie held out her arm.

He probably pulled on her wound when he tugged at it, and she let out a low groan in pain.

Nolan looked up at her. "Do you feel pain?"

"I'm not a machine. Of course I feel pain." After saying that, she looked at him suspiciously. "Why are you here?"

Nolan applied some ointment and looked up. "If I didn't show up, you'd probably be thrown out already?"

Maisie laughed. "We don't know that." Nolan raised his head. "You never let yourself get bullied. Why were you bowing down to these people?"

"I wasn't bowing down." Seeing that he was done bandaging, she pulled her arm back. "If I was bowing down, I wouldn't have caused a scene."

She had only wanted to pick on Willow initially, but Pearl wanted to join in. Since she was wandering around without her brain, Maisie just played along. Nolan squinted. "So you hurt yourself?"

"Pearl is the favorite daughter of La Perla. Mr. Santiago has coddled her too much. What's wrong with giving her a lesson and scaring her a little?" Nolan's eyes turned cold upon seeing that Maisie said all that so calmly.