

Chapter 1181

Daisie wondered again. "What are the things that would make me feel uncomfortable?"

Colton, who was standing on the side, said helplessly, "Gosh, something like cuddling and kissing, you nitwit. Dad said that we boys can't touch girls so casually as it's very impolite for us to do so. After all, it's rather improper for men and women to get into too much contact. Dad also claimed that I can't hug you so casually in the future when we've grown up."

Maisie almost choked on her own words.

'Nolan has taught this boy well!

Daisie finally understood.

'It's no wonder I could sleep with Colton

and Waylon before this, but I have to sleep by myself now. And that's why Colton doesn't hug me anymore! Daisie thought of something all of a sudden. "Mom, does it count when he rubs my head?"

Maisie cleared her throat. "Rubbing your head is still acceptable."

"So is it fine as long as we don't hug or kiss?" she asked again.

Maisie nodded, then flicked her forehead. "You're still young. It'll be normal to hug and kiss someone else when you turn 18 and are old enough to date another boy."

Daisie asked again, "Are you referring to the kind of kissing and hugging that both you and Dad do?"

Maisie covered her forehead with her hand.

'Teaching them such knowledge is indeed very tiring.'

She then took a deep breath and summarized everything for Daisie. "Daisie, listen, as soon as you've kissed or hugged a boy, you can only marry him in the future. So, just don't kiss or hug any boy casually. Do you understand?"

Daisie stared at her and opened her mouth. "Then... Then, if I've hugged Nolly before this, does it mean that I can only marry him in the future?"

Maisie was at a loss for words. The next day, Naomi went downstairs for breakfast after freshening up and suddenly heard her father's angry voice coming from the courtyard. "How dare you ask for this!?" She walked to the door suspiciously, only to find Patricia standing in the courtyard with her father. She did not know what Patricia had said to her father, but Anthony looked exasperated.

"Anton, I haven't asked you for anything over the years. I know that you resent my betrayal, but I'm begging you, please help me out. I really need Nelly's help."

Anthony took a deep breath, flung her hand off his arm, turned his head away, and laughed angrily. "So you've come to beg me for the son that you have with Alexander Gosling. Do you know that Nelly is your

daughter too? But you've never ever cared about her over all those years. You only recall that you have a daughter now that you need to find someone whose bone marrow matches your son?

If there was no need for you to find your son a match, would you even remember her?"

Patricia's face looked pale as she felt extremely embarrassed at the moment. After all, she was indeed not a good mother to Naomi.

Naomi was stunned and froze on the spot.

'She's looking for a match...

"Does she need my bone marrow for a bone marrow transplant?"

In fact, Patricia had already known the result of the test long ago, but she had run out of choices. That was why she abandoned the dignity of a wealthy lady at this moment and knelt straight on the ground.

Her action not only shocked Anthony but also surprised Naomi. However, all the emotions disappeared from her face in an

instant.

Anthony frowned. "What does this mean?" "She's my only chance." Patricia's eyes were bloodshot. She had never knelt on the ground and begged anyone in her life." Anton. I know this might be the retribution that I deserve, but that child is only 11 years old. So if possible, I'm willing to bear all the pain for him!"

She jerked Anthony as her sobs caught her throat. "Back then, you begged me to give birth to Naomi, so take this as me begging you in return. Anton, I can guarantee that the operation will be performed smoothly, and I guarantee that the process won't put Nelly in any danger!"

Her lowly plea made Anthony look downcast for a moment. He almost could not remember what the pride on Patricia's face

looked like back then.

Chapter 1182

'I would say that she's not a good mother. She ruthlessly abandoned her daughter back then and never came back to visit her ever since, not even once. Yet, she's now disregarding her dignity by kneeling in front of me for that son of hers.'

"Dad." Naomi's voice interrupted the awkward silence in the courtyard, and Patricia stopped crying and stared at her in a daze.

Anthony glanced at her. "Nelly, did you..."

"I heard everything." Naomi looked calm, and her eyes looked out of focus as she stared at Patricia, but it also seemed like she was actually staring at the background behind her. "I'll do it."

Not only Anthony but even Patricia was

surprised. "Nelly. you... "Firstly, I'm helping you only because of my dad," Naomi said softly. "Secondly, the child is innocent, so I'll take this as a good deed that I can help with. And in return, I hope that you can leave both of us alone after the transplantation is completed."

Patricia froze on the spot and could only agree to Naomi's terms weakly at the end. Nolan personally drove Maisie to the jewelry company,

Maisie was astounded when she got the news from Nolan. "Naomi agreed to donate her bone marrow to Mrs. Gosling's son?"

He responded with a faint hum while still staring straight ahead. "She did so willingly."

Maisie pursed her lips and did not say another word.

'So, Mrs. Gosling only reappeared in the Topazes' life and approached her daughter because she needs a matching donor for her son. She left her daughter ruthlessly and gave all her love and care to her son.

'However, although she was an irresponsible mother to Naomi, the latter still agreed to help her in the end.' Nolan freed one hand and held the back of her hand. "We're both outsiders when it comes to this matter, so you don't have to worry too much about their affairs."

"Who told you that I'm worried about them?" Maisie curled her lips. "Besides. Naomi is Soul Jewelry's designer, so I should at least care about my employee as the boss."

He laughed. "Then you should care more about your husband instead." "I have nothing to worry about my husband." She raised her eyebrows and laughed. "He has a successful career, two sons and a daughter, and everything that is accompanied by a beautiful and virtuous wife. He's literally someone who has it all, so why should I be worried about him?" Nolan laughed. He stopped the car at a traffic light intersection and turned to look at her. "So, are you saying that you're a virtuous wife?"

Maisie questioned him with a stern expression, "Am I not?" "Since when can a woman who leaves her husband at home alone, waiting for her to come home every day, claims that she's a virtuous wife?" Nolan lifted the back of her hand and pecked her fingers. "If that's the definition of the word virtuous, then shouldn't I call myself a virtuous husband?" Maisie choked on her own words and looked away embarrassedly. "That's because the company has been very busy recently..."

This is just a temporary thing. I'll be at home to accompany you every day when I'm done." The merriment in his eyes intensified. "You're the one who promised me this." After arriving at Soul, Maisie had just walked up to the elevator entrance when she saw Samantha rushing in her direction with lunch. "Zee."

"Aunt Samantha." Maisie greeted her with a smile, and her gaze landed on the lunchbox that she was carrying with her. "Have you brought lunch for Uncle Kennedy?"

Samantha gave off a gentle smile and nodded. "He went out in a hurry this morning and didn't even have time to eat breakfast, so I'm worried that he's starving."

Maisie sneered. "Judging from Uncle Kennedy's capability of successfully courting and securing you as his girlfriend, Uncle Kennedy is indeed an extremely blessed man."

Her comment amused Samantha successfully. "Young lady, you have quite a sweet mouth."

The door opened, and the two entered the elevator together. Maisie pressed the floor number and turned to look at Samantha. "I saw Francisco a while back. It seems that he's changed a lot." "That kid has been admitted to the procuratorate, so it's time for

him to make a change and act differently. But to be honest, I didn't even expect him to have grown so much." A gratified smile appeared on Samantha's face when she mentioned her son as he used to be a nuisance.

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Maisie laughed. "As a boy matures, he'll become very determined and will fight for the things that he wants."

The two doors of the elevator opened slowly, and Maisie walked out of the elevator with Samantha. Both of them were laughing and chatting with each other while they just so happened to run into Kennedy, who was assigning some tasks to an employee. The staff member nodded and left, and he nodded and greeted Maisie when he walked past her. "Ms. Vanderbilt."

Kennedy looked in Maisie and Samantha's direction and was astonished. He then walked toward them and smiled at Samantha. "Why have you come here on

purpose?"

Maisie raised her eyebrows. "Aunt Samantha is worried that you'd be hungry, so she especially brought you a loving lunch."

Samantha handed the lunchbox in her hand to him and pretended to complain. "I won't send another one to you in the future." Kennedy laughed. "Okay, I'll bring a lunch box whenever I leave the house."

Maisie glanced at them and felt quite happy for them deep down.

Meanwhile, at the hospital...

Patricia paced back and forth anxiously outside the ward as she did not know whether she had found the perfect match for her son. It was said that the success rate for either one of the biological parents to be a perfect match was very high, but it was still not an absolute outcome.

After all, she and Alexander had both undergone the matching test, and the test showed that both of them had failed to match their son.

And Naomi was the other child she had given birth to, so she was the only hope that she had. Anthony was seated on the bench and waited. He was silent from beginning to end and only stood up when the doctor came out.

Patricia walked forward. "Dr. Leonardsson, how is it?"

Dr. Leonardsson took off his mask and shook his head. "She's not completely an exact match."

Patricia was stunned. She grabbed the doctor and became extremely emotional.” What do you mean by she’s not completely an exact match? The child’s father and I can’t match our son. This donor is my daughter too, so why isn’t she a match either!?”

She had come looking for Naomi, thinking that she was her only hope. However, that hope was shattered to smithereens. ‘This is God’s retribution for me! This is my retribution, but why didn’t God aim the retribution directly at me!’

Dr. Leonardsson comforted her immediately, “Madam, please calm down. From a medical point of view, the success rate of biological parents matching is probably the highest, but it’s not 100% absolute. Although the probability of your other daughter being a match is lower, not being an exact match doesn’t mean that the process will be unsuccessful. There’s another method, but it’s one that even volunteers may not agree to undergo.” Patricia took a deep breath. “What’s the method?”

Dr. Leonardsson replied, “We can collect hematopoietic stem cells through a bone marrow aspiration. This can improve the success rate of getting a match, but this kind of surgery is more traumatic, and we’ll only suggest this to donors who are relatives or friends of the patient.”

Patricia seemed to have lost all her strength and let go of her grasp.

‘Naomi and Zephir are only half-siblings. It’s already very kind of her that she’s willing to donate bone marrow to Zephir. How can I persuade Naomi into agreeing to this operation?’ She covered her face and wept.

Anthony walked up to Dr. Leonardsson.” Will this procedure harm one’s well-being?”

Patricia was stunned and could not help but stare at Anthony.

Dr. Leonardsson shook his head. “It won’t cause great harm to the body. but it’ll be a lot more painful and a little harsh for the honor. “Furthermore, this is the only way left.

After all, it’s very unlikely to find a perfect match in such a short time. The child’s condition has started to deteriorate, and the

procedure can’t be delayed for too long. We must perform the procedure within half a year.”

Anthony did not utter a single word after that.

In the ward, Naomi looked at the boy who was sitting on the hospital bed and reading a book with a mask on. The boy was very quiet, and his skin complexion was so pale that it looked bloodless.

Zephir raised his head to glance at her and took the initiative to hand her a book. “Do you want one to kill some time?”

Naomi’s gaze landed on the book, and she took it from him. “Do you like reading books?”

“Yeah, my teachers told me that reading a lot of books will increase my knowledge,” Zephir explained with a smile. Naomi stared at him and felt a little sad for him. ‘He’s an 11-year-old boy who’s still thinking about reading and studying even when he’s hospitalized.’

Anthony pushed open the door of the ward but stood at the door and did not come in. Thus, Naomi put down the book, got up, and exited the ward. “Dad.”

Anthony lowered his gaze. “What did the doctor say?”

“The doctor asked me to try again, but they’ll be performing a bone marrow aspiration this time around,” Naomi replied. Anthony’s expression looked profound. “ But this method will be very harsh on you. Nelly, you can always give up the idea if you don’t want to do it. I don’t want to see you suffer.”

Naomi took a glance into the ward, and the boy in the ward exchanged gazes with her.

Two days later...

Daisie stood under a huge tree beside the school’s field. She wanted to return the toy to Zephir, but she did not see him.

She scratched her ears and cheeks. “This is strange. Did he forget about this?”

“Little angel!” A boy ran toward her, stopped in front of her, and panted. “Little angel, you don’t have to wait for Zephir anymore. He has fallen sick and has been hospitalized. He is currently on a medical leave of absence.

Daisie was startled. “He’s sick and has been hospitalized?”

She remembered that Zephir had told her he was sick when they first met, so she handed the boy that came to her the toy in her hand. “Then can you please help me return this to him? My mom said I shouldn’t keep the toys he gives me. And please tell him that I’ll also lend him some toys when I get new ones.” The boy took the bubble machine from Daisie. ‘Zephir actually bought such a childish toy for this girl? My younger sister is five this year, and she doesn’t even play with bubble machines anymore. Shouldn’t he be giving away a doll or something else?’

‘However, is this girl still playing with dolls at this age?’

Naomi underwent a bone marrow aspiration to collect her hematopoietic stem cells. The procedure was so painful that she could not get out of bed for two days. She would even wake up in pain at night. Anthony was there with her throughout the whole process. His eyes were bloodshot upon seeing his daughter suffer from such severe pain, and it felt like his heart was bleeding from the inside.

Dr. Leonardsson walked in from outside.” Congratulations, the success rate has reached 50%.” Anthony did not say anything. How could anyone expect him to give off even a faint smile when his daughter was undergoing something so uncomfortable? Naomi slowly opened her eyes and asked feebly, “Then can the boy undergo the surgery already?” Dr. Leonardsson replied, “The surgical transplantation can be

done in another three days.” “That’s good news.” Naomi endured the discomfort and glanced at her father, who was worried about her. “Dad, it’s not as painful as you think it is. At least it’s not as harsh as chemotherapy, and it’ll be over after a while.”

The pain that someone undergoing intrathecal chemotherapy is far more intense than the pain that I’m enduring now.’

Thinking that an 11-year-old child could endure such a level of pain, Naomi certainly did not feel any pain. Anthony forced a smile. “You should rest. The doctor mentioned that you’ll recover in about two days.”

She nodded.

Anthony walked out of the ward, and Patricia just happened to come over. She looked at him, and her lips moved slightly.” How’s Nelly doing?”

“She’s fine,” Anthony replied indifferently.

When he was passing by her, Patricia turned around and looked at him. “Anton, thank you.”

Anthony did not even look back. “You shouldn’t thank me, but Nelly instead.”

Patricia pursed her lips and entered Naomi’s ward. Dr. Leonardsson nodded at her, gave off a smile, and then went out.

She walked up to the bedside. “Nelly, I... Thank you very much, thank you for saving Zeph.”

Naomi stared at the ceiling and asked slowly, “He’s an extremely gentle child, isn’t he?”

Patricia paused and did not say anything.

Naomi smiled. “Dad has done a lot of charity on my behalf while I was in a coma. So, I regard this as an opportunity to help someone else.”

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“Nelly. I’m sorry...” Patricia could not help but feel sad

“You don’t have to say sorry. We’re even now.” She still had a smile hanging on her face, and it looked extremely calm.

Naomi was discharged from the hospital two days later, and Anthony came to pick up his daughter.

After returning home, Naomi initially wanted to go to work, but her father would not let her. Naomi only took a day off and went back to Soul the next day. She passed by a cafe while she was on her way to the company, so she went in to buy herself a cup of coffee to give herself a lift.

When it was time to check out, she unexpectedly found that she did not have any cash on her, which made her feel a little embarrassed. “Sorry. I forgot to bring my purse with me. Please leave the coffee here first. I’ll go back and grab my purse now.”

The cashier replied with a smile, “Our cafe accepts online payments too.”

*Online payment?" Naomi was momentarily stunned, and she suddenly thought of her previous experience when she went shopping with Ryleigh.

It seems that Ryleigh always pays using her cell phone.' The cashier looked puzzled. "Don't you know? Not many people travel around with stacks of cash now as online payment has taken over. So, as long as your cell phone is bound to a debit or credit card, you can pay for almost anything with your cell phone."

Naomi pursed her lower lip. "I've... I haven't attached any card to my phone."

Is online payment really a thing now? I really don't know much about it.'

The other cashier stared at her with a weird gaze. "Is that even possible? There's actually someone who still doesn't know how to pay for something through online payment nowadays?"

Naomi's hand that was holding her phone tightened, and she was about to turn around and leave. However, that was when an arm came into her sight from the side." I'll pay for her. How much is it?"

The cashier replied, "She ordered an Americano. It costs \$4."

Naomi was shocked. She turned around and stared at the tall man standing beside her. The man had successfully paid her bill with his cell phone.

The man then grabbed the coffee the cashier handed to him, turned around, and handed it to her. "This is yours."

Naomi was astonished.

'Isn't this man the one who helped the old lady who fell from the wheelchair in the hospital corridor the other day?'

She remembered the scene perfectly.

Seeing that she was stunned, Francisco could not help but feel helpless. He placed the coffee in her hand. "Hold it." He grabbed his laptop bag, turned around, and left. When Naomi finally returned to her senses, she ran after him. "Sir, please wait a moment."

He stopped and turned to look at her." What's the matter?"

"I'll pay you back the money." Naomi took out her cell phone. "Please give me your account number." "It's just a small amount of money. There's no need for you to pay me back." Francisco smiled, turned around, and got into a car, which drove away quickly.

Naomi returned to the company and happened to run into Maisie and Lucy in the corridor.

Maisie was startled for a split second." Why aren't you staying at home for a few more days?"

Naomi replied with a smile, "I don't want to waste too much time." Lucy looked at her. "You're working too hard. You're already not feeling too well, but you're still thinking about your work." Lucy did not know that she had gone away for a few days to donate bone marrow and only thought she was sick and had to call in sick.

Naomi smiled.

Maisie asked Lucy to deal with her tasks first. She then walked up to Naomi after Lucy left and said helplessly, "You, your body hasn't recovered, yet you're forcing yourself to work."

Naomi lowered her gaze. "It's alright. I feel like I've almost fully recovered. After all, I have to come back to see how the jewelry production is going."

"That's not a problem. I'll keep an eye on it for you." Maisie placed her hand on Naomi's shoulder. "I have to teach you

something else apart from carving."

Naomi froze for a short moment.

Maisie took her to the workshop, where all the tools and rough stones were kept.

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"Other than engravings, there are silver and gold molding techniques, gem cutting, jewelry inlay, polishing, and so on. Of course, you must also be familiar with 3D and JCAD software technology."

Maisie put her gloves on, "You're talented in jewelry design, so learning these shouldn't be hard."

If Naomi hadn't been hurt all those years ago and given up her admission to the music academy, she probably would have gone into jewelry designing, and these would be part of the jewelry design curriculum.

Naomi looked at the rolls on the desk. "Are you going to guide me personally?"

"I need to train you well first so that when

you've mastered the skills, I'll hire a few more designers, and you'll be able to work by yourself."

Naomi made a decision, "I'll learn as much as I can."

After a month, in winter...

Maisie was invited to a fashion week event in a different district. On top of the many familiar faces in the fashion industry, there were a lot of celebrities too.

Kennedy and Madam Nera walked the red carpet with her.

Maisie was in a bold vintage look with beautiful loose curls. Her lips were bright red, and her facial features were nicely contoured. The media went crazy over her beauty.

She wore a men's coat with metal buttons on one shoulder, a custom-made chiffon black dress that showed off her tiny waist and hourglass figure, and the black floral stickers on her shoulder peeped through. She also wore a pair of black lace-trimmed gloves, looking stunning as ever.

On her fingers, she wore an emerald ring and a fleur-de-lis necklace, and it was given attention because of how unique it was. A famous woman from the fashion industry greeted Madam Nera, and her eyes fell on Maisie. "Your jewelry is really nice. I've never seen this style before."

Maisie smiled and replied, "It's a new design from Soul."

The lady was surprised. "Is this your design?" "No," Maisie said, "It's actually a new designer's design."

The lady and Madam Nera chuckled. "I didn't expect a newcomer to come up with such an outstanding item."

Madam Nera smiled and nodded. "The newcomer is doing better than her predecessors, but it's because Maisie has a good eye for talent."

It was 10:00 p.m. when the fashion show ended, and Maisie went to the hotel she had booked.

After saying good night to Kennedy, she walked to the elevator alone, and just when the doors were closing, a man with a mask and sunglasses walked in. He was in full black and looked mysterious and creepy.

Maisie looked at him. What's wrong with people who wear sunglasses at night?

He stood there unmoving.

Maisie saw that he didn't select his floor, so she pressed her lips together. Was he staying on the same floor as she?

When the elevator got to her floor, Maisie walked out first, and the man followed.

Maisie was almost in the room when she realized that the man might be following her, so she became more alert. Was that man a

stalker?

When she picked up her phone to call Kennedy, that man suddenly put out his hand toward her.

Maisie immediately turned around and grabbed the man by his wrist, but the man grabbed her and pulled her into his arms instead. She was shocked but raised her knees to kick him. He immediately caught it and pressed her against the wall, then suddenly laughed. When she heard that peal of laughter, Maisie angrily hit him, "Nolan Goldmann! How could you scare me like this!?" Nolan took off his mask and sunglasses and put them in his pocket. "How could you not recognize me?"

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"How could I recognize you when you're dressed like that?" Maisie mumbled. He had his face almost fully covered and wore a cap and black casual clothes. No one would relate that with Nolan. Nolan pinched her chin and looked at her delicate face. "You almost kicked me." Maisie turned her face away. He kissed her cheek and neck, which made her shudder, and put her hand on his chest. "It's a walkway, and someone's going to see us,"

He smiled. "Let's get into the room then."

When they were in the room, Nolan carried her into the bedroom, and they both leaned back into the bed. He looked at her from

head to toe as if he was appreciating a beautiful vase.

Maisie felt awkward being stared at, so she pushed his face away. "Why are you staring?"

He chuckled, grabbed her wrist, and kissed the back of her hand and fingers. "You're so beautiful tonight."

She laughed and switched places with him. She was now on top of him with a finger on his lips, "You mean the jewelry?"

He calmly said that it was her who was beautiful.

Maisie removed her belt and wrapped it around his hands. He was surprised, then laughed. "You're turning into a bad girl now." "You didn't come all the way here to stalk me, did you?" Maisie looked down at him while she slowly removed his buttons.

Nolan's lips curled. "I wasn't stalking. I was obviously following you."

"Why didn't you tell me then!"

He laughed. "Because I wanted to give you a surprise!" Maisie leaned in and touched his skin. "Are you sure it's a surprise and not a shock?" He nodded. His Adam's apple moved, and his eyes were dreamy. Maisie stopped at his waist, turned around, and escaped, ignoring Nolan's annoyance. "That's the price for scaring me!"

"Zee, you-" Nolan took a deep breath after seeing her open the door and run out then chuckled. "Rascal. She's misbehaving."

The next day...

The photos of Maisie's outfit during fashion week were published in magazines and the news. On top of her outfit, her jewelry caught attention too. Soul's official account announced their winter collection "Baroque Splendor" element jewelry. It was a combination of antique beauty with a modern twist. It wasn't just all antique style, it had baroque elements, so it was eye-catching.

The designers found that it was made by Soul's newest designer 'Naomi'.

The baroque style was successfully launched.

#Does this count as self-marketing?

#There's no need for a model. She could be her own model!# #I'm so jealous that not only is she absolutely gorgeous and has a hot husband, but even her entire family is hot!# #Haha, there's nothing to be jealous about. She just used her children to tie Mr.

Goldmann down. She wouldn't be part of the Goldmanns if she didn't secretly give birth to them."

#What did the person above mean?

#So salty. Can't be happy for them?#

The initially peaceful comment section suddenly turned into an argument, and it was under Soul's official post.

Maisie and Nolan were having their meal in the dining room and were reading the discussion.

Maisie didn't understand how the man had slipped in after she locked her room door. Nolan slowly ate breakfast, then picked up a napkin to wipe the corners of his mouth and looked at Maisie. "Why are you staring at me like that? Do you have impure thoughts so early in the morning?"

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Maisie choked. "I realized that you're quite annoying sometimes." Nolan nodded. "Only toward you."

"Zee." Madam Nera was dining at the restaurant with a few big names in the fashion scene. Maisie smiled and walked toward her. "Godmother, you're up early."

"I don't usually stay in bed," Madam Nera smiled and introduced Maisie to the people who were there with her. They were all famous in the industry.

Maisie greeted them with handshakes while Nolan tidied up his suit and walked toward Maisie.

Everyone there knew Nolan and was surprised that he showed up. "Mr.

Goldmann is here too.

"Yes, I'm here with my wife," Nolan replied amiably.

One of the ladies smiled and said, "There's a rumor going around that you spoil your wife. I guess it's true."

"How could he not spoil such a beautiful wife? And Mrs. Goldmann founded Soul at such a young age. That's a lot of talent."

"That's probably thanks to Mr. Goldmann too."

Maisie's smile slowly faded, but nobody noticed. When that was said, everyone knew that the air had changed.

The younger woman who had said that noticed that she had made a mistake, so she covered her mouth.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Mrs. Goldmann. What I meant was that Mr.

Goldmann supports you so you don't tire

yourself.

Maisie's smile was still on, but when she was going to say something. Nolan calmly said. "I never helped my wife with Soul. Honestly, Soul is part of Blackgold and has made quite a lot of money. I still owe my wife \$150,000,000. I think it's more like I've been taking advantage of her." Maisie paused and turned to look at Nolan, who looked back with eyebrows raised.

His calm yet witty speech surprised everyone there.

Madam Nera laughed and tried to resolve the situation. "That's right. This girl even tricked me and covered the fact that she was working with Mr. Goldmann and managed to convince me. She managed to get a channel from me. If she weren't capable, wouldn't have worked with her." The other ladies believed her because Taylor Jewelry had a strong standing in the fashion world

Everyone in the industry respected her, and a girl that she admired wouldn't be someone who did well because she had a backing. After all, Madam Nera hated pretentious people.

"Zee," Madam Nera held her hand and patted its back, "Heavy the head that wears the crown. There's no need to care about what others say because there will always be bad comments when you achieve enough. I know you well, and I believe that you're not someone who would hunger for power. You have been true to yourself all this time."

Maisie nodded, "I understand.

Nolan pulled Maisie into his arms when they walked toward the private room. "How was my performance?"

Maisie laughed, turned, and looked at him. "Very good."

He smiled. "Do I get a reward?" She nodded. "Yes."

Seeing how he looked longingly, she took a piece of candy out of her pocket and put it in his hand. "Here's a reward, good boy."

Chapter 1189

Then Maisie immediately left.

Nolan looked at the lonely piece of candy in his hand and couldn't help but laugh.

In the afternoon, Maisie and Kennedy went to the bowling alley, and he told her about the rumors online.

She threw the ball out and hit all the pins except one.

Maisie picked up the water bottle at her seat and twisted it open. She then asked Kennedy to pass her the phone and started going through Twitter.

There were a few negative comments against her, and they seemed to have started something. "Were you able to get the IPs from which these comments were posted?"

Kennedy replied, "They're all in Bassburgh." He paused for a moment. "They know you."

Maisie slowly took a sip and didn't reply. Someone who could know about her initial relationship dynamics could only be someone who knew them.

'She' didn't seem to have stayed put.

Kennedy could tell something was off. "Has Nolan seen this?"

Maisie checked Nolan's latest update, and it was a photo of him and Colton playing online games.

#The wife is making money, and I'm taking care of the kids. Haters won't understand.#

The update was to refute that Maisie had forced him to marry her because of her children and use his resources.

@Helios: #Haters won't understand. They won't know that you're enjoying it when the wife is paying for everything.#

@Louis: #Can you have a bit of dignity?#

@Quincy: #Please come to work!#

@Yorrick: #Does your wife know that you're annoying?#

@Nolan: #Please go away.# Maisie was rendered speechless. This new way of shooting down rumors was unique. In two days, all the comments were about Nolan's update because his comments were filled with famous people. It was bound to blow up.

What was better was that there were over 20,000 comments there, and one of them had the highest likes: #Before he got married, he was a free man, but after he got married, he's just another man. Had to make his wife happy to stay alive.

It was just a joke, but the difference in Nolan's image sent it into trending while the comment about Maisie was buried. Maisie took a nap on the plane, and she walked out of the airport holding onto Nolan's arm when she got back to Bassburgh. Quincy's car was parked up front. The two got into the car, and Maisie asked Quincy to send her straight to her office.

Nolan frowned. "Weren't you going to spend time with me?"

Maisie turned to look at him and gave a knowing smile. "Didn't you say that I have to make money?"

Nolan was at a loss for words. He felt that he had dug his own grave.

Seeing how disappointed he looked, Maisie couldn't help but chuckle and pat his head. "Be good. I just need to get something done and get home earlier. I won't work tomorrow, and I will spend time with you. I promise."

Nolan turned his face away. "I don't believe you."

Maisie turned his face back and kissed him on the lips. "Just believe me this once."

Nolan leaned in and looked into her eyes. "I'll teach you a lesson if you ditch me again."

At Soul...

Maisie got out of the car and watched it drive away. She picked up her phone and made a call. "Barbara, where are you?" "I'm at the gym," Barbara was doing sit-ups and was taking the call through her Bluetooth earphone, "What's up?"

Maisie chuckled. "You started working out already?"

"Why not? I have so much excess fat after giving birth. I need to get back in shape!" Barbara didn't want to let herself go just because she had a child. She still loved looking great.

Chapter 1190

"Which gym? I'll meet you there."

Barbara sent her location, and Maisie took a cab over. When she got there, Barbara was done with her sets and was drenched in sweat.

She wiped the sweat from her neck with a towel. "Don't you have your hands full?"

"Why are you here?"

Maisie leaned against the door. "Because I want to."

"I'll go change," Barbara walked into the changing room and got out in clean clothes with a jacket.

Even though it was winter, November in Bassburgh wasn't too cold. "What's up?"

Maisie said something into her ear, and

Barbara was surprised. "Me?" "I promised that I wouldn't hurt her." Maisie shrugged. "But, some people need to learn their lesson, or they will never behave."

Barbara buckled her belt and raised her brows. "Let me handle it."

In the bar, the music was too loud. The customers played drinking games while the lights blinked, while women in sexy clothing danced around poles.

Linda wore a maid's outfit because she was working there. She walked around to chat with them and earned some tips from there

The man sitting next to her had a huge potbelly, gold chains, and rings. He looked like someone who had just gotten rich. He ran his hands up and down Linda's legs while she leaned on his chest and held the wine to his lips. "Mr. Olson, remember to ask for me the next time you book a place here."

Mr. Olson raised her chin, and his yellow teeth peeked through when he smiled. "If you listen to me, I'll come here every day and make you the best-paid girl."

Linda ran her toes up his leg. "What do you want me to do?"

Mr. Olson caught her hint and was delighted. He ignored the wine that someone else handed him. "You little slit, can't wait, can

you?"

Linda said something into his ears which made Mr. Olson immediately put down his wine glass and pull her away.

Right when they walked away, a woman with a hat pulled down low who was sitting not far from them walked toward a woman in a maid outfit and said something into her ear.

The bathroom had a 'Maintenance' sign up, but some noise was coming from inside. After about 10 minutes, Mr. Olson walked out. The cleaning lady coldly looked at Linda, who was behind him, and slowly put her recording phone away.

Linda counted the money he gave her while leaning against the wall. It was \$3,000 in cash.

When she got back to her seat, the music stopped, and all the lights were turned on. A group of police officers rushed in. "Don't move. Everyone, sit down!"

Armed police officers surrounded the entire place, and the customers didn't dare make sudden movements.

The manager smiled and walked forward, 'Officer, this is a drinking place. We're not doing anything illegal here.'

The team leader looked stoic as he held out his badge. "We have received reports that someone was soliciting here."

When Linda heard that her face turned pale. 'How could-'

The manager looked around, confused, "... I don't think so. People just come here for entertainment. We have security guards doing rounds to make sure that there is no soliciting, gambling, or drugs. We don't do illegal things like that."

"Sir," A woman in a maid outfit walked over and handed over her phone, "I have evidence."

The police officer looked at her. "Bring it over here."

The woman handed over her phone, and the video was shown to the manager." What do you call this?"