

Chapter 23

“On the contrary, Mommy said that we should always learn a thing or two about our ancestry. In fact, Mommy is a fan of antiques. Otherwise, Mommy couldn’t have come up with her unique designs of ‘Victorian-style antique jewelry’ back in Stoslo.”

Nolan’s father chuckled. “Then, I would really love to meet your mommy one day.”

Daisie felt triumphant as she had finally gotten her grandpa’s attention on Mommy!

Nolan glanced at Waylon, who was standing beside him. The little boy raised his hand and wiped his cheek, then he turned around and gave Nolan a seemingly unfriendly glare.

Unexpectedly, the boy’s glare reminded Nolan of someone else.

“The last time I saw you, you had a mole on the corner of your eye.”

Waylon rubbed the corner of his eye and said defensively, “I drew that on.”

“Grandpa, you lost!” Daisie giggled happily.

Little did she know, the old man had let her win. Seeing the little girl laugh so gleefully, he somehow found himself laughing along with her. Perhaps he was getting old and starting to like the idea of spending time with a granddaughter.

It was getting late, so Nolan sent Waylon and Daisie back to Seaview Villa.

“We’ll be going now, mister. Goodbye!”

Daisie waved at him. Holding her brother’s hand, the two of them hopped their way into the front porch.

Nolan did not drive off immediately. Instead, he was lost in his thoughts while he watched their backs as they entered the front door. He had never suspected them of being his own children, but when he found out they *were* Vanderbilts, he began to wonder... 2

He took out his cellphone and called Willow.

At the Vanderbilt manor...

“Nolan asked again about what happened six years ago?” Leila walked toward Willow and sat down beside her with a nervous expression.

Willow nodded and bit her lip. “I don’t know why, but I have a feeling that Nolan is a little suspicious of me. Especially since that b*tch, Maisie, came back, he’s been paying her a lot of attention!”

That night when Nolan had asked about Maisie, she had made up a story, giving Nolan the false impression that what had happened back then was all a scheme laid out by Maisie. She repulsed him.

However, as they had been leaving the Vanderbilt manor, she followed them out. To her surprise, she had seen the two of them getting in the same car before driving off. Nolan had not come home that night.

She had been too afraid to ask Nolan, so obviously, she could only question Maisie.

Leila's face turned gloomy. "Hmph, I knew it! That little b*tch was plotting against us. That day at the dinner, she was clearly trying to sabotage us, giving us a motive so that Nolan would suspect us."

"We can't let her carry on thinking she can do whatever she wants. With that sl*tty face of hers, how could any man not succumb to her seductions if they spent enough time with her?"

"Mom, I've tried driving that b*tch away, but she's just too capable. I can't beat her at all."

Willow's patience was wearing thin. With Nolan calling today and questioning her about the incident six years ago, it was only a matter of time before Nolan learned the truth.

Leila stood up and paced back and forth with a hand on her chin. As if something suddenly clicked in her head, she sneered. "Willie, do you still have the phone number of that old fellow?"

Willow stuttered, "Mr. Baldwin?"

"Yes, after all, Mr. Baldwin had been drooling over that little sl*t for such a long time. He must feel unsatisfied that he lost his chance to sleep with her six years ago. How about we set her u p again? This time, it has to be flawless. We'll get her so good, she won't be able to worm her way out!"

Maisie sat in her office sketching design ideas. Ever since her mother's passing, Vaenna Jewelry had been unable to produce jewelry unique enough to form its own signature style.

After Luxella had debuted with their Victorian-style jewelry, Maisie had not created other styles of jewelry since.