

## Chapter 24

Maisie chewed her pen and thought for a long time, but she was stuck in an inspiration drought...

“Zee.”

Seeing Willow appear outside her door, Maisie put her pen down. “There’s no one around. You can drop the mushiness. It’s nauseating.”

If this was any other day, Willow would have retorted with a scathing remark. Today, however, she managed to converse in a calm and collected manner. “I’m not here to start a fight. I’m well aware that you’re far more adept in matters of business.”

Willow placed the documents she was holding on the table. “I’m sure you know the conundrum Vaenna is currently facing. It just so happens that there’s a client who’s willing to provide us with an advertising platform. Could you come with me and discuss the contract terms tonight?”

Maisie picked up the contract folder, skimmed through the pages, then smirked. “Sure, I’ll go with you.”

“I’ll see you tonight then.” As Willow turned to leave, her eyes flickered with coldness.

Maisie picked up the folder to have a closer at the contract. Her brows arched slightly. She wanted to see the type of clientele Willow had picked out.

At the headquarters of Blackgold Group, Nolan stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, staring out at the downtown view. He turned the black ring on this index finger. Through the reflection of the windows, he saw Quincy appear.

“Mr. Goldmann, I’ve had someone in Stoslo run a background check. For some reason, there wasn’t much information we could find about Miss Maisie Vanderbilt. It’s as if someone had deliberately kept it hidden.”

Nolan turned sideways and glanced at him. “Are you saying someone put a data lock on her profile?”

Quincy nodded. “That’s precisely so. Almost no one knew the fact that Zora, a renowned jewelry designer in Stoslo, is actually Maisie Vanderbilt. Only a select few who work in Luxella have seen her. After looking at photos of Maisie, they confirmed that she is indeed Zora.

“But... you asked me to check if she had given birth in Stoslo. I was unable to confirm that, even after going through all the hospitals in the country.”

Quincy had gone through hell. A hacker must have had her private data locked away, or *he* would have been able to dig up more dirt. Nolan said nothing more.

Not only were they unable to identify the mother of those two kids, but they also hardly found much regarding Maisie Vanderbilt or any details about her life for that matter.

Still, those two children carried the Vanderbilt name, and the only Vanderbilt he had slept with was Willow Vanderbilt...

“Mr. Goldmann, you seem rather concerned about Miss Maisie Vanderbilt...” Quincy could not help but speak his mind.

Nolan looked up and glanced straight at him. "Are you feeling idle these days?"

Quincy shook his head with guilty puppy-dog eyes begging for mercy. "N-No, not at all. In fact, I'm really busy. I-I'm still working on my performance, sir. If you'll excuse me."

He did not want to end up like his brother, Hans Lawson, who had been sent to the North Pole to count stars.

Later that night, at a karaoke bar... Maisie followed Willow into a private suite. When Mr. Baldwin saw that Willow had brought a special guest, he stood up. "Look who it is! You're finally here."

"Mr. Baldwin, I brought my little sister with me to discuss our contract. There was heavy traffic on our way over, hope we didn't keep you waiting too long."

Willow took the initiative and sat next to the man.

Mr. Baldwin's eyes were glued to Maisie's body. It had only been six years, yet Maisie Vanderbilt had become even more stunning than before.

That hourglass figure, that face, everything about her was absolutely perfect!

The insatiable hunger to devour this sultry goddess began to grow in him. 1

Willow could not help but feel irritated when she saw Mr. Baldwin ogle all over Maisie. His eyes were almost bulging out of his head.

Maisie was undoubtedly a man-eating succubus.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Vanderbilt. I'm Sergio Baldwin. I know your father. I believe we've met before." Mr. Baldwin stretched out his hand to greet her.

"Oh, nice to meet you too." Maisie's response was cold but polite. 1

After they shook hands, Sergio was reluctant to let go.

Maisie furrowed her brows and pulled her hand out from his grasp. She walked to the side

and sat down. "I was told that you're interested in sponsoring Vaenna Jewelry on an advertising platform?"