

## Chapter 29

Maisie walked out and shut the door to Willow's office.

Looking at the document Willow had signed, Maisie smirked. Dealing with simpletons was so mundane.

Just then, a call from Ryleigh came through.

Maisie walked toward the stairs before she picked up the call.

"Zee, could you come with me to my Uncle Boucher's birthday party tonight? I told my dad that I would bring the infamous designer, Zora. He's been wanting to meet you since forever!"

Hearing how excited Ryleigh was, Maisie answered reluctantly, "But I don't even know the Bouchers..."

"But I do! Since you're back in the country, you should get to know more people. Who knows? You might even meet your soulmate tonight!"

"I'm a mother of three kids. What soulmate?" Maisie sighed.

"Aww, Zee! Come on! Say you'll go?"

She could never win against Ryleigh. Thus, Maisie had no choice but to accompany her best friend.

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*Mr. Boucher's birthday banquet was held at the Regal Ballroom. The Bouchers were the real nobility here in the royal capital. The other elite families around paled in comparison to them. Even the Goldmanns—who held great authority in Bassburgh and ranked alongside the Bouchers—would not risk offending them. However, the Goldmanns trod in business while the Bouchers were in politics. There was generally no conflict of interest between the two.*

Everyone in Bassburgh knew the Bouchers had two sons. The eldest, Helios Boucher, was an A-list film star in the entertainment industry of Zlokova who had won awards for two film festivals. He was known as the nation's hunk with over two hundred million fans. Not to mention, he was also a singer and a shareholder of Royal Crown Entertainment Co.

It seemed Mr. Boucher's birthday was exclusive only to the rich and powerful. Ordinary elite families like the Vanderbilts did not fit the required eligibility. "Zee, hurry up!" Ryleigh, who was walking up the stairs, turned to hurry Maisie out of the car. The moment she stepped out, Ryleigh's jaw hung ajar. Maisie wore a graceful black and gold dress with a deep neckline and a cinched waist, showing off her slender body. The bottom of the skirt bloomed like a trumpet flower, its petal veins lined with a layer of shimmering gold.

It was as if she was wearing a galaxy of stars. The black flower diamond earrings swayed with every step she took. Along with the delicate makeup she had on, she was beautiful, like a goddess who had come alive from an ancient Greek sculpture.

Seeing Ryleigh gaping back at her, Maisie knocked her head with the clutch in her hand. "What are you staring at?"

Ryleigh pretended to faint and leaned against her shoulder, taking advantage of her. “Why am I not a man? How infuriating! I’m so jealous of the lucky b\*stard who gets to end up with you.”

Marrying such a perfect wife was like hitting the jackpot!

Maisie put her arms around Ryleigh and said jokingly, “If you really want to be a man, all you have to do is undergo surgery. Your father might even be happy when he realizes he has another son.”

Ryleigh pursed her lips. Linking her arm through Maisie’s, they entered the venue together.

Naturally, *Maisie’s* appearance attracted the eyes of many men around her, who either looked amazed or were in complete awe. Standing among the crowd, she became a bright iridescent ray of light-impossible to be lost in the shadows.

Ryleigh smirked. “I’ll say, bringing you with me really does light up the scene.”

Maisie’s beauty outshone Willow by a million miles!

“Looks to me, these people here are no ordinary joes?” Maisie could tell, judging from their gestures and the grandeur of this banquet.

“Why, of course! It’s Uncle Boucher’s birthday. Only high-ranking officials and the super-rich and powerful are invited. You certainly won’t find any lightweights swarming the place. Even the Vanderbilts could never step foot in here.”

Maisie chuckled. “You do know I’m a Vanderbilt too, right?”

“You’re different. You’re here as the infamous designer Zora, who was received by the royals of Stoslo. You definitely qualify!” Ryleigh assured her.