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The female staff member shuddered in fear when she saw Maisie after she had finished speaking.

“MS... Ms. Vanderbilt...”

“What are you guys talking about?” Maisie asked, grinning widely.

The two women swallowed back the words on the tip of their tongues as embarrassed expressions appeared on their faces.

“It’s okay. I won’t get mad at you two. I just want to know who told you about these,” Maisie said slowly.

After realizing that Maisie was not mad with them, one of the female staff members opened her mouth and stammered, “We... We heard it from the administrative office above. They... They said that you refused to let Mr. Goldmann attend the meeting yesterday.”

Squinting her eyes, Maisie repeated, “The people from the administrative office?”

The female staff member nodded. She suddenly thought of something and continued fretfully. “It seems like Ms. Summers said something to them, and then...” Understanding instantly dawned upon Maisie. “Alright, thank you,” she said, nodding while beaming at the female staff member. In the administrative office...

“Honestly, I don’t think there are any men who can say no to Ms. Vanderbilt. If I were a guy, I wouldn’t want to attend the meeting either.”

“Jeez, you’re so shallow. Beauty is only skin deep. No matter how beautiful a woman is, she’s bound to get old. Besides, even if you love each other very much right now, how can you keep the spark alive when you get old?”

That’s right. Have you not heard enough about all those shenanigans in those elite families?”

The staff gathered in the office, enthusiastically discussing yesterday’s event. They kept talking about anything, including Maisie.

They were so absorbed in their conversation that none of them noticed Maisie was there. It was only when a male staff member noticed Maisie that he winked at the group of female staff members. When they turned their heads around, their faces turned pale in fright.

Maisie smiled at them, looked around the office, and asked, “I assume you guys know where Ms. Summers is, right?”

“Ms. Summers is”

“Are you looking for me, Ms. Vanderbilt?” Rowena came out of the office. Her face sank when she saw Maisie.

Smiling, Maisie said, “I heard some rumors in my office today. A little bird told me that you’re the one who spread them, so what do you think I should do?”

The rest of the people looked at each other awkwardly as they found that Maisie had heard about the rumors.

Rowena tightened her arms that were crossed around her chest. That said, she looked at Maisie defiantly and said coldly, "I'm just telling the truth. If you didn't do it, then you don't have to be afraid of anything, don't you think so, Ms. Vanderbilt?"

In Rowena's perspective, Maisie wasn't worth Nolan's time at all. She had nothing but a pretty face, so she couldn't understand why Nolan had to waste his precious time doing those meaningless things with her.

Slowly, Maisie paced up to her.

Then, before Rowena could do anything, she lifted her hand and slapped her on the cheek.

The people in the office were stunned, including Rowena.

She couldn't come around to her senses for a long while until a prickling sense of pain spread from her cheek.

She glared at her viciously and gnashed her teeth. "How dare you hit me?"

A grin blossomed across Maisie's face as she said, "I remember I've said something like this to Wynona before. Those who can't watch their mouths deserve to be punished."

Maisie detected the slight changes in Rowena's eyes when she mentioned Wynona. However, Rowena forced herself to stay calm because she didn't want others to notice anything.

"Maisie, we're in Blackgold. If something happens to me here, are you not worried about that?"

"What should I be worried about?" Maisie interrupted, cutting her short. She glanced at the dumbfounded crowd around her and continued "All of them have seen what I have done so do you think I would still be afraid of the rumors?"

"The reason I slapped you is to give you a reminder. You're just a secretary, while Nolan is the CEO. Don't keep asking him to help you to solve every problem or let him do everything himself. If he has to do everything himself, what is the point of hiring you to be his secretary? Do you expect him to take care of you after he pays you to do your job? After Maisie said her piece, she chuckled and added, "Now I can see why Nolan trusts Quincy so much."

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"You..." Rowena clenched her fists tightly as she stared at Maisie. Her eyes turned scarlet with hatred.

The rest of the people in the office fell silent. Truth be told, Quincy was the one who settled most of the matters in the company, and Nolan indeed had entrusted many jobs to him.

However, after Quincy had been transferred to another position and Rowena had replaced him as Nolan's secretary, they did not know why but Nolan had become busier.

Nolan was their employer, meaning he had hired them as his workers. When he couldn't attend a certain meeting, Rowena needed to host the meeting as his secretary.

Hi!

It was only now they realized that Rowena had misled them. They also had realized that Maisie was not a pushover. They all heaved out a sigh of relief, for they weren't the ones who had gotten beaten by Maisie.

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Keeping the smile on her face, Maisie said, "Ms. Summers, if you think you can't handle your job effectively, maybe we can have Quincy swap with you. After all, Quincy is much more useful than you, and he doesn't need Nolan, his boss, to do everything for him."

'She's a wolf in sheep's clothing.'

That was the thought that appeared in everyone's mind.

Meanwhile, Nolan appeared in the administrative office. He frowned slightly at the sight of the group of people in the office, and then he saw Maisie standing in front of Rowena.

"What's wrong?"

The staff dispersed when Nolan showed up.

Rowena's eyes lit up when she saw Nolan. She bit her lip and said pitifully, "Nolan, 1—"

"I slapped her," Maisie turned around and said, adopting a sweet look of suffering martyrdom.

The crowd was stunned at how fast Maisie changed her attitude.

Maisie obediently stretched her soft palm toward Nolan.

Nolan held it and began massaging it as he asked softly, "Does it hurt?"

Maisie lifted her eyebrow mischievously and said, "Well, it won't hurt anymore if you help me to blow the pain away."

Nolan raised his eyes to look at her as a grin tugged at the corner of his lips. "Sure. I'll do it once we get home."

Once again, the crowd was stunned

Just when Nolan was about to leave with Maisie, Rowena said frustratingly, "Nolan, I was the one who got slapped by her without any reason!"

Nolan stopped in his tracks. Turning around, he looked at her coldly and harrumphed. "Serves you right. I also want to slap you on the cheek." 1

Rowena was dumbfounded.

The crowd's eyes lit up as understanding dawned upon them. It seemed to them that Rowena had a crush on Nolan, but he despised her to the core. Rowena was filled with anger and hatred as she watched Nolan leave with Maisie. She had never been humiliated like this in front of people before

In the past, the people in the Night Banquet would respect her since she worked directly under Titus. She had never expected that Nolan would humiliate her in front of everyone for Maisie. Had they not been best friends since they were kids?

Her eyes were turning colder and colder.

In Nolan's office.....

Nolan put Maisie on his desk and secured her in his arms. "Are you not afraid that she will tell my grandfather that you slapped her?"

Maisie snorted and said, "What's done cannot be undone. If she wants to complain to your grandfather, there's nothing I can do

about it."

Nolan shook his head helplessly and smiled sweetly as he watched the bold woman in front of him.

"I've been wondering about one thing, Nolan. Rowena seems to be on good terms with Wynona, but she doesn't seem to have mentioned her anymore after her death."

As she was talking, she looked into his beautiful amber eyes and added, "When I mentioned Wynona just now, her reaction was strange."

Nolan frowned slightly. "So?"

Touching her hand, Maisie said inadvertently, "If Francisco was the reason Wynona targeted me in the camp, then how did you learn about the matter between Francisco and me since you weren't there?"

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Nolan's lips were tightly pressed. It was indeed Rowena who had brought him the photo that time.

So that photo was taken by Wynona?' he asked himself. "Nolan," Maisie called, pulling him out of his thoughts.

"Yes?"

"What happened?" she asked, staring at him straight with her clear eyes as she was surprised that he would get distracted.

She then thought of something and said with a frown, "You didn't have someone keeping an eye on me secretly, did you?"

Nolan stroked her cheek with his hand and replied, "Cherie and Hans would inform me of anything that happened to you at the training camp. However, Rowena was the one who told me about that thing about you and Francisco."

'Rowena?

Maisie lowered her eyes.

'So Wynona was Rowena's "spy" in the training camp?'

Maisie realized why Rowena had worn the ring and had come to find her. It turned out that Rowena had wanted to cause a misunderstanding between Maisie and Nolan because of the things that happened between her and Francisco.

“Wynona’s death wouldn’t be related to her, would it?”

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Although Maisie did not have the evidence, considering how close Rowena was to Wynona, it was truly strange that she had not once mentioned Wynona after her death, treating her as if she had never existed before.

Moreover, she had suspected that if Wynona was not the one who had released the pit viper into the training camp, then it must be someone who intentionally framed Wynona. However, the only person who knew that Wynona had had a bad relationship with her and also wanted most to get herself killed by Wynona’s hand was...

Those friends of Wynona did not have a deep hatred for her, so they had no reason to put her to death. If Maisie died, not only could the person successfully shift the blame to someone who had a bad relationship with her, but they could also gain something from her death.

Who would benefit the most from her death, then?

Other than the woman who always bent over backward to break up her and Nolan, Maisie could not think of other people.

Nolan looked at Maisie for a moment and said, “You don’t suspect Rowena, do you?”

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“I know I shouldn’t, and it’s wrong for me to suspect her without any evidence,” Maisie said before coming to a pause. “But I just can’t help it. There are too many mysteries about Wynona’s death, and after putting together a few things, it’s hard not to suspect her.”

Indeed, Wynona’s death was suspicious, not to mention that she had died in an off-limits training camp.

If the “murderer” was inside the training camp, then the “murderer” must be very familiar with the training camp to the point that they could freely enter and exit the training camp.

Wasn’t Rowena one of the members in the training camp?

Nolan lowered his eyes and said, “Whether or not it’s related to her, since she hasn’t exposed herself, there’s nothing we can do about her. Besides, my grandfather trusts her a lot. Not to mention that she’s a member of the Summers, and the Summers have been kind to the Goldmanns.”

Maisie lowered her head and covered her surges of emotions under her long eyelashes.

Nolan was right

Even if Rowena were the culprit, Titus would not do anything to her due to the relationship between the Goldmanns and the Summers.

“However, there’s one thing that may have something to do with her.”

Maisie was stumped. “What is it?”

“It was Rowena who instigated my grandfather to see your father that day. I’m afraid she must have said a lot of bad things about you in front of him,” Nolan said plainly as he lowered his head. “Coincidentally, your father was attacked just after my grandfather left, and Willow has confessed that it was a woman who told her to do that.”

After Nolan had shot Willow in her arms and legs, she had confessed everything to prevent herself from being sent to the countryside.

Maisie’s face turned cold

That day, Willow had told her that she was the one who did everything, but she didn’t expect that there was really someone behind

“So that woman is

Zee, you don’t have to worry about anything at all. I have a plan.”

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Nolan stroked her face. The things that Willow had confessed proved that his previous speculation was correct.

His grandfather had learned of the relationship between Maisie and the de Arma family as soon as Maisie returned from the training camp. Both his father and he had done a lot to keep this secret hidden. Even Stephen and the others didn’t know a single thing about it, other than Willow, who had tried to replace Maisie as the descendant of the de Arma family..

With that thought in mind, Nolan looked at her and said, “I’ll send Cherie to you starting from tomorrow, just in case. You can ask her to help you with anything. As for the kids, they should be fine with my father and grandfather looking over them. The only person I’m worried about is you.”

A surge of warmth spread through Maisie’s heart. She could see that Nolan was truly worried about her.

She grabbed his hand and put it near her face. While Nolan was slightly taken aback, she giggled and said, “As long as you’re with me, I don’t feel in danger.”

In the evening, at the Royal Academy of Music...

Carrying his small backpack, Colton came out of the academy’s main entrance. Two bodyguards who seemed to be foreigners got out of a luxury car and stood in front of him, blocking his way..

*Are you Colton Vanderbilt?” one of them asked in fluent English.

Colton nodded in return

The bodyguard then bowed his head and made a gesture. “Our master wishes to see you.”

When Louis came out of the academy in his car, he saw Colton being taken to a black car by two foreigners, and he was stunned.

That black car... It isn't the usual car from the Goldmanns that comes to pick him up every day, is it? Could it be..!

Something popped up in Louis' mind. He jerked the steering wheel and followed after the car.

Maisie and Nolan came to the underground parking lot. When they arrived in front of their car, she received a message from an unknown number.

"What's wrong?" Nolan asked as Maisie's face had suddenly turned pale.

"Colton was taken away."

Nolan asked Hans to track down Colton through the tracking device inside the car.

Soon, they found out that he was in the Siberian Palace Hotel.

He then stormed toward the Siberian Palace Hotel

After they stopped their car outside of the entrance, Maisie tugged at Nolan and said, "You wait in the car. They only want me there. I will be fine, trust me, okay?"

Nolan looked at her for a moment before parting his tightly pressed lips. "Just give me a call if something happens. I'll be down here."

Maisie planted a kiss on his cheek. She then turned around and got out of the car, leaving Nolan stunned.

He touched his face, feeling the warmth that she left on him, and shook his head helplessly. However, looking from her reaction, he could more or less guess who was the one that had brought Colton away.

At the Siberian Palace Hotel's restaurant...

Colton was sitting together with Louis, looking at him curiously. He knew Louis to be a fearless person in the academy, but it seemed to him that he was rather intimidated by the old man in front of them.

"What's wrong? Is the food not good?" Hernandez asked as he looked at the two people in front of him who refused to eat anything. He picked up a fork and smiled. "I don't know what you guys like, so I took the liberty to order the food myself."

Colton pouted his lips and asked, "Why did you bring me here? Do I know you?"

He did not know the old man in front of him, and his mother had told him that he shouldn't take food from a stranger.

Hernandez glanced at Colton sharply and snorted, but he did not answer his question. Instead, he looked at Louis and said, "Do you not need to greet me? Where are your manners?"

Louis's eyes swiveled inside of the sockets, and he greeted, "Grandpa!"

Colton was stunned.

'He's Mr. Lucas' grandfather?'

“So this kid is your cousin’s son?” Hernandez asked coldly. Louis took a deep breath and asked, “Grandpa, what exactly do you want with this boy?”

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Hernandez snorted and asked, “Why can’t I look for him? I’m his great-grandfather.”

Louis set his jaw tight and did not say anything. Although his mother had told his grandfather that she had found his aunt’s daughter, all of them had been under the impression it was Willow.

However, they later found out that his aunt’s daughter was Maisie, but she had married Nolan at that time. Also, he did not know how his grandfather had realized that Colton was Maisie’s son.

Blinking his eyes, Colton asked, “You’re my great-grandfather?”

Hernandez looked at him and replied, “I’m your mother’s grandfather, so of course, I’m your great-grandfather.”

Colton frowned and said, “But my mom has never told us about you.”

“I’m sorry, ma’am. This restaurant has been booked, you can’t go in—”

“Get out of my way.”

Maisie pushed the waiter away. She was worried about Colton, so she had decided to throw caution to the wind

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Just when Hernandez’s bodyguards were about to approach her, Colton saw her and rose to his feet. “Mommy!”

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When Maisie saw that Colton was sitting together with Louis and nothing had happened to Colton, she heaved out a sigh of relief.

Then, she turned her head toward the man sitting in front of them with her jaw tightly set.

“Ma’am, please leave.” A waiter came forward and tried to chase her away.

Hernandez opened his mouth and said, “It’s okay. She’s an acquaintance of mine. Let her in

The two waiters looked at each other in astonishment before walking away.

Maisie already knew who he was from the moment she received the text message. She walked up to him slowly and asked, “You’re Sir Hernandez?”

Hernandez looked at Maisie and offered her a grin. “You share some resemblance with my daughter, Marina. Since you’re here, why don’t you join us for a meal?”

Maisie lowered her head and replied, “There’s no need. I just came to pick up my son.”

Louis looked at Hernandez nervously. There was no expression on Hernandez's face. He just picked up the glass of wine in front of him and said, "You're worried that I might do something to this kid, aren't you?"

"No matter what happens, I'm your grandfather. This is a fact that can't be changed. I have no intention of criticizing you for picking the Goldmanns. After all, the grudges and feud between the Goldmanns and the de Amas can't be resolved that easily. It's just that I didn't expect Marina's daughter would marry Titus grandson. Is this considered retribution for the Goldmanns?"

The atmosphere changed after what Hernandez had said.

'Retribution? In his opinion, this is retribution?

"The past is in the past. What happened between the Goldmanns and the de Armas has nothing to do with the younger generation," Maisie replied calmly.

Hernandez harrumphed and said, "The Goldmanns are nothing more than a vermin that crawled up from the fetid waters and unabashedly polluted the royal family. Even if we're in the wrong, does that mean that the Goldmanns are in the right? How about those people that lost their lives at the hands of Patrick Goldmann? Are you saying that they deserve it?"

Maisie did not say anything in return.

Hernandez loathed the Goldmanns to the core, and she was well aware of it.

What she couldn't understand was why he couldn't let go of the hatred after so many years.

She took a deep breath and said calmly, "I'm sorry I can't understand your feelings. I just know that the Goldmanns have been good to me, and Nolan takes great care of me.

"Sir Hernandez, my mother may be one of the de Armas, but I was born in the Vanderbilts. I don't know anything about the past, not even about my mother. When the Goldmanns learned that my mother was your daughter, they accepted me without any hesitation, so I'm the daughter-in-law of the Goldmanns."

Hernandez laughed and said, "You took your stand so quickly. How can you be so sure that the Goldmanns aren't just exploiting

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Maisie did not even jitter for a split second. "I believe in Nolan."

When Maisie was bringing Colton away, she thought of something, turned around, and said, "I know about Nolan's mother. I won't be able to forgive the de Armas if you really did such a thing."

Maisie left with Colton after saying that.

Sitting in his seat, Louis looked expressionless. He said while glancing at Hernandez's face that looked a little embarrassed, "Grandpa, if there's nothing else that needs my attention, I'll go back first."

"Did you text her to inform her?" Hernandez asked coldly.

Louis nodded. "Yes, I didn't know your intentions when you were searching for that child. Not to mention that Mother has said that we should keep the past in the past. Why are you still so obsessed with it?"

Hernandez slammed the table and reprimanded angrily, "The Goldmanns should never be kept in the past. All of them deserve to die!"

Louis could see that Hernandez could not let go of his prejudice against the Goldmanns.

'No matter how much I try to persuade him, it'll be to no avail.'

Downstairs, Colton turned to look at Maisie. "Mommy, is that person really your grandpa?"

Maisie paused for a bit and forced a smile. "Yes."

"Does Great-grandpa hate the Goldmanns? But why?" Colton did not know what had happened between the Goldmanns and the de Armas, but he could sense Hernandez's hatred toward the Goldmanns at such a young age.

Maisie did not know how to explain to the child, so she turned her head and saw Nolan standing in front of the car talking on the

*Daddy!" Colton ran toward him.

III

Nolan hung up the phone, turned around, and picked up the kid that was dashing toward him.

Colton was taken into his arms. "Daddy, did you and Mommy come to pick me up?"

"Yeah, your mommy was worried about you." Nolan nodded as his gaze shifted onto Maisie, who was approaching them.

"The butler went to pick up Colton and found that Colton wasn't there. I've already informed the butler so that the old man won't overthink."

Maisie was stunned and nodded. "Thank you."

Nolan carried Colton into the car. Colton whispered into Nolan's ear while he was doing so and before Maisie got into the car, "Daddy, Mommy spoke up for you in front of her grandfather just now!"

Nolan was startled for a bit, patted the little boy's head softly, and lowered his voice. "Really?"

Colton nodded as his amber eyes shone brightly.

Maisie got into the car and frowned when she saw that the father-and-son duo was whispering. "What are the two of you talking about?"

Colton said smartly, "This is my secret with Daddy!"

Maisie was rendered speechless.

“The father-and-son duo is already keeping secrets behind my back?”

After sending Colton back to the Goldmann mansion, the butler smiled when he saw Colton coming back. “Little Colton, you’ve come home?”

“Uh-huh!” Colton nodded.

Waylon and Daisy walked downstairs, and Daisy ran toward him. “Colton, why did you come back so late?”

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“Uh, about that, I went out to dinner with Professor Lucas.”

Colton was still very smart and did not say anything about the fact that he had been brought away. He was worried that his great grandfather would find out about that and put the blame on his mother. Just as he was about to leave, an old man’s voice came from upstairs. What are you thinking? Is the home-cooked food we offer here not as good as those meals you get out there? Why are you in such a hurry?”

Titus and Rowena came downstairs. Rowena’s eyes turned gloomy as soon as she saw Maisie, but she did not say anything.

Nolan wrapped his arm around Maisie’s waist and smiled. “Okay, let’s stay for dinner then. What do you think?” He asked Maisie as if he wanted to hear her thoughts.

Nolan took Maisie’s hand “Let’s go back to the villa.

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Maisie met his smiling eyes and played along. “Since my husband wants to stay for dinner, then we’ll just stay back for a meal.”

The three rascals could not help but feel bothered.

‘Eww, that’s disgusting!’

During dinner, the maid stood by them and served the dishes.

Nolan had never come back for dinner ever since he moved out, so tonight was the first time he came back for a meal.

The three rascals sat beside their parents and gobbled up their food as if a three Michelin-starred restaurant chef had prepared the dinner.

Titus could see that the kids had not been so diligent while eating their food during normal days.

‘Sure enough, they’re very happy when their parents are around.’

“Ahem, since you’ve come back, you should just move back in,” Titus suggested

Nolan raised his eyes and then said lightly, “It’s inconvenient, as we’re planning to conceive another child.”

Maisie’s hands trembled, and she stared at him in surprise.

Not to mention her, even Titus was surprised “You... You want another child?”

“Daddy, is Mommy going to have a baby?” Maisie’s eyes lit up brightly. “Then I’m about to become an elder sister. I’m no longer the youngest!”

Maisie did not want to be the third and youngest child anymore-she wanted to be an elder sister!

Maisie was rendered speechless.

Thaven’t agreed to it at all!

Titus looked at the three exhilarated rugrats and thought that it was not bad that the Goldmanns could have more children.

*111 leave it to you, young ones. I’m too lazy to say anything else.”

That being said, Titus was obviously letting them decide it themselves.

Rowena, sitting at the side eating her food, remained silent throughout the whole meal while a hint of ruthlessness was beaming from the bottom of her eyes.

‘It was difficult to make Grandpa feel dissatisfied with Maisie, but the situation is getting out of my control as time goes by.

This woman will be accepted by Grandpa sooner or later if this continues! This will even affect my status in Grandpa’s mind.

*D*mn it! I’ve underestimated her. I can’t just sit here and wait for my demise now.

A few days later...

The renovation of Vaenna Jewelry was almost completed, so Maisie and Kennedy came to the site to take a look at the progress. The interior design’s style was not much different from Soul Jewelry Studio’s, but the space was much larger than the studio

They would be able to move over in another three days. It would become a complete company when Soul and Vaenna were combined into one.

“Uncle Kennedy, our staff in the studio understand the market quite well already, so they’ll lead the newcomers when the time, comes.

“Director Zaleski will be promoted to general manager, and he’ll be in charge of the purchasing department. As for you, you’ll be in charge of the administration department. What do you think?” ...

Kennedy smiled. “Xander and I have been working together in Vaenna for so long that we’ve become great friends. Thus, being able to come back here is like coming home, no matter whether it’s called Vaenna or Soul. We’ll support any decision as long as it’s from you.”

What Kennedy said made Maisie feel very grateful. After all, it was rare to get to know someone who could face hardships with her.

Kennedy and Director Zaleski had still chosen to come back when Vaenna was in a bad shape back then, and she was very grateful for that.

Maisie returned to Vanderbilt manor after assigning the task of supervising the renovation to Kennedy.

A tiny Alaskan Malamute with reddish brown fur was acting very daringly as it ran up to Maisie's feet, bit her trousers to play with the hem, and turned over, showing its belly to Maisie. "Reddy, you're being naughty again." Stephen was helpless. This dog was indeed quite bold, but it was also very simple-minded and "honest."

It mingled especially well with strangers. Maisie smiled, squatted down picked up the little puppy, and sniffed the scent on its body. "Dad, have you bathed him?"

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"Yeah, this little fella digs holes in the dirt of the flowerbed outside every day, making himself dirty. Hence, I can only give him a bath every three or five times."

"Woof!"

Reddy stuck out its tongue and wagged its tail, staring at Maisie with its brown eyes as if it liked her very much.

Stephen put down his teacup and said, "This fella was abandoned by its original owner. I saw it wandering on the road pitifully and brought it back."

"I brought it to the veterinary hospital for a checkup, and this little fella is in good health apart from some gastrointestinal discomfort, not any skin diseases. The original owner probably abandoned it because they couldn't keep it."

Maisie rubbed the fur on its head.

No wonder kids like it. This furry little cutie is really addicting.

"Zee, what brought you here all of a sudden?"

Maisie put the dog down, walked up to the couch, and sat down. "The renovation of Vaenna is almost done, so I'm here to ask you. If you're still willing to take over the company, the position of the chairman is still yours to hold."

Stephen was stunned, and his eyes dimmed. "Since I've handed Vaenna to you, I've never thought of intervening..."

Maisie said, "You don't have to intervene, but the board still needs you, doesn't it?" She then added, "I still want you back at the company before you retire, not to mention that the company needs you too."

Stephen thought for a while and looked at the little fella that was lying at his feet, yawning. "But there won't be anyone home to take care of him."

"Hire a housekeeper, just like back then, so you won't have to be too tired. You don't have to worry about the money needed to hire the housekeeper. Besides, I'll be more relieved if there's someone here to take care of you."

Seeing that Maisie was worried about him, Stephen gave off a smile. "Then I'll leave it to you."

He then thought of something and said with a solemn expression, "The day after tomorrow is your mother's death anniversary. You should go visit her."

Maisie could not help but be startled

Mother's death anniversary...

She would have almost forgotten about it if her father had not mentioned it to her.

She nodded: "Okay."

At Blackgold Group..

Cherie exited the administrative office when Rowena, who was walking up to her, saw her...

She smiled. "Did Nolan look for you?"

"Yeah, Mr. Goldmann asked me to follow Maisie around in the future," Cherie responded without any hesitation.

Rowena frowned.

'Nolan actually asked Cherie to follow Maisie around. Could it be that Cherie is being tasked to protect Maisie? He really values that b*tch greatly!'

Cherie noticed that Rowena's face did not look too gleeful. "Rowena, what's the matter with you?"

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Rowena restrained herself from showing too much of how she felt on her face, shook her head with a smile, and asked in a mocking tone, "I'm fine. But aren't you someone that's always loved your freedom? Why did you agree to do so?"

Cherie scratched her cheeks and answered, "Hah, I'm poor, and Mr. Goldmann will pay me money to do this. Plus, I like Maisie a lot, and he's just asking me to stay by Maisie's side."

Rowena did not speak anymore as she watched Cherie leave. Her expression gradually turned gloomy.

"That old couple better not let me down.'

Maisie saw Cherie waiting for her in boredom in the office when she returned to Soul Jewelry Studio.

Cherie got up with a smile when she saw Maisie's arrival. "Maisie, you're back!"

Maisie chuckled "Nolan really asked you to come here?"

'Yeah, Ill be following you around from today onward. So, what do I need to do?' Cherie scratched her head. If Maisie were to need her help, Cherie might not be of any help due to her clumsiness.

Maisie got to her seat and sat down. "You don't have to do anything. Your time is yours to arrange."

Cherie looked at her gratefully upon hearing this. "Maisie, you're so kind! I suddenly feel like I'm a free rider. I'm getting paid to do nothing at all, this is the dream of someone like me!"

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Maisie smiled awkwardly.

'This girl is so simple-minded that she's adorable.'

At this time, a female staff member knocked on the door in a panic, came in, and reported, "Ms. Zora, a menacing couple is creating a stir outside, looking for you!"

"Looking for me?" Maisie was flustered, then got up and followed her out to take a look, while Cherie followed behind them.

"Get the one who's in charge of this place out here, did you hear me!?" The woman and man clamoring outside were both in their 40s and 50s, respectively. Although they did not look filthy rich, they seemed well-off. Maisie stepped forward and asked, "Are the two of you looking for me?"

The woman took a glance at her and responded, "We're Wynona's parents."

As soon as she said that Maisie and Cherie's expressions looked obviously surprised.

Maisie smiled. "So it turns out to be Mr. and Mrs. Winters. Why don't we go into a room for a chat?"

"Hmph! There's no need to go into a room to chat. We'll talk about it here today so that we can learn about our daughter in front of everyone else." Mrs. Winters behaved indifferently.

"We went to the training camp to ask for some details. They said that our daughter tried to hurt someone and committed suicide in fear of the crime that she had committed. But we don't believe it.

"We had to go through several people in order to find out that our daughter had gotten into a conflict with you in the training camp."

Cherie stepped forward to calm her down. "Mrs. Winters, you can't really blame Ms. Vanderbilt for your daughter's

"She was forced into killing herself, so why can't I blame her? My daughter had never done anything to harm anyone, but she was suddenly imprisoned on the accusation of harming others in the training camp, forcing her to commit suicide in the end!

"We've visited so many police stations over all these days only to demand justice for our daughter." Mrs. Winters pointed at Maisie, her eyes bloodshot due to the rage: "But the police don't have the balls to pick the case up, and I bet that it's just because she's Mr. Goldmann's wife. However, can she act so lawlessly just because of her status!?"

Everyone present was stunned. Although they knew that Maisie had been absent from the studio for a while, they did not know where she went.

But after listening to the woman's complaint, it seemed that something had happened to Ms. Vanderbilt and her daughter?

Cherie stood in front of Maisie and said loudly, "I know how you feel as parents, but Wynona's death is still under investigation.

"We didn't want to see such an incident happen in the training camp either, but Wynona is the person who provoked the hostility between Ms. Vanderbilt and herself first. Your daughter had repeatedly

framed Ms. Vanderbilt in the first place, and yet, Ms. Vanderbilt still wants to locate your daughter's murderer, isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Winters did not buy it. "How could our daughter frame someone? She was wronged by you guys!"

"You!" Cherie wanted to say something, but Maisie raised her hand to stop her.

Maisie walked up to Mrs. Winters and said earnestly, "Mrs. Winters, I can totally understand how you feel, but something doesn't make sense here. Who told you two that Wynona was forced to death?"

Mrs. Winters was astounded. Her eyes flickered, but she still sounded very assertive. "That's none of your business! Anyway, someone did tell us that you guys had forced my daughter to death, and I'll never let this slide!"

Maisie's expression turned sulky as she responded in a calm and bold tone, "I'm sorry, if you can just talk about the matter calmly, we might be able to come up with a better solution for it. ..

"But I can give it to you straight at this moment if you choose to continue to come at me with such an aggressive attitude. 1 "First of all, I don't owe Wynona anything, and I haven't done anything bad to her."

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"Secondly, Wynona had used multiple means to persecute me in the training camp and even tried to frame me. I had already let these things slide.

"And thirdly, the cause of Wynona's death is very strange. The police are still investigating whether it was a suicide or a homicide case.

"But if you want to push all the blame onto me, I can only ask you to hire a lawyer before you talk to me again. Of course, you may not get the result that you want if you bring the matter to court. And because this has nothing to do with me, I'm a victim just like the deceased. Thus, if this matter is being forced onto me, then I'll definitely not take the blame without defending myself." Maisie spoke loudly, and everyone heard her clearly.

'She wouldn't be so confident if she was really involved in this matter.'

Mrs. Winters was obviously astonished and did not know what to say for a while.

Mr. Winters comforted his wife in embarrassment, "Oh my, we still have to discuss the matter with them politely. There's no need to be in such a hurry."

"You might be afraid of getting into trouble, but I'm not. My daughter is now dead. What else should I care about?" Mrs. Winters snorted. "All you rely on is the status that Mr. Goldmann gave you. You're confident that we won't be able to sue you even if we want to because you're Mr. Goldmann's wife, aren't you?"

Mr. Goldmann's identity is obviously up there in the social classes. Even if we want to sue her, can we even manage to file a suit. against Mr. Goldmann's wife?

However, we'll give this up. This is just to make Maisie look like a bully by playing as people who don't have the background and power to resist her. Even if Maisie were to defend herself, it'd only look like nothing more than sophistry. She will be blamed no matter what she does. She's just a woman who uses her status to force ordinary people like us into compromising.'

Maisie lowered her gaze and smiled. "Since you're not willing to hire a lawyer, then tell me, what do you want from me?"

Mr. Winters bowed and smiled "Mis Goldmann, we don't mean to force you. It's just that our daughter can't die in vain. She died in your training camp, and her death actually has something to do with you, so—"

Mrs. Winters interrupted him and said bluntly, "You should at least compensate us for our loss, shouldn't you? No matter what, she's the daughter that we had done so much to bring up, and she died on your territory."

Cherie laughed angrily after listening to the Winters' piece: "The training camp has already compensated you, hasn't it? But you still came here to ask for Ms. Vanderbilt?"

..

"This is rather crude, isn't it? They came all the way, came up with loads of bullcrap, and even suspected others, and now they're asking for money?"

"How can the compensation from the training camp be enough? We spent so much money on raising our daughter. Now that my daughter is dead and it has something to do with Ms. Vanderbilt, why can't we ask her to compensate us?" Mrs. Winters rebuked her in reply.

Cherie rolled her eyes.

"This is obviously a scandal!"

Maisie chuckled and crossed her arms. "You've come to me to compensate you?" 1

"So what? My daughter's death has something to do with you. What's wrong with us coming here to ask you for some compensation?" Mrs. Winters asserted, "Let me tell you, you will be ruined if we make a fuss out of this matter and let everyone know about it, won't you?"

Cherie scoffed.

'I've never met any parents that could render me speechless. I actually believed that they were trying to get their daughter justice, but it turns out to be for the money?'

Maisie raised her gaze and said coldly, "But before compensating you, shouldn't you pay me for the psychological trauma that I suffered?"

"While I was in the training camp, your daughter had tricked me into a restricted area, and I almost died because of that. She even slandered my relationship with Nolan, causing me to be criticized."