

Chapter 711

However, Xyla calmed down almost instantly upon thinking she still possessed a piece of Ryleigh's dark history.

'If Maisie really cares about her friends, then I won't end up as the sole person who suffers a defeat in this incident:

Maisie sat in the office, scrolling through the trending posts on Twitter and Google, and the corners of her lips were slightly lifted. 'It seems that the money that I've spent didn't go to waste. The article has already dominated the list of trending posts:

After a while, she saw the Instagram story published by Xyla, which clarified that the headlines were nonexistent and that netizens should not believe in them.

'This Instagram story is enough to prove that Xyla is still not prepared to offend me completely.

A female employee hurried in. "Ms. Vanderbilt, Soul Jewelry has made its way onto Google Trends again!"

Maisie raised her gaze. "I'm well aware of that. Tell our employees just to ignore those articles. I'll deal with it myself."

Her cell phone rang not long after the female

employee left her office. Maisie took a glimpse at the screen of her phone and trembled.

'It's Nolan!

She quickly answered the call, "Hey, honey. Are you calling because you miss me?"

Upon hearing her call him "honey" in such a coquettish manner, Nolan's face, which initially looked spiritless, lost some of its coldness.

He pretended to clear his throat. "I've seen the article."

Maisie was perspiring on her forehead. He was obviously reminding her that he would take action if she still could not resolve it.

She replied calmly, "Honey, the article is actually on the trending list because of me. I did it on purpose."

Nolan frowned. "Did you just slander your own company?"

Maisie propped her chin against her hand and laughed. "Don't worry, honey. I'm not a person who would swallow this disgrace without putting up a fight."

Maisie coaxed Nolan for a long time before he agreed not to intervene. She then stared at the redness and swelling on the back of her hand.

'Nolan would probably lose his cool if he were to know that I've been scalded by coffee.

Xyla came to find Maisie. Maisie knew the reason she was here and went to meet her.

She came alone without her assistant. "Ms.

Vanderbilt, I'm sorry about what happened this morning. In order to express my apology, I want you to have this gift."

Maisie took a glance at it. It was a perfume sold by a luxury brand from Morwich known as Charm Co. Maisie had lived in Morwich for three years, so she had heard a lot about the perfume manufactured by Charm Co.

A single bottle of perfume would cost at least tens of thousands after being converted into dollars.

Maisie did not accept it. "Mr. Mayweather, I don't blame you, and don't plan to blame you either. I'll accept your apology, but this

gift is too valuable. I can't accept it."

Xyla gave off a grin. "But I'll feel uneasy if you don't accept this gift, Ms. Vanderbilt."

She was determined to give it out.

Maisie squinted for a split second. "Since it's a kind gesture from you, then it'd be rude for me to insist on not accepting it."

Seeing that she had finally accepted it, Xyla smiled. "I'll find a way to clarify the trending article that has brought troubles upon you. My assistant sounded really rude back then, so please don't take it to heart."

Maisie smiled. "I understand. I won't let your assistant's attitude affect our collaboration."

Xyla did not stay for long. She left Soul shortly after having a few words with Maisie.

Maisie stared at the box of perfume on the desk, and nobody knew what was going through her mind at the moment.

When she returned to the Goldmann mansion in the evening, she called out Daisy and Colton's names as soon as she arrived at

the entryway.

However, no one responded to her call.

Nolan stuck half of his handsome face out of the kitchen and looked at her, his voice sounding deep and melodious. "You've come home. Alfred brought Daisy and Colton back to the family estate."

Maisie was startled for a moment, then looked around the living room. "Then where are all the servants and maids?"

"I gave them a few days off, so it's just us now." Nolan was simmering a broth in the kitchen. He had an apron on and had rolled his sleeves up to his elbows.

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The fluorescent light shone on him from above his head, and he looked warm and sexy as if a layer of filter had been applied.

Maisie stepped into the kitchen and hugged him from behind. "Have you taken a shower yet?"

The scent on his body smelled refreshing and pleasant -it was a fragrance that one would have after taking a bath, and it smelled very soothing.

He tilted his head and glanced at her. "The kitchen smells just like an oven now. Go out and wait for me. Dinner will be ready soon

She chuckled as her fingers fiddled with all parts of his body. "I really didn't expect my husband to be capable of becoming a househusband."

Nolan turned down the gas, turned around, hauled her into his arms, lifted her, and placed her on a clean counter. "You bad girl, I'm making you dinner, and here you are seducing me."

Maisie leaned back slightly while wrapping her arms around his neck as he leaned closer. "I've brought you some pre-dinner snacks."

Nolan raised his eyebrows and pecked her cheeks with her warm lips. "Then make sure that you'll fill me up before dinner starts."

Maisie walked downstairs after taking a shower, and Nolan had already brought all the warm dishes to the dining table.

He pulled her chair out for her, waited for her to sit down, leaned over, wrapped his arms around her shoulders, rested his chin on her shoulders, and sniffed. "Hmm, my wife smells more delicious than the food."

Maisie pushed him away. "Ugh, eat properly, stop fooling around.")

'I don't have the strength to fool around with him now. I'm starving to death!

Nolan chuckled silently and sat down next to her.

When he saw her take the first bite, he asked, "How is it?"

"Yeah, it's delicious!" Maisie nodded repetitively while taking a few more bites.

Nolan reached out and wiped the oil stains on the corner of her mouth, his eyes full of fondness and love. "Then I'll cook for you from now on."

She teased him immediately, "Those are hands that should be used to sign contracts and secure businesses. Wouldn't it be a waste of your hands if you were being asked to cook?"

Nolan put down his cuffs and smiled, "How can you call this a waste when I'm cooking meals for my wife?"

Maisie was rendered speechless.

'No matter if this man is suffering from amnesia or not, he still sounds so sultry when he flirts with me!'

"What happened to the back of your hand!?" Nolan noticed the redness and swelling on the back of her hand. Her hands had always been as smooth as silk, so even a tiny wrinkle would become obvious, and she could not escape his eagle eyes.

Maisie pouted. "I accidentally scalded it when I was drawing water this morning."

'The coffee from this morning was really hot. Xyla deliberately spilled the coffee not to burn me but herself.

'However, she probably didn't expect that I would reach out to grab the coffee one second before it overturned. So most of the coffee was spilled on the back of my hand!

A trace of pity and distress flashed across Nolan's eyes. He lifted the back of her hand and kissed it gently, "Does it still hurt?"

She whispered in response, "I've applied some cream on it, and it doesn't hurt anymore."

He lifted his eyelids for a moment and looked at her again, his gaze looking unfathomable. "Did you really knock it over accidentally by yourself?"

Maisie did not know he was so suspicious, so she scooped into his arms. "I was distracted because I was thinking about you."

Nolan rubbed the top of her head and looked down at her as if she was a little bird that was nuzzling in his arms. It would be a lie if he were to say that he did not like it.

It was as if he liked the feeling of being needed by her, and he had expected her to rely on him since a long time ago.

The article trended on Twitter for two days and was eventually outshadowed by other articles, but it was still ranked seventh.

Xyla's fans came together to boycott Soul, and this made the news.

However, Maisie had not come forward to explain anything from the beginning to the end. She just did not seem anxious at all.

Xyla observed it for a few days.

'Won't Mr. Goldmann take any action to suppress the media when Soul is faced with such rumors? Isn't it rumored that Mr. Goldmann is very fond of his wife? Even the divorce scandal turned out to be fake.

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At this time, Xyla received a text message on her cell phone.

(Ms. Mayweather, are you interested in joining forces to deal with Soul?)

Xyla squinted her eyes as she was baffled by the text message.

(Who are you?)

The other party replied almost instantly.

(Meet me at Thumbs-Up Cafe at noon if you want to know the answer to this question.)

At noon, Xyla departed from Royal Crown and drove toward Thumbs-Up Cafe.

The other party acted so enigmatically that it had piqued Xyla's curiosity too. She happened to be curious about who the other party was and what conflict it had with Soul.

Arriving at the cafe, she pushed the door open, and a woman sitting on the second floor waved at her with a smile.

Xyla came upstairs, came to the place where the woman was waiting, and took off her sunglasses. "Are you the person who sent the text to me?"

Maizie lifted her hand. "Ms. Mayweather, please take a seat. Allow me to introduce myself first. My name is Maizie Hannigan."

Xyla pulled out a chair, sat down, looked at her, and went straight to the point. "I don't know what the conflict between you and Soul is, but what do you mean by that message?"

"Don't get me wrong, Ms. Mayweather." Maizie gave off a faint smile. "I invited you here because I sincerely want to join forces with you."

Xyla ran each and every word that came out of Maizie's mouth before taking them in while Maizie took a sip of coffee.

"I don't hold a grudge against Soul, but I do have a personal grudge against Maisie Vanderbilt.

"I've seen the news. It's said that Soul rejected your offer three times, Ms. Mayweather."

"It's not wise to invite me to be part of your personal grievance with Mr. Goldmann's wife?"

Xyla did not trust Maizie, and Maizie could see that, so she smiled calmly. "You might not have any grievances against Maisie Vanderbilt, but you definitely do when it comes to Ryleigh Hill, don't you? After all, Mr. Lucas is your ex."

The smile on Xyla's face became slightly more restrained, but she did not respond to that.

Maizie looked at her. "To be honest, I don't like that hypocritical woman, and I almost certainly don't like her best friend, Ryleigh. Maisie Vanderbilt has the guts to act so presumptuously in Bassburgh just because she is married to Mr. Goldmann. Apart from Mr. Goldmann, she even managed to charm the second young heir of the Bouchers and Mr. Lucas."

Xyla frowned as she understood what Maizie meant." The Goldmanns have had a close relationship with the Bouchers since the beginning of time. Maisie is now the missus of the Goldmanns, so isn't it normal for the Bouchers to take her side? As for Louis, he and Ryleigh Hill are engaged, so why is it strange even if Maisie knows him well?"

"Do you really think that Maisie got to know Mr. Lucas through Ryleigh? As far as I know, Ryleigh hadn't gotten engaged to Mr. Lucas yet when Maisie first got in touch with Mr. Lucas."

Xyla was in a daze, as if she was analyzing everything that Maizie uttered.

'I know that Maisie is currently the missus of the Goldmanns, and Ryleigh is her life-long best friend. And she's also the top jewelry designer, Zora of Stoslo.

“I thought that Louis would only know Maisie through Ryleigh, but I didn’t expect her to have met him before Ryleigh got engaged to him

A glimmer of pride flashed across Maizie’s eyes.” Maisie is a woman who’s born with a flirtatious and seductive appearance, so if the young heirs of the Bouchers can’t help but take her side, why won’t Mr. Lucas do the same?”

Xyla’s expression gradually turned cold. “Ms.

Hannigan, are you saying that Mrs. Goldmann would want a piece of Louis, snatching her best friend’s fiance from her?”

Maizie thought she had begun to trust her. “Majsie isn’t the innocent woman that you think she is. She would even go on a date with the second young heir of the Bouchers behind Mr. Goldmann’s back. Is there anything else that she won’t do?”

“Do you have any evidence to back that up?”

Maizie took a photo out of her handbag. She had kept one of the photos that she had handed to Nolan back then

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Xyla looked at the photo silently.

Maizie leaned slightly forward. “Do you believe in what I just said now? Take a look at this, the scandal surrounding Soul has been trending on Google Trends and Twitter for two days now, and it hasn’t been taken down. However, given Mr. Goldmann’s influence, it shouldn’t be difficult for Soul to get its name off the list, right?”

At this moment, on the other side of the city...

Maisie completely ignored the article that was still trending on the Internet but was still investigating the incident that Ryleigh had taken all the blame.

Barbara asked them out to eat at the restaurant, saying that she had found some clues.

While waiting for her, Ryleigh scrolled through her cell phone, surfing through Twitter. She then raised her gaze and stared at Maisie, who was eating elegantly.

“Zee, you really are a bold one. Aren’t you afraid of being painted as the target of the Internet by putting up such a self-deprecating article regarding your company?”

Maisie picked up the handkerchief and wiped the corners of her lips. Her eyes then moved. “What is there to be afraid of? It’s not like I haven’t been

scolded before. How many times have those who scolded me online or offline ended up being proven wrong?”

The corners of Ryleigh’s lips twitched.

‘She’s not wrong about that!

"I'm sorry, have you waited for a long time?" Barbara walked into the private room with some documents, pulled out the chair, and sat down right beside Ryleigh. Ryleigh leaned over. "What have you brought along with you?"

"Of course, it's the clues that I've found through my investigation" Barbara opened the file, took out two documents, and handed them to Maisie.

She then continued. "I went to the University of Northway personally, and I also went to see Professor Sonnen from the orchestra department."

Ryleigh was surprised. "You even got to meet with Professor Sonnen?"

Professor Sonnen had always been working at the University of Northway and was one of the professors that taught Ryleigh back then.

Barbara raised her eyebrows proudly. "That's right, who do you think you're looking at? A proper detective."

After Maisie went through the information, she raised her gaze and looked at them. "There was no surveillance in the corridor back then, not to mention that the surveillance in the corridor should have long been replaced by newer footage after such a long time gap. It'll be like looking for a needle in a haystack if we look for clues through the footage." "We at least need to know how Naomi got into the corridor. Even though the surveillance footage only recorded Ryleigh in the corridor, it doesn't mean that Naomi and the culprit wouldn't go upstairs or downstairs into the corridor where Ryleigh happened to be.

Barbara snorted. "They probably came from downstairs because only the corridor in front of the fitting room located downstairs isn't being monitored."

Ryleigh thought about something carefully, and her expression changed slightly. "Oh yeah, there's a fitting room downstairs. It was only reserved for the students who were performing, so only we were allowed to use the room. If that's the case, that means the person who harmed Naomi and pushed the blame onto me is someone from our club?"

"Have you only realized it now?" Maisie felt helpless. "The acquaintances are usually those who commit crimes in such cases, not to mention it's a competition in which several people are competing for only one spot."

Barbara nodded in agreement. "Yes, if I wanted to fight for the spot, but my skills weren't as good as the top two students, I'd definitely find ways to eliminate them from the competition."

Ryleigh was astonished. The emotions at the bottom of her eyes surged for a moment, and she lowered her head slowly.

A red Porsche was parked at the road's junction. Ryleigh lowered half of the windows and stared at the Royal Academy of Music

that was located on the opposite side of the road.

She hesitated for a moment, found a place to park, put on her sunglasses and a scarf, and then walked toward the academy entrance.

The guard stopped her. "Young lady, who are you looking for?" Ryleigh looked left and right and pulled down her scarf. "I'm looking for"

"She's looking for me."

The two of them looked in the direction of the voice and saw Louis, who was standing not far away in a dark brown windbreaker.

He looked tall and handsome, which made him difficult to be ignored.

The guard recognized him, so he smiled and bowed as he saw Louis walking up to them. "It's you, Mr. Lucas."

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After saying that, the guard took a better look at Ryleigh.

Probably because she was petite, and her bare and beautiful face made her look pure and younger, she looked as if she was a Saydie or an 18-year-old girl, no matter how the guard looked at her.

Thus, the guard asked Louis, "Is this... your niece?"

Ryleigh burst into laughter and bent down on the spot while giving the guard a thumbs-up before Louis could even react to the question. "Sir, you have impeccable eyesight!"

Louis's expression dimmed. He then grabbed her arm and brought her in.

He was taking huge steps, and Ryleigh was being dragged along the way by him, struggling to keep up. "Can you slow down?"

Louis slowed down. "Shouldn't you blame your short legs for this?"

Ryleigh wrestled her wrist out of his hand upon hearing this. "Yes, I do have short legs. Hasn't that ex-girlfriend of yours who's famous for her long legs returned to Zlokova?"

Louis looked at her and did not answer her directly but asked instead, "Why are you here at the Royal Academy of Music? Who are you looking to meet here?"

"Anyway, I'm not here to see you." Ryleigh crossed her arms and looked around at the environment of the academy

The Royal Academy of Music was very large. It was divided into the north, south, east, and west region, occupying half of a district. Visitors would have to go around the campus in sightseeing buses if they would like to take a look around the whole academy

Louis smiled. "Are you here to see Cheney?"

Ryleigh was startled and looked at him with a hint of surprise.

Louis brought her to the orchestra department.

Chenney's expression changed slightly when she saw Ryleigh standing next to Louis.

Nonetheless, she greeted her with a smile, pretending to be surprised. "Ryleigh?

Ryleigh Hill? Is it really you?"

Chenney grabbed her hand enthusiastically. "It's been so many years, and I thought I'd never see you again."

Chenney and Ryleigh had both been students of the orchestra department at the University of Northway. And the candidate who had won that one and only spot back then was Chenney, who was now a professor of the Royal Academy of Music.

Ryleigh did not actually suspect her, but...

Seeing that she did not respond to her enthusiasm, Chenney looked a little embarrassed. "Ryleigh, are you alright?"

Ryleigh recovered from the trance and smiled. "I'm fine. It's just that I thought you wouldn't remember me."

Chenney took a glance at Louis. "How could I not remember you, after all..."

She then sighed. "How great would things be if that incident hadn't taken place back then? Of course, I understand that you must have been very troubled back then."

Ryleigh did not utter another word.

Louis looked at her for a long time, and something went through his mind.

At Soul Jewelry...

"Ms. Vanderbilt, several reporters are outside, saying that they wish to interview you. It should be about the news."

Maisie was currently drafting a sketch, and she was stunned when she heard that. She then raised her head and stared at the female employee. "Go to them and reject their request. Just tell them that I'm not free."

The female employee went out.

Maisie lowered her head, and an entertainment news feed popped up on her cell phone screen.

#Mr. Goldmann's Wife Deliberately Made Things Difficult for a model by Spilling Coffee on Her at the Advertisement Filming Scene#

Maisie looked at the article and chuckled.

'I didn't get the article suppressed, and someone already can't sit still and tries to come at me again after a few days'

Maisie called Saydie in and handed her the unopened perfume box that Xyla had given her that day. "Send this box of perfume back to Ms. Mayweather."

Saydie nodded.

At Royal Crown...

Jason stared at the perfume box that Saydie had just returned to Xyla, and he looked upset when the others left the room. "This woman is so arrogant and ignorant at the same time. What does she mean by returning the gift that you gave her the other day?" Xyla looked at the unopened perfume box on the table and pursed her lips.

She clearly knew what Maisie meant by returning the perfume to her unopened, and it seemed to be related to today's article.

This article was not her doing because rubbing Maisie up the wrong way would not do her any good.

Naturally, Xyla had an idea of who was the one behind this article.

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It was Maizie.

Maizie looked like she was helping but was actually going against Maisie. Xyla knew that splashing coffee was for herself.

Once Maisie could find evidence, Xyla would be in trouble.

She logged into Twitter to clear up the news, and not long after that, Soul's official account replied to the news with "Made up".

Xyla saw Soul's reply and felt complicated. She had been in the entertainment industry for a very long time, and if she wasn't good at sniffing out problems, she wouldn't have lasted that long

Maisie had returned her gift to 'warn' her. It seemed that splashing the coffee and

Ryleigh's news made her raise her guard.

Xyla didn't believe everything Maizie said because she looked into her after that.

Maizie had been harassing Nolan and had started a rumor, but his wife pushed her away. Nolan had even taken down the Hannigans' chain business, so she was nowhere close to Maisie.

Maizie had been under the impression that the article which could hurt Soul wasn't taken down because Nolan didn't want to do anything about it and that their relationship had 'changed' because of those photos.

Xyla had to find out the truth through Maisie

In the evening, Nolan went to get Maisie at Soul.

Maisie got into the car and fell into his arms to take a whiff of his nice perfume." Why is my husband so charming?"

Nolan hugged her waist and kissed the top of her head. "Have I charmed you?"

She buried her face in his chest. "Mm-hmm, I want to stay with my husband the entire day"

Nolan laughed. Later, when I'm taking a break, we can go for a honeymoon in Winston Island."

He kissed the corner of her lips and added, "We'll have our honeymoon before the wedding."

Maisie centered his tie and smiled. "Alright."

Her phone started vibrating thanks to a message from Xyla.

Nolan took a look. "What's wrong?"

Maisie placed her phone down and put her arms behind his neck, "Let's have dinner at a restaurant instead of at home, alright?"

Nolan narrowed his eyes, which were smiling, then pinched her cheek. "Whatever makes you happy."

Xyla had asked Maisie to meet at a restaurant, so Maisie and Nolan made a reservation at the same place and specifically requested to be seated next to Xyla's room.

Maisie let Nolan wait for her in the room and went over to meet Xyla. She walked to the table and calmly said, "Why would you suddenly ask me out for dinner?"

She had a vague idea.

Xyla had probably understood her message behind returning the perfume.

Xyla didn't hide or sugarcoat. "Maisie released this article I'm sure you know Maisie. She came to see me."

Xyla's honesty surprised Maisie. She squinted. "Maisie went to see you?"

Xyla picked up the glass and took a sip of water. "She wants to work with me to take you down." She looked up at her right after that. "But I have nothing against you, so I turned her away."

Maisie smiled. "You're quite intelligent. We really don't have any grievances. You just want me to choose between Ryleigh and you and get her and Louis to cancel their wedding through me."

Maisie looked out the window, "By the way, you've overestimated me. I'm in no place to get involved in the wedding between the Lucases and the Hills."

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Xyla's hand that was placed on the table balled into a fist. "But you can persuade her."

"Even if I could convince Ryleigh to cancel her wedding with Louis, would he agree?"

Her question caught Xyla's tongue, but Maisie slowly continued. "I think you've had a discussion with Louis about this."

"What did he say? Did he agree?"

Xyla was still quietly looking at Maisie without saying a word.

Maisie played with the cutlery on the table. "Relationships shouldn't be forced. If you're confident that Louis will fall for you, you shouldn't put so much effort into someone."

Maisie pressed her lips together and saw that there were new messages, all from Nolan. "I have to have dinner with my husband. Would you like to join us?"

Xyla paused, then smiled. "No thanks."

Maisie got up and walked to the doorway. Xyla suddenly asked, "Were you the one who arranged for the trending article?"

Maisie turned around and looked at her. "I'm just telling you through my actions that Soul has never been afraid of rumors, so there's no need to care."

Maisie returned to the private room. Nolan was having a glass of wine at the table. All the food was there, but he hadn't started.

She smiled before sitting next to him and leaning over. "Why aren't you eating yet?"

He put down the glass and said, "I want to dine with you."

Maisie laughed. He should just say that he lost his appetite without her around.

"I'm sorry you have to wait so long." Maisie served him some soup and put it in front of him.

Nolan put some of it on his plate with a spoon. "It's not as good as the ones I make."

Maisie looked at him. "Picky!"

"Do you want to try it?"

"Try what?" Maisie didn't react in time.

Nolan drank the soup and put his hand behind her head to feed the soup through her lips.

Some of the soup came out of the corner of her lips. She pushed him away and scolded him while laughing, "Nolan, you're such an *ssh*le!"

Maisie picked up the napkin on the table. Nolan turned her side away and licked the soup from the corner of her lips and her neck

The warmth of his fingers touched her skin. His eyes stared at her, and the air was heavy while he lowered his voice. "You're clean

now."

Maisie looked away and redirected his attention, or they might not get to eat.

She took some food. "This isn't our home. You should behave."

Nolan lazily leaned back on the back of the chair, then unbuttoned a few buttons on his shirt. He did it slowly, deliberately, and his eyes were filled with obvious desire, sexy and tempting.

Maisie avoided his gaze, but he leaned closer, his breath blowing on her ear as he gently called, "Zee.

He held her face with his fingers, but he kissed her before she could speak.

Luckily, no server walked in at that moment. Maisie was brought to shore after she was drowning, then she leaned on Nolan with no energy

Nolan moved the hair on the neck away and looked at her pink face with a smile. "Did you enjoy the pre-dinner dessert?"

Maisie hummed, ignoring him.

Nolan hugged her tighter with his arm, kissed her hair, and smiled. "I love it."

It was almost 8:00 pm when they got back to the Goldmann mansion. Since the two children were spending their holidays at Titus' place, and the helpers were on vacation, they were left alone.

Maisie got out of the shower when her phone screen lit. She picked up and couldn't help but frown,

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The incident between Ryleigh and Naomi was brought up during this crucial time.

Maisie immediately called Ryleigh, but her phone was switched off.

Nolan hugged her from behind. "What's wrong?"

Maisie turned to look at him, "Naomi and Ryleigh's incident was brought up again. This affects Ryleigh a lot. I'm worried that..."

Nolan frowned. He immediately picked up his phone and called Quincy to ask him to look into this.

He turned her around to face him, gently touched her face, and said, "Don't worry, let me handle this."

Maisie didn't suspect Xyla about this. She

wouldn't want to offend her and had no reason to do this.

The Hills were angry once the incident from the past resurfaced and immediately took down the trending topic, but someone bought the account and kept posting about it.

Some netizens started joining the conversation, but most of them felt that what the Hills were doing was trying to cover it up.

Quincy looked into it for two days before he found anything, so he brought the information to Soul to Maisie.

Maisie was surprised, "The location of the user account purchase was the Royal Academy of Music?"

She was shocked. "It caused such a huge issue?"

The Royal Academy of Music was an important academy in Bassburgh, and if Nolan wanted to sue the school, it would stir up a storm.

Quincy smiled. "Mr. Goldmann doesn't really plan to sue. He's just testing the dean through the letter, and since that person is from the Royal Academy of Music, the academy might not want to bear this shame." Maisie nodded. What Quincy said made sense. Since the person who had exposed the incident

was part of the Royal Academy of Music, a letter would make them 'purge' their staff, which would be faster than discussing with the leader.

Then she recalled something.

If the person who had broken the news was from the Royal Academy of Music, could it be the person who had gotten the spot all those years ago?

Ryleigh's phone had been switched off for two days. She stayed at home to avoid criticism and didn't bother to clarify anything.

When Maisie found her, she was sitting cross-legged playing a game, looking rather disheveled.

Maisie stopped in front of the couch and crossed her arms. "Do you plan to hide forever?"

Ryleigh put down the gamepad and leaned back onto the couch. "I don't have proof that I didn't do it. I'm probably being criticized very badly now?"

Maisie sat on the couch. "We don't know that yet."

She was surprised, "What do you mean?" "Nolan found something. The person who spread the news was from the Royal Academy of Music."

"What?" Ryleigh looked shocked.

Maisie looked at her. "You didn't have much to do with the Royal Academy of Music, so there's no reason for them to target you, but the person who did must have been related to what happened all those years ago."

Ryleigh pressed her lips together. "Could it be... her?"

Ryleigh wasn't sure and couldn't confirm that she had done it.

Ryleigh stood up, her mind in a mess. "I never offended her. Why would she frame me? I can't figure it out."

Maisie put her hands on her shoulder. "Ryleigh, you're the last person who should be framed. You can't live your life in hiding and let the actual culprit walk away, can you?"

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Ryleigh looked toward her and opened her mouth but wasn't sure if she should say it.

At the Royal Academy of Music...

Chenney left her office building and looked around the corridor, then took out her phone to check the messages someone had sent to her.

She saw something which made her expression change.

"Ms. Campbell."

The sudden voice made her jump. She looked up and saw that it was Louis.

She put her phone down, hiding the shock in her eyes. "Yes?"

Louis' expression was ambiguous, "Did you leak this?"

Channey was stunned and tried really hard to cover her panic. "What do you mean?"

"There's no need to hide. You thought you did this perfectly but forgot that people could easily find out by just following the trail."

Channey's face turned pale again, and she staggered backward. ... I was just--"

"When you met Ryleigh, were you worried that she would come back and take away everything you have?"

Louis exposed her without a hint of mercy, ignoring her pale face. "You know very well how you got in."

Channey leaned against the wall because she was staggering. She watched Louis leave and felt as though she had fallen into a valley and could never climb back out. Nolan's idea had worked because the academy had to settle it once he provided evidence. Even the rumors online were listed as 'fake' and 'disinformation

The academy took action against Channey, and she never showed up the next day.

Rumor had it that Louis had her followed, so she couldn't even run away.

Unfortunately, they never found out whether she was the one who had attacked Naomi all those years ago, so they couldn't prove that Ryleigh was innocent.

Maisie lay on the couch while reading some information. She didn't even notice Nolan approaching.

The seat next to her sank, and a shadow blocked her light, so she looked up and smiled. "Are you here to see me?"

Nolan smiled. "I'm just worried that you can't get over this."

Maisie turned around, holding the documents, and put her head on his lap. "My head is exploding."

He gave her a massage. "You care a lot about other people's issues."

Maisie laughed. "Are you jealous of Ryleigh?"

He pursed his lips and didn't speak.

Maisie put her hand to touch his face, her eyes smiling. "Alright, my husband will be put before my best friend."

If Ryleigh heard this, Maisie would be labeled as someone who cared more about relationships than friendship.

Nolan held her hand that was on his cheek, kissed it, and looked down at her. "I found something. Are you interested?"

Maisie immediately sat up. "What is it?"

Nolan pulled her into his arms and played with her palm. "Uncle Anthony's daughter didn't fall down the stairs."

Maisie was surprised.

'She didn't fall?

Nolan looked up and said, "I found his daughter's medical records. Only her head was hurt, but there was nothing on her body."

There was a difference between people who fell or were pushed.

When someone knew that they were falling, their heads wouldn't usually be damaged.

When someone slipped, they would fall pretty quickly. The first thing would be to stabilize their bodies, so some light scrapes were inevitable.

But if someone were deliberately pushed down the stairs, there would be damage to the head, as well as fractures and other wounds around the body.

Chapter 720

That was enough to prove that Naomi hadn't been pushed down the stairs.

Maisie thought about something when Nolan lightly kissed her forehead and ran his fingers over the corner of her eyes, then gently said, "That was enough proof.:

She looked up. "But does Mr. Topaz know?"

Nolan squinted and said after a long time, "I'll talk to him."

"Thank you, dear." Maisie hugged his waist, pressing her face to his form and warm chest.

Nolan kissed her ear and smiled. "If you really want to thank me, you should perform well tonight."

The night covered the city.

The thick darkness was like ink dyed by the colors of the neon lights.

Xyla sat at the bar and drank. After Ryleigh's incident was exposed, there was nothing she could 'threaten' Maisie with anymore.

She had personally seen that Maisie would ignore every piece of bad news.

Even for this incident, even if Maisie hadn't done anything, Nolan had acted, and even Louis had helped.

If Xyla had been the one who exposed the information, her future would probably have been ruined. Still, how could she let go if she couldn't get a reaction from the man that she loved?

She held her forehead, supported herself on the table, and then drank a few more glasses.

Maizie walked to the bar and placed her purse on the seats, hiding something in her eyes. "I guess you didn't get what you wanted"

Xyla picked up the glass but scoffed without looking at her. "Have you ever won the battle with Maisie?"

The statement shut her up. Nolan had pretty much 'killed' her family.

Seeing that she was quiet, Xyla wasn't surprised. "You couldn't even handle your own issues, so don't even dream of dragging me along"

Xyla put down the glass, left money on the bar as payment, and walked out half-drunk.

Maizie was furious.

Why are people pretending to be better than me!?'

If Xyla wouldn't work with her, she had to help her.

Xyla walked to the parking lot drunkenly when a few young thugs walked toward her and held her shoulder. "Are you drunk, gorgeous? Do you want us to send you home?"

Xyla was so startled she sobered up, pushed them away, and evaded, "What do you want?"

The few men looked her up and down, and it was obvious that they didn't have good intentions. "I heard that you're a model. Do you want to have some fun with us?"

Xyla wanted to run, but they held her down on the ground and dragged her behind the car. She turned pale, screamed, and fought them off with all her might, scratching the face of the men but got a mean slap in return.

She fainted.

The men were worried that someone would walk past, so they just took her valuables and phone and left.

When Xyla woke up, she was in the hospital with no phone or purse. Jason Peters was sitting next to her bed.

Seeing her open her eyes, he stood up. "Are you alright, Ms. Mayweather?"

Xyla was obviously traumatized and was still dazed. "W-Where are those men? Did they do something to me?"

Jason was stunned and asked, "Do what?"

Xyla didn't say anything. She felt alright, so it seemed like they hadn't gotten what they wanted. "Who sent me to the hospital?" she asked.

"Me, of course"

Maizie appeared outside the room. "If I didn't show up at the right time, I'm afraid"