

Chapter 91

“Taylor Jewelry monopolizes the supply chain of black opal and tanzanite, so we can only go to Taylor Jewelry for supply. But I heard that Taylor’s offer has always been very high.”

“It’s okay. Money isn’t a big issue to the boss of this company,” Maisie said as she handed Xander the list.

Xander was startled “Are you going to make Mr. Goldmann pay?”

Although they were working in Blackgold Group, they were only considered to be an independent studio affiliated to the company.

Maisie looked at him. “I have no money.”

Xander forwarded the list to Quincy, and the latter took a glance at it. “For the two raw stone materials, we’ll need Mr. Goldmann...”

Halfway through the conversation, his eyes were fixed on Taylor Jewelry’s rough gemstones supplier, and he was dumbfounded.

“The price offered by Taylor Jewelry’s supplier is twice as expensive as what other companies would offer, but they’re not bluffing about the high price. ‘Black opal is a type of opal stone, but black opal is the best among all opals! The price of black opals in the market is more expensive than white opals and fire opals. Not to mention tanzanite, tanzanite is different from sapphire, and tanzanite is more valuable than sapphire.’ 1

Beaumont was the largest supplier for tanzanite, and eighty percent of the tanzanite produced every year was sold to Ampleforth, costing as high as \$300,000,000. It was the only supplier that sold tanzanite to Zlokova, and Taylor Jewelry was the only party that could purchase the rough stones from them.

The price of these two types of rough stones alone was not an amount that was affordable by any ordinary company.

He chuckled, looked up, and put the list away. “Ms. Vanderbilt does try her best to look out for Mr. Goldmann. She’s rather good at spending money, huh!” Xander smiled. “Our boss has no money.”

Quincy was rendered speechless.

Quincy took the list and walked to the swimming pool located on the outdoor balcony next to the administrative office.

Nolan emerged from the pool all of a sudden, he then reached out at will to fiddle with his hair, and water droplets splashed all over the place in an instant.

Quincy walked to the side of the pool. “Mr. Goldmann, your wife, Ms. Vanderbilt, is going to make you lose a fortune.”

‘And it’s going to be quite a fortune!

Nolan came ashore. His long eyelashes were now wet, which made them appear to be darker and thicker, and the coldness of his expression seemed to have been softened because of the reflection of the water.

He put on the bathrobe as a smirk appeared on his lips. "How much does she want?"

Quincy curled his lips. "She wants to purchase only two kinds of rough gemstones from Taylor Jewelry's supplier. It's going to cost \$12,000,000 in total."

Nolan took the list in Quincy's hand and took a glimpse at it. "What else did she say?"

Quincy smiled slightly. "Your young wife said she has no money."

Maisie was immersed in the drawing of her artworks but suddenly felt that her sight dimmed. A heavy sense of oppression made her stop what she was doing and raise her head.

Nolan sat on the edge of the desk and placed the list that he had signed on the desk. "If you're short of money in the future, you can just come and tell me directly."

His voice sounded deep and melodious.

for nothing. I'll definitely earn it back in the future." 1

"Move in tonight," Nolan said nonchalantly and got up.

"Tonight?" Maisie was flustered.

Nolan turned around to look at her and squinted his eyes. "Otherwise?" Maisie paused and remembered something abruptly. "Today is already the third day!?" Nolan stared at her for a moment, retracted his gaze, and said indifferently, "Move in. I'll give you some time to adapt and won't force you to do anything."

He then left the office.

Maisie frowned and was thinking about something while Leila called her.

She lowered her eyes and pressed the "Accept" button.

Unexpectedly, the voice that came from the other end of the call did not belong to Leila. It belonged to Madam Vanderbilt, Heidi Heath.

It was already in the late afternoon when Maisie arrived at the Vanderbilt manor. She originally poured scorn on the idea of coming back for a meal, but she still chose to do so

because of Madam Vanderbilt.

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Maisie entered the manor and heard a joyous ambient noise coming from the living room.

Willow, who was sitting next to Madam Vanderbilt, looked a little startled when she saw Maisie. She smiled and stood up. "Zee has come back?"

Madam Vanderbilt looked at Maisie and scrutinized her from head to toe. "I haven't seen you for so many years. You do resemble your mother Marina a little now."

Leila and several servants brought food to the dining table and shouted, "Mother, dinner is ready"

Madam Vanderbilt got up slowly with Willow's support and then said to Maisie when she walked by her, "Stay, let's have a meal as a family."

'A family?' Maisie's eyelashes twitched, and the corners of her lips were raised coldly.

Apart from the mother-and-daughter pair, she did not see her father at the dinner table.

Maisie looked at the empty chair after she sat down. "Why is Dad not here?"

'He's not hungry. Let's eat first.'" Madam Vanderbilt took the initiative to fetch Willow some side dishes. "Willie, you're too skinny. Women have to be somewhat plump in order to stay healthy."

Willow looked down and smiled. "Thank you, Grandma."

Maisie squinted. "Grandma has never taken me so seriously ever before, let alone Willow.'

Seeing that Maisie did not even pick up her silverware, Madam Vanderbilt casually started the conversation, "Maisie, I heard that you fell out with your family because of the shares of Vaenna Jewelry?"

Maisie raised her eyebrows slightly and took a glance at Leila.

Leila lowered her head, pretending to know nothing.

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She then smiled. "Grandma, why would I fall out with my family just because of Vaenna Jewelry? Did you get it wrongly?"

"Oh really?" Madam Vanderbilt glanced at Leila but could not bother to show that she cared." How nice to hear that from you. Vaenna Jewelry belongs to the Vanderbilts. Women in the family shouldn't intervene with the shares, and they should leave the family business to the men." 1

Maisie smiled and said nothing.

Everybody knew that Madam Vanderbilt was patriarchal. Maisie knew that Madam

Vanderbilt had not paid much attention to her father because he had no son. However, Madam Vanderbilt had pampered her only grandson so much that she had spoiled and raised a useless brat out of him.

'I bet the Vanderbilts' hot spring resort isn't doing very well, so Grandma has finally remembered that she has another son living in Bassburgh and has her eyes fixed on Vaenna Jewelry

'It seems that it's because Vaenna Jewelry is gaining momentum recently.'

Maisie smiled and raised her gaze. "Grandma, Vaenna is Dad's property. Shouldn't Dad be the one who decides the heir of the company?"

Although Leila did not like Maisie, what she just said hit her in the feels. It was just that she did not have the guts to say it out loud.

Madam Vanderbilt snorted. "Your father is one of the Vanderbilts, so that makes the company the Vanderbilts' too. But Willie is the person in charge of Vaenna while the company is prospering, so Willie's effort mustn't be overlooked."

Madam Vanderbilt praised Willow, so the way she looked at Maisie became slightly triumphant.

"Yes, I heard that the jewelry designed by Vaenna's new jewelry designer is very popular right now. Sigh, it seems that the chances of me scoring a comeback are pretty slim now." Maisie pretended to sigh.

"You should learn more from your elder sister, Willie. By the way, Willie..." Madam Vanderbilt turned to look at Willow. "Didn't you say that you have a good relationship with Mr. Goldmann? Then tell Mr. Goldmann to come over here for a meal and introduce us to each other. Is that okay?"

These words changed Willow's expression immediately. Even Leila's expression looked a little embarrassed.

"Grandma, Nolan... He's very busy." Willow bit her lip. *D*mn, wouldn't I be handing this b*tch an opportunity of a lifetime if I were to really ask Nolan to come over?'

Looking at her expression, Maisie lowered her gaze and smiled. "Yeah, you're in such a close relationship with Mr. Goldmann. Why don't you ask him over for a meal? Didn't he come when you asked him to do so before this?"

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"Oh? Mr. Goldmann has come over here for dinner before this?" Madam Vanderbilt could not conceal her joy.

Mr. Goldmann of Bassburgh, everybody in Coralia knew about him.

It had always been said that one would have all the prosperity and wealth that they could ever wish for in this life as long as one could get acquainted with the Goldmanns.

Leila forced a smile and explained, "Mother, that took place quite a long time ago. Mr. Goldmann has been too busy with work recently, so there's no way that he'll be able to come."

"How would you know if he could come or not if you don't even give him a call?" Maisie sneered.

Leila looked at her with resentment in her eyes. "Zee, stop making trouble."

'I mustn't let this b*tch rock the boat!'

Seeing that Leila and Willow were so nervous, Maisie was almost sure that they were afraid she would really call Nolan over and ruin their front and that they would not be able to hold their heads up in front of Madam Vanderbilt.

Maisie received a text message on her cell phone as soon as she was about to say something.

The tone and content of the text message showed that it was really from Nolan.

"I have something else to attend to, so I have to go back first." Maisie stood up slowly.

Madam Vanderbilt saw that she was leaving the dining table amidst the dinner and was not very pleased about the outcome. "It hasn't been long since you've arrived. You haven't even eaten, and you're leaving already?"

"I don't have a choice. After all, someone is waiting for me outside, and things would go really sour if I were to let him in." She gazed at Leila and Willow intently.

When Leila and Willow heard the word "him" that came out of her mouth, their expression became extremely anxious.

'Who else can it be besides that man?'

After Maisie went out, Willow also got up and walked out to the courtyard. Standing outside the door, she saw that the car that came to pick her up was the McLaren with which she was very familiar.

She gnashed her teeth bitterly. "This treatment belonged to me originally! That b*tch is to blame for my current situation!

Inside the car...

"Don't you dislike the Vanderbilts? Why did you come back again?" Nolan looked at her.

Maisie crossed her arms and said nonchalantly, "Madam Vanderbilt has come back, I should at least show her some respect."

Nolan placed his hands on his lap and gave off a faint smile through the corners of his lips. "It seems that your family is also eyeing Vaenna Jewelry."

Maisie glanced at him in surprise. "You do know the Vanderbilts quite well, huh?"

"If I didn't understand the Vanderbilts..." Nolan put his hand behind her and leaned closer to her, "Then how would I know you better?"

Maisie looked away indifferently, and the corners of his lips were coldly curled." Understanding the Vanderbilts has nothing to do with understanding me."

Nolan's eyelids drooped. "Yes, there's Vaenna Jewelry."

She pressed her lips tightly.

He lifted his fingertips with his scorching eyes, separated some hair from the side of her face, and fondled it. "The new jewelry that Vaenna Jewelry has just launched, are those your designs?"

Maisie was stunned for a split second and then turned her head to look at him. "So what if they are?"

Nolan tucked her dangling hair to the back of her ears and gave off a faint smirk. "As I thought, you've never thought about giving up on Vaenna."

"So, do you still plan to stop me?" Maisie stared at him indifferently.

'It's obvious that he's guessed my intention. And he was the one who made me give up Vaenna's shares.'

Nolan stared attentively at her for a long time, and his tightly pressed lips opened. "If I didn't get you to give up Vaenna Jewelry, how would you come to me willingly?"

'And if she didn't come to me back then, how would I know that the woman from six years ago was actually her?'

Maisie gasped. "This turned out to be his goal from the beginning. What a cunning dbag!

Looking at her angry and twitching eyebrows, Nolan chuckled. "Did you just curse me deep down?"

Maisie did not respond.

The car drove slowly toward the Goldmann mansion.

When they arrived at the Goldmann mansion, Maisie followed Nolan into the European building that looked like a castle and saw the butler walking toward them with the three

rugrats.

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"Mommy!"

Daisie pounced in front of her and raised her head, her eyes curled due to the smile. "Mommy, Mommy, we'll stay with Daddy in the future, right?"

Maisie glanced at the man beside her and did not say anything. 'I'm not doing so voluntarily!

Nolan leaned over and picked up Daisie. "Yes, you'll be living together with Daddy in the future."

Seeing the three rugrats cheering, Maisie, who was standing at the side, frowned, crossed her arms, and turned her face away. 1

Still, she had never seen her three children being so delighted before this.

Mr. Cheshire, who was standing next to Quincy, did not expect such an outcome.

'The young master not only had three children but also brought the children's mother back here. I always thought that Ms. Vanderbilt would be the future mistress of the Goldmanns.

'This is astonishing!'

He turned his head to Quincy and said, "Is this lady really our future young lady?"

Quincy looked at him. "Ms. Vanderbilt even conceived kids for the family, so she must be the one."

"Ms. Vanderbilt?" Mr. Cheshire was stunned. "Isn't that Ms. Willow Vanderbilt?"

"Yes, but Willow is the illegitimate daughter. Maisie is the proper and legitimate lady of the Vanderbilts."

Mr. Cheshire arrived at a lightbulb moment. 'So this is the case!

The maid brought Maisie to her room. She walked in, looked around, and felt that something was wrong with the room.

“Mr. Goldmann.” The maids nodded when they saw the man who walked in and exited the room.

Maisie turned around and wanted to get them to come back, “Hey, wait-”

“What’s there to wait for?” Nolan stood in front of her and looked down at her. “Isn’t my room yours too?”

“I don’t want to live with you.”

Maisie was about to push him away. However, Nolan stretched out his arms, wrapped them around her waist, turned her around to face him, and pushed her against the wall in a few steps.

His eyes looked indifferent. “I said I won’t force you, but I didn’t say we won’t be sharing the same bed.”

Maisie frowned. “How is this different from coercion!?”

“It is different.” Nolan lowered his head and leaned closer to her, the corners of his lips curving upward slightly. “Sleeping together is just a way to cultivate your feelings for me. I won’t touch you before getting your consent. But I can always sacrifice myself for you if you can’t help it someday.”

Maisie laughed aloud due to the wrath boiling within her and raised her hands to push him away. “Then don’t stay so close to me!”

“I said I won’t touch you, but I didn’t say that there’d be no interest.”

“Nolan Goldmann, you!”

He leaned in swiftly, held the back of her head with his palm, and kissed her lips.

The space between the two was so narrow that even their breath blended.

Maisie scratched his arm, stomped on his feet desperately, but she could not move her body due to his tight grasp.

Everything was a mess and in a rush that she soon got out of breath.

The heads of the three rugrats’ were sticking out through the door, and Waylon even stretched out his hand to blindfold Daisy’s eyes.

“Hey, Waylon, what are you doing?” Daisy complained as she was unable to see anything all of a sudden.

Maisie slammed her elbow against Nolan’s chest and turned to look at the three small heads sticking out of the door.

Colton giggled. “Daddy, Mommy, are you going to have another baby?”

Daisie flung Waylon's hand away. "Really? Is that true?"

Waylon interrupted, "One won't get pregnant through kissing."

Maisie pushed Nolan away, wiped her lips, turned around, and ran out of the room. 1

Nolan brushed the corners of his lips with his fingertips as they could not help but rise.

'She tastes better than I imagined.'

That night...

For the sake of her own safety, Maisie wore two layers of clothes just to wrap herself up while sleeping.

She even slept at the edge of the bed.

Nolan walked into the room and looked helplessly at the woman who had wrapped herself tightly and curled up in the corner of the bed, soundly asleep.

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Sensing the mattress behind her sinking, Maisie opened her eyes vigilantly.

But there was no other movement after the man behind her laid down, so she turned her head around after a while.

The man had fallen asleep with his back facing her. There was enough space for another person to lie down in the middle of the king-sized bed.

Maisie only loosened her vigilance a little, but she still did not dare to slack off. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)No one knew how long the stalemate went on, but she was really too sleepy and dozed off without knowing it in the middle of the night.

Nolan was awakened by a slap. He frowned slightly, turned around, and looked at the woman who was sleeping in a starfish position beside him. She had even pushed the quilt away from herself and was only half-covered.

He rubbed his forehead.

This woman actually has such a wild sleeping position?'

Nolan suddenly thought of something when he was moving her hand away and then stared a ther quietly...

As soon as the first ray of the sun shone into the room, the timed curtains slowly opened automatically, and the room became bright instantly.

The eyelashes of Maisie's closed eyes trembled, and she languidly stretched out her arms to hug the quilt beside her. She then rubbed her head in it.

'Why doesn't it feel right?'

Maisie opened her eyes immediately, and her limbs stiffened the moment she got a clear look at the man who was lying beside her.

Nolan was quietly asleep in a stargazer position, lying on his back like a log with his fingers intertwined and placed flatly on his stomach.

On the other hand, she was clinging onto him like an octopus.

Maisie took a deep breath, carefully moved her arms and legs away from him, quickly pulled the quilt off her body, and escaped.

Nolan slowly opened his eyes and turned his head to look at the woman who was rushing out of the room, and a curve appeared at the corners of his lips. At Blackgold Group

Maisie and Kennedy were walking out of the elevator, and it was apparent from her gaze that she was obviously trying to avoid having eye contact with Nolan the moment they ran into him.

She only calmed down a little after thinking that he probably did not know about what had happened in the morning.

“Are you heading out?” Nolan looked at her and raised his eyebrows slightly.

Maisie smiled. “Yes, we’re heading to Taylor Jewelry. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) After all, we can’t make you spend so much money in vain.”

When Maisie passed by Nolan, the corners of his lips slightly twitched as he said faintly, “You didn’t take advantage of me for nothing.”

Maisie trembled from head to toe, turned to look at the man who was entering the elevator, and bit her lip.

“Zee?” Kennedy was staring at her at the moment.

Maisie returned to her senses, bowed her head, and left quickly. “Let’s go.”

- Maisie leaned against the car window, supporting her head with one hand. It could be seen on her face that she was currently irritated.

“That dbag actually knows! I really want to chop off my arms and legs! How did I cling myself to him?”

Kennedy glanced at her and smiled. “Have you gotten together with Mr. Goldmann?”

“No.” Maisie frowned. “The children do have a relationship with him, but I have nothing to do with him.”

‘Even if I’m staying in the Goldmann mansion, I don’t plan to get involved with him at all.’

“Zee, although I don’t know what happened between you and Mr. Goldmann, your kids do need a complete family.”

Maisie looked out the window. “I know, but I can’t guarantee...”

‘I can’t guarantee that Nolan can really give the kids a sense of security.’

'I can understand that the children need a father now that they're still young. But what if Nolan were to bring one or two illegitimate children home just like my father did? I don't want my children to live through the same childhood that I had.'

Kennedy knew what she was worried about and said with a smile, (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) "Zee, I understand the way you look at this. You're afraid that you'll share the same fate as your mother."

Maisie did not utter a single word.

Kennedy's eyes drooped. "Actually, you don't have to think that all men in the world are scumbags just because of your father. What's more, time will reveal everything. Since you'll be

giving yourself an opportunity too, so why not give him a chance?"

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The car stopped in front of Taylor Jewelry. Kennedy and Maisie got out together and walked toward the main entrance.

Taylor Jewelry was the biggest jewelry company in Zlokova, with its subsidiaries being in the top 10 in the country. Anyone who would want to be at the top of the industry would have to be in a partnership with them.

A lot of the materials used by Taylor were monopolized. The rough diamonds and opals used could not be found anywhere else, but not everyone could become the best supplier for rough stones because of the requirements on price and quality.

Kennedy went to the front desk to inform the staff of their arrival. When their identity was confirmed, they were brought into the VIP lounge.

There were two people in the VIP lounge who seemed to be from other companies.

"Please take a seat. We'll get to you shortly."

Kennedy and Maisie walked to the couch on the other side and took their seats when the staff left.

The woman sitting across the room was applying lipstick while looking at a mirror. She stared at Kennedy and Maisie for a split second, put her lipstick away while smiling, and said, "You're here to work with Taylor too. Where are you from?"

Kennedy politely nodded and smiled. "We're from Soul Jewelry Studio."

"Soul Jewelry Studio?"

The woman looked at the man next to her, rolled her eyes, and laughed. "I've never heard of such a company."

Maisie picked up the cup to drink some water, her lashes fluttering.

The woman got up and walked toward them, "Taylor is the biggest jewelry company in Zlokova. How would you even dream of working with them when no one knows about you?"

"La Perla Group has never heard of this Soul Jewelry Studio that you mentioned. Did you lie your way into this?"

La Perla?

Maisie frowned. La Perla meant pearl, a jewelry company that was as famous as Hailey & Co., but she didn't expect them to be interested in partnering with Taylor.

"Just because you've never heard of us doesn't mean that we don't exist." Maisie put down her cup and asked lazily, "But are you from La Perla?"

The woman crossed her arms. "Have you not heard of me before? My name is Pearl Santiago La Perla belongs to my family."

Kennedy frowned. "You are Antonio Santiago's daughter?"

Pearl looked toward him. "You know my father?"

"No." Even if he did know him, he wouldn't want to admit to it anymore.

Pearl stared at them. "I guessed as much. My father is a famous man in the industry. How would someone like you know him?"

After a while, a neatly dressed woman came in and checked the documents in her hands, "M s. Santiago, please come with me.". Seeing that she had been given a slot, Pearl smiled at them. "I'm sorry, La Perla definitely has a bigger chance of working with Taylor."

Pearl arrogantly left the VIP room. Maisie turned to look at Kennedy and said, "Uncle Kennedy, why do I have a feeling that this lady isn't her father's favorite?"

Maisie wasn't part of the jewelry business in Zlokova, but she knew a thing or two.

The chairman of La Perla, Antonio Santiago, was indeed famous in the business, but he was famous for being humble, charming, and being able to have a great relationship with pretty much everyone in the circle.

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In comparison, Mr. Santiago was a lot friendlier than his daughter,

Kennedy smiled helplessly. "I guess La Perla had the same intentions as us when they sent M s. Santiago over to negotiate for a partnership."

"They're trying to get Taylor's source?" Maisie raised her brows.

Kennedy sounded worried. "I wonder what condition La Perla will bring to the table. I'm afraid that \$12,000,000 won't be enough."

Just access to the source of tanzanite would already cost around \$12,000,000. Since Taylor was the only company that had the right to work with Beaumont, monopolizing the import channels alone would have cost Taylor an obscene amount of money.

They waited there for almost an hour before the staff appeared again. "I'm sorry, Madam Nera said that since your studio is newly established and not listed yet, she doesn't know how good you are. Thus, she wishes that you will come back when you've become more established."

Kennedy got up. "Did Madam Nera really say that?" The staff looked troubled. "Mr. Fannon, that was what she said. I'm just the messenger."

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Maisie calmly sat in her spot, not turning around. "What conditions did Madam Nera give?"

The staff paused and said, "It's not about the conditions. Your studio isn't stable yet. Our chairman was just thinking about the possibility of a long-term partnership."

Maisie looked down, slowly got up, and walked toward the staff. "Alright then. I hope that Madam Nera will keep her word and won't let us wait for too long."

She smiled and left the VIP lounge with Kennedy but bumped into Pearl.

She laughed upon seeing them getting rejected and said, "I told you. You're lucky that Taylor even let a small, unknown company like yours get an appointment, let alone get a partnership."

Maisie looked at her. "Which channel did La Perla get?"

"Hah, we of course got the channel for Black Opal. You probably don't know what that is." Pearl arrogantly walked past her.

Kennedy looked like he was going to lash out.

"I thought they've gotten the source for tanzanite," Maisie said after they left. Kennedy stared at his feet, seemingly blaming himself. "It was probably because our company is new. I wouldn't be surprised if Madam Nera would take future profits into

consideration."

"Uncle Kennedy, could you have a little more pride?"

Maisie looked at him and smiled.

Kennedy was stunned. "What's on your mind?"

She laughed. "We can't leave if Madam Nera won't see us."

Madam Nera picked up the coffee and took a sip. When the staff came back to report, she looked up with fierce eyes. "You said they haven't left?"

"Yes, they're still downstairs."

Madam Nera looked down. "They're not even a listed company yet, but they are already brave enough to discuss a partnership for the source of tanzanite with me? I've seen confident ones, but not someone that cocky."

The staff said, "Do you want me to escort them out?" She put down her cup. "If we escort them away, it will look like we mistreat our guests."

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They didn't cause a scene nor do anything. If they threw them out just because they were newly established, people would say that Taylor looked down on new companies.

"Let them wait if that's what they want."

After another hour, the staff came back to report, but Madam Nera ignored it. When afternoon came, the staff came back again to report, looking defeated. "They haven't left. They've ordered some food delivery. I guess they plan to stay here all night."

Madam Nera could not sit around like they planned to do. She turned her wheelchair around. "Bring me to them."

She had underestimated the perseverance of the small company's employees. That was perhaps the reason she was curious. She wanted to see how much confidence this small jewel company had.

"They're so shameless. They refused to leave because Madam Nera didn't want to see them."

"I would probably be too ashamed to stay."

"They even ordered food delivery. Do they think that this is their home?"

A few employees were gossiping and laughing at them when they walked past the VIP room.

Maisie didn't mind. She put on some gloves and started enjoying her lobster. The entire room was filled with the delicious smell of it. She picked up a can of Coke.

Lobster and Coke, perfect!

When the staff pushed Madam Nera over on her wheelchair, they could smell the lobster at the door. They peered inside.

A young woman was enjoying her food.

When Kennedy looked up, he paused while slowly standing up before he even took off his gloves.

Maisie turned her head and calmly removed her gloves. "Hello, Madam."

Madam Nera opened her mouth but didn't say anything. She looked at Kennedy. "Soul is your new jewelry company?"

Kennedy smiled. "No."

"It's mine," Maisie replied.

Madam Nera looked at her, a little surprised. "Yours?"

Maisie nodded.

Madam Nera looked at Kennedy with suspicion. "You're working for a young girl in a jewelry company?"

"Madam, I've been in the business for so many years, but I almost never met someone so talented. I'm doing this willingly," Kennedy replied generously.

Madam Nera looked at the food on the table and back at them. "You're having fun dining at my office. Did you plan to sleep here if I never came over?"

Maisie smiled. "We planned to leave after we finished eating, but you came over."

It was alright to have a little pride.

"I've made my message clear. What are you trying to do?" Madam Nera looked troubled.

"To be honest, we are desperate for this opportunity. I know you're concerned because we're a new company and aren't listed yet, and might not be able to survive in the future, but we really need the source partnership for tanzanite. That's the missing piece to a lot of our designs."

Madam Nera was doubtful. "A sapphire would work just fine. Why do you need tanzanites?"

Maisie smiled and said, "If we're looking at the international market, sapphires do have a high value, but the color of a tanzanite is unique while the saturation and shine surpass those of sapphires."

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After saying that, she walked to Madam Nera, smiled, and looked at her. "Taylor uses tanzanite as an exquisite gem. That shows that you and I both think that tanzanites have a lot of potential.

"There are too few designs that use tanzanite in Zlokova. A lot of the younger crowd never witnessed the charm of tanzanites. If it's hidden, there's no longer a reason for it to exist in the market."

Madam Nera stared at the sincere young woman before her, thinking about the other people who had talked to her about partnering for channels to get tanzanite. They didn't choose it because they saw the charm but instead favored it because of its rarity.

There was a limited amount of tanzanites to be mined. There wouldn't be any more left in a few decades, and when that happened, their value would surpass the sapphires.

Since rare items were more valuable, she didn't want to waste such a precious stone on something that was meaningless. Therefore, she always gave conditions that were hard to be met.

However, this girl seemed to be determined about tanzanite and knew the charm it possessed. Just as she had said, a lot of the younger generation never saw the beauty of tanzanites and thought that they were just like sapphires. If the gem was concealed, it would become worthless.

She took a deep breath and said, "You're definitely convincing, but there's still one thing that you haven't convinced me about."

Maisie was curious.

Madam Nera said in a serious tone. "Even if I could give you the tanzanites, what can you do to make its existence meaningful?"

Maisie smiled. "Wouldn't making tanzanite the top jewel in the industry within a year give it enough meaning?"

"You sure are cocky. Even I don't have the confidence to say that I can do that," Madam Nera looked at her questionably. The young lady was confident enough.

"Why don't you give me a month's time? If my design is sold at the highest price at Summerton Jewelry's auction a month later, will you consider extending the contract?"

"You're just a little girl with no reputation. Why would Summerton auction your design?"

"Why not? You'll know when the time comes." Maisie was playing coy.

Madam Nera looked at her. This cheeky girl looked cunning, but she wasn't annoying.

When they left Taylor, Kennedy looked at how ecstatic the one-month contract made Maisie and was glad

However, something came to his mind, and he couldn't help but ask, "Why didn't you tell her that you're Zora?"

Her fame and name as an international jewelry designer would make her one of the top designers in the fashion business.

Maisie put the agreement away carefully, looked up, and said, "Madam Nera might think that I'm a fraud if I told her that."

The world-renowned jewelry designer was indeed famous, but had anyone seen her before?

When they got back to Blackgold, Maisie happily walked into her office, but when she saw the man waiting in there, she was hesitant. • Nolan sat crossed-legged while wearing a high-end black suit with a peacock blue tie at his collar. The contour of his face looked deep and clear, even with just a little light shining through the curtains.

Chapter 100

That face was so beautiful it must have been an illusion!

Nolan looked at her. "You're back?"

She looked away and walked in with the agreement in her hand. "You have a lot of time on your hands, Mr. Goldmann."

"I heard that you wasted half a day at Taylor Jewelry before you met Madam Nera?"

"Do you have a camera on me or something?" Maisie checked her clothes. He definitely did!

Nolan pursed his thin lips. He slowly stood up and walked toward her. "Why didn't you tell her that you're part of the Blackgold Group?"

A new company trying to discuss a partnership with Taylor might be looked down on simply because Taylor wouldn't know how good they were, so they wouldn't just agree to it. However, if it was a company under the Blackgold Group, (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) Taylor would at least consider them because there would be financial backing.

Nolan might not even bat an eye at the harsh conditions that Taylor gave.

Maisie set the agreement on the desk and leaned on the desk. "Why should I say that I'm part of Blackgold?"

Nolan pressed one palm on the desk and pulled her into his arms. "Why can't you just show me off?"

Was she ashamed to show him, Nolan Goldmann, off?

Maisie pushed his shoulder back with a finger. "It's not that I don't want to show you off, but you're too much of a distraction."

Nolan held her hand. Maisie shuddered and tried to pull it away, but he held onto it tightly.

Seeing that Nolan's eyes brushed past her lips, Maisie noticed something and managed to put a hand over his lips when he leaned in.

"We're in the office!"

Nolan squinted, but darkness flashed across his eyes.

The sudden heat coming from her hand made her shudder. She pulled her hand back and looked at him in shock. "Pervert!"

This horrible man!

He...

"Say that again?" Nolan had fun watching her face turn red.

Maisie suddenly picked up the documents on the desk and slapped him with them. "Hooligan, pervert, prick!" 1

Seeing her slapping him with the documents but him not feeling anything, he laughed. All he could see was an angry little cat.

"Mr. Goldman,"

(This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) Quincy came in through the door but was almost hit by the document that Maisie threw.

He managed to grab it with his quick hands.

"Did I do anything?" Quincy looked stunned.

Why was he getting attacked?"

Nolan turned to look at him. "What is it?"

"Mr. Goldman Sr. has returned from Bassburgh. He wants you to get ready."

Mr. Goldman Sr.?

Maisie picked up the document and paused. Was he the head of the Goldman household?

"Alright," Nolan answered.

After Quincy left, he turned to look at Maisie. "Have dinner with my father tonight."

"No, I'm not going." Maisie was stunned. If she went to meet his father, it would mean that she was confirming their relationship.

"You're not going?" He squinted.

"No!" She was adamant.

Nolan picked up the hand that was pressed on the table, grabbed onto her waist, and gave her a kiss. 1

"Mm- You!"

Maisie wanted to push his body away, but he pushed it onto hers and stole kisses.

"Answer me again?" He bit her lip, 'threatening' her.

Maisie didn't say anything.

That night, at the Grand Imperial's executive restaurant.

The extravagant and classy decor was the best in Bassburgh.

The entire nightline of Bassburgh was visible from (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) 650 feet above sea level, a huge reason the elites chose to dine there.