

## Chapter 1011

Seeing that Nolan entered the office, Lucy quietly exited the room and immediately closed the door. Nolan stopped in front of the desk, propped his arms against the desk, leaned forward to approach Maisie, and forced a smile. "There's a newcomer in the company, and you've already forgotten about your husband. Have you taken a fancy to that newbie?"

Listening to his serious tone, Maisie could not help but laugh. "Honey, is that jealousy that I'm smelling?"

Nolan squinted slightly.

Maisie leaned forward, kissed him on the lips, and let off a bright smile. "Good then, we'll take him to the mall later and buy him some clothes together. I still have to arrange accommodation for him after the shopping." Nolan frowned, and his expression dimmed. "It seems that you've arranged everything for him."

Maisie could not help but chuckle and nod.

Seeing the gloom in Nolan's eyes, Maisie grabbed him by his tie, "Shall I introduce you to him?"

Nolan pulled his tie out of her grasp. "No." He was about to straighten his body, but Maisie wrapped her arms around his neck and brushed her finger across his thin lips. "Nope, you have to meet him."

Nolan stared at her while Maisie gave off a wide grin.

Hearing a knock on the door, Maisie looked out and said, "Come in."

Hector pushed open the door and exchanged gazes with Nolan when he walked in.

He looked puzzled. This man looks familiar, but why is he glaring at me?'

Maisie walked over to Hector's side and rested her elbow on his shoulder. "You haven't gotten the chance to meet your cousin-in-law before this, have you? So this is your opportunity to get to know him for the first time."

Nolan was flustered.

"Cousin-in-law?" Hector was also taken aback and took another glance at Nolan. Although he had never met him. at least he had heard of him.

After getting an affirmative nod from Maisie, Hector immediately nodded at Nolan. "It's nice to meet you."

Nolan's expression looked indifferent and cold. He did not respond to the greeting but looked at Maisie. "Since when have you started to regard random people as your relatives now?"

Maisie was startled, while Hector was flabbergasted again.

Seeing that Nolan seemed to have misunderstood, Maisie hurried up and wrapped her arms around his arm. "He's really my biological cousin! Look carefully. He's Hector!"

Hector nodded.

Nolan took a closer look at Hector again, and his brows creased even more tightly. "Did Hector look like this before?"

Maisie chuckled, held Nolan's cheeks with both hands, and got him to look down at her. "Isn't it unbelievable? At first, I thought Hector had undergone plastic surgery or something."

She walked up to Hector upon saying that pushed him closer to Nolan, and exclaimed, "Just look at the facial features, and try picturing him in long, black hair with a pink highlight. Doesn't he look exactly like the Hector that you know?"

Nolan thought about it meticulously and responded nonchalantly, "He does look a little familiar."

Maisie rushed out from behind Hector and winked at Nolan. "Since he's addressed you as his cousin-in-law, shouldn't you bring your cousin-in-law out to buy some clothes and anything else?"

Nolan's expression looked calm as he nodded. "Yes, he really needs it." Hector looked perplexed. "Maisie, you don't need to buy me clothes. I'm not."

Maisie stopped him. "Creating an image is very important when it comes to impressing the people you meet in this industry. Your fashion preference and style will have to change if you wish to step into the fashion industry. Look at you. You literally look like a student. Will others have the guts to come to you even when you've become a fashion stylist? You should learn a thing or two from your cousin-in-law."

She pushed Hector toward Nolan upon saying that. "Honey, I'll leave Hector to you. So go on, chop-chop."

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Nolan was at a loss for words.

In the car, he felt that he had been played.

'She agreed to tag along, but it turns out to be only me playing the babysitter.'

Nolan turned his head and took a glance at Hector, who was sitting in the front passenger seat. After all, he was Maisie's cousin. "You've changed quite a lot."

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Hector originally thought that it would be difficult to get along with Nolan as rumor had it that he had always been a very indifferent man. Thus, he tried not to speak too much in order not to cause his cousin any trouble. Still, he did not expect that Nolan would take the initiative to talk to him.

Hector scratched his head. "I just don't want to live on as the person that I used to be."

Nolan responded faintly while still looking ahead. "It's good to be willing to make a change."

The car was parked outside the largest shopping mall located in the administrative district, and the two got out of the car. Hector walked alongside Nolan, and as soon as they had just stepped into the shopping mall, the director and several managers of the mall greeted Nolan with a smile, "Mr. Goldmann."

Nolan brought Hector to them. "Get him a few suitable outfits. Just pack everything that he likes."

Maisie was stunned when she saw the Hector that Nolan had brought back from the mall, and almost all the staff in the administration department dropped their jaws in disbelief.

Nolan had hand-picked the suit that Hector was wearing. The suit and the buzz-cut made him look like a model. Sure enough, a man would understand another man better.

Nolan stopped in front of Maisie and glanced in Hector's direction. "What do you think?"

Maisie gave him a thumbs-up. "Well done."

It was Hector's first experience with such formal attire, and he seemed to be moving around and acting very awkwardly, trying to get used to the new look.

Maisie walked over and patted him on the shoulder. "You'll wear something like this all the time from now on. I'll get Uncle Kennedy to bring you around and get you acquainted with people in the industry. He has quite a few connections in the fashion industry, and you can definitely learn a thing or two from them."

Hector nodded.

Back in the office...

Maisie jumped onto Nolan, hugged him, and rubbed against his neck. "It seems that my husband has quite the taste.

Nolan picked her up, walked up to the couch, and sat down. Maisie sat on top of him, wrapped her arms around his neck, and leaned against him tightly,

He pinched her chin and got closer to her." Has my taste ever been bad?"

Maisie kissed his chin and pecked his neck while Nolan held her closer to his chest. However, when he was about to kiss her, she tilted her head and lifted her hand to stop him. "Darling, we're in my office."

He was so furious that he laughed. He then grasped her hand and breathed heavily. "I think you're trying to kill me."

Maisie had achieved her goal and wanted to get out of his arms, but Nolan took her back into his arms again. "Are you planning to

escape from me after you've awakened the beast?"

"Nolan Goldm-" Before she could finish the sentence, he had already sealed her lips. In the following two weeks, Hector had been learning about makeup and outfit coordination. At the same time, Kennedy would bring him around to meet several fashionistas. Those people probably saw the potential in Hector and introduced him to a relatively large fashion magazine company.

When Hector submitted his resume for an interview, he was almost dismissed because he had no educational background related to the field to back him up.

However, fortunately, he got himself a chance to showcase his capabilities, and the chief editor made an exception and hired him.

In the private room in a restaurant...

“Cheers!” Maisie treated Lucy and a few staff from the administrative department to a meal in order to celebrate Hector’s success. They were quite reluctant to let Hector go and work in a fashion magazine company.

Hector stared at the drink in the glass, and he could not believe that this was all real- it was like a dream.

Maisie rested her elbow on his shoulder.” What are you thinking about?”

He returned to his senses for a bit and lowered his gaze. “Maisie, this feels so surreal.”

A lad, who thought he could only be another John Doe who lived his life aimlessly and that he would at most turn out to be someone

mediocre in life, actually made it to where he was today and found the goal of his life-all these seemed very surreal to him.

Maisie rubbed his buzz-cut. “That’s because you’re willing to change for the better. Others will definitely look at you differently when you return to Coralia after achieving your dreams.”

Noticing the sudden silence in the room, Maisie subconsciously turned around and looked at the staff, who looked surprised.

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Maisie asked them immediately, “What’s wrong?”

“Uh... Ms. Vanderbilt, it turns out Hector is your cousin?”

Although they had long thought that the two of them might be related in some way, he turned out to be her younger cousin.

They did not know much about that because Hector had not come clean with them either when it came to his relationship with Maisie.

Several female employees leaned forward all of a sudden. “Ms. Vanderbilt, do you have any other younger cousins?”

“Their buddies would do too.” .

Maisie was rendered speechless.

‘It seems that I really need to start hiring some young men for the company’s sake. Otherwise, these ladies will only think about men all the time.’

At Stoslo’s Ambergate Street....

Ryleigh walked into a circular plaza, looked at the sculptures and doves in the plaza, and picked up a camera to take pictures.

A blonde girl walked up to her and tugged at the hem of her clothes. When Ryleigh lowered her head, the young girl handed her the rose bouquet in her hand. She was astonished, and the girl pointed in the direction behind her.

Ryleigh looked back and looked slightly surprised. Louis was standing among the passing tourists, and the two exchanged gazes through the crowd.

Ryleigh could not accept that Joe had died because of her, so she had gone abroad to escape from all the emotions, and Louis gave her the time she needed badly.

They had not seen each other for 45 days, a full one and a half months. Seeing that Louis had come after her all the way from Zlokova, Ryleigh pursed her lips and walked toward him with the roses in her arms.

It was not until she stopped right in front of him that she knew that it was really him and not just her imagination. She wept and smiled at the same time. "W-Why have you come?"

Louis stroked the top of her messy hair. "I haven't seen you for more than a month, and you seem to have lost weight."

She whimpered, "I'm not used to eating foreign food, and their potatoes taste worse than what we have in Zlokova."

Seeing her crying and complaining to him, Louis could not help but laugh out loud. "So you just allow yourself to go hungry?"

"I didn't." Ryleigh wiped away her tears, but the more she wiped, the more tears gushed down from her eyes. In the end, she threw herself into his arms hysterically.

Louis hugged her and stroked her back with a helpless expression, "I've been really worried that you would be abducted and sold to human traffickers, that you wouldn't be able to eat or sleep well for more than a month."

He paused for a split second, rested his chin on the top of her head, and hugged her tightly. "I was also worried that you wouldn't return."

She froze in his arms and then looked up at him. "Where would you want me to go if I were not to return?"

Louis held her cheek in his palms. "Who knows? Nobody can be sure that you won't leave me because you feel guilty about Joe's death."

Ryleigh was astounded.

"To be honest, I was devastated in the days after Joe's death. After all, he was a friend that I've known for more than a decade. My feelings toward him, although it was not a romantic relationship. I will always remember the kindness that he had shown me throughout our friendship."

Joe had died because of her, and that was something that Ryleigh had to get over.

That was why she did not care what Louis would think of her decision and proposed that she wanted to travel abroad in order to seek her inner peace, and Louis had agreed without any questions asked.

After more than a month's worth of peaceseeking, she had come to terms with a lot of things in life.

'The life that Joe threw away so that I can live is something that I can never repay or make up for. The only thing that I can do is to keep in touch with Joe's mother so that she can recover from her grief.'

She had actually missed Louis a lot in the past month or so, but Louis had not taken the initiative to contact her. Thus, she had been under the impression she had let him down and did not dare to contact him.

I'm actually a coward who doesn't have the guts to face anything.'

Ryleigh leaned her forehead against his chest and lowered her head. "No, I actually missed you very much too."

A faint smile appeared on the corners of Louis' lips when he heard her confession, and he lifted her head. "Oh, really? Then how badly did you miss me?"

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Ryleigh pouted and whispered, "I just missed you. I'm not going to go into the details."

Louis kissed her forehead and held her hand. "Let's go. I'm here to bring back a kitten that can't find its way home." She held the roses with one hand while the other was being wrapped in his palm, and she followed him as both of them moved forward. "Who said that I can't find my way home?"

He smiled. "You've been away from home for more than a month. Can you still recognize your house?"

She snorted softly. "I'll do whatever I want. Why can't I allow myself to have more fun for a few more days while we're still not officially married?"

He stopped, turned to look at her, squinted his eyes, and gave off a smile. "You seem to be right. I dare you to leave me alone again after we get married."

Ryleigh pouted and suddenly reached out to him. "You're to carry me back to the hotel."

Louis was startled, looked at the tourists around him, and raised his eyebrows. "Are you sure?"

Ryleigh replied confidently, "Anyway, I'm abroad, and no one knows me."

Louis squatted down with his back facing her. "Get up then." Ryleigh smiled, jumped on his back, and Louis carried her on his back.

The tourists and passersby passing by the couple did not give off huge reactions as if this was something that they had experienced every day in their life.

As soon as Louis carried her back to the hotel room and put her down, he immediately kissed her behind the door.

Ryleigh wrapped her arms around his neck and welcomed his kisses with open arms. In fact, they had only gone through this once before when they were in his office, but because it was rather forced onto her, it felt way too painful for her. That was why she had been resisting it all this while, however, Louis had never forced her to do so ever again. This time around, Louis' tenderness gave Ryleigh a taste of the wonderful, out-of-this-world sensations that these things came accompanied with.

In the early morning, a ray of sunlight pierced through the window screen and shone on the bed. Ryleigh frowned, turned over, and subconsciously reached out her hand to hug the person beside her.

Surprisingly, there was no one there, so she rubbed her eyes and sat up in a daze. Seeing that the space beside her was empty, she put on her bathrobe and got out of bed. However, her legs felt weak, and she sat back down again.

'Last night... So this... This is what overindulgence feels like!'

She rubbed her forehead and walked out of the room. "Louis, where are you?"

As soon as she turned her head, she saw Louis standing outside on the balcony in a bathrobe, and he was on the phone with someone, smiling happily.

Ryleigh frowned.

'Is he talking to a woman?'

Louis looked back, saw Ryleigh, said a few more words to the other party, and ended the call. He then walked in, reached out, rubbed the top of her head, and said with a smile, "Why are you up so early? I thought you'd sleep until noon."

Ryleigh turned her face away. "Do I look like a pig to you?"

Louis poked her nose gently. "You look a lot like one."

Ryleigh smacked his finger off her nose and said angrily. "You're the pig here!

Everyone in your family is a pig!"

Louis smiled. "But my family includes you too."

She choked on her own saliva.

Louis picked her up abruptly, and she subconsciously wrapped her hands around his neck. "What are you doing?" He raised his eyebrows and smirked. "It's still early. Why don't we go back to bed again?"

Ryleigh looked at him suspiciously. "Didn't we just wake up?"

Louis took her back to the room, stared at her innocent look, and undid the belt of her bathrobe solemnly. "There's another thing that we

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can do after we get back to bed.” She understood what he meant flushed due to the anger, and beat him. “You b\* stard, you’re doing this again-Hmm!”

Louis had lowered his head and sealed her lips shut.

At 11:00 a m., the two went to the hotel’s restaurant for brunch. When Louis spoke fluently to the waiter in the country’s local language and asked them to prepare two more silverware sets, Ryleigh was a little bewildered. “Who else is joining us for brunch?”

Louis handed her the menu. “Two of my classmates. Both of them live in Stoslo, and I haven’t seen them in 10 years. Besides, it’s a great opportunity to introduce them to you.”

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Ryleigh asked, “Did you call your classmates earlier in the morning?”

Louis raised his eyebrows. “Yeah. Otherwise, who else would I be calling?”

Ryleigh flipped through the menu and continued asking, “Is the friend a he or a she?”

Louis glanced at her and chuckled, “Of course, it’s a he, or are you telling me that you think it’s a she?”

Ryleigh looked down at the menu and stopped talking.

Not long after they finished ordering, two acquaintances appeared at the dining table, both of whom were indeed men.

“Hey, Lew, it’s been a long time. I didn’t expect you to come to Stoslo, and you still remember us.”

The man who greeted Louis warmly wore gold-rimmed glasses, a suit, and leather shoes. He looked like a man who had a successful career. While the other man looked like a fashionable man who was very into hip-hop-he even had long hair and dreadlocks. The two of them hugged Louis first as soon as they met. Louis then replied with a smile. “You guys have all gone abroad since graduation, and we haven’t seen each other since then.” The man with dreadlocks patted him on the shoulder. “You had a chance back then too, but you chose to stay and develop your career back in Zlokova.” “Wherever I stay and develop makes no difference to me.

The bespectacled man looked at Ryleigh and asked with a grin, “And this lady is your...”

Ryleigh stood up, and Louis walked to her side, embraced her by the shoulders, and introduced her, “She’s my wife.”

The two men looked at each other and laughed. “Vo, not bad at all man! You actually managed to find yourself a wife. Did you kidnap her in the first place?”

Louis replied with a solemn expression, “Yes, my family finally kidnapped someone for me.”



Both of the men laughed.

“What do you mean by kidnapping?” Ryleigh stared at him suspiciously.

Louis pinched her cheek. “Isn’t it right? If both our families hadn’t arranged our engagement for us, someone else would have abducted you.”

Ryleigh was at a loss for words.

They were all classmates who had not seen each other for a decade, so it was inevitable that chatting and catching up would be in full swing at the dining table.

The bespectacled man was Bobbin Summerton, also a student at the music academy. His parents had a business abroad, so he had gone abroad to take over his parents’ business after graduation and did not pursue a career path in music.

The man with dreadlocks was called Blake Stefani. He had gone abroad and went down the path of rock music after graduating from the academy, and he now had his own band.

They were quite surprised about the fact that Louis had found himself a wife.

Robbin said that someone like Louis, who was so obsessed with music and music only, would probably stay single all his life.

Of course, Ryleigh was also interested in Louis’ past on campus, so she listened attentively to the gossip throughout the whole meal.

Robbin asked Louis, “Did the two of you come together only because of the marriage that your families had arranged for the both of you

“Consider that a yes.” Louis picked up the coffee, took a sip. paused for a split second, and added, “We had only met once before that.” Ryleigh turned to look at him.

Blake saw her reaction and smelled the gossip. “Oh? Is it love at first sight? Is the marriage arrangement only a beautiful coincidence?”

Louis’ eyes squinted slightly.

Is it love at first sight? I don’t think it counts as that. It’s just that I was a little surprised by her performance, so I couldn’t get her off my mind.’

Robbin looked at Ryleigh. “By the way, Ms. Hill, Lew said that you’re also a graduate from the academy, but you should be many years younger than us, right? Were you a soloist too?”

Ryleigh paused for a bit and shook her head. “I studied in the orchestra department.”

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Robbin and Blake looked at Louis in surprise. "The orchestra department!?" Louis nodded.

Ryleigh wondered. "Yeah, the orchestra department... Is it weird?"

Blake waved his hand. "No, it's not weird. It's just a little surprising."

Robbin rubbed his chin and added, "Yeah, it's really surprising. After all, Lew was,

Blake stopped him. "Ahem ahem, forget about that. Let's just bury the past. Besides, Ms. Hill is here, be more considerate."

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Ryleigh frowned because of curiosity. What was wrong with the orchestra?

Louis, who had been silent, slowly spoke. "I didn't like the students from the orchestra. I thought the way they play was boring and not creative and that the younger generation wouldn't enjoy it. Thus, I didn't understand the beauty of orchestras until I went to the performance in Bassburgh High, which changed my mind."

Blake Stefani chuckled. "Oh, the performance at Bassburgh High. The orchestra performance that night was indeed mesmerizing. Opera and orchestra were incorporated into pop songs. What was that performance called? It was outstanding." He couldn't remember what the program was called, but he remembered that the girl had been singing very well and that he had been utterly mesmerized.

Ryleigh thought that what they were talking about sounded familiar. Were they talking about her?

Louis suddenly grabbed her hand and said to them, "Just ask her if you want to know."

They both look toward her. "Her?"

Louis smiled smugly. "She's sitting right here."

They finally understood and were shocked. "She was the one performing that night?"

Louis pulled Ryleigh's hand over and kissed her fingertips. "So, when I watched the performance all those years ago, our fate was sealed

Before accepting the invitation to the performance, Louis had never been interested in the orchestra. He couldn't understand why it was interesting, nor could he understand Professor Charles Nixon and his students and their insistence.

Louis would practice with the rest of the club. Bobbin and Blake had been in the club as well.

The corridor would be crowded with girls whenever Louis showed up for the practice sessions, but he was used to that.

Back then...

After the performance, Louis, Bobbin, and Blake walked back to the dorms.

Bobbin put his arm on his shoulder. "Lew, there are always fangirls whenever you rehearse. I think you should just debut as a performer."

Louis was helpless, "I can't stop them."

Blake chuckled. "I'm quite curious. You have so many fans, but are there any that you are interested in?"

Bobbin added, "Isn't Josie Smalls pretty good? She's pretty and a good pianist. You could be a match."

Blake waved his hand. "No, she's not good enough. Josie is from an average family. She's not good enough for Lew."

Louis watched while they argued about a trivial topic and shook his head. When he was walking away, he saw a few girls hesitating. and they shoved one of them toward him. The girl was blushing and handed a letter to Louis. "Louis, I... I have a crush on you."

Robbin looked at her clothes. "You're from the orchestra?"

The girl nodded.

Robbin smiled. "I'm sorry, but Lew isn't a fan of the orchestra."

The girl didn't understand. Robbin put his arm around Louis' shoulder and smiled. 'More like Lew isn't interested in girls who are in the orchestra. He would be more interested in soloists

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The girl crumbled the letter and bit her lip, looking sad.

Louis didn't accept her letter, glanced at her, and walked past.

Robbin patted the girl's shoulder. "I'm sorry."

Before they walked too far away, the girl said, "What's wrong with the orchestra? We play music too."

Louis stopped in his tracks.

Bobbin and Blake looked at him.

The girl bit her lip, looking sad. "I... I just don't understand. I'm not allowed to have a crush on soloists just because I'm part of the orchestra?" Louis turned around, looked at her, and said indifferently, "I don't like the orchestra, so even if I'm looking for someone to date, it wouldn't be someone from the orchestra."

The girl stood there stunned.

Louis turned around and left while Blake walked next to him and laughed. "Lew, aren't you afraid that you'll put your foot in your mouth one day?"

He looked at Black and said, "Not possible." Bobbin grabbed Blake. "You should date someone with similar interests. Louis does not understand orchestra performances, so there's no way he's going to get a girlfriend from the orchestra."

Blake thought about it and acknowledged it. "That's true."

Robbin smiled. "But Lew only cares about music, so he doesn't have time to date. I think he will probably live the rest of his life with music."

He laughed with Blake while Louis stared at them and walked in front of them.

After a few days, Bassburgh High's principal went to see him and invited him to attend the performance at their school as a representative of the music academy. It would work as an encouragement for the high school students.

He agreed because it was just to represent the academy.

On the night of the performance, their club performed the opening act. After the performance, they went backstage to change out of their outfits.

Robbin looked at all the high school students who were waiting for their turn to perform backstage. Some were rushing around to get their makeup done, while others were practicing and looking anxious yet excited. He couldn't help but say, "High school students are so energetic." Louis didn't reply. He put his violin into the case and was ready to leave when he saw a girl walk out of the changing room. She hadn't had her makeup done and had hair clips on. She was the most eye-catching among all the students in their outfits. Her dress was bright red with a clean design, yet it looked intense. The hem of the dress and the sleeves were beautifully embroidered. She wore a vintage choker around her neck.

Louis wasn't sure why, but he took a few more glances. He had never seen anyone wear a gown like that at the academy.

What she wore gave her an interesting poise.

"Zee, help me fix my hair. It's stuck to my zipper," the girl said to another beautiful girl.

The girl named Zee moved her hair and laughed. "This wig is too long."

"There are even longer ones. Mine is just normal." The girl looked around. "Where's Joe? He has my phone!"

The boy named Joe walked in with a bag of junk food in his hands. "I'm here. I bought food for you since your performance will be a while later. You might get hungry."

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The girl smiled and walked over to take it. "You know me so well."

Joe gave her phone back to her. She took it and turned on the camera. "No, I need to take a photo for memory." She looked into the camera but suddenly remembered something and looked at the two of them. "Let's do this together."

Zee crossed her arms and shook her head, but the girl pulled her over, "Come on, you shouldn't hide your beauty. Joe, come over." The three of them took a photo together backstage. Robbin walked over and tapped Louis' shoulder. "Aren't you ready? Blake has been waiting. Let's go."

Louis nodded and walked away with his case in hand.

When it was finally the time for the orchestra to perform, Robbin said while looking bored, "The orchestra, not one of those boring songs, I hope?"

They rarely watched the orchestra perform at the academy because it was too boring and classical.

Blake yawned. "It's fine, I haven't been sleeping well lately, so this would be a good lullaby. I'm going to take a nap. Wake me up when it's over."

Louis looked at his phone and didn't reply,

The lights on the stage dimmed, and a spotlight shone on the girl standing in the middle of the stage in a gown.

Louis put his phone away and looked up. He was startled when he saw that it was the girl from backstage.

The girl stood under the spotlight, looking eye-catching in her red gown. The girl waved her hand gently and started singing with no music. Soon after, the majestic orchestra lit up the stage, and there was a violin solo with bass, and the flute joined in.

The girl standing in the middle started singing, and it blended perfectly with the male singer.

The orchestra playing pop music made it sound majestic and beautiful. The thunderous applause pulled Louis back when the performance ended, and the curtains were drawn. Robbin and Blake stared at him in shock when he started clapping.

From what they remembered, Louis almost never watched orchestra performances, and even when he did, he would just give a few claps or leave halfway through the performance.

Louis never thought that watching this performance at Bassburgh High would change his mind about the orchestra.

He always thought that that would be the only time he would see that breathtaking girl in the red gown, and he wouldn't meet her anymore. Never would he imagine that that girl would one day become his fiancée.

During that year...

Louis met Xyla, who was a model that graduated from acting school. She didn't have a lot in common with him.

On the night of the academy's performance, Xyla confessed her feelings for him, but he rejected her because she wasn't his type.

She asked what his type was, and he was quiet for a moment before answering. "Looks innocent musically talented."

After being persistent for two years, Xyla signed up to learn the violin. She wouldn't wear makeup when she met him and would try her best to become his type.

Louis had been wondering why this woman was so persistent. She wouldn't give up even after being rejected multiple times.

Maybe it was because he could see how sincere she was, so he tried to accept her.

That was until one day. Christina Hill showed up at their home to speak to his mother.

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When Louis walked past the study, he could vaguely hear his mother's voice." Why was Ryleigh kicked out of school?"

Christina sighed. "I'm not sure. The school said she... pushed someone down the stairs for a place in the music academy."

Larissa was shocked. 'She wouldn't do that would she?'

"I know she wouldn't. She's my niece, and I don't believe she's that kind of person. This was a huge impact on Ryleigh, I'm afraid..." Christina didn't finish her sentence.

Larissa put down her coffee cup and held her hand. "What do the victim's parents think?" "The girl's father is the top manager of Royal Crown, so he knows people. He was even Natasha Knowles' manager at one point. His daughter is in a coma, and the school is accusing Ryleigh, so her father had to cover this up."

Louis listened for a while outside before walking away. His mother was best friends with Christina, and he knew that Christina was a Hill

As for 'Ryleigh' who they were talking about, he had heard his mother mention this name before but never met the girl. He knew that she was musically gifted like he was.

He would want to meet this Ms. Hill that his mother mentioned frequently. He wanted to know more people who were gifted in music, but he never got the chance.

The name "Ryleigh" was kept in the back of his head because it kept popping up. Sometimes, Russel Hill would go over for dinner with Christina and would talk about his daughter. He would say how his daughter had been affected after being kicked out of school and changed a lot. She would get new things at home and wouldn't touch anything related to music.

When the elders mentioned 'Ryleigh' in the past, they would describe her as passionate and very talented. She had been able to compose songs when she was young, just like him.

Now when the elders mentioned her, they called her a headache and that she was getting rebellious and had given up on herself. She would constantly say that she was going to run away.

That was probably what made Louis curious. One day at dinner, he asked about this girl he kept hearing about but never met.

Russel then showed him a picture of a girl on his phone.

Louis immediately recognized that she was the girl from Bassburgh High.

The 'name' that only existed in his memories and the girl from the night at Bassburgh High formed an invisible line and tied them together.

He officially broke up with Xyla during their sixth year together because he no longer wanted to waste her time. She was a model and shouldn't have to give up on her dreams for him, just like how he wouldn't give up music for her.

Before leaving, Xyla asked him. "Can't you let me into your heart?"

Louis looked away and said the same thing – they were not a good match.

He didn't know why. Relationships were really complicated and confusing. Xyla loved him, but he just wouldn't convince himself to fall for her.

He had always known that Xyla wouldn't be the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with, even though she had changed for him.

## Chapter 1020

The first time he had officially 'met' Ryelgin was not long after breaking up with Xyla at the Michelin restaurant.

Louis sat at the cafe waiting for his lunch. He had his headphones on because he didn't like the noise.

He flipped through a magazine from the racks, and after a short time, there was an argument.

"Willow, what are you doing? We're in a restaurant. Go outside if you're going to make a scene. Don't affect the other patrons here."

The argument was so loud that it affected him. He wasn't happy about it.

Soon after that, the waiter tried to stop them, and one of the women started cursing. He threw the magazine on the table, got up, and walked toward them. That woman picked up the coffee from the table and splashed it on the other woman.

"Godmother!" A boy in sunglasses stood up. He took off his sunglasses, and Louis was shocked when he saw the boy's appearance.

'Isn't this the child from the academy, Wayion Vanderbilt?'

What the child did next surprised him. The boy picked up the glass of water and splashed it on the woman.

The woman angrily raised her hand. "You dirty b\*stard, how dare you..."

The woman got up and stopped her, but when Louis saw that she would harm the child, he immediately grabbed onto her wrist and took off his headphones. The woman's makeup melted because she was splashed with water, and she looked horribly ugly.

“Are you crazy? Why are you picking a fight with a child?”

That child was a student at the academy, so he wouldn't just ignore it.

Other than being angry at this, Louis was angry at the mother for letting the child skip school

Louis turned to look at the woman who was wiping her face. “Why would a mother let her son skip school?”

When the woman looked up, he thought she looked familiar.

She pointed at herself and asked, “You're... talking to me?”

He looked at her. Why wouldn't she understand what he meant? “Are you deaf?”

Of course I am.”

The woman seemed even angrier. “You're the crazy one!”

That was the first time a woman scolded him.

At that moment, he saw the boy tugging at her shirt. “Don't be angry. Godmother. I don't want to eat here anymore. Let's go home.”

“Let's go.” The boy held another girl's hand. When he was leaving, he looked at the

woman who started this and said, “This isn't over.” Louis was very curious. He was a totally different person from the one he knew from school. He didn't seem to recognize him, and they didn't seem to be the same

person.

He watched them walk away and couldn't shake the feeling that the boy was acting strangely. Even the woman looked very familiar to him.

But before he could think, he saw the woman's bracelet, and he knew very well that his mother had one like that too.

His mother had mentioned that she had been looking for her sister, so he asked, and that woman said her mother had given it to her.

He felt funny that his aunt's daughter was a horrible woman and that this woman was his cousin.

He slowly noticed that this 'cousin' of his was suspicious, but his mother had confirmed that she was his aunt Marina's daughter based on the bracelet. He wasn't convinced yet.

It wasn't until the night of the party, when Willow's identity was exposed, that he realized the woman from the Michelin restaurant was Ryleigh Hill.