

## Chapter 1051

“No.” Naomi shook her head while she sat on the couch. “Dad, I didn’t want to attend the music academy.”

Anthony was surprised when he heard Naomi continue. “Ryleigh was better than me in music, and I’ve always known that, so I was ready to be eliminated during the competition.”

Unfortunately, she had only found out that the incident had put Ryleigh in a bad spot after all these years.

Anthony looked down and didn’t speak. Naomi looked up at him and smiled. “Dad, I want to do what I enjoy. You will support me, right?”

He paused, then smiled. “Of course I will. The phone on the table started ringing. He saw that it was a foreign number, so he put it to his ear. “Mr. Knowles?”

Tristan said something to him, and Anthony frowned. “You want to withdraw from the project?”

“Yes, but don’t worry, Yorrick has taken over the project. I’m sure the project will be successful with him around.”

After Tristan had a short chat with him and they hung up, he didn’t recover.

Tristan withdrew from the project in the Persian Gulf, and Yorrick took over? He had heard of Yorrick Hathaway, the son of a political family in Yaramoor. He was involved in a lot of investment projects in multiple countries, so his financial status was no issue

He didn’t expect that Yorrick would take over this project from Tristan, but he wondered if he would be an easy person to work with.

In the evening, at the Blue Bay villa...

Maisie was on her laptop while lying on her belly in bed, and her legs were bent upward. Ryleigh replied to her message. (Naomi Topaz submitted her resume. Do you think it’s just someone with the same name?)

Maisie: [Yes, the photo is hers, not just someone with the same name)

Ryleigh: (Hmm... I didn’t know she was learning jewelry designing.)

Maisie was thinking about something when a silhouette approached and grabbed her by the waist. She turned around in shock but only saw a blur when her lips felt warm.

She flipped over and hugged Nolan by his neck, panting. “Noles, my love, you startled me.” Nolan ran his finger over her lips and raised his brows. “Were you sneaking around?” Maisie hugged him. “Sneakily missing you.”

Nolan laughed. Maisie took a whiff of the light scent on him. “You’re using a new perfume?”

He chuckled. “Do you like it?”

Maisie got on top of him, ran her finger over his nose, and chuckled. "Zegna's Indonesian Oud. You're trying to seduce me."

He nodded, put his hand behind her head, and kissed her.

The phone vibrated on the bed. Maisie was annoyed and didn't even look at it when she put it to her ear. "Ryleigh, we're in the middle of something!"

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Nolan looked at her and smiled.

But the person on the other end wasn't Ryleigh. The caller said something, and Maisie was stunned. "Hector? Alright, I'll be right there." She turned around and got out of bed.

Nolan sat up and looked at her. "What happened to Hector?"

Maisie changed while she answered, "Hector has been locked up, and the police said he stole something. I don't think he would do that. I have to find out what happened."

Nolan frowned. "I'll go with you."

Maisie and Nolan got to the police station and saw Hector sitting in the interrogation room.

One of the officers walked out and immediately recognized Nolan. "Mr. Goldmann, you're Mr. Vanderbilt's..."

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He calmly replied, "In-law."

Maisie immediately asked, "Are you sure that Hector stole something? Did you investigate it?"

The officer didn't know what to do. "The expensive stolen watch was found in Mr. Vanderbilt's bag. We're still investigating what actually happened." Maisie rushed into the interrogation room when Hector turned to look at her and lowered his head. "I didn't steal the watch.

Maisie looked at him. "I believe you, but what happened?"

Hector tightened his fist. "The assistant of the editor-in-chief gave it to me." He clenched his jaw." | bumped into the editor-in-chief's wife having an affair in the office, and he tried to bribe me with the watch so that I wouldn't spill out the beans.

I didn't agree nor take the watch, but it suddenly showed up in my bag."

Maisie took a deep breath because this was obviously a setup and held her forehead." So he found out that you found out?"

Hector nodded.

Maisie looked at him. "How did you find out?"

Hector scratched his head. "I thought that woman was getting... so I rushed in," Then he whispered, "How would I know that she was the wife of the editor-in-chief?"

Maisie cleared her throat. She wasn't surprised that he was framed because office scandals were usually consensual. The people working there were used to it, and some didn't want to intervene because they wanted to keep their jobs. Hector, the newbie, was too straight and had fallen into the trap.

Hector shouldn't be blamed. He was just doing what was right.

Nolan contacted someone in the corridor and walked in when he was done. "We can go now. The editor-in chief of the magazine will run a thorough investigation."

Maisie looked at him. "You contacted the editor-in-chief?" Nolan hugged her by the waist. "I'm family. Shouldn't I get some special treatment?"

Hector slowly stood up. "Can I really go back to work?"

Nolan looked at him, nodded, and said, "I'm your cousin. You wouldn't need to steal a watch worth \$50,000."

Maisie understood what he meant. Nolan had contacted the editor, which told him about his relationship with Hector. If he had a billionaire as a cousin, would he need to steal a watch that only cost \$ 50,000? Nolan could get him a few watches worth \$ 100,000, let alone \$50,000.

However, Nolan's 'special treatment' was really useful because the next day, when Hector was back in the magazine office, the editor-in-chief clarified the theft during their meeting.

Mr. Lowe's expression changed, and he immediately stood up. "Sir, my watch was found in his bag. Everyone saw that."

The two staff members sitting next to him nodded. When Mr. Lowe had said that his watch was missing

and they did a search, it was found in Hector's bag.

Hector followed Maisie's advice and didn't say a word.

Mr. Lowe looked proud when Hector didn't say anything. "He doesn't even want to deny it. Sir, you can't protect the thief just because he has potential!"

The editor-in-chief slammed the table. 'What do you mean by 'protect'?"

Everyone was shocked, including Mr. Lowe

The editor-in-chief's expression was stoic. 'We just need to check the surveillance cameras to know if he really stole it. Do you think the cameras are just part of the decor?"

Panic flashed across Mr. Lowe's face when he heard the word 'surveillance'. He had been under the impression that Hector would leave after what happened, and there wouldn't be a chance to check the cameras.

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Surprisingly, the editor-in-chief kept him.

Had he learned something?

Mr. Lowe looked sickly when he thought about that.

When the editor-in-chief wanted to send someone to check the footage, Mr. Lowe suddenly blurted, "If it's just a misunderstanding, let's just let it go."

The staff next to him looked at each other, noticing that something was off.

Hector looked at him. "Why don't we check the cameras? I was arrested because of you, and I was framed. We need the surveillance videos to clear my name."

"You!" Mr. Lowe's eyes burned with anger while he clenched his jaw. "I apologize for blaming you."

Hector smiled. "Alright, there's no need to check the footage if you think it's a misunderstanding too."

After the meeting, Mr. Lowe caught up with Hector and pulled him into a safe corridor. He grabbed Hector by the collar angrily. "Did you tell the editor-in-chief?" Hector looked calm. "What was I supposed to tell him?"

His smile triggered Mr. Lowe, who glared at him furiously. "Stop pretending. Why would the editor-in-chief protect a newbie like you if you hadn't told him anything?"

Hector shrugged. "How would I know? You framed me for the watch, and I haven't even told him that."

Mr. Lowe pointed at his nose. "You know what I'm talking about. I'm warning you, if you want to continue working here, it's best to watch what you say, or I'll make it hard for you to stay."

Mr. Lowe loosened his tie and walked away.

Hector calmly took his phone out of his pocket and sent the surveillance footage to the group chat.

Maisie had said that if Mr. Lowe sincerely apologized and didn't cause a scene, he would owe him one, and it would be easier to work with that in the future. However, if he was still arrogant and wouldn't admit to his mistakes, then Hector should expose the video that he wouldn't want others to see so that people know

that Vanderbilts were not to be bullied.

When the video was posted in the group chat, everyone checked their phones and started talking about it.

Hector sent the message as 'Mr, Lowe' and included a smiley face. (Mr. Lowe cracked a joke with me. I'm showing it to you.)

"Hector Vanderbilt!" Mr. Lowe rushed over furiously when he saw the video.

Hector was waiting in his office, and there were other colleagues there.

He stood up smiling and calmly said, "Yes, Mr. Lowe." The other staff quietly observed Mr. Lowe's explosive anger. Based on the video, they understood what was going on, and Mr. Lowe's anger just explained the rest.

"That's why he wouldn't want people to check the video." "Mr. Lowe worked here for a decade before he was promoted. He wasn't going to be okay now that the editor-in-chief suddenly had his focus on a new guy."

"Honestly, Hector is something. He got Mr. Lowe into trouble soon after joining."

The whispering fell into Mr. Lowe's ears. He was a senior and someone close to the editor-in-chief, but he wasn't happy now that he had lost his reputation.

Mr. Lowe gnashed his teeth. "Hector, follow me."

Hector walked out with him.

Mr. Lowe grabbed his shirt and pushed him against the wall in the corridor. The vein in his neck was bursting, and his face contorted. "You're playing me like this!?"

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Hector smiled. "I gave you a chance to apologize, but you didn't take it."

Mr. Lowe laughed hysterically. "You want me to apologize to a kid like you?" He balled up his fist. "Are you dreaming? Who do you think you are?"

Hector pushed his hand away and pushed him away. He brushed out the wrinkles on his shirt, and his actions startled Mr. Lowe.

Hector approached him. He was half a head taller than Mr. Lowe and was overbearing. "You don't need to know who I am."

He patted Mr. Lowe's cheek. "Since you failed to frame me, you should give up. I know what you did, so you should just cooperate with me, or I can't guarantee that no one else will find out about your secret."

"A-Are you threatening me?" Mr. Lowe's face was pale, but he wasn't fierce enough compared to Hector.

Hector smiled. "Mr. Lowe, not every newbie can be threatened. You're not threatening enough to me." He ignored Mr. Lowe after saying that and turned around to leave the office. Mr. Lowe stood on the spot, looking more and more embarrassed. Meanwhile, at Soul...

Maisie got a call from Hector, and he said he had scared Mr. Lowe.

He then asked, "Zee, how would you know it worked?"

Maisie twirled the pen she was holding, smiled, and said, "If he wants to keep his job, he won't do anything before finding out who you really are. If a new guy can get him in trouble-you even have leverage on him-he can only suffer quietly."

Hector thought for a while and said, "But I don't think he will stop here. He doesn't even respect the editor."

"He doesn't respect him because of his wife." Maisie picked up a file. "That depends on how clever the wife is and if she will give you trouble because of her lover. Even if the editor's wife speaks to you, you can't back down either."

Hector nodded. "Alright, understood."

Maisie reminded, "Remember, don't do anything if they don't offend you. There's no need for you to be reasonable if there are unreasonable people. They need a life lesson." After the call ended, Maisie put down her phone. She believed that Hector could be even more obnoxious than anyone if he wanted.

Even if a wolf were to be domesticated, it would still be wild. Even though he had toned down a lot, it was because he had become more mature and controlled.

Because of his arrest, conflict with the Vanderbilts, Madam Vanderbilt's selfishness, and Cindy's con, Hector had learned how cruel reality could be.

If not because of those experiences, he wouldn't have been able to get back on the right path. Given his arrogance, he wouldn't know right from wrong.

Thus, she didn't let Hector announce that Nolan was family when it came to this. It was also to make sure that he knew he had to do things with his own effort.

Lucy knocked on the door. "Ms.

Vanderbilt." She entered with some files in her hands, then smiled and said, "The new designer has officially started here. Do you want to go take a look?"

Maisie remembered that she had hired Naomi and that this was her first day.

She put down the file she was holding, stood up, and followed Lucy. "Let's go."

## Chapter 1055

Maisie and Lucy came to the design planning department and saw the head of the department showing Naomi around. Even though she was important to Eastwood Enterprise, she laid low when working at Soul, dressing casually with no luxury brands or expensive jewelry.

She had a smile the entire time when the head of the department was speaking to her and didn't look impatient.

That showed that Naomi had been brought up very well and didn't act like the other rich girls.

The head of the department saw Maisie and walked over smiling. "Ms. Vanderbilt."

When Naomi saw her, she smiled and nodded. Maisie did the same. "How's your first day?"

Naomi paused before answering with a smile, "It's alright, but don't worry, I'll adapt quickly."

Maisie smiled. "I believe you."

Naomi had seen her at the hospital, but when she saw her again at Soul, she wasn't surprised because she had looked into the company and how it had started.

She was respectful and didn't try to pretend that they were close because of her status or her identity as Ryleigh's friend. That really showed that she was just different from the other girls.

She was friendly and easy to get along with, making it hard for people to dislike her.

Naomi left with the head of the department and Maisie turned to look at Lucy. "What do you think about her

?

Lucy answered, "I think she's quite respectable and friendly." Maisie nodded. "She might become an outstanding jewelry designer if we train her well."

She would become a real jewelry designer given her talent in five years.

Two days later, at Bassburgh's Posh Restaurant...

The entire restaurant was booked. A dozen of the servers stood in a row while the manager gave a rundown of the menu to Yorrick, who was seated.

"Mr. Hathaway, these are foie gras from Fradian. They're the freshest."

Yorrick casually looked at the menu, swirling the wine glass around while the wine swirled too. "I've just gotten to Zlokova. I'll take whatever you recommend."

The manager smiled. "Sure, do tell us if you have any requests."

Yorrick waved his hand, and the manager left with the servers, only a few good ones staying behind to serve.

After a short while, Nolan and Quincy entered the restaurant, so Yorrick's bodyguards stepped aside.

The server pulled the chairs out for them, and Nolan sat down across from him. "You came all the way here to have dinner."

Yorrick looked at him and smiled. "Maybe I missed you after our farewell in Stoslo."

Nolan frowned but looked calm.

Yorrick's expression changed, and he stopped joking. "I took over the project Tristan had with Eastwood Enterprise."

The server poured him a glass of wine while Nolan squinted. "Really? Congratulations."

Yorrick drank the wine. "The little man of their family is still alive."

Nolan leaned back. "You intervened."

"No," he denied and looked at Nolan. "He was lucky to have escaped. If I saved this smart child, the Knowles would remember this."

Nolan smiled while he picked up the wine glass, keeping his eyes on the wine within. "You helped because you can tell how extraordinary the little boy is."

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Yorrick placed his hand on his forehead and smiled brightly. "He's going to be someone great in the future, so I don't think it's wrong for me to make preparations in advance. If I have a son or a daughter in the future, my son can be his brother, and my daughter can be his wife. I think it's pretty good."

Nolan replied without lifting his head, "Well, congratulations to you in advance, then."

Yorrick was stunned. After a short while, he chuckled and said, "I remember your daughter is about the same age as him, right? Don't you want to secure a spot for your daughter first?" "I'm not interested," Nolan replied as he lifted his head. "Even if my daughter doesn't want to get married in the future, I can take care of her myself." Yorrick laughed. "The future can be quite unpredictable."

The waiter served their food, and Yorrick's phone rang. He took a look at his phone and passed it to his bodyguard. "I believe you know what you should do with her, right?"

The bodyguard nodded before taking the phone and going out to answer it.

Meanwhile, Jodie was so exasperated that she nearly hung up the call when she heard that it was the bodyguard who answered it. Yorrick was the one who had flirted with her in the first place, and now he did not even want to talk to her anymore. If she had known that Yorrick was a playboy and that he would move over from one woman to another quickly, she wouldn't have played hard to get with him.

Other men would fall for this trick because they had the urge to conquer a challenging woman.

However, it was a different case for

Yorrick. This trick had an opposite effect on him, and she regretted it now. After all, he had a lot of experience with women, so it went without saying that he could see through her trick, and he wouldn't fall for it.

Jodie bit her lip, and just when she was thinking about her next step, a girl bumped into her, and her phone fell to the ground.

"Ouch!" Daisy shouted and fell to the ground as well.



Jodie was exasperated. Just when she was about to lash out at Daisy, she saw that the girl in front of her was wearing designer clothes. She swallowed her anger, smiled at her affectionately, and helped her up from the ground. "Are you alright, little girl?"

In the meantime, Ryleigh came out of the corner with Colton. She was holding a packet of snacks in her arms, and her face changed when she saw Jodie beside Daisy. "Daisy!"

Jodie's face sank the moment she saw Ryleigh.

This little girl is Ryleigh's family member?

Daisy ran up to Ryleigh and said. I'm fine, Godmother. I just bumped into that old lady over there just now." When Jodie heard that Daisy called her an "old lady," her face turned dark.

It took Ryleigh a lot to hold back her laughter. She was grinning inwardly as she leaned over to Daisy.

"Daisy, you shouldn't call her an old lady. She isn't that old."

Blinking her eyes, Daisy replied, "Really? But she looks really old!"

Ryleigh couldn't hold herself back anymore and giggled.

Since they were in a high-end place, Jodie couldn't throw a fit here. After all, she would only be making a fool of herself if she got thrown out of here. She gnashed her teeth and said, "What are you doing here, Ms. Hill?"

Ryleigh crossed her arms in front of her chest and replied, "Of course, I'm here to eat. Why are you standing in the corridor, Ms. Smalls? Are you not going in?" Jodie clenched her fist tightly. She was not here to eat but to look for Yorrick.

She replied with a smile on her face, "I'm waiting for my friend."

"I see," Ryleigh replied and smiled meaningfully. "Is it a guy?"

Jodie's face turned livid with rage. "I believe it's none of your business, right?" Ryleigh shrugged and replied. "I was just asking. You don't have to get so angry.

Weren't you very gentle when you were in the academy?"

Colton and Daisy looked at each other.

Both of them could see that Ryleigh did not like the woman in front of them. Could it be that they were enemies?

Jodie harrumphed coldly, "So? Are you going to humiliate me here?"

"Nope. I'm not going to humiliate you here. I just want to tell you that you need to keep it up with your gentle image. You scr\*wed it up in the academy, so I hope you won't scr\*w it up again in the outside world.

When Ryleigh finished speaking, she took Daisy's hand and went away with Colton.

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Jodie clenched her fist so tightly that her knuckles were turning white. From her point of view, Ryleigh was humiliating and making fun of her.

When she walked past them, a cold smirk appeared on the corner of her mouth. She took off her bracelet and tucked it silently into the back of Daisy's hood the moment she got close to her.

Then, she shouted, "My bracelet! My bracelet is missing!" Ryleigh stopped and turned around to look at her upon hearing her voice.

She saw that Jodie was complaining to the manager, telling her that she had lost her bracelet. She then looked at Ryleigh, and as if something had popped into her head, she pointed at her and said, "It must be them! That girl bumped into me just now. It must be her who took my bracelet!"

The manager ordered the waiter to get over to Ryleigh.

The waiter walked over to them and said, "I'm sorry, ma'am. That lady over there says that she has lost her bracelet. Can you ask your kids to..."

Ryleigh soon understood what was going on.

Jodie was framing them again!

The waiter wanted to check Daisy, but Colton stopped him. He looked at the waiter expressionlessly and said, "Sir, I suggest you think twice. If my sister hasn't stolen the bracelet, you guys will need to bear the consequences."

The waiter was stunned. He found it hard

to believe that a kid would exert such pressure. When Jodie saw that the waiter did not search Daisy, she walked over, pushed Colton out of her way, and dragged her over.

Ryleigh hurriedly went forward and grabbed her wrist. She said, "Jodie, how can you be so shameless? You're falsely accusing a child of theft! Are you aware of that?"

"Well, we will find out after we search her, right?" Jodie flipped Daisy's hood, and a purple diamond bracelet fell from there.

Colton's face sank.

The manager bent forward and picked the bracelet up from the floor. He asked Jodie, "Is this the one?" Jodie took over the bracelet and smiled. "Yes, yes, yes. This is the one." After that, she stared coldly at Ryleigh and Colton. "Your kid has picked up the habit of stealing other people's things at a young age. This is the evidence, and I won't let you go away that easily!"

Colton crossed his arms in front of his chest. Although his voice was tender, it was bereft of any emotion. "You said my sister stole your bracelet? We have plenty of bracelets like that at our house. Does my sister need to steal it from you?"

Standing with her arms resting on her hip, Ryleigh said, "That's right. They come from a wealthy family. She has plenty of bracelets like this at her house, so she would definitely not steal it."

Maisie was a jewelry designer and had a lot of experience with jewelry. Maisie wouldn't even spare a glance at a poorly crafted bracelet like that, let alone Colton and Daisie.

The manager did not know what to do.

After all, he could see from Colton and Daisie's designer clothes that they came from a wealthy family.

However, Jodie refused to let the matter rest. She gnashed her teeth and said, "How can you be so shameless, Ryleigh? So what if your family is rich? It can't change the fact that she's a thief and stole from me! We caught her red-handed, so don't try to get away with it!"

After that, she lifted the diamond bracelet in her hand and said loudly, "I bought this bracelet overseas. It has real diamonds, and they cost \$160,000—" Before she could finish speaking, Colton suddenly grabbed the diamond bracelet. He threw it on the floor and stomped on it several times.

The people around were stunned by his action. Ryleigh was dumbfounded as well, and she felt that Colton had a lot of guts.

Jodie stamped her feet in exasperation and shouted, "What the hell are you doing, brat!?"

Colton picked the bracelet up from the floor and waved at the waiter. "Do you have a phone? Shine your flashlight over."

The waiter did as he was told and pulled his phone out. He switched on the flashlight and flashed it over the bracelet. Although it looked the same as a real diamond under the strong light, Colton suddenly scoffed. "This diamond isn't real. Ma'am, how dare you frame my sister and lie to people?"

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"What the hell are you talking about!?" Jodie's face changed. It was never in her wildest dream that Colton could see through the fake diamonds.

This diamond bracelet was a counterfeit. Even though it was not a real diamond bracelet, it was a grade-A counterfeit, which had cost her about \$150.

Ryleigh ignored her. She raised her brows and smiled. "Way to go, Colton."

The manager looked at the kid in surprise and asked, "How can you be so sure that they are not real diamonds?"

After all, even he couldn't see through them.

Colton harrumphed and said confidently, "My mother is a jewelry designer. She has a lot of experience with diamonds, and I've heard from her several times in the past."

Then, he continued in a serious manner. "A real diamond is the hardest rock in the world. Even if we rub it with sandpaper, it won't leave a single scratch on it, let alone a few stomps. However, take a look at this."

He brought the bracelet closer to them and said, "There are scratches on the surface after I stomped on it a few times, and this could only mean one thing. This diamond bracelet is fake."

The manager took the bracelet over from Colton and studied it. The waiter flashed a light over the bracelet, and he could see clearly that there were scratches on the surface of the diamonds.

Everyone knew that diamonds were the hardest material in the world. Besides, a real diamond would break when it was subjected to impact, and a few stomps would never leave a scratch on it.

Jodie hid her nervousness and took the diamond bracelet back. She then said through gritted teeth, "Even if it isn't real, you can't change the fact that you stole from me. Besides, even if you know it isn't a real diamond bracelet, there's a probability that your sister took a liking to this bracelet and stole it when she ran into me!"

Daisy clicked her tongue and said in derision, "Ma'am, the last thing I lack is pretty bracelets, so there is no way I would steal from you. Besides, even if I wanted to steal the bracelet, do you think I would put it in my hood and let you find it?"

"You..." Jodie still refused to let the matter slide and continued. "You thought I wouldn't search your hood, so you hid it there!"

After that, she pulled the manager over and said, "I'm your customer. Are you not going to do anything when you see someone steal from your customer? She stole my bracelet, and we need to bring her to the police!"

Ryleigh couldn't stand her anymore and chimed in, "What do you want, Jodie?"

Jodie snorted coldly. "I want you to apologize to me!"

Daisy rested her hands on her hips and said, "I didn't steal your bracelet, so why should I apologize to you?"

The manager did not know what to do at all. He looked at Jodie and suggested, "Ma'am, how about you people resolve this issue privately?" "I have no objection to that, but she's the one who should apologize to the kids, not us," Ryleigh interrupted forcefully. There was no way she would let Daisy apologize to Jodie.

At that moment, Nolan and Yorrick came out of the elevator. He seemed to have heard Daisy's voice, but

he couldn't be sure of it. He turned his head over, and then he saw Daisy and Colton.

Yorrick's bodyguard walked over and said something to Yorrick. He frowned, and then he saw Jodie as well as Ryleigh and the others. Quincy, standing beside Nolan, asked, "Mr. Goldmann, isn't that Ms. Hills, Young Master Colton, and Ms. Daisy?"

Nolan frowned and walked over to them. At the same time, Daisy refused to apologize to Jodie and made funny faces at her.

Jodie was infuriated and raised her arm high in an attempt to slap Daisy in her face.

However, a hand appeared out of nowhere and grabbed her arm.

Quincy pushed her away and said, "Miss, what do you think you're doing?"

Jodie pointed at Daisy and said, "What am I doing? This kid over here stole my bracelet and refuses to apologize to me. Since her parents can't teach her manners, I'm going to do it myself!" "Dad!" Daisy ran over to Nolan and hugged his leg. Then, she said with a pout, "Dad, that bad woman said I stole her bracelet and wanted to hit me!"

## Chapter 1059

The manager's face turned pale when he saw Nolan. It was only now he realized that Colton and Daisy were Nolan's kids.

Jodie was stunned as well.

The man standing in front of her was handsome. He had an aloof temperament, and the expensive custom-made suit he put on fit his body like a glove. There was not a single wrinkle, and it appeared to her that he was wealthy.

Ryleigh walked over to Nolan and said, "I didn't know you were here, Mr. Goldmann. Right on time. Daisy was getting bullied."

The manager pushed the waiter away and approached Nolan. He nodded at him and said, "Mr. Goldmann, I'm truly sorry to have caused your daughter to have such an unpleasant experience."

'Mr. Goldmann? He's the famous Mr. Goldmann from the Goldmanns!'

Jodie staggered, and her face turned as pale as a sheet of paper.

Nolan looked at her coldly and asked, "What did you say just now?"

Jodie was stunned. Nolan was just staring at her silently, and a chill rushed down her spine. Her shoulders trembled as she said, "I-I didn't say anything..."

"Really?" Nolan's gaze turned cold, and he glanced at Quincy. "Slap her."

Quincy was someone who refused to hit women, but he couldn't ignore Nolan's order. He walked over to Jodie, and before she could do anything, he gave a slap on her cheek, sending her tumbling to the floor. For a moment, Jodie's head was buzzing. Her hair became disheveled, and her cheek was swollen.

Ryleigh felt it must be very painful after seeing her receive such a heavy slap on her cheek. At the same time, she felt she deserved it. Who told her to speak nonsense and call Nolan's daughter a thief?

She should feel lucky that it was not Maisie who had come here. If Maisie were here, Ryleigh was confident that she would have hit her even harder than Quincy.

Nolan shot a glance at the woman on the floor. "Mind your mouth next time."

After that, he left with Daisy and Colton. The manager and the waiter sent them off respectfully. Ryleigh looked at Jodie, who was in a mess on the floor right now and shook her head before leaving as well.

Since Jodie had infuriated Nolan, the manager wouldn't go easy on her anymore. He ordered his staff and kicked her out of the restaurant.

After Jodie was kicked out of the restaurant, she clenched her fists so tightly that her nails had stabbed into her palms when she noticed the strange gazes from the people around her.

It was Ryleigh's fault. She would never have infuriated Nolan if it hadn't been for her. She swore that after becoming Yorrick's woman, she would make sure Ryleigh would pay her back for everything she had done to her.

Inside a car that was parked not far away from the restaurant...

1/2

12:14

Lilapil! TUJU

The bodyguard sitting in the driver's seat looked at the rear mirror and said, "I didn't expect that she would have the guts to come here." Yorrick rolled the window up and replied, "She's just another stupid woman. I was just joking with her, and she took it for real."

She was just an arrogant woman who thought she was smart enough to play hard to get with him. Initially, he indeed found her interesting, but as time went on, he slowly became tired of her. The bodyguard took a look at his watch and said, "Sir, Mr. Topaz is waiting for us at Eastwood Enterprise."

"Let's go then," Yorrick replied.

The bodyguard stomped on the accelerator and went away.

At Eastwood Enterprise...

Anthony and his secretary were waiting in the VIP room. After waiting for a long while, they saw Yorrick show up late with his men.

Anthony rose to his feet and greeted him. "Mr. Hathaway." Yorrick offered him a smile and replied, "I'm sorry. Something came up, and I had to deal with it."

After that, he sat on the couch and waved his hand. "Have a seat."

Anthony took his seat as well while the secretary made Yorrick a cup of tea.

Yorrick leaned against the back of the chair. When he saw how stiff Anthony was, he smiled. "We're just going to talk about our cooperation, so relax."

Anthony maintained the smile on his face and said, "May I know the reason why you want to take over Mr. Knowles' project, Mr. Hathaway?"

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"Because I can see the potential in this project."

Yorrick crossed his legs together and shifted himself into a comfortable position. "The Persian Gulf project is a huge project with a long construction period, but it also consumes a lot of funds. Besides, you need to rule out the risk of a financial crisis. Mr. Knowles can barely take care of himself right now, but I'm sure he doesn't want any problems with this project, right?"

"You have invested 1.1 billion dollars in this project, and if it is not completed on time, it'll be a huge loss. Instead of waiting for the Persian island to be deserted or taken over by others, you should let me join."

Seeing that Anthony was hesitating,

Yorrick picked up the teacup and leaned forward. "Mr. Topaz, I can assure you that I won't let anything happen to the Persian Gulf project."

Anthony lifted his head to look at him. "And what is your requirement, Mr. Hathaway?"

Yorrick took a sip from his tea and ran his fingertip over the cup's rim. "My requirements are simple. I will be the first one to be considered for the overseas cooperation of Eastwood Enterprise in the future."

Anthony was stunned. He found it hard to understand. "No offense, Mr. Hathaway, but given your identity, shouldn't you be considering the Blackgold Group first?"

Yorrick put the cup down and chuckled. "Let's put our identities aside. I only work with the people that I like

There was no way he would cooperate with Nolan. After all, Nolan had been infamously known as a "dishonest businessman." He would not give Nolan any chance to take advantage of him.

He had run a background check on Anthony, so he knew that Anthony was one of the few smart people around. He chose Anthony over the others because he lacked social polish. He was down-to-earth and had an honest personality. Not only that, but he also had good taste in the financial market. He was young, and the fact that he used to be an elite agent from Royal Crown Entertainment Co. meant that he had a lot of connections in the entertainment industry.

He would not have to worry or watch out for Anthony if he worked with him. This was the reason he had picked Eastwood Enterprise in the end.

Yorrick waved his hand and asked his bodyguard to pull out a file. The bodyguard put the file in front of Anthony and said, "Mr. Topaz, here's the contract. Please have a look at it."

Anthony opened the file and pulled the document out. When Yorrick saw Anthony read through the contract word by word, he knew that Anthony was a cautious person.

When Anthony finished reading the contract, Yorrick asked with a smile, "How was it?"

It was now that Anthony realized that Yorrick truly wanted to work with them. Besides, all the clauses were written in black and white, so there was nothing he should be worrying about. He put the contract aside and replied with a smile, "Since you've shown me your sincerity, it goes without saying that I won't reject it, Mr. Hathaway."

He rose to his feet and extended his hand at Yorrick. "I agree to your requirements."

Yorrick dusted his suit, stood up, and grabbed his hand. "I'm looking forward to our cooperation." After Yorrick left with his men, Anthony's secretary looked at him and asked, "Mr. Topaz, why would he

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choose to work with us? What is he up to?"

Anthony's gaze fell on the contract on the table. He was equally confused as well. "I have no idea either."

The Persian Gulf was an important link that connected the ocean traffic between two countries, and it could bring in a lot of profit. All investors invested their money into this project because they were hoping that this project could bring them fortune once it was done.

Even though Yorrick had invested a lot of money into the Persian Gulf project, the percentage of profit dividend he wanted was even lesser than Tristan.

Did the richest man in the world regard money as nothing?

At the Goldmann mansion...

Nolan was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed as he picked up his coffee and lifted his eyes to look at Daisy and Colton, who stood quietly in front of him.

"Now you two know what you should do in the future already, right?" "Yes," both of them replied.

He took a sip from the coffee and continued. "Also, you've done a great job today, Colton."