

## Chapter 1121

Fortunately, the two children next door were still young. The eldest sister, Elaine, was seven years old, while the youngest brother, Dominic, was only four and a half. They were particularly well-behaved and wouldn't cause any trouble.

"Xyla, what is this?" Elaine had never seen a drone before, and she was curious about it.

"This is a drone, and it can take panoramic shots. We can see very far away through it too." Xyla squatted on the ground and taught her how to control it. "Come, I'll teach you how to control it."

Elaine nodded obediently as she watched Xyla control the drone diligently.

After Xyla had taught Elaine how to control the drone, she gave the control panel to her. "Come, give it a try."

Elaine looked at her and took the control panel carefully. A smile broke across Xyla's face when she saw Elaine carefully control the drone as she had taught her.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was a call from her father. She walked to the side and answered the call. "Dad?"

"Where are you?" asked Mr. Mayweather.

Xyla replied simply, "I... I'm on a business trip."

"Business trip? Okay, let me ask you a question. Are you dating Yorrick?" "What? No, I'm not dating Yorrick." "You still don't want to tell me the truth? Both of you were captured by a paparazzo together last night. The Internet, the magazines, and the newspapers are filled with news about you and Yorrick. Some of the reporters even have come to me."

Xyla was stunned. She did not expect someone to capture both her and Yorrick in a photo the previous night.

She tried to calm herself down and took a deep breath. "Dad, we--"

"Xyla, is he threatening you?" Mr.

Mayweather asked before Xyla could say anything, stunning Xyla.

She hastily pitched her voice low and replied, "How did you know, Dad?"

"I knew it!" Mr. Mayweather was both upset and disappointed. "How dare that brat threaten my daughter!?"

"Dad, I have no other choice. Since he can put me on the blacklist, he can do whatever he wants to our family as well. I don't want my family to go bankrupt and become homeless." Mr. Mayweather said exasperatedly, "Even if he can do that, Zlokovia isn't his territory, and he can only threaten us at most. Besides, even if he wants to do something to Royal Crown, he still needs to go through the Blackgold Group. You...."

How could you be so foolish and get fooled by that b\*stard?"

Xyla was momentarily stunned, and her expression changed. "He's fooling me?" "Yes! Do you really think Yorrick is here to do business? He's a sly old fox like Mr. Goldmann. You're no match for him at all. Do you think he will invest in something that won't bring him any profit? "What could he get from putting you on the blacklist? He invests in 'The Clouds.'" Do you know how much money he'll lose if he puts you on the blacklist before the film is released? He's a businessman, and he's just toying you around. There's no way he would do something like that that wouldn't bring him any profit. Besides, he still has to watch out for Mr. Goldmann if he wants to do something to Royal Crown. Do you think he's stupid?"

Mr. Mayweather lashed out at Xyla, but she hung up the call.

She grabbed her phone tightly, trying her best to suppress her anger. She stormed back into the house and started packing her stuff. The voice of the person in charge talking to the children came from outside, and Elaine said it was Xyla who had taught her to control the drone. Soon, Yorrick pushed the door open and came into the house. When he saw that Xyla was packing her stuff, he narrowed his eyes. "Where are you going?"

Xyla continued to pack her stuff without looking at him. "I'm going back."

She turned around with her luggage, but Yorrick blocked her way. He followed wherever she went, refusing to let her go out. Xyla snapped and tried to push him away.

He dodged sideways before her hand could touch him. Just when she lost her balance and was about to fall down, he reached out for her and grabbed her into his arms. "Who said you can go back?"

## **Chapter 1122**

Xyla struggled to get herself out of Yorrick's arms but to no avail. She raised her head to look at him and asked, "When you said you're going to put me on the blacklist, you were lying, right?"

Yorrick narrowed his eyes. "Yet you still fell for it."

'My dad is right!

She gnashed her teeth and asked again, "So, that means you're toying with me?"

Yorrick secured her tightly in his arms and leaned in closer. There was a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips as he said, "I thought you're a smart woman, but it seems like I'm wrong. You're just as naive as other people." Xyla took a deep breath to calm herself down. "Do you think this is fun?" Yorrick looked at her, but he did not say anything. "I'm sure you have a lot of fun fooling me around like a monkey, right, Yorrick? You said you don't want to get too involved in a relationship, so I went along with you. You have so many women by your side, so why can't you just let me go?"

Xyla couldn't hold herself anymore and cried. She lowered her head, and her chest was huffing up and down rapidly. In the next second, she calmed herself down and forced her tears back into her eyes. "That's it. I'm out of this."

Just when she turned around and was about to leave, Yorrick grabbed her into his arms once again. He cupped her chin with his finger and said, "You're out? If you don't want to do this with me, why do you want to approach me?"

Her chest began to heave up and down heavily again. "I approached you? You were the one who approached me first!"

"Yeah, you're right." Yorrick laughed. He clamped his hand on her face even tighter and forced her to raise her head. "I was the one who approached you, but who was the one that came to me when I wanted to end your deal?"

She was stumped, and her heart stopped beating for a moment.

Yorrick leaned closer, tickling her face with his hot breath. "You were the one who came and talked to me when I decided to end our deal. Xyla, I've given you a chance to get out of this, but you were the one who threw the chance away." She froze in his arms, and it took her a while before she parted her lips and mumbled, "I just wanted to get an explanation..."

"An explanation for what? Do you think I don't know what you want? You want to do this to me as well, aren't you?" Yorrick smiled coldly. "If not, why didn't you say no when I was sleeping with you? Are you sure you don't have a thing for-" Xyla gave him a huge slap across his face, causing his head to turn sideways and a red welt to appear on his cheek. She expressionlessly picked up her suitcase and walked out of the house. Yorrick ran his finger over the burning hot red welt on his cheek, his expression turning grim with every passing second.

Xyla did not see Yorrick again for ten days after returning to Bassburgh from the Persian Gulf. She changed her phone number and postponed various advertising endorsements and variety show invitations. She even withdrew from her upscale apartment.

The scandals about her and Yorrick on the Internet were disappearing one by one, and no one would be talking about it anymore once they lost interest in it.

When she was packing her stuff, Mindy called her. "Xy, you haven't been taking any jobs for the past 10 days. You're not going to quit, right?"

"Don't worry," she replied faintly. "I just want to take a long break."

Mindy asked, "Where are you going then?"

She was stunned for a moment before putting her phone aside and switching on the loudspeaker. As she folded her clothes, she said, "I'm going to travel. Alright. I still have other things to do. so I'm hanging up."

Xyla then hung up the call.

She did not tell Mindy where she was going because she was worried that Mindy would accidentally tell other people about her whereabouts. There was someone that she did not want to see again in her life.

However, the heavens played a joke on her.

Xyla was taking a nap on the airplane, and by the time she woke up, she was startled when she saw Yorrick was sitting next to her.

Yorrick was reading a magazine, and it seemed like he did not notice her. Xyla covered her face with her mask, and although she

had been wearing sunglasses throughout the entire flight, she remembered that the one sitting beside her had been a rich lady.

She shifted her position, leaned closer to the window, and pretended to be asleep.

### **Chapter 1123**

Yorrick suddenly put a bottle of drink on the fold-out table in front of her, and she froze. She tried to glance at him but couldn't do it too obviously.

Then, he took her sunglasses off all of a sudden. She took them back, put them back on, and turned her back on him with her arms wrapped around her.

Yorrick chuckled and extended his arms to grab her shoulder. "Are you still angry with me?" Xyla pushed his hand away, pointed at him, and said through gritted teeth, "Take your filthy hands off me. If not, I'm going to sue you for molestation!" Yorrick placed his hand on his forehead and looked at her. Then, he laughed. "Look around you. There are only the two of us in the business cabin."

Xyla was stunned. She rose to her feet and looked around, and just like Yorrick had said, there was no one in the business cabin. She was dumbfounded and dropped back in her seat. "What do you mean by this?"

Yorrick leaned closer while twirling his finger around her hair and replied, "It happened that my family owns this airline."

Xyla did not expect that she would send herself right into Yorrick's hands.

At that moment, the pilot made an announcement, saying that the flight she was on, K7741, was about to land at the airport in Yaramoor and that passengers arriving in East Winston, Rutterford, were to be transferred to the second floor of the airport for boarding.

Xyla sat helplessly in her seat. If they were going to transfer at Yaramoor to East

Winston, did this not mean she had walked herself straight into his territory?

While Xyla was distracted, Yorrick landed his lips on Xyla's, stunning her. When she was about to push him away, he had already

gotten up.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Yorrick?" Xyla shouted exasperatingly as she raised her hand in an attempt to slap him in the cheek.

Yorrick was prepared for it, so he grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms. His laughter erupted above her as he said, "It's not a good habit for women to be so boorish." "Let go of me!" Xyla shouted as

she struggled. She pinched and punched him, and she would have kicked him as well if she had the chance. "I want to change my seat!"

She shot up from the seat. Suddenly, the plane started descending, causing her to fall on Yorrick and her palm to land on a spot that she should not touch. She was stunned for a moment before she withdrew her hand and went back to her seat. The sensation that lingered on her palm was...

Yorrick leaned closer and whispered into her ear, "How was it?"

Xyla scoffed and replied, "Just average."

"Really?" Yorrick turned her head over to meet his gaze. He stared at her intently, and her gaze was filled with desire. "Even if it's average, it's enough to satisfy you, isn't it?"

Xyla did not say anything in return.

When the plane arrived at Yaramoor's airport, Xyla took her suitcase and rushed to the next flight. However, she was stopped by someone in the aisle. She turned her head around to see that Yorrick and his bodyguards were pacing toward her.

While she was distracted, Yorrick's bodyguard took her suitcase away.

Xyla did not know whether she should get angry or laugh right now. She said, "What a sh\*tty approach, Mr. Hathaway."

"Yeah," Yorrick replied. He stopped in front of her and said, "So you can't go to East Winston anymore, Ms. Mayweather."

Xyla went closer to him and asked expressionlessly, "What do you want from me?"

Yorrick lowered his head to look at her and said, "Nothing."

After that, he chuckled and ran his finger over her hair. "I just want to show you around in Yaramoor."

"You mean you want to show me how many women you have, right?" Xyla pushed his hand away. "I'm sorry. I'm not a man, so I'm

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not interested in women.

Besides, if you like my suitcase so much, you can have it. I don't want it anymore." Xyla turned around, and just as she was about to leave, someone grabbed her backpack, causing her to stumble a few steps back. When she regained her balance, she turned her head around to look at him and said, "Let go."

Without saying anything, he approached her and grabbed her shoulders. He pushed her forward despite her struggle. When they got out of the airport gate, she refused to get into the car, but the bodyguard pushed her into the car by force.

When Yorrick entered the car, Xyla moved to the corner and wrapped her backpack in her arms tightly. There were her cards, visa, and ID card in the bag, so she figured that she must not let them fall into Yorrick's hands.

## **Chapter 1124**

Yorrick did not force Xyla to sit closer to him. After all, she was in his car right now, and there was no way she could escape from him.

Soon, they arrived in an upscale hotel owned by the Hathaways. Both Xyla and her suitcases were pushed into a room. The bodyguard stood by the door and said, "Ms. Mayweather, if you need anything, just let me know. Enjoy your stay." The bodyguard then closed the door, leaving Xyla to stand frozen stiff in her room.

'So, he just sent me to the hotel?'

At the Hathaway mansion, the St. Donnor Estate...

"Young Master Yorrick, Mrs. Hathaway is waiting for you in the study room." The butler stood by the staircase and bowed slightly at Yorrick. Yorrick took his jacket off and handed it to the butler. He took off his watch and went upstairs to the study room. A middle-aged woman was sitting behind the table. She looked like she was in her mid-50s, but since she took good care of her skin, she looked like a woman in her early 30s or 40s. "Mother." Yorrick walked up to the table and saw a magazine on the table. The magazine was about the scandal between him and Xyla caught by the paparazzo in Zlovakia. He didn't think it would be sold overseas. Yuna pushed the magazine to him and said, "I don't care what you do outside, but you were too careless this time. You never leave such tidbits behind, so what's going on this time?" Yorrick picked up the magazine and flipped through it indifferently. "Isn't there a lot of news like this?" "No, it's different this time." Yuna placed her hand on her forehead and rubbed her temples. "I can see that you treat this woman differently. Are you serious this time?"

Yorrick did not say anything. Yuna lifted her eyelids and looked at him. "You're my son, and you're the future heir of the Hathaways. Also, don't forget that you're engaged to Mandy!" Yorrick laughed, "Mother, you decided on the marriage between Mandy and me. I have never once said before that I want to marry her. I'm no longer the teenage brat you can manipulate anymore."

"Yorrick!" Yuna slammed the table, rose to her feet, and shouted angrily, "If you marry Mandy, it'll help a lot with the development of the Hathaways. She will be a good wife.'

"No." Yorrick looked at her nonchalantly. 'She will be a good wife, but she will never be my wife. Mother, the Hathaways will still develop greatly without any help from other people. Your thinking is outdated.'

He then turned around and left.

“Come back here!” Yuna shouted.

However, Yorrick paid her no mind and walked away.

Yuna nearly fainted from her anger. She pulled her phone out to make a call. When the call was connected, she put on a smile and said, “Mandy, Yorrick has returned. Have you been free recently?” Xyla stayed in the hotel for two days straight. She tried to seize the opportunity and run away, but the Hathaways owned the hotel, and it was filled with Yorrick’s men. She had tried to run away through the elevator with her suitcase twice, but she got intercepted both times.

She could walk around in the hotel freely, but she was not allowed to get out of the hotel.

She wondered if Yorrick tried to confine her in here.

After taking her bath, she sat on the couch in her bathrobe. She thought for a moment and looked for Maisie’s phone number.

Just when she was about to call Maisie, the doorbell rang, and she was stunned.

She put the phone away and got to her feet to answer the door. When she saw that the man standing outside the door was Yorrick, she tried to close the door, but it was too late. Yorrick had forced himself into the room.

He leaned closer to her. He reeked of booze, and his breath was hot. Before she could say anything, Yorrick had kissed her, more impatient than before.

Xyla tried to avoid his kiss as she struggled. “Yorrick, what are you-” Yorrick pressed his lips on hers before she could finish her sentence, and his body temperature rose to a shocking degree.

He moved to her ear and whispered, “Someone has drugged me, and only you could...”

Yorrick carried her into the bathroom and pulled her bathrobe apart.

## **Chapter 1125**

From the bathroom to the master bedroom, Yorrick dominated everything in the darkness. No one could see the intense desire that he hid deep in his gaze. For Yorrick, the intimate activity that lasted until daylight was an abyss that he chose to jump into. As for Xyla, it was a contradiction and repression that she had never felt before.

In the end, everything came to a calm. The next morning, Xyla was awakened by the noise in the living room. When she tried to move her body, she felt as if her body was falling apart. While she was in a trance, she heard a woman roaring, “Yorrick, I’m your fiancée! I won’t stand in your way if you want to have fun with other women, but please, I hope you can respect the marriage contract between us!”

Xyla’s eyelashes trembled.

‘Fiancée?’

She forced herself to get up from the bed and went to the door to listen to their conversation.

Yorrick chuckled. "For the record, I've never agreed to marry you." "Do you want to renege on the marriage contract between our families?" The woman's shoulder trembled, and she felt humiliated. "Why not?" Yorrick placed his arms over the back of the couch and shifted his body into a comfortable position. "My mother decided the marriage, so why don't you consider marrying my mother instead?" "You!" "Do you think you can force me to accept the marriage by drugging me?" Yorrick gripped the base of the wine glass and swirled it gently. "Unfortunately, everything I have right now wasn't given to me by the Hathaways. Therefore, I don't have to listen to them, and I can choose what kind of woman I want to be my wife."

He drank the wine slowly.

Mandy's face turned pale, and her eyes turned bloodshot. "But becoming your wife has always been my wish, Yorrick. Do you know how long I have been waiting for this day? I know you're just flirting with those women. You don't love them at all. For you, nothing is more important than benefits, and I can bring you the benefits you want!" Yorrick looked at her through the wine glass and said, "Including the whole Nix family?"

She was stumped. "W-What did you say?"

"You said you can bring me benefits, right?" Yorrick said with a nonchalant smile tugging at his lips, "If you can give the entire Nix family to me, maybe I'll give it a consideration."

Mandy was stunned and tongue-tied. The bodyguard came over and brought her out. She bit her lips, turned around, and left.

Xyla stood behind the door without saying anything. Suddenly, Yorrick pushed the door open, and the door bumped into her forehead.

She covered her forehead with her hand and stumbled a few steps back. A hand came out of nowhere and wrapped around her waist.

Yorrick pulled her into his arms and laughed as he helped her to rub her swollen forehead. "What were you doing behind the door? You can always come out, you know?"

Xyla pushed his hand away. "You have a fiancée."

Yorrick scooped her up from the floor and sat down on the bed. Xyla tried to free herself from his embrace, but he secured her tightly in his arms. "My mother decided the marriage. I'm not going to marry that woman." "But she's here to look for you. What if the media learns about it? Am I going to become the target again?" Xyla looked at him expressionlessly, "You tricked me into becoming your lover. Since it's about three months now, I think it should be about time. You have a fiancée, so I think we should go our separate ways now. I don't want to be a homewrecker, and I don't want to see myself appearing on the news headlines saying that I interfered with your marriage." Seeing the stern expression on her face, he knew that Xyla was serious about cutting ties with him, and he couldn't help but tease her. "So what do you want? You want to be my wife?"

"I want to go back."

Xyla tried to get out of his arms, but Yorrick turned around and pinned her on the bed.

She was stunned, and when she recalled Yorrick's comment on her at the Persian Gulf, she laughed coldly. "What's wrong, Mr.

Hathaway? Do you want to do it again? I'm really curious about it. Is it because the hundreds of women you've had haven't been able to satisfy you? That's why you have such a high libido?"

## **Chapter 1126**

Yorrick ran his fingers over her lips and smiled. "I don't have as many women as you think I have."

"If there aren't hundreds of them, at least there are dozens of them, right?" She smacked his hand away.

Yorrick grabbed her finger and held onto it. "That's different." Xyla ignored him as she was too tired for his explanation. She pulled her hand out and propped it against Yorrick's chest, intending to push him away, but his body felt as steady as a mountain.

He buried his face in her shoulder and chuckled. "You don't like the fact that I have too many women around me, do you?" Seeing that she could not push him away, Xyla simply stopped struggling.

'Since he hates women who listen to him and do what he wants them to do, I'll just become that.'

"Yeah, I don't like the fact that too many women surround you." Xyla took the initiative to wrap her arms around his neck while giving off a hint of coquettishness through her flirtatious gaze. "Why should I share a man with other women, especially a man who's as outstanding as you, Mr. Hathaway? I prefer to keep you to myself."

She then jerked his body abruptly, turned over, and changed positions with him." You're right. I didn't reject you the other night because I have a thing for you. I refused to be your lover only because I was playing hard-to-get. Who wouldn't want to be the woman of the world's richest man? I do not only want to be your woman but also the woman who drives away all those pesky women around you."

Xyla lowered her head to kiss him. It stood to reason that he would push her away, but he did not, let alone dodge her kiss.

Yorrick stared fixedly at her, and a hint of curiosity beamed from the bottom of his profound eyes.

Xyla only hesitated for a few seconds, but he already raised his hands, clamped her face between both palms, and kissed her without any warning.

She was astonished.

The intimate moment lasted for only a split second as Yorrick let her lips free after only giving her a shallow peck. He then placed his palms on her cheeks and rubbed them in circles. "Good job."

He laughed out loud, moved closer to her ear, and whispered, "I'll take what you just said very seriously."

Just when Xyla was a little distracted, he turned over, trapped her under his body, and repeated what he just said, "Xyla Mayweather, I'm dead serious this time around."

She took a deep breath. "Take what seriously?"

"What you just said seconds ago." Yorrick rubbed the corner of her lips with his thumb. "You said you want to keep me to yourself . You've done it now, haven't you?"

"Are you out of your mind? I was just-" Xyla was a little bewildered.

'Doesn't he hate women who pester him? Just like what happened to Jodie.'

"What do you want to say? That you were just... acting?" Yorrick chuckled. "That was so realistic that it's totally believable. So sign me up. I'll give you a chance to drive all those women away. That's what you want, isn't it?"

Xyla turned her face away, "I don't-"

"You'll have to pay for what you did the other night."

She choked on her own words. "You-"

Yorrick's delighted expression was unprecedented, "You don't hate me."

She stared at him blankly as she was at a loss for words.

Yorrick approached her cheek with his lips, and a wide grin could be seen on his face. "And you don't hate me for touching you too, do you?"

Xyla froze in place.

'I don't hate him. I don't despise his touch, so I won't deny all these statements only for the sake of denying.' Yorrick lifted her face and forced her to stare directly at himself. "You don't want to admit that you had failed to get together with Louis, so you want to prove that you're still an attractive woman. That's why you deliberately gave Nathan a chance to court you. It's a pity that men who take the bait so easily usually have ulterior motives."

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Xyla took a deep breath. "So what?"

Yorrick smiled and tapped the tip of her nose with his finger. "I ended my contract with you earlier than what we agreed on, and the feeling of being played by me didn't sit well with you."

Her chest palpitated rapidly. "That's because you questioned my acting skills!"

"Is that really the case?" Yorrick's lips were less than an inch away from her cheek.

Xyla felt very itchy as his breath brushed against her delicate skin, not to mention that it felt scorching hot. Hence, she turned her head away to avoid him.

Yorrick turned her face back, leaving her with nowhere to escape. "You're quite a lofty one in the eyes of the public, but your loftiness is just an armor you created to protect the timid and innocent young lady that lives within you.

“You’re ferociously competitive and wish to excel over others in all aspects of life. That was why you felt like you couldn’t back down from any challenge that I brought up. Obviously, you haven’t been with any man, but you brazenly chose to lie. However, you immediately back off when the real deal is being presented to you.”

## **Chapter 1127**

Xyla looked away and gasped. “I didn’t.”

Yorrick snorted. “You’re afraid that you will fall for me someday. That’s why you backed down.” Xyla was so agitated that her whole body trembled. “Who told you that I’m afraid? And why should I fall for you? I’ll fall for every single man in the world before I do the same to you!”

“It’s because you’re afraid.”

“You!” Xyla’s chest palpitated even more vigorously as she faced the bombardment of his questions.

Yorrick then kissed her on the lips and laughed hoarsely when he saw her body soften. “You like the excitement and stimulation that I bring to you, so it’s not that you don’t have feelings for me. It’s just that you don’t want to admit it.” Xyla pursed her lips tightly and stared elsewhere while Yorrick caressed her cheek with his palm. “It does look like many women surround me from time to time.”

He paused for a few seconds and then continued with a faint smile. “But frankly speaking, I’ve only slept with two women in total. As for you, you’re currently the second placer on the list, and you might even be the last.”

At the St. Donnor Estate...

Yuna was sitting in the courtyard drinking afternoon tea with Mandy. She knew that last night’s scheme had failed, so she wanted to comfort Mandy. “You don’t have to care that much about that woman.

You’re the daughter of the Rennards, and Yorrick will eventually marry you.”

Mandy put the teacup down. “Mrs. Hathaway, Yorrick might be serious about that woman.”

“He’s serious?” Yuna sneered as she placed the teacup to her lips but did not drink from it. “Since that woman died years ago, he hasn’t been serious about any woman. Every woman that he’s been with up until today has only been a temporary passion.”

Having mentioned that woman, Mandy was astonished for a split second. “But she’s been dead for so many years. Maybe Yorrick has already let go...”

Yuna lifted her eyelids. “But what if she’s still alive?”

“That’s impossible!” Mandy was surprised. “I was there when she was cremated...”

“I know.” Yuna covered the back of

Mandy’s hand with her hand and reassured her, “If a woman who looks very much like her were to appear right in front of him, alive and kicking, what do you think he would do?”

Mandy gasped. "But if that's the case, even if he were to give up on that woman, he still wouldn't marry me, would he?"

Yuna sounded certain. "As long as the doppelganger can make him give up on that woman, a fake will always be a fake. He'll marry you when he's had enough fun and recognizes the fact."

"But where can we find a woman who looks exactly like Sharon Jinks?" Mandy thought the idea was a bit outrageous.

Yuna put the teacup down and clapped her hands. The woman who came out from behind Yuna made Mandy's expression change in shock. She even thought that the person who had been cremated back then had really come back to life!

At Stoslo...

Soul Jewelry was featured in a weekly published fashion magazine, so the store had already encountered its peak one week after its grand opening. Most of its customers were women who were quite fond of diamonds and antique jewelry, and Maisie, who had lived in Stoslo for a period, recognized this.

If the company wanted to get into the mainstream market, the brand's publicity must be on point. Not only did they need to get their products featured in fashion magazines, but they also needed to put on plenty of advertisements to attract more streams of customers. At the end of the day, they had spent a lot of money just for the right publicity.

Maisie was kept occupied from morning to night, securing various orders, and the store had only recruited two employees so far. It was the same today. But Maisie asked the two employees to leave work first while she stayed behind to draw up an inventory for the end of the day.

Hearing the sound of someone pushing the door, she raised her head and saw that it was Nolan. She immediately ran over with a

smile and hugged him coquettishly. "I'm so tired. I want someone to hug."

He stood in place with a helpless smile and let her hug him to her heart's content.

Maisie smelled something all of a sudden, looked down, and saw that Nolan had a box of chocolate jam cake with him, and her eyes widened. "Is this a cake from Lach's Patisserie?"

Lach's Patisserie's cakes were rare in the market. Even if one could find one in the market, their pastries were famous for their exorbitant price tag, which was why they were solely popular among the nobles and royal families.

## **Chapter 1128**

Nolan raised his hand, rubbed the top of her shaggy hair, and handed her the delicate cake box. "It's from David."

Maisie took the cake from him and asked. Did you go to see President David?"

Nolan responded softly, took off his coat, draped it on the back of the chair, and slowly rolled up his sleeves. "Is there anything that hasn't been done yet?"

Maisie chuckled. "Does this mean that you're offering to help me?"

"Otherwise, what else can I do?" Nolan raised his eyebrows slightly. "I told you to hire a few more people instead of asking me to wait for you every day."

Maisie sat down on the couch beside him and opened the cake box. "The main reason is that this branch isn't stable yet. I'll definitely hire a few more when everything has gotten on board and is moving stably."

She took a bite off the spoon, and it tasted delicious, sweet, and had a slightly bitter aftertaste. "This is delicious!"

Nolan cleared the cashier and did the inventory count for her.

As Maisie looked up at Nolan, who was occupied by the tasks on hand and looked extremely serious, her lips could not help but rise.

'My husband looks exceptionally handsome while he's at work!

"Hubby, have a taste." Maisie handed the cake to him.

Nolan lifted his head and looked at her, but the first thing that caught his attention was the smear of chocolate cream on the corner of her lips.

"Go on. I can't finish it all by myself anyway." Maisie was about to shove the cake into his mouth.

Nolan stopped what he was doing, squinted, and gave off a smile. "I'll tell you a secret."

Maisie approached him with her ear." What's that?"

Nolan straightened her head, kissed her on the corner of her lips, and then wiped his lips lightly with his finger. "I've tasted it, but it's not as sweet as my wife."

Maisie blushed and muttered in a low voice, "You shameless man."

Nolan smiled. "But I've always been like this, haven't I?"

She continued to taste the cake in her hand and nodded. "Yeah, but I love your shamelessness."

Nolan raised his hand and pinched her by her chin. "Your cousin and Ryleigh will come to Stoslo in two days, and you'll have your bestie here to accompany you. Are you looking forward to that?"

Maisie was surprised and guessed that Ryleigh would be here to meet her grandfather. She then could not help but laugh out loud when she saw Nolan's jealous appearance. "Not only are you a shameless man, but you're also a jealous man. Even if Ryleigh wants to stay with me all day long, that husband of hers won't let her have it her way."

Two days later, Louis and Ryleigh arrived in Stoslo.

Ryleigh had never seen Hernandez before this and was very nervous about the meeting.

Maisie and Nolan were waiting for them outside the airport when Ryleigh came out and saw Maisie.

She waved at her, stretched her arms outward, and ran toward her. "Zee!" She then hugged Maisie. "I missed you so much!"

The two men who were standing on the side looked at the two women who were hugging each other and took a look at each other.

'Do we need to do so too?'

'Nah, forget it.'

Louis was forced to take the co-passenger seat as Nolan was the one who was driving them back to the de Arma mansion, while the two women sat in the rear seats. They had not seen each other for several months and had a lot to talk about, which made the two men sitting in front look even more silent.

"Zee, do you know about Xyla and Yorrick?" Ryleigh lowered her voice and whispered it in her ear. Her voice was soft, but it was

impossible for the two men in front not to hear her in a quiet car. Maisie's hands, which were adjusting her collar, stopped moving. "Xyla and Yorrick are together?"

To be honest, she had been so busy with the opening of the new branch recently that she did not pay attention to any of the domestic news.

Louis turned his head and looked at

Ryleigh. "Why don't you seem so talkative

when you're with me?'

Ryleigh paused for a bit and pouted. "Zee is my best friend, so how can you compare yourself with my best friend? I just talk a lot whenever I'm with Zee."

Nolan, who was driving, said casually, "It's only natural for your wife to act a little more anxiously when she's about to bring your ex-girlfriend up, Mr. Lucas."

Maisie chuckled.

Louis smiled. "Seeing my cousin-in-law get neglected by my cousin is quite a scene too."

Nolan stopped talking.

Maisie looked at them. "You two are just so childish."

"That's right, you childish men." Ryleigh nodded and suddenly remembered something. "By the way, Mr. Goldmann, aren't you related to Yorrick? I heard that he's constantly surrounded by countless women, so will Xyla be hurt by him?"

## **Chapter 1129**

Nolan frowned. "I don't know much about him." Louis covered his forehead with one hand and looked ahead. "Since you're idle enough to worry about Xyla's affair, why don't you worry about your meeting with my grandfather first."

Ryleigh's expression changed slightly as she grabbed Maisie's hand. "Zee, your grandfather... Is he a strict man?"

Maisie felt helpless. "He's just playing with you. Grandpa isn't a strict man."

Ryleigh's heart had just calmed down for a short while, but it was flustered again when she met Hernandez in person.

Although Hernandez was in a wheelchair, his domineering aura gave others a stern and strict first impression.

She stood there at a loss. "Hi, Grand-Hello, Grandfather, it's nice to meet you."

Hernandez frowned and looked at Louis in bewilderment. "Why did you marry a wife who stutters?"

Louis could not help but chuckle. Ryleigh was even more embarrassed. She raised her head and responded seriously. "Grandfather. I'm not stuttering, I'm... I'm nervous."

"Oh, you're nervous." Hernandez felt a little more relieved and put down the teacup in his hand.

"There's nothing to be nervous about. I'm no tiger." Maisie could not help but laugh. "Grandpa, this is Ryleigh's first time meeting you. So, it's inevitable for her not to feel nervous." Hernandez restrained his solemn expression and waved his hand. "Take a seat. We're all family members now, so there's no need to make everything so formal."

Ryleigh nodded and sat on the couch.

When Louis was about to sit down beside her, Hernandez raised his voice abruptly. "I didn't grant you permission to sit just yet."

Louis raised his head. "Why can't I sit?"

"I didn't like Nolan before this, and I don't like you now," Hernandez said so directly, ignoring Nolan's presence.

Nolan lifted his gaze and looked at him but did not say a word.

Louis frowned. "You can dislike him all you like, but why would you dislike me now? I'm also your biological grandson." "So what if you're my grandson?" Hernandez turned his face away proudly. "You didn't even tell me that you're getting married back then, and you're here asking me to show you some respect?"

"Wow, this is injustice at its highest. I didn't even know that your death was only a facade." Louis sat down directly. Ryleigh glanced at Hernandez. "Grandfather, don't scold him anymore. Mother had scolded him as well, so I really pity him." Hernandez let off a hearty laugh. "He deserves it."

Louis turned and looked at Ryleigh.

Ryleigh was very well-behaved when she was facing Hernandez, but she looked extremely arrogant when she exchanged gazes with Louis.

Maisie and Nolan sat and drank tea silently.

Nolan was especially gleeful. It seemed that he no longer had to suffer from Hernandez's sarcastic remarks only because he was Titus' grandson as long as Louis was there.

Maisie received a text message on her cell phone all of a sudden, and Nolan looked at her as she got up and walked out of the building and into the courtyard.

It was a message from Xyla. She had just replied to the text message when Nolan hugged her from behind. "Whose message was that?"

Maisie chuckled. "Xyla."

Nolan frowned slightly.

"What Ryleigh said might be true. Yorrick has brought Xyla to Yaramoor." Maisie turned and looked at Nolan. "Her documents have been taken away from her, and she can't even return to Zlokova now."

Nolan pondered for a moment. "Yorrick wouldn't do so if what he wanted was only to fool around with another woman."

"So, are you saying that Yorrick is taking his relationship with Xyla seriously this time?" Maisie wondered how Xyla had provoked Yorrick.

'I don't know much about the details, but Xyla is someone who has endorsed Soul Jewelry's products, not to mention that she did also lend Ryleigh a helping hand before this.

'Xyla must be aware of Nolan's relationship with Yorrick since she sent me that text message. I'm the only person that she can

turn to now.

'Yorrick's reputation as a playboy is indeed well known in the circle. With his identity and status, it should be a piece of cake for him to get his hands on any kind of woman that he wants. He really doesn't need to make things so difficult for a woman or even detain her by his side.'

### **Chapter 1130**

"Unless he has other ulterior motives, he's really taking his relationship with Xyla very seriously this time around."

Nolan stroked the ends of Maisie's hair. "It just so happens that I'm going to travel to Yaramoor to visit Tristan in a week. Do you want to tag along?"

Maisie adjusted his tie for him. "Of course. Xyla helped promote Soul Jewelry's products back then and managed to boost our sales by a significant margin, so how can I not go?" Nolan's eyes were filled with affection. Xyla had just finished drying her hair when her cell phone rang. She was slightly relieved when she saw that Maisie had replied to her message.

She shoved the phone back under the pillow immediately upon hearing the footsteps that were coming from the other side of the door.

Yorrick pushed open the door, walked in, and saw her sitting in front of the dresser, smearing hair care products. He then squinted. "You didn't eat your breakfast today."

"I'm not hungry." Xyla combed her long hair back and looked at him in the mirror."

Being a celebrity, I have to stay in shape, so one less meal is equivalent to less calorie intake."

Yorrick walked behind her, stretched his arms out, propped them against the table beside her, grabbed a clump of her black hair, and pressed them against his lips. "I prefer you to be plumper than you are now.

Xyla looked unconcerned. "I don't want to be the person that you like."

He chuckled and stroked her cheek with his palm. "I'll accept anything as long as they come from you, Ms. Mayweather."

She turned to look at Yorrick. "I want to go shopping. Staying in a hotel every day from dawn till dusk is too boring."

Yorrick pinched her chin with his fingertips and lifted her face. "It's better if you don't go out for a while."

"What do you mean?" Xyla flung his hand away and stood up. "Yorrick Hathaway, do you know that you're actually imprisoning me illegally? My work, endorsements, and events have been delayed for so long. I'm losing a lot of money because of you!"

Yorrick wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into her arms. She subconsciously propped her hands against his chest so that she would not kiss him accidentally.

He smirked. "You're the one who asked for everything to be postponed a month in advance. Do you care about the loss?"

She turned her face away. "Can I regret my decision now? I'm in need of money now."

He responded instantly, "How much do you need? I can give it to you."

Xyla was exasperated. "I don't want your money."

Yorrick held her in his arms and said, "I'm not letting you go out during this time for your own sake."

"For my own sake?" Xyla turned her head and snorted. She then thought of something and looked into Yorrick's profound eyes. "You're afraid that your fiancée will make a move on me, aren't you?"

Yorrick raised his eyebrows and did not reply to that.

Xyla gave off an indifferent smirk and stroked his collar. "Mr. Hathaway, you're the one who's caused me trouble because you've brought me to Yaramoor. You won't be able to shake the responsibility off your shoulders if your fiancée manages to lay a finger on me."

“So...” He paused for a few seconds and approached her. “I won’t let you out because I hold myself accountable for your safety.” Seeing that he had admitted it Xyla was slightly startled and remained silent for a minute. “Then when can I go out?” Yorrick supported her cheeks in his palms. “Entertain me. Maybe I’ll take you out if you can make me happy.” Xyla glanced at him. “How do you wish to be entertained?” Yorrick ran his finger over her seductive lips and asked with a smirk on his face, “What do you think, Ms. Mayweather?”

She immediately reacted to what he meant and pulled off the belt of the bathrobe. The bathrobe slid to the floor, exposing her smooth and fair body.

Yorrick glanced down at her body, but his expression looked indifferent.

Xyla wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed the corner of his lips. Yorrick’s eyes dimmed even when her kiss landed on his Adam’s apple.

The turbulence at the bottom of his eyes surged as he pushed her onto the dressing table. Xyla was not prepared for that, and he broke her defense without any struggle.

Neither of them knew how many hours had gone by-Xyla was pulled into his arms as if she was a drowning woman. Yorrick lifted the hair that was sticking to her cheeks, tucked it behind her ears, and stared into her slightly hollow eyes. “This isn’t the only way to make me happy.”