

Chapter 1161

The editor-in-chief's wife stared at the documents in her hand, frowned, threw the unopened folder into the front passenger's seat, and drove away.

The next day, at the fashion magazine company...

The editor-in-chief had asked someone to track his wife down in order to get hold of her whereabouts. He would not know anything if he had not done so, but he found out that his wife had been visiting the Omen Hotel rather frequently nowadays, and each visit would last for hours. He had also asked the restaurant for their surveillance footage, and sure enough, the woman who had created a stir at the restaurant was his wife.

He had specifically asked his wife about that yesterday, and his wife had indeed lied to him.

"Garfield, please come in."

His secretary came in. "Sir, is there anything that requires my assistance?" The editor-in-chief looked solemn and pondered for a long time before he gave the order. "Help me track down the places that Liam has gone to in the past few days. And remember, do not let him find out that you're onto him."

Garfield was startled for a moment, but he did not ask any further and nodded. "Alright." The editor-in-chief felt even more agitated after Garfield left. 'The piece of advice that Hector gave me and the things that Mr. Goldmann told me, all of them point clearly to the fact that something is going on between my wife and Liam. Could it be...'

He found Hector's contact information, thought for a second, and dialed his number.

He asked Hector to meet him at a nearby diner, and Hector agreed to have a meal with him.

Pushing the door into the private room, Hector saw the editor-in-chief sitting inside the room. Thus, he stepped forward and asked, "Sir, are you looking for me?"

"Take a seat." The editor-in-chief asked slowly after Hector sat down, "Hector, you told me to be more aware of Liam on the day you resigned. Do you know something about him that I don't?"

Hector lowered his head with a look of embarrassment on his face. "Sir, I..."

The editor-in-chief was even more certain about his suspicion. "Don't worry, this conversation will only be kept between the both of us."

Hector pursed his lips. "Sir, Mr. Lowe framed me for stealing the watch because I accidentally found out about his secret. He tried to give me the watch in order to shut me up, but I didn't take it."

The editor-in-chief frowned. "So, he framed you because he was worried that you would reveal his secret?"

Hector nodded. "I dare not say anything because I really wanted this job. I'm sorry."

"I know that. That's why I've always had high hopes for you. As for your prison time, is Liam the one who leaked this? He was forcing you to resign."

'Hector knows what Liam is doing, so it's only natural for Liam not to want to keep him around in the company. It's no wonder Liam has always been so vigilant with Hector.'

"No, the resignation was my idea. He didn't force me to do so," Hector answered sincerely and did not take the opportunity to twist the knife.

The editor-in-chief took a deep breath and waited for himself to calm down. "So, what do you have on him?"

"Actually, I can't say that I have something on him. I only discovered that Mr. Lowe was using women to gain profit. He often has affairs with the wives of executives of all sorts of companies around the city and tries to get benefits from them." Hector did

not explain everything directly. "I advised you to keep an eye on him only because I was worried that he might make you one of his targets one day."

Hector's statement verified the editor-in-chief's suspicions, and his expression dimmed instantly.

Hector received a text message from Maisie on his cell phone. He took a glance at its content and said to the editor-in-chief, "By the way, I saw Liam today, and as usual, he's brought two women to the Omen Hotel."

The editor-in-chief looked at him and did not utter a single word.

Meanwhile...

Liam was playing tag in the hotel's swimming pool with two women. He had only met the two women just recently.

They were gorgeous, young, and hot, and he fell for them almost instantly.

"Mr. Lowe, you're such a pro at flirting. There must be so many women surrounding you in life, right?" The woman who was leaning in his arms had an intoxicating smile.

Liam was captivated by her smile. "What's the use of having loads of women? They're all middle-aged women. How can they compare themselves with you?"

The other woman giggled. "Are you saying that rich women love men like you, Mr.

Lowe?"

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"They might love me, but I don't love them. To be honest, I love you more." Liam hugged one of the women and was about to kiss her after saying that.

The woman placed her finger on his lips diagonally to shush him. "Mr. Lowe, don't be so impatient. There's always time at night." Mr. Lowe was even happier upon hearing this. "Are you telling me that the both of you have plenty of time tonight?"

"Mr. Lowe, you're such a greedy man. You want us both at the same time?" The woman pretended to be angry and pushed him away.

He was so ecstatic he pulled them into his arms and kissed them again.

Such a steamy scene caught the eyes of the people around them. One of the women in his arms wrapped her arms around his neck when she read the room. "Mr. Lowe, aren't you afraid that your woman will be jealous of us?"

"Since when do I have any woman? Those women all delivered themselves to my doorsteps voluntarily. They're the ones who are fastening themselves onto me. But the only thing that I want now is to get myself all over the both of you." Liam could not wait any longer and wanted to get it on with those women on the spot.

The corners of the woman's lips twitched, and she deliberately said loudly, "Don't do that, Mr. Lowe. This is still a public swimming pool..." "What are you afraid of, babe? No one's going to come here." Liam undid his bathrobe.

"Liam Lowe!"

Liam froze in place upon hearing the voice that came from behind him, and his expression instantly changed. As soon as Liam turned his head, the woman who approached him at lightspeed slapped him in the face.

His head turned to the side due to the momentum of the slap, and the two women shrewdly retreated to the side.

The editor-in-chief's wife roared, "Liam Lowe, so you're indeed cheating on me! I put so much trust in you, so how dare you lie to me!"

"Baby... You've misunderstood. I didn't cheat on you." Liam had not achieved his goal and did not dare to fall out with her just yet, so he could only coax her in a soft voice and push the blame onto the two women. "It's them. These women are so shameless that they've tried to seduce me publically in the first place. After all, I'm still a normal man, 1—"

The editor-in-chief's wife slapped him again, stunning Liam.

She immediately took out a stack of documents and threw it heavily on Liam's face. "Are they the shameless ones, or are you the one? These two women aside, you're dating not only that bitch Linda Vanderbilt but also so many other women. Do you regard us rich ladies as stamps, and your hobby is to make a collection out of us!?"

Liam bent down and picked up the documents, and his face paled instantly." This... This is pure slander!"

Slander?" The editor-in-chief's wife pointed to his nose and reprimanded, "I once believed that this is all a false accusation too, but the facts are all presented to me right in front of my eyes! I read all of these last night, but I chose not to believe them. Yet, someone told me today that you've brought two women here. I wouldn't be standing here if it weren't for the truth, and the truth is you're cheating on me!"

"Who told you that?" Liam panicked. He realized that someone was plotting against him, and that fellow had even gotten his hands on the secrets that he had been hiding from the world!

He grabbed her shoulders. "Baby, is it Hector? I told you that he's always wanted to ruin me. He fabricated all this information—" "Where's that b*stard Liam Lowe? Get him out here!"

There was a sudden commotion, and a few noble ladies broke into the pool area before Liam could get a hold of the current situation.

“You motherfucker, Liam Lowe! You’re really hiding in this place, having affairs with so many other women. You mother!” eking liar, you’d better return all the money that we’ve spent on you!”

Liam was dumbfounded.

‘What the hell is going on here? Why would all of them appear at once!?’

‘Is it Hector? But that’s impossible. How would he have the ability to get all these details on me? Could it be that there’s someone behind him who’s always been helping him all this while!?’

No, please listen to me! I can explain-’ A lady pointed at his nose and cursed,” What makes you think we would require more

explanation from you? Do we look like we want to know who all these other women are? It’s not just me. There are so many women here. You son of a b*tch, you actually cheated on all of us!”

Only then did the editor-in-chief’s wife realize that she had really been deceived I’m not the only one... All these ladies who have come all the way here are all his victims. So, who wouldn’t think that a b*stard has cheated them?’

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Those women could not settle with the idea of letting this matter slide, so they punched and kicked Liam as soon as they saw him. So how could Liam stand up to the beating that those women were giving him?

As for the two women who were there with Liam, they had already left the scene, walked to the corridor next to the pool, and reported everything to Maisie. who was standing in the corridor. “Mrs. Goldmann, we’ve completed the task. Those women have discovered Liam.” *Thank you for going along with this play. The payment will be credited to your respective bank accounts.” “Thank you, Mrs. Goldmann.’ The two of them left immediately.

Maisie crossed her arms and looked through the windowpane to see what was happening in the pool area. Those two gorgeous and seductive women were the extras she had hired. She had asked them to approach Liam deliberately and make him fall for them. Liam would not be wary of any woman who came close to him. It was said that things usually would not end well for lustful men. Liam had always been very competent at deceiving women, so being beaten up by a group of women was absolutely what he deserved.

The editor-in-chief’s wife left the hotel exasperatedly, but her face slightly stiffened when she saw her husband.” Honey?”

.

“You’re indeed cheating on me with Liam behind my back?” The editor-in-chief’s face dimmed. Everything had made sense to him as soon as he learned that Liam and his wife were visiting the Omen Hotel rather frequently recently.

They had even teamed up to deceive him!

The wife stepped forward immediately to grab him and cried, "Honey, this is all my fault, but I've done so because he deceived me. I didn't mean to do this to you!"

"I swear! I broke up with him today, and I won't even be in touch with him anymore from today onward."

- The editor-in-chief took a deep breath, closed his eyes with difficulty, opened his eyes after a while, and flung her hand off his arm. "We'll talk when we get home."

He got into the car first without waiting for her.

The wife was heartbroken. On the one hand, she had been played by Liam, and on the other hand, she felt extremely guilty as her husband found out that she had cheated on him. In just a few days, every one of those ladies Liam had deceived joined forces to deliver Liam to the police on the charge of fraud. The money he had received from those ladies was in the millions, so the charges were enough to convict him, and the court would sentence him after a month of detention.

He had never expected that he would end up in this situation, and he had no idea what he had done wrong. After all, this secret had not been discovered for ten years!

"Lowe, someone has come to see you." A police officer opened the door, and two police officers led Liam in handcuffs to the meeting room.

The man sitting on the other side of the meeting room was none other than Hector, who smiled, raised his hand, and waved at Liam, wanting to say hello. The smile hanging on Hector's face at this moment undoubtedly agitated Liam.

Liam dashed over emotionally, but the police officers subdued him before he even got close to the plexiglass window.

After getting a few words of advice from the police officers, Liam calmed himself down and glared at Hector fiercely. He then sat down-facing Hector, who was sitting opposite him across the viewing window and picked up the phone receiver hanging on the wall. "It's you."

Hector smiled. "Isn't this your retribution, Mr. Lowe?" "Hehehe." Liam lowered his head and laughed out loud. His bloodshot eyes looked both empty and gloomy, and waves of unwillingness could be seen surging from the bottom of his eyes from time to time. "How did you find out all those things about me? There's someone who's helping you from behind, isn't it? Who is it?"

I've been extremely cautious for the past ten years and have never dared to act negligently at all for fear of being discovered by those women. I was the one arranging my dates with those women. That's why I could manage everything perfectly every time so that everything would sound completely reasonable even when my actions aroused the public's opinion. I was even able to handle the situation when some of the women that I've been with met each other on various occasions.

"I've hidden these secrets very deeply, so I don't believe that Hector would get to the bottom of it by himself. Someone must be

helping him from behind the curtains!

But who could it be? The editor-in-chief or someone who has a grudge against me? I just can't bear that I've lost to Hector, someone who has no educational background and had been imprisoned.'

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'But now, as an educated man, I'm facing jail time, big time. Talk about irony.'

"There's no need to rack your brain for the answer. There's no way that I'm telling you that." Hector looked at him, smiled, and added, "You can try to guess the answer when you're in there. After all, you'll be released someday in the future, so maybe you'll find out about it later on in life."

Liam seemed to be exhausted. His lips were so dry and stuck to each other that he could not even squeeze a word through his lips. Thus, Hector ended the 10-minute visit in less than a few minutes.

As soon as he left the precinct, he received a call from Linda.

When Hector returned to the apartment, Linda was standing downstairs and blocking his way.

The moment Hector appeared at the apartment entrance, she rushed up and slapped him.

Hector, who got slapped, turned his head to the other side due to the sheer force. He did not say anything while Linda grabbed him by the hem of his collar angrily. "You just can't bear to see me live a good life, can you? You just had to throw Liam into prison. Now what? I've lost all the money that I've invested in him!"

She met Liam while working at a bar after being kicked out of the Zimmermans' residence. Apart from how well Liam had been treating her all this while, she was with Liam because he had also promised her he would support her in her journey of climbing up the social ladder and achieving a higher status in the future.

She had always known that Liam was a playboy but never cared about it. To her, it was normal for men to be with a few women. What's more, she had spent all the money that she had saved for herself on Liam. She would even try to introduce wealthy women to Liam at the bar. She had been working so hard for him, hoping that Liam could fight his way into the upper-class circle and save her from her misery.

- However, everything was ruined now!

Hector took a deep breath and said calmly, 'Linda, if you're short of money, just go and get yourself a job.' "A job?" Linda pushed him away. "Why would I go get a job? So that I can be at the mercy of others just like what you're doing

to yourself now?

Hector pursed his lips helplessly as he did not expect his sister to be this outrageous. He tried to persuade her, "Linda, wake up already. Liam has never been sincere to you. He was just using you!" "Shut up! You just can't bear to witness as I live a good life!" Linda roared. "If you think Liam's cold blooded and ruthless, you people are even more cold blooded and ruthless than he is. Otherwise, you wouldn't have sent me to the Zimmermans. You people are the ones who have ruined me!"

She turned away and left angrily. Hector stood rigidly under the eaves. 'The reason she's become someone like this is that she was forced to get married to Jimmy Zimmerman four years ago. The torture that she suffered while she was staying with the Zimmermans has become a nightmare that has scarred her for life. She hates the Vanderbilts, so there's no way that I'll be able to persuade her.'

At Soul...

Maisie was sitting in the conference room, and she asked Lucy to present the jewelry series that Soul had released for this season, which was known as the "Prosperous Baroque".

"Prosperous Baroque" would be Soul's first attempt at integrating their jewelry with the baroque designing language.

After handing over the publicity plan to the publicity department, Maisie suddenly opened her mouth. "I plan to assign the task of designing this new series of jewelry to Naomi."

Everyone present was amazed as soon as she finished speaking. Naomi was a designer who had just joined the team and had not released any works, so a newcomer would take up the project's main designer position?

Even Naomi, one of the attendees of the meeting, was astounded. She looked at Maisie. "Ms. Vanderbilt, but I—"

"You're good at designing classical jewelry," Maisie interrupted her. "You've joined Soul, and you're now one of our company's jewelry designers. You'll have to prove to me with your designs that I haven't made a mistake in hiring you."

Naomi opened her mouth but did not utter a single word.

'I'm now one of Soul's many jewelry designers. So how can I assume my identity as a designer of this company if I reject this opportunity straight away?'

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Maisie looked at her. "Is it okay with you?" Naomi made up her mind and nodded. "I'm willing to give it a try." When the meeting was over, Naomi caught up to Maisie. "Ms. Vanderbilt." Maisie turned to look at her and asked with a faint smile on her face, "I'm willing to bet that this shouldn't be too difficult of a task for you, right?"

Naomi paused for a bit and lowered her gaze. "I'm very grateful that you're always trying to give me a chance to prove myself, and I'll cherish it by trying my best to perform. However..." She paused for a split second. "It's just that I've never tried designing anything in the baroque style." "I'll be your guide, and I'll get someone to bring you more information about the baroque style later on." Maisie placed her hand on her shoulder. "I have faith in you." Naomi pursed her lips and nodded solemnly. "I won't let you down." Maisie walked back to the administrative office and happened to run into Hector, who was sitting on the couch, waiting for her. She walked to her desk and sat down with a smile. "Are you still planning to go back?"

She was talking about going back to the fashion magazine company.

Hector shook his head. "It's useless for me to go back now. I've already left a bad impression behind when I left in the first place." Maisie lowered her eyes and grinned. "I'll give you an opportunity to go abroad to polish up your skills. Do you want it?"

He was stunned. "I'll be going abroad?"

"Yes." Maisie nodded. "Your educational background doesn't mean everything. The most important thing that headhunters or recruiters look for is work experience, so it depends solely on whether you're willing to hone your own skills.

"You're still young, only 25 years old. Men usually achieve a certain achievement in their careers when they're in their 30s, so it's still not too late for you."

Hector was silent for a moment. "I'm willing to go. It's just that what should I tell Grandma and Dad about it?"

Maisie looked at him. "You have me."

Hector was astonished. "But didn't you tell me that you don't like them?"

"Let's just let bygones be bygones. I'm not someone that clings to anything that took place in the past." Maisie laughed as she realized that she had gradually forgotten about the hatred she had for the Vanderbilts ever since her father's death. "By the way, my sister, she..." Hector thought of something when he was about to leave and sighed, "I don't want to see her repeat her mistakes over and over again. In fact, I still hope that she can come home to us." Maisie nodded. "What a coincidence. I want to meet her too." The next day, Maisie went to Linda's residence to look for her. She stood in front of the door and knocked on it. Linda came to the door and opened it. Her expression dimmed instantly when she saw Maisie. "Why are you here? Have you come here to make a joke out of me?"

"No one wants to make a joke out of you. I'm just here to talk to you." Maisie explained calmly.

"What do you want to talk about?" Linda scoffed. "I have nothing to talk about with you. Your fake concerns will only work on Hector but not on me!" "Then we won't talk." Maisie took a debit card out of her handbag. "This is what

"Hector asked me to hand to you while I'm here."

Linda did not grab the card from Maisie but smacked her hand harshly, and the card in Maisie's hand was dropped to the floor. "I won't take any money that you people give me! I won't accept your hypocritical alms!"

"Do you think this is a form of alms that he's giving you?" Maisie picked up the card on the floor and clamped it between her fingers. "He's worried that it'd be inconvenient for you to go out alone when you're this poor. But this is what you think of him at the end of the day."

"He's worried about me?" Linda thought it was ridiculous. "I wouldn't have gotten

here if it weren't for you people, but you're actually worried about me now?"

Maisie pushed Linda back into the room all of a sudden.

Linda lost her balance, stumbled, and fell to the ground. "What are you doing?" "Is there any difference between you and Willow?" Maisie stood there and looked down at the person sitting on the floor condescendingly. "All you do when something goes wrong is to point fingers at others, but you never look for any problem that has contributed to the tragedy in your own sell. You're always right, and everyone else is always wrong."

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Maisie's expression was cold. "You were born in a family that focused more on boys than girls. You felt that your circumstances were all because of your brother's existence because your grandmother didn't care about what was right or wrong and blindly indulged him.

"But did you try to change it? You didn't. You listened to your grandmother about marrying into a rich family. Even if it was your way of getting away from her, you did everything you were told because you wanted recognition.

"The change in your mind was to marry into a rich family and get recognition.

You're weak and useless and didn't want to fight back, so you obeyed. Why do you think you have the right to blame others

now?"

Linda froze, and her face was ashen." Nonsense!"

"Was it nonsense, or are you refusing to see the truth? You know the answer to that." Maisie looked at her calmly. "If someone has seen how cruel life can be but chooses not to accept it and continues living in delusion, it's absolutely stupid and means that you need more lessons.

"You don't want to change yet want recognition and live a comfortable life.

There's no such thing as the best of both worlds. It's been four years. Are you still living in your dreams?"

Linda looked down and bit her lip. She was like fragile porcelain, almost breaking apart.

Maisie placed the card on top of the shoe cabinet. "You decide if you want to keep the card. I've said what I came to say." She turned and walked to the door but stopped and didn't look back. "Hector asked me to tell you that he wishes that you would go home."

Meanwhile, at Soul...

Naomi sat in the office, going through the documents. She slumped over the desk and was clueless. Her inspiration had run dry.

When she picked up her glass to take a drink, she realized that her glass was empty and there was no refill in the water cooler.

She could only go to the pantry outside to get water.

Naomi walked to the pantry with her glass and heard a few female colleagues gossiping inside. She smiled and greeted them before walking to get water when she entered.

“I was eating at a restaurant the other day and saw Mr. Boucher and his wife and kid. I didn’t expect he would focus on being a stay-at-home dad after getting married.” “Sigh, even Mr. Boucher is married, and I’m not. I’m such a failure.”

“Hey, Naomi, are you married?” A colleague suddenly called out to her.

Naomi was planning to leave quietly, but now that they asked, she paused, turned toward them, and shook her head with a smile.

“You’re not married yet? I’ve seen your file. You’re turning 27 this year, right?” Among the colleagues, those over 25 or 26 were pretty much married with kids. Only a few were single.

Naomi had no idea what she should say when one of them approached her. “You’re quite beautiful. Even if you’re not married, you probably have a boyfriend already?”

That made her feel even more awkward. She awkwardly smiled. “No.” She immediately explained when they looked at her curiously, “Because I’m quite introverted. I rarely go socializing.”

They understood once she explained, but they advised, “You’re 27 already. You can’t keep being introverted. I think you should join some socializing event.” Socializing events were pretty much like going on blind dates. When one saw someone that looked fine, they would get together.

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Naomi smiled but didn’t answer.

She had been in a coma for over a decade and had lost all her friends. Even now, she wasn’t very comfortable being around people yet.

When they were happily discussing, Naomi made an excuse and left. One of the colleagues was obviously curious. “Why do I feel that she doesn’t really like talking to people?”

“I noticed that too. Other than talking about work, she’s usually alone for meals and work.”

“Is she anti-social?”

In the evening, at the Topaz mansion...

Naomi brought some files home and saw

Anthony sitting in the living room on a call with someone.

When he saw she was back, he said something, hung up, and turned around.” Nelly, you’re finally home. Is work tiring for you?”

Naomi shook her head. “It’s not. It’s quite relaxing.”

“Great, I was worried. If this job is too taxing for you, you can come work in my company, and I’ll arrange for a relaxing job for you. “Anthony looked worried. “You’ve been coming home late lately, and I’m worried that you can’t handle it.”

Naomi smiled and waved her hand. "The company didn't ask us to work overtime. I wanted to do it."

Anthony nodded and recalled something. "By the way, I'm going to the Persian Gulf in a few days. Remember to take your meals and don't get too tired, okay?"

Anthony left with his bag after saying that.

Naomi walked him to the garden and saw him get into his car. She turned around and closed the door but noticed that another car was parked where his car was not long after her father's car left.

A woman rolled down the window and asked, "Is Mr. Topaz around?"

Naomi answered with a smile, "My father just left. Can I help you?"

"..." The woman in the car paused, looked away from her, and didn't reply. She slowly rolled up the window and drove off.

She looked into the rearview mirror and saw Naomi standing on the spot. Then she tightened her grip on the steering wheel. Naomi walked into the villa and saw that the caretaker had prepared dinner. She mentioned the woman who was asking for her father to the caretaker, and the caretaker was startled. "What does she look like?"

Naomi answered, "A classy lady."

The caretaker's expression changed as she looked at Naomi. "Did that woman... say something to you?" Naomi shook her head and asked out of curiosity, "She just asked if dad was in. Mrs. Irving, do you know her?"

Mrs. Irving smiled awkwardly. "Of course not. She's probably Mr. Topaz's business partner or something."

Naomi nodded and didn't ask further.

When Mrs. Irving left, she called Anthony with her phone. "Sir, she came over again after you left and has seen Ms. Topaz."

Anthony was quiet for a moment. "Thank you. She didn't say anything to Nelly, did she?"

"Ms. Topaz said she only asked if you were around," Mrs. Irving replied. Anthony relaxed. "We'll talk when I'm back." The next day at Soul...

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Maisie came to Naomi's office and knocked on the door. She saw Naomi rubbing her temple in front of a pile of documents as if she had a massive headache when she walked in.

Naomi got up. "Ms. Vanderbilt?"

"You seem to be in trouble," Maisie smiled. "Ran out of inspiration?"

Naomi lowered her head and nodded. "I'm uninspired. The drafts that I've made are... not good enough."

Maisie looked at the pile of paper in the trash and looked at her watch. "Do you wanna go take a walk with me?"

Naomi was surprised.

Maisie took her to the old street at the

back. Old buildings surrounded them, and they all looked old yet elegant. It had an otherworldly feel.

The two of them stopped in front of an old jewelry shop called 'Jewel Attic'. The store had a classic interior. The jewelry wasn't from any big brands and was mostly priced in the thousands.

Naomi looked at Maisie, confused. "Ms. Vanderbilt, what are we..."

Maisie smiled and put her arm on her shoulder. "I brought you here to get some inspiration. And while we're at it, I'd like to show you some antique creations." They entered 'Jewel Attic'. There were three floors. The wooden floor was painted red and antique windows lined the walls. The chandelier was an old layered design.

The display cabinets exhibited all kinds of vintage jewelry, and even the racks displayed delicately carved jade, agate, and more.

Naomi looked at the pieces of jewelry in the cabinets, which were exquisite. Unlike the other common jewelry, these had their very own uniqueness.

Maisie gave an introduction, "This store has been around for 70 years. It was here before Taylor Jewelry was established. It's a modest store, unlike the commercialized ones. The shop has been in the owner's family for three generations, and they have

always insisted on selling antique jewelry pieces.

"All of these were carved by the store's founder, from the jade to porcelain and gems. Anything could turn into an exquisite piece of jewelry in his hands."

Naomi was in awe, but she noticed that it

was quiet since there weren't any customers around. "People don't usually stumble upon this place, do they?"

"That's true," Maisie nodded with a smile, "But the Jewel Attic has an online store, and most of their transactions are made online. They have a good reputation, but they're not very famous."

A man who walked out saw them and smiled. "Welcome. Have you seen something that you're interested in?"

Maisie walked to the counter. "Are you the owner?"

The man paused before replying with a smile, "The owner is my teacher. I'm his student. He's not in today. If you want to request a custom-made item from him, I can contact him."

Maisie smiled. "It's alright. We're interested

in antique jewelry. Could you show us around if it's not too much trouble?" The man immediately shook his head and walked out from behind the counter. "No trouble at all. Let me show you around the store."

Maisie smiled and said thanks.

After the man showed them the pieces at the front, he brought them upstairs." There's more up there. The ones upstairs are all my teacher's designs. He loves geography and mythical beasts."

The display cabinets of the first floor were covered in all kinds of jade. Some were inlaid in gold or platinum and were mostly carved or hollowed out.

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Each piece was a work of art. Every item, from earrings, to bangles, and necklaces, was inspired by mythical creatures.

Maisie saw a single bracelet in one of the cabinets. The phoenix engraved onto it looked very lifelike. She had been exposed to engraving, but it wasn't possible to make something look so lifelike even for her.

The man said, "This bracelet was my teacher's creation. He has a lot of engraved pieces."

He pointed toward a hanging ornament with gold trims. There were green, blue, and red gems on it, and it looked beautiful under the light.

"Is this a ring?" Naomi looked at one of the rings on the display. That was the first time she saw creativity like that.

The man smiled. "Yes, that's a ring. It's one of my teacher's engraving pieces too."

Naomi mumbled, "So, that's what classical craftsmanship can produce." The man slowly said, "He told me that classical craftsmanship and antique jewelry pieces are very closely related. He has a strong understanding of craftsmanship and has seen how beautiful they can be. That's how he got his inspiration."

'Antique pieces' always existed and were one of the rare types of jewelry. Anything that was more than 100 years old would be classified as an antique piece.

The actual antique pieces were really expensive because, other than having a long history, people were drawn to them, and that was something that was a luster that even time could not dim.

A lot of the valuable pieces had disappeared hundreds of years ago, so the current 'antique pieces' were the ones that people showed to the world because of their love for them.

Maisie wanted to revisit the antique style in Luxella because of the same appreciation. She made antique jewelry pieces sought after again.

The owner of Jewel Attic had passed down the 'antique elements' 70 years ago, which was why Maisie wanted Naomi to visit this place.

Naomi bought that ring, and they left Jewel Attic. She looked at the box in her hand. " Ms. Vanderbilt, I think I know what my next design will be." After seeing so many antique pieces, she finally understood that she had limited her inspiration. The 'Baroque style' was part of the antique style, but it had more history, a clash between modern and ancient elements.

Maisie patted her shoulder. "It's great that you got your inspiration. I'm looking forward to your designs."

Naomi smiled.

Maisie looked past her shoulder and noticed something, then frowned.

Naomi followed her line of sight but didn't see anything. She found it odd, so she asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's fine. My eyes are playing tricks." Maisie looked back at her and smiled.

Let's go back."

Naomi nodded.

Maisie brought Naomi to the garage. When Naomi got into the car, Maisie stood there for a few seconds to confirm that no one was following them before finally getting in the car and driving off.

A man walked out from the shadows and made a call. "Ma'am, her companion noticed that I was following her. I need to keep some distance."

The woman on the other end slowly said, ' Find a chance and bring her to see me.' At the Goldman mansion...

Chapter 1170

*Grandpa, you promised that you'd give me my console back if I got a 90!" Daisy complained because she wanted her console back.

Nicholas drank his tea on the couch and looked helpless. The little girl was so obsessed with games that her grades were below 80 now. He put down his teacup." Yes, I promised, I'll give it back to you when you get 90 points, but there's a condition...

"You have to make sure that you hit 90 for all subjects."

Daisy was surprised. She suddenly lowered her head and scratched her cheek. Getting a 90 for all subjects was too tough.

Nicholas chuckled and pointed at her head. "Look at you. Your father and brothers have spoiled you. They complimented you because you were doing well, and now you're getting too proud." ;

Daisy pouted. "Can I... play for an hour?"

Nicholas looked at her. "Just one hour."

“Yes!” She nodded. “I’ll only play for an hour a day!”

“Alright, I’ll believe you this once. I’ll throw it away if you exceed one hour,” Nicholas warned.

Daisie entered the study and looked into all the drawers. Her grandfather had said that the console was in the study.

Mr. Cheshire walked past and heard noises. He saw Daisie on her knees going through the drawers when he entered.” Young Miss, what are you looking for?”

My game console. Grandpa agreed to let me play,” Daisie finally found it in the bottom-most drawer and flashed a big grin.

Mr. Cheshire didn’t understand why children were so obsessed with games.

Just when Daisie was closing the drawer, she saw a folded-up newspaper. At first, she didn’t pay attention to it, but the young heir of the Knowles’ caught her attention.

She unfolded the newspaper, saw something, and froze.

When she ran out of the study, she bumped into Nicholas, and before he could say anything, she ran back into her room.

“Why is this girl running around?” He looked into the study and saw the console on the floor. She hadn’t even taken it with her.

Nicholas frowned. He went in and saw the opened drawer and the newspaper, then immediately stuffed it back in.

Nolan got back to the Goldmann mansion, and Mr. Cheshire told him about Daisie.

Nolan loosened his tie and squinted. “Has she been playing since she got back?” Mr. Cheshire replied, “She started when you traveled overseas with Mrs. Goldmann. After the Young Miss was sent to a different class from her brother, she was pretty much stuck to her game and didn’t make any new friends in school.”

Nolan pressed his lips together. Just when he was going to have a word with his daughter, he saw Nicholas standing at the top of the stairs. “Daisie found out about Nollace.”

Nolan was stunned.

At that moment, Daisie was curled up in bed and crying her eyes out.

Nolan pushed her door open, and she was sniffing and wiping off her tears.

He chuckled and sat on the edge of her bed. “Do you believe that the paper says?”

Daisie cried, “How would I not believe that? Why didn’t he come back?”

Nolan frowned. “Do you really like spending time with that silly boy so much?”

“Nolly isn’t a silly boy.” Daisy stopped crying. Nolan chuckled, but his heart ached, seeing how red her eyes were. He didn’t know how to handle her, just like how he was with her mother. “He’s not dead. He’s very much alive. He is back home in Yaramoor now.’