

Chapter 1171

“Really?” Daisy’s eyelashes were wet and had stuck together. Her nose was red, and she looked like a deer.

“Yeah,” Nolan replied, “I’ll never lie to you.”

“Then will I ever see him again?” Daisy’s eyes were filled with anticipation.

Nolan was rendered speechless.

He did not know why, but he had an urge to give his daughter a beating when he saw how eager she was to meet that kid.

He pinched his nose and changed to another topic. “I heard that you’ve become addicted to video games, and you even brought a gaming console to school.” Daisy was stunned. She lowered her head and said, “I only have a gaming console

left.

He patted her head and said, “Even though you’re not studying in the same class as your brother anymore, you can still make other friends, right?”

“They don’t like me.” Daisy’s reply caused Nolan to narrow his eyes. He did not believe that there were people who actually did not like his daughter!

His daughter was so pretty and adorable! How could they not like her?

Nolan took a deep breath to calm himself down and asked, “How can they not like you?” “Because too many boys want to play with me, so they don’t like me,” Daisy replied with a pout, causing Nolan’s face to turn dark. At night at the Blue Bay villa...

“The girls in Daisy’s class ice her out?” Maisie sat in front of the dresser to take off the earrings and turned her head to look at Nolan.

Nolan was sitting on the couch reading a magazine. The black velvet sleeping robe fit him like a glove. “Yeah. It seems like it’s not a good thing that our daughter is too beautiful.”

Maisie was tickled pink by him and said, “It’s not Daisy’s fault for being too beautiful. Being beautiful isn’t a crime.”

Nolan chuckled. He closed the magazine and said, “Being beautiful isn’t a crime, but I can’t let those underage brats lay their filthy

grubby paws on my daughter.”

Maisie rose to her feet and walked up to him. She sat on top of him and placed her finger on his lips.

“Our son has a pretty face too. I can almost see how many girls will fall for him, like in your case, when he grows up.”

Nolan grabbed her hand and lifted his eyebrows. “I’m not worried about my son. I’m worried about my daughter. What if she runs into a jörk in the future?”

Maisie laughed. "You're starting to worry about this?"

"Of course." Nolan stroked her cheek. "The period between the ages of 10 and 19 is adolescence. Our kids are almost 10 years old now, and it's time to teach them how to protect themselves, especially Daisie."

Maisie wrapped her arms around his neck and said, "I'll teach Daisie. You teach the boys."

Nolan kissed her lips as an amusement rose in his eyes. "Then I'll start by teaching you tonight first, Zee."

Maisie was stunned. "What are you going to teach me?"

He gazed at her deeply and meaningfully while leaning closer to whisper into her ear, "How to have safe s*x as adults."

At night, a heavy downpour swept across the entire city. A streak of white light tore through the night sky, and thunder rang out across the sky.

A car was moving in the rain. Anthony was talking to someone through his phone in the back seat. "Please help me to take care of the Persian Gulf for the time being. I have something important to attend to, so I need to return. Thank you for your help."

After that, he hung up the call.

The driver looked at him through the rear mirror and asked, "Are you worried about Ms. Topaz?" Anthony massaged his nose. "That woman has returned. I'm worried that she has a hidden agenda for approaching Naomi."

The driver was stunned. It seemed like he knew who the woman Anthony was talking about was.

The rain became heavier, and the neon light around became blurry. After the wipers swept away a layer of water droplets from the windshield, a ray of light from the distance blinded the driver for a moment. After the opposing vehicle brushed past them rapidly, it was only then the driver noticed the construction sign ahead.

However, it was already too late when he saw the sign. He quickly jerked the steering wheel to avoid the sign. The car at the back couldn't avoid it in time and crashed into them.

Chapter 1172

At the Topaz mansion...

Naomi was sitting in the study room with a jacket draped over her shoulder. She had only left a lamp on. The lamp cast a halo of light around her and made her look ethereally beautiful.

She was working on her draft on a piece of paper. The sky was still dark and heavy outside while heavy rain lashed against the windows. The pitter-patter sound was loud, but it did not seem to affect her.

At that moment, the phone downstairs rang, snapping Naomi back to reality. She put the pen down and walked out of the study room. She then switched on the light in the corridor and went downstairs.

She did not know who would call them in

the middle of the night, but she had a feeling that it was her father.

When she reached the phone, she answered it with a smile on her face, "Dad However, the person from the other side said something, and her smile froze.

At the hospital...

By the time Naomi and her caretaker, Mrs. Irving, arrived, there were two people outside of the emergency room. When Mrs. Irving saw the face of the woman amongst the two people, her expression changed.

The woman turned her head to look at Naomi. The latter was looking back at her as well. She had not put on her sunglasses this time, but Naomi could recognize from her aura that she was the woman who had come to look for her father that day.

She approached Naomi with a smile on her face. Unexpectedly. Mrs. Irving pulled Naomi over and looked at the woman warily before she could say anything. "Mrs. Gosling, please stay away from Ms. Topaz."

Naomi was stunned and looked at Mrs. Irving in confusion.

The man in black beside Mrs. Gosling wanted to step forward, but she stopped him. She looked at Mrs. Irving and said, "I didn't expect that you'd still be working for Anthony after so many years. Could it be that you take Anthony as your own son?"

Mrs. Irving's face turned dark.

At that moment, the doctor came out of the operating room. "The patient needs blood infusions. Which one of you has B-type blood?"

"Me. I have B-type blood," Naomi stepped forward. The doctor measured her for a while and asked, "You are..."

"The patient is my father," Naomi replied. The doctor nodded in assent. "Then please follow me."

"Wait," Mrs. Gosling suddenly said. Just when both of them turned their heads, she rolled up her sleeves and said, "Take my blood. I have B-type blood too."

Before Naomi could do or say anything. Mrs. Gosling left with the doctor. When she walked past Naomi, she pitched her voice low and whispered, "This is what I can do for you."

Naomi stood frozen stiff on the spot as she was overwhelmed by confusion.

Three hours later, the operation was done.

It was already 5:30 a.m. by the time Anthony came out of the operating room. Since the anesthesia had not worn off, he had yet to regain his consciousness.

Naomi sat beside the sickbed to watch over her father. Mrs. Irving draped a blanket over her and said, "Ms. Topaz, you should take some rest. You still have to go to work at nine tomorrow. I'll take care of Mr. Topaz."

Naomi nodded. She lay down in the recliner chair but did not close her eyes.

"Mrs. Irving, do you know Mrs. Gosling?"

Mrs. Irving was stunned and averted her gaze. "If you want to know about her, you can ask Mr. Topaz when he wakes up later. He'll tell you everything."

Naomi did not ask anything anymore.

It wasn't until early in the morning that Naomi woke up from her nightmare. She turned her head to look at her father in the hospital bed and breathed a sigh of relief when the electrocardiogram showed that her father's heart was still beating slowly.

Mrs. Irving came back with some breakfast. "Ms. Topaz, why don't you sleep a little more?"

"I had a nightmare." She took the blanket off her body and sat right up. "I can't sleep."

Mrs. Irving comforted her with a smile on her face. "Don't worry. Mr. Topaz is a good man. I'm sure he'll be fine."

At that moment, Naomi received a text message from Maisie. She asked her to take a day off and rest.

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

Nolan found out that Anthony had gotten into an accident last night and was hospitalized after a phone call.

As Maisie helped him to put on his tie, she said, "I wonder how Mr. Topaz is doing."

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Nolan wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into his embrace. "I'll go pay him a visit this afternoon."

"Bring me along." Maisie said as she put her arms around his neck. Even though she did not put on any makeup, she still looked seductive and alluring.

Nolan narrowed his eyes and bumped the back of his teeth with his tongue.

Suddenly, he took his tie off, stunning Maisie.

Before she could do anything, he had scooped her up from the floor and put her on the table. She placed her palm on his chest and said, "Nolan, you still have to go to the office--"

Nolan pressed his lips onto hers as he slowly invaded her inch by inch. He put his hands on her waist and said, "It will only take 30 minutes."

Maisie was rendered speechless.

At the hospital...

By the time Anthony came around, it was already 10:00 a.m. When he saw his daughter sitting beside him, he offered her a weak smile and said, "Nelly."

Naomi lifted her head, and a smile broke across her face when she saw her father had woken up. "Dad!"

Then, a worried expression crawled onto her face as she lowered her head. "Dad, I'm worried about you."

Her father was the only family member she had. She spent many years with the regret of not being able to be with her father, and she was terrified of losing her loved ones.

He lifted her hand to rub the top of her head. "I'm sorry. I've made you worry about me."

Anthony was stunned when he saw the woman that appeared at the door, and his face sank.

Naomi turned her head over and saw it was Mrs. Gosling.

Mrs. Gosling was holding a mealbox in her hand. She smiled at Anthony and said, "You're awake."

"What are you doing here?" Anthony replied coldly.

Naomi did not know what had happened between her father and Mrs. Gosling, but she still decided to tell him the truth. "Dad, Mrs. Gosling transfused her blood to you last night."

Anthony did not say anything.

Mrs. Gosling walked up to Naomi with a smile on her face and said, "Nelly. Can I call you that?"

Naomi knew Mrs. Gosling was trying to cotton up to her. Since she knew her father, and although she did not know what kind of relationship her father and Mrs. Gosling had, Mrs. Gosling was older than her, so she nodded.

Mrs. Gosling put the mealbox down and said to Naomi, "Do you want to have lunch together at noon?"

Naomi was stunned.

However, before she could say anything, Anthony stepped in and declined on her behalf. "She doesn't want to have lunch with you. There were plenty of opportunities for you to do so in the past, but why have you never thought of her?"

Mrs. Gosling's face turned pale, and she lowered her head. "...I have my own reason."

Anthony sneered. "You're now the wife of the chairman of the Petroleum

Corporation. Does Alexander know that you came to see me?"

Mrs. Gosling pressed her lips thin. Naomi, who was standing on the sidelines watching the tension between the two of them, vaguely sensed something. However, she didn't dare to think about it because she didn't think it was possible. "Dad..." Naomi's voice snapped Anthony back to reality. He looked at her and apologized in a deep voice, "I'm sorry, Nelly." He shouldn't have lost himself in front of his daughter.

Naomi looked at Mrs. Gosling, and Mrs. Gosling was also watching her. "Didn't your father tell you anything?" She was stunned. "Tell me what?"

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12:10

"Patricia!" Anthony shouted before solemnly saying. "What do you expect me to tell her? Tell her that she has a mother who abandoned her?"

Patricia froze, while Naomi was dumbstruck.

Naomi looked at her father incredulously and asked, "Dad, didn't you say my mother was dead?"

"Because I don't think it's necessary,

Instead of letting you know you have an irresponsible mother, I'd rather tell you she's dead," Anthony replied in a grave voice.

Patricia did not expect he would say something like that before their daughter, and her face sank.

However, when Naomi looked at her, she did not know what she should say to her. After all, she was the one who had cruelly abandoned her back then.

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Naomi turned around. She was calm and didn't have any emotions that she should have upon learning the truth. "Dad. I'm going to look for Mrs. Irving."

She left the ward and bumped into Mrs. Irving in the corridor, who came to deliver them their lunch. Mrs. Irving asked, "Did Mr. Topaz wake up already?"

She nodded.

When Mrs. Irving saw the solemn expression on Naomi's face, she asked worriedly, "What happened, miss?"

Naomi lowered her head. "You know that Mrs. Gosling is my mother, right?"

Mrs. Irving was stunned. She looked toward the ward and said, "Has Mr. Topaz told you everything?" Naomi nodded.

Mrs. living took a deep breath and replied," Ms. Emerson indeed is your mother. She was also the most famous celebrity in the entertainment industry that year and was known as the "successor" of Natasha. After Natasha married the head of the Goldmanns, she retired from the entertainment industry, and your father was tasked to be Ms. Emerson's agent.

"Ms. Emerson is a passionate woman. When your father was her agent, he fell in love with her, and both of them dated each other for five years without anyone knowing about their relationship. Your father secured many resources for her, and because of that, she became an A-list celebrity very soon."

Suddenly, Mrs. Irving let out a sigh." Everyone will change once they've gained greater fame and wealth, and it applies to those from the entertainment industry as well. As Ms. Emerson immersed in the fame

and glory that your father brought to her, she wanted even more. After she got to know someone from the upper class, she began to look down on your father since he was just an agent.

“Two years later, she was pregnant.”

Naomi looked intently at Mrs. Irving as her face turned slightly pale.

Mrs. Irving then continued. “Ms. Emerson was at the peak of her career at that time. She didn’t want to give birth to you at all. It was your father who begged her to deliver the baby. Because of that, he hid her pregnancy from the public and gave her the best resources.

In the fourth month of her pregnancy, your father sent her abroad to nourish the fetus. She only returned to continue to develop her career in the industry after giving birth to you abroad.

“During that period, it was your father who took care of you. Ms. Emerson had never held you since you were born. One year after she gave birth to you, the media captured her intimate photos with Mr.

Gosling from the Petroleum Corporation, and it was also at that time that she officially broke up with your father.” Naomi’s chest was heaving up and down heavily as she lowered her head. So, this was her mother who had abandoned her just like her father said?

Patricia had not wanted to give birth to her, and had it not been for her father’s begging, Naomi might never have come to this world. After giving birth to her, she had

never once held her in her arms.

Seeing how hurt Naomi was, Mrs. Irving grabbed her hand and said, “Miss, you can’t blame Mr. Topaz for not telling you the truth. He didn’t know how to tell you about your mother, and he didn’t want to break your heart.”

Naomi bit her lips to hold her tears back.” Yeah. I don’t blame my father.” Even though her father had not told her the truth, the one thing she knew was that her father loved her very much. He had not given up on her even after she had been comatose for more than a decade. She just couldn’t bring herself to hate her father.

Meanwhile, in the ward...

“Why the hell did you return? What do you want from Nelly?” Anthony had lost his patience with her. He still did not understand why he would fall in love with such a cruel woman back then.

He had retired from the entertainment industry and quit being an agent because he was disappointed in her.

Patricia averted her gaze and replied, “Can’t I return to see my daughter?”

Anthony pointed out and shouted angrily, “If you feel sorry for your daughter, you should’ve returned long ago when your daughter was lying comatose in the nursing home!”

Patricia pressed her lips thin.

“I don’t care what you want from Nelly. It was you who didn’t want her back then, so she’s mine, Anthony Topaz’s daughter. She isn’t related to you in the slightest, Patricia.” Anthony hissed.

“How can you be sure that Nelly doesn’t want me as her mother? I’m, after all, her biological mother,” she asked.

“I don’t want you to be my mother.” Naomi’s voice rang out behind them.

Both of them turned around and saw her standing at the door. She was not going to be polite with Patricia anymore. Patricia was stunned when she heard what Naomi said. She did not expect that she would reject her so straightforwardly. Naomi walked up to her father and turned her head to look at Patricia. “I don’t have a mother. I just have a father. For me, this is a fact that will never change.”

“Nelly, how could you,”

“It’s because of my father that I’m standing here right now.” Patricia’s expression changed slightly when she heard what Naomi said. She turned her head to look at Mrs. Irving, who was standing outside of the ward, and said, “You have told her everything?”

“I’m just stating the truth. It’s a fact that you don’t deserve to be Ms. Topaz’s mother,” Mrs. Irving replied matter-of-factly.

Patricia did not say anything anymore. She turned around and stormed out of the ward.

Naomi helped her father to lay on the bed.” Don’t worry, Dad. I won’t leave your side.”

Anthony revealed a smile of relief after what she said. “I’m worried she might have a hidden agenda for approaching you, but I’m relieved now after hearing what you said.”

In the afternoon...

Nolan and Maisie came to pay Anthony a visit. Anthony seemed to have something to talk to Nolan about, so Maisie and Naomi came out of the ward.

In the corridor, Naomi expressed her gratitude to Maisie. “Thank you for giving me a day off, Ms. Vanderbilt.” Maisie smiled, “Don’t mention it. He’s your father, and you should take a day off to take care of him.”

When Nolan came out of the ward, Maisie asked with a smile, “Are you done?”

“Yeah,” Nolan replied. “Then I’m going in,” Naomi replied.

Maisie nodded.

When Naomi returned to the ward, Maisie looked at Nolan. “What did Mr. Topaz tell you? What’s so secretive?”

Nolan hugged her, and both of them walked into the elevator. “He wants me to help him look into someone.”

She was stunned. “Who?”

He pressed the button and said, "Patricia Emerson, the wife of the chairman of the Petroleum Corporation." Maisie thought for a long while. She seemed to have heard the name somewhere before, and she was the wife of the chairman of the Petroleum Corporation

"She's about the same age as my mother, and she was also one of the most famous celebrities in the entertainment industry back then."

Nolan's explanation jolted Maisie's memory. "So it's her, but she retired from the entertainment industry a long time ago."

Rumor had it that she had retired from the entertainment industry after getting married into a rich family. so many young people nowadays did not know her.

It was just that there was something she did not understand. "Why does Mr. Topaz want you to look into her?" The two metal doors opened, and both of them came out of the elevator. He chuckled and stopped in his tracks to look at her. "Since when have you liked to gossip so much?" She was stumped. "I'm not gossiping. Can't even ask?"

Upon seeing the blush on her cheeks, Nolan grabbed her into his arms without caring for other people's gazes.

Maisie was shocked. As she looked at the people looking at them, she pushed him gently. "Stop it. Talk properly."

He lifted his eyebrows and replied, "Am I not talking properly to you now?"

Maisie was stumped. Nolan giggled hoarsely as he scratched the tip of her nose. "Since you're so curious about it, I'll tell you when we get back to the car.

"Then what are you waiting for? Let's go!" Maisie said.

Nolan smiled helplessly.

Maisie would become jealous very soon in the past, but now, she had become a gossip. At the private school..

It was a physical education class right now. Daisie sat with her back hunched by the basketball court and watched her classmates play games. She put her elbows on her legs and her chin on her palm. She looked bored.

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Daisie could still play with Lisa and Colton before they were separated into different classes. Daisie sighed as she suddenly missed the time before their class was divided.

"Be careful!"

Before Daisie could react, a basketball had already hit her on the back of her head, and she fell to the ground with a groan. A few boys in basketball uniforms ran over to pick up the ball. They looked like students who were two years older than her. "We're terribly sorry! Are you alright?"

Daisie rubbed the back of her head and lifted her head, and her eyes squinted into two crescents as she smiled. "I'm fine!"

Those boys froze in place, and all of them had the same expression on their faces.

Jesus, I think I've just met an angel!

At this time, a fair and handsome boy came up to her. At first glance, his skin complexion was so fair that it was glowing under the sun. He stretched out his hand and pulled her up. "I'm sorry, they didn't mean to hurt you. Do you feel pain in any other part of your body?"

Daisie shook her head.

The boys in basketball uniforms scratched their heads in embarrassment.

'Thank God this little angel doesn't blame us for the accident.'

They then resumed their game, and Daisie turned her head and realized that the fair boy was still standing right beside her."

Hey, aren't you going to play with them?"

The fair boy replied with a smile, "I'm sick, so I can't play with them."

Daisie tilted her head in curiosity. "Why are you sick?" "I don't know. It's just that I've been sick for a long time." The boy looked at her. "You're a fourth-grader, aren't you? So why aren't you playing with those girls?"

Daisie looked at her classmates, who were still playing games with each other. "They don't like to play with me, so I just don't play with them."

He was stunned for a moment and then let off a laugh. "You can play with us then."

Daisie frowned. "But I don't even know your name." "I'm from Class A of the 6th grade, and those boys you just met were all my classmates." He then squatted down all of a sudden, picked up a stone, and started writing on the ground.

Daisie leaned over to look.

"This is my name." He taught her how to pronounce his name as he was spelling it out. "Zephir Gosling."

Daisie blinked. She really could not pronounce the word Zephir in her first few attempts. "Is there really such a first name?"

He nodded with a smile. "Yes."

Daisie recalled something and introduced herself, "My name is Daisie, Daisie Vanderbilt." "Daisie..." Zephir squinted and grinned. "It sounds like an angel's name."

A few days later, at a hotel...

"Dr. Leonardsson, I've found a suitable candidate regarding the matching donor. So don't worry, I'll let you know as soon as I'm ready."

Patricia was sitting on the couch, holding a wine glass, and speaking to Dr.

Leonardsson. She placed her phone on the table when the call was over, looking extremely upset.

‘Anthony won’t even let me approach Naomi at all. If he were to know that I’m approaching Naomi only to get her to donate her bone marrow to my son, he’d definitely disagree without any hesitation!

‘At the risk of giving birth at an advanced maternal age, I finally gave birth to an heir for Alexander, but my son was diagnosed with leukemia. So how can I not be anxious?’

‘So no matter what I have to get Naomi to agree to donate her bone marrow.’

After Anthony got his stitches removed, he asked his secretary to go through the discharge procedures for him. He had also given his secretary full authority when it came to handling the company’s affairs while he was away.

He returned home to rest, and one of his subordinates came to him with a file at noon. “Mr. Topaz, this is what Mr.

Goldmann asked me to hand over to you.’

Anthony nodded.

After the subordinate left the room, he opened the file and found out that Patricia was looking for a bone marrow donor for her son. He placed the file on the desk heavily.

‘That’s why she’s reappeared in our lives, claiming that she’s here for the daughter. It turns out that she’s looking for a match.’

At Soul...

Naomi handed her artwork to Maisie, and Kennedy looked astonished when he saw the designs on the papers.

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Naomi stood there, taking deep breaths to relieve her tension.

Maisie turned her head and asked Kennedy, “What do you think?”

Kennedy rubbed his chin. “Incorporating carvings unique to the baroque design language into the jewelry is a great idea.”

The first drawing was that of a necklace, which had the pattern of a flower that was carved from jade. Its main body was made out of roses and lilies, and the middle was inlaid with other flowers and leaves of different sizes. The core of the flower and the base of the petals were formed by arranging rounded beads neatly. In order to make this design into a fine piece of jewelry, a necklace was indeed a very suitable choice.

The second draft was a ring that had delicate carvings. The ring's design was mainly based on the fireworks that had gone off in the night sky. The curly patterns found carved on the slender chrysanthemum petals looked clear, and the gemstones embedded in the stamens had to give off a beautiful hue and look extremely pure and clear, so the decision to go with a citrine topaz was impeccable as it would fully showcase the magnificence of this design.

Jewelry pieces that used chrysanthemums as the centerpiece of the design were rare, and the move to compare the blooming of a chrysanthemum to the explosion of a firework was straight-up pure art.

And the last design was also a ring, but the design looked more subtle. It was inspired by the mythical winged divine horse, Pegasus. The feathered wings that spread from the bottom of the ring went up along both sides of the ring and protruded from the shoulders. The carvings of the feathers started from the outside of the ring but did not stop going when they reached the inside. And lastly, an emerald would be embedded in the prongs that extended from the wings, making the whole ring look elegant and regal. Maisie looked at Naomi. "I knew that you would definitely do it with your rare talent for classical jewelry."

Kennedy laughed out loud too. "It only took a week. This is truly amazing."

Naomi smiled and nodded. "Thank you."

Maisie returned the artwork to her. "Send them to the CAD department and ask them to make a sample drawing out of these drafts. I'll then instruct them to adhere strictly to our instructions when it comes to fulfilling the requirements of your designs. After all, these three pieces of jewelry are the main pieces that Soul will release in the coming season. No mistakes will be allowed throughout the whole production process, so I'll personally supervise the process and assist from the side from time to time."

Naomi nodded. "Okay."

Kennedy smiled after Naomi went out. "It seems that the daughter of Mr. Topaz is indeed someone who can endure hardships.

She might be able to manage things on her own when she gets the hang of how things work in the industry."

"I wouldn't be too sure about that." "Why so?" Kennedy wondered. Maisie supported her forehead in one hand. Judging from how Naomi is reacting to things... It seems that she's been trying to avoid social interactions as much as possible. "What she's facing might not be categorized as a serious psychological issue. After all, nobody would even believe you if you were to go around the city, telling people that she's spent more than a decade in a hospital bed.

"However, she had been isolated from the world for more than ten years before reconnecting with reality once again. Everything in this world has changed dramatically during that gap. Hence, it'll take time for her to adjust to this new world.

"Her adaptation to social interactions is especially important, as that's something a jewelry designer can't avoid.

“But recently, rumors in the company have it that Naomi is a loner, and she has issues whenever it comes to dealing with other people. Several staff members have tried to invite her to go to the movies together, but she declined every single time.”

Kennedy pondered for a moment. “She’s been cut off from society for so long, so she may not know much about the topics that her peers share. I guess she’s probably worried that she will make a laughingstock out of herself.”

Maisie actually sensed it too.

‘Whenever I’m with Naomi, almost all the topics we talk about are related to jewelry design. Although both of us had gone out together the other day, Naomi was very quiet throughout the whole journey. At that moment, Naomi was devoting her full attention to carving the wax block under the guidance of the craftsman from the CAD department. Because her designs were mostly handcrafted, although most of their parts could be drawn out through the CAD software, the special pattern of the

carvings would still require manual work. The manual carvings would take at least one or two days. After all, the stencil had to be perfectly clean and free of any marks and scratches. Not to mention that the size of the carvings must be dead-one. Naomi would have to re-carve the whole thing from

scratch if she were to only make the slightest mistake in her career.

Maisie and Kennedy walked into the production room, stood outside the door, and watched Naomi as she carved her design very seriously. The craftsmen were all very patient with her, probably because no one would bear to reprimand someone of the younger generation who worked hard.

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“Ms. Vanderbilt.” Lucy seemed to be looking for her, and she caught up to Maisie. “A woman has come to our lobby. She claims that she’s here for Naomi.”

After listening to what Lucy had to say, Maisie could not help but frown. “How old is the woman?”

Lucy replied, “I think she’s in her late 30s to her late 40s, has a remarkable and elegant temperament, and everything that she wears is of all sorts of designer brands. In short, she’s definitely not a woman who comes from an ordinary family.” With that description, Maisie could more or less guess who it was. That’s Naomi’s biological mother. ‘Nolan said that Mr. Topaz quit Royal Crown because of Patricia Emerson. He also mentioned that they had been in a relationship a while back, but it did not go public. Around that time, Patricia gave birth to Naomi for Anthony. However, their relationship ended when Patricia moved on and got married to Alexander Gosling. “That’s why Mr. Topaz had to raise Naomi alone. He’s Naomi’s father, but no one in the industry has ever seen his so-called wife. Everyone only knows that he has a daughter, but no one knows that Anthony has never gotten married.’

She said to Kennedy, “I’ll go down and welcome the other party first so that she won’t have to wait for a long time.” Kennedy nodded. Patricia was sitting on the couch in the lobby browsing a magazine that talked about jewelry fashion and flipped through it while waiting. She did not raise her head until she heard the sound of high heels approaching. Maisie smiled. “Mrs. Gosling.” Probably because Maisie got her name correctly, Patricia took a good look at her and put the magazine back down. “May I know who you are?”

"I'm the founder of Soul Jewelry, Maisie Vanderbilt." She lowered her gaze and bowed with a smile. "You've left Bassburgh for so many years, so I think you probably haven't heard of me before this."

Patricia stood up slowly. "Oh, you're Mrs. Goldmann. Although I haven't seen you before this, I've definitely heard of you." "Are you here for Ms. Topaz?" Maisie looked at her.

Patricia was worthy of being crowned as the most enchanting female celebrity in the entire entertainment industry during the 70s. Although she was already in her 40s and did not look as youthful as she was in the past, her charm was still there. "Did she refuse to see me?" Patricia did not answer the question directly. She looked around the lobby but failed to locate Naomi's whereabouts.

"She's currently a little occupied."

"She's Anthony Topaz's daughter, so why is she working at a jewelry company?" It was not that Maisie did not get what Patricia was implying. Naomi was Anthony's only daughter, so there was really no need for her to work given her family background. Not to mention that Anthony had no son. Naomi would inherit the entirety of Eastwood Enterprise in the future. "Ms. Topaz has her own dreams." Maisie smiled as she glanced at Patricia with her meaningful gaze. "You probably don't know that Ms. Topaz is very talented in jewelry design, do you?" Patricia's expression dimmed. "This is between her and me. All you need to do is just tell her that I've come for her, and I'll wait for her here."

She then sat back on the couch and did not seem to have the plan of leaving in a while.

Maisie picked up her phone, called Lucy, and asked her to pass the message to Naomi. Lucy then said something to her in response before the call ended. Maisie conveyed the message to Patricia. "I've informed Ms. Topaz about your request to see her, but it seems that she doesn't want to see you." "She must come and see me even if she doesn't want to!" Patricia could no longer keep her cool. However, she managed to calm herself down almost instantly. "TH just wait for her here." Seeing that she insisted on meeting Naomi, Maisie had some guesses, but she could not pinpoint the exact reason.

'Does she regret her decision to abandon Naomi back then, and she wants to make up now and ask for her forgiveness? Or does she have something else going on up there? All these are unclear.'

Maisie did not say anything else, turned around, and left the lobby.

Patricia sat in the lobby and waited for a long time, three hours to be exact.

Lucy stood on the second floor and kept an eye on her throughout the whole time." This lady's patience is really off the charts. Why is she so persistent about meeting with Naomi?"

Chapter 1179

Maisie did not say anything.

Patricia waited in the lobby until the late evening when Naomi passed by after getting off work and found out that she was still there. She was a little surprised to hear the staff in the lobby say that her mother had waited for her all afternoon.

Seeing Naomi, Patricia got off the couch with a smile. Her legs and feet were probably stiff due to the lack of movement, so the way she walked up to Naomi looked unnatural. "Nelly."

Naomi took two steps back, refusing to let her mother take another step closer to her.” Why are you still here?”

“...” Patricia realized that Naomi was wary of herself, but the matter at hand could not

be delayed any longer. Thus, even if she had to do something shameless to get close to her daughter, she had just to bite the bullet and do it.

“Nelly, I know that you blame me for everything that’s happened to you.” Patricia took her hand. “I struggled a lot too back then before I decided to do what I did.’

Naomi’s gaze landed on Patricia’s hand, which looked well maintained. Her hands could be considered very delicate for someone who was already in her 40s. They did not look like they belonged to a woman who had suffered a lot before this.

She flung Patricia’s hand off her arm. “Your struggle can’t be brought up as the reason you abandoned Dad and me.”

Patricia was startled.

Seeing that Naomi was turning around and was about to leave, she exclaimed, “Nelly, I know I owe you and your father a lot! You can think that I’m a selfish mother, but wasn’t your father a selfish boyfriend too?”

Naomi stopped but did not look back, and Patricia stepped forward. “When I got pregnant with you, it was an accident. I wasn’t ready to conceive a child at all back then.”

She walked around Naomi and stopped in front of her. “Everything happened when my career was booming, so how could I just retire and give birth to a child? But your father insisted that I must give birth to you.”

Naomi’s eyelashes twitched, but her expression was unchanged. “So, are you saying that I’m the child you never wanted?”

Patricia fell silent.

Naomi raised her head and forced a smile.’ Since you’ve never wanted to keep me, why are you here wanting to meet me now? I’ve always regarded that my mother died long ago, so why would you still walk into my life?”

“L...” She choked on her own words.

Naomi lowered her head powerlessly. “You did nothing wrong when you decided that you didn’t want to keep me, but Dad did nothing wrong either when he decided that he wanted to keep me as his only child. After all, he’s raised me by himself for so many years, and he’s never asked you for anything. He never once brought me along and stepped back into your life to hinder the happiness that you own now, so how can you say that he’s a selfish man?”

Patricia was rendered speechless.

“If he were a selfish man, I wouldn’t have become the person that I am now. Actually, I don’t even hate you at all. That’s because I have no memory of my mother, let alone any feelings for her.”

She then smiled. “The maternal love that I can’t obtain from you, I got it from Mrs.

Irving. She might not be my mother, but she’s done everything that a mother would do for me. As for Dad, needless to say, he loves me even more. So, I don’t think that I ever missed out on anything while I was growing up. That’s also why I have a little next to no resentment toward life. On the contrary, I cherish the life that I have even more now.”

Blood was drained from Patricia’s cheeks as her face turned dull. She even felt somewhat ashamed deep down.

“If you have nothing else to say, I’ll take my leave first.” Naomi nodded at her, and her attitude seemed rather detached.

Patricia was still frozen in place even after Naomi left the scene.

At the Goldmann mansion...

Maisie and Nolan went back to have dinner with the kids. As usual, Colton and Daisie argued with each other as soon as they disagreed on something. The two rugrats really became noisier and noisier as they got older. Nicholas was not surprised, but Alfred defended them, saying that all children were born to be noisy-that was how all houses with children stayed lively,

Maisie chuckled. “Has Nolan never made a fuss before when he was young?”

“He was worse when compared to these two imps.” Nicholas snorted and squinted

at Nolan. “He didn’t do much when he was home, but he never failed to start a war at someone else’s house.”

Maisie could not help but laugh out loud..

Nolan fetched Maisie some asparagus as he said to his father, “I consider myself to be extremely restrained back then.”

Chapter 1180

Nicholas did not even bother to care about Nolan’s prestige as the father of the two rugrats present.

“Your mother actually threatened to beat you up every single time, could you have the guts not to do as told?”

Nolan glanced at Nicholas.

“Dad, Trandma actually hit you when you were a kid?” Colton got the main point of the whole story.

Nolan turned his head and glared at Colton. “Do you want to try it out?”

Colton shut up immediately.

Maisie leaned toward him. "Wow, you've learned to threaten your son now."

Nolan responded seriously, "We can't spoil our son too much. We must beat him when he deserves it."

Colton refuted aggrievedly, "Why would you only beat your son? What about Daisy?"

Daisy blinked. "I won't get beaten because I'm a good girl!"

Colton sighed as if he was an adult. "Being a son has so many cons. Mommy, why didn't you make me a girl?"

Maisie fetched herself a bowl of soup. "If you're a girl, you'll have to get married to someone else and give birth to babies when you grow up. Would you be willing to give birth to a baby?"

Colton rubbed his head. "Uh... I think I'll pass.

I'd be like Godmother if I carried a baby. She's always walking around with that heavy belly, and the idea of having that big belly on me is already killing my legs. He took a glance at Daisy, who was deshelling her shrimp. "So, is Daisy going to get married and have a baby when she grows up?"

Daisy had no idea what Colton was talking about. Nicholas laughed. "I wonder which lucky b*stard will get to marry Daisy in the future.'

Nolan replied casually, "Shouldn't those lucky b*stards first think if they're worthy of your granddaughter?" Nicholas nodded. "It'd be nice if you could think so for the sake of Zee's father when you married her."

Nolan was rendered speechless.

After dinner, Maisie took the children for a walk in the yard. Daisy had brought along her bubble machine and was blowing bubbles while they were strolling in the yard.

The bubbles looked colorful under the reflection of the sunset. Maisie rubbed her hair. "Did you pester your Grandpa into buying you toys again?"

"This isn't a gift from Grandpa. A boy gave it to me."

Maisie paused. "Which boy gave this to you?"

Why don't I know about the new friend that Daisy made recently?'

Daisy replied instantly, "He's a boy from school. He's studying in the 6th grade this year."

Colton crossed his arms. "Why would he give you toys?"

"That's none of your business." Daisy snorted. "He is my friend now." "Pfft! Be careful not to be deceived. Those sixth-graders are known to be very cunning." Colton turned his face away. "Don't come crying to me when you find out that you've been deceived."

"I won't!"

Seeing that the two rugrats were quarreling again, Maisie covered her forehead with her palm.

'It seems that those books that claim that the older the child, the harder it is to control are not totally unreasonable.' Daisy ran up to Maisie and complained, "Mom, Colton is bullying me!" She looked so aggrieved that she was about to cry.

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12:12

When Colton saw this, he snorted with his little arms akimbo and whispered, "I wouldn't even bother to care about you if you weren't my sister.'

Maisie looked at Daisy and pinched her chubby cheek. "Colton is right. It's a good thing that you're making friends, but you must choose wisely in order to make good friends.

What is a good friend?' Daisy did not understand.

'Isn't a friend, a friend?

Maisie knew that Daisy's heart was pure and innocent, so she explained earnestly, 'A good friend is someone who can help you

in your study or life, while a bad friend would want you not to study and show you how to do bad things."

Daisy tilted her head. But my friend is also good at studying, so he shouldn't be a bad friend."

Maisie smiled without saying a word.

She could not teach Daisy how to distinguish the people she encountered in school, but she could at least teach her to defend herself. "I won't stop you from being friends with him. But that new friend is a boy, and you're a girl. So, if he were to do anything to you that makes you feel uncomfortable, that would make him a bad friend."