

Chapter 1191

The manager was stunned. He looked toward Mr. Olson and Linda sitting at booth #29. Mr. Olson also sensed something was not right. Just when he was about to sneak out of the booth and run away while the police were not looking at him, a police officer pointed at him and shouted, "Hey, stay it right there!"

Two police officers rushed forward and pinned Mr. Olson on the floor. Mr. Olson snarled, "No! It isn't me! I'm innocent! I didn't do the deed!"

Linda sat on the chair, her blood running cold.

The police officers watched the video again. The man in the video had the same body size and wore the same clothes as the

man in front of them.

"The man in the video is obviously you, and you still have the nerve to say you're innocent? Cuff him up!"

One of the police officers cuffed him up.

He shouted, "It was that woman! She seduced me! It was that woman who seduced me! She was the one who approached me first, not me!"

Linda's face was bloodless right now.

At that moment, someone came over with the "witness." The janitor pointed at Linda and said, "It's her. She was in the restroom with that man. I can recognize her face."

Linda could feel that everyone was looking at her right now. Their gazes were filled with disdain, disgust, as well as derision and mockery. She wanted to run away, but there was nowhere for her to hide.

In the end, the police officers brought both of them away.

Barbara's car was parked not far away from the bar. After seeing the police cars leave one after another, she turned to look at Maisie, who sat in the passenger seat, and asked, "What do you think?"

Maisie chuckled. "Not bad. Seems like you've learned quite a lot of things from Helios."

"Well, this is nothing." Barbara started the car and drove away. "She will need to spend 15 days in jail and pay a fine. That should teach her a lesson, right?"

Maisie placed her hand on her forehead and said, "Who knows? I do hope that she'll learn her lesson."

Barbara left after sending Maisie back to the Blue Bay villa. As soon as Maisie stepped into the house, she saw Nolan was sitting on the couch with his arms crossed in front of his chest. His face was dark, and it seemed to her that he had been waiting for her for a long time.

'Oh my gosh!

She had forgotten that her husband was waiting for her at home.

“Honey!” Maisie went forward and gave him a hug, but Nolan did not give her any response. Seeing that Nolan was really angry. Maisie continued with a pouty mouth. “I was caught up by something tonight. I didn’t mean to come home late. Can you please stop being angry with me, honey? Come, let me give you a kiss.” She pressed forward, but Nolan turned his face sideways. Pushing her head away, he said, “Do you think I’ll forgive you just like this? No way.”

‘Oh gosh, oh gosh. He’s really pissed off this time.’ She coiled her arms around his neck and cupped her hands on his cheek. She put on a sad expression and said, “Are you really not going to forgive me, Noles, my love?”

Nolan did not say anything in return.

Just when Maisie wanted to kiss him again, he turned his head sideways, and her kiss fell on his cheek.

Refusing to give up, Maisie turned his face back and tried to kiss him.

Nolan squinted his eyes. Seeing how clumsy she was, he put his hand on the back of her head and deepened the kiss. He only released her when she thought she was about to die from suffocation.

Nolan rubbed the corner of her lips with his finger and said, “You’re really such a bad kisser, do you know that Zee?”

Maisie’s eyes turned red. She put on a heartbroken expression and said, “Are you disgusted with me? Tell me! Are you tired of me,

and you want to find another new woman?”

Looking at Maisie, who was throwing a tantrum in his arms, Nolan lifted his eyebrows with amusement and decided to play along with her. “Yes, I’m tired. After all, I’m your husband, but you keep leaving me alone at home. Other people will stay with their spouses and bond all day, but I can only do so at night. Of course, your kissing skills wouldn’t get better.”

“You...” Maisie was stumped. She did not know if she should laugh or be angry at him right now. She smacked his chest and said, “Do you want me to die young if we do that every day?” Nolan wiped the tears off the corner of her eyes and chuckled. “What are you talking about, Zee? There are many more places other than bed if we want to bond.”

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Maisie mumbled, “I’m sure that’s what you’re thinking.”

Nolan buried his head onto her shoulder and chuckled. “So, I’m that kind of person to you, Zee.”

Before Maisie could come around to her senses, Nolan scooped her up from the floor, and the smile in his eyes deepened. “I’ve decided. Starting from tomorrow. I’ll be the kind of person you want me to be.”

Maisie’s voice erupted from upstairs. “Nolan! How could you set me up again!?”

The next day, at Soul...

“Sigh, did Ms. Vanderbilt not come to the office again today?” “Well, Ms. Vanderbilt has been rather busy

for the past six months since she returned from the branch in Stoslo. She has to rest.” Naomi was having her lunch in the staff restaurant when she overheard the conversation of the three female staff members across the table. Most of the people were eating in a group of two or more. They were all chatting and laughing, but she was alone.

When the few female employees who used to take the initiative to ask her out saw her, they nodded at her before going to sit down elsewhere.

Naomi lowered her head and listened to the people around her talking about things. For example, she did not know the most trending game. She did not know what Amazon was, and she was clueless about the latest movies. She even did not know what G.O.A.T. meant at all.

When they were talking about celebrities, she couldn't recognize the name of the idols or groups that came out of their mouths.

She pulled out the smartphone that her father had bought for her. She still hadn't gotten used to it yet as she searched for their names online.

“Naomi.” Lucy's voice rang out and made her jump in fright.

She kept her phone away and smiled at her. “Yes?”

“I just want to tell you that you're coming with me to source some materials after lunch,” Lucy said as she patted her shoulder.

Smiling, she nodded. “Okay.”

After finishing her meal, Lucy was already waiting for her at the entrance. There was a purchase list in her hand as she said. Initially, it was Ms. Vanderbilt who should go out and source for the materials. But since you're an official designer now, you should also be familiar with the sourcing of materials.”

She took over the purchase list from Lucy and nodded. “Sure.”

Lucy brought her to the suppliers in her car. Usually, it would be Maisie who came with her. After all things would go very bad if she was not familiar with the market and couldn't distinguish the texture and color, so Maisie usually picked the material herself.

This was Naomi's first time coming out to buy the materials. Luckily, she could differentiate the colors and texture. After selecting the materials, they signed the order with the supplier and confirmed the delivery date before they left.

Lucy got into the car, and when she was putting on her seat belt, she smiled and said, “You're a quick learner. Are all jewelry designers particularly sensitive with these materials?”

Naomi smiled and replied, “I guess so. Besides, I do some research and look for some information on the Internet when I'm free.”

“I see. You're already very gifted, but you're still hardworking. I can see why Ms.

Vanderbilt has so many expectations of you,” Lucy said as she started the car.

Naomi chuckled but did not reply.

However, Lucy was talking. She kept talking to Naomi throughout the entire journey, and Naomi had no other choice but to reply to her.

Suddenly, Lucy said, "You're rather mysterious, actually." Naomi was stunned. "Me?" "Yeah. You seem like you're keeping a lot of things inside of you. You refuse to share your feelings or your thoughts with others, so they can't understand you and have some misconceptions about you." 1/2

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"Misconceptions?" Naomi lowered her head. After a short while, she opened her mouth and said, "I just don't know what to talk about."

"You can talk about anything!" Lucy laughed. "You need to blend into the large group, and only then can you make more friends. By the way, where are your friends?"

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Naomi parted her lips open and lowered her head. "I... I don't have their contact numbers."

Other than Ryleigh, she did not have the contact numbers of her other friends.

Lucy gave her a puzzled look. "What? No way. That's too nerdy. You need to have your own friends."

Just when Naomi was about to say something, she suddenly shouted, "Watch out!"

It was already too late by the time Lucy reacted. At the same time as she stomped on the brake, the front of the car hit a vehicle that was stopped in front of her waiting for a red light.

Lucy forced herself to calm down, and she was slightly stunned. "Oh my gosh, I just rear-ended someone... Can you see what kind of car it is?"

Lucy did not know what kind of car it was, but judging from the logo, it seemed to her that it was an expensive car, and she was worried that she couldn't afford to pay.

Naomi looked at the logo and said, "It's a Land Rover. Looking at the model, it should be the 3.0 L6 series. It's worth at least a few hundred thousand dollars."

"What? A few hundred thousand dollars!?" Lucy nearly passed out when Naomi said that. She would have lost a few hundred dollars if she had crashed into a car that cost a few thousand dollars, but the reality was that she had run into a Land Rover that was worth at least a few hundred thousand dollars. If she had run into a Bentley or Rolls Royce, she could have died on the spot.

The driver of the Land Rover got out of the car. It was a man wearing a black suit.

Lucy was so terrified that she couldn't come around to her senses yet.

Naomi got out of the car, and it was only then Lucy returned to her senses and unbuckled her seat belt.

The man glanced at his car. The tail light was broken. There were a few scratches and a dent at the rear of the car. He clicked his tongue and asked, "How do you guys drive?"

"I'm very sorry about that. This is all our fault. We'll pay for your loss," Naomi replied.

When Lucy heard what Naomi was talking about, she rushed over and pulled her to the side. Then, she whispered, "Naomi, how... How much do I have to pay him? Can you tell me first so that I can prepare myself?"

Naomi glanced at the car and said, "It's not that much, actually. The maintenance cost for this car in the automobile sales service shop is about \$400 to \$600 once. It will probably cost about \$500 to \$600 to replace the dented part and repaint it. As for the tail light, it should take about another \$200 to \$300, and that'll bring the whole bill to \$1,000 or so. Besides, their car has insurance, and it's only a small problem. If he wants us to pay him \$2,000, maybe we can ask for a discount and bring it down to \$1,000, and the problem will be solved."

Lucy took a deep breath and looked at her incredulously, "\$1,000? And you called that not much?" The man had just finished talking on his phone. He ran out of patience and shouted at them, "Hey, have you guys finished talking? I'm in a hurry. Do you want to handle it ourselves or call the police?"

Naomi turned her head to look at him. "I think we can solve the problem ourselves. How much do you want us to pay you?"

The man snorted disdainfully. "\$15,000. Can you afford it?"

Lucy was on the verge of crying as she gasped, "\$15,000?"

"I'll definitely go bankrupt if I pay him the money!"

Naomi frowned, "15,000? Are you sure about that? It's going to take only \$1,000 to \$2,000 to get your car fixed at the automobile sales service shop. We're willing to compensate you for reasonable repair costs, but that doesn't mean you can take advantage of the opportunity to extort money from us."

The man laughed in anger. "Oh gosh, are you blind? This is a Land Rover. It's worth a few hundred thousand dollars. How can you compare it to that broken car of yours? If you guys don't agree with my suggestion, then I'm afraid I'll have to call the cops."

"Let's call the cops then," Naomi said. This was something the man did not expect. He was stumped and said, "You guys still need to pay me money even if you call the cops. There's a possibility that you're going to pay even more than I've asked." Lucy was nervous. She looked at Naomi, but Naomi just took her phone out and called 911. "Hi, is it 911? We're having a-* Before

she could finish her sentence, the man snatched her phone away and threw it on the ground. This was the first time Lucy came across something like this, and her face turned pale in fright.

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"Either you pay the money, or none of you will leave today!" The man hissed. More and more cars began to gather around them, disrupting the traffic flow. The sound of the horn resounded continuously, and there were passersby on both sides.

“How could you do that?” Lucy shouted nervously, “We already said we’d pay you, but \$15,000 is too much for us. Can’t we work something else out?”

The man spat at the ground and said, “Work something else out? I just want money. Don’t think that just because you two are women, I won’t dare to do anything.”

Naomi looked at him calmly and said, “The manufacturer’s price for the model of your

car is about \$270,000, and it’s the cheapest model. The annual full coverage insurance cost is \$4,200, and even if you’ve included the gas fee, parking fee, and road toll for a year, it only takes you about \$15,000 to keep a car, but you’re asking for \$15,000 just because of a little scratch? Go ask the insurance company yourself and see if they’ll give you the money or not.

“I’ll do the calculation for you. I’ll do the math for you. The automobile sales service center will charge you \$300 to get your tail light fixed, but you can get it repaired with a few dozen dollars at the automobile repair shop outside. Besides, it only takes about \$150 to fix the dent as well as to repaint it.

“Moreover, your insurance will fully cover for a minor accident like this, and we just need to pay for your damages. It’s our fault for hitting your car, and we’re willing to pay reasonable compensation. But at the same time, we also have the right to reject if we find your demand unacceptable. “Also, I agreed to call the cops, but not only did you refuse to cooperate, but you even destroyed my phone. Therefore, I have every right to suspect that you’re intentionally causing trouble and extorting money.” Perhaps the man did not expect he would run into someone difficult like Naomi, and his face was getting darker and darker. He pointed at her nose and shouted, “Do you know who I am? Do you believe I’ll find someone to get rid of you tomorrow!?” Naomi clenched her fists tightly but stared at the man unflinchingly. “Oh, so you’re threatening me now? You can try if you dare.” How dare you!” The man suddenly raised his arm in the air.

Naomi closed her eyes. When the slap that she had expected did not fall, she opened her eyes only to see that someone had grabbed the man’s arm.

The man was startled as well as he asked, “Who are you?”

Francisco pushed him away and took his sunglasses down. “How can you hit a woman in the street? Are you still a man or not?” “It... It’s none of your business!” The man studied him up and down before pointing at him, “Are you going to stand up for them? Do you know who I am?”

Francisco snorted and said, “Then do you know who I am?”

The man was stunned.

In the next second, two police cars came over. “What are you all doing here? You’re blocking the traffic. And who called us?”

Lucy ran over and said, “I called you.”

She secretly called the police when the man was arguing with Naomi, and now that they were there, she heaved a sigh of relief. The man’s face changed when he saw the police officers. However, he insisted that it was them who refused to cooperate and compensate him for the damage. Lucy then chimed in angrily, “When we said we want to pay you for the damage, you were the one who asked for \$15,000.

When we wanted to call the police, you stopped us. I have recorded everything down. You're trying to extort and defame us!" Lucy then gave the recording to the police officers. After watching the recording, they caught the man who tried to run away. "Sir, this is just a misunderstanding. I... I was just joking with them..."

The police officer said expressionlessly, "Joking? Then I'm sure you'll enjoy the time with us at the police station. After all, we like to joke as well."

The police officers brought him away, and his car was left on the spot.

"Prosecutor Boucher? What are you doing here?" A police officer recognized

Francisco and asked curiously, "Are you with them?"

Francisco shrugged and said, "I just wanted to help them, and then you came." Prosecutor Boucher?

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Naomi looked at Francisco.

'So, he's a prosecutor?'

He was the one who had helped her last time, and then he helped her again this time.

Francisco looked at Naomi and squinted. He had not recognized her until now. He had come to help them because it seemed to him that they were in trouble, and now, upon closer inspection, he felt that the woman in front of him was familiar.

Naomi suddenly remembered something and pulled out \$4 out of her purse. "Sir, this is the money for the coffee last time. Thank you very much."

Francisco was stunned. His memories

were slowly coining back to him as he said, "Are you the woman from that day?"

Naomi nodded with a smile on her face.

Francisco laughed and rubbed his temples helplessly. He pushed the money back to her and said, "I think I've already told you that you don't need to give me back the money. Consider it a treat from me."

"No, you have to take money. I can't let you treat me for nothing." Naomi pushed the money back to Francisco. "Besides, we barely know each other, so I can't take advantage of you, sir."

Francisco looked at the \$4 in his hand and then at the serious woman in front of him. After a short while, he took the money and said, "Alright then. If you insist, I'll take the money."

After Francisco said something to the

police officer, he went back into his car and drove away. Naomi watched as the car slowly disappeared from her vision. Suddenly, she approached a police officer and asked, "Could you tell me that man's name?" The police officer looked at her and said with a smile, "You want to thank him right? He is Francisco Boucher, the second heir of the Bouchers."

Upon mentioning him, the police officer couldn't help himself and continued. "He used to be a playboy in Bassburgh. None of us had expected he would turn a new leaf and become a prosecutor all of a sudden."

Naomi thanked the police officer and walked back to the car. After Lucy had given her statement, she patted her chest and sighed. "Luckily, you were here. If not, I don't know what I should do at all.

Honestly, I'm starting to look at you in a new light."

"In a new light? What do you mean?" Naomi asked incredulously after she heard what Lucy said. Smiling, Lucy replied, "I thought you had social fears and were afraid of contact with people, but today you were really firm when you faced that man alone." Honestly, if she were to run into a situation like this, she was that kind of person whose brain would go blank and would not know what to do since she was on the wrong side.

However, Naomi was different.

Lucy thought of something and asked, "By the way, how did you know so much about cars?"

Not only the car, but she knew the maintenance fee, annual inspection fee, and repair cost clearly. Besides, the cheapest model of the Land Rover cost about \$15,000, and the price would only be higher for those with better performance. Even the Land Rover at the price point of \$ 15,000 was not something that an ordinary family could afford, let alone a Land Rover that cost about \$270,00

Naomi smiled but did not say anything.

This was because her father's Land Rover cost about \$270,000. He used to drive the most expensive model from Mercedes too, so she was aware of the cost of keeping a car like that.

In fact, it was not that her father couldn't afford a Bentley or a racing car. It was just that he did not think it was necessary.

In the evening, Naomi saw bags of luxurious goods on the table when she got home. Some of them were clothes, while the others were bags, cosmetics, supplements, and so on.

She looked at Mrs. Irving and asked, "Who bought these?"

She knew it was not her father since her father was never a person who would spend a lot of money. Mrs. Irving smiled helplessly and replied. "They are gifts from Mrs. Gosling." "Give them back to her. I don't want them." Naomi glanced across those luxurious gifts and went upstairs alone. She closed the door once she was in her room. She pulled the chair and sat in front of the desk. She took her sketches and pencils out of the drawer and continued to work on her unfinished design with a small desk lamp on

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Naomi lifted her head, looked at the bonsai flowers on the windowsill, and thought of that man subconsciously again. She knew about the Bouchers and also Helios, and it was the first time she got to know the second heir of the Bouchers.

Coralia was extremely cold and was covered in snow during the winter. Maisie was wearing a white down jacket, and her face was flushed from the cold as soon as she got out of the car.

Nolan wrapped a scarf around her neck and could not help but chuckle. "It's said that women are more resistant to cold than men, yet look at you."

Maisie refuted angrily, "That's not an absolute thing. It depends on the person too!"

Nolan covered her freezing cheeks with his warm palms. "Isn't it colder in Morwich during the winter?" Maisie responded with a hum and lowered her eyelids. "That's why I don't leave home."

He stroked the ends of her hair. "Let's find ourselves a hot spring hotel to stay for the night first, and I'll accompany you back to Vanderbilts ancestral mansion tomorrow."

"Do you plan to accompany me to the mansion?" Maisie chuckled.

She had come to Coralia because of her promise to Hector. Hector's grandmother and father did not know about his plan to travel abroad.

Nolan replied lightly, "The fact that you're going there alone worries me." Maisie did not refuse either.

They found a high-end hot spring B&B to stay at. The style of the facility was simple and elegant. Each room was equipped with an independent backyard. The hot spring pool under the rockery made the area look foggy and steamy due to the vapor. The frost and snow on the red eaves melted and dripped on the bluestone pavement. The plum blossoms in the corners of the backyard added a touch of color to the snow-white environment.

Maisie wrapped herself in a towel and stepped into the hot spring, and the warmth soothed her freezing body." Having access to a hot spring during winter is really a blessing."

Nolan wrapped a towel around his waist and sat down beside her. "It's indeed very comfortable."

Maisie approached him. "Is it too cruel that we didn't bring Colton and Daisy along?" He smiled. "This is our trip. What makes you think that it'd be convenient if we were to have brought along those two?" Maisie leaned on his shoulder and sneered. "Do you still remember the time when we were in Winston Island when you hadn't regained your memory?"

Nolan tilted his head, looked at her, and raised her face. "Do you want to remember that time?"

She paused for a second. "Our time on Winston Island?" He stared fixedly at her with his pregnant gaze. "Don't you remember that?" "I'm being serious here." Maisie smacked his hand away as her cheeks flushed.

She was about to get up when Nolan reached out and pulled her back into his arms. "I shall give you a massage." She looked at him suspiciously. "Are you sure that it'll just be a massage?"

He responded softly, "Of course."

Nolan turned her around, and she leaned against the pool's edge. He then started massaging her back platonically. "Is this force comfortable?"

Maisie chuckled. "I didn't expect you, the prestigious Mr. Goldmann, to know how to massage someone else too. What a pleasant surprise."

He approached her ear. "There's more to me than what you can think of." Before Maisie could react, Nolan's palms had already landed on her waist causing her to laugh and try to dodge his tickle. "You're doing this on purpose!" Nolan still did not let her go. He tickled Maisie to the extent where she teared up from all the laughter. "Nolan, just how childish can you be? Hahahaha!"

"Have you gotten tired from all the laughing?" he asked.

Maisie laughed until she was out of breath, so she lay against the edge of the pool and glared at him. "What do you think?"

"So, do you feel more relaxed?" he asked.

Maisie was stunned for a split second. She had been swamped for more than half a year and had not taken any time off during this period. It would be a lie to say that she was not tired, but she felt a lot more relaxed now after the massage and laughter.

"Do you really think I want to accompany you here on vacation because I think you've been too busy?" Nolan took her into his arms and kissed her on the top of her head. "I'm worried that you'll suffer from burnout if this continues."

A wave of warm tears assaulted Maisie's eyes, and she plunged into his arms with a smile. "Thank you, hubby!"

'Love has always been a relationship of mutual understanding and tolerance. So maybe this is what love and marriage should look like:

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At Bassburgh, at Soul...

Lucy had become even closer to Naomi because of yesterday's incident. She even sat with Naomi during lunch.

Probably because Lucy had always been an enthusiastic and talkative person, and Naomi was a rather introverted woman, their interaction made it look like Naomi was very offhand with Lucy.

After finishing her lunch, Naomi left the office restaurant first, and two female staff members approached Lucy. "Lulu, why are you paying so much attention to Naomi? All she's been doing is giving the cold shoulder all this while."

"You've misunderstood Naomi. She didn't ignore me." Lucy lifted her head, looked at

them, and added, "She's actually quite a nice person instead of the sort of person that we thought she was." "But do you know her as well as you think you do?" The female employee looked around and continued. "I heard someone saying that Naomi came to the company in a luxury car this morning, and the man who sent her looks quite old. Not to mention that she's gotten herself a new phone."

Lucy knew that Naomi had replaced her phone and responded helplessly, "That's because her phone was damaged yesterday. It's perfectly normal for her to replace her phone."

"The key is not in the new phone, but in its case. Do you know what the case's brand is? It's the brand new limited edition case that Buccellati produced, and the brand's main selling point is the customizability of its product. The celebrity Helios Boucher even endorsed it before this. A phone case from the brand costs \$15,000!"

Lucy's eyes twitched. She had noticed that Naomi's phone case was inlaid with small diamonds, which made it look extremely elegant and slick.

She thought it was only an exaggeration." Is it even possible for a phone case to cost \$ 15,000? Besides, maybe she's only bought one that looks similar to the real deal?"

One of the staff members took out her cell phone, searched for the product on Buccellati's official website, and showed her search result right in front of Lucy's face. "It's a genuine diamond-encrusted cell phone case, and it's one of the company's high -end products.

Til leave it to you to see it for yourself and determine if it's the same model. It's said here that only five of them are available worldwide, and there are only three left, and the pre-order period will only go on for half a month ever since the product's release. So, other companies can't imitate this company's design and come up with fakes."

'There will only be a chance for high-quality imitations to appear in the market if this cell phone case has been released for a long time. However, it's only been less than half a month since the phone case was released, not to mention that it's also a limited edition product. So, others can't produce imitations or fakes, isn't it?'

"What's more, which company would be so mindless to come up with a business decision to produce a batch of high-quality imitations before the popularity of this product subsides? It's a designer brand that focuses on private orders. So, how much money would the merchants have to pay if Buccellati were to look into this matter and wish to take legal actions against the companies that produce the imitations?"

Lucy did not speak anymore.

The female staff added, "Who in the working class can afford a cell phone case that costs \$15,000? Even if some of them had the money to afford it, they'd still be very reluctant to make this purchase." "Yeah, and she's always been wearing cheaper clothes, so her family background must be ordinary. And all of a sudden, she's coming to work in a luxury car, replacing her original phone with a new one, and getting herself an extremely high-end cell phone case. Thus, if she's not made a large fortune, then she must've found herself a sugar daddy."

Lucy responded while cleaning up her silverware, "That's enough. That's someone else's business, so you girls should stop talking about such pointless things." She then got up and left.

The female employees looked at each other. 'We're just gossiping. That's not a crime, is it? And since when did Lucy become so close to Naomi?'

At Coralia...

Maisie and Nolan came to the Vanderbilts' ancestral mansion. The ancestral mansion was located quite far away from downtown Coralia, so it took them half an hour to get to the mansion from the city in a taxi, but it was very close to the airport.

The Vanderbilts' ancestral mansion was a mansion that the family had built years ago. There was a small four-story mansion located in the middle of a private courtyard.

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The taxi stopped outside the gate, and Maisie got out of the car with Nolan. She then stood outside the gate for a long time and did not go in.

Nolan looked down at her. "Don't you want to go in?"

"I've returned to my family's ancestral mansion to visit them out of the blue. Madam Vanderbilt will definitely be startled, won't she?" She inserted both hands into her pockets, and she seemed to be able to imagine Madam Vanderbilt's expression.

Nolan pushed open the gate for her, and Maisie followed him in. There was still snow that had been shoveled and piled up on the ground of the huge courtyard, a layer of frost had formed on the bare branches, and even the windows were fogged.

The door was half-open, and a strange middle-aged woman came out after a while. She was holding a basin of water in her hand and was stunned when she saw Nolan and Maisie. "May I know who you're looking for?"

Maisie did not answer the question and asked, "Are Grandmother and Uncle Yorick in?"

The middle-aged woman was astonished once again when she saw how Maisie addressed the people that stayed in the mansion. "Are you Linda?"

"I'm Maisie, Maisie Vanderbilt."

At this time, Yorick's voice came from inside. "Who's here?"

Yorick came out and saw Maisie, and his expression changed slightly. "Maisie, why are you..."

She smiled. "Hector asked me to come and visit you guys on his behalf. Am I not welcome here?"

Yorick did not say much and invited them into the house. The middle-aged woman poured them some tea and told them that Madam Vanderbilt had gone out to play poker and would only come back home at night.

Maisie looked at her. "Grandmother usually goes out to play poker?" "Yes." The middle-aged woman replied with a smile, put the teapot away, and added, "I only knew that Madam Vanderbilt has a granddaughter and a grandson, so I thought you're Linda."

Maisie lowered her gaze. "I'm not. According to my seniority, I'm their cousin."

The middle-aged woman got it. "Is that so..."

"And who are you?"

"I got married into the family. I heard from Madam Vanderbilt that your uncle's wife died unexpectedly and had left behind two children. I considered doing so only because they were already grown-ups," the middle-aged woman replied honestly. Maisie was not shocked to hear that Yorick had gotten married again.

There are quite a lot of people getting married twice or even three times nowadays, so this has become a norm for quite some time already. And his children have all grown up, so this lady doesn't need to worry about the troubles of taking care of Uncle Yorick's kids..

'What's more, Grandmother should also hope that Uncle Yorick would get married to someone else again and find a considerate wife who knows how to take care of the family. So, how can Grandmother not care about this matter?'

The middle-aged woman asked them to make themselves at home and then went back to taking care of the tasks on hand

Nolan stared at the tea in the cup but did not even take a sip from it, probably because he was not used to tea brewed in the huge teapot. The tea leaves had not been washed or filtered before being brewed into tea, and there were visible impurities in the tea.

Maisie drank the tea slowly, glanced at him, and laughed. "This is how the locals drink their tea. Are you expecting them to pay so much attention to all those tiny details that you people from the prosperous big cities care so much about?"

Nolan frowned. "Tea leaves that have been soaked in the water for such a long time will taste very strong and bitter."

Maisie poured his tea away and poured him a glass of water. "Then you should stick with tap water."

Yorick walked in at this time.

He asked Maisie how Hector was doing in Bassburgh, and Maisie answered calmly, "He's doing very well. He's found himself a job and has been working very hard. He's also been offered the opportunity to further his study abroad."

"He's going abroad?" Yorick was astounded.

Maisie put down the teacup. "Traveling more will broaden his horizons, and that will only help him accumulate more knowledge and experience, so I don't think that's a bad thing. I bet you want your son to succeed in life too, don't you? Hector might even be able to return home as a famous and successful person that's accomplished a lot in the future. When that time comes, he will have become the pride of the Vanderbilts."

Yorick did not say anything else. After all, Hector was his son. Thus, it was only natural for him to wish that Hector would become someone that had a promising future.

Chapter 1199

Maisie did not plan to stay for lunch. She had come here just to tell Yorick about Hector's plan to go abroad and left after achieving her objective.

Maisie was so hungry on the way back that her stomach started gurgling.

Nolan could not help but laugh out loud. "Didn't you just tell your uncle that you're not hungry?"

Maisie pouted. "Can't you hear that the gurgling has just started?"

He held her in his arms and rested his chin on the top of her head. "What do you feel like eating?"

Maisie gave it a thought. "I want to eat the Schweinshaxe that's very famous among the locals. I really want to eat that now." Nolan's eyes curved into two crescents. "Okay."

At Soul

After a few female staff members went to the restroom, they stood in front of the sinks to wash their hands, retouched their makeup, and chit-chatted during their spare time.

"Naomi can actually afford such a luxurious phone case. She must have found herself a sugar daddy, right?"

"Who knows? But it's no wonder she's so indifferent and arrogant. That's because we're not on the same level as she is." "I can't bear to see all the cold shoulders that she's been giving Lucy all this while. And the main thing is that Lucy still believes that she means well."

"Lucy is very competent at currying favor with people. Otherwise, how could she go from being Kennedy's assistant to the administrative department manager in such a short time? I've been in Soul for a longer time compared to her."

The other female staff exchanged gazes and seemed to think that she was right.

"Lucy is only 23 years old, and she's been promoted from a tiny assistant to the manager of the administration department within two years of joining Sou. That's a very fast march for someone like her.

'However, it's mainly because Ms.

Vanderbilt likes Lucy very much, and it's obvious to everyone that Lucy knows how to please her superiors.'

After they left the bathroom, Naomi, who came out of one of the toilet cubicles, stood in front of the sink and washed her hands.

She looked at her own reflection in the mirror. She had heard everything that the other employees said just now, but judging from their relationship with Lucy, she did not expect that they would think of her as a sycophant from behind her back...

Naomi was walking on the promenade and coincidentally ran into those female staff members. They were chatting with Lucy as if they had never said those words. After the female staff left, Lucy turned around and saw Naomi. Lucy was holding a stack of documents in her hand as she walked toward Naomi with a wide grin." Naomi."

Naomi smiled at her. "Are you going to send documents again?"

She nodded. "Yeah, it's Tuesday today, so I have to hand in the weekly attendance and performance sheet." "Can I go with you? I've finished all my tasks, and I don't know what to do." Naomi took the initiative to ask if she could go along, and it was her first time doing so, which was a little surprising to Lucy. Lucy glanced at Naomi for a while. "Okay."

Naomi grabbed some documents from Lucy, and the two went to a handful of departments to deliver them. While they were on their way, Lucy kept chatting with her. She had always been a very bubbly and cheerful person, and she just loved to talk to others.

Naomi thought of what the female employees had said.

'I don't think Lucy is trying to flatter anyone. She's just good at holding small talks and conversations.

'A person who knows how to chat with others and has a cheerful personality... It's very difficult for her not to be liked and approached by others.'

Seeing Lucy's relishing appearance, Naomi pursed her lips and then asked her, "Do you care about how other people think of you

Lucy was startled. She thought Naomi was asking her for some advice and laughed. "I don't really care." She then thought of something. "Then... Do you care?"

Naomi lowered her gaze. "I don't care either." Lucy guessed that Naomi should have heard others bad-mouthing her behind her back and comforted her. "Actually, you don't have to care what others think of you. You should always do what you want. And you don't have to feel bad. I believe in you."

"Huh?" Standing at the elevator entrance, Naomi stared at Lucy and could not help but freeze in place.

Chapter 1200

Lucy explained, "Actually, it's just that they don't know you too well. That's why they think of you as such a person. However, I still want to ask you about something, and that is..." She turned to look at Naomi. "Is your phone really that expensive?"

Naomi was dumbfounded for a few seconds. "My phone's case?"

She did not seem to understand why Lucy would pay attention to her phone case and replied, "The phone already came with a case when my dad bought me the phone, and I didn't ask how much it cost."

“Your dad?” Lucy was stunned.

Naomi gave off a helpless look. “Yeah, my dad, my father.”

Lucy took a deep breath and realized something in a daze. “So the one who sends you to work every morning is actually...”

Naomi lowered her gaze, probably because she had guessed what the staff had been talking about behind her. “Yeah, that’s my father.”

‘So it’s her father!

Lucy finally felt relieved and laughed. “You’ve really hidden it well. I’m right. You’re definitely not someone that they described you to be. No wonder you made it sound like paying \$2,000 was a piece of cake to you the other day.”

‘She’s born in a wealthy family, one that can afford to give her a cell phone case that costs tens of thousands of dollars as a present, so it’s perfectly normal for her to get picked up by a luxury car.’

Naomi stared at Lucy. Seeing that Lucy believed her, Naomi felt warm for some reason. Maybe this was the feeling of being

The elevator doors opened, and the man standing in the elevator lifted his head and just so happened to exchange gazes with the both of them.

Naomi was flustered, and her expression looked slightly surprised.

Francisco did not seem to expect to be able to meet them at Soul. Seeing that the two of them did not move a muscle, he pressed the elevator to hold it. “Are you going up or down?” “We’re going down!” Lucy returned to her senses, pulled Naomi into the elevator, and then asked with a smile, “Aren’t you the person who helped us the other day? What a coincidence. Why are you here?”

“I came here to meet someone.” Francisco nodded and immediately took a glance at them. “Are you Maisie Vanderbilt’s employees?”

Lucy was slightly astounded. “You actually know Ms. Vanderbilt?”

He responded with a hum.

Lucy had always loved to feast her eyes on handsome men, not to mention that she had run into a handsome man who was so friendly, helped them before this, and knew Ms. Vanderbilt personally. Thus, how could she not feel hyped?

“By the way, we didn’t get your name the other day. My name is Lucy Xavier, and she’s Naomi Topaz. She’s a new jewelry designer that’s now working for Soul.’

Naomi did not expect Lucy to introduce her to him directly! Francisco squinted slightly. “Naomi Topaz?”

Naomi looked at Francisco subconsciously. He seemed to be thinking about something.

He then asked with a smile, "If I'm not mistaken, are you the daughter of Mr. Topaz of Eastwood Enterprise?"

Lucy looked at Naomi in shock.

Naomi smiled awkwardly and nodded.

Lucy jerked her. "It turns out that you're the daughter of Eastwood Enterprise's owner? What a surprise!"

'I only thought that Naomi's family was rich, but I didn't expect that they weren't just wealthy, but filthy rich!'

When the elevator arrived at the floor they were heading to, Naomi wrapped her arms around Lucy's arm. "We're here."

She then hauled her out of the elevator.

As soon as they stepped out of the elevator, Lucy thought of something, released her arms, and stepped back into the elevator." Mr. Savior, can I add you as a friend on WhatsApp?"

The title "Mr. Savior" startled Francisco, and Naomi was stunned.

'She doesn't even know much about him, and she's already asked him for his contact information!?'

Francisco gave her his username, and Lucy thanked him with a wide grin. "Thank you, Mr. Savior, do remember to accept my friend request!"

The elevator doors shut completely, separating both parties from each other. Francisco stood in the elevator, staring at the friend request.

'It's rather rude to reject her request, not to mention that she's an employee from Soul.'

That was how he accepted her friend request.