

Chapter 121

#GrassyGreen#: She's that new designer, right? I didn't expect that she would do such a thing. It turns out that masterpieces don't really reflect the real personality of the designer. I'm never • buying Vaenna's jewelry anymore.

A huge group of netizens started tagging Willow's Twitter and Facebook accounts in their comments and even started a hashtag to condemn her.

#Glazed Onion#: There's no need to explain anymore. There's so much concrete evidence, just deactivate your Facebook and Twitter account.

#SpicyFood4Life#: You actually call yourself a jewelry designer? You're an insult to those jewelry designs!

#SexyV#: Isn't it funny? A designer who came up with a collection of jewelry that pays tribute to the Gothic design concept didn't even know designer Dila. I heard that she was able to come up with such perfect masterpieces after only a month of learning jewelry design. It's a bit outrageous, don't you think? I doubt those works have anything to do with her.

At the Vanderbilt manor...

Willow was attacked by the netizens so much that she dared not look at her phone, and her mind was about to break down again.

Leila walked up to her worriedly, picked up Willow's cell phone, went through the vicious comments, and asked anxiously, "How did this happen? Haven't you clarified it?"

"I really didn't expect that Pearl would have the ability to let those goons push all the blame back to me. D*mn it, Maisie Vanderbilt! That bitch is the person to be blamed! She should've been the one who got all the spotlight last night!" Willow bit the nail of her thumb so hard that her nail was about to crack

'The Santiagos have now begun to suppress the Vanderbilts, and I was afraid that Dad would suspect me. That's why I chose to go public and clarify the matter. Now great, Pearl has actually turned the table and checkmated me!

'D*mn, Maisie is the one to blame for all this. Had it not been because Maisie had Nolan covering her *ss, would Pearl change her target and start to deal with me now?'

"Since that b*tch wants to rain fire and brimstone onto us, mother-and-daughter, it seems that we'll have to reveal our trump card now."

Willow stared at her mother. "What trump card do we have now?"

Leila explained smugly, "Of course it's to push all the blame to Maisie. Since she wants you to take the fall for the incident, then how can we not put up a fight and make her life a living hell too?"

"Don't forget, how did the person in the lounge turn into Ms. Santiago last night? Maisie must be the b*tch who set up the whole thing. If that's the case, wouldn't Ms. Santiago hate her too? So as long as we can push all the blame to Maisie, there's no way she can escape this!"

'That b*tch wants to witness from afar when my daughter and Ms. Santiago fight each other to the death while she withdraws from this incident unscathed? Keep dreaming!

In the evening...

Nolan came to the 16th floor. Almost all the staff members on the 16th floor had gone off work, and only the office's lights were still on.

He arrived outside Maisie's office, only to see Maisie lying on the desk asleep with a pen in her hand, and there were also a few unfinished drawings on the desk.

Nolan walked up to her side, took the pen in her hand, put it away, and glanced down at the unsuspecting woman.

'She looks adorable only when she's asleep.'

He picked up Maisie horizontally while Maisie only turned her head and leaned in a comfortable position without showing any tendency of waking up.

"You do know how to sleep soundly in peace." A hint of helplessness flashed across the bottom of Nolan's eyes as he looked at the woman in his arms.

Back at the Goldmann mansion...

Nolan was still carrying Maisie while he entered the door.

The three rugrats were sitting beside Mr. Goldmann Sr. eating dinner, and they were all dumbfounded when they saw their mother coming in with their mother in his arms. 1

Nolan carried her upstairs, Colton wanted to catch up to them and have a look, but he was dragged back by Mr. Goldmann Sr. "You little rascal, why are you following them?"

Colton responded immediately, "I'm going to see Daddy and Mommy!"

"You'd be like the cat among the two pigeons if you were to join them now," Mr. Goldmann Sr. said helplessly. "Your father and mother need to spend some time alone. Otherwise, how can your dad chase your mom?" "Yeah, Mommy still can't accept Daddy." Daisy nodded her head slightly.

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Mr. Goldmann Sr. looked at the three rascals. "Then why doesn't your mother accept your father?"

The three rugrats stared at each other and then recounted to Mr. Goldmann Sr. about their mother's experience. After listening to their explanation, Mr. Goldmann Sr.'s expression turned a little gloomy.

'I didn't care about Maisie's background, but I only got to know that Maisie is one of the daughters of the Vanderbilts. Although the Vanderbilts are only a small family in Bassburgh, the Goldmanns can still accept her as our daughter-in-law.

'What I didn't expect is that my idiot son had actually been blinded and deceived by the illegitimate daughter of the Vanderbilts for six years. No wonder Zee is unwilling to accept my son.

'This kid deserves it!'

“Grandpa, you do want *Mommy* to be with Daddy, right?” Colton asked.

Mr. Goldmann Sr. snorted. “Of course.”

‘My son has finally met a woman that he likes. There’s no way that I’m breaking them up. In other words, the young lady is the only reason how my dumb son can find his true love!’

In the room, Nolan put Maisie on the bed. Maisie moaned a little when she got in contact with the soft bed, rolled over, and slept on his arm.

Nolan frowned slightly. The soft sensation on the back of his hand made him feel tense, and a dim flame was faintly lit at the bottom of his eyes.

‘This woman really cannot sleep soundly!’

Nolan leaned over and wanted to kiss her, but his phone rang abruptly.

He glanced at Maisie, got up, and took out his cell phone to answer the call. A voice then sounded from the other end of the call. “Mr. Goldmann, I’ve found some information about the matter that you asked me to investigate.”

Nolan looked back at Maisie, who had not woken up again, answered the phone, and left the room.

He then entered the study. “How did it go?”

“I haven’t been able to find out the relationship between Ms. Vanderbilt and the Metropolis of Morwich, but the only clue that I discovered is that Ms. Vanderbilt’s mother seemed to have quite a background.”

Sitting behind the desk, Nolan frowned. “Her mother?”

“Yes, I checked the information and compared it, only to find that Ms. Vanderbilt’s mother might be from the de Armas.”

The other party quickly sent a piece of information to Nolan’s computer, and Nolan received the file immediately.

After opening the file, there *were* two comparative documents. The fingerprints of Stephen’s original wife, *Marina Gonzales*, were exactly the same as those of the daughter of the de Armas who had left home.

Nolan’s eyes dimmed a little.

‘The de Armas... It’s not that I don’t know them.’

The de Arma was a noble family of Stoslo. Their ancestors had served for the royal family and had been granted *grandees* and *dukedom*. However, after the incident with the eldest princess, the de Armas had withdrawn themselves from the royal politics in order to protect themselves, but the honor remained. 1

Mr. Hernandez de Arma was the family’s current patriarch, and Hernandez’s eldest daughter, *Larissa de Arma*, was the mistress of the Lucas family, but his youngest daughter, *Marina de Ama*, had been missing since she left home more than 20 years ago.

Nolan did not expect that Maisie's mother would turn out to be from the de Armas.

At this time, Nolan received another email. He opened the email, and it contained a photo from more than 20 years ago.

'The woman in a black trench coat who was getting off a cruise ship is Marina de Arma and the blonde man behind her... It's Erwin Lincoln!'

Later that night...

Maisie gasped when she woke up.

'What the f*ck is this?'

The man beside her was actually sleeping while bear-hugging her, and she was so crushed that she could not move at all.

Maisie moved his body and arms cautiously and waited until she felt a little more relieved to sit up slowly.

The man behind her turned over and overturned her, staring fixedly at her with his gloomy eyes." You're awake?"

"Um... Can you get up first?" Maisie's body stiffened for fear of what else he might do.

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Maisie's hungry stomach sounded somewhat loud in the dead silent ambiance.

The man who was above her suddenly smirked. "You finally feel hungry. I thought you could sleep till dawn."

Maisie squinted her eyes and said, "I'm glad that you know that, so get up now."

Nolan got up from her body and rubbed her head. "I'll cook you some supper."

Maisie was astounded.

'What?'

Maisie went downstairs. She originally thought that she could sleep till the next morning too, but it was only two o'clock in the morning.

This afternoon, she had been so tired that she did not even know how she came back home.

Nolan served her supper in the kitchen, and Maisie glanced at the kitchen with a slightly startled expression.

The tall man was standing in the kitchen in his home pajamas that looked loose and cozy, which made him look a little less sharp than when he was in his usual suit and leather shoes.

But who would believe that the man in pajamas who was making her supper in the kitchen was actually *Mr. Goldmann!*?

He then brought a bowl of ramen noodles to the table and specially prepared a mug of warm milk for her.

Maisie walked to the dining table, sat down, and looked at the ramen in the bowl.

'The broth and noodles made by someone who's cooking ramen noodles for the first time will usually be sticky, but this is obviously not his first time.'

The soup was rich in color, while there were some diced tomatoes and ham, two fried eggs were placed on top to cover the noodles, and chopped green onions were sprinkled on top of everything to add more color to the dish.

The presentation was really good.

She grabbed the fork and picked up the ramen. There was no breakage or stickiness-the noodles were all still al dente.

She raised her eyes to look at the man who was staring at her while resting his chin on his intertwined fingers. "Mr. Goldmann's cooking skills are quite top-notch, huh."

'To be honest, if I was the one who cooked this, I may not even be able to make it look so exquisite.'

The corners of Nolan's lips were raised slightly. "I'm glad that you like it."

Seeing that Maisie had eaten a mouthful, he squinted. "How does it taste?"

"Well, it's not bad." She took a few mouthfuls and mocked, "I originally thought that Mr. Goldmann's hands were only there to hold pens and sign contracts, but it seems that they've concealed their skills well."

"Speaking of concealment, shouldn't you be the pro here?"

Maisie's action stopped for a split second before she raised her head and exchanged glances with Nolan. "Me?"

Nolan propped up his chin, glanced at her, and nodded.

Maisie lowered her head and continued to eat the noodles. "You're quite a humorous man. There's nothing that I need to hide."

He opened his lips indifferently. "For example, your relationship with Erwin."

Seeing that Nolan was asking about Uncle Erwin again, Maisie frowned. "Do you really think it's weird for me to know Erwin?"

'Is he planning to get to the bottom of this matter?'

Nolan leaned back slightly, squinting. "Your mother and Erwin have known each other since a long time ago, haven't they?"

Maisie was astonished, and then her eyes turned sullen. "Are you investigating me?"

"You're the one who refused to tell me more, so I could only investigate it by myself."

“Nolan Goldmann, you despicable skunk!” Maisie gnashed her teeth.

‘This dbag has been investigating my affairs without my consent!

Nolan chuckled helplessly. “How am I despicable? I only want to get to know my woman, the biological mother of my children, better.”

Maisie was so angry that she wanted to fling the bowl at him.

‘The word brazen was totally created for someone like him!’

“In exchange, you tell me what I want to know, and I’ll also tell you what you want to know about m

“I don’t want to know about you!” Maisie’s words came out of her mouth faster than they could be processed within her, which probably made the man upset. The man’s eyes dimmed as he abruptly got up and walked toward her.

“What are you doing, don’t- Ahhahahahaha!” The man tickled her on her waist with both hands. Maisie tried to evade by moving all around the place and wanted to escape his grasp, but she was being held in his arms.

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Nolan held her in his arms and sat down on the chair. “Now tell me.”

Maisie no longer had the strength to struggle and could not resist this man’s various tricks.

‘He actually did something so childish to force me to talk!

She took a break to catch her breath and grabbed his hand for fear that he would tickle her again all of a sudden. “I’ve known him since a long time ago, but I don’t know the relationship between m y mother and him.”

‘After all, how would I already know the one thing that I want to find out too?’

Nolan saw that she did not seem to be lying anymore, so his tightly pressed lips were slowly opened as he said, “Don’t you know his identity?”

“I don’t care what Uncle Erwin’s identity is. Anyway, he’s the best relative that I could ask for besides my mother.”

Although they were not related by blood, she had already regarded Uncle Erwin as her relative, perhaps because he was the only person who could remember that her mother existed.

Nolan’s eyes drooped. Maisie did not seem to know about the Metropolis, so she probably did not know that her mother was from the de Armas.

“I’ve told you all that I know. Can I continue to eat my ramen?”

Nolan only smiled and let her go.

Maisie waited for Nolan to get up before sitting back down and continuing to eat her ramen.

Nolan looked at her. “Grab some rest after finishing the noodles.”

He then went upstairs.

Maisie turned her head, gazed at his back, and could not help but think for a moment, 'Could it be that he's found something?'

The next day...

When Maisie arrived at the company, she saw several employees gathered together, discussing something. After seeing her, one of the female employees then subconsciously put away her cell phone. "Ms. Zora..."

"What's the matter?" She smiled.

"Ms. Zora, it's the matter with Ms. Santiago. According to some posts on Facebook and Twitter, it has become related to you," the female clerk replied embarrassingly.

Maisie took out her cell phone and took a look, only to realize that Willow had pushed all the blame onto her.

"Zee." Kennedy came over, so the staff members dismissed their short gossip session and went back to their respective workstations to work.

Maisie then turned around and smiled. "Uncle Kennedy."

"Have you scrolled through your Facebook or Twitter?"

"Yeah, I just went through them. Willow has pushed all the blame on me." Maisie was still calm.

Kennedy's eyebrows were creased. "I think Willow has been driven into a corner and desperately wants to make things worse. You've promised Mrs. Santiago to help Ms. Santiago, but we'll put Ms.

Santiago in a very vulnerable position if we release that recording now.

"If we choose not to help the Santiagos and release the recording now, everything will end right here and right now." He sighed as he did not understand why Maisie had to help the Santiagos.

Maisie smiled. "Uncle Kennedy, helping the Santiagos is just a way to curry favor with them. After all, the Santiagos are also in the jewelry industry. I don't want to offend them and make another enemy.

"What's more, if Leila were to ask the Santiagos to join forces with them again, it'd be very detrimental to us." 1

Kennedy paused for a bit and suddenly smiled in embarrassment. "It seems that I'm too narrow minded. I didn't even think of this."

'Currying favor with the Santiagos will make it easier for us when we run into them again in the future. If we were to drive the Santiagos into a corner too, it would truly not be beneficial for Soul Jewelry's future development.'

"How are you narrow-minded? You're just anxious. Don't worry, Willow should've asked for my permission first before she decided to point fingers at me."

Maisie returned to her office, turned her laptop, and logged in to her Facebook and Twitter accounts.

Willow knew how to evade the accusations while she was cruising around the posts and comment sessions. She then managed to talk a huge group of netizens into believing her words in just a few sentences.

All these had to be credited to the photo that showed Pearl pushing Maisie and causing her to fall in public the other day.

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Nolan narrowed his eyes. "What are you afraid of? Everyone knows that you belong to me."

He had made it public, so it wasn't possible they didn't know.

Maisie pushed his hand away and said proudly, "Can you show me a little respect, please?"

She didn't want to walk around as 'Mr. Goldmann's woman'.

Nolan's eyes turned dark.

She didn't really mind how people thought. It was more like she didn't want to show affection in front of everyone.

Why was she ashamed of him?

Maisie noticed the weight of the arm and the possessiveness coming from his eyes, so her heart started pounding.

Who knew if this man would kiss her in front of the crowd just to show them that she was his?

That wouldn't be ideal.

She changed her attitude from being proud to being shy, even a little demure, and whispered, "We're in public. Could you at least let me look respectable?"

Nolan paused. He thought she didn't want to get close to him in public, but it turned out that she just wanted to look respectable.

He scoffed. "Alright, I'll buy that."

He let go.

Quincy was stunned.

Was it that easy to convince Mr. Goldmann?

Maisie relaxed. As she was about to leave, she remembered something. Thus, she turned around and asked, "By the way, didn't you investigate if my mother was linked to Erwin? Did you find anything?"

She had been thinking about that since the night before.

Erwin wouldn't tell her, saying that it wasn't the right time, but she still wanted to learn more about her mother.

Since Nolan had started looking into it, he might have learned something.

Nolan's tight lips slowly opened upon seeing how much she wanted to know. "Come see me at my office in the afternoon."

When afternoon came, Maisie went to his office. After knocking and getting permission to enter, she opened the door and saw Nolan sitting cross-legged on the couch, closing the document he was holding.

He looked up at her. That handsome face-his thin lips were pressed together into a beautiful straight line.

Maisie looked away. This man was too good-looking. Not only was he good-looking, but he was also a gangster in a suit.

Upon recalling what she had seen that day, she started blushing.

When her eyes met Nolan's, Maisie faked a cough and pretended to calmly walk to him. "Did you find anything?"

Nolan passed the document he was holding to her.

Maisie took the document and sat down to read it.

Marina de Arma.

Her mother was from the de Armas? Why had she changed it?

Nolan kept his eyes on her. Her expression showed that she didn't know anything about her mother's past. "That means that no one in the Vanderbilt family, including you, knew."

Had the Vanderbilts known that Stephen's wife was Marina de Arma, they would have spread the news far and wide. They were related to nobles, after all.

Maisie slowly said, "I-I didn't know. But what does this have to do with her family name?"

Nolan switched on his laptop and showed her a page.

Maisie saw the picture in the file. It was her younger mother getting off a yacht with Erwin, surrounded by bodyguards in black.

"Uncle Erwin and my mother,"

'No way! Were Mom and Uncle Erwin in a relationship!?' Nolan suddenly appeared to be sitting next to her and said quietly, "Look closer."

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Maisie took a good look at the picture and realized that Erwin and her mother were walking in a row, or rather, he was standing at the side behind her. However, it looked as though they were standing in a row because of the angle.

If they were lovers, they would be more intimate, but Erwin and her mother didn't show any signs of intimacy. It even looked as though Erwin was respectful toward her.

Who was her mother to Erwin?

The laptop was suddenly pushed shut.

Maisie turned to look at the man beside her, a little surprised. "That was all you found?"

That was it?

Nolan's long arm was resting on the back of the couch, behind where she sat. He leaned in. "Kiss me, and I'll tell you."

"Never mind. I'll find out myself."

Maisie was getting up to leave when Nolan pulled her into his arms.

She sat down on his lap. That wasn't a good position to be in.

"Nolan, just because this is your office doesn't mean you can—" Maisie pushed him lightly, but he was holding her tight against his chest with no signs of letting go.

Seeing her turn red from anger, he slightly raised his brows. "Hmm? What are you trying to do?"

"Let go." Maisie gnashed her teeth.

"Kiss me." Nolan was pretty much a prick trying to take advantage of her.

"I don't—"

"I'll kiss you then."

The man didn't give her a chance to speak. His cold lips covered hers, and his hand was behind her head as though he was trying to eat her up. The fire in his eyes started burning.

Maisie was concerned, but his kiss was too good. She was already out of breath, but she had finally lost her grip. She didn't even know how to struggle, so she just let him take over.

His kiss lasted very long before he finally reluctantly released her.

Maisie could finally breathe, but in her heart, her alarms were going off.

She knew that if this went on, she would be devoured whole!

"Can you tell me now?" She changed the subject.

Nolan ran his finger across the corner of her lips, and then his eyes shifted. "Your mother was from a noble family in Stoslo."

Maisie was still in a trance when she got back to her office.

A noble of Stoslo. Her mother had status.

If her mother had been a noble, then she had changed her name to Gonzalez to cover up so that the Vanderbilts didn't know who she was.

That made sense. Had Madam Vanderbilt known that her mother was from a noble family, she wouldn't have treated her that horribly.

'But why did Mom come to Zlokova from Stoslo? Does Uncle Erwin know something?'

Maisie arrived at Erwin's enormous private villa with an outdoor pool that night.

They were playing chess in the living room while the bodyguards were watching from the side.

"Uncle Erwin, when will you tell me about my mother?" Maisie looked up to see his expression.

Erwin paused with a smile. "Do you really want to know about your mother that badly?"

Maisie pursed her lips and made a move on the board. "Is there anything that I can't know? Is it because of her status?"

Erwin slowly raised his head. "Your mother had always wished that you could grow up happy and have a normal life. She always wanted to be a civilian."

Maisie was stunned as she looked down.

"Your mother was born in a big family that had a high social standing in Stoslo. They worked for the royals and were pretty much the inner circle, but when the royal family had an internal conflict, your mother's family left politics in order to keep the entire family safe."