

## Chapter 28

The next day-in the conference room of Blackgold headquarters.

The process of this serious meeting was equivalent to 30 minutes of torture for those in the room, especially since a gloomy aura was permeating from the person sitting in the center seat, which made the executives on both sides quiver.

Nolan's head was not in the meeting at all. Instead, it was occupied with a certain cursed woman from last night. Just because he had had a lewd dream all night long, as if he were possessed, all he could see was that woman's face. He must be going insane.

When the meeting finally ended, Nolan returned to his office with his jaw clenched. Holding a bunch of documents, Quincy walked in. "Mr. Goldmann, you're back from the meeting."

"Yeah." Nolan sat back in his chair impetuously. "We're going swimming tonight."

Quincy paused midway while flipping through the documents in his hands and looked up." What? Why the sudden urge to swim?"

Nolan hesitated before looking up with a straight face and spitting out the words. "To cool off."

Quincy muttered, "Oh!" As if something came to mind, he exclaimed, "By the way, sir, when I sent Miss Vanderbilt home last night,"

"Stop, don't speak of that woman." Nolan was in no mood to hear her name. Quincy kept his mouth shut. Alright, maybe he was talking too much.

"If you're sure about swimming tonight, then I'll cancel your RSVP for Mr. Boucher's birthday Though, M r. Goldmann Snr really wanted you to be there." Seeing Nolan's irritable expression, Quincy immediately stopped talking. He was only a messenger At Vaenna Jewelry... While Maisie was passing through the corridor, a couple of employees walked past her, and she overheard their chatter.

"Have you seen Director Vanderbilt today? She's a stick of walking dynamite. Nothing ever pleases her. She's so hot-tempered when she's hardly capable herself."

"Too bad she had to be a Vanderbilt. We'll just have to bear with it."

Maisie came to a halt and gave them a glance. As if a thought suddenly came to mind, she marched toward Willow's office. "I said to leave me alone!" Without even looking, Willow threw a folder on her table in the direction of the door. It landed right by Maisie's feet.

Maisie picked up the folder and smiled. "It's only morning. What got you so riled up?" 'Ah, Maisie, it's you."

The events of the night before flashed through Willow's head. With a surge of rage, she marched toward Maisie and lifted her hand up, charging for a slap.

Maisie swiftly stopped the incoming slap. "Did someone unleash the hounds of hell? Weren't you the one who tried to set me up last night?"

She had fallen for it once six years ago. Did Willow think she would fall for the same trick twice?

Only an idiot would be that stupid.

"I... I don't know what you're talking about." Willow felt too drained to argue.

"Then what are you mad at me for?" Maisie stared right into her eyes. "Unless... I wasn't the only one drugged?"

"You..." Willow stammered. She certainly could not let Maisie know what had gone down between her and Mr. Baldwin last night!

She pulled her hand back. "Did you think Mr. Baldwin wouldn't come after you again just because you got away last night? Once he lays his eyes on something, he'll do whatever it

takes to get it!"

The corner of Maisie's lips curled into a sneer. "Just as well. Those who lay eyes on me tend to go through hell."

The blood drained from Willow's face. Why was this b\*tch so difficult to deal with!?

"Ah, right. I'm rehiring an old staff member. Could you sign off on this?" Maisie held out the papers in front of her face.

Without even looking, Willow replied, "Over my dead body."

"Oh, never mind then. I guess I'll just ask Nolan." As Maisie was about to put the papers away, Willow snatched them from her hand and signed immediately, not even bothering to read the document.

Right then, she looked just like Maisie when she had been threatened to sign the other day.