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Nolan ignored Quincy, acting as if he had been drugged by that woman and was addicted to her. It had only been half a day, and he already could not wait to see her.

'Sure enough, I did give her three days to think about my offer, but it's still too long.'

At Beach Villa...

When eating dinner, Maisie held the spaghetti on the plate with her fork but had no appetite at all. She raised her eyes and looked to the front from time to time and felt like her children had been abducted.

"Tsk, Nolan is really too shameless for me to handle. He's the one who said he'll give me some time to think about it, but he will never miss the chance to come to my place for dinner.'

Daisie was sitting on her father's lap-the feeling of being fed by her father was really amazing!

Of course, he did not only pamper Daisie. He would fetch Waylon and Colton some dishes from time to time. Waylon's reaction was not as excited as that of Colton's and Daisie's, which at least provided Maisie with a little sense of comfort.

"Daddy, you should eat more. Try some of Mommy's buffalo chicken wings!" Daisie placed a piece of chicken wings onto Nolan's plate.

Maisie's eyelids twitched. "Daisie, he has arms and hands. He can grab the dishes by himself."

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"Are you jealous, Mommy?"

Seeing that Daisie looked extremely happy, Maisie almost bent the fork in her hand.

Nolan raised his eyebrows and rubbed Daisie's hair. "Well, your mother might really be jealous."

Maisie lowered her head to eat, not wanting to say another word. 1

Nolan placed one chicken wing onto her plate. "Don't worry, I'll pamper you too."

'I shouldn't give my pretty little wife the cold shoulder just because of the kids. By the way, the phrase "pretty little wife" is indeed appropriate. 1

'She's in good shape, young, gorgeous-looking, and talented. She would pass with flying colors if there were to be an audition in search of a woman who could match my status. But this pretty little wife is really a pain in the *ss. She can only be looked at but can't be touched. What should I do about that?' 1

If Maisie were to know what Nolan was thinking at the moment, the bowl in her hand might most probably end up on his face.

She looked at the chicken wing that he had placed on her plate, picked it up immediately, and put it on Waylon's plate. "Your father said he would still pamper you, so eat more." Waylon glanced at Nolan, whose expression turned slightly gloomy, and calmly put the chicken wing into Colton's bowl. "He'll pamper you, eat another one."

Colton was rendered speechless.

When Daisy saw this, she felt that it was not right. She still had to create more opportunities for her father!

She turned her head and asked, "Daddy, could you stay here tonight?"

Maisie gnashed her teeth. "Daisy, our house is not big enough to accommodate such a bigshot!"

"He is not a bigshot, he is Daddy." Daisy sounded pitiful.

Nolan looked down at the girl sitting in his arms who had arranged everything for him, and the corners of his lips were lifted slightly.

'She's definitely my biological daughter.'

Maisie mentioned the obvious, "We don't have an extra bed at home!"

Colton looked up at her. "Your bed is so big, you could even sleep with Daddy last night!"

Maisie put down her silverware and stood up.

The three rugrats shivered out of fear.

She went into her room angrily, took a quilt and pillow out, threw them directly on the couch, turned around, and went back to her room without saying a word.

"Bam!" The door was slammed shut.

Daisie raised her head and looked at the person above her head. "Daddy, we can only help you up till this point..."

At this time, Waylon took out a key and handed it to Nolan. "I've secretly forged a spare key for Mommy's room."

Nolan was surprised. "This assist has won my heart.' 2 The other two rugrats were also amazed.

Waylon's action is definitely making him the MVP! 2

Thinking about the man in the house, Maisie did not even want to take a shower. She locked the door behind her as soon as she returned to the room. She had even brought along the spare keys from the rooms of the three rugrats.

She leaned behind the door, rubbing her forehead to soothe her headache.

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Ryleigh sent her a text message. It was obvious that the three rugrats had leaked the secret to her-that was how she knew about Nolan's plan to stay here for the night!

Sensing the expectations that Ryleigh showed through her message, she replied, "What's on that filthy mind of yours? Dbags can only be allowed to sleep on the couch."

She then turned her cell phone off.

*All I can do now is to avoid him for as long as possible!

A tall figure came to the edge of the bed in the middle of the night. He slowly sat down and looked at the woman who was sleeping soundly on the bed. He propped his hands against the bed, leaned over, and covered her lips with his own lips.

"Umm..." Maisie's eyelashes trembled, and she raised her hand and waved gently. "Ugh, stopi

Her languid and coquettish voice was accompanied by a hint of nasal resonance. She also frowned slightly as if he was disturbing her sweet dreams.

Nolan stared at her unsuspecting appearance, and a touch of tenderness flashed across his eyes. He then rubbed the corners of her lips with his fingertips. "Maisie, I'll make you accept me willingly."

The next morning..

Maisie opened her eyes and woke up, wondering how she had gotten to sleep so soundly and comfortably last night.

'Sure enough, it's because the dbag wasn't there.'

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She got up and walked to the door. The door was still locked. 'Hmph, it's fortunate that all the spare keys are with me.' She walked to the living room in her nightdress, stretched comfortably, and as soon as she turned her head, she saw the three rugrats sitting at the dining table staring at her.

Nolan walked out of the kitchen with breakfast at that moment and looked at her too." Awakened already?"

Maisie froze in place.

She almost forgot that this man had stayed here last night!

"Mommy, you're up. Daddy has made breakfast for us!" Colton waved his tiny hand at her.

Maisie couldn't believe her eyes.

'What's with the sensation of déjà vu that I'm feeling, what's going on?

'No, I must be hallucinating.'

Maisie turned around and walked back to her room.

After seeing her mother get into her room, Daisie asked Nolan softly, "Daddy, did you secretly sleep in Mommy's room last night?"

Nolan squinted his eyes and placed his index finger in front of his lips, giving off a shushing motion.

Daisie nodded with brilliant eyes.

Nolan had not spent much time on the couch last night but slept with his pretty little wife for five hours. He really did sleep very soundly when she was by his side.

Fortunately, he had set the vibrating alarm on his watch to wake him up, left her room before she woke up, and locked the door with his spare key.

After Maisie freshened herself up and changed into her clothes, she walked out of the room again.

'Yes! This is truly not an illusion.'

"Daddy and Mommy, Waylon, and I are heading to the company. Miss Angela is here to pick us up already. Bye!" Daisy took a small backpack with her and went out with Waylon. Colton jumped off the chair and walked to Maisie. "Mommy, I need to go to the music academy today too. Will you and Daddy send me off?"

"Okay, when Uncle Quincy drives the car here, your mother and I will bring you to the college." Nolan did not care whether Maisie agreed to the plan or not and promised Colton on her behalf.

Colton nodded and ran upstairs to grab his schoolbag.

Maisie gradually returned to her senses and bumped into Nolan as soon as she turned around. She then raised her head. "You..."

"Finish your breakfast first. Colton and I will be waiting for you in the car."

Nolan really took Colton out first when Colton came back downstairs.

Maisie turned her head and looked at the breakfast on the table.

'He even prepared my share, and...

'How could such an egoistic man make such a delicate and loving breakfast? Not to mention, it's made by the legendary Mr. Goldmann of the Goldmanns!'

Colton and Nolan waited in the car for fifteen minutes, only to see Maisie walking out of the

house.

Colton slid the window of the front passenger's seat. "Mommy, hurry up!"

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Maisie, who originally wanted to get into the front passenger seat, was rendered speechless. As soon as she sat down in the rear passenger seat, Quincy turned to look at her and gave her a wide smile. "Good morning, *Mrs. Goldmann.*"

Maisie gnashed her teeth. "Mrs. Goldmann your as- Drive!"

She would have completed the impertinent sentence if it weren't for Colton's presence.

Quincy pouted his lips.

'Ms. Vanderbilt is rather hot-tempered. Mr. Goldmann will have a lot to bear in the future.'

Nolan turned around and glanced at her.

Maisie's fashion sense had always been good. She was wearing a professional suit, but she managed to bring out a unique fashionable style.

It seemed monotonous to wear a pure black basic blouse in a buttonless black pattern suit, but the blue-black gradient and the irregular lace split skirt contrasted sharply with the burgundy heels.

It made the overall look not only less monotonous but also more fashionable. And the earrings that were in the same color as the heels had also become a dazzling embellishment. Maisie saw the man beside her kept staring at her with his scorching eyes and felt a little uncomfortable sitting down. When the extremely conspicuous Maybach stopped at the main entrance of the Royal Academy of Music of Zlokova, it attracted the attention of a lot of people. Some parents who sent their children to the academy recognized the owner of the car's license plate number at a glance.

"Isn't that Mr. Goldmann's car?"

"Oh yeah!"

The owner of Bassburgh's stratospherically-priced 9999 plate number could only be Mr. Goldmann. Not only that, but they also knew that the number plates of the silver Rolls-Royce and the limited-edition Pagani sports car that Mr. Goldmann owned also cost a fortune.

'It's our luck to be able to witness it in person today!'

Looking at the gazes that came from outside the car window, Maisie rubbed her forehead.

"Being with this man is a flashy thing to do."

Colton got out of the car, turned around, and said, "Mommy, Daddy, I'm going in already!"

Maisie forced a smile.

At this time, she received a text message on her cell phone,

Before she had the time to take a glimpse at it, Nolan snatched the phone.

"What are you doing!?" She leaned over, wanting to grab the phone, but Quincy suddenly braked the car at that moment, which caused her leaning body to lose balance and fall into Nolan's arms,

Maisie got away from his body and then glared at Quincy, "Do you know how to drive a car?!"

"We should always wait for the red light, shouldn't we?" Quincy explained softly, Are you asking me to step on the throttle and run the red light without braking?

Nolan looked down at her and raised his eyebrows slightly, "Are you taking advantage of me?"

"Hehe, I wonder who's the person who's taking advantage..." Maisie lowered her head before she could finish speaking, Her hand had ended up on a very inappropriate body part, which was extremely embarrassing,

Nolan came nearer to her, his eyes full of mockery, "How does it feel?"

Maisie retracted her hand, turned around, and sat back down. She did not want to be taken *over*, so she responded indifferently, "Not very good."

Nolan did not say anything but smiled when he saw her flushed ears,

He then glanced at the screen of Maisie's phone, saw the message, and his eyes turned slightly cold,

"Mr. Goldman, can you give my phone back to me already?" Maisie stretched out her hand without looking at him,

"Who's the dbag that you're talking about?" Nolan glanced at her gloomily,

Maisie's heart skipped a beat, She snatched the cell phone from his hand and glanced at the message,

Crap, I replied to Ryleigh's text message before going to bed last night, and this woman actually replies to me at the worst time imaginable!

Looking at Nolan's murderous eyes that were about to swallow her whole, Maisie thought of something, She raised her hand, grabbed Nolan's collar, approached him, and let off a faint smile. "Dbag is an Internet term and has another meaning

when used in such a context. *Women would address someone as a dbag when they have a good impression of that someone. It expresses closeness.*" 1

Quincy was holding back his smile, and his shoulders began to tremble.

Nolan turned his head and gave him a cold glare. But he heard some commotion coming from

behind while doing so. He then turned around and saw that Maisie had already opened the door of the car, had gotten out of the car, and had run away without looking back.

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Nolan loosened his tie irritably.

'It expresses closeness? She clearly didn't want to get close to me.

But it doesn't matter. I'll let her adapt to the concept of being "close" to me slowly when she and the kids move to the Goldmann mansion tomorrow!

Stephen had not embarrassed Willow anymore ever since she entered the hospital due to the cut. Nonetheless, thinking of the two slaps that she had gotten from her father, Willow still put the blame on Maisie.

"Willie, Willie!" Leila entered the ward hurriedly and smiled excitedly. "It's trending, it's trending now!"

"What is trending now?" Willow bit the nail of her thumb, feeling very upset.

"Oh, those jewels that designer Freddy designed for Vaenna have gone viral on the Internet!"

"What!?" Willow was stunned.

"They've gone viral?"

"Yes, your father has answered several calls asking for collaboration!"

After Leila finished speaking, she said triumphantly, "Maisie is not the only jewelry designer in this world. Now that Freddy's design is popular, what should we still worry about? By the way, your father had told the old woman of the Vanderbilts about this. That old woman had always looked down upon us

mother-and-daughter before this, but she's saying that she wants to come and pay you a visit now!"

"She wants to see me?"

"Yes, Willie, the status of the both of us in the Vanderbilts was not as prestigious as that sl*t's before this, but if you can succeed with Freddy's design, you might be able to bring your position in the Vanderbilts a step further in the future." Leila had laid out the plan for her

Still, Willow was not satisfied. She wanted something more than what the Vanderbilts could offer-she wanted to be Mrs. Goldmann!

'Wait a minute.'

An idea flashed through her mind.

'If I can surprise the jewelry field with Freddy's designs, and if Freddy is willing to become my ghost designer, won't I still have the opportunity to one-up on that b*tch as long as the designs become popular?'

"That will definitely encourage Nolan's attention!"

Vaenna Jewelry had just launched a new design, and it had become popular all over the Internet. It was all due to the elegance of the Victorian era that the Gothic dark vintage snake shaped diamond necklace and earrings exuded and the cold and enigmatic beauty that its dark temperament gave off.

The creation of a ring the size of a dove egg was even more novel. The ring looked like two hands that were wrapped around the diamond as if they were holding it like a heart. Its design was unforgettable.

#MenInLove#: I've always thought that the gothic style is weird, and I couldn't appreciate it. But I think I love it after seeing these masterpieces

#LadyWithin#: The gothic style design is really great. I hope Vaenna can launch more great designs just like these!

Maisie glanced at the tablet, and the corners of her lips were slightly raised.

Kennedy walked in from outside the office and smiled. "Zee, the designs you gave Vaenna are on fire now. Vaenna Jewelry, who has been silent for years, can now be regarded as revitalized already."

Kennedy's phone started vibrating as soon as he finished saying so. He looked down at the message and gave off a surprised expression.

"Uncle Kennedy, what's the matter?"

"Willow wants to pay Freddy \$1,500,000 to get him to be her ghost designer. She actually wants to use this method to gather fame."

Maisie scoffed. "Then let her take the bait."

'Since she's always wanted to get into the jewelry field so much, I should lend her a "helping" hand.'

At this time, in the Vanderbilt manor...

After Leila brought Willow home, Stephen was sitting on the couch, chatting with Madam Vanderbilt.

Stephen hurriedly got up and beckoned Willow to go over. "Your grandmother has come to see you. Why are you still standing over there?"

Willow smiled and walked up to her. "Grandma." *

Madam Vanderbilt took a glance at her. "I haven't seen you for a few years, and you've grown a little more attractive. I heard your father say that Vaenna's newly launched jewelry is popular right now, and you're the brain behind it. It seems that I've underestimated you."

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"Mother, Willie is doing so for the Vanderbilts." Leila smiled, trying to make Madam Vanderbilt feel satisfied with herself and her daughter.

Everyone knew that Madam Vanderbilt had always valued a grandson more. If it weren't for the fact that Stephen did not have any son, Madam Vanderbilt would not even bother to care about the mother-and-daughter pair.

Madam Vanderbilt had two sons, one was Stephen, and the other was Yorick.

Yorick was Stephen's elder brother who lived in the ancestral mansion of the Vanderbilts because he had given birth to a grandson for Mr. Vanderbilt Sr.

Madam Vanderbilt had always attached great importance to this eldest son. If it weren't for the improvement that Vaenna was showing right now, Madam Vanderbilt would never come to the Bassburgh in person.

"Hmph, this might be good for the Vanderbilts, but after all, she's not a man. Son, in any case, the family business has to be inherited by a man. This daughter will

eventually become the daughter of another family once she gets married to a man."

Stephen and Leila's expressions looked extremely awkward after listening to Madam Vanderbilt's words.

"It's better to hand Vaenna to your nephew, Hector. Hector is now 23 years old and is the only heir of the Vanderbilts."

When Leila heard that Madam Vanderbilt was going to hand Vaenna to that son of a b*tch, how could she be reconciled with that idea?

"Mother, you might not know this, but Willie is the one who convinced this designer Freddy to collaborate with Vaenna. In other words, Freddy is willing to collaborate with us only because he knows about the relationship between Willie and Mr. Goldmann."

Stephen frowned. "What does this have to do with Mr. Goldmann?"

Leila explained with a smile, "Dear, don't you know? The other day when Freddy went to Vaenna to talk to Willie about the collaboration, he told Willie that he knew about her only because of Mr. Goldmann."

"The person that you're talking about... Which Mr. Goldmann are you referring to?" The name seemed familiar to Madam Vanderbilt.

Leila looked at her. "Of course it's Mr. Goldmann of the Blackgold Group."

Madam Vanderbilt was astounded. She then gazed at Willow with a straight eye. "Wow, young lady, you're quite capable. You actually managed to win the heart of the young Goldmann. Now tell me more about this Mr. Goldmann. I heard that he's extremely prestigious and

influential. It would be an honor to the Vanderbilts if we could get into wedlock with the Goldmanns!"

Leila knew that mentioning Mr. Goldmann would definitely be useful. The originally tense relationship between her and her mother-in-law had finally eased up, and they could even discuss Mr. Goldmann now.

Stephen, who was sitting at the side, got up and left with a gloomy expression.

Madam Vanderbilt could not care less about him. She thought of something and then looked at Willow. "Willie, since you have such a good relationship with Mr. Goldmann, you should know all the rich and influential entrepreneurs who surround Mr. Goldmann. If you do, do introduce one of them to your cousin Linda."

Seeing that the old woman had even changed the way she addressed her, Willow was somewhat satisfied. "Don't worry about that, Grandma."

'Hmph, compared to Maisie, Linda is just a foolish and unruly girl.

'But it's great that she's the dumb one. She is now the person that I need the most. It would be great if I can use Linda and deal with that b*tch with her.'

"That's nice to hear. You're definitely worthy of being one of the Vanderbilts. Then I'll ask your cousin to come over tomorrow." Madam Vanderbilt was certainly happy to see that Willow was willing to help her cousin out.

At noon...

Maisie flipped through the list of ingredients.

Xander sighed helplessly. "Ms. Vanderbilt, Jade Mountain Co. is facing a shortage of rare rough stones. We can't purchase rough stones like aquamarine, tanzanite, golden emerald, black opal, and topaz from them."

Maisie closed the list and looked up. "Aquamarine and golden emerald, we can order those from Millennial Gemstone Inc., the price that they can offer is more or less similar to Jade Mountain Co. As for the black opal and tanzanite, only Taylor Jewelry has them."