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Chapter 21

Inside the car...

Nolan looked out of the car window absently, as if he was still pondering about what Maisie had said. Lost in his train of thoughts, he did not hear Quincy calling out to him repeatedly.

"Sir." Quincy raised his voice.

Finally, Nolan came back to his senses and rubbed his forehead. "What is it?"

Quincy held up the phone to him. "You have a call from your father, Mr. Goldmann."

Nolan took the phone from his hands and answered, "Dad."

On the other side of the line, at the Goldmann family estate...

"You little rascal, did you go and knock someone's daughter up?"

Nolan's father sat in his backyard sipping scotch. The photo displayed on his tablet showed two kids with an uncanny resemblance to his own son.

Nolan paused and furrowed his brows. "Not that I know of."

"Are you sure? Then how do you explain these two kids Royal Crown Entertainment Co. signed? They look just like you."

The old man slammed his glass on the table. "I want to see these two children."

"Dad, I haven't slept with any women at all. These kids can't possibly be related to me."

Though he may once, Willow had been by his side for the past six years, and she was never

with child.

"Related or not, that shan't concern you. I've already sent someone over to Royal Crown to have them picked up. You can do whatever you want." The old man hung up.

Nolan looked up with a frown. "Drive us to the Goldmann estate."

The car headed toward the countryside. Along the road, the scenery was serene.

Daisie leaned against the car window, taking in the scenery of the mountains and forest outside. In complete awe, she exclaimed, "All those mountains and rivers! It's simply gorgeous!"

Waylon glanced at the bodyguard dressed in black sitting beside him and asked, "Who is asking to meet us?"

The gentle-looking old man in the driver's seat turned around and smiled. "It's the owner of the manor. You'll know when you get there. Don't worry, he's not a bad guy." "Mister, why do you all live in the mountains?" Daisie wondered with blinking eyes.

Taken by surprise, the old man hesitated, then answered with a smile, "The place where we live is actually called a paradise. It's not exactly in the mountains or woods.

The Goldmann family estate was built on rich land surrounded by mountains and rivers.

Eventually, the car arrived in a quaint town. Daisie's tiny mouth hung open, stunned by the sight of the beautiful houses. She had never seen anything quite like that.

After another stretch of road, the car finally stopped outside of a majestic mansion.

The old man got out of the car and opened the door to the backseat. The two little children stepped out of the car and gazed up at the beautiful mansion, their hearts filled with novel curiosity.

There were stone pavings on the ground at the entrance, green ivy climbing the red-brick walls, and a marble fountain splashing water high above the sky.

Lush verdant gardens lay sprawling on both sides of the stone-paved path. To the left was a perfectly landscaped medley of flowers, and to the right, amidst the greenery, a charming stone bridge hung over a crystal clear lake. At the end of the bridge stood a white pavilion.

The old man led the two children onto the bridge and made their way to the pavilion. "Sir, I've brought the two children here to see you."

Nolan's father turned to face the children standing in front of the butler. With a flicker of surprise in his eyes, he then smiled and waved at them. "Sweet children, come to Grandpa."

Waylon and Daisie exchanged a quick glance and walked toward the old man.

Nolan's father studied the two children's faces. He focused his attention on the boy's features and asked with a smile, "What is your name, boy?"

"Waylon Vanderbilt," Waylon answered obediently.

Nolan's father nodded in response and looked over at the little girl. "And what about you?"

"Grandpa, my name is Daisy Vanderbilt!" Daisy blinked. It was as if there was a brilliant galaxy of stars hidden in her eyes.

Nolan's father chuckled with joy and ushered the children to sit next to him.

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Daisy turned her head to look at him. "We, too, have also seen a man who looks a lot like us."

"Oh?" Nolan's father was just about to pose his question when he heard the loud greeting of the bodyguard standing by the garden. "Good day, Mr. Goldmann."

Nolan marched right into the pavilion. He glanced at the two children sitting next to his old man and finally said, "Dad, how could you bring these children here without asking?"

"And why can't I? These children look just like you, so I invited them over to be my guests. Is there a problem?"

Nolan's father patted Daisy's head, then gave each of the children a slice of frosted cake. "Here, have a bite. This is the best frosted cake in town."

"Thank you, Grandpa!"

The two kids took the cake offered to them. With a loud nom, Daisy held the cake in her palm, unable to wait a moment longer, and took a huge bite.

Nolan felt helpless. He had not expected his father to bring them all the way here just because of a photo he saw.

"Wait here, you two munchkins. Grandpa will be back real soon."

As soon as Nolan's father finished speaking, he got up and faced Nolan. "Come with me."

Watching them walk off, Daisy turned to face Waylon. "Is this man really our grandpa? From the looks of it, he seems to like us very much."

"Mm-hmm, as long as Grandpa likes us enough, we'll be able to acknowledge our daddy and kidnap him home with us." Daisy nodded in agreement. Meanwhile, in the study...

"Dad, they really are unrelated to me. You can't just bring the kids over just because they resemble me. If their parents start to worry about them,"

Before Nolan could finish speaking, his father interrupted him. "What are you panicking for? I couldn't care less about whether they are yours. What matters is that I like those kids."

Sitting behind the desk, he looked at Nolan. "You're not getting any younger either. If you had gotten married sooner, your kids would've been their age by now."

Nolan kept quiet.

"Son, are you a hundred percent sure that you never had children with other women? Because both Waylon Vanderbilt's eyes and Daisy Vanderbilt's features seem to me like they inherited those from you."

Nolan was startled. "What did you say their last name was?"

Was it Van Der Beek or Vanderbilt?

"You haven't read their information when everything was right beneath your eyes?" Nolan's father tapped the documents on his desk.

He had purposely sent someone to the Royal Crown just to obtain background information on the two kids.

Nolan held the document in his hand-Name: Waylon Vanderbilt, Daisy Vanderbilt, both five years old!

Hugging the chessboard in her arms, Daisy walked toward the study room door. She poked her little head through the opening. "Grandpa, I want to play chess with you!"

Nolan's father was taken by surprise. He smiled and stood up. "Sure, Grandpa would love to play with you."

Neglecting his own son, the old man followed Daisy out the door.

Nolan turned around to see them walk off. His gaze once again fixed on the papers in his hands. He had not read their information at the time, so he had no idea what their family name was.

As it turned out, they were Vanderbilts... and they were both five.

Five years old. Had Willow been pregnant six years ago, followed by a ten-month pregnancy, the child would have been born the following summer, meaning the kid would be five years old today!

However, Willow was never pregnant. The woman in that room six years ago should be Willow, so what had gone wrong?

Nolan made his way to the garden. He watched the two kids sitting in the garden, playing chess with his father. Waylon stood beside Daisy. He looked just like a mini bodyguard.

"Daisy, who taught you how to play?" "Mommy!" Daisy replied proudly. "Not only does she know how to play chess, but she can also play nine men's morris!"

"Hahaha! And I thought you youngsters these days wouldn't know how to enjoy a good game of chess."

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"On the contrary, Mommy said that we should always learn a thing or two about our ancestry. In fact, Mommy is a fan of antiques. Otherwise, Mommy couldn't have come up with her unique designs of 'Victorian-style antique jewelry' back in Stoslo."

Nolan's father chuckled. "Then, I would really love to meet your mommy one day."

Daisy felt triumphant as she had finally gotten her grandpa's attention on Mommy!

Nolan glanced at Waylon, who was standing beside him. The little boy raised his hand and wiped his cheek, then he turned around and gave Nolan a seemingly unfriendly glare.

Unexpectedly, the boy's glare reminded Nolan of someone else.

"The last time I saw you, you had a mole on the corner of your eye."

Waylon rubbed the corner of his eye and said defensively, "I drew that on."

"Grandpa, you lost!" Daisy giggled happily.

Little did she know, the old man had let her win. Seeing the little girl laugh so gleefully, he somehow found himself laughing along with her. Perhaps he was getting old and starting to like the idea of spending time with a granddaughter.

It was getting late, so Nolan sent Waylon and Daisie back to Seaview Villa.

"We'll be going now, mister. Goodbye!"

Daisie waved at him. Holding her brother's hand, the two of them hopped their way into the front porch.

Nolan did not drive off immediately. Instead, he was lost in his thoughts while he watched their backs as they entered the front door. He had never suspected them of being his own children, but when he found out they *were* Vanderbilts, he began to wonder... 2

He took out his cellphone and called Willow.

At the Vanderbilt manor...

"Nolan asked again about what happened six years ago?" Leila walked toward Willow and sat down beside her with a nervous expression.

Willow nodded and bit her lip. "I don't know why, but I have a feeling that Nolan is a little suspicious of me. Especially since that b*tch, Maisie, came back, he's been paying her a lot of attention!"

That night when Nolan had asked about Maisie, she had made up a story, giving Nolan the false impression that what had happened back then was all a scheme laid out by Maisie. She repulsed him.

However, as they had been leaving the Vanderbilt manor, she followed them out. To her surprise, she had seen the two of them getting in the same car before driving off. Nolan had not come home that night.

She had been too afraid to ask Nolan, so obviously, she could only question Maisie.

Leila's face turned gloomy. "Hmph, I knew it! That little b*tch was plotting against us. That day at the dinner, she was clearly trying to sabotage us, giving us a motive so that Nolan would suspect us."

"We can't let her carry on thinking she can do whatever she wants. With that sl*tty face of hers, how could any man not succumb to her seductions if they spent enough time with her?"

"Mom, I've tried driving that b*tch away, but she's just too capable. I can't beat her at all."

Willow's patience was wearing thin. With Nolan calling today and questioning her about the incident six years ago, it was only a matter of time before Nolan learned the truth.

Leila stood up and paced back and forth with a hand on her chin. As if something suddenly clicked in her head, she sneered. "Willie, do you still have the phone number of that old fellow?"

Willow stuttered, "Mr. Baldwin?"

"Yes, after all, Mr. Baldwin had been drooling over that little sl*t for such a long time. He must feel unsatisfied that he lost his chance to sleep with her six years ago. How about we set her up again? This time, it has to be flawless. We'll get her so good, she won't be able to worm her way out!"

Maisie sat in her office sketching design ideas. Ever since her mother's passing, Vaenna Jewelry had been unable to produce jewelry unique enough to form its own signature style.

After Luxella had debuted with their Victorian-style jewelry, Maisie had not created other styles of jewelry since.

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Maisie chewed her pen and thought for a long time, but she was stuck in an inspiration drought...

"Zee."

Seeing Willow appear outside her door, Maisie put her pen down. "There's no one around. You can drop the mushiness. It's nauseating."

If this was any other day, Willow would have retorted with a scathing remark. Today, however, she managed to converse in a calm and collected manner. "I'm not here to start a fight. I'm well aware that you're far more adept in matters of business."

Willow placed the documents she was holding on the table. "I'm sure you know the conundrum Vaenna is currently facing. It just so happens that there's a client who's willing to provide us with an advertising platform. Could you come with me and discuss the contract terms tonight?"

Maisie picked up the contract folder, skimmed through the pages, then smirked. "Sure, I'll go with you."

"I'll see you tonight then." As Willow turned to leave, her eyes flickered with coldness.

Maisie picked up the folder to have a closer at the contract. Her brows arched slightly. She wanted to see the type of clientele Willow had picked out.

At the headquarters of Blackgold Group, Nolan stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, staring out at the downtown view. He turned the black ring on this index finger. Through the reflection of the windows, he saw Quincy appear.

"Mr. Goldmann, I've had someone in Stoslo run a background check. For some reason, there wasn't much information we could find about Miss Maisie Vanderbilt. It's as if someone had deliberately kept it hidden."

Nolan turned sideways and glanced at him. "Are you saying someone put a data lock on her profile?"

Quincy nodded. "That's precisely so. Almost no one knew the fact that Zora, a renowned jewelry designer in Stoslo, is actually Maisie Vanderbilt. Only a select few who work in Luxella have seen her. After looking at photos of Maisie, they confirmed that she is indeed Zora.

"But... you asked me to check if she had given birth in Stoslo. I was unable to confirm that, even after going through all the hospitals in the country."

Quincy had gone through hell. A hacker must have had her private data locked away, or *he* would have been able to dig up more dirt. Nolan said nothing more.

Not only were they unable to identify the mother of those two kids, but they also hardly found much regarding Maisie Vanderbilt or any details about her life for that matter.

Still, those two children carried the Vanderbilt name, and the only Vanderbilt he had slept with was Willow Vanderbilt...

"Mr. Goldmann, you seem rather concerned about Miss Maisie Vanderbilt..." Quincy could not help but speak his mind.

Nolan looked up and glanced straight at him. "Are you feeling idle these days?"

Quincy shook his head with guilty puppy-dog eyes begging for mercy. "N-No, not at all. In fact, I'm really busy. I-I'm still working on my performance, sir. If you'll excuse me."

He did not want to end up like his brother, Hans Lawson, who had been sent to the North Pole to count stars.

Later that night, at a karaoke bar... Maisie followed Willow into a private suite. When Mr. Baldwin saw that Willow had brought a special guest, he stood up. "Look who it is! You're finally here."

"Mr. Baldwin, I brought my little sister with me to discuss our contract. There was heavy traffic on our way over, hope we didn't keep you waiting too long."

Willow took the initiative and sat next to the man.

Mr. Baldwin's eyes were glued to Maisie's body. It had only been six years, yet Maisie Vanderbilt had become even more stunning than before.

That hourglass figure, that face, everything about her was absolutely perfect!

The insatiable hunger to devour this sultry goddess began to grow in him. 1

Willow could not help but feel irritated when she saw Mr. Baldwin ogle all over Maisie. His eyes were almost bulging out of his head.

Maisie was undoubtedly a man-eating succubus.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Vanderbilt. I'm Sergio Baldwin. I know your father. I believe we've met before." Mr. Baldwin stretched out his hand to greet her.

"Oh, nice to meet you too." Maisie's response was cold but polite. 1

After they shook hands, Sergio was reluctant to let go.

Maisie furrowed her brows and pulled her hand out from his grasp. She walked to the side

and sat down. "I was told that you're interested in sponsoring Vaenna Jewelry on an advertising platform?"

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Sergio smiled and nodded. "That is correct. Knowing that Miss Vanderbilt had returned to Vaenna Jewelry, I was hoping for a chance to collaborate, with you, specifically."

Willow sneered mockingly. Sergio Baldwin was 49 years old and turning 50. The son he had with his ex-wife had only just turned 18. Rumour had it

that he never learned to keep it in his pants and had one too many women on the side. Eventually, his ex-wife had snapped and asked for a divorce.

On Sergio had met Maisie during Stephen's birthday banquet a few years back, and since then, he could not get her off of his mind. He would even ask Willow about her every now then. Because of that, Willow had Maisie drugged the last time just to give Mr. Baldwin a chance to bag her. It was a pity he had let that opportunity slide.

"Because of me?" Maisie chortled. "Mr. Baldwin, hearing you say that flatters me."

"Zee, Mr. Baldwin admires your talent," explained Willow while she poured Mr. Baldwin a glass of wine and handed it to him. "Mr. Baldwin, for your generosity of providing Vaenna an advertising platform and investing in the company, as the director of Vaenna, I would like to give a toast to you." 1

"Well, when you put it like that, cheers!" Mr. Baldwin was feeling festive. He chugged down the entire glass of wine in one breathe.

Willow looked at Maisie. "Zee, I know you don't drink, so I ordered a juice for you instead." Holding up the two glasses of juice, she handed the one on her right to Maisie.

Mr. Baldwin had prepared the juice and had specifically told her that the glass on the left was "clean". Maisie took the juice from Willow's hand and lifted the glass against her lips, gently tilting it downward. But before the juice touched her lips, a wave of nausea suddenly hit her, and she gagged. Sergio and Willow were stunned by her sudden reaction.

Maisie patted her chest and placed the juice back down, then she smiled and said, "Sorry about that, I haven't eaten anything yet. My tummy is acting up. Do you mind if we have something to nibble on?"

Sergio was taken aback for a moment, then nodded understandingly. "Yes, of course. Willow, go get the waiter."

Willow felt irritated for being bossed around, but she held it in. Obediently, she went to call the waiter.

Maisie turned her gaze to Sergio. "Mr. Baldwin, could you pick a song for me? How about 'Sweet Dreams'."

"Sure, as you wish."

After all, the little lamb was already in the lion's den. There was no way she could escape. As Mr. Baldwin got up and walked toward the karaoke machine, Maisie quickly swapped her juice with Willow's.

A second after she swapped drinks, Willow walked in

When Willow saw Maisie sipping on the juice, her eyes lit with triumph

"Zee, I ordered some food for you. Why don't you drink the juice after you've eaten? After all, a chilled drink on an empty stomach is bad for you." Maisie smiled and put her glass down. "Sure."

Half an hour later, their glasses were empty, and most of the food had already been eaten

Just then, Maisie's phone suddenly rang. She stood with her phone in her hand 'Excuse me, I have to take this outside. I'll be right back.'

Willow watched Maisie walk off and stood up to follow her. However, Sergio pulled her back down. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I can't let her get away."

"She drank the juice. Where could she possibly run off to? Besides, even if she does leave, I'll still have you, won't I?" Sergio Baldwin looked at her and let out a sinister cackle

Having finished her own glass of juice, the dumbfounded Willow turned her head around "You... What's that supposed to mean?"

"Do you think I'm an idiot? Obviously, I spiked both drinks. Just in case she runs, I'll have you to make up for it." Sergio pulled her into his arms.

Willow struggled with all her might. "Don't you know that I'm with Nolan Goldmann!"

"So what? Nolan is never going to marry a b*stard daughter like you. Besides, it's not like we've never slept together before. When you came to me asking for money back then, didn't you spend the night with me?"