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Kennedy looked up. "But your father already gave the shares to Willow. It's going to be hard to get her to give them up, and on top of that, "that person" is behind her."

"That person" was Mr. Goldmann.

Maisie's lips curled. "I've been observing their relationship ever since I returned. Even if Nolan is protecting Willow, how long would he be able to do that for?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nolan and Willow have been together for six years, but he has no intentions of marrying her. Even though I don't know the reason, one thing is possible to conclude."

Maisie's eyes slightly turn cold. "He's not keen on the idea of marrying Willow, which means he's not planning on marrying her. Willow can only stick to him for a short time. It wouldn't be hard for Nolan to find a woman who's better than her. It's just a matter of time for me to take back the shares of Vaenna from Willow."

Kennedy knew her words were true, but he was still worried. "There's no guarantee to this. What if Mr. Goldmann does marry her in the future?"

If Willow became Mrs. Goldmann, she would be in a different class. It would be impossible to get the shares back from her then.

"The Goldmanns should have a higher standard than that. To be able to be Mrs. Goldmann, the girl probably needs to be a few classes higher than us, Vanderbilts. Probably the heir of a huge corporation or royalty."

Kennedy looked confused. Mr. Goldmann had never mentioned those requirements. They weren't trying to pick a queen. Why did she sound agitated, like she was the one who was picking a wife for Mr. Goldmann?

"Alright, let's not worry about this just yet. The issue about time that I mentioned is to build my own jewelry brand in a short period."

Kennedy was shocked. "You could do that in a short time?"

She looked up and smiled. "Yes, but what if I could get people in the Board of Directors to think that this title belongs to me?"

– “The board believes that Mr. Goldmann is behind Willow. In their minds, Willow is the best

person for that title.”

The Board of Directors had let Willow off because Stephen had given all the shares to her and because Mr. Goldmann was backing her up.

If it were another company, a senior executive that was as useless as she would have been

kicked out of the Board of Directors.

“Other than bringing a man in, what other benefits could she bring to the table? Vaenna has been suffering losses. Would Nolan be willing to pay to cover the hole and support people who are not under his company?”

“If that’s the case, I don’t want to work anymore either. I’ll be happy being paid for nothing.” Maisie couldn’t wait to just wake up with money in her bank every day. 1

Kennedy laughed. “That’s true. But what do you plan to do?”

Maisie pushed a document in front of him. He was shocked after reading it.

“You’re trying to get a partnership with Taylor!?”

Taylor Jewelry was the biggest jewelry company in Zlokova. It was bigger than Vaenna and any other jewelry company.

Taylor Jewelry had an international market. It stood at the peak of the fashion jewelry industry along with Luxella and Majestic from Stoslo. International models would wear jewelry from these three big brands on the runway.

If Taylor partnered up with Vaenna, Vaenna would be able to have a breakthrough in reputation in Zlokova. That would be equal to having Taylor as their “face” from then on.

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The benefits that could bring to Vaenna were obvious.

"Zee, Taylor Jewelry has tough requirements. They wouldn't be interested in any jewelry company. Why would they agree to work with Vaenna?"

Maisie smiled. "Don't worry about that. I have a plan..."

Leila walked into the company with her branded bag like an upper-class lady. All the employees knew that she was Willow's mother, so they called her "Mrs. Chairman".

However, just when she was happily going to meet Willow to find out if her plan for the other night had worked out, she saw Maisie and a blond man getting off the elevator while enjoying

a conversation.

Her gaze turned fierce. "Oh, you're bringing men you seduce all the way to the office now?"

Kennedy's face dropped. When he tried to say something, Maisie held up a hand to stop him. She smiled at Leila and said, "How would I be better than you when it comes to seducing men?"

"How dare you talk back!?" Leila angrily raised her hand,

'Slap!'

The slap rang through the walkway. Maisie's face was slightly turned, a red mark appearing. Before Kennedy could react, Maisie's quick hand landed on Leila's face. The slap made her fall to the floor.

Leila held her face that was in pain, while looking shocked.

The burn on Maisie's palm could show how much strength she had put into it.

Remembering the red print on Daisie's face and looking at Leila's face at that moment, she believed she had avenged Daisie.

"How... how dare you hit me!"

"I don't like to be on the losing end. You slapped me first. The slap was just a return." Maisie's smile was cold.

Just when she was leaving with Kennedy, she saw Nolan and Willow walking over.

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Seeing that her mother was on the floor, Willow worriedly helped her up. "What happened, Mom?"

Leila kept saying how much it hurt. When Willow saw the palm print on her face, she

immediately walked to Maisie and questioned her. "Zee, how could you slap my mom? Even... even if you don't like her, you can't just hit people."

"Ms. Vanderbilt, you should check the surveillance footage before saying that." Maisie pointed at the cameras outside the elevators that were pointed at them. When Leila saw the cameras, her face changed. Willow looked at her mother. That wasn't good. Her mother must have said something which made Maisie slap her, and it was right under the cameras.

"But... even if my mom said something terrible, you can't just assault someone."

"You've made up your mind that I started it before even checking the footage? Are you blindly helping your mom instead of looking at the evidence?"

Maisie smiled and looked at Nolan, who was expressionless. "Does Mr. Goldmann think we

should check the surveillance footage?"

Willow and Leila were in trouble.

Nolan noticed that there was still a mark on her face. His eyes turned dark, and he said, "There's no need for that."

He was able to guess what had happened without having to check.

Maisie shrugged and turned to Kennedy. "Uncle Kennedy, let's go. We shouldn't let our clients wait."

Kennedy nodded.

Willow stopped her. "Zee, which client are you meeting?"

As if she was trying to put up a good performance in front of Nolan, she walked toward Maisie with a smile, "Why not let me talk to the clients? I want to learn from you."

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Maisie turned around and looked at her. "Are you sure?"

If she went to meet Taylor Jewelry by herself, there might still be a little hope, but if Willow went, she probably wouldn't even get to meet them.

Willow smiled. "I can't let you do everything while I do nothing."

Maisie sniggered in her heart. Her "hunger for knowledge" was so strong just because she wanted to be on Nolan's good side.

"Alright."

"Zee..." Kennedy wanted to say something, but Maisie had already handed the agreement to her. "That's the partnership proposal with Taylor Jewelry. Thank you for doing this."

Nolan frowned, and his lips turned into a thin line.

Willow was happy that Maisie was really willing to give her agreement to her. If she could close the deal, Nolan would look at her in a different light.

If this woman was going to pass on the opportunity, she couldn't blame her.

Maisie walked back to her office alone. A deep voice came from behind her. "You knew that she wasn't going to close the deal with Taylor Jewelry. Why did you agree to let her go?"

Maisie stopped in her tracks, turned around to look at Nolan, smiled, and said, "You were there too. Didn't you hear that she wanted to go? I didn't force her."

Nolan's eyes darkened. He went up to her and held her wrist. "You can stop pretending."

"You're feeling bad for her just for a small matter?"

Maisie struggled a little but didn't manage to shake him off. She bit her teeth and said, "Mr. Goldmann, since you're feeling bad and know that she's walking into a dead-end, why didn't you stop her just now?"

Nolan didn't answer.

She continued. "Since you didn't stop her, why are you blaming me now?"

It wasn't possible for Nolan not to know about Taylor. If he knew, he would know that Willow would be stonewalled.

Even if Willow said she was Nolan's girlfriend, they might still ignore her. If he didn't stop her, why was he putting the blame on Maisie now?

"What do you want?"

Maisie hesitated and looked at him. "I want Vaenna."

"To get the shares from her?" Nolan said calmly.

She didn't bother to pretend. "Yes."

Nolan looked at how carefree this woman was. He squinted a little and said, "I can give that to

you."

"What?"

Maisie was startled. She was surprised. Did she imagine that?

Nolan got closer to her. "I can give you something that's even more attractive than shares, but you have to give up the shares of Vaenna for it."

Maisie's face froze upon hearing that. She sniggered. "I'm not interested in anything other than shares of Vaenna. Even if it's \$150,000,000."

Nolan scoffed. "Maisie, you need to be smart. You won't get any of the shares if I don't agree to

it."

"Are you trying to say that you're going to try and stop me?" Maisie's eyes darkened.

He was already protecting her even when they weren't married yet. If they really did get married, Willow was probably going to do a riverdance on her head.

"I don't need to try. Given your status and capability, why would you care about this?" He paused, sounding cold. "If you're willing to give up on the shares of Vaenna, I'll give you a new jewelry company."

Maisie looked at him. "You want me to give my mother's company to an unrelated person. Why?"

Nolan's eyes were calm. "Your father has already taken all the shares from the company that your mother founded. According to the law, this company belongs to Stephen. Your mother is no longer in the picture."

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Maisie's eyes darted around, her expression slowly calming down.

'Father has taken all of Mother's shares?'

'WHY?'

'It was shared equity, and they were Mother's shares. Why were they taken?'

"I don't believe you." Maisie gnashed her teeth.

"Why don't you ask your father?" Seeing her eyes losing hope, Nolan somehow felt... concerned.

He had looked into every detail of the Vanderbilts and was clear about Vaenna's predicament.

He hadn't known that the late wife of Stephen founded Vaenna. He had started looking into them when Maisie came back.

Marina had started Vaenna with Stephen, but since her demise, all the shares had gone to Stephen instead of him helping Maisie keep her mother's shares.

Willow only had this company because Stephen had given it to her. She was not as capable nor talented as Maisie.

Nolan was a little selfish when it came to getting Maisie out of Vaenna. Maybe it would be better for him to investigate if he kept her close.

Maisie shook off his hand with a serious expression. She rubbed her wrist and turned around. "Mr. Goldmann, you may leave if there's nothing further to talk about."

"You'll come to me." Nolan left after saying that.

Maisie walked to her desk, picked up the phone, and dialed a number. "Mr. Zidane? I'm Maisie. I'd like to know more about my mother's will."

Willow happily went to Taylor for their meeting, but she was stonewalled.

She didn't know how important Taylor Jewelry was in Zlokova, so she acted as such. "I'm Mr. Goldmann's girlfriend. Treating me like this just means that you're disrespecting Mr. Goldmann."

Given the influence the Goldmanns had in Zlokova, she wasn't afraid.

“Mr. Goldman and his influence. Does that mean anyone can throw a fit in my place in his name?”

Among a few bodyguards that were walking toward them, an old woman with grey hair in an

elegant emerald dress was pushed out on a wheelchair. She was wearing priceless rosewood rosary beads on her hand.

Even though she was old, one could tell that she was a beauty of her time. Even though she was in a wheelchair, one could still feel how commanding she was.

“You’re just a little jewelry company. If I want to work with you, it’s because we can see your potential.” Willow held her arrogance.

The old woman laughed with a fierceness in her eyes. “Which company sent this ignorant employee over? Why didn’t you do a bit of research before coming over and see who we Taylor Jewelry are first?”

An employee went to the old lady and said something. She waved him off impatiently. “What is Vaenna? I’ve never heard of them. Get the security to escort her out.”

“You wouldn’t dare! I’m Mr. Goldman’s girlfriend!”

The old lady looked fierce. “Get Mr. Goldman to come then. See if he will give this old woman some respect. Throw her out!”

A few security guards appeared and forcefully took Willow outside.

Willow was fuming after being thrown out of Taylor.

She should have let Maisie come over. She must have framed her for this. Maisie had been aware that this was going to fail, so she had let her come instead.

No way! She was going to repay this humiliation one day!

At Vanderbilt Manor... Maisie sped home with the document, ignoring Leila, who was in the living room.

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Seeing that Maisie ignored her, Leila blocked her. “What are you doing?”

"Get out of the way." Maisie pushed her aside, ignoring the people who were talking behind her, and went straight to the study. She slammed the documents on the desk.

Stephen was shocked at her actions, and his face sank. "How dare you come back?"

"Do you think I want to come back here? I came to ask you something." Maisie held the document. "What happened to my mother's shares?"

Stephen was stunned. He didn't think she would ask about this.

Seeing that Stephen was quiet, Maisie continued. "My mother founded Vaenna, and it's shared equity with you. Why would her shares become yours when she passed?"

"Are you questioning me?" Stephen raised his voice.

Leila, who was eavesdropping outside, was wondering why Maisie came to see Stephen, but when she heard arguments, she was glad. That's right, the worse the argument between the two of you, the better.

"Give me a good explanation then." Maisie kept her interrogative tone.

Stephen slammed his hands on the table. "I'm your father!"

"That wasn't what you said six years ago." Maisie's eyes were cloudy. "When you kicked me out, did you really think I was still your daughter?"

Stephen clenched his jaw but didn't answer.

"I kept thinking, why would you let an outsider run my mother's company? Turns out you've taken over all the shares, even all the property that Vaenna owns. My mother was never mentioned."

Maisie's eyes were red, but she suddenly burst out laughing. "Now that I think of it, if you really did love my mother, you wouldn't have had a mistress and even made a child out of wedlock."

'Slap!

Stephen's slap fell hard on her cheek.

Maisie's face slightly turned, her hair a little messy. The red print on her face was brighter than the one that Leila had left.

"If you still think of me as your father, stop questioning." Stephen gnashed his teeth.

Seeing the coldness on her father's face, not even showing the guilt he felt about her mother, Maisie was absolutely disappointed.

She nodded, not able to stop a tear from rolling down her cheek. She smiled. "I'm no longer related to the Vanderbilts. I can't take out the blood in me, but I'm now an outsider." "You..."

Maisie took the document, turned, and left the study.

She opened the door and bumped into Leila, who was standing outside, and left.

Leila pretended to worry. "Dear, is Zee alright?"

"Ignore her." Stephen sat down. The palm that had slapped her curled into a fist.
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Maisie sat in the car. The tears that she had been holding back started rolling down her cheeks. She sucked it up; wiped her tears off, started the engine, and left Vanderbilt Manor.

At a cafe...

Ryleigh was shocked that Waylon and Colton had invited her for some coffee. However, she felt that these two rascals were "up to no good."

"Colton, Waylon, do you need my help with something?" she asked, straight to the point, and took a sip of her coffee.

"Godmother, my brother and sister are going into showbiz. That's why we wanted your help!"

Ryleigh choked on her coffee. After a few coughs, she calmed down, looked at Waylon, and said, "You want to join the entertainment business with Daisy?"