

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 701

### Chapter 701

Francisco asked, “Who said that? Do you think we’re still at training camp?”

He really hadn’t been afraid of anyone at the training camp.

Maisie smiled but didn’t say more.

Samantha left once she got the medication. Francisco was worried that his father would harass his mother, so he left with her,

When he left, he mentioned that she owed him a meal so that she didn’t forget.

Maisie wouldn’t, but he didn’t seem satisfied, so he walked to the car and said shamelessly, “After what happened today, two meals.”

Maisie was rendered speechless.

After their car drove off, Maisie could hear the sound of a car honk from not too far away. She turned around and saw an eye-catching, but familiar Maybach parked there.

Maisie took a deep breath. ‘Nolan!

She walked to the car, and the window slowly rolled down, revealing Nolan in the driver seat.:

His coat was off, and he wore a navy blue shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. The car was filled

with a light perfume for men by Gucci, the one that he usually used. It had a combination of patchouli and cedar—the scent was sexy and masculine.

Even after being married for three years, Maisie still couldn't resist falling head over heels for him.

She sat in the passenger seat and leaned toward him.” Honey, I suddenly realize that you're extra attractive today.”

Nolan smirked, “Aren't I always attractive?”

Maisie beamed. “Yes, my husband has always been charming, making me fall head over heels every day.”

He stopped smiling, pinching her chin, and approached. “What did you do? What is this flattery?”

Maisie licked her lips and put her arms around his neck. “I wouldn't dare do anything. I just missed you more than usual today.”

Nolan slowly said, “Really?”

Maisie leaned right in front of his face, the top half of her body leaning on him seductively, then said, “Don't believe me?”

Nolan kissed her and tasted something, “Lemon?”

She smiled, the twinkle in her eyes making them look so clear. “I drank a can of lemon tea.” Then she blew her breath at him.

Nolan turned her face away. “That’s so childish.”

He started the car and drove away.

Maisie put her cheeks on her hands and looked at him, smiling. Her eyes filled with happiness.

At night the next day, Nolan attended a charity ball named ‘Twilight’.

The event hall was full of people from the business world, representatives from corporations. The theme of ‘Twilight’ was to build schools on the outskirts. The guests signed on the cardboard wall.

The representatives of the corporations were all surprised at Nolan’s presence.

Blackgold had charity events too, but Nolan rarely showed up. He would usually send a representative like the other companies, but he attended with his wife this time.

A middle-aged man walked toward Nolan. It was Mr. South, the organizer of the charity event. “It’s rare to see Mr. Goldmann from Blackgold.”

Nolan shook his hand amicably, “I’m not here as Blackgold’s representative. I’m here personally.”

Mr. South wasn't surprised. Some entrepreneurs would donate in their name, and given Nolan's status, he wouldn't mind that.

Nolan saw Anthony among the crowd. Mr. South handed a glass of champagne to him and noticed who he was looking at. "Mr. Topaz has been doing a lot of charity work in the past few years. I heard it was for his daughter."

Maisie looked toward the crowd when she heard that. Most entrepreneurs donated to show how successful they were, but Anthony had been actively donating for years. He wanted to do good and at the same time build a better conscience.

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Mr. Topaz's daughter was still in a vegetative state and might not wake up, but he never gave up hope.

Anthony saw Nolan too and walked toward him. "You're here."

Nolan smiled and nodded. "Uncle Anthony," He put his hand over Maisie's shoulder, "Let me introduce you. This is my wife, Maisie Vanderbilt."

Maisie politely greeted him, "I've heard a lot about you."

Anthony courteously replied, "I've heard a lot about you and Nolan. You really are a match made in heaven."

Maisie smiled. "You're too kind."

The host did an opening introduction and invited someone from the organizing team to give a speech.

The LED screen on stage showed the area's situation, where the donations went, and the organizers invited the children from the villages to give their appreciation.

When the donation ceremony started, all the companies donated cash, paintings, and more, all costing hundreds of thousands.

Anthony donated 100,000 textbooks and \$ 150,000 in cash, welcoming a round of applause from the attendees.

When the host saw the note from another donor, he looked extremely excited. "Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Goldmann, for donating \$ 3,000,000 to build schools in the mountains."

"\$ 3,000,000 just like that. Only Mr. Goldmann could do that."

"Not only has Blackgold been generating assets over the years, but this really isn't much to the Goldmanns."

"We could never compare to Mr. Goldmann."

The discussions around them were pretty loud.

Maisie turned to look at Nolan and raised her brows, "Mr. and Mrs.?"

Nolan said into her ear, "I'm not wrong."

Maisie pulled at his tie. “You’re paying all of that. People are going to think that I’m just riding your coattails.”

Nolan held her hand and looked around at the people.” I don’t mind that.”

Maisie smiled but didn’t say more. She waved to get the crew to approach, and when he did, she said something into his ear.

Nolan watched her but didn’t stop her.

The crew walked to the stage and spoke to the surprised host. He then excitedly announced, “We got the news that Mrs. Goldmann understood that it

wouldn’t be easy for the children to study in the condition they’re in, and she would like to donate some learning supplies in her own name. She wishes that the children will be able to fulfill their dreams while studying in a new environment.”

The round of applause was thunderous.

Maisie gladly accepted their praises.

Before the ball started, the children from the villages came to take pictures with Maisie and gave her some gifts.

Maisie took their gifts, bent down to look at them, and smiled. “Thanks for your gifts. I’ll treasure them.”

The support teacher leading the children said with sincerity, “We really appreciate the supplies you have donated. When the new

schools are built, the children will no longer need to share textbooks.”

Maisie held her hand. “I know that it’s not easy for you either. I’m doing all I can for you and the children, hoping that it can help you.”

The teacher brought the children to prepare for the performance when Nolan walked next to Maisie and smiled. “I didn’t know that my wife was such a philanthropist.”

Maisie looked at him. “Do you mean that I’m not usually kind?”

“No,” Nolan held her waist and smiled, “My wife is both strong and gentle in my eyes.”

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Maisie saw something and pushed the gift she was holding into Nolan’s arms, “Help me take care of this. I’ll be right back.”

Maisie walked into the corridor and saw Anthony speaking to an old man outside.

Maisie didn’t interrupt them but instead walked over after the man left. “Mr. Topaz.”

Anthony turned to look at her. “It’s you. Why aren’t you spending time with Nolan?”

Maisie smiled. "I told him I came to see you."

He paused. "Can I help you?"

She nodded and found an excuse. "I was a student of Northwest University, and I shared classes with your daughter Naomi. I've heard about you a lot earlier."

Anthony was surprised, and his eyes turned gloomy, "Oh.."

"Even though I didn't interact much with your daughter, I knew that she was a hardworking and positive person."

Anthony was moved because it had been a while since someone last spoke to him about his daughter, and this was her coursemate. "That child really was positive."

Maisie lowered her head. "I wasn't trying to bring up sad memories, but you never gave up. I believe Ms. Topaz will wake up one day."

He nodded. "I hope so."

"But," Maisie paused before asking, "Did you look into her accident?"

Anthony's face dropped. "There's nothing to investigate. Only the Hill girl was there when my daughter got into that accident."

'So it's true...

Maisie narrowed her eyes, and something came to her mind. "Mr. Topaz, could I visit Ms. Topaz if it's not too much trouble?"

Anthony agreed

After the ball ended, Maisie and Nolan walked to the parking lot, where Quincy parked in front of them.

They got into the car.

Quincy turned around and stared at the gift in Nolan's hand.

“There's a gift session during the charity ball?”

Nolan proudly said, “The children from the villages gave this to my wife. I'm just holding it for her.”

Maisie couldn't help but smile when she looked at the way Nolan was protecting the gift.

The media reported about the charity event, but the donations of both Nolan and Maisie were not announced, probably because they requested it. Still, that caught the attention and speculation of a lot of internet users.

Maisie couldn't care less about the comments. She arrived at the nursing home in town and checked for the room Naomi was staying in.

The nurse brought Maisie to a VIP room. She walked in and saw that the room was warmly decorated, and the flowers next to the bed were still fresh. It was obvious that Mr. Topaz changed them out regularly.

Naomi relied on the oxygen supplied by the machines—the ECG that rose and fell proved that she was still alive.

A nurse around 50 years old walked in and was surprised because it was probably the first time someone visited Naomi, Who are you ?” Maisie turned around and smiled. “I’m a coursemate of Ms. Topaz. I’ve gotten Mr. Topaz’s permission to visit her.”

The nurse was surprised. “Alright.”

Maisie put the flowers in the vase. “Have you been taking care of her all these years ?”

The nurse nodded. “Yes, Mr. Topaz visits every few days, but I’m usually taking care of her. I’ve been working here for more than 10 years.”

Someone in a coma would require constant massaging to ensure blood circulation. The nurse helped cut her nails and hair every now and then

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Of course, they would also push her outside to get some sun, but the duration was limited.

Maisie looked at the person sleeping in bed and heard the nurse sigh. “Ms. Topaz got into the accident at such a young age and has been sleeping for over 10 years. Even the doctors advised Mt. Topaz to let go.”

Maisie felt complicated. She wouldn’t have known about Naomi if Louis had never mentioned her.

She thought of something. “No one has visited her other than Mr. Topaz?”

The nurse pondered. “Her classmates visited at first, but it didn’t continue for long. No one else came after that.”

Maisie stayed there for a while before leaving the nursing home. She got into her car and gave Ryleigh a call.

Ryleigh was at the pool hall with Barbara. Maisie went there with Saydie and saw only the two of them at the table.

She walked over with her arms crossed. “You’re enjoying yourselves.”

Ryleigh was drinking coke, then smiled. “We’re jobless. Of course, we’re enjoying ourselves.”

Barbara hit a ball into the hole and stood up to retort,”

I’m not like you. I have enough money even though I’m jobless.”

Ryleigh was rendered speechless.

Maisie took the cue that Barbara handed to her, walked to the table, and got balls 7 and 12 into the pockets. “Ryleigh, I’m here to see you.”

Ryleigh stopped what she was doing. “Why?”

Maisie didn’t speak.

Barbara teased, “Did Xyla do something again?”

“It’s not about her.” Maisie looked up at Ryleigh.

Ryleigh pointed at herself. “It’s about me?”

Maisie nodded.

Ryleigh laughed drily. “What did I do?”

“If you didn’t do anything, why would Louis look into your background?”

Ryleigh was obviously surprised but didn’t speak.

Maisie looked at her and said, “You never thought of giving an explanation about that?”

“What is there to explain?” Ryleigh’s eyes showed that she was still trying to evade the truth.

Maisie put down the cue. “Even though it’s been over 10 years, I never asked because you never talked about it, and I know you’re not like that. I went to see Naomi.”

Ryleigh’s expression changed a little. She lowered her head and bit her lip.

Barbara looked at them. “What is this about?”

Neither of them answered, and it became quiet.

Soon, Maisie said, “Ryleigh, I want to help you.”

Ryleigh had helped her in the past, but Maisie never got to help her back. Thus, she had to help Ryleigh get out of this now.

Ryleigh paused and looked down. "... I don't know what happened either. When I woke up, Naomi was already lying in a pool of blood."

"When you woke up?" Maisie was shocked.

Ryleigh nodded. "I had received a message from Naomi, asking me to go meet her to talk about something, so I went over..."

When she had gotten there, she didn't see Naomi. As such, she had waited at the stairs for a while before suddenly fainting.

After waking up, her neck had been hurting, as if she had been hit. She then saw Naomi lying in a pool of blood at the bottom of the stairs as if she had fallen.

She had been shocked, and when she realized that she needed to report this to a teacher, the people from the orchestra had already shown up with one.

There wasn't surveillance at the stairs, and the cameras in the corridor had caught her walking through, but she hadn't appeared after a long time.

Thus, the video was suddenly the 'proof of her 'crime'.

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Maisie was quiet, thinking.

Barbara supported herself with her hand on the table.” Could it be possible that the victim staged all of this?”

Ryleigh looked at her, “Naomi wouldn’t use her life as a joke.”

Barbara put her chin on her hand. “So Naomi was attacked, but why would the attacker pin this on you?”

Ryleigh had no idea.

Maisie crossed her arms, “It’s because of the admission list of the Royal Academy of Music of Zlokova. There was only one spot, so either Ryleigh or Naomi would have gotten it.”

Ryleigh and Naomi had been outstanding rivals in the orchestra, but if Naomi wanted to frame Ryleigh to get in, she wouldn’t need to put her life on the line.

If Naomi was attacked and Ryleigh was framed, that would be akin to killing two birds with one stone, eliminating two rivals at once. As such, their competition would be the person who benefitted.

Barbara understood what Maisie was trying to say. “So it was someone else in the orchestra?”

They both looked toward Ryleigh, who looked innocent. “Many people from the club joined the competition, how would I know who it was?”

Barbara and Maisie looked at each other and sighed.

They really couldn't rely on Ryleigh because she was so naive. She had been framed for so many years but never suspected anyone.

Luckily, Barbara was ready to help. She knew some friends who knew a lot of people in Northwest University, and they knew more or less about what had happened.

Maisie asked Saydie to send Ryleigh home, but she got a call from a stranger on the way to the office.

The moment she heard a woman's voice, Xyla's face popped up in her mind.

Xyla didn't seem to be giving up and asked to meet at Soul.

When Maisie got there, Xyla was already waiting for her on the couch.

She smiled. "Are you not even going to consider?"

Maisie stopped in front of the couch. "If you're sincere, Soul will naturally welcome you, but I can't agree to your terms."

Xyla's expression remained the same as she slowly said, "You treat your friends very well, but I heard that your friend was asked to leave school because she attacked someone."

Maisie was expressionless, but her eyes were dark while she quietly sized Xyla up.

Xyla went straight to the point. “If the news started spreading again, I’m afraid that your friend would have to face some terrible criticism.”

The Hills had tried to silence the criticism. With Russel Hill’s need to protect his daughter, he would not allow this to resurface.

If everyone learned about this in this era of advanced technology, Ryleigh would be easily attacked by Internet users.

Maisie’s eyes turned darker.

She knew Ryleigh well. She wasn’t as strong as she seemed. She had a fragile heart and would never be able to accept the criticism from the outside world. As such, she had chosen to hide in her shell and rather be unassuming so that no one would notice her.

Xyla thought Maisie was going to compromise. “I don’t intend to make you my enemy because I’m sincere about being the spokesperson for Soul. Also, my status and fan base will bring a lot more benefits to you, so why do you pretend that it isn’t true?”

Maisie could tell that Xyla wasn’t a kind person.

“How could you say that you’re sincere in collaborating but threaten me with my friend’s past?”

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Maisie squinted her eyes, and the smile slowly faded from her face. “Do you think Louis will go back to you after Ryleigh cancels their marriage?”

The emotion in Xyla’s eyes changed, but she soon calmed herself down. “I don’t think it’s your concern, Ms. Vanderbilt. I’ve been with Louis for six years. I could get him to fall in love with me in the past, and I can do the same in the future.”

Xyla rose to her feet and walked up to Masie. She patted her shoulder and said, “I’m looking forward to our cooperation.”

Just when Xyla walked to the door, a voice rang out behind her. “You really don’t know Louis, do you? Of course, you don’t know me either.”

Xyla froze.

However, she did not say anything and left in the end.

At the Royal Academy of Music...

Louis was teaching in the classroom. After the lesson was over, a couple of female students approached him shyly to ask for advice about the finger positions.

Louis glanced at them and said, “I’ve already mentioned it before in the lesson. It’s your business if you don’t pay attention during class. I’m not a tutor, and I don’t want this to happen next time.”

The group of students looked at each other embarrassingly as Louis exited the classroom.

“Don’t you think Professor Lucas is a little bit too harsh ? Does he not know how to take care of girls ?”

A female student who was familiar with Louis’ temperament looked at them and chimed in, “I suggest you guys drop your thoughts. You should be grateful that he didn’t scold you.”

Louis was notoriously known for his strictness in the Royal Academy of Music. He had zero-tolerance toward students who did not work hard in his lesson. He would harshly reprimand a lot of his students whenever they did something wrong, and a lot of girls had cried because of this.

The group of girls were all new students, so they weren’t familiar with Louis. They just thought they were lucky to have such a good-looking teacher as their instructor. If they had known that he had a bad temper, they would never have said something like that to him.

When Louis returned to his office, a woman was sitting inside. The woman was Cheney Campbell, one of Louis’ colleagues, as well as the instructor for the orchestra department.

Cheney looked at Louis for a long while before asking hesitantly, “All of the teachers from the music faculty are going for a gathering tonight. Do you want to join us, Professor Lucas ?”

“I’m not going,” Louis replied as he cleaned up the schoolwork on his desk.

Cheney seemed a little bit embarrassed but did not press on anymore.

Louis received a call and picked it up. “What do you want?”

Xyla was the caller, so there was a distinct tone of impatience in his voice.

Xyla smiled and said, “Do you want to join me for dinner tonight?”

Perhaps she knew that Louis would turn her down, so she said, “I’ll wait for you in the usual spot. Also, I have something that I think you would be interested in.”

Louis pondered for a while before saying yes.

In the evening, at the Goldmann mansion...

While they were having dinner, Maisie looked at the dishes and was lost in her thoughts.

Daisie and Colton raised their heads and looked at each other. They then went up to Nolan and asked, “What’s going on with Mommy, Daddy?”

“I guess someone has offended your mom again,” Nolan replied as he put a nicely peeled lobster on Maisie’s plate.

Colton looked at him and asked, “Is that you, Daddy?”

Nolan shot him a gloomy glance. “Is this kid asking for a beating?”

Maisie picked the lobster up from her plate and put it into her mouth. Then, she sighed.

Nolan looked at her helplessly and said, “Don’t be so mad, Zee. She’s just a model. We can just put her on the blacklist.”

“Nolan.” Maisie lifted her eyes and looked at Nolan,” Even if you’re rich, you can’t simply do that. She’s a supermodel and has a lot of fans. Many people will get angered if we put her on the blacklist.”

Nolan shrugged and replied, “So? Do you think I’d be afraid of those Internet trolls who don’t even have the guts to reveal their real name?”

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Maisie was amused by him. This was indeed something that would come out of his mouth after he lost his memory.

Daisie chimed in and asked, “What are internet trolls?”

Maisie explained, “Like those people who scolded you and brother in the past. They’re known as the Internet trolls.”

“Oh i see.” Daisie replied.

Nolan placed his hand on the back of Maisie’s hand and asked, “So you’ll let her be the spokesperson?”

Maisie shrugged, ‘Yeah, there’s nothing I can do about it. She has come to me so many times, and it will bring bad influence to Soul if I refuse to let her be the spokesperson.’”

Nolan's eyes turned cold. "Soul Jewelry is a company under the Blackgold Group right now. I'm sure there's nothing she can do about it if you tell her that Blackgold doesn't want her to be the spokesperson for Soul."

Not wanting Nolan to do anything stupid, Maisie hastily stopped him. "Darling, leave this to me. Don't worry. I won't let her have her ways."

Nolan pinched her cheek. "Alright then, I'll leave her in your hands. However, if she still doesn't stop

causing trouble, I'll step in."

Maisie blinked and leaned toward him. "Okay. I love you so much, my dear darling."

Both Daisie and Colton shook their heads speechlessly as they looked at the pair of lovebirds in front of them.

At Orbit Restaurant...

Xyla was pouring wine into a glass. She had only put on light makeup as she knew that Louis did not like women to put on heavy makeup. Here you go. I still remember that white wine is your favorite."

Louis lifted his eyes to look at her and said, "What is the thing that you want to tell me?"

"Are you in a hurry?" Xyla picked the glass up and swirled it. "Or you just don't want to stay with me for one more second?"

Louis leaned toward the back of the chair and replied, "I don't have that much spare time."

Xyla chuckled. "But you have that spare time to entertain Ryleigh?"

Louis's face was bereft of any emotion, and his gaze was cold. "I'll ask you one more time. What's the thing that you want to tell me?"

"I've become the spokesperson for Soul Jewelry. Don't you think you should congratulate me?"

Louis's expression finally changed, but he still kept his cool.

Xyla took a sip from the wine and looked at him fixedly, "I won't give up."

She put the glass on the table and continued. "Mr.

Goldmann's wife isn't that difficult to deal with. It's just that I didn't expect she would be so protective of her friend. But it doesn't matter. I can bring profits to Soul Jewelry. After learning what I can bring for her, between friends and profits, I think she will choose the profits, right?"

Louis looked at her gloomily before suddenly laughing.

"You still haven't changed after all these years," Louis commented. He picked up the glass of wine and placed it near his nose. "You're too full of yourself, Xyla."

He did not drink the wine and put the glass back on the table.  
“White wine used to be my favorite, but it’s already in the past.”

Xyla’s fingers turned slightly white as she gripped the stem of the glass harder. She gazed at Louis fixedly. From what Louis had told her, she knew that the man in front of her had changed. He was no longer the man he once was.

She pressed her lips tightly and suddenly laughed.” Have you ever thought of me after all these years?”

“It was a mistake for me to give you hope in the first place,” Louis replied.

He shouldn’t have given her any hope at all.

Xyla froze, and a hint of surprise crossed her eyes. She did not say anything for a long while, and only after calming herself down did she ask, “Did you regret it?”

“Yes,” Louis replied without any hesitation.

This was something that Xyla had expected, so she was able to stay calm. If it were other people, they might start throwing a tantrum and making a scene, but she did not do that.

Perhaps all models had to take care of their facial expressions. She would never allow herself to lose control in front of a camera, let alone in a public place.

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Louis buttoned the button on his shirt and rose to his feet. “This meal is on me. Also, it’s long over between us. No matter what the reason is for you to sign the endorsement with Soul Jewelry. just want to tell you that nothing can affect me.”

After that, without waiting for the food to be served, he went to the counter to settle the bill and left the restaurant without looking back.

Xyla was left sitting alone in the seat, and her hand gripping the glass was shaking slightly.

‘Nothing can affect you? Hah, are you sure about that?’ The next day...

Today was the shooting day for the commercial of the jewelry for couples. Since the commercial theme was ” wedding,” the shooting team was going to shoot the commercial at the church and the beach.

The photoshoot was done with Nathan Hayes, another male artist, since this jewelry line was dedicated to couples.

The shooting crew was cross-checking the script with Nathan in the booth. The producer had brought Nathan into the crew. He was not an A-tier artist, and he had only made his debut just a few years ago. He usually played as the affectionate second male lead in various dramas. He had great acting skills, and

coupled with his good looks, many people were able to remember his face.

Nathan was experienced in acting and was used to memorizing scripts, so it was a piece of cake for him to memorize a few lines for the commercial.

When the film director did not see Xyla, he looked around and asked, “Where’s Ms. Mayweather?”

Someone replied, “Ms. Mayweather is still putting on her makeup.”

The director looked at his watch and said, “It has been a few hours, and she isn’t done with her makeup yet?”

Xyla was an A-tier international supermodel. In other words, she shared the same reputation as some of the top artists in their country. Besides, her father was the director of Royal Crown. Therefore, nobody dared to treat her lightly.

However, the director obviously had run out of patience. He said, “Send someone to tell her to hurry up. The weather is good now. We should seize the opportunity and finish the shooting as soon as possible.”

A crew member went to do the bidding. Then, Xyla’s assistant came over with the crew member. He seemed not to be in a hurry at all as he said matter-of-factly, “What’s wrong with you guys waiting for Ms. Mayweather for a while? She still needs some time for preparation. Besides, it’s still early. We still have a lot of time, so why are you in such a hurry?”

The remaining crew members fell silent, and their faces sank when they heard what the assistant had said.

The film director's facial expression gradually stiffened. He was furious but didn't dare to lash out at her because her father was the director of Royal Crown.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from afar.

“This is the first day of our cooperation, and she isn't cooperating at all. Go back and ask Xyla what she really means.”

Everyone looked toward the source of the voice.

It was Maisie, and Saydie was walking next to her with her hands on her back. Her gaze was so cold that it sent a chill down Xyla's assistant's spine.

The rest of the people were not surprised that Maisie wasn't afraid of Xyla at all. After all, both Royal Crown and Soul Jewelry were companies under the Blackgold Group. Besides, she was Nolan's wife, so there was no way she would be afraid of her.

When Xyla appeared, she asked her assistant to apologize to the shooting crew. Then, she walked to the crowd and said, “I'm sorry. My assistant didn't express it clearly. It's my fault, and you all have misunderstood. I was memorizing the lines at the back since this is the first time I'm working with someone on a commercial. I don't want to be a drag for Mr. Hayes.”

The atmosphere lightened up a bit after her explanation.

Maisie looked at her for a long while before she smiled and walked toward the booth.

Xyla was very cooperative throughout the entire shooting process.

A crew member handed Maisie a bottle of water.

Maisie took over the bottle of water and thanked the crew member. When she twisted open the bottle, she heard some of them talking behind her.

“This model is such a poser. She deliberately held us out by saying that she hadn’t completed her makeup yet this morning, and now, she’s acting like she’s so cooperative.”

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“I guess it’s because Mrs. Goldmann is here. After all, she’s signed an endorsement contract with Mrs.

Goldmann, and since her boss is here, of course, she has to act like she’s being very cooperative.”

Maisie drank the water silently. It seemed to her that it was right for her to come here. If she hadn’t come here herself, she wouldn’t be able to know everything that Xyla had been doing behind her back

She was a famous supermodel who had signed an endorsement contract with Soul Jewelry. The magazine company that worked on the commercial had a cooperation with Soul, and the magazine company had borrowed the shooting crew from elsewhere,

The fact that Soul was willing to spend money on her and the magazine company was willing to provide the cover showed Xyla's popularity and influence. Even if Xyla didn't cooperate with the shooting process, the shooting crew wouldn't dare to say anything about her. However, it was very likely that they would not accept any more Soul commercials in the future.

Xyla clearly wanted to make things hard for Maisie, and then she would use her influence to get her compensation,

If it were other jewelry companies, they might have taken her lightly and fallen into her trap.

After the shooting was over, a smile finally appeared on the film director's darkened face,

Xyla took over a cup of coffee from her assistant. She strode toward Maisie enthusiastically and handed the coffee to her. "Ms. Vanderbilt, you must be exhausted from coming all the way here. Here is a cup of coffee for you."

Maisie smiled and took over the cup from Xylan. However, the coffee splashed on the ground, and everyone turned their heads to look at them.

Xyla's assistant hastily picked her hand up and began checking it. "Are you hurt, Ms. Mayweather?"

Xyla smiled and replied, "I'm fine."

Her assistant then turned his head around and looked at Maisie, whose face was bereft of emotion. "Ms. Vanderbilt, the first thing Ms. Mayweather did after coming from overseas was to sign an

endorsement contract with Soul Jewelry. However, you turned down her offer three times. I know you're not happy with her, but she just wanted to give you a cup of coffee. How could you make things difficult for her?"

"That's enough, Jason. Stop speaking, and this isn't Ms. Vanderbilt's fault," Xyla put up a generous outlook and scolded her assistant gently

Nobody knew what had happened, so the film director went forward and asked, "What's going on?"

Xyla replied, "It's just a misunderstanding. The coffee slipped past my hand and-" "Ms. Mayweather," Jason interrupted, cutting her short, "You're a model. Your hands are as precious as your legs. What if the wound on your hand affects your other endorsement? I know Ms. Vanderbilt doesn't like you. If not, why would she reject your offer three times before letting you become the spokesperson for Soul?"

The crowd was stunned.

All of them knew that it was Xyla who had proposed herself to become the spokesperson for Soul after returning from overseas. It was just that they did not expect that Soul had rejected her three times,

Judging from Xyla's status in the fashion industry, it would be like a big fish in a small pond if she went to other Jewelry companies and only Soul had what it took to reject her.

Saydie wanted to go forward, but Maisie stopped her.

She looked at Xyla with a smile on her face and talked to her in a voice that only both of them could hear.

“Seems like I’ve underestimated you.”

Xyla pretended that she did not know what Maisie was talking about and replied, “What?”

Maisie raised her hand in the air. There was a red welt on the back of her hand. “I was the one who got scalded. This is strange. If I didn’t like Ms.

Mayweather and intentionally spilled the coffee she

handed to me, she would be the one who got scalded:

Xyla’s hand was fine, but there was a wound on the back of Malsie’s hand.

The rest of the crew members brought a few ice cubes and a wound cream for burns. “Ms. Vanderbilt, you should attend to your wound first.”

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Xyla was stunned.

Jason then said begrudgingly, “What do you mean by that? Are you saying that Ms. Mayweather should be the one who got scalded?”

“That’s enough, Jason.” Xyla went forward and stopped him. She did not want to make a big deal out of it.

She paced toward Maisie and said, “I’m sorry, Ms.

Vanderbilt. It was my mistake. My assistant is just worried about me, so please don’t take everything he said to your heart.”

“But it was him who said I dislike you and rejected you three times. Anyway, I’m sure you know better than anyone why I rejected you, Ms. Mayweather.”

Xyla did not expect that Maisie would admit she had rejected her three times. After all, it would give people some room for imagination after what Jason had said.

However, since Maisie had admitted it herself, it would become her problem instead.

Maisie and Xyla were unwilling to back down. In the end, Xyla said, “I’ll educate my assistant and won’t let him talk nonsense in the future.”

After the “farce” ended, Saydie sent Maisie back to Soul Jewelry by car.

She looked toward the back through the rear mirror and asked, “What does that woman want? It seems to me that she doesn’t play dirty for nothing.”

Saydie knew what Xyla was doing, but she couldn’t understand it.

Maisie lowered her head to look at the red welt at the back of her hand. “It seems to me that she can’t wait any longer.”

Xyla had her own motive for signing the endorsement contract with Soul. She had deliberately delayed the shooting process to leave a bad impression on the magazine company so that they wouldn’t easily cooperate with Soul. As such, she could arrange her resources for herself.

She had deliberately spilled the coffee to make people think that Soul had rejected her three times because they didn’t like her, creating a rumor that Soul looked down on an “A-list supermodel”

Xyla had been under the impression she could force Maisie into submission because she knew about Ryleigh’s “secret.” She was betting on whether Maisie would care about Ryleigh’s “secret” and go against her.

Apparently, Xyla did not want Maisie to step into the relationship between her, Ryleigh, and Louis. Maisie was pretty certain that Louis had said something to her. That’s why she was being so impatient. Ergo, she was using this kind of method that would bring more harm than benefit to herself to force her to “persuade”

Ryleigh to cancel her marriage with Louis.

“Will it affect Soul?” Saydie asked.

Maisie looked outside through the mirror and said, “Since she wants to create a rumor, I’ll give her the chance then.”

This time, she was going the other way round.

In the afternoon, the topic #Soul Jewelry Rejected Xyla Three Times# appeared in Google Trends.

Many people clicked on it, and it became one of the hottest topics on the Internet. Most of the people who supported Xyla were her fans.

#They rejected Xyla, yet they still want to take advantage of her popularity.#

#If you don't like Xyla, then don't sign an endorsement contract with her.#

#No offense, but who do Soul Jewelry think they are? They're just relying on Mr. Goldman!#

#This literally disgusts me. I hope they shut down the entire company.#

Jason was stunned. "I didn't do it. You told me not to publish it, so how is there any chance I would publish it?"

Xyla knew Jason very well, so she believed him. There was no way he would publish something like this without her permission, so who was it?

Could it be the people from the shooting crew?

Xyla had no other choice but to calm herself down. After all, exposing these things was not beneficial to her. Maisie was Nolan's