

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 781

### Chapter 781

Madam Nera was stunned. Only then did the man notice Maisie who was standing beside him. “This is...” “She’s my god-granddaughter, Maisie Vanderbilt.” Madam Nera looked at Maisie and introduced her. “Zee, this is Mr. Tristan Knowles. You can address her as your uncle. He’s my junior.” Maisie nodded at him. “Nice to meet you, Uncle Tristan.” Tristan nodded back.

He and Madam Nera went to the side to talk to each other while Maisie stood in front of the car and waited for them. She glanced in the direction of the two of them.

‘It seems that Mr. Knowles isn’t from Zlokova, and judging from the way he carries himself and how he dresses, he’s either a rich man or a man of prestigious status. As for his relationship with Mrs. Boucher...’ Madam Nera turned to look at her and said, “Zee, you should go back first. You don’t have to wait for me.”

Maisie smiled, nodded, and then got into the car with Baydie

At the Boucher manor...

Christina passed by Helios’ room and was shocked when she heard what Helios said to Francisco.

She pushed open the door abruptly. Francisco was taken aback.

“Aunty?”

Christina walked toward him agitatedly.” Helios, do you plan to invest in Eastwood

Enterprise's overseas projects?"

Helios frowned and responded resolutely as if he had made up his mind, "I want to establish my own business. My career in the entertainment industry—"

"Helios!" Christina interrupted him and grabbed him by his shoulders. "Don't go, I'm begging you. Please don't go, okay?"

Helios noticed something was wrong with his mother and asked suspiciously, "Mother, what's wrong with you?" +

Christina knew that she had lost control of her emotions in front of her son, although she had tried very hard to restrain herself. She knew that her son had always wanted to break free from the family's arrangement and live his own life.

But that person invested in Eastwood Enterprise's overseas project too. "... I only... I only don't want you to overtoil yourself. You have to take care of your career in the entertainment industry and set foot in the business circle at the same time. I'll feel bad for you." Christina avoided his gaze and tried her best to suppress her expression on the surface, but her emotions were still turbulent deep down.

Helios stared at her. "Don't worry, Mother. I know my boundaries."

Francisco also spoke up for him. "Yes, Aunty, you don't have to worry about Helios. Besides, Eastwood Enterprise is different from those businesses on Winston Island. Such a large company won't deceive its investors. Moreover, this project was introduced by Mr. Goldmann..."

Christina was astonished, and her expression dimmed slightly.

I certainly know that Eastwood Enterprise won't swindle Helios. How could I not know the relationship that Nolan Goldmann shares with Anthony Topaz? It's just that...'

Helios was a little worried. "Mother, are you really okay?"

Christina shook her head and turned her head away as she did not want to let him notice anything. "It's okay. I'm just a little tired. I'll go to rest first."

Francisco watched her leave and approached Helios. "What's wrong with

Aunty? Is it just me, or did she overreact just now?"

Helios did not say anything. Maisie returned to Soul Jewelry, and Kennedy told her that a woman had come to find her.

She asked who the woman was, and Kennedy thought for a moment before answering the question, "It's Katrina Zalensky." "Katrina?" Maisie was surprised. "She's still in Bassburgh?" Kennedy nodded.

Maisie frowned. "Did Katrina say when she was here?"

Kennedy replied, "No, she left immediately after the front desk told her that you weren't here."

Kennedy looked at her after saying that." She must've come with a purpose in mind."

Maisie was lost in thought.

Katrina came looking for me. It seems that she's started to suspect that Barbara and I are working together.'

She called Barbara and asked Barbara to meet her at a cafe in the afternoon.

Barbara appeared at the cafe in a brown and white equestrian uniform. It seemed that she had just come from the racecourse, and she had not had time to change, so she only put on a coat before coming over.

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Barbara sat down and ordered a latte. “Did Katrina come looking for you?”

Maisie responded with an affirmation.” She’s still in Bassburgh, and it seems that she’s avoided everyone’s sight. She might have come to me because she’s found something.”

Barbara smiled. “I’m the one that she’s looking for.”

“She’s looking for you?” Maisie paused.

Barbara received the coffee from the waiter and took a sip from it. “My father has blocked her number, and the Chases have completely separated themselves from her now. As such, she has no choice but to ask around for my whereabouts.” “And you’re avoiding her on purpose?” Maisie thought of something.

“The Chases were threatened by Katrina back then because of the existence of the video. Now that the video has been erased, the Chases will no longer be led by the nose. It’s only natural for the Chases not to continue to support her financially.

Katrina is indeed only an illegitimate daughter that brings disgrace to the Chases. What's more, what Katrina did to Barbara back then had already angered the Chases. Now that Katrina has no evidence to threaten them and has been abandoned by Eugene, Katrina is no longer a threat to the Chases.'

Barbara lowered her gaze. "It's not that I'm avoiding her on purpose, but I don't want to see her at all. I'll remember what happened back then whenever I see her."

Maisie was silent.

'Anyone who's experienced what happened to her would definitely be haunted by it for a lifetime.' Barbara received a call all of a sudden. The person on the other end of the call said something to her, and her expression changed. "What did you say? Who is she with?" The person on the phone replied, "It's someone from the Salvadores."

Barbara's hand that was holding the phone trembled slightly, and the blood on her cheeks was drained gradually, turning pale and cold.

Maisie noticed that something was wrong with Barbara, so she asked when Barbara put the phone down, "What's wrong?" Barbara creased her brows and held her trembling hand. "I underestimated Katrina's means. I didn't expect her to turn to that man's family in order to flush me out."

'That man refers to the man she killed by mistake in self-defense back then?'

Maisie looked at her. "But after so many years, doesn't that man's family already know the reason?"

Barbara smiled wryly, and she was expressionless for a moment. “The reason my father changed my name is not only to allow me to put that past behind me but also to avoid that family. Although their son was a monster, he was still the son that they treasured.”

She had changed her name so that the family would not be able to locate her and make her life difficult.

Maisie squinted her eyes. “So, does that mean Katrina knows your current name?”

“I didn’t tell her.” Barbara thought of something, and her knuckles turned pallid.

“But it seems that she knows now.”

Maisie and Barbara stopped in the vicinity of Spring Ripple Neighborhood, the residence area where Barbara currently lived.

Barbara lowered the window and looked at the cars parked at her doorstep, and sure enough, Katrina and a couple caught her eyes. But she did not expect that Katrina had also brought reporters along.

Barbara opened the door and was about to get out of the car, but Maisie stopped her.

She was puzzled.

Maisie then explained, “Things won’t go your way if you go out now. If Katrina dares to bring reporters and the man’s family to your house, it means that she wants to make you into a target of public criticism.”

Barbara let go of her hand and looked in the direction of those people. “It seems that she’s hiding in Bassburgh, waiting for an opportunity that will ruin me for the rest of my life.”

Maisie thought of something and suggested, “You shouldn’t come back during this period. You can stay at the Goldmann mansion for the time being.”

Barbara was astounded. “Won’t I be bothering you?”

Maisie laughed. “Of course not. Nolan and I don’t live in the Goldmann mansion nowadays. His father also spends most of his time at the Goldmann family estate, so only the kids and the butler stay there. But it’s alright, those two kids are very easygoing, and you’ll get

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Barbara thought for a moment, then looked away from the crowd in front of her villa.’ Okay then, I might have to trouble you for a while.” Maisie took Barbara back to the Goldmann mansion.

Mr. Cheshire, the butler, was pruning the plants in the courtyard. He stopped the task on hand and stood up when he saw Maisie’s arrival. “Ma’am, you’ve come back?”

Maisie nodded and said to Mr. Cheshire, ’ This is Barbara Chase, the daughter of the Chases. She’ll be living here for a while, so I might have to trouble you to take care of her needs.”

Mr. Cheshire smiled and nodded. “Okay, then I’ll get someone to clean up a guest room now.” Barbara and Maisie stepped into the mansion. She then approached Maisie and asked, “Where are you and Mr. Goldman currently staying now that you don’t live here?”

“We stay in the Blue Bay villa.”

Barbara gave off a pregnant smirk. “Wow, you’re indeed living life to the fullest, huh? You actually leave your kids at home and only think about living as a couple even after getting married?”

Maisie wrapped her arm around Barbara’s shoulders. “When you give birth to your kid first before getting married, you can only go on a date with your husband after your marriage. And to be honest, bringing the kids along does affect your time together.” Barbara waved back. “But I guess I’ll never get married for the rest of my life.”

Maisie was taken aback. “Why would you think so?” “Who would marry a woman whose hands were stained with blood, even though it was only an accidental death?”

Barbara had come to accept the fact that she was a murderer long ago, and she had never had high hopes of finding herself a man and getting into a relationship or even marriage.

Maisie patted her shoulder. “That’s not a certain thing just yet. Maybe you’ll get to meet your Mr. Right, who will make you throw

yourself at him desperately in the future?”

Maisie returned to the Blue Bay villa and was slightly startled when she saw Nolan cooking dinner in the kitchen.



He had taken off his suit and shoes and had already changed into some casual clothes. Perhaps this was her first time seeing him in a dark gray knitted sweater and white trousers. His usual cold and indifferent temperament had become gentle and elegant. “You’ve come back? Go wash your hands. Dinner is ready.” He knew she had come back home without looking back. Maisie walked up to his back, wrapped her arms around his waist, pressed his cheeks against his back, and said charmingly and coquettishly, “Hubby, help me wash my hands.”

Nolan turned off the stove, held her wrist, brought her to the front, and squinted. “You want me to wash them for you?”

Maisie looked up at him and blinked.

Nolan pinched her chin as a hint of lust flashed across his eyes. “Then don’t wash your hands first.” Maisie leaned languidly against Nolan’s chest and was carried downstairs by Nolan. She had already changed into her nightgown.

The fair and flushed skin looked exquisite under the beam of the dazzling fluorescent lamps, and the wavy and black hair was hanging on her back, glowing from the same lights.

At the dining table, Nolan did not let her go but placed her on his thigh and served her the dishes carefully. “Eat first, or else the food will become cold.”

Maisie sat up. “Isn’t that your fault?”

She had only wanted to wash her hands at the beginning, but as a result, she had taken a full shower now.

Nolan fed her a piece of spare ribs with a grin. “You should eat now. You can punish me all you want tonight.”

Maisie ate the spare ribs, spat the bones onto the plate, and pointed to the plate of shrimp. “Peel one for me.”

Nolan chuckled softly as he peeled the shrimp’s shell for her.

He looked at Maisie and could not help but laugh. “The way you eat your shrimp makes you look exactly like Daisie.”

Maisie turned her head and fed him a shrimp, “I’m the one who gave birth to her, after all. It’s rather difficult for us to look too far apart, isn’t it?”

Nolan took advantage of the situation and bit her finger as a hint of amusement beamed from the bottom of his eyes. “Yeah, I’ll be relieved if Daisie grows up to be a woman who will be able to fight for herself and not allow herself to suffer any losses, just like you.”

Maisie was stunned for a split second.

Speaking of which, I wonder if what Daisie experienced before this would negatively affect her. Although I don’t see any abnormality, Daisie is still a girl. I need to pay more attention to her.’

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Nolan pinched her chin. “Are you worried about Daisie?”

Maisie returned to her senses. Although Nolan had regained his memories and claimed that he remembered everything that happened after his amnesia, he should know...

Maisie held his hand. "Daisie has grown up into a young girl now, I think... Let's get Saydie to teach Daisie some self-defense techniques."

Nolan rubbed the top of her head. "I'm okay with that. Allowing Daisie to pick up another skill will prevent her from suffering in the future

"Oh, by the way." Maisie remembered something, "I asked a friend of mine to stay in the Goldmann mansion for the time being." "Is the friend that you're talking about the daughter of the Chases?" Nolan squinted his eyes. Maisie nodded. She knew that Alfred would definitely have informed Nolan about that. "You don't mind, do you?" Nolan wiped away the oil stains on the corner of Maisie's lips with his fingertips and lowered his voice. "She is your friend. I certainly wouldn't mind."

The next day...

Barbara went to Soul Jewelry to find Maisie.

Maisie noticed that she had not slept well and asked, "Are you not used to the new environment?" Barbara rubbed her forehead. "Nah, it's just that I was thinking about a lot of things last night and couldn't sleep because of that." She had met the two children in the mansion and really got along very well with them. They were very smart too.

Maisie knew what she was worried about—it was surely about Katrina and the deceased's family. She also knew that Barbara hiding for the rest of her life would not be the ultimate solution to this problem.

Kennedy stood outside the door and knocked on the door at this moment. Maisie looked up, and Kennedy entered the room. “Zee, Ms. Zalensky is here again.”

Maisie looked at Barbara. Barbara stood up. “I’ll go see her.” Maisie nodded. “I’ll go with you.”

Barbara did not refuse.

Katrina was waiting in the reception lounge. She obviously had not come alone, but luckily she did not bring reporters along.

Katrina looked surprised when Maisie and Barbara appeared outside the door, but the surprise on her face disappeared almost instantly as it turned gloomy. “You two have known each other for a long time, haven’t you?”

“Yelena Chase?” Mrs. Salvadore stood up and became extremely emotional. “It’s really you. No wonder we couldn’t locate you all this while. It turns out that you’ve changed your name. Give me my son back!” Mrs. Salvadore was about to step forward to grab Barbara, but Maisie stopped her. “Madam, please watch your actions. You’re in

Soul Jewelry, and this isn’t a place for you to create a stir.”

Mrs. Salvadore pushed Maisie’s hand away and pointed at her. “You’re on the same side with this woman. She killed my son. Where did you muster the courage to stay so close to a murderer?”

Barbara’s expression dimmed immediately. “Mrs. Salvadore, don’t forget that it was your son who molested and threatened me with a knife first.”

Mrs. Salvadore spat. “Would my son lose his cool if you hadn’t seduced him? Aren’t you the daughter of the Chases? Your father has his hands

in the politics and business circle of the city, so it's only natural for him to help you get out of this mess. You killed my poor son, and you're shameless enough to make such scandalous statements here?" Barbara wanted to say something, but Maisie raised her hand to stop her and stared at Mrs. Salvadore expressionlessly." Everyone who knows the law should know that what Ms. Chase did back then is considered self-defense. So Mrs. Salvadore, are you saying that the judge of the case was bribed by Barbara's father back then?"

Mrs. Salvadore was astonished before becoming even more furious. "Don't you try to confuse anyone here. This has nothing to do with you, so just keep your own sh\*t to yourself."

Maisie crossed her arms. "As the owner of this company. I won't allow anyone to make a fuss in my company, and I don't like to see anyone twisting the right and the wrong right under my nose."

. Barbara glanced at Maisie with a hint of surprise beaming from her eyes. After all, she did not expect Maisie to protect her to this extent

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Mrs. Salvadore trembled. "You..."

Katrina walked up to Maisie at this time. "Mrs. Goldmann, this is indeed a matter between Yelena and us. Don't you think you've overstepped a little bit too much?"

Maisie replied to her with a smile on her face, “Ms. Zalensky, since you have the guts to bring this matter to my company, then I’ll have the guts to take this matter into my own hands. Besides, Ms. Zalensky, shouldn’t you be the one who knows best who’s the mastermind behind Ms. Chase’s incident back then?”

Katrina’s expression changed in shock as she stared at Maisie in amazement ‘Barbara actually told her about that too!?’ She originally thought that Maisie did not know what had happened to Barbara back then, and that was why she had brought Mrs. Salvadore here on purpose—to make Maisie believe that Barbara was a murderer. However, unexpectedly...

“But regarding the truth behind the incident even though Barbara knows about it, the video is now gone, and the person is now dead. Even if she were to suspect that I’m the one who’s behind the scheme, I don’t believe that they could bring up any evidence.’

“I don’t know why you would favor Ms. Chase in this incident, Mrs. Goldmann. But I would still advise you not to insert your hand into this muddy puddle of water.

After all, being friends with a murderer is quite a dangerous thing to do.”  
Katrina

gnashed her teeth.

Maisie looked at her indifferently.” Whether she’s a murderer or not, that’s not up to you to decide, is it?”

Katrina was rendered speechless. Maisie continued calmly. “The law acquitted her, so if that’s the case, you calling her a murderer is equivalent to an act of slandering and spreading an untrue rumor. If you think the verdict was wrong, you can lodge an appeal in the hope of

overturning the case, so why are you acting so aggressively against her and wasting everybody's time here?"

Mrs. Salvadore was emotional "What's the use of lodging an appeal? The Chases have connections with the higher-ups of the city, so so can we ordinary people win a lawsuit against the Chases?"

Barbara clenched her fists and scoffed. "Yeah, the only reason that you can come up with when you can't win the lawsuit is that my father has bribed someone in charge of the lawsuit." She stood up and stopped in front of Katrina. "You brought the Salvadores here to retaliate against me, didn't you? After all, I made you lose your title as Mr. Boucher's mistress and caused you to live in hiding, so you're extremely unreconciled with the outcome of this incident, aren't you?"

Katrina felt as if Barbara had exposed her, so she refuted with a gloomy expression, "You're wrong. I'm doing so because I want others to know your true—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Barbara had already lifted her hand and slapped her. Katrina was caught off guard as her head turned to the other side, and she stumbled backward before finding his balance again. Even Maisie and Mrs. Salvadore were taken aback.

Katrina, who got slapped, recovered from the trance, turned her head to face Barbara, and questioned her fiercely, "Yelena Chase, how dare you hit me?"

Barbara grabbed her by the hair and threw her onto the couch. "Do I have to make an appointment with you in order to slap you?"

"You were the one who placed harm in my way, you were the one who instigated Young Master Salvadore, and you were the one who recorded

the video and used it to blackmail me. Everything you did was to sabotage the Chases, only because you're the illegitimate daughter of the Chases. Your mother brought you to the Chases to force my father to choose, which caused my mother to have a heart attack and almost die. My father then cut off ties with you for the sake of my family and my mother.

That's why you hate the Chases."

Mrs. Salvadore was undoubtedly surprised because she did not know that Katrina was the illegitimate daughter of the Chases.

Not only her, no one in Bassburgh knew that Katrina had such a relationship with the Chases.

Katrina violently pushed Barbara away and ignored her messy hair. "So what if I'm the illegitimate daughter of the Chases? Young Master Salvadore died because of you, it has nothing to do with me. It's you, the murderer, who should feel guilty about what you've done!"

Having said that, she pointed outside. "Let me make it clear, as long as I disclose these details to the reporters, there's no way for your

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Katrina was stunned.

Barbara didn't show any expression. "Go ahead, I don't care anymore. If you want to threaten me, go ahead."



She turned around. “I don’t know if the Chases will even care about your threat.”

Barbara walked out.

Maisie turned to look at them and let Kennedy drive them away. Katrina gnashed her teeth. “Don’t you dare leave!” Barbara stood with her back against the railing in the corridor and looked out the window.

Maisie walked toward her. “It’d probably affect your family quite badly if it were to be exposed, huh?”

She remembered that Barbara had mentioned her father was going to step back, and her uncle would take over when that happened.

The video that Katrina had had could threaten the secret of the Chases. If the secret didn’t exist, the Chases would simply ignore her.

Maisie had always been curious as to why Katrina kept going against Barbara and framing her.

After witnessing their exchange today, she finally understood that Katrina wasn’t only focused on Barbara—it was the entire Chase family she was after.

Barbara looked down and smiled. “My father was just trying to make sure that my reputation wouldn’t be tarnished.”

Maisie understood.

Barbara hadn’t deliberately killed anyone. Even if someone wanted to investigate the family, was Barbara wrong to defend herself? That being said, her reputation would still be affected. If someone insisted on

blowing this up, people who didn't know the full story would condemn the Chases once it reached the Internet.

Her father stepping back and her uncle taking over would have to wait until the fiasco blew over.

“Thanks for speaking up for me.” Barbara looked toward Maisie. Maisie stopped in front of the window.” Don't worry about it. I just can't stand when people try to twist the truth because I was a

victim of that once.’ Her stepmother, Leila, had murdered her aunt, Yanis, and tried to pin it on her.

Everyone had censured her online when that happened. No one wanted to be labeled a ‘killer’, Even though Barbara had killed Eric, the one who had assaulted her, she was in danger. If she hadn't grabbed the knife, she would have lost her innocence or been the one stabbed to death.

After Barbara left, Maisie called Quincy.

Quincy looked up at Nolan when he saw that Maisie was the one calling. “Mr. Goldmann, your wife...”

Nolan squinted and stretched his hand, then Quincy passed the phone to him.

He put it to his ear, but Maisie didn't know that Nolan was the one who answered, ” Quincy, I need a favor. Send someone to keep an eye on Katrina and report back to me if she tries anything.”

“You're getting better at ordering Quincy around, Zee.”

Maisie was surprised.

She looked at her phone.

‘Isn’t that Nolan’s voice? Why did Quincy hand the phone over to him?’

She smiled. “You’re my man. Can’t I order your people around?”

Nolan leaned back on the chair. “Yes, but it’s easier to order your man around instead.”

Quincy’s lips twitched. What had he done to have to endure this lovey-dovey scene?

Maisie chuckled. “Alright, enough. Can you put Quincy on the line, please?” Nolan handed the phone back to Quincy, who put it to his ear and smiled. “Ms.

Vanderbilt, how may I be of help? Sure, I’ll send someone right away, Alright, I’ll take note.”

After the call ended, Quincy noticed a sharp glare on his back, which made him shudder. “Mr. Goldmann, Ms. Vanderbilt,

Nolan closed the file he was holding. “It’s been a while already. You should change the way you address her.”

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Quincy paused

Now that Nolan had mentioned it, Quincy had always been calling her ‘Ms. Vanderbilt ‘ because he was so used to it. But since Nolan never focused on titles, he just realized it. Was it too late?

Nolan looked at him, so Quincy immediately nodded. “Yes, Mrs. Goldmann asked me to send someone to keep an eye on Katrina. Do you remember Katrina, by the way?”

Nolan may have regained his memories, but Quincy wasn’t sure whether he still remembered her.

Nolan looked calm and a little indifferent.” Eugene’s mistress?” Quincy scratched his head. “The woman is still hiding in Bassburgh, and you even helped Ms. Van-Mrs. Goldmann hack into her phone and get the videos. She turned up again, probably with some plan.”

Nolan was silent.

He vaguely remembered something like that. Zee had asked for his help to help Ms. Chase. He calmly said, “Go ahead.” Quincy nodded, then left the office.

The night was dense. Under the neon lights, Glitz was a sparkling splendor, hanging between reality and dreams.

In a VIP room... Katrina leaned on Mr. Zhivkov, crying about being bullied. Mr. Zhivkov’s heart ached to see her like that. “Oh no, who dared bully my baby?”

Katrina drew circles on his palm. “I can’t tell you. I might get in trouble.”

Mr. Zhivkov frowned. “What kind of trouble?”

Katrina leaned on his shoulder. “It’s the Chase girl. I accidentally found out something about her, and she won’t let me go.” Mr. Zhivkov was initially drowned in her beauty, but he immediately snapped out of it and

pushed her away when he heard the Chase girl”, “You got in trouble with the Chases?”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Zhivkov, the Chases won’t do anything to me since I know her secret.

I know that her father is going to step down and that her uncle is going to take over, and you... Isn’t there bad blood between you?”

Katrina spoke carefully. She had gotten involved with Eugene Boucher because she wanted to go against the Chases.

He had abandoned her, so she had been asking around for people who had a grudge against the Chases. Mr. Zhivkov was someone who ran projects for the higher-ups, so he knew them. The Chases had closed down his spa a few years back and hadn’t given him any way out.

Katrina knew that he would hold a grudge against the Chases because of that. She wouldn’t have approached him and been this old man’s mistress if not because of this.

Mr. Zhivkov looked at Katrina, his expression unreadable. “How do you know about me and the Chases?” Katrina panicked for a moment but covered up quickly, biting her lips. “I didn’t find out. I... accidentally overheard someone talking about it.”

Mr. Zhivkov held her chin, starting to become serious. “What did they say?”.

Katrina looked delicate and flirtatious.” The Chase girl knows that I’m yours and taunted that you’re a loser to the Chases.”

Katrina’s eyes slowly turned cold upon seeing that his expression changed drastically. She was well aware that Mr. Zhivkov’s ego was

important to him and had heard that he was so successful because of his sense of superiority.

Thus, Katrina made up a lie so that he would hate the Chases. She would slowly add fire to it without having to get her hands dirty.

She had wanted to get to Barbara through the Salvadores, but she wasn't intimidated.

Katrina thought about exposing the Chases, but she couldn't be the one doing it.

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Katrina didn't have influence or power.

And without Eugene's protection, it would be easy for the Chases to get back at her.

Mr. Zhivkov would be the best person to do it.

A waiter walked in and whispered something into Mr. Zhivkov's ear.

He stopped trying to light up a cigar and frowned. "Who is it?"

The waiter said, "I'm not sure, but they seem to be powerful and asked specifically to see you."

Katrina heard that and turned pale.

'Someone powerful requested to see Mr.

Zhivkov ? Who ?

Mr. Zhivkov placed his cigar on the ashtray, got up, and followed the waiter out.

Katrina couldn't help but hold her fist.

A few bodyguards in black stood outside the first VIP room. The waiter said something to one of them, and they opened the door.

Mr. Zhivkov became alert but thinking that Glitz had complicated backing, he didn't make a scene and walked in calmly.

The room was dimly lit. The man sitting on the couch had broad shoulders, his navy blue suit looking crisp.

Half of his face was hidden in the shadows as he was swirling the wine glass in his hand while the lights lit and dimmed.

The woman who was leaning on his chest was wearing half a mask. She wore a turtleneck which covered her up, but her charm and coolness still spilled through.

Cold sweat ran down Mr. Zhivkov's back. Most people who visit Glitz wouldn't want to show their faces.

They didn't order escorts, nor were they there for the ambiance. The two had an entire room to themselves but had brought so many bodyguards and even asked to see him specifically. They were definitely important and very mysterious people.

Mr. Zhivkov decided to deal with it and said, "Can I know who you are?"

The man didn't speak, but the woman looked up at him. "I heard that you are a regular here and are close to an escort from the Zalensky family?" Zalensky? Did they mean Katrina? Mr. Zhivkov paused and frowned. "Do you.

know Katrina?"

The woman's lips curled. "Such a coincidence. Not only do we know her, but we also have history."

"A past?" Mr. Zhivkov froze.

"Do you not know who Mr. Zalensky actually is?" The woman crossed her legs, leaned forward, supported her chin with her elbow on one leg, and smiled. "Ms. Zalensky is an illegitimate child of the Chases." Mr. Zhivkov froze.

The woman slowly got up and walked toward Mr. Zhivkov, her eyes looking cold. "Do you plan to get in trouble with the Chases because of a woman?"

Mr. Zhivkov started sweating. Even though the Chases had sealed up his place, that establishment really was involved in something illegal.

If it weren't because someone from up-top had been helping him, he wouldn't still be around.

These two strangers had a lot of details. They seemed to be there for the Chases. Had the Chases sent them?

Katrina has stolen his heart and knew how to make him happy, but there was really no need to offend the Chases because of her. She was just another woman.



He broke into a smile. “Katrina’s past with the Chases is none of my business”

The woman turned to look at him. “I’m glad you understand. If you help her in regards to the Chases, you would have to bear the consequences. I’m guessing your missus doesn’t know about your escapades to the Glitz Club?”

Mr. Zhivkov’s face immediately dropped. He clenched his jaw.

He understood, of course. Even though the eldest of the Chases was stepping down, the people who helped him shouldn’t be making a scene. No one would be able to help him if the Chases had a hold on his secrets.

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 789**

### **Chapter 789**

Furthermore, Mr. Zhivkov had to rely on his father-in-law’s family. He couldn’t let his wife find out about his affair.

He said, “I’m always true to my word. She was just a woman from a club. I won’t interfere with her issues with the Chases.” Then he left. Quincy walked in, and the lights turned on in the room.

Maisie removed her mask, walked back to the couch, sat down next to Nolan, and winked playfully. “I didn’t think that Katrina would get hold of Peter Zhivkov, who had beef with the Chases. Do you think he will take this personally for threatening him?” Nolan tilted his head, looked at her, and chuckled. “That wasn’t a threat.”

Quincy said, “Don’t worry, ma’am. We used fake identities here. Peter would probably just think that the Chases sent us.”

It would be out of place for Nolan to get involved with the Chases' affairs because he had nothing to do with them, and he was a businessman like Peter.

The biggest benefit between two businessmen would be their relationship. Nolan never offended Peter and vice versa.

If Nolan 'offended' Peter because of this, it would be tough for him to continue doing business in the future.

Peter Zhivkov was in the construction business and was used to taking on huge projects. He lived with his wife's family, and his wife was the daughter of the biggest property developer in Coralia.

Rumor had it that his wife had a tight leash on him.

Even though Blackgold didn't lack money, they would work with Peter for building projects, so it was a bad idea to burn bridges. Maisie understood that. Offending someone in your industry was pretty much cutting off your own future, so there was really no need for it.

Even if they pretended to be sent by the Chases, the Chases were well known. Peter had already suffered once because of the Chases, and if he was clean, he wouldn't need to worry about them. However, if he was dirty, all he could do was quietly endure it.

Nolan pulled Maisie into his arms and ran his finger over her face like fire burning through her skin. "Your acting was on point."

"How could I not with you supporting me?" Maisie put her chin on his shoulder and then looked up with softness in her eyes. "I was afraid that your identity would be exposed when you spoke, so I said all the lines. I didn't embarrass you, did I?"

Nolan smiled widely.

At that moment, the bodyguard outside said, “Who are you?”

A woman’s voice sounded. “I’m a server here. I brought some drinks.”

The bodyguard was impatient. “We didn’t order alcohol. That’s a mistake.”

Maisie looked toward the door. “Did Peter order them? Is he trying to find out who we are?”

Nolan hinted at Quincy with his eyes, so the latter dimmed the lights and went out with shades on.

The server was holding a tray with a bottle of wine on it. Quincy got the bodyguards to step aside, walked to the girl and looked at the bottle. “Who asked you to bring this?”

The server was startled and pointed with a shaky finger. “The people from that room.”

Quincy looked over and was obviously surprised. That wasn’t Peter’s room.

The server handed the bottle of wine over to Quincy. “The gentleman asked me to

send it to a Mr. Goldmann in the room, and ... said he would be there waiting for him.”

Quincy took the bottle of wine and sent her away. He then put the bottle of wine down on the table in the room and told Nolan everything verbatim.

Nolan looked grave.

Maisie was suspicious. “The people from the room next door?”

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 790

### Chapter 790

Quincy nodded. “It wasn’t Mr. Zhivkov’s room. The person next door seems to know you.”

Nolan squinted and said after a moment, “I guess someone knows that I’m here tonight.” He hugged Maisie, then kissed her forehead. “Wait for me here. Don’t run around, okay?”

Maisie hesitated before nodding. “Come back soon.”

He smiled and left with Quincy.

Maisie sat in the room alone with some bodyguards outside. Barbara called and asked, “Are you at Glitz?” “Yes, I met Peter Zhivkov, the man that

Katrina is currently involved with.” Barbara was silent for some time, then said, “I know Peter. My dad closed down his spa once. So Katrina is trying to get him to do the dirty work.” “He promised that he wouldn’t help her.” Maisie leaned back on the couch. “His wife has a tight leash on him, so he probably wouldn’t want to offend the Chases because of a lover.”

“I just got the news that my dad will be stepping down after a week.”

Maisie sat up straight. “After a week? So soon?”

Barbara confirmed. “Peter Zhivkov will not just sit around. Once he finds out that my father is stepping down, he will definitely quietly help Katrina. He harbors a grudge against my dad because of the spa incident. The people supporting him are against my dad, so he won’t just watch as my uncle takes my dad’s place.” Maisie bit her lip. That was bad. If Peter really thought that the Chases had sent them, and if he found out that Mr. Chase was stepping down after a week, he would...

She didn’t expect Mr. Chase to step down so soon. She was expecting a month’s time.

It seemed like they had miscalculated since Barbara had just gotten the news.

“I’m sorry, Maisie. I shouldn’t have got you involved. I’ll settle all the issues of the Chases from now on.”

Maisie wanted to say something, but Barbara had already hung up.

Maisie waited in the room for half an hour, but Nolan wasn’t back yet.

She heard some commotion in the room next door, so she stood up when someone suddenly rushed in.

Ten strong men subdued the bodyguards waiting outside, and the people who walked in were Peter and Katrina.

Maisie glared at them. “What is the meaning of this, Mr. Zhivkov?”

Peter looked around the room. “You’re the only one left? I guess your man left you and escaped.”

Katrina stared at Maisie. Even though she was wearing a mask and the lights were dim, she felt as though she knew her.

She held onto Peter's arm. "Mr. Zhivkov, was this the woman who threatened you?"

"Exactly!" Peter shot daggers at Maisie. "Michael Chase is stepping down soon but still wanted to do this? Does he think that I'm a pushover?"

Maisie knew something was wrong, but the door was blocked, so she didn't have a way out. If Nolan came over to save her, his identity would be exposed.

But time was running out.

Peter gave his order before she could think, "Why are you still standing around? Grab that b\*tch."

One of the men was stunned. "Mr. Zhivkov, but it's the Glitz Club--"

Peter waved his arm impatiently. "If the owner asks, just say someone offended me, and I just wanted to get back at them. I won't bring trouble to the club."

The men took Maisie away. She looked at the few people around her, secretly holding the wine bottle in her hand, and smashed

the nearest person on the head and arm