

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1

Chapter 1

"Ouch..."

As Maisie gradually regained her consciousness, all she could feel was her splitting headache and the throbbing pain all through her body, as if she had just been hit by a car. She furrowed her brows at the unease, but she could not find the strength to shrug it off.

She could barely make out the silhouette of the man in the dark but could smell the unique fragrance of Gucci cologne, lightly wafting through the air.

The man stayed silent the entire time while he pressed his body against her, kissing and nibbling her slender neck...

As dawn crept up, the morning sun shone in.

Maisie suddenly opened her eyes. She was astonished to find herself naked in bed with a stranger lying next to her. He had his back turned against her.

Maisie's face turned pale as flashbacks of the night before suddenly came back rushing back to her. It was not a dream after all!

How had she ended up here?

All Maisie could recall from last night was that she had been celebrating her birthday with Willow. After taking a few sips of the sangria Willow had brought to her, she passed out!

Could it be that her drink had been spiked!?

Maisie gnashed her teeth and walked out of bed. With every ounce of composure within her, she tried to remain as calm as she could. She swiftly slipped on her clothes from last night, tidied herself up, and fled. She needed to get home immediately so that she could talk to Willow and find out what had happened!

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When Maisie reached home, she saw her father sitting on the sofa waiting for her. Stephen asked with a calm expression, "Where were you last night?"

Maisie pursed her lips, thinking about the events of last night before finally replying, "I fell asleep in a friend's house."

'Bam!'

Slamming a picture on the table, he roared furiously, "I know you spent the night with a man in a hotel room! How dare you lie to me?"

The sight of the photo made the blood drain from Maisie's face. It was a picture of a man she did not recognize, helping her into a hotel room.

Willow rushed down the stairs in her high heels. "Dad, calm down." As she continued to talk, she walked toward Maisie and pretended to nag at her. "Zee, how could you embarrass the family like this? Even if you are in love with the man, you should know not to cross the line before getting married."

Maisie was completely startled. What did she mean by that?

She had clearly been unconscious at the time!

Just as she suspected, Willow would never be so kind as to celebrate her birthday for her. It had all been a set-up! Maisie tried to explain herself, "Dad, listen, I was out celebrating my birthday with Willow. There was something in the drink that Willow gave to me—"

"That's enough!" Stephen stood up, pointed his finger at her, and growled, "Willow is your big sister. Don't you dare blame her for your own actions!"

'Sister?'

Listening to her father's accusations, Maisie clenched both her fists tightly until they trembled. Her mother should have known that her father was an unfaithful man. He had been keeping a woman on the side from the very start.

Who could have guessed that within a year after her mother's passing, even before her ashes had turned cold, he would remarry so quickly with Leila Scott? What had come as a greater surprise to Maisie was finding out that they had long given birth to a daughter of their own!

Maisie had always known that Willow was trying to win over their father for years now. She would act a certain way in front of their father and turn into something else behind him. Never did it ever occur to Maisie that Willow would try to sabotage her on her very own birthday!

"I was planning to pass on Vaenna Jewelry to you when you finally came of age, but y-you... I can't believe you pulled such a stunt to tarnish the family name! I never want to see your face again! The Vanderbilt could do better without a shameless wretch like you for a daughter!"

Maisie stuttered, "Dad, a-are you... kicking me out?"

Stephen smashed the mug he was holding right at her feet. "Get the hell out of here!"

Trembling uncontrollably, Maisie lifted her head only to catch Willow sneering back at her along with her father's untrusting grimace. She could not help but feel a chill in her heart.

As Maisie was dragging her luggage out through the front yard, Willow came up to her. Pretending to be sweet, she reached out an arm and offered to help with the luggage. But instead, her reaching hand was slapped away by Maisie. "Get lost."

Seeing Maisie's hostile attitude toward her, Willow finally showed her true colors. "I'll be honest with you. I did add a little something into that drink last night. I'm guessing it must feel horrible to be tainted by a man."

With much dismay, Maisie chewed on her lips. "You and Leila got what you wanted by worming your way into our home. What more do you want?"

"What I want is your status!" Willow walked right up to her and stared fiercely into her eyes. "Why am I the illegitimate child when you get to be the crown jewel of the Vanderbilts? You were born noble and proud, weren't you? Well, now you're nothing but a used, torn-up shoe. By now, you should know where you stand. So, why don't you just move along."

Willow waved her phone in front of Maisie's face with much delight.

"If you don't want this video leaked to the media and risk ruining your life forever, then hit the road.

"And don't ever come back!"

Maisie stared back blankly. She loosened her clenched fists. She hauled her luggage off the ground with a stiff look on her face and headed straight into her car without a second glance.

Willow watched as the car drove farther and farther away. A smug smile spread across her face. Not only did the Vaenna Jewelry now belong to her, but everything else under the Vanderbilt was hers for the taking!

Just as she was about to turn around, a Rolls-Royce stopped right at their front door. Four bodyguards in black got out of the car and stood in a line next to it. With a long leg forward, a man stepped out. He was tall and had an athletic build. He wore a black striped suit, elegant and simple, yet posh at the same time.

Willow was frozen in place, 'Isn't that... Nolan Goldmann, the successor of the Goldmann family from the royal capital of Bassburgh?'

The CEO of Blackgold Group, also known as the youngest king of business and commerce in the patriarch of Zlokova. Nolan Goldmann had a net worth of hundreds of millions. Not to mention, he was a very powerful man within the royal capital!

What was he doing here at the Vanderbilt manor?

Nolan Goldmann's unfeeling eyes swept over her. He uttered coldly, "Are you, Willow Vanderbilt?"

Her heart skipped a beat. He recognized her!

She nodded gleefully and chimed, "Yes, that's me."

"Were you the woman who spent the night with me in the Empyrean Hotel, Room 6228?"

Willow pressed her lips together.

Empyrean Hotel, Room 6228!

The room she had purposely reserved for that shameless b\*tch? Could it be that the man Maisie had slept with last night was not the old fart she had intended? But rather, it was Nolan Goldmann!

'That darn b\*tch! I can't believe she lucked out!

Maisie could have all the luck in the world, but so what? In the end, she was nothing more than just a stepping stone. Oh, Nolan. Who in their right mind would ever pass up on the chance of becoming your lover?'

Willow nodded with a grin. "Why, indeed. I'm the woman you were with."