

The Three Little Guardian Angels
Chapter 1291

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The car stopped outside of the hotel.

After that, Nolan and Maisie got to the restaurant.

The fact that there was no one in the restaurant other than the waiters meant that someone had booked the entire restaurant.

The waiters stood uniformly in one line and greeted, "Welcome!"

Maisie walked to a white table prepared with a large bouquet of black roses on it. She couldn't help herself and chuckled.

After that, he turned around to look at Nolan.

"This is the surprise you prepared for me?" Nolan pulled the chair for her.

When she sat down, he leaned closer and said, "It's to celebrate that your dream has finally come true, Zee."

He walked away and sat opposite Maisie. He told the waiter to get them a bottle of red wine.

Resting her chin on her palm, Maisie looked at him and smiled.

"It's to catch up to you. But I still have a long way to go."

He took over the red wine and poured it into the decanter.

"You can consider yourself very good if you can get into the top ten." Maisie lifted her eyebrows.

"No. I can't bring disgrace to you. I must get into the top three."

Nolan grabbed the foot of the wine glass and swirled it gently.

He lifted his eyelids to look at her and chuckled.

"You have a great ambition, Zee."

"Because I want to stand with you." Maisie picked up her glass of wine and looked at him through the glass.

"I don't just want to be your wife. I want to be someone who can stand with you on equal ground." Nolan chuckled deeply and touched his glass with hers.

"Then I'll be looking forward to the day you chase up to me, Zee." Maisie and Nolan left the restaurant after finishing their meal.

When they came out of the hotel, the woman that walked past Maisie made her stop in her tracks. She turned her head around and looked.

Hugging her, Nolan asked, "What's wrong?"

Maisie looked at the familiar figure and frowned. She did not know why but the woman gave her a bad vibe.

However, she shouldn't be someone she knew. She shook her head and said, "Let's go watch a movie. Didn't Helios direct a movie? It's his first movie that he directed, and I heard it's pretty good. Let's go support him."

"Anything you say. After all, you're in charge today."

Both of them went back into the car, and the moment the car was driven away, the woman emerged from the stairs. She watched

as the car slowly disappeared from her vision. She looked at her flawlessly crafted artificial face through the glass as a grim smile flashed across her eyes.

'Maisie, Nolan, I'm back'

The next day, at a coffee shop...

"Hey, I heard that you and your husband went to support Helios' movie?" Barbara asked as she sipped on the coffee.

Her daughter, Beatrice, was sitting next to her.

She was two years old this year, and she was eating a cake.

There were bits of cake around her mouth, and she talked to her mother in a baby voice, "Mommy, help me wipe my mouth."

Barbara helplessly pulled out a tissue and wiped her mouth.

"Am I your maid or your mother?"

Beatrice hummed and continued to munch on her cake.

Maisie couldn't help herself and laughed.

"Bea is just like Daisy when she was a kid. Both of them are foodies."

Daisy, Colton, and Waylon were 13 years old this year.

They had already grown up, and she missed the way they looked when they were little kids.

They looked just like angels.

She could only stare at other people's kids now. She reached out to Beatrice and said, "Bea, can I have some too?"

Beatrice hesitated for a while before scooping up a piece with a spoon and handing it to her.

Maisie's heart melted, and she pinched her cheek.

"You're so adorable. How about coming home with me? I'm sure Daisy, Colton, and Waylon will be very happy when they see you."

Barbara smacked her hand away and said, "Leave my daughter alone. If you want a kid, then go have one yourself. Judging from Mr. Goldmann's wealth, I'm sure it isn't a problem at all for him to raise six or seven kids."

Maisie chuckled.

"What am I? A sow? I don't want to have a baby anymore. Three are more than enough. But if the little one was still here..."

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"Huh?" Barbara looked at Maisie.

Maisie smiled and shook her head.

"Nothing."

If she had not had a miscarriage that year, she would have four kids by now.

Maybe this was her fate.

Until now, she did not intend to have a fourth kid.

In the meantime, in the interview room of the Blackgold Group...

The female interviewee accurately analyzed the industry data of the Blackgold Group, and her confidence made the three interviewers nod with satisfaction.

They flipped across her profile.

Cecil Wolfsbane, 29 years old, graduated from a prestigious university in Stoslo with a master's degree in architecture. Her academic background was perfect.

An interviewer rose to his feet and said, "That's all for today, Ms. Wolfsbane. We'll be in touch with you if you're shortlisted."

Cecil smiled and stood up.

She nodded and said, "Thank you."

After that, she took her purse and left the interview room without turning her head back.

At that moment, Quincy came over.

He subconsciously took a glance at her, and she nodded at him with a smile while walking away. He was stunned for a moment and turned his head around to look at the woman.

She indeed was very pretty, but he did not know why but he sensed a strange and eerie vibe from her.

When the three interviewers came out of the interview room, they saw Quincy and greeted him.

"Mr. Lawson."

Quincy looked at them and asked, "Was she here for an interview?"

"Yeah. She wants to join our planning department. By the way, this is her resume," an interviewer said as he handed the resume to Quincy.

Quincy took over and flipped through it while immersed in his thoughts.

He arrived at the administrative department and knocked on the door. He then approached the desk and said, "Mr. Goldman, this is the resume for the interviewee."

Nolan closed the document in his hand and took over the resume.

Quincy pressed his lips thin and said, "The woman that came for an interview today has a beautiful academic background. She

studied architecture and graduated from a renowned university overseas. The

interviewers said she knew our company very well,

so I guess she must've done some research on us. But..."

Nolan narrowed his eyes.

"But what?"

Quincy scratched his head.

"I don't know why, but this woman is exuding a strange vibe. The way she looked at me gave me the impression that she knew me."

Nolan did not say anything in return and looked at the resume.

The woman in the photo had a perfect face. She looked so perfect that she seemed like a fake person.

However, no matter how beautiful she was, she was still not as beautiful as Maisie.

He put the resume down and lifted his head to look at him.

"Why? You like her?"

Quincy was stumped.

He hastily shook his hand.

"Nope! Nope! Absolutely not!"

Leaning against the back of the chair, Nolan tapped the desk with his finger in a rhythmic tempo and said, "You aren't young anymore. It's almost time for you to form a family."

"Please, not you too, Mr. Goldman. I'm going to jump off a building if you guys don't stop urging me to find a wife," Quincy said.

"I didn't complain about anything when you left the company in my hands to enjoy your life with your wife back then, and now you want me to get a wife? I think! should just kill myself instead."

Nolan squinted.

"What's wrong? Did you wake up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?"

Quincy lowered his head and kept silent.

'Can't I even rant a little bit?' Nolan pushed the document on the desk back to him and ordered, "Inform the human resource department. I'll let them be in charge of the new recruitment."

"Okay," Quincy replied.

He had just complained about his boss, so he dared not to stay here anymore. He took the document and left immediately.

At night...

A group of men was beating a woman in an alley.

The woman huddled on the ground with her head in her hands, and the air was filled with her intermittent cries.

A middle-aged man wearing a golden ring was sitting in the car.

He took a drag from his cigarette before ordering his men to stop. He emerged from the car, approached the woman, flicked the ashes on her, and said, "Linda, we've signed an agreement. If you pull out right now, you'll need to pay me \$150,000."

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Linda trembled and lifted her head. She hugged his leg and pleaded, "Mr. Donovan, I...I didn't want to run. It's...It's just that that

person is too scary. I don't want to serve him. He...He'll kill me!"

Mr. Donovan grabbed her hair and said, "This is the path you've chosen, and now you're telling me that you don't want to serve him?"

He gave her a slap, causing her face to swell up.

Mr. Donovan then spat on the ground and continued.

"You have two choices now. Either you give me \$ 150,000, or you go back and apologize to the customer. If not, I'll kill you. Right

here, right now."

Linda scrambled up from the ground and got on her knees.

"I...I'll pay you! I'll pay you!"

She did not want to go back to face that mad customer anymore. She would die!

"Three days."

Mr. Donovan grabbed her hair and forced her to look him in the eyes.

"If I don't receive money from you in three days, I'll shred you to pieces and throw you into the river to feed the fish."

After that, he left with his men, leaving the battered Linda behind.

Linda sat paralyzed on the ground. She did not care about the pain all over her body anymore, and she let out a sigh of relief.

At the very least, she did not have to return to the madman anymore.

'\$150,000' If she wanted to get \$150,000, there was only one person who could help her.

The next day, at Soul...

While Maisie was reading through a document in her office, someone knocked on her door.

She lifted her head and said, "Come in."

Saydie came in and said, "Miss, the receptionist said someone is looking for you. She said she's Linda."

Maisie narrowed her eyes.

Maisie had heard that Yorick had taken Linda back to their hometown three years ago after she came out of jail.

She had been rather quiet and had not caused any trouble in the past three years, and Maisie reckoned that she must have something to ask from her.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have come here.

Maisie put the document down and exited her office with Saydie.

Linda was sitting on the bench in the lobby of the first floor.

The bruises on her face were visible, and she seemed rather disorientated.

"What a rare guest."

Linda rose to her feet and looked at her when she heard Maisie's voice. She was jealous of her and hated her.

After all, she had everything she needed.

She was popular and rich.

Not only that, but she also had a husband who loved her deeply.

Both of them were Vanderbilt descendants, but they had very different lives.

Linda bit her lips and said in a low voice, "Maisie, you ... You've got to save me."

When Maisie saw the bruises on her face, she frowned slightly.

"Save you?"

Linda went forward and grabbed her hand.

"Yes. I don't have other people to turn to anymore. You're the only one who can save me right now. If not, I'll be dead!"

After she finished speaking, she fell to the floor and got on her knees.

Everyone who passed by turned their heads and looked at them.

Maisie told Saydie to pick her up and turned around.

"Let's go to my office. Then, we'll talk."

Soon, they returned to Maisie's office, and Linda sat on the couch. Her hands were trembling when she was holding the cup.

Maisie sat with her legs crossed in front of her.

As she sipped on her tea, she said, "Fire it away."

Linda looked at her and asked, "Can... Can you lend me \$150,000?"

Maisie was stunned for a moment.

She lifted her eyes calmly and said, "When you say save your life, you mean to borrow money?"

Seeing Linda had averted her gaze, Maisie put her cup down and continued.

"\$150,000 is a big amount. Although I can lend you the money, you need to tell me everything honestly and what you're going to do with the money."

"I... I'm going to use it to pay for the breach of a contract..." Linda replied.

"I found a job and signed the agreement. But my company wanted me to serve a customer. That customer nearly killed me, so I don't want to work there anymore." Maisie's face sank.

"When you signed the contract, were you aware of the nature of the work?"

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"Maisie, do... Do you think I'm lying to you? I'm not lying!" Linda said flusteredly.

It went without saying that she couldn't tell Maisie that she knew about it. She was worried Maisie wouldn't lend her the money if she told her.

"Linda, you should be well aware that I don't like it when other people lie to me. People who have lied once will need even more lies to cover up their previous lies. If you knew the nature of the work when you signed the contract, then you deserve what happened to you today. If you were cheated, I will help you lawfully pay the compensation," Maisie said calmly.

Linda was devastated when she heard what Maisie said.

"Maisie, are you really not going to lend me \$150,000? I'm your cousin! What do you care about \$150,000 with your current status?"

"\$150,000 are money too." Maisie's face turned stern.

"Money doesn't grow on trees.

You indeed are my cousin, but I don't have an obligation to help you.

You should be grateful that I'm willing to lend the money to you, and you should never talk to me in that manner."

Linda sat frozen stiff on the couch.

She broke down and cried, "I have only three days! Maisie, you aren't me. You can't understand what kind of life I'm living! Even if

I go through the legal channels, they will get back at me, and I have no right to fight against them. All I can do is wait for death!"

"Linda," Maisie said as she glanced at her deeply

Who do you think is to blame for your current situation? I have given you a lot of chances.

Starting from the moment you chose to make one mistake after another, you should've known what would happen to you today.

"If a person refuses to change, then they can't change anything."

Maisie rose to her feet and walked to the side.

"You could have found a peaceful job and started over like Hector did, but you didn't want to. If you trample on your dignity and

don't respect yourself, no one will respect you.

"You come to look for my help, but you refuse to tell me the whole truth. How am I supposed to believe that you'll really turn a

new leaf? How can I know that you'll find a job to pay me back the money after I've lent it to you?"

Biting her lips, Linda rose to her feet and said, "Maisie, I was wrong about you. Now that you're rich and powerful, you look down

on your poor relatives! Hah, I really shouldn't have come to you!"

After that, she stormed out of the office.

Maisie did not stop her from leaving.

When Linda came out of Soul in rage, she turned around to look at the building and shouted angrily, "Who do you think you are,

Maisie!? Do you think you're so noble? You have everything you have today because of Mr. Goldmann! Without him, you're

nothing!"

She was not Hector, and she would never lower her head before Maisie to beg her.

Just when she was about to leave, a white Land Rover stopped in front of her.

The person inside rolled the window down, and when Linda saw the woman in the driving seat, she was stunned. She had never

seen a woman as pretty as her. She looked just like a demoness who would lure one into the abyss.

The woman smiled at her and asked, "Do you need my help?"

Linda was stunned.

She looked at her hesitantly and asked warily, "Help what? Do you know me?"

"You're Linda Vanderbilt, Maisie Vanderbilt's cousin. You were married once, but you are divorced. Most importantly, you have a

grudge against Maisie."

When Linda heard that the woman knew her name and the fact that she had married before, she frowned.

"Who are you?"

"You don't need to know who I am. You just need to know I can help you." Cecile handed a name card to her.

"I know what you're working on right now and what is troubling you. When you've made up your mind, just give me a call. I'll be waiting for you."

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Cecile rolled the window up and drove away, leaving Linda standing frozen stiff on the spot. She looked at the name card in her hand and pressed her lips thin.

In the evening, at the Blue Bay villa...

After Maisie finished her bath, she wrapped herself and her wet hair with a towel.

She stood in front of her dressing table and pulled out her face cream.

When Nolan came into the room, he threw the jacket on his arm to the bed and hugged her from the back.

He leaned closer and whispered into her ear, "What a surprise. The first thing I see after I come back is such a beautiful scene.

She looked at him back through the mirror and asked, "Sometimes I really wonder what's in your head."

He chuckled deeply.

"What's in my head? It's all about you, Zee."

She was applying cream on her face right now. She turned her head around, and just when she attempted to wipe the remaining

cream on her hand to his face, he avoided her and grabbed her wrist.

He giggled and said, "You're so naughty, Zee."

When her attempt failed, she pouted and withdrew her hand.

"You're so cunning."

Nolan hugged her and buried his face into her neck.

He grazed her skin with his lips and asked, "Who is the cunning one, huh?"

She felt ticklish and tried to run away.

"Stop it, Nolan. If you don't stop it now, I'll..."

He looked at her with puppy eyes.

Maisie pounced on him, threw him on the bed, and tickled him, but it was ineffective against Nolan.

He reached out for the back of her head and planted a kiss on her lips.

At that moment, her phone rang.

Maisie wanted to push Nolan away, but Nolan grabbed her arms and turned around to be on top of her.

He pried her teeth open and deepened his kiss.

His breath was heavy and thick, just like a poison that would reap her of her consciousness.

As if she was addicted to it, she was falling deeper and deeper into it.

In the meantime, the one calling Maisie was none other than Linda, who had gotten Maisie's phone number from elsewhere.

When she failed to get through to Maisie, she hung up the call in rage.

"Maisie, this is what you made me do! Don't blame me" he pulled out the name card and called the phone number on it.

Soon, the woman answered the call.

The next day, at Soul...

Maisie and Saydie walked into the lobby, and the staff in the lobby greeted her.

"Ms.Vanderbilt."

She nodded back at them.

While she and Saydie were waiting for the elevator, she turned to Saydie and asked,

"Does my makeup look okay?"

Saydie replied, "Yeah, it looks fine."

Maisie let out a sigh of relief.

She had nearly come late to work because Nolan insisted on having an intimate activity with her this morning.

After both of them stepped into the elevator, Linda, who was hiding in the staircase, pressed the edge of her hat lower.

Initially, she did not want to risk herself to do this either.

However, that woman had promised she would give her \$150,000, and Linda only had one day left.

Linda bit her lips.

"Don't blame me, Maisie."

There were not many people in the morning, so she was able to slip into the pantry without any difficulty.

She carefully pulled the packet of powder out of her pocket, and after a short moment of hesitation, she poured it into a designated teapot.

After doing everything, she took a picture of it and sent it to Cecile.

When Linda heard the footsteps from outside, her face turned pale.

The door was pushed open.

The female staff was stunned when she saw Linda.

"Who are you?" she asked.

Linda hurriedly willed the nervous expression away and forced a smile on her face.

"I'm new here."

The female staff was skeptical.

"Why haven't I seen you before? Which department are you working in?"

Cold beads of sweat were trickling down Linda's back.

When she did not know what to say, the receptionist came in.

She had seen Linda before and said, "Huh? Aren't you the woman who came to look for Ms.Vanderbilt the other day? What are you doing in our pantry?"

'Yeah, I came to look for Ms.Vandervbilt the other day.She let me work here," Linda said.

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