

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 801

Chapter 801

Maisie smiled shyly but didn't say anything.

Tristan chuckled, "Even if you didn't introduce us, I would know that this is Mrs. Goldmann."

He then turned to Maisie. "I just met Mr. Goldmann the day before yesterday at the golf course."

Maisie paused before smiling. "Really? He didn't mention it." Madam Nera sighed. "Mr. Goldmann's mother Natasha was his sister. I just found out."

Tristan chimed in, "She's going to be upset that I didn't tell her earlier. I've been in Yaramoor all these years. Natasha was the one who didn't mention it.

Madam Nera nodded.

Tristan looked at Maisie. "Let's meet up again when Mr. Goldmann is available."

Maisie's eyes twitched, but she maintained her smile and said in a friendly tone, "Don't worry, Mr. Knowles. I'll tell Nolan you asked."

She picked up her teacup and looked down. Nolan had told her about his mother and the Knowles. His mother hadn't enjoyed her life growing up. His mother had never mentioned being related to the Knowles of Yaramoor.

Obviously, Nolan's mother had never wanted to mention it to have a clean break from the Knowles. However, Tristan had met Nolan a few days ago. Upon thinking about what had happened at the theater and the 'affair' Nolan had mentioned Tristan had with

Mrs. Boucher, she had no idea how to deal with them.

She was the one who had seen it 'with her own eyes'.

Madam Nera and Tristan talked about business while Maisie listened quietly, not interrupting during the entire conversation.

She put the teacup to her lip and was going to take a drink when Madam Nera asked Tristan, "Is the preparation for your development project with Eastwood Enterprise going well?"

Tristan nodded. "It's good, thanks to Mr. Topaz. I'm unfamiliar with this place, so I wouldn't know where to find good investors without him, but..."

He put down his teacup. "There was a Mr.

Boucher among the investors. I was quite surprised."

Maisie looked at him. He mentioned the Bouchers but didn't seem to be avoidant but instead was pretty open about it.

Madam Nera was surprised. "Helios Boucher?" She thought for a moment and said, "I heard that Helios seemed to be switching to business. I was quite surprised too."

She remembered something and turned to look at Maisie. "Zee, you're quite close to Helios. Did he tell you anything about this?"

Maisie smiled as she shook her head. “No, he wouldn’t tell me about this. He would probably talk to Nolan instead.”

Helios investing in a project with Tristan and Eastwood Enterprise was probably because of Nolan’s connections.

They probably never would have thought that Tristan would be the one who was working with Anthony on the development.

Madam Nera smiled. “That’s true. Their relationship was trending.”

Maisie tilted her head slightly and slowly drank the tea but froze because she saw someone. Christina Hill and Yael Boucher walked out of a room, followed by two or three people who looked about their age. They were in either business or politics.

When they walked past the lounge, Yael saw Tristan first, then Madam Nera greeted him, “Mr. Boucher, what a coincidence.”

Yael nodded to Madam Nera. “It is.”

He looked at Maisie before speaking to Tristan, “Mr. Knowles is here too.” “Yes, it’s been a while.” Tristan stood up and extended his hand toward Yael, who shook it.

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Maisie awkwardly touched her forehead and looked toward Madam Nera. It was obvious that she was the only one who knew what was happening, and Madam Nera had no idea.

She then looked at Christina, who didn’t look affected when she saw Tristan. She really was the lady of the house of a well-known family.

Maisie returned to her company and saw Nolan standing in front of the window when she stepped into her office.

Light shone in his deep-set eyes. “Welcome back.”

Maisie ran into his arms. "Madam Nera asked me out for tea. Mr. Knowles was there too."

Nolan raised his hand and touched her crown. "I know."

Maisie looked up at him. "We even bumped into Mr. and Mrs. Boucher. The three of them met, and I felt pretty awkward sitting there."

He chuckled. "That must have been complicated."

Maisie chuckled. "Not really. They mentioned you and asked why you weren't there. Mr. Knowles said we should get together when you have the time."

Nolan sniggered. "He knows who you are."

Maisie played with his tie. "Not only that, but he even knew that I saw him and Mrs.

Boucher at the theater."

Nolan lifted Maisie to the desk and leaned forward, putting both his hands on the desk around her. "Did he warn you?"

"I don't think so." She pretended to be wronged and hugged his neck. "If he did warn me, what should I do? Would he gouge my eyes out

?"

Nolan laughed. "No one would dare. It's fine if you saw. He has thick skin and isn't afraid that people will find out."

Maisie looked down. "By the way, did you connect Helios with the investment for Eastwood Enterprise?"

Nolan nodded.

She raised her eyes. "Did you know that Tristan is Mr. Topaz's partner?"

He stared at her red lips and answered in a deep voice, "Yes."

"You set him up again?"

Nolan chuckled with a deep voice, "Why would I set him up? Do you think Tristan would jeopardize his own business? His affair with Mrs. Boucher would not affect Helios."

Helios was investing in Mr. Topaz's project, and Mr. Topaz was working with Tristan, but he would be very glad that Helios invested in their project as an investor.

Even if something were going on between Tristan and Mrs. Boucher, Tristan wouldn't be dumb enough to tell Helios about it. The Knowles had influence in Yaramoor, not Zlokova. It would be tough if he caused an issue there.

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Chapter 803

Nolan raised her chin and stared at her red lips. *There's no need for that. He didn't come to Zlokova for us, but this old man is a little annoying. It's best to keep contact to a minimum."

"Is he here for," Before she could finish, Nolan smiled slyly. "Not the Bouchers either."

"What then?"

Nolan covered her eyes. "There's a Knowles boy in Daisy and Colton's class, do you remember?"

Maisie was surprised. "That boy?"

Nolan stood up straight. "He's the son of Tristan's nephew, the young Mr. Knowles."

Maisie was shocked.

"That child was the youngest Mr. Knowles." But why is he studying in Zlokova?"

Nolan walked aside. "It is probably safer to be away from the family."

At the hotel...

When Francisco awoke, he had a splitting headache, and his brain was foggy.

When he saw the naked woman lying next to him, he sat up in shock, looked down on his own naked body, and was just lost.

When the woman woke up, Francisco immediately covered his body.
“You...”

When he saw the woman’s face, he lost it.” You!?”

Maizie pretended to feel sad. “Don’t you remember what happened last night?” “Last night?” Francisco had no recollection. He remembered going into the toilet and feeling uncomfortable when he returned to his seat, so he had excused himself and left.

And then...

A woman was helping him.

Maizie whispered, “Francisco, you said you weren’t feeling well. I was going to send you to the hospital, but y-you...”

She bit her lip. “You did this to me.” Francisco sat there looking blank and spoke after a long time. “No, no way... Why don’t I remember anything?”

Maizie feared up. “You ate me up, and now you’re trying to bail!?”

Francisco held his forehead. How did this happen? He could have slept with anyone, but why her?

Maizie got closer to him. “Francisco...”

He suddenly pushed her aside. “Don’t touch me!”

Francisco had a huge reaction and looked disgusted. He picked up his clothes, which were scattered all over the floor, and ran into the bathroom.

He turned the shower up to wash away the filth. He had slept with a woman like Maizie. He wanted to peel his own skin off.

Unfortunately, he had zero recollection. Had he really touched her? Why hadn’t he felt anything? He wasn’t a pious man, but how could he have done anything if he had lost consciousness?

Maizie sat on the bed listening to the sound of the running water and thinking of how disgusted Francisco looked. Her eyes turned dark.

She had finally got him to the hotel last night, but he was out cold at the most crucial moment.

She sent a message to ask Katrina what was in the drug and why it didn’t work. Katrina replied: (Did you drop it in alcohol?) Maizie: (What else should I have done?)

Katrina: (Read the instructions),

Maizie took out whatever was left in the bag and saw ‘Does not work with alcohol and almost died of anger.

She had wasted all that energy! She had to make Francisco think that they had slept together, no matter what. When she heard that the shower was turned off, she put her phone down.

Francisco came out of the bathroom, and she put on a sad face. “I know you hate me, but this already happened, and it’s not like I wanted it to. Don’t... Don’t worry, I won’t ask you to take responsibility.”

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Maizie could only take a step back to move forward so that it didn’t look too obvious. Francisco suddenly took all his cash out of his wallet and threw them on the bed. “This is all I have. I can’t give you anything more.” Maizie froze as if she felt humiliated, “What ... What do you think I am?” “What do you think?” Francisco buttoned up his coat. “You climbed on top of me while I passed out. You did this to yourself. Do you think you’ll marry into the Boucher family after sleeping with me? Naha.” Francisco left without looking back and slammed the door on the way out.

Maizie looked at the money scattered on the bed and threw the pillow. “You wait, Francisco Boucher!”

Francisco got home and saw that Eugene was having tea while reading his papers. He saw that Francisco didn’t greet him, so he slammed the cup on the table. “Where were you last night?”

“I was drunk and slept at my friend’s place.” Francisco went upstairs without looking at him.

Eugene tossed the papers onto the table. It was getting too obvious that this boy was going against him. At the apartment block... Samantha was cleaning the living room when she heard the doorbell. She thought it was Francisco, so she went ahead and opened the door.

When she saw Eugene standing outside, her expression changed. “Why are you here?” Eugene wasn’t friendly. “Why can’t I be here? Your son didn’t come back last night. Aren’t you going to say something about it?”

Samantha was amused that he had come all the way there to blame her. “We’re divorced. You’re the father, and you got him to stay with you. If you can’t control him, you can’t come and blame me for it.”

Eugene saw that she was closing the door, so he blocked it and calmed his tone. “We’ve been married for so many years. Do we really have to become enemies?”

After their divorce, he did some selfreflection and realized that he hadn’t been treating her well.

Now that their son was an adult, the home was a lot quieter, and when he got home, no one was there waiting anymore.

Samantha said in a calm voice, “I never saw you as my enemy. Francisco is my son, and you’re his father,” “Samantha, I... I know I wasn’t great, but I realized that the home is too quiet without you. I wish you could move back.”

That surprised her, but she quickly calmed down. “That’s impossible.”

“Why?”

Eugene grabbed her shoulder. “Because of the divorce? We can get back together if you want to—” “Eugene!” Samantha slowly moved his hand away and said in an understanding tone, “Some relationships just won’t work once a crack is formed.” “Think about Francisco—” “I’ve already

done a lot for him.” Samantha calmly cut him off. “I would have asked for a divorce a lot earlier if it weren’t because of him.”

Eugene choked, not knowing what to say.

“I’ve waited so long, and now that he’s all grown up and has plans of his own, I just want to be me and not live for anyone.”

Eugene drove away from the apartment, and once he passed the gates, Katrina got out of the cab with a mask on.

The car looked familiar, and she recognized it—it was Eugene.

Katrina’s body stiffened. Why was he there? To see his ex-wife? Or.

Her phone rang, and she hesitated to pick it up because it was an unfamiliar number.

“Did you spread the news?” Katrina smiled coldly when she heard the voice, “Yelena Chase, are you questioning me?”

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Chapter 805

Barbara’s tone was calm. “Just answer, did you or did you not?” “So what if I did?” Katrina walked into the building and fished some keys out of her bag. “Your uncle is dead, but your family is trying to hide that from the outside world. How could I let that happen?”

Barbara said, “Hah, are you involved in my uncle’s car accident?”

Katrina frowned. “Yelena, stop this nonsense. Why would I be involved

with your uncle's death? God is just punishing the Chases and taking it out on you. How is that my fault?"

Barbara laughed. "How would I know if this was your plan with Peter Zhivkov?" Katrina got out of the elevator but paused when she heard that. "What are you trying to say?"

"Go ask Mr. Zhivkov."

Barbara hung up before she could reply. Katrina stood outside her door, and her head started buzzing. She had a bad feeling about this.

At the Glitz Club... Barbara sat in the dimly-lit room, scrolling through her phone. She saw the message Maisie had sent but didn't reply. She couldn't get others involved in her family matters any longer. She locked her phone when a man walked in and courteously stood in front of her. "Ms. Chase, your father asked me to tell you not to get involved with Mr. Zhivkov."

Barbara didn't answer.

The man looked at her. "It's for your own good. The accident is related to the people behind Mr. Zhivkov. Even if you know he's involved, he's a cunning man. The people behind him wouldn't just show up. It will only hurt you if you find anything about Mr. Zhivkov."

She rubbed her temples, "I understand."

After the man left, Barbara's face dropped. Peter Zhivkov was indeed cunning. He knew that Katrina had a bone to pick with the Chases, so he had framed her for it. She probably didn't even know that she was a scapegoat.

Her intelligence was her downfall. She had been under the impression that she could use Peter against the Chases and could be fine.

A few days later...

Ryleigh and Maisie were having lunch at a restaurant. “Have you seen Barbara lately?”

Maisie looked up. “No, is anything wrong?”

Ryleigh pushed her peas around and stopped eating. “That’s weird. She didn’t reply to my messages and stopped answering the group chat. I heard something happened in her family, do you think...”

“She’s very busy lately.” Maisie took a sip of soup. Other than being busy, Barbara didn’t reply to her messages or contact them probably because she didn’t want to get them involved. Ryleigh looked at her clean fingers and remembered something. “Didn’t you design a ring? Why aren’t you wearing it? Have you not given it to him yet?”

Maisie smiled. “There’s no need to rush. I’m going to give it to him on his birthday.”

Ryleigh suddenly understood. “You’re planning to surprise him. That’s what you would do.”

“When you and Louis settle down, you can come to me to get your ring designed too.”

Maisie smiled knowingly and opened up her hand. “I’ll give you a 50% discount.”

Ryleigh awkwardly looked away and mumbled, “It’s best not to...”

Maisie took a sip of her soup. “What’s wrong?”

She looked around and leaned in, then whispered, “I suspect that... Louis... might have some weird fetish.”

Maisie was curious. Ryleigh put her hand next to her face to cover it. “He wants me to dress up in school uniform.”

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Maisie was stumped. She turned her head sideways and dissolved into a fit of cough.

Ryleigh picked up the glass of juice from the table and took a sip. “He wants me to put on a costume. I’m not a fan of cosplay. Wait. Could it be that he’s into cosplay?”

Nowadays, cosplay was a popular culture amongst young people, and the men in their country widely accepted female cosplayers.

Maisie cleared her throat and couldn’t help herself but smile. “I think you might be able to make a good cosplayer,”

“Shut up,” Ryleigh replied.

Maisie went to the restroom. Just when she stood at the sink, washed her hands, and took out her lipstick to apply to her lips, a woman came out of the cubicle.

In the mirror, the woman who walked out of the cubicle was none other than Mrs.

Boucher.

Christina did not expect to run into Maisie in the restroom. There was no expression on her face. She walked toward the sink and put her purse down.

“Seems like we’re quite fated, Mrs. Goldmann,” she said half-heartedly.

Maisie let out an embarrassed smile and replied, “Yeah. I didn’t know that you’re here as well, Mrs. Boucher.”

After Christina finished washing her hands, she pulled a tissue paper and began wiping her hands dry. “Did Mr. Knowles tell you anything in the restaurant that day?”

Maisie closed the lipstick and was stunned. She rolled her eyes around the sockets and replied, “Nope. Mr. Knowles was just talking business with Madam Nera.”

She could feel that Christina had heaved out a sigh of relief after what she said. “Are you here with your friends, Mrs. Boucher?” Christina’s face lightened a bit, but there was still no expression on her face. “Yeah. I’m going out first.”

She took her purse and left.

Maisie waited for a while before coming out of the restroom. She returned to the restaurant, and Ryleigh was almost finished with her meal.

Maisie then went forward to pay the bill. When they walked toward the elevator, she asked, “Did you see your aunt?”

“My aunt? Nope. Is she in the restaurant too?” Ryleigh asked, her voice filled with confusion.

However, Maisie did not reply.

The door to the elevator opened up, and the man who came out of the elevator squinted his eyes when he saw Maisie. “What a coincidence, Mrs. Goldmann.”

A hint of surprise crossed Maisie’s eyes when she saw Tristan, but she did not allow her emotion to escape to her face. She smiled at him back and replied, “Yeah. What a coincidence.”

‘He isn’t here to see Mrs. Boucher, is he?’ Before Maisie could think further, Tristan looked at them and said meaningfully, “I’m going to meet with someone in the private room. Do you want to join us?”

Maisie was slightly stunned. She then gave him a slightly awkward but polite smile and said, “I guess next time. My friend still needs to go back to work.”

“Zee, I’m not- Ah!” Before Ryleigh could finish her sentence, Maisie pinched her thigh, causing her to jump in pain.

Maisie hurriedly supported her and said in a matter-of-fact manner, “Did your leg hurt again? I told you to stay at home and rest, but you didn’t want to listen to me.”

After that, she looked at Tristan and said, “I’m sorry. Mr. Knowles. My friend broke her leg not long ago. She just had an operation to put a plate into her leg, so she can’t walk very well yet.”

Ryleigh had no choice but to suffer in silence.

Tristan offered them a faint smile and replied, “Is that so? That’s kind of a pity. “We’ll be leaving now, Mr. Knowles. Enjoy your meal,” Maisie said as she nodded at him. After that, she hurriedly carried Ryleigh into the elevator.

Tristan watched as the door of the elevator closed. He chuckled slightly and mumbled, “What an interesting little girl.”

At the underground parking lot...

Ryleigh massaged her thigh and walked beside Maisie. She tried to weep but failed to shed a tear. She looked at Maisie and said, “Zee, even if you want to pinch me, you should’ve told me beforehand. Do you know how painful that was?”

Maisie stopped in her tracks, turned around, and cupped her cheeks in her hands. “Alright, alright. Next time. I’ll treat you to a meal to make it up for you, okay?” Ryleigh’s eyes lit up, and she looked as if she had forgotten about the pain. “Deal!”

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Chapter 807

Maisie did not know what to say. She released Ryleigh, turned around, and walked toward her car. While she was sending Ryleigh back to the academy, Ryleigh asked about the man, “Zee, do you know the man we met just now?”

“Not really,” Maisie replied. She kept her gaze fixed ahead and continued. “He’s Mr. Topaz’s partner, and I know him through Madam Nera.”

It was only then understanding dawned upon Ryleigh. “I see. No wonder I can sense an air of confidence in that man. So, he’s a businessman. Why did he treat you so well? He even wanted to invite you to a meal. Could it be that...”

She paused for two seconds, spun her head around to look at Maisie, and said, “His son has taken a liking to you, and he wants you to be his daughter-in-law?”

Maisie was stumped and caught between laughter and tears. “Do you have any idea what you are talking about, Ryleigh? He knows Nolan and knows that I’m Nolan’s wife, so how is there any chance he would want me to be his daughter-in-law? I don’t even know if he has a son or not. Maybe he has a daughter instead?”

Ryleigh stopped talking as she received a news notification on her phone. She tapped on it and was shocked. Barbara... She’s a murderer?”

Maisie was stunned. She pulled over and took Ryleigh’s phone.

#The murderer from the Chases: She was acquitted due to her strong background and changed her name to “Barbara Chase”, and she has returned #

She clicked on it, and the content was about the fake news about Barbara.

“Zee, what is this all about?” Ryleigh did not know about Barbara’s matter, so she was both shocked and confused when she saw the news.

Maisie returned the phone to her and asked, “Do you believe it?”

Ryleigh shook her head. “Of course I don’t believe it. Barbara isn’t that kind of person.”

“That’s right. This news came out right after what happened to the Chases. I’m guessing that someone couldn’t wait any longer.”

Maisie suspected that Katrina was behind this.

Barbara’s uncle had had an accident while her father had retired, and the Chases had cut off their ties with the people from the top. When Katrina published the news to crusade against the Chases, it set off a huge public outcry, which was tantamount to adding salt

to the wound for the Chases.

Maisie sent Ryleigh to the gate of the Royal Academy of Music. After Ryleigh went inside, Maisie pulled out her phone and made a call to Barbara.

It took Barbara quite a while to answer her call. She seemed to be drinking wine as she said, “Maisie? What’s up?”

“Where are you now?” Maisie asked.

“Me? I’m at the Glitz Club now,” Barbara replied. She was lying on the top of the bar, swirling the wine in the glass and smiling.”

Drinking some wine.” “Glitz Club?” Maisie asked. She wondered what Barbara was doing over there. After all it was daytime right now, and the Glitz Club only operated at night.

She stomped on the accelerator and left the academy. “I’ll go to look for you now.”

“No...” Barbara put her hand on her forehead and continued, “Stay out of this. You don’t have to worry about me. I can handle it myself.” Barbara then hung up the call and propped herself up by holding onto the bar. Other than the waiters preparing for the evening’s opening at the side, there were no other guests in the large club.

The manager walked toward Barbara and said, “Ms. Chase, you’re drunk. My boss asked me to bring you upstairs to rest.” There was a private room in the Glitz Club that none of the guests knew about except for the owner and the people in the club.

Barbara did not move.

The manager called two girls rehearsing for tonight’s performance and said, “She’s our boss’ VIP. Get her upstairs to rest.” The two girls nodded and carried Barbara upstairs.

The elevator came to the fifth floor. The fifth floor was separate, and although it also belonged to the Glitz Club, it was the owner’s office area, and only executives and shareholders could set foot in it.

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Chapter 808

“Do you know the relationship between this Ms. Chase and our boss? Why does he take such good care of her?”

“Don’t ask a question that you shouldn’t be asking. Have you forgotten what happened last time? The man who Meg had her eyes set on last

time is Ms. Chase's friend. When Ms. Chase stepped in and told her to stay away from her friend, Meg wasn't happy about it. She went to complain to our boss. Our boss asked his men to give Meg a slap on the cheek and told her to mind her own business."

Both of the girls carried Barbara to a room with antique decorations. There was a wall furnace. The wall was red in color and filled with biblical scrolls.

They put Barbara on the bed and closed the door when they were on their way out.

The netizens were oblivious to Barbara's incident, so they were easily manipulated. Michael was busy with his family's affairs, so he had no time to settle the things that were going on on the Internet.

Therefore, the name "Barbara" appeared on Google Trends. Sitting with her legs crossed on the couch, Maisie scrolled through Google Trends. After a short while, she put her phone away and held the cushion in her arms.

When Nolan came downstairs with the coffee cup in his hand, he glanced at the person sitting on the couch.

He went to sit beside her and put the cup on the desk. "Are you still worried about Barbara?"

Maisie rested her head on his shoulder and said, "It has been pretty difficult for her. Her family is in trouble, and the controversy of the past has come back to haunt her. She cannot explain to the public clearly, and she is currently being attacked on the Internet. This is no different from pushing her to death."

After all, it had been many years since the incident. Most of the people had no memory of it, not to mention that someone was inciting the masses from the dark.

Besides, it was true that the Chases had tried to suppress the news about Barbara at that time. Even if Barbara had killed that person in self-defense, no one was there to prove the situation.

Nolan ran his hand over her head and said in a deep voice, “Have you forgotten about that video, Zee?” “Video?” Maisie jerked up and looked at Nolan in shock.

It was only then she remembered the video on Katrina’s phone. The video had been taken on the spot secretly, and they had originally wanted to capture the process of Eric violating Barbara to destroy her reputation.

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When the two of them had been fighting over the knife, Barbara fell back on the bed. Eric had the knife in his hand back then. He had pounced on her and threatened her. While Barbara was struggling, the knife had accidentally stabbed Eric.

The video had fallen into Katrina’s hands, and Katrina had been using the video to threaten the Chases for many years,

In other words, the video in Katrina’s hands was the only evidence they had right now.

The smile on Nolan’s face deepened as he said, “I still have the video on my computer. I haven’t deleted it yet.”

Maisie threw herself at him and rested her chin on his shoulder. She chuckled lightly and said, “You’re the best, Nolan. I know I can always rely on you”

Nolan secured her even tighter in his arms and kissed her. “So, what are you going to do to pay me back?”

Maisie lifted her head and giggled. “Do you even need to ask? I’m sure you’ve already thought about it.”

Nolan wrapped his arms around her waist and chuckled. “I want to see you wearing a maid’s outfit to seduce me.” Maisie’s face turned red in embarrassment as she turned her head sideways. “W-Where did you learn that from?” Nolan smiled amusingly and replied, “I’ve wanted to see it a long time ago. I’m sure you will look great in it.” He caught her hair in his teeth and tucked it behind her ear, his breath muffled and heavy.

“Shall we go back to our room?”

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en

Maisie did not say anything.

Nolan scooped her up and went upstairs.

There was a box on the bed, and inside the box was the maid’s outfit. Maisie pinched his arm in exasperation and hissed. “You set me up!”

A chuckle rolled out from Nolan’s throat as he replied, “Well, you can put it that way if

you want to.”

Maisie went into the changing room to get herself changed into the maid’s outfit.

Nolan was standing with his arms across his chest. There was a smile on his face as he asked, “Do you need my help?”

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Chapter 809

“No! Don’t come in!” Maisie shouted nervously.

The smile on Nolan’s face deepened.

After a short while, the door was opened. Maisie had changed into the outfit as she came out of the dressing room embarrassingly.

“I’m sure you did it on purpose. Look at this costume...”

The dress was short, and the lacy hem was fluffy. The W-shaped collar was deep, allowing her fair skin to be exposed to the air. The waistline of the dress was designed so as to accentuate her tiny waist, and coupled up with the pairs of black stockings that wrapped

around her legs like a glove, she looked extremely charming and sexy.

Initially, Nolan just wanted to see her in a maid’s outfit. He did not expect that she would look so good in it.

On top of that, the embarrassed and nervous expression on her face made her look like a lamb to be slaughtered. His Adam's apple rolled up and down in his throat, and his gaze was filled with desire.

Maisie could see what he was thinking through his gaze. Just when she was about to run back to the dressing room, he wrapped his arm around her waist and pinned her to the wall.

He kept her head in place and landed passionate kisses on her one after another.

Slowly, she melted in his arms. Her soul was burning in his blazing desire, and she was bobbing up and down like a person clutching tightly to a floating log in the sea.

Once again, the Glitz Club lit up the night sky. The room upstairs was dark, and a ray of neon light shone on the bed through the window

When Barbara cracked her eyes open, she felt so much pain in her head as if someone was hammering her head with a sledgehammer. She slowly got herself up and switched on the lamp on the desk, filling the room with a warm yellow light.

Massaging her forehead, she exited the room. When she was in the corridor, she heard a woman screaming painfully in a low voice from a room.

Barbara froze and slowly walked toward the room where the voice came from. It was a utility room at the back of the corridor. The voice became even clearer when she was standing at the door. It sounded familiar to her.

‘Isn't this... Katrina?’

Just when she put her hand on the handle and was about to push the door open to look at it, a voice came behind her.

“Ms. Chase.”

Her shoulders shook, and she turned around to see the manager was walking toward her.

The manager offered her a smile and said, “Since you’re awake, you should go home now. If not, your father will be worried about you.” Inside this room... The manager maintained the smile on his face and replied, “It’s nothing. We’re just punishing a misbehaving employee.”

Barbara did not ask any more questions. She looked at the room one last time before turning around and left the floor.

After she came out of the Glitz Club, Barbara pulled her phone out and made a call to Katrina, but Katrina did not answer the phone.

She was pretty certain that the voice she had heard just now belonged to Katrina, and she wondered what they had done to her.

Her phone rang again, and it was Maisie.

She answered the call, and Maisie said, “Come to my office tomorrow. I have something to give you.”

Barbara was stunned for a moment before asking, “What happened to your voice?”

Maisie jerked her head around to stare at Nolan, who looked perfectly fine, and cleared her throat. “Nothing. I shouted myself hoarse when I was scolding someone today.”

Barbara flagged herself a cab at the junction and said, “Alright. I’ll go to your office tomorrow.”

After they hung up the call, Maisie threw the pillow at Nolan and snarled, “This is all your fault!”

Nolan grabbed the pillow and put the document down. He hugged her from the back and rested his chin on her shoulder. The smile on his face deepened as he said, “Yeah. It’s all my fault. I should’ve controlled myself.”

The next day, at Soul...

Maisie was wearing a purple turtle-neck sweater with a black leather skirt. She looked elegant and pretty.

Standing in front of the table, she drank a large gulp of water to soothe her throat until Barbara appeared in the doorway.

She rubbed her temples and sat down on the couch. “I drank too much last night. My head feels like someone is hitting it with a hammer

Maisie put the cup down and handed the USB drive in her hand to Barbara.

Barbara was dumbfounded. “What is this?”

“There is a video about you inside. I asked Nolan to get it from Katrina’s phone the other day

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Barbara took over the USB drive. She looked at Maisie incredulously and said, "You..." Maisie sat in front of her and interrupted, "What can you do by yourself? I'm sure you know what's going on with your family, and you all are very vulnerable right now. Even if you want to explain, do you think those people will believe in you if you don't have any evidence?"

Barbara frowned. After a long while, she sighed. "We still haven't found the cause of my uncle's death. My father has other things to attend to, so he can't do anything. Honestly, I really don't know what to do."

She lifted her head to look at Maisie, and her eyes were filled with gratitude. "I didn't expect you to help me so much."

Maisie lowered her head. Honestly, she had no idea why she wanted to help Barbara as well. Perhaps it was because she could see her past self in Barbara.

She smiled and replied, "We're friends, right? When my friend is in trouble, I can't just sit back and do nothing."

Barbara was stunned. She put the USB back into her bag, rose to her feet, and smiled. "Then I can't let you do me this favor for nothing." The discussion on the Internet was getting more and more intense. While the netizens were making all sorts of speculation, Barbara posted something on her Facebook.

#If I'm guilty, I'll let the law decide my fate. If my background represents everything,

I'd rather be the worst person in the world. #

As soon as Barbara published the post, some netizens who did not believe in her began to throw all sorts of cynical comments at her. #Hah, you've killed someone. I don't understand how you have the guts to say something like that.#

#If you didn't seduce him, would he try to violate you?#

#Do you think you can run away from legal liability just because you have a good father? Even if he tried to violate you, did you really have to kill him? Stop trying to clear your name. You're only making things worse. A person like you should just go to prison.# #Are you guys serious? He tried to violate her. Why do you guys say it was her fault, and she tried to seduce him instead? Is it because she's a woman, so she deserves to be assaulted? Since when has the moral value of the netizens of our country become so crooked?#

#Are you her family? Why are you standing up for her?#

When Barbara came out of the lawyer's office with her bodyguards, the media reporters surrounded her.

"Ms. Chase, did you come to the lawyer's office with the intention of reversing the verdict?" "Ms. Chase, it's said that you accidentally killed him when you were defending yourself. Did your father participate in the case back then? If not, why did you change your name when you were sent abroad? Is that to avoid public opinion?" All of them stuck their cameras on Barbara's face. Barbara was expressionless and did not respond to them. She walked to the car with her bodyguard in front of her. "Murderer! You should go to prison!"

Someone pretended to be a reporter and threw an egg at Barbara. The egg fell on her head. The egg trickled down her hair, leaving her in a mess.

The bodyguards went up to restrain the group of people attempting to start a ruckus. When those people saw the reporters were all filming, they laughed maniacally. “What do you want to beat us up in front of the reporters? Fine, do it, let everyone see your true faces.

Barbara took over the tissue paper handed to her by the bodyguards and wiped the egg off her body. After that, she turned to look at the bodyguard and said, “Let them go.”

The group of bodyguards released them.

Barbara took her sunglasses down and looked at them. “Are you guys police officers?”

The group of people was stunned.

Barbara then continued calmly. “If you guys aren’t police officers, then you don’t have the right to assume that I’m guilty. Do you know that attacking other people on the street openly can land you in jail? Besides, I believe in justice. I wanted to reverse the verdict because I think I’m innocent. I did nothing wrong. Even if it happens again, I won’t regret it.”