

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 121

Chapter 121

#GrassyGreen#: She's that new designer, right? I didn't expect that she would do such a thing. It turns out that masterpieces don't really reflect the real personality of the designer. I'm never buying Vaenna's jewelry anymore.

A huge group of netizens started tagging Willow's Twitter and Facebook accounts in their comments and even started a hashtag to condemn her.

#Glazed Onion#: There's no need to explain anymore. There's so much concrete evidence, just deactivate your Facebook and Twitter account.

#SpicyFood4Life#: You actually call yourself a jewelry designer? You're an insult to those jewelry designs!

#SexyV#: Isn't it funny? A designer who came up with a collection of jewelry that pays tribute to the Gothic design concept didn't even know designer Dila. I heard that she was able to come up with such perfect masterpieces after only a month of learning jewelry design. It's a bit outrageous, don't you think? I doubt those works have anything to do with her.

At the Vanderbilt manor...

Willow was attacked by the netizens so much that she dared not look at her phone, and her mind was about to break down again.

Leila walked up to her worriedly, picked up Willow's cell phone, went through the vicious comments, and asked anxiously, "How did this happen? Haven't you clarified it?"

"I really didn't expect that Pearl would have the ability to let those goons push all the blame back to me. D*mn it, Maisie Vanderbilt! That bitch is the person to be blamed! She should've been the one who got all the spotlight last night!" Willow bit the nail of her thumb so hard that her nail was about to crack

'The Santiagos have now begun to suppress the Vanderbilts, and I was afraid that Dad would suspect me. That's why I chose to go public and clarify the matter. Now great, Pearl has actually turned the table and checkmated me!

'D*mn, Maisie is the one to blame for all this. Had it not been because Maisie had Nolan covering her *ss, would Pearl change her target and start to deal with me now?'

"Since that b*tch wants to rain fire and brimstone onto us, mother-and-daughter, it seems that we'll have to reveal our trump card now."

Willow stared at her mother. "What trump card do we have now?"

Leila explained smugly, "Of course it's to push all the blame to Maisie. Since she wants you to take the fall for the incident, then how can we not put up a fight and make her life a living hell too?"

"Don't forget, how did the person in the lounge turn into Ms. Santiago last night? Maisie must be the b*tch who set up the whole thing. If that's the case, wouldn't Ms. Santiago hate her too? So as long as we can push all the blame to Maisie, there's no way she can escape this!"

'That b*tch wants to witness from afar when my daughter and Ms. Santiago fight each other to the death while she withdraws from this incident unscathed? Keep dreaming!

In the evening...

Nolan came to the 16th floor. Almost all the staff members on the 16th floor had gone off work, and only the office's lights were still on.

He arrived outside Maisie's office, only to see Maisie lying on the desk asleep with a pen in her hand, and there were also a few unfinished drawings on the desk.

Nolan walked up to her side, took the pen in her hand, put it away, and glanced down at the unsuspecting woman.

'She looks adorable only when she's asleep.'

He picked up Maisie horizontally while Maisie only turned her head and leaned in a comfortable position without showing any tendency of waking up.

"You do know how to sleep soundly in peace." A hint of helplessness flashed across the bottom of Nolan's eyes as he looked at the woman in his arms.

Back at the Goldmann mansion...

Nolan was still carrying Maisie while he entered the door.

The three rugrats were sitting beside Mr. Goldmann Sr. eating dinner, and they were all dumbfounded when they saw their mother coming in with their mother in his arms. 1

Nolan carried her upstairs, Colton wanted to catch up to them and have a look, but he was dragged back by Mr. Goldmann Sr. "You little rascal, why are you following them?"

Colton responded immediately, "I'm going to see Daddy and Mommy!"

"You'd be like the cat among the two pigeons if you were to join them now," Mr. Goldmann Sr. said helplessly. "Your father and mother need to spend some time alone. Otherwise, how can your dad chase your mom?" "Yeah, Mommy still can't accept Daddy." Daisy nodded her head slightly.

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Mr. Goldmann Sr. looked at the three rascals. "Then why doesn't your mother accept your father?"

The three rascals stared at each other and then recounted to Mr. Goldmann Sr. about their mother's experience. After listening to their explanation, Mr. Goldmann Sr.'s expression turned a little gloomy.

'I didn't care about Maisie's background, but I only got to know that Maisie is one of the daughters of the Vanderbilts. Although the Vanderbilts are only a small family in Bassburgh, the Goldmanns can still accept her as our daughter-in-law.

'What I didn't expect is that my idiot son had actually been blinded and deceived by the illegitimate daughter of the Vanderbilts for six years. No wonder Zee is unwilling to accept my son.

'This kid deserves it!'

"Grandpa, you do want Mommy to be with Daddy, right?" Colton asked.

Mr. Goldmann Sr. snorted. "Of course."

'My son has finally met a woman that he likes. There's no way that I'm breaking them up. In other words, the young lady is the only reason how my dumb son can find his true love!'

In the room, Nolan put Maisie on the bed. Maisie moaned a little when she got in contact with the soft bed, rolled over, and slept on his arm.

Nolan frowned slightly. The soft sensation on the back of his hand made him feel tense, and a dim flame was faintly lit at the bottom of his eyes.

'This woman really cannot sleep soundly!'

Nolan leaned over and wanted to kiss her, but his phone rang abruptly.

He glanced at Maisie, got up, and took out his cell phone to answer the call. A voice then sounded from the other end of the call. "Mr. Goldmann, I've found some information about the matter that you asked me to investigate."

Nolan looked back at Maisie, who had not woken up again, answered the phone, and left the room.

He then entered the study. "How did it go?"

"I haven't been able to find out the relationship between Ms. Vanderbilt and the Metropolis of Morwich, but the only clue that I discovered is that Ms. Vanderbilt's mother seemed to have quite a background."

Sitting behind the desk, Nolan frowned. "Her mother?"

"Yes, I checked the information and compared it, only to find that Ms. Vanderbilt's mother might be from the de Armas."

The other party quickly sent a piece of information to Nolan's computer, and Nolan received the file immediately.

After opening the file, there *were* two comparative documents. The fingerprints of Stephen's original wife, Marina Gonzales, were exactly the same as those of the daughter of the de Armas who had left home.

Nolan's eyes dimmed a little.

'The de Armas... It's not that I don't know them.'

The de Arma was a noble family of Stoslo. Their ancestors had served for the royal family and had been granted grandees and dukedom. However, after the incident with the eldest princess, the de Armas had withdrawn themselves from the royal politics in order to protect themselves, but the honor remained. 1

Mr. Hernandez de Arma was the family's current patriarch, and Hernandez's eldest daughter, Larissa de Arma, was the mistress of the Lucas family, but his youngest daughter, Marina de Ama, had been missing since she left home more than 20 years ago.

Nolan did not expect that Maisie's mother would turn out to be from the de Armas.

At this time, Nolan received another email. He opened the email, and it contained a photo from more than 20 years ago.

'The woman in a black trench coat who was getting off a cruise ship is Marina de Arma and the blonde man behind her... It's Erwin Lincoln!'

Later that night...

Maisie gasped when she woke up.

'What the f*ck is this?'

The man beside her was actually sleeping while bear-hugging her, and she was so crushed that she could not move at all.

Maisie moved his body and arms cautiously and waited until she felt a little more relieved to sit u p slowly.

The man behind her turned over and overturned her, staring fixedly at her with his gloomy eyes." You're awake?"

"Um... Can you get up first?" Maisie's body stiffened for fear of what else he might do.

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Maisie's hungry stomach sounded somewhat loud in the dead silent ambiance.

The man who was above her suddenly smirked. "You finally feel hungry. I thought you could sleep till dawn."

Maisie squinted her eyes and said, "I'm glad that you know that, so get up now."

Nolan got up from her body and rubbed her head. "I'll cook you some supper."

Maisie was astounded.

'What?'

Maisie went downstairs. She originally thought that she could sleep till the next morning too, but i t was only two o'clock in the morning.

This afternoon, she had been so tired that she did not even know how she came back home.

Nolan served her supper in the kitchen, and Maisie glanced at the kitchen with a slightly startled expression.

The tall man was standing in the kitchen in his home pajamas that looked loose and cozy, which made him look a little less sharp than when he was in his usual suit and leather shoes.

But who would believe that the man in pajamas who was making her supper in the kitchen was actually *Mr. Goldmann!*?

He then brought a bowl of ramen noodles to the table and specially prepared a mug of warm milk for her.

Maisie walked to the dining table, sat down, and looked at the ramen in the bowl.

'The broth and noodles made by someone who's cooking ramen noodles for the first time will usually be sticky, but this is obviously not his first time.'

The soup was rich in color, while there were some diced tomatoes and ham, two fried eggs were placed on top to cover the noodles, and chopped green onions were sprinkled on top of everything to add more color to the dish.

The presentation was really good.

She grabbed the fork and picked up the ramen. There was no breakage or stickiness-the noodles were all still al dente.

She raised her eyes to look at the man who was staring at her while resting his chin on his intertwined fingers. "Mr. Goldmann's cooking skills are quite top-notch, huh."

'To be honest, if I was the one who cooked this, I may not even be able to make it look so exquisite.'

The corners of Nolan's lips were raised slightly. "I'm glad that you like it."

Seeing that Maisie had eaten a mouthful, he squinted. "How does it taste?"

"Well, it's not bad." She took a few mouthfuls and mocked, "I originally thought that Mr. Goldmann's hands were only there to hold pens and sign contracts, but it seems that they've concealed their skills well."

"Speaking of concealment, shouldn't you be the pro here?"

Maisie's action stopped for a split second before she raised her head and exchanged glances with Nolan. "Me?"

Nolan propped up his chin, glanced at her, and nodded.

Maisie lowered her head and continued to eat the noodles. "You're quite a humorous man. There's nothing that I need to hide."

He opened his lips indifferently. "For example, your relationship with Erwin."

Seeing that Nolan was asking about Uncle Erwin again, Maisie frowned. "Do you really think it's weird for me to know Erwin?"

'Is he planning to get to the bottom of this matter?'

Nolan leaned back slightly, squinting. "Your mother and Erwin have known each other since a long time ago, haven't they?"

Maisie was astonished, and then her eyes turned sullen. "Are you investigating me?"

"You're the one who refused to tell me more, so I could only investigate it by myself."

"Nolan Goldmann, you despicable skunk!" Maisie gnashed her teeth.

'This dbag has been investigating my affairs without my consent!

Nolan chuckled helplessly. "How am I despicable? I only want to get to know my woman, the biological mother of my children, better."

Maisie was so angry that she wanted to fling the bowl at him.

'The word brazen was totally created for someone like him!'

"In exchange, you tell me what I want to know, and I'll also tell you what you want to know about m

"I don't want to know about you!" Maisie's words came out of her mouth faster than they could be processed within her, which probably made the man upset. The man's eyes dimmed as he abruptly got up and walked toward her.

"What are you doing, don't- Ahhahahahaha!" The man tickled her on her waist with both hands. Maisie tried to evade by moving all around the place and wanted to escape his grasp, but she was being held in his arms.

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Nolan held her in his arms and sat down on the chair. "Now tell me."

Maisie no longer had the strength to struggle and could not resist this man's various tricks.

'He actually did something so childish to force me to talk!

She took a break to catch her breath and grabbed his hand for fear that he would tickle her again all of a sudden. "I've known him since a long time ago, but I don't know the relationship between my mother and him."

'After all, how would I already know the one thing that I want to find out too?'

Nolan saw that she did not seem to be lying anymore, so his tightly pressed lips were slowly opened as he said, "Don't you know his identity?"

"I don't care what Uncle Erwin's identity is. Anyway, he's the best relative that I could ask for besides my mother."

Although they were not related by blood, she had already regarded Uncle Erwin as her relative, perhaps because he was the only person who could remember that her mother existed.

Nolan's eyes drooped. Maisie did not seem to know about the Metropolis, so she probably did not know that her mother was from the de Armas.

"I've told you all that I know. Can I continue to eat my ramen?"

Nolan only smiled and let her go.

Maisie waited for Nolan to get up before sitting back down and continuing to eat her ramen.

Nolan looked at her. "Grab some rest after finishing the noodles."

He then went upstairs.

Maisie turned her head, gazed at his back, and could not help but think for a moment, 'Could it be that he's found something?'

The next day...

When Maisie arrived at the company, she saw several employees gathered together, discussing something. After seeing her, one of the female employees then subconsciously put away her cell phone. "Ms. Zora..."

"What's the matter?" She smiled.

"Ms. Zora, it's the matter with Ms. Santiago. According to some posts on Facebook and Twitter, it has become related to you," the female clerk replied embarrassingly.

Maisie took out her cell phone and took a look, only to realize that Willow had pushed all the blame onto her.

"Zee." Kennedy came over, so the staff members dismissed their short gossip session and went

back to their respective workstations to work.

Maisie then turned around and smiled. "Uncle Kennedy."

"Have you scrolled through your Facebook or Twitter?"

"Yeah, I just went through them. Willow has pushed all the blame on me." Maisie was still calm.

Kennedy's eyebrows were creased. "I think Willow has been driven into a corner and desperately wants to make things worse. You've promised Mrs. Santiago to help Ms. Santiago, but we'll put Ms.

Santiago in a very vulnerable position if *we* release that recording now.

"If we choose not to help the Santiagos and release the recording now, everything will end right here and right now." He sighed as he did not understand why Maisie had to help the Santiagos.

Maisie smiled. "Uncle Kennedy, helping the Santiagos is just a way to curry favor with them. After all, the Santiagos are also in the jewelry industry. I don't want to offend them and make another enemy.

"What's more, if Leila were to ask the Santiagos to join forces with them again, it'd be *very* detrimental to us." 1

Kennedy paused for a bit and suddenly smiled in embarrassment. "It seems that I'm too narrow minded. I didn't even think of this."

'Currying favor with the Santiagos will make it easier for us when we run into them again in the future. If we were to drive the Santiagos into a corner too, it would truly not be beneficial for Soul Jewelry's future development.'

"How are you narrow-minded? You're just anxious. Don't worry, Willow should've asked for my permission first before she decided to point fingers at me."

Maisie returned to her office, turned her laptop, and logged in to her Facebook and Twitter accounts.

Willow knew how to evade the accusations while she was cruising around the posts and comment sessions. She then managed to talk a huge group of netizens into believing her words in just a few sentences.

All these had to be credited to the photo that showed Pearl pushing Maisie and causing her to fall in public the other day.

