

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 2

Chapter 2

At the airport of the royal capital of Bassburgh...

Among the sea of tourists, a mother and child walked out. At that moment, all eyes were on them.

To be precise, it was actually a mother with three exquisitely beautiful children.

The woman was glamorous and poised. What made people stop and stare was the stunningly gorgeous little girl she was carrying in one arm. The girl had thick, curly locks, which made her look just like a doll.

The two similar-looking boys following alongside her had excellent features, a pair of sparkling amber eyes, dark brown hair, and milky-white skin. They seemed so surreal!

The woman standing in front of the BMW took off her sunglasses. Watching Maisie Vanderbilt carrying a child in her arms and the other two following closely behind, she gasped in shock. "Holy cow, Zee! You had three kids in just one pregnancy?"

She was rendered speechless by the sight of them! Forget the fact that Maisie had triplets, what was truly unbelievable was how they looked like angels sent from Heaven, and they were still so young! The woman could not help but wonder who was this handsome celestial being that Maisie had slept with!

Maisie put down the little girl in her arms. Touching all three of their little heads, she said to them, "Meet your godmother, Ryleigh Hill."

Ryleigh was Maisie Vanderbilt's best friend. After getting kicked out of the Vanderbilt manor, she had gone abroad. Ryleigh had stayed by her side the entire time.

Not long after settling down, she had realized she was pregnant. She had considered abortion. It was Ryleigh who had kept trying to persuade her otherwise that she finally decided to keep the babies.

In order to allow her best friend a comfortable life abroad, the headstrong daddy's princess pawned one of her father's antiques, which was worth \$6,000,000, and gave Maisie the money.

Maisie's bank cards had been frozen when she got kicked out of the Vanderbilt manor. If it weren't for Ryleigh, Maisie would have been sleeping on the streets.

"Nice to meet you, Godmother!" The three rugrats bowed down in an unsynchronized manner as they greeted her with their honey-soaked kiddie voices.

Overwhelmed by their cuteness, Ryleigh felt the blood rush to her head. She smiled and waved back at them. "Aww, you sweethearts are such angels!"

The second eldest, Colton Vanderbilt, turned his head to his eldest brother, Waylon Vanderbilt, and garbled, "Our godmother sure looks silly!"

Maisie placed each of her hands onto the two boys' heads. "What are you two whispering about?"

"Umm..." Colton hesitated.

The youngest among them, Daisy Vanderbilt, proudly sold them out. "Waylon and Colton were wondering why Godmother looks so silly!"

The two boys were dumbfounded. She was undoubtedly their sister.

As Ryleigh was driving, she glanced through the rear-view mirror to see the little rugrats snuggling up to one another, fast asleep. Finally, she asked, "Zee, why did you decide to return to Zlokova now?"

Maisie, who was leaning against the passenger seat window and curling her hair playfully on her fingertips, gushed with a giggle. "Vaenna Jewelry paid \$7,000,000 to poach me so that they could hire me as a designer."

"Doesn't Vaenna Jewelry belong to your family?" Ryleigh tutted and shook her head in disbelief. "Your cunning b*tch of a sister, Willow, is now the director of Vaenna. You're saying, she paid \$7,000,000 to hire you?" She let out a chuckle at the thought of that. "When she finds out that you are the world-renowned designer, Zora, from Stoslo, she's totally going to flip out!"

Zora had caused quite the buzz in the international jewelry scene. Her work combined modern jewelry elements with vintage Victorian-style craftsmanship. Every one of her designs was known to people as the work of God.

Even the royal crown worn by the queen of Stoslo during her wedding last year had intricately been designed by Zora.

Ryleigh thought hard but still could not make sense of it. "You came back for just \$7,000,000? You are worth way more than that. Aren't you giving them too good a deal?"

When the jewelry company in Stoslo, Luxella, had wanted to hire her, they had offered a price of \$90,000,000!

Maisie turned to look at her with a broad grin. "Which is why I declined their offer and made a new one for \$150,000,000 instead. If the Vanderbilts wanted to pay me \$150,000,000, I couldn't possibly turn them down, could I?"

Now that Maisie came back, she was going to do whatever it took to get back her shares in Vaenna!

Ryleigh took a deep breath. Family out to get family. Brutal!

Boy, was she keen to see the look on Willow's face when the sh*t hit the fan.

As the car pulled up to the entrance of Vaenna Jewelry, Maisie turned around to face her three angels. "Mommy needs to settle some matters. Godmother Ryleigh will take the three of you home first."

Her three angels nodded obediently.

After Maisie got out of the car, the children glanced at each other, then scrambled over to Ryleigh's side of the car.

"Godmother, tell us all you know about the Vanderbilts and Mommy!"

"Yes! You must tell us in secret. We promise not to let Mommy find out!"

Taken by surprise, Ryleigh's gaze darted across their faces. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because we're Mommy's sweethearts, and we won't let anyone bully Mommy!"

They had followed their mother back to the country because they wanted to get revenge for her. Nobody got away with bullying their mother!

Ryleigh felt a trickle of cold sweat down her spine. Were they really just a couple of 5-year-olds!?

Maisie stepped into the lobby of Vaenna headquarters. Although Vaenna belonged to the Vanderbilts, it was her mother's blood, sweat, and tears. She couldn't believe that her father had actually left Vaenna in the hands of Willow, an outsider!

During her years abroad, Maisie had stayed up to date with news related to Vaenna. Using her new-found status of Miss Vanderbilt, Willow had gotten rid of several high-level executives who Maisie's mother highly valued. Thus, causing a decline in Vaenna's reputation in recent years.

Vaenna had paid \$150,000,000 to hire a designer from another country. Knowing the Vanderbilts, they could not possibly afford such an exorbitant amount. Maisie was curious to know who had helped pay this \$150,000,000!

She made her way toward the receptionist. "Hi, I'd like to meet with Miss Vanderbilt."

The woman working the desk asked casually, "Do you have an appointment?"

"Not at the moment, no. But it was Miss Vanderbilt who contacted me." Maisie was annoyed by the treatment given by this lady.

It seemed that the personnel hired by Willow was truly unprofessional after all.

The receptionist gave her a passing glance. "If you don't have an appointment, then I'm afraid I can't help you. Our director is a very busy woman."

Maisie smiled politely. "Does everyone here at Vaenna have such an awful attitude like you?"

"Excuse me? What do you mean by that? Can't you see that I'm super busy right now? Besides, Miss Vanderbilt isn't just anybody who you can meet as you please!"

"Oh, my. I was wondering who was causing a scene. I'm surprised it was you, Maisie. Didn't think you'd be so bold as to show your face in this country again!"

The moment Willow walked out of the elevator, she happened to catch a glimpse of a familiar face. To her surprise, it was Maisie!

That shameless sl*t had actually come back!

Maisie slowly turned around. As Willow finally took a proper look at Maisie, a sense of gloom washed over her. It had only been six years since they last met, yet this b*tch has completely transformed. She looked like a seductive succubus!

"Weren't you the one who invited me back to Zlokova?" Maisie chuckled softly.

Willow was taken aback yet seemingly arrogant as ever. "I invited you? It's only been six years, and you've become so brash." She walked toward Maisie with her arms crossed around her chest. "Haven't these past six years in exile taught you anything?"

Upon hearing the mention of what had happened six years ago, Maisie's eyes turned cold while she remained nonchalant on the surface. "Congratulations on becoming the director of Vaenna Jewelry. However, the company seems to be doing worse and worse under your care. Hopefully, the business won't close down one day."

"You!"

Willow lifted an open palm and slapped her in the face.

The loud smack left everyone in the hall astounded.

“What seems to be the matter?” A deep, cold voice came toward them.

The expression on Willow’s face changed almost instantly. The arrogance and tyranny that was there vanished as she walked over to the man with an aggrieved look.

“Nolan, it was all her! I would’ve forgiven her for humiliating me, but she went too far when she cursed that my company would close down.”