

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 311

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"But Maisie, I can only remind you that your life will be in danger at any time if you continue to stay with Nolan. Not because of anything, but because of the Goldmanns' special bloodline."

Ryleigh sat in the living room drinking fresh milk and waited for about 20 minutes, not knowing what her Aunt Larissa would say to Zee.

Just as she took a sip of milk, she noticed a dark silhouette approaching. When she looked up, the corners of her curved lips sank instantly

The tall man looked at her condescendingly. "It's you?"

The man gave off a hint of disgust through his slanted eyes when he saw that there were still white milk stains on her lips.

He thought that his mother was about to introduce some random woman to him back at home again, and that idea really scared him for good.

"What makes you think that I want to come to your house? If it weren't for Zee, I—" Ryleigh was about to say something when she heard footsteps coming downstairs. Soon, she saw Maisie's figure, so she put down her mug and stood up.

"Zee, have you done talking to Aunt Larissa?"

Maisie saw that Louis was also in the living room and only nodded at him.

Ryleigh pushed away Louis, who was standing in her way, and approached Maisie. She was worried when she saw that Maisie's expression looked a little off. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Maisie forced a smile.

Louis walked toward them, and his gaze landed on Maisie's face. "I thought you would never come to see my mother."

"I only want to know more about my mother. And now that I know everything that I want and should know, I should take my leave already." Maisie's tone sounded polite from start to finish as she walked away.

Ryleigh followed her. "Zee, wait for me!"

Louis stood there and watched as the two women walked out of the door, frowning slightly.

Inside the car, Maisie stared absentmindedly at the scenery along the street outside the window.

'Apart from knowing the reason why Mom left the de Armas back then, even Aunt Larissa doesn't know much about the affairs between the Goldmanns and the de Armas.

'But what Aunt Larissa said was undoubtedly a genuine piece of advice. Nolan did also mention that the Goldmanns are related to the royal family as Titus is the child of the princess of Stoslo and his great-grandfather. This bloodline will always be regarded as a disgrace to the royal family.

'And will it really be dangerous if I were to choose to be with Nolan?'

"Zee!" Ryleigh's voice pulled Maisie out of her trance.

Maisie was taken aback.

Ryleigh had already pulled the car over on the side of the road to take a look at her. "Zee, I just asked you something!"

"Sorry, I didn't hear you."

"What in the world did Aunt Larissa tell you just now to make you feel so restless? And I also asked you where you want to go now!" Ryleigh paused for a split second and then continued. "Do you want me to bring you back to the studio?"

'Bring me back to the studio?'

'But I'm feeling extremely agitated now. I might not even be able to come up with any ideas even if I were to go back to the studio now. Everything that's happened ever since I came back from the training camp has really made me feel very stressed and uncomfortable.'

She leaned her elbow against the car window and stared at the colorful and noisy streets. "Let's go and grab a drink."

At Dusk Lounge...

Under the dazzling lights, compared to the relatively deserted bar counter, the center of the dance floor was filled with young men

and women from all walks of life, dancing and twisting their problems away.

"Zee, why would you think of coming out for a drink? Did Aunt Larissa say something that upset you?" Ryleigh knew that Maisie had never been to a lounge since she got pregnant. It seemed that she was in a really bad mood.

Maisie supported her head with one hand and shook the wine glass in between her two fingers. "My mother did not die of cancer, but even Mrs. Lucas doesn't know the cause of her death. As for the matter between the de Armas and the Goldmanns, it's way too complicated. She doesn't even know anything about it."

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Ryleigh was stunned for a split second. It was obvious that Maisie's issue completely overwhelmed her. "Okay, I really can't understand it."

Maisie placed her hand on Ryleigh's shoulder and said with an intoxicating smile, "Ryleigh, I realize that you're my only best friend. You didn't give up on me, no matter how pretentious I was or how others framed me. I don't know what I would've done if you hadn't helped me back then."

Ryleigh looked bewildered. "Are you drunk?"

"Just how annoying can you be? Do I look like I'm drunk? I'm just feeling a little emotional." Maisie placed her arms on Ryleigh's shoulders. "I sometimes envy you. You have a father who's always been protecting you so well since you were a little girl that he has raised you into such an innocent woman. Not to mention that no one would cause you any trouble for no reason. It's actually quite nice to be able to be a carefree young lady."

'At least, she won't come across the problems that I face.'

"Since when did you see my carefree side? It just happens that you haven't seen the time when my father causes me troubles!" Ryleigh then whispered, "I should be the one who's envious of you. You got to sleep with the man that every woman in Bassburgh wants to sleep with, and you even have three lovely kids."

\*Then why don't you find one and get it on with him too?" She laughed.

"Nah, what makes you think that every woman would share the same luck with you when it comes to sleeping with a man who's not only breathtakingly handsome but also impossibly loyal?"

The phone on the table started vibrating all of a sudden.

Ryleigh took a glance at Maisie's phone, saw the caller ID "Nolan" flashing on its screen, and gasped.

Maisie picked up the phone and answered the call, "Nolan?"

Nolan heard the deafening music from the other end of the call, and his expression turned slightly gloomy. "Where are you?"

Maisie chuckled. "I'm at a bar. Do you want to come?"

The person on the other end of the call remained silent for a short second and then said coldly, "Address."

Maisie told Nolan the address, and Nolan really appeared in the bar within ten minutes.

The speed was otherworldly!

Nolan's expression looked sullen as his eyes dimmed. "Are you asking to be taught a lesson? How dare you come to a—"

The figure that he was talking to suddenly threw herself into his arms and hugged him before he could finish speaking. Not to mention Ryleigh, even Nolan was taken aback by her action.

Maisie then wrapped her arms around his neck and let off a faint smile, "Handsome fella, I'm done drinking. You can take me home now!"

'Handsome fella?

The rage in Nolan's heart surged as he heard her calling him names. He pinched her chin with his fingertips and lifted her head. "Who am I?"

Maisie blinked. "Nolan Goldmann."

"Ahem, about that, Mr. Goldmann, I'll leave Zee to you and take my leave first." Ryleigh picked up her bag and escaped as fast as a hare in order not to be reprimanded.

Nolan looked at the woman in his arms, who seemed to be drunk and sober simultaneously, and slowly opened his lips. "What are you doing at a bar?"

Maisie was playing around with his tie. "I was in a bad mood, so I came here for some drink to decompress."

"You're in need of some decompression, aren't you?" Nolan's gaze looked slightly cold. He picked her up horizontally and gnashed his teeth. "I'll help you decompress as much as you want when we get home." 1

Back at the private villa located in Blue Bay, Nolan carried her to the room and quickly put her down. He quickly grabbed her waist, pressed her against the wall, and kissed her.

Maisie hugged him in bewilderment while the strong arms wrapped around her waist. "Zee, you can only be mine."

At Blackgold Group...

Maisie wore a black lantern-sleeved turtleneck dress, with a lace neckline inlaid with pearl accessories and royal blue silver ornaments, making her look extremely delicate and elegant,

She was walking up to the elevator with her head bowed while a voice came from behind. "Ms. Vanderbilt."

Maisie turned her eyes and saw Rowena walking toward her. She then greeted her with a slightly restrained expression. "What a coincidence, Ms. Summers."

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Rowena's makeup looked very light and elegant today, and her dress looked grand. "Didn't Nolan tell you anything?"

Maisie paused for a split second. "What should he tell me about?"

Rowena looked at her and explained, "I'm now Nolan's assistant. Eh? Didn't Nolan tell you about this?"

Maisie chuckled and crossed her arms. "Oh, it turns out to be about this. I thought you were about to bring up a big deal."

'She's here to show off the second she becomes Nolan's assistant?' "Ms. Vanderbilt, please don't misunderstand us. After all, this is Grandpa's arrangement. Grandpa wants me to learn more from Nolan, so I guess you wouldn't mind this, right?" She mentioned the old man only to make it clear to Maisie that she was the person that Titus valued the most.

'As long as Grandpa still stands by my side, there's no way that you're taking a step into the Goldmanns!'

Not knowing what Rowena was expecting from her, Maisie gave off a brilliant smile. "Why would I misunderstand the both of you? Aren't you just his assistant?"

This is just a superior-subordinate relationship, so there's no need for you to report it to me, right?"

The phrase 'superior-subordinate' changed Rowena's expression as her smile gradually stiffened. She then glanced at Maisie with a rather superficial grin. "I'm quite curious actually, Ms. Vanderbilt. Since you're related to the de Armas, you should be able to establish your own company with a little help from the de Armas. Why would you bring down your dignity by starting a jewelry studio at Blackgold Group?"

Maisie squinted her eyes. "Ms. Summers, are you saying that Blackgold isn't good enough for me?"

"I certainly didn't mean that. It's just that you obviously have the ability to not rely on Nolan, so why bother?" Rowena's eyes turned a little cold, and she seemed to have lost her patience to put up a show in front of Maisie.

Maisie looked at those gorgeous yet threatening eyes and raised her eyebrows. "I'm sorry, but I think my answer is going to disappoint you, Ms. Summers. I have never wanted to rely on Nolan. He is the person who insisted that I should rely on him.

"The person who asked me to start a jewelry studio in Blackgold is your direct superior, Nolan." Maisie emphasized the phrase 'direct superior' and entered the elevator with a smile on her face.

As soon as the elevator's doors were closed, Rowena clenched her hands tightly.

'Sure enough, she's a sl\*tty b\*tch!'

At Soul Jewelry Studio...

During the half a month Maisie had not been around, the studio was still moving like a well-oiled machine under Kennedy's management

All the employees nodded and greeted Maisie when they saw that she had returned, and Maisie responded to each one of them with a smile.

The moment she saw Kennedy, she smiled and said, "Uncle Kennedy."

Kennedy stood up and glanced at her. "Zee, you're finally back."

"Well, it must've been quite a long two weeks for you."

Kennedy waved his hand. "Fortunately, Mr. Goldmann had arranged quite a few extra hands for the studio when I was busy. By the way, you've come back just in time. The jewelry that Mr. Boucher ordered from us to be used as props in the crew appeared in the promotional teaser of his new drama. And our studio's phones have been bombarded by loads of calls since then."

“Is the response from the public exceeding expectations?” Maisie’s eyes lit up.

“It’s not just exceeding expectations. The orders that came in in the past two weeks have to be scheduled up until next year. I would start to run out of ideas if you were to delay your return again.”

Kennedy handed her several stacks of order contracts as she was walking up to her desk to sit down, all of which were customization appointments for the studio.

“The influence of Mr. Boucher’s promotional campaign is really phenomenal. I think most of these customers are Mr. Boucher’s fans.”

Kennedy asked abruptly while he was halfway through his praise. “By the way, Mr. Boucher really publicized our products for us without charging us any fees for that. Zee, do you have a close relationship with him?”

Maisie was startled for a split second and then smiled. “It should be because of his collaboration with Waylon and Daisie. The two kids are filming with him, and he seems to like them very much.”

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The two rugrats have mastered the skills of buttering someone up.’

Kennedy nodded all of a sudden. “If that’s the case, Mr. Boucher is really doing his best in helping us to promote our products. Although we’re profiting from this association with him without any condition being named beforehand, we can’t just take advantage of him without expressing any appreciation.”

“Yeah, I understand that.” Maisie smiled with her arms crossed. “I’ll see if I can treat Mr. Boucher to a meal or something when I’m free someday in the future.”

Ordinary people would not even dare to think about buying Mr. Boucher a meal, but she could not take advantage of Mr. Boucher without doing anything in return. Thus, she could only repay his favor with a meal after giving it a good thought.

When speaking of returning favors, Francisco from the training camp came to her mind too.

It’s depressing to admit this, but how did I end up owing favors to both the Boucher heirs?’\*\*

At noon, everyone had gone out for lunch, and Maisie was the only one who was still designing some jewelry artwork in her office.

Occasional distractions made her lose all her ideas and inspiration in an instant. She crumpled the paper into a ball and threw it into the trash bin. There were already several paper balls piling up in the bin.

She rubbed her temples.

I've only gone to the training camp for half a month, and I haven't been able to get a grasp on any one of the fractions of myself before I left ever since I got back here."

Maisie was trapped in a trance until a Facebook notification popped up on the screen of her cell phone.

[J has sent you a friend request.)

Maisie tapped on the notification and skimmed through the request.

This person's profile exudes the aura of a strange old man who's just started to get into Facebook and Messenger. Is this a spammer's account?

Maisie rejected the request immediately.

Not long after that, a text message that came from Nolan appeared on the screen of her phone. "You rejected me?"

The corners of Maisie's lips twitched.

That Facebook account from just now belongs to him? Come to think of it, isn't Nolan a strange old man?

However, someone had already called her before she could find the time to reply to his message. She was caught off guard, almost dropped her cell phone, then calmed herself down and picked up the call. "Hello?"

A man's deep voice came from the other end of the call. "Why did you reject my friend request?"

She gnashed her teeth. "I misclicked."

"Send one back." The tone made it sound like an obligation.

Maisie added Nolan on Facebook

'It can be seen that he's a busy man who doesn't log in to his Facebook very often, no wonder he would screw up just now.'

Nolan added, "I'm waiting for you in my office."

Maisie was rendered speechless. She came to the administrative office, knocked on the door first, opened the door, and then entered the office after getting Nolan's permission

She was astounded when she saw the exquisite food and delicacies on the table.

Nolan put down the documents, uncrossed his long legs, slowly got up from his office chair, and walked toward her. "You haven't eaten, right? Care to accompany me for lunch?"

Nolan grabbed Maisie by her hand without waiting for her to respond and brought her to the couch. Maisie sat up straight beside him and recalled the steamy scene that had taken place last night. Her head was pounding, and she was on the verge of letting off steam from all orifices.

Nolan caught a glimpse of her awkward appearance and could not help but tease her. "What's wrong? Has the affection that you

have for me faded after only one night?"

.

"Can you stop talking?" Maisie gnashed her teeth.

'It's always lascivious whenever he starts speaking, and he definitely looks better when he's dumb.'

—

Nolan squinted his eyes as the corners of his lips twitched "Then why don't we relive the memory and enthusiasm from last night?"

Seeing that he was leaning closer Maisie panicked and pushed him away. Don

"Really?"

Nolan realized that he seemed to have gotten addicted to "bullying" her. He could not help it whenever he was with her.

He nibbled her slender neck abruptly, making her feel numb from head to toe and lose the strength to push him away

Nolan's gaze looked attractive, and his words sounded extremely flirtatious. "You were very enthusiastic last night. Have you forgotten about that?"

Nolan pinched her chin with his fingertips and stared at her moist eyes. Her cheeks looked flushed, and he could not help but feel the extreme urge to

“bully” her right now. Maisie shuddered from head to toe as she pushed his body away from her. “Nolan, be serious!”

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Nolan stared at her with his tender gaze, feeling a sense of satisfaction deep down.

T’ve “trained” my little wild cat well.’

He pulled her fingers nearer to him and kissed them. His eyes were filled with hints of dangerous lust. “Would you still go to a bar in the future? Huh?”

“No, I won’t go to one again.”

“Really?”

Maisie hauled his hand away from her and gave off a wrathful laugh. “Yes, can we eat now?”

There was a knock on the door.

Nolan’s eyes narrowed slightly, and his voice sounded cold and indifferent. “Come in.”

Rowena walked in with some documents and was about to say something, but a trace of abhorrence flashed across her eyes when she saw Maisie sitting beside Nolan with a table full of delicious lunch.

“Is there something that demands my attention?” Nolan’s attitude toward her was still very cold.

Rowena suppressed the resentment in her heart and forced a smile. “I’m here to inform you that the project meeting with Gleaming Mountain Inc. is about to start.”

“Okay.”

Nolan turned to look at Maisie. “Zee, do you want to accompany me to the meeting?”

Maisie was shocked.

What?

Flames were about to burst out of the bottom of Rowena's eyes. She bit her lip and said, "Nolan, although Ms. Vanderbilt works under Blackgold, she isn't a Blackgold employee. Isn't it a little inappropriate for her to accompany you to the meeting?"

"It's not inappropriate." Nolan raised his hand and rubbed Maisie's head as if he was grooming a cat. "Zee has been loving the idea of staying close to me lately and can't be separated from me, so I'll let her attend meetings with me to train her nerves. This would also tell everybody in the company about her identity so that they won't bully her in the future."

Maisie was rendered speechless.

"You're the clingy one among the two of us!"

Seeing Maisie's exasperated look, Nolan teased her with his affectionate gaze, ignoring the "outsider" who was standing in the office.

This flirty and amorous scene almost shattered the layer of ice that had formed in Rowena's cold eyes.

'All this should've been mine!

The news that Nolan brought Maisie along to the meeting spread throughout the whole company in an instant.

After all, all the company executives had seen it with their own eyes and heard it with their own ears when Mr. Goldmann announced to everyone present in the entire conference room that Maisie, the owner of Soul Jewelry Studio, was a member of his family and his fiancée.

Although they had heard of it before this, it had never caused such a huge commotion.

"I guess it's because of the female secretary who replaced Mr. Goldmann's previous secretary. That's why Ms. Vanderbilt is worried and is following Mr. Goldmann around, right?"

"That's not what I heard. I heard that Mr. Goldmann is the person who asked Ms. Vanderbilt to accompany him to the meeting!"

"I also think that it's Nolan who took the initiative. Ms. Zora looks like a rather indifferent person. She doesn't seem to be someone who would take the initiative."

"I'm so envious of Ms. Zora. She's now Mr. Goldmann's favorite. Who else do you think can receive the same treatment as Ms. Zora does from Mr. Goldmann?"

The discussion stopped instantly after Rowena appeared.

Everyone knew that Rowena was replacing Quincy as Nolan's personal assistant temporarily. They thought she was not someone t

o be trifled with, so the discussion ended, and everyone disbanded.

Rowena's eyes turned cold gradually.

'I won't allow Maisie to act so complacently for long!'

"That b\*stard!" Titus slammed the newspaper on the table. Rowena saw that the old man was extremely piqued after reading the news. Although there was a hint of pride beaming from the bottom of her eyes, she showed the willingness to respect Nolan's choice. "Grandpa, Nolan really pampers Ms. Vanderbilt like no one else. He must really care about Ms. Vanderbilt, right?"

"Even if the person that you're satisfied with is me, it's still not appropriate for me to break them up forcibly."

"He cares?" Titus was exasperated. "He could care about anyone in the world, but he's chosen to care about the woman who is related to that son of a b\*tch Hernandez de Armas? That woman is destined to bring the Goldmanns catastrophes!"

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If this was the past, Nolan would probably be a useless king! And that useless son of his, the father-and-son duo were the same. They even worked together to rebel!

Rowena advised in a low voice, "Don't be angry, Grandpa. I think the problem is Ms. Vanderbilt instead of Nolan."

"What do you mean?" Titus asked.

Rowena pouted. "Grandpa, if I told you, Nolan would say that I was complaining to you."

"Don't worry, I'm on your side. Just say it as it is." Titus showed that he would support her.

That made Rowena slowly say, "Ms. Vanderbilt kept bothering Nolan and wanted him to bring her to the meeting. And her attitude toward me was horrendous. She probably thinks that I'm a threat to her."

"She targeted me at the camp for no reason. On the day of her assessment, Nolan suddenly went to the camp with me. I think she probably told him something, and that was why he didn't trust me."

She was trying to paint Maisie as the troublemaker, and if it weren't for her, Nolan wouldn't be so reckless as to go against him.

Titus' expression darkened upon hearing that.

He knew that his grandson wasn't that bad. It seemed like that woman should not be allowed to stay any longer.

Waylon, who was standing outside the study, heard the conversation. His little fist tightened, and he walked away.

#Mr. Goldmann pampers his wife#

Maisie took some time to scroll through Twitter and saw that that was 'trending'. She was stunned

When she clicked in, it was all about them 'showing off their love at the office the other day.

#Woody: The wife of the hunky CEO is making me jealous.#

#OrangeFTW: Whenever Mr. Goldmann, who only shows up in financial news, shows up on Twitter, it's always new to make the single people jealous.#

#DayDreamer: The rich just have a different way of pampering their wives.#

Maisie put her phone down on the desk. The entire Zlokova would have known that she was Nolan's fiancée. Would they let her

continue working there?

There was a knock on the door.

She looked up. "Come in." Kennedy came in, followed closely by Cherie. "Maisie!"

1

Maisie slowly stood up. "It's you."

Cherie walked in proudly and said, "I'm taking a break, and Raven had something for me to bring to you. She said you probably left it."

Maisie's smile froze upon seeing Cherie give her a bag.

When she opened the bag, there was a jade ring inside that she had left at the camp.

She looked up. "How is Rye?"

Cherie scratched her head and smiled. "Not bad. I don't know why, but she is a lot more hardworking now."

Maisie looked down and smiled, but she remembered something, and her face dropped, "By the way, was Wynona's death really a suicide?"

"Why do you ask?"

Maisie's lashes fluttered, "I don't think she would end her own life."

Cherie looked down and pondered. "When Mr. Goldmann got us to investigate it, I thought that something was wrong. When Wynona was locked up, we got everything she had on her, and there was no knife in the interrogation room." Maisie asked, "Did you find anything from the investigation?"

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Cherie shook her head. "No. The people who saw Wynona all said that she was fine. No one knew how she got hold of the knife."

"Was no one guarding?"

"No."

Maisie had her answer, so she fell deep in thought. Someone could have entered the interrogation room to see her without a guard.

Seeing that she was still concerned about Wynona, Cherie smiled and said, "Alright, Maisie, no need to be concerned about that. We'll look into it."

After Cherie left, Maisie leaned back on her seat and picked up the crushed jade ring. Even though she thought that it had been 'violated' by Rowena, it was a present that Nolan had gotten for her, so she decided to restore it.

In the evening, Maisie went to the underground garage. When she got in front of the car, a person suddenly walked close to her. She raised her hand but was

immediately held down by her waist on top of the car. The man smiled. "Trying to ambush me?"

Maisie relaxed when she saw that it was Nolan. "You're the one who's trying to ambush."

Nolan lowered his head to kiss her on the lips, his eyes smiling. "What spell have you cast on me? It's just been a day since the last time I saw you, and I already miss you so much."

He had seen that he and Maisie were trending, and he had been excited for the entire day. He had finally 'appeared' with Zee on the

trending list proudly as fiancées.

Maisie lightly pushed him away. "Stop playing around. Someone might see us."

"There's no one here." Nolan held her hand. His eyes fell on the jade ring on her finger, and he was a little surprised.

\*Zee, didn't you..."

He didn't expect her to restore the broken ring. Even though it looked different from how it was when he first bought it, it was so nicely restored that there were no signs that work had been done.

He was proud of her.

Maisie turned her face away and pretended to be annoyed. "Even though I didn't like that someone wore it before, you got it from the auction for me, so I had to wear it." 1

Nolan's eyes softened, and he held her chin up with his finger. "I'll give you a better one next time, one that only you will wear."

Maisie smiled and pushed his hand away when she remembered something. She raised her brows and said, "Aren't you afraid that your grandpa will be unhappy seeing us blow up like that?"

Titus wouldn't accept her because she was related to the de Armas, and he had even arranged for Rowena to be by his side. Maisie wasn't a Blackgold employee, but Nolan had brought her along to the meeting. If she knew Titus well enough, he would probably be fuming.

Nolan laughed. "You're worried about this?"

Maisie turned her face away. "I have enough problems, and I don't need one more."

They had angered Titus the other day when they argued with him.

Nolan scoffed, running his hand over the corner of her eyes. "The Zee that I know never lets problems get to her."

At the Goldmann mansion....

At the dining table, Titus huffed because he saw that the three children were not eating. "You forgot how to eat when your grandpa and dad aren't around?"

Rowena volunteered to get some soup for them. "What do you feel like having? Tell me, I'll get it for you."

However, when Rowena brought the bowl to Daisy, the latter spilled it, and the hot soup burned Rowena's hand.

Mr. Cheshire was shocked.

Titus' face dropped. These three children had been pampered for too long! He angrily said to Daisy, "Apologize to Aunt Rowena!"

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Daisy's eyes reddened, and she didn't say anything.

Colton hugged her to console her and stared at Titus. "We don't want food from this woman."

To them, anyone who wanted to take their father away from their mother would be a bad woman.

Even though Rowena was disappointed, she still looked gracious. "It's alright, Grandpa, don't blame the children."

This little girl would get what she deserved one day.

Titus angrily slammed the table, his anger scaring everyone. "I'm not your grandpa nor your father. If they pampered you in the past, I'm going to change your bad attitude. Apologize to 'Aunt Rowena!'"

Colton and Daisy were obviously startled by his anger, but they were still stubborn and refused to apologize.

Waylon angrily looked toward Titus. "We don't need to apologize to her."

1. Cheshire almost had a heart attack when he heard that. How could this little child talk back to Titus?

Titus was shocked. This child was extremely hostile, but he had to subdue these children. "If you don't apologize, there'll be no food for you."

"We won't eat then"

- Waylon left the dining table, and Daisy and Colton followed their brother. Seeing how upset Titus was, Mr. Cheshire carefully said, "The three children,"

Their bad temper is the result of their parents' pampering. They'll compromise when they're hungry."

Anger filled Rowena's eyes. When she became Mrs. Goldmann, she would take good care of these three rascals.

Late at night...

Titus had trouble falling asleep. The three little great-grandchildren had angered him. They all had bad tempers, exactly like that brat Nolan

Even though he didn't want to pamper them, given the 'bad temper' of the three, they would probably not eat for the entire night.

He got out of bed to check on them.

Just when he got into the living room, he saw that the lights in the kitchen were on. He was angry and wondered if Mr. Cheshire was making supper for the three of them. Unexpectedly, he saw something different when he went over.

Daisy and Colton were playing at the dining table while Waylon stood on a stool to make supper for them.

Titus was stunned when he saw that. They could cook at such a young age!

When they saw Titus, Colton and Daisy stopped playing.

Titus raised his eyebrows and asked, "What are you doing?"

Colton turned his head and happily said, "Making supper, of course."

Titus said in a serious tone, "Making supper? How could you cook at such a young age? Who taught you that?"

That was too dangerous. How could that brat Nolan let the children cook?

“Cooking is no big deal. Our brother learned that when we were four and a half.”

Daisie was proud as only Waylon had managed to learn how to cook. The other two just couldn't get it. Even their mother said that he was a genius cook!

Waylon turned off the fire. He was familiar with all the equipment in the kitchen. He brought the spaghetti out, and when Colton and Daisie smelled it, their stomachs started rumbling.

They had wanted to eat sneakily but were 'caught by their great-grandfather.

Titus looked at the spaghetti that was cooked pretty well, and surprise flashed across his face. He took a good look at Waylon.

This child was different from Colton and Daisie. He had a calmer mind than those who were of his age, and that fierceness in his eyes when he was angry was more like his great-grandfather's than Nolan.

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Waylon was going to grow up into someone extraordinary.

The smell of the spaghetti floated into his nostrils and made that old man hungry.

Daisie noticed that and brought her plate over. With watery and innocent eyes, she said, “Great-grandpa, do you want some?”

Titus paused. He had yelled at this child in the evening, but now she was willing to share her food?

Titus still had to keep his pride, so he cleared his throat, turned his face away, and said, “Don't think that I will forgive you just because you did this.”

Daisie lowered her head and took her plate back, disappointed. “We know that you don't love us.”

The old man widened his eyes. “Who says I don't love you”

“There's some left in the pot if you want some. If not, it's fine.” Waylon cut him off.

Titus was rendered speechless. Had he grown too old? How could these three children walk over his 'fierceness'?

Forget it. There was no point arguing with children.

Titus took a plate for himself. He wanted to try out Waylon's cooking. It was rare to see him have a meal amicably with the children.

After he took a bite, he stopped speaking.

Daisie smiled, her eyes shining. "Isn't the spaghetti that my brother made yummy?"

"Hmm, who taught you how to cook? It's not bad."

"Mommy." Waylon's reply made Titus' hand shake. All of a sudden, the spaghetti didn't smell as good.

"That woman taught him?"

He put down his fork and said in an upset tone, "How could she let you do this at your age? As if her being bad at taking care of her children isn't bad enough, she even let you play around like this."

"You don't know how tough it was for her to take care of the three of us. You don't get to say whatever you want!"

Daisie pouted. "Mommy gave birth to us alone in a foreign country and had to make money to take care of us. How can we treat her well if we don't do anything in return?"

"She gave birth to you alone abroad?" Titus was surprised. He didn't know about Maisie and the three children's past.

Colton nodded. "Yes, no one took care of her when she was pregnant with us. She went through a lot by herself."

Daisie added, "No one can take over Mommy's place in our hearts. Mommy comes first, then Daddy."

Titus was silent.

He put down the cutlery and went back to his room.

The three children had a strong bond with their mother, and since they had been by her side since they were babies, they had a deep impression of their birth mother, Maisie.

Too bad this woman was related to the de Armas. He wasn't going to let his grandson become a pawn of the de Armas.

The three seated rugrats looked at each other. Their great-grandfather had obviously lost interest in listening. It seemed like he wouldn't waver even if they told him about her past.

The next day...

Mr. Cheshire walked Waylon and Daisie to the main door. The two waved to Waylon when they got to the car, "We're leaving, Waylon."

Waylon waved back.

He had finished filming his parts in the production, so he could stay home during this time.

When Waylon turned around to go into the house, he bumped into Rowena, who was walking out.

Even though Rowena had no love for the three, she didn't dare start anything with them since Titus was around. They were just children, so she could handle them.

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She smiled and tried to get closer to him. "Waylon, didn't you go out with your sister today?"

Waylon coldly looked at her, and when he walked past her, he said in a disgusted tone, "Stop trying. Even if you try to put ideas in Great-grandpa's head, you will never replace Mommy."

Rowena froze on the spot. She watched the little boy walk upstairs and was a little shocked. Putting aside the fierceness this little five-year-old had in his eyes, how would he know that she was putting ideas in Titus' head?

Her hands that were at her sides curled into fists. They were indeed from that woman's womb-difficult, just like her!

At that moment, she received a text from an unknown number.

[Didn't you say you were going to get me out of the Underground Freeway? I told you everything. When are you going to do what you promised?]

Rowena knew immediately that the text was from Willow. Yes, she had forgotten that Willow was a knife' that she could use!

After Willow escaped with the help of a few 'clients', she walked with them toward a car parked on south street.

The window rolled down. Rowena, who was in the car, still had her mask on. "I've brought you out. Now it's time to repay me."

Willow saw that this woman had some tricks up her sleeves, so she smiled and said, "How do I address you?"

Rowena calmly said, "Lady Wolfsbane."

"Alright, if you need me, Lady Wolfsbane, I'll be there."

Rowena laughed. "It's alright. All you need to do is get rid of Maisie."

Even if she didn't say that, the only thing that Willow wanted to do was to get even with Maisie. Nonetheless, she was suspicious." What do you have against her?"

She was happy that someone else hated Maisie. It was always good to have help, but she couldn't just trust this woman.

Rowena stared at her. "She took something from me that didn't belong to her. She... must disappear."

Hearing that this woman's hatred for Maisie was real, Willow was elated. "My enemy's enemy is my friend. Don't worry, that woman will see her downfall soon."

Maisie and Kennedy sat in the private room in the restaurant they had booked. After waiting for more than ten minutes, Kennedy looked at his watch and said, "It's already 9:30. Would something have come up with Mr. Boucher?"

"Maybe." Maisie understood. She was glad that he had agreed to meet in the first place. He was a big name in the entertainment world with lots of movies and sponsorships to get to.

She wouldn't want to take any of his previous time if it weren't to thank' him.

"Your Royal Highness!" The baby voice coming from outside the door startled her.

Daisie ran to Maisie on her short little legs and hugged her. "I missed you so much!"

Maisie laughed, bent down, rubbed her head, and kissed her forehead. Her face was filled with fondness. "Mommy missed you too."

Ever since they had returned, she had spent less time with her children and felt guilty about it.

Daisie pouted and looked sad. "Mommy, we don't want to stay with Great-grandpa anymore. He wants to make Daddy marry that woman and yelled at us. Waylon even said that she was putting ideas in Great-grandpa's head to replace you!" Maisie paused, and her expression darkened.