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The smell of rain on Nolan's body, coupled with the faint Gucci cologne and the minty smell of tobacco on his cloth, rushed to Maisie's nose.

"I'm sorry for making you worry about me."

Maisie pushed him away softly. "What are you guys doing here? Did someone get hurt?"

Quincy scratched the tip of his nose and replied, "Well, someone did get hurt, but it's not us."

Maisie was stumped. She lifted her head and looked at Nolan.

Nolan lifted his brow.

"Nolan!"

When she heard the voice, Maisie turned her head and saw Titus and Rowena were rushing into the hospital. –

A hint of surprise crossed Rowena's eyes when she saw that Nolan and the others were fine. However, it soon disappeared, and she asked softly, "Are you alright, Nolan? Elder Master Goldmann heard that you guys nearly got into an accident, so he rushed here to check on you all."

Nolan did not look at her. He turned to Titus and said, "I'm fine."

Titus heaved out a long sigh of relief inwardly when he saw that Nolan was fine. Harrumphing coldly, he asked, "Can you tell us what happened now?"

"Elder Master Goldmann, when Mr. Goldmann and I were on our way back, we were trailed by two cars. Those two cars surrounded us, and we nearly crashed our car when I tried to outflank them. We didn't expect they would crush their car first, so we rushed them to the hospital," Quincy replied. Rowena trembled, and her fingertips turned pale.

Titus was stunned.

"Why would someone suddenly follow you guys? Have you found out who did it?"

Quincy sighed. "They're still unconscious. Mr. Goldmann and I are thinking of staying back and asking them about it when they wake up later."

Maisie lowered her head.

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Who the hell would have the guts to ambush Nolan?'

When Maisie felt a surge of warmth on her hand, she jerked her head around. It was Nolan. He grabbed her hand and started writing something on her palm with his finger. She then calmed down.

Meanwhile, the doctor approached them. "Mr. Goldmann, the patients are awake now."

"Okay," Nolan replied as he nodded.

He turned around and walked toward the ward. Maisie, Titus, and Quincy followed suit.

After they got into the ward, Quincy turned his head around to look at Rowena and asked, "Rowena, are you not coming in?"

Rowena's shoulders were shaking as she bit her lips tightly. She smiled weakly, and her footsteps felt heavy.

She did not understand why things would turn out this way and why her men had gotten into an accident instead.

Just what kind of useless pieces of shit has Stone sent to do the job? They can't even do one thing right. Fortunately, I didn't let Stone do it. Otherwise, I'd be done for!

The person lying in the ward was covered in bandages, leaving only his eyes, mouth, and nostrils exposed to the air. He was confined by a cast and unable to move.

Quincy approached him and asked, "Who sent you?"

The person swiveled his eyes and looked at Rowena.

Rowena's pale face turned even paler. Titus looked at her, and she hurried to speak. "There's no way I would harm Nolan! It wasn't m

e!"

After that, she glared at the man and shouted, "I don't know you, so why are you doing this to me?"

*D*mn it! What the hell is going on with Stone?'

She had told Stone to instruct them to say the de Arma family had sent them. If everything had gone well and Nolan was hospitalized tonight, they could shift all the blame to the de Arma family. As such, Titus would definitely suspect the de Arma family along with what had happened to those two b*stards. 1

Besides, she had mentally prepared herself.

If they sold Stone out, she had a way to prove that she had nothing to do with Stone. It was just that she did not expect something like this to happen, and she even started to suspect whether Stone had betrayed her!

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He replied weakly, "It's you. It was you who sent us after him!"

"No! It wasn't me! I didn't do it! You're lying!"

Rowena's exaggerated reaction made Titus frown. He became suspicious of Rowena as his face turned slightly darker.

Seeing his reaction, Rowena grabbed his arm and continued. "Don't listen to him, Grandpa! He's lying! Nolan is the man I love the most, so how are there any chances I would harm him?"

Nolan chimed in coldly, "If it wasn't you, then who is it?"

Rowena clutched at her chest while her eyes turned red around the rims as she explained hysterically, "Nolan, I'm sure you know how much I love you. Even if I were going to hurt someone, it would never be you! I knew it! It must be the people from the de Arma family!"

After that, she pounced at the bed and shouted, "Who are you? Why are you telling lies, and why are you framing me?"

Quincy hurriedly pulled her away. Rowena was both upset and anxious right now, but she acted as if she was falsely accused of wrongdoing.

Maisie's gaze turned cold. If Nolan hadn't told her that this was part of his plan by writing on her palm, she would have believed that this incident might have something to do with the de Arma family.

Retaining the smile on his face, Nolan said, "Really? Are you sure it is the people from the de Arma family?"

You have to believe me, Nolan. This must be the de Arma family's plan-

If the people from the de Arma family are behind this, then why would he point you out?" Nolan asked, his gaze cold. "Do you know anyone from the de Arma family?"

Rowena was stumped.

"No, I don't know them." Rowena shook her head as she continued. "I don't know why they're framing me-

"Enough!" Titus growled, his face stern and dark. "If it were really the people from the de Arma family, it would be Nolan on the bed right now. I may be old, but I'm not senile yet. Rowena, you better tell me the truth. Are you the one who sent them?"

Rowena pounced in front of Titus and cried, "Grandpa, it really isn't me!"

Titus closed his eyes. He had watched Rowena grow up, so he couldn't accept it if it was really her.

Titus opened his eyes and looked at Rowena, who was bawling her eyes out in front of him. His face softened, and he said, "Alright. Get up."

After that, he looked toward Quincy and ordered, "Make sure you find out who is the one behind this incident."

Quincy smiled at him and said, "Roger, Elder Master Goldmann."

Nolan then chimed in and asked imploringly, "If we find out who is behind this incident, will you handle it?"

Titus was stunned. After all, Nolan had never asked for his opinion when he was doing something, so he did not understand why he would ask for his advice right now. It was raining outside, and it was very late at night. Titus was having a headache from all the troubles, so he just waved his hand and said, "I'll let you handle it."

Rowena wiped the tear off her face and went up to Titus. Her voice was filled with sobs as she said, "I'll go back with you, Grandpa."

Titus nodded.

After they left, Quincy patted the man on the bed. As Maisie watched in shock, he got up and undid all the gauze that wrapped around his body

Maisie was dumbfounded. The man was Nolan's bodyguard!

"Quincy, Mr. Goldmann, I nearly died from suffocation. Anyway, what do you think about my performance just now? Pretty awesome, right?" he asked and took off the cast. Then, he got out of the bed and stretched his body.

Quincy patted his shoulder and said, "Yes. You've done a great job. Mr. Goldmann will certainly reward you handsomely later."

Grinning from ear to ear, he replied, "That's awesome! I'll be leaving first, then!"

Maisie still couldn't come around to her senses. She asked blankly, "What's going on? Did you guys orchestrate the whole incident yourselves?"

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When Nolan had told her that there was a plan, she thought he was going to expose Rowena in front of Titus. It turned out that he had found one of his men and performed a show?

Quincy grinned and replied, "Ms. Vanderbilt, we didn't stage this ourselves. Someone indeed ambushed Mr. Goldmann and me while we were on our way back. It's raining out there, and the road is slippery. Had it not been for my superb driving skills, we would be the ones in the hospital right now. Those thugs weren't seriously injured, so we sent them to the police station. After that, Mr. Goldmann and I decided to go with the flow and find someone to put up a show."

"Seriously?" Maisie looked at Nolan. "But are they really Rowena's men?"

'Isn't Rowena in love with Nolan? Why would she do that?

Looking at her, Nolan smiled and replied, "Those people in the police station have confessed everything. Someone wanted them to put the blame on the de Arma family."

Maisie recalled how Rowena had been so certain that the people from the de Arma family were behind the incident. It only now occurred to her that Rowena wanted to transfer the blame to the de Arma family so that Titus would not suspect her.

Quincy continued. "That's right. One of the reasons Mr. Goldmann and I are doing this is that we want to remove those people behind Ms. Summers. After tonight's incident, Elder Master Goldmann will not trust her as much as he did in the past, while Ms. Summers will suspect that her people have sold her out."

Titus had a lot of trust in Rowena, and that was why she could act so blatantly. Besides, she had attended the training camp before, so she always had a backup plan to keep herself out of sight.

Unfortunately, her anxiety had gotten the best of her. She had been too anxious to prove to Titus that everything had nothing to do with her. If something had really happened to Nolan tonight, Titus would certainly have thought it was the de Arma family's doing.

The thing that happened tonight would give Rowena the wrong impression that her men had betrayed her. They were certain that she would not give up just like that. Therefore, they only needed to wait for her to make a move and take the bait. After Nolan finished giving his orders to Quincy, he brought Maisie back to Blue Bay villa. It was very late by the time they got home.

Realizing that Nolan's clothes were thoroughly wet, Maisie said with a pout, "Your clothes are wet. You should go to take a bath first so that you won't catch a cold."

Just when she was about to leave with his blazer, Nolan pulled her back into his arm. He coiled his arm from the back and rested his chin on her head. His voice was soft as he spoke. "Were you worried when you were coming to the hospital?"

"Hah, yeah. You didn't pick up my call, and when I called Quincy, they said you were in the hospital." Maisie turned around in his embrace and added expressionlessly, "It turns out that my worries were totally uncalled for."

When Nolan realized that she was angry, he smiled and replied, "I left my phone in the car. Anyway, you don't have to worry about anything. I promise you that there will be no next time."

However, Maisie did not reply.

"Are you mad?" Nolan carried her to the bed, supporting himself on the edge of the bed to encircle her in his arms. He comforted her, "Zee, I'm sorry. I promise I won't make you worry again next time, okay?"

Maisie just looked at him, but she did not say anything.

"You can hit me all you want if you're angry."

Nolan grabbed her hand and slapped himself in the face, the power it carried so strong that even her palm trembled. She pulled her hand back and asked, "Are you a glutton for punishment?"

Nolan continued to comfort her, "So can you forgive me?"

Maisie was caught between laughter and tears. She said, "I'm going to get angry if you still don't want to go take your shower."

Nolan then got up and replied, "Alright. I'll go take my shower now."

A few moments later, Nolan came out with a towel wrapped around him. He just casually ruffled his wet and disheveled hair, and Maisie was mesmerized by the scene.

When he noticed that Maisie was looking at him admiringly, the corner of his lips curled up a little. He grabbed her wrist, pulled her close to him, and wrapped his arm around her waist. "Do I look good?"

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The searing heat on Nolan's abs made Maisie's cheeks flush mildly.

"You should dry your hair first."

He smiled. "It'll dry up later."

Nolan lowered his head and planted a kiss on Maisie's lips without waiting for her to make any response. Her flimsy sleeping gown slid down her body as she wrapped her arms around his neck. Both of them fell on the bed, and it was yet another sleepless and lustful night.

The pitter-patter of the rain outside dimmed gradually, and the water droplets on the window slid down smoothly.

In the early morning, hazy light poured in through the slits in the curtains and gently sprinkled on the bed.

Maisie was woken up by her phone.

She rummaged through her bed to look for a phone. After finding her phone, she answered the call and said, "Yes?"

"It's me."

'Huh?

Maisie got up from her bed and subconsciously took a glance at the caller ID. It was an unknown number, but she knew who he was. "How can I help you, Mr. Lucas?"

"Grandpa wants to see you. 8:00 a.m. at SS Restaurant," Louis said.

Maisie fell silent for a few seconds before answering affirmatively.

After cleaning herself, Maisie came downstairs, and the breakfast was ready on the dining table. Nolan was sitting in front of the table, drinking coffee and reading magazines. He looked so poised and regal that he did not look like the aggressive and fierce man from last night at all.

"You're awake?" Nolan lifted his head and looked at her. He seemed to be in a good mood.

"Yeah," Maisie replied, feeling the heat rushing up to her cheek. She averted her gaze from him and sat down beside the table, "Why did you wake up so early?"

Nolan lifted his eyebrows and said, "If I didn't wake up earlier, who would prepare breakfast for you?"

Maisie pouted. She suddenly remembered something and said, "I'm going to meet Louis later."

Nolan raised his head to look at her, and she could see the merriment in his eyes.

It was rare enough for him that she would take the initiative to tell him who she was meeting. At the very least, she did not treat him as a stranger anymore.

He put the magazine down and said, "I can drive you there."

Maisie nodded. "Alright."

Driving his car, Nolan and Maisie soon arrived at SS Tower. Before Maisie got out of the car, he said, "Call me if you need anything."

"Okay," Maisie replied and got out of the car.

She came to the restaurant on the third floor, which was at near full capacity at this hour. The waiter led her to the private room. Inside the private room, there were only Louis and Hernandez.

Maisie walked up to them calmly and greeted, "Mr. Lucas, Sir Hernandez."

Hernandez lifted his head to look at her. "Have a seat."

Maisie took her seat before asking slowly, "Why do you suddenly want to see me today, Sir Hernandez?"

Hernandez took a sip from the cup in front of him. He seemed to realize that she was being wary of him, so he said, "You don't need to be so wary of me. I loathe the Goldmanns, but I won't force you to do anything for me."

Maisie set her jaw tightly, but no one could see through what she was thinking right now.

Hernandez put the cup down and continued. "Your mother went missing after she left the de Amma family. I've been looking for her all these years, and had it not been for Louis' mother to tell me that she has passed away and she has left behind a child, I would never have come to Zlokova."

Maisie was dumbfounded. "You came to Zlokova for me?"

"You can put it that way," Hernandez said, looking at Maisie with his sharp gaze: "It's a shame that you're stuck with that Goldmann brat."

"I had a relationship with Nolan before I knew my mother's identity, and even if I did now, I wouldn't leave him because of it," Maisie said, her eyes firm.

However, her seriousness was like a joke from Hernandez's perspective. "As far as I know, Titus hasn't accepted you as his daughter -in-law yet, and it's because you're one of the de Arma family. For him, having a daughter-in-law who's related to the de Arma family is worse than death."

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Maisie lowered her eyes and said, "Even if Nolan's great-grandfather nearly died in your father's hands, you got revenge on his mother already, right? They don't owe you anything anymore, so why can you let bygones be bygones?"

Two wrongs didn't make it right. Why must they pass on their hate to the younger generation?

Hernandez's face turned grim. "They don't owe me anything anymore?"

His countenance was stern as he said calmly, "I would never forgive them. Besides, you don't even know what they did to us that

year."

Maisie did not say anything. She clutched her hands on her laps tightly.

At that moment, Hernandez suddenly turned around and pulled his pants up. What appeared in front of Maisie was not a healthy human leg. Instead, it was a prosthetic leg.

Maisie was stunned.

"See? Patrick cut off my leg in an attempt to force my father to quit the government," Hernandez said, his voice filled with rage. "I was only eight, just a kid. The pain of having my leg chopped off is a nightmare that I can't get out of my life, and the person who gave me this nightmare was Nolan's great-grandfather!"

Maisie's face turned slightly pale.

His leg was cut off when he was eight!?'

Hernandez took a few breaths to calm himself down. After regaining his composure, he harrumphed. "Patrick promised my father that he would keep me safe and sound as long as he quit politics, but he still reneged on his promise. Well, it was wrong of us to trust a mutt who grew up in a slum. He was a rogue, a scoundrel, so of course, he wouldn't keep his promise.

"My father went to look for Patrick to avenge me. He should count his blessing that he didn't die in my father's hands in the end. However, after I turned 16 and took over the de Arma family, my father suddenly passed away."

Maisie could see the hatred in his eyes. It was so deeply rooted that it seemed impossible to be resolved.

"When I went to look for the cause of my father's death, it was only then I learned of the relationship between Patrick and the b*stard he had with the eldest princess," Hernandez said, derision thick in his voice.

As for the "b*stard" he mentioned, Maisie had heard about him from Nolan when she was in the training camp.

That child was Nolan's grandfather. The royal blood of Stoslo flowed in him, but he was not legally part of the royal family.

To the royal family of Stoslo, Nolan's grandfather, his great-grandfather, and the whole Goldmann family were "disgrace."

Nolan's great-grandfather had merely been a servant of the eldest princess, but they fell in love with each other and had an illegitimate child, which the royal family would never recognize.

Nolan's grandfather used to lead a turbulent life and even be hunted at all times because of his heritage.

If everything Hernandez said was true-if it was the Goldmanns who had behaved badly, gone back their promise, and murdered Hernandez's father-they should have known that it was them who did the wrong thing first and that the de Arma family was just taking their "revenge" by killing Nolan's mother. Why would the Goldmanns hate the de Arma family so much? 1

Was it really because of the incident involving Nolan's mother?

Maisie felt something was amiss, so she asked, "Are you really sure that Nolan's great-grandfather murdered your father?"

Hernandez snorted. "Do you think it's possible for me to make a joke about this? No one in this world knows the Goldmanns better than I do."

Maisie frowned deeply.

Looking at the serious expression on her face, Hernandez continued. "I'll tell you this again. If you don't want anything to happen to you or your children, stay away from the Goldmanns. The de Arma family is not the only enemy the Goldmanns have. A lot of people died at Patrick's hands, and those aristocrats aren't happy with them. You're Marina's daughter, so I won't lay a hand on you even if I'm going to get revenge on the Goldmanns. However, I'm not sure about the others."

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Whether Hernandez's words were a threat or a warning, they were not threatening enough to instill fear in Maisie.

She said with a smile, "Don't worry, Sir Hernandez. Even if the whole world becomes Nolan's enemy, at least I won't do so."

Maisie did not want to stay back for the meal, so she bid farewell to the two of them and walked out of the restaurant, where he met Rowena and Titus.

Rowena did not seem to care about what had happened last night and glanced at Maisie with a cold smirk on her face. "What a coincidence, Ms. Vanderbilt. Did you meet someone here for a meal?"

Maisie pursed her lips and gave off a smile. "Yeah, I've finished the meal, so I'll take my leave first."

*Titus is here, so I won't be able to defend myself alone when Louis and Hernandez appear and with Rowena fanning the flames.'

She nodded at Titus politely and was about to leave, but Rowena grabbed her arm. "Why are you in such a hurry to leave? I'm here with Grandpa for brunch. As Grandpa's granddaughter-in-law, it's not too over to have you stay back and accompany Grandpa for a meal, right?"

"Moreover, I sincerely wish to apologize for the things that I've done to you before this, so please do me a favor and stay back for a meal with us?"

Maisie's expression looked complicated.

It's obvious that Rowena deliberately doesn't want to let me go. Could it be that she knows who I came to see? I'd be putting Titus to shame if I were to reject her here.'

Titus did not want to wait anymore and said to Rowena before Maisie could say anything, "Since she's eaten, there's no need to force her to stay back. It's just a meal. There's no need for so many people."

It seemed that Titus was still regarding her as an outsider.

Maisie was about to speak when Louis and Hernandez walked out of the private room.

Rowena gave off a vague hint of smugness through her triumphant gaze.

Titus' expression changed drastically when he saw Hernandez, and his eyes turned stern and gloomy.

Hernandez walked boldly forward with his cane. "I didn't expect that I would get to see your hypocritical face as soon as I arrived in Zlokova, Titus Goldmann"

Titus' aura did not lose to that of Hernandez. "Yes, I'm showing an insignificant man like you a lot of respect just by showing up here."

There seemed to be an invisible and powerful pressure exuding from the two of them as if a fight would break out at any time. Any form of incitement at the moment would cause earth-shaking and mountain-shattering outcomes.

Maisie pursed her lips as she caught the meaning behind Rowena's treacherous expression and realized that she had indeed been waiting for this moment.

'She knows about the grudge between Titus and the de Armas, so she single-handedly created this encounter deliberately? But how did she know that I would meet Hernandez here?'

Fortunately, Louis discovered the changes in Maisie's expression and walked up to Hernandez's side. "Grandfather, we should go back already."

"Let's go." He snorted coldly, ignored Titus's existence, and left with Louis.

After seeing them walking away, Rowena's gaze shifted onto Maisie, who had a sulky face, and the corners of her lips curved upward coldly. "So you're here to meet Mr. de Ama?"

Maisie knew that Rowena was doing it on purpose, suppressed the coldness in her eyes slightly, and grinned. "Sir Hernandez did ask me out to talk about something, but that doesn't mean anything, does it?"

Rowena replied casually, "You were here to talk about things? Should I hope that you weren't talking to him about how you can make a move on Nolan?"

Maisie's gaze turned even colder.

Titus was already very upset about running into Hernandez, and when it was coupled with the fact that Maisie had met Hernandez before this, he was even more piqued at Maisie. "It seems that you didn't listen to what I said back then."

"Grandfather, I won't forget the promise that I made you. Just because I met Sir Hernandez doesn't mean I'm standing with the de Armas

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"Okay." Titus raised his hand to interrupt Maisie's explanation impatiently as his eyes looked sullen. "Just remember what you said."

Titus then turned and stepped into the restaurant

When Rowena saw the dejection and unwillingness in Maisie's eyes, she approached her triumphantly. "Maisie, Grandpa is still partial to me, so stop wasting your time and efforts."

Maisie looked at her and chuckled. "Yeah, Ms. Summers. You try to sow discord everywhere you go to make Grandfather love you more. Since you want to stay in the Goldmanns so much, why don't you change your name to Rowena Goldmann so that you and Nolan can be siblings officially?" 1

Rowena's expression changed, and she gnashed her teeth. "Maisie Vanderbilt, you'd better watch your complacency."

She then rammed into Maisie's shoulder and quickly caught up to Titus.

Maisie walked out of SS Tower and saw Cherie was already sitting in the car, waiting for her. She got into the car and closed the door roughly, giving off a loud sound.

Cherie saw her gloomy face and asked, "Maisie, are you alright?"

Maisie chuckled and smiled. "It's okay. I ate a fly during the meal, and I'm feeling a little disgusted now."

The food at SS Tower is so unhygienic, there are flies!?" Cherie thought it was true and believed fully in it. "We have to lodge a complaint about it!"

Maisie smiled helplessly. "Okay, let's go back to the company already."

Cherie sent Maisie to Vaenna. The lobby was dead silent because it had yet to open officially for business.

Maisie got a call from Nolan as soon as she walked into the elevator.

"Have you finished eating?"

Listening to his deep and gentle voice, Maisie was relieved and gave off a smile. "I didn't eat. We only talked about some matters."

Nolan stopped talking for a split second before his teasing voice came through. "You didn't have an appetite because I was not by your side?"

Maisie entered her office and sat on the couch. "I ran into Rowena and Grandpa at SS Restaurant. Grandpa learned that I met Hernandez, and his misunderstanding about me has probably deepened."

"Don't worry about anything, I'll explain it to him." Nolan's tone was comforting, although it came across through the call. There seemed to be a kind of reassurance.

"Do you want to see me?" he asked softly.

Maisie was startled "What?"

"I'll appear in front of you immediately if you say you want to see me." He smiled. "I won't lie to you."

Maisie got up and walked to the window. "Are you kidding me? It takes time to come here all the way from Blackgold. Are you telling me that you plan to come here through the air if I say that I want to see you?"

"Maybe?"

It was very quiet on the other end of the phone call, but she could faintly hear his footsteps. She had a hunch deep down and was flustered "You..."

Nolan's figure was reflected on the windowpane, and Maisie turned her head in surprise.

Nolan was still talking through the phone while standing at the door, looking at her. "I'm here, aren't I?"

Nolan walked up to her. Maisie seemed to be in a good mood as she wrapped her hands around his waist and blinked. "You really came here?"

He raised his hands, picked her up at her waist, carried her to the desk, and gave off a silent scoff. "I was afraid that you'd be pissed, so I came over to coax you."

"Coax me, you clearly only want to do..."

'Indecent things.'

"What are you thinking?" Nolan dropped a series of kisses on her lips with his warm lips, and a sense of numbness and a slight itch swayed back and forth in her heart "Are you saying that this doesn't make you happy?"

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Maisie's cheeks were flushed. Seeing that Nolan was about to do something bad at any moment, she grabbed his hand. "It's broad daylight! I don't want any funny business with you!"

Nolan put his hand on her lower back, pressed her against his chest, and asked her in a low voice and a very intimate posture, "Then with whom would you prefer to have funny business?"

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Maisie knew that if this were to continue, the lustful spark crackling in him would turn into a forest fire.

Although there was no one in the company at this time, she could not be sure about whether Kennedy would suddenly appear, so she quickly changed the subject. "Speaking of which, have you found out who that man is trying to protect?"

Nolan raised his head, and his watery eyes turned gloomy as he replied, "It's someone from the training camp."

"Someone from the training camp, could it be..."

"You know the person." Nolan lowered his head and gave her fair neck a peck.

Maisie placed her arms on his shoulders and could not help but tighten her fingers. "Does the person have the same rank as Cherie and the others, Mmmh."

"Huh?" Nolan stopped what he was doing as if he was doing so deliberately and stared at her flushed cheeks that resembled a sunset.

Maisie bit her lip, looked away awkwardly, and said, "Can you answer me properly!?"

He smirked. "Then don't make any noise. It's very risky to do so."

Maisie was about to die of wrath.

Nolan did not tease her anymore and replied, "It's Instructor Leach."

"It's actually him?"

Maisie's eyes dimmed "Could it be that Instructor Leach is the person who had a hand in Wynona's matter?"

'I do know Instructor Leach, but I can't believe that it has something to do with him. He was there to supervise the shooting assessment the whole time that day.

"And when I saved Logan from the pit viper, Instructor Leach and Hans were the first ones to rush up to me. If he knew in advance that someone would release a snake to hurt me..

'But if Logan hadn't startled the snake back then, the others at the assessment would have also startled it by accident and got bitten. Wouldn't he be worried about this problem?

'But Instructor Leach seemed to be unaware of the pit viper's existence back then.'

"Why did Instructor Leach do that?" Maisie was obviously puzzled. "If that man were willing to protect Instructor Leach to that extent, he'd definitely not let him take all those risks."

Nolan stared at her. "You should know that some people were being forced into doing so. There are reasons why he had to do that."

Maisie remained silent as everything had come to light.

'Just like what I guessed the other night. The mastermind behind the scheme has something on the man in his hand, and that something is the person who he values. His brother is Instructor Leach, so the same applies to Instructor Leach too.

'It's very likely that Rowena is taking advantage of Instructor Leach's relationship with that man. I didn't expect that she was plotting such a huge scheme.

'She had planned everything and even had everything under her control ever since I got into the training camp,

'As for why she killed Wynona, it's just that she needs someone to take the blame for the pit viper incident. Wynona's bad relationship with me made her the most suitable candidate. Regardless of whether I was bitten and killed by the pit viper, Wynona had to atone for the incident.

'Willow, Dad, the kids, and even Wynona's parents, every move that she's made seems smooth. All those evil thoughts and such a vicious mind are hidden under the pretty body, yet Titus has never discovered it.'

She then asked softly, "Did Instructor Leach kill Wynona?"

"No," Nolan answered quietly. "He saw her that day, but he lied because he's the one who brought her there."

Maisie now realized that Instructor Leach was not the murderer but an accomplice. She suddenly asked, "Can you expose her with just this piece of evidence?"

Nolan let off a grin as he pinched her lower jaw with his fingertips and kissed her lips. "Don't worry, I've arranged everything with Quincy."

At the Summer Pavilion..

The man who was locked in the room had been left starving for a few days, and he was already on the verge of dying. He licked his dry lips, and the famine had caused him to be disorientated.

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The lights in the room were turned on.

The man narrowed his eyes and stared fixedly at Quincy, who came in with a laptop.

"... I won't give you sh*t." Even though he was starving and could no longer bear the hunger, he still held on to his promise.

Quincy replied, "I didn't come here to get any information out of you."

The man was stunned, but he was so exhausted that he did not want to talk more.

Quincy pulled a chair over, sat down, and placed a bottle of mineral water that he brought along by his feet. "It doesn't matter if you want to disclose the information. After all, someone will speak up even if you don't give us anything."

The man stared at the bottle of water, and his already pallid face turned completely bloodless. He felt like a fish that was about to die from thirst in a desert. His desire to get his hand on the water bottle was so intense that his throat hurt when he swallowed his saliva

Quincy turned on the laptop and turned the screen to him. "I wonder if this person shares the same backbone as you."

The man's pupils constricted slightly as he completely froze in place.

"He's your younger brother." Quincy smiled and moved the bottle of mineral water to a position where the man could reach. "Mr. Goldman has found out about him and intends to interrogate him."

The man was feeble and spoke with difficulty all of a sudden. "Consider me unlucky that I got caught by you. But please let him go, he's being forced into doing this too. I can't give the person up, he'll die."

Quincy smiled "Don't worry, Mr. Goldman won't do anything to him, but I can't say the same for that person already."

Quincy already knew very clearly deep down who that person was.

The man fell into a trance, looking depressed. It was clear that he was in a panic.

Quincy closed the laptop lid and stood up. "Mr. Goldman admires your character, but it's unfortunate you're working for the wrong person. You have a partner named Stone, am I right?"

A hint of surprise flashed across his eyes. He had been under the impression that everything would be over as long as he kept his mouth shut ever since he got captured. Unexpectedly, they still found out about it.

He could not hide anything anymore, so his dry lips moved. "Yes, Stone and I are both Ms. Summers' subordinates. He's always been working for Ms. Summers and is very loyal to her. He brought me along and introduced me to Ms. Summers to work under her."

"You guys bought the woman from the Underground Freeway. Which of you has been contacting her all this while?"

"It's Stone and Ms. Summers."

Quincy continued to ask, "So, why did you have to kill the Winters?"

He swallowed and replied, "It's because Mr. Winters had seen Ms. Summers' appearance the other day, and Ms. Summers was worried that Mr. Winters would reveal her identity. Ms. Summers wanted to keep their mouths shut, so she got us to lie to them, saying that we would send them back to their hometown. We would then create an accident on the way."

After asking all those questions that needed to be asked, the video recording that was displayed on the laptop's screen was saved with the press of a key. Quincy then closed the laptop lid and got up.

The man stood up and pleaded with his dry voice, "Can you... let my brother go."

Quincy stopped moving forward and turned around to look at him. "It depends on what the police say. If you want to save his life, it's best to advise him to get off the grid for a few years."

The man had no complaints. As a hired gun, he understood that he would lose his life at any time-going to jail could be considered an easier way out.

Quincy exited the Summer Pavilion, got into the car, took out his cell phone, and called Nolan. "Sir, he's confessed. Everything's ready."

Nolan sat on the couch, buttoning his shirt. He then put his phone on the desk and turned on the loudspeaker, "Well, send someone to secretly keep an eye on the training camp and set in motion our trap as soon as the prey appears."

He looked back at Maisie, who was so tired and asleep, and stretched out his hand to brush away the messy strands of hair that

were scattered on her face. The residual warmth on her cheeks had yet to subside, and she looked flushed and enchanting.

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At the training camp...

"Mr. Boucher, your little goddess left so long ago. Are you still thinking about her?"

Francisco had just finished playing basketball with a few of his friends, and his body was still drenched in sweat. He was sitting on the bench drinking water while taking the ridicule of his friends head-on. He then waved at them. "Go away, stop making fun of m

e.”

Someone stepped over the bench, sat beside him, picked up the water bottle at his feet, and unscrewed it. “You’ve been rather absent-minded ever since your little goddess left the training camp. You haven’t been playing with us very diligently either.”

He took a sip and then asked faintly, “Have your soul left the training camp together with her?”

Francisco let out a sigh. “My soul has left the camp your *ss! I’m trying to be serious now so that I can go home earlier.”

The man did not believe it. “How can you still be a bully when you go home? Your parents will still keep an eye on you, won’t they? Isn’t life in the training camp rather happy?”

“It’s indeed happy.” Francisco looked at him. “But how much longer can this continue? I don’t want to get into top management, so I’ll be able to go home in a few more years. Thus, instead of waiting for my time here to end, I might as well go home now and lead a happy life.”

‘In the training camp, I could either fight my way into the top management or wait for the end of my term to return home. I’ve stayed here for a few years already. Although it’s considered to have helped me escape the strict control of my family, I’ll still have to go home sooner or later.’

Seeing that Francisco was getting up, the man asked, “Where are you going?” He replied, “I’m going back to the dorm to take a shower. I stink like a pig now.”

Francisco walked to the ground floor of the dormitory and saw two people there.

Instructor Leach’s back was facing him, while the man in front of him was standing very close to him and had his hand placed on Instructor Leach’s shoulder as if he was whispering something to him.

The man saw Francisco from the corner of his gaze, and his eyes turned slightly cold. He pulled down the brim of his cap to cover his face, turned around with his hands inserted into his pocket, and left quickly.

Instructor Leach took two steps backward stiffly, his posture seeming a little unstable.

Francisco noticed something was wrong, trotted toward Instructor Leach, and saw that he had lost his balance. Instructor Leach fell all of a sudden, so Francisco dashed forward to support him. “Instructor Leach!”

Francisco’s gaze shifted onto the dagger that was stabbed into Instructor Leach’s abdomen, and his hands were covered in blood.

The man drove away from the training camp. When he saw Rowena's call, he put on a Bluetooth headset and answered the call, "M S. Summers?"

"Are you on your way back now? And are you driving at 100 miles per hour?" she asked calmly.

The man was startled. "Yes... How do you know that, Ms. Summers?"

His car's current speed was indeed at 100 miles per hour.

Immediately after that, he heard Rowena say with murderous intent, "Stone, I'm sorry. I know you're very loyal, but I can't place my bet on the fact that you've never betrayed me, so don't blame me."

"Ms. Summers, what... What do you mean?"

Sweat perspired on Stone's forehead, and he noticed something subconsciously as he heard the sound of a clock ticking away.

He finally understood why Rowena had asked him about his current speed. This timed explosive had a speed timer, and the countdown of the explosive would be activated as soon as he exceeded the speed limit.

Several jeeps blocked the intersection of the rocky road. It was obvious to him that he had fallen into someone else's trap this time around

Stone burst into laughter like a madman. "Ms. Summers, you're really a cruel b*tch!"

He stepped on the accelerator abruptly. "If that's the case, why don't we go to hell together!"

The people in the jeeps picked up the walkie-talkies and yelled at each other, "Everyone! Stay away from the car! He plans to drag us down together! Move!"

Everyone jumped out of the jeeps and into the woods.

On approach, the car exploded.

The flame was everywhere as the ground quaked.

Those who were lying on the ground were astonished.

Nolan was standing in front of the window smoking a cigarette when his cell phone rang. Hans was calling him.