

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 61

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"Mister, can you tie me a bow?" Daisy started crying again as teardrops began to roll down her cheeks.

"Stop crying!" the man roared so loudly that his voice became hoarse.

Daisy, who was startled by the man, pursed her lips as she wept silently and stared at him without uttering another word.

The man tied her a bow, stood up, and walked behind the man with a brush-cut. "Do you think that Ms. Vanderbilt has lost her mind? She's actually going to pay the both of us \$ 80,000 each just to kidnap these two..."

"Why, is that too much for you?" The man with a brush-cut took out a cigarette and lit it while interrupting him, "You can get the f\*ck out of here if you don't want to proceed with this. I can f\*cking deal with these two puny b\*stards by myself!"

"Of course I'm in. How can I say no to this job? I'm just saying that this is way too easy for the money that we're about to get." The man grinned from ear to ear.

"Two children are worth \$160,000. Won't we get paid \$320,000 if we were to abduct four of them?"

Waylon heard what they were discussing and raised his eyelids. "Hey, is the Ms. Vanderbilt

that you were talking about Willow Vanderbilt?"

The two men turned their heads and stared at him.

The man with a brush-cut did not say a word, and the man standing behind him swallowed his saliva out of fear. "Bro, what should we do? This kid seems to know..."

The man with a brush-cut glared at him, stepped forward fiercely, and glared at Waylon condescendingly. "What do you know?"

"Hehe, we're child celebrities, and we've appeared in fashion magazines with an award winning actor, and she's only paying you \$160,000 for the both of us. Isn't that a huge loss from your perspective?"

After hearing this, the man stepped forward and said to the man with a brush-cut, "He has a point, bro. It seems that we've lost a lot of money this time around!"

The face muscles on the man with a brush-cut twitched as he smacked the man's forehead. "F \*ck off, you d\*ckhead!"

Waylon raised his head and looked directly at the man with a brush-cut. "\$160,000 is definitely a loss for you. We're at least worth \$800,000."

The man with a brush-cut looked at him suspiciously. "Rascal, are you trying to fool me?"

"Each of us is worth \$800,000, so kidnapping the both of us should earn you \$1,600,000. It's up to you to figure it out if we're worth it." Waylon shrugged.

The man who had just gotten slapped covered his forehead and walked over with a grin as he said, "Bro, that's a great deal!"

The man with a brush-cut leaned over and glared at him. "Believe it or not? Another word from you, and I'll kill you first!"

"The car you drove has a GPS, and I reckon that someone will be able to locate it soon. Even if you were to kill us, where can you go with only \$160,000?"

The expression of the man with a brush-cut changed slightly.

They did not know if there was a GPS on the car, but it was always wise to play it on the safer side.

The man panicked and said hurriedly, "Bro, if that's the case, then we're truly at a loss. We have to ask for more compensation!"

The man with a brush-cut straightened his posture, bit the bullet, and gave the order, "Call her and ask for a raise."

The man walked to the side and made a call. He then turned around after a short conversation that no one could hear the content and exclaimed, "That b\*tch is rejecting our demand!"

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"She's Mr. Goldmann's girlfriend. Asking her to pay us \$1,600,000 is a waste of time. It's better for you to ask Mr. Goldmann for the money directly." The rope that was tying Waylon's hand was already halfway from being cut. He had grabbed a sharp object from his pocket earlier when they were still in the car and held it in his hand.

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The man with a brush-cut took a glance at the man.

The man responded helplessly, "I... I don't have Mr. Goldmann's phone number."

"I know his number. I'll give it to you. It's +1650265.."

The man pressed the number and dialed out. The call actually went through after a while. Daisy burst into tears all of a sudden. "Boohoo, I want to go home, I want Mommy!" The man was affected by her crying and yelled at her after forgetting that the call had been connected, "Shut up, you crybaby!"

Nolan's face turned gloomy in an instant when he heard the commotion on the phone call, so he got up and asked, "What do you want?"

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"You... You're Mr. Nolan Goldmann, aren't you? If... If... If you want to save these kids, pay us \$ 1,600,000. Otherwise, we'll kill them!"

Nolan's cold eyes became extremely sulky and stern as he glanced at Quincy, who was standing next to him. 1

Quincy seemed to have understood something, grabbed his coat, and left the office with Nolan.

"I'll pay you the ransom that you asked for. However, if the kids were to get even a tiny scratch on them, brace yourself to die in pieces." Nolan left a threat behind and then hung up.

He handed the phone to Quincy. "Trace the call back to its origin."

The man who had gotten hung up walked to the man with a brush-cut. "Bro, Mr. Goldmann is actually going to pay us the money!"

The man with a brush-cut did not utter a single word, even though the response did catch him off guard.

'Mr. Goldmann is willing to pay \$1,600,000 in exchange for the children.

While the man with a brush-cut was pondering about something, Waylon had already managed to cut the rope.

Both of the men did not even notice that Waylon had walked up to their backs because they had their backs to him.

He snatched the knife from the man's hand.

And when the man turned around, he was stabbed abruptly in the stomach by the knife.

"Scoundrel, how dare you..." The man with a brush-cut was about to grasp Waylon, but Waylon flexibly grabbed his hand and slit his arm.

At a young age, Waylon's ferocity gave the man with a brush-cut a shock that was enough to send a sheer coldness down his spine. 1

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Perhaps because he had just gotten slashed and was feeling the excruciating pain, the man did not dare to move hastily but approached him carefully. "Scoundrel, if you don't want to die, put the knife down..."

"If you think you're good enough to one-up me, come at me and get it yourself." Waylon imitated the appearance of the man while he was playing with the knife in the car.

Cold sweat started perspiring on the forehead of the man with a brush-cut.

'This kid can play with the knife so flexibly, and that loser has been stabbed. This little

scoundrel is not someone to be trifled with.'

"If he dies, you'll have to-"

"I'm young, the police wouldn't believe that I'd kill, would they? Even if they were to believe in that theory, you're the ones who kidnapped us at first. We killed you because we were threatened, that's categorized as legitimate self-defense." Waylon looked calm.

"Bro... I'm bleeding a lot, and I feel like I'm dying..." The man sat on the ground, clutching his wound. His hands were covered with blood.

The man with a brush-cut gulped a mouthful of saliva and could not decide what to do for a moment.

'If I were to rush straight up to him, I'd probably have to take another hit.'

Waylon knew that the man would not dare to come over-the knife in his hand was a perfect weapon for self-defense.

At that moment, police sirens could be heard coming from outside the door.

Hence, Waylon quickly shoved the knife into the hands of the man with a brush-cut, placed the edge of the knife on his neck, and acted as if he had been captured.

“Police, don’t move!” The policemen had already broken in before the man with a brush-cut could respond.

“Waylon, Daisy!” Angela ran in and hugged the two kids who had just gotten rescued from the criminals by the police. “You guys really scared me to death!”

“Sir, I really didn’t stab him. It was the kid...” The man with a brush-cut, who was being taken away, desperately explained that he had not injured his partner due to an infight or held the child captive, but the police did not believe him.

Angela took the two of them out, while a Rolls-Royce pulled over not far away from the scene at that moment.

Nolan got out of the car, watched as the police threw the two kidnapers into the car, turned his head to glance at the two children, pressed his lips together, and then walked toward them. 1

Daisy rushed toward him when she saw him. “Mister!”

Daisy hugged him.

Nolan was stunned for a split second, squatted down, and picked her up. “Sorry, I was late.”

“It’s okay, we asked them to call you in order to buy time for Mr. Policemen to make it here,” Daisy said while wrapping her arms around his neck.

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Nolan was slightly startled. “These two kids are very smart.’

However, when he looked at Waylon, he realized that Waylon’s eyes looked a little indifferent. Hence, he put Daisy down and walked toward Waylon. 1

“Mr. Goldmann, you’re here too?” Angela was taken aback.

‘Is it because of these two kids too?’

Nolan nodded at her, but when he lifted his hand to rub Waylon's head, Waylon avoided it. "Don't touch me. If it weren't for you, we wouldn't have been kidnapped."

Nolan frowned as he stared at Waylon without saying a word.

'They were kidnapped because of me?'

Daisie ran over and grabbed Waylon's hand. "Waylon, don't say so."

"Why shouldn't I say so? I overheard the two kidnappers when they made the call. Everything happened only because of his woman!"

Looking at the tears that were welling up and the hostility that was flashing across Waylon's eyes, Nolan was slightly startled.

Quincy's expression looked a little complicated.

'Mr. Goldmann's woman? Is it... Ms. Vanderbilt!?'

Nolan squatted down slowly so that his eyes were level with Waylon's and looked at him. Even though the eyes of the tiny boy in front of him were bloodshot, they were still filled with a tad of stubbornness and ferocity.

Those emotions should not appear in the eyes of a child of this age.

He caressed Waylon's cheek and gently wiped the droplets from the corners of his eyes with his fingertips. "I'm sorry."

Quincy and Angela were dumbfounded.

'Mr. Goldmann has never apologized to anyone so subserviently.'

Waylon did not utter a thing.

Nolan hugged him in his arms and stroked the back of his head. "Nothing like this will ever happen again in the future. You have my words."

Waylon looked bewildered. The man's broad shoulders gave him a warm sensation.

'So this is what a father's embrace feels like?'

"Mister, I want a hug too!" Daisie also wanted a hug.

Nolan steadily picked up the two kids with both arms. "Let's go back."

At Blackgold Group... 2 Maisie was still busy with the jewelry studio project, but the cell phone that she placed aside rang abruptly.

She put down the file and went to the desk to pick it up. It was Leila.

Why is Leila calling me at this time?’

“Mrs. Vanderbilt, how can I help you?” “Oh, judging from your tone, nothing seems to have happened.” “Pfft, why would you care about me, Mrs. Vanderbilt?” Leila snorted. “The two children are about to die, and you’re still acting so calmly?” ‘I don’t care whether they’re Maisie’s b\*astards, I’m going to sound it out today.’ “What do you mean?” Maisie’s expression changed.

“Even though there’s no way to know whether two little b\*astards are dead or alive now, they’ve probably suffered a lot too, right?”

Leila’s words made Maisie’s expression turn gloomy gradually. “Leila Scott, I dare you to make a move on them.”

“Okay, so those two b\*astards are indeed yours!” Leila’s eyes looked ruthless. “You actually lied to us!”

“So what if they are?” Maisie tightened her hand that was holding the phone. “Leila, if something were to happen to my son and daughter, don’t blame me for what’s about to happen.

“Oh, by the way, aren’t you worried that I’ll snatch Nolan over from your daughter? You better pray that my children will come out of this incident unscathed. Otherwise, I won’t mind following your footsteps and picking up a few leaves out of the book that you used to seduce my father. After all, given my charm and talents, getting myself into Nolan’s bed is just a piece of cake.”

“Maisie Vanderbilt!” Leila gritted her teeth. Judging from what Maisie had done so far, she could imagine that Maisie would have the guts to do so.

Hence, Leila had no choice but to take a step backward and compromise. “Okay, I’ll let the two children go, but you’d better bring the children out of Bassburgh. Otherwise, things won’t be this simple in the future!”

After the call, Maisie stood by the desk, supporting herself unsteadily by propping herself up

on her arms on the desk. She then clenched her hands.

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## Chapter 64

'Leila Scott, Willow Vanderbilt, you're the ones who drive me into a corner in the first place!

At the Goldmann mansion...

A car drove slowly on the green trail. Both sides of the trail were full of parasol trees, while the sculpture fountain located in the center of the circular square was faintly visible.

And behind the sculpture fountain, a European-style mansion that looked like an ancient castle stood in the middle of the courtyard, giving off an outstanding grandeur.

"Mister, you live in such a big house by yourself?" Daisy looked at the luxurious mansion, which was much bigger than their home!

Nolan's eyes moved around. "Well, you can stay here if you want."

'Anyway, it's just a matter of time.'

Waylon turned his head away. "We won't want to do so."

Nolan smiled and said nothing.

The car stopped outside the front door, and the butler who was waiting outside the door stepped forward and opened the back seat door. However, he was astounded all of a sudden when he saw the two children in the car

The two children got out of the car one after another. The butler stared at them, then took a glance at Nolan, who had just gotten out of the car, and then gazed at the two kids again.

"Mr. Goldmann, they..."

Nolan did not answer him but went into the house with the children first.

Quincy walked up to the butler. "Mr. Cheshire, you'll get it sooner or later. There's no need to ask too much."

The butler, Mr. Cheshire, seemed to have only a hazy notion.



In the mansion, the huge white lobby adopted a duplex layout. There was also a luxurious and retro crystal chandelier hanging in the center of the hall.

The maids standing in a row were shocked when they saw the two children beside Nolan.

'Mr. Goldman has children!'

Daisie leaped onto the couch and sat on it with her little feet dangling off the side. Nolan turned around and said to Mr. Cheshire, "Get the kitchen crew to make some food."

Mr. Cheshire nodded. "Yes, sir."

Waylon looked around, saw that the cabinets and shelves were full of expensive antiques,

and gave them the cold shoulder. "The decorations are not as practical and cozy as ours."

After hearing this, the maid on the side did not dare to even breathe.

Nolan chuckled, "Yes, the mansion lacks a mistress, so the layout looks a little crude."

The maid was stunned.

'Is this considered crude?'

Daisie leaped off the sofa and approached Nolan with a pair of watery and brilliant eyes. "Mister, then you should come to our house. Our house lacks a master!"

As soon as Daisie said so, the smartwatch on her wrist flickered. At first glance, it was "Her Royal Highness" who called!

Nolan looked at the caller ID that was flashing on the tiny screen of the little smartwatch. His slanted eyes narrowed slightly as he grabbed her arm and answered the call.

It was too late for Waylon, who wanted to stop Nolan, to do so. Fortunately, Daisie, who was stunned for a split second, could still respond. "Mr. Goldman, it's very rude for you to listen to other people's calls like this!"

When Maisie was speaking, Daisie spoke at the same time, so the voices from both sides overlapped each other, and Nolan could not hear the woman's voice clearly.

Listening to the sound that was coming from the other end of the call, Maisie was astonished for a few seconds.

'What did she just say, Mr. Goldmann? Nolan Goldmann!'

"Mommy, we're all right. Mr. Goldmann has rescued us. Hello... Hello, hello... *Mommy?* Are you there?" Daisy raised the watch closer to her ear, listened to it, and then ended the call on purpose.

She then said with an innocent expression, "Mister, the place where Mommy is at doesn't seem to have a good signal."

Waylon breathed a sigh of relief. 'That was a close call. Everything almost got revealed.'

Nolan pressed his lips tightly and did not say anything.

Maisie's heart, which had been racing all this while, was finally at ease.

'At least, it can be confirmed that Waylon and Daisy are now safe. But how did Nolan know about them?

'In any case, this incident has taken place once, and there will definitely be another one. I'll absolutely not provide Leila and Willow with another opportunity.

At Vanderbilt manor...

"Sh\*t, sh\*t, sh\*t. The call just won't get through. Willie, you said that they called and asked for

a raise. They won't really kill the kids, will they?"

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Leila started to panic. That b\*tch is a woman of her words.'

Willow bit her lip. "That shouldn't be possible. If they're dead, then just let it,"

"No, that can't be it!" Leila walked up to her. "That b\*tch has made it very clear. If the kids die, (This novel will be daily updated at )then she'll tell Mr. Goldmann about the matter from six years ago and snatch him away from you. Don't forget, she now knows that Mr. Goldmann is the man from that night."

Willow clenched her hands.

'D\*mn it! I only wanted to threaten Maisie originally, but look at this mess. Things are getting more and more complicated!

"Or, I'll go to Nolan. I only need to tell him about the news and get him to search for the kids. *Maybe* Nolan won't suspect me that way!" Willow thought this was a way to get out of this

mess.

Leila also thought that it was feasible and urged her to go.

The two children stared at the exquisite food on the long, white dining table of the Goldmann mansion and realized for the first time what it meant to have everything that they desired.

"*Mister*, do you usually eat so much on such a long table alone?" (This novel will be daily updaed at )Daisie asked with an exaggerated expression.

Nolan sat at the table, gracefully slicing a steak with a knife and fork. "No, it's just that you're here today."

He had never been an extravagant and wasteful person, but he did not want to treat these two children shabbily.

Quincy walked up to Nolan, leaned over, and said something next to his ear.

Nolan stopped all his actions. His eyes turned slightly gloomy as he put down the silverware and slowly got up. "Kids, do help yourself first."

Waylon and Daisie watched as Nolan and Quincy went out. They then exchanged gazes suspiciously.

Nolan walked to the balcony, took a cell phone from Quincy, and answered the call, "How's the investigation in Coralia?"

"Mr. Goldmann, we caught a person who was lurking around outside the Bureau of Justice. *We* then interrogated him, and he gave up everything. It was Mrs. Vanderbilt who hired him to d o this."

Willow's mother, Leila Scott?'

Nolan's eyes were cold, and he replied faintly, "Keep a close eye on anyone who looks suspicious before the results are out."

He returned the phone to Quincy, turned his head, and said, "I suspect that the woman from six years ago wasn't Willow."

Quincy was startled. "Do you want to investigate that incident again?"

Nolan's tone sounded indifferent. "Go and get me the manager that worked at the Empyrean Hotel six years ago. I want to re-examine something."

After Willow learned that Nolan was not in the company, she found her way to the Goldmann mansion.

She had been very piqued and had not come back for a while because of the initiative that she took the other night, which made Nolan very upset. Not to mention the maids had been mocking her secretly for a few days after they got to know about the incident.

'Just you wait until when I become the mistress of the Goldmann mansion. I'll make sure those lowly maids who laugh at me suffer big time!

However, as soon as she walked to the entrance, she saw Quincy and Mr. Cheshire walking out with the two children.

The expression on Willow's face stiffened a lot when she saw the two kids here.

Waylon's eyes turned gloomy as soon as he saw her, and he glared at her (This novel will be daily updated at ), showing obvious disgust and abhorrence.

Willow's fingernails were about to pierce into the palms of her hands, but she still gave off a friendly smile as she walked toward them. "Are you all right? I heard that you were kidnapped. That gave me quite a shock." "Do we know you?" Willow's gaze looked disgusted.

Willow gnashed her teeth. 'This b\*stard actually has the guts to embarrass me!

"What are you doing here?" Nolan walked out with a hint of coldness on his face.

Willow bit her lip, pretending to be frail and tender. "Nolan, I'm here to look for you. I heard that these two kids were kidnapped and couldn't be found anywhere, so I came to you."