

The Three Little Guardian Angels  
Chapter 1286

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Nolan smiled and grabbed her by her waist.

"You're the lady of the house here, but you can't make a decision?"

Maisie leaned in half an inch.

"I'm discussing with you, the lord of the house."

Nolan carried her to the table and put his hands behind her on the table. He then put his lips close to her cheeks.

"Our discussions would be more fruitful at night." Maisie chuckled and put a finger to his lips.

"That's not a discussion. That's a transaction." He laughed.

"Transactions are so old-fashioned."

He then buried his face on her neck, brushing his lips against her skin.

"That's part of the fun."

Maisie felt ticklish, so she escaped.

"You're so naughty even during the daytime."

He kissed her lips.

"Ever since I met you, I've forgotten what not being naughty means."

His hand slowly unbuttoned her clothes.

At that moment, there was the sound of shattered china downstairs.

Maisie immediately pushed him away and tidied up her clothes.

"What was that?" Nolan hugged her.

"Zee, don't leave me hanging right now."

He kissed her again, but Maisie put her palm to his lips.

"Saydie is waiting for me downstairs. I can't keep her waiting."

After that, she smiled and escaped.

Nolan tugged on his tie to release some heat.

Maisie walked downstairs.

"What happened here?"

She saw the shattered vase on the floor and Quincy picking up the pieces.

He jerked when he heard Maisie's voice and slowly looked up.

"Mrs. Goldmann "

Maisie looked at Quincy and Saydie.

Before she could speak, Nolan's voice echoed.

"That vase was passed down from Elder Master Goldmann. It's worth \$ 4,500,000."

Quincy immediately raised his arms when he heard that number.

"Mr. Goldmann, I swear that this was just an accident, I—"

Saydie suddenly pointed at him.

"I saw it, he broke it."

Quincy looked at her in shock because that was an utter lie. He hadn't broken it—she had! He immediately stood up.

"Mr. Goldmann, it really wasn't—"

"We'll take it out of your salary."

Nolan looked at him with no emotions.

That was for interrupting him! Quincy stood there like he was a statue.

Maisie couldn't help but laugh when she walked to Saydie.

"Go pack your bags."

Saydie nodded and looked toward Quincy when she pulled a face.

Quincy almost fainted from anger.

That was too much! "Mr. Goldmann, look at her—"

Quincy wanted to complain, but Nolan looked mischievous.

"Can't even handle a woman."

Quincy was rendered speechless.

A few days later...

Maisie walked past the study and heard Quincy's voice.

"I heard that Antonio Santiago has left the board of La Perla and has handed his shares

to the deputy director. I think the

Santiagos are going to migrate to another country."

Nolan closed his file and put it on the desk.

"That's a loss."

Maisie entered the room, and the two men looked at her simultaneously.

"When was that?"

Quincy replied, "Two days ago. It's in the news. Antonio announced that he was leaving

the board of directors of La Perla and

handed the position to his friend."

Maisie raised her eyebrow.

"Why are they migrating out of the blue?"

"Who knows?"

Quincy shrugged.

"Maybe they just needed a new environment. Antonio has been working his entire life, so

I guess he's retiring earlier."

After Quincy left, Nolan stretched his hand, brought her over to him, and stared at her.

"What's wrong?"

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Maisie shook her head and sat on his lap.

"I just think that it's a waste. Antonio Santiago is quite a big name in the jewelry

industry. He founded La Perla over 30 years ago

and thought that he would be able to pass it to his daughter, but he probably never

thought that it would go to someone else."

He pushed her hair behind her.

"Maybe Antonio knew that he had had a good run, but he didn't teach or spend enough

time with his daughter. After what

happened, fame and fortune are no longer as important as family."

Maisie paused and stared at Nolan.

"If it was Daisy, would you—"

"Yes."

Nolan lowered his head and kissed her forehead, then leaned in closer to her.

"I can give up fame and fortune as long as I have you."

Her eyes welled up.

She looked down and smiled when Nolan pulled her into a hug and kissed the top of her head.

At the same time, at the Santiagos'...

Mrs. Santiago finished packing her bags when she went into the study.

She saw her husband standing in front of the photo frames on the bookshelf.

His parents, his baby, their wedding, and Pearl's pictures had all been taken in this house.

"Honey, if you can't get yourself to do it, why don't"

"No."

Antonio turned around and faced her.

"We can leave once everything is packed. We're not leaving forever."

Mrs. Santiago's eyes welled up, but she smiled.

"That's true. Let's just spend New Year's overseas this year."

The car slowly drove into the airport.

Pearl and her mother sat in the backseat while she looked out the window—the passing scenery was like scenes from a movie.

Kamala held her hand.

"Pearl, once we're overseas, I'll find the best doctor to work on your face, so don't worry about it."

Pearl turned to face her, smiled, and nodded.

On the other side, Tanner sped to the airport when he found out that Pearl was leaving. He parked his car at the entrance to the

airport and ran into the departure hall, searching for Pearl among the crowd. He picked up his phone, but her phone was

switched off. He dropped his arm, so anxious that he almost broke down.

Pearl sat in the departure hall with a hat on.

Her hair covered the gauze on her face.

She put her hand on her belly, deep in thought.

When the announcement to board the flight was made, Kamala picked up her luggage bag.

"Let's go. We need to board."

Pearl nodded and followed her parents to the gate.

They missed each other just like parallel lines.

After two months...

Maisie arranged for everyone at Soul to go on a break the day before New Year's.

They all left by noon, but she left after clearing up her work.

When she was closing her door, she saw Kennedy walking over.

"Uncle Kennedy, why are you still here?"

Kennedy was bummed.

"I left my bag in the office and returned to pick it up."

He looked at her.

"You asked everyone to leave, but you stayed to work instead."

She smiled.

"I'm the owner, so I have to be responsible. By the way, Uncle Kennedy, bring Aunt Samantha over for dinner with us on New Year's."

She walked toward Nolan, who was waiting outside his car after getting out of the office building.

He was in a suit and black coat but didn't have a tie on, and his collar was unbuttoned. She walked over.

"Why didn't you wait in the car?"

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Nolan put out his arm and pulled her in.

"Because I want to hug you."

She laughed and flattened his collar with her hand.

"It's still early. I'd like to go somewhere before we go home."

Nolan nodded and held her hand.

"I'll go with you."

Maisie bought two bouquets of white roses from the florist and slowly drove into the graveyard.

She walked to her parents' graves with the bouquets.

"Dad, Mom, another year has passed. I used to hate New Year's because I didn't belong in that family, but not anymore. I'm a mother now, and I have a husband who loves me, so you don't need to worry about me anymore."

Maisie looked down, took a deep breath to keep her tears back, and smiled at the photos.

On the way back, Maisie leaned on Nolan's shoulder while he put his arms around her and kissed the top of her head.

The car parked in front of the mansion, and Daisie's voice could be heard right after Maisie got out of the vehicle.

"Mommy, Waylon and Grandpa are back!"

She trotted over, jumped into her arms, and happily looked up.

"Are you surprised?"

Maisie laughed and pinched her nose.

"I knew it already."

Daisie pouted.

Waylon and Yorrick walked into the yard.

Maisie and Nolan were both surprised when they saw Yorrick.

Yorrick patted Waylon's head and raised his eyebrows at them.

"What? Are you surprised to see me with your son?"

Nolan laughed.

"You're just here for the free meal."

Maisie squinted.

If Yorrick was here, Madam Hathaway and Xyla were probably there.

As expected, Madam Hathaway was having a good chat with her grandchildren in the living room with Xyla sitting next to her.

"Nolan, Maisie, you're back."

Nicholas put down his teacup.

Maisie walked to Madam Hathaway and smiled.

"We meet again, ma'am."

Nolan whispered into her ear, "You should call her Grandma."

Maisie paused.

Madam Hathaway chuckled.

"It's alright, that's not important. I'm not married to that old man. I prefer ma'am."

Maisie felt awkward.

Nicholas walked over with his crane and Quincy.

"You're still our family."

Madam Hathaway picked up her teacup and calmly said, "I looked forward to it when I was younger, but not anymore. I'm glad I wasn't married to that old thing."

Titus, who usually had a hot temper, only kept quiet. It seemed that only Madam Hathaway was able to control him.

On New Year's Eve, they all sat together for dinner along with Quincy and Saydie. It was a lively event.

Waylon peeled some prawns for his sister, and Colton looked at him.

"You're spoiling her again." Daisy stuck her tongue out at him.

Waylon was helpless.

"You can't win an argument against her."

Colton tried not to laugh.

Daisy heard something and turned to look at him.

"You're joking."

Madam Hathaway couldn't help but smile while watching their interaction.

"Nolan and Maisie's children are so energetic."

Titus handed her some food.

"Daisy is the talkative one. Colton and Waylon are more like Nolan."

Titus said, "If you love children, get Yorrick and Xylat o make some."

Xyla was surprised, then looked toward Yorrick, who smiled.

"We're taking our time."

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Nolan calmly added, "There really isn't a reason to be anxious for an old man who runs around a lot."

Yorrick smiled amicably while everyone laughed.

When they heard the sound of fireworks, Daisy put down her cutlery.

"Waylon, Colton, hurry up. It's time for fireworks!"

The children moved the fireworks to the door, and Quincy helped them set them on fire.

The moment the fireworks shot upward, the children laughed happily.

Maisie stood in the yard and watched the fireworks go off, then looked back at Nolan, who was looking at her.

There were no lights in the home.

Tanner looked out the window.

The busy city streets looked lonely, just like his heart.

He took out his phone, and he had no idea when he had set Pearl's photo as the lock screen wallpaper.

It had been two months since she left him.

When he heard the doorbell, Tanner slowly walked to the door and saw that Mrs.Hannigan was outside.

"Tan, come home.Your father is waiting for you."

After a long time, Tanner looked at the dark room and said, "I'll go back later."

Mrs.Hannigan nodded.

She turned to leave, but Tanner suddenly said, "Mom."

Mrs.Hannigan paused and turned around to look at him in surprise.

"What...did you call me?"

Ever since marrying Nathaniel, Tanner had never called her 'mom'.She knew that she was just a stepmother, and it was understandable that he didn't accept her.

But now that she heard him call her, she was overwhelmed with emotions.

He added, "Thanks for taking care of Dad all this while."

Tanner had been under the impression that Mrs.Hannigan had married his father because of the money and the status of

Mrs.Hannigan.

But after his father fell sick, she never left him and instead took care of him without complaint.

One needed to see people during their best and worst times to know who they really were, and that was something that Pearl had taught him.

Mrs.Hannigan's eyes welled up.

"Come home."

Tanner went in and packed up some clothes.

A diary fell to the floor when he opened up one of the drawers.

He paused, then picked it up, not remembering that he had a diary.

A thought suddenly came to his mind, so he pulled up a chair and opened the diary, recognizing the handwriting.

It was Pearl's.

2/25: He was so weird, treating me hot and cold.I knew that he didn't really love me, but I would believe him when he treated me too nicely.

3/1: I turned him down when he asked me out, and he seemed to be angry.I didn't want to say no at first, but I felt that there wasn't a need for that.It was all fake, and I don't want more problems.

3/20: It's my birthday today, and I asked him to have dinner with me because I wanted to spend time with him, but he hung up on me.Never mind, happy birthday to me.

5/11: He's with another woman. Does he love her?

5/27: I wish that I could forget what I saw. Why did that have to happen? I feel horrible.

6/5: I'm tired and want to leave him. I want to end this marriage.

7/22: Why wouldn't he accept the breakup? Why would he want to tie me down when he doesn't love me? I'm suffering. Why is he so cruel to me!?

11/8: I will never forget how he judged me and his actions. It would be great if... I could lose my memory.

Tanner's eyes blurred after reading that, and the tears that fell dampened the paper. His heart started aching while he put his hand to his forehead and laughed as his tears rolled.

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If only Tanner could have a do-over, but unfortunately, he couldn't.

Meanwhile, in Morwich...

Pearl sat in her hospital room while the doctor removed the gauze wrapped around her face, and the nurse placed a mirror in front of her.

She looked at the unfamiliar face that had undergone two surgeries and was badly swollen.

The doctor told her, "Ms. Santiago, avoid rubbing your face within the next half a year for optimum recovery."

Pearl smiled.

"Thank you."

After the doctor walked out, Pearl looked at herself in the mirror and smiled. She would be able to leave her past behind from now on.

Three years later...

The media congratulated Soul for getting into the top six listed companies of the country.

They were only second to the big Taylor Jewelry, becoming the second -biggest international jewelry brand.

The jewelry industry was closely related to the fashion industry.

Soul had started off by creating custom-made jewelry and had moved onto high-end custom-made, a great improvement.

Maisie took her first interview with reporters, and someone asked, "Madam, when you first started Soul, why didn't you use your already famous identity of Zora to get more success?"

Maisie was quiet for a while before smiling and answering, "To me, Zora was my past."

I might be able to create more demand as Zora, but in my mind, Zora and I are two separate entities. Zora would limit me

because people would have high expectations already, so if I failed, the glory that Zora had would be tainted.

"I don't see starting as a beginner as a problem because I want to create a new brand. If an amateur failed, I would at least not be bound by glory and could just bounce back. If I succeeded as Zora, people would only know that name, not Maisie Vanderbilt."

After the interview, Saydie helped Maisie walk down the stage when the latter suddenly stopped, bent down, and removed her heels.

Saydie immediately took out a box of flats.

When Maisie put them on, she quietly said, "If I knew that the interview would go on for so long, I wouldn't have worn heels."

They both walked out of the elevator and saw Nolan's car parked not too far away.

Nolan walked out of the car, and she ran to him, jumping into his arms.

He took two steps back because of the sudden momentum, put his hand to the back of her head so that her face was buried in his chest, and smiled.

"What's wrong?"

"I missed you,"

Maisie looked up at him, Her face still beautiful as ever. She didn't look like she was in her 30s.

Nolan chuckled as he carried her into the car and tapped her nose.

"You're a 30-year-old acting like a child." Maisie hugged his neck.

"Only when I'm with you."

Other than taking good care of their skin, women in their 30s needed to have a good state of mind.

She could be a child when her husband loved her so much.

As the car slowly drove toward the Goldmann mansion, Maisie saw the billboards and advertising boards with Soul plastered all over, and she was content.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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