

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 661

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‘The hatred between Barbara and Katrina has nothing to do with Ryleigh and me, but she still dragged Ryleigh and me along. It doesn’t make sense if she only wanted to talk to me about the things that happened between her and Katrina.

‘No, she might not want to drag Ryleigh along at all. She only brought her along just so that I’d tag along as I’m close to Ryleigh. Barbara only revealed her secrets to me after Ryleigh left the other day, which means that she doesn’t want Ryleigh to know.’

Barbara looked at Maisie for a while, then lowered her eyes and chuckled. “I know you’re a smart one.”

She then confessed, “Indeed, I want to suppress Katrina through Mrs. Boucher, so I deliberately leaked some gossip to Mrs. Boucher and went to the auction venue just because I wanted to confirm it with my own eyes.”

Maisie’s eyes moved. “You helped me with that incident related to Mr. Ludwig, and you told me about you and Katrina deliberately too. You actually knew long ago that I wouldn’t be able to reject that favor of yours, so you want me to help you.”

Barbara leaned against the window sill with a calm face. “I did think of doing so after discovering who you were that night. I wanted to win you over. Jenny and Ryleigh don’t know about these things as I only told them to you.”

Maisie was astounded. “Why me?”

Barbara looked at her. “Because you’re the only one who can help me. Katrina knows Jenny. She’ll know that I’m the one behind it if I get Jenny to help me. And Ryleigh, she’s too straightforward and not too contemplative. She doesn’t have what it takes to go against Katrina. As for me, there’s no way that I can do it myself.”

Just because Jenny knows Katrina, she didn’t call Jenny along when we went to the gem-hunting event on purpose. Katrina doesn’t know Ryleigh and me. That’s why we serve as the perfect cover-up for Barbara.

‘Barbara changed her name before returning to Zlokova, so Katrina shouldn’t be able to recognize her as Barbara. She claims that she can’t do it herself, meaning she’s worried that Katrina will discover her identity.

What is the thing that makes Barbara so afraid that Katrina would know who she is?’

Maisie squinted. “Katrina has something on you.”

It was not a question but an assertion. Barbara nodded and added, “I have my concerns. She possesses a video that recorded my accidental manslaughter, and my father has to pay her a lot of money every month as she blackmails him with the video.

“My father is currently moving down from his position while my uncle is taking over. So if I were to make a move on Katrina during this transition period, judging from her personality, she’d definitely retaliate against me and drag me down with her out of desperation. If

ated. So unless I can get my hands on that video, there's nothing that I can do for now." A hint of helplessness beamed through her eyes. It was not that she did not want to take revenge ever since returning to Zlokova, but she could not do anything about Katrina. That was why she could only keep an eye on her from the shadows and act cautiously.

She was the daughter of the Chases. The Chases would definitely be hauled into this turmoil as soon as she took the wrong step, even though she had only killed the person in self-defense back then.

The Chases had been in politics for many years and had offended a lot of people. It would be the end of the Chases if this matter were to be used and amplified by those who opposed the Chases.

Barbara looked at her earnestly. "I'll remember this favor of yours for the rest of my life if you help me out. The Chases will also do anything in our capabilities to repay your kindness if you encounter any trouble in the future. However, if you really believe that there's nothing that you can do, I'll leave and go back home now, thinking that I've come to the wrong person for

help."

Maisie looked out the window and slowly responded after some time, "I can help you out, but I'll need some time."

When she arrived at the Goldmann mansion. Maisie sent Nolan a message saying that she had been discharged from the hospital. She then put down her cell phone and went into the bathroom to take a shower.

She did not see Nolan's reply even after coming out of the shower, probably because he was busy.

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Unexpectedly. Quincy suddenly called her and asked her if Nolan had gone to the hospital to visit her. Maisie wondered for a split second and replied, "I haven't seen him today, and I've been discharged from the hospital. What's wrong?" Quincy hesitated for a moment. "Mr. Goldmann looked into what happened three years ago all of a sudden earlier today, and he's been out since then. He hasn't returned to the company."

Maisie stood by the window, frowning slightly. "Nolan investigated what happened three years ago?"

"Yes, regarding the accident, I don't know whether Mr. Goldmann has recalled something and that's why he looked into the accident from three years ago. He's been away from Blackgold for one whole afternoon already. So I thought he's currently with you." Maisie remained silent for a long time without uttering a single word.

Maisie called Nolan several times, but no one answered. He did not return even at nightfall,

Quincy also sent men to the places where Nolan usually went to look for him, but they did not see him there. Maisie was sitting in the car, holding her cell phone

tightly in her hand and staring at the pedestrians walking on the street at dusk. She could not help but frown.

'Nolan hasn't regained his memory, so he wouldn't be at a place that I know. But where else would he go?'

Maisie thought of someone, sent a message to Ryleigh, and obtained Helios' phone number from her. Helios had just finished filming with the crew, and he was sitting in a huge lounge as the staff took off his wig for him. His cell phone on the desk rang all of a sudden, and it was a call from an unknown number. His assistant picked up his phone and handed it to him. "Mr. Boucher, it's yours."

Helios' phone number was generally known only to acquaintances. Even if the directors of his movies or other work-related staff members had something to notify him, they would only call his assistant.

Helios answered the call without any hesitation, and he seemed to guess who it was the moment the other party's voice came from the other end of the call "I didn't expect that it would be you calling me, Ms.

Vanderbilt."

Maisie smiled. "Mr. Boucher, I wouldn't dare to disturb you at work if it were not about something urgent. I remember that you once told me that you're very familiar with Nolan."

Helios stood up from his seat and placed his phone into the other hand as the staff took off his robe." What's wrong?"

Maisie did not beat around the bush. "Do you know where a 17-year-old Nolan would go when he wanted to be alone?"

The clouds hanging above the horizon had faded away as a hint of golden amber was left behind by the sunset, dying the sky bright orange, but subsiding gradually at the same time. The neon lights on the streets began to light up, welcoming the night sky.

The lighthouse gradually brightened as the white waves were still stamming against the reef relentlessly. Not far away, the skyscrapers that

were decorated with bustling lights were rendered by the night sky. Nolan sat alone on a bench near the lighthouse, and the street lights shone on his figure, making his silhouette look cold and lonely. Maisie approached him slowly and stood beside the bench. Nolan stopped what he was doing for a short moment raised his head to look at her as she slowly took out her watch and took a glance at it. "You've been sitting here since this afternoon. Your patience is really off the charts." Nolan's short, black hair had been messed up by the sea breeze, and his facial features looked even more well-defined when they were against the light, making it impossible to discern the emotions that were surging on his face through his expression.

His voice sounded hoarse, "Zee, have you come to bring me home?"

She crossed her arms and smiled. "You're a fully grown adult, and you still need me to bring you home?"

He chuckled. "Yeah."

Maisie stretched out her hand while teasing him, "Little boy, then you should give me your hand so that I can bring you home."

Nolan held her hand but did not get up, and she could not haul him off the bench.

Looking at her smile, which subsided gradually, he smirked. "My legs are numb."

Maisie muttered, "You're such a princess."

She then walked to his side, wanting to help him up, but he jerked her gently, and she fell onto his thigh.

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After facing the wet and humid sea breeze, Nolan's body did not feel as warm as it used to be, and even his complexion looked a little cold.

Nolan wrapped his arms around her body, pressed her against his chest, and rested his chin on her shoulder. "Zee, do you love me?"

Maisie was astonished, then held his cool, freezing cheeks with her palms and stared at him. "Why would you ask about this all of a sudden?"

He held her hand and stared affectionately at her. "I want to hear it from you." Maisie chuckled as her eyes narrowed into two curved lines. She then moved closer to his lips and pecked them gently. "Are you satisfied with my answer?"

Nolan pinched her chin with his fingers, and the strong aura wrapped her whole body up abruptly, especially around her lips.

He kissed her deeply, which captivated her. Minutes had passed by when he finally let her go. The emotions in her eyes rippled underneath the layer of fog that blurred out her gaze, making it look even more mysterious and enchanting.

Nolan picked her up and curled the corners of his lips. "Let's go home."

"Nolan Goldmann, didn't you say that your legs are numb?" Maisie frowned and snorted softly. "You liar."

Nolan kissed her forehead. "They recovered as soon as I got to kiss you."

Back in the car, Maisie covered Nolan's cold hands and whined in a low voice, "Now explain this to me. You left all serious matters behind all day long and came here for your personal dose of vitamin sea. Don't you know that those who don't know you too well would worry to death?"

Nolan looked up at her and gave off a warm grin. "How could I be willing to leave my wife and kids behind?" Maisie did not say anything and only covered his hands silently while Nolan wrapped his arms around her and took her to his arms. "I'm sorry, Zee. I don't know what I should say to you about the accident. I think I'm the one who brought that on you. I want to remember everything, but I'm also afraid of remembering everything." He paused before adding slowly, "If I'm really the person who's hurt you, how should I make up for it? What should I do?"

Maisie was taken aback as she felt that Nolan's hand, which was embracing her, was trembling. She raised her head after a significant period. "Let me tell you a story."

The fool that she mentioned in the story was actually not as much of a jerk as she thought he would be.

Although he had always been jealous and rather unreasonable, he was only a retard who lived behind a thick and impenetrable armor.

When she was in danger, that fool would always disregard his own wellbeing to come to her rescue, even if he knew that it was a trap.

Still, he was not forged in fire and from metal. He was as vulnerable as any other human was and could be injured. That fool had blocked a bullet and almost died for her three years ago, and he had gotten infected with a virus because of that incident. The infection had forced him into driving her away, so that was why there was a divorce.

She had left the country for three years and had never hated him. She had only hated herself because she had gotten her father, Cherie, and her unborn child involved in that incident. She had left reluctantly, thinking that she could forget about her past with him and start over as long as she could not know about him, but she still hoped that he would come to her. However, what she did not know was that the idiot had been sick all this time, and his condition had been getting worse as days went by. After reuniting in Stoslo, that fool would shamelessly pester her again. She had been simultaneously furious, delighted, and helpless, and she would take her chances even if it meant that she could only be with him for the rest of her life.

Nolan chuckled softly, rubbing his chin against the top of her head. “So am I such a jerk?”

Maisie buried herself in his chest. “Yeah, now that you know, will you let me go again?”

She tapped her fingertips on his beating heart. “I won’t ever come back again if you let me go again.” Nolan kissed her forehead and promised after a long time. “No, I won’t let you go again, never in this life.”

It was very late when they returned to the Goldmann mansion. Nicholas, who was sitting on the couch, was the first thing that caught their attention as soon as they entered the door.

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Quincy said something beside Nicholas, and he looked slightly relieved the moment he saw Nolan. “Mr.

Goldmann, you... You're finally back."

Nicholas snorted. "He's no longer a 3-year-old boy. Do you expect him to lose his way?"

Maisie lowered her head and could not help but laugh. She then walked up to Nicholas. "Dad, Noles is fine, so don't worry."

Nicholas glared at Nolan. He had heard something from Quincy and suggested to Maisie earnestly, "Do you plan to tell him what happened to him three years ago?"

Maisie smiled. "I've already told him everything."

Nicholas was caught off guard for a split second, then looked at Nolan and said nothing.

Nolan stopped beside Maisie. "Father, no matter what happened between Zee and me three years ago, I'll face it together with her."

Nicholas was silent for a moment before standing up." Since you've decided to face it head-on, I don't have to worry about you being troubled by those matters already. It's time to make it public."

'Even if his memory hasn't been restored, it won't be a problem as long as he can take it.'

Nolan was no longer bothered by all those affairs after that night. He even took the initiative to disclose to the media the inside story of his divorce with Maisie that took place three years ago.

He then posted a new update on Twitter. #1 still owe you a wedding @maisievanderbilt#

Maisie also retweeted his Twitter post and commented. #One isn't enough now. I want ten @nolangoldmann# The netizens were all excited. It was rumored that Mr. Goldman's wife had passed away in an accident three years ago. So if this were the case, had she come back from the dead to show her love for Mr.

Goldman? Not to mention how eye-catching their tweets were!

Soul Jewelry's official Twitter account liked and retweeted Maisie's reply to Nolan's tweet. It also made an announcement regarding the company's latest update.

#We still owe everyone an explanation, and here it comes: Alice is the new robe that designer Zora used to stage her low-key comeback. That's just how confident Zora is. #

This action resolved the rumors circulating on the Internet, claiming that Alice had plagiarized Zora's designs.

How could one say that this was plagiarism? Wasn't this just a situation where a big gun had decided to come back using a newer and cuter stage name?

A group of lively netizens joked around on the Internet.

#This is embarrassing. #

#Did I just get slapped? #

#I blush very easily. I'm so ashamed of myself."

Maisie sat in the office and scrolled through her Twitter account. She was planning to announce her relationship with Nolan step by step when the

time was right, but it seemed that everything had really been resolved now.

A female employee appeared at the door with some documents. She knocked on the door before walking in. “Ms. Vanderbilt, this is the list of customers who ordered our jewelry a week ago. Please take a look.”

Maisie took the documents in her hand and flipped through them. Her eyes were instantly fixed on a name that appeared at the bottom row of the list, and the customer’s name was Katrina Zalensky.

‘What a coincidence...’

She then raised her head. “You may go back to your workstation, thanks.”

As soon as the female employee left, Maisie took another look at the name “Katrina Zalensky” which was clearly written on the list, and could not help but squint.

‘What Katrina ordered is a pair of couple rings. Could it be that she’s planning to urge Eugene into providing her with a title and identity as soon as possible?’

‘After all, the intimate relationship between Eugene and her happened to have been exposed by Barbara last week, so she must be eager to urge Eugene into giving her an official title.’

Maisie asked the receptionist to move Katrina’s appointment to the afternoon, and Katrina really showed up at Soul Jewelry at noon.

She was dressed as glamorous as she had been the other day. However, she had been wearing a mask that day, so Maisie had been unable to get a good look at her face.

Looking at it now, she really was the type of woman that men preferred.

Eugene's legal wife, Samantha, had a gentle temperament and a less eye-catching and confident appearance. On the other hand, Katrina's facial features looked extremely magnificent, slightly flamboyant, and she looked like someone who would turn savage in a snap of a finger and start to act unreasonably out of the blue. Nevertheless, she was the type that men would find more interesting.

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Maisie put on a smile when Katrina got closer. "Ms. Zalensky, hello, I'm Alice, Soul Jewelry's designer."

She flipped through the book after introducing herself. "I see that you're here to customize a pair of couple rings. It just so happened that I needed to design a pair of rings, so I asked them to bring your appointment forward. Do you have anything that you need to do at the moment?"

Katrina took a look at her. "It's okay. I have time."

"Glad to hear that." Maisie turned sideways. "Please come with me."

After walking into the VIP reception room, Maisie asked Katrina to take a seat first, walked to the side to look for some samples, and asked casually, "Do you have a specific design that you have in mind, and is it a wedding ring or a couple's ring?"

Katrina put her handbag aside and answered calmly, "Wedding ring."

"I see." Maisie's eyes moved. She took out a sample drawing, walked to the table, sat down, and placed the designs in front of her.

These are all the wedding ring designs that we have, and each of these sketches has its own meaning. So no matter which pair you like, I can manufacture them for you."

Katrina picked up the templates and went through

them for a long time, but she did not look satisfied at all. She then put them back down. "Are you sure that you can manufacture whatever design that I want?"

Maisie nodded. "Of course."

"Great." Katrina took a photo out of her handbag out of the blue. "I want to place an order for a pair of rings of the same style."

Maisie was slightly flustered and looked at the ring in the photo. It was the earliest design of a diamond ring that had a market value of at least \$1,500,000. Anyone who could design jewelry could replicate it, yet Katrina asked her to manufacture a diamond ring that looked exactly the same as the one shown in the photo. Thus, Maisie was bewildered. "Ms. Zalensky, if this is what you're looking for, you're making things difficult for me."

Katrina looked at her. "Are you saying that you can't do it?"

Maisie replied politely. "It's not that I can't manufacture it. This ring is the earliest design of all diamond rings that other designers crafted, and it's considered an antique diamond ring. "If I were to create the exact same ring for you, then it could only be regarded as an imitation. It

would have no value at all.” Maisie placed the photo in front of Katrina before she could speak. “Ms. Zalensky, I only manufacture customized orders, not imitate the craftsmanship of

another designer.”

Seeing her determination, Katrina bit her lip. “I don’t care whether it’s a genuine product or an imitation. I can even pay you extra. It doesn’t matter how much money you plan to ask for.”

Maisie’s eyes narrowed slightly as she carefully analyzed Katrina’s expression.

‘She wanted to place an order for a pair of rings that look exactly the same as this antique diamond ring. It seems that this antique diamond ring is the wedding ring that Eugene is wearing now, isn’t it?’

‘She’s come to Soul, not because of our reputation or fame, but because the Bouchers have quite a lot of connections with other well-known jewelry companies.

‘Especially Helios, he’s an actor who has endorsed a lot of jewelry. If she were to take this ring to those companies and ask them to manufacture an imitation, the ring in the photo would be easily recognized as Eugene’s wedding ring, which would reveal her identity.’

Katrina knew that Soul Jewelry was a new company and had nothing to do with the Bouchers for the time being. As such, she had taken the initiative to make an appointment with this company.

Maisie did not expose her.

‘It seems that she wants to use an imitation to secure her title as Mrs. Boucher and force Eugene into

divorcing his legal wife and then marry her.’

Maisie thought of something and grinned. “Okay, since you don’t mind whether it’s an imitation, I’ll manufacture it. Also, I don’t need you to pay extra for that, Ms. Zalensky.”

Having said that, Maisie took back the photo. “The rings are estimated to be completed within five days. All you need to do now is to leave your residential address with us, and the rings will be delivered to your door for free when the time comes.”