

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 141

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By [Noveljar.com](#)

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'What's more, who in Zlokova doesn't know that my mother is the distinguished daughter of the nobility of Stoslo?'

Louis had no feelings for this woman and did not want to pay any attention to her.

Willow stopped him. "I'm sorry, I was too impulsive just now. I still have to thank you. You're the

one who caught me in time..."

"You let go of-" Louis's gaze landed on the bracelet on Willow's right hand, and his expression changed to one of shock. He grabbed her hand abruptly and asked, "Where did this bracelet come from?"

Willow was flustered.

'Why would he ask me about this bracelet?'

"Answer me!"

"This... This is..." Willow felt that he cared a lot about this bracelet.

'Could it be that the bracelet left by that wh*re's mother has any connection with him? If that's the case, then I...

She bit her lip and answered, "It's a gift from my mother."

Louis stared at her closely and asked word by word, "Is your mother Marina?"

Willow felt a little guilty.

'How could Marina be my mother? But what's the relationship between Marina and the Lucas family?

She asked cautiously, "Do... Do you have anything to say about that?"

"Hehe." Louis smiled mockingly. "The daughter of my aunt is actually someone like you?"

'Aunt? Marina is Louis' aunt?! In other words, that b*tch is his cousin!

'Marina is his aunt, so Marina is his mother's sister according to seniority.

'His mother is Larissa de Arma, the eldest daughter of the de Armas, so... that means Maisie's mother was also one of the members of the de Armas!

Her face turned pallid instantly.

'How so? That b*tch's mother turns out to be a noblewoman!?'

"What's your name?"

"My name is Willow..."

"Give me your number, and I'll contact you in the future."

Louis saved her cell phone number and left without looking back. If he had not seen the bracelet that looked exactly like the one that his mother wore on her wrist, he would never have believed that this woman would turn out to be his aunt's daughter, the one his mother had been looking for all this while. 2

'This annoying woman turns out to be my cousin.

Willow returned to the Vanderbilt manor in a petrified and bewildered mental state. Leila suddenly became worried when she saw her daughter's expression. "Willie, what's the matter with you? Why do you look so distressed?"

"Mom... That b*tch's mother is a member of a noble family known as the de Armas."

—

Leila looked shocked. "What are you talking about?"

Willow grabbed her mother's hand agitatedly and recounted what happened earlier today. Leila was even more shocked than her. She even picked up the bracelet that Willow was wearing and took a glance at it.

'Mr. Lucas actually thought Willow was Marina's daughter just because of Marina's bracelet!

'D*mn! That b*tch turns out to be a noblewoman! She's a member of the nobility of Stoslo, which is also related to the royal family. That's something that the Vanderbilts can never compete with in this lifetime!

The Lucas family was originally only a famous family of violinists. It was the marriage between the son of the Lucas family and the daughter of the de Armas

that catapulted them into the upper class circle of Zlokova and gave them the extraordinary status that they had today.

'Marina turns out to be the descendant of the de Armas, which means that that b*tch is also a noblewoman!

"Mom, what should we do now?"

"You can't let your Dad know about this, and neither can Grandma know about it." Leila grabbed Willow by the shoulder. "Nor should you let that b*tch know." 1

"Mom, could it be..." Willow stared at her mother with a hint of astonishment.

A ruthless beam was flashing from the bottom of Leila's eyes. "Since Mr. Lucas thought that you're Marina's daughter, we should just play along with the flow and snatch Maisie's identity from her!"

'Snatch Maisie's identity from her!'

Willow could not help but feel nervous. She did not expect her mother's thoughts to be the same as the idea that had flashed across her mind for a split second.

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"This bracelet belongs to Maisie's mother, but how could I know that Maisie's mother was a noblewoman? If I were to return the bracelet to Maisie, wouldn't I be creating an opportunity for them to recognize her?"

'How could I allow Maisie to regain this identity of hers so that she could step on us for the rest of our lives?'

"But, as for Dad's..." Willow still had concerns.

Leila thought about it calmly for a moment. "Your dad probably doesn't know about this, so don't let him or your grandma know about it." 1

"Willie, take the bracelet and go to meet Madam Lucas, then find a way to hide your past until you get the chance to approach the de Armas. You'll definitely get everything that you desire when you take that b*tch's place in the family!"

Leila had gotten used to difficult times since she was a child. If she had not met Stephen, she would still be living frugally in a small hut somewhere around the city.

She naturally did not want Willow to be like her. Although she knew that the Vanderbilts' wealth would not make Willow and her filthy rich, they were at least living a safe and stable life.

If Willow were to climb up the social ladder successfully in the future, it was only natural that she would be able to enjoy the benefits that came with it as her mother.

'As for Stephen and Mother, there's no way that I can't fool them.

'And how many more years can Mother live? When she kicks the bucket, wouldn't all of Stephen's properties go to my son if I were to give birth to a son?

'When Willow becomes the daughter of nobility, she'll then assist her younger brother. That's when my life will be considered truly fulfilled.' 3

Willow gnashed her teeth.

'Indeed, I'm inferior to Maisie. I've always been shunned because of my identity as an illegitimate daughter. If it weren't for that b*tch's return to Zlokova with her three b*stard kids, I'd definitely become Mrs. Goldmann within a few years!

'Since Maisie has snatched my man away from me, then don't blame me for snatching her identity!

At the same time, Louis went back to the academy and went to see the boy, and as expected, he saw the boy through the door of the classroom. He was sitting in front of the piano and was playing music for the music students in his class.

Louis leaned against the door and witnessed the whole process. The kid he had seen in the Michelin restaurant looked almost the same as the boy in front of him. But after taking a closer look, they indeed did not look similar.

'It's their temperament. The rascal that I met at the restaurant had very indifferent eyes. He also looked ruthless and extremely hostile.

'As for the boy sitting in front of the piano, this rascal looks very smart and shrewd.'

"Mr. Lucas, why are you here?" The music teacher walked toward him.

When the students, who were singing very seriously, saw him, they somehow went off pitch, causing Colton to stop his performance.

Louis took a glance at the little boy and explained to the music teacher, "It's nothing. I just came over to take a look. You may continue."

Colton was summoned to Louis' office after class.

Colton extended his little head into Louis' office, and when he saw that he was drinking water, he asked with a chuckle, "Mr. Lucas, are you looking for me?"

Louis put down his thermos. "Why are you hiding outside? Come in." Colton walked up to him. "Why are you looking for me?" Louis pulled a chair out, sat down in front of him, and scrutinized him for a moment. "Do you have any twin brothers?"

Colton blinked. "I have an elder brother and younger sister." Louis understood a thing or two upon hearing his answer. Seeing that he did not continue to speak, Colton asked curiously, "Professor Lucas, why are you asking me this?"

'Why am I asking this?'

Louis did not know. It was probably because he thought it was strange-the two kids looked indeed too similar to have such distinctive personalities. "It's nothing. You can go back."

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Colton responded, "Oh, okay."

He then scampered out of the room again.

Louis picked up the information on his desk and took a glance at it.

'Colton... This boy's last name is Vanderbilt too?'

Nolan had heard that Stephen had come to see Maisie. Nobody knew what he had told her, but it was obvious that Maisie had been a little depressed and had been staying in her office since then.

'Did Stephen come to make things difficult for her again?'

He went directly to the 16th floor upon thinking of this.

Nolan walked up to her office door and opened it, only to see her curled up on the couch. Her expression looked a little depressed.

She did not even give off her usual reaction when she saw Nolan.

The woman who would swing her claws like a tiny wild cat whenever she met him was sitting quietly as if she was a poor cat that had been abandoned, making Nolan feel a little at a loss.

He walked up to her, looked down at her, and stretched out his hand to rub the top of her head after a long time.

Her eyes moved, and after raising her eyes to look at Nolan, she turned her face slightly away and whispered, "Don't give me that look... I don't need your comfort."

His gaze felt like he was looking at a pitiful person.

Nolan turned around and sat down beside her. "Did you get scolded again?"

"No..."

"Then why did he come looking for you?"

Maisie did not answer his question.

Seeing that Maisie did not answer, Nolan wrapped his arms around her shoulders and let her lie on his thighs.

Maisie was startled. "What are you doing?"

"Sleep. Everything will be fine after a nap." His voice was low and melodious, as if it contained magical effects.

He placed his hand on her shoulder and made no other movements. He was simply lending his thighs to her as a pillow for her to sleep on.

Maisie's stiff body gradually relaxed, and her eyelids drooped slightly.

After a moment of silence, Maisie opened her mouth and asked, "Nolan, did you choose to be with me because of the kids?"

Nolan looked down at her. "Why would you ask so?"

Maisie responded, "If we're staying together only because of the kids, won't it be particularly unfair to them? A marriage that's built solely on top of the kids and without any feelings for each other... They'll think the same, won't they?"

"I did so not completely because of that reason," Nolan answered lightly.

Nolan was staring at Maisie when she turned her head to look at him. "Do you only have so little confidence in yourself?"

She was stupefied for a split second.

'Do I not have confidence in myself? Or do I not have confidence in marriage?'

"Or is it that you don't trust me?" he asked in reply indifferently, and she was stunned for an instant.

Probably because of the bewilderment left behind by what her father had said to her earlier today, Maisie did not know what she should believe at this moment.

Nolan looked at the woman who was lying on his thighs and smiled disappointedly. "It seems that it'll still take some time before I get myself an official wife."

Maisie quickly sat up and asked, "How can you be so shameless?"

He smiled and took her into his arms. "Because I want you more than prestige."

Maisie's cheeks blushed, and she pushed him away furiously. "Go f*ck yourself! Don't you dare have any perverted thoughts. And let me go..."

Seeing that she had recovered and returned to being her usual self, Nolan only smiled and said nothing.

'What perverted thoughts can I have? All I want is to marry her legally. Isn't that a beautiful plan?

Maisie would have slapped him with her shoes if she were to know what he was thinking. But fortunately, there was a knock on the door.

Maisie escaped from his arms, glared at him, and went to open the door.

Quincy stood outside the door and was looking around the office. "Is Mr. Goldmann here?" Nolan got up, walked up to her back, and glared coldly at the person at the door.

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'This b*stard only knows how to ruin the atmosphere!'

Quincy did not care if Nolan was about to kill him and reported, "Mr. Goldmann, Mr. Goldmann Sr. has called you via a video call, saying there's something important!"

Nolan returned to his office. Mr. Goldman Sr., who was on the screen, seemed to have been waiting for him since long ago. Seeing that Nolan had sat down at his desk, Mr. Goldman Sr. asked, "Zee's mother is from the de Armas?"

Nolan's gaze looked indifferent. "Did Hans tell you that?"

'I've only asked Hans to investigate this matter and didn't even tell Quincy about it.'

Mr. Goldman Sr.'s expression dimmed. "Your grandfather will return to Zlokova in mid-June."

"Grandfather is coming back?"

"Hmph, isn't it obvious that he's coming back because he learned that you have kids now? What makes you think he can resist the urge to come back to take a look at those kids? Above all, what makes you think you can hide the news from him?"

Nolan did not say anything.

He only knew that because his great-grandfather had some history with the royal family of Stoslo, he had been in some disputes with the de Armas.

Nolan's father was rather okay with it, but his grandfather was greatly influenced by his great grandfather and did not have a positive impression of the de Armas.

That was why Nolan did not plan to tell his father about it after investigating the identity and background of Maisie's mother.

Mr. Goldman Sr. seemed to know what he was thinking and said, "About her relationship with the de Armas, I'll keep it from your grandfather for you for now. We'll only talk about it when he returns to Zlokova next month."

'Although this son of mine is quite a jerk, he's still my only son.'

'He's in his 30s, and he finally got himself kids and a wife. Wouldn't he be a bachelor for the rest of his life if his wife were to run away from this relationship?'

Nolan lowered his eyes and smiled. "Understood."

Quincy, who was standing by the side, asked nervously, "Mr. Goldman, is the elder master really going to return to Zlokova in June?"

"Probably." He rubbed his forehead.

Compared to his father, his grandfather, Titus Goldman, was the most difficult person to please in the entire family.

Because of the influence of Nolan's great-grandfather, Titus did not have a good impression of the royal family and nobility of Stoslo, not to mention that his temper was even more outrageous than his father's

'I can only leave it up to the three rugrats living back in the mansion to tune the old, rough, and bad-tempered man when the time comes.' That night...

Willow dressed up to meet with Louis in one of the private rooms of the Topsy-Turvy Bistro in the Siberian Palace Hotel.

As soon as she walked into the private room, she saw a few bodyguards standing beside Louis in the private room.

Sitting on the main seat was a dignified and graceful middle-aged woman sipping a cup of coffee in a one-piece evening dress. Her long curly hair was resting on her shoulders, and her extremely well-maintained and picturesque face made her look like she was in her 20s.

Willow was surprised deep down.

'She's definitely worthy of being called a noblewoman. Her demeanor and grace are truly unmatched!

Larissa took a sip of the coffee, wiped her lipstick off the edge of the mug, and raised her beautiful eyes slightly. "Let me take a look at your bracelet."

Willow returned to her senses, stepped forward, removed the bracelet, and handed it to her.

Larissa took the bracelet from her hand. The golden pattern on it was indeed a match with the bracelet on her hand,

These bracelets had originally been given to the sisters-one was in Larissa's possession, while

the other was with her sister.

"Where has your mother been all these years?" Larissa looked up at her directly.

Willow bit her lip. "She... She has passed away."

She quickly added upon thinking of something, "In addition to this, she also left a jewelry company behind." 1

"A jewelry company?"

"Yes, it's named Vaenna Jewelry." Willow pretended to be sad. "Unfortunately, I... I'm not competent enough to... lead the company toward a brighter future."

Larissa frowned slightly. Although she did not leave her house much, she still paid attention to the news from the outside world.

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'Vaenna Jewelry was frequently in the limelight some time ago, not to mention that this young lady named Willow Vanderbilt was deeply involved in the scandal that framed Ms. Santiago.

'If it wasn't because she had Marina's bracelet...'

"The incident with Ms. Santiago, is it really your doing?"

"That isn't my doing." Willow pretended to be aggrieved. "I got framed. I don't even know Ms. Santiago, and I don't know why she would frame me."

Larissa put the coffee cup down. "How come you and your mother Marina are so different in character?"

The sentence almost choked Willow as her heart skipped a beat.

'Is she suspecting something?'

Willow's forehead was perspiring imperceptibly, and her expression looked embarrassed. for more visit :- "My... My mother passed away when I was very young. A nanny brought me up."

"Is it?" Larissa scrutinized the young lady in front of her

'She's very obsequious and extra careful. She's indeed very different from Marina.

'Marina ran away from home decades ago, and there was not even a word about her. If it weren't for this bracelet. I wouldn't even dare to conclude that...?'

"Since you're Marina's daughter, you should call me aunt from now on. Louis is your cousin. Just call him whenever you need help."

Willow tried her best to conceal the pride at the bottom of her eyes and behaved very implicitly. "Understood, aunt." 1

All she could think about before she came here was her mother's advice, saying that Maisie must not obtain Vaenna Jewelry.

'But judging from Vaenna's current situation, it will really not belong to the Vanderbilts anymore if the b*tch asks Nolan to purchase the company as a whole.

'Although I'm not interested in owning Vaenna Jewelry, as long as it's something that the b*tch wants to get her hands on, I'll definitely put up a fight and make her life a living hell!'

The next day...

Kennedy had a distressed expression as he sat in the department's conference room with Maisie. On the screen was Vaenna Jewelry, which the Santiagos had been suppressing the past few days. Its stock value had actually risen by 60% overnight.

"Where did Vaenna get so much capital to cover the loss?" Maisie looked at Kennedy.

Kennedy shook his head. "I don't know that either. This not only covered the losses that Vaenna

was facing but also provided them with so much circulating capital. Can Stephen come up with so much money in such a short time?"

"No." Maisie propped her chin and was deep in thought. "There's no way that my father can raise or I come up with \$15,000,000."

'I know best whether the Vanderbilts have the capital to do so. Not only does Stephen not have the ability to come up with \$15,000,000, but the whole Vanderbilts family doesn't even have that much

property

Could it be Willow or Leila? But where did they get so much money?'

Kennedy arrived at a lightbulb moment and asked, "Could it be that someone is helping them from behind the curtains?"

Maisie could not explain all the details clearly.

'That's the only reasonable explanation, but...'

She stood up slowly, propping her upper body on the table, and her red lips slightly rose. "Things are getting more and more interesting."

"Zee..." Seeing that she actually laughed, Kennedy could not help but be a little worried.

She turned her head and said to Kennedy, "It's time to contact Freddy again."

'I want to see who's helping the mother-and-daughter pair from the shadows.'

At present, Madam Vanderbilt and Leila were the happiest and proudest family members amongst all the Vanderbilts who had learned about the news. for more visit :- Especially Madam Vanderbilt, who looked at Willow with admiration.

"Willie, it turns out that you still know such a wealthy friend. \$15,000,000, oh, was it Mr. Goldmann who gave it to you?"

Madam Vanderbilt's attitude toward Willow had completely changed after learning that Willow was close to Mr. Goldmann.

Now that Willow could come up with \$15,000,000 to clean up the mess that Vaenna was in, it was only natural that Madam Vanderbilt was getting more and more satisfied with her. 1

Willow did not answer the question clearly.

'After all, I can't say that the money actually came from the Lucas family. Wouldn't I be exposed if this old lady were to pay the Lucas family a visit someday in the future?'