

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 187

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Nolan's eyes were filled with anger. "What was in it?"

"Ecsta-" Nolan kicked the man before he could finish and collapsed on the ground.

Nolan's eyes were red with fury. "How could you give that to her!?"

The man didn't care about the pain caused by the fracture and frantically tried to explain, "It wasn't a big dose!"

They needed to give her shots for three consecutive days to get her hooked. She would just feel terrible for a few days if it was one shot, but they never expected Nolan to find them.

Nolan carried Maisie with both arms and turned to stare at them. "If anything happens to her, it'll be the end of you."

In the car...

Nolan held Maisie in his arms. Her hands were cold, no matter for how long he rubbed them.

"Zee?" Nolan spoke to her, but Maisie just looked up at him, a little slow.

Nolan hugged her tight, his eyes dark and jaw clenched. "Quincy, drive faster!"

"Alright!"

Quincy stepped on the accelerator, and the car sped up.

The drug's effects came and went as Maisie was rushed to the hospital. She almost lost her mind because of the unusual emotional swings, causing her to hurt the doctor attending to her.

"Get away from me, go, leave!"

"Zee!" Nolan grabbed her hand and hugged her. "Zee, it's me, don't be afraid. You're at the hospital, and no one will hurt you here."

Maisie suddenly bit his shoulder.

Nolan winced but didn't push her away, still holding her tight.

“Mr. Goldmann,”

The doctor closest to him and Quincy walked close to help make Maisie let go, but Maisie was filled with hatred, her eyes feral.

The doctor immediately administered a sedative, and Maisie soon let go. A very deep bite mark could be seen through Nolan’s shirt.

Maisie slowly laid down, her breathing stabilized.

The doctor wiped off his sweat and said, “The drug causes hallucinations, but she didn’t have a lot in her system. She will suffer for a few days while we treat her.”

Nolan was quiet.

The pain in his heart was far greater than the pain in his shoulder.

Quincy frowned. Some people took the drug she was given just to feel a little more excited, and it was sold

commonly in the black market from hundreds of dollars to thousands.

He had seen people who used it lose control over their emotions because they couldn’t cope in the beginning. It made them unstable.

But if they continuously took it, they would start getting addicted, just like Dupin.

People who took it frequently would be able to function normally and could even control their hallucinations, but the more they were hooked, the bigger the dose they needed.

It wouldn’t cause death, but if taken over a long period, it would cause schizophrenia, self-harm, and in the worst case, they would lose their sanity.

This hallucinogen had broken up many families and lives.

Who would be cruel enough to give this to Maisie?

He could be sure that no matter who did it, they were going to be in grave danger.

Three days later...

Nelson had gotten his money and was getting ready to flee, but Gerald caught him and brought him to Nolan. He was half-gone from being beaten to a pulp and sustaining fractures all over his body.

He was dragged to Nolan’s feet by two men in black, covered in blood.

"Mr. Goldmann, he said that it was Leila who asked him to do this. Leila wanted Ms. Vanderbilt to get addicted."

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Quincy walked over and slowly opened his mouth.

This stepmother was too cruel. She would ruin Maisie to secure her daughter's future.

With his last breath, Nelson looked up at Nolan, sitting cross-legged on the chair.

He looked like the devil straight out from the depths of hell. He had no expression on his face, while his amber eyes were cold and sharp, making him look devilish.

Nolan uncrossed his legs into a new sitting position. He leaned forward and looked down at him. "If you admit it, I'll let you live."

Nelson's eyes filled with tears as he saw hope.

But what Nolan said next took out all the shine in his eyes and only left them with fear.

"Break his hands and legs. Spread the word that whoever tries to save him will suffer the same consequences."

Nolan got up and left without looking back.

Quincy signaled the men with his eyes and followed Nolan out.

Gerald brought his men in to check long after they left.

Seeing how terrible Nelson looked, Gerald shuddered. "See what happened to Nelson. Learn who not to anger, or you'll end up like him." Nelson lectured his men. 1

"Yes, sir!" The men obeyed, not wanting to suffer the same fate.

If their limbs were broken and they could not get treatment, they would just end up being disabled for life.

If they had a choice, they would rather go to jail with their limbs intact.

Maisie's health improved after a few days of treatment. She couldn't remember much of what had happened that day except the vague memory of hurting someone.

When the doctor came in to check on her, he asked, "Ms. Vanderbilt, how are you feeling today?"

"Thank you. I feel much better now."

Seeing her communicating clearly, the doctor was relieved. "You should be glad you didn't get a big dose, or it wouldn't be as simple as coming to the hospital."

She would have to be sent to rehab. That would be even worse than what she had suffered for the past few days.

Maisie looked up, "Doctor, can I know what was injected?"

"It's a hallucinogen called Dupin. It's for medical research, a medication that causes hallucinations.

"Our bodies will reject it at first. Those that have mild rejections won't have bad hallucinations. However, those who have serious rejections like you lose consciousness.

"It's very addictive and hard to recover from it," the doctor explained.

Maisie pressed her lips together.

She had guessed as much when the man said something about addiction.

The doctor checked the results of her blood test and asked, "By the way, your blood is really unique. Have you had some medication before this?"

Maisie was surprised. "There's more than the hallucinogen?"

The doctor was troubled. "Yes, but you're recovering quickly. Under normal circumstances, it would take about a week to get it out of your system, but this hallucinogen seems to have almost completely disappeared,"

"You're awake, Mis. Vanderbilt?" Quincy walked in, cutting off the doctor.

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Maisie suddenly remembered something when she saw Quincy and asked, "Where's Nolan?"

"He went back for a change of clothes. He sent me over." Quincy smiled.

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He probably didn't want to stain his shirt with blood.

"Quincy, did I... bite Nolan?" Maisie asked.

She remembered that she had bitten someone, and she thought she had heard Nolan's voice.

Quincy smiled. "You remembered,"

Maisie looked down. It was true.

She continued asking, "Do the children know that I'm in the hospital?"

She hadn't been home for a few days. What would the children think?

Quincy answered, "You weren't stable for the past few days. Nolan covered it up because he didn't want them to worry."

Maisie nodded.

It was true. If Waylon and the others came to see her here and she wounded them, Maisie would feel horrible.

"And my father,"

"Your father is fine."

Nolan walked in. The doctor and Quincy left, giving them time to be alone.

He sat down next to the bed. His handsome face looked tired, but he wasn't bothered. "He was just stunned."

When Maisie drifted off, Nolan pulled her into his arms. The sudden warmth surprised her.

"Zee, you really got me worried. Please don't do anything alone if anything happens in the future, promise me."

Nolan admitted that he had lost his cool when he saw her losing her mind.

That was something he had never felt before.

It had felt like if he just loosened his grip, the woman would disappear forever.

What should he do with her?

“Nolan.”

Nolan looked at her. “Hmm?”

Maisie looked straight at him. “Take off your clothes.”

Nolan paused, his deep-set eyes filled with curiosity, but he smiled helplessly. “I’m not going to bully a patient,”

Maisie ignored him and started taking off his custom-made suit.

Nolan was wondering if this woman of his was starting to make a move, but should he play along?

Maisie wasn’t thinking. She unbuttoned his shirt and pushed the right shoulder of the shirt off.

The bite mark was purplish red, a big patch of it.

Nolan suddenly pushed her onto the bed. Maisie was stunned. This half-undressed man with the most beautiful face was getting closer, but this seduction had made her mind go blank.

Nolan’s lips slowly touched hers, more gentle than usual. He started with pecks before going all in.

Maisie didn’t push him away as her hands were held down.

“Zee-”

The door was opened.

Maisie snapped back into reality and pushed away Nolan, who was on top of her.

Mr. Goldmann Sr. was standing at the door, looking shocked. “You rascal! Zee isn’t out of the hospital yet, and you can’t even control yourself already!”

Nolan was rendered speechless.

Maisie sat up and awkwardly explained. “It’s a misunderstanding. We didn’t-”

“Zee, you’re still recovering, Don’t give in to this man. Take care of yourself.” Mr. Goldmann Sr. cut her off with kind advice.

“Dad, you think that I would,”

“Put your clothes back on before you speak.” Nolan was again rendered speechless.

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At the Vanderbilt mansion...

A clear, loud slap fell on Leila’s face, putting her in a state of shock.

When Stephen found out that Leila was behind Maisie’s abduction, he shook in anger while he barked, “You horrible woman! I’ve never treated either of you badly all these years, but you! How could you do this to Maisie while I’m still breathing!?”

Leila trembled with her hand on her cheek. She never expected the plan with Nelson to fail. It was all because of Nolan!

There was no point for Leila to explain herself, but she realized that Stephen was furious. “Listen to me, dear,”

“What else do you have to say?” Stephen was utterly disappointed in her. “I’ve always thought that you were sincerely nice to Maisie, that you’re a good stepmother, but now I know that I had been too naive.”

He finally understood why Maisie wouldn’t accept this mother-and-daughter duo. They were such cruel women, but he...

He had sent Maisie away because of them!

He had almost caused the end of his daughter!

Stephen slammed the divorce papers on the desk. “I wanted to give you another chance, but there’s no need for that now.”

“You, You want a divorce?” Looking at the divorce papers, she lost her cool.

“Yes, I want a divorce,” Stephen said with full sincerity.

He couldn’t care about the years they had spent together anymore. He had made up his mind.

Leila crawled to his feet and held on. "Stephen, please don't do this to me, ... I've been by your side for so many years and gave you a daughter. You can't do this to me!"

Stephen paused. Leila had called him 'Stephen', bringing him back to the time when they had first met. Leila had been a pure and gentle woman at that time, but now it seemed that everything was a facade.

Seeing that he was responding, she continued. "Steph, I know what I've done. I only did it because I've lost my mind, but I... I never thought of putting Maisie in danger. I just wanted to threaten her. It was all for Willow!"

"I only have Willow, and all these years, she was labeled a child out of wedlock. Do you think I feel good about that? She loved Mr. Goldmann so much and stayed with him for six years, but she was pushed aside because of Maisie. Yes, Maisie had a better namesake, and she's capable and smart. Sometimes I wished my daughter was like her.

"But had Maisie not done anything to hurt my daughter? How do you think Willie got those designs? It was all because Zee worked with Freddy to frame her. What did Willie do wrong?"

Leila complained on behalf of her daughter.

Stephen took a deep breath and looked at her. "When you and Willie framed her six years ago, did you imagine it would come back to haunt you now

"I've done my daughter wrong all these years because I've loved Willie too much. But Zee, she never got the love she deserved from me. While she blamed me, did she do anything to the both of you?" 2

Stephen stared at her, squaring his jaw. "If I hadn't done you wrong, I wouldn't have brought you back home. I never wanted Willie to be the child out of wedlock. But were my actions fair to Maisie? It wasn't fair, but in the end, you still chose to hurt her."