

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 191

## Chapter 191

"What are you dissatisfied with?" Stephen never thought about things from Maisie's point of view because he did not dare to do so before.

He felt guilty for Willow and her mother, but he was also ashamed whenever he thought of Maisie. She resembled her mother too much, and he had been transferring his resentment toward her mother onto her. He was afraid that he would not be able to control his feelings for Marina de Arma whenever he saw Maisie in person.

He had indeed spoiled Willow a little bit too much, but that was because others would always insult Willow due to her identity as an illegitimate daughter, and he did not feel good about that deep down.

It was difficult to balance his love for his daughters and be unbiased.

It was not Willow and her mother that he, as a father, owed the most, but Maisie!

Seeing that Stephen was determined to divorce her, Leila slumped on the floor.

'But I will have nothing once I leave the Vanderbilts! I don't want to go back to the time when life was sordid and poor. I don't want to worry about acquiring a livelihood anymore!

'No, I mustn't let it go! Why should I let go of everything that I've obtained through painstaking efforts? Even if it weren't for Willie, I must also do it for myself now!

"Steph, you can't divorce me,"

Stephen did not want to listen to any more of her explanation. "Don't say anything anymore. Sign it, and I'll give you a sum of money for the sake of the love that we had had before this. I won't ask you to leave empty-handed."

Leila cried out loud, "But I'm pregnant!"

Stephen's expression changed slightly. "What did you say?"

Leila placed her hand on her abdomen and said while tears gushed down her cheeks, "I got pregnant from the last night that we shared. This child belongs to you. Do you want to watch your son be born without a father? And do you want him to suffer from other people's supercilious attitude as soon as he's born just like Willow!?"

Stephen's body swayed. 'Leila is pregnant!'

"Stephen!" After hearing that, Madam Vanderbilt hurried into the study. She was afraid that she would lose a grandson if she did not come in to stop him at that moment!

She helped Leila to get up from the floor. "Leila, are you really pregnant? Is it... a son?"

A glimmer of pride flashed across Leila's eyes upon seeing that Madam Vanderbilt truly cared about her, but her expression still looked pitiful. "Mother, I'm sorry, I... I was only informed that I'm pregnant after I went to the hospital for a checkup a few days ago."

"Wow, that's great!" Madam Vanderbilt was incredibly delighted. She turned her head and said to Stephen in dissatisfaction, "Aren't you a little too old to be asking for a divorce already? Leila is going to give birth to a son for you, yet you're asking for a divorce? Have you lost your mind?"

Stephen gnashed his teeth, clenched his fists, and left the study without looking back.

Madam Vanderbilt ignored him and became more cordial toward Leila. She caressed her belly and asserted, "I didn't have high hopes in you before this, but I didn't expect your belly to make a good show at this age. Don't worry, as long as you can give birth to a son for the Vanderbilts, I'll definitely not allow Stephen to divorce you."

Leila wiped her tears and smiled. "Mother, thank you."

She then sneered inwardly.

She was not actually pregnant, but she had to turn to this method to secure her family position. At most, she would come up with something to resolve this issue in the future.

'He wants to divorce me so that he can give everything to that b\*tch? Keep dreaming!' 2

At the hospital... "Nolan, get out of here. I want to get changed!" Maisie kept pushing Nolan out of the room while Nolan turned around and embraced her in his arms with a smile.

His eyebrows were slightly raised, and he looked unruly. "It's okay, I can even change your clothes for you."

"F\*ck off!" Maisie lifted her foot and kicked him out.

Standing outside the door, Quincy saw Nolan get kicked out of the ward, and the corners of his lips were twitched stiffly. He had to harness all the energy from every single fiber of his being to suppress his urge to laugh.

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Nolan was very distressed as his young wife had kicked him out.

'I just wanted to help her get changed. It's not like I was going to do anything to her. Was that necessary?

"Mr. Goldmann." Stephen came over slowly.

Nolan adjusted the hem of his jacket, and his expression returned to being indifferent and cool. "Mr. Vanderbilt?"

"Is Zee all right now?"

"She's fine, alive and well," Nolan answered indifferently. He then thought of something and added, "You can go in later."

After Maisie changed into her clothes, Stephen opened the door, entered the ward, and placed the thermos in his hand on the table. "This is the broth that I asked the housekeeper to cook for you. This will help replenish your body."

"Okay, I'll drink it later." Maisie accepted it.

Stephen walked up to the chair next to the bed, sat down, and slowly explained, "Zee, I'm sorry, I'm the one who harmed you. I didn't expect that Leila would do such a thing to you."

Maisie could not help but be startled.

'Leila? Me being taken away and being injected with ecstasy, all those were parts of Leila's scheme!?'

Her eyes gradually turned gloomy.

'Leila almost turned me into a drug addict. I'll definitely get back at her for this!'

"I asked her for divorce earlier today, but I didn't expect that she's actually... She's pregnant."

Stephen's words stunned Maisie once again, and she was also a little surprised. "She's pregnant?"

'She's that fast?

"Yes, Zee, I'm really useless. But don't worry, I'm just letting her stay in Vanderbilt manor for the sake of the child. I plan to divorce her after the child is born."

Stephen did not want to wrong the child. He would still allow Leila to give birth to the child even if he really wanted to divorce her. The child could only stay in the Vanderbilt manor after that. After the divorce, where Leila would head would have nothing to do with him.

Maisie did not say a thing.

'Whether Dad will split up with Leila or not won't affect me at all. As for Leila, she wants to conceive a son just to secure her status in the Vanderbilts. But she got pregnant just when Dad raised the divorce?

'What a coincidence. It's so coincidental that it's almost premeditated.

'And the man who stunned me... I seem to have seen that face somewhere before. It was particularly familiar.

Louis was sitting in a cafe waiting for someone. He then saw Willow appearing from the crowd a few

minutes later.

Willow did not expect that Louis would take the initiative to ask her out, so she smiled, walked to the seat, and sat down. "Louis, were you looking for me?"

"My mother plans to announce your identity at the Lucases banquet the day after tomorrow."

Louis' nonchalant statement changed Willow's expression slightly. "Wh-What?"

"Why? Since you're the daughter of the de Armas, is there any problem with us announcing your identity?" Louis intertwined his fingers, propped them against his chin, and looked at her.

Willow did not dare look him in the eyes, and her hands placed under the table were trembling a bit. "Isn't this a little too fast? In fact, it doesn't really bug me even if you don't disclose my identity to the public."

"That won't work." Louis crossed his arms, leaned back, and looked out of the window. "My grandfather is very happy to be reunited with my aunt's daughter. You're the main reason the banquet on the day after tomorrow is being held."

Panic flashed across Willow's eyes.

'I didn't expect the Lucases to announce my identity to the public. If that's so, won't it be...'

"What are you afraid of? Is the identity of the daughter of the de Armas so shameful?" Louis' eyes looked sharp.

"Of course not... Must you make it public? Can't you let me prepare myself for that?"

"We're only going to disclose your identity. What else do you need to prepare?" A trace of impatience beamed through Louis' eyes. He finished drinking the coffee on the table, slowly got up, and left.

Cold sweat had drenched Willow's back while her hands were trembling in fear

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At that moment, Willow received a call from her mother

Leila said something to Willow, and the latter's face gradually turned pale. She could no longer sit calmly. "What? Dad wants to divorce you!?"

Not only had her mother's plan to set up Maisie fail, but her father was also planning to divorce her mother now!

'D\*mn it! Why is that b\*tch's life so smooth!

'No, I mustn't give up. I must secure my identity as the daughter of the de Armas. It doesn't matter if there's no bracelet, anyway. I have the DNA test result. I won't be exposed as long as Dad and Grandma aren't there.

So what if Nolan knows about my plan? Didn't he choose not to expose me?

'If he had told Maisie about my plan, Maisie would've come to the Lucas family to expose me. It seems that Nolan still has a soft spot for me because of the six years that we spent together.'

Nolan picked up Maisie and left the hospital. While they were on their way back to the Goldmann mansion, Maisie heard Nolan say that she should attend the Lucas family's banquet on the day after tomorrow, and she looked doubtful. "Why should I go?"

“Don’t you want to join in for the fun?” 1

Maisie was startled as she could not help but look at Nolan. When looking from the side, Nolan’s features looked well-defined, and the corners of his lips were slightly lifted, giving off a smirk.

She then asked, “Is this what you meant by helping me? You want me to attend this banquet?”

Nolan exchanged gazes with her, and his eyes looked extremely amused. “The de Armas want to announce a fake daughter to the entire world. So wouldn’t it be wonderful if I were to bring along the genuine daughter?”

Maisie was caught off guard.

‘What!?! Why didn’t I know that Nolan is a person who loves to create a stir out of an issue?’

Back at the Goldmann mansion...

The three rugrats had not seen their mother for about three days, so they immediately glued themselves onto her.

Daisie asked, “Mommy, Mommy, Grandpa said you were hospitalized. Are you sick?”

Colton answered her question, “Mommy is definitely not sick Mommy should’ve given birth in the hospital secretly.”

Waylon corrected his theory immediately. “It takes ten months to conceive a baby, and Mommy was only there for three days...”

Maisie raised her knuckle and knocked on the three tiny heads as if they were hamsters. “What are the three of you thinking!?”

Nolan squinted and came up with a certain idea while looking at the three tiny copies of himself.

Maisie returned to the room and placed her luggage down, but Nolan reached out abruptly and forced her into a corner of the room. He then raised his eyebrows and gave off a smirk. “I think the children are right. There are only three of them, so should we work hard for another one?”

“Go to hell!” Maisie pushed him away furiously.

‘All he can think of are such perverted things!’

Nolan noticed the scorching gazes that came through the ajar door. He saw three small heads poking in from the opening of the door as soon as he turned around, all staring at him contemptuously.

Daisie could not help but complain, "Daddy, it's been such a long time, and you haven't even convinced Mommy."

Colton seconded her. "Yeah, Daddy is quite a failure!" Waylon did not know what to say, so he only nodded.

Nolan was rendered speechless.

The next night, many well-dressed celebrities and socialites were gathered in the banquet held at the Lucas family's mansion.

Willow followed Larissa around the courtyard in a pink slanted-shoulder long dress with a well-behaved and bashful appearance, enjoying the sight of everyone present.

Quite a few enthusiastic socialites approached and greeted her. This gave Willow an unprecedented sense of satisfaction. After all, she would have never gotten to know these people in her life.

'Even if I can't become Mrs. Goldmann, my status as the daughter of the de Armas will at least be enough for me to gain a foothold in this upper-class circle in the future!

Larissa held a wine glass and looked at the crowd. Her regal and glamorous appearance was mixed with a little indifference.

The idea of organizing a banquet tonight had come from her father, Hernandez, who was currently living in Stoslo.

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'I didn't tell Father that I successfully located Marina's daughter. Yet, Father actually got to know about it out of the blue and even wants to make it public...'

Larissa turned her head to look at Willow, who was being surrounded by others, and her brows could not help but crease.

'Although the DNA results did prove that she and Louis are related by blood, and she has the bracelet too, I've always felt that something is not right.'

As Louis slowly walked downstairs, the gazes of many ladies were fixed on him.

The hearts of a lot of Bassburgh socialites had been shattered back then when Mr. Goldmann announced publicly that he was no longer available at the banquet for celebrities. Thus, apart from Helios, the bigwigo f the entertainment industry, who no one dared to even think about approaching due to the pressure that originated from the hundreds of millions of fans, they could only aim at Louis, who was still single and available in the circle.

Louis was known as Bassburgh's Prince of Violin, perhaps because he had inherited his father's excellent musical talent.

He had been able to perform on stage at the age of five, had been abroad to perform, had won the gold medal at the age of ten, and had completed a world tour concert at the age of fifteen. Not only was he

talented, but he also had excellent grades.

He also could stay at the Royal Academy of Music as a music instructor at such a young age and had always been the academy's spokesperson.

However, Mrs. Lucas had publicly stated that the most important trait the Lucas family looked for in their daughter-in-law was that she must at least come from a scholarly family.

"Larissa." A graceful woman in a white fur coat and wearing elegant makeup walked up to Larissa with her arms wrapped around that of Yael Boucher's.

The people around were amazed.

"That's that patriarch of the Bouchers and his missus."

"Everyone in the circle knows that Mrs. Lucas and Mrs. Boucher are best friends. It is not surprising that they are here."

Willow turned her head, looked over, and saw Louis and Larissa chit-chatting with the Bouchers.

'The Bouchers, one of the aristocratic families of Bassburgh. It's also the only family that can match the Goldmanns.

Willow thought about something, bit her lip, and walked over with a smile.  
"Aunty, Louis..."

Both Mrs. Boucher and Yael's gazes were fixed on Willow. Meanwhile, a hint of annoyance flashed across Larissa's eyes when she saw Willow approaching them without any proper introduction and interrupted the conversation between her and Mrs. Boucher.

Mrs. Boucher looked at Willow and asked, "Larissa, is she your sister's daughter?"



Larissa just smiled and did not say a word.

“The elders were talking, and she just interrupted the conversation out of nowhere. She doesn’t even know such basic etiquette.’

“It’s nice to meet you, Mrs. Boucher.” Willow gave off a well-behaved and obedient attitude, so Larissa could not find a reason to reprimand her.

Mrs. Boucher smiled and nodded before taking another good look at Willow.

‘She seems well-behaved and looks pretty gorgeous, but it just feels like something is missing.’

Larissa and Marina were both noblewomen, so their temperament was naturally on another level compared to ordinary socialites. Even Larissa’s son was so flamboyantly extraordinary, let alone Marina’s daughter.

Thus, Mrs. Boucher was a little disappointed when she met Willow in person.

Willow noticed the changes in Mrs. Boucher’s gaze, so she lowered her head and bit her lips secretly.

‘What’s the matter with this old hag? Judging from how she looks at me, is she dissatisfied with me?’

“Dad, I said I can walk by myself. Don’t pull me...”

Russell had found Ryleigh and hauled her to the Lucas family’s banquet.

He had told her that Larissa Lucas had planned to announce the identity of the daughter of the de Armas. But it had nothing to do with her, so she knew that her father had dragged her here to take a look at the men at the banquet!

‘Is he that afraid that I can’t get married!?’

However, when Ryleigh and Willow saw each other, Ryleigh flung her father’s hand away and glared at her with a disturbed expression. “Willow Vanderbilt? Why are you here?”