

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 4

## Chapter 4

'Everyone knows that Nolan is a VIP who the royal family of Stoslo once received, and he's also friends with the princess of Stoslo. It's only natural that he's seen the commemorative medal of the royal family. He'll see through her tricks even if she were to be able to show him something!'

Maisie scoffed. "Why would I show you such a precious item?"

This implied that she was unworthy!

Willow was trembling from the wrath, but there was still a smirk on her face. "Does this mean that you don't have the guts to do so?"

"Just look at her, Nolan. She's a liar. She clearly knew that you were once received by the royal family and would recognize the medal. That's why she doesn't dare to take it out." Willow's attitude toward Nolan was totally different.

Nolan's thin lips were raised coldly. "The payment of \$150,000,000 is my idea. Hiring Zora as our designer is also my idea. Hence, I'll let today's affair slide if you can prove that you're indeed Zora.

"But if you were to fail to do so..." Nolan approached Maisie and uttered word by word, "You won't survive another day in Bassburgh."

A faint fragrance coming from a cologne stunned Maisie when Nolan approached.

'It's Gucci cologne!'

'Why is he applying the same cologne as the man from that night six years ago?'

Looking at her pale face, Nolan straightened his posture and did not provide her with another chance. "Since you can't prove it, then leave by yourself. Don't make me ask someone to chase you out."

Willow sneered triumphantly.

'Maisie, oh, Maisie. It's been six years, why even bother to come back here just to dig your own grave?'

Maisie lifted her head abruptly and smiled brightly. "Sir, are you sure about that?"

Nolan squinted as he stared at her silently.

"Sir, then what would you do about the slap that I just took cheek-on from Miss Vanderbilt if I can prove my identity?"

Willow's expression changed again as she glanced at Nolan cautiously.

Although she was now Nolan's lover, he had not even touched her throughout all these years. If it weren't for her flawless scheme and her choice to reserve the room with her own ID from six years ago, he would have doubted her since long ago.

"Nolan..."

"I'll get her to apologize to you," Nolan replied indifferently.

Maisie's hands, which were searching through her handbag, stopped moving, and she raised her head. "I just got slapped, and you're only going to make her apologize?"

Nolan's eyes dimmed slightly. "Then what do you have in mind?"

Maisie raised her eyes. "We're all born and raised in a country of etiquette and courtesy, and we uphold the teaching of returning gifts. So don't you think that I should slap her in return in order for me to feel reconciled?"

The people around did not dare to speak. They were even a little suspicious.

'This woman has the guts to make such a promise to Mr. Goldmann, could she really be...'

Seeing Maisie's arrogant attitude, Nolan pressed his thin lips together.

'This woman is the first person in Bassburgh who dares to speak to me with this tone.'

After a split second, he opened his lips with slight embarrassment. "You, don't push your luck."

"Then, you should find yourself another designer. I'm not someone who lets things slide so easily." Maisie took the medal out and showed it off in front of him. "Since you've seen the royal commemorative medal, take a good look at it."

She then placed the medallion back in her bag and walked away unconcernedly.

Willow lowered her head and gnashed her teeth hatefully.

'How could this be? How could that b\*tch be...'

'Zora is the designer that Nolan poached from Luxella through his own name. I wouldn't be able to offer the price if he hadn't offered the payment of \$150,000,000.

'Who would've expected that the designer turned out to be Maisie!?

'Did I just embarrass Nolan while I treated Maisie like that earlier?'

"Nolan, I..."

Willow stretched out her hand, hoping to wrap them around his arm. However, he retracted it away from her, turned around, and glanced at Willow indifferently. "You'll solve this by yourself."

He then left without looking back after saying so.

Nolan walked out of the building, and the bodyguard in black who was waiting for him beside a Rolls-Royce helped him open the car door.

He then said to the man sitting in the front passenger seat after getting into the car. "I want all the information you can get on the designer Zora on my desk in two days."

At Seaview Villa...

"Hmph, Willow Vanderbilt is really detestable!"

Daisie held her doll in her arms, leaned closer to Colton together with Waylon, and stared at the computer monitor. They looked at the woman being displayed on the monitor with the same expression. "She looks so ugly."

Waylon turned his head and glanced at his younger brother and sister. "This woman harmed Mommy. We can't let her go."

Daisie supported her chin with her hand. "But what are we going to do with her?"

"We have to think of a way to hide it from Mommy."

Waylon cracked his brain, then snapped his fingers and said, "Didn't Godmother tell us that she has a sugar daddy? Let's start with the bigshot by her side!"

"What's the man's name according to Godmother?" Daisie looked up and thought.

"Nolan Goldmann!" Colton typed the name on the keyboard, and the webpage came out very soon.

The three rugrats froze in place for a long time as soon as they saw Nolan's photo when Colton clicked on Nolan's information. "This man... Why does he look so much like us?"

Waylon was very surprised as he stared at the photos for quite some time.

'Mommy has never told us about Daddy. Could this man... be our daddy?'

Colton hummed, and a hint of slyness flashed across the bottom of his eyes. "If he's indeed our daddy, then this will be a piece of cake."

Waylon was puzzled. "But how can we approach this man?"

"Don't worry, my brothers, leave it to me. Isn't it a children's clothing brand under the Blackgold Group looking for a spokesperson? I'll definitely be able to secure the position!" Daisy patted her chest. She had always been the quirkiest among the three rugrats, so the plan would surely be fail-safe.

"Sweethearts, I'm back!"

The three rugrats close the webpage on the browser immediately upon hearing their mother's voice.

"Mommy! Your Royal Highness!" The three rugrats walked out of the room one after another and threw themselves on her.

Seeing that they stayed at home obediently to welcome her, Maisie squatted down with a smile. "You three didn't cause your godmother troubles, did you?"

"Mommy, do you think that we'd bully Godmother?" Colton asked while tilting his head.

Daisy nodded. "That's right, why would we bully our godmother? Godmother will even bring us cakes when she returns!"

Maisie smiled bitterly.

'I'm the one who gave birth to these three rugrats. Can I not know them any better?'

The most mischievous kid among the three children had always been the second child Colton. He definitely had not inherited his cynical and scheming personality from his mother. The eldest had always been more dependable and warm-hearted, but he would still be brave while protecting his younger brother and sister.

And Daisy, the youngest, had always been the abnormal and unorthodox one. She was already on the brink of leading her brothers astray with her love for quirky ideas.

"Mommy, you look upset. Did someone bully you?" Waylon, who was extremely observant, realized that something was wrong with Maisie instantly.

Maisie was stunned. She had been wondering why the man that she met earlier today made her feel so familiar, especially his looks and the unique smell of cologne that she got from the man six years ago.

“Mommy, you’re hiding something from us!”

Maisie forced the corners of her lips upward, smiled, and stood up upon seeing that Waylon was able to see through her once again. “Children should leave such matters to the adults. I’ll go make you some food.”

She was about to go into the kitchen when her cell phone rang.

Looking at the unknown phone number, the corners of her lips twitched.

‘It’s indeed Willow Vanderbilt.’