

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 401

### Chapter 401

Maisie was amused.

'It seems that Nolan is right. Grandfather spared Rowena for the sake of the Summers, but Father wouldn't accept it at all. This action will force Rowena into a corner and remove all possible comebacks that she could've had.

It's either she lives off the grid for the rest of her life, or she'll have to go to prison obediently

In an alley, in an inconspicuous hotel...

Rowena, who was hiding in the room, saw the news that the whole city was targeting her as a wanted person, and her face turned terrifyingly gloomy.

"The Goldmanns! Is it necessary to force me back to this point!? F\*ck, I was set up by that b\*tch and Nolan from the very beginning!

'Heh, since the Goldmanns are treating me so ruthlessly and not showing me any mercy, don't blame me for what's about to go their way!"

Rowena picked up her cell phone and dialed a foreign number that she had not taken the initiative to call before this.

After a while, the man's scoff came from the other end of the phone call. "What's up? Do you miss me all of a sudden?"

Rowena bit her lip.

'If I weren't cornered to this extent, I wouldn't have called you looking for help!

"Mr. Kent, I need you to save me."

"Save you?" The man's voice sounded frosty. "Why should I save you?"

The mocking voice of the other party made Rowena look a little embarrassed, but he was the only person that had the ability to help her out. She could not find someone else apart from him.

She took a deep breath and gnashed her teeth. "Mr. Kent, you said before this that you'd help me as long as I promise to help you go against the Goldmanns."

"Heh." The man said with a hint of mockery. "It seems that Nolan can't satisfy you with the position of Mrs. Goldmann, so you turned salty and began to think of me."

"Mr. Kent, you can ask me to do anything as long as you're willing to help me out."

"Rowena, I don't like presumptuous women," the man interrupted her and laughed. "I don't have to help you

unconditionally just because you've chosen to sleep with me, do you get me?"

Rowena's face gradually turned bloodless after being humiliated, and her shoulders trembled slightly.

"If you're sincere, then help me deceive Nolan into coming to Stoslo. You can do whatever you need to achieve that, I leave that to you." The man seemed to be smoking and was puffing smoke. "Remember that you're the one who's asking me for a favor this time around. I'll trust you as long as Nolan promises you to travel to Stoslo."

Rowena gnashed her teeth. "Okay, I'll get Nolan to go to Stoslo."

After the other party hung up the call, Rowena slumped on the bed. Her eyes then gradually turned gloomy when she calmed down,

'Nolan, don't blame me for this. You should blame yourself for not loving me!

That evening...

Nolan went to Soul Jewelry to pick Maisie up and fetch her home.

While he was on his way. Nolan leaned languidly and gracefully against the car window and raised his arm to support his chin. His amber irises glimmered like the reflection of the sun of the dusk on the surface of a bottomless lake.

Maisie was about to say something to break the silence in the car, but those captivating irises caught her eyes as soon as she turned her head, which caused her to be fascinated,

‘Nolan’s appearance is indeed excellent and unparalleled. Regardless of his ability or family background, it’s no wonder that Willow, Linda, and

Rowena are all enchanted by him.’

Being aware of an obsessed gaze, Nolan retracted his gaze, shifted it onto Maisie’s face, and gave off an ear-to-ear grin. “Do I look good?”

Maisie’s eyebrows were raised. “You do look good. I can totally feel why those women who are crazy for you would want to pounce on you.”

Quincy, who was driving, trembled.

‘It seems that I’ve heard something that I shouldn’t have. Ms. Vanderbilt is getting more and more daring. She’s actually teasing Mr Goldmann!’

Nolan lifted a tiny handful of her hair hanging down on her chest with his fingertip and twirled it. “Dear, we’re now in the car. If you want to, I’ll let you pounce when we reach home.”

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Maisie frowned. "I'm talking about those women!"

Nolan chuckled. "Then are you saying that you don't feel like that?"

Maisie was rendered speechless and extremely annoyed. She pulled back the tuft of hair in his hand. "I'm starting to get tired of pouncing on you and would like to change to another man."

Nolan's face became cold in an instant. "Who do you wish to pounce on then?"

Maisie looked at Quincy deliberately.

Quincy noticed something in the rearview mirror and was stunned. "Ms-Ms. Vanderbilt, I, I, I'm gay!"

Quincy almost wanted to bite off his tongue after saying that. -

Maisie could not help but burst into laughter. —

Nolan raised his eyebrows while glancing ather helplessly. "Naughty."

Maisie was tossed around in bed again that night.

Seeing that she was so tired that she had fallen asleep, Nolan felt a little angry and helpless. He leaned over and kissed her lips, nose, and forehead.

'She's my precious wife, and I'll never let her get hurt anymore.

Nolan got up and went into the bathroom to take a cold shower.

He then walked out of the bathroom in a silk nightgown, only to see his phone screen light up all of a sudden.

He walked to the bedside table and picked up his cell phone. His eyes could not help but turn stern when he saw the text message.

Nolan walked to the study, turned on the hidden light, and the warm yellow light beamed at the front of his desk. He walked to the soft chair, sat down, picked up his cell phone, and called Rowena.

He then said in a clear voice when the call was connected, "You still have the guts to contact me?"

"Nolan, you're so heartless." Rowena smiled wryly.

But Nolan did not want to say anything to her: "What do you mean by that text message?"

She sneered. "Don't you want to know who killed Aunt Goldmann?"

Nolan's eyes were ice-cold, and he did not utter a word.

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Rowena then said calmly, "Nolan, this is the last time that I'll contact you. I can only tell you that Aunt Goldmann was not kidnapped by the de Armas back then. The de

Armas only took the blame for the real culprit behind the curtain.”

Seeing that Nolan did not say anything, she knew he was listening. “You should go to Stoslo if you want to know what happened to Aunt Goldmann back then. That person is in Stoslo.”

The next morning...

Maisie woke up and went downstairs, and Nolan was no longer there.

There was breakfast on the table, as well as a note that he had left behind. It was still the usual neat and beautiful handwriting: “I’ll head to the company first, remember to have breakfast.”

Maisie sat at the dining table, picked up the egg, and was about to peel it, but suddenly heard a knock on the door.

‘Who would come here so early in the morning?’

Maisie got up to open the door, but she was taken aback when she saw that the person standing outside was Titus. “Grandfather, you...”

Titus asked his bodyguard to wait for him outside the door and walked in with an indifferent expression. “I’ve come here to talk to you.”

Titus walked to the couch and sat down while Maisie walked up to him, “Have you had breakfast?”

“I’ve eaten.” After Titus replied, he did not try to hide his intentions for coming here. “I’m here to apologize to you for what Rowena did to you formally. I had too much trust in her back then.”

Maisie pursed her lips.

‘Grandfather actually came all the way here to apologize. Wouldn’t it be extremely rude of me if I were to not say anything to him ?

“It’s okay, it’s all over now. And I don’t plan to blame you.”

Titus looked at her and said audaciously, “Although Rowena is no longer here now, it doesn’t mean that I’ll accept you.”

Maisie smiled without saying anything.

‘I knew it

But thinking of something, she rubbed her palms and asked, “Grandfather, can I ask you about one thing ?”

Titus looked at her. “What’s the matter

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**Chapter 403**

“I had dinner with Sir Hernandez that day, and he told me that it was your father who cut his leg and killed his father. I wish to know whether this is true.



'If Grandfather's answer supports that fact, then who's right and who's wrong when it comes to the grievances between the de Armas and the Goldmanns ?

However, to her surprise, Titus seemed exasperated when he heard what she said. "Did that geezer tell you that

Maisie did not deny it.

Titus snorted, and his face became sullen abruptly."

Hernandez is quite capable when it comes to slandering others, huh ? My father did use Hernandez to threaten the de Armas back then, but he never touched Hernandez, let alone hurt him. As for how he lost his leg, the Goldmanns have nothing to do with that matter."

Maisie was a little surprised. "So it's a no?"

Titus would not allow others to defame his father.

"Nonsense, my father indeed hated the hypocrisy of the royals a lot, but how could it be possible for him to do something to a kid ? Hernandez's way of slandering others is really on another level."

Maisie was lost in thought.

My maternal grandfather said that it was Patrick Goldmann's doing, but Grandfather said it was not. Sure enough, the grievance between the Goldmanns and the de Armas indeed still has plenty of suspicious details that require more digging,

“Now what, what more did that sh\*tsack say last time? Titus asked solemnly, “Did he ask you to harm Nolan?”

Maisie smiled and shook her head “No.”

She then explained, “He won’t use me against Nola Titus was startled for a while. After listening to her explanation, he thought of his attitude toward Maisie when he had been incited by Rowena back then because of what she said, and now he felt embarrassed as if he had been slapped in the face.

At Blackgold...

Quincy was a little surprised when Nolan asked him to book a flight to Stoslo. “Sir, are you going to Stoslo?”

Nolan closed the document in his hand. “Is there a problem?” Quincy curled his lips and was a little puzzled.

“What do you plan to do in Stoslo? You should know that Mr. Goldmann St. has always been against the idea of you traveling to Stoslo.” “I have to look into something.”

Nolan’s eyes turned gloomy. “It’s the cause of my mother’s death. I need to know whether it’s related to those

people.”

s flustered “This is

ause.

Quincy was flustered. “This is a bygone, not to mention that it’s been 15 years. How did it get brought up all of a sudden? Is it because...” Nolan’s gloomy eyes narrowed,

and he gave off a faint smirk “Rowena may have something to do with those people. Whether it’s a trap or not, we’ll know when I get there.”

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Late that night, at Blue Bay villa...

In the vapor-filled bathroom, the intimate scene that was reflected in the misty mirror looked extremely steamy.

Nolan carried Maisie back to the bed. Maisie, who got into contact with the bed, quickly pulled the blanket to cover her naked body and rolled over to turn herself into a burrito.

‘What’s with this man today? Did something happen to him? Is he planning to tear me into pieces? At that moment, she, who had rolled into a roll, was still embraced by him. ’

A low and pleasant voice came from above her head.” Zee, I’m going abroad for a few days.”

Maisie turned to look at him. “You’re going abroad?”

Nolan sat up and turned on the small table lamp on the bed cabinet ‘Are you saying that you can’t bear to see me leave for a short period?’”

A part of the dimly lit room turned bright, and Nolan’s face was lit up from behind, turning all his well-defined

facial features into a silhouette that was lost in the flare of the lamp.

On the other hand, Maisie, who was facing the light, had rosy cheeks, her soft hair was scattered on the pillow, and her clear and moist eyes were staring fixedly at him. There seemed to be a hint of affection that was surging in her eyes and was about to overflow

He lowered his voice. "If you continue to stare at me like this, I won't mind"

A shadow rose abruptly and pressed him against the bed before he could finish his sentence. "How long will you be away?"

Nolan chuckled. "Just a few days."

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**Chapter 404**

Maisie asked softly, "When are you departing?"

Nolan stared at her lovingly and whispered, "Tomorrow."

He then lifted his eyebrows slightly. "Do you still plan to cling to me?"

Maisie pursed her lips and did not utter a single word, but this reaction looked very enchanting to Nolan, and he gazed at her with an obsessed expression

Holding her waist, he turned over and changed positions with her.

“Nolan, you haven’t even told me where you’re going.” Maisie struggled by hitting and kicking him, but her arms were clasped by one of his.

The next day..

A ray of sunlight seeped into the room through the gap in between the curtains. -

Maisie was awakened by the beam, turned over, and habitually stretched out her arm to hug the person beside him, but the person was not beside her.

She sat up only to find that the space next to her had cooled down long ago.

Maisie walked downstairs, and there was breakfast on the table as usual. No one was there, only a note that ” -

was pressed under the glass of milk, and as always, it was the neat and pretty handwriting: “Just stay here and wait for me to come back.” Maisie crumpled the note into a ball: “D\*mn it! He deliberately dragged things out last night just so that he would escape me early in the morning when I was still asleep?”

“Heh, I can never trust that man...

But she thought of something, and the corners of her mouth curled upward.

Just because I didn't ask doesn't mean I won't look into your trip.'

At Bassburgh Airport...

Nolan was sitting in the business lounge, going through a magazine

He was wearing a black turtleneck thin shirt, the neckline just tall enough to cover his Adam's apple. There was a charming sexiness that could not even be concealed.

The hem of the dark gray suit jacket was hanging on both sides of the chair, and under the well-ironed and stiff trousers, his strong and long legs were stretched out straight and crossed, one on top of the other, exposing his fair ankles.

His regal and captivating aura excited the flight attendants who passed by the business lounge. Quincy came in from outside. "Sir, the flight to Zena

may be delayed for 20 minutes."

Nolan's hands, which were flipping through the pages, stopped for a split second, but he did not show any hint of impatience, "It's fine."

Quincy then reported, "I've already reported your absence to Mr. Goldmann Sr., and he'll take over the company's affairs on your behalf in the next few days."

Nolan raised his head. "He didn't ask anything else, did he?"

Quincy shook his head, "No."

'Even if he asked me about your trip. I wouldn't have the balls to give it to him straight, would I?'

But he then thought of something. "Did you tell Ms. Vanderbilt?"

Nolan paused for a short second amidst flipping a page, and his eyelashes twitched. "No, I might get into danger during this trip. I can't involve her

Especially in a place like Stoslo, I surely can't let Maisie take risks with me.'

At Soul Jewelry

"Why would you want to go to Stoslo before the original schedule?" Kennedy was astounded. Although the Sheena Jewelry Show was just around the corner, it was still too early for Maisie to travel to Stoslo

Maisie tidied all the documents on the desk, raised her head, and smiled. "I haven't gone back in quite a

long time, so I plan to go there a few days earlier"

She had found out about Nolan's international flight. The flight that he had reserved would land in Zena in Stoslo. Coincidentally, Zena was the city where the Sheena Jewelry Show would be held. Thus, she would be heading to Zena anyway-it was just a matter of time

Kennedy stared at her for a while. "Are you that excited about the event?"

Maisie stopped what she was doing for a split second and gave off a faint grin. "I'm indeed looking forward to it"

I've already bought a ticket for today's latest flight, and I've also bought one for Cherie. Not to mention that Madam Nera will also attend the Sheena Jewelry Show when the time comes.

'TH just travel there first, then meet up with Madam Nera over there.'

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At 9:00p.m., Cherie hurried to the Blue Bay villa with her luggage and panted. "Maisie, are you really going to Stoslo now? Why the sudden change in plan?"

After sending a text message to her father and the children, Maisie put the phone back in her pocket."

Because I have to attend the Sheena Jewelry Show in a few days. I'm just traveling over a few days earlier."

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**Chapter 405**

Chere was astonished. "Oh, but does Mr. Goldmann know about this?"



Maisie dragged the suitcase to the front of the car. “He doesn’t know, that’s why I plan to give him a surprise.”

At 11:50p.m., the flight to Zena took off on time. The flight would take about ten hours, and it was expected to arrive at 10:00 am the next day. When Maisie woke up during the long flight, the sky outside the window was already fully lit, and a thick layer of white cumulus clouds could be seen below the flight.

At 10:00 am sharp, the plane had already lowered its altitude and flew over the cities of Stoslo. Looking down, the high-rise buildings that could be seen everywhere looked like Lego models.

Those urban streets that were intertwined looked like the veins of the cities.

The plane landed on the runway of Zena Airport 30 minutes later.

“I’ve been on a plane all night, and my back and legs hurt.” Cherie dragged her luggage and followed Maisie around. It was the first time she had been on a plane for such a long time.

Maisie placed her hand on Cherie’s shoulder. “You’ll be fine. You’ll get used to it.”

Maisie then stopped a taxi when the two of them exited the airport.

The driver slid the window down, and Maisie said fluently, "Please get us to the Rosette Hotel, thank you."

Maisie could be considered to be quite familiar with Zena. She had reserved a room at the Rosette Hotel online, and the two of them only needed to show the front desk their IDs in order to check themselves into the hotel.

Cherie threw her luggage aside, dashed straight to her big bed, sprang herself onto the bed, and her body bounced on the bed for a bit. "This is so comfy. I can finally sleep in a bed!"

She looked up and found that the wordings on the bed cabinet had an English translation. "Eh? Foreign hotels actually have their own translators?"

Maisie put their luggage in place and changed into a pair of slippers. "The Rosette Hotel's owner is a foreigner, and most of the guests that this hotel attracts are international guests."

Rosette was a 6-star high-end hotel in Zena, and its price was also quite different from that of the other local hotels. Wealthy businessmen from all over the world would reserve rooms at this hotel when they were here on business trips.

Cherie understood and did not ask anymore. The two rested until the late afternoon before they reserved a place to eat in a Japanese restaurant.

Maisie was wearing a beige casual business suit and a white blouse inside, and her long hair was tied into two ponytails, hanging loosely by her side.

A pair of black mid-tube flat-toe boots were under her slender and straight long legs. Her pure and glamorous look, coupled with her stunning and

Cherie followed her closely and cleared her throat softly, "Maisie, Mr. Goldmann is not here. So please don't do anything wild, or my salary will be deducted big time."

'Mr Goldmann would definitely break my neck if Maisie were to get it on some random man abroad and turn Mr. Goldmann into a cuckold.

Maisie chuckled "How do you know that Nolan isn't here?"

Cherie was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

Maisie walked to their dining table, sat down, and lifted her gaze. The smile on her face looked like a cold crescent moon that appeared in December. "What makes you think that he's not enjoying his time with another woman at this moment?"

A chill traveled down Cherie's spine

Did Maisie come all the way here to catch Mr. Goldmann in the act!?'

"Zora?"

Hearing someone calling her, Maisie turned around and saw a middle-aged man who looked surprised and excited,

“Oh my God, is it really you?”

Maisie stood up with a smile on her face and hugged the man “Mr. Knowles, what a coincidence I didn’t expect to meet you here. Where are your wife and your daughter, Ophelia?”

Harry responded with a grin. “My wife and Ophelia went to an art exhibition. I’m here to meet Mr. Jones today and ran into you here too. How are you doing? I heard that you left Luxella.”

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**Chapter 406**

“Yes, I’ve created my own jewelry brand. By the way,” Maisie said and continued with an introduction, “This is my friend, Cherie.”

Harry nodded at her with a smile. Cherie immediately returned a smile.

Maisie continued her introduction. “Mr. Knowles is a shareholder of Luxella. He helped me when I was there.”

She turned to Harry. “Mr. Knowles, have you eaten?”

Harry nodded. "I just did. I was entertaining a VIP with Mr. Jones. By the way, that VIP is an entrepreneur from Zlokova who's young and handsome

Maisie could guess who he was referring to. Her eyes darted to a few people who were walking toward them from behind him.

They were talking while walking, and the man leading the pack was wearing a meticulous suit, looking handsome and classy.

When he looked up and saw someone familiar, surprise flashed across his calm eyes, which was then replaced by darkness.

Quincy, who was behind him, saw Maisie too. He didn't expect to see his sister there as well. What was happening?

\*Jones."

Harry raised his arm to greet, and the blond man next to Nolan responded. When he saw Maisie, he was surprised too. "Mr. Knowles, who is this lady?"

Harry introduced, "She's Zora, a designer who used to work at Luxella."

Maisie's red lips curled while she walked to Jones to shake his hand. Pleasure to meet you."

Jones was naturally friendly when a beautiful woman was greeting him. "Hello, Ms. Zora, the pleasure is mine."

Nolan's face dropped.

Maisie ignored Nolan for a while before turning to look at him, raised her brows, and smiled. "Mr.

Goldmann is in town too? What a coincidence. We've come so far just to meet here."

Nolan stared at her but didn't answer.

Jones looked at them and seemed surprised, "You know each other?"

Maisie raised her brows but didn't answer while happily looking at Nolan.

Surprised, jerk?'

Quincy and Cherie stood together when the former lowered his voice. "Why are you and Ms. Vanderbilt in Stoslo?"

Cherie stared at him. "Ms. Vanderbilt is here for the Sheena Jewelry Show. Why are you and Mr.

Goldmann here?"

Quincy stuttered. Mr. Vanderbilt was going to attend the Sheena Jewelry Show? Why was Mr. Goldmann worrying then!'

Cherie put her arm on her brother's shoulder. "Quince, don't you think that this meeting between Maisie and Mr. Goldmann feels hostile?"

Quincy looked at her. "Be confident, remove think."

It was hostile.

Nolan hadn't told Maisie the purpose of his trip to Stoslo, but he didn't expect her to be there as well. They even bumped into each other.

Their eyes connected for a moment, then Nolan lowered his gaze, looking helpless but not showing any other expression on his face. "We're close"

Close?' Marsie's smile dropped

Jones touched his chin, but everyone around could sense that they were more than just 'close

Maisie politely nodded to the person next to her, her smile a little cold. "Oh, is Mr. Goldmann here for business?"

Nolan nodded, and a hint of cheekiness flashed across his eyes. "What about Ms Vanderbilt?"

Maisie shrugged "I'm here to see my husband"

Nolan squinted.

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## Chapter 407

Harry looked at her with surprise. "You're married, Zora?"

Maisie's smile became broader. "Yes."

"Oh, is your husband in Zena? Let's have some tea with him." Harry wanted to know who was the man who was lucky enough to marry this beautiful and talented woman.

Maisie pretended to sigh: "I want to, but I don't know which woman my husband is meeting. I can't get a hold of him."

Nolan, Cherie, and Quincy were rendered speechless. Everyone else, including Harry, felt sorry for her. "I'm sorry to hear that, but a beautiful woman like you would be able to find someone better."

Maisie smiled sweetly. "I hope so. Do you know anyone?"

Harry smiled, "I might."

A dark cloud appeared over Nolan's head. He smiled at the people next to him, gnashed his teeth, and said, "There's something that I need to discuss with Ms.

Vanderbilt. I have to skip dinner."

To everyone's surprise, he grabbed Maisie by the wrist after he said that and walked away.



The door opened with a beep. Nolan entered with the key card and kidnapped Maisie into the room. Maisie shook off his hand. "Nolan, what are you-Mm!"

Nolan held her against the wall and kissed her. His eyes were fiery with seduction that she couldn't resist, but she didn't want to let him have his way, so she bit his lips.

Nolan hissed, his eyes filled with mystery. "Biting?"

Maisie tilted her head. "Mr Goldmann, I don't think it's a good idea to bring a woman to your room."

Noticing that she was trying to annoy him, Nolan calmly smiled. "What's wrong with bringing my wife into my room?"

"Wife?" Maisie pushed him away with a finger to his chest and laughed drily, "Aren't we just close?"

Nolan lowered his gaze and looked at her. How was this woman still mesmerizing when she was angry?

He raised her chin with his fingers. "Are you angry?"

Maisie didn't want to entertain him.

He lowered his head to kiss her, but she pushed him away with her forefinger. "Nolan Goldmann, I don't feel like entertaining you."

After she pushed him away, she tidied her clothes and walked to the door. Right when she was turning the knob, the man walked over and pushed his body against her. His voice sounded sensual. "What if I entertain you?"

Maisie gnashed her teeth. "Go away." "Do you really want me to?" He put his hand on her snowy neck, and his cold fingers caressed the corner of her lips

Maisie didn't want to speak. She could feel the changes in him.

When his lips tried to kiss her, her body lightly shuddered, and all the energy to push him away seemed to have been sucked away

Nolan took his time with her, slowly seducing her like a hunter and his prey-setting a trap, waiting for her to fall into it, and slowly wrapping her up in his silk to slowly consume.

Maisie put her arms around his neck, and when she was almost falling over after standing on her toes, he scooped her up.

"Lying little thing," Nolan smiled and whispered into her ear, "Do you still want me to go away?"

Maisie bit her lip and surrendered.

He turned her around and put a hand on the wall and another behind her waist. He got closer to her, asking in a playful tone, "Why are you at Stoslo, Zee?"

Maisie ground her teeth “Why? Am I not allowed to be here?”

Seeing that she was still pretending to be angry at him, he nibbled at her skin as punishment. “Tell me,

hmm?”

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Chapter 408

“You tell me first.” Sweat started forming along the man’s hairline. His eyes were locked on the woman for a while. This woman was asking for

After a long while, Nolan carried her into the bathroom to take care of her.

Even when she was angry, Nolan helped her with her strap, seeing how delicate Maisie looked. His long fingers caressed her skin, making her make a funny face

He sniggered. “Are you really angry at me?”

Maisie ignored him.

Nolan looked at her, chuckled warmly, and said, “Do you plan to speak to me like this from now on?”

He was helpless. “Aren’t you ashamed?”

Maisie snatched the bathrobe back from him and stared at him. "It's nothing compared to your thick skin."

Nolan got up, put his hands on the dresser with her between his arms, and smiled drily. "Alright, Zee, I'm sorry."

Maisie stared at him. "I'm going to shower, get out."

Nolan nodded and stood up straight. "Okay. I'll wait for you outside."

After Maisie was done with her shower, she changed back into her clothes and left the bathroom.

Nolan was dressed in a black shirt and vest in the living room while using his computer at his study with his gold-framed glasses on, his fingers rapidly tapping away on the keyboard.

The way the man looked when he was focused on work was exceptionally dashing, especially when he had his glasses on. He exuded a cool sexiness.

Maisie didn't bother him when she saw that he was busy. Right when she was walking away, a voice came from behind. "Sleep here tonight"

Maisie had already put a shoe on and smiled when she heard him say that. "I don't want to."

Nolan pushed his chair back, took off his glasses, walked to her, and picked her up.

“Let me go, Nolan!” Maisie hammered his shoulder.

Couldn't he see that she was still angry? Was she not angry enough?

Nolan let her down on the bed and tucked her in

Maisie looked at him, shocked, “Nolan.”

Nolan coaxed her “Be good and stay with me tonight”

He brought the laptop over and placed it on the desk next to the window. He was trying to work while being by her side Maisie laid down on the bed and tugged on the blanket Nolan seemed to have slowed down on his typing because it wasn't as noisy as before

Maisie gave up She didn't want to bother him when he was focused on his work

It was weird that she felt calmer when Nolan was by her side She couldn't stay up and fell asleep in no time

After Nolan finished working, he took off his glasses and looked toward the bed next to him. The woman was fast asleep, i

He got up and walked toward the bed. The light snoring of his lover sounded melodious under the dim lighting. He couldn't resist giving her a kiss, very lightly

The next day, at the restaurant

Maisie took some food and sat down next to the window Cherie saw her and walked to her with a bright smile “Maisie, did you spend the night at Mi

Goldmanns?

Maisie's hand that was holding a cup of milk paused. She looked up to see that cheeky smile and said, "Where else could I have slept?"

Cherie looked around. "Why isn't Mr. Goldmann having breakfast with you?"

Maisie looked down and tore up a slice of toast. "I don't know where he went."

She tore up another piece of toast, soaked it in milk, and asked, "Did your brother tell you what they're doing in Stoslo?"

Chene chewed on her food, swallowed, and casually replied, "Quincy said they were here for business. He didn't elaborate."

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**Chapter 409**

Maisie stopped asking.

She could guess the reason Quincy didn't tell Cherie was probably that he didn't want her to find out.

Seeing that she wasn't talking, Cherie thought Maisie was worried about something else and became serious. "Don't worry, Maisie, Mr. Goldmann wouldn't be fooling around."

Maisie smiled. "How would you know?"

She patted her chest. "I swear on my reputation."

Maisie squinted, "What reputation?"

Cherie pouted and changed her narrative. "I'll swear on my tiny salary."

Maisie laughed.

Cherie said in a serious tone, "Mr. Goldmann knows his boundaries. You're the first woman he's ever openly dated. I used to think that a man like Mr

Goldmann would never be able to find a wife."

"What was he like in the past?" Maisie got curious, probably because she was bored. She had never tried to find out what Nolan was like in the past.

Chene covered her mouth and smiled. "Here's a secret, Nolan wasn't as serious when he was a kid. He used to cry a lot when Mr. Boucher bullied

hum

Maisie was obviously stunned. He used to be bullied by Helios and cried? That would be an interesting scene.

Maisie was amused because she had been under the impression that Nolan had been cold since he was a child. Something came to her mind, and she asked, "If Helios

and Nolan used to play together as kids, why aren't the Bouchers and Goldmanns friends?

Even though the Bouchers were in politics and the Goldmanns in business, and there weren't conflicts of interest, the two families should have been close since they had been friends from a young age.

Based on the rumors in the past few years, there never seemed to be news about the two families being friends.

Chene looked around and moved closer "The head of the Boucher family used to be love rivals with Mr.

Goldmann Sr over Nolan's mother. They weren't in touch a lot after that."

Maisie paused "Love rivals?"

Chene smiled awkwardly "Nolan's mother's ex-lover was Yael Boucher. Everyone in Bassburgh from our parents generation knew that. It was quite the scandal"

Nolan's mother, Natasha Knowles had been a star under Royal Crown, the fairest of Bassburgh, and had been very famous at one point Her resources and social standing could rival the current socialites.

Royal Crown didn't always belong to the Goldmanns Other than Yael Boucher, Nicholas was another man who had tried to woo Natasha

Rumor was that Natasha had almost become the eldest daughter-in-law of the Bouchers because they had been



dating for three years, but they hid it. But since the Bouchers were an affluent family, they couldn't accept Natasha because she was an actress. Thus, the relationship between Yael and Natasha had ended.

After being dumped by Yael, the news about her losing her chance to marry into money had started to spread, and her reputation had been affected.

Having the experience with Yael, Natasha had her guards up when Nicholas pursued her, but that didn't stop him. He had bought Royal Crown as a gift for her to make her happy.

Titus had been against it at first, just like the Bouchers, but what was different between Nicholas and Yael was that Yael had given up on love for his family, but Nicholas would give up his identity for his true love.

Natasha had probably married Nicholas because she saw his unwavering love for her.

Nicholas hadn't asked Natasha to leave the entertainment world and become a stay-at-home mom after they were married. He respected her career and would even support her movies.

**The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 410**

### **Chapter 410**

Whenever the media was focused on whether she would be dumped again, Nicholas would give them a slap in the face with his actions—ten years of marriage without any rumors of a breakup.

After that, everyone in Bassburgh would talk about how there would never be women involved when Nicholas had business dinners, or he would turn around and leave.

Natasha, who used to have a lot of dating rumors, would rather take roles in boring soap operas than anything romantic-not because they didn't trust each other, but because they trusted each other a lot and cared for and respected each other. 1

Maisie blinked and sighed. "Father must have loved Nolan's mother a lot, right?"

But if it weren't because of the de Armas... Nicholas might not have lost the love of his life.

Cherie nodded and sighed. "After Mrs. Goldmann's incident 15 years ago, Mr. Goldmann became quiet, and the reason he stayed in their mansion all that time was that Mrs Goldmann loved that place."

Maisie paused. That was why Nicholas would rather stay in an old mansion far from town instead of in the city. That was also the reason he never remarried, even though it had been so many since Nolan's mother had passed.

Maisie was touched. People loved happy endings, so no one would want to see love stories cut short due to death.

'But, do happy endings really exist? We just have to appreciate people while they are still around.

After breakfast, Maisie and Cherie bumped into Mr. Jones on the way back to the suite.

Jones looked a little over 30, with thick brows, a high nose bridge, and deep-set eyes, the epitome of a beautiful man. He was dressed casually, with his gloves on, and seemed to be going out

“Ms. Zora.” Jones walked toward them, smiling. “What a coincidence. Were you just done with breakfast?”

Maisie smiled and nodded. “Yes.”

She looked at him and asked, “Are you going out?”

He nodded. “Yes, my friends asked me out for a game of golf. Would you be interested?”

Maisie didn’t turn him down. “Yes.”

Cherie noticed that he was making a move on Maisie.

Maisie turned to ask Cherie, “I’m going golfing with Mo Jones. Do you want to join us?”

“Huh?” Cherie was surprised. She pulled Maisie aside and said, “Maisie, you’re going with him? Aren’t you afraid that he’d-”

Maisie noticed that she was worried, so she smiled.”

You’re coming along, aren’t you?” Gandhi

“That’s true. I can protect you.” She wasn’t good at a lot of things, but fighting was one thing she could do well.

Jones brought them to an outdoor field. It was wide like a private garden.

“Hey, Jones!”

A few men walked toward them and greeted each other. A man with blue hair hugged his shoulder while looking at the two women. “Jones, where did you find these two beauties?”

Jones slapped his hand away and introduced, “This is Ms. Zora. I’m sure you’ve heard of her.”

“Oh, Zora, the jewelry designer from Luxella?” The blue-haired man flashed a wide grin and held out his hand. “Ms. Zora, I’ve heard so much about you. I didn’t know that you were so beautiful.”

“Thanks.”

Maisie gracefully shook his hand.