

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1186

Chapter 1186

“Other than engravings, there are silver and gold molding techniques, gem cutting, jewelry inlay, polishing, and so on. Of course, you must also be familiar with 3D and JCAD software technology.”

Maisie put her gloves on, “You’re talented in jewelry design, so learning these shouldn’t be hard.”

If Naomi hadn’t been hurt all those years ago and given up her admission to the music academy, she probably would have gone into jewelry designing, and these would be part of the jewelry design curriculum.

Naomi looked at the rolls on the desk. “Are you going to guide me personally?”

“I need to train you well first so that when

you’ve mastered the skills, I’ll hire a few more designers, and you’ll be able to work by yourself.”

Naomi made a decision, “I’ll learn as much as I can.”

After a month, in winter...

Maisie was invited to a fashion week event in a different district. On top of the many familiar faces in the fashion industry, there were a lot of celebrities too.

Kennedy and Madam Nera walked the red carpet with her.

Maisie was in a bold vintage look with beautiful loose curls. Her lips were bright red, and her facial features were nicely contoured. The media went crazy over her beauty.

She wore a men's coat with metal buttons on one shoulder, a custom-made chiffon black dress that showed off her tiny waist and hourglass figure, and the black floral stickers on her shoulder peeped through. She also wore a pair of black lace-trimmed gloves, looking stunning as ever.

On her fingers, she wore an emerald ring and a fleur-de-lis necklace, and it was given attention because of how unique it was. A famous woman from the fashion industry greeted Madam Nera, and her eyes fell on Maisie. "Your jewelry is really nice. I've never seen this style before."

Maisie smiled and replied, "It's a new design from Soul."

The lady was surprised. "Is this your design?" "No," Maisie said, "It's actually a new designer's design."

The lady and Madam Nera chuckled. "I didn't expect a newcomer to come up with such an outstanding item."

Madam Nera smiled and nodded. "The newcomer is doing better than her predecessors, but it's because Maisie has a good eye for talent."

It was 10:00 p.m. when the fashion show ended, and Maisie went to the hotel she had booked.

After saying good night to Kennedy, she walked to the elevator alone, and just when the doors were closing, a man with a mask and sunglasses walked in. He was in full black and looked mysterious and creepy.

Maisie looked at him. What's wrong with people who wear sunglasses at night?

He stood there unmoving.

Maisie saw that he didn't select his floor, so she pressed her lips together. Was he staying on the same floor as she?

When the elevator got to her floor, Maisie walked out first, and the man followed.

Maisie was almost in the room when she realized that the man might be following her, so she became more alert. Was that man a

stalker?

When she picked up her phone to call Kennedy, that man suddenly put out his hand toward her.

Maisie immediately turned around and grabbed the man by his wrist, but the man grabbed her and pulled her into his arms instead. She was shocked but raised her knees to kick him. He immediately caught it and pressed her against the wall, then suddenly laughed. When she heard that peal of laughter, Maisie angrily hit him, "Nolan Goldmann! How could you scare me like this!?" Nolan took off his mask and sunglasses and put them in his pocket. "How could you not recognize me?"

Chapter 1187

"How could I recognize you when you're dressed like that?" Maisie mumbled. He had his face almost fully covered and wore a cap and black casual clothes. No one would relate that with Nolan. Nolan pinched her chin and looked at her delicate face. "You almost kicked me." Maisie turned her face away. He kissed her cheek and neck, which made her

shudder, and put her hand on his chest. “It’s a walkway, and someone’s going to see us,”

He smiled. “Let’s get into the room then.”

When they were in the room, Nolan carried her into the bedroom, and they both leaned back into the bed. He looked at her from

head to toe as if he was appreciating a beautiful vase.

Maisie felt awkward being stared at, so she pushed his face away. “Why are you staring?”

He chuckled, grabbed her wrist, and kissed the back of her hand and fingers. “You’re so beautiful tonight.”

She laughed and switched places with him. She was now on top of him with a finger on his lips, “You mean the jewelry?”

He calmly said that it was her who was beautiful.

Maisie removed her belt and wrapped it around his hands. He was surprised, then laughed. “You’re turning into a bad girl now.” “You didn’t come all the way here to stalk me, did you?” Maisie looked down at him while she slowly removed his buttons.

Nolan’s lips curled. “I wasn’t stalking. I was obviously following you.”

“Why didn’t you tell me then!”

He laughed. “Because I wanted to give you a surprise!” Maisie leaned in and touched his skin. “Are you sure it’s a surprise and not a shock?” He nodded. His Adam’s apple moved, and his eyes were dreamy. Maisie

stopped at his waist, turned around, and escaped. ignoring Nolan's annoyance. "That's the price for scaring me!"

"Zee, you-" Nolan took a deep breath after seeing her open the door and run out then chuckled. "Rascal. She's misbehaving."

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Goldmann down. She wouldn't be part of the Goldmanns if she didn't secretly give birth to them."

#What did the person above mean?

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Maisie didn't understand how the man had slipped in after she locked her room door. Nolan slowly ate breakfast, then picked up a napkin to wipe the corners of his mouth and looked at Maisie. "Why are you staring at me like that? Do you have impure thoughts so early in the morning?"

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"Zee." Madam Nera was dining at the restaurant with a few big names in the fashion scene. Maisie smiled and walked toward her. "Godmother, you're up early."

"I don't usually stay in bed," Madam Nera smiled and introduced Maisie to the people who were there with her. They were all famous in the industry.

Maisie greeted them with handshakes while Nolan tidied up his suit and walked toward Maisie.

Everyone there knew Nolan and was surprised that he showed up. "Mr.

Goldmann is here too.

"Yes, I'm here with my wife," Nolan replied amiably.

One of the ladies smiled and said, “There’s a rumor going around that you spoil your wife. I guess it’s true.”

“How could he not spoil such a beautiful wife? And Mrs. Goldmann founded Soul at such a young age. That’s a lot of talent.”

“That’s probably thanks to Mr. Goldmann too.”

Maisie’s smile slowly faded, but nobody noticed. When that was said, everyone knew that the air had changed.

The younger woman who had said that noticed that she had made a mistake, so she covered her mouth. “Oh, I’m sorry. Mrs. Goldmann. What I meant was that Mr.

Goldmann supports you so you don’t tire yourself.

Maisie’s smile was still on, but when she was going to say something. Nolan calmly said. “I never helped my wife with Soul. Honestly, Soul is part of Blackgold and has made quite a lot of money. I still owe my wife % 150,000,000. I think it’s more like I’ve been taking advantage of her.” Maisie paused and turned to look at Nolan, who looked back with eyebrows raised.

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“Zee,” Madam Nera held her hand and patted its back, “Heavy the head that wears the crown. There's no need to care about what others say because there will always be bad comments when you achieve enough. I know you well, and I believe that you're not someone who would hunger for power. You have been true to yourself all this time.”

Maisie nodded, “I understand.

Nolan pulled Maisie into his arms when they walked toward the private room. “How was my performance?”

Maisie laughed, turned, and looked at him.” Very good.”

He smiled. “Do I get a reward?” She nodded. “Yes.”

Seeing how he looked longingly, she took a piece of candy out of her pocket and put it in his hand. “Here's a reward, good boy.”

Chapter 1189

Then Maisie immediately left.

Nolan looked at the lonely piece of candy in his hand and couldn't help but laugh.

In the afternoon, Maisie and Kennedy went to the bowling alley, and he told her about the rumors online.

She threw the ball out and hit all the pins except one.

Maisie picked up the water bottle at her seat and twisted it open. She then asked Kennedy to pass her the phone and started going through Twitter.

There were a few negative comments against her, and they seemed to have started something. “Were you able to get the IPs from which these comments were

posted?’

Kennedy replied, “They’re all in Bassburgh.” He paused for a moment.” They know you.”

Maisie slowly took a sip and didn’t reply. Someone who could know about her initial relationship dynamics could only be someone who knew them.

‘She’ didn’t seem to have stayed put.

Kennedy could tell something was off. “Has Nolan seen this?”

Maisie checked Nolan’s latest update, and it was a photo of him and Colton playing online games.

#The wife is making money, and I’m taking care of the kids. Haters won’t understand.#

The update was to refute that Maisie had forced him to marry her because of her children and use his resources.

@Helios: #Haters won’t understand. They won’t know that you’re enjoying it when the wife is paying for everything.#

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What was better was that there were over 20,000 comments there, and one of them had the highest likes: #Before he got married, he was a free man, but after he got married, he's just another man. Had to make his wife happy to stay alive.

It was just a joke, but the difference in Nolan's image sent it into trending while the comment about Maisie was buried. Maisie took a nap on the plane, and she walked out of the airport holding onto Nolan's arm when she got back to Bassburgh. Quincy's car was parked up front. The two got into the car, and Maisie asked Quincy to send her straight to her office.

Nolan frowned. "Weren't you going to spend time with me?"

Maisie turned to look at him and gave a knowing smile. "Didn't you say that I have to make money?"

Nolan was at a loss for words. He felt that he had dug his own grave.

Seeing how disappointed he looked, Maisie couldn't help but chuckle and pat his head. "Be good. I just need to get something done and get home earlier. I won't work tomorrow, and I will spend time with you. I promise."

Nolan turned his face away. “I don’t believe you.”

Maisie turned his face back and kissed him on the lips. “Just believe me this once.”

Nolan leaned in and looked into her eyes.” I’ll teach you a lesson if you ditch me again.”

At Soul...

Maisie got out of the car and watched it drive away. She picked up her phone and made a call. “Barbara, where are you?” “I’m at the gym,” Barbara was doing sit-ups and was taking the call through her Bluetooth earphone, “What’s up?”

12:24

Lilapler 110

Maisie chuckled. “You started working out already?”

“Why not? I have so much excess fat after giving birth. I need to get back in shape!” Barbara didn’t want to let herself go just because she had a child. She still loved looking great.

Chapter 1190

“Which gym? I’ll meet you there.”

Barbara sent her location, and Maisie took a cab over. When she got there, Barbara was done with her sets and was drenched in sweat.

She wiped the sweat from her neck with a towel. “Don’t you have your hands full?”

Why are you here?"

Maisie leaned against the door. "Because I want to."

"I'll go change," Barbara walked into the changing room and got out in clean clothes with a jacket.

Even though it was winter, November in Bassburgh wasn't too cold. "What's up?"

Maisie said something into her ear, and

Barbara was surprised. "Me?" "I promised that I wouldn't hurt her."

Maisie shrugged. "But, some people need to learn their lesson, or they will never behave."

Barbara buckled her belt and raised her brows. "Let me handle it."

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The man sitting next to her had a huge potbelly, gold chains, and rings. He looked like someone who had just gotten rich. He ran his hands up and down Linda's legs while she leaned on his chest and held the wine to his lips. "Mr. Olson, remember to ask for me the next time you book a place here."

Mr. Olson raised her chin, and his yellow teeth peeked through when he smiled. "If you listen to me, I'll come here every day and make you the best-paid girl."

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Madam Nera laughed and tried to resolve the situation. “That’s right. This girl even tricked me and covered the fact that she was working with Mr. Goldman and managed to convince me. She managed to get a channel from me. If she weren’t capable, wouldn’t have worked with her.” The other ladies believed her because Taylor Jewelry had a strong standing in the fashion world

Everyone in the industry respected her, and a girl that she admired wouldn't be someone who did well because she had a backing . After all, Madam Nera hated pretentious people.

“Zee,” Madam Nera held her hand and patted its back, “Heavy the head that wears the crown. There's no need to care about what others say because there will always be bad comments when you achieve enough. I know you well, and I believe that you're not someone who would hunger for power. You have been true to yourself all this time.”

Maisie nodded, “I understand.

Nolan pulled Maisie into his arms when they walked toward the private room. “How was my performance?”

Maisie laughed, turned, and looked at him.” Very good.”

He smiled. “Do I get a reward?” She nodded. “Yes.”

Seeing how he looked longingly, she took a piece of candy out of her pocket and put it in his hand. “Here's a reward, good boy.”

Chapter 1189

Then Maisie immediately left.

Nolan looked at the lonely piece of candy in his hand and couldn't help but laugh.

In the afternoon, Maisie and Kennedy went to the bowling alley, and he told her about the rumors online.

She threw the ball out and hit all the pins except one.

Maisie picked up the water bottle at her seat and twisted it open. She then asked Kennedy to pass her the phone and started going through Twitter.

There were a few negative comments against her, and they seemed to have started something. “Were you able to get the IPs from which these comments were

posted?’

Kennedy replied, “They’re all in Bassburgh.” He paused for a moment.” They know you.”

Maisie slowly took a sip and didn’t reply. Someone who could know about her initial relationship dynamics could only be someone who knew them.

‘She’ didn’t seem to have stayed put.

Kennedy could tell something was off. “Has Nolan seen this?”

Maisie checked Nolan’s latest update, and it was a photo of him and Colton playing online games.

#The wife is making money, and I’m taking care of the kids. Haters won’t understand.#

The update was to refute that Maisie had forced him to marry her because of her children and use his resources.

@Helios: #Haters won’t understand. They won’t know that you’re enjoying it when the wife is paying for everything.#

@Louis: #Can you have a bit of dignity?#

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@Nolan: #Please go away.# Maisie was rendered speechless. This new way of shooting down rumors was unique. In two days, all the comments were about Nolan's update because his comments were filled with famous people. It was bound to blow up.

What was better was that there were over 20,000 comments there, and one of them had the highest likes: #Before he got married, he was a free man, but after he got married, he's just another man. Had to make his wife happy to stay alive.

It was just a joke, but the difference in Nolan's image sent it into trending while the comment about Maisie was buried. Maisie took a nap on the plane, and she walked out of the airport holding onto Nolan's arm when she got back to Bassburgh. Quincy's car was parked up front. The two got into the car, and Maisie asked Quincy to send her straight to her office.

Nolan frowned. "Weren't you going to spend time with me?"

Maisie turned to look at him and gave a knowing smile. "Didn't you say that I have to make money?"

Nolan was at a loss for words. He felt that he had dug his own grave.

Seeing how disappointed he looked, Maisie couldn't help but chuckle and pat his head. "Be good. I just need to get something done and get home earlier. I won't work tomorrow, and I will spend time with you. I promise."

Nolan turned his face away. “I don’t believe you.”

Maisie turned his face back and kissed him on the lips. “Just believe me this once.”

Nolan leaned in and looked into her eyes.” I’ll teach you a lesson if you ditch me again.”

At Soul...

Maisie got out of the car and watched it drive away. She picked up her phone and made a call. “Barbara, where are you?” “I’m at the gym,” Barbara was doing sit-ups and was taking the call through her Bluetooth earphone, “What’s up?”

12:24

Lilapler 110

Maisie chuckled. “You started working out already?”

“Why not? I have so much excess fat after giving birth. I need to get back in shape!” Barbara didn’t want to let herself go just because she had a child. She still loved looking great.

Chapter 1190

“Which gym? I’ll meet you there.”

Barbara sent her location, and Maisie took a cab over. When she got there, Barbara was done with her sets and was drenched in sweat.

She wiped the sweat from her neck with a towel. “Don’t you have your hands full?”

Why are you here?"

Maisie leaned against the door. "Because I want to."

"I'll go change," Barbara walked into the changing room and got out in clean clothes with a jacket.

Even though it was winter, November in Bassburgh wasn't too cold. "What's up?"

Maisie said something into her ear, and

Barbara was surprised. "Me?" "I promised that I wouldn't hurt her."

Maisie shrugged. "But, some people need to learn their lesson, or they will never behave."

Barbara buckled her belt and raised her brows. "Let me handle it."

In the bar, the music was too loud. The customers played drinking games while the lights blinked, while women in sexy clothing danced around poles.

Linda wore a maid's outfit because she was working there. She walked around to chat with them and earned some tips from there

The man sitting next to her had a huge potbelly, gold chains, and rings. He looked like someone who had just gotten rich. He ran his hands up and down Linda's legs while she leaned on his chest and held the wine to his lips. "Mr. Olson, remember to ask for me the next time you book a place here."

Mr. Olson raised her chin, and his yellow teeth peeked through when he smiled. "If you listen to me, I'll come here every day and make you the best-paid girl."

Linda ran her toes up his leg. “What do you want me to do?”

Mr. Olson caught her hint and was delighted. He ignored the wine that someone else handed him. “You little slit, can’t wait, can you?”

Linda said something into his ears which made Mr. Olson immediately put down his wine glass and pull her away.

Right when they walked away, a woman with a hat pulled down low who was sitting not far from them walked toward a woman in a maid outfit and said something into her ear.

The bathroom had a ‘Maintenance’ sign up, but some noise was coming from inside. After about 10 minutes, Mr. Olson walked out. The cleaning lady coldly looked at Linda, who was behind him, and slowly put her recording phone away.

Linda counted the money he gave her while leaning against the wall. It was % 3,000 in cash.

When she got back to her seat, the music stopped, and all the lights were turned on. A group of police officers rushed in. “Don’t move. Everyone, sit down!”

Armed police officers surrounded the entire place, and the customers didn’t dare make sudden movements.

The manager smiled and walked forward, ‘ Officer, this is a drinking place. We’re not doing anything illegal here.’

The team leader looked stoic as he held out his badge. “We have received reports that someone was soliciting here.”

When Linda heard that her face turned pale. ‘How could-‘

The manager looked around, confused, “... I don’t think so. People just come here for entertainment. We have security guards doing rounds to make sure that there is no soliciting, gambling, or drugs. We don’t do illegal things like that.”

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The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1189

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