

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1331

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However, after seeing how miserable Lisa looked, Maisie's expression changed in an instant. "What have you done to that child!?"

Lisa's skirt was stained with blood, her bruised face was so swollen that Maisie could hardly recognize her, and there were bloodstains on the corners of her lips too.

She seemed to have been tortured, and her gaze looked absent, blank, and dimmed.

The man only nudged her, and she could not even keep her feet under her body, lost her balance, and fell to the floor.

Upon seeing this, Maisie's jawline tightened, and the bottom of her eyes was dyed scarlet.

All children were always extremely precious to their parents, and seeing a child suffer such abuse would make any mother lose their cool.

Although Lisa was not her child, Maisie was still a mother. It was impossible for her to stay indifferent!

Maxine chuckled even more happily, seeing the chill beaming from Maisie's eyes as if she were about to tear her into pieces. "What's wrong? Are you feeling bad for someone else's daughter? You should thank her."

She approached Maisie. "If it weren't for her suffering everything for your daughter, the person who would have suffered all these right now would be your daughter."

Maisie's bound hands were tightly tied, and her nails sank into the crevices of her palms. "Maxine Reynolds, you're really out of your mind!"

"If Rowena were still alive, she would have done the same, wouldn't she?", Maxine pinched and extinguished the cigarette in her hand, and the cigarette butt and ashes fell at Maisie's feet. "However, I had overestimated her in the past. A woman who only wants to get her man is destined to fail in the end. Her death was an inevitable fate."

Maisie looked at her expressionlessly. "It is also yours.")

Before Maxine could react, Maisie lifted her foot and kicked her abruptly.

Maxine got kicked and staggered several steps backward. She would have fallen to the floor if the man had not supported her in time.

Another man stepped forward and grabbed Maisie. However, Maisie bashed the bridge of the man's nose with the back of her head. The moment the man let go of her due to the pain, she caught him off guard by kicking him vigorously in the abdomen.

Using the dagger hidden in her sleeve, she then cut the rope with her backhand— every movement looked neat and clean.

Maxine roared at the man behind her, "What are you standing here in a daze for!?"

The man behind her returned to his senses and went after Maisie.

Maisie lifted her hand to block his attack, but the brute force still pushed her back. Still, she managed to stabilize herself with her heels.

When the man went for his dagger, Maisie suddenly thought of the move that Logan had used to dislocate her shoulder when she went against her in the training camp a few years ago.

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The man's attack was only inches away from her when Maisie quickly tripped him to the floor and dropped herself together with him. And while she was going down with the man, she did not forget to hold his arm, grab his shoulder, and pull it backward with all her force.

A loud crack echoed, and the man yelled in pain.

The other man pounced at her, bent his knees, and was about to kick her. But Maisie rolled away, quickly got up, and took the man's move head-on.

Maxine, who was standing on the side, looked anxious but laughed hysterically. "Kill her! Even if she has a dagger, she won't have the guts to kill you, hahaha!" Because of Maxine's words, the man completely ignored the dagger in her hand. Maisie was forced into a corner where she could only defend herself. Upon seeing that she had nowhere else to fall back to, Maisie's expression turned stern when the man pressed her against the wall and strangled her. At that point, she stabbed the dagger's tip into his arm.

However, the other party seemed to have gone into berserk mode and ignored the severe pain. Thus, Maisie turned the dagger's hilt until his flesh was torn and blood gushed out of the wound, severing his tendons and muscles.

The moment he felt the pain intensify and lost his grip strength, Maisie pushed him away, and the man fell palm first.

The dagger went through his palm. He could not take it any longer and immediately started shuddering and screaming out of pain while kneeling on the floor and clutching his arm with his hand.

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Maisie walked toward Maxine.

Maxine laughed and raised the remote control in her hand with a frantic look. "I'd dare you to take another step closer. That's if you want to go down in pieces."

Maisie stopped, and her face darkened while looking at the remote control in Maxine's hand.

"Did you think I didn't come prepared? Why would I allow you to come to me in the first place? I'm not really worried about whether you'll bring help here. Even if you were to get Nolan or the police here, I wouldn't let any of you escape this unscathed." She laughed smugly.

Maisie took a deep breath and remained silent for a while. "Did you plan to go down together with us?"

After saying that, she pointed to the two injured men behind her. "Those two almost died and another even went to prison for you. These people's lives don't matter at all to you, do they?" ;

Maxine looked indifferent. "What do their lives have to do with me? They work for me only because of the cash. Hence, it goes without saying that they will take the fall for me after paying them, doesn't it?" .

Maisie gave off a cold smirk. "Maxine, you keep saying that Rowena's ways of tackling things were superi

or to yours, but before what happened today, I realized that Rowena was actually inferior to you.

At least, she had a conscience, and that was to treat the Goldmanns well. Even if she harmed innocent people, she had never really made a move against Nolan and the Goldmanns, the people who raised her. And you, not only did you want to kill Sue, your biological sister, but you even poisoned your mother, didn't you?"

Maxine's smirk gradually faded, and her eyes dimmed and turned ruthless. "You've even gotten to the bottom of that."

"Yes, I know everything about you now." Maisie stepped forward.

Maxine roared, "How dare you come here!?"

Maisie did

not stop, so Maxine stepped back, and her hand holding the remote control trembled. "Maisie Vanderbilt, have you decided to go down with us? However, don't forget that an innocent, poor child is still here. What's the matter? Don't you care about her life?"

Seeing that Maisie refused to stop and was getting closer and closer to her, she yelled,

Then let's go to hell together!

She was in a frenzy and pressed the button on the remote control with a grim grin on her face.

Unexpectedly, after waiting for a while, there was no trace of the explosives being detonated. As such, Maxine pressed the button several times in a row again and then stood in place in astonishment." What's going on"

Maisie raised her hand, smacked the remote control off Maxine's hand, and slapped her face instantly without giving her any time to react

Maxine gradually felt the pain in her cheek, her shoulders started trembling, and she laughed with bloodshot eyes.

Maisie then gave her a backhand slap; and its force caused her to fall to the floor.

She laughed hysterically once again, lifted her head, and glared at Maisie. "Why don't you kill me? You don't have the guts to do so, do you?"

Maisie grabbed her hair, hauled her to Lisa's side, and forced her to look up at her. "Look at this girl and remember her. She looks like this now all because of you." She then turned Ma

xine's face the other way and pointed at the two injured men." And look at your men. They've suffered all : those injuries all because of you. Maxine Reynolds, you'll get to live today because you must spend the rest of your life making up for your deeds. You'll have to atone for those you killed or hurt."

The sound of the sirens approached, and two helicopters hovered in the air.

Soon, Nolan rushed into the factory with his men,

Maisie helped Lisa up, and Lisa curled in her arms and trembled, unable to utter a single word.

The police had surrounded the scene, and the ambulance arrived in time. The police officers sent the injured men to the ambulance, and Maisie also handed Lisa over to the medics,

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After saying something to the police, Nolan walked toward Maisie, pulled her into his arms, and tightened his hug.

Maisie sniffed the soothing fragrance on his body and chuckled softly. "I knew you would get here in time."

He kissed the top of her head vigorously and sneered from the bottom of his throat. However, his tone sounded reproachful. "You **always take** the liberty to act by yourself. You would've been blown to pieces if I couldn't get here in time."

Maisie looked up at him: "It's because I believe in you and Colton"

While she was on her way to meet Maxine, Maisie received a call from Nolan, and Colton was next to him.

They had managed to locate Maxine, so they had pinpointed the area where Maxine was at. As long as the area had network coverage, they could find out her exact location and the route she could use to escape.

Since the place Maxine had not chosen a suitable escape route, she must have never planned to escape from the beginning and might have chosen to end things in a more extreme way.

And that was to bring someone down together with her.

Therefore, they had sent someone to the hotel where Maxine stayed and found a batch of remote device purchases that Maxine had made abroad, and included in the order were remote-controlled explosives.

Because the bomb that she had set up could not be detonated physically, the bomb could be detonated remotely through the network. Thus, as long as the network in this area was blocked, the remote control would lose its ability to detonate the explosives.

Maisie had faith in Nolan and Colton, which was why she would bet that the bomb would not detonate when Maxine pressed the button on that remote control

Nolan held her cheeks in his palms, not knowing whether he should be exasperated or amused by her. "I really can't do anything about you."

Back at the Goldmann mansion...

Colton and Daisie

were already waiting for Maisie to come home. When she returned home, the two of them hurried over. "Mom! Daisie threw herself into her arms. "I'm sorry, Mom! It's all my fault. I got Lisa embroiled in this incident. I shouldn't have let her wear my clothes."

When she learned she was the one that would have been kidnapped, she felt very guilty. After all, Lisa had been kidnapped only because Daisie had lent her her clothes.

Maisie raised her hand, stroked her head, and said with a smile, "It has nothing to do with you. You only wanted to help your friend, and no one could predict such a thing would happen." ;

Daisie cried out loud.

Nolan walked up to her and rubbed the top of her head. "Alright, you're a grown girl now, and you're still crying in your mother's arms. We've rescued Lisa." Daisie wiped her tears. "Then can I go and visit her in a few days?"

Maisie paused for a bit and then reddened. "Yeah, your mother will accompany you to pay her a visit a few days later."

After the children went upstairs, Maisie turned to look at Nolan. "How did you know that Maxine's mother was poisoned to death by her?"

I really wouldn't have known that if it weren't for the information that Nolan shared on the phone. And Maxine actually admitted to doing so

Nolan took her into his arms. "That geezer found out about those old incidents."

The geezer that he referred to was his grandfather.

Maisie was stunned.

Nolan caressed her cheek with his palm. "I told you about the cause of Uncle Summers' death the other day, right? It's said that he was killed by a knife when he ran into a robber abroad. But when the police looked into the old cases, the belongings in Uncle Summers' bag were not stolen."

"So, the killer did not kill for his money." Maisie looked at him.

Nolan responded with a faint hum and continued. "The other party didn't want his money, **so it was obviously a premeditated** murder. Besides, Uncle Summers had not offended anyone when he was abroad."

Maisie lost her composure. "Could it be... Is it Maxine?"

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She recalled Maxine's words, saying that she had avenged her

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When thinking about it, the statement made Maisie shudder.

The next day...

Quincy went to the Goldmann mansion to report to Nolan, saying that Maxine had been diagnosed with mental illness at the Bureau of Justice and was currently being held in custody.

Maisie was astounded when she heard these words. "Mental illness?"

Quincy nodded, "It's said to be intermittent personality cognitive impairment, which is a symptom of schizophrenia."

Maisie pursed her lips and said nothing,

Nolan held the back of her hand and looked at Quincy. "If mentally ill people intermittently commit crimes when they're mentally normal, they should bear criminal responsibility just like any other normal people. This is inevitable. If Maxine wants to use

her mental illness to find a reason to defend herself in this lawsuit, i'll play along with her till the end of it."

Quincy replied, "I've informed the lawyer and will hand the evidence and judgment."

After Quincy left, Maisie sat on the couch and did not say anything.

Nolan hugged her. "What's the matter?"

I didn't expect Maxine to have another trick up her sleeve."

'Does she want to avoid bearing criminal responsibility by saying she's mentally ill? If she were to succeed in doing so, then it'd be a disaster to society.

Nolan smiled. "She won't be able to do as she wants. I've never lost a lawsuit. Even if she's truly sick, I won't give her the chance of evading criminal responsibility."

Maisie looked at him and chuckled. "Are you well-prepared for the lawsuit?"

He stroked the ends of her hair. "You'll know when the trial starts."

A week later, on the trial's day, the courtroom seats were fully occupied.

Maisie and Nolan sat at the plaintiff's desk while the defendant's lawyer sat across from them.

Helios was also among the audience.

Maxine was brought into the courtroom by four female police officers. She was shackled, her hair was disheveled, and she was in a prisoner's uniform.

She turned her head and glanced at Maisie, who was sitting at the plaintiff's desk, and the corners of her lips twitched and were raised coldly as if she was provoking her.

Maisie's hands, which were resting on her thighs, could not help but tighten as her expression stiffened.

The judge sorted out the documents in his hands and glanced at Maxine. "Maxine Reynolds, the defendant of this case, has been charged with illegal entry into the country and direct involvement in major murder and kidnapping cases, which are serious offenses.

"As the defendant has an intermittent mental illness, the investigators can't prove whether the crime was committed during a period when she couldn't differentiate right from *wrong* or when she was not in control of her own behavior. So, she cannot be held criminally responsible for the crimes that she has committed and should be deported.

This is the defendant's case in this appeal. Does the plaintiff's lawyer have anything to add?"

The lawyer sitting next to Nolan looked through the documents. "I've added the following three points.

"Firstly, if the defendant, an intermittent mental patient, commits a crime during the onset of their illness, why can the defendant target her victims so precisely? This only shows that the defendant was in her right mind at the time of the crime.

"Secondly, the defendant has been suspected of murder before entering the country illegally, which means that the defendant may be a habitual offender. If she were to be acquitted, this would be a scar that the justice system leaves in the heart of every family member of the deceased and the victims.

"Thirdly, since the defendant's lawyer can't even prove whether the defendant was sick while she committed all the crimes. It's too far-fetched for the defendant to plead for an acquittal."

The audience in the courtroom whispered to each other and seemed to agree with the point of view that the plaintiff put forward. The defendant's lawyer stood up. "My client didn't participate in the hit-and-run, and the suspect of the case has already pleaded

guilty. I have the suspect's confession in my hand, which proves that my client has mental issues that she has no control over."

The defendant's lawyer submitted the confession to the judge, and the judge went through the evidence and then looked at the plaintiff.

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The plaintiff's lawyer chuckled. "The suspect who caused the death in the hit-and-run pleaded guilty only because he's the defendant's scapegoat. Since he would take the blame for her, the confession that he gave can also be false."

The plaintiff's lawyer slowly stood up and handed in the documents.

The documents were presented to the judge, who skimmed through them and frowned.

"This is the evidence of all the crimes committed by the defendant. How can a mentally ill person draw out each step of the plan so purposefully when she wasn't in her right mind and couldn't

control her own behavior? So, no matter who the defendant is, they can't be spared, and the premeditated actions don't constitute out-of-control behaviors."

The judge looked at the defendant. "Do you have any other evidence?"

The defendant's lawyer submitted two more pieces of evidence. "All the premeditated behaviors that my client showed were due to multiple personality disorder, better known as dissociative identity disorder.

"My client suffers from severe mental illness and even has experienced a few personality substitution incidents before this because of the brutal assault that she suffered when she was younger.

"Patients with dissociative identity disorder can't control their behavior when the other personality takes over, so even if my client committed a premeditated murder, it was committed by her second personality, not her true self."

Maisie pursed her lips when she heard the statement. Nolan noticed her hidden emotions and placed his hand on the back of hers.

Maisie turned to look at him, and he gave off a grin that gave her great relief.

Dissociative identity disorder, including a murder case carried out by a secondary personality, was indeed very rare, so rare that even the audience in the courtroom thought it was unbelievable.

The defendant's lawyer managed to completely distinguish and separate the defendant's behavior from the behavior of her uncontrollable personality!

After all, this was a crime associated with dissociative identity disorder, and the exact diagnosis provided by the hospital proved that the murder had been committed while the defendant's secondary personality took over. Thus, when both conditions were met simultaneously, the defendant's criminal responsibility would be exempted!

Maxine glanced at Maisie, and Maisie was looking at her too. There seemed to be a hint of mockery flashing across her eyes as if she was trying to provoke Maisie by giving off a victorious gesture.

The judge asked for the hospital's medical certificate to be handed to the plaintiff's lawyer, who took a look at its content and **frowned**

Nolan leaned over to the lawyer beside him and said something, and the lawyer nodded.

The defendant's lawyer said at this time," Since the criminal case was committed by someone who has dissociative identity disorder and the certificate issued by the hospital can verify that the defendant indeed committed premeditated murder under the control of her secondary personality, then the defendant should be exempted from bearing the criminal responsibility." The plaintiff's lawyer suddenly added," Wait a minute. One of the plaintiffs, Mr. Goldmann, has something to add."

The judge nodded.

Nolan propped his upper arm against his chin and glanced at the defendant. "Since the defendant's secondary personality is the murderer that we're looking for, I want to know who's the person standing here now.

The audience was astonished.

Even the defendant's lawyer was stunned. Apparently, they had not prepared for this in advance.

The judge continued, "Maxine Reynolds, please answer the question."

No emotion could be seen on Maxine's face. "I'm Maxine Reynolds. I don't know much about my second personality. I only know that her name is Cecile Wolfsbane."

Nolan smirked. "Are you sure that you're Maxine Reynolds?"

Maisie looked at Nolan in bewilderment.

Why would he ask her about this?'

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After Nolan said that, the people in the courtroom started chattering.

The judge pounded his gavel. "Silence in court."

After that, he looked questionably toward the plaintiff. "Pretending to have multiple personalities?"

Nolan looked toward the lawyer, who nodded, then opened the folder they received just now. "Judging from this case, if the second personality com

mitted the crime, which she could not control, then in principle, she could indeed be exempted from criminal responsibility.

“However, in essence, the exemption is only applicable when the person has totally lost consciousness and had been

taken over by the second personality because the second personality had taken full control and she could no longer control her actions.”

The plaintiff’s lawyer looked toward Máxine: “However, the defendant was clearly aware that her second personality exists and was even using the identity of Cecile Wolfsbane, so there is only one possibility. That’s that she acted out the disorder’s traits and pretended to have dual personalities.”

Everyone, including Maisie, was shocked.

At that moment, the judge asked why she would pretend to have two personalities, and Francisco slowly said, “Criminals try to escape being prosecuted by pretending to be mentally unstable. Pretending to have multiple personalities was pretty much like acting as if another personality existed, so this isn’t a crime committed while having multiple personalities.”

Maxine lost control and yelled, “Bullsh*t! You’re all working together to frame me!”

The police officer went up and held her down, forcing her to calm down.

Francisco arranged the documents, including the evidence that Nolan submitted, and stood up, “Your Honor, the plaintiff is pretending to have dissociative identity disorder to commit a crime. Other than her childhood trauma twisting her way of seeing life, she also pretended to be her twin sister, Sue Reynolds, and enrolled in the Turner Institute of Art.

“Due to her childhood emotional trauma caused by unfair treatment from her parents and the gossiping of neighbors, pretending to be her twin sister was an escape from her identity as Maxine. She pretended to be Sue very well but couldn’t get the honor that belonged to her because that belonged to Sue and not Maxine.” Everyone, including the jurors, was silent except for Francisco’s voice, still lingering: “Here is some information submitted by our plaintiff. Maxine had attempted to murder her sister Sue to escape from her, but she failed. Sue was burnt to death, and the person who set her on fire was their half–sister, Rowena Summers.;

“Seeing her half–sister burning her twin to death made her start worshiping Rowena. If she could pretend to be her own sister, she could imitate Rowena and pretend to be her as well.”

Francisco placed the documents and his palm on the desk. "From a psychological standpoint, this imitation is to improve oneself and become more like the other person. It's caused by low self-esteem. She blindly wanted change and lost herself while moving into an extreme situation. This is a mental illness. Is it possible for an intermittently mentally ill patient to be able to do all that?"

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When the judge spoke to the defendant's lawyer, the lawyer gave up on the defense. The moment Maxine heard the sentencing,

she looked as if her soul had left her body, and when she was taken away, she couldn't walk by herself.

Maisie and Nolan left the court. "How did you find the evidence?" She was surprised.

Nolan touched her nose. "It's all thanks to your son."

Wayion had found evidence in Maxine's home, a pocket watch.

There was a picture of Tyson Reynolds and a woman who was the mother of the twins. It showed the reason that Tyson had left: the family for a few years.

On the way back, Maisie guessed that Tyson had met Sue and Maxine's mother and had fallen in love.

However, they could not be together even when they loved each other because Tyson was married, and even if he didn't love his wife, he felt sorry for her.

The traditional ideology of marriage just tied them down. Since Lorraine Wolfsbane was Tyson's cousin, he hadn't been very keen on marrying her but was forced to.

After their wedding, they had just been a couple by name. After Lorraine gave birth, Tyson left and worked overseas.

Tyson had felt sorry for Lorraine too because if not for this arranged marriage, she would have married the man she loved and built her own happy family.

Lorraine had been an understanding woman and never questioned him, so he treated her well in return.

Even when he left to work, he would bring gifts back for his wife and child, take care of the child, and love his wife as a husband. After meeting a woman who stole his heart, he never asked for a divorce from Lorraine.)

Between marriage and love, he had chosen the former because of a sense of responsibility and not love. Even for the right person who had shown up in his life at the wrong time, he could only choose to let her down.

Maisie didn't really understand, "Why does Maxine hate her mother?"

Maxine hated her father because he was the reason she couldn't have a complete and happy family. They had all been mistreated since they were without a father and her mother had gotten pregnant before getting married.

But why would she hate her mother? Had she killed her mother because the latter loved Sue more than her?

Nolan pulled her into his arms and played with her hair. "She thought that her mother's negligence when she was young was the reason she had to go through her trauma. She felt that she wasn't important to her mother."

Maisie looked down. "They're both her daughters. How could she think that she wasn't important?"

What Maxine had told her in the cafe was only from her perspective and how she saw her mother love Sue more.

Some people liked to victimize themselves and complain to others to get some sympathy, but who would know the truth?

Just like the videos online. Some were posted to create an illusion and a lie, but people believed them.

Nolan smiled. "When someone's mind is made, it's hard for them to see the good in others. That was how I felt about the old man too."

He meant Titus.

He had been under the impression that Titus hadn't sent someone to save his mother, but it was because Rowena had hidden the fact that his mother was kidnapped, and Titus had no idea. It had been too late when he found out.

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After a few days, Maxine was given a life sentence.

Maisie went to see

her one last time. When the warden brought her to the visitation room, she still looked calm as ever. not

showing signs that she was a person on death row.

She sat down and put the receiver to her ear, then smiled. "It's ironic that you're the last person I see."

Maisie looked at her. "Do you not regret your actions?"

"Regret?" She laughed, but her eyes were cold. "There's nothing to regret about. I'm not the one at fault. The world is at fault for not being fair to me."

Maisie's eyes darted. "I sympathize with you, but this isn't a good reason to kill someone for revenge." "What do you know? Have you gone through what I have?"

Maxine's expression was dark. "I was six when I had to go through such an ugly experience, but the man who assaulted me was perceived as a good man because he was enthusiastic and had so-called good behavior. He easily convinced the police and neighbors, and even my mother. What I said as a six-year-old became a lie, and the neighbors were against me, just because the man who assaulted me was a polite old man."

The hatred in her eyes darkened. "I was the one who had to go through that, but my mother was disgusted at me. Sue didn't have to go through any of that. She was a

blank paper with outstanding colors while I was tainted."

After that, she smiled eerily. "When I fed her the poison and told her how I burned Sue to death, it was ironic to see her apologize to me while she cried."

"That's enough."

Maisie looked at her with pity. "Do you really think your mother didn't believe you and was disgusted? You were wrong. She believed you, but she couldn't do anything to help

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ad to bring the two of you up in a foreign country. She even had to ask your father for help. After the incident, she didn't choose to compromise, but since the culprit destroyed all evidence, and the police and neighbors didn't like foreigners, do you think you're the only one who had to listen to hateful words? Your mother and sister endured the same."

"Bullsh*t.."

Maisie ignored her darkened expression." You had to go through a horrific experience and thought that your mother didn't believe you, that she felt guilty because she neglected you, but that was all just your perception."

"Hah, what do you know?" Maxine chuckled, "Maisie, do you think what you're saying will move me? Do you think that me losing means that you won?"

She laughed hysterically. "You're so pathetic. Do you think you can save me? You think that the poor little girl won't end up like me

or

Maisie frowned,

Maxine suddenly stood up, "She's going to follow in my footsteps, Maisie. She won't thank you for it, hahaha!"

The warden grabbed her while she struggled and screamed. Her bloodshot eyes stared intently at Maisie, who sat calmly on the other side of the glass window—all the hysterics looked even crazier on the other side. The noise on the other side of the receiver only faded when the warden forcefully dragged her out.

After Maisie walked out of prison, the car window parked outside slowly rolled down, revealing half of Nolan's handsome face.

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Maisie got in the car. "I'm done."

Nolan put his hand across her back and leaned in. "What's wrong?"

She frowned, "I didn't know that she was so far gone."

Nolan hugged her. "She got what she deserved."

Maisie looked down, holding back what she wanted to say.

Nolan noticed that and then held her face up. "Did you want to say something?"

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"I still have a question. How did Maxine find out about us?" Maisie looked at him.

Maxine didn't know them, but how could she know so much about Pearl and Linda?

Nolan rested his chin on the top of her head. "Imitating someone, playing a character, then getting too far into character. That's why she looked into our past. That's not unusual."

Maisie didn't reply.

Even if she had a troubled life, and what happened to her was terrible, she lost all sympathy when choosing such an extreme path

Lisa had to go through life with trauma because of her madness.

At the hospital...

Lisa's legs were bandaged after two rounds of surgery. Her bones had fractured, and she needed a steel plate. She was just 13, but her legs were broken, and she had to go through the torture. One could only imagine the pain she endured.

Maisie and Daisie went to visit her and saw that her face was less swollen but still bruised. She needed crutches when she walked.

"Lisa."

Daisie slowly walked to her bed and looked at her. "I'm sorry, it was my fault. I shouldn't have let you wear my clothes."

Lida looked at her and squeezed out a smile. "It's alright."

Daisie held her hand. "You'll get better."

She smiled but didn't say anything.

Maisie stood outside the room and walked forward when the nurse came over. "Please move this child to a private room. I'll bear the cost."

The nurse nodded and smiled. "Sure, ma'am."

Daisie walked out of the room. "Mom." "Did you have a good chat?" Maisie touched her hair.

She nodded. "Lisa's legs will get better, right?"

"Of course they will."

Maisie held Daisie's cheeks when she saw how guilty she looked, "Daisie, this isn't your fault. No one could have predicted the future. The fault was on the person who did this to Lisa, and she's already behind bars."

She brushed away the tears of Daisie, who then fell into her arms. Maisie hugged her and consoled her while touching her hair.

Daisie visited Lisa after school for the next few days and would bring her presents and food. The bedside table was almost fully **covered**.

Daisie sat there having a good conversation with Lisa when Lisa's parents walked in. They were surprised that her room was upgraded to a private room, and her mother had a huge reaction. "How could you change to such an expensive room? We're burning money!"

Lisa's father asked her to calm down.

Lisa looked down but didn't say anything.

Daisie stood up. "Sir, Ma'am, my mom was the one who upgraded the room. She's footing the entire bill."

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"Yes, Ma'am, my name is Daisie Vanderbilt." Daisie answered politely.

Mrs. Fraiser walked to Lisa's bed and said to her, "You should bring your friends home. We thought you didn't have friends from school."

Lisa was still quiet.

Daisie smiled and said, "I'll visit after this then."

Mrs. Fraiser couldn't stop smiling. "Great, you're very much welcomed. Hey, how's Lisa's performance in school? I hope you can help her in the future."

"Yes, I will." Daisie nodded.

Lisa bit her lips and turned to her side. "I'm tired. I need to rest."

Mrs. Fraiser was annoyed. "You stupid girl, we've come all the way to visit you, but you're throwing a tantrum. Are you ashamed of your parents?"

"Honey, Lisa is in bad condition. Just let it go." Mr. Fraiser felt helpless but couldn't say much. His wife was the one who made most of the decisions at home.

"Was I wrong? She never brings her friends home and won't even let us go for the parent-teacher conference. Why would she be ashamed of us?" Mrs. Fraiser was angry.

As a mother, she couldn't even attend her daughter's parent-teacher conference, and Lisa would be annoyed when they asked her to bring her friends home.

Daisie heard what Mr. and Mrs. Fraiser said, then looked toward Lisa, who was in bed. She mentioned going to their home too, but Lisa wasn't too happy about that.

She kept saying that her mother was very strict and wouldn't let her bring friends home, but it was actually the other way around. Daisie didn't overanalyze that. She thought Lisa was just afraid that her friends would think she came from a poor family. Daisie didn't care about the financial status of her family.

At Morwich's Maple Lane...

Pearl was building a sand castle with her child in the yard. She had a son who was already two years old. His hair and facial features were really similar to his father's.

"Mommy, look, a castle." The boy chuckled while pointing at the castle.

Pearl touched his head and smiled. "You're so good at this."

A car parked outside their gate. Pearl looked up and froze when she saw the man who got out of the car.

"Mommy," The boy hugged her because he was afraid of the stranger.

Pearl hugged him tightly while staring at Tanner, who slowly walked over, her heart pounding.

"Pearl..." Kamala walked over, and her heart dropped when she saw Tanner. As such, she rushed forward. "What are you doing here?"

Tanner gnashed his teeth. "I'm here to see Pearl."

"Why? She has a child now." After that, she pulled the child into her arms, afraid he would be snatched away.

Pearl turned to look at Kamala and said,

Mom, please bring Noa in."

Kamala thought about it and brought the child into the home. She didn't let Tanner see the child because she was afraid he would recognize him.

Pearl stood in the yard with Tanner. Three years had passed, but Tanner had never looked for her.

She calmly asked, "Why are you here?" –

HOME MADE

Tanner stared at her but didn't reply.

Pearl felt uneasy under his gaze, so she turned around. "I'm going back in"

Tanner put out his arms and hugged her from behind.