

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 681

### Chapter 681

Louis placed the bowl down and wiped the corners of his lips with a handkerchief. “Mother, are you sure that you want to come to a conclusion so early?”

Larissa was about to say something when a roar suddenly came from upstairs. “Louis Lucas, you b\* stard!”

Ryleigh dashed downstairs furiously without even bothering to put on her shoes. Her eyes were still looking puffy due to all the crying from last night. “Didn’t I tell you to bring me to a hotel? Why did you.”

When she saw that Larissa and the housekeeper were downstairs with Louis too, her legs swayed, and she grasped onto the staircase’s handrail, almost falling and rolling down the stairs.

Larissa was stunned. “Ryleigh!?”

A stiff and awkward smile appeared at the corners of her lips.

‘This is it, I’ve been completely misunderstood!

At Soul Jewelry...

Maisie was sitting in her office coming up with sketches of designs when she received a message from Nolan on her cell phone.

(Don’t forget the children’s parents’ meeting tomorrow.

She sneered while looking at the screen of her phone and replied.

[How would I forget about that?]

Nolan replied almost instantly.

[I'm afraid that you're so busy that you'll forget about it, so I have to remind you all the time as your husband.

A cute emoji was added to the end of the text message.

Being unprepared for the emoji, Maisie laughed out loud for a long time while looking at the screen.

Coincidentally, a text message from “The Single Ladies of Bassburgh” group chat, which had not been active for a long time, popped up all of a sudden, saying that Maizie had had her eyes fixed on Francisco, the Bouchers’ second young heir.

When Francisco was mentioned in the group, Maisie could not help but give off a sigh. She had met Francisco in the training camp three years ago.

Although they had not interacted with each other a lot, she still remembered that she owed him a favor.

‘But let’s wait for Nolan to regain his memories first. Otherwise, I’ll have to coax the man who’s lost his memory if he misunderstands us!

At noon, Madam Nera invited her to have high tea at an open-air restaurant at a private golf course.

Madam Nera still treated her very well after not seeing her for so many years, and the two of them chatted happily throughout the afternoon.

After learning that Madam Nera was about to resign from the Board of Directors of Taylor Jewelry, Maisie was stunned. “Are you going to retire already?”

Madam Nera fiddled with the flowers on the table.” Yes, after all, I’m already at this age. It’s time to let things go.”

It was true that Madam Nera was already approaching 70 years of age. She could have retired a few years earlier, but she had been so conscientious that she remained in her position for a longer period, and it was not a bad thing for her to retire from her position and enjoy her life now.

Maisie smiled. “Then I can still ask you to come out for tea in the future, can’t I?”

Madam Nera held up her teacup. “Of course, you can. I have no children. I’ll be delighted if you don’t dislike me and come to accompany me more.”

Madam Nera never got married. It could be said that she had dedicated her whole life to her career, and Taylor Jewelry had always been her life companion.

But Maisie did not see any regret on Madam Nera’s face because she clearly knew what she wanted and had gone after it

wholeheartedly. And what she had achieved was very satisfying for her.

Maisie got up, moved her chair, and sat down beside her, smiling brightly and smartly. “Then why not take

me in as your god-granddaughter?”

Madam Nera was dumbfounded. She placed her teacup down immediately and asked happily, “Oh really? But would you want that?”

“Of course, I would.” Maisie took her arm. “I don’t have many relatives left in the world, not to mention that you’ve helped my career so much that I can’t even start to repay your kindness. Thus, I can only become your god-granddaughter and treat you better in the future to achieve that.”

Madam Nera gave off a wide grin and said, “Great, that sounds delightful. I’m more than happy to take you in as my god-granddaughter.”

At this time, Maisie noticed a few people walking up to them in tandem from not far away, and the woman who looked extremely familiar to her was Maizie.

Maizie caught up to one of the men and wanted to stretch out her hand to grab the man, but the man dodged her, turned his head, and talked to his friend, who was walking beside him, ignoring Maizie.

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Maisie took a closer look, only to realize that the man's figure looked somewhat familiar.

It was not until they came upstairs that Maisie managed to recognize him. She did not recognize him at first sight, probably because he was wearing a suit.

‘That man is Francisco.

‘After not seeing him for three years, he has indeed become calmer and more confident, his temperament has become much tougher, and he's now exuding a more mature aura.’

Francisco then saw her, and his expression looked slightly surprised. “Little... Little goddess?”

Maizie was stunned and looked in the direction of his gaze.

‘It's Maisie Vanderbilt?’

“Francisco, it's been a long time.” Maisie introduced him to Madam Nera in a poised manner, “Grandma, this is the second young heir of the Bouchers.”

Madam Nera smiled and nodded at him.

Francisco only seemed to have a calm and mature temperament when he was not speaking, and he seemed to have gone back to being like who he was three years ago as soon as he started speaking. “Is she your grandmother?”

Francisco then nodded politely. “It's nice to see you, Madam.”

Madam Nera chuckled. “I’ve heard a lot about Mr. Boucher, but this is my first time meeting him in person. He looks quite handsome.”

Francisco looked a little embarrassed. “You’re flattering me, Madam.”

Looking at Francisco’s attentiveness, Maizie thought of the phrase he had just used to address Maisie, which sounded extremely intimate and strange. “Francisco, are you one of Mrs. Goldmann’s old flames? She’s married to Mr. Goldmann now, and they even have three children. Please don’t tell me that you still haven’t gotten over her?”

However, such casual statements were usually those that could easily make others misunderstand.

Maisie’s expression dimmed slightly, but Francisco expressed his displeasure before she could say anything. “Do you know what kind of horsesh\*t you’re blabbering about?”

Maizie replied innocently, “Did I say anything wrong? But either way, I wouldn’t mind even if you had a romantic past with Mrs. Goldmann.”

Maisie chuckled. “Ms. Hannigan, it seems like not only do you not filter what food you should put into your mouth, but you also don’t filter the things that come out of it?”

“What makes you think I don’t filter my words?” Maizie refuted confidently, “If the two of you don’t share a romantic past, how

could Mr. Boucher know you after staying in the training camp for so long?”

Everyone else laughed after she said this while Maisie snorted. “What a coincidence. I was in the training camp three years ago. Moreover, not only did I meet Mr. Boucher there, but I also got to know a lot of people other than him in the training camp. So, if we were to go with your logic, would I have had a romantic past with everyone I got to know in the training camp?”

Maisie used Maizie’s word to retort, and the latter’s expression became a little annoyed.

At that moment, Madam Nera asked Maisie meaningfully, “This girl looks rather unfamiliar to me. Which family is she from?” Maizie interrupted the conversation before Maisie could answer to save her prestige and reputation, “I’m, of course, from the Hannigans.”

A hint of arrogance and condescension could be sensed between the words that came out of her mouth.

‘She’s Maisie Vanderbilt, an ordinary woman who’s so lucky that she found her fate intertwined with Mr.

Goldmann’s. If it weren’t for her title as the missus of the Goldmanns, she would actually be a nobody when being compared to the Hannigans.’

Madam Nera picked up her teacup and said casually, “It turns out that she’s Nathaniel’s daughter. So it’s true that the

Hannigans can't even teach their daughter properly. It's no wonder their business empire isn't looking too good recently. Furthermore, his son isn't very fond of him, so he can only rely on the Santiagos' support after his son's marriage and the Santiagos' daughter."

"What do you mean by that?" Maizie was irritated and immediately disregarded whether the other party was elderly or not. "Your granddaughter is who she is now only because she's lucky. All she did was get to Mr. Goldmann before any other woman could. The Vanderbilts would literally be nothing nowadays if it weren't for Mr. Goldmann's prestige. So how dare you talk about us Hannigans here?"

The guests around them all peeped over and witnessed the whole exciting charade as if they had bought the VIP ticket to a Broadway theatrical play.

Francisco wanted to defend Maisie, but Madam Nera had already put her teacup down gracefully and snorted. "Did I ask you to speak?"

Maizie was shocked by Madam Hera's resolute and vigorous temperament, became silent, and took a step backward.

Madam Nera had been the chairman of Taylor Jewelry for so many years-it would have been impossible for her to secure her position in the company if she did not have the confidence and talents.

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Taylor Jewelry was not only a bigshot in the jewelry industry but also a huge company in the business circle and the entertainment industry.

Moreover, celebrities in the entertainment industry from all over the world had always tried their best to please Madam Nera in order to compete for her company's jewelry endorsement contracts.

She had not even given a hoot about Nolan or even the Lucases back then, so why would she be afraid of the Hannigans?

It was said that it was not because of how powerful Madam Nera's background was but because she had never been afraid of authority. She had always been frank, daring, and ruthless when she was young, and the people who knew her had to respect her for that.

Seeing that Maizie was rendered speechless, Madam Nera looked at her expressionlessly. "Your father, Nathaniel Hannigan, doesn't even dare to talk back at me like what you just did. Not to mention that you're still just a junior in the circle. You really shouldn't take others so lightly."

Maisie smiled. "Grandma, don't be infuriated by this. Ms. Hannigan is still young. She'll remember the lesson that you've just taught her in the future."

Francisco ignored Maizie and sat down at the same table with his friends.

Maizie was frozen in place. There was no empty seat for her, and they continued to talk to each other as if she was not even there with them.

She felt like a joke, embarrassed and awkward to the max, so she furiously left the scene.

Maisie then refilled Madam Nera's tea. "Grandma, your temper is still the same as before."

She had seen what she had done to Willow before that.

Madam Nera smiled and responded, "You're my godgranddaughter, so it's only right for me to defend you even more now."

Francisco cleared his throat lightly. "So you're Madam Nera."

He just found out about that after being reminded by his friend.

Madam Nera looked at him. "Mr. Boucher, what's your relationship with the daughter of the Hannigans?"

Francisco waved his hand. "I'm not in any sort of relationship with her. She initially wanted to marry my cousin, but he has rejected her. I definitely wouldn't take a fancy to a woman like her."

Madam Nera sighed. "With such an arrogant temper, what monster will she become in the future if she gets herself married into the Bouchers?"

Madam Nera did not stay long before leaving first.

Maisie sent her off to the front of her car and watched as she got in the car and left.

Francisco approached her. His smile still looked the same as before, and his teeth were white and neat.” Little goddess, it’s been three years, I thought you...”

His smile gradually became more reserved.

It was not that he had not seen the news.

Maisie looked at him. “You thought I was dead?”

Francisco scratched his cheeks. “I’m glad that you’re fine. And as expected, the news can’t be trusted from time to time.”

Maisie turned to face him. “When did you leave the training camp?”

He replied, “Two years ago.”

After answering her question, he thought of something and continued. “By the way, Raven has already passed the exam and has made her way into the top management.”

Maisie nodded. “I knew that she definitely could do it as long as she worked hard.”

Francisco walked side by side with Maisie in the aisle outside the golf course. The branches of the willows on the roadside

were draping like green bead curtains, swaying in the breeze.

Maisie looked at him. “Why are you here today?” “I came to play golf with my friends, but I didn’t expect to meet you here, little goddess.” Francisco picked a willow leaf and fiddled with it in his hand. “Little goddess, I’m very sorry for what happened in the training camp back then.”

“What did you do?” She stopped, and Francisco lowered his head.

“I didn’t stand up for you when Wynona framed you. Do you blame me?”

Maisie smiled. “That was ages ago already, and you’re still thinking about it.”

After saying that, she faced him with her hands behind her back. “Speaking of which, I still owe you a favor. How about I treat you to dinner when I’m free?”

Francisco agreed.

Maizie, who was not far behind them, took a few pictures and then smirked smugly. “Got you!”

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**Chapter 684**

In the evening, at the Blackgold Group...

Nolan walked to the building entrance while Quincy just stopped the car in front of the company. He then unbuttoned his suit jacket and was about to get in the car.

A woman stopped him from behind, and he turned around expressionlessly.

Nolan's expression instantly turned cold upon seeing that it was Maizie.

“How dare this woman come up to me again?”

Maizie was frightened by his expression and did not dare to get too close, but she could not just give up at this moment. “Don't get me wrong, Mr. Goldmann, I have something that you need to see. That's why I'm here.”

He responded coldly, “And what's the matter?”

Maizie handed him a few photos, and Nolan hesitated for a moment before receiving the photos from her. He then saw something and did not give off any emotions through his expression, but the corners of the photos in his hand were crumpled

Maizie said cautiously, “Mr. Goldmann, don't misunderstand. These were taken by someone else, so I was just curious. Of course, I still believe that Ms.

Vanderbilt won't betray you.”

Nolan's aura became cold and stern suddenly-the man in the photo gave him a strange sense of familiarity.

Maizie did not dare to stay any longer. Anyway, the photos had been handed to the intended target. “Then I won’t take up any more of your time, Mr. Goldmann.”

She then left in a hurry.

Quincy got out of the car and watched Maizie leave with a puzzled expression. “Mr. Goldmann, why has Ms. Hannigan come to you again?”

Nolan squeezed the photos tightly and put them down helplessly. He then got into the car without saying a word.

During dinner, Nolan did not come downstairs, so Daisie asked Mr. Cheshire, “Uncle Alfred, why isn’t Daddy eating with us?”

Alfred smiled helplessly. “Err... I don’t know about this either.”

Maisie put down the fork and knife. “You guys should continue eating. I’ll go up and take a look at your daddy.”

Nolan had been acting a little strange ever since he returned from work, and she just did not feel right.

She pushed open the study door and saw Nolan standing in front of the French window with his back facing her. There was a cigarette that had been lit in

his hand.

Maisie remembered that he was addicted to cigarettes before losing his memory, but it was not a huge issue back then. However, she could still see the smoke that had permeated the

entire room, and a few more cigarette butts had piled up in the ashtray.

Maisie's expression dimmed. She stepped forward, snatched the cigarette from his hand, and extinguished it in the ashtray. Nolan turned to look at her. His eyes looked calm and undisturbed.

Maisie was taken aback. "Nolan Goldmann, why are you looking at me like that?"

He did not say anything and slowly picked up the halfempty packet of cigarettes on the desk.

Maisie grabbed his hand and asked anxiously and irritatedly, "What's the matter with you?"

He lowered his gaze and glanced at the back of her hand, then lifted his eyelids. "Are you hiding something from me?"

Maisie wondered suspiciously. "What's the matter?"

Nolan pulled his hand out of her grasp and threw the packet of cigarettes on the table. "Where have you been today?"

Maisie did not understand why he would ask her about this, but she answered without any hesitation, "I went to have tea with Madam Nera."

Nolan lowered his head, scoffed, and asked sullenly, "Did you go out to have tea, or did you go out to reunite with a lover of yours?"

'A lover?'

Maisie was astonished. She then saw Nolan take a few crumpled photos out of his suit's pocket. She was about to grab them from him, but he let go of them before she could receive them from him.

Several photos slipped through her hands and scattered around her feet. Some of them were turned over, and the scenes printed on two of the photos shocked her.

They were photos of Francisco and her chatting in the aisle outside the golf course.

Francisco blocked a great portion of her with his huge figure in the photos. He had lowered his head to talk to her when the photo was captured, but it looked as if he was kissing her. There was a clear distance between Francisco and her at that moment, but they looked extremely intimate in the photo.

These photos were clearly intended to cause misunderstandings, but she knew that Francisco had not done it.

And the only person that came to her mind was Maizie.

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Maisie looked up at Nolan. "And you believe these photos?"

Nolan did not respond, but his eyes turned a little colder. "I asked you where you went, but you didn't tell me the truth."



Maisie approached him with a calm expression. “So you think these photos are real, and you think that I’m hiding something from you?”

He acquiesced in her statement without uttering a single word.

Maisie took a deep breath and suppressed her emotions. “I went out for tea with Madam Nera today. As for the man that you see in the photo, you know him too. I only met him at the golf course, and nothing is going on between him and me.”

Seeing that Nolan was about to leave, she opened her lips slowly. “Nolan Goldmann, I’ll leave it to you to decide whether you want to believe in me or not.”

He froze in place for a split second and then left the study without looking back.

Maisie squatted down to pick up the photos and scoffed a little melancholically.

‘No one should be able to calm themselves down after seeing such photos, especially the amnesiac Nolan.’

The next day...

Maisie asked Saydie to go and retrieve the surveillance footage of the golf course’s aisle for her, and it was true, Maizie had indeed tailed them when they were chatting there.

Saydie looked at her. “Ma’am, do you need me to deal with this annoying woman?”

Maisie lifted her head and smiled. “No, leave this presumptuous young lady to me. I’ll deal with her myself.”

‘Maizie Hannigan, since you have the guts to take such photos of me and hand them to Nolan, don’t blame me for what will happen to you.

‘Since you so desperately want to secure yourself a great husband, I’ll cut off all paths that’ll lead to you even finding a semi decent one.

Maizie walked out of the mall with a few designer handbags in her hands. Just as she was about to walk to the front of her ride, a middle-aged woman with a plump figure suddenly rushed up to her, grabbed her by her hair, and yelled, “B\*tch, I’ve finally found you!”

“Ah! Are you insane? Help!” Maizie’s scalp hurt from the tugging, but she was not strong enough to break free from the middle-aged woman and got pushed to the ground.

The passersby gathered one after another, and the middle-aged woman rolled up her sleeves and pointed at her. “You shameless sl\*t! You’re the homewrecker who seduced my husband. How dare you go on a spending spree with his money so blatantly?”

Maizie got up in embarrassment. She was about to lose her head over this encounter. “Bullsh\*t! What are you talking about? Who seduced your husband? Are you even in your right mind!?”

“Oh my, where did you muster the courage to assert that it’s not you? You little b\*tch, there are so many things out there that you

can learn and pick up at such a young age, and you've actually chosen to learn how to seduce another woman's husband?"

Maizie argued furiously, "Aunty, have you taken me for the wrong woman? Do you even know who I am?"

The middle-aged woman pointed at her nose. "You're Maizie Hannigan, aren't you? The mistress that my husband is trying his best to keep out of my sight!"

Maizie was astounded. "W-What?"

The middle-aged woman tugged at her hair again. "Can't argue now, can you? You sl\*t, who in Bassburgh doesn't know that you wanted to find yourself a rich man just because you're the daughter of the Hannigans? But have you not seen a man before in your life? You've actually had your eyes fixed on my husband? You even asked my husband to divorce me!?" "...I didn't!"  
Maizie pushed her away hard. The plump,

middle-aged lady lost her balance and fell to the floor, but she continued to yell at her loudly.

More and more passersby were stopping for the drama, and some even took their cell phones out to take pictures and

record videos

Maizie's face gradually turned pale. She took two steps backward and shook her head in panic. "I didn't.

I'm not--"

“It turns out that she’s the daughter of the Hannigans. It’s said that she failed to take advantage of Mr.

Goldmann, and she changed her target, wanting to marry Helios Boucher, the actor. However, he rejected her too.”

“My God, she’s actually such a wh\*re.”

“Oh my, if I had raised such a daughter, I’d strangle her to death with my own hands.”

“I won’t let such a daughter-in-law get married into my family even if it means that my son won’t be able to get himself a wife for the rest of his life.”

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### Chapter 686

All the remarks of criticism laced with ridicule, contempt, and sarcasm entered Maizie’s ears. Her face was just pale.

She hadn’t done anything, but why would this woman call out her name and know who she was?

Maizie hopped into the car before the middle-aged woman could react. The woman then got up and knocked on the car window.

“Trying to run away? Come back out here, you b\*tch!”

But the car had already sped off.

The middle-aged woman walked to a corner when the crowd eventually dispersed, and Saydie handed her some money.

The woman looked at the full money bag and was overjoyed. “Thank you. Remember to come back if there’s anything like this again!”

Saydie got back to the car, where Maisie was sitting. She had witnessed the entire scene.

Saydie asked, “Ma’am, should I post this?”

“We don’t need to,” Maisie looked back, “Someone will do it.”

Maizie’s encounter would definitely be shared in the socialite group’. The people who didn’t like her would naturally spread the news.

Maisie hadn’t planned to go so far, but Maizie had taken it too far first.

Saydie started the car. “Are we going back to the office now?”

Maisie checked the time. It was time for Colton and Daisie’s parent-teacher meeting, but Nolan hadn’t contacted her.

Maisie got Saydie to drive her to their school. The compound was filled with expensive cars. Colton and Daisie attended a private school in Bassburgh, and even though the fees were quite expensive, the quality of education was top-tier.

Colton and Daisie waited outside the gates, and when they saw Maisie, they smiled and ran to her. “Mommy!”

Maisie bent down to catch them. “Have you waited long?”

Daisie shook her head. “No, it hasn’t started yet. Where’s Daddy?”

Maisie’s eyes twitched, then she patted their head.” Your daddy might be busy with work and will be here later.”

“Alright, Mommy. Let us show you around the school.” Daisie held her hand, excited to show her beautiful mother off to her classmates!

Colton walked behind them with his hands behind his head. He turned around because he heard honking.

The man who got out of the Rolls-Royce parked outside looking dapper was none other than their father!

Quincy handed a coat to Nolan, who put it over his forearm. He walked toward Colton in a black shirt made of brocade and a grey vest.

Colton tilted his head. “Daddy, Mommy said you were busy.”

Nolan put his hand behind his back. “I’m done with work.”

Colton scoffed and spoke like an adult. “Are you arguing?”

Nolan looked at him. “No.”

Colton didn’t believe that.

Maisie walked around their school, holding Maisie's hand. Children and parents could be seen everywhere in the school.

“Daisie!” A girl with a ponytail ran over. She looked at Maisie and was stunned.

Daisie proudly introduced, “This is my mommy!”

The little girl greeted her politely, “Hello, Ma'am! I'm Daisie's classmate, Lisa Fraser.”

Maisie leaned down to pat her head. “You're so adorable.”

Lisa's face turned red because she was shy. She looked around, then asked, “Daisie, your brother isn't here?”

Maisie realized that Colton wasn't there when she mentioned him. She looked back with Daisie and saw Nolan walking over next to Colton

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Nolan stood out from the crowd, looking dashing with his handsome face. Colton looked exactly like him, attracting everyone's attention.

Lisa got close to Daisie's ear. “Daisie, your brother really is as handsome as your father.”

Daisie happily giggled. “Of course, I wasn't making this up.”

Most of her classmates hadn't seen their parents. Now that they both showed up at the parent-teacher meeting, Daisie was going to show them off to the annoying people!

Daisie ran toward Nolan. "Daddy!"

Nolan picked her up. "I didn't break my promise, did I?"

Daisie shook her head and hugged his neck. "I'm so happy that you came with Mommy!"

Colton glared at her. "You're too big to be carried by Daddy."

Daisie made a face.

Nolan's status made him look too flashy. Some parents could recognize him and politely greeted them.

Maisie crossed her arms and stood under a tree, knowing that Nolan was probably still angry about the

photos and was ignoring her, but she wasn't worried either.

She turned toward the corridor of the classrooms and seemed to have seen someone familiar. She paused, then immediately hurried toward that building.

When Nolan was speaking to some of the parents, he noticed that Maisie had left.

Maisie arrived in the corridor, where a man was speaking to the director. After the director left, Maisie walked toward the man. "Joe?"



Joe stopped in his tracks, turned around, and looked surprised.  
“Maisie?”

Maisie was right. She walked forward. “Why are you at the school?”

Joe Watson was the coroner at Bassburgh’s Judicial Appraisal Center. Her falsified DNA report had been thanks to him, but more importantly, Joe, Maisie, and Ryleigh were friends from high school.

He smiled. “I’ve long quit my job at the Judicial Appraisal Center. I’m an English teacher now. Your son and daughter attend this school, right?”

Maisie nodded. “Are you their teacher?”

“Yes, I recognized them immediately,” Joe said, then suddenly asked, “By the way, how has Ryleigh been recently? Is she engaged?”

Maisie pressed her lips together, then looked down. She had noticed that Joe had a crush on Ryleigh long ago. However,

Joe had started working at the Judicial Appraisal Center and gotten busy after graduating from university, so they had fallen out of touch.

Joe understood something and nodded, “It’s nothing, as long as she’s happy.”

“Mommy!”

Daisie ran over and hugged her waist. She wanted to announce that her mother was taken and that no other man should get close to her, but she was stunned upon seeing it was Joe. “Mr. Watson?”

Daisie quite liked the gentle Mr. Watson, but why was i thim ?

Joe gently bent lower and said to her, “Hello, Ms. Vanderbilt.”

Daisie hesitated. “Mr-Mr. Watson, do you know my mommy?”

Maisie knew she had shown up because of Nolan, so she hugged her shoulder. “Mr. Watson, your godmother, and I are friends from high school.”

Daisie replied with an “Oh”.

‘That’s it.

‘Mr. Watson met Mommy earlier than Daddy, and Mr. Watson is so gentle. Even though he isn’t as handsome as Daddy, he is still good-looking. If mommy dated Mr. Watson in school, wouldn’t Daddy be in trouble!?’

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**Chapter 688**

Maisie looked at the little girl and guessed that her mind had gone far away, so she pinched her cheek.” Why did you come over?”

Daisie's face was pinched out of shape. She was at a loss for words for a long time until she said, "... I was looking for you. The meeting is starting."

Joe said to her, "You should go over if it's starting. I'll need to go too."

Maisie nodded.

Once Joe walked away, Daisie beamed. "Mommy, was Mr. Watson your first love?"

Maisie almost choked on her saliva. She bent down and looked into Daisie's eyes. "Do you know what first love is at your age?"

Daisie didn't dare tell her mother that she had learned it after watching the drama series that her brother was on. "Well, was he?"

Maisie felt exhausted. "Of course not."

Daisie beamed, then raised her tone. "Did you have a first love then?"

Maisie squinted, catching a glimpse of the tail of a suit in the corridor, and smiled. "I did."

Nolan, who was standing around in the corridor, took a deep breath and gnashed his teeth, looking gloomy.

Maisie's voice was loud, then soft. "My first love was your daddy. He drove me mad. How else would we have you three rascals?"

Nolan held his breath as his heart skipped a beat. His gloomy expression looked warmer.

Someone appeared next to him and put her arm on the wall behind him. He looked around and stared at the person in front of him.

Maisie smiled sweetly. "Happy?"

Nolan didn't say anything when she stood on her toes to kiss his lips. Her light perfume suddenly surrounded him, freezing him on the spot.

Nolan held her shoulders. He didn't use any force, but the veins on the back of his hands popped while he said in a sultry voice, "Zee..."

Maisie looked down and wanted to stop, but a force came from behind her waist. Nolan lowered his head to kiss her lips, strongly, madly and wanting more.

"Daddy! Mommy!"

Daisie's voice rang, and the both of them immediately separated. Nolan cleared his throat and turned his face to the side. Maisie's face was red, and she was steaming. She cleared her throat.

"Let's go to the classroom."

Nolan agreed.

Daisie followed behind them, pouting. She had seen everything.

Nolan and Maisie sat on Daisie and Colton's seats, the entire classroom filled with the parents of the students,

Colton and Daisie had always been top of their class, and the teachers probably knew who Nolan was, so they added a few compliments

Maisie sat with her hand on the side of her head while she peeked at Nolan. He looked just like a child who was paying full attention to class. She wondered what he had been like in school.

Nolan noticed her burning stare, pressed his lips together, and held her hand under the desk, his fingers running over her palm.

Once the meeting ended, Maisie pulled her hand out of his and ground her teeth, "You'll regret this."

Nolan raised his hand and pushed the hair stuck to the back of her neck away, his eyes burning. "We don't know who's

going to regret it yet."

"They have such a great relationship."

"They do."

Maisie realized that the other parents were still there, so her face felt really hot. She could only smile in reply.

Nolan couldn't get away from a few men he knew, so

Maisie went to see the children first.

When she got to the garden in the back, she stopped in her tracks. Two people stood behind the wall, a middle-aged man trying to harass a child. The child didn't react but instead just stood there.

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 689

### Chapter 689

When the man's hand was facing down, Maisie walked up to him, grabbed his wrist, and kicked him to the floor. "How could you do this to such a young kid?"

The man was obviously startled and looked extremely unhappy, but he didn't want to alert anyone, so he got up and ran away.

Maisie frowned.

"How could an \*ssh\*le like that show up in school? It's putting the children in danger!"

Maisie turned to the child, planning to console him, but she was shocked when she saw his face.

This boy had such delicate beauty—he looked more beautiful than Daisy.

The boy's eyes were a light color, his skin fair and soft. He had wavy hair and very long lashes.

Any child would have been very afraid after what happened, but he was emotionless and stood by the wall as if nothing had happened.

The child seemed to be used to that because his eyes lacked the colors one found in children's eyes.

“Why are you standing here alone? Where are your parents?”  
Maisie bent down to speak to him in a gentle tone.

The boy looked at her and slowly smiled after a while. “I don't have parents.”

“Oh... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...” Maisie felt complicated but also felt sorry. “It's dangerous for you to be here by yourself. Let me bring you over to the teachers.”

The boy coolly said, “That was a teacher.”

Maisie was stunned. For a moment there, she felt that his eyes mocked her.

The boy turned to leave, and Maisie stood there and watched him, feeling more complicated.

“Mommy!” Colton suddenly showed up and ran to her.” Mommy, why are you here?”

Maisie looked back at him. “I was looking for you. By the way, did you see a very beautiful boy?”

Colton put his hands on his waist and turned his face to the side. “He's from our class. Why do you ask?”

Maisie squinted. ‘Are they rivals?’

After they walked out of the school, Nolan was already waiting in the car with Daisy.

Daisy ran toward her, “Mommy, were you lost?”

Maisie smiled. “No.”

She stopped in front of Nolan and raised her brows, “You don’t have to wait. Saydie drove.”

Nolan let the kids get into the car then walked closer to Maisie, almost touching her face. “You left me with the old men. Good job, Zee.”

Maisie pushed her finger into his chest and lightly smiled. “They all run businesses and know you. Aren’t you an ‘old man’ too?”

Nolan held her hand and stared at her for a moment before pulling her into the car.

Maisie kept looking out of the window, seemingly worried about the boy.

Nolan pulled her closer, holding her waist and pulling her into his arms. She fell onto him because she wasn’t expecting that

Colton and Daisy looked over, but Nolan suddenly pretended to be serious. “The kids are here. Watch it.”

Maisie was rendered speechless.



At the Goldmann mansion...

Maisie pushed the door to the room open, and before the person behind her could enter, she closed it.

Nolan was quick, so he managed to grab her and pushed her chin upward, "My naughty girl is trying to lock me out?"

Maisie fell into his arms and looked wronged. "Are you not angry anymore? You were so... cold yesterday."

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 690

### Chapter 690

Nolan's eyes were burning, but he was trying to keep things under control and hesitantly kissed her. "Yes, so I need to punish you."

Maisie could feel the short hair on her neck, his strong arms picking her up. She hugged his neck tightly to keep her balance and had an exhilarating time at the doorway.

Under the night sky, the light from the closet shone dimly on Maisie's crystal clear skin, her hair sprawled on the pillow like black algae.

Someone pushed open the door of the bedroom.

Maisie slowly opened her eyes when she felt the mattress sink a little. Nolan sat at the edge of the bed, touching her face." Not going to have dinner?"

Maisie turned around, her voice hoarse from the constraint. “I’m thirsty.”

Nolan picked up the glass of water that he had prepared on the table for her.

She sat up and gulped the water but choked because she drank too quickly, spitting water all over the shirt he had just changed into

Nolan wiped away the water on the corner of her lips, then chuckled with love in his eyes. “How could you choke from drinking water?”

Maisie pushed his hand away, put down the glass, and leaned against the headboard. “I need someone to feed me dinner.”

He held her face up. “I relieved you, but you’re ordering me around now?”

She looked at him. “You have a problem with that?”

Nolan laughed. “No.”

He carried her downstairs and let her sit at the table. She didn’t move, just waiting for the food to be fed to her.

He would feed her anything she wanted to eat and drink and even coax her into eating.

Nolan knew she did this on purpose, so he played along. When she got bored, he smiled. “Done?”

Maisie looked at him. “You were so angry last night I thought you were not going to talk to me anymore.”

Nolan put down the cutlery. “You kissed me, so I had to make up.”

“Oh, is that true?” Maisie teased, “If I didn’t kiss you, how long do you think you’d be angry for?”

Nolan poked her face. “You’re so good at picking a fight.”

Maisie pushed his hand away, raised both her legs, and then hugged her knees. “You don’t believe me, but believe Maisie instead, huh?”

Nolan narrowed his eyes.

She grunted. “I know that she gave you the photos, and you believed her. You might as well marry her.”

Nolan curled her hair around his finger. “If you could get jealous, so would I. Even if the photos weren’t real, I would still get angry. I almost lost my mind.”

He pulled Maisie onto his lap and into his arms and held her hand in her palm, their fingers intertwined. “I was afraid that you would leave me.”

Maisie turned around and looked into his eyes. After a long while, she leaned in on his chest. “The person in the photos was Francisco Boucher, Helios’ cousin. Have you forgotten?”

Nolan paused.

Maisie looked up at him. He had probably forgotten what Francisco looked like. “I spent a month in the training camp three years ago and met Francisco. I owe him one.”

Nolan asked in a low voice, “Why were you at the training camp?”

Maisie put her hands behind his neck. “So I could marry you.”

Nolan was surprised, but he kept his eyes on her because he could tell that she wasn’t lying.

Maisie lay her head on his shoulder, hanging onto him lazily. “It was your grandfather’s request. As long as I passed the tests in training camp and performed well, we could be together.”

Nolan’s heart shuddered.

It was as though pieces of his memories popped up in his mind, but they were just moments, not full memories.