

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 105

Chapter 105

'Maybe it's because Willow has become popular now and has been invited by exception! In short, Willow's ability to get invited to such an event has salvaged my status in the family!

Stephen stood up and went upstairs in silence-that was when the atmosphere of the room brightened slightly.

Leila smiled. "I'll go upstairs to see your father."

Leila followed him to the room. Seeing that Stephen's expression looked distressed, she stepped forward and grabbed his arm. "Dear, what's the matter with you?"

Stephen flung her hand away. "As a mother, how can you allow your daughter to act like this?"

Leila, who got scolded out of the blue, felt baffled. "What's wrong with Willie?"

"She's not the designer of all those jewelry. You can fool anyone else and Mother, but you can't fool me."

Stephen knew too much about his daughter.

He would be convinced if the series of jewelry were said to be designed by Maisie because her ability and strength were obviously up there.

However, if they *were* said to be designed by Willow, he could not convince himself to believe in the statement at all.

Leila stepped forward and hugged him. "Dear, you've misunderstood Willie. Willie's been learning jewelry design, it's just she didn't tell you about that." Stephen remained silent.

Leila then added aggrievedly. "Willie is doing so for Vaenna too. Yes, she's not as competent as Zee, but she's been working hard. If you don't believe her, just let it be. But can't you recognize her hard work?"

"It's not that I don't recognize it, but how can she come up with such perfect designs in such a short period of time?" Stephen did not know why, but he had always had an ominous premonition deep down.

'Those designs look very familiar, especially their design concept.'

Leila coaxed him and caressed his chest with her fingertips. "Dear, let's not worry about Willie's affair. It's time to talk about us.

"You know, your mother has her eyes fixed on Vaenna now. If we can still bear a son, she'll definitely value us more."

Leila took the initiative to kiss Stephen.

Although Leila was already in her 40s, she had maintained herself well.

She also knew men very well, especially when it came to such matters. She had always been very open-minded and extremely sexy. She was so seductive that no man would be able to withstand her, and after two to three minutes, Stephen could no longer hold himself back anymore.

The next day, in the evening...

The socialite party took place at the popular VIP Hall of the Regal Ballroom. A red carpet had been laid outside the entrance, and dozens of security guards were there keeping order.

The cars entering and leaving were all luxurious ones that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars or even millions, and the ladies who got out of all the cars were gorgeously dressed and had an elegant demeanor.

In the center of the magnificent banquet hall were a huge variety of snack and cake layered trays, fruit platters, and various fine wines.

Familiar celebrities and socialites would gather around to drink and chat, discussing the influential and wealthy representatives of the city.

Of course, the top attendees would enter the venue through private passages. Their invitation cards were black in color-black represented the filthy rich and the powerful, while white represented ladies from ordinary wealthy families.

Maisie walked slowly among the crowd holding a wine glass. The beautifully curved tube top evening dress made her waist look exceptionally slender, and the black hair bun brought out the best of the snow-white dress.

The irregularly long and short crystal tassel earrings hanging on both of her ears became the ultimate finishing touch. The delicate folds at the hem of the long dress waved gently as she ambled down the aisle, and she looked like a blooming lily.

"Zee..." Kennedy walked toward her. "There's a mix of people from all walks of life here, so don't run around."

"Got it." Maisie smiled.

'Although attending such parties has never piqued my interest, Willow's here, so why shouldn't I come and join in the fun?

Sure enough, Willow appeared at the occasion.

She wore a strapless black evening dress with high forks and had curled her hair, her makeup looking particularly heavy and glamorous.

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Maisie burst out laughing. "Has Willow stopped pretending to be innocent?"

Did she change to a sultrier style?

When Willow saw Maisie, her expression changed. Why was this woman here too? Hmm, it was great that she was there too, though.

"Haha, even you got an invite?" Willow. walked toward her.

"Yes, but I'm surprised that even you were invited." Maisie pretended to be surprised. Willow probably didn't know how she had gotten her invitation. Willow smiled arrogantly. "It's probably because I'm trending. Maisie, I'm going to be part of the fashion jewelry business soon."

"Oh, really?" Maisie looked calm. "It isn't easy to survive in the industry. If you don't do well, your reputation will be tarnished."

Willow gnashed her teeth. "Hah, I think you're just afraid. I would be too. You haven't even made a splash after leaving Vaenna for so long. Vaenna, on the other hand, is doing very well

now.

"Maisie, don't be too happy that Nolan is supporting you now. When I become a bigger designer than you are, I'm going to take Nolan back." 2

"Alright, work hard then." Maisie smiled. She wasn't concerned with her threats.

Willow's temper rose, seeing Maisie not reacting. She was only arrogant because of Nolan!

When she turned her life around, she would step on her and make sure she wouldn't survive in the business!

“Are you the new jewelry designer?”

“Your designs are really creative. Can you tell us more about them?”

Two socialites walked toward Willow, who had become famous for her jewelry designs. Even though she wasn't at the top yet, she was known. Willow's expression froze, but to get on their good side, she tried really hard to put forth her best smile. “Those were my initial designs. They're just alright.”

Modest and humble. The two socialites liked her.

“No way. I think those designs are great. The style is perfect!”

“Yes, I only loved Dila's design when it comes to the gothic style, but when I saw your work, I realized that dark-themed jewelry has a charm of its own.”

The two socialites were happily discussing. All the socialites there knew something about jewelry

“Who's Dila?” Willow, who was trying to join the conversation, asked.

The two socialites looked shocked.

“Haha,” Maisie laughed, lightly swaying the wine glass in her hand. “I'm curious how you really came up with those designs if you don't even know who Dila is.”

Willow's expression changed, and she stared at her fiercely. “Zee, that's not what I meant. Of course I knew. It just slipped my mind.”

She started pretending to be innocent again.

The two socialites thought that it was understandable since one couldn't pay attention to every designer.

Maisie looked down and smiled. “That's true. Dila is the father of gothic-style jewelry. His works are as rebellious as he was. They always had a cold, wildness.

“Dila was the classic rebel in real life. His work had always been debated before he became famous. It's too bad that a genius like that was only 16 when he passed, and the dark style only became iconic decades after his passing.”

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“Not a lot of people from the younger generation know his name. It’s nothing weird.”

It was something her mother had told her when she was a child. Her mother had started becoming a designer because she loved Dila’s work. She had wanted to use the gothic style to prove that dark jewelry, just like vintage jewelry, had its unique charm.

Willow bit her lip

‘Annoying Maisie, why would she talk about a dead man? She’s just jealous that my designs are trending.’

“Yes, old Mr. Dila passed away when he was young. I just got into this business not long ago, so I just never made the connection.” Willow pretended to look sorry.

Maisie raised her brow. “That’s weird then. If you don’t even know about old Mr. Dila, where did you get your gothic inspiration from?”

Willow’s face slowly became stiff.

The people around them seemed to be interested in Willow’s answer. The two socialites looked at Willow.

Willow’s hands curled into fists, and she couldn’t wait to tear up Maisie’s mouth.

It was a burden to bear. Maisie wanted Willow to know the price of taking someone else’s credit. Since she had chosen this, she was going to take her time annoying her.

This was what she had arranged for her.

“What are you talking about here?”

A woman’s voice sounded, and everyone moved aside to make a path.

Pearl strutted over on her heels, looked at them, and said, “This is a party for socialites, not a jewelry fair. She’s just a new designer. There’s nothing interesting about that.”

Pearl sized up Willow with disdain in her eyes.

That was her confidence.

Pearl was part of the jewelry business, and her father, Antonio, was well known. Since she was from the La Perla Group, she had a great status and social standing.

La Perla was only second to Taylor Jewelry and on par with Hailey & Co., but in reality, it was better than them.

Vaenna of the Vanderbilts was nowhere near them. Furthermore, she was just a new designer who was just starting to become reputable. Pearl was not concerned about her.

“Pearl, you’re here.”

The two socialites walked next to her. They were no longer interested in Willow. Even if Willow had ‘talent’, she was nothing compared to the heiress of the La Perla Group.

Willow, who was ‘abandoned’, held her fist tighter. Pearl was just the daughter of an elite family. There was nothing to be proud about.

She would one day know how it felt to be walked over by someone she couldn’t care less about

Pearl suddenly looked at Maisie and Kennedy, and something came to her mind. She arrogantly walked toward Maisie, “It’s you. The socialite parties have lost their class. Anyone could get in now?”

Maisie was just there for the drama and did not expect the attention to shift to her when Pearl showed up.

She was a little annoyed.

Mr. Santiago’s daughter didn’t seem to have much in the brains department.

Maisie raised her brow and smiled. “Ms. Santiago, what you said probably offended everyone here. Everyone here was invited, and this isn’t a party organized by your family either.”

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What Maisie meant was Pearl had no power as a guest here.

Pearl looked around at the people whispering to each other and realized something.

She crossed her arms. “Which family do you belong to?”

Maisie shrugged and didn’t answer.

Willow walked next to her and said, "We're the Vanderbilts. She's my sister."

The Vanderbilts were famous too.

Maisie touched her forehead. The Vanderbilts had money, but they were not considered

elites. Why would she say that out loud?

"Vanderbilts?"

Pearl asked, "What Vanderbilt? I've never heard of you."

Great, Willow was caught in a tough spot.

Everyone there seemed to know and started whispering. "Vanderbilts? Vanderbilts of Vaenna?"

After Pearl heard them, she covered her mouth but laughed. "Vaenna Jewellery? That small jewelry company? You're nothing compared to La Perla."

Willow lowered her head, biting hard on her lip.

But something came to her mind. She looked kind and generous, "Ms. Santiago, Vaenna was founded by my sister's mother. By saying that, you're insulting her late mother."

Maisie squinted. Was Willow trying to get out of the spotlight by moving the attention onto her? No way!

Maisie pretended to be shocked. "That was a long time ago. Vaenna fully belongs to you now. If Vaenna is being trashed, how could you, as the owner, push the responsibility aside? 3

"Furthermore, you're famous now, the genius designer. You were able to create such great designs not long after you started learning. I'm really impressed."

Kennedy almost laughed upon hearing what Maisie said.

She walked to Pearl. "Ms. Santiago, I'm sure none of the designers at La Perla are as talented to be able to create work like this not long after they begin, right?"

Pearl gave Willow a sidelong glance.

Willow was imploding with anger. How dare this woman mock her!?

"I- I didn't-" she almost cried, as if Pearl was bullying her.

Pearl looked even worse when she saw that. She stared at Maisie. "Are you trying to provoke me?"

"Hah, I couldn't care less about Vaenna or your new jewelry company. You didn't even get a chance to collaborate with Taylor. Why would you even stay in this business?"

"The socialite party has lowered their class by inviting you over. Did you sneak into this place?"

Kennedy couldn't take it anymore. "Ms. Santiago, please be more careful with your words. We walked in through the front door."

"Show me your invitations," Pearl crossed her arms. "I want to see why they invited you." Kennedy wasn't impressed. "You're being so pushy. Aren't you afraid that your father would be ashamed of you?"

Maisie laughed drily. "She's not afraid of anything. Her father is always there to clean up after her."

Pearl lost her cool when they mocked her. She walked to Maisie and shoved her. "That's nonsense!"

Maisie wasn't ready for her sudden attack. Everyone there was stunned beyond words,

Willow was secretly celebrating.

Maisie, who was pushed, suddenly looked cold. She fell backward toward the wine bottles and glasses behind her.