

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 109

## Chapter 109

Crash!

The place went into chaos.

"Zee!

Kennedy immediately rushed over to help her up, but she knocked over the wine bottles and glasses on the table when she fell. Her white gown was dyed red, and shattered glass cut her

arm.

All the discussion was on Pearl.

Pearl stood there, rooted, looking pale. "No, no, I, I didn't mean to push her."

She hadn't used any force!

\*Zee, you're hurt!" Kennedy looked at her arm and started to panic.

Willow looked happy

Even though she wasn't too badly hurt from the fall, she would probably be thrown out for causing such a commotion.

"I'm alright, Uncle Kennedy." Maisie slowly stood up, ignoring how messy she looked. She calmly looked at Pearl, who was pale.

"Ms. Santiago, I was just giving you a reminder. I didn't expect you to do this. I have a terrible impression of La Perla now."

"I-You did this deliberately!" Pearl snapped back into reality and pointed at her. "I just lightly pushed you, and you fell. You're trying to frame me!"

Frame?

Maisie couldn't deny that she had indeed fallen back on purpose. How would she be able to teach Pearl a lesson if she didn't do that?

The security guards came over. When Pearl saw them, she yelled, "She's trying to make a scene and broke those bottles. Kick her out now!"

The security guards didn't know what went out, but they knew that Pearl was a Santiago, so they mustn't offend her. They could only listen to her and decided that Maisie was causing a scene.

Willow was very excited. Yes, that was the right thing to do. If Maisie was kicked out, she would never be able to recover from this!

"You have no right to send me away." Maisie took out a black invitation when she saw that the guards walked closer to her.

The security guards immediately stopped when they saw the invitation.

Pearl's expression changed. "No way, how could you-How could you get a black invitation?"

She wasn't able to get that even as the eldest Santiago. Who was this woman?

"Did I steal it? Do you want to confirm my identity?" Maisie said coolly.

The PR manager that rushed over immediately walked up to them and said, "What happened?"

Pearl pointed at Maisie and said, "She stole that black invitation. Throw her out!"

The PR manager wasn't someone in charge of guests with black invitations, so he didn't know if that was authentic.

He walked up to Maisie and requested to show her invitation and her ID to confirm her identity.

Seeing that Maisie didn't react, Pearl cackled. "I knew that black invitation was stolen. She wouldn't dare!"

"I'm sorry, Madam, if you don't comply, we would need to ask you to leave."

"I'd like to see who would dare do that."

Nolan appeared among the crowd and walked over under the lights in his elegant suit. His amber eyes had a mysterious coldness to them while his thin lips were pressed into a thin line.

"Mr. Goldmann" "Why would Mr. Goldmann be here?"

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Willow got excited when she saw Nolan walking over.

“Nol-“But when she started to speak, Nolan walked past her as if she didn’t exist.

He walked to Maisie under watchful eyes.

Pearl was stunned.

Why was Mr. Goldmann there? How was that possible?

“Mr-Mr. Goldmann, who is this woman? Why are you—”

Nolan looked at her through the corner of his eyes. “Since you touched my woman, I don’t think you wish to continue surviving in this business.”

“Mr.Goldmann’s woman!” the crowd murmured.

Mr. Goldmann had never announced his love interests, but today, he did so!

Many socialites’ hearts shattered on the spot.

Willow’s face slowly started to turn pale. Her nails dug into her palm while she shot daggers a

t Maisie.

Why? Why was Maisie so charming that she could make Nolan admit to their relationship?

She had been by his side for six years, but he never openly admitted to their relationship. She couldn’t accept that!

The PR manager carefully explained, “Mr. Goldmann, I’m sorry, we didn’t know-”

Nolan carried Maisie in his arms and stared at them. “Get your organizers to come to see me.” He then left.

Pearl’s legs gave out. She would have collapsed on the floor if others didn’t hold onto her.

When the crowd dispersed, the discussions continued.

“Ms. Santiago has gotten into big trouble.”

“Exactly. That was Mr. Goldmann’s partner. La Perla definitely offended Mr. Goldmann this time.”

"I guess Ms. Santiago will not be on the invitation list for the next socialite party."

Nolan carried Maisie into the VIP lounge.

Maisie's eyes were looking downward. She lightly pushed him. "Put me down, please."

Nolan walked to the couch and let her down. When he saw the cut on her arm, his eyes grew dark.

"Wait here," he commanded.

Seeing Nolan walk to the crew and ask for a medical kit, she quietly said, "It's just a small wound. There's no need to worry."

"Shut it." Nolan sat down in front of her. "Hold your arm out."

Maisie held out her arm.

He probably pulled on her wound when he tugged at it, and she let out a low groan in pain.

Nolan looked up at her. "Do you feel pain?"

"I'm not a machine. Of course I feel pain." After saying that, she looked at him suspiciously. "Why are you here?"

Nolan applied some ointment and looked up. "If I didn't show up, you'd probably be thrown out already?"

Maisie laughed. "We don't know that." Nolan raised his head. "You never let yourself get bullied. Why were you bowing down to these people?"

"I wasn't bowing down." Seeing that he was done bandaging, she pulled her arm back. "If I was bowing down, I wouldn't have caused a scene."

She had only wanted to pick on Willow initially, but Pearl wanted to join in. Since she was wandering around without her brain, Maisie just played along. Nolan squinted. "So you hurt yourself?"

"Pearl is the favorite daughter of La Perla. Mr. Santiago has coddled her too much. What's wrong with giving her a lesson and scaring her a little?" Nolan's eyes turned cold upon seeing that Maisie said all that so calmly.

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Nolan stretched out his palms to the back of her neck, jerked her forward, and kissed her lips harshly in a punitive manner.

"Um... Nolan Goldmann, let me go..." Maisie, who had just gotten the chance to catch her breath, was kissed by him again. 2

He directly pressed his body against hers this time around while she was assaulted with kisses, and her mind went blank.

The man's aura surrounded her, and the hands that were resisting and pushing against his chest could only grasp the hem of his collar at that moment.

"It hurts. You're pressing against me..." Maisie's arms were being crushed, and she screamed vaguely in pain.

Nolan supported his body and tried not to put all his weight onto her. He then bit her lip lightly and said in a low voice, "Do you dare to hurt yourself again in the future?"

Maisie did not answer.

Nolan's palm, which was supporting her waist, started moving around.

She shuddered all of a sudden and immediately applied pressure onto his restless and warm hand. "It... It's my fault. I know it's my fault!"

Seeing that she was admitting her mistake willingly, Nolan sat up slowly while giving off a faint gaze. "I won't let you go again if you repeat yourself in the future."

"Okay, I'll never let myself get hurt anymore." Maisie nodded obediently with an earnest expression.

Nolan was rendered speechless.

At that moment, someone knocked on the door, and Nolan turned his head, "Come in."

Two staff members walked in, carrying two boxes that contained an evening gown and a pair of heels in their hands.

They stepped forward and said respectfully, "We're really sorry, Mr. Goldmann and Ms. Zora, this has happened because of our negligence. Our boss has asked us to bring this new high end gown to Ms. Zora in order to apologize to her. We sincerely hope that Ms. Zora will like them."

The staff members opened the box, and a one-piece evening gown that had extremely exquisite craftsmanship appeared.

The cutting of the gown and the golden embroidery on the upper body were all handmade, making it look exceptionally compact and fine. It was made from silk brocade, which was a

high-quality fabric.

Maisie smiled. "Please thank your boss for me."

Nolan frowned slightly. His gaze was fixed on Maisie's indifferent face. "You know Erwin Lincoln?"

'Erwin is the person who gave her the black invitation card, isn't he?'

"Yes." *Maisie* did not deny it.

Apart from the fashion industry, Erwin actually had a lot of ties with all business circles, not to mention that he had always occupied a prominent position in all the circles.

He was the person who had organized the socialite party. Not only did he hold such celebrity events, but he also had his hand in many charity evenings and masquerades.

"How did you meet?" Nolan stared at her.

Maisie was puzzled. "Why are you asking about this?"

Nolan approached her. "I want to know."

He had always felt that this woman was hiding other secrets from him.

"I'm Zora, the well-renowned jewelry designer. Is it strange for me to know Mr. Lincoln?" She shrugged, feeling that her answer was indeed flawless.

Nolan looked at her and did not utter another word.

Maisie grabbed the evening gown and got up. "I'm going to change into this dress."

Nolan turned his head and watched as she walked toward the other room, lowering his gaze at the same time.

Erwin was a native of Morwich. This man had always been very proficient when it came to forming interpersonal circles and jumping from one circle to another. That was how he seemed to have connections with half of the business circles around the world. In fact, he had always maintained a good relationship with the

local law enforcers and mafias in Morwich. He was not someone that anybody could trifle with.

Only the metropolitans of Morwich, who had such public relations, could make use of the vast interpersonal circle that they possessed to go from one circle to another and expand their social circle even further.

'If Maisie were to have met Erwin only because of her identity as the designer Zora, provided that she only left Zlokova six years ago and had only become Zora after that, while Erwin has been in Zlokova for the past six years...'

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Therefore, Maisie must have met and known Erwin earlier than six years ago.'

Nolan was thinking about something when he saw a graceful silhouette appearing in his sight

The crane embroidery on the evening gown looked well-proportioned, dazzlingly glamorous. The vest underneath the dress accentuated its wearer's slender waist, and the smooth curves that it emphasized were extremely eye-catching.

When the evening dress was worn on Maisie's body, it made her look like a beauty that came out of a stunning painting. (This novel will be daily updated at She looked so phenomenal that no one could afford to blink or take their eyes off her.

Nolan stared at her closely, and his eyes lit up.

This seductive fairy! I really want to rip off the beauty and elegance that she's wearing on the surface and feast on her vigorously.'

Maisie seemed to have picked up the menacing intent in the eyes of the man, so she turned around and wanted to escape.

Just as she was stretching her hand out to open the door, an arm passed by her waist and blocked the door. The man embraced her slim waist with his palm, leaned over, and approached her. "Zee, you look so gorgeous..."

He bowed his head and kissed her slender neck. "Nolan Goldmann, stop it... Maisie could feel the wild aura coming from behind her scorching her body, and she had not done anything yet!

'Why is this dbag so horny!?'

Nolan lifted his fingertips, turned her face, and kissed her lips.

Maisie could not resist Nolan's strength. His body would turn into a brick wall whenever he hugged her, making it very difficult for her to fight back.

Nolan caressed her greedily.

"My hand, it hurts..."

Hearing her euphemistic complaint, Nolan returned to his senses all of a sudden.

'\*D\*mn it, what the hell am I doing!? I know very clearly that her arm has been injured...'

"I'm sorry." Nolan apologized to her subserviently and humbly.

It was the first time that he had admitted his mistakes in front of a woman.

Maisie scoffed inwardly. 'Did he really plan to gobble me up if it weren't for my deliberate scream? He even said that I wouldn't be forced. Dbag!'

"I'll truly be pissed if you do this again." Maisie turned her face away.

She was not very familiar with Nolan's temperament. She could only confirm that he was a man that reasons could persuade but could not be cowed by force.

She clearly knew that he would get all over her forcibly if she were to put on a rough attitude. (This novel will be daily updated as she had finally gotten a hang of the fact that submission was really effective to this man after submitting to him a few times.)

Nolan turned her around. Looking at her expression when she was reprimanding him, Nolan was extremely glad deep down.

'At least she didn't give me the cold shoulder, and her attitude isn't as rough as before.'

"Then when will you be willing to do so?" he asked her anxiously as if he was a boy who wanted candy from his mother because he did not know whether he would fail to hold himself back someday.

Maisie looked at him fixedly. "Do all men think with your balls instead of your brain?"

"I'm not sure if all men would do so." Nolan lifted her chin. "But I only have this idea when I'm around you."

In other words, he would react like that only when he was with her.

Maisie was rendered speechless.

Nolan rubbed the corners of her lips with his fingers and lowered his voice. "You should know that... I've... I've been holding it back over the past six years."

It was inevitable that he would lose it someday.

Maisie cast a sideways glance at him. "Didn't Willow deliver herself to your doorstep?"

'I'd bet my life that Willow must've tried to tuck herself into his bed several times over the years. I'm not very convinced that he hadn't touched the woman who had been with him for six years.'

Nolan's eyes dimmed slightly. "I have no feelings for her."

"Oh, is that it?" Maisie gently pushed his body away and suggested, (This novel will be daily updated at "Then you can stay here and do it yourself. I'm heading out already."

"Can you bear to do so?" Nolan walked up to her. The leader of the wolf pack had turned into a poor pet? "Zee..."

'He's so pitiful, he's pleading for love! Maisie did not have a word for that.'