

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 241

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At Coralia's police station...

"Officer, have you gotten the wrong person? How could my son possibly be selling drugs?"

"Yeah, officer, you must've made a mistake. My grandson is still so young. There's no way that he would do such things."

Both Yanis and Madam Vanderbilt panicked. If Hector was caught distributing drugs, the consequence that he had to face would be a lot more serious than when Yorick was caught for money laundering!

Hector was the only heir of the Vanderbilts. He was the only one who would inherit and continue the family lineage in the future. His criminal record would stay in the system if he were to face a jail sentence. Which lady would dare to marry him if that was the case?

The policeman who was writing the testimony raised his head and glared at them with a solemn expression. "He's already in his 20s, and you still consider him young? Our colleague found drugs in his bag, and we've been notified by our superior. He'll face at least five years or more in prison."

Madam Vanderbilt would have fainted if it were not for Yanis's support. Her face was pale. "Officer, could this be a misunderstanding? My grandson has always been very well-behaved,"

"Well-behaved? Hector is often caught gambling illegally. He's been arrested no less than three times before this, hasn't he? Had we not given him chances? He's escaped real punishments and has only been asked to sign a guarantee several times!"

The policeman knocked on the table and spoke sternly. "The kid is only getting worse only because of his parents and guardians' connivance. However, you're here finding excuses to exculpate the kid instead of reflecting on the education means that you've implemented over the years. No matter what, since he has violated the law, he has to be punished by law."

Madam Vanderbilt broke down while blood was drained from Yanis' face. Yanis was furious and accused Linda of not taking good care of her brother. "How are you the elder sister? You can't even take good care of your younger brother!"

Linda, who was scolded for no reason, felt extremely aggrieved. "What have I done wrong? Isn't it Hector's hobby to go around creating troubles? Why am I the one being blamed when something goes wrong?"

"He's your younger brother!" Yanis put all the blame on Linda:

"Yes, all you think about is Hector. It serves you right that he's been spoiled by you now!" Linda's eyes turned bloodshot instantly. She then turned around and ran out after the hysterical roar.

Yanis and Madam Vanderbilt were devastated because of Hector's arrest and the fact that he was very likely to face more than five years in prison.

However, Yanis received a photo on her cell phone. After looking at the photo, the content of the photo and her son's affairs made her tremble. She was utterly exasperated.

At Soul Jewelry Studio...

Maisie had someone take photos of Leila and her uncle from the shadows, and sure enough, the two really got together.

'Uncle Yorick and his sister-in-law. Haha, what a messy relationship.'

Her cell phone rang at that moment, and the number displayed on the screen happened to belong to Madam Vanderbilt. Knowing the reason behind the call, she picked up the phone, placed it next to her ear, and answered the call.

Madam Vanderbilt's voice came from the other end of the call. "Zee, Hector has run into some trouble. Go and ask Mr. Goldmann to come over here to save him. He'll definitely be released as long as Mr. Goldmann comes forward!"

Ever since the call got through, Madam Vanderbilt had been asking her in a demanding tone rather than sincerely begging her for

help.

Maisie got up and walked to the French window, her gaze looking indifferent. "Grandma, is this the tone that you should use when you're asking someone for help?"

"Zee, Hecky is your cousin. How can you be so cold blooded?"

"I'm sorry, I'm not very familiar with you, the Vanderbilts who live in Coralia. Besides, all you think about when everything's fine is how to make my life a living hell, and here you are, asking for my help when you're deep crap. So tell me, why should I help you?" Maisie's expression was indifferent.

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I've already given them a chance, but it was the Vanderbilts who insisted on pushing their luck and forcing me to make a move. They turned to drugs just to make me marry Jimmy, they blatantly wanted to snatch Vaenna without even the slightest bit of shame, and they even spread rumors on the Internet to tarnish my reputation.

'I was willing to help bail Uncle Yorick out of the precinct for father's sake, but they didn't even say a word of thanks as if that was my share to carry.

Did she just say that I'm cold blooded? Then I should live up to her expectations till the end of time! "Maisie, you're also one of the Vanderbilts. Are you just going to leave Hector to sink or swim?" Madam Vanderbilt had been forced into a corner by Maisie and started to feel anxious. She could no longer speak in a calm tone.

"Yes, not only will I leave him to sink or swim, but I'll also teach him a lesson. Besides, now that Hector has become this piece of crap, should you guys be held responsible? You guys have always doted on him and spoiled him blindly. He's been asking for it ever since he chose to follow the wrong path. I just couldn't bear to see him continue to develop in that direction and decided to give him a chance to reform."

"W-What do you mean?" Madam Vanderbilt was bewildered for a moment.

Maisie's eyelashes twitched. "I was the person who reported Hector. And since a case has been established, then I suggest that you stop thinking that he can get away from prison. Let him undergo reformation in prison so that he can differentiate the wrong from the right."

Madam Vanderbilt was trembling and yelled, "Maisie Vanderbilt! You actually sent your cousin to prison. You b*tch! You really are up to something ominous. I warn you, if you don't get Hector out, I'll

*If you threaten me again, I have ways to keep him in there for the rest of his life. So whether you choose to behave yourselves or continue to cause me troubles, that's up to you. Anyway, Hector's fate is in my hands." Maisie smirked. "I can make him suffer years less if I'm happy, but if you dare provoke me, I'll make sure that he won't get out ever again."

'Who doesn't know how to threaten others? I should really thank those people who once threatened me. They've taught me well.'

Maisie's words made Madam Vanderbilt realize something.

'Not only does she have Mr. Goldman's power to rely on, but she'll never be soft-hearted whenever she puts on her game face. From the time we decided to challenge her limits repeatedly, we've fallen into her grasp.

'Maisie is really terrifying when she's set on being ruthless. As for Hector, he's ruined even after being released from prison.'

Maisie ended the call. She did not go soft, not budging from the beginning to the end. That was what they had forced her to do, after all. 1

Knowing the ways of that family, knowing that they would never let her go, the best way to keep them at bay was to force them into submission

"This family has spoiled Hector since he was a child. He's been brought to the precinct several times because of gambling and brawling with others before this, but he never repented. Since the people I hired found out about his drug trafficking behavior, it'd only be my responsibility to send him into prison to reform. So as not to allow him to grow out of control and even have the guts to murder someone in the future.'

Kennedy knocked on the door, walked in, and smiled. "Zee, someone wants to see you."

Immediately afterward, a figure appeared behind him.

Nolan walked out of the office of the administrative department. Quincy knew without asking that he must be heading downstairs to look for Ms. Vanderbilt.

He sometimes wondered whether Mr. Goldman would feel unreconciled to be left out by his sweet wife while Ms. Vanderbilt was busy whipping her relatives who did not know their place into shape.

The elevator door opened, and Rowena happened to run into them.

Rowena walked toward Nolan and gave off a faint smile. "Nolan, where are you going?"

Nolan narrowed his eyes and asked indifferently, "Why are you here?" "Mr. Goldman Sr. asked me to bring you lunch, saying that you sometimes skip meals when you're busy," Rowena replied.