

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 243

[/ The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud](#)  
Chapter 243

Nolan's eyes narrowed slightly. 'Has Dad lost his mind?'

"Hand it to Quincy." Nolan signaled Quincy to grab it.

Quincy took the lunchbox. "Rowena, just leave it with me."

Rowena did not say anything but looked at Nolan with a smile. "Are you heading out?"

"Rowena, Mr. Goldmann is going to visit his wife," Quincy answered the question instantly, and Nolan gave him a cold glare.

'Wife?' A hint of coldness flashed across Rowena's eyes. 'Is he talking about Ms. Vanderbilt? Nolan really values her a lot.'

"Is there anything else?" Nolan took a glance at his watch as if he was in a hurry.

Rowena smiled and shook her head.

Nolan did not utter another word and walked away.

Quincy smiled when he passed by Rowena. "Rowena, don't be angry. He's acting so because he misses his wife and can't wait to meet her."

After explaining it to her, Quincy caught up to Nolan.

However, he did not realize that Rowena's eyes dimmed gradually.

Nolan came to Soul Jewelry Studio but saw several female staff members chattering outside the reception room. They seemed to be looking at something until Nolan appeared behind them.

"What are all of you doing around here?"

They all trembled involuntarily upon hearing the voice and made way for him.

Nolan, who was standing outside the door, looked inside and saw that Maisie was designing jewelry for a man. He did not seem to notice the few more people in the room and only stared at the man standing very near Maisie. His figure looked extremely familiar.

Maisie was talking when she saw Nolan standing outside the door. Helios, standing beside her, also turned around slowly and exchanged gazes with Nolan.

Helios just smiled and did not react much, while his assistant, Nina, and everyone else in his team all stepped aside.

“Why are you here?” Maisie looked at Nolan doubtfully.

‘Is this man so idle?’

This sentence sounded just like how he reacted when Rowena came looking for him—the way she uttered it made it sound like he should not have come.

Nolan’s expression turned sulky. “Can’t I be here?”

‘Is she afraid that me being here will disturb her time with Helios?’

Maisie was at a loss for a split second.

‘What’s the matter with this man? Did he wake up on the wrong side of the bed today?’

Helios put down the jewelry sample in his hand, turned his head to look at Nolan, and chuckled. “Can’t Ms. Vanderbilt receive a distinguished guest such as me?”

The existence of these two men, who possessed divine looks and ethereal temperament, instantly filled the tiny reception room with sparks and brilliance.

Nolan stared directly at Helios.

This b\*stard, he thinks he can act all presumptuously in front of me just because he’s my childhood playmate?

“What happened to Taylor Jewelry?”

“Hasn’t Taylor Jewelry started a collaboration with Soul Jewelry Studio? Madam Nera was the person who introduced this place to me.” Helios shrugged.

Maisie looked at Nolan with her arms crossed. “Do you think my jewelry is not worthy of the best actor?”

“Since when... When did I say that?”

Nolan looked away with a guilty conscience, cleared his throat awkwardly, stepped forward, created some distance between the two of them, and commented with a cold tone, “Ordering jewelry from us is fine, but there’s no need for you to stand so close to each other.”

No one expected that from Mr. Goldmann

'All this just because Mr. Goldmann is jealous? "Childish," Maisie muttered, then turned around and continued to talk business with Helios.

Nolan suddenly felt like he was redundant. He felt dejected deep down. 'When will my wife give me all her attention?

The design was determined after a long chat. Helios then looked at her and said, "They're needed for my play, so I may need to borrow one whole batch to wear while in the crew. But don't worry, these jewels will be returned unscathed. I'll also pay you the advertising fee."

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 244

[/ The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud](#)  
Chapter 244

Helios had mentioned before that he had a play about jewelry pieces, and he also explained that the crew originally wanted to use fake props when he came over. However, he thought that he would not be able to give his audience a genuine visual sensation if he had to work with fake props, so he needed real jewelry.

The crew currently did not have so much money to invest into the usage of real jewelry as props, so Helios intended to pay for it himself.

This was also quite free publicity for Maisie, and he was going to pay for the jewelry, so why shouldn't she be happy about it?

Maisie smiled. "Okay, we'll get the person in charge to deliver them to your crew when the time comes."

"Thank you." Helios nodded and left with his team after making the preorder.

Maisie took the order receipt and turned around to see Nolan sitting on the sofa at the side of the room with his arms crossed in front of him.

Maisie paused, looked at the staff who had already dispersed outside, walked in front of him, leaned over, lifted her hand, and waved it in front of him. "Nolan, are you alright?"

"No, I'm not." Nolan leaned against the sofa.

'Can't she see that I'm waiting for her to coax me?' 1

Maisie realized that Nolan was becoming more and more like Colton and Daisie, who wanted to act coquettishly in front of her, and he would only resemble Waylon when he was serious.

'Sure enough, the kids inherited his genes particularly "evenly".'

"Have you eaten?" Maisie asked.

Nolan pursed his thin lips tightly and stared at her without uttering a single word.

Maisie straightened up. "Okay, then I'll take it as if you haven't eaten. Let's go out to eat together."

Nolan raised his eyebrows slightly. "That's it?"

'Coaxing me with just a meal?'

"If you don't want to go, then forget it."

She defeated Nolan, so he got up and said, "Go, I'm surely going."

However, Quincy appeared outside the door with a lunchbox. "Mr. Goldmann, you're here. Do you want the meal that Ms. Summers brought,"

Quincy felt that Nolan's aura was becoming more oppressive and suffocating before he could finish speaking.

Maisie glanced at the lunchbox Quincy was holding, turned to look at Nolan, and the corners of her lips were raised. "Oh, It turns out that your little childhood girlfriend has brought you food. I'll go eat by myself then."

After saying so, Maisie left the reception room without looking back.

Nolan quickly caught up to her, glared at Quincy standing beside him, and gnashed his teeth. "Your tongue is really superfluous."

Quincy trembled. 'I haven't said anything wrong, have I?'

When Leila heard someone knocking on the door, she thought it was Yorick. She opened the door but received a slap before taking a good look at the person standing outside the door.

"Leila Scott, you wh\*te! How dare you seduce Yorick!? Although this is expected of a homewrecker, it's still so cheap!" Yanis pushed Leila to the ground, sat on her, hit her, slapped her, and jerked her hair.

Leila cried out in pain, "Yanis Warren, are you crazy!? Who told you that I seduced Yorick, Aaah!"

Yanis pulled at her hair and forced her to look at the photos on her phone. "B\*tch, you dare lie to me!? I was still wondering why Yorick has been so distant yet rapt lately. His son faces prison time, and he's not even answering his phone. So, it

turns out it's because of you, you shameless piece of sh\*t!" "Yanis, you've misunderstood, I'm not-"

Yanis slapped her twice. She had completely lost her cool because of her son's predicament and her husband's extramarital affair

with her sister-in-law. "You're a bitch! I want everyone to see just how outrageously shameless you are!"

Leila was nowhere near as strong as Yanis. Her clothes were torn to pieces, her face was swollen, the corners of her eyes were bruised, her hair was messy, and her clothes could not even cover her full body anymore

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 245

[/ The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud](#)  
Chapter 245

Yanis got up and took a picture of Leila's embarrassing appearance with her cell phone. "Just you wait, I'll send your cheap look to Stephen!"

Leila heard this and thought of the consequences that awaited her, so she quickly got up and hugged Yanis's thigh. "Yanis, I know I'm at fault! Please don't tell Steph! Please, you don't want to cause the two brothers to turn against each other because of the things between us, do you?"

"You asked for it yourself. When Stephen finds out how a shameless woman like you seduced his elder brother, let's see how you maintain your status and position in the family!"

Yanis did not listen at all and was about to send the photos.

Leila pounced on her and tried to grab her phone from her as soon as she stood up. Yanis' phone dropped to the floor near the door, and she fell with Leila in her arms.

Yanis' head hit a corner of the table.

"Yanis, I beg you, I'm begging you. This is really not my fault. It's-"Leila discovered that Yanis' eyes seemed to be staring blankly into the nothingness halfway through her pleading.

Leila's face paled gradually, and she stretched out her finger and placed it under Yanis' nostrils in search of a single puff. She then collapsed on the floor in a panic, covering her mouth in fright.

'She... She's not breathing!' 1

Maisie was fetching her meal in the company's staff canteen. Not long after she sat down, she saw a figure appear in the canteen.

At that moment, the staff members in the canteen were all agitated.

This is a miracle that only takes place once in a century! Mr. Goldmann actually came to the staff canteen for lunch!?’

After Nolan grabbed his meal, he walked to the seat opposite Maisie and sat down. Maisie looked up at him and then at the food on his plate.

‘The cafeteria staff has definitely done so out of pure reverence. She’s given him so much meat for just one serving.’

However, seeing how he did not move his silverware much, she smiled. “Nolan, you don’t have to force yourself if you’re not used to

it.”

“Given his identity, he’s used to reveling in dainties. It’s only natural that he’s not used to such a simple meal.’

The food in Blackgold’s staff canteen was not bad, and the prices were relatively similar to that of a fast-food diner or restaurant.

But seeing Nolan, who was wearing a custom-made suit and a luxury watch, eating fast food here, his temperament did not quite fit in with the surroundings.

“I’m just changing things up a little.” Nolan picked up the spaghetti on the plate with his fork. Perhaps because he felt that they were too greasy, he put them down again.

Maisie sneered and moved the fish broth that she had ordered but had yet to take a sip from before this to him. “Drink this. It’s lighter and delicious.”

Nolan took her soup, tasted it, and gave off the highest praise that he had ever given to this canteen. “This broth is not bad.”

“Didn’t Ms. Summers bring you lunch? I think the food she cooks must taste better than those this canteen has to offer, right?” Maisie took a sip of the coke on the table and raised her eyebrows.

Nolan put the soup bowl down and lifted his gaze. “I’ll ask Quincy to bring it to you if you want to try it.”

“Hehe, she cooked it just for you.”

“Then... Then when will you make some for me?” Nolan stared at her. He preferred her homemade lunch over Rowena’s.

Maisie was startled for a split second. She met his gaze and then looked away in an instant. "My cooking is not that good."

Nolan crossed his ten fingers loosely, propped them against his chin, squinted, and smirked like a cunning fox. "It doesn't matter. I like everything that you do."

Maisie was rendered speechless.

The people around seemed to have been caught off guard by the abrupt public confession, and the food in their plates or bowls tasted extremely bland all of a sudden.

Maisie suddenly received a call from her father. Her expression dimmed after picking up the call and listening to what her father had to say

"What's wrong?" Nolan asked. Maisie's eyes turned overcast as her brows frowned slightly. "Yanis jumped off a building..."

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 246

[/ The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud](#)  
Chapter 246

Yanis was found dead on the scene after she jumped off her apartment. Madam Vanderbilt and Stephen went to the police station to help with the investigation.

Madam Vanderbilt had been grief-stricken when her grandson was sent to prison, and now Yanis passed. She didn't get to take a break. As a result, she passed out

Nolan took Maisie to the hospital, where Yorick and Linda were.

When Linda saw Maisie, she angrily held her by her collar and cried, "It's all your fault! My mom passed away because of you. It's all your fault!"

Nolan's eyes turned cold, and he put his arm in front of Maisie after pushing Linda away. "Don't blame everything on Maisie."

"It's her. She's the reason Hector is in prison. What happened to my mother was her doing too. She's a bad omen!"

"Lynn, stop that!" Yorick pulled Linda behind him, turned around, and smiled at Nolan. "I'm sorry Mr. Goldmann. My daughter has gone through a lot, that's why she's just spouting nonsense."

Nolan maintained his poker face.

Maisie was quiet, but she held her fist tight. She never liked Yanis, but she never wanted her to lose her life.

"Look, she's not saying anything. She really did cause my mom's death. She's a murderer!" Linda yelled at Maisie.

Only Maisie would take revenge against her mom and brother. She was a cruel woman!

Maisie pressed her lips together and suddenly thought of someone. "Dad, where's Leila?"

When Leila was mentioned, Yorick's expression changed for a split second.

Stephen seemed to be used to not having Leila around and probably didn't care much. "I have no idea either."

Maisie looked down and suddenly asked, "Where did Yanis jump from?"

Stephen paused but didn't reply.

Linda yelled at her. "Why do you care? Do you think you haven't done enough? What more do you want?"

"If I were you, I wouldn't think that Yanis was that emotional and would choose to end her life by jumping off a building," Maisie said while walking toward Linda.

"Instead of wasting time here, why don't I go and find out how she died?"

Maisie turned around and left. Nolan followed along.

Maisie walked across the ground floor of the hospital quickly, but Nolan held her arm and said, "Zee."

Maisie stopped but didn't turn around. He noticed that she was shaking.

Nolan walked in front of her and looked down. "Zee, I believe it wasn't you."

"It wasn't me, but... it's related to me." Maisie's eyes were dark. She didn't believe that Yanis would end her life because of a picture. Still, that had led to her death.

Nolan held her face with both his hands and sincerely said, "Maisie, I know you didn't intend to harm anyone nor take her life. Didn't you say that you're going to investigate?"

"There's more reason to investigate if you feel guilty. I'll be here for you."



Maisie was stunned. Nolan's 'I'll be here for you' was the tranquilizer she needed to calm her down and clear her mind.

Yes, she needed to look into Yanis' death because she was sure that Yanis would not have done that.

The biggest suspicion was-since Yanis had received that picture in Coralia, why would she choose to come to Bassburge to end her life?

Who would she reach out to if she were Yanis and received that picture? Leila..

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 247

[/ let Me Go, Mr. Hill! by Shallow South](#)  
Chapter 247

The next day, at the Bureau of Justice...

Joe Watson gave the autopsy report to Maisie and said, "This is the autopsy report. It didn't seem like she passed because of the jump. Instead, she seemed to be pushed off the building post-mortem. Based on livor mortis on the back and front, and the abrasions on her clothing, it shows that the deceased was dragged after she was post-mortem."

Being pushed off a building post-mortem clearly indicated homicide. Maisie looked down at the report. The cause of death was mostly due to trauma to the head.

"Were any traces of the killer found on her body?" Maisie asked.

Joe nodded. "Skin was found below her fingernails. They're running it for DNA now."

Joe looked at Maisie as she stood quiet after reading the report. "Are you done? I need to give the report to the police. This is a case."

Maisie gave the coroner's report back to Joe and smiled. "Let's have dinner with Ryleigh when you're available."

Joe paused and broke into a smile. "We'll see. I'll probably be tied up in the near future."

"Alright," Maisie nodded.

At the hospital...

"Your brilliant daughter got my grandson into prison and caused my daughter-in-law's death. She's bad luck!"

Madam Vanderbilt, who had just woken up, still couldn't accept the truth and kept yelling at Stephen.

She wouldn't stop, no matter what Stephen said. She cursed, "That rascal, she's a troublemaker, a bad omen. Karma is going to get to her one day!"

Seeing her mother hate his daughter with all her heart, Stephen was disheartened but was helpless about it.

At the same time, two police officers walked in.

Stephen got up. "Officers, you're here because".

"Are you family of Yanis Warren? Her coroner's report is out. The case has officially been classified as a homicide."

Madam Vanderbilt lost her mind when the officers said that.

"It's that wench! I'm sure it's the wench, Maisie!"

"Mom, shut up. Stop saying nonsense." Stephen's expression changed.

Madam Vanderbilt didn't back down. "Who else would have done it? You would cover her even when she did this just because she's your daughter? She hates us so much. What wouldn't she do in the name of revenge?"

The police officers looked at each other, and one of them walked forward. "Ma'am, please calm down. We're here to learn about the deceased."

"Officers, you have to get to the bottom of this. My daughter-in-law has done nothing wrong, but... But she left us. It must have been my granddaughter, Maisie!"

The police officer was curious. "What makes you think so?"

The other police officer took notes.

"She put my grandson in prison and threatened us because she wants to take revenge. She's the devil. She killed her!"

Madam Vanderbilt lost control of her emotions, so the two officers couldn't tell whether what she said was true.

Stephen walked to them and said, "Officers, my daughter wouldn't have done that. I hope you'll run a thorough investigation."

"Don't worry, we will. This ma'am doesn't seem to be emotionally stable. Could you come outside and speak with us, please?"

"Sure."

Stephen walked out with the police officers and spoke to them for about 20 minutes. Right when the police left, Leila and Willow appeared in the corridor.

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 248

[/ The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud](#)  
Chapter 248

When Leila saw the police officers, her face turned pale, and she avoided their eyes when they walked past her. It was fortunate that they didn't notice anything.

"Dad, is Grandma alright?" Willow asked without noticing her mother's unusual behavior.

Stephen said impatiently, "Go in and stay by her side."

Willow walked into the ward.

Stephen looked at Leila. "You didn't come back even after this. What have you been up to lately?"

Leila suppressed her panic and calmly said, "I just found a job... And, no one called me."

No one had informed her last night, and her face had still been swollen last night. She wasn't going to show up.

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Stephen didn't suspect a thing. "Go in and see Mom."

Leila squeezed out a smile and walked into the ward. "Mom, I'm here to see you."

"Hmph, why are you here now?" Madam Vanderbilt was already agitated, especially about her grandson and daughter-in-law, so she diverted her hatred for Maisie to Leila and Willow.

"Mom, I'm sorry about Yanis. I just found out. She was so young, but-" Leila pretended to be sad.

"It's all because of that wench, Maisie. I'm sure Maisie did it. I'm going to reveal the ugly truth!"

Leila was stunned. She didn't expect Madam Vanderbilt to suspect Maisie. That would work for her.

"Mom, Yanis went to see Maisie behind our backs. They might have gotten into a scuffle and"

"How do you know that she went to see Maisie behind our backs?" Madam Vanderbilt glared at her.

Leila bit her lip and slowly said, "Because Yanis was with me that day. She said Maisie was threatening her, so she went to talk to her. I would have stopped her if I knew this was going to happen."

Two days later, word got out, and people were talking about this all over the Internet. Maisie had suddenly turned into the 'murderer' who had killed her own aunt.

Titus Goldmann sat on the couch in the Goldmann mansion, put down the newspaper, and questioned Maisie, "How are you already labeled a killer before you marry into our family?"

Maisie looked down and said calmly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Goldmann. I'll take care of this."

She didn't want to bring problems to the Goldmanns and planned to settle the issue by herself.

"You didn't really do it, did you?" Titus' expression changed. His eyes were sharp, seeming to be testing her.

Maisie held her fists while her lashes fluttered. Nolan came downstairs right when she was going to say something and said, "She didn't do it."

Titus hummed. "Don't tell me that. Ever since your father married your mother, I knew you two would have the same problem."

He had let it go when his son insisted on marrying an actress who was plagued by rumors, but now even his grandson was going to marry a woman who 'had issues'.

They were both blinded by beauty.

"I don't need to hear about what you meant by the problem. The bottom line is that Maisie didn't do anything wrong." Nolan pulled Maisie and left. When Titus saw Nolan protecting Maisie, he sighed. She had to go through a test to decide if she could be the lady of the house!

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 249

[/ The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud](#)  
Chapter 249

Reporters swarmed Blackgold Tower. Nolan got out of the car with Maisie, escorted by bodyguards.

Even though they couldn't get close, the cameras were all pointing to Maisie and asking, "Ms. Vanderbilt, are the discussions online true? Did you really kill someone?"

"Ms. Vanderbilt, I heard that you're cruel toward your family and tried to take revenge on your family members for money, is that true?"

"Ms. Vanderbilt, please give us a statement."

Nolan held onto her shoulder and was going to say something to the bodyguard next to him when someone in the crowd suddenly yelled, "To hell with murderers!"

A man in a cap and mask pushed through the crowd with a knife in his hand pointed at Maisie.

Nolan blocked it with his arm, which was stabbed.

"Nolan!" Maisie grabbed onto the wound on his arm.

Even the reporters were stunned.

The bodyguard held the man down and removed his cap and mask. "You're going to regret hurting Mr. Goldmann!"

"I'm fine. It's just a flesh wound." Nolan touched Maisie's head and turned to face the reporters fiercely. "I'll give you five minutes to disappear."

The reporters left in no time.

Seeing Nolan bleeding uncontrollably, Maisie took out the bandage she carried around in her bag and wrapped it to stop the bleeding.

Nolan smiled upon seeing that she was worried for him, his eyes scanning her face. After that, he stared at the perpetrator that the bodyguards held.

"Who asked you to do this?"

The man avoided his eyes. "No, no one—"

Nolan looked toward the two bodyguards next to him. "Bring him to the office. I want to interrogate him."

The bodyguards nodded and brought him into the building.

Maisie looked somber. "I'm coming too."

Nolan smiled. "Alright."

The 'perpetrator' was badly beaten and knelt on the office floor, both his shoulders held down by the bodyguards.

Maisie walked toward him and said, "Tell the truth!"

The man was forced to answer. "I told you I don't know them. I just did it for the money."

Maisie said, "How much did they give you, and to do what?"

He replied, "\$4,700 to stab you and trigger the reporters."

The man added, "She gave me your picture and asked me to find the best time to do it. Based on the way she dressed, she's probably not young."

Maisie knew who it was, so she turned and looked at Nolan. "Hand him over to the police. I have a clue."

Nolan nodded.

The two bodyguards brought him away.

Quincy walked in with the first aid kit, and Maisie said to him, "Give it to me."

"Alright." Quincy handed the kit to her and left the office.

Nolan obediently removed his clothes. Maisie walked next to him, sat down, disinfected the wound, and applied medication.

Nolan's eyes scanned her face as he asked in a low voice, "You know who did it?"

"Yes. A woman who's not young would be none other than her," Maisie said, carefully putting on a new bandage on his wound

She thought of something, frowned, and raised her head. "Nolan, if you keep getting hurt or admitted to the hospital, people are going to think that you're weak!"

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 250

[/ The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud](#)  
Chapter 250

Nolan raised his brows and smiled. "Only you need to know if I'm weak or not."

Maisie's lashes fluttered. If he said all that before this, she would have said that he's shameless, but now...

"I... try to be nicer to you, seeing that you're trying so hard." Maisie felt bashful while she said that.

"Nicer how?" Nolan got close to her and lowered his voice, looking at her gorgeous and lively face. His Adam's apple moved.

Maisie voluntarily kissed his lips.

Nolan was stunned. His heart seemed to have melted, and he savored it. He loved the way she kissed him.

"Reward." After Maisie left his lips, she turned around to tidy up the first aid kit on the table. Her ears were red

Nolan wanted to let her get away, but he couldn't stand seeing her being so bashful. Thus, he hugged her from behind, guided her to the couch, and held her down.

Maisie pushed him away. "Nolan, stop it. We're in... the office."

It would be awkward if someone walked in.

"No one is coming in." \*Mm-But, your arm,"

"Focus"

Maisie held a press conference in the afternoon. The huge meeting room was filled with journalists from all major media outlets. Some lesser-known media outlets seemed to have been invited by Nolan

Nolan stood behind the scene. Quincy stood next to him and carefully said, "Mr. Goldmann, these reporters are infamous for being difficult. Are you sure Ms. Vanderbilt will be alright?"

"I trust her."

Nolan looked at Maisie. If she chose to trust him, he would return it.

Leila and Willow walked with Madam Vanderbilt and showed up together with Yorick and Linda. Stephen walked in slowly behind them.

When Leila saw that Maisie was standing on stage and didn't look injured, her expression changed.

How did this woman avoid it? It didn't matter. Now that she was labeled a 'murderer', her reputation would be tarnished for the rest of her life!

Even if she held a press conference to clear things up, what was the point? Madam Vanderbilt wouldn't have believed her.

"Dear reporters and friends of the media, good afternoon. I'm Maisie, the woman who has been labeled a 'murderer' and has been making rounds in the news."

Maisie looked at the crowd and the flashes. Not only did she not waiver, but she confidently looked into the cameras as well. "My family is seated among you. Please ask any questions in their presence."

"Ms. Vanderbilt, the rumor is that you had a falling-out with your family for the shares of Vaenna Jewelry, is that true?"

Maisie looked at the female reporter that had stood up and nodded. "That's true. I did have an argument with my family because of Vaenna Jewellery."

The reporter continued. "Did you kill for the shares?"

The room erupted in discussions.

Maisie looked down and smiled. "Why don't I tell you a story?"

"A man left his hometown to work in the city. He met a woman there who promised to help him build a name in the city, so she started a mid-sized company and worked together with the man.

"But the man's family didn't approve of the woman because she gave birth to a daughter. Every time the woman went to visit them during the festive season, the man's mother and relatives would insult her and put her in a tough spot. Even the woman's daughter

was despised."