

The Three Little Guardian Angels

Chapter 1571

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"Wait."

Nollace turned his head around to call her.

There was no emotion in his voice as he said, "Since we don't know each other, I don't think I've offended you before."

He had no idea why, but he did not like her attitude either.

Daisie turned around sideways and looked at his face.

"Go back and think about it yourself. After all..."

She paused for a few seconds before the words slowly tumbled out of her lips, "I just don't like you."

Waylon and Colton were worried about Daisie, so they followed her to the backyard. But upon seeing this scene, they knew their worries were uncalled for.

Daisie was naive and prone to trust people, but it was only applied to those who were not in a bad relationship with her.

There was one thing about her that was similar to their mother— they would not forget those bad things that other people had done to them.

Daisie would never forget those hurtful words Nollace had thrown at her even though he himself did not remember them. She still couldn't forgive him. She couldn't forgive this friend of hers who had "deceived" her before.

"Forget about it. I don't want to talk to you anymore."

Daisie hurriedly walked past him.

Nollace did not say anything. He just looked at her figure that was slowly disappearing in his vision and fell into thought.

As evening approached, Nicholas ordered a table of good dishes to be prepared to entertain his distinguished guests.

Maisie and Nolan also did the honors and talked to Tristan.

While the adults were talking, the kids were eating and rarely spoke to each other.

Daisie was sitting between Waylon and Colton, while Nollace sat opposite them. She raised her head, and when she met his glance, she hurriedly lowered her head back again. She kept poking at a piece of meat on her plate with her fork as if she was holding a grudge against it.

Suddenly, Nicholas exclaimed, "The Victoria Business College has accepted Nollace?"

Tristan nodded and smiled.

"Yes. They promise to keep a spot for Nollace so that he can attend when he reaches the age of 15."

Colton lifted his eyelids and said, "Victoria Business College? So? My brother and I can enter as well if we want to."

Nicholas let out a hearty laugh and said, "You two sure have a lot of confidence in yourselves."

Tristan smiled and said, "Well, they are a lot like Nolan."

Nolan chimed in matter-of-factly.

"They have the capabilities to back themselves up, so of course, they don't need to be modest."

Modesty was a traditional virtue and an attitude.

Most people insisted on keeping a low profile and being euphemistic and humble, which was true.

Some people thought it was arrogant for someone to show too much of their abilities and talents.

However, he did not think it was right. He preferred his children to be able to stand up to challenges.

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Nollace was standing in front of the wall, gazing at a painting.

The painting was called "Fallen Angels," and it was a gift Violet had given Daisy when she returned from Octavia.

She did not know why he was looking at the painting. She did not know what he was doing in front of the painting, but she was not interested to know about it. She pretended she did not see him and walked past him.

Suddenly, Nollace opened his mouth and said, "What an interesting painting."

She stopped in her tracks and looked at him in astonishment. She turned to look at the painting again, and honestly, she did not care so much about the symbolism of the painting. She just felt that it was a good painting.

However, his words had successfully piqued her curiosity.

"What else did you see from the painting?"

Nollace fixed his gaze on the painting and said indifferently, "At first glance, we only see the world saving the angels who have fallen to earth and lost their wings, but after taking a longer look, you will find that it's the world that binds the angels."

Daisie turned her head around and looked at the painting. It was just that no matter how she looked at the painting, it looked like the world was trying to send the angels back to heaven.

She turned to look at him and asked, "What makes you think so?"

Nollace turned his head sideways and met her confused gaze. Her gaze was pure and clean.

It was something that couldn't be found in people with complicated minds. She was so pure, like a white sheet of paper. He did not know why but had the urge to destroy the purity.

"Hello? Anybody there? I'm asking you a question, but why are you looking at me like that?"

Daisie averted her gaze.

'Could it be that he's laughing at me for my inability to appreciate art?'

Something flitted across Nollace's eyes as he averted his gaze.

"Are you sure they're reaching their hands out to save the angels? They could also be trying to drag the angels down to earth.

"The angels are wingless. Their hands and feet are chained by the people, and they have lost their freedom. Angels represent salvation and goodness, but when the goodness of angels becomes a shackle that people use to bind them, then the angels have lost the meaning of their existence."

After he finished speaking, he turned his head to look at the dumbfounded Daisie.

"There are two symbols in this painting. The first meaning is the one you all see, and the second meaning is that evil will run rampant when goodness becomes a shackle that binds freedom. You understand now?"

Daisie felt incredible. She looked at the painting again, and this time, she was able to see the "hidden side" that Nollace was talking about.

Her eyes glowed, and she said, "You're so awesome. How can you even see that?"

As soon as the words escaped her lips, she hurriedly covered her mouth.

'How could I compliment him!?'

After that, she said, "I'm not complimenting you. I admit that you're smart, but for me, Colton and Waylon are smarter than you."

Nollace looked at her and said, "Your brothers are indeed smart."

"Of course."

Daisie crossed her arms in front of her chest.

"Colton and Waylon are very smart. Although they—"

"Daisie."

Colton's voice rang out and interrupted her. If he did not show up right now, he was certain that she was going to sell both of them out. She was stunned.

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Nollace pulled Colton's hand away from him slowly and said, "What kind of funny tricks am I going to pull on her?"

Colton wanted to say something but stopped himself in the end.

He said, "Just stay away from her."

After that, he turned around and left.

The next day, by the time Daisie and her brothers went downstairs, Nollace and Tristan were having breakfast with Nicholas.

Nicholas shook his head and said, "It's not good to get up so late and keep the guests waiting."

Tristan smiled.

"It's fine. It's the holiday season right now, so it's understandable that they want to sleep a little bit longer."

Daisie pulled the chair and sat down. Just when she was going to pick up the piece of sandwich in front of her, Nollace reached out for it as well.

Both of them lifted their heads at the same time.

Nicholas and Tristan looked at them as well.

Seeing that Nollace was not going to back down, Daisie did not back down either.

"Hey, I picked up this piece first."

"you didn't write your name on it."

"why you..."

Nicholas cleared his throat and chimed in.

"Daisie, Nollace is our guest. As one of the Goldmanns, I believe that you know you shouldn't fight with your guests, right?"

Nollace lifted his eyebrows at her.

Daisie withdrew her hand and said, "Alright, alright. You can have the sandwich."

'Go ahead and eat it. I hope you get choked to death!' However, Nollace put the sandwich on her plate, and Nicholas's eyes glowed.

He could see his intention, but he was not going to say anything.

Looking at the dumbfounded Daisie, he smiled and said, "Ladies first."

Colton was so exasperated that he nearly broke his fork in half.

'What a scheming b*stard!' Contrary to Colton's exasperation, Waylon was calmer. There was no expression on his face, as he would not allow anyone to read his mind.

Daisie looked at the sandwich on her plate and was rendered speechless. Even though she couldn't forgive Nollace for everything he said to her back then, she did not hate him.

At that moment, Nicholas laughed and said, "All of them are about the same age, so I think they'll get along well together. How about you guys stay for a few more days?"

Tristan was taken aback and looked at Nollace as if he was going to let him decide.

Without any hesitation, Nollace replied, "Alright then, Grandpa Nicholas. I'll stay for a few more days."

Nicholas nodded and turned to the three rugrats.

"What do you think?"

Colton was about to say something, but Waylon stopped him and said, "We're fine with it."

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Meanwhile, Daisie went to the backyard to play with Goldbar.

Goldbar was rolling and running here and there in the grass energetically. When she saw it running toward her, Daisie smiled and held out her hand to grab it.

Little did she expect that Goldbar would run past her and head straight toward the person behind her back. She turned her head

around to see Goldbar stopping beside Nollace and sniffing him.

"Goldbar!" she shouted exasperatedly.

She stormed toward it and grabbed it up from the ground.

"I'm your owner. Why didn't you listen to me?"

Goldbar looked at her with its innocent puppy eyes. She glanced at Nollace and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Nollace replied calmly, "I'm here for a walk."

He glanced at the puppy in her arms and continued.

"Is its name Goldbar?"

Daisy carried Goldbar back to its kennel.

"Do you have a problem with that?"

Following behind her, Nollace fell silent for a while before commenting, "What a lousy name."

She harrumphed.

"Hmph! You know nothing. Ultra rustic is the new chic. You just don't know how to appreciate it."

After a short while of silence, a chuckle rang out behind her.

Daisy turned around to look at him, but he looked normal. It was like the person who had chuckled out loud just now was not him.

Nollace took in the surroundings and said, "This place feels familiar to me."

"Really?"

She rubbed Goldbar absentmindedly. She finally saw it now.

He did not fake his amnesia. He really had lost his memory.

Nollace did not know what was on her mind, but she looked a little bit down right now. She did not notice it when the fallen leaves that were blown by the wind landed on top of her head.

Nollace stopped beside her. He stretched his arm forward, and it was only then Daisy realized something.

She subconsciously lifted her head and asked, "What are you doing?"

He showed her the fallen leaf in his hand.

Daisy touched her head and slowly got to her feet.

"Nollace."

He stiffened slightly when she called his name.

A strange feeling spread from his heart, but it soon disappeared, and he became calm again.

"Yeah?"

She pressed her lips but did not say the words out in the end.

"Forget about it. You take your time."

When Daisy was about to leave, Nollace called out to her.

"I'm not familiar with your house's courtyard."

"If you're not familiar, then how did you get here?"

"I'm your guest. Don't you think you should show me around?" he said matter-of-factly.

Daisy did not know if she should laugh or get angry right now.

"We have maids here. You can ask them to show you around."

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The breeze was cold as it blew through the walkway, coiling the girl's hair with the boy's collar together, just like the invisible treat of fate that had long bound the two to each other.

Daisy suddenly went closer to him and said, "Go and figure it out yourself. Blergh!"

She made a funny face at him and ran away.

Nollace couldn't help but chuckle.

In fact, even he himself did not know why he wanted to be close to her.

Perhaps it was because he felt relaxed when she was with him.

In the evening, Tristan was having dinner at a club with a friend of his who was doing business in Bassburgh. His friend filled his glass and asked with a smile, "Did you come to Bassburgh with Young Mr. Knowles?"

Tristan nodded. He lifted the glass and replied, "I brought him back so he can learn more about things that happen in another country."

In fact, he did not want to say that he had brought him to help him get his memory back. His friend chuckled.

"I'm sure Young Mr. Knowles can learn about things that happen in another country in his own country. Kids nowadays are getting better and better. Some of them are even better than us."

Tristan smiled.

"You're right."

"I heard that he has started to take over the Knowles. I'm afraid it won't take long before he becomes an outstanding young man."

He looked at Tristan and continued.

"At that time, it would be the rising of the Knowles."

Tristan smiled but did not say anything. The waitress who came in with the drinks carefully placed the wine on the table.

When she heard the name "Knowles," her hand accidentally knocked over the glass on the table, and the wine spilled over the table.

The waiter stood there nervously, not knowing what to do.

Tristan's friend looked at her gloomily and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

She slowly lifted her head but did not dare to look at them.

"I'm sorry about that."

He froze when he saw how youthful her face was.

Even though she was wearing makeup, it did not go well with her face.

"How old are you? Are you an adult?"

The supervisor of the club rushed over when he heard the commotion.

When he saw the broken glass on the floor, he glared at Lisa before turning his head around and saying ingratiatingly, "I'm

sorry. She's new here, so she hasn't gotten the hang of it yet. To show our apology, I'll give you another bottle of wine for free."

The man sitting beside Tristan asked, "You guys hire underage here?"

The supervisor's expression changed, but he retained the smile on his face as he explained, "She isn't underage. She just

turned 18. She has a petite figure, so everyone thinks that she's underage."

Even if she was underage, he could not admit it.

Once it was found out, it would bring trouble to the club.

Tristan waved his hand.

"Alright. You can go out now."

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