

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1667

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Daisie didn't know that when she had gone to see Nollace, the bodyguards had already recognized him.

The housekeeper went in to prepare breakfast. She remembered something and poked her head out to ask, "Have you had something to eat, sir?" Nollace smiled. "Could you please prepare mine too, please?"

Daisie was curious. "You haven't had breakfast?"

He lazily leaned back. "I just want to get free food here."

Daisie put her hands on her hips. "You need to pay for the food."

Nollace suddenly held out his hand and pulled her onto his thighs.

She was shocked and immediately looked toward the kitchen. The housekeeper was preparing breakfast and didn't notice what was going on in the living room.

She nervously lowered her voice. "What are you doing?"

"Didn't you ask for payment?" He pinched her chin and then leaned in. "Here's some interest."

"What interest – Mm!"

Before she could finish, Nollace kissed her. She stopped breathing, her hand that was on his shoulder tightened, and her lashes fluttered like butterflies.

His lips were warm and soft as though he was trying to suck her soul away.

Upon remembering that the housekeeper was there, she lightly pushed him away and took deep breaths. "I'm going to ignore you." Nollace smiled and ran his finger over her lip. "You wouldn't."

Daisie was annoyed and bit his finger.

He didn't feel anything but stared at the bite mark on his thumb. "Bunnies do bite when they're anxious."

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The housekeeper finished making breakfast and looked into the living room. They had already split up and were seated on the couch as if nothing had happened. "Breakfast is ready."

Daisie got up first and walked to the dining table. Nollace pulled the chair out next to her, sat down, and handed her a big glass of milk. "Drink some. You need it."

Daisie immediately understood him, so she hit him. "*ssh *le!"

The fist that hit him was soft like cotton, as if she was scratching him, so he laughed heartily.

The housekeeper turned and looked at the young couple. To her, they were just having fun. The girl made a fuss, and the boy played along. It was beautiful.

Nollace's phone that was in his pocket buzzed. He took it out and took a look, then put it back. After breakfast, Nollace left. He stopped at the door, turned, and curled his fingers at her. Daisie walked over, but before she could ask, the warmth coming from her lips stunned her. After getting his way, and before she could react, he left.

Daisie pressed the back of her hand to her lips. It was still warm. She blushed and mumbled, "How could he run away right after kissing me?"

Nollace got into the car, and Edison drove away. Nollace got a call from the bodyguard again on their way. "Sir, I've found out who's behind her. It was a payday lender named Ivanka Tomlin from Zlokova. The people who work for her are all low-level criminals and have mostly been in jail before.

"The woman started working early in the night scenes and was once mistress to her boss. She secured her place with the help of her boss, who was in some dodgy business. He was on the wanted list over ten years ago and was sentenced to 25 years. All the casinos she owns

now used to belong to him. She would be nobody without him."

Nollace sat with his hand on his chin. "Don't underestimate that woman. She wouldn't be where she is if she wasn't ambitious."

The bodyguard said, "Lisa seems to be tip-toeing around her."

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“Can she not tiptoe?” Nollace chuckled, “Lisa got to where she was because of Ivanka. If Ivanka wanted to use her, she would have planned to control her. If she knew

that Lisa was planning to ditch her, no matter where she would go, she would be blocked.” When Lisa fell into the hands of Donald’s people, and once she realized that she had nowhere else to go, Ivanka would be her way out. If she cut Ivanka off, it would be the end of her.

Edison looked into the rearview mirror. He had never been disappointed with Nollace’s tactics during all the years that he had worked for him.

Even Donald had told the people in the black market that the Knowles kid was a wolf, and if he offended him now, he might bite him in the future. If that didn’t kill him, he would still need to pay with a pound of flesh.

Lisa was just a clown to him. She kept challenging Nollace, so it would be weird if he let her off.

Meanwhile...

When Lisa woke up, she was in a hospital. The construction site workers had found her in the morning, and she was barely holding on while covered in blood from head to toe.

The nurse came in and saw that she was awake. “Did something happen to you? We can make a police report on your behalf.”

Lisa wanted to say something when a few men entered. Donald followed them with a smile. “Ma’am, sorry for causing trouble.”

He handed her a name card. She took it over, and her hand shook when she saw the name. “Mr. Matthews ...”

Donald patted her shoulder and looked friendly. “How is she?”

The nurse couldn’t stop shaking and looked pale.” Tearing... severe infection. She will need a urine bag for a while.”

“Oh.”

Donald sat down at the edge of the bed and patted the back of her hand, still having a smile on his face, which looked creepy. “Take a good rest then. You need to get back to work once you’re feeling better.”

Lisa was mortified with her experience from the previous night. Her voice was hoarse when she started crying. “I’m sorry... Please let me go...”

“What are you talking about?” Donald leaned in. He heard it but pretended not to hear it as a warning.

Lisa ground her teeth. She had to give herself a chance to survive, “It was Lara’s idea. She wanted to introduce me to you.”

Donald squinted, then asked a man to come over.

The man stood behind him with his head hanging low. Donald grabbed him by his collar and asked with a smile, “What did they do? They’ve broken her, and now I have to clean this up?”

They were most afraid when Donald smiled. The man took a gulp. “I’m sorry... sir, it was my fault. I’ll remind them the next time.” “There won’t be a next time. Mr. Livingston from Haniston will be coming to Yaramoor for a while. Once she recovers, send her over to serve him, you got that?” Donald smoothed his collar. The man nodded. “Yes, sir!”

Donald turned to look at her, “Take care of your health and help me make some money. I’ll treat you right.”

He got up and left the room with his men.

Lisa cried quietly while holding the bed sheets tight. ‘How did it get to this!? That isn’t fair! Why do I have to be treated so cruelly!?’

She held out a hand to get the phone on the table and called Ivanka.

At the Victoria Business College’s library...

Daisie stood in front of the racks looking for reference books about performance. She looked up and saw that the book was kept high up, so she had to stand on her toes to get it.

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Before Daisie could touch it, someone took it from behind. “Are you looking for this?”

Daisie turned around and was surprised.

The man behind her had healthy tanned skin and looked slightly middle-eastern. He had black curly hair, beautiful features, deep-set eyes, and light pupils. He looked unique.

But most importantly, he looked familiar.

The man smiled and showed off his white teeth, "Don't you remember me? We were in a perfume ad once."

Daisie was shocked. "It's you?"

She took a closer look, and his features matched the young model she had worked with.

He nodded, then handed the book to her, "I'm Ayan."

Daisie took the book from him and asked, "Are you a student here too? I've never seen you in the Drama, Theatre, and Film classes."

"I'm not a student in that course." Ayan looked at her and smiled. "To be exact, I'm from the Art School."

The Royal College of Victoria was split into the business side and the art side. The art course was huge, so it was

upgraded into a school.

It was normal that she hadn't met everyone in college even till then.

"Daisie, have you found your books?" Freyja, who was waiting for her, walked over.

Daisie leaned on the rack and squinted. "I was wondering why you were taking so long. Turns out there's a man here."

Daisie choked. "Nonsense. We were in the perfume ad and bumped into each other here."

She looked at Ayan and waved the book in her hand, "Thanks for this. We have plans, so we need to leave now. See you later."

Ayan smiled and nodded. "Sure."

Daisie left with Freyja.

After leaving the library, Freyja suddenly laughed. "You were in an ad campaign with Ayan Haris?"

Daisie paused. "You know who he is?"

"He is the face of the Art School, a walking sculpture. Just go see the work of the Art School, and you'll understand."

Even though Daisie wasn't from the Art School, she understood what 'walking sculpture' meant.

When the art students painted people, they needed'

models', the more unique they looked, handsome, athletic ones would be preferred among the students, and that was why Freyja said that he was the face of the Art School

Daisie hesitated and asked shyly, "Do you mean nude paintings?"

Freyja choked on her saliva and coughed into her hand, then cried, laughing, "Do you want to take a look?"

"I never said that."

Freyja put her hand on her shoulder and laughed. "If you want to take a look, just look at Nollace. I believe he would be happy about it."

She suddenly blushed. "No, don't put ideas in my head." "There's no need for that." Freyja saw through her. "Women are hornier than men. Would you say you never thought about Nollace that way?"

Daisie immediately avoided eye contact.

Freyja leaned in closer. "You have a handsome and charming boyfriend who people drool over. Are you not going to take a bite?"

Daisie's face started burning. "Don't tease me."

Freyja laughed. "I don't think you'll be able to contain yourself if another woman like Lisa starts showing up around him."

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Daisie pressed her lips together and stayed silent.

It would be a lie to say that she never thought about Nollace that way. How could someone not when they saw a face like that?

Freyja waved her hand. "Alright, enough from me. I don't want you to have funny dreams."

Daisie covered her mouth. "Enough."

Ayan stood at the walkway to the library and watched them leave, then turned and left too.

At the Knowles Group...

There was a knock on the door. Edison opened it and saw Tristan walk into the office. "Nollace."

Nollace closed the file he was holding and looked up. "You're back."

"I heard that Donald Matthews has Lisa now." Tristan pulled a chair out and sat down. "Nollace, are you in contact with him?"

Nollace put down the file. "No, I just went through Lara."

Tristan frowned. "Jonah Reese has taken her out of the hospital to avoid Donald. You used Lara to send Lisa to Donald. If Lara said that it was you..."

"She wouldn't." Nollace smiled. "Lara knows that she has offended Donald, so she threw Lisa under the bus to protect herself. If she didn't do that, we wouldn't know if Jonah would ever see his daughter again."

Lara was arrogant in the past, and now that she had learned her lesson, and Donald was no longer someone she could go against, if she continued to do whatever she wanted, even if she was still oblivious, Jonah wouldn't be.

"Have you found out who's behind Lisa?" asked Tristan.

"Yes, they planned your accident." Tristan handed him a document. "Lisa got into our family, and they both would benefit if she got what she wanted."

Tristan looked through the file, and his face turned dark. After so many years of living, he had been tricked by a young girl who looked innocent. If it weren't for Nollace, he would have been played till the end.

Soon after Tristan left, Nollace received a text. After he read the content, he frowned.

That evening...

Daisie stood outside the college, waiting for her ride. They were stuck in a jam.

She bumped into Ayan standing among the crowd, but he stood out.

He saw Daisie and said something to his friend next to him before walking over. "Are you waiting for someone?"

She smiled. "Yes."

"I guess there's a traffic jam." Ayan looked annoyed, "I've been waiting for quite some time too."

Daisie saw her ride arriving, so she turned around and said out of the kindness of her heart, "Where do you leave? Do you want to hop into my car?"

Ayan paused. "Would it be inconvenient?"

"Not at all."

He smiled. "What I meant was, would your boyfriend mind?"

Daisie paused because he thought he didn't want Nollace to have the wrong idea, so she smiled. "My bodyguard is picking me up."

Daisie let the bodyguards send Ayan back first. He lived in the city, and they were passing by.

"Thanks for sending me." Ayan was grateful.

Daisie waved her hand. "Don't worry about it. It was on the way."

"You girls from Zlokova are all so kind." Ayan looked at her. "I heard that Zlokova is a lot richer than my country and has a lot of land and resources. I would like to visit it one day."

"Where are you from?"

"It's a country in South-west Eurasia. But my parents moved to Yaramoor when I was a kid."

Daisie suddenly understood. "Oh, that's why you're unique."