

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

## Chapter 1781

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Nollace's expression did not change, looking as indifferent and stern as usual. "You seem very confident."

Zenovia smiled and approached him. "Of course, I'm confident. Other than being the daughter of the Goldmanns, Daisy can't provide you with anything else. Meanwhile, I'm different. I can do anything for you, and I'll make sure you see my brilliance as time goes by."

The moment she was about to hug Nollace, he pushed her away from him. 1

She fell to the ground, lifted her head in shock, stared into his gloomy and cold glare, and could not help but tremble.

Nollace looked down at her condescendingly. "Do you think you can challenge my bottom line unscrupulously just because my grandfather has recognized you as his goddaughter?"

Zenovia gnashed her teeth. "What's the bottom line that you're referring to? Daisy?"

Nollace leaned over, pinched her chin, and scoffed sullenly. "If warnings don't work on you, I'll change how I deliver my message to you."

She trembled vigorously. "What do you plan to do to me?"

Nollace let go of her, took out a handkerchief, and wiped his fingertips. His tone sounded indifferent as he said, "The Livingstons and you, you can only save one now."

She let off a miserable laugh, and a hint of ruthlessness beamed through her eyes. "You plan to make a move on the Livingstons? That's impossible!"

'Even if Nollace has the power to do so, the Knowles Group hasn't yet established a firm foothold in the country, so no matter how powerful he is, he shouldn't be able to reach out and make a move on the Livingstons that's located all the way in Haniston!

He responded with a calm hum and straightened his posture. "Let's hope you can continue to act so confidently in the future, Ms. Livingston."

He then threw the handkerchief away, walked past her, and left the pavilion with Edison without looking back.

Zenovia's clenched hands trembled slightly. She knew that he was threatening her with the Livingstons.

'If his target is the Livingstons, it's definitely impossible!

The next day was a weekend.

Hearing the doorbell ring, Daisy, who had just freshened herself up, hurried downstairs and opened the door.

The person standing outside was Nollace.

She froze for a moment and then chuckled. "Why are you here?"

Looking at her smiling eyes, Nollace reached out and pinched her fair cheek. "I've come to see you."

Daisy smacked his hand off her cheek. "Stop pinching my face. It'll get ruined."

He could not help but laugh out loud. "Becoming ugly won't be a problem. It won't affect my love for you."

Daisy frowned. "You might not care about it, but I do!"

Nollace stretched his hand out, took her into his arms, lowered his head, and kissed her between the eyebrows. "Okay, I'll stop teasing you already. I'm here to tell you that I'll be leaving on a business trip for a week."

She was caught off guard by the news and looked up at him. "You're going on a business trip?"

"Yeah, that's why I've come to see you."

"Are you leaving today?"

Nollace could not help but laugh upon seeing the unwillingness flashing across her eyes and hugged her. "What's up with the reluctance?"

She pursed her lips and pressed her palm against his chest to feel his warmth. "Where are you heading to?"

"Abroad." He kissed the top of her head, his gaze dimmed, and his arms tightened slightly as he hugged her. "Don't worry, I'll be back soon."

When he was about to leave, Daisy abruptly grabbed the hem of his sleeve and whispered, "Then you have to be more careful. And remember to reply to my messages on time. You're not allowed to miss any of them."

The second half of the sentence was uttered with a little hint of dissatisfaction.

Nollace held her chin in his palm and lifted her face slightly-her fair and delicate face had almost no pores and looked as pleasing to the eyes as a painting. "You have my word."

She snorted. "Don't lie to me."

Nollace kissed her on the lips.

After a short but intimate moment, it was time for the two to part ways. Nollace ran his finger over her lips before leaving. "Be good."

Her cheeks were flushed like a tomato as he coaxed her as if he was coaxing a child. "I know."

Nollace went back into the car.

Edison was sitting in the driver's seat and looked at him through the rearview mirror. "Sir, do you really want to go to Haniston? Will it be dangerous?"

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### **Chapter 1782**

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Nollace looked out the window, and his gaze stopped on Daisy's villa for a while. He kept his trip to Haniston a secret from Daisy because he did not want her to worry. "This trip is the key to either success or failure."

Edison replied, "But there's no need for you to risk this. Ms. Livingston has offended Ms. Vanderbilt, and the Goldmanns will do something about it."

Nollace gave off a smirk, and his eyes dimmed. "I may not be as competent as Nolan Goldmann, but I don't plan to rely on the Goldmanns to resolve this matter. I'll have to give it all I have."

Two days later, at the college...

Daisie and Freyja were sitting in the cafe, and Freyja was a little surprised by her cousin's business trip. "Everything was going just fine. Why would he suddenly need to go abroad?"

Daisie shrugged. "Don't all businessmen have to run around? My dad and mom live such lives too."

Freyja leaned closer to her and sounded very serious all of a sudden. "Can I ask you a question?"

"What's the matter?"

"Have the two of you slept together?"

"What?!" Daisie's cheeks got warm. She looked around subconsciously and aimlessly before responding in a low voice, "What are you thinking!?"

'This question is way too straightforward, isn't it??'

Freyja supported her head with her hand and sounded very surprised. "So that's a no?"

Daisie covered her face. "Of course not!"

'Isn't that something that can only be done after marriage?'

'Besides, if Waylon and Colton were to learn that I've done something like this before getting married, they would probably rip me into pieces.'

Freyja continued. "Is it because of Nollace's incapability in a certain aspect of life?"

Daisie was at a loss for words.

She was completely speechless, but she knew Freyja well enough to know she did not seem like someone who loved to gossip and ask such questions. "Why would you ask me about this all of a sudden?"

Freyja replied calmly, "The chief editor asked me to add some steamy scenes into my novel to attract more readers. The plot needs it, but I don't have any experience in this department."

Daisie scoffed out of anger. "You need something for your plot, and you're asking me for help?"

"You have a boyfriend, and I don't."

Daisie did not know what she could say to reply to that. Freyja's reply was so logical and clear that it caused her to be at a loss for words.

As the two left the cafe, a car appeared out of nowhere and slowly pulled over by the side of the road. Then, the rear window was lowered

Seeing that it was Waylon, Daisie gave off a chuckle, scurried straight over, and lay against the window with a grin on her face. "Waylon, why are you here?"

Waylon looked at her. "Do you have any more classes in the afternoon?"

She was stunned for a split second and shook her head. "No, all I have are self-study sessions."

Waylon asked, "Care to have lunch with me?"

Daisie looked back at Freyja.

Waylon saw her reaction, understood what that meant instantly, and suggested with a smile, "She can come together."

He could see that Freyja really regarded Daisie as a friend, so he would not stop Freyja from approaching and staying close to Daisie.

Daisie chuckled, ran up to Freyja, and held her hand. "Freyja, let's go and eat together."

Freyja slung her bag on her shoulder and nodded. "Okay."

She went around the car and got into the front passenger seat, and Daisie followed her and boarded the car too.

The Beast Seafood Restaurant was the most distinctive artistic

restaurant in Yaramoor. The long dining table made it feel as if the customers were eating in a castle in a fairy-tale. White candles could also be seen placed on the table, which made it feel very immersive.

The specialties of this restaurant were its king crab and grilled tenderloin steak.

Daisie peeled off the crab shell with a tool, tasted the delicious crab meat, and smiled in satisfaction. "Wow! This tastes great! Waylon, this seafood restaurant that you found is out of this world!"

Waylon cut his tenderloin steak with a knife and fork and lifted his gaze. "Your Uncle Yorrick is the one who introduced this restaurant to me. I know you've been craving some seafood."

Daisie bit her spoon and giggled.

She then turned to look at Freyja and saw that the portion of the food on Freyja's plate was quite small, so she quickly put some food onto her plate. "Freyja, this meal is on the house, so don't be shy. Eat more."

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Freyja took a sip of chicken and mushroom soup, choked a little because of Daisie's statement, and scoffed. "It's fine. I don't usually eat this much either."

"You're too slim. You should eat more."

"I weigh 110 pounds, and you, as someone who weighs a little over 90 pounds, actually have the nerves to call me slim?"

Daisie was rendered speechless.

'Freyja's 5'7", and 110 pounds is already the most standard weight for her.

'And I'm 5'3", but because I pay more attention to the maintenance of my shape, I've never allowed myself to weigh more than 100 pounds.'

Waylon lifted his gaze and took a glance at Daisie. "Yeah, it's true that you've lost weight."

He moved the sliced loin steak from his plate onto hers. "You'll only look healthier if you weigh slightly over 100 pounds."

Daisie put on an upset expression. "That's considered fat, okay!?"

"How can I compare myself with Freyja? Freyja is tall, so weighing a little over 100 pounds is considered normal. But I'm so short, and I'd look plump if I were to weigh more than 100 pounds.'

Waylon's expression remained unchanged. "Freyja doesn't look fat at all. In fact, she looks just right?"

Daisie was rendered speechless.

'Men's aesthetics are so very different from that of women's . Women think to look slender is to look extremely slim, while men think that one looks slender when one is a little plump.

'Freyja's body figure and weight are relatively standard. She looks just right as she's neither fat nor thin, and all her flesh is grown in the right parts of her body.'

Daisie lowered her head to look at her body and then looked at Freyja. She had a great figure, but it was nothing when compared to Freyja's.

Coincidentally, a voice came from inside the restaurant at this time.

Daisie turned around and looked in the direction of the voice-it was Zenovia.

After running into someone she hated to the bones in the restaurant, the king crab no longer tasted as good as it was a minute ago.

Zenovia walked over with her secretary and two bodyguards and saw Daisie. "Ms. Vanderbilt, what a coincidence."

Daisie smiled. "Yes, what a coincidence."

Zenovia's gaze landed on Waylon. Among the many men she had met in her life, in addition to Nollace, whose appearance surprised her, the man sitting in front of her looked no less than

Nollace.

It was just that his temperament was different from Nollace's .

Compared to Nollace, his appearance looked a little more oriental and reserved. He exuded an aura that felt more mature and experienced, giving others a relatively stern and heavy sensation.

The secretary had worked for Mr. Livingston before this and was familiar with Waylon's looks. He recalled something, approached Zenovia , and whispered something into her ears.

Zenovia was startled, then smiled politely. "Is this gentleman the eldest young master of the Goldmanns ? It's nice to meet you. I'm Zenovia, Zenovia Livingston."

She reached out her hand to greet him.

Waylon put down his knife and fork and reached out. However, what he went for was the handkerchief on the table. He picked it up to wipe his hand and did not seem to plan to shake hands with Zenovia.

Zenovia's hand hung awkwardly in midair, and she retracted it unnaturally with a slightly stiff expression. "That's very rude for you to treat a lady like this, Mr. Goldmann."

Waylon placed the handkerchief back onto the table, lifted his head, and asked indifferently, "Are you lecturing me on how I should do things?"

He ignored her existence from beginning to end.

Zenovia tried her best to restrain her expression and let out a smile. "Why would I do so? Perhaps what I'm doing is a little

abrupt. After all, this is our first time meeting each other, so you might have misunderstood me, Mr. Goldmann."

Waylon scoffed. "Ms. Livingston, you're truly different from the other ladies I know."

She accepted his statement joyfully. "I'll take it as a compliment from you, Mr. Goldmann."

Waylon added, "The Earth doesn't revolve around you, Ms. Livingston, so don't be too bumptious."

Zenovia was at a loss for words.

Daisie could not help but burst into laughter, and this peal of laughter made Zenovia feel even more embarrassed. She took a deep breath. "Mr. Goldmann, I may not be as noble and respectable as you Goldmanns, but I at least know how to respect people."

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Waylon nodded. "So, is forcing Nollace to marry you your way of respecting others? If that's the case, you're quite a righteous person."

A hint of anger surged from the bottom of Zenovia's eyes. "This is a matter between Mr. Knowles and me."



“As long as he’s still in a relationship with my sister, I’ll never allow the affairs between you two to exist. I can’t tolerate the fact that I’m looking at a filthy woman, do you understand me?”

From the beginning to the end, Waylon did not go overboard with his choice of words – he did not even get worked up-but what he said was extremely offensive and ironic.

Zenovia’s clenched fists trembled, and her expression dimmed in an instant. “We’re in Yaramoor, not Zlokova. No matter how powerful the Goldmanns are, you’re in no position to act so unreasonably and rudely in a foreign country.”

Waylon glanced at her and squinted slightly. “You’re from Haniston yourself, so from where did you muster the courage to make that statement?”

She sneered. “I’m different. I’m a distinguished guest of the royal family and the king’s god-granddaughter.”

Waylon sounded very sarcastic. “The Livingstons have actually interfered in the interior affairs of the Yaramoor’s royal family? It’s no wonder you sound so full of yourself.”

Zenovia’s expression changed instantly. “Nonsense, what are you talking about!?”

What she just said could cause things to go south quickly and easily.

The most taboo thing in the diplomatic relationship between the two countries was someone interfering with the country’s internal affairs. The king had recognized her as his god granddaughter only because he admired her, but most of the nobles actually felt that it was an inappropriate thing to do.

She was from Haniston, so getting too close to the royal family would inevitably create unnecessary suspicions. Once these words were to spread to the public and were amplified by the media, she might be accused of espionage.

She originally thought these words would make the Goldmanns realize they were not in Zlokova, and this was not a place where they could do whatever they wanted. But who would have thought that the young master of the Goldmanns was not someone to be trifled with?

Waylon still did not show her any respect. “You’re only someone that curries favor with people who are superior to you. You’re not even related to the royal family by blood. And here you are, teaching us that we Goldmanns should behave. Who gave you the guts to do so? Is it His Majesty, the king?”

“The Goldmanns’ hands are not as long as the Livingstons’, so we don’t try to get involved with the royal family of another country so casually. However, whoever dares to lay a finger on anyone in the family, the person’s background will become

irrelevant instantly. Even the royal family won't cause the Goldmanns to pull punches.

"If this is still not enough to convince you to stand down, go back to the king and tell him what I just told you. We'll see whether he'll support you when it comes to this matter."

The expression on Zenovia's changed back and forth as if it was a magic show. She calmed herself down, glared fiercely at Daisy, turned around, and left immediately.

Daisy had been trying her best to suppress her laughter, and as soon as Zenovia left the scene, she laughed out loud and gave Waylon a thumbs up. "Waylon, what a show!"

Waylon fetched her some side dishes. "There's no need to show such a person any respect. Even if you make a move on her, the Goldmanns will be able to bear the consequences on your behalf. Do you get me?"

Daisy supported her head in her hands and grinned. "I'm no longer a child. I won't let her bully me."

Freyja stared at the siblings, then lowered her eyes and continued eating her meal.

She could see that Waylon's attitude toward Zenovia stemmed from the gossip that revolved around Zenovia and Daisy.

He was venting for Daisy.

Although the Goldmann brothers had different personalities, the only thing they had in common was that they were both good brothers who would do anything to protect their sister.

The sky was getting dark, and Waylon sent them back after dinner.

Freyja's house was not located near Daisy's. One was located in the city's southern region, and the other was in the northern region. Thus, Freyja probably asked the driver to pull over and let her off at an intersection because she did not want them to travel too far for her.

Daisy did not mind the extra miles. "It's okay. We can travel a bit further. We're the ones who invited you out to eat. How can we let you go home by yourself?"

"It's okay, we've just finished eating dinner, and it won't take long before I arrive home. It's a good opportunity for me to go for a stroll at this hour."

Freyja got out of the car and bid them goodbye.

Daisie felt a little sad when she looked at Freyja's figure as she left by herself.

'It's not like I've not been to her house, so how could she possibly get home in just a while?'