

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1789

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Diana asked, "What if something really has happened?"

King William insisted, "Nothing would have happened."

After a moment of silence, Diana slowly stood up. "Father, what would you do if someone did something to Nollace?"

William paused, then affirmed, "I won't let them get away with it."

The corner of Diana's lips curled. "I hope you will put the words into action."

She left the room, walked into the main hall, and bumped into Zenovia, who was smiling and looking to be in a good mood. "Mrs. Knowles, are you here to see His Majesty?"

Diana looked at her with no expression. "I've underestimated you."

"Mrs. Knowles, everyone has something up their sleeves. I'm a victim here. The person who has been playing around is that Goldmann girl."

Zenovia stood in front of Diana and added, "Mrs. Knowles, I'm just looking out for you. If the Goldmanns disrespect the royals, they will disrespect the Knowles too. Even if you're nice to Daisie, even if she marries Nollace, it may just be part of their plan."

Diana smirked. "What do you think they want from us?"

Zenovia didn't fall for that. "I can't be sure. What I do know is

Upon seeing how confident Zenovia was, Diana's disgust for her grew stronger.

What Zenovia said meant that she was looking down on her son. She thought that her son wasn't good enough to give the Knowles a good standing and was rushing to get married to Daisie.

Diana laughed. "So, you think that my son needs your help?"

Zenovia replied, "If he's willing to accept it."

Diana stopped smiling. "Nollace doesn't need your help. To be clear, he doesn't need anyone's help.

"Do you know why he chose Daisy instead of you?"

"That's because Daisy at least believes in him and understands him. On the other hand, you are arrogant yet a nobody. You can continue to be proud, but I hope you don't regret it in the future."

Diana glared at her and left after bumping her shoulder.

Zenovia was so angry about what Diana had said that her face turned purple.

The next day after the news came out, Daisy became the talk of the college because everyone knew about her 'dispute' with Zenovia. Zenovia was the 'bullied' party in their eyes.

Freyja heard the people in class discussing it, so she turned around and looked at them, then at Daisy.

Daisy was writing down some notes and seemed to have ignored their discussion, but deep down, she probably wasn't too happy.

Once their class ended, Daisy packed her bag and left the room.

Freyja knew Daisy was feeling terrible, so she gave her some space to clear her head. She slowly walked out of the building and noticed that a group of reporters surrounded Daisy at the gate.

"Ms. Vanderbilt, could you tell us why you've made Ms. Livingston your enemy?"

"Ms. Vanderbilt, I heard that you're using the power of the Goldmanns to do whatever you want and don't even respect the royals. Is that true?"

All the cameras were pointed at her face, and the people surrounded her as if they were swallowing her up.

Freyja wanted to walk over, but an arm suddenly blocked her in her steps. She turned her face over and paused for a few seconds. "M-Mr. Goldmann?"

She thought it was Colton, but she took a closer look and noticed that he didn't have a mole under his eye and that they had a different air. Waylon looked toward the crowd. "You won't be able to help."

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Chapter 1790

Chapter 1790 Freyja was curious. “But she’s your sister. Are you going to let the reporters do this to her?”

Waylon let go of her with calm eyes and a smile. “Ms. Pruitt, don’t you think that what you said is a little ironic?”

Freyja was startled.

Waylon looked toward the crowd and said, “You think that my and Colton’s overprotection is too much for her, but now you want me to help her. She won’t be able to learn how to solve problems this way.”

Freyja was surprised because she didn’t expect Waylon to remember what she had previously said, but more importantly, that he had listened.

She parted her lips. “I meant only on certain aspects, like her own marriage and friends.”

They shouldn’t interfere with those.

Waylon tilted his head and looked at her. “Isn’t it the same?”

Freyja was rendered speechless.

At that moment, Daisy’s voice came from among the crowd. “If you think I’m guilty, I will work with the police to investigate and not let the rumors decide my innocence. As for the theft, my conscience is clear.”

Daisy’s voice was loud and calm. She took the microphone and

looked straight at the camera. “Zenovia Livingston, if you’re watching this, I have to tell you not to spark controversy about the cooperation between the Goldmanns and Yaramoor. We’ve never said any of that.

“You, on the other hand, shouldn’t start rumors about my family just because you’re the god–granddaughter of the king. We look down on you, not the royals. Thank you.”

She gave the microphone back to the reporter, who was frozen on the spot, and walked out from the crowd. All the reporters were stunned.

Were the Goldmanns arrogant, or did Ms. Livingston start the rumors? They had no clue.

Freyja was shocked as well. "Was that the right thing to do?"

That meant that Daisy was openly challenging Zenovia.

Waylon chuckled. "Daisy is kind, but it doesn't mean she doesn't have a temper."

Zenovia watched the video at the hotel, so she heard everything that Daisy said. She closed her laptop and didn't look happy. "She's still so stubborn even when she's cornered."

Did she think that the Goldmanns would look innocent just by her words? Getting the royals involved was a big issue.

There was a knock on the door, and the secretary opened the door, looking unhappy. "Ma'am, we have news from home."

Zenovia frowned. "What is it?"

The secretary looked down. "Nollace went to Haniston and met with the vice president."

Zenovia suddenly stood up and yelled, "Why is he there!?"

The secretary said, "I'm not sure. I just found out after getting a call."

Zenovia didn't have a good feeling about it. She immediately picked up her phone to confirm with her uncle. "Uncle, it's me. What did Nollace say to you when he met you?"

When she heard what he said, she froze.

She couldn't believe it. Had Nollace lost his mind? How could he threaten the Livingstons because of what her father had done?

Did he think that this would bring the Livingstons down?

That was such a joke!

Meanwhile...

Waylon brought Freyja back to her backyard. She unbuckled her seatbelt and said, "Thank you, Mr. Goldmann. I'll see you soon."

She was going to open the door when Waylon casually rested his elbow on the steering wheel and turned to look at her. "I'm thankful for you."

She was curious, so she looked into his amber eyes. "What for?"

He smiled. "For taking care of Daisy at the college."

Freyja smiled too. "I take care of Daisy because I promised Nollace I would do it, nothing more."