

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1791

Chapter 1791

Waylon nodded.

Freyja got out of the car and entered the courtyard.

He drove back to the Hilton Villas and stopped the car. He got out of the car, and then he saw Colton, who was standing under a tree in the courtyard.

Colton took down his earphone and asked, "Waylon, do you have to stay so close to Freyja?"

Waylon stopped in front of him, and a smile broke across his

face. "She is Daisy's friend. I don't see anything wrong with me driving her home."

Colton crossed his arms in front of his chest and turned his face sideways. "She's not her friend. People will change. Even if she's her friend now, it doesn't mean she will be in the future."

Upon hearing what he said, Waylon chuckled. "It seems like you have a lot of problems with her."

Colton was stunned, and his face sank. "That cocky woman... I thought only Daisy cared about her, but why must you... Anyway, I just hope you won't help her to gain any strange ideas."

"Alright," Waylon replied flatly. He lowered his head to loosen his watch and continued. "What kind of ideas are you talking about?"

"Forget it. I'm not talking about this," Colton said impatiently.

Just stay away from her."

After that, he added. "I don't trust her."

Colton walked into the villa.

Waylon looked at him and let out a chuckle.

Daisy came downstairs, and she was surprised to see her brothers. However, she noticed the atmosphere between them was strange.

She pulled a chair and took her seat. "Waylon, Colton, what happened? Why aren't you talking?"

Colton took a sip from the soup and said without raising his head, "We shouldn't be talking while we're eating."

The corner of Daisy's mouth twitched as she turned to look at Waylon. "Brother, do you think Dad and Mom will see the news?"

Waylon popped a piece of chicken into Daisy's plate and said, "I think so."

She lowered her head. "Am I causing trouble to the Goldmanns?"

Waylon squinted and laughed, "Of course, you're not. Do you think the royal family will really do something to our family because of her?"

Colton chimed in. "Zenovia is nothing but a clown. Dad and Mom wouldn't even care about her."

Nolan and Maisie couldn't care less about this fake news. Besides, if they did something to Zenovia, it would make them look like they were bullying a little girl.

Daisy rested her chin on her hand and sighed. "The king must be blinded. I don't understand why he chose to take in a god granddaughter instead of just recognizing his own granddaughter."

She felt really upset for Freyja.

Waylon looked toward Daisy and asked, "Are you talking about Freyja?" Daisy replied readily, "Yeah. Freyja is Nollace's cousin."

Waylon smiled but did not make any comment.

Colton chimed in indifferently. "Do you think the king will recognize the descendant of his illegitimate daughter? You must be dreaming if you think he will."

Daisy's smile disappeared from her face as she frowned. "Colton, why do you have to be so mean?"

She couldn't understand why Colton had to emphasize that Freyja was the descendant of the king's illegitimate daughter. Even if her mother was the king's illegitimate daughter, she didn't enjoy the treatment she deserved. She did not even associate herself with them, and instead, she was forced to cut ties with her family.

Just because she came from an illegitimate family, she had to get looked down on by other people?

Colton put his fork down and said, "I'm done eating."

He got to his feet and went upstairs.

Daisie did not know what was going on with Colton today. She got closer to Waylon and asked, "Brother, is Colton in a bad mood today?"

Waylon took a sip from the soup and replied, "Maybe."

The next day...

When Daisie and Colton arrived at the college, they bumped into Freyja.

She got out of a cab, and Daisie waved her hand at her. "Freyja!"

Freyja put her bag across her shoulder and turned around to smile at Daisie. "Morning."

Colton acted as if she was invisible when he walked past her.

Freyja and Daisie were walking in the back, and the former whispered, "Is your brother in a bad mood today?"

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1792

Chapter 1792

Daisie replied in a low voice, "Don't pay him any heed. There will always be a few days he will act like this in a month."

Colton stopped and turned around. "I'm not deaf, you know that, right?"

Daisie shuddered and forced a smile on her face when she saw how dark the expression on Colton's face was.

"Daisie, go to your class first. You stay here. I have something to ask you." Colton pointed at Freyja.

Freyja was stunned.

Daisie looked at them and asked, "What exactly do you want to ask Freyja?"

Colton pushed her away and said, "Be a good girl and go back to your class."

She walked a few steps forward before turning her head around and said, "I warn you, Colton. Don't you dare bully Freyja. If not, you're not going home today!"

Veins were bulging on Colton's forehead, but he paid Daisie no mind.

He led Freyja to the back of the building as there were fewer people over there. Freyja leaned against the wall, crossed her arms in front of her chest, and asked, "Is there anything I can help you with?"

"I want you to stay away from my brother."

What?

She was stunned, thinking her ears had failed her.

Colton lifted his eyebrows, and there was no expression on his face. His gaze was so deep that not even Freyja could read what was in his mind right now.

"I thought I was kind enough to close one of my eyes and allow you to get close to Daisie. But I didn't expect you to be so good that you could even get close to my brother."

Freyja knew what he was talking about. She took a deep breath and said, "So, you're saying that I have an agenda for getting close to your brother?"

He said, "Isn't that so?"

Freyja let out a laugh and said, "Colton, do you have such prejudice against anyone? Do you think that everyone wants to take advantage of your family?"

The two brothers looked the same, but their personalities were poles apart. She knew Colton did not like her from the beginning, but she did not expect him to have such prejudice against her.

Colton did not say anything in return.

Freyja did not like the way he looked at her. She felt like he was looking at a prisoner rather than a normal person. She averted her gaze and said, "I have never thought of taking advantage of your family. Not now, not ever."

When she turned around and was about to leave, Colton grabbed her arm. "You can be my sister's friend, but you've got to stay away from my brother."

Daisie was waiting for Freyja outside of the building. After a short while, she saw Freyja coming toward her with a dark expression. However, she couldn't see Colton anywhere.

She approached her and asked, "Freyja, what did my brother tell you?"

Freyja turned her face sideways and said, "Nothing. He didn't say anything."

Daisie narrowed her eyes. She knew that Freyja must be lying to her. Considering Colton's ways of doing things, she was certain that her brother must be up to something no good. If not, he wouldn't have come to look for Freyja.

She asked, "Did my brother scold you? Or did he give you a hard time?"

Freyja chuckled and concealed her emotions. "No, really, he didn't say anything to me. Alright, we still have a training session. Let's not be late."

She then walked into the hall, leaving Daisie alone outside of the building, immersed in her own thoughts.

At that moment, Daisie received a news notification on her phone.

#Young Mr. Knowles has gone missing. #

Daisie was stunned when she saw the news.

At the White Ivy Palace...

King William walked into his study room after the meeting was over. He smacked the newspaper on the desk and asked angrily, "How is there any possibility that they can't find anything?"

Keeping his head low, Paul replied, "The people in Haniston didn't want to make a big fuss when they were looking for Young Mr. Knowles. Although Haniston is a relatively small country, it's similar to looking for a needle in a haystack when we're looking for a person."

King William threw himself on his leather chair, and his face was grim. "The news was released from Haniston, and now you're telling me that they didn't want to make a big fuss out of it?"

Paul was tongue-tied.

They had made contact with the police department in Haniston when they sent their people there to look for Nollace. However,

they didn't allow the police to announce to the public that Nollace had gone missing.

They did not know how the news got out, and they were kind of surprised that someone would be the first to get hold of the news of Nollace's disappearance.

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1793

Chapter 1793

King William calmed himself down and said, "Get me Ms. Livingston. Her family has a lot of clout in Haniston. I think things will be better with the Livingstons' assistance."

Paul got someone to make contact with Zenovia. When Zenovia came to the palace, she was fretful. She had seen the news of Nollace going missing as well.

However, she couldn't tell if Nollace had gone missing after meeting her uncle or before. If he went missing after meeting her uncle, it would get the Livingstons into unnecessary trouble.

She had already reminded her uncle many times, so she was pretty certain that her uncle wouldn't do it since it wouldn't give the Livingstons any benefits if he did that.

Nollace's disappearance was too coincidental.

It was so coincidental that she began to wonder whether this was all set up by Nollace himself.

She knocked on the door and went into the study room after getting permission. "Your Majesty, I heard that you're looking for me."

King William lifted his head and said, "I believe that you're aware of what happened to Nollace, right?"

Zenovia nodded and replied without any hesitation, "I saw it, and I've contacted my uncle. He told me that he'll keep me in the

loop.”

King William let out a sigh of relief. “I’ll be counting on you then. Please, make sure that Nollace is safe.”

When Zenovia came out of the study room, the smile on her face disappeared. No matter who did it, she wouldn’t let them have it their way.

Zenovia came out of the palace and saw a red-haired woman leaning against the car window, chatting with her driver.

Her face sank as she walked over and pushed the woman away. “Who are you?”

Her driver was stunned. “Miss—”

When Zenovia saw the woman was dressed in a flamboyant and sexy outfit, she scoffed and said, “Since when can you people carry out your filthy pimping business outside of the palace?”

Maggie did not fly into a rage at Zenovia’s snarky comment. Crossing her arms in front of her chest, she lifted her eyelids and measured Zenovia. “I’m filthy ? Then what about you, Ms. Livingston? Do you think you’re very noble for becoming the third wheel of someone’s relationship?”

Zenovia grew vigilant as she asked, “You know me?”

“Of course, I know you. The scandal between you and the daughter of the Goldmanns has created such a huge commotion across the nation. You’re a famous person right now, so how is there any chance that I wouldn’t know you?” Maggie chuckled. Then, she handed a card to the driver and winked at him. “Sir, feel free to call me when you’re feeling

lonely.”

The driver did not dare to take the card. He looked at Zenovia as if he was asking her for help.

Maggie turned around and left.

Zenovia stared at her driver. “What? Don’t tell me that you’re also into this kind of dirty woman?”

Not only her father but even her driver was the same. That’s why she looked down on them.

The driver did not dare to say anything at all. Zenovia got into the car and slammed the door shut. After the car had driven away, Maggie, who was inside another car not far away, picked her phone up and pressed the recording button.

The night in Haniston was lively. There were all sorts of neon lights on the side of the street, a steady stream of people was walking on the flyover, and cars were passing under the bridge.

Several police cars were shuttled in the traffic, and the department stores' screens showed the latest news, such as the latest investigation of Juneau Livingston and the disappearance of the Knowles' descendant.

Inside the cab, the driver was listening to the news on the radio," The police department suspects that Young Mr. Knowles might have been kidnapped, and they are doing their best to search for him. Yaramoor has also sent people over to assist the work of the police. We ask all the citizens to keep an eye on their surroundings and contact the police department if they find any

suspected traces of Young Mr. Knowles."

The driver pulled out a box of cigarettes and put one into his mouth. At the same time, a passenger entered his car.

The driver looked toward the back through the rear mirror. It was dimly lit inside the car. The man was wearing a mask, so he couldn't see his face. He had put the hood of his jacket on and wore wireless headphones.

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1794

Chapter 1794 The driver asked, "Where to go, sir?"

Nollace replied, "Neste District."

The driver started the engine, and the car moved forward slowly.

The streetlights from the side of the road threw the car into a limbo of light and dark. When they passed through a police car, Nollace raised his head and looked through the window.

The driver was looking through the window as well. He said, "This is annoying. A visitor has gone missi

ng like that without any sign. Nearly all of the police officers have been dispatched. I wonder what he has gotten himself into.”

Nollace

tapped his finger on his leg rhythmically. The earphones he was wearing were able to translate whatever the driver said perfectly. Besides, he had spent several days learning the language of this country, so he did not have any issues when it came to a normal conversation like this.

“Visitor, huh?”

The driver chuckled, “That’s what we heard from the rumors. We also heard that he’s the grandson of the king in Yaramoor. If he really has been abducted, things will turn for the worst.”

Nollace lifted his eyelids and said, “I’m more interested in Mr. Livingston.”

“Mr. Livingston?” The driver chuckled again, but this time, Nollace could detect a hint of sarcasm in his laugh. “Everyone is

surprised at what he has done. But, no matter what he did, he won’t go to prison.”

Nollace squinted. “What makes you say so? Why are you so confident that he won’t go to prison?”

“Why? They have the best legal team in the country working for them. Even after what he did, they will find a way to get a remission. This is the power of those plutocrats.”

Everyone in Haniston knew about the things Juneau had done in Yaramoor. They knew he was arrested on suspicion of murder. However, if he was to be transported back to his home country for trial, his family would still use the best and most qualified team of lawyers to fight for him in that case and get his sentence reduced

This was a normal phenomenon in their country. After all, this place was the heaven for plutocrats to do whatever they wanted.

Nollace placed his hand on his forehead and leaned against the window. After a short while, he said slovenly, “I doubt so.”

He recalled his conversation with Xavi, Juneau’s brother, in the hotel restaurant the other day.

Xavi’s face sank as he asked, “Are you threatening me with my brother?”

After knowing what he said through the translator, Nollace picked up his cup calmly and said, "I'm not threatening you. In fact, I just want to make a deal with you."

Xavi's assistant translated Nollace's words for him, and Xavi was stunned. "Make a deal with me?"

"Yes. I've gone through your background before coming to Haniston. You're clearly more outstanding than your brother, but you can only live under his shadow." Nollace smiled.

Xavi was startled and rose to his feet in rage. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I know his secret, and I'm sure you know about it as well," Nollace said calmly as he looked straight into Xavi's eyes. "You're helping him to settle his mess because you don't want to bring disgrace to the Livingstons. But has your brother ever considered you or your family?"

"He was arrested in Yaramoor not because he's suspected of murder but also of prostitution. Once these scandals are made public, do you think those people who're dissatisfied with him in Haniston will protest or not?"

Xavi froze, his face dark.

It was exactly because Juneau was the eldest son, so their parents had more expectations of him. Not only did he attend a prestigious university, but he also could become one of the board members of the company after he graduated. His parents had put a lot of effort into nurturing him.

His father would only tell him to support his brother. He never told him to learn from him.

No matter how outstanding he was, he would be the one to get punished whenever his brother got into a problem, as his father felt it was his fault for not doing his job in supporting his brother.

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1795

Chapter 1795

Xavi took a deep breath and sat down. "What do you want, Young Mr. Knowles?"

“What I want is simple,” Nollace said as he put down his cup. “I want your brother to stay in prison for the rest of his life, and I want you to take over the Livingstons.”

Xavi didn't say anything.

Nollace rose to his feet slowly and continued. “I'll give you time to consider it. Whether or not you want to continue to live under your brother's shadow or take everything into your hands. This is your only chance. I believe you can do it.”

Soon, the cab stopped on Neste District. After paying the fare, Nollace got out of the car and pulled his phone out to receive the copy of the recording that Maggie had sent him.

Meanwhile, at Xavi's private mansion...

He was sitting in his study room alone, massaging his temples. His secretary pushed the door open and entered the study room. “Sir, Mr. Lestrangle is here.”

Patterson Lestrangle came into the room, and Xavi's secretary left the study room while closing the door.

Xavi invited him to sit down and poured him a cup of tea before asking meaningfully, “Mr. Lestrangle, how is my brother's case going? Is everything fine?”

Patterson replied, “Don't worry, Mr. Livingston. Ms. Livingston has given us the order, and we'll do everything we can to help your brother. We're going to do everything we can as a team to get a reduced sentence for him by turning his case of intentional homicide into a case of manslaughter.”

Xavi was stunned and put the cup down. “Is this what she told you?”

Patterson nodded. “Yes.”

Xavi handed the cup to Patterson, lifted his eyebrows, and asked, “What if I want you guys to lose the case?”

When he put the cup down in front of Patterson, it was as if he was making a move in a chess game. He was decisive and stern.

Patterson looked at him in shock.

It had been four days since Nollace went missing, and there was still no news of him. Daisy stood in front of the window, staring blankly at the heavy rain with her mind in a muddled mess.

Waylon pushed the door open and came into her room. When he saw Daisy, who looked dejected, he shook his head and sighed. "Daisy."

Daisy turned her head around to look at him. "Brother."

Waylon stopped beside her and raised his hand to caress her head. "I know you're worried about Nollace, but considering his capabilities, I doubt he would let any accident happen to

himself."

After all, he could even survive the car accident several years ago.

Besides, Nollace was not someone who was driven by impulses. Without an objective and a plan, he would never go to an unfamiliar country alone. Since he went there, it meant he had finished doing all the preparation that he needed to do.

Daisy leaned on his shoulder and said, "But no one can predict an accident. What if something really happens?"

Waylon lowered his head to look at her. "If he can't even protect himself, it means he can't protect you either. In that case, you should probably find another boyfriend."

Daisy jerked her head up. "Brother!"

Waylon chuckled and scratched the tip of her nose. "Am I wrong? Besides, our father not only wants his son-in-law to be smart, but he must also have guts and be a determined man."

She smacked her lips and lowered her head. "But it has been four days since he went missing. There is no news of him at all."

She was afraid of the unknown, for the unknown might turn out to be the thing that she did not want.

Waylon looked at her and said, "Worrying doesn't solve anything. All you can do now is to trust him."

Daisy was stunned.

'Trust him?

Meanwhile...

Zenovia got out of her car and was surrounded by the media. All of them were asking about the disappearance of Nollace in Haniston.

Zenovia smiled and looked at the camera. "Rest assured, everyone. I have informed my family to assist the police in finding Young Mr. Knowles . I'm sure we'll find him soon, and we'll do everything we can to make sure he's safe and sound."