

## The Three Little Guardian Angels

### Chapter 2557

The reporters left. Hedeon walked into the main hall with Nollace. “Nollace, what’s going on? Madam Ames is dead?”

He didn’t know anything about that.

Nollace stopped in front of the elevator and calmly nodded. “Yes.”

Hedeon suddenly understood. “So, the reporters were here to frame you? Who would be dumb enough to paint themselves as a suspect?”

Nollace had—  
blocked the news, so only the people who worked in prison and the bureau knew. Once the news got out, it would mean that people from these two places were the ‘problem’.

He looked at Hedeon and tapped his shoulder. “You’re quite clever.”

“I have to be if I want to hang out around you.” Hedeon flashed a big smile.

Nollace nodded. “I orchestrated the entire thing.”

Hedeon’s smile faded as he followed him into the elevator. “Are you joking?”

“Do you think I am?”

“No, but the reporters today... You arranged for them to come over?”

“They didn’t know that.” Nollace looked at him and squinted. “Now that you know, if you let this slip...”

Hedeon clicked his tongue. “Alright, you can trust me. I’m not a snitch. Don’t worry. I’m going to pretend this didn’t happen.”

He finally let his curiosity run free. “But why did you do this?”

Nollace walked out of the elevator and toward his office, with Hedeon following close behind.

They walked into the office, and Hedeon closed the door after looking back to make sure that no one was

there.

Nollace removed his tie and sat down on the couch. “The prison found Clover dead. If the media went there and her cause of death was exposed, the people behind this would surely start panicking.”

Hedeon sat across from him. “You let the reporters know that she’s dead, so they suspect you just to make the culprit think that someone else leaked the news?”

“Something like that.” Nollace looked at his watch. “I guess that person should have gotten the information by now.”

In the Taylor manor’s study...

Lucius threw the newspaper at the butler. “What did you do? Didn’t you tell me that Nollace Knowles blocked the news about Clover’s death? How did it still get out?”

The butler picked the newspaper up, looked at it, and immediately looked anxious. “I... Sir, I don’t know what happened, but they did tell me that His Highness blocked all the news from getting out on that day.”

The veins in Lucius’s neck surfaced, and he looked furious.

The butler remembered something and immediately said, “The media is suspecting that this is linked to His Highness. All we have to do is pin it on him-”

“Pin it on him?” Lucius clenched his jaw.

“Is your brain filled with sh\*t? He’s investigating this as the

prince. The people in the Bureau of Justice can vouch for that. How are you going to pin it on him? Do you think you can bribe them?”

If Nollace dared investigate Clover’s death at the bureau and block the news, if someone tried to attack him, it would be akin to walking into a trap.

If he wasn’t dumb, he would have guessed the problem was in the prison department. He had assumed that there would be no evidence that his daughter had ordered Clover to do anything after the latter’s death.

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During the time the news was blocked, the person they engaged with was let out of prison. However, they would be in trouble if this was exposed and the prison department started looking into it.

The butler was sweating profusely. "What should we do then?"

Mr. Tyler sat on his chair with a solemn face. "Silence them forever."

The butler's legs went weak, and he was in shock. "Sir, but he's my-

Mr. Tyler didn't give him a chance to think about it. "If he doesn't die, you will. You hear?"

The butler touched his throat and didn't dare make a peep.

It was dark outside when the

lights at Blue Valley Manor lit up.

Edison walked into the study and saw Nollace in a black silk robe standing in front of the window.

"Sir, the prison department has done a thorough inspection. Other than one person who was on sick leave, everyone who was in contact with Clover was investigated."

Nollace squinted and looked at the man behind him through the reflection. "On sick leave on that day?"

"Yes, I brought the information."

Edison handed the information to him. He turned around and took it.

Edison said, "The man is called Bart Duval. He's from the north and has been working in the prison

kitchen for five years. He was on sick leave on the day of the murder, and everyone was able to confirm

that."

Nollace's eyes darted around. "He didn't touch the inmates' food?"

Edison shook his head. "Another person made the food, and that person is under investigation now."

When he saw suspicion in Nollace's eyes, Edison asked, "Do you think he did it?"

"He was the only one who wasn't there, so it was suspicious. Take a look if he has relatives here and find out where he lives."

He then handed the file to Edison, who took it back. "Yes, sir."

Nollace walked to the room and saw only one light was left on.

He sat down at the edge of the bed, pulled the blanket over Daisie, and leaned down to kiss her.

Daisie suddenly opened her eyes and blocked him. "What are you still doing?"

He paused, then held her hand and raised his brows. "You weren't asleep?"

"I was waiting for you."

She turned around and gave a lazy smile.

Nollace lay down next to her and let her lie on his arm.

Daisie moved closer to his chest and hugged him. "Nolly, I'm going for a check-up tomorrow."

"I'll go with you."

"No." Daisie looked up at him while the warm light shone on her face. "Mia will be there with me. I'm just

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informing you."

He frowned. "You don't need me anymore?"

Daisie chuckled and tapped his nose. "Of course I do. You have to be by my side during the delivery."

Nollace grabbed her hand, kissed her hand, and said in a hoarse voice, "Of course."

The next day...

Daisie and Mia went to the hospital accompanied by the bodyguards.

"Ma'am, why didn't you let His Highness Knowles come along?" Mia didn't know what the proper way to address him was.

Daisie rubbed her belly, which had started to show, smiled, and said, "It's just a check-up. He has more important things to get to."

Daisie knew that he was investigating the death of Clover. She didn't feel sorry for her death but couldn't just sit around when someone was trying to pin it on her husband.

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Nonetheless, Daisie believed that Nollace would be able to get his name cleared.

After she walked into the room, Daisie looked up at Mia and said, "You can wait outside."

Mia nodded, watched her go in, and walked around the corridor.

After 15 minutes, Daisie walked out.

Mia walked over and asked, "How did it go?"

Daisie handed her the pictures from the ultrasound.

Mia leaned closer and was shocked. "Oh wow, twins?"

Daisie shushed her. "Keep it a secret for now. Don't let anyone know that we still have the babies."

Nollace had announced that Clover and Cecelia had caused her miscarriage because she had plans. She had to play along to protect the children.

Mia covered her mouth and nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

Daisie and Mia walked out of the hospital and bumped into Cecelia walking toward them, seemingly there for a check-up too. It was probably because of the side effects of taking the medication.

When Cecelia saw them, her expression changed as she removed her sunglasses and glared at them.

You?"

She took a quick glance at Daisie's belly. She was wearing a loose dress with a coat, so it didn't look like she was pregnant.

Daisie raised her brows. "Ms. Taylor, what a coincidence. What are you doing here?"

Cecelia's face dropped when she remembered what Nollace had done to her, forcing her to take the medication and messing up her menstrual cycle. Her stomach ached very badly too, all for this woman!

She smiled through her teeth. "It's none of your business. You, though, shouldn't be walking around now that you've lost your baby."

Mia was annoyed by that. "How could *you* say that!?"

Daisie raised her hand to stop her and looked into Cecelia's eyes. "I can get pregnant again. You, however, should rest after taking that medication. You might become barren."

The mention of medication triggered Cecelia, and she yelled out loud, "How dare you curse me!?"

She raised her hand to slap Daisie.

The slap sounded crisp, but it wasn't on Daisie's face, but hers.

Daisie was faster than her and gave her a slap, which made Cecelia's face swell a little. She covered her face and was shocked.

Daisie rubbed her burning palm and smiled. "I did this for the child. You deserve it."

"You b\*tch! How could you-"

Cecelia rushed toward Daisie as she said that, but Mia quickly stood in front of her. Cecelia waved her nails at Mia's face, which scratched her.

Daisie's face dropped when she saw them, and she gave Cecelia a kick.

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But since she might have used too much force, her lower abdomen hurt a little. She took a deep breath to avoid making it seem too obvious.

Mia noticed something and immediately went over to hold her. "Are you alright, ma'am?"

Daisie shook her head and took a look at Cecelia.

At that moment, Cecelia's bodyguards rushed over, "Ms. Taylor!"

The bodyguards helped her up, but she pushed them away and shot daggers at Daisie. "You're just a Goldmann, yet you dare hit me. If I did anything to you today, I don't think the Goldmann would be able to do anything to me!"

Daisie raised her chin. "Go ahead then."

Cecelia looked at the bodyguards behind her. "Give them a good beating!"