

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2560

Chapter 2560

The bodyguard approached Daisy.

Mia yelled, "Help!"

The bodyguards who came with them heard Mia's voice and noticed that something was going to happen, so they rushed over. They surpassed Cecelia's guards in numbers.

Mia pointed at Cecelia. "This woman wants to beat up our ma'am. What are we going to do about that?"

Cecelia didn't realize that they had brought their bodyguards too. She clenched her jaw and arrogantly said, "So what? That's my turf. Are your men going to touch me? I'm a Taylor. You're not going to survive in Yaramoor if anything happens to me."

Daisy smirked and looked at the bodyguards. "Do It."

The bodyguards didn't care who Cecelia was and started beating her men up. All of them were professional fighters, so they were able to easily subdue the others.

Cecelia backed away, looking pale. "Are you crazy? I'm a Tayl-"

Before she could finish, one of the men gave her a slap that made her fall to the floor.

Cecelia was disoriented as her ear rang. There was even blood from the corner of her lips, and her face was badly swollen.

She was stunned because a lowly bodyguard slapped her.

Daisy walked over to her and looked down. "You're just a Taylor, but my husband is a prince. Do you think a prince would be afraid to do anything to the daughter of an aristocrat? People might think the Taylors are the royals if that were true."

Cecelia trembled in anger—her arrogance was obviously slapped away.

Daisie crossed her arms and continued. "I couldn't care less about you Taylors any way. If you want to compare status, my grandfather is a count in Stoslo. We're higher in the social hierarchy than you Taylors, but I wasn't being as arrogant. Why do you think you can do that?"

She then leaned down closer to her. "You ignorant woman. I can understand though. We Goldmanns are in the business world, but it doesn't mean you can bully us."

Daisie stood up straight and walked away with Mia and the bodyguards.

Cecelia looked at her useless bodyguards and then at herself before fainting because she was too furious.

When they were back in the car, Mia happily said, "So what if she's a Taylor? She's walking around with an empty head. She thought we wouldn't do anything to her. That's too funny."

She deserved that slap.

Daisie shrugged. "I've seen a lot of people who like to push people around. She'll keep thinking she can bully us if I don't teach her a lesson."

She had been intending to give Cecelia a good beating for a long while. She was glad that Cecelia gave

her a reason to do it.

"Exactly. I hate the aristocrats who bully people. All they did was be born into a good, family. That's nothing to be proud of."

She hated the upper class, who thought they were better than everyone, but Daisie and Freyja were different.

Daisie noticed the scratch Cecelia's nails left on Mia's face. "I'll give you some ointment when we're back. I don't want it to leave a scar."

Mia touched her face, smiled, and said, "Thanks, ma'am."

Nollace found out that Cecelia had been slapped. When Hedeon heard it, he clapped and cheered. “Good job, Daisy. That arrogant woman must have cried so hard.”

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Nollace’s face sank. “It seems like she still hasn’t learned her lesson yet.”

Cecelia might have already succeeded if he hadn’t had some bodyguards to protect Daisy around the

clock.

“Well, she’s a Taylor, and her father is her biggest supporter. Do you think she’ll have any respect for other people? Even the most powerful capitalist is raised by the Taylors.”

Hedeon could see the whole picture better than anyone else. After all, there were countless plutocrats or rich kids in Haniston who took advantage of their family background to get everything their way. As long as their families remained standing, they could do everything they wanted to, and nobody could stop them.

That was unless their families went down the hills or fell from grace.

Nollace was playing with the pen between his fingers when he received a message from Edison.

Edison was chasing after the two men on the street, but he soon lost sight of them.

He clicked his tongue and gnashed his teeth tightly. He went back to the scene and checked on Bart, who had been shot earlier. The bullet had gone through his chest, and his pupils were already dilating.

Bart was dead.

Edison pulled his phone out and made a call.

After that, he went to the police station to give his statement. When he came out, Nollace had already arrived. He lowered his head and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Knowles. It was too late by the time I got there."

"Don't worry. It isn't your fault." Nollace said, "Even if they've killed Bart, we still have another way to get what we want."

Edison suddenly remembered something and raised his head. "I found that Bart has a family member in the city. It's his brother, but they rarely contact each other."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I feel it's strange too. Both of them are brothers, but they rarely contact each other. His colleagues in prison said they never heard him mention anything about his brother."

Nollace fell deep in thought for a moment before asking, "Did they have any grudges against each other?" Edison shook his head. "Nope. I heard from prison that Bart admires his brother very much."

He admired his brother, they did not have any grudges against each other, and they rarely contacted each other.

Nollace chuckled lightly and said, "It seems like his brother is living a good life. He must have gotten some relationship with an aristocrat."

Edison asked, "What makes you think so?"

"You've been to Bart's house, right? Did you notice anything?"

Edison thought for a while and replied, "I didn't see anything special in his house. It's just a normal house. Besides, the place was rented by him at a low price. It seems to me that Bart is a frugal person. Even his furniture is old."

After he finished speaking, he noticed something. "Are you saying that his older brother had little contact

with his younger brother because he didn't want people to know about his brother's situation?"

Nollace looked into the distance. "Don't forget that Bart has never served in the military before. I'm sure that it must be his brother who helped him to get his job in prison. Bart wouldn't have ended up this way if his brother was an aristocrat.

"I think his brother is working for an aristocrat. There are only two reasons he rarely contacts his brother. One is he wants to protect his brother, and the other is that the person he serves doesn't allow him to do that."

Edison saw the light and said, "I see. People might get suspicious if this man has a close relationship with someone from prison. So, they won't contact each other unless it's absolutely necessary. As for Bart, he didn't tell anyone about his brother because even if he failed his mission, he wouldn't bring trouble to his brother as well."

The person that Bart's brother served was cautious. He knew his man had someone working in prison, and apparently, Bart's brother was not protecting Bart. He was forced.

Otherwise, Bart wouldn't have been killed.



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Chapter 2562

At the Taylors...

Cecelia pushed all the food that the maid had brought to the floor. "Get out! Get out of here!"

Lucius and his wife came to the room. When he saw the mess on the floor, he frowned and dismissed the

maid.

Bianca walked into the room and sat beside the bed. Looking at her daughter, whose face was still swollen red, she said, "Cecelia, calm down."

"How can I calm down? That b*tch asked her man to slap me! She asked a lowly bodyguard to slap me!"

Cecelia had never been humiliated like this before, and her face was livid with rage.

Lucius came into the room, and his expression was dark. "It seems to me that you still haven't learned your lesson. Cecelia, I'll disown you if you don't stop now!"

Cecelia's eyes turned red when her father scolded her instead of comforting her. "Dad, are you blaming me? This is obviously that b*tch's fault!"

"Nollace is her husband, and he's the prince. How can you fight with the royal family? I can't believe that you're so stupid. I want you to become his wife, not offend him!" snarled Lucius.

Bianca did not say anything as she knew her own husband's temper very well.

Cecelia was tongue-tied as well.

Meanwhile, a maid appeared at the door and said, "Sir, His Highness is here."

Lucius' expression changed. He knew that Nollace must be up to no good for coming here at a time like this.

As for Cecelia, her face turned pale when she heard that Nollace had come to her house. She still couldn't forget how Nollace had ordered his bodyguard to shove the medicine down her throat last time. That man was a monster!

Lucius came downstairs with the maid. Nollace was already sitting on the couch, and the butler was serving him tea.

Nollace glanced at Lucius and asked, "Clover died in prison. Do you know what happened, Mr. Taylor?" The butler became anxious and looked toward Lucius.

Lucius's face sank as he replied, "What do you mean by this, Your Highness? Are you saying that her death has something to do with me?"

Nollace chuckled and raised his head. He looked at Lucius amusingly and continued. "After all, you and your daughter are the only ones who will benefit from Clover's death. If you wanted to clear your daughter's name, your best shot would be ensuring that Clover would shut her mouth forever."

"Your Highness, you don't have any evidence to prove that her death is related to the Taylors. I can understand that you're doing this just to get back at Cecelia for all the suffering she caused to your wife. "Cecelia has already learned her lesson. She has gotten what she deserved. I can understand if you don't want to forgive us, but I won't allow you to pin something that we have never done on us!" Lucius said with a stern voice. He was very calm. He looked like he had never done any of those evil things and that it was Nollace who was being unreasonable.

Nollace looked at him for a long while and said, "Yes, you didn't do it, but what about your men?"

The butler's back was drenched with cold sweat, and his heart was in his throat.

Lucius knew that Nollace was difficult to deal with, but he did not expect him to be so difficult. He first asked about the woman's death, and now he asked about Bart.

He was certain that Nollace had learned about something.

That being said, whether Nollace had learned something or he was just testing them, he would not allow himself to panic. He remained calm and said, "Of course. I believe that my people wouldn't do something like that either."



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"I hope so too, Mr. Taylor." Nollace put down the cup and stood up. He slowly fastened the buttons on his shirt and turned around.

Lucius watched and clenched his fists tightly as Nollace slowly disappeared from his vision.

The butler breathed a sigh of relief, but a hint of fear lingered in his heart. “Sir, what do we do now?”

Lucius stopped beside him and ordered, “This is your own business. You figure out how to settle it. I’ll get rid of you if you can’t settle it.”

The butler’s face turned pale with fear.

Edison was standing in front of the car while Nollace came out of the Taylor manor. He opened the *door* for him, and they got into the car. Edison then started the engine and drove away.

While they were on their way back, Edison looked at the rear mirror and said, “Mr. Knowles, *your* visit will definitely arouse Mr. Taylor’s vigilance. If it’s really related to him, he’ll surely erase everything that can raise our suspicion.”

Nollace placed his hand on his forehead and leaned on the window. “Motivation-wise, Cecelia is the only one who benefited from Clover’s death, especially since her reputation is at risk right now.”

Edison was stunned.

“Are you saying that he’ll choose to take someone’s life just to restore Cecelia’s reputation?”

“Don’t forget that

Lucius is someone who values interests more than anything else. If his daughter admits that she has joined forces with Clover and caused Daisie to have a miscarriage, Cecelia and the entire Taylors’ reputation will be greatly affected in the aristocratic circle.

“Once Clover is dead, Cecelia just needs to divert the attention to a dead person. A dead person won’t be able to defend themselves, so the public will never know the truth.”

Edison frowned.

“But I thought Mr. Colton had already exposed their call records?”

Nollace chuckled. “Everything in this world, including the truth, can be forged.”

Understanding soon dawned upon Edison. Given the Taylors' power and status, even a call record would *not* be able to do anything if they wanted to divert the public's attention to something else.

Once everyone lost their interest in this matter, the Taylors could even make fake evidence. With their strong connections, they just needed to hire some ghostwriters to write something on the Internet, and they would be able to twist the truth easily.

Nollace squinted and said, "But I do notice something interesting."

"What is it?" asked Edison.

Something flitted across Nollace's eyes as he said, "When I mentioned Bart, the butler seemed a bit nervous."

He would never let any evidence slip past his eyes. The reason he had purposely mentioned Bart was to observe their reaction.

Edison was stunned. "His butler?"

Nollace sat up straight and said, "It's time we look into the Taylors' butler."

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Meanwhile, at the film college...

Freyja came to Professor Merlin's office. She knocked on the door and went inside after getting his permission.

Professor Merlin put down his cup and raised his head. "It's you. What's the matter?"

She walked up to the desk and sat down. "Professor, I heard from Mr. Lancell that you've studied criminal psychology before, right?"

Professor Merlin was stunned for a moment before chuckling.

"Yeah, I did study that before when I was young. But why would you ask?"

Freyja's eyes glowed up, and she said, "I'm sure you saw the news the other day about a woman who was poisoned to death in prison, right?"

“You told me that this matter has something to do with the prince, right?”

She nodded and replied honestly,

“My best friend is the prince’s wife. She’s pregnant. I’m worried that it might affect her, so I want to do something to help her.”

