

Chapter 1671

Ayan asked in confusion, "Special?"

"Please don't get me wrong. What I'm trying to say is that you have an outstanding appearance. You look just like those ancient Perxians from the painting."

In Yaramoor, most of the people were fair-skinned, and it made Ayan stand out a lot regardless of his appearance or temperament.

Ayan smiled and said, "Thank you for your compliment."

The car soon arrived at his destination. After he bade Daisy goodbye, he got out of the car. As soon as Daisy returned to Hilton Villas, she saw a familiar car when she got out of her car. It seemed to her that the car had been waiting here for a long time. The rear window was lowered halfway down, and the person sitting inside was none other than Nollace.

Daisy was taken aback and walked toward the car. She leaned on the window and asked, "Don't tell me you've been waiting for me here."

Nollace looked at her and replied, "I thought you'd come home straight away." "Well, I just dropped someone off on the way," she replied readily.

"Who is it?" Nollace leaned against the side of the door to get closer to her and said, "Is it Ayan Haris?"

She was stunned. "How did you know?"

He chuckled and then asked in a serious manner, "Is he more good-looking than I am?"

Daisy rolled her eyes around and asked, "Why're you comparing yourself to him?"

"You haven't answered my question yet."

"Both of you are good-looking."

When Daisy saw that his face sank, she chuckled and added unhurriedly, "But in my heart, you're the most handsome."

Nollace retracted his hand and said, "I'm going back."

When he tried to roll the window up, Daisy asked, "Are you angry with me?" "Of course, I'm not."

Daisy did not say anything in return. Nollace stretched his arm forward to pinch her cheek and chuckled. "Do you want me to stay back for a meal?"

Before Daisy could say anything, Nollace opened the door and got out of the car, "Well, since you've asked, I guess I should do you the favor and stay back for a meal then."

Daisy was rendered speechless.

When the housekeeper saw Daisy had brought her boyfriend back, she went into the kitchen and prepared a few more dishes for him. While they were having their dinner, Nollace kept looking at her as

if he would become full just by looking at her. Suddenly, the housekeeper asked, “Miss, is your boyfriend staying for the night?” Daisy was stumped, and she replied, “He—”

Without waiting for her to finish her sentence, Nollace asked with a smile, “Do you have rooms for guests here?”

The housekeeper was stunned for a moment before nodding. “Yeah, we have.”

“Then, please get a guest room ready for me. After all...” He paused for a few seconds and turned his head sideways to look at Daisy intently as he said, “We haven’t gotten married yet.”

Yaramoor was more liberal about this kind of thing. As long as they reached the appropriate age, both boys and girls could stay and sleep before getting married. However, there was also a group of conservative people. They wouldn’t cross the line before they got married, and obviously, Nollace was the latter one.

The housekeeper replied with a smile, “Sure. I’ll go get the guest room ready.”

Daisy looked at him in surprise.

Nollace lifted his eyebrows and teased her. “Why does it look to me that you’re rather disappointed?” “I’m not...” She hastily averted her gaze.

He coiled his finger around a strand of her hair and played around with it. “Could it be that... You want to do that kind of thing with me?”

Daisy smacked his hand away and replied matter-of-factly, “I’m a decent woman.”

The smile on his face broadened.

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The housekeeper went back to her house after she finished getting the guest room ready. Daisy led him to the guest room. The guest room was originally prepared for Colton, but Colton had been rather busy, so the room had been left vacant. Daisy pressed her lips and said, “I’ll go get you a set of pajamas.”

She hastily walked away and went into her own room. She rummaged through the cupboard as she remembered that there was a set of new pajamas that was originally prepared for Colton.

Nollace and Colton had the same body size, so she figured that he should be able to wear it.

Holding the pajamas in her hand, she walked toward the guest room. When she pushed open the door, her heart began to run into a gallop when she saw the scene on the other side of the door.

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Nollace was taking off his shirt, and it was only then Daisy realized that he was ripped. He had a lean, toned body. His muscles were not particularly big, and they all looked well – proportioned. He was the type who looked thin when putting on clothes and muscular after taking off his clothes.

What's more, his v-cut abs were very well-defined.

She moved her gaze down, and her face turned red in embarrassment. She quickly turned around and shouted, "How can you suddenly take off your clothes!?"

Nollace put his shirt on the bed neatly and stood behind her.

As he took over the pajamas in her hand, he leaned forward to get closer to her and said, "Because I'm going to take a bath."

Daisie's ears were getting redder and redder. She could feel his temperature seeping into her back when he leaned closer to her. She buried her face into her palm and said, "You knew that I'd come. You're doing it on purpose!"

A chuckle escaped Nollace's lips as he said, "Yeah, I did it on purpose."

Her heart skipped a beat.

Nollace pulled her hand away and grabbed it in his. "Do you like it?"

Daisie's eyes drifted. "Like what?"

"Like my body."

She stopped breathing for a moment. She kept her head down as her cheeks were burning up. Then, she suddenly thought of something and asked with a pout, "Did Lisa see it as well?"

He was stunned for a moment, and the smile on his face broadened, "Nope. She didn't see it."

"Really?" She remained skeptical.

Giggling helplessly, Nollace replied, "Of course. I've never taken off my clothes in front of her before."

Daisie turned around to look at him and narrowed her eyes. "You're going to take your clothes off in front of her?"

He laughed and put her palm on his chest. "Do I look like I'm lying to you?" Beneath her palm was his strong and powerful heartbeat. His chest was heaving up and down with every breath he took.

Nollace took a step closer to her and said, "My heart, my body, my everything belongs to you, Daisie."

Daisie was so embarrassed that her entire face was red like a tomato. She looked like she had hit the panic button, and she did not know where she should look.

"I'm going to take a bath." She was stumped and turned her head sideways. "Go ahead. It's not like I'm going to peep on you."

In the next second, Nollace pushed her out of his room and closed the door.

Daisie was rendered speechless.

'Did he... just push me out of his room?'

Nollace stood behind the door and buried his face into his palm. He nearly gave in to his desire just now. If she saw it, things would go bad, and he was certain that she would get scared too. Daisy returned to her room and threw herself on the bed. She buried her head into the pillow, and the tips of her ears were burning red.

Whenever she closed her eyes, the first thing that popped up in her head was Nollace's body.

"Ahhh! Stop thinking about it!" At night, Daisy tossed and turned on her bed several times, but sleep wouldn't come to her. In the end, she got

up and walked out of her room to go to the kitchen to get some water.

Just when she was about to drink the water, she saw a figure from the corner of her eyes. She wanted to scream, but then a hand came out of nowhere and closed her mouth.

"It's me."

The light in the living room was turned on, and she blinked when she saw Nollace.

Nollace released her.

She grabbed at the cup tightly and asked, "You haven't slept yet?"

"So do you."

Daisy lowered her head. "Well, I can't sleep."

He smiled. "I can't sleep either."

After a short while of silence, Daisy parted her lips and suggested, "Do you want to watch a movie?"

"Sure," replied Nollace.

Both of them sat in the living room, and the movie that was playing on the projection screen was a comedy movie that Helios had taken part in. Daisy sat on the couch with her legs in her arms and glanced at Nollace through the corner of her eyes. She felt that the two of them must be the only ones who stayed up in the middle of the night to

watch a movie.

However, halfway through the movie, Daisy realized that she had also taken part in this movie when she was a kid.

She turned her head to look at Nollace.

Nollace was looking at the movie with rapt attention, and he seemed rather unsurprised when he saw the girl beside the male protagonist played by Helios.

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Upon realizing Daisy's gaze, he turned his head around and asked, "What's wrong?"

She averted her gaze and replied, "Nothing."

Nollace put his arms across the couch behind her and leaned closer to her. "Is that little girl you?"

She was stunned but did not say anything. Nollace chuckled and continued. "She looks so adorable. What's more, she looks a lot like you."

Daisie pushed him away. "Let's continue to watch the movie."

He chuckled but did not say anything and turned his head toward the movie again. He recognized the little girl as soon as she showed up. He had asked her that question because he just wanted to see her reaction.

The night was getting darker, and by the time the movie ended, Daisie had already fallen asleep on the armrest of the couch. Nollace turned his head sideways to look at her and chuckled.

He stretched his arms forward and brushed aside the strands of hair that were stuck to her face.

After that, he stood up and scooped her into his arms.

Her head fell and landed on his shoulder.

He came to her room and put her gently on the bed. After tucking her in, he did not leave her room immediately. Instead, he stood at the side of the bed and looked at her.

After a long while, he leaned forward and landed a kiss on her lips. "Goodnight/!"

The next day, at the Victoria Business College...

While Daisie was listening to the lecture, she rubbed her temples. She did not know what time she had fallen asleep last night.

By the time she woke up in the morning, the housekeeper had said Nollace had already left.

She leaned on the desk. The only thing she was worried about right now was that Nollace might have seen her sleeping posture!

Freyja, who was taking notes, suddenly got closer to her and whispered a question, "Those are some big black circles. Where have you been last night? Sneaking into someone's house?"

She sprang up and covered herself with the book before replying with a guilty conscience, "Nope."

Freyja squinted and smiled. "Then... Could it be that you dreamt of Nollace in his birthday suit last night?"

Something flitted into Daisie's head, and her head turned crimson red. She just wanted Freyja to shut up right now.

Soon, the class ended, so Daisie and Freyja walked toward the exit of the building. When they were going down the stairs, they bumped into Ayan, who happened to be talking to his professor.

Freyja looked at him and clicked her tongue. "Ayan is kind of popular lately. I heard that the Drama, Theater, and Film course is going to hold a fashion show for this month's anniversary. I guess that's the reason the model from the Art School is here."

Daisie said, "Well, we're from the same college at the end of the day."

Freyja turned her head toward her, and just when she was about to say something, Ayan walked toward them and said, "What a coincidence. Did your class just end?"

Daisie nodded. "Yeah."

"Have you had lunch yet? There's a great restaurant over by the Art School."

Daisie was about to say something, but Freyja placed her arm on her shoulder and smiled. "Sure, can I tag along?"

Ayan looked at her and smiled. "Of course, you can."

"Then lead the way, please, Mr. Haris," said Freyja.

This was the first time Daisie came to the Art School. The entire department exuded an artistic atmosphere. The

combination of sculptures in the courtyard, famous paintings in the corridors, stained glass, and frescoes created a unique scene.

Ayan was walking in front of them while telling them the history of the Art School. Daisie listened to him attentively and did not interrupt him out of courtesy.

There weren't many people in the restaurant. It was quiet, and the restaurant was decorated in a Rostania style.

Ayan pulled the chair and said, "This restaurant specializes in Rostania cuisine. It's pretty good. You two can give it a try." After Freyja and Daisie took their seats, Freyja picked up the menu and lifted her eyebrows. "Don't you think you should recommend to us what's good to eat here?"

Daisie turned her head around and looked at her in confusion.

Ayan took over the menu and smiled. "I'm sorry. I should have realized it earlier. Let me introduce to you two of the good foods here."

Before ordering the meal, he asked them if there was anything they didn't eat. Daisie did not have anything that she didn't eat, but Freyja had a lot.

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garlic.

Ayan rested his chin under his hand and fell into deep thought.

Daisie went closer to Freyja and whispered. "Did you do this on purpose?"

Freyja pretended as if she did not understand what Daisie was talking about and said, "What are you talking about?"

Daisie exposed her and said, "Didn't you enjoy eating garlic and onion in the dining hall?"

Freyja was stumped and replied, "I'm not allergic to the garlic and onion in the dining hall. Do you have a problem with that?"

Daisie looked toward Ayan, who was ordering food from the waiter and said, "Don't mind about her. She can eat anything."

Freyja was rendered speechless.

Ayan also realized something and chuckled. "It's okay. I'll find something that your friend can eat."

"It isn't necessary. You're buying us a meal, and there's no reason for us to be picky about what to eat," Daisie

replied sternly. "Just order anything that you feel that's good. I want to try the food here."

Ayan smiled and nodded. "Alright, then."

Freyja placed her hand on her forehead and shook her head. It was only now she saw the reason Nollace had

Twenty minutes later, their food was served.

There was a Rostania meatloaf, a type of dish made from seasoned beef mixed with ham and eggs and cooked on the stove. There were other local specialties as well, such as deep-fried cheese balls, hams, and sweet banana snacks.

Daisie took a bite, and Ayan asked, "What do you think?"

She nodded and replied, "It's pretty good."

Ayan smiled. "I'm happy that you like it." Freyja stared at him intently as if she was going to puncture him with her gaze. After a short while, she asked, "I heard that you had worked with Daisie before on a perfume commercial several years ago, so why did you only come to befriend her now?"

Anyone who heard the question would think that Ayan had a motive for approaching Daisie.

However, Ayan just smiled and said, "I didn't know that she was from the Victoria College, and I only learned about it when I bumped into her in the library.

here." Freyja pressed on.

Ayan looked at her and asked, "Is it that students of the Art School cannot go to the libraries in other areas?"

Just when Freyja was about to say something, Daisie covered her mouth and smiled at Ayan. "I'm sorry. She's a bit talkative. I hope you won't mind."

Chuckling, Ayan replied, "No, I don't mind it." After finishing their lunch, Daisie dragged Freyja out of the restaurant and said helplessly, "What the hell were you doing? He's treating us to a meal, so don't you think it'll be embarrassing if you keep asking him those

Freyja looked at her and asked, "So why don't you reject him?"

Daisie was stumped as she looked at her in confusion.

Crossing her arms in front of her chest, Freyja said, "You have a boyfriend. Can't you see through the purpose when another guy invites you for a meal? Daisie asked, "Why I can't eat with the opposite sex when I have a boyfriend?"

"Are you serious, Daisie?" Freyja did not know whether she should get angry at her or not. "Won't Nollace get angry if he learns that you're eating with another man?"

"I'm going to tell him anyway," Daisie replied frankly. "I just don't understand why I can't have any interaction with a person of the opposite sex even if it's just a normal conversation or a meal when I have a boyfriend. If that's true, does it not mean that I have to cut off all possible contact with the outside world and even give up performing?"

They might not pair up with girls in a performance. There were boys as well. When she entered the entertainment industry in the future, she would also work with other male actors. There was a possibility that her co-workers, staff, or even her future manager would be a man. Did she have to stay away from men just because she had a boyfriend?

Chapter 1675

Freyja pressed the bridge of her nose to calm herself down. "I'm not asking you to cut ties with all of your male friends, but can't you see that Ayan has a motive for approaching you?"

There were not so many coincidences under normal circumstances.

Daisie lowered her head and asked, "Aren't foreigners always so friendly?"

Freyja smiled. "Some of the guys in the Drama, Theatre, and Film are foreigners as well. Why aren't they as friendly as Ayan?"

"Because of Nollace and Colton."

Freyja was stunned. "So you knew about it too."

If it were not for Colton and Nollace, a lot of boys would have approached Daisie with ulterior motives.

She knew about it, but sometimes, she just couldn't see through other people's intentions.

Freyja asked, "Then why couldn't you see through Ayan's intention?"

Daisie shrugged and lowered her head. "I know that you all are worried that I might get cheated, so you keep

protecting me the way you do. But I am not a child anymore."

She turned around and said, "Ayan had worked with me before, so I can't say that we don't know each other. Since we know each other, I have to show him some respect. You said that he has an ulterior motive for approaching me, then what is it? Could it be that he loves me too?"

"He knows I have a boyfriend. Since I don't know his purpose, do I have to speculate all the time whether people approach me with other intentions? I want to make friends with other people as well. I

don't want to get restricted here and there. Even if he really has other intentions, then I'll just stop hanging out with him. Isn't it very simple?"

Freyja fell silent.

Everyone had their opinion, and so did Daisy.

Daisy had grown up in an environment that was completely different from hers. Unlike her, Daisy was raised under the protective wing of her family since she was born, and she had never seen the evil side of humankind.

everyone was trustworthy.

She could keep her shield up, but she was still eager to make more friends.

It was not that Daisy did not know how to refuse. It was just that she wanted to rely on her intuition to judge by herself whether this person was worth getting to know or not.

One would only be able to grow up when they could get back on their feet and continue to go on with their life after they had witnessed true human nature as well as had their beliefs and visions destroyed.

After a short while, Freyja smiled. "Yeah, you're right. Only when you have experience life for yourself will you know what life is."

Everything one saw while growing up under someone else's wings was nothing but an illusion. If one left the wings and lost the ability to walk alone and protect oneself, it would really be the end of the world for them.

When Daisy and Freyja arrived at their dormitory, they saw Nollace. He was standing in front of his car.

"Alright, I'm going upstairs. You guys can have your own sweet time." Freyja waved her hand and walked upstairs.

Daisy approached him and asked, "Have you been waiting for me for a long time?" "Not really." Nollace raised his hand, rubbed her hair, and chuckled. "Was the food good?" Daisy lifted her head and asked, "Freyja told you everything, didn't she?"

Daisy had some speculations about how Nollace would know about Ayan. Other than Freyja, she couldn't think of anyone else who would tell him about it.

Nollace did not deny it and said, "She's just worried about you."

Daisy snorted lightly and turned her face sideways. "You're the one who's worried about me, right? I'm not stupid. Do you really not know that you're the one who arranged for Freyja to be in the same dormitory with me?"

Nollace was stunned for a while and then chuckled. "Yeah, it was me. You're smart, Daisy."

"Are you teasing me?"

Nollace grabbed her into his arms and rested his chin on top of her head. “Nope. I’m just complimenting you. You don’t like it?” Daisy’s eyelashes fluttered. “Are you... mad with me?”

Chapter 1676

Nollace looked down at her. “Why should I be angry?”

“You’re my boyfriend, and I agreed to have dinner with him. Won’t you be angry?”

Nollace squinted, and his palms lingered around her face, caressing her cheek. “As long as you guys don’t cross the line, I don’t see the need for me to be angry.

“Daisie, you have the right to socialize with friends, and I have no right to interfere with your personal social life too much. However, if you really were to take a step too far across the line, I can’t guarantee what I’ll do.”

Seeing that his expression dimmed slightly, Daisy was astonished for a few seconds, “How much is too much?”

He put his finger on her lips. “Do you know that the most intolerable thing in a relationship is betrayal? If you were to get too close to another man other than me, I will...”

He pressed his lips against her cheek. “I’ll tie you to me. You won’t even have the chance to leave my side in the future, and I won’t let you out ever again.”

Daisy’s eyelashes trembled, but she did not say anything.

Nollace chuckled, lifted her cheeks, and stared into her clear eyes. “Are you afraid now?”

Daisy shook her head and placed her palm on the back of his hand. “I’m not dumb. I’ll become a cheater if that’s the case.”

Nollace gave off a grin. “Then will you do so?”

“Am I that kind of person to you?” She frowned and continued to whisper, “I don’t even care about them...”

He rubbed the corner of her lips with his fingertips. “Then, do you care about me?”

She blushed and did not answer.

Nollace’s grin widened and intensified. “Okay, I now know that I’m the only person that you care about.”

After Daisy returned home, Nollace raised the car window and restrained his expression. “Look into Ayan Haris’s background.”

Although he would not interfere with Daisy’s right to make friends, it did not mean that he would not investigate those people with whom she would become friends.

At that moment, his cell phone rang.

It came from Tristan. He answered the call, "Uncle Tristan?" "Jonah Reese died last night. All emergency rescue

procedures were in vain."

Nollace was stunned for a moment and then regained his composure. "He died?"

FLU

During this period, Jonah had sold all his company's shares and had gone through the formalities for him to travel to Southeast Eurasia. Now that the Reeses had lost their power and status in Yaramoor, all their relatives and friends had cut all connections with them.

Tristan explained earnestly, "Jonah offended a lot of people while he was in power, so it doesn't surprise me that someone would want to make a move on him as soon as he lost power.

"Nollace, you didn't interfere too much with the Reeses' matter, did you?"

Nollace frowned. "No."

But he thought that Tristan would not ask him such a question for no reason. "Are you saying that there's a possibility that someone out there wants to get me involved in this turmoil?"

"I just need you to be more vigilant and keep your guard up. I don't think Jonah Reese's death is an accident. Rumors have it that the people who got rid of Jonah are somehow related to Donald Matthews."

Nollace squinted. "Getting rid of Jonah at this time won't do Donald any good. After all, his motive is a little too obvious. Most people will only point their fingers at him now that Jonah Reese has died."

'Donald isn't stupid either. Lara did reject him back then, but if he were to try to take revenge now by killing Jonah only because the Reeses have lost their prestige, he would only expose himself to all sorts of criticism and suspicions. 'It seems that someone wants to take advantage of Jonah's death and drag Donald and me into this mess at the same time. Making Donald suspect that I'm the one who's behind this scheme.

'I'm indeed the one who came up with the plan to use Lara to get back at Lisa. Lara would not disclose my identity as the person behind her in order to survive, while Lisa's fear of death will prevent her from betraying Lara.'

His face dimmed. "Don't worry, Uncle Tristan. I'll take care of this matter."

Jonah's death caused a sensation among the public.

No matter what happened, he used to be a very prominent patriarch of a noble family, but he had now lost power and died unexpectedly, which was quite a pitiful end.

Chapter 1677

Jonah's body was placed in a funeral home and was about to be cremated. There were very few people who came to mourn. The relatives who came to mourn him were basically only there for the inheritance that he had left behind.

After selling his company's shares, he had obtained more than \$7,000,000. In addition to the hefty savings and other investments that he had accumulated over the years, there were at least several billion dollars. Jonah originally planned to use this fund to bring his daughter abroad. Lara was his only daughter, so she was the one who inherited everything after her father died.

Lara was dressed in black and wearing a headscarf

in front of her father's portrait, ignoring the faces of relatives who were there to put up a play, pretending to mourn her father.

That was until a figure stepped into the funeral home from outside.

It was Ken.

Ken placed the white rose in his hand in the center of the wreath, looked straight at the portrait, and bowed to him.

Lara, who was standing next to him, sneered. "The Reeses have collapsed into smithereens, and you've gotten nothing out of this. Now that my father is dead, you don't have to hypocritically lend him a helping hand in everything that he asks of you. You finally got rid of him after so many years, so you should be delighted, shouldn't you?" Ken tidied the hem of the collar of his jacket and turned to look at her. "Lars, I'm very saddened by this situation too, but you're the center of the turmoil all this while, aren't you? You're the one who started all this."

Lara was trembling with anger. "Isn't it because of you? You purposely left that girl's identity out the other day, didn't you?"

Ken did not utter a single word.

Lara's eyes were bloodshot. "You knew everything about her identity and knew that I was planning to deal with her, but you didn't stop me. In fact, you were trying to use this opportunity to curry favor with the Goldmanns. So that even if the Reeses were to collapse in the future, you'd get everything that once belonged to the Reeses."

She then laughed sarcastically. "But you didn't expect that this blow would leave the Reeses with no room to stop the drop and start all over at all. This is the part that went beyond your expectation. After the incident, as soon as you couldn't see any hope in the Reeses, you dropped

everything and left us behind cold bloodedly, and you've managed to distance yourself from the center of the

storm.

"But don't you forget, in order to capture the Reeses' attention and maintain your image in front of my father, you had cooked up a lot of schemes for my father. You had done everything in your ability to please my father, win our trust, and even deceive my feelings. Aren't you afraid of retribution!?"

She screamed hysterically at the top of her lungs, and the scene became silent because of her reaction.

Ken's expression dimmed. He stared at her exasperated face for a long time and asked, "Do you have any feelings for me? What you need is a loyal dog that will follow you around, wagging its tail, not a

fiance.” She was astounded by his question for a split second and then burst into tears and laughter. “I already knew that you didn’t have any feelings for me. You’re here only because of my background and power. Since that’s the case, you and I are just two individuals who are living off a mutual relationship.”

She restrained herself. All her emotions had broken her, leaving her in a state of pure numbness. “Did you come to mourn my father only because of the money that my

She then turned around. “You can take everything if you want. I won’t even keep a penny for myself.”

She knelt on the ground beside the coffin, stroked her father’s peaceful face, let off a smile, and hummed the lullaby that her father always hummed to her to put her into bed when she was a child.

Everyone around her thought she had lost her mind.

Daisie saw Jonah’s death on the news, and all her coursemates were discussing it early in the morning, including the topic that claimed that Lara had gone crazy. She sat in her seat, listening to the discussions around her, and lowered her gaze as if a lot of things were going through her mind at the moment.

Freyja walked into the classroom with a carton of milk, placed the carton on the table, and sat down. “The change in the Reeses is quite big, huh? I didn’t expect that Lara’s retribution would turn into something so serious.”

Daisie pursed her lips for quite some time and asked after a while, “Has Lara truly lost her mind?”

“Why would you care if it’s true or fake? Isn’t this the retribution that she deserves?” Freyja looked calm. “Since she crossed so many lines back then, why should we pity her when the roulette of fate now deems that her time’s up?”

“If we were to think so, wouldn’t it be extremely unfair to the celebrity who lost her job because Lara disfigured her? And now that she’s become a victim of fate, does it make everything that she did in the past irrelevant? I don’t think so.”

Chapter 1678

‘If it weren’t for the fact that Lara has tried to get rid of someone who’s out of her league this time around, would she end up in such misery? ‘Since she had the guts to do it, she’ll have to face the consequences.’

Daisie looked at her. “Lara deserves everything that she’s gotten herself into recently. However, she’s already suffered an accident, but everyone is still taunting her for the retribution. Don’t you think it’s a little sad?”

Freyja was surprised. “You... Do you think she is pitiful?”

“This has nothing to do with whether she’s pitiful or not. I just think that the action of attributing the difficulties that kind people or bad people encounter in life to fate or retribution is a manifestation of our incompetency as humans.

beaten by them, and one day in the future, the person died or suffered from some accident or disease. We'll happily claim that retribution is doing its job, and we'll feel reconciled and gleeful because of that. But is that really retribution? In fact, that's the behavior of someone weak and timid."

Daisie supported her head with both hands. "When she

was in power, those she oppressed because they were too weak or powerless to resist could only regard the disaster inflicted upon her as a form of revenge. So, even if all this didn't happen because of me, if someone that she had bullied in the past were to have stood up against her, if someone were to have tried to stop her, she wouldn't have been able to do that to more victims."

Freyja suddenly laughed. "Not everyone is like you, born with the confidence to go against her. In Yaramoor, when the Reeses were in power, even the police wouldn't intervene with such petty matters. How do you expect them to fight back?"

Daisie turned her head away and pouted. "But the citizens of Yaramoor have the right to speak your voice and demonstrate your demands. So if there was enough noise spreading through the whole country, I don't think the Reeses would be able to keep things under a cloak for as long as they did. One stick can be broken relatively easily, but it's a different story when you have ten sticks bundled together. So when one person can't do anything about the Reeses, gather everyone up and form a group of people. With that, how will the Reeses deal with the rise of the people?"

"The world isn't perfect. But when hope is even wiped out, that's when it's really sad."

Freyja took a deep breath. She finally understood why Nollace wanted to protect Daisie.

Because not many people could keep their original selves so perfectly, they either became extremely vicious, resentful of others or even aggravated because they were unsatisfactory

Everyone had different ideas and experiences, so how could we generalize everything in the world? She was just expressing her personal opinions.

She had resisted, and Lara suffered because of her resistance, but she would not taunt Lara for what happened to her. Because she thought Lara had already paid the price, it was unnecessary.

Not to mention her disfigurement, coupled with her father's death, which also hurt her in unimaginable ways. Thus, the people who taunted her were no different from who she was when she chose to do the same to others in the first place.

At the end of the course, Daisie walked out of the academic building with her book in her arms. A car parked not far away looked somewhat familiar, but she knew that it was not Nollace's car.

The suspense went on and on until Ken lowered the car window, smiled, and waved at her.

Daisie took a deep breath. Ever since she got to know what Ken had done, she had been rather indifferent toward him.

'Freyja must've suffered a lot to have such a brother.' Freyja exited the lecture hall and stopped abruptly behind Daisie. Her expression dimmed a little upon seeing Ken." What are you doing here?"

Ken put his elbow that was resting on the window sill and smiled. "Can't I come to your college to visit you, my sister?"

Freyja did not speak.

Ken passed her and glanced at Daisy. "Mother asked you to bring your best friend home for a meal."

Freyja was dumbfounded for a moment and could not help but tighten her fists that were resting beside her.

Ken directly ignored Freyja, who was hesitating. "Ms. Vanderbilt, what do you think?"

Daisy looked at Freyja, who lowered her head and kept quiet throughout the whole conversation and wrapped her arms around her shoulders. "Yes."

"Daisy..." Freyja looked at her in surprise.

It was not that she did not know the purpose behind the meal – that was why she would rather Daisy reject the invitation.

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Ken smiled and raised the car window slowly. "It's decided then. I'll come to pick you girls up tomorrow."

The next day, at Lumiere Fine Dining...

environment. It had a lounge bar, and the lighting was mainly warm yellow in color, which made the interior feel warm and grand. Ken led Daisy and Freyja to a table for six. It had a pure white tablecloth, and the silverware and wine glasses were all neatly arranged. The two people who had been waiting in their seats were Ken and Freyja's parents.

Sandy was extremely graceful and glamorous and should be around 46 years old. She looked very well-maintained, every piece of her clothing was meticulously coordinated and color-coded, and the jewelry that she had on all came from luxurious brands.

Perhaps it was because of her bold facial features that she exuded a rather fierce aura. It felt like it would be quite difficult to get acquainted with her.

On the other hand, Brandon Pruitt, Ken and Freyja's father, looked a lot friendlier when sitting right next to

his stern wife.

Ken pulled out his chair. "Father, Mother."

Sandy looked at Daisy and smiled. "You're Freyja's friend

I'm very glad to meet you."

Out of courtesy and also for the sake of not making Freyja's life harder than it was, Daisy said, "Glad to meet you too, Mrs. Pruitt."

“Take a seat.”

The two were seated, and Sandy summoned the waiter to order some food. She then turned to Daisy and asked, “What do you fancy tonight? You can order anything at will. Make yourself at home.”

Daisy grinned. “Mrs. Pruitt, you can go with anything that suits your taste. I’m not a picky eater.”

After placing the order, the waiter poured everyone wine.

Sandy held the foot of the glass and shook it gently. “Fey has never had any friends in college. It surprised me when I got to know that she’s made friends at school. I’m very happy for her. At least she won’t feel too lonely at college.”

Freyja pursed her lips tightly and said nothing.

Daisy’s gaze shifted off the glass that had the reflection of her face on it. “Mrs. Pruitt, do you really think that

Freyja is lonely?”

Sandy narrowed her eyes and took a sip of wine from the glass. “She’s never brought any friend back home. So I’ve always thought that Fey is a very lonely girl since she was a kid. If this was truly the case, it would be very sad.”

Daisy took a glance at Freyja, who had not uttered a single word ever since she stepped into the restaurant, and then said calmly, “Mrs. Pruitt, then I must say that you don’t really know your daughter too well.” Sandy’s body stiffened for a split second, and her expression dimmed slightly. Even Brandon could not help but lift his head. The atmosphere was a little embarrassing Ken, who was sitting on the side, gave off a faint smile. “She really doesn’t know too much about Fey, but Fey has never given her family a chance to get to know more about her either, isn’t that right?”

The question was directed to Freyja.

Freyja clenched her hands that were resting under the table. “We don’t share the same mindset, so how can I ask you to understand me?”

“Fey, your friend is here.” Sandy put down her wine glass. “Is that something that you should show our guest?”

Daisy lowered her gaze.

‘Is this truly Freyja’s family? Not only do I not feel the warmth of a household, but I can also feel that everyone is trying to speculate about each other. There’s not even a hint of coziness or concern. All I feel is only indifference.’

Nollace’s girlfriend. Have you been together with him for a long time?”

Daisy nodded.

“Nollace is my nephew too. I heard that he could’ve graduated long ago, but he chose to extend his studies for a year just for you. It seems that he likes you very much.”

Daisie's eyelids twitched. She wondered if it was her illusion, but these words just sounded strange when they came out of Sandy's mouth.

Immediately afterward, Sandy smiled. "However, you're still young. Your studies should still be your top priority. Falling in love and dating someone else is just an impulse

fight through all sorts of difficulties and obstacles and survive from campus to their wedding day is extremely rare. So, no matter how strong the relationship is, the couple still might not be able to be with each other in the end. I've seen too many relationships that end this way in my years."

Freyja lifted her head. "Mother, what do you mean by

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"I'm just giving you youngsters a piece of advice. What's wrong with that?" Sandy picked up the wine glass and shook it lightly. "Love and emotions are the most unreliable things that you can own in this world. The things that you like might not stay the same in the future. At the end of the day, only profits and interests are the most reliable."

The waiter brought the dishes at this moment, so Sandy put her wine glass aside and picked up her knife and fork. "Okay, let's eat first."

Daisie did not move and remained silent for a long time. "Mrs. Pruitt, what you just said sounds so strange. Since you think that relationships, love, and emotions are very unreliable, then why would you choose to get married back then?"

Sandy's expression turned a little stiff. "Marriage? Does it have anything to do with love or emotions? You're still too naïve, girl."

Daisie took a deep breath and looked at Brandon, who had
you think so too?"

"About this..." Brandon took a glance at Sandy subconsciously.

Daisie was surprised. "Could it be that you didn't get married because of love?"

Sandy looked rather upset. "Ms. Vanderbilt, this is a matter between the two of us."

It seemed that her question had invaded their privacy.

"Are you saying that I can't say anything about my elders' affairs? Then who gave you elders the authority to give so many comments about us youngsters? You've given me so much advice just now, telling me not to hold high expectations when it comes to my relationship. Are you trying to persuade me into breaking up with Nollace?"

'It's no wonder the advice sounds so strange. It didn't sound as if she was giving us her blessing, but the other way around.'

Sandy scoffed. "How much do you know about Nollace? That kid is not as simple as you think he is. Do you think he really likes you or your background?"

Freyja could not stand it anymore and stood up. "Mother, you've overstepped." "Presumptuous." Sandy slammed her silverware heavily against the table. "Fey, I dare to tell her the truth about how the two of you met in the first place, and does it have something to do with Nollace?"

"You listen to everything that Nollace asks you to do, but you never listened so diligently to what Ken and I have

told you all this while. Are you trying to tell me that you're old enough to make your own decision, so you don't plan to listen to what we say anymore?"

Freyja bit her lip and did not dare to look straight at Daisy because she had indeed approached Daisy due to Nollace.

After a long silence, Daisy responded with a smile. "I know."

Freyja was startled.

Daisy continued. "Nollace is worried that I will run into some problems at college, so he asked Freyja to keep an eye on me. Freyja was not so enthusiastic about being friends with me at first. I was the one who shamelessly took the initiative to approach her and make friends with her in the first place."

Sandy choked on her own words as she did not expect such a response.

Daisy turned around and looked at Freyja. "I was the one who approached you at first and not the other way around, so you don't have to feel sorry."

After saying that, she looked at Sandy. "Mrs. Pruitt, Freyja is your daughter, but you don't even care about how she's doing in college. All you care about is who she's in contact with at college. Hence, please don't tell me that Freyja is just a tool to you?"

Sandy's expression turned gloomy in an instant, and she snorted. "You're born with a silver spoon in your mouth, so you naturally don't understand those who aren't born into a prestigious family like yours. Fey is different from you, I believe that you always get whatever you want in your life as long as you want it, but when Fey wants something, she'll have to fight for it herself.

"So, because she's my daughter, I hope that she can one day be successful. What parent wouldn't want their children to stand out among the younger generation?"

"Thinking from her point of view, what she said isn't wrong, but the only mistake that she's made is that she's never asked Freyja for her opinion. She's never asked Freyja if that's what she really wants."

Daisy suddenly realized that she had nothing much to talk about with Sandy. They did not share the same concept and values in life, so it was only natural for them not to coincide.

Freyja dragged Daisy out of her seat abruptly. "Mother, excuse us, but we're done with this meal."