

# Charming Mommy of adorable triplats Chapter- 1696-1703

Colton's expression looked as restrained as always. "Is there anyone else here besides you?"

Freyja chuckled. "You're being so polite. If something were to happen to Daisy, I wouldn't be able to explain it to Nollace." As soon as she said that, she took a closer look at Colton. "You don't seem to be doing a good job as an elder brother."

Colton's face looked sullen.

Before he could say anything, Freyja had already left without looking back. Daisy walked downstairs and saw Colton standing at the entryway, changing out of his shoes, so she walked over. "Colton."

Colton asked, "Where's the housekeeper?"

She explained with a smile, "The housekeeper's son is sick today, and I asked her to take the day off to take care of him."

"Have you eaten lunch?"

Seeing that he had rolled up his sleeves and walked to the kitchen, Daisy caught up to him. "Are you going to

cook?"

Colton washed his hands. "Otherwise , would you do it?" In the past, when Waylon was around, it was he who cooked for the three of them, and Waylon's cooking skills were as good as their father's. Although Colton's cooking was never as delicious as Waylon's, he was at least much better than her when it came to cooking. Daisy pulled out a chair, sat down at the dining table, and waited. Soon, Colton prepared his most skilled egg-fried rice and brought it to the table. From how the rice looked, it was not very pleasing to the eyes, but the taste was satisfactory to her.

She picked up the spoon, took a big mouthful, and let off a hum. "Colton, the egg-fried rice is the only meal that you can put on the table." Colton fetched her another bowl of beef stew. "Cut the crap and just eat."

She bit the spoon and grinned.

Colton sat across from her and watched her eat. After a while, he cleared his throat. "That girl is barely worthy of being your friend."

'That girl?'

Daisy lifted her gaze and wondered.

After a while, she realized who he was referring to. "Do

you mean Freyja?"

Colton leaned back in the chair and looked away. "Who else are you with besides her?"

Daisie sneered suddenly. "Didn't you tell me to stay away from Freyja before?"

He did not respond.

'Before this, I suspected that she had an ulterior motive. Apart from that, she's also Ken's sister, that's why I've been so rude to her.

'But when Ayan took Daisie away, Freyja's expression as she was rushing around to locate Daisie wasn't something one could imitate. I can still tell the difference whether it's true or not.'

Seeing that Daisie was staring at him, Colton turned his face away and snorted. "Although I won't stop you from being friends with her, don't get too close to her. People change."

Daisie lowered her gaze. "But Freyja knew that Ken wanted to use me and told me to be more careful of Ken. Actually, she could have helped Ken to deal with me so that she wouldn't have to be threatened." 'But Freyja didn't do that. Ken would rather threaten her.'

Colton looked at her. "How did she get threatened?"

"Her family is so cold and ruthless, whether it's Ken or

her mother. Freyja is only about the same age as me, but her family actually threatened her to marry her to someone else."

'Marrying her to gain benefits , isn't it an act of selling their daughter? And if the other party is a middle-aged man who's old enough to be her father, won't that ruin Freyja's life completely?'

She bit her lip. "Colton, I want to help Freyja."

Colton frowned. "Does she need you to intervene in her affairs?"

"But she defied Ken and got threatened because of me. How can you say that this has nothing to do with me?" For the first time, Colton was rendered speechless.

Daisie stretched out her hand and tugged the hem of his sleeve. "Colton, I know you're the best. You'll help me with this, won't you?"

Maggie had just undergone plastic surgery, and while she was still in hospital, Ken came to visit her.

He sat beside the bed and greeted her with a caring tone. "How do you feel? Does it still hurt?"

## **Chapter 1697**

Maggie was lying on the bed, her whole face was wrapped in gauze, and she pretended to be exasperated. "It hurts as f\*ck! Everything is still swollen."

"It'll recover in a few months." Ken held the back of her hand. "Don't worry, Mr. Matthews won't get tired of your face so quickly."

Maggie's eyes shifted from side to side. "But what if he gets tired of me?"

Ken had a smile on his face, but there was not even a hint of merriment in his eyes. "If he gets bored of you, I'll get someone to pick you up and out of his place."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you should rest first." Ken got up and walked to the door.

At that moment, one of his men stopped beside him.

"Sir." When his man approached his ear and whispered something into it, Ken's face dimmed instantly, and he immediately ignored the person lying in the ward and left with them.

After waiting for them to leave, Maggie took out her cell phone, sent Nollace a text, and deleted the text right after it was sent.

On the other side of the city...

Nollace received Maggie's text message. He took a glance at it and put the phone back in his pocket.

Edison came out of the ward. "Mr. Knowles, the doctor said Ayan's life has been saved, but I'm afraid he'll have to get amputated." Nollace squinted slightly. "Ken, that fella is really ruthless."

Edison guessed Ken's intention too. "Yes, if you hadn't been more vigilant, I'm afraid that he would've died long ago. Ayan is with us. If he were to die while he's here, it'd be very unfavorable to you." Once Nollace was charged with murder, the Knowles would probably be dragged into the public opinion's turmoil.

Nollace scoffed. "However, he didn't know that I did it on purpose."

'Pulling out Ayan's nails and sending them to Ken was to let Ken know that Ayan was our captive. And in order to keep his mouth shut, he would definitely make a move on Ayan. Ken was not in a hurry because he bet that Ayan wouldn't betray him and confess so quickly. As such, he chose to take action when I wasn't paying attention.

'Unfortunately, he's way too bumptious.

A great general wants the people around him to bow down to him, be loyal, and not turn to ruthless means whenever things go wrong. However, Ken uses the people around him to the extreme. He's extremely conceited and arrogant and kicks anyone away from him the second they run out of value. How can such a general ever get loyal soldiers?

'But it's thanks to Ken's conceit that Maggie has sided with me. Interestingly, Maggie and his trusted subordinate Ean had gotten together secretly long ago. It's a piece of cake for her whenever she wants to know more about Ken's schedule and affairs.'

Edison looked at him. "Then I'll get more men to keep an eye on Ayan."

Nollace nodded and left immediately.

At a private villa in the suburbs, in the study room...

Ken grabbed the collar of his subordinate and gnashed his teeth. "Tell me now, how did it fail!?"

The subordinate explained tremblingly, "I... We're not sure either. We were all fully prepared, and he was on the brink of dying already at the time, but someone else discovered us."

Ken thrust him away and slammed his fist on the desk, causing the whole desk to wobble.

Ean, who was watching from the side, took a glimpse at

the subordinate and walked up to Ken. "Perhaps , we've been set up." Ken calmed down, gnashed his teeth, and smirked. "That boy, Nollace Knowles, I've underestimated him. He's indeed the future patriarch of the Knowles."

Ean lowered his gaze. "The young master of the Knowles escaped the pursuit and assassination that Madam Knowles cooked up for him when he was only a few years old. Since he has survived to this day, it means he's not someone to be trifled with."

Ken narrowed his eyes. "But who would know exactly when I planned to put an end to Ayan's life?"

Ken's words made Ean tense subconsciously, but his expression was unchanged. "Do you mean that someone leaked the plan?"

## **Chapter 1698**

Ken glared toward his men. Everyone panicked in an instant. "Sir, we really have no idea about this! We'll never betray you!"

"Ean, what did Maggie do before the surgery?" Ken's eyes were fixed on Ean's face.

He was clearly doubting Maggie.

Beads of cold sweat rolled down Ean's back as he lowered his head and replied, "She didn't contact anyone three days before the surgery. She only asked me about Mr. Matthews, and it seemed that she was preparing herself."

Ken did not utter a single word. Although he had doubts about Maggie, she had never had any interaction with the Knowles.

He then scoffed. "Doesn't she blame me for sending her over to Donald?"

The question implied that Maggie might betray him because she did not like this arrangement.

Ean explained calmly, "But Ayan is a nobody to her. So even if she has a grudge against you, she doesn't need to do anything with Ayan's matter."

Feeling that what he said made some sense, Ken stopped

talking, turned around, and ordered, "Go and look into all the men who are working for me."

Ean nodded and left with the other subordinates.

The next day, at the college... Daisy was resting in between rehearsals. She went to the restroom and heard the conversation between two girls as soon as she arrived at the door.

"Isn't Ayan the son of a wealthy family? Is that a fake identity?" "I just met his father at the college. He looks nowhere near a filthy rich man, okay? Ayan's real name is Fritz, and Ayan Haris is only his stage name.

"His father still doesn't know about the fact that he's been suspended from school. He's been waiting at the academican's office for a long time. It's really pitiful to watch."

Daisy, who was hiding behind the wall, was rendered speechless as a series of thoughts went through her mind.

At the academician's office...

A middle-aged man who was wearing simple but neat clothes was standing downstairs. The two security guards tried to persuade him to leave, but he refused to do so.

Daisie looked around and walked toward the middle-aged man. "Hello."

The middle-aged man turned to look at her and nodded. "And you are?" "Are you Ayan's father? He... He's not here in college." The middle-aged man's expression looked distressed. After a long while, he asked, "Did he really own illegal drugs?" Daisie did not dare to look straight at him. "Ayan may have been deceived too. He's been temporarily suspended while the college investigates the matter and hasn't been delisted from school, right?"

A glimmer of hope seemed to have appeared on the middle-aged man's anguished face. "Yes, my son hasn't been delisted by the college. He's not that kind of person. That child must have been framed."

Daisie pursed her lips and was about to say something, but she saw the man's devastated and scarred hands.

Those hands were full of calluses, cracks, and scars—the severity of their condition was something that she had never seen before. And an indescribable feeling surged deep within Daisie.

The pair of hands were protecting a package in his arms, and it seemed that the contents of the package were very important to him.

She returned to her senses and asked carefully, "Sir, are you here to deliver something to Ayan?"

“Yes, I’ve brought his favorite cranberries for him, but I couldn’t reach him...” The hands holding onto the package tightened, and he looked worried.

Daisie said with a smile, “Sir, if you trust me, you can hand it to me. I’ll deliver it to Ayan and convey your message when he returns to the college in a few days.”

“Yeah, of course. Thank you very much.”

He handed the package to Daisie and left. Daisie walked toward the dormitory building with the heavy package in her arms. Downstairs, she just happened to run into Nollace, who was getting out of the car. Thus, she smiled and trotted forward. “Nollace.” Nollace smiled. “Has the rehearsal ended?”

## **Chapter 1699**

Daisie squinted and grinned. “It ended long ago.” “What are you holding in your arms?”

“This...” Daisie did not know how to explain it. Thus, she lowered her head and pursed her lips. “If I were to tell you the truth, would you be angry?”

Nollace stared at her face and squinted. “Won’t you be afraid that I’ll be angry if you keep it from me?”

“This is something that Ayan’s father brought him. His father hasn’t been able to contact him, so I—”

Before she could finish speaking, Nollace took a deep breath. “It’s Ayan again. Do you plan to forgive him?” “It’s not a matter of forgiving him or not. His father looks very pitiful, so I’m only delivering this to Ayan on his behalf. What he did has nothing to do with his father.” Nollace scoffed out of anger. “Then, do you know his whereabouts?”

Daisie was startled. “I don’t know, so I’m going to ask Colton to help me...”

“He doesn’t know either.” Nollace was unusually calm, “I’m the only person who knows where he is now.”

Daisie looked at him and handed him the package after a

while. “Then you should hand this to him.”

Nollace took a glance at the package indifferently and looked expressionless. “Aren’t you afraid that I’ll throw it away?”

Daisie lowered her gaze and retracted her hand. “I knew you’d be angry. I’ll deliver it myself.”

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Nollace pulled her into his arms and looked down at her. “How can I not be pissed? You think Ayan’s father is pitiful. That’s why you want to intervene in his affairs. So if you learn what happened to him, you’ll definitely pity him too, won’t you?” Daisie was flustered. “What does how pitiful his father looks have to do with how pitiful he is now?” Nollace hugged her and kissed her on the forehead. “What I asked is that if you were to learn that he’s currently having a bad time, would you sympathize with

him?”

She raised her head. “Sympathizing with him and forgiving him are two different things. Even if he’s pitiful, it doesn’t mean that I have to forgive him.”

Nollace chuckled softly.

Daisie stepped in front of him and tiptoed, and her watery eyes were sparkling right in front of his face. “Then are you still angry?”

He raised his eyebrows. "What if I'm still angry?"

Without giving off any sign, she kissed him on the lips. The residual warmth left Nollace in a slight trance.

Daisie did not dodge him this time around as she stared straight at him. "Then... Want about this?"

She instantly amused Nollace. "It felt like a chicken's peck when it's eating rice off the ground."

She chuckled and said, "What are you talking about? Are you comparing yourself to a grain of rice?"

Nollace pinched her chin and sealed her lips with his. After that, he claimed with his hoarse voice as his fingers ran over her lips, "This is what you call a kiss."

Her ears blushed, and she lowered her head. "Okay."

Nollace took the package in her hands. "I'll send this to him."

"You..." Daisie was slightly surprised. "He was obviously not happy about it a minute ago.' Nollace placed the package in the car, turned around, gently tapped the tip of her nose, and approached her. " You owe me one. You'll have to pay it back in the future."

The car was parked at the gate of the hospital. Nollace did 190 gr cut of the car but asked Foison to bring the p\*ker in Ayan in the ward

Edison took the package from him and stepped into the hospital without asking any further questions.

After a while, Edison came out of the hospital and got back into the car. "I've delivered the package to him."

"How is he doing?"

Edison replied, "Knowing that he's going to get amputated and be handicapped for the rest of his life, how great can he be?"

Nollace did not utter a single word.

Edison asked at that moment. "Aren't you going to tell Ms. Vanderbilt about this?"

Nollace lowered his gaze. "It's best to keep her in the dark."

Edison understood something and smiled. "Ms. Vanderbilt is too kind. She might not be able to accept such a cruel fact."

## **Chapter 1700**

Daisie had grown up in a very protective household , just like a delicate flower that was raised in a greenhouse and had never experienced a single storm in its life. So, how could she have seen such cruelties?

That was especially so when he was related to why Ayan got tortured in the first place.

Another reason Nollace did not dare to tell Daisie about Ayan was that he was worried she would learn about his involvement.

That was why he had only left his good side to Daisy.

At the same time, on the other side of the city, in the Pruitt manor...

The sound of a slap resounded in the living room.

Freyja's face was turned to the side, and her cheek flushed. She did not scream out of pain but listened to Sandy's reprimand. "Just whose side are you on? Your brother's plan almost succeeded, and you've ruined it!"

As long as Daisy and Nollace could no longer get along because of this incident, Ken would have the opportunity to use this incident to get a hold of the daughter of the Goldmanns.

However, she did not expect this ungrateful daughter of hers would betray her own family! Freyja stared at her furious mother and asked calmly, "Mother, I don't hope to see you two walk down a path of no return. Do you really think the Goldmanns are a family you can deal with?"

Sandy sneered. "It's not up to you to decide whether I can handle them or not. I only want the daughter of the Goldmanns to break up with that b\*stard, Nollace."

"Didn't Nollace take a fancy to Daisy only because of the Goldmanns' status and power that she had behind her? If she doesn't have the Goldmanns to back her up, how would he possibly even take a closer look at her?"

What Sandy said did not surprise Freyja at all as she had gotten used to it long ago. "Ken did inherit all his conceit from you."

"How dare you talk back to me!?" Sandy slapped her again.

Freyja's ears buzzed this time around, and the hand hanging by her side clenched tightly.

It seemed like that was not sufficient for Sandy to vent her exasperation, however. Thus, she yelled at the

servants, "Bring me the whip!"

The servants looked at each other in dismay but did not dare to say a word, so they did as ordered.

Sandy grabbed the whip and pointed it at her. "You, kneel before me."

Freyja knelt on the ground. Sandy swung the leather whip at her body, and the excruciating pain made Freyja's body tense up. Every inch of her flesh that ended up covered in whip marks hid well under her clothes as they trembled from the agony. Freyja did not let off any sound, not even a whimper, and gnashed her teeth. Beads of cold sweat rolled down from the edge of her jaw, and blood was drained away from her lips. The pain gradually turned into numbness, and the thin sleeves were eventually dyed red. The series of whipping did not stop until the whip snapped.

Freyja could feel the pain of her skin splitting and the quiver that took place within the muscle tissues that were now exposed to the air.

Sandy threw the broken leather whip away and pointed to the door. "Useless piece of sh\*t, lock her in the warehouse. And before she asks for mercy, no one is to give her a single drop of water without my permission."

Freyja's cell phone was confiscated, and she was locked away.

There was no window in the warehouse, only ventilation pipes. As such, it was extremely warm, especially now that it was summer.

Freyja sat down slowly along the corner of the wall and gasped in pain when she seemed to have torn her wounds. She could not lie down completely, so she could only lean on her side. The warehouse door was closed, and the space around her turned into darkness in an instant.

Two days later, near the end of the month, the college's anniversary started.

The T-stage for the show had been built and decorated, and the lighting and backdrop gave the hall a grandeur comparable to the Sheena Fashion Week, which looked solemn and splendid.

Daisie tried on her costume backstage and repeatedly sent Freyja text messages via her cell phone, but Freyja had not responded since the last text, which had been sent two days ago.

She could not help but worry.

Suddenly, she received a text message from Freyja on her cell phone. (Pruitt manor, the young lady has been locked up by Mrs. Pruitt.)

Daisie got up immediately, dashed out to the corridor,

and called Colton. "Colton, something happened to Freyja!" At the Pruitt manor.

Sandy sat in the living room, arranging flowers and ignoring the fact that Freyja was still locked in the warehouse.

Brandon came home from a business trip at this time and learned about the things that had transpired two days ago, so he entered the living room and asked, "You've locked Fey in the warehouse for two days!?"

## Chapter 1701

"She's stubborn and won't behave. So what if I lock her up for two days? Do you feel bad?" Sandy looked cold. Brandon frowned. "She's your daughter."

She stopped what she was doing and looked up. "I'm doing this because she's my daughter. She doesn't respect me."

Brandon wanted to say something, but the housekeeper walked over anxiously, "Ma'am, Ms. Vanderbilt is here."

Sandy paused, then laughed. "I guess the Goldmann princess is worried about my daughter. Let her in." Before the housekeeper could invite her, Daisy had already walked in. "Where's Freyja?"

She left her manners at the door.

Sandy looked at her. "Ms. Vanderbilt, Fey isn't feeling well and is resting. I don't think she should be entertaining guests." She slowly got up. "Have you had lunch? I'll get them to prepare something,"

"I'm not here for lunch." Daisy went straight to the point. "You locked up Freyja, didn't you?"

Sandy's expression froze while she looked toward the

maids standing at the side. They didn't look up, "She's my daughter. So what if I lock her up for a few days when she misbehaves?"

"Ms. Vanderbilt, even if you're a Goldmann, this is my home, and Freyja is my daughter. You're trespassing, so I hope you act smart."

Sandy had heard from her son that even though she was a Goldmann, she wasn't as ruthless as Lara and was easier to speak to.

They wanted to use her because she looked weak and gullible, so it would be easy for them to control her.

"Report me then."

Sandy's face dropped, "What?"

"Even if you're Freyja's mother, locking people up is illegal too. Go ahead and make your report. I'll even make the call for you." Daisy waved her phone around.

"You say that I've locked Freyja up. What evidence do you have?"

"Here's the evidence."

Colton stepped into the living room while the bodyguard behind him helped Freyja, who was barely breathing out. She couldn't seem to stand on her own.

Naisir was shocked upon seeing her in that state " Freyja!"

Sandy's face turned pale. Daisy ran to Freyja and raised her hand but was hesitant about touching her.

Her clean clothes were covered in blood spots and had turned yellow. The wounds on her skin had pus.

With her remaining energy, she said, "I'm fine — " But she lost consciousness right after saying that. Colton looked at the bodyguard. "Send her to the hospital, swiftly."

"How dare you—" Before Sandy could finish, Daisy picked up the vase on the table and threw it at her.

The vase broke into a million pieces at her feet. She looked pale as a corpse while Brandon tried to protect her.

Even Colton's bodyguards looked at Daisy in shock.

"You're animals!" Daisy yelled, "How could you call Freyja your daughter? Having you as a mother is the worst thing to happen to her. She doesn't have to live by your ideology. You gave her life, but she should have control over her own life. You have no right to interfere nor kidnap her as her mother."

Sandy's face was pale, but she wanted to get some dignity back. "Are all Goldmanns crazy!?"

## **Chapter 1702**

Daisy kicked over the decorations on the cabinet. The china and expensive goods shattered into pieces..

Sandy shook with anger upon seeing her precious collections treated that way, "A-Are you insane!?"

"If you want to know if the Goldmanns are crazy, just look at what happened to the Reeses." Daisy picked up the teapot made of jade from the table. "You've been an eyesore for a long time now. I don't understand why an old woman like you is causing trouble instead of just enjoying the rest of your life. Do you want everyone to know that the illegitimate child of royalty is using her son to climb the social ladder?"

Her words stabbed straight into her heart. Daisy mocked Sandy, yet she wasn't able to retaliate. "Don't you think that I'm easy to manipulate? I'll show you how wild I can be." Daisy loosened her grip, and the expensive jade teapot fell to the floor and split into two.

Sandy grabbed her chest and had difficulty breathing. Her voice cracked. "Do you know how expensive that is?"

Daisy wore a sweet smile. "I don't have a good concept of money, so I have no idea how expensive it is."

She then turned around. "Send Freyja to the hospital and

leave a few men here." She paused for a few seconds. "Mess this place up. She can call the police if she wants to." When Sandy heard that and saw the bodyguards beginning to thrash the place, she fainted.

News of his home being trashed got to Ken quickly. When he found out that his mother was admitted to the hospital, he immediately rushed over.

"What happened?" Brandon didn't speak while Sandy was furious. "I just locked Fey up for two days. Someone told Daisy Vanderbilt, and that girl brought people over to trash our home."

Ken's eyes turned dark when he heard that. "Why did you lock her up?"

"Are you blaming me? I did it for you!" yelled Sandy. "If not because of her, that Goldmann girl would have ended up with your man. I was just punishing her." Ken clenched his jaw and took a deep breath. "Mom, you're making things worse." "I'm making things worse?" Sandy lost her temper again. "Fey is my daughter. Is it wrong for me to punish her? She was misbehaving. I just wanted her to listen to us." "You know how Daisy feels about her. You touched Fey, and she came to seek revenge. Isn't that making things worse!?" barked Ken.

Sandy looked at him but had nothing to say.

He took a deep breath. "Mom, you pushed them into the corner. Do you think that's helping me?"

Sandy couldn't answer. She had been under the . impression that Daisy was a softie because she was so protected by her family. That was why she was so daring.

However, Sandy didn't expect her to suddenly go crazy.

Ean walked in with a newspaper in his hands and stopped next to Ken. "Sir, Madam is in the news."

Ken took it and looked, then almost tore it up.

Sandy took it, and it said that she was violent to her daughter and had locked her up.

She was stunned, "How did..."

Ken looked toward Ean. "How many have been distributed?"

Ean awkwardly said, "A few magazines have printed tens of thousands of them. Someone seemed to be helping to promote it. All the copies have been sold. I'm afraid it's 100 late to get them back."

The next day, at the hospital...

Freyja's wounds had been tended. She lay in bed and was slowly recovering from the two days of hunger and thirst with the help of IV drips.

## Chapter 1703

Daisie walked into the room with a fruit basket. Freyja turned to see her.

She placed the basket on the counter. "I guess you won't be able to attend the anniversary event. You probably need to be here for about half a month more."

Freyja smiled. "Thank you." "Don't say that." She sat on the chair. "You helped me before."

Freyja chuckled. "I guess we're even then."

Soon after that, Daisie walked out of the room and into the busy corridor when she suddenly saw a familiar person.

Wasn't that Nollace's bodyguard, Edison?

She quietly followed them and saw that he was at the hospital's A-wing. He entered a room quickly, but what was curious was that there were two bodyguards outside that room.

Daisie hid behind a wall and couldn't go closer, so she could only wait for someone to exit.

After a few minutes, Edison opened the door and walked out. Before the door closed, she saw the person lying in

bed.

It was Ayan.

Daisie paused and remembered that Nollace had said he was the only one who knew where Ayan was. Edison said something to the bodyguards, then walked to the elevator

After the two golden doors closed, Daisie walked out from behind the wall, looked to see which floor it stopped at, and ran toward it through the emergency exit.

She got out from the staircase at the garage, where Nollace's car was parked.

She hid next to a car and quietly moved closer to their car.

The window rolled down with Nollace sitting in the backseat. "Did he agree?"

Edison nodded. "Thanks to that bag of cranberries, he thought that his father was in your hands, and since his father is important to him, he had to agree."

Nollace squinted and was in deep thought. "With him as a witness, it would be much easier to fabricate evidence of Jonah's death."

"I don't understand why we're not going straight to Ken. We can even let the Goldmanns handle him."

Edison couldn't understand. If Nollace took down Ken, he would have plenty of chances. Even if he died in public,

nobody would suspect anything. If that didn't work, if Nolan found out that Ken had his eyes on his daughter, it would be a matter of time before he took him out.

Nollace rapped his knuckles on his lap. "Even though my aunt was born of a mistress, she's still my grandpa's daughter. She hates us because she wasn't happy that my mother was the queen's child and could be open about it.

If I took Ken out publicly, I would be giving my aunt a reason to complain to the royals." Because Nollace was the legitimate princess' offspring, he was a young prince. The descendants of his wife would inherit twenty percent of his grandfather's assets. The illegitimate family would not get anything, and that was why his aunt hated them.

Nollace rebuilt the Knowles without help from his grandfather, who looked forward to what he could do in the future.

How could he let Ken's death ruin everything he had worked hard for?

Nollace looked into the rearview mirror , saw someone, and laughed.

Edison was curious. "Why are you laughing?"

"As for why I didn't let the Goldmanns handle this, if I needed my father in-law to take over, would he still let

me marry his daughter?" His eyes went elsewhere , and he smiled , "If Daisy paid for all my expenses, I wouldn't mind taking their family name. Not having to work hard seems like a good idea."