

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 1767-1776

Chapter 1767

Nollace picked up someone's call, and Diana held onto Daisie's hand when he got up to leave. "Don't blame Nollace. He really wants to marry you. He didn't stop working even when he was sick.

"He's someone who loves to handle everything by himself. He would rather be misunderstood than explain himself. But as a mother, I understand him and know he likes you a lot."

Daisie paused, then after a while, she looked down and mumbled, "Really?"

She was curious. Nollace didn't remember their past, so when did he start having feelings for her?

Diana laughed. "You're so lovable. If I like you too, it's impossible that he doesn't."

The girl had some sort of magic to her. She was innocent, and her kindness was contagious and made people not want to leave her and want to protect her.

Diana thought that was how her son felt too, and that was why he was so in love.

Outside, Nollace answered the call from Edison, who said that a guard from the hospital was robbed by someone with a gun and was stabbed a few times. He was pronounced dead after emergency first aid.

His eyes were dark. "Armed robbery? That's too much of a

coincidence.”

Edison said, “They’re probably trying to shut him up.”

“Get more information.” He ended the call and stood on the spot, deep in thought.

Daisy suddenly popped her head out from behind him. “Who was that?”

Nollace grabbed her by her waist and pulled her forward. “Why did you come outside?”

“I came out to see you.” She looked around. “If you’re busy, I could—”

Before she could finish, Nollace kissed her. “I’m not busy today. I’m all yours.”

His warm breath surrounded her and made her heart skip a beat. She didn’t know where to look. “Don’t work too hard. You need to rest when it’s time to rest.”

Nollace smiled. “Are you feeling bad about it?”

Daisy looked at him and smiled. “If you die of exhaustion, who’s going to marry me?”

Nollace wore a wide smile and pressed his lips to her forehead, “Then I shouldn’t die of exhaustion.”

“Nolly, I’ll wait for you, no matter how long it takes. So don’t work yourself too hard.” Daisy hugged him by his waist and pressed her cheek on his heaving chest.

His heart skipped a beat, and he looked at the top of her head.

Even her little swirl was adorable. He laughed. "Alright."

Meanwhile, at the college...

Freyja walked out of the building, turned a corner, and bumped into Colton speaking to his friend.

She looked at his left hand. When he punched the wall, it was so hard she felt the wall shake.

Colton looked at her, and while the people around him were having a laugh, he wasn't.

When they walked past her, Freyja suddenly asked, "Is your hand okay?"

Colton stopped and looked at her with no expression. "It's none of your business."

Freyja shrugged. She was aware of his temper, and it would be understandable he was still defensive since what she had said made him angry.

She walked past him, but Colton spoke. "Hey."

Freyja turned around. "Yes?"

Colton squinted at her. "Weren't you afraid that I would hit you the other day?"

“I was just being honest and went overboard, but I would understand if you weren’t happy about it and hit me.”

Chapter 1768

Freyja knew that she was too frank, and since she didn’t understand the entire situation, she couldn’t blame anyone if she took a hit.

“You’re good at offending people.” Colton looked at her before taking his leave.

Freyja stood in her spot and thought about what he meant. Was he implying that she was offensive?

But flattery wasn’t her style.

That evening, at the Hilton Villas...

Daisie walked into the living room and smelled dinner, so she walked into the kitchen. Waylon!”

Waylon wore a black shirt and made a stew with one hand on his waist. The kitchen was filled with the smell of stew.

He adjusted the heat, then turned to face her. “Dinner is ready. Wash your hands.”

“Okay.” Daisie happily rolled up her sleeves. The housekeeper had been on leave since Waylon was back.

After the food was placed on the table, Daisie immediately picked up her fork to try it.

Waylon handed her some potatoes. "Do you like it?"

She smiled happily. "Yes, you're as good of a cook as Dad. I wonder who will be lucky enough to become my sister-in-law."

Anyone who married Waylon would be a happy wife.

Waylon laughed and changed the subject. "You're getting your appetite back after getting back with Nollace."

Daisie choked, looking awkward.

"I'm sorry, I won't do that again." She bit down on her fork and was so ashamed she wished there was a hole she could hide in.

Waylon messed up her hair. "You worry me."

She put up her hand and said, "I swear I won't do that again. I'll take my meals."

He laughed. "Go ahead then."

Daisie smiled and nodded.

After dinner, Daisie returned to her room to work on her paper. She wanted to graduate earlier so she could train herself because she wanted to be more useful.

A week passed.

Shocking news swept over the media. Mr. Livingston from Haniston was arrested for investigation because he was involved in an assassination.

The person who reported it was his own daughter, Zenovia Livingston.

When Edison heard the news, he immediately went to the office. "Sir, Mr. Livingston has been arrested."

Nollace casually went through his file. "I know."

"Ms. Livingston reported him and sent her own father to prison. It was a murder case." Edison didn't understand how Juneau's own daughter could have sent him to prison.

Nollace closed his file and looked up calmly, "She sent him away to protect the family's reputation. That was some tactic."

If Juneau was arrested for being involved in a murder, and the informant was his daughter, people would think she was doing the right thing for the greater good and praise her for it.

That way, the Livingstons would still have influence in Haniston and not be affected by that. People would even look up to her.

Zenovia did all that for herself.

At the same time, at the police station...

Zenovia walked to the window and sat down across from her father, separated by a piece of glass. She picked up the phone, “Dad, I’m sorry.”

Juneau took a deep breath and swallowed his anger. “Zenovia, do you know what you’re doing? I’m your father!”

“Yes, I had to do it because you’re my father.”

Zenovia sounded calm.

Juneau was stunned before frowning. “Zenovia, have you gone mad!?”

Chapter 1769

“My mind is clear.” Zenovia stared at Juneau with no expression. “Dad, this was all your fault. If it weren’t for Lisa, I wouldn’t have learned that you have been cheating on Mom. You’ve always been a good dad, but that was all a lie.”

“Zenovia—”

“I did all that because Nollace knows what you did. If he exposed you, the consequences would be severe. I was just thinking about our family.”

Juneau held his breath and looked sick and pale as if he had lost his will to fight back.

Zenovia was still calm. “Don’t blame me. Your sentence will ensure that our family is safe. Don’t worry. No one is going to discover your secrets. I’ve got you the best lawyer team in Haniston, and even if you’re sentenced to prison, you’ll get a reduced sentence. That’s all that I can do for you.”

She ended the call and left.

Juneau froze in his seat because never would he imagined that he would one day fall at his daughter's hands. When he was brought away by the police, he had been laughing and crying because he had underestimated his own daughter.

Zenovia left the police station and went to the palace to see the

king.

King William had heard about her father's case, and seeing how

sad she was, he sighed. "Your father made a mistake for getting involved in that."

Zenovia said, "I'm sorry, Your Majesty. We've let you down."

The king waved his hand. "It's not your fault. You didn't choose to cover up for your father."

He appreciated what Zenovia did, and with her capabilities, it would be perfect if she was willing to help his grandson.

Unfortunately, his grandson didn't have feelings for her.

"Zenovia, I can't force it to work between you and Nollace, but if you're willing, I'll make you my god-granddaughter, and I'll send you to work at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs once you graduate. What do you think?"

Zenovia tried really hard to control her expression. "I will not let you down."

She spoke to William for 20 more minutes before leaving. Her expression disappeared when the door closed behind her, and she balled up her fists.

Did the king not push for their marriage because he knew Nollace was dating a Goldmann?

No matter, as long as the king trusted her, it would be fine if she was just the god-granddaughter. If she kept the relationship close, Nollace would one day be hers. 1

At noon, at the Knowles mansion...

"Has my father lost his mind!? How could he take Ms. Livingston as his god-granddaughter?" Diana couldn't believe it

when she found out.

Rick comforted her. "Don't be angry. Since His Majesty had taken her as his god-granddaughter, doesn't that mean that he has accepted Nollace and Daisy?"

It was better for her to be a god-granddaughter than his daughter-in-law.

Diana crossed her arms and scoffed. "Do you really believe that?"

Women had a scarily accurate instinct, especially a royal, because they had seen too much deception.

Zenovia assumed that she could win over King William and became his god–granddaughter. A foreigner who had no ties to the royals with no contribution, was it possible that she had no ulterior motives?

Rick wouldn't deny that, so he rubbed her shoulders . "Alright, even if His Majesty likes her, you will have the final say when it comes to who we take as our daughter-in-law."

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Chapter 1770

Diana scoffed, "That's true. She won't be able to take Daisy's place as long as I'm around."

Meanwhile, at the college...

Daisy and Freyja were having their meal in the canteen when she suddenly got a call from Diana, who asked her to go over for dinner with Nollace.

After the call ended, Freyja smiled and said, "I guess my aunt already treats you as her daughter-in-law."

Daisy blushed when she heard the word 'daughter-in-law'. "You need to stuff more food in your mouth."

The people sitting at the next table were talking about how Zenovia became the god–granddaughter of the king because the news spread everything, and Zenovia was cast under the limelight.

After Daisy heard that, she looked toward Freyja.

Freyja looked up. "What's wrong?" Daisy shook her head and lowered her eyes. "Don't you care?"

Freyja was the king's granddaughter, but the king would rather take someone with no blood relation to him as his granddaughter. That was ironic.

Freyja drank her drink and looked calm. "I don't care. You're the one who should be worried."

She paused. "Me?"

"If the king supports Zenovia, her status will be different from before, so you have to be careful. That woman isn't a simpleton."

Daisy fell silent.

That afternoon, she texted Waylon to tell him that she wouldn't be back for dinner. Waylon didn't ask any questions.

A car slowly drove next to her, and she got in. Nollace took her bag. "I guess I'm on time."

"Aunt Diana is so welcoming. She wants me to go for dinner every day." She was a little embarrassed but couldn't say no.

Nollace smiled. "It's because she likes you."

At the Knowles mansion...

“The helpers made a big meal. Diana waited at the door, smiling and waving when she saw Daisy getting out of the car. “Daisy.”

She was surprised . “Aunt Diana, why are you waiting outside ?’

Diana held her hand and smiled. “Don’t worry about it. I couldn’t wait to see you. Come in.”

Daisy looked back at Nollace, who was talking about something with Edison.

Edison started speaking after seeing them walk into the house.” Madam was very angry when she found out that the king made Ms. Livingston his god–granddaughter.”

Nollace nodded. “Alright.”

His mom loved Daisy because she was innocent, so he wasn’t surprised that she didn’t like Zenovia.

Zenovia had gone over the Knowles and announced that she would marry into the family just with the king’s support, which showed she had no respect for them.

And Diana was sensitive about the king taking in an outsider because of how he insisted on taking another wife.

The other woman, Sandy Pruitt’s mother, was the godsister of the king.

He loved the second wife and ignored his wife. When the Knowles were threatened by Madam Knowles all those years ago, his second wife had just passed away, and he was handling the funeral, so he hadn’t helped them.

That was why Diana was defensive when it came to her father until Nollace was kidnapped when he was three or four. To make it better for his wife and Diana, the king finally openly announced that Nollace was his only grandchild and gave him 20% of his inheritance.

Chapter 1771

Sandy did not get anything after giving birth to Ken, and Ken's identity was not recognized. That was the cause of Sandy's hatred for William's legal wife and Nollace's mother, Diana.

Even though Diana had never made things difficult for Sandy and accepted Ken and Freyja, it did not mean that she could forgive her father for his mistake.

Nollace walked into the living room, and Diana was talking happily with Daisie. Everyone with eyes could see that Diana adored Daisie very much.

He pulled the chair and took a seat. Rick put down the newspaper and asked, "What do you think about Ms. Livingston, Nollace?"

When they heard the question, Diana and Daisie turned their heads around to look at him.

Nollace replied, "It doesn't matter what I think. What matters is how Grandpa thinks. He's stubborn, and no one, including me, can change his mind after he makes a decision."

Diana's face sank as she chimed in. "In my opinion, your grandfather just has too much time in his hands."

Daisie was stunned. In her memories, Diana had been a kind and gentle woman. She did not expect she would be so sharp tongued.

Diana looked at her and smiled. "Daisie, I hope I didn't scare

you.”

Daisie whipped up a grin and shook her head. “Don’t worry, Madam. You’ve been very nice to me.”

Diana caressed the top of her head and said, “I’ll only be nice to you, and you’re the only daughter-in-law I have.”

Daisie’s cheeks flushed, and she hastily lowered her head.

Diana let out a laugh when she saw Daisie was acting like an ostrich.

“Daisie, I’m going to attend an important auction event tomorrow. Can you come with me?”

Daisie was stunned. “Me?”

“Please come with me, Daisie. Nollace is busy, and I’ll be very lonely if I go there alone,” said Diana. She looked so pitiful that Daisie nearly believed her.

However, since she had invited her, there was no way she would say no to her.

There was a smile on Nollace’s face, but he did not say anything and went along with his mother.

Most of the people that would attend tomorrow’s auction of Beaux–Arts objects were from the royal family, so it went without saying he knew what his mother was doing.

“Oh yeah, why don’t you stay here for a night, Daisie?”

Daisie was stumped. "Stay here for a night?"

She looked toward Nollace and hoped he could say something.

However, Nollace just looked at her with his eyebrows lifted. It was apparent he was not going to help her.

The tips of her ears turned red.

'If I stay here tonight, does it not mean that...'

Diana chuckled and said, "Don't worry. We have a lot of rooms here. I have prepared some clothes for you as well, so you don't have to worry about anything."

"But I—"

"Daisie, do you not like me?" Diana acted like she was sad.

Daisie hastily waved her hands. "Of course not! Madam, you've misunderstood."

"So you're staying overnight, okay? I'll call the maids to get your room ready." Diana rose to her feet and went upstairs with some maids to clean the room for Daisie.

Rick shook his head. It seemed to him that his wife was treating Daisie like a daughter more than a daughter-in-law.

The sky was getting dark.

The maid brought Daisie to her room, and she was stunned when she stepped into the room.

The room was equipped with a starry ceiling.

It was an amazing and pretty bedroom.

Daisie walked into the dressing room and realized it was filled

with expensive clothes, dresses, bags, and shoes for a young girl like her.

Someone knocked on the door, and she turned her head around. Nollace was standing by the door with his arms crossed in front of him. He chuckled and asked, "What do you think? Do you like this room that my mother specially prepared for you?"

With a smile on her face, she walked up to him and said, "Of course, I like it very much. But she must've prepared this for a long time, right?"

After all, there was no way they could finish all the decorations in just a few hours.

He scratched the tip of her nose and said, "What a smart girl."

Daisie touched her nose and said, "She has been preparing this room since a long time ago?"

Chapter 1772

"Yes." Nollace went closer to her and said, "She prepared all of this for you, Daisie."

Daisie lowered her head. She did not know where she should look, and her cheeks were red. "Thank you. I like it very much."

Nollace wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her into his chest.

She swallowed hard and pressed her lips tightly. Her eyelashes were trembling, and her heart was jumping wildly. "Nolly, you Ugh!"

He leaned forward and planted a kiss on her lips. Daisie clenched her fists tightly on his chest, and his tongue slipped into her mouth when she opened her mouth to breathe.

She could barely stand right now. She stumbled toward the back, and they fell on the bed.

Nollace propped himself up with a hand and protected the back of her head with the other.

She stopped breathing for a moment and became even more nervous.

The warm white light showered on the bed. Nollace looked at her reddened cheeks fixedly and said, "Daisie."

"Yeah?" she replied in a low voice.

Both of them could sense the chemistry in the air. Nollace

slowly leaned toward her, and Daisie closed her eyes. Just as his lips almost touched hers, Daisie's phone rang.

They froze for a few seconds and then got up from the bed.

She pulled her phone out awkwardly and took a look. It was Waylon who called her.

Nollace could see the hesitation through her eyes and chuckled. "Answer it."

She answered the call. "Waylon?"

Waylon asked, "Why are you not back yet?"

"Um... Mrs. Knowles asked me to stay overnight. You don't have to wait for me anymore, Waylon."

"Stay overnight?" Waylon frowned.

Daisie could hear his emotion through his voice and hastily said, "Don't worry, Waylon. I'm staying in the guest room."

Nollace looked at her and squinted.

She turned around, not wanting to look Nollace in the eyes.

Waylon took a deep breath and said, "Alright. But remember this. You're still young. As long as you don't do something overboard, I won't say anything."

Daisie's face turned even redder. "Alright, alright, I get it."

Her heart was jumping so fast it nearly leaped out of her throat after she hung up the call. She took a deep breath and turned around to look at Nollace after calming herself down.

Nollace placed his hand on his forehead and lay on his side on the bed. Then, he said in a sarcastic voice, "It's such a shame that you're staying in the guest room, Daisy."

Daisy was stumped and quickly pulled him up from her bed but to no avail. "Nollace, get up from my bed now! You're not going to act like a pervert now!"

He pulled his arm, and she fell on top of him after losing her balance.

"So, who is acting like a pervert now?"

Her heart leaped into a gallop.

A smile was tugging at the corner of his lips as he went closer to her and whispered into her ear, "I like the way you look right now. Your cheeks are so red, and you look so adorable."

Daisy felt dizzy, as if she was drunk. She did not know where to put her hands right now. "Hurry up and get out of my bed."

He let out a smile and opened his arms. "But the problem is I can't get up."

Daisy was stunned. She looked downward, and it was only then she realized she had been lying on top of him.

She hastily got up and stood frozen stiff in the corner of the room. She lowered her head and looked like a wife who had done something wrong.

Nollace dusted his shirt and got up. He approached her and planted a kiss on her lips.

By the time she came around to her senses, he had already left her lips. "Goodnight."

After that, he left the room.

Daisie touched her lips. She could still feel his warmth lingering on her lips, and her cheeks burned red with embarrassment.

She couldn't sleep all night.

The next morning, the maid had already finished preparing breakfast by the time she got up.

Diana was sitting by the table as she said, "Morning, Daisie. Did you sleep well last night?"

Daisie forced a smile onto her face and replied, "Yeah."

In fact, she had only slept for three hours.

She looked around and asked when she did not find Nollace, "Where is Nolly?"

Chapter 1773

Diana smiled and replied, "I guess he hasn't woken up yet. I think he must have had a good night's sleep since you stayed overnight."

Daisie was stunned. "Does he always wake up early?"

"Yeah. He wakes up very early every day," Diana sighed as she placed her hand on her forehead. "Other parents want their kids to be independent, but Nollace is overly independent. Sometimes, he's too hard on himself, making me worry about him."

Daisie sipped on a cup of milk without saying anything.

Nollace only woke up when the clock hit nine. He went downstairs and asked Peter, "Where are my mother and Daisie?"

Peter replied, "Madam and Ms. Vanderbilt are upstairs."

Nollace narrowed his eyes, and suddenly, his mother's voice wafted into his ear. "See? I told you that you would look good in this dress."

Daisie lifted her dress and asked, "But... Don't you think this dress is a bit too formal?"

When she raised her head, she rammed into Nollace's eyes.

Daisie could see her reflection through Nollace's eyes. She was wearing a pink princess line. The shoulder sleeves and bodice were tailored in a unique way. The waistline was tight-fitted, and the hem looked like a blossoming flower, revealing half of her

ankle and her stilettos,

She wore a pearl headband on her cascading, curly hair. Coupled up with a pair of pearl earrings, she looked even more alluring. Her fair skin matched the color pink very much, and she looked charming and elegant at the same time.

Diana pushed Daisy to him and asked with a smile, "What do you think, Nollace? Does she look good?"

Daisy stood in front of him nervously and raised her head to look at him.

Nollace locked his gaze on her face and replied, "Yeah, you look stunning."

Her eyelashes fluttered, and she mumbled, "But I think this is a bit too much..."

Smiling, Diana replied, "Don't worry. There are many people who dress up beautifully at the auction, so you need to be more beautiful than they are, Daisy."

Nollace looked at Daisy fixedly and said, "In my eyes, no one is more beautiful than Daisy."

The maids at the side chuckled.

Daisy lowered her head as her cheeks turned burning red. She felt embarrassed when Nollace praised her in front of so many people.

Daisy reached the auction venue with Diana. Just as Diana had said, everyone who came here was lavishly dressed.

However, Daisy attracted everyone's attention when she appeared in front of them with Diana.

Someone from the organizer of the auction that seemed like a senior executive went forward and greeted Diana. He lifted her hand and kissed the back of her hand. "Mrs. Knowles, it's an honor to have you here at our auction."

Diana smiled. "Since you've invited me, of course, I have to come, Mr. Bourge."

Mr. Bourge then looked toward Daisy and asked, "And may I know who is this lady over here?"

Diana replied without any hesitation, "She's my daughter-in-law."

Mr. Bourge was stunned. "Young Mr. Knowles is married?"

She nodded. "Well, they aren't married yet, but I'm sure they will be after they graduate from college. At that time, you must come to their wedding, Mr. Bourge."

The people around were taken aback as well. They had all heard that when the king wanted to match Zenovia with Nollace, it was revealed that Nollace had been seeing Daisy, the descendant of the Goldmanns, the whole time.

Now that Diana had brought her to the auction, all of them knew

that she must be the rumored daughter of the Goldmanns.

Regardless of whether the king wanted Nollace to marry Zenovia, it was apparent that Diana was announcing that Daisy was her daughter-in-law by bringing her to the auction today.

At that moment, a commotion broke out in the crowd when

novia and a group of socialites appeared.

Chapter 1774

There were all sorts of news about Zenovia, and everyone was shocked when the king announced that he would take her in as his “god–granddaughter.”

Besides, it was rumored that she had become the third wheel in the relationship between Nollace and Daisie, so everyone was anticipating a good show when the two “heroines” of the scandals met in the auction.

Zenovia did not expect that Daisie would come to the auction with Diana. Even though she was not happy about it, she did not allow her emotions to escape to her face.

She walked up to them with a smile on her face and greeted,” Mrs. Knowles, I’m very happy to meet you here. I never had the chance to talk to you last time to clear up the misunderstanding you had about me,”

Diana interrupted her. “Do you think you have a chance right now?”

Zenovia was stunned.

Without giving her a chance to say anything, Diana continued.” You don’t get it? You don’t have to creep up my sleeve and don’t need to say anything like wanting me to know you better. I’m not your mother, so I don’t have to know who you are.”

Zenovia’s smile froze when Diana openly rejected her.

She had assumed that Diana would more or less treat her better

for the sake of the king since she had become the king's "god granddaughter." She clenched her fists tightly in secret and then loosened them up the next second. She retained the smile on her face as she said gracefully, "Mrs. Knowles, what happened earlier was my fault, so I don't blame you for misunderstanding me."

Diana chuckled and replied, "So you're saying that it's my fault for misunderstanding you?"

Zenovia was taken aback. "That's not what I mean, Mrs. Knowles."

"Alright," Diana said as she lifted her hand. "I don't care what you're trying to say. Just stay away from me. We're not that close anyway."

The people around looked at them as if they were watching a movie.

Diana did not put any effort into concealing her disgust. She squashed Zenovia and humiliated her in front of everyone.

Zenovia stood frozen stiff. She bit her lips, not knowing what to say as her face was written with sadness.

Mr. Bourge did not know if he should step in or not. After all, he couldn't afford to offend any one of them. In the end, he braced himself and chimed in with a smile on his face. "Mrs. Knowles, Ms. Livingston, the auction is about to start. Why don't you both

go back to your seats first?"

Diana walked past her and grabbed Daisy's hand. "Let's go, sweetheart. I can't stay here any further and breathe the same

air with a certain someone.”

Daisie nodded, and both of them walked toward the VIP seats.

Zenovia clenched her fists so tightly that her nails stabbed into her palm. However, she couldn't let loose her emotions and brought disgrace to herself since everyone was watching.

This time, the auction was the selling and buying of the treasured items and antiques that everyone had collected. It was equivalent to the exhibition center buying stuff from collectors.

The more valuable one treasured item or antique was, the higher price they had. Of course, the exhibition center did not accept items that were bought from the private sector. This was because most of the antique transactions in the private sector were from unknown sources, and once they accepted them, it might cause them a lot of trouble if anything went wrong.

Therefore, most of the antique collectors that came to the auction today were from the upper class. The items they got were bought through formal channels at great expense and with great rigor, which was the preferred condition of the exhibition hall.

Therefore, most of the antique collectors that came to the auction today were from the upper class. The items they got were bought through formal channels at great expense. All the items would need to go through a series of meticulous inspections, which was the preferred condition for trading in the exhibition center.

Daisie was not interested in the auction. She placed her hand on

the forehead, feeling bored.

Two hours later, the auction ended, and it was time for lunch. The exhibition center booked an upscale buffet restaurant for their guests to have their lunch. The restaurant offered all sorts of dishes, and the service was good.

While Daisy was selecting her food, a figure approached her. She turned her head around and saw Zenovia standing beside

her.

There were some pastries on her plate as she said, "You're more capable than I think you are, Ms. Vanderbilt. Did you ask your family to force the Knowles to give in to you?"

"Well, even though you can't make decisions for yourself, you're still their daughter. I'm sure they'll give you whatever you want no matter how reluctant they are. Besides, considering the status of your family, I can understand as well why the Knowles would choose you over me."

Chapter 1775

In other words, what Zenovia was trying to say was that the Knowles had chosen Daisy because of her family.

If it were in the past, Daisy would jump in anger when she heard what Zenovia said, but right now, she just chuckled and turned her head around to look at her. "Do you have a lot of free time, Ms. Livingston?"

Zenovia was stunned. "What do you mean?"

Daisy said, "If not, why do you have so much time to poke your nose into other people's affairs?"

Zenovia was stumped.

Daisie then continued. "What's wrong with me relying on my family? I can do whatever I want. Or do you want me to rely on an outsider like how you rely on the king? Do you not have a family? That's why you can only rely on an outsider?"

Zenovia's expression changed, and she said through gritted teeth, "Are you mocking me?"

Turning around, Daisie looked at her and smiled. "Yes, I'm just giving you a taste of your own medicine. I know what you're trying to do. You want me to think that Nollace chose to be with me due to my family background, right? Well, I don't think that's

a bad thing. .

"At least I have something that can attract his attention, unlike you. Your family isn't presentable, so that's why he doesn't like

you." After she finished speaking, she walked away with the plate of food in her hand.

Zenovia was so angry that her shoulders were trembling, and her face was livid with rage. She turned around to look at Daisie, her face filled with hatred.

'I won't let you have it your way!'

After Daisie returned to her seat, Mr. Bourge came forward and took Diana away as he had something to discuss with her. Diana told Daisie to wait for her in her seat before leaving with Mr. Bourge.

Daisie enjoyed the food and was in a happy mood. She listened to Diana and did not go anywhere.

However, Zenovia, who was sitting not far away, was so angry that she had lost her appetite. When she saw that Diana had left Daisy alone, she realized this was her chance and called a waiter over.

It had been ten minutes since Diana went away with Mr. Bourge. Daisy had finished her food, so she picked up a handkerchief and wiped the corner of her mouth.

Suddenly, a waiter bumped into her chair and knocked her purse off.

The waiter hastily apologized, "I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry about this."

He helped Daisy to pick up her purse.

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Daisy took her purse back and said with a smile, "It's okay."

"Thank you for understanding." The waiter bowed at Daisy. Before he left, he glanced at Zenovia.

A cold smirk appeared on the corner of Zenovia's lips when she received the signal from the waiter.

'So what if she's the daughter of the Goldmanns? I'd like to see how she's going to laugh after today!

It was only now that Diana returned. When she saw that Daisy was waiting for her in her seat, she said in relief, "Sorry for making you wait for me for so long, sweetie. Have you eaten

enough?"

She nodded. 'Yeah.'

Diana rubbed the top of her head adoringly. "Good girl. Let's go home, then."

Just when both of them stood up and were about to leave, a commotion broke out in the crowd.

It was Zenovia, and she said that her necklace was gone.

The restaurant manager went forward and asked if she had forgotten where she had put her necklace.

She shook her head and said, "No. I've always had the necklace with me since it's very important to me."

The manager sent the waiter away to look into the matter while he comforted her. "Don't worry, lady. We'll help you to find your necklace. Can you remember who you have been in contact with while you were in the restaurant?"

Daisie turned her head around to look at Zenovia and frowned slightly. She felt it was such a coincidence that Zenovia had lost her necklace at a time like this.

Suddenly, Zenovia looked toward her and said, "The only person I've talked to is Ms. Vanderbilt."

Everyone turned their heads around and looked at Daisie in surprise. It seemed to them that Zenovia was saying Daisie was the one who had taken her necklace, but how could that be possible?

Chapter 1776

What kind of jewelry had the daughter of the Goldmanns not seen before? So, why would she steal other people's items?

Diana's face dimmed in an instant. "What do you mean by that?"

Upon seeing Diana's expression, those present knew that Diana was extremely irritated. The identities of all three parties were off the charts. Thus, anyone who said anything at this moment might only cause unnecessary trouble.

Zenovia's eyes were bloodshot. "Mrs. Knowles, I didn't mean to lie to you. You can ask Ms. Vanderbilt. I did get into contact with her just now."

Diana stared at Daisy.

Daisy nodded. "Aunt Diana, she did approach me and said a few words when I was grabbing myself some food."

Diana took a deep breath. She believed Daisy and suddenly felt that this matter was not as simple as it seemed.

Daisy then glanced at Zenovia and asked calmly, "Do you mean that I'm the one who took your necklace?"

"I'm not sure, but my necklace disappeared after I talked to you. Ms. Vanderbilt, I know these jewelry pieces are nothing to you, but this necklace is very precious to me. It's an inheritance that my grandmother left behind for me."

Zenovia claimed implicitly. Even though it was not clear and direct, it was already enough to direct all suspicions at Daisy

without making any accusation.

Diana sneered. "This is ridiculous. Just because Daisy has had a short conversation with you, you're confirming that she's the one who took your necklace? Why would she want your necklace? Has she never seen a necklace before?"

Zenovia calmed herself down. "Mrs. Knowles, I know you care about her, but it's my valuables that are now gone. Please understand my decision to bring this issue up."

Diana scoffed. "Then are you saying that everyone present is a suspect?"

Zenovia's expression changed again.

Diana's words obviously aroused the dissatisfaction of the people present. They were all people from the upper social class, not to mention their identities. Were they so poor that they had to steal a necklace?

Zenovia bravely replied, "I have no evidence to show that everyone present is a suspect."

Diana asked, "Then how dare you make Daisy your suspect?"

Zenovia was on the verge of not being able to answer her question.

'It's very obvious that Mrs. Knowles doesn't believe me, but thank God I came prepared.

"Mrs. Knowles, I've only gotten into contact with Ms. Vanderbilt so far. That's why I suspect that she's the one who took it. And I should have the right to go through her belongings now that I suspect her. If I have misunderstood Ms. Vanderbilt, I'll

apologize to her in front of all these people willingly, and I'm willing to take full responsibility for this matter," Zenovia claimed ruthlessly.

The people present could only sigh inwardly.

'If Diana were to stop her again, she might be accused of trying to cover for Daisy.'

Daisy did not utter a single word from the beginning to the end.

Zenovia walked up to Daisy, and her arrogant and condescending gaze was fixed on her. "Ms. Vanderbilt, can I go through all the items that you have with you?"

Daisy asked with a smirk, "Are you sure about that?"

Zenovia sneered inwardly but looked indifferent on the surface." Yes, after all, I'm trying to prove to everyone present that you're innocent too."

Without any hesitation, Daisy handed her clutch over to Zenovia. "Then please help yourself."

Zenovia took the clutch from her, feeling extremely conceited.

'What I want to see is her innocent reaction because this is the only way that will make the outcome more hurtful when she smacks herself in the face.'

However, after going through her belongings for a long time, her expression turned a little stiff, and she immediately dumped all the things in her clutch onto the table.

Apart from some expensive cosmetics, a power bank, a purse, and other items that Daisy carried with her on a daily basis,

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Zenovia did not see the necklace at all. Thus, her expression changed in an instant. "Impossible..."

'I asked the waiter to knock her clutch off on purpose so I could pick it up and leave the necklace in it. How is it not here!?'