

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 1777-1786

Chapter 1777

“Ms. Livingston, you’ve gone through every inch of my clutch. Is the item that you’re looking for in there?” Daisy asked with a smirk.

‘When the waiter knocked the clutch off me and handed it back, I was just about to place my phone back in the clutch, but I unexpectedly found a necklace of unknown origin inside.

I’ve always been carrying this clutch with me all the time, and it’s never left my sight, so I know exactly what’s in it. The extra necklace made me realize that the waiter might be onto something. Fortunately, I took the necklace out of the clutch.

‘After all, I didn’t want to cause any trouble and embarrass Aunt Diana. I planned to go to the front desk to ask about the lost necklace when I was about to leave.

‘That’s why it felt too coincidental when Zenovia brought up the disappearance of her necklace all of a sudden. It turns out that the series of incidents happened only because she wanted to frame me.’

Zenovia could not believe it and reached out, intending to go through Daisy’s dress. “You must’ve hidden the necklace—”

Diana grabbed her wrist and pushed her away. “That’s enough!”

Zenovia staggered backward before she could regain balance. When facing the murmurs that came from the crowd, her eyes turned bloodshot, and her fists were tightly clenched.

Diana snorted. “What did you say just now? You’d apologize to Daisy in front of everyone present if you were to have wronged her. Am I right? Are you trying to deny having said that?”

“1–” Zenovia’s fists were shaking. Her gaze was fixed on Daisy’s calm expression, and she gnashed her teeth. “I want to search her body!”

‘The necklace must be somewhere on her body!

At the moment, endless discussions were coming out of the people surrounding the commotion.

Zenovia had gone through Daisy’s clutch and found nothing, and she was now asking for a full body search on Daisy, making it clear that she was sure that Daisy was the thief.

Diana completely lost her cool. “Ms. Livingston, do you think you have the right to do anything you like just because you’re His Majesty’s god–granddaughter?”

“Mrs. Knowles, are you protecting her because of her family’s background? Even though she’s the daughter of the Goldmanns, she’s now the main suspect that stole my belongings. So why can’t I search her body?”

Zenovia did not care what Diana thought of her anymore –all she wanted now was that Daisy could not be at peace tonight!

Daisy squinted and let off a smirk. “Alright, but you should really think about it carefully this time around. If you still can’t find it after running a full body search, the consequences that you’ll have to bear will be slightly more severe than they already

are.”

Zenovia was flustered. She bit her lip and seemed to be hesitating.

Daisie shook her dress. “Ms. Livingston, do you still plan to move on with the search? Come, I’m waiting for you.”

It looked as if she was looking forward to Zenovia’s search, which made everyone laugh.

Zenovia would have lost her head long ago if anyone else present were to run into such an incident. However, the daughter of the Goldmanns did not only react calmly but also made it clear that she could not wait to give Zenovia a taste of her own medicine.

If Zenovia were to move on with her claims and search the other party’s body forcibly but still could not locate her necklace after that, her actions would offend the Goldmanns completely.

Zenovia pinched the hem of her dress and trembled slightly. After a while, she took a deep breath and forced a smile. “Since I’ve wronged Ms. Vanderbilt, let’s just leave my body search request out of this matter.”

She knew better than anyone that if she were to ask for a search and still could not find the stolen necklace, the loss she would have to suffer would not be worth it.

‘Daisie must’ve fully prepared herself before giving me the chance to search her body. She’s waiting for me to make a fool out of myself!’

Diana looked expressionless . “Oh, we can definitely leave the search out of this matter, but what about the apology? Ms.

Livingston, you won't go back on your own words, right?"

Zenovia gnashed her teeth, loosened her fists, and bowed to Daisy. "Ms. Vanderbilt, I'm sorry. I have wronged you. I hope you won't mind it."

Chapter 1778

"Of course I don't mind it. I'll even try my best to help you locate the necklace."

Daisy's words instilled a premonition in Zenovia.

Daisy glanced at the crowd, and the waiter, who was hiding among the crowd and witnessing the play, exchanged gazes with her. He was so frightened that he lowered his head and wanted to leave.

Daisy pointed in his direction and shouted to the security guards, "Stop him!"

Everyone stood in place, and the waiter was the only person who was leaving the scene. His actions made it too obvious for the guards, so they apprehended him in a blink of an eye.

Zenovia's face turned pale for a moment, and she stopped the guards. "Wait a minute!"

All eyes were on her again. Zenovia tried her best to suppress her panic and then said with a smile after calming herself down, "I've wronged Ms. Vanderbilt, and I'm sorry about that. Since the waiter is the suspect, please allow me to take him away for

further investigation. I don't wish to bother you too much with this matter."

Daisie crossed her arms. "I only pointed at him based on a hunch, but how can you conclude that the waiter is the suspect so quickly?"

Zenovia stopped moving abruptly and stood still.

Daisie smiled. "So from now on, will you regard anyone present that I point to as a suspect? How do you come up with a judgment for that, Ms. Livingston?"

Daisie's words hurt the crowd's impression of Zenovia even further. Her actions were not based on anything at all, and she just went on blaming others without presenting any evidence. As expected, she was doing whatever she wanted because of her relationship with the king.

Zenovia's expression looked extremely embarrassed, but she could not lose her head on the spot.

'Daisie must've known something to be able to embarrass me deliberately.'

She took a deep breath, and her eyes were bloodshot. "Ms. Vanderbilt, I've already apologized to you. Why must you act so aggressively against me?"

"Aren't you the aggressive one here? You suspected that I was the one who stole your necklace without putting any evidence forward, and you even wanted to search my body. Now, you're trying to push all the blame onto the waiter. However, what's the truth behind all these commotions? I strongly believe that you know it better than I do."

A chill shot down Zenovia's spine as her body trembled.

Now that the matter had developed to this extent, this outcome was completely beyond her expectations.

Unfortunately, she could not care about so many things right

now. She must make sure that the waiter would side with her. Thus, she walked up to the waiter with a cold gaze. "Did you take my necklace?"

The waiter was about to say something, but he saw Zenovia's gaze and thought of the fact he had received the payment. If he were to offend anyone from the upper social class, he would lose everything.

He compromised and lowered his head. "Yes... I'm the one who took it."

The manager gnashed his teeth angrily. "Have you lost your mind? How can you take someone else's valuables!?"

The waiter cried aggrieved. "It's my fault. I was greedy. That's why I took Ms. Livingston's necklace."

When Zenovia asked the security guards to take the waiter away, Daisy asked, "You didn't steal it, so why would you plead guilty?"

Zenovia stared at Daisy and could no longer stay calm. "Ms. Vanderbilt, what do you mean? This waiter has already pleaded guilty."

"It's such a coincidence that the person I pointed out based on a hunch is the thief." Daisy walked toward the waiter, who had lowered his head and dared not look at her.

Zenovia quickly grabbed Daisy's arm. "Ms. Vanderbilt, I've already apologized to you. What else do you want from me?"

Daisie turned and glanced at her expressionlessly. "If you think he's committed a crime, then you should hand him over to the

police. I don't see the reason for handing him over to you. I've already called the police. He won't be allowed to leave the scene for now, not until the police's arrival."

After a while, the police came to the scene and claimed that someone had called them, reporting a theft.

The blood was drained from Zenovia's cheeks little by little. The manager stepped forward to explain the situation to the police, and the police took the waiter away.

Chapter 1779

Daisie looked at Zenovia and smirked. "Ms. Livingston, I sincerely believe that the police will be able to provide you with the truth, so just wait patiently."

Zenovia gnashed her teeth.

'She must've done so on purpose!

The incident came to an end, and everyone finally left the scene.

Back in the car, Diana could not help but feel annoyed. "Zenovia Livingston, that little b*tch! She actually suspected you without any concrete evidence. But don't worry, I believe in you, Daisie--"

Before she could finish the sentence, Daisie took a necklace out of her dress.

Diana was stunned.

She explained truthfully, "Aunt Diana, I indeed found this necklace in my clutch."

She told Diana what happened, and Diana's expression became even more furious after listening to the ins and outs of the incident. "It turns out that she was trying to frame you. No wonder she stopped you from investigating the waiter. Hmph! I've long known that she's one hell of a scheming b*tch."

Thinking of something, she said, "Daisie, you should've filled me in with this just now. If she insisted on searching you, you would've fallen into her scheme."

Daisie gave off a sweet grin. "I bet she wouldn't dare to run a full body search on me."

"Yes, thankfully, it worked." Diana rubbed the top of Daisie's head and took the necklace from her. "Alright, now leave it to me. I'll take care of this matter for you."

After the waiter got taken away by the police, Zenovia felt really uneasy, so she decided to go to the precinct.

However, when she arrived at the entrance of the precinct and asked to see the waiter who was brought there for further investigation, her request was rejected.

Zenovia looked upset. "Do you know who I am? How dare you stop me?!"

The police officer looked embarrassed and was about to say something to her when Diana came out of the precinct, followed by another police officer. "Ms. Livingston? Why are you here? Have you come here to pay the waiter who stole your necklace a visit?"

Upon seeing that Diana was at the precinct, Zenovia's expression slightly stiffened. "Mrs. Knowles, why are you here?"

Diana replied, "I've come to provide the precinct with more information to assist them in their investigation. That waiter actually had the guts to steal from you in public. I'm friends with Mr. Bourge, so since such an incident happened at his auction, I have to at least do something to help him resolve this matter."

Zenovia chuckled . "Mrs. Knowles, I'm sorry to have bothered

you, but this is my business. I'll investigate it myself."

"What are you afraid of?"

Diana's rhetorical question stiffened Zenovia's smile. "What do you mean, Mrs. Knowles? I don't really get it."

Diana stopped in front of her and looked at her. "I'll get to the bottom of this issue for you this time around. Even if you don't believe in me, shouldn't you have some faith in the police?"

Zenovia pursed her lips tightly as she could not refute what Diana said.

'If I were to overdo it, this would definitely arouse Mrs. Knowles's suspicion.

'But of course, if the waiter is smart enough, he won't dare to betray me.'

She nodded. "Then I shall thank you for your help, Mrs. Knowles."

Diana bid the police officer goodbye, did not take another glance at Zenovia, and got into a car, which soon drove away from the precinct.

At the Knowles Group...

Nollace learned from Edison's report that Zenovia had tried to frame Daisy, and his expression turned a little gloomy.

Edison, who was on the side, raised his head. "Ms. Livingston is acting arrogantly because she has His Majesty's support, not to mention that she's sent her father to prison and has cut off all things unfavorable to her.

"Mr. Livingston is imprisoned on suspicion of murder, but no one will be interested in looking into his secrets. However, even if they get to the bottom of the incident, the only thing that will go down in flames will be his reputation, which won't even leave a dent in the Livingstons' future.

"She actually had the guts to frame Ms. Vanderbilt. It seems she had come up with quite a scheme. However, it's a pity that Ms. Vanderbilt didn't fall for it."

Chapter 1780

Nollace was eerily calm. After a long while, he put the document aside. "Her scheme didn't work this time around, but she won't give up so easily."

Edison added, "But Madam has ordered the precinct to forbid Ms. Livingston from seeing the waiter."

Nollace raised his head slowly and chuckled. "The situation would be different if she were to manage to obtain the king's permission."

Edison suddenly stopped talking.

At White Ivy Palace...

Zenovia met the king to talk about the grievances she had faced at the auction.

William sat behind his desk, reading through some documents, and frowned . “Since the police have started an investigation , what are you worried about?”

She pursed her lips and explained , “I only wish to know more about the progress of the investigation, but Mrs. Knowles stopped me from doing so.”

William lifted his head. “Diana stopped you?”

Zenovia pretended to be aggrieved. “I don’t know why Mrs. Knowles would stop me from investigating the matter. All I want is to get to the bottom of the incident. After all, that necklace is very important to me as it’s a relic from my grandmother.”

William tapped on the table with his fingers. He knew his daughter well enough to know she would not have ordered the precinct to stop Zenovia from investigating the theft for no reason.

He rubbed his temples. “You can leave now. As for the precinct, I’ll get someone to keep you informed.”

Zenovia nodded and stepped back with a grin.

She walked out of the palace, and Edison, who was approaching her, stopped her. “Ms. Livingston, the young master wants to see you.”

Zenovia felt a little panic deep down upon seeing Edison.

‘I know him. He’s the person who works right next to Nollace!

Without waiting for her refusal, Edison turned sideways and added expressionlessly, "Ms. Livingston, please don't keep the young master waiting."

She pretended to be calm and followed Edison toward the garden.

Nollace was standing next to a white pavilion with a golf club in his hand. He then swung the club and hit the ball. The ball dropped precisely at a hole not far away, rolled a little, and fell into the hole.

She stepped into the pavilion and greeted him with a smile. "Mr. Knowles, are you looking for me?"

Nollace's expression looked unconcerned. "Did you go to today's auction?"

Zenovia understood something in an instant and looked around. The palace guards could be seen all around, so Nollace should not be able to do anything to her. "What's wrong? Did Ms. Vanderbilt complain to you that I wronged her?"

Nollace casually straightened the golf ball without raising his head. "Is it really a misunderstanding?"

"Mr. Knowles, I know you don't like me, but have you taken my feelings into consideration before asking me that question? It was my belongings that got stolen, not hers. I've already apologized to her, so what more do you want me to do?"

Zenovia acted magnanimously and naturally as if she had never tried to frame Daisy.

Nollace hit the ball, placed the club next to him, and turned around to look at her. His gaze looked gloomy and cold. "Have you read the Juvenile Protection Law before? When all the crimes that Mr. Livingston committed throughout the years add up, he's looking at imprisonment for more than just several

years.”

Zenovia’s hands, which were resting on the sides, clenched tightly. “What do you mean by that?”

He laughed. “It’s a good call to report your father in order to protect the Livingstons’ reputation. I heard that you’ve hired a top lawyer in Haniston to defend your father, and you’re aiming to decrease the punishment as much as possible, am I right?”

Zenovia’s expression froze for a moment, and her shoulders could not help but tremble.

Nollace handed the club to Edison and walked up to her. “Do you think that as long as your father goes to prison, I’ll have nothing to threaten the Livingstons with?”

Zenovia stepped back subconsciously and roared with bloodshot eyes, “Nollace Knowles, are you trying to force me to death?”

“Must you do this for Daisy? The Goldmanns look just like a group of arrogant b*stards, so why would they willingly help you stabilize your company’s foothold? All you value are the benefits that the Goldmanns can provide you with, don’t you? I too can provide you with the same thing, so why won’t you consider me!?”

Chapter 1781

Nollace’s expression did not change, looking as indifferent and

stern as usual. “You seem very confident.”

Zenovia smiled and approached him. “Of course, I’m confident. Other than being the daughter of the Goldmanns, Daisy can’t provide you with anything else. Meanwhile, I’m different. I can do anything for you, and I’ll make sure you see my brilliance as time goes by.”

The moment she was about to hug Nollace, he pushed her away from him. 1

She fell to the ground, lifted her head in shock, stared into his gloomy and cold glare, and could not help but tremble.

Nollace looked down at her condescendingly. "Do you think you can challenge my bottom line unscrupulously just because my grandfather has recognized you as his goddaughter?"

Zenovia gnashed her teeth. "What's the bottom line that you're referring to? Daisy?"

Nollace leaned over, pinched her chin, and scoffed sullenly. "If warnings don't work on you, I'll change how I deliver my message to you."

She trembled vigorously. "What do you plan to do to me?"

Nollace let go of her, took out a handkerchief, and wiped his fingertips. His tone sounded indifferent as he said, "The Livingstons and you, you can only save one now."

She let off a miserable laugh, and a hint of ruthlessness beamed through her eyes. "You plan to make a move on the Livingstons? That's impossible!"

'Even if Nollace has the power to do so, the Knowles Group hasn't yet established a firm foothold in the country, so no matter how powerful he is, he shouldn't be able to reach out and make a move on the Livingstons that's located all the way in Haniston!'

He responded with a calm hum and straightened his posture. "Let's hope you can continue to act so confidently in the future, Ms. Livingston."

He then threw the handkerchief away, walked past her, and left the pavilion with Edison without looking back.

Zenovia's clenched hands trembled slightly. She knew that he was threatening her with the Livingstons.

'If his target is the Livingstons, it's definitely impossible!

The next day was a weekend.

Hearing the doorbell ring, Daisy, who had just freshened herself up, hurried downstairs and opened the door.

The person standing outside was Nollace.

She froze for a moment and then chuckled. "Why are you here?"

Looking at her smiling eyes, Nollace reached out and pinched her fair cheek. "I've come to see you."

Daisy smacked his hand off her cheek. "Stop pinching my face. It'll get ruined."

He could not help but laugh out loud. "Becoming ugly won't be a problem. It won't affect my love for you."

Daisy frowned. "You might not care about it, but I do!"

Nollace stretched his hand out, took her into his arms, lowered his head, and kissed her between the eyebrows. "Okay, I'll stop teasing you already. I'm here to tell you that I'll be leaving on a business trip for a week."

She was caught off guard by the news and looked up at him. "You're going on a business trip?"

"Yeah, that's why I've come to see you."

"Are you leaving today?"

Nollace could not help but laugh upon seeing the unwillingness flashing across her eyes and hugged her. "What's up with the reluctance?"

She pursed her lips and pressed her palm against his chest to feel his warmth. "Where are you heading to?"

"Abroad." He kissed the top of her head, his gaze dimmed, and his arms tightened slightly as he hugged her. "Don't worry, I'll be back soon."

When he was about to leave, Daisy abruptly grabbed the hem of his sleeve and whispered, "Then you have to be more careful. And remember to reply to my messages on time. You're not allowed to miss any of them."

The second half of the sentence was uttered with a little hint of dissatisfaction.

Nollace held her chin in his palm and lifted her face slightly-her fair and delicate face had almost no pores and looked as pleasing to the eyes as a painting. "You have my word."

She snorted. "Don't lie to me."

Nollace kissed her on the lips.

After a short but intimate moment, it was time for the two to part ways. Nollace ran his finger over her lips before leaving. "Be good."

Her cheeks were flushed like a tomato as he coaxed her as if he was coaxing a child. "I know."

Nollace went back into the car.

Edison was sitting in the driver's seat and looked at him through the rearview mirror. "Sir, do you really want to go to Haniston? Will it be dangerous?"

Chapter 1782

Nollace looked out the window, and his gaze stopped on Daisy's villa for a while. He kept his trip to Haniston a secret from Daisy because he did not want her to worry. "This trip is the key to either success or failure."

Edison replied, "But there's no need for you to risk this. Ms. Livingston has offended Ms. Vanderbilt, and the Goldmanns will do something about it."

Nollace gave off a smirk, and his eyes dimmed. "I may not be as competent as Nolan Goldmann, but I don't plan to rely on the Goldmanns to resolve this matter. I'll have to give it all I have."

Two days later, at the college...

Daisy and Freyja were sitting in the cafe, and Freyja was a little surprised by her cousin's business trip. "Everything was going just fine. Why would he suddenly need to go abroad?"

Daisie shrugged. "Don't all businessmen have to run around? My dad and mom live such lives too."

Freyja leaned closer to her and sounded very serious all of a sudden. "Can I ask you a question?"

"What's the matter?"

"Have the two of you slept together?"

"What?!" Daisie's cheeks got warm. She looked around subconsciously and aimlessly before responding in a low voice, "What are you thinking!?"

'This question is way too straightforward, isn't it?'

Freyja supported her head with her hand and sounded very surprised. "So that's a no?"

Daisie covered her face. "Of course not!"

'Isn't that something that can only be done after marriage?'

'Besides, if Waylon and Colton were to learn that I've done something like this before getting married, they would probably rip me into pieces.'

Freyja continued. "Is it because of Nollace's incapability in a certain aspect of life?"

Daisie was at a loss for words.

She was completely speechless, but she knew Freyja well enough to know she did not seem like someone who loved to gossip and ask such questions. "Why would you ask me about this all of a sudden?"

Freyja replied calmly, "The chief editor asked me to add some steamy scenes into my novel to attract more readers. The plot needs it, but I don't have any experience in this department."

Daisie scoffed out of anger. "You need something for your plot, and you're asking me for help?"

"You have a boyfriend, and I don't."

Daisie did not know what she could say to reply to that. Freyja's reply was so logical and clear that it caused her to be at a loss for words.

As the two left the cafe, a car appeared out of nowhere and slowly pulled over by the side of the road. Then, the rear window was lowered

Seeing that it was Waylon, Daisie gave off a chuckle, scurried straight over, and lay against the window with a grin on her face. "Waylon, why are you here?"

Waylon looked at her. "Do you have any more classes in the afternoon?"

She was stunned for a split second and shook her head. "No, all I have are self-study sessions."

Waylon asked, "Care to have lunch with me?"

Daisie looked back at Freyja.

Waylon saw her reaction, understood what that meant instantly, and suggested with a smile, “She can come together.”

He could see that Freyja really regarded Daisy as a friend, so he would not stop Freyja from approaching and staying close to Daisy.

Daisy chuckled, ran up to Freyja, and held her hand. “Freyja, let’s go and eat together.”

Freyja slung her bag on her shoulder and nodded. “Okay.”

She went around the car and got into the front passenger seat, and Daisy followed her and boarded the car too.

The Beast Seafood Restaurant was the most distinctive artistic

restaurant in Yaramoor. The long dining table made it feel as if the customers were eating in a castle in a fairy-tale. White candles could also be seen placed on the table, which made it feel very immersive.

The specialties of this restaurant were its king crab and grilled tenderloin steak.

Daisy peeled off the crab shell with a tool, tasted the delicious crab meat, and smiled in satisfaction. “Wow! This tastes great! Waylon, this seafood restaurant that you found is out of this world!”

Waylon cut his tenderloin steak with a knife and fork and lifted his gaze. “Your Uncle Yorrick is the one who introduced this restaurant to me. I know you’ve been craving some seafood.”

Daisy bit her spoon and giggled.

She then turned to look at Freyja and saw that the portion of the food on Freyja's plate was quite small, so she quickly put some food onto her plate. "Freyja, this meal is on the house, so don't be shy. Eat more."

Chapter 1783

Freyja took a sip of chicken and mushroom soup, choked a little because of Daisy's statement, and scoffed. "It's fine. I don't usually eat this much either."

"You're too slim. You should eat more."

"I weigh 110 pounds, and you, as someone who weighs a little over 90 pounds, actually have the nerves to call me slim?"

Daisy was rendered speechless.

'Freyja's 5'7", and 110 pounds is already the most standard weight for her.

'And I'm 5'3", but because I pay more attention to the maintenance of my shape, I've never allowed myself to weigh more than 100 pounds.'

Waylon lifted his gaze and took a glance at Daisy. "Yeah, it's

true that you've lost weight."

He moved the sliced loin steak from his plate onto hers. "You'll only look healthier if you weigh slightly over 100 pounds."

Daisy put on an upset expression. "That's considered fat, okay!?"

“How can I compare myself with Freyja? Freyja is tall, so weighing a little over 100 pounds is considered normal. But I’m so short, and I’d look plump if I were to weigh more than 100 pounds.’

Waylon’s expression remained unchanged. “Freyja doesn’t look fat at all. In fact, she looks just right?”

Daisie was rendered speechless.

‘Men’s aesthetics are so very different from that of women’s . Women think to look slender is to look extremely slim, while men think that one looks slender when one is a little plump.

‘Freyja’s body figure and weight are relatively standard. She looks just right as she’s neither fat nor thin, and all her flesh is grown in the right parts of her body.’

Daisie lowered her head to look at her body and then looked at Freyja. She had a great figure, but it was nothing when compared to Freyja’s.

Coincidentally, a voice came from inside the restaurant at this

time.

Daisie turned around and looked in the direction of the voice-it was Zenovia.

After running into someone she hated to the bones in the restaurant, the king crab no longer tasted as good as it was a minute ago.

Zenovia walked over with her secretary and two bodyguards and saw Daisie. “Ms. Vanderbilt, what a coincidence.”

Daisie smiled. "Yes, what a coincidence."

Zenovia's gaze landed on Waylon. Among the many men she had met in her life, in addition to Nollace, whose appearance surprised her, the man sitting in front of her looked no less than

Nollace.

It was just that his temperament was different from Nollace's .

Compared to Nollace, his appearance looked a little more oriental and reserved. He exuded an aura that felt more mature and experienced, giving others a relatively stern and heavy sensation.

The secretary had worked for Mr. Livingston before this and was familiar with Waylon's looks. He recalled something, approached Zenovia , and whispered something into her ears.

Zenovia was startled, then smiled politely. "Is this gentleman the eldest young master of the Goldmanns ? It's nice to meet you. I'm Zenovia, Zenovia Livingston."

She reached out her hand to greet him.

Waylon put down his knife and fork and reached out. However, what he went for was the handkerchief on the table. He picked it up to wipe his hand and did not seem to plan to shake hands with Zenovia.

Zenovia's hand hung awkwardly in midair, and she retracted it unnaturally with a slightly stiff expression. "That's very rude for you to treat a lady like this, Mr. Goldmann."

Waylon placed the handkerchief back onto the table, lifted his head, and asked indifferently, "Are you lecturing me on how I should do things?"

He ignored her existence from beginning to end.

Zenovia tried her best to restrain her expression and let out a smile. "Why would I do so? Perhaps what I'm doing is a little

abrupt. After all, this is our first time meeting each other, so you might have misunderstood me, Mr. Goldmann."

Waylon scoffed. "Ms. Livingston, you're truly different from the other ladies I know."

She accepted his statement joyfully. "I'll take it as a compliment from you, Mr. Goldmann."

Waylon added, "The Earth doesn't revolve around you, Ms. Livingston, so don't be too bumptious."

Zenovia was at a loss for words.

Daisie could not help but burst into laughter, and this peal of laughter made Zenovia feel even more embarrassed. She took a deep breath. "Mr. Goldmann, I may not be as noble and respectable as you Goldmanns, but I at least know how to respect people."

Chapter 1784

Waylon nodded. "So, is forcing Nollace to marry you your way of respecting others? If that's the case, you're quite a righteous person."

A hint of anger surged from the bottom of Zenovia's eyes. "This is a matter between Mr. Knowles and me."

"As long as he's still in a relationship with my sister, I'll never allow the affairs between you two to exist. I can't tolerate the fact that I'm looking at a filthy woman, do you understand me?"

From the beginning to the end, Waylon did not go overboard with his choice of words – he did not even get worked up-but what he said was extremely offensive and ironic.

Zenovia's clenched fists trembled, and her expression dimmed in an instant. "We're in Yaramoor, not Zlokova. No matter how powerful the Goldmanns are, you're in no position to act so unreasonably and rudely in a foreign country."

Waylon glanced at her and squinted slightly. "You're from Haniston yourself, so from where did you muster the courage to make that statement?"

She sneered. "I'm different. I'm a distinguished guest of the royal family and the king's god-granddaughter."

Waylon sounded very sarcastic. "The Livingstons have actually interfered in the interior affairs of the Yaramoor's royal family? It's no wonder you sound so full of yourself."

Zenovia's expression changed instantly. "Nonsense, what are you talking about!?"

What she just said could cause things to go south quickly and easily.

The most taboo thing in the diplomatic relationship between the two countries was someone interfering with the country's internal affairs. The king had recognized her as his god granddaughter only because he admired her, but most of the nobles actually felt that it was an inappropriate thing to do.

She was from Haniston, so getting too close to the royal family would inevitably create unnecessary suspicions. Once these words were to spread to the public and were amplified by the media, she might be accused of espionage.

She originally thought these words would make the Goldmanns realize they were not in Zlokova, and this was not a place where they could do whatever they wanted. But who would have thought that the young master of the Goldmanns was not someone to be trifled with?

Waylon still did not show her any respect. "You're only someone that curries favor with people who are superior to you. You're not even related to the royal family by blood. And here you are, teaching us that we Goldmanns should behave. Who gave you the guts to do so? Is it His Majesty, the king?"

"The Goldmanns' hands are not as long as the Livingstons', so we don't try to get involved with the royal family of another country so casually. However, whoever dares to lay a finger on anyone in the family, the person's background will become

irrelevant instantly. Even the royal family won't cause the Goldmanns to pull punches.

"If this is still not enough to convince you to stand down, go back to the king and tell him what I just told you. We'll see whether he'll support you when it comes to this matter."

The expression on Zenovia's changed back and forth as if it was a magic show. She calmed herself down, glared fiercely at Daisy, turned around, and left immediately.

Daisy had been trying her best to suppress her laughter, and as soon as Zenovia left the scene, she laughed out loud and gave Waylon a thumbs up. "Waylon, what a show!"

Waylon fetched her some side dishes. "There's no need to show such a person any respect. Even if you make a move on her, the Goldmanns will be able to bear the consequences on your behalf. Do you get me?"

Daisie supported her head in her hands and grinned. "I'm no longer a child. I won't let her bully me."

Freyja stared at the siblings, then lowered her eyes and continued eating her meal.

She could see that Waylon's attitude toward Zenovia stemmed from the gossip that revolved around Zenovia and Daisie.

He was venting for Daisie.

Although the Goldmann brothers had different personalities, the only thing they had in common was that they were both good brothers who would do anything to protect their sister.

The sky was getting dark, and Waylon sent them back after

dinner.

Freyja's house was not located near Daisie's. One was located in the city's southern region, and the other was in the northern region. Thus, Freyja probably asked the driver to pull over and let her off at an intersection because she did not want them to travel too far for her.

Daisie did not mind the extra miles. "It's okay. We can travel a bit further. We're the ones who invited you out to eat. How can we let you go home by yourself?"

"It's okay, we've just finished eating dinner, and it won't take long before I arrive home. It's a good opportunity for me to go for a stroll at this hour."

Freyja got out of the car and bid them goodbye.

Daisie felt a little sad when she looked at Freyja's figure as she left by herself.

'It's not like I've not been to her house, so how could she possibly get home in just a while?'

Chapter 1785

Waylon asked the driver to stop driving all of a sudden. "We'll take a taxi back. You're to follow Ms. Pruitt and make sure she gets home safely."

The driver nodded.

After the two got out of the car, Daisie turned around to glance at Waylon. "Waylon, you're the best."

Waylon raised his hand and rubbed the top of her head. "That's because I know that you care about your friends."

Daisie wrapped her arms around his, leaned her head against his shoulder, and giggled. "Then I must say that you know me the best."

That night, at the Knowles mansion...

Diana stood in the room and tried to call Nollace, but she could not get through his phone.

After Rick took a shower, he walked out of the bathroom, wiping his hair with a towel. "What's wrong?"

Diana turned around with a worried expression. "Dear, Edison said that Nollace has gone on a business trip. I just wanted to call him but couldn't get to him."

Rick smiled and left the towel on the counter. "You're being too nervous. Nollace is already an adult and knows what to do. He'll be fine."

Diana frowned. Although Rick was doing a great job at comforting her, she still had a bad feeling. Edison had only told her that Nollace had left on a business trip, but he did not tell her where he had gone.

She had a feeling that Edison seemed to be hiding something from her.

Three days later, at the Knowles Group...

Edison was sitting in the office. He had been unable to contact Nollace all these days.

At that moment, the secretary's voice suddenly came from outside the corridor, and Diana pushed open the office door.

He stood up. "Madam."

Diana hurried to the desk and questioned him directly, "Where the heck did Nollace go? You told me that he'd be on a business trip for a week. Today is already the fifth day, and I haven't heard a word from him for the past five days. What are you trying to hide for him?"

Edison lowered his head as he hesitated.

Diana looked serious. "Edison, you must give me an explanation today. What exactly is he doing out there?"

'It's okay to travel for business, but there's no reason I haven't been able to get in touch with him. I don't even know the most basic information that I should know about this trip. I've been feeling so restless and uneasy these few days that I even dreamed that something has happened to him, so how can I continue to ignore this whole matter?'

Edison took a deep breath and responded with a hint of guilt in his eyes. "I'm sorry, Madam. The young master... He's gone to Haniston."

Diana was astounded. "What!?"

Edison could not get in touch with Nollace either, and he knew about his plan, so he could no longer keep it a secret. "The young master doesn't want anyone to know where he went, so he told me to keep it a secret. He said he has something to do in Haniston."

The office was silent for a moment.

Diana froze in place silently for a long time and asked, "Does it have anything to do with the Livingstons?"

Edison nodded.

At that moment, Diana could not keep herself cool anymore." Has he lost his mind!? What can he do on the Livingstons' home turf? And how does he plan to deal with the Livingstons alone?"

Edison lowered his head and did not utter a single word.

'In fact, I also felt that Young Master Knowles' plan is a little mental. No, not just a little, to be exact, it's pretty crazy.

“Given his determination to give it all he has, it’s clear that what makes Young Master Knowles dreadful isn’t his means and ruthlessness but that he’s more resolved than anyone else, so resolved that his life is something that he’ll willingly trade in order to achieve something.

‘Plus, he always catches others off guard by never playing his

cards accordingly. That’s what makes him insidious and terrifying.’

Diana stepped forward abruptly, grabbed him by the collar, and became extremely emotional. “Edison, what is he going to do? Tell me what his plan is!”

Edison lowered his gaze and fell silent for a moment. “He plans to break into the Livingstons at the expense of himself, arousing the royal family’s suspicion of the Livingstons...”

Chapter 1786

Diana let go and took two steps back, her face pale.

At that moment, the server, who had been locked up for seven days, was released.

He walked out the door and into a car parked not too far away. Zenovia sat there with the back window halfway down.

He was signaled to get into the car. The moment he sat down, he started frantically begging, “Ms. Livingston, I swear that I didn’t sell you out. Please, let me go.”

Zenovia took an envelope filled with cash out of her bag and handed it to him. “I know you wouldn’t, so you’ve earned this.”

The server took the envelope, and it was heavy and thick. There was quite an amount in it.

Zenovia turned to look at him with a smile and said, "I need you to do something for me."

He looked shocked and immediately gave the money back to her. "Ms. Livingston, I can't be locked up again,"

"Don't worry. You won't be this time." Zenovia cut him off and pushed the envelope back to him. "You just need to clarify something."

He was curious, so he carefully asked what it was.

Zenovia leaned closer and whispered into his ears, shocking the server.

The Drama, Theatre, and Film students were in the midst of an exam, and it was one of the harder topics for their final year paper.

Even though each student had the same script, what was different was that there would be situations that required improvisation, and only the professors knew about it.

The students would have to improvise without a chance to prepare when they came across those situations.

That was to test how well they would perform as actors.

The students memorized the script inside out, but nobody knew what would happen during their performances.

Once there was a change in the performance, the lines would have to be improvised, and it would test how fast the students could adapt to make it run smoothly.

That was harder than performing without a script.

Daisie sat there memorizing the script because she wanted to get as much in as possible.

The student next to her saw that she was still memorizing the script, so she was curious. "Daisie, why are you still memorizing? Didn't the professor say that we can't rely too much on the script?"

Daisie looked up and smiled. "I know, but we need to follow the script before it changes."

The student sighed. "This is too difficult, and we have to improvise. My heart won't be able to take it."

Daisie patted her shoulder, "It's fine, believe in yourself."

She smiled. "Thanks."

The students who were going through the test didn't manage to improvise because the script and storyline changed, or there were sudden interruptions.

Some of the improvisations veered off script and ended clumsily.

It was finally Daisie's turn. She was a cancer patient based on the script.

Facing the diagnosis about her late stage, she wanted to end her life to escape the pain.

Daisie was full of emotion. She stood on the window ledge with empty eyes and started reciting her lines.

The professor who acted as the doctor suddenly showed up and said they had made a misdiagnosis. She was cancer-free.

Daisie paused because that wasn't part of the script. That was a change. Daisie was surprised but then asked, "Are you joking!?"