

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 1787-1796

Chapter 1787

The doctor replied, "I am sorry, ma'am. The cancer patient has the same name as you do, and the nurse mixed it up. Please come back down."

Daisie walked down from the window ledge and grabbed onto the doctor, holding back her emotions. "Was it really a mistake? But why do I feel like I'm dying?"

The second part of that sentence surprised the professor.

The professor, who was not on stage, checked the script and realized that Daisie had managed to steer the story back.

In the original script, the character was a final-stage cancer patient. And based on the story, there wasn't a mistake. The doctor would say that she had a chance of survival and would be able to live on, just to get the patient who was trying to end her life to stop so that the story could continue.

The doctor didn't follow the script and tried to mess up Daisie's performance.

Not only did Daisie improvise well, but she also managed to do it in a way that the story would be able to continue based on the script. That was something most students wouldn't be able to do.

After all, once they veered from the script after the changes, they would try to steer it back but would usually be distracted by the professors.

Daisie managed to remember the original story after being interrupted and continued the story, so the professors were all in awe.

In the end, she managed to end the story but made some changes. She was acting as a cancer patient. The script was more of a patient's monologue, but she had changed it to an encouragement to the patients to live every day to the fullest.

After the performance ended, the applause was thunderous.

Daisie's palms were sweaty and sticky because it wasn't easy at all for her.

The professional performance professors gave her 95 points total.

Daisie was too tense when it came to improvisation and didn't manage to control the character's emotions well enough, but 95 put her at the top of her class.

Daisie walked out of the hall and leaned against the wall to finally calm down. At the same moment, she got a call from Freyja.

Freyja waited for her at the library nearby, and Daisie got there in a hurry, huffing and puffing. "What happened, Freyja?"

Freyja took a newspaper out of her bag and handed it to her. "I found it in the library. This doesn't seem right."

Daisie read the paper: Ms. Goldmann asked a server to frame Ms. Livingston for the theft of a necklace so that she became enemies with the family. Ms. Goldmann further says she doesn't care about the royal family of Yaramoor.

Daisie paused when she saw that.

That wasn't just an attack on her-it was an attack on the entire Goldmann family.

Freyja was stoic. "Daisie, this will affect your family severely. You need to speak to your brothers about it."

Zenovia was cruel for doing this. She had turned all the attention to the Goldmanns, and people would start speculating, especially when the Reeses were brought into the picture.

From what people saw, no matter how powerful the Goldmanns were, they wouldn't be able to get involved in another country's matters. It would become a sensitive issue and receive strong backlash if it involved politics.

Not only that but the Hatahways would be pulled into this because of the Goldmanns as well. Since the Hathaways were rich enough to take over the country, they would invoke the public's wrath.

Chapter 1788

There would always be dirt behind great power, and even in the past, it never ended well for the subjects who had more power than the king

Daisie crushed the paper, looking angry.

At the White Ivy Palace's meeting room...

The ministers discussed what the media outlets reported in a serious manner because it was a huge issue.

They had differing views because some thought it was a deliberate attempt at breaking the trade relationship between the two countries, while others thought that Zlokova was trying to get involved with their country.

King William picked up his cup and took a sip of hot tea. The chatter continued until he slammed the cup down.

There was immediate silence.

King William crossed his fingers, placed them on the table, and said with a stoic expression, "I understand your worries, but you're reaching at straws by thinking that people are trying to get involved in our politics based on this news report."

"Your Majesty, even though this can't prove anything, we should be careful about the relationship between the Goldmanns and the Hathaways."

The king squinted. "Are you trying to say that the Hathaways are linked to this?"

The minister carefully said, "I'm worried that that's true."

King William laughed. "If you could contribute a huge sum of money for our defense to build equipment and battleships, and if you could pay half of the national tax paid by the Hathaways, I would agree with your statement."

The minister clammed up after that because the Hathaways had contributed a huge sum to their military and were pretty much the finance minister. If they offended them, it would be disastrous in terms of benefits.

The king thought highly of benefits, so he wouldn't let anything threaten the Hathaways. Thus, it would be a dead end if they were to challenge them.

King William sat in the meeting room alone after the meeting. Paul walked to his side. "Your Majesty."

The king rapped his knuckles on the table before asking, "What do you think about this?"

Paul paused for a few seconds, then lowered his head and answered, "We have important ties to Zlokova. Even if the Goldmanns got involved with the royals, it doesn't mean that it would affect our politics. It would be personal matters."

"Personal matters?" The king squinted, then picked up his cane and slowly stood up. "Is this related to Nollace and the Goldmann girl?"

Paul chuckled. "There's a big dispute between Ms. Livingston and Ms. Vanderbilt. I guess the media just made it into a bigger deal than it actually is."

King William nodded and didn't say anything. He left the room with Paul and saw Diana walking toward them.

Paul nodded at her.

Diana stopped. "Father, I'd like to speak to you."

King William looked at her and said, "Let's go to the study."

After they walked in, Paul closed the door and waited outside.

King William sat on the couch and rested his cane at the side." Go ahead."

Diana took a deep breath. "I'll get straight to the point then. I've lost contact with Nollace."

King William was surprised. "What?"

"Nollace went to Haniston, and I can't get through on his phone. He might be in trouble." Diana sat across from him and couldn't hide her anxiety.

The king asked, "What is he doing in Haniston?" Diana calmed down before replying, "I don't know, Father. Nollace is my son. If something happens to him there, I will never be able to forgive myself."

"Diana, calm down," advised King William. "I'll send someone to Haniston to find out how he is. He's my grandson, I won't let anything happen to him."

Chapter 1789

Diana asked, "What if something really has happened?"

King William insisted, "Nothing would have happened."

After a moment of silence, Diana slowly stood up. "Father, what would you do if someone did something to Nollace?"

William paused, then affirmed, "I won't let them get away with it."

The corner of Diana's lips curled. "I hope you will put the words into action."

She left the room, walked into the main hall, and bumped into Zenovia, who was smiling and looking to be in a good mood." Mrs. Knowles, are you here to see His Majesty?"

Diana looked at her with no expression. "I've underestimated you."

"Mrs. Knowles, everyone has something up their sleeves. I'm a victim here. The person who has been playing around is that Goldmann girl."

Zenovia stood in front of Diana and added, "Mrs. Knowles, I'm just looking out for you. If the Goldmanns disrespect the royals, they will disrespect the Knowles too. Even if you're nice to Daisie, even if she marries Nollace, it may just be part of their plan."

Diana smirked. "What do you think they want from us?"

Zenovia didn't fall for that. "I can't be sure. What I do know is

Upon seeing how confident Zenovia was, Diana's disgust for her grew stronger.

What Zenovia said meant that she was looking down on her son. She thought that her son wasn't good enough to give the Knowles a good standing and was rushing to get married to Daisie.

Diana laughed. "So, you think that my son needs your help?"

Zenovia replied, "If he's willing to accept it."

Diana stopped smiling. "Nollace doesn't need your help. To be clear, he doesn't need anyone's help.

"Do you know why he chose Daisy instead of you?"

"That's because Daisy at least believes in him and understands him. On the other hand, you are arrogant yet a nobody. You can continue to be proud, but I hope you don't regret it in the future."

Diana glared at her and left after bumping her shoulder.

Zenovia was so angry about what Diana had said that her face turned purple.

The next day after the news came out, Daisy became the talk of the college because everyone knew about her 'dispute' with Zenovia. Zenovia was the 'bullied' party in their eyes.

Freyja heard the people in class discussing it, so she turned around and looked at them, then at Daisy.

Daisy was writing down some notes and seemed to have ignored their discussion, but deep down, she probably wasn't too happy.

Once their class ended, Daisy packed her bag and left the room.

Freyja knew Daisy was feeling terrible, so she gave her some space to clear her head. She slowly walked out of the building and noticed that a group of reporters surrounded Daisy at the gate.

"Ms. Vanderbilt, could you tell us why you've made Ms. Livingston your enemy?"

“Ms. Vanderbilt, I heard that you’re using the power of the Goldmanns to do whatever you want and don’t even respect the royals. Is that true?”

All the cameras were pointed at her face, and the people surrounded her as if they were swallowing her up.

Freyja wanted to walk over, but an arm suddenly blocked her in her steps. She turned her face over and paused for a few seconds. “M—Mr. Goldmann?”

She thought it was Colton, but she took a closer look and noticed that he didn’t have a mole under his eye and that they had a different air. Waylon looked toward the crowd. “You won’t be able to help.”

Chapter 1790

Freyja was curious. “But she’s your sister. Are you going to let the reporters do this to her?”

Waylon let go of her with calm eyes and a smile. “Ms. Pruitt, don’t you think that what you said is a little ironic?”

Freyja was startled.

Waylon looked toward the crowd and said, “You think that my and Colton’s overprotection is too much for her, but now you want me to help her. She won’t be able to learn how to solve problems this way.”

Freyja was surprised because she didn’t expect Waylon to remember what she had previously said, but more importantly, that he had listened.

She parted her lips. “I meant only on certain aspects, like her own marriage and friends.”

They shouldn't interfere with those.

Waylon tilted his head and looked at her. "Isn't it the same?"

Freyja was rendered speechless.

At that moment, Daisy's voice came from among the crowd. "If you think I'm guilty, I will work with the police to investigate and not let the rumors decide my innocence. As for the theft, my conscience is clear."

Daisy's voice was loud and calm. She took the microphone and

looked straight at the camera. "Zenovia Livingston, if you're watching this, I have to tell you not to spark controversy about the cooperation between the Goldmanns and Yaramoor. We've never said any of that.

"You, on the other hand, shouldn't start rumors about my family just because you're the god-granddaughter of the king. We look down on you, not the royals. Thank you."

She gave the microphone back to the reporter, who was frozen on the spot, and walked out from the crowd. All the reporters were stunned.

Were the Goldmanns arrogant, or did Ms. Livingston start the rumors? They had no clue.

Freyja was shocked as well. "Was that the right thing to do?"

That meant that Daisy was openly challenging Zenovia.

Waylon chuckled. "Daisie is kind, but it doesn't mean she doesn't have a temper."

Zenovia watched the video at the hotel, so she heard everything that Daisie said. She closed her laptop and didn't look happy. "She's still so stubborn even when she's cornered."

Did she think that the Goldmanns would look innocent just by her words? Getting the royals involved was a big issue.

There was a knock on the door, and the secretary opened the door, looking unhappy. "Ma'am, we have news from home."

Zenovia frowned. "What is it?"

The secretary looked down. "Nollace went to Haniston and met with the vice president."

Zenovia suddenly stood up and yelled, "Why is he there!?"

The secretary said, "I'm not sure. I just found out after getting a call."

Zenovia didn't have a good feeling about it. She immediately picked up her phone to confirm with her uncle. "Uncle, it's me. What did Nollace say to you when he met you?"

When she heard what he said, she froze.

She couldn't believe it. Had Nollace lost his mind? How could he threaten the Livingstons because of what her father had done?

Did he think that this would bring the Livingstons down?

That was such a joke!

Meanwhile...

Waylon brought Freyja back to her backyard. She unbuckled her seatbelt and said, "Thank you, Mr. Goldmann. I'll see you soon."

She was going to open the door when Waylon casually rested his elbow on the steering wheel and turned to look at her. "I'm thankful for you."

She was curious, so she looked into his amber eyes. "What for?"

He smiled. "For taking care of Daisy at the college."

Freyja smiled too. "I take care of Daisy because I promised Nollace I would do it, nothing more."

Chapter 1791

Waylon nodded.

Freyja got out of the car and entered the courtyard.

He drove back to the Hilton Villas and stopped the car. He got out of the car, and then he saw Colton, who was standing under a tree in the courtyard.

Colton took down his earphone and asked, "Waylon, do you have to stay so close to Freyja?"

Waylon stopped in front of him, and a smile broke across his

face. "She is Daisy's friend. I don't see anything wrong with me driving her home."

Colton crossed his arms in front of his chest and turned his face sideways. "She's not her friend. People will change. Even if she's her friend now, it doesn't mean she will be in the future."

Upon hearing what he said, Waylon chuckled. "It seems like you have a lot of problems with her."

Colton was stunned, and his face sank. "That cocky woman... I thought only Daisy cared about her, but why must you... Anyway, I just hope you won't help her to gain any strange ideas."

"Alright," Waylon replied flatly. He lowered his head to loosen his watch and continued. "What kind of ideas are you talking about?"

"Forget it. I'm not talking about this," Colton said impatiently.

Just stay away from her."

After that, he added. "I don't trust her."

Colton walked into the villa.

Waylon looked at him and let out a chuckle.

Daisie came downstairs, and she was surprised to see her brothers. However, she noticed the atmosphere between them was strange.

She pulled a chair and took her seat. "Waylon, Colton, what happened? Why aren't you talking?"

Colton took a sip from the soup and said without raising his head, "We shouldn't be talking while we're eating."

The corner of Daisie's mouth twitched as she turned to look at Waylon. "Brother, do you think Dad and Mom will see the news?"

Waylon popped a piece of chicken into Daisie's plate and said, "I think so."

She lowered her head. "Am I causing trouble to the Goldmanns?"

Waylon squinted and laughed, "Of course, you're not. Do you think the royal family will really do something to our family because of her?"

Colton chimed in. "Zenovia is nothing but a clown. Dad and Mom wouldn't even care about her."

Nolan and Maisie couldn't care less about this fake news. Besides, if they did something to Zenovia, it would make them look like they were bullying a little girl.

Daisie rested her chin on her hand and sighed. "The king must be blinded. I don't understand why he chose to take in a god granddaughter instead of just recognizing his own granddaughter."

She felt really upset for Freyja.

Waylon looked toward Daisy and asked, "Are you talking about Freyja?" Daisy replied readily, "Yeah. Freyja is Nollace's cousin."

Waylon smiled but did not make any comment.

Colton chimed in indifferently. "Do you think the king will recognize the descendant of his illegitimate daughter? You must be dreaming if you think he will."

Daisy's smile disappeared from her face as she frowned. "Colton, why do you have to be so mean?"

She couldn't understand why Colton had to emphasize that Freyja was the descendant of the king's illegitimate daughter. Even if her mother was the king's illegitimate daughter, she didn't enjoy the treatment she deserved. She did not even associate herself with them, and instead, she was forced to cut ties with her family.

Just because she came from an illegitimate family, she had to get looked down on by other people?

Colton put his fork down and said, "I'm done eating."

He got to his feet and went upstairs.

Daisy did not know what was going on with Colton today. She got closer to Waylon and asked, "Brother, is Colton in a bad mood today?"

Waylon took a sip from the soup and replied, "Maybe."

The next day...

When Daisy and Colton arrived at the college, they bumped into Freyja.

She got out of a cab, and Daisy waved her hand at her. "Freyja!"

Freyja put her bag across her shoulder and turned around to smile at Daisy. "Morning."

Colton acted as if she was invisible when he walked past her.

Freyja and Daisy were walking in the back, and the former whispered, "Is your brother in a bad mood today?"

Chapter 1792

Daisy replied in a low voice, "Don't pay him any heed. There will always be a few days he will act like this in a month."

Colton stopped and turned around. "I'm not deaf, you know that, right?"

Daisy shuddered and forced a smile on her face when she saw how dark the expression on Colton's face was.

"Daisy, go to your class first. You stay here. I have something to ask you." Colton pointed at Freyja.

Freyja was stunned.

Daisy looked at them and asked, "What exactly do you want to ask Freyja?"

Colton pushed her away and said, "Be a good girl and go back to your class."

She walked a few steps forward before turning her head around and said, "I warn you, Colton. Don't you dare bully Freyja. If not, you're not going home today!"

Veins were bulging on Colton's forehead, but he paid Daisy no mind.

He led Freyja to the back of the building as there were fewer people over there. Freyja leaned against the wall, crossed her arms in front of her chest, and asked, "Is there anything I can help you with?"

"I want you to stay away from my brother."

What?

She was stunned, thinking her ears had failed her.

Colton lifted his eyebrows, and there was no expression on his face. His gaze was so deep that not even Freyja could read what was in his mind right now.

"I thought I was kind enough to close one of my eyes and allow you to get close to Daisy. But I didn't expect you to be so good that you could even get close to my brother."

Freyja knew what he was talking about. She took a deep breath and said, "So, you're saying that I have an agenda for getting close to your brother?"

He said, "Isn't that so?"

Freyja let out a laugh and said, "Colton, do you have such prejudice against anyone? Do you think that everyone wants to take advantage of your family?"

The two brothers looked the same, but their personalities were poles apart. She knew Colton did not like her from the beginning, but she did not expect him to have such prejudice against her.

Colton did not say anything in return.

Freyja did not like the way he looked at her. She felt like he was looking at a prisoner rather than a normal person. She averted her gaze and said, "I have never thought of taking advantage of your family. Not now, not ever."

When she turned around and was about to leave, Colton grabbed her arm. "You can be my sister's friend, but you've got to stay away from my brother."

Daisie was waiting for Freyja outside of the building. After a short while, she saw Freyja coming toward her with a dark expression. However, she couldn't see Colton anywhere.

She approached her and asked, "Freyja, what did my brother tell

you?"

Freyja turned her face sideways and said, "Nothing. He didn't say anything."

Daisie narrowed her eyes. She knew that Freyja must be lying to her. Considering Colton's ways of doing things, she was certain

that her brother must be up to something no good. If not, he wouldn't have come to look for Freyja.

She asked, "Did my brother scold you? Or did he give you a hard time?"

Freyja chuckled and concealed her emotions. "No, really, he didn't say anything to me. Alright, we still have a training session. Let's not be late."

She then walked into the hall, leaving Daisy alone outside of the building, immersed in her own thoughts.

At that moment, Daisy received a news notification on her phone.

#Young Mr. Knowles has gone missing. #

Daisy was stunned when she saw the news.

At the White Ivy Palace...

King William walked into his study room after the meeting was over. He smacked the newspaper on the desk and asked angrily, "How is there any possibility that they can't find anything?"

Keeping his head low, Paul replied, "The people in Haniston didn't want to make a big fuss when they were looking for Young Mr. Knowles. Although Haniston is a relatively small country, it's similar to looking for a needle in a haystack when we're looking for a person."

King William threw himself on his leather chair, and his face was grim. "The news was released from Haniston, and now you're telling me that they didn't want to make a big fuss out of it?"

Paul was tongue-tied.

They had made contact with the police department in Haniston when they sent their people there to look for Nollace. However,

they didn't allow the police to announce to the public that Nollace had gone missing.

They did not know how the news got out, and they were kind of surprised that someone would be the first to get hold of the news of Nollace's disappearance.

Chapter 1793

King William calmed himself down and said, "Get me Ms. Livingston. Her family has a lot of clout in Haniston. I think things will be better with the Livingstons' assistance."

Paul got someone to make contact with Zenovia. When Zenovia came to the palace, she was fretful. She had seen the news of Nollace going missing as well.

However, she couldn't tell if Nollace had gone missing after meeting her uncle or before. If he went missing after meeting her uncle, it would get the Livingstons into unnecessary trouble.

She had already reminded her uncle many times, so she was pretty certain that her uncle wouldn't do it since it wouldn't give the Livingstons any benefits if he did that.

Nollace's disappearance was too coincidental.

It was so coincidental that she began to wonder whether this was all set up by Nollace himself.

She knocked on the door and went into the study room after getting permission. "Your Majesty, I heard that you're looking for me."

King William lifted his head and said, "I believe that you're aware of what happened to Nollace, right?"

Zenovia nodded and replied without any hesitation, "I saw it, and I've contacted my uncle. He told me that he'll keep me in the

loop."

King William let out a sigh of relief. "I'll be counting on you then. Please, make sure that Nollace is safe."

When Zenovia came out of the study room, the smile on her face disappeared. No matter who did it, she wouldn't let them have it their way.

Zenovia came out of the palace and saw a red-haired woman leaning against the car window, chatting with her driver.

Her face sank as she walked over and pushed the woman away. "Who are you?"

Her driver was stunned. "Miss—"

When Zenovia saw the woman was dressed in a flamboyant and sexy outfit, she scoffed and said, "Since when can you people carry out your filthy pimping business outside of the palace?"

Maggie did not fly into a rage at Zenovia's snarky comment. Crossing her arms in front of her chest, she lifted her eyelids and measured Zenovia. "I'm filthy? Then what about you, Ms. Livingston? Do you think you're very noble for becoming the third wheel of someone's relationship?"

Zenovia grew vigilant as she asked, "You know me?"

“Of course, I know you. The scandal between you and the daughter of the Goldmanns has created such a huge commotion across the nation. You’re a famous person right now, so how is there any chance that I wouldn’t know you?” Maggie chuckled. Then, she handed a card to the driver and winked at him. “Sir, feel free to call me when you’re feeling

lonely.”

The driver did not dare to take the card. He looked at Zenovia as if he was asking her for help.

Maggie turned around and left.

Zenovia stared at her driver. “What? Don’t tell me that you’re also into this kind of dirty woman?”

Not only her father but even her driver was the same. That’s why she looked down on them.

The driver did not dare to say anything at all. Zenovia got into the car and slammed the door shut. After the car had driven away, Maggie, who was inside another car not far away, picked her phone up and pressed the recording button.

The night in Haniston was lively. There were all sorts of neon lights on the side of the street, a steady stream of people was walking on the flyover, and cars were passing under the bridge.

Several police cars were shuttled in the traffic, and the department stores’ screens showed the latest news, such as the latest investigation of Juneau Livingston and the disappearance of the Knowles’ descendant.

Inside the cab, the driver was listening to the news on the radio,” The police department suspects that Young Mr. Knowles might have been kidnapped, and they are doing their best to search for him. Yaramoor has also sent people over to assist the work of the police. We ask all the citizens to keep an eye on their surroundings and contact the police department if they find any

suspected traces of Young Mr. Knowles.”

The driver pulled out a box of cigarettes and put one into his mouth. At the same time, a passenger entered his car.

The driver looked toward the back through the rear mirror. It was dimly lit inside the car. The man was wearing a mask, so he couldn't see his face. He had put the hood of his jacket on and wore wireless headphones.

Chapter 1794

The driver asked, “Where to go, sir?”

Nollace replied, “Neste District.”

The driver started the engine, and the car moved forward slowly.

The streetlights from the side of the road threw the car into a limbo of light and dark. When they passed through a police car, Nollace raised his head and looked through the window.

The driver was looking through the window as well. He said, “This is annoying. A visitor has gone missing like that without any sign. Nearly all of the police officers have been dispatched. I wonder what he has gotten himself into.”

Nollace tapped his finger on his leg rhythmically. The earphones he was wearing were able to translate whatever the driver said perfectly. Besides, he had spent several days learning the language of this country, so he did not have any issues when it came to a normal conversation like this.

“Visitor, huh?”

The driver chuckled, "That's what we heard from the rumors. We also heard that he's the grandson of the king in Yaramoor. If he really has been abducted, things will turn for the worst."

Nollace lifted his eyelids and said, "I'm more interested in Mr. Livingston."

"Mr. Livingston?" The driver chuckled again, but this time, Nollace could detect a hint of sarcasm in his laugh. "Everyone is

surprised at what he has done. But, no matter what he did, he won't go to prison."

Nollace squinted. "What makes you say so? Why are you so confident that he won't go to prison?"

"Why? They have the best legal team in the country working for them. Even after what he did, they will find a way to get a remission. This is the power of those plutocrats."

Everyone in Haniston knew about the things Juneau had done in Yaramoor. They knew he was arrested on suspicion of murder. However, if he was to be transported back to his home country for trial, his family would still use the best and most qualified team of lawyers to fight for him in that case and get his sentence reduced

This was a normal phenomenon in their country. After all, this place was the heaven for plutocrats to do whatever they wanted.

Nollace placed his hand on his forehead and leaned against the window. After a short while, he said slovenly, "I doubt so."

He recalled his conversation with Xavi, Juneau's brother, in the hotel restaurant the other day.

Xavi's face sank as he asked, "Are you threatening me with my brother?"

After knowing what he said through the translator, Nollace picked up his cup calmly and said, "I'm not threatening you. In fact, I just want to make a deal with you."

Xavi's assistant translated Nollace's words for him, and Xavi

was stunned. "Make a deal with me?"

"Yes. I've gone through your background before coming to Haniston. You're clearly more outstanding than your brother, but you can only live under his shadow." Nollace smiled.

Xavi was startled and rose to his feet in rage. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I know his secret, and I'm sure you know about it as well," Nollace said calmly as he looked straight into Xavi's eyes. "You're helping him to settle his mess because you don't want to bring disgrace to the Livingstons. But has your brother ever considered you or your family?"

"He was arrested in Yaramoor not because he's suspected of murder but also of prostitution. Once these scandals are made public, do you think those people who're dissatisfied with him in Haniston will protest or not?"

Xavi froze, his face dark.

It was exactly because Juneau was the eldest son, so their parents had more expectations of him. Not only did he attend a prestigious university, but he also could become one of the board members of the company after he graduated. His parents had put a lot of effort into nurturing him.

His father would only tell him to support his brother. He never told him to learn from him.

No matter how outstanding he was, he would be the one to get punished whenever his brother got into a problem, as his father felt it was his fault for not doing his job in supporting his brother.

Chapter 1795

Xavi took a deep breath and sat down. "What do you want, Young Mr. Knowles?"

"What I want is simple," Nollace said as he put down his cup. "I want your brother to stay in prison for the rest of his life, and I want you to take over the Livingstons."

Xavi didn't say anything.

Nollace rose to his feet slowly and continued. "I'll give you time to consider it. Whether or not you want to continue to live under your brother's shadow or take everything into your hands. This is your only chance. I believe you can do it."

Soon, the cab stopped on Neste District. After paying the fare, Nollace got out of the car and pulled his phone out to receive the copy of the recording that Maggie had sent him.

Meanwhile, at Xavi's private mansion...

He was sitting in his study room alone, massaging his temples. His secretary pushed the door open and entered the study room. "Sir, Mr. Lestrangle is here."

Patterson Lestrangle came into the room, and Xavi's secretary left the study room while closing the door.

Xavi invited him to sit down and poured him a cup of tea before asking meaningfully, "Mr. Lestrangle, how is my brother's case going? Is everything fine?"

Patterson replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Livingston. Ms. Livingston has given us the order, and we'll do everything we can to help your brother. We're going to do everything we can as a team to get a reduced sentence for him by turning his case of intentional homicide into a case of manslaughter."

Xavi was stunned and put the cup down. "Is this what she told you?"

Patterson nodded. "Yes."

Xavi handed the cup to Patterson, lifted his eyebrows, and asked, "What if I want you guys to lose the case?"

When he put the cup down in front of Patterson, it was as if he was making a move in a chess game. He was decisive and stern.

Patterson looked at him in shock.

It had been four days since Nollace went missing, and there was still no news of him. Daisy stood in front of the window, staring blankly at the heavy rain with her mind in a muddled mess.

Waylon pushed the door open and came into her room. When he saw Daisy, who looked dejected, he shook his head and sighed. "Daisy."

Daisy turned her head around to look at him. "Brother."

Waylon stopped beside her and raised his hand to caress her head. "I know you're worried about Nollace, but considering his capabilities, I doubt he would let any accident happen to

himself.”

After all, he could even survive the car accident several years

ago.

Besides, Nollace was not someone who was driven by impulses. Without an objective and a plan, he would never go to an unfamiliar country alone. Since he went there, it meant he had finished doing all the preparation that he needed to do.

Daisie leaned on his shoulder and said, “But no one can predict an accident. What if something really happens?”

Waylon lowered his head to look at her. “If he can’t even protect himself, it means he can’t protect you either. In that case, you should probably find another boyfriend.”

Daisie jerked her head up. “Brother!”

Waylon chuckled and scratched the tip of her nose. “Am I wrong? Besides, our father not only wants his son-in-law to be smart, but he must also have guts and be a determined man.”

She smacked her lips and lowered her head. “But it has been four days since he went missing. There is no news of him at all.”

She was afraid of the unknown, for the unknown might turn out to be the thing that she did not want.

Waylon looked at her and said, “Worrying doesn’t solve anything. All you can do now is to trust him.”

Daisie was stunned.

'Trust him?

Meanwhile...

Zenovia got out of her car and was surrounded by the media. All of them were asking about the disappearance of Nollace in Haniston.

Zenovia smiled and looked at the camera. "Rest assured, everyone. I have informed my family to assist the police in finding Young Mr. Knowles. I'm sure we'll find him soon, and we'll do everything we can to make sure he's safe and sound."

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However, a disagreeing voice appeared out of nowhere. "But Mr. Knowles has disappeared in Haniston. Isn't this a little too coincidental? Rumors have it that Ms. Livingston has always wanted Mr. Knowles to marry you, so I wonder if the Livingstons know about this matter?"

That implied that because Nollace had refused to marry her, it was very likely that the Livingstons had detained him after arriving in Haniston.

Zenovia's expression dimmed, and a hint of gloom flashed across her eyes as she looked at the female reporter who had just spoken. "What are you talking about?"

The female reporter sounded very firm. "We only aim to get to the bottom of this issue."

"So are you saying that you're suspecting the Livingstons?" Zenovia put on a smile, but there was not even a trace of hilarity in her eyes. "The Livingstons would never do such a thing. I can guarantee that in the name of the king's god-granddaughter."

Zenovia asked her secretary to send those reporters away and walked into the Sunrise Hotel with a sulky expression. The two stainless-steel doors closed slowly as she stood in the elevator, and her hands clenched involuntarily.

'Nollace must have deliberately directed the public's opinion toward the Livingstons. His disappearance must be part of his plan!

But I won't admit defeat. I want him to know that even though the Livingstons are inferior to the Goldmanns, we're by no means a family that he can bring down so easily!'

She stepped out of the elevator and saw a familiar figure leaning against the wall. His head was lowered, and he was scrolling through his phone.

'That figure and facial outline ... I saw him at the restaurant the other day. He's the eldest young master of the Goldmanns.'

Zenovia stepped forward. "Why are you here, Mr. Goldmann?"

Colton turned and glanced at her. He knew that Zenovia had met Wayne before this and that she had regarded him as the

eldest that she had seen the other day.

"I'm here to show you something."

Zenovia was puzzled.

Colton took a waiter's employee card out of his pocket, dangled it on his finger, and swung it in front of her. "Does this look familiar to you in any way?"

Her expression turned stiff, but she remained calm. "I don't understand what you're trying to say, Mr. Goldmann."

"You don't have to understand me." Colton fiddled with the card in his hand with an unconcerned expression. "That man has told me everything."

Zenovia's shoulders trembled. "Are you planning to threaten me with this incident? He's clarified the matter. If he suddenly changes his mind, do you think the public will believe in what he

says this time around?"

She then smirked. "After all, I can also claim that you two have joined forces to slander me."

Colton's eyes looked cold, and he scoffed abruptly. "Are you challenging me? Do you really think you're so smart that you can place yourself above everyone else? Why would I care if others believe him or not?"

Zenovia was on the verge of crushing her teeth. "Mr. Goldmann, the recent incidents aren't something that will do you Goldmanns any good. Aren't you afraid that those rumors will backfire on the Goldmanns if you lay a finger on me?"

She was referring to the rumors that claimed the Goldmanns were so conceited that they were not taking the royal family seriously.

Colton looked at her and remained silent for a bit. "Whatever, the Goldmanns don't care about that."

Zenovia felt extremely nervous subconsciously. "So, are you people planning to light the future of the Goldmanns on fire just because of Daisy?"

Colton crossed his arms, and his expression was unchanged. "Then, has the king made a move on the Goldmanns for you?"

Zenovia was startled.

"I can guarantee you that the king won't go to great lengths to offend the Goldmanns for a god-granddaughter who's not even related to the royal family by blood. That's because before the king does so, he'll still have to consider the Hathaways'

existence. That's why the Goldmanns have never taken any of your means seriously."

Colton stopped in front of her and looked down at her embarrassed expression. "The public will soon come at you."

After he left, Zenovia rushed into the room and smashed her handbag on the couch in wrath. "Damn that f*cker!"

Her handbag touched the remote control accidentally, and the big television screen suddenly lit up, and a piece of news followed that

"According to the latest update, Ms. Zenovia Livingston might be the one who's come up with the necklace theft in order to direct the blame at the Goldmanns."

