

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 1831-1840

Chapter 1831

The man leading the group of three took a puff on a cigarette, and his gaze landed on the room's door across the hallway. He did not see any light shining through the seams, making it obvious that no one was there.

He snuffed out the cigarette. "Keep an eye on this whole floor for me and wait for them to come back. Remember, grab the woman first."

When the footsteps went further away, Freyja's clothes were already soaked in a cold sweat. She then realized Colton's hand was still covering her mouth, so she gently pushed it off her face.

Colton regained his senses and retracted his hand.

Freyja leaned against the door and sneered. "Do you believe me now?"

Colton did not utter anything. He caught a glimpse of her lacerated palm and grabbed her wrist.

She pulled her hand away instantly. "What are you doing?"

He stared at her. "Your acting skills are just so-so."

Freyja scoffed. "Didn't you just say that my acting skills are so fabulous that I even managed to trick your brother, and you're now saying that my acting skills are poor?" "Why did you buy that thing?"

"What?"

Seeing that his gaze was fixed on the bag she had brought back, Freyja finally came back to her senses and reacted, then turned her face away and gnashed her teeth. "I grabbed it by mistake."

'I grabbed it in such a tense situation, so how would I have the time to focus on what I took?'

"Grabbed it by mistake?" Colton scoffed and approached her. "I think you're just trying to cover your actions with a lie."

Freyja pushed him away and went to pack her luggage. "If you have the time to mock me, you might as well think about how we can get out of this room."

There were no lights in the room, and the interior dimmed gradually as the sun set and the sky darkened.

The weather was hot, and the air conditioner was not turned on, so the whole room felt extremely stuffy.

Colton opened the French window, and the sea breeze blew in through the window and made them feel a little better.

Freyja sat on the couch and could only munch on the snacks she had bought to fill her stomach.

Hearing the crunching voice that was coming from behind him, Colton was a little irritated. He turned his head and was about to say something when he remembered that he was the one who had thrown her dinner away.

However, he could not help but think that those people would have found and caught her when they came back just now if he

had not come after her and asked her for an explanation.

“How are things on Nollace’s side?” he asked her.

Freyja raised her head. “I don’t know yet. Maybe he’s also trying to figure things out. But no matter whether they’re the ones who come back or we’re to go out, we’ll be discovered.”

After saying that, she sighed and could not help but complain, “It’s really bad to encounter this kind of situation during a vacation, but it’s even worse to have to stay with someone.”

Colton’s gaze dimmed. “What did you just say?”

Freyja shrugged and ate a biscuit. “It’s nothing.”

At that moment, in a hotel near their resort...

Nollace stood in front of the French window and called Edison. Edison told him something, and his expression turned gloomy in an instant. “Are you sure it’s him?”

Edison replied, “I’m sure. He’s someone who works for Donald, but he colluded with Ken secretly long ago.

“Otherwise, Ken wouldn’t have found that you had secret dealings with Donald and chosen to kill Mr. Reese in order to sow discord between the both of you.”

Nollace did not say a single word.

‘I was still wondering why Ken would have the guts to frame Donald through Jonah’s death so that Donald would think that I was the one who challenged him. Everything makes sense now. It’s because Ken had placed a spy right next to Donald.

‘However, even up until the moment he died, I don’t think Ken would’ve thought that his men would also be interested in Jonah Reese’s inheritance.’

“You’re to arrange for a group of people to come over and be on standby secretly. It’s known that they’ve sent three men here. I don’t know if others will be waiting around for a chance to ambush us.”
atthews too. I believe that he’s a pro when it comes to picking out moles.”

He then hung up the call and turned around.

Seeing the figure hiding outside the door, he placed his cell phone on the desk and chuckled. “Someone was found out when she stole a glance the other day, and she’s been discovered again while eavesdropping this time. You’ve not grown at all, huh?”

Chapter 1832

Daisie choked on her own words and entered the room. “Do you have eyes behind your head?”

She was hiding in the hallway and behind the door, yet she was still discovered.

Nollace took her into his arms. "Your shadow betrayed you."

Daisie was rendered speechless.

'What can I do even if I'm not reconciled to this outcome? I can't argue with that.'

"Will Colton and Freyja be okay?"

Nollace carried her to the couch and sat her on his thigh. "Given Colton's vigilance and cleverness, he won't put themselves in danger."

"I know..." Daisie stopped abruptly.

Nollace tucked her long hair behind her ears with his fingertips. "We're their targets. We're the ones who are in the most danger. Don't you worry about yourself?"

Daisie's gaze shifted away. "Aren't you here?"

He kissed her at the corner of her eye and cheeks, and his smile intensified. "Yes, as long as I'm here, I'll definitely protect you at the cost of my life."

She covered his lips with her palm. "Don't jinx it! You're not allowed to say anything about risking your life ever again."

Nollace held the back of her hand, lowered his head, kissed her, and gave off a faint smile. "Okay."

In the middle of the night, the two men downstairs had been keeping watch for a long time, but they had not seen their targets returning to their room.

They felt that something was not right.

The tattooed man called their boss. "Bro, they haven't come back. Have we been deceived?"

The man leading the three remained silent on the other end of the phone call. He then asked after a long pause. "Are you sure? Did you miss anyone?"

"We've been watching closely at anyone that's passed by downstairs, and we've focused on everyone who came in and went out of this place. It's impossible for us to have missed something."

The other man went to the front desk and asked the receptionists some questions. After that, he came out, took out a pack of cigarettes, and tore open the packet. "Could they've been hiding in the room?"

The tattooed man ended the call with a fierce glare. "Let's go

up."

In the room...

Freyja and Colton were sitting on the folding chairs on the balcony.

Colton took a glance at his phone—the battery was already

critically low.

They could not insert the room card for electricity, so there was no way to charge it.

He turned to look at Freyja and asked, "What about your phone?"

Freyja lay back in the chair and did not feel like moving a muscle as she was weak. "It shut down automatically."

Just as Colton was about to say something, he heard someone swiping the room card against the card reader outside of the room.

Two men broke into the room, inserted the room card into the card reader for electricity, and the room brightened up instantly.

But the room was empty.

After checking the bedroom, the man asked, "Their luggage is all still here. Did we guess wrong? Have they really not come back?"

'If they were here, there's no way that they wouldn't have plugged their card in for the electricity.'

The tattooed man's gaze landed on some snack packages on the table and the open French windows. He clenched the gun underneath his clothes and walked to the balcony without hesitation.

'This is the fifth floor. There's no way they've escaped by jumping out of the window.'

He turned to look at the neighbor's balcony.

The French windows next door were closed, and the screen was

down, so even the light from a flashlight could not illuminate the inside for a better view.

Immediately afterward, a faint moan came from the room next door.

The tattooed man knew what was going on as soon as he heard the voice.

He gnashed his teeth and said to the man behind him, "Let's go."

After confirming that the men had left, Colton covered Freyja's mouth and lowered his voice. "Stop moaning."

'Just how shameless can she be? She actually has the guts to let off such a noise when I'm around.'

The point was that he was on the brink of losing control.

The two hid behind the curtains in an extremely narrow space, and the atmosphere was inexplicably intimate.

The two stayed in the dark, but a gleam of light penetrated through the window screen, so they could see each other indistinctly

Freyja could not see Colton's expression clearly, so she jerked his hand away and said triumphantly, "But I'm the one who had to step up during such a critical moment."

'It'll be a waste of my talent if I don't become a voice actress.'

Colton tugged at his collar, feeling inexplicably hot and irritable, and his facial outline stiffened. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Chapter 1833

Freyja asked in reply, "What would you choose to do then? To act shamelessly or to die?"

Colton pushed her aside and opened the French windows, and the wind that blew in calmed him down a little. "You should be glad that that b*stard from the Knowles didn't close the window."

Freyja sat on the bed. "It seems that we can only stay here for one night."

Colton did not say anything.

After freezing in place for a long time, he no longer heard any movement coming from behind, so he turned around and saw Freyja. She was lying on her side and had fallen asleep on the bed.

Colton leaned against the window and stared at her thoughtfully.

Early in the morning, a ray of light shined into the room.

After Freyja woke up, she sat up, turned her head, and caught a glimpse of Colton. He was sitting on the couch, staring attentively at the computer screen.

Her gaze then shifted onto the laptop on his thigh, and she then looked intently.

Isn't that my laptop?

'Did he go back next door while I was sleeping?'

"Colton Goldmann!" Freyja rushed over and grabbed her laptop.

Colton closed the lid of the laptop and lifted his gaze. However, because Freyja was dashing so quickly, she failed to slow down and threw herself into his arms.

A soft mass rammed him in the face.

Colton was at a loss for words as she pulled herself away immediately and stepped back.

Seeing Colton's indescribable expression, she was embarrassed and panicked. "I'll be clear with this. I didn't do it on purpose, and I'm the one who has something to lose from this incident!"

Blue veins bulged on the back of Colton's hands, and he gnashed his teeth as if he was holding something back. "Freyja Pruitt, you,"

"I'll go back to my room."

It's best to escape before he loses his cool.'

Colton took a deep breath and covered his face with his palm.

Freyja did not realize that his entire face, including his ears, were all flushed.

Nollace and Daisy did not return to the resort until noon. Freyja and Colton sat alone in two corners of the room, and the atmosphere in the room felt very strange.

Daisy could not help but ask, "Colton, Freyja, are you all right?"

"We're fine!" The two responded in unison, looked at each other, and quickly turned their heads away.

Daisy was puzzled.

Colton changed the subject immediately. "Aren't those people watching us?"

Nollace stood in front of the French window and turned sideways slowly. "No, and I've arranged for someone to keep an eye on us from the shadows. Even if they make a move on us, we'll be prepared."

Colton asked, "Who are those men?"

He replied, "The mole that Ken placed beside Donald back when he was still alive."

Freyja was startled but did not utter a single word.

Nollace came over and speculated, "He's working alone, so I don't think he has the balls to make a move on Daisy and me. Maybe he's joined forces with others."

'If no one was there to back him up, he alone wouldn't dare to act so presumptuously. He even has his eyes fixed on the Goldmanns at the same time.'

Colton stood up. "It's reasonable for that fella to paint a bullseye on your back. You're the one who pulled Ken down and indirectly killed him, but why would he reach out for Daisy too?"

Daisy looked at him.

Nollace remained silent for a long time before lifting his head and giving off a keen gaze. "If something were to happen to Daisy, you people from the Goldmanns would surely hold me accountable.

"If I were to fail to protect Daisy, your father would definitely not let me go. It doesn't matter if I lose power or status. The Goldmanns coming for the Knowles is what they want to see."

Colton narrowed his eyes slightly.

'This b*stard's analysis sounds reasonable and legit. If something were to happen to Daisy, Dad would definitely rain fire and brimstone on him.

'So the other party wants to use this incident to force the Goldmanns into going after the Knowles. This scheme will only cause the Knowles to bleed big time. After all, the Goldmanns would have nothing else to lose after losing a daughter.

'But after going through so much trouble, their objective shouldn't be as simple as to make Nollace lose power.'

"But what if Nollace were to die in this accident too?" Freyja's words attracted the gaze of everyone present.

The atmosphere in the room turned awkward in an instant.

Freyja raised her hand to stop anyone who was about to speak up and explained, "I'm just giving an example. What you just said is that the other party wants the Knowles to lose power. If that's the case, they should only focus on kidnapping Daisy and Daisy only. But think about it, their target has always been the both of you."

Chapter 1834

Colton crossed his arms. "You actually have a brain and know how to use it." Freyja choked on her own words. "Unlike you, you're just all mouth!" Nollace's sudden peal of laughter interrupted the atmosphere. "I'll definitely be fine. If their goal is the two of us, then their objective is nothing more than to capture Daisy and me together, then kill Daisy in front of me. And if I were unable to do anything to salvage that, that would anger the Goldmanns even more." "Daisy is my girlfriend. Being unable to protect my own girlfriend is the key that will make the Goldmanns furious." Colton walked up to the window with a sullen expression. "No matter how things will turn out, all we need to do now is to find out who's the person behind the curtains." In a location not far away from the resort, a van was parked at the roadside. The man sitting in the driver's seat was smoking a cigarette and staring at the entrance of the resort. He did not take his eyes off the entrance until a young man and woman, who were wearing sunglasses and masks, dragged their luggage to the entrance and boarded a taxi. The man cross-checked their attire, confirmed that Nollace and Daisy had returned, and drove quickly to catch up to the taxi. The taxi drove toward the city. The van behind them accelerated, chasing after the taxi until both vehicles arrived at an intersection, where the taxi was forced to pull over. The three men in the van got off and knocked on the taxi's window. The driver lowered the window halfway and asked alertly, "What do you think you're doing?" "Cut the bullsh*t and get out of the car!" The driver was dragged out of the car by the tattooed man and pressed against the car's hood. The driver had a gun pointed at his forehead and did not dare to move. The two people in the back seat also came out of the car and raised their hands cooperatively. "Are you the Goldmanns' precious daughter?" The man walked up to the woman and reached out to pull off her mask and sunglasses. Nollace warned him, "I dare you to lay a finger on her." The man looked at him and licked the corner of his lips. "Mr. Knowles, you can't even protect yourself now, and you're still acting all nosy." After pulling off her mask and sunglasses, the man was stunned when he saw the woman in front of him. "Why is it you!?" Freyja smiled. "Hi, we meet again." completing the mission. She asked us to make a move on you and the daughter of the Goldmanns, and... And we must make sure that the girl dies right in front of your very eyes." Nollace and Colton exchanged gazes. 'This matches with what we speculated. As long as Daisy dies right under Nollace's nose, the Goldmanns will never let him go. 'Zenovia's plan will not only get rid of Daisy but also retaliate against Nollace through the Goldmanns. It's conceivable that this woman is even more scheming than Lisa.' At Rocky's private villa... Two people sat in the courtyard and enjoyed afternoon tea comfortably. Zenovia stared at the black tea in the cup. "I'm afraid that their vacation date will turn into a horror movie." Rocky smirked. "Aren't you worried? That kid from the Knowles might not just sit idly and watch the daughter of the Goldmanns die." She placed the teacup down and raised her gaze. "I'll admit that Nollace is very smart, but he's made his weakness too obvious. They didn't even bring any bodyguards on vacation. Can he deal with those three thugs alone?" "Even if they're lucky enough to

escape that, I won't let them return to the city safe and sound." "He is a man of means and has a very high IQ, and I'll even admit that he's a magnificent man. But no matter how powerful and excellent a person is, he'll still have weaknesses. 'Ever since he told me that his bottom line is Daisy Vanderbilt, he exposed his weakness. 'They only care about themselves at the resort. How would they know that danger is coming their way?'

Chapter 1835

Nollace asked Edison, who was disguised as the driver, to pull the man up. He then grabbed the man by his jawline and lifted his face up. His eyes looked extremely gloomy. "May I know who Mr. Wansell is working with?" The man avoided direct eye contact subconsciously. "I don't know what you're talking about." "It doesn't matter. Even if you don't tell me now, I've already found out about the person who's giving you orders from behind the curtains. You're welcome to continue to keep their identity a secret for them." Nollace smirked, but there was not even a hint of hilarity in his eyes. "If you had only offended me, I'd be able to forgive you right here and right now. But you've offended the Goldmanns. I don't think even your master can save your *ss from the deep sh*t that you're in." The leader of the gang shivered slightly. 'We must deliver the results after we've gotten paid. However, now that the mission has failed, going back might not be the best thing to do too. However, he seemed to have made up his mind and was mentally prepared to face the consequences of his failure as he kept his mouth shut and refused to speak from start to finish. Nollace saw that he was a tough guy, and his gaze was filled with admiration. "Okay, I'll admit that you're a man." He let go of the man's jaw and stood up. "Even if you don't sell that person out, someone else will." A man in black brought the tattooed man and the other man forward, pressed their arms against the ground, and another man in black took a small ax out of the trunk. Before the tattooed man had the chance to make a sound, the man beside him had already screamed out loud in fright, "Don't! I don't want to die! Please let me go! I'll speak! I'll tell you everything!" The tattooed man gnashed his teeth. "Just shut the f*ck up!" "I don't want to die! If you want to die, be my guest. I'm only doing this for the money. I want to live." The man underwent a mental breakdown and burst into tears. The tattooed man gave up struggling. He had no choice since the person he worked with was a useless piece of sh*t who was afraid of dying. Nollace waved his hand and asked someone to bring the man forward. "Then I'll give you a chance." The man trembled. "Ms. Livingston is the person who hired us, and Mr. Wansell is just the person who helped her plan everything from behind the scenes." Daisy was stunned, while Colton's expression could not help but turn gloomy. "It turns out to be her." "I won't lie to you. I wouldn't dare to do so." The man had a strong desire to survive and gave up every single piece of information. "She said that she'll pay us \$100,000 after completing the mission. She asked us to make a move on you and the daughter of the Goldmanns, and... And we must make sure that the girl dies right in front of your very eyes." Nollace and Colton exchanged gazes. 'This matches with what we speculated. As long as Daisy dies right under Nollace's nose, the Goldmanns will never let him go. 'Zenovia's plan will not only get rid of Daisy but also retaliate against Nollace through the Goldmanns. It's conceivable that this woman is even more scheming than Lisa.' At Rocky's private villa... Two people sat in the courtyard and enjoyed afternoon tea comfortably. Zenovia stared at the black tea in the cup. "I'm afraid that their vacation date will turn into

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Chapter 1836

Rocky laughed as he said, “You’re so brutal to cut off their escape.”

Zenovia’s eyes were cold. “Let’s wait for the good news.”

At a sanatorium in a small town somewhere...

Edison waited in front of the door with two men in black. Nollace and Colton were in the study, having a serious discussion with the director of the sanatorium.

Almost all the patients in the courtyard were from all walks of life. Some were reading, some were zoning out, and some were talking to each other.

It was calm and clean.

Daisy sat on the stairs with her head resting on her hands in thought.

Freyja walked next to her and sat down. “This short holiday isn’t very fun.”

Daisie sighed. "Who knew this was going to happen?"

She would be lying to say she wasn't upset.

They finally had a few days of holiday, but this happened.

Nollace and Colton walked out, then Daisie stood up and heard Nollace say, "The director is going to let us stay here for a night."

Freyja was surprised. "Why don't we just go back to the city?"

Weren't the three people caught already?"

Nollace smiled. "If he and Zenovia arranged for all this to happen, they should have a backup plan. We don't know if they have other people hiding around, so we might not get home if we leave now."

Daisie pressed her lips together and was silent.

Daisie and Freyja shared a room while Nollace and Colton shared another. They were mostly on opposite sides but would put their differences aside when they needed to work together.

The night arrived, and it was pitch black around the town.

There were noises of bugs coming from the woods, adding some sound to the quiet night.

Daisie had trouble sleeping, so she sat on the long bench in the courtyard with a jacket, the yellow street light giving her a long shadow.

Someone approached her slowly and stopped behind her. Daisy could feel that, so she turned around and jumped.

“Why are you sneaking around?”

Nollace wore a thin shirt with the top button loose.

He chuckled. “What about you? Why are you here in the middle of the night?”

She mumbled, “I can’t sleep.”

Nollace sat down next to her and asked, “Were you afraid?”

Daisy looked down before turning her head. “No. Do you think

I’m helpless ? You and Colton always step up when problems arise, but I can’t do anything to help.”

Nollace placed his palm on her cheek and raised her face. “Is that what you think?”

She pressed her lips together and didn’t answer.

Nollace ran his finger across the corner of her eye and stared at her. “Daisy, I wish that you’re always innocent like this because no matter what happens, I will always be by your side, protecting you, and you just need to be yourself.”

Being that smiley girl without a care in the world.

Daisie leaned into his chest, so Nollace hugged her and kissed the top of her head.

“Nolly,” She called.

Nollace nodded.

“Do you know the director of this place?”

He seemingly was surprised, and his eyes grew dark. “I stayed here before.”

Daisie sat up and looked at him in shock. “You were at a sanatorium!?”

Nollace smiled as he replied, “Car accident. I was sent here for almost half a year.”

Daisie suddenly recalled something, lowered her head, and didn’t speak. She had almost forgotten he had lost his memories in a car accident.

“Do... Do you remember anything?”

Chapter 1837

Nollace looked at her and asked, “Do you wish that I could remember?”

“Of course, there are debts to settle,” muttered Daisie.

He leaned in closer. “What debts?”

Daisie looked away and said, "I won't tell you."

He smiled. "Alright, just keep it in mind. I'll accept any punishment for that."

Daisie chuckled. "I'm not going to punish you."

"You'll feel bad."

She got up and cheekily said, "Yes, I will, so you're not allowed to sleep with me anymore."

Nollace paused before chuckling. "That's too cruel."

Daisie was already halfway up the stairs when she turned back and said, "I'm going to annoy you!"

The next day...

They said their goodbyes to the director and left the place.

Daisie kept yawning ever since she got into the car. Freyja sat close to her and whispered, "Did you two sneak up for some fun last night?"

Daisie pushed her away. "No."

"When I fell asleep, it was already after 1:00 a.m., but you weren't back yet. Tsk, I was wondering why you like sneaking around so much."

Daisie looked at the Nollace and Colton in the front seats and leaned back after seeing that they both weren't reacting. "We love meeting up in the middle of the night."

Freyja smiled. "You're dating, but it feels more like you're cheating."

Why did it have to happen at night?

"You should get yourself a boyfriend." Daisie held back her laugh by covering her mouth. "Maybe you'll be able to feel the joy of dating in the middle of the night too."

Freyja gnashed her teeth. "Do you have anyone to introduce to

me?"

"I can sacrifice Waylon—" |

"What are you talking about?"

Before she could finish, Colton cut them off when he turned to look at the two at the back.

Daisie shuddered as he looked into his eyes and forced a smile. "Nothing."

She had been under the impression she was quiet enough for them not to hear.

Colton suddenly glared at Freyja. "Don't get any funny ideas." He then turned around.

Freyja's expression changed because she hadn't done anything. "What do you mean by that, Colton? Do you have a bone to pick with me?"

Colton put on his earphones and ignored her.

Freyja laughed and said loudly, "Some people are just sick in the head and need to be fixed!"

Daisie took a deep breath and remained silent.

Colton wasn't listening to music, so he heard everything. He ground his teeth and turned around. "Don't forget that you still owe me one."

"When did I owe you anything?"

"If I didn't pull you up when you fell into the water, you'd have drowned at sea."

Freyja took a deep breath and retorted, "I didn't ask you to."

"You sure? When I pulled you up, you asked me not to let go."

Colton was smug because he had proof.

Freyja had nothing left to say, so she just turned away with a sour look.

Nollace ignored their bickering and kept reading his magazine the entire time. At some point, he shook his head.

When they got to town, someone was there to greet them

Tristan's men.

Tristan sat in the car across from them and rolled down the

back window.

Nollace stopped in front of the window and greeted him. "Uncle

Tristan."

They had come in an unremarkable normal car to lay low.

Tristan looked toward them and said, "It's great that you're back safe. The criminals have been handed to the police. As for Ms. Livingston, your mom said she will take care of her." At the Sunrise Hotel...

Chapter 1838

Zenovia was waiting for news and made a few phone calls, but none of them went through.

She sat on the couch with a pit in her stomach.

Suddenly, the door opened, and the server came in. Zenovia stood up and wanted to say something but saw Diana showing up with some men, so her expression changed. "Mrs. Knoles?"

Her guards went up after seeing the people. "What's the meaning of this?"

Diana sat on the couch and said, "You don't need to ask me what you've done."

Zenovia tried hard to remain calm. 'Did she find out?

"And the calls that never went through, were they caught!?"

Zenovia tried to remain calm. "I know you have a bone to pick with me, but I don't know what I've done to make you so hostile toward me."

"Why are you so annoying ? Aren't you self-conscious ?" Diana stood up and went straight to the point. "You think your plans would work by putting my daughter-in-law in danger to force my son to compromise? You're pathetic."

Zenovia shook with anger. "I'm pathetic? Nollace tried to get to my family first, so what if I did anything to him!?"

Diana gave her a tight slap which made her face turn. It left a

red mark in the shape of a hand.

Zenovia touched her face and looked at her in shock.

"You slapped me!"

"You asked for it. Do you think my son is going to let your family walk over us, Knowles?"

Diana continued confidently. "Even though I married into the Knowles family, I have the royal family of Yaramorr behind me. You're just a foreign guest causing trouble in our country and bringing harm to a royal. Let's see if your family will save you from that crime."

A few police officers walked in, and Zenovia's expression changed. "You dare touch me? Don't forget that the Livingstons are descendants of the royals in Haniston. Are you trying to start a war?"

Diana laughed. "Yes, the Livingstons are descendants of royals, but Haniston isn't a monarchy, so your family is at most high society. Can you take over the affairs of the country?"

Zenovia froze on the spot because her hopes had shattered.

The Livingstons were descendants of the royals, but they were no longer in power in Haniston. They could no longer be called royals and could only ride on their ancestors' coattails.

However, what the Livingstons had more than others was money. In her country, she would be able to enjoy glamorous

treatment.

However, all was lost now.

Her father was in prison and wouldn't be released, while her uncle held all the power, so she would have nothing if she went back.

The officers took her away.

A group of reporters waited outside the hotel. Once they saw the police bringing Zenovia out, they rushed forward. "Ms. Livingston, we heard that you were involved in the attempted murder of Ms. Vanderbilt and the king's grandson. Is that true?"

Zenovia avoided the cameras because she looked terrible with handcuffs on.

News about Zenovia's arrest spread like wildfire on the Internet. Even the media in Haniston were rushing to be the first to report about it.

Zenovia was already a popular subject because of her father's case, and now that she was arrested, their family name was thoroughly shamed.

Xavi Livingston held a press conference and announced they would not accept people slandering their family name and would take legal action against them.

Xavi didn't cover up for his brother, so he wouldn't do that for his niece either. The netizens took stands on two sides. Some thought that he was a fair person, while others thought he just didn't want to be dragged into this mess.

Chapter 1839

Unfortunately, no one knew the truth.

At the police department... Zenovia was agitated in the interrogation room. "You don't have evidence that I did anything!"

The female police officer sitting across from her opened his notebook. "What if we could present evidence?"

She was shocked.

The police officer placed the notebook in front of her. “The suspect has pointed out that you were behind it. We have a recording of it too.”

Zenovia was stunned. They had recorded it!

When she was arrested, she had guessed that the three men were caught, but she had only verbally agreed she would give them \$100,000

Even if they ratted her out, they had never received the money, so she would know how to distance herself from them.

Her hope of getting away was shattered when she found out that they had recorded their conversation. Her eyes were red when she barked, “I’m not the mastermind! It was Rocky Wansell! He planned

everything!” Yes, she should say Rocky helped her! She wasn’t going down alone!

The police officer put the cap back on her pen, cleared the documents on the table, and said, “Ms. Livingston, don’t worry. We won’t let any suspect get away.”

Rocky escaped the police’s arrest for a week, but his body was found in a dump one week later. He had flight tickets to Morwich, his passport, and his bank card in his bag.

The police looked into his bank account and found out it was a business account. He was killed when he stole money and tried to run away.

At the Knowles Group...

Edison knocked on the door and entered when he got permission. "Sir."

Nollace was reading some documents , so his eyes were moving. "How did it go?"

Edison stood next to him and looked down. "I've gotten the news that Donald didn't do anything to Rocky. He was killed by someone else."

Nollace paused and frowned while in deep thought.

Edison was curious. "Knowing Donald, if he found out that his men were someone else's spy and had been betraying him, he would definitely get him eliminated. However, the person who did that wasn't Donald's man."

Nollace was silent.

Nollace had leaked the news that Rocky was a 'traitor to Donald because he thought Donald would get rid of Rocky quietly and eventually eliminate him. If Donald did that, Nollace would be able to get rid of Donald before elevating the Knowles Group. Nollace and Donald had nothing to do with each other. They had started 'working together' because of the Reeses, and since he had helped Donald get away with killing Jonah Reese, it meant that Donald owed him one.

Unfortunately, Donald wasn't someone who could be controlled by favors.

They seemed to work together well, but Donald was a ticking time bomb.

They had a conflict of interest, and since the Livingstons were Donald's target, Juneau was an important person to maintain his status quo.

Juneau had been sent to prison, and even though Zenovia was the one who had reported him, Donald was probably just going with the flow, given his cautious personality.

Donald was very wary of Nollace.

Meanwhile, at the black market...

In a private room, the air was filled with smoke. Donald sat on the couch drinking whiskey when a bald man with a gold chain walked in. "Sir."

Donald looked up, swirling the whiskey around the glass. "Have you gotten rid of Rocky?" The bald man smiled. "The Skull Club's men settled that."

Chapter 1840

The Skull Club was a gang from the new West District. They were a huge gang that spanned from Moriwich to Stoslo and usually collected protection money for the nightclubs and were giving out illegal loans on the side.

The club was made up of outlaws and would do anything as long as the price was right. Most importantly, they wouldn't betray the people who hired them. That was their rule.

Donald chuckled, then slowly drank his whiskey. "Great, Bear, get someone to follow Young Mr. Knowles around."

The man named Bear was curious. "Young Mr. Knowles? Aren't you working together?"

Donald kept his eyes on the glass before looking back. "There's no such thing as a long-term partner. I don't trust him."

A week after Zenovia was arrested, she was sent back to Haniston for her trial. She was sentenced to five years in prison and two years of probation because of attempted murder. She was barred from leaving the country forever.

She went from a highly regarded upper-class lady to a convict. She lost her reputation and fame all at once.

After a month, autumn rolled in.

At the Hathaway villa...

Xyla poured homemade milk tea for Daisy. "Have you stopped going to college?"

Daisy smiled. "I've finished my thesis, and we're done with finals. I'm at the top of the Drama, Theatre, and Film department."

That would mean that if she wanted to graduate now, she just needed to apply for it. She had the freedom to attend classes or not.

Xyla raised her eyebrows. "Oh, the top of your class. Our girl is doing very well. I'm guessing you're going to get into showbiz? If you want to get into Dorywood, I can speak to your Uncle Yorrick."

Daisy paused and looked down. Xyla looked at her and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I... I want to go back to Bassburgh."

"Aren't you going to get engaged to that Knowles boy?" Xyla was curious.

Daisie pressed her lips together. "I know, but I don't think Dorywood is right for me yet. I should go back and train myself first."

Actors from all over the globe worked at Dorywood, the A listers. If she joined them, even though she was a foreigner, she would be able to do well with the

Goldmanns and Hathaways' connections. However, she wouldn't have worked for those opportunities, so people wouldn't respect her. Xyla understood. She put the glass on the table and said, "That's true. Everyone wants to be acknowledged and not get somewhere because of their family. "But Daisie, if you choose to join the industry, you'll get attention because of who you are. The media will zoom in on all your actions, and no matter if you get where you are because of your family, people will still have comments about you."

Daisie looked at her in silence.

Xyla asked, "Even if that's the case, would you still want to join the industry?"

Daisie took a deep breath and nodded. "Yes." Xyla smiled, "You'd never have to worry about money even if you never worked a day in your life. Your family fortune would be enough for you to squander for as long as you live."

Daisie shook her head. "No, I'm an adult now. I have to earn my own money." "But you will be bullied in the industry." Xyla rested her head on her hand and added with a smile, "I've been there before, so I know. The competition is high. A bunny like you would be devoured if you didn't have a good

background."

