

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1541

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Chapter 1541

Rose was just worried that her daughter would regret it in the future if she did not seize the opportunity this time.

As if she thought of something, she said, "Violet, I have to go home these few days, but I don't feel comfortable leaving you here alone. Why don't you go stay with the Cliffords these few days?"

Violet was stunned.

After a short while, she asked, "You're not abandoning me, are you?"

Rose was stumped.

"What are you talking about? I'm going back because I have something else to do. Your cousin is still in Octavia as well. You can go look for him if you're bored over there."

Luckily, she knew her daughter well.

Violet bit her lips and glanced at Jackie.

"But don't you think it's inappropriate for me to stay with the Cliffords? Besides, it's not that I can't stay home alone."

Rose asked, "The maid won't be around over the weekend. Can you cook for yourself?"

Violet was rendered speechless.

Rose turned her target toward Jackie and said, "Jackie, I'll leave Violet in your care these few days."

Smiling, Jackie replied, "Don't worry. I take good care of her."

The next day, Rose returned home. The maid had to stay at home to take care of her own children, so Violet had no other choice but to stay with the Cliffords.

In fact, this was not the first time Violet stayed in the Clifford mansion. She had been staying with them after she married Jackie. It

was just that she and Jackie had not been sleeping in the same room.

Now that they had taken divorce and she had become Thomas' god -granddaughter, she felt a little bit embarrassed to stay with

the Cliffords. On the contrary, Thomas welcomed her stay. He treated her as well as he did before.

Besides, Daisy and the others hadn't returned to ' Bassburgh yet, so Violet would be less embarrassed if they were with her.

The maid helped her to carry her baggage to the room she used to stay in.

When Violet followed the maid into the room, she realized that this room was still the same as when she left.

What's more, all of the personal belongings she had left behind were still in the room.

"Please have a good rest, Ms.Lovegood."

The maid then retreated from the room. The only thing that had changed was that the maid called her "Ms.Lovegood"

instead of "Mrs. Clifford". Violet walked up to the dresser.

All the cosmetics she had left behind were still there.

Initially, she assumed Jackie would ask the maid to throw all her belongings after she left the Clifford residence.

Suddenly, Jackie appeared from the door and said, "All of your stuff is still here."

Violet was stunned. She turned around to look at him and said, "Yeah...I thought...I thought you'd throw them all away."

Something flitted across his eyes as he replied, "This is your house too."

She was dumbfounded, and then he added, "After all, you're my grandfather's god-granddaughter."

Violet chuckled.

"Yeah, you're right. I hope we can get along well these few days, my dear brother."

"Yeah," replied Jackie.

"When you want to cry next time, you can cry in my arms."

The smile on Violet's face froze.

'Hold on a second! Did I hear that right? Cry in his arms?' "I'm just joking." Jackie turned around.

Then, without turning his head, he said, "I hope you won't cry anymore."

In the afternoon, Thomas invited Violet for a chess session.

While they were playing chess, Thomas suddenly told her the things that had happened in the past, and there was one thing that surprised Violet.

"You were forced to get married too?"

Thomas put down a chess piece, and his face turned solemn.

"Yeah. You know the relationship between Nolan and me, right? His mother is my daughter who lived in exile. She's the baby that the woman I loved and I had, but I failed them both.

"She waited for me abroad for a year and gave birth to the baby alone, and I never got to see the baby's face.

"I thought that as soon as I was done with my family matters, I'd be able to go abroad and bring her back.

But when I got the news about her, it was the terrible news of her death.

"I didn't expect the time we parted would be the last time we would see each other, and I didn't expect her to have my child. Her death broke my heart, and the marriage arranged by my family was too much for me to handle. But I had to compromise in the end."

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"Not only did I fail Nolan's grandmother, but I also failed Jackie's grand mother. I couldn't give her the love she wanted. In the end, she died because of depression, and it caused Jackie's father to hate me to the core. That's why I shower all my love on Jackie, as that's the only thing I can do to make up for it."

Violet did not say anything in return. She was so shocked that she did not know what to say.

Thomas lifted his head to look at her.

"Violet, the only reason I agreed to let you both get a divorce with Jackie is that I don't want you two to follow in my footsteps, and I don't want you two to hate each other for the rest of your life."

"I also hope that you can put aside all the preconceptions from the past and get to know each other again as new friends. Both of you still have a long way to go. There are some people and things that can't be forgotten as it's ingrained deep in your heart. However, life has to go on."

Violet grabbed the chess piece in her hand and pressed her lips tightly.

When Violet came out of the study room, she lifted her head and was stunned when she saw the figure in the corridor.

Jackie was leaning against the window. He was looking outside, and she did not know how long he had been standing there.

Crossing her arms in front of her chest, she walked up to him and asked, "You're not eavesdropping on our conversation, are

you?" He retracted his gaze and said, "Is there anything I need to eavesdrop on?"

Violet turned her face sideways.

"Who knows?"

She was pretty certain he was not someone who would go around to eavesdrop on other people's conversation, but who knew?"

"Violet," he called out to her.

Just when Violet felt strange, he took a step forward to get closer to her and said,

"You're not that annoying after all."

Violet was stunned slightly and looked at him in disbelief.

"What did you say?"

Jackie fixed his gaze on her face and continued.

"If we didn't get married, maybe I'd want to know more about you."

He had not wanted to know more about her because he had been forced to marry a stranger. For the marriage between two rich

families, they just needed to show to the public that they were a pair of loving husband and wife.

If she acted properly to her status, it wouldn't affect him either for her to be his wife.

However, she refused to act properly to her status and tried everything she could to cause scandals that would make people

misunderstand.

Honestly, he did not think of her as a disgrace because he did not care about her. He did not care about her, did not love her, or

had any expectations of her, so he let her do everything she wanted. He even hoped Violet could cause more trouble and destroy

their marriage.

This was what he wanted as well.

Violet slowly came around to her senses and said, "What a surprise. I didn't expect you to say something like that at all,

Mr.Clifford. You want to know more about me?"

Jackie looked at her intently but did not say anything.

All he could see was her self-denigration.

"without this marriage, we wouldn't even know each other. There's no way you would go around and ask about a woman with a notorious reputation, right? You would only run as far as possible away from me."

Jackie took another step closer, and his tall figure loomed over her.

"Unfortunately, this assumption is no longer valid."

What happened happened, and no one could change it.

He parted his lips open and said, "I don't think it's too late for me to get to know you as well."

Violet was stunned again.

"You're joking, aren't you?"

"Nope," he replied, his expression stern.

"I'm being very serious right now."

Realizing that he was not joking, Violet averted her gaze and looked somewhere else.

"You really are a strange guy."

"Yeah," he replied.

"Whatever you said."

Violet was tongue-tied. She did not know what made Jackie change his mind.

He clearly loathed her, but now he said he wanted to know more about her.

Thinking about his actions and attitude after the change, she might have suspected that he was not Jackie if he did not have the same face and identity.

Violet pressed her lips and said haughtily, "There's nothing much you need to know about me."

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Jackie smiled faintly and said, "We still have a lot of time."

Violet was stunned for a while.

After all, she seldom saw Jackie smile. It was not that he couldn't smile. It was just that he seldom smiled in front of her.

Violet chased all her strange thoughts away. She just treated it as if he wanted to know more about her as her "brother".

"Well, suit yourself. It's not that I can change your mind."

She lifted her chin to meet his gaze.

"After all, I won't tell you a single thing about myself."

She harrumphed coldly and went toward her room.

Jackie looked at her leaving figure and let out a chuckle.

Daisy popped her head out of the corner.

Colton and Waylon were standing behind her.

They were both amused and helpless at her behavior of eavesdropping on other people's conversations. Right now, even Jackie noticed her. He walked toward Daisy and blocked her vision.

"Seems like you're having a lot of fun." Daisy scratched her chin in embarrassment and grinned at him.

"Uncle, I didn't mean to eavesdrop on you. I just feel curious."

Jackie rolled his eyes and asked, "You guys are so young. What are you curious about?"

She smacked her lips and was too embarrassed to say it out loud.

Colton stuck his hands into his pockets and said straightforwardly, "We're curious if you can get your ex-wife back or not."

Jackie was slightly stunned.

He squinted and asked, "What do you guys think?"

Colton shrugged.

"We think it's hard."

As soon as he had finished speaking, Daisy pinched his arm and whispered into his ear, "Colton, can't you say something nice?"

You need to give him some hope, don't you think?"

Before Colton could say anything, Waylon chimed in calmly.

"This is all about timing. Aunt Violet is different from Mom, and having someone to act as a go-between between you two might

not work. It's the same thing as the boiled frog syndrome. If you push her too hard, there is a chance that she might run away. So,

considering Aunt Violet's personality, I think starting from zero is better."

'Start from zero, huh?' Jackie looked slightly surprised at Waylon.

Waylon looked exactly like Colton. However, he was more mature than Colton. He seldom smiled, but he was always able to get to the point.

If it were not that he knew his age, he would've suspected that the boy was an adult.

Colton nodded and said, "I agree with what my brother said."

Daisy looked at him scornfully and said, "Please, Colton. Who the hell knows what you want to say?"

Her eldest brother did not beat around the bush and went straight to the point, but her second brother liked to mystify

everything. He refused to finish his sentence and liked to leave other people hanging.

'That's because you're stupid.'

"What? How..."

Jackie suddenly let out a chuckle. He lowered his head to look at them and said, "You guys are young, but it seems like you know a lot of things."

Nolan's kids were really extraordinary.

In the next few days—maybe Jackie took in Waylon's advice—he kept a fine distance between him and Violet.

They were very close to each other, but not that close. He gradually improved his relationship with Violet and occasionally played hard to get with her.

The trial result for Aaron was announced. He had to serve two years and a four-month reprieve.

Jackie sent Rose and Violet to visit Aaron.

Since only one person could go in and the visiting time was limited, Rose gave the chance to Violet.

Violet sat in front of the window and picked up the phone.

On the other side of the window, Aaron smiled.

"Is your mother doing all right?"

"Yeah...She told me to tell you that you don't have to worry about her."

Aaron lowered his head and said, "You don't need to worry about me either."

Violet clenched her fists on her lap tightly and said, "Dad, we'll be waiting for you to come home."

Aaron was stunned.

His eyes slowly turned red around the rim as he said, "Okay."

When the visit time was over, Violet came out of the gate.

Jackie and Rose were talking about something in front of the car.

Rose turned her head around and asked, "How is your dad, Violet?"

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Violet lowered her head and replied, "Yeah. He told me that we don't have to worry about him."

Honestly, Aaron was the only one who knew his own situation. He needed to serve two years in prison, and it meant he lost two years of his freedom.

Although it was not a long time, it was definitely not short either.

Rose did not say anything anymore.

Jackie sent both of them back to the Love good mansion. He stood in the courtyard as he watched both of them enter the house.

After a short while, he turned around and went back to his car.

Just when he opened the door, Violet came out and said, "Wait."

He turned his body sideways, and his gaze fell on her face.

"Yeah?"

She hemmed and hawed for a while and said without lifting her head.

"I want to thank you."

She waited for a long while, yet she did not receive any response from him.

Violet smacked her lips and said, "Forget about it if you don't want it."

Jackie suddenly chuckled.

"Who said I don't want it?" Violet was stunned. She met his gaze and realized there was a smile in his eyes when she looked

closely. She hastily averted her gaze and said, "Who knows? What if you really don't want it? Wouldn't it make me look like a

clown?"

He fell silent for a while before asking, "So, you're just going to give me a verbal thank you?"

"Are you saying that I should buy you a meal?" Jackie nodded.

"Well, I won't say no to that." Violet was stumped.

"You really aren't going easy on me." He chuckled.

"Why should I? After all, isn't it normal for a sister to buy her brother a meal?"

Violet crossed her arms in front of her chest, turned her head sideways, and said,

"Alright, alright. It's not that I can't afford to buy you a meal."

After that, she added, "So when will you be free?"

He took a step forward to close the distance between them and said, "I'm always free."

It was quiet in the restaurant.

Everything in the restaurant was gray in color, and the wall lights were dark blue.

When they looked down at the night view of Octavia, all of the lights looked like glittering pearls in the night. Violet sat at the window seat and ordered their food.

There was a fluffy white coat draped over her shoulders. She wore a champagne-colored turtleneck shirt with a bow tied around

the collar. She combed her hair into a ponytail, leaving her face exposed to the air. She closed the menu and handed it to the waiter.

"That'll be all. I'll call you again if I want to add on other things after my friend arrives."

The waiter asked, "Do you need wine?"

She was stunned for a moment as something crossed her head.

"A bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon."

"Okay. Please wait for a moment."

After the waiter went away, she placed her hand on her forehead and poked the scented candle on the table with her finger.

"He's the one who wants me to buy him a meal, but he's so slow. He won't stand me up, will he?" she mumbled.

Suddenly, a figure loomed over her, blocking the light around her vision. She lifted her head and was slightly stunned. She

continued to gaze at the figure as it slowly became clear in her eyes.

Jackie sat opposite her. He was wearing a well-pressed dark suit. He did not wear a tie, and there was a folded pocket scarf on

his chest, which was a champagne color that matched her shirt.

Both of them looked at each other for a long while, and then Violet couldn't help but chuckle.

Jackie frowned and asked, "What are you laughing at?"

Violet could barely hold her smile as she said, "We're just coming for dinner. You don't have to dress so decently."

"I need to keep up my appearance."

"I haven't seen you pay attention to your appearance before."

Jackie lifted his eyelids to look at her.

"Have we ever gone out to eat together before?" She was stunned.

He was right. It was true that they had never gone out to eat together before.

The waiters brought the dishes with the wine and opened the bottle to decant it. After they went away, Jackie squinted and asked, "Are you going to drink wine?" Violet slowly poured the wine into the glasses and said, "Of course. What's wrong with drinking some wine while having dinner?"

"Alright, then," he replied.

"I'm fine with anything as long as you are fine with it."

Violet lifted her glass and said, "Of course, I'm fine with it. I just want to know how well you can hold your liquor, my dear brother."

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Jackie narrowed his eyes. He lifted his glass and clinked with Violet.

"Are you trying to get me drunk before we even start eating anything?"

After taking a sip, she said, "You have a driver to send you home. Are you still afraid of getting drunk?"

He looked at her through the glass and continued.

"You're going to get me drunk, and then you'll dump me on the street so that I can make it to the headlines tomorrow."

Violet was rendered speechless. She didn't have that in mind, but the desire to get him drunk and make a fool of him was real.

Jackie ran the tip of his finger over the rim of the glass and lifted his eyelids.

"Seems like my guess is correct?"

Violet put the glass down and said, "I won't go that far."

He chuckled and said calmly, "Then let's see if you can get me drunk or not, my dear sister."

She felt challenged.

"Sure. We'll see."

The night was getting darker, and the neon light was shining despondently on the empty streets.

A small black car slowly drove through the intersection.

Violet was half drunk. She turned to look at Jackie, who was leaning against the back of the seat without moving and moved

closer to him. She patted his cheek and said, "Mr.Clifford?"

When Jackie did not give her any response, she became happier as she said, "That's it? And you said you wouldn't get drunk?"

"You're a descendant of the Cliffords, yet you can't drink as well as a woman."

The driver looked at them through the rear mirror but did not say anything.

When Violet realized the car was stopped outside the Clifford mansion instead of her house, she asked, "Are you not going to send me back first?"

The driver replied matter- of -factly, "I can't carry Mr. Clifford on my own."

Violet measured him up and down after what he said.

'He's quite muscular, but he can't carry Jackie on his own?' The driver felt uncomfortable at her gaze.

He looked toward the back seat and said, "It's getting late. Why don't you stay for a night here, Ms. Lovegood?"

Since she had a room at Cliffords' residence, Violet decided to let the driver go and said, "Alright, then."

Violet opened the door to the backseat, and the driver carried Jackie out of the car. Suddenly, Jackie fell toward Violet, and she nearly lost her balance.

Fortunately, the driver reacted quickly and pulled Jackie back.

Violet clicked her tongue. She did not expect Jackie couldn't hold his liquor at all. He could barely stand.

She worked with the driver and carried him into the house.

When they arrived at his room, the driver said, "I'll leave Mr. Clifford in your hands."

"Hey, wait—"

Before she could finish her sentence, the driver left. She nearly fell to the floor since half of Jackie's weight was on her.

After carrying him with difficulty into his bedroom, he suddenly reached out and held her in his arms.

Violet was stunned.

"What are you..."

She lost her balance, and both of them fell onto the bed.

Jackie buried his head into her neck, and she trembled. She tried to push him away but to no avail.

"Jackie, wake up!"

She tried to wake him up, but he remained unresponsive. He lay on top of her, and it seemed to her that he had fallen asleep.

Since Violet couldn't move at all, she stopped struggling.

The faint fragrance on his shirt smelled good.

After marrying Jackie, she noticed that he did not like to wear perfume like other rich people.

Instead, his body was emanating a faint scent that came either from the laundry detergent or from the body wash.

He was somewhat similar to Jacob in this aspect.

Jacob never used any perfume.

Violet suddenly snapped herself back to reality and tried to push Jackie away by placing her hands on his shoulders.

"You're so heavy. Hurry up and get off me."

It took her a lot of effort to push him away from her.

Just when she sat up, he pulled her into his arms again, startling her.

"Jackie, what..."

"You're so noisy."

Jackie frowned but did not open his eyes. His breathing was heavy, and his cheeks were tinged with red because of the alcohol.

Violet struggled for a bit and said, "Can you get off me?"

He tightened his arms and went closer to put his forehead on hers.

"You did it on purpose..."

She was stunned and didn't catch the second half of his sentence.

"I did what on purpose?"

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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