

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1678

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'If it weren't for the fact that Lara has tried to get rid of someone who's out of her league this time around, would she end up in such misery? 'Since she had the guts to do it, she'll have to face the consequences.'

Daisie looked at her. "Lara deserves everything that she's gotten herself into recently. However, she's already suffered an accident, but everyone is still taunting her for the retribution. Don't you think it's a little sad?"

Freyja was surprised. "You... Do you think she is pitiful?"

"This has nothing to do with whether she's pitiful or not. I just think that the action of attributing the difficulties that kind people or bad people encounter in life to fate or retribution is a manifestation of our incompetency as humans.

beaten by them, and one day in the future, the person died or suffered from some accident or disease. We'll happily claim that retribution is doing its job, and we'll feel reconciled and gleeful because of that. But is that really retribution? In fact, that's the behavior of someone weak and timid."

Daisie supported her head with both hands. "When she

was in power, those she oppressed because they were too weak or powerless to resist could only regard the disaster inflicted upon her as a form of revenge. So, even if all this didn't happen because of me, if someone that she had bullied in the past were to have stood up against her, if someone were to have tried to stop her, she wouldn't have been able to do that to more victims."

Freyja suddenly laughed. "Not everyone is like you, born with the confidence to go against her. In Yaramoor, when the Reeses were in power, even the police wouldn't intervene with such petty matters. How do you expect them to fight back?"

Daisie turned her head away and pouted. "But the citizens of Yaramoor have the right to speak your voice and demonstrate your demands. So if there was enough noise spreading through the whole country, I don't think the Reeses would be able to keep things under a cloak for as long as they did. One stick can be broken relatively easily, but it's a different story when you have ten sticks bundled together. So when one person can't do anything about the Reeses, gather everyone up and form a group of people. With that, how will the Reeses deal with the rise of the people?"

"The world isn't perfect. But when hope is even wiped out, that's when it's really sad."

Freyja took a deep breath. She finally understood why Nollace wanted to protect Daisy.

Because not many people could keep their original selves so perfectly, they either became extremely vicious, resentful of others or even aggravated because they were unsatisfactory

Everyone had different ideas and experiences, so how could we generalize everything in the world? She was just expressing her personal opinions.

She had resisted, and Lara suffered because of her resistance, but she would not taunt Lara for what happened to her. Because she thought Lara had already paid the price, it was unnecessary.

Not to mention her disfigurement, coupled with her father's death, which also hurt her in unimaginable ways. Thus, the people who taunted her were no different from who she was when she chose to do the same to others in the first place.

At the end of the course, Daisy walked out of the academic building with her book in her arms. A car parked not far away looked somewhat familiar, but she knew that it was not Nollace's car.

The suspense went on and on until Ken lowered the car window, smiled, and waved at her.

Daisy took a deep breath. Ever since she got to know what Ken had done, she had been rather indifferent toward him.

'Freyja must've suffered a lot to have such a brother.' Freyja exited the lecture hall and stopped abruptly behind Daisy. Her expression dimmed a little upon seeing Ken." What are you doing here?"

Ken put his elbow that was resting on the window sill and smiled. "Can't I come to your college to visit you, my sister?"

Freyja did not speak.

Ken passed her and glanced at Daisy. "Mother asked you to bring your best friend home for a meal."

Freyja was dumbfounded for a moment and could not help but tighten her fists that were resting beside her.

Ken directly ignored Freyja, who was hesitating. "Ms. Vanderbilt, what do you think?"

Daisie looked at Freyja , who lowered her head and kept quiet throughout the whole conversation and wrapped her arms around her shoulders. “Yes.”

“Daisie...” Freyja looked at her in surprise.

It was not that she did not know the purpose behind the meal – that was why she would rather Daisie reject the invitation.

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Ken smiled and raised the car window slowly. “It’s decided then. I’ll come to pick you girls up tomorrow.”

The next day, at Lumiere Fine Dining...

environment. It had a lounge bar, and the lighting was mainly warm yellow in color, which made the interior feel warm and grand. Ken led Daisie and Freyja to a table for six. It had a pure white tablecloth, and the silverware and wine glasses were all neatly arranged. The two people who had been waiting in their seats were Ken and Freyja’s parents.

Sandy was extremely graceful and glamorous and should be around 46 years old. She looked very well-maintained, every piece of her clothing was meticulously coordinated and color-coded, and the jewelry that she had on all came from luxurious brands.

Perhaps it was because of her bold facial features that she exuded a rather fierce aura. It felt like it would be quite difficult to get acquainted with her.

On the other hand, Brandon Pruitt, Ken and Freyja’s father, looked a lot friendlier when sitting right next to

his stern wife.

Ken pulled out his chair. “Father, Mother.”

Sandy looked at Daisie and smiled. “You’re Freyja’s friend

I’m very glad to meet you.”

Out of courtesy and also for the sake of not making Freyja’s life harder than it was, Daisie said, “Glad to meet you too, Mrs. Pruitt.”

“Take a seat.”

The two were seated, and Sandy summoned the waiter to order some food. She then turned to Daisy and asked, “What do you fancy tonight? You can order anything at will. Make yourself at home.”

Daisy grinned. “Mrs. Pruitt, you can go with anything that suits your taste. I’m not a picky eater.”

After placing the order, the waiter poured everyone wine.

Sandy held the foot of the glass and shook it gently. “Fey has never had any friends in college. It surprised me when I got to know that she’s made friends at school. I’m very happy for her. At least she won’t feel too lonely at college.”

Freyja pursed her lips tightly and said nothing.

Daisy’s gaze shifted off the glass that had the reflection of her face on it. “Mrs. Pruitt, do you really think that

Freyja is lonely?”

Sandy narrowed her eyes and took a sip of wine from the glass. “She’s never brought any friend back home. So I’ve always thought that Fey is a very lonely girl since she was a kid. If this was truly the case, it would be very sad.”

Daisy took a glance at Freyja, who had not uttered a single word ever since she stepped into the restaurant, and then said calmly, “Mrs. Pruitt, then I must say that you don’t really know your daughter too well.” Sandy’s body stiffened for a split second, and her expression dimmed slightly. Even Brandon could not help but lift his head. The atmosphere was a little embarrassing Ken, who was sitting on the side, gave off a faint smile. ” She really doesn’t know too much about Fey, but Fey has never given her family a chance to get to know more about her either, isn’t that right?”

The question was directed to Freyja.

Freyja clenched her hands that were resting under the table. “We don’t share the same mindset, so how can I ask you to understand me?”

“Fey, your friend is here.” Sandy put down her wine glass. “Is that something that you should show our

guest?”

Daisy lowered her gaze.

'Is this truly Freyja's family? Not only do I not feel the warmth of a household, but I can also feel that everyone is trying to speculate about each other. There's not even a hint of coziness or concern. All I feel is only indifference.'

Nollace's girlfriend. Have you been together with him for a long time?"

Daisie nodded.

"Nollace is my nephew too. I heard that he could've graduated long ago, but he chose to extend his studies for a year just for you. It seems that he likes you very much."

Daisie's eyelids twitched. She wondered if it was her illusion, but these words just sounded strange when they came out of Sandy's mouth.

Immediately afterward, Sandy smiled. "However, you're still young. Your studies should still be your top priority. Falling in love and dating someone else is just an impulse

fight through all sorts of difficulties and obstacles and survive from campus to their wedding day is extremely rare. So, no matter how strong the relationship is, the couple still might not be able to be with each other in the end. I've seen too many relationships that end this way in my years."

Freyja lifted her head. "Mother, what do you mean by

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"I'm just giving you youngsters a piece of advice. What's wrong with that?" Sandy picked up the wine glass and shook it lightly. "Love and emotions are the most unreliable things that you can own in this world. The things that you like might not stay the same in the future. At the end of the day, only profits and interests are the most reliable."

The waiter brought the dishes at this moment, so Sandy put her wine glass aside and picked up her knife and fork. "Okay, let's eat first."

Daisie did not move and remained silent for a long time. "Mrs. Pruitt, what you just said sounds so strange. Since you think that relationships, love, and emotions are very unreliable, then why would you choose to get married back then?"

Sandy's expression turned a little stiff. "Marriage? Does it have anything to do with love or emotions? You're still too naïve, girl."

Daisie took a deep breath and looked at Brandon, who had
you think so too?”

“About this...” Brandon took a glance at Sandy subconsciously.

Daisie was surprised. “Could it be that you didn’t get married because of love?”

Sandy looked rather upset. “Ms. Vanderbilt, this is a matter between the two of us.”

It seemed that her question had invaded their privacy.

“Are you saying that I can’t say anything about my elders ‘affairs? Then who gave you elders the authority to give so many comments about us youngsters? You’ve given me so much advice just now, telling me not to hold high expectations when it comes to my relationship. Are you trying to persuade me into breaking up with Nollace?”

‘It’s no wonder the advice sounds so strange. It didn’t sound as if she was giving us her blessing, but the other way around.’

Sandy scoffed. “How much do you know about Nollace? That kid is not as simple as you think he is. Do you think he really likes you or your background?”

Freyja could not stand it anymore and stood up. “Mother, you’ve overstepped.”
“Presumptuous.” Sandy slammed her silverware heavily against the table. “Fey, I dare to tell her the truth about how the two of you met in the first place, and does it have something to do with Nollace?”

“You listen to everything that Nollace asks you to do, but you never listened so diligently to what Ken and I have

told you all this while. Are you trying to tell me that you’re old enough to make your own decision, so you don’t plan to listen to what we say anymore?”

Freyja bit her lip and did not dare to look straight at Daisie because she had indeed approached Daisie due to Nollace.

After a long silence, Daisie responded with a smile. “I know.”

Freyja was startled.

Daisie continued. “Nollace is worried that I will run into some problems at college, so he asked Freyja to keep an eye on me. Freyja was not so enthusiastic about being friends with me at first. I was the one who shamelessly took the initiative to approach her and make friends with her in the first place.”

Sandy choked on her own words as she did not expect such a response.

Daisie turned around and looked at Freyja. "I was the one who approached you at first and not the other way around, so you don't have to feel sorry."

After saying that, she looked at Sandy. "Mrs. Pruitt, Freyja is your daughter, but you don't even care about how she's doing in college. All you care about is who she's in contact with at college. Hence, please don't tell me that Freyja is just a tool to you?"

Sandy's expression turned gloomy in an instant, and she snorted. "You're born with a silver spoon in your mouth, so you naturally don't understand those who aren't born into a prestigious family like yours. Fey is different from you, I believe that you always get whatever you want in your life as long as you want it, but when Fey wants something, she'll have to fight for it herself.

"So, because she's my daughter, I hope that she can one day be successful. What parent wouldn't want their children to stand out among the younger generation?"

"Thinking from her point of view, what she said isn't wrong, but the only mistake that she's made is that she's never asked Freyja for her opinion. She's never asked Freyja if that's what she really wants.'

Daisie suddenly realized that she had nothing much to talk about with Sandy. They did not share the same concept and values in life, so it was only natural for them not to coincide.

Freyja dragged Daisie out of her seat abruptly. "Mother, excuse us, but we're done with this meal."