

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1681

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Sandy warned her in a deep voice, "Fey, don't you dare take another step away from the table."

Freyja's footsteps stopped for a split second, but she still left with Daisie in the end. Sandy stared at their figures as they left the restaurant, and her expression looked extremely piqued. "It seems that getting to know the daughter of the Goldmanns has made her more arrogant and contemptuous."

'I wanted to use this meal to win Daisie Vanderbilt over with Freyja's help. However, not only did Freyja not do anything to help, but she actually made it even worse than before.'

Ken wiped the corners of his lips with a handkerchief. "Mother, you don't have to worry that much. You

eventually."

Sandy sounded worried. "That young girl from the Goldmanns isn't someone to be trifled with, especially with Nollace protecting her like that."

"Isn't it a piece of cake for us to break them up? What's more, that fella can't even rest easy now."

'Ever since Mr. Reese died, everyone has turned their attention to Donald and thinks it has something to do with him. Wouldn't it be interesting to let Donald know that Nollace had approached Lara?'

Sandy was startled. "Do you have a solution to this matter?"

Ken smirked. "The way to get the young girl to fall in love with someone else is to take advantage of any weak points in her relationship, and I've already chosen someone to accomplish that for us."

Meanwhile, outside the restaurant...

"Freyja, you've just left the dinner. Will your mother do anything to you?"

Freyja stopped but did not look back. "I've gotten very used to being threatened. What's there to be afraid of? The most that I'll get would be getting forced into an arranged marriage."

“An arranged marriage?” Daisy was shocked by the reply and walked around her.
“They threatened you with a marriage arrangement?”

Freyja did not utter a single word, which meant she admitted it tacitly. Daisy grabbed her by her shoulders. “Who do they want you to get married to?”

Freyja lowered her gaze. “Whoever they think will be beneficial to them.”

Daisy gasped.

‘I’ve never seen such family members. Are they even her family?’

“It’s okay, I don’t care, and you don’t have to worry about me.” Freyja frowned. “You’re the one who needs to worry and be wary. It’s obvious that my mother doesn’t want you to be with Nollace. Your identity is a stepping stone to the Knowles that will make them even more powerful. She doesn’t like the Knowles, so in order to win you over for the family, they have to cut off your relationship with Nollace.”

Daisy pursed her lips and said nothing.

Freyja sighed. “And don’t underestimate Ken. He always catches somebody off guard with his ways of doing things. Who knows when he will take a shot at you?”

Daisy released her hand and nodded. “I know. I’ll be extra careful.”

At the underground black market... Nollace sat at a gambling table and played a round of poker. Two groups of men were standing next to the table, one group consisted of Donald’s men, and the other was the bodyguards that Nollace had brought along.

Nollace played his cards-it was three aces of spades.

Donald was smoking a cigar. He wafted the smoke aside and squinted. “You’re so lucky, Mr. Knowles. It’d be a pity if you were to overdo things and run out of it.”

Listening to his pregnant words, Nollace gave off a smirk. “I didn’t overdo anything. Why the sudden advice, Mr. Matthews?”

He dusted off the ash. “Mr. Reese is dead, and the public is pointing all their fingers at me. But it turns out that you had met Lara before that, and that girl named Lisa, you’re the one who asked Lara to bring her along when she came to see me.”

“Yes,” Nollace admitted it. “But Mr. Reese’s death has nothing to do with me. I went to meet Ms. Reese only to offer her a way out. As for Lisa, I admit that I wanted to torture her through you.

“On the contrary, if Lisa didn’t go along with Lara that night, you would’ve made a move on Ms. Reese, and you’d be in an even worse situation now. Good luck trying to explain Mr. Reese’s death now.”

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Chapter 1682

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Donald leaned the cigar against the rim of the ashtray and reached out to draw a card. “Then did you expect Mr. Reese to die?”

“No, Mr. Reese’s death is beyond my expectations,” Nollace responded calmly. “On the contrary, some people hope that Mr. Reese’s death will cause a conflict of interest between you and me.”

Donald’s movement froze for a split second, and he lifted his gaze, glanced at Nollace, but did not speak.

Nollace looked at him calmly. “The person who killed Mr. Reese wanted to start a war. The public is now on your back, but you didn’t lay a single finger on Ms. Reese the other night, did you?”

If Donald had not touched Lara, then Jonah and Donald would have nothing to argue about. Thus, if there was no argument, Donald would not have the motive to end Mr. Reese’s life.

The public’s speculation was that Lara had once rejected Donald, and that made him vengeful, so he chose to settle the score with such a move.

Therefore, as long as Lara was not held captive by Donald, the rumors would collapse on themselves eventually. The matter that Nollace had overlooked gave Donald a chance

to clear his name.

Donald thought about his words, and after a few minutes, he laughed loudly. “It seems that you have the ability to resolve this matter. I’ll trust you for the time being.”

He placed the poker cards down and got up. “It’s thanks to you that I’ve benefited from Lisa. She’s such a great pawn, so why not make good use of her?”

He then left with his men.

Edison walked up to Nollace’s side, leaned over, and said something to him.

Nollace narrowed his eyes and did not say anything.

After getting back into the car, Nollace loosened his tie. "Who took Lara away?"

Edison replied, "Mr. Ken Pruitt was there at Mr. Reese's funeral, and Ms. Reese disappeared after that. I suspect that it's Mr. Pruitt who took her away."

Nollace's brows and eyes looked extremely gloomy and cold. "It seems that Mr. Reese's death has something to do with Ken."

Edison did not understand the matter. "Ken has gotten so many benefits from Mr. Reese. If it wasn't for Mr. Reese, he wouldn't have been able to climb up to where he is today. Why would he kill Mr. Reese?"

Nollace looked out the window. "Perhaps it was to get

Donald to come at me. As long as Donald and I start a war and get hurt in any aspect, he'll be able to take advantage of the situation. And as long as the Knowles end up in a tough spot where we can no longer recover from, it'll do him good."

'By killing Mr. Reese, Ken will be able to direct his death in Donald's way and, with that, make Donald suspect that I'm the person who's set him up. And once Donald starts to make a move on the Knowles, we won't have the time and energy to stop Ken from searching for his next stepping stone.

'Ken and his mother have been warier of the Knowles than they've ever been recently. It seems that they're eyeing the Goldmanns who are sitting behind Daisie.

'My relationship with Daisie is the last thing they want to see in this world. Otherwise, Ken wouldn't have hired Ayan to approach Daisie.' He retracted his gaze. "Send someone to keep an eye on every move that he makes secretly, and by the way, bring Ayan's matter up to Coleman." 'Ken thinks that this will stop me, but it's a pity that he's underestimated the second son of the Goldmanns, Coleman Goldmann.'

In the suburbs, at a private villa... A car was parked in the courtyard. Ken got out of the car, stepped into the living room, and the maid reported to

him each and everything that Lara had done that day. He unbuttoned his sleeves and followed the maid to the backyard. Lara was sitting on the ground. The beautiful dress that had been washed and was hanging on the clothes rack was now lying on the ground, torn into pieces, and scraps of cloth were scattered all around the ground.

She looked as if she was in a trance but normal at the same time. Her hair, which had not been washed for days, was dry and messy, and the wounded half of her face looked hideous, which made her look scary.

The maid stepped forward and reminded her of something, but she did not respond.

Ken asked the maid to step back. He stopped by Lara's side, half-squatted, and picked up the rags on the ground. "These are all your favorite clothes."