

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

## Chapter 1761

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Nollace let off a chuckle and complimented her sarcastically, "You're very smart, Ms. Livingston."

Zenovia was happy. "I'll take this as a compliment."

Nollace's eyes squinted slightly, and he added gloomily and sullenly, "But you're too presumptuous."

Zenovia was startled.

Nollace got up, walked up to the French window, and stopped in front of the window pane. "You're in such a hurry to get married to me because of your father."

Zenovia looked at him in surprise.

Nollace then explained calmly, "Your father killed someone, and the police are now onto him. Once the police discover this matter is related to your father, the Livingstons will be forever condemned back in Haniston. Your father is anxious about reconciling with me, and the incident that took place at the banquet has never been his main focus."

"Mr. Knowles, what nonsense are you talking about?" Zenovia was flustered.

"Father killed that woman whose name is Lisa because she threatened him. He did so only to protect himself, and there's nothing wrong with it!"

Nollace looked at her through the window pane and said with an indifferent and deep tone, "Lisa knew about your father's secret."

"That's why your father wouldn't let her live."

Zenovia's body swayed while her face gradually turned pale.

"How could he know about this!?"

Nollace stopped in front of her. "You guys are the ones who need my help instead of the other way around. But you've been acting too presumptuously. You can't even tell the

situation that you're in and chose to provoke me, forcing me into marrying with the Livingstons?"

Zenovia's eyes turned bloodshot instantly. "Nollace, asking you to marry me has nothing to do with this..."

"With the effect of the current predicament that the Livingstons are in, how much longer can your family maintain its stability? And here you are trying to list out the benefits that your family can bring to me in order to persuade me. So, what benefits can you bring me? All you want is for me to clean up your father's mess, or perhaps you're looking to use my kinship with the royal family to consolidate the Livingstons' presence and position in Haniston?"

His words pierced right through her heart.

Zenovia's body swayed, and she lost balance and staggered backward.

Nollace's gaze looked as sharp as a sword. It seemed that nothing could escape his observation.

'I have to admit that in addition to personally wanting to marry Nollace, I was also thinking about my father's incident and the Livingstons' future. As for Lisa's incident, once my father's involvement was discovered, the consequences would be unimaginable.'

Not long after Zenovia left the Knowles mansion, Edison walked into the study and said, "Sir, are you looking for me?"

Nollace, who was standing in front of the window, turned to look at him. "Did anything happen to Mr. Livingston?"

Edison replied, "As usual, Mr. Livingston is contacting some of the nobles. Perhaps he's trying to avoid the limelight. He hasn't even contacted Donald so far. By the way, he's also investigated Mr. Coleman Goldman's identity."

Lisa had unexpectedly died in the hospital, and the police had not gotten to the bottom of the truth. It was estimated he had bribed some of the employees to tamper with the surveillance system of the hospital.

Juneau was afraid of being suspected and did not dare to contact Donald. After all, Donald was the person who had arranged for Lisa to serve him.

However, in addition to Lisa, Colton also knew his secret—that was why he might have also investigated Colton.

Colton was a member of the Goldmanns, so he did not dare to make a move on him. But when they learned about Daisy's

identity at the banquet, they realized they had unintentionally offended the Goldmanns. As such, Juneau could not guarantee that the young master of the Goldmanns would not reveal his secrets.

Otherwise, Juneau would not have brought Zenovia with him to apologize at this time so that he could make Zenovia think she

had a chance.

As long as Juneau could make Zenovia think Nollace had chosen to get engaged to Daisy because he was afraid of the Goldmanns and give her the opportunity to sow discord between the Goldmanns and him so that he would accept the Livingstons' help, then Juneau's goal would have been considered achieved.

Nollace went around the corner of the desk and sat back on the leather chair. His gaze looked indifferent. "Continue to keep an eye on Mr. Livingston. By the way, find someone to secretly provide clues to the police and lead them in Mr. Livingston's

way."

## **Chapter 1762**

Since Juneau had the guts to use his daughter to sow discord, he would never have imagined that the person who first planned to get rid of Lisa through him would be Nollace.

A week later...

Daisy was preparing for the exam at the college as always. When the exam was over, she went to the office building to look for the professor and asked for the list of titles of her graduation thesis in drama and film performance.

The professor was a little surprised. "Are you planning to prepare for the topic of your graduation thesis in advance?"

Daisie nodded. She was a year away from graduation, but Colton was already preparing for his graduation, and she did not want to procrastinate.

At the Royal College of Victoria, the graduation requirement was simple. As long as the students had completed all subjects of the course and obtained good grades in all those subjects, they would be able to apply for graduation in advance.

The Drama, Theater, and Film department was no exception.

“Okay then.” The professor nodded and handed the title of Daisie’s graduation thesis to her. “Godspeed.”

Daisie walked out of the office building with the title of her graduation thesis. There were a total of 49 thesis topics in the Drama, Theater, and Film department of Victoria College. It

would take at least three months to study all the topics accurately and come up with a conclusion.

“Daisie.”

She paused, turned around, and saw Freyja approaching her. She then placed the list of titles of graduation thesis back into her bag, “I’m heading to the library. Do you want to tag along?”

Freyja smiled. “Let’s go.”

The two came to the library, and Freyja went to reserve a seat first, while Daisie found herself several famous foreign film and television exam preparation books from the bookshelves.

“I heard that the adopted daughter of the Knowles died mysteriously in the hospital some time ago.”

“How do you know about this?”

Daisie stopped what she was doing. She then walked slowly to the back of the bookshelves and saw a few girls standing and chatting in front of the window.

“My father is a police officer and is in charge of this case. I heard that she was kidnapped by someone, and her fingers were amputated. She then died inexplicably in the hospital later.”

“Wasn’t she working in the black market? She must have offended someone there.”

Daisie leaned against the bookshelves. Although she did not like Lisa, her death still shocked her deeply.

She was about to leave when someone suddenly said, "Could it be Nollace's doing? After all, that woman had tried to seduce

him before and offended his girlfriend. Could it be that the Goldmanns are very upset about this, and that's why they're not letting them get engaged?"

"If that's the case, things should get a lot more difficult for Ms. Livingston in the future, shouldn't it? After all, she tried to snatch Ms. Goldmann's boyfriend from her."

"If Nollace were to be asked to choose one between the Goldmanns and the Livingstons, it's only normal for him to pick the Goldmanns over the Livingstons. After all, the benefits that the Goldmanns can provide are larger and better than what the Livingstons,"

Before the girl could finish speaking, someone jerked her arm, and all the girls looked over at Daisie with an embarrassed expression.

Daisie took a deep breath and refuted calmly, "If you don't know him, don't talk about him behind his back. His choice has nothing to do with the benefits that he can obtain from the Goldmanns."

The girls did not say anything. It seemed that they did not have any objections on the surface, but they whispered among themselves after Daisie left, "If not for her identity as the daughter of the Goldmanns, do you think Nollace would associate himself with her ..."

Daisie's back felt stiff. She could not help but tighten her grip on the book in her arms as all those sentences kept echoing in her mind.

'Even if he's not doing so for the benefits, the public, even Dad, will think so too.'

'I don't care what they think about *me*. I care if you think of *me* the same way too.' I have the freedom to pick whatever I want, but as a Goldmann, do you think you have the luxury of making your own decisions?'

'If not for her identity as the daughter of the Goldmanns, do you think Nollace would associate himself with her...'

The voices echoing in Daisie's head all overlapped and sounded extremely confusing, and Daisie's vision blurred gradually.

There was a commotion in the library, and Freyja, sitting in the seat waiting for Daisie, turned around, looked in the direction of the commotion, and heard someone's voice. "Someone's fainted!"

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### **Chapter 1763**

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Freyja fought her way through the crowd, and her expression changed instantly when she saw the person lying on the ground. She hurried forward and shouted, "Daisy!"

She called out to the crowd around them, "Call an ambulance!"



Daisie was sent to the hospital. Freyja stood anxiously in the corridor and waited until Waylon and Colton arrived.

Colton stepped forward quickly, grabbed her wrist, and asked, "Why would Daisie faint all of a sudden?"

Freyja did not answer.

Waylon lifted his hand and placed it on his shoulder. "Cole, calm down."

Only then did Colton let go of her, his expression terrifyingly gloomy.

At that moment, the doctor came out of the ward, and Waylon asked, "How is she?"

The doctor took off the mask and replied, "It's not a big problem. The patient's diet and lifestyle have been a little irregular. When these issues are coupled with fatigue, they lead to hypoglycemia and a blackout. She'll have to adjust her lifestyle for a period."

After the doctor left, Waylon pushed open the door of the ward.

Daisie was lying on the hospital bed with a fluid infusion, and all the blood had been drained away from her cheeks.

Waylon frowned.

'She's been eating very little in the villa recently, but I don't know how things are at the college. I know that she's been rather emotionally bothered recently. It's just that she's been keeping it to herself.

'In addition to the intense exam preparations that she's been undergoing throughout this week, she also refused to relax and grab some rest

'Nollace seems to be the reason for her sudden hard work.'

Noticing something, Colton turned around immediately and looked at Freyja. "Where's Nollace?"

Freyja was startled for a split second, lifted her gaze, and stared at him. "Is there a point for us to locate Nollace at this moment?"

He narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean by that?"

Freyja scoffed. "You people from the Goldmanns are somewhat responsible for the incidents

that are going on between Daisy and him. Do you know what Zenovia thinks about Daisy?

"She claimed that Daisy is a girl who can't even make a single decision that's related to her own affairs, so aren't the Goldmanns the biggest factor she's been able to get together with Nollace up to today?"

She glanced at Daisy. "She's the only daughter of the Goldmanns, who's loved by everyone in the family, but you guys are the people who decide her own fate for her on her behalf.

The so-called wings that you people use to cover and protect her are just a cage to her."

Colton's expression turned colder, and his masseter muscles twitched. "You don't even know sh\*t about us, so what makes you think you're in the position to criticize us?"

"I might not know anything," Freyja was expressionless and stared directly at him without any fear, "But the only thing that I know is that a living person should have the right to think and make decisions for themselves. Everything that happens in her life, you guys shouldn't be the ones who tell her what's right and what's wrong. It should be up to her to figure it out herself."

Colton lifted his hand abruptly.

Freyja did not dodge as he punched the wall behind her, and she felt a gust of wind whistling in her ears for a second.

There was a moment of silence in the ward.

Colton was holding back something all this while, but he did not utter a single word in the end.

Waylon walked behind him, took a glance at Freyja, and put his hand on Colton's shoulder. "Cole, now is not the time to lose your head."

Colton withdrew his arm, ignored the pain on the back of his hand and the bruise on his knuckles, turned around, and left the ward without saying anything. Waylon did not stop him. His gaze was fixed on Freyja's calm face. "You're right, we should be held accountable, but you've misunderstood what we meant too."

Freyja was stunned for a split second and stared at him without saying a thing.

“Cole, Daisie, and I weren’t by our father’s side when we were born. Our mother was the only one who took care of the three of us. That’s why to me and Cole, protecting our little sister has always been our responsibility.”

He continued to explain slowly and indifferently, “Cole’s extremeness started only after what happened to Daisie because of Lisa. And not to mention the hurtful things that Nollace said to Daisie before the accident that gave him amnesia as what he said had caused Daisie to misunderstand. So it’s inevitable that Colton will be rather harsh when it comes to protecting Daisie.”

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1764**

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“Nevertheless, we’ve never thought about preventing Nollace and Daisie from being together. However, if Nollace gets engaged to Daisie before the Knowles Group manages to stabilize its development, the public opinion won’t favor him at

all.”

Freyja took a deep breath. “But what if he doesn’t care about that?”

“He may not care about that, but does Daisie not care about it too?” Waylon’s words hit Freyja directly. “Daisie believes that she wants to get engaged to Nollace because of her feelings for him, but the public will only believe that Nollace wants to get engaged to her only because of what’s in it for him. A controversial marriage won’t last long. Who can guarantee that their relationship will never be affected by all those controversies?”

“Even when a powerful man wants to marry a woman of unequal status, he will still require the woman’s family to be pure and squeaky clean. And when it comes to a marriage between two wealthy and powerful families, the equal match in terms of the strength of the two families will rise to the top of the list.

“Although these words will make others mistakenly think that the Goldmanns are looking down on the Knowles, however, on the contrary, Nollace’s strength is something that the Goldmanns dare not underestimate. If Nollace doesn’t even

believe in himself, then that will be a wastage of the trust that we have in him.”

Freyja remained silent.

'Daisie is the daughter of the Goldmanns. Her marriage will naturally attract the attention of multiple parties. Even if Nollace isn't the person who wants to marry her today but someone else, the person will still have to withstand the intense controversy and pressure.

'In a marriage relationship, when the lady's family is slightly weaker in terms of family background, outsiders will rarely comment that the woman is in it for the status or the money because, since ancient times, men have always been expected to perform better and stronger than women. It's always been a traditional standard.

'So although they're the relatives of the royal family of Yaramoor, the Knowles are still not powerful enough to be on a par with the Goldmanns in terms of their financial strength and their status in the business field if Nollace wants to marry Daisie.

'This marriage is bound to be controversial just like Ken's...

'He was engaged to Lara, but no one had high hopes in their relationship. It did not matter whether he was in it for the love or the money. In the end, it was about what the public thought about their relationship.'

Daisie regained consciousness gradually, and the first thing that caught her sight was the white ceiling and that the room that

she was in was pervaded with the scent of disinfectant.

Immediately afterward, Daisie saw a familiar figure by the window and sat up abruptly. Her action surprised him.

Nollace walked to the bed and pressed her back onto the bed." Don't move."

Daisie turned her face away and did not look at him.

Nollace sat on the edge of the bed and reached out to caress her cheek. However, she smacked his hand away, refusing to let him touch her.

He leaned over, approached her, and moved the clumps of hair that were stuck to her sweaty forehead off her forehead with his fingertips. "Are you still mad at me?"

"It's none of your business."

He responded with a light hum. "But I care about your agenda."

Daisie turned her back to him. "Why aren't you with Zenovia ? Why are you here?"

Nollace caressed the ends of her hair, and his gaze landed on her side profile. "You've misunderstood the thing between us."

Daisie looked dejected. "No matter what's the thing that's going on between the two of you, I won't care about it anymore."

Nollace's chest heaved violently, and he turned her body over, forcing her to face him. "Daisie!"

Her tears began to gush down the sides of her face—she looked all broken, weak, and extremely vulnerable. "If you want to end

things between us, just say it. *Why* must you avoid me deliberately? I won't pester you. I'll never—"

Nollace sealed her lips forcibly without giving her any time to react.

Her weeping stopped, but her drenched eyelashes were still glistening, and she was about to run out of breath.

Nollace left her lips and wiped the tears on the corners of her eyes away with his fingertips. The way she looked while she was crying really pierced through his heart. "I didn't plan to end things between us, Daisie."

Daisie panted. "But you've been avoiding me."

Nollace rubbed the corner of her eyes repeatedly and stared at her face. "I'm sorry, Daisie. I didn't think things through when I brought up our engagement to you. I was afraid that you'd blame me, and I was afraid that you'd misunderstand me."

He leaned over and kissed her between the eyebrows. "I don't care about what other people think, but I do care about how you feel."

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### **Chapter 1765**

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Daisie sobbed softly. "I just don't want others to see you that way."

Nollace's lips landed on the tip of her nose and cheeks, and his warmth was on the brink of scorching her. "I don't care how others view me, but Daisie, if I want to marry you, we can't let our marriage be filled with all sorts of controversies. My future wife shouldn't be exposed to all these public opinions."

'No matter what the controversies are, I'll be able to handle them. But Daisy might not be able to do the same. She's very sentimental and is easily influenced by public opinion.

'Even if she's being assaulted by the public for me, I won't allow that.'

"Daisy," He kissed her, "Give me some time. Wait for the day to come when I'm able to marry you without any questions from the public."

Daisy suddenly turned over and pressed him against the bed. "I don't care! You've made me angry for so many days, you must compensate me!"

Nollace was stunned. He stared at the person sitting on his body and laughed abruptly. "How do you want me to compensate?"

Daisy approached him. "I want..."

The door of the ward was pushed open all of a sudden, and

Daisy and Nollace looked over at the same time.

What caught their eyes were Yorrick and Xyla, who were standing at the door. Xyla saw the scene presented right in front of her, gasped, and pretended to be surprised. "Oh my God, I didn't expect you to be such an aggressive person, Daisy!"

Daisy was astounded for a few seconds. She then blushed instantly and got down from Nollace in a panic. "Aunt Xyla, that's not it!"

Xyla waved her hand. "I totally understand that. We've all been young and wild once."

Daisy was so anxious she blushed and stared over at Nollace, asking for help.

Nollace got up calmly and adjusted his shirt. "Mr. Hathaway, Mrs. Hathaway."

Yorrick responded with a hum and placed the fruit basket in his hand on the table. "Are you feeling better, Daisy?"

Nollace took a glance at her and smiled. "Is she still not lively enough to convince you? Who would believe that she's sick at this very moment?"

Daisy wanted to step on his leg, but he seemed to have expected her to react in this way and retracted his leg, so she missed her target.

How could Yorrick not see their tiny movements? He cleared his throat. "Glad to hear that. This will save her father from worrying about her every second of the day."

Daisie turned to look at him. "My dad knows about this?"

Yorrick smiled. "How could he not know?"

Daisie pursed her lips. She had caused her family to worry about her because she was too stubborn and did not take good care of herself.

Yorrick looked at Nollace. "Mr. Knowles, is it convenient for you to come out with me for a chat?"

Nollace and Yorrick left the ward while Daisie returned to the bed and looked toward the door from time to time.

Xyla walked to the bed, took a seat, picked up an apple, and started peeling it for her. "Are you that worried about your boyfriend?"

Daisie choked on her saliva and buried her blushed face in her pillow. "No, I'm not."

Xyla could see through her mind clearly. "Sure enough, it's almost impossible to keep a daughter home when she's of age. It's no wonder Nolan is so worried about his daughter being abducted. In fact, there's no need for him to worry at all because even without an abduction attempt, his daughter would've already left him with the other party without any hesitation."

Daisie frowned. "Aunt Xyla, you're still making fun of me."

Xyla chuckled, cut a segment of apple out of the peeled apple, and handed it to her. "Don't blame your dad. He's doing all these solely out of consideration for your future. After all, Nollace is such a capable son-in-law I don't think your dad will let him escape his grasp. If he doesn't want Nollace to marry you, then I'll take over and reserve a spot for Xena."

Daisie was astonished for a few seconds. "But that's impossible. Xena is still so young!"

"Age is just a number. Haven't you heard this saying? I'll be happy to have him as my son-in-law."

"That's impossible—" She was about to say, "He's mine!"

Seeing how nervous Daisie was, Xyla laughed. "Okay, I'll stop teasing you already. No one will snatch him from you." After a while, Nollace and Yorrick returned to the ward.

