

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

## Chapter 1766

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Xyla turned to look at them. "If you didn't come back, Daisy would rush out."

Daisy's face was steaming as she buried her head under the covers.

Yorrick laughed. "Stop teasing her. Are you going to calm her down if she cries?"

"I won't have to. She has someone to do that."

Xyla walked toward Yorrick, held his arm, and looked at Nollace. "Take care of your future wife. We're leaving."

Nollace nodded.

They were the only people left in the room.

Daisy popped her head out from under the covers and put one hand on the edge of the bed. A shadow loomed over her while a warm breath blew onto her hair. "You're embarrassed?"

Her face was burning hot as she avoided his gaze. "What did Uncle Yorrick say to you?"

"Take a guess."

"No."

Nollace touched her hair and looked deep into her eyes. "He said that ..." He leaned in and whispered into her ear.

Daisy laughed, then hit him. "Nollace!"

Nollace sat at the edge of the bed and laughed, not moving away.

That afternoon, at the Sunrise Hotel...

Juneau walked around the living room while the assistant walked in. He walked to him and lowered his head. "Mr. Livingston, it's done."

Juneau frowned and double-confirmed. "You didn't leave any traces, did you?"

“No, the police would think that it’s a normal breaking and entering that went wrong. We found people who did time before and were owing money. They were willing to do anything if we paid them. Even if the police found them, they wouldn’t link them back to you.”

Juneau chuckled. “Great.”

Lisa knew his secret and threatened him, so there was no way he would let her live. As such, he had quietly paid the people in the hospital to get rid of her.

He had paid them a sum of money and got them to create some fake evidence and alter the surveillance footage. To be careful, Juneau had his assistant get rid of them too.

Not long after the secretary left, Zenovia rushed in to see him.” Dad, let’s go back to Haniston.”

Juneau, who was seated on the couch drinking coffee, looked up curiously. “Are you going to marry Nollace when you get back to Haniston?”

Zenovia remembered what Nollace had said to her and was uncertain. She grabbed her skirt and said, “He won’t marry me, Dad, forget it.”

Nollace knew what her father had done. If he was forced, he would expose all that, and her family might become someone the public despised because of the ‘bad reputation’.

When that happened, the ‘socialite’ of Haniston would be a joke to everyone.

“Zenovia, are you not confident in yourself? Weren’t there problems with Nollace and that Goldmann girl? All you need to do is be there at his lowest so he can change his mind about you.”

Zenovia’s face dropped when she heard how easy her father thought it would be.

Even if she wanted to marry Nollace, now wouldn’t be a good time. If the Livingstons fell, she wouldn’t have anything to go against Daisie with.

But she would not sacrifice her future for what her father had done.

Two days later, Nollace brought Daisie home to see his mother.

Diana couldn't stop smiling when she saw that they were back together and pulled her next to her. "You should come to visit me every day after this. That will make me happy."

Daisie paused. "I wouldn't want to intrude."

"No, not at all. I look forward to it." The more Diana looked at

her, the more she liked her, but she felt differently toward her son.

## **Chapter 1767**

Nollace picked up someone's call, and Diana held onto Daisie's hand when he got up to leave. "Don't blame Nollace. He really wants to marry you. He didn't stop working even when he was sick.

"He's someone who loves to handle everything by himself. He would rather be misunderstood than explain himself. But as a mother, I understand him and know he likes you a lot."

Daisie paused, then after a while, she looked down and mumbled, "Really?"

She was curious. Nollace didn't remember their past, so when did he start having feelings for her?

Diana laughed. "You're so lovable. If I like you too, it's impossible that he doesn't."

The girl had some sort of magic to her. She was innocent, and her kindness was contagious and made people not want to leave her and want to protect her.

Diana thought that was how her son felt too, and that was why he was so in love.

Outside, Nollace answered the call from Edison, who said that a guard from the hospital was robbed by someone with a gun and was stabbed a few times. He was pronounced dead after emergency first aid.

His eyes were dark. "Armed robbery? That's too much of a coincidence."

Edison said, "They're probably trying to shut him up."

"Get more information." He ended the call and stood on the spot, deep in thought.

Daisie suddenly popped her head out from behind him. "Who was that?"

Nollace grabbed her by her waist and pulled her forward. "Why did you come outside?"

"I came out to see you." She looked around. "If you're busy, I could—"

Before she could finish, Nollace kissed her. "I'm not busy today. I'm all yours."

His warm breath surrounded her and made her heart skip a beat. She didn't know where to look. "Don't work too hard. You need to rest when it's time to rest."

Nollace smiled. "Are you feeling bad about it?"

Daisie looked at him and smiled. "If you die of exhaustion, who's going to marry me?"

Nollace wore a wide smile and pressed his lips to her forehead, "Then I shouldn't die of exhaustion."

"Nolly, I'll wait for you, no matter how long it takes. So don't work yourself too hard." Daisie hugged him by his waist and pressed her cheek on his heaving chest.

His heart skipped a beat, and he looked at the top of her head.

Even her little swirl was adorable. He laughed. "Alright."

Meanwhile, at the college...

Freyja walked out of the building, turned a corner, and bumped into Colton speaking to his friend.

She looked at his left hand. When he punched the wall, it was so hard she felt the wall shake.

Colton looked at her, and while the people around him were having a laugh, he wasn't.

When they walked past her, Freyja suddenly asked, "Is your hand okay?"

Colton stopped and looked at her with no expression. "It's none of your business."

Freyja shrugged. She was aware of his temper, and it would be understandable he was still defensive since what she had said made him angry.

She walked past him, but Colton spoke. "Hey."

Freyja turned around. "Yes?"

Colton squinted at her. "Weren't you afraid that I would hit you the other day?"

"I was just being honest and went overboard, but I would understand if you weren't happy about it and hit me."

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Freyja knew that she was too frank, and since she didn't understand the entire situation, she couldn't blame anyone if she took a hit.

"You're good at offending people." Colton looked at her before taking his leave.

Freyja stood in her spot and thought about what he meant. Was he implying that she was offensive?

But flattery wasn't her style.

That evening, at the Hilton Villas...

Daisie walked into the living room and smelled dinner, so she walked into the kitchen. Waylon!"

Waylon wore a black shirt and made a stew with one hand on his waist. The kitchen was filled with the smell of stew.

He adjusted the heat, then turned to face her. "Dinner is ready. Wash your hands."

"Okay." Daisie happily rolled up her sleeves. The housekeeper had been on leave since Waylon was back.

After the food was placed on the table, Daisie immediately picked up her fork to try it.

Waylon handed her some potatoes. "Do you like it?"

She smiled happily. "Yes, you're as good of a cook as Dad. I wonder who will be lucky enough to become my sister-in-law."

Anyone who married Waylon would be a happy wife.

Waylon laughed and changed the subject. "You're getting your appetite back after getting back with Nollace."

Daisie choked, looking awkward.

“I’m sorry, I won’t do that again.” She bit down on her fork and was so ashamed she wished there was a hole she could hide in.

Waylon messed up her hair. “You worry me.”

She put up her hand and said, “I swear I won’t do that again. I’ll take my meals.”

He laughed. “Go ahead then.”

Daisie smiled and nodded.

After dinner, Daisie returned to her room to work on her paper. She wanted to graduate earlier so she could train herself because she wanted to be more useful.

A week passed.

Shocking news swept over the media. Mr. Livingston from Haniston was arrested for investigation because he was involved in an assassination.

The person who reported it was his own daughter, Zenovia Livingston.

When Edison heard the news, he immediately went to the office.

“Sir, Mr. Livingston has been arrested.”

Nollace casually went through his file. “I know.”

“Ms. Livingston reported him and sent her own father to prison. It was a murder case.” Edison didn’t understand how Juneau’s own daughter could have sent him to prison.

Nollace closed his file and looked up calmly, “She sent him away to protect the family’s reputation. That was some tactic.”

If Juneau was arrested for being involved in a murder, and the informant was his daughter, people would think she was doing the right thing for the greater good and praise her for it.

That way, the Livingstons would still have influence in Haniston and not be affected by that. People would even look up to her.

Zenovia did all that for herself.

At the same time, at the police station...

Zenovia walked to the window and sat down across from her father, separated by a piece of glass. She picked up the phone, “Dad, I’m sorry.”

Juneau

took a deep breath and swallowed his anger. “Zenovia, do you know what you’re doing? I’m your father!”

“Yes, I had to do it because you’re my father.”

Zenovia sounded calm.

Juneau was stunned before frowning. “Zenovia, have you gone mad!?”

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“My mind is clear.” Zenovia stared at Juneau with no expression. “Dad, this was all your fault. If it weren’t for Lisa, I wouldn’t have learned that you have been cheating on Mom. You’ve always been a good dad, but that was all a lie.”

“Zenovia—”

“I did all that because Nollace knows what you did. If he exposed you, the consequences would be severe. I was just thinking about our family.”

Juneau held his breath and looked sick and pale as if he had lost his will to fight back.

Zenovia was still calm. “Don’t blame me. Your sentence will ensure that our family is safe. Don’t worry. No one is going to discover your secrets. I’ve got you the best lawyer team in Haniston, and even if you’re sentenced to prison, you’ll get a reduced sentence. That’s all that I can do for you.”

She ended the call and left.

Juneau froze in his seat because never would he imagined that he would one day fall at his daughter’s hands. When he was brought away by the police, he had been laughing and crying because he had underestimated his own daughter.

Zenovia left the police station and went to the palace to see the

king.

King William had heard about her father's case, and seeing how sad she was, he sighed. "Your father made a mistake for getting involved in that."

Zenovia said, "I'm sorry, Your Majesty. We've let you down."

The king waved his hand. "It's not your fault. You didn't choose to cover up for your father."

He appreciated what Zenovia did, and with her capabilities, it would be perfect if she was willing to help his grandson.

Unfortunately, his grandson didn't have feelings for her.

"Zenovia, I can't force it to work between you and Nollace, but if you're willing, I'll make you my god-granddaughter, and I'll send you to work at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs once you graduate. What do you think?"

Zenovia tried really hard to control her expression. "I will not let you down."

She spoke to William for 20 more minutes before leaving. Her expression disappeared when the door closed behind her, and she balled up her fists.

Did the king not push for their marriage because he knew Nollace was dating a Goldman?

No matter, as long as the king trusted her, it would be fine if she was just the god-granddaughter. If she kept the relationship close, Nollace would one day be hers. 1

At noon, at the Knowles mansion...

"Has my father lost his mind!? How could he take Ms. Livingston as his god-granddaughter?" Diana couldn't believe it

when she found out.

Rick comforted her. "Don't be angry. Since His Majesty had taken her as his god-granddaughter, doesn't that mean that he has accepted Nollace and Daisie?"

It was better for her to be a god-granddaughter than his daughter-in-law.

Diana crossed her arms and scoffed. "Do you really believe that?"

Women had a scarily accurate instinct, especially a royal, because they had seen too much deception.

Zenovia assumed that she could win over King William and become his god-granddaughter. A foreigner who had no ties to the royals with no contribution, was it possible that she had no ulterior motives?

Rick wouldn't deny that, so he rubbed her shoulders. "Alright, even if His Majesty likes her, you will have the final say when it comes to who we take as our daughter-in-law."

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### **Chapter 1770**

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Diana scoffed, "That's true. She won't be able to take Daisie's place as long as I'm around."

Meanwhile, at the college...

Daisie and Freyja were having their meal in the canteen when she suddenly got a call from Diana, who asked her to go over for dinner with Nollace.

After the call ended, Freyja smiled and said, "I guess my aunt already treats you as her daughter-in-law."

Daisie blushed when she heard the word 'daughter-in-law'. "You need to stuff more food in your mouth."

The people sitting at the next table were talking about how Zenovia became the god-granddaughter of the king because the news spread everything, and Zenovia was cast under the limelight.

After Daisie heard that, she looked toward Freyja.

Freyja looked up. "What's wrong?" Daisie shook her head and lowered her eyes. "Don't you care?"

Freyja was the king's granddaughter, but the king would rather take someone with no blood relation to him as his granddaughter. That was ironic.

Freyja drank her drink and looked calm. "I don't care. You're the one who should be worried."

She paused. "Me?"

"If the king supports Zenovia, her status will be different from before, so you have to be careful. That woman isn't a simpleton."

Daisie fell silent.

That afternoon, she texted Waylon to tell him that she wouldn't be back for dinner. Waylon didn't ask any questions.

A car slowly drove next to her, and she got in. Nollace took her bag. "I guess I'm on time."

"Aunt Diana is so welcoming. She wants me to go for dinner every day." She was a little embarrassed but couldn't say no.

Nollace smiled. "It's because she likes you."

At the Knowles mansion...

"The helpers made a big meal. Diana waited at the door, smiling and waving when she saw Daisie getting out of the car. "Daisie."

She was surprised. "Aunt Diana, why are you waiting outside?"

Diana held her hand and smiled. "Don't worry about it. I couldn't wait to see you. Come in."

Daisie looked back at Nollace, who was talking about something with Edison.

Edison started speaking after seeing them walk into the house. "Madam was very angry when she found out that the king made Ms. Livingston his god-granddaughter."

Nollace nodded. "Alright."

His mom loved Daisie because she was innocent, so he wasn't surprised that she didn't like Zenovia.

Zenovia had gone over the Knowles and announced that she would marry into the family just with the king's support, which showed she had no respect for them.

And Diana was sensitive about the king taking in an outsider because of how he insisted on taking another wife.

The other woman, Sandy Pruitt's mother, was the godsister of the king.

He loved the second wife and ignored his wife. When the Knowles were threatened by Madam Knowles all those years ago, his second wife had just passed away, and he was handling the funeral, so he hadn't helped them.

That was

why Diana was defensive when it came to her father until Nollace was kidnapped when he was three or four. To make it better for his wife and Diana, the king finally openly announced that Nollace was his only grandchild and gave him 20% of his inheritance.