

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1785

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Waylon asked the driver to stop driving all of a sudden. "We'll take a taxi back. You're to follow Ms. Pruitt and make sure she gets home safely."

The driver nodded.

After the two got out of the car, Daisy turned around to glance at Waylon. "Waylon, you're the best."

Waylon raised his hand and rubbed the top of her head. "That's because I know that you care about your friends."

Daisy wrapped her arms around his, leaned her head against his shoulder, and giggled. "Then I must say that you know me the best."

That night, at the Knowles mansion...

Diana stood in the room and tried to call Nollace, but she could not get through his phone.

After Rick took a shower, he walked out of the bathroom, wiping his hair with a towel. "What's wrong?"

Diana turned around with a worried expression. "Dear, Edison said that Nollace has gone on a business trip. I just wanted to call him but couldn't get to him."

Rick smiled and left the towel on the counter. "You're being too nervous. Nollace is already an adult and knows what to do. He'll be fine."

Diana frowned. Although Rick was doing a great job at comforting her, she still had a bad feeling. Edison had only told her that Nollace had left on a business trip, but he did not tell her where he had gone.

She had a feeling that Edison seemed to be hiding something from her.

Three days later, at the Knowles Group...

Edison was sitting in the office. He had been unable to contact Nollace all these days.

At that moment, the secretary's voice suddenly came from outside the corridor, and Diana pushed open the office door.

He stood up. "Madam."

Diana hurried to the desk and questioned him directly, "Where the heck did Nollace go? You told me that he'd be on a business trip for a week. Today is already the fifth day, and I haven't heard a word from him for the past five days. What are you trying to hide for him?"

Edison lowered his head as he hesitated.

Diana looked serious. "Edison, you must give me an explanation today. What exactly is he doing out there?"

'It's okay to travel for business, but there's no reason I haven't been able to get in touch with him. I don't even know the most basic information that I should know about this trip. I've been feeling so restless and uneasy these few days that I even dreamed that something has happened to him, so how can I continue to ignore this whole matter?'

Edison took a deep breath and responded with a hint of guilt in his eyes. "I'm sorry, Madam. The young master... He's gone to Haniston."

Diana was astounded. "What!?"

Edison could not get in touch with Nollace either, and he knew about his plan, so he could no longer keep it a secret. "The young master doesn't want anyone to know where he went, so he told me to keep it a secret. He said he has something to do in Haniston."

The office was silent for a moment.

Diana froze in place silently for a long time and asked, "Does it have anything to do with the Livingstons?"

Edison nodded.

At that moment, Diana could not keep herself cool anymore." Has he lost his mind!? What can he do on the Livingstons' home turf? And how does he plan to deal with the Livingstons alone?"

Edison lowered his head and did not utter a single word.

'In fact, I also felt that Young Master Knowles' plan is a little mental. No, not just a little, to be exact, it's pretty crazy.

"Given his determination to give it all he has, it's clear that what makes Young Master Knowles dreadful isn't his means and ruthlessness but that he's more resolved than

anyone else, so resolved that his life is something that he'll willingly trade in order to achieve something.

'Plus, he always catches others off guard by never playing his cards accordingly. That's what makes him insidious and terrifying.'

Diana stepped forward abruptly, grabbed him by the collar, and became extremely emotional. "Edison, what is he going to do? Tell me what his plan is!"

Edison lowered his gaze and fell silent for a moment. "He plans to break into the Livingstons at the expense of himself, arousing the royal family's suspicion of the Livingstons..."

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Chapter 1786

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Diana let go and took two steps back, her face pale.

At that moment, the server, who had been locked up for seven days, was released.

He walked out the door and into a car parked not too far away. Zenovia sat there with the back window halfway down.

He was signaled to get into the car. The moment he sat down, he started frantically begging, "Ms. Livingston, I swear that I didn't sell you out. Please, let me go."

Zenovia took an envelope filled with cash out of her bag and handed it to him. "I know you wouldn't, so you've earned this."

The server took the envelope, and it was heavy and thick. There was quite an amount in it.

Zenovia turned to look at him with a smile and said, "I need you to do something for me."

He looked shocked and immediately gave the money back to her. "Ms. Livingston, I can't be locked up again,"

"Don't worry. You won't be this time." Zenovia cut him off and pushed the envelope back to him. "You just need to clarify something."

He was curious, so he carefully asked what it was.

Zenovia leaned closer and whispered into his ears, shocking the server.

The Drama, Theatre, and Film students were in the midst of an exam, and it was one of the harder topics for their final year paper.

Even though each student had the same script, what was different was that there would be situations that required improvisation, and only the professors knew about it.

The students would have to improvise without a chance to prepare when they came across those situations.

That was to test how well they would perform as actors.

The students memorized the script inside out, but nobody knew what would happen during their performances.

Once there was a change in the performance, the lines would have to be improvised, and it would test how fast the students could adapt to make it run smoothly.

That was harder than performing without a script.

Daisie sat there memorizing the script because she wanted to get as much in as possible.

The student next to her saw that she was still memorizing the script, so she was curious. "Daisie, why are you still memorizing? Didn't the professor say that we can't rely too much on the script?"

Daisie looked up and smiled. "I know, but we need to follow the script before it changes."

The student sighed. "This is too difficult, and we have to improvise. My heart won't be able to take it."

Daisie patted her shoulder, "It's fine, believe in yourself."

She smiled. "Thanks."

The students who were going through the test didn't manage to improvise because the script and storyline changed, or there were sudden interruptions.

Some of the improvisations veered off script and ended clumsily.

It was finally Daisie's turn. She was a cancer patient based on the script.

Facing the diagnosis about her late stage, she wanted to end her life to escape the pain.

Daisie was full of emotion. She stood on the window ledge with empty eyes and started reciting her lines.

The professor who acted as the doctor suddenly showed up and said they had made a misdiagnosis. She was cancer-free.

Daisie paused because that wasn't part of the script. That was a change. Daisie was surprised but then asked, "Are you joking!?"

Chapter 1787

The doctor replied, "I am sorry, ma'am. The cancer patient has the same name as you do, and the nurse mixed it up. Please come back down."

Daisie walked down from the window ledge and grabbed onto the doctor, holding back her emotions. "Was it really a mistake? But why do I feel like I'm dying?"

The second part of that sentence surprised the professor.

The professor, who was not on stage, checked the script and realized that Daisie had managed to steer the story back.

In the original script, the character was a final-stage cancer patient. And based on the story, there wasn't a mistake. The doctor would say that she had a chance of survival and would be able to live on, just to get the patient who was trying to end her life to stop so that the story could continue.

The doctor didn't follow the script and tried to mess up Daisie's performance.

Not only did Daisie improvise well, but she also managed to do it in a way that the story would be able to continue based on the script. That was something most students wouldn't be able to do.

After all, once they veered from the script after the changes, they would try to steer it back but would usually be distracted by the professors.

Daisie managed to remember the original story after being interrupted and continued the story, so the professors were all in awe.

In the end, she managed to end the story but made some changes. She was acting as a cancer patient. The script was more of a patient's monologue, but she had changed it to an encouragement to the patients to live every day to the fullest.

After the performance ended, the applause was thunderous.

Daisie's palms were sweaty and sticky because it wasn't easy at all for her.

The professional performance professors gave her 95 points total.

Daisie was too tense when it came to improvisation and didn't manage to control the character's emotions well enough, but 95 put her at the top of her class.

Daisie walked out of the hall and leaned against the wall to finally calm down. At the same moment, she got a call from Freyja.

Freyja waited for her at the library nearby, and Daisie got there in a hurry, huffing and puffing. "What happened, Freyja?"

Freyja took a newspaper out of her bag and handed it to her. "I found it in the library. This doesn't seem right."

Daisie read the paper: Ms. Goldmann asked a server to frame Ms. Livingston for the theft of a necklace so that she became enemies with the family. Ms. Goldmann further says she doesn't care about the royal family of Yaramoor.

Daisie paused when she saw that.

That wasn't just an attack on her-it was an attack on the entire Goldmann family.

Freyja was stoic. "Daisie, this will affect your family severely. You need to speak to your brothers about it."

Zenovia was cruel for doing this. She had turned all the attention to the Goldmanns, and people would start speculating, especially when the Reeses were brought into the picture.

From what people saw, no matter how powerful the Goldmanns were, they wouldn't be able to get involved in another country's matters. It would become a sensitive issue and receive strong backlash if it involved politics.

Not only that but the Hathaways would be pulled into this because of the Goldmanns as well. Since the Hathaways were rich enough to take over the country, they would invoke the public's wrath.

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Chapter 1788

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There would always be dirt behind great power, and even in the past, it never ended well for the subjects who had more power than the king

Daisie crushed the paper, looking angry.

At the White Ivy Palace's meeting room...

The ministers discussed what the media outlets reported in a serious manner because it was a huge issue.

They had differing views because some thought it was a deliberate attempt at breaking the trade relationship between the two countries, while others thought that Zlokova was trying to get involved with their country.

King William picked up his cup and took a sip of hot tea. The chatter continued until he slammed the cup down.

There was immediate silence.

King William crossed his fingers, placed them on the table, and said with a stoic expression, "I understand your worries, but you're reaching at straws by thinking that people are trying to get involved in our politics based on this news report."

"Your Majesty, even though this can't prove anything, we should be careful about the relationship between the Goldmanns and the Hathaways."

The king squinted. "Are you trying to say that the Hathaways are linked to this?"

The minister carefully said, "I'm worried that that's true."

King William laughed. "If you could contribute a huge sum of money for our defense to build equipment and battleships, and if you could pay half of the national tax paid by the Hathaways, I would agree with your statement."

The minister clammed up after that because the Hathaways had contributed a huge sum to their military and were pretty much the finance minister. If they offended them, it would be disastrous in terms of benefits.

The king thought highly of benefits, so he wouldn't let anything threaten the Hathaways. Thus, it would be a dead end if they were to challenge them.

King William sat in the meeting room alone after the meeting. Paul walked to his side. "Your Majesty."

The king rapped his knuckles on the table before asking, "What do you think about this?"

Paul paused for a few seconds, then lowered his head and answered, "We have important ties to Zlokova. Even if the Goldmanns got involved with the royals, it doesn't mean that it would affect our politics. It would be personal matters."

"Personal matters?" The king squinted, then picked up his cane and slowly stood up. "Is this related to Nollace and the Goldmann girl?"

Paul chuckled. "There's a big dispute between Ms. Livingston and Ms. Vanderbilt. I guess the media just made it into a bigger deal than it actually is."

King William nodded and didn't say anything. He left the room with Paul and saw Diana walking toward them.

Paul nodded at her.

Diana stopped. "Father, I'd like to speak to you."

King William looked at her and said, "Let's go to the study."

After they walked in, Paul closed the door and waited outside.

King William sat on the couch and rested his cane at the side." Go ahead."

Diana took a deep breath. "I'll get straight to the point then. I've lost contact with Nollace."

King William was surprised. "What?"

"Nollace went to Haniston, and I can't get through on his phone. He might be in trouble." Diana sat across from him and couldn't hide her anxiety.

The king asked, "What is he doing in Haniston?" Diana calmed down before replying, "I don't know, Father. Nollace is my son. If something happens to him there, I will never be able to forgive myself."

"Diana, calm down," advised King William. "I'll send someone to Haniston to find out how he is. He's my grandson, I won't let anything happen to him."