

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1810

Chapter 1810 “The kidnapping video” was fake. Not only had he sent it to Xavi, but he had also sent it to Elder Master Livingston.

In other words, Xavi had become the last person who had interacted with Nollace. If Nollace was abducted or something happened to him, Xavi would become the first suspect.

However, Elder Master Livingston was different. Nollace’s threat was useless to him. He only cared about his eldest son, so he wouldn’t care if Xavi was “threatened”.

Therefore, this recording became the flashpoint that made Xavi decide to bring his brother down.

Honestly, if Elder Master Livingston had shown even the slightest sign of concern when Xavi was being “threatened,” Xavi wouldn’t have made up his mind, and Nollace’s plan wouldn’t have worked.

At Yaramoor’s Sunrise Hotel...

Zanovia grabbed her secretary by his collar and shouted, “How is that possible? Why is Uncle Xavi doing that!?”

Her secretary couldn’t do anything but persuade her to calm down and accept the fact, “Miss, this is what is happening right now. Your father will have to spend at least 15 to 20 years in prison, and it was Mr. Xavi who submitted that evidence. The board of directors of the Livingston Group has already issued a statement. Even Elder Master Livingston has lost a major part of his shares.”

Zenovia took a few steps back and fell on the couch. “This is impossible... Uncle Xavi wouldn’t have done that...”

‘Isn’t he on our side? How can he turn his back against my father at a moment like this?’

Her grandfather had a lot of expectations for her father. Her father was the eldest son, while she was her father’s eldest daughter. Once Xavi took over the power, she would lose all her power to control the Livingstons.

In fact, she knew better than anyone else about her uncle's ambition. It was just that he did not expose his ambition because of her grandfather.

Her uncle had been dissatisfied with her father for a long time. But as long as her grandfather supported her father, her uncle wouldn't be able to take over the Livingstons.

It was just that she never expected her uncle would turn against them.

What the hell was going on?

Her secretary lowered his head and said, "Miss, we should get back to Haniston."

Zenovia was caught between tears and laughter.

"Go back to Haniston?" She raised her head, and her eyes were bloodshot. "If I leave now, won't they all laugh at me and joke that I was chased away by the king?"

"Miss, you've got to look at the bigger picture. The Livingstons need you right now. What can you change if you stay in

Yaramoor?"

Zenovia seemed to have been drained of her strength and sat there dumbfounded, her eyes hollow and empty.

At that moment, someone rang the bell. Her secretary took a deep breath and went to answer the door. When he saw a red haired woman outside of the door, he was stunned. "Who are you?"

Maggie cast her gaze on Zenovia and tried to squeeze herself into the room. The secretary hurriedly stopped her and said, "Miss, you're trespassing."

Maggie pushed him away and walked toward Zenovia. "I have something to talk to Ms. Livingston."

Zenovia looked at her, and she recognized her. "It's you?"

"It seems like you still remember me, Ms. Livingston." Maggie stood with her arms crossed in front of her chest as a smile was playing at the corner of her red lips. "Let me introduce myself. I'm Maggie, and I'm here on behalf of Young Master Knowles."

Zenovia was dumbfounded. After a short while, she jerked up. "Nollace?"

Maggie took a step back forward and stopped right in front of her. She looked into her eyes and continued. "Young Master Knowles has helped me in the past, so I'm working for him now. Also, he wants me to thank you on his behalf. After all, if it weren't for you, he wouldn't have had the chance to see the Livingstons fighting against each other."

Zenovia grabbed her arm and growled, "This is part of his plan!? He didn't go missing at all! He's the one who staged all of this, right!?"

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1811

Chapter 1811

Maggie grabbed her hand away, broke her own hand free, and lifted her gaze. "Don't we have you to thank for all this, Ms. Livingston?"

Zenovia froze in place, and her blood was drained away from her cheeks until they gradually paled and dimmed.

Maggie looked at her. "You're too bumptious and presumptuous. All Young Master Knowles wants is to make it clear to you that he can drag the Livingstons down without the help of any foreign power.

"And he doesn't need to get rid of the Livingstons completely. All he needs to do is replace the leader of the Livingstons, which is more than enough to change everything. Now that Mr. Livingston is going to prison, the position of the leader of the Livingstons has been passed on. The vice president is in power now and has the people's support. At least half of your and your father's power in the Livingstons has been taken away by your uncle. How does that feel?"

Zenovia covered her forehead and shouted hysterically, "I refuse to believe it! You're lying to me!"

Maggie smirked disdainfully. "Believe it or not, this is all true. And Ms. Livingston, I wish you a happy trip back to Haniston."

Zenovia slumped on the floor as if she was an empty shell without a soul.

Two days later, at the college...

After the Drama, Theater, and Film department's assessment results came out, they were published on the notice board.

Daisie and Freyja fought through the crowd. Sure enough, Daisie saw her name on the list.

Freyja turned her head. "Victoria College's Drama, Theater, and Film Department's top student, you're amazing, Daisie!"

Daisie chuckled. "I still have to wait until I get good grades in my graduation exams and my thesis."

"Are you going to graduate soon?" Freyja was dumbfounded.

Daisie choked on her own words. She had forgotten she had not told Freyja that she was planning to graduate early.

Now that she could no longer hide it from her, she scratched her cheeks and nodded. "I only want to graduate soon."

Freyja suddenly realized something. "It turns out that someone wants to get engaged to Nollace as soon as possible."

Daisie's cheeks warmed up instantly. She bumped her arm with her elbow and whispered, "What are you talking about?"

At that moment, Freyja's cell phone rang. She took it out, took a glimpse at the screen, and her expression dimmed immediately.

"Who's that?" Daisie noticed something, took a glance at the caller ID inadvertently, and saw that it was her father.

Freyja did not answer the call and placed the phone back into her bag. "Something just came up. I'll have to go first."

Daisie was worried. "Do you want me to accompany you back?"

Freyja looked at her. "Nah, I can resolve this myself."

Looking at the figure that was walking away, thoughts flashed across Daisie's mind.

Daisie walked back to the dormitory alone until she received a call from Nollace. Her heart skipped a beat, and she answered the call immediately. "Nollace?"

"It's been such a long time, do you miss me?" His voice sounded as deep and pleasant as usual.

Daisie snorted lightly as if she was a little angry. "What's the use of missing you? At the end of the day, I don't get to see you in person."

He chuckled. "Then you should turn around."

She froze in place and turned around in surprise.

The figure standing under the begonia tree not far away looked breathtakingly impeccable and familiar at the same time. It seemed that he had come here straight from the airport, and he did not even have time to change his clothes.

A petal fluttered down from the begonia tree and landed on his shoulder

Daisie put the phone down, took two steps forward, then ran straight toward him and threw herself into his arms.

The warm, firm embrace signified that he was the real deal.

Nollace hugged her in his arms and rested his chin on the top of her head. "Daisie Vanderbilt, did you miss me?"

Daisie buried herself in his chest and sulked. "What took you so long?"

Nollace lifted her face with his palm and rubbed her cheeks with his fingertips, and a profound and hoarse voice sounded. "Sorry, I've kept you waiting for such a long time. But I'm back now."

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1812

Chapter 1812

Nollace lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers.

That was what he had been thinking about day and night.

Daisie wrapped her arms around his neck, and the two hugged and caressed each other under the begonia tree.

The two figures were inseparable until the moment the two lips separated.

Daisie lowered her gaze, her eyelashes flickered, and the emotions that surged from the bottom of her eyes rippled." *We've* been apart for half a month."

He gave off a chuckle, and his lips landed on her forehead this time around. "Yeah, it's been half a month."

She whispered, "Don't you have anything to say to me?"

Nollace rubbed his fingers over her lips and whispered , "Yes."

He approached her, and she was only inches away from him." You haven't been by my side, and that made me miss you so much that I actually dreamed of you."

Daisie's cheeks turned warm. She avoided his gaze and said in a stern voice, "That level of glibness."

But she could not help but wonder. "What did you dream about me?"

He smiled and approached her ear. "I dreamed that I swallowed you whole."

Daisie was so furious that she beat him. "I'm serious!"

He grabbed her hand and kissed the back of her hand. "I want to own every inch of you. What's not serious about that?"

Daisie's cheeks flushed, like a ripe apple, making it difficult for him to suppress his urge to take a bite at her. But Nollace did not care and bit her lips lightly.

She hissed as the pain felt numbing and strange.

She protested in a low voice, "Nollace Knowles! *You're* not allowed to bite me!"

His eyes overflowed with hilarity.

Freyja stepped into the home she had not returned to in ages. Nothing had changed at home except that it felt a lot more deserted.

The butler went upstairs to report, and Brandon hurried downstairs after a while. "Fey, you've finally come back to have a look."

Freyja did not plan to catch up with them. "You're the one who called me here. Just tell me what you want from me."

Brandon knew that she did not plan to forgive them from the bottom of her heart, but he did not blame her. "Fey, it's been such a long time. At least go upstairs and take a look at your mother."

She did not say anything.

Brandon lowered his head. "I know you resent her a lot deep down, but since your brother died, your mother's mental condition has been very bad. You're the only one she has left."

"I'm the only one she has left?" Freyja looked at her father. "Ken's death was all her fault. Am I the reason that she's heartbroken? Ken is the only person that she cares about from the beginning to the end, isn't it?"

"Fey..."

"Father, I told you that since Mother doesn't want me around, you don't need to try to patch my relationship with her. If it's really doable, why would you have to wait until today to do so?"

Brandon choked on his own words, and his expression dimmed.

"You've summoned me here to see her, but does she want to see me? Her mood might even worsen when she sees me." Freyja turned around and was about to leave.

Brandon stopped her. "Fey, what if your mother wants to see you?"

She stopped.

In the bedroom upstairs, Sandy was sitting on the bed. Ever since Ken died, she did not even bother to dress herself up, so she looked in a daze and had lost a lot of weight.

Freyja and Brandon walked into the room, and he came to the bedside. "Fey has come to see you."

Sandy moved, lifted her gaze, stared at Freyja, stretched out her hand, and moved her dry lips. "Fey..."

Freyja took a deep breath and walked over.

Sandy held her tightly. Her haggard expression and the vicissitudes of life seemed to have sanded her usual arrogance down. "Fey, you've come to see me. You haven't forgotten about me, have you?"

When looking at her mother's appearance, it would be fake for her to say that she did not feel soft-hearted for a split second. She lowered her gaze and said, "Mother, please let go of me first."

Sandy grabbed onto her arm and refused to let go. "Fey, you're the only one who can help me now. Can you do your mother a favor? I know that your grandfather has recognized you. As long as you can obtain your grandfather's recognition, I'll be able to count on you in the future."

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1813

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Freyja's back stiffened, and the empathy that had just sprouted in her heart was immediately strangled to death by her mother's words.

Brandon was also stunned. He wanted to pull Sandy away but was pushed aside by her. She looked extremely morbid as she raised her voice hysterically. "Fey, you're my only hope now! You can't leave me behind! I'm your mother!"

The sound of a slap resounded in the bedroom.

Freyja was not able to react to the abrupt movement at all, and all she saw was Sandy falling onto the bed.

The scene was immediately followed by Brandon's wrath. " Haven't you had enough!?"

Sandy covered her cheeks, froze on the bed, and did not utter a single word.

Brandon took a deep breath. "What did you promise me? You promised that you'd get along with Fey. Were you lying to me!?"

With his bloodshot eyes, he gnashed his teeth. "You've killed your son, is that still not enough for you to learn a lesson? And now you're planning to reach out to your daughter? What's the power and status that you've been fighting for? Why didn't the king take you and Ken in? Don't you have any self-awareness? What kind of mother would use her child as a tool to fight for power? Your son's death is on you!"

"It's not me... It's not..." Sandy trembled. She looked stupefied and sorrowful.

Sandy could not accept the fact that Ken had died. These words were tantamount to a lifelong punishment.

The person that felt the most guilty was Brandon. Because of his cowardice, he had failed to stop Ken from taking the path of no return.

Freyja looked away expressionlessly. "Father, since Mother doesn't look too well mentally, you should take her for treatment as soon as possible."

Brandon stared at a corner in the room. He looked absentminded and did not speak for a long time.

Freyja turned around. "I'll go back first."

Leaving the Pruitt manor, she stopped outside the yard with a dejected expression.

'This home has long since shattered into pieces. I actually had a trace of expectation just now? That's hilarious.'

On the other side of the city, at the Knowles mansion...

Diana could not help but cry when she saw her son arrive home in one piece. Rick hurriedly hugged her. "Darling, why are you crying all of a sudden?"

"I thought we'd never see our son again." Diana leaned on his shoulder and covered her face with a handkerchief. "I only have one son. How can I get myself a daughter-in-law if I lose my son now?"

Rick was rendered speechless.

'So this is it?'

Daisie lowered her head and could not hold back her smile.

'Mrs. Knowles has gone a little overboard with her acting.'

Nollace rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Mother, was that enough to cover your daily dose of acting?"

Diana sobbed. "Don't you dare call me your mother. I almost lost my mind worrying about you! For God's sake, what kind of child have I given birth to? He doesn't even care about his own safety at all."

Nollace lowered his gaze. "I promise this incident won't repeat itself again."

"Does that mean that you are planning to repeat this in the future?" Diana smashed the handkerchief on him. "Let me warn you, Nollace Knowles, if you ever dare to act like this again, I'll bring your future wife with me and run away from home."

Rick and Nollace were both rendered speechless.

Daisie walked up to Diana's side and whispered, "Mrs. Knowles, Nollace already knows that he's wrong, so don't blame him anymore."

Diana covered the back of her hand, stopped crying, and said earnestly, "Daisie, you can't spoil him like this. This young man will only get more disobedient the more you let him do as he likes."

The corners of Daisie's lips twitched.

Rick could not bear listening to Diana's complaints anymore and said sourly, "Alright, alright, if you really want to spend time with your future daughter-in-law that much, you should just go with her. I'm no longer important to you, am I? Then I should just leave this place."

He turned around and went upstairs.

"Dear... Rick Knowles! You stop right there!" Diana did not expect her husband to be jealous of his future daughter-in-law.

'How can he still be so childish at this age?'

But what could she say at this moment? She could only go upstairs to coax him.