

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2026

Chapter 2026 The man was reading the news. He lifted his cup when his servant leaned to his ear. "Master Cameron is back, sir."

The man hummed and finished his tea slowly. He raised his head just in time to catch a dashing young man striding into his courtyard with his hands on his back, who raised his brow and hollered, "Miss me yet, pops?"

The man placed a cover on his teacup and frowned. "Forgot your manners now that you've been seeing the world for a while?"

His attention drifted to Nollace standing behind him, and he froze. He turned back to the papers and rose to his feet suddenly, grumbling, "God! I gave you one job, brat. I told you to make money, but the only currency you're good at is trouble, isn't it? You keep bringing freaks home!"

Nollace narrowed his eyes but did not say anything.

The youth circled behind the man and started massaging the latter's shoulders. "Whoa! Calm down, Dad. I saved him while I was at the sea, okay? You told me nobody sane and good would think saving a life is bad, remember? Rather make friends than enemies, you said. I follow your advice like the good son I am." Sunny Southern sneered. "You mean, you 'selectively follow my advice like the 'selectively good' son you are." He turned back to Nollace and observed the young man. Had he not read the news, he would have never guessed the kid to be a bigshot. "So, a member of the Knowles family of Yaramoor?"

Nollace gave a little nod. "Your reputation reaches me, Mr. Sunny Southern, but I didn't expect mine to reach you."

The older man stood and waved. "Since my son rescued you. Since you clearly look fine and unharmed, I shall return you to your home tomorrow." Nollace raised his eyelids. "I'm sorry, but not so soon, sir." Sunny regarded him pensively. A moment later, he looked away. "Come with me to my study." Nollace nodded and followed him inside. Cameron watched the two disappearing by the door with his arms crossed. The family butler approached him apprehensively. "Master Cameron, if I may... This stranger is a little worrying. We don't know who he is or why he's here on the island. Does he have any motive?" Cameron smiled. "I bet he has a motive, all right." His eyes drifted to the newspaper on the coffee table. He picked it up, his eyes narrowing a little in scrutiny.

Nollace and Sunny stepped into the study. One could catch a small fragment of the forest beyond the squared-shaped windows. The room was incredibly well-

lit and left nothing in the shadows—  
its owner's assortment of vintage pens and brushes, his collection of books, and  
the formidable arrays of antiques and calligraphies. Sunny took his seat behind the coffee table and picked up his teapot. "Tell me why you're adamant about staying on our island." Nollace was candid. "I'm looking for someone."

Sunny pressed the lid against the pot and sloshed its content. "Oh, yes?" "His name is Donald. He escaped prison in Yaramoor, came to the East Islands, and joined Fabio Puzo." Sunny paused in mid-action and looked up. "That Matthews kid?" Nollace was not surprised that he knew him. "So, you know him." Sunny snorted under his breath and drank his tea. "Please. I know more than just that name. I know all about him buddying up with the Skull Club, too. The syndicate rules Southeast Eurasia and practically monopolizes its entire entertainment industry. "Matthews Sr. was where they got their money, but the Skull Club got smarter. They realized Matthews Sr. was trying to take advantage of them and got particularly incensed about him

always taking the biggest cut of the profit. "They got hostile, so Matthews Sr. got terrified of possible retribution and came to me for help. The Skull Club played nice, for my sake. Matthews Sr. would have never been able to leave Southeast Eurasia otherwise. "As for his son, Donald? He came here two years ago, seeking my protection, but I didn't let him stay." Nollace fell into a pensive silence. He had already been aware that the Skull Club was helping Donald.

Bear was a Southeast Eurasian, so it seemed palpable that Donald's father had left his son some connections and names to fall back on in Southeast Eurasia.

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2027**

Chapter 2027 Naturally, the Skull Club had no problem working with Donald. Their feud was with his father several decades ago, not the son. Better yet, Donald loved raining money—

he simply favored power more than wealth. If burning a hole through his wallet meant making friends in high places, then he would go through with that without batting an eye.

There was truth to his method. Had he been even a little more frugal, his entertainment business would have never flown this high. Who was the Skull Club to refuse his overgenerous offer of money?

The Skull Club's assistance and his identity as Matthews Sr.'s son allowed him to run to the Eastern Islands. There, he revealed who he was instead of lying low—

to secure a haven. As long as he remained within the Islands, the police would be powerless to catch him.

Nollace flashed a perfunctory smile. "You didn't help him?"

Sunny set his cup on the table. "I helped Matthews Sr. because he's a greedy pig at worst. He was never a murderer. He never killed anyone for money in his entire life. But Donald's made of different stuff, I heard. He's a madman who escaped prison, at the very least. Letting him stay on my island is akin to planting a ticking bomb next to my pillow."

There was a conspicuous, seconds—

long pause. Sunny considered Nollace thoughtfully. "And I refuse to permit your stay, either. I know who you are. Donald went to prison because of you."

Every media outlet in Yaramoor had reported Nollace as the man who sent Donald to prison, so the former's role was never a secret. No one should be surprised that Sunny knew. "Why?" Nollace asked, smiling. "Are you afraid of the storms that might happen?" Sunny deadpanned. "I'm not afraid of storms. But it doesn't mean I'm a fan of chasing after them, either."

Nollace fidgeted with his empty cup. "You and Fabio seem to be playing nice with one another in the islands, but it's all a farce. Still water belies dangers, doesn't it? Putting two kings in the same land is like storing gunpowder next to a furnace." Sunny's eyelids flicked open, and he glared at him.

Nollace met his gaze with an even keel. He was not going to lose to psychological warfare. A long silence passed. Sunny narrowed his eyes before letting out a laugh. "Not bad, Mr. Knowles. You knew all about the Islands' politics despite having only just arrived." "Fabio Puzo had been scheming from his den in the southwestern peninsula. He had been manipulating unions and business guilds, controlling ports and harbors. There is no way a man like that would let you live free, out of his surveillance. He speaks of a desire for peace, Mr. Southern, but in the shadow, he acts in accordance with war. He rallies as much support from the land as he can, slowly gnawing away at your power to grow slowly. "You refused to grant Donald sanctuary back then because you already knew that the Skull Club had joined Fabio's alliance. Donald is not a guy you can trust to have by your side," analyzed Nollace.

He played around with his cup and broke out a smile. "If Donald manages to amass his powers again, and if he manages to gain the Orasian gangs' support, do you think he'll overlook that

time you turned him away when he sought your help?" Sunny was a little perplexed. "I doubt he's capable of giving Fabio what he wants." "Fabio's eyes are set on the political stage, Mr. Southern. Just because Donald's a lame—duck right now doesn't mean he automatically lost his old political connections, does it?"

All Donald had to do was introduce his powerful friends to Fabio, and the rest would fall into place. Shared interests could make all kinds of bedfellows, after all.

Sunny was quiet. Nollace poured a new cup of tea for him. "Besides, after knowing who Cameron really is, I think you'll find permitting my stay a more favorable option." Sunny gripped his cup tightly. His brows furrowed. "Are you threatening me?" "No," said Nollace, beckoning toward the refilled cup. "Donald is my only goal. I don't intend to trouble you and your family with collateral damage." 1

Sandy stood by the pier the next day with a shawl covering half of her face. Anxious, she was waiting for the aid Donald had promised her.

A few moments later, an ocean liner moored sluggishly at the pier. Two palpably Orasian men emerged, their heads turning as though they were searching for someone. Sandy dragged her luggage behind her and approached the men immediately. "Did Donald Matthews send you?"

The men exchanged glances. "Mrs. Pruitt?" "That's me," she replied hastily, smiling and lifting her luggage. "Finally. You two came."

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2028**

Chapter 2028 The men moved aside, revealing a path toward the ship. "It's time to board your ride, ma'am. The ship sets sail 15 minutes later."

Sandy was more than excited to take up the offer. The men led her to her bedroom before immediately asking, "Sorry for the inconvenience, but please pass your phone to us, ma'am." Sandy was confused. "Why?"

"Mr. Matthews worries that someone might have bugged your phone to find out where he is. It's pertinent that you switch your phone off and hand it to us before we reach the Eastern Islands."

The woman hesitated, but she remembered how cautious Donald was and obliged. The liner left the pier. The shore seemed to be retreating away while Sandy paced in her room. She felt strangely uneasy. She opened the door and walked out to the corridor before making her way to the deck.

Two men appeared to be talking to each other while smoking, but Sandy quickly realized that none of them were her previous escorts. They did not look like Orasians at all. She had never seen either of them

by Donald's side. Sandy began to backpedal from the deck, careful to be as quiet and undetected as possible. She did not make it far before she was stopped in her tracks by a bump against her back. Her eyes twitched. She turned behind her sharply. Strangers had emerged in droves. A few men in black emerged from the floor above the deck and blocked every escape route. Quivering, Sandy asked, "W—

Who are” A familiar voice answered her from above. “Don’t recognize me already, Mrs. Pruitt?” A man was standing on the floor above the deck with his back against the light. His features were obscured by the shadow until he descended the stairs, his shirt billowing in the wind. Sandy’s shock struck her as soon as she recognized the man. “Coleman Goldmann!?” ‘How could this be!?’ Colton fell into steps before his bodyguard, and a smile shadowed his lips. “Curious? How did I know that you’re the one Donald’s hoping to receive?”

A nasty glower overcame Sandy’s mien. “Y— You have your people following me!” she bellowed. “You promised you would let me go! You lied! You broke your own promise!” Colton’s smile vanished. “No. You broke yours first. I simply learned from you. Besides, had I not let you go, I would have never known about your secret contact with Donald.”

The woman trembled.

“I didn’t send anyone to follow you, Mrs. Pruitt. The only thing I did...” He produced the woman’s phone from his pocket. “Was adding a little something to your phone. I heard everything between you and Donald. Everything.” Sandy felt her strength escaping her. Her knees had grown so weak she almost crashed onto

the floor. Never had she ever suspected herself to be caught in a trap because someone had the foresight to bug her phone.

She gnashed her teeth. “So... You would do anything it takes to send me to prison over that b\* tch, Frejya?”

Colton tidied his sleeves noncommittally. “She’s just part of the story,” he intoned. “My brother-in-law, Nollace Knowles, is still missing. Nobody knows if he’s dead or alive.

“See, you chose to stand with Donald. That means you’re prepared to sink with that ship.” Sandy felt a burst of emotions clogging up her throat. ‘No one knows if he’s dead or alive’ meant there was no certainty in his death. It suddenly occurred to her that she had been a sitting duck this whole time—

since she called Donald up till the moment she received the news of Nollace’s “death.”

A hollow

laugh crawled out of Sandy’s throat. Despair... and relief. “I’ve underestimated all of you, and God, I’m so bitter! But it doesn’t matter anymore, does it? I’m dead! Doesn’t matter if I go back

or be imprisoned. What’s left for me to fear?” 1 Colton felt a sharp sense of foreboding. Sandy pushed the bodyguards surrounding her and dove toward the rails. The men reacted quickly. They grabbed hold of her as hard as they could, and Sandy’s body was half thrown overboard.

Below her, violent waves snarled and crashed onto one another, hungry. Had she succeeded, she would have never survived.

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2029

Chapter 2029 The sea, especially within a 10-odd-mile radius where the eyes could see, was practically endless. Even a swimmer would find their strength steadily evaporating as the hope of seeing land or rescue, along with the warmth of their body, were slowly chipped away by the claws of icy water. Without ample preparations and gear, death was a surety. Two bodyguards yanked Sandy by her arm with their dear life, but the obstinate mule kicked up a rough fight. Beads of sweat bathed her hands before rolling down the arms.

Colton rushed to the railing and bellowed, "Are you suicidal!?" Sandy gave out a sheer, mirthless laugh. "I'd rather die than see you people gloat!" Shock jolted through Colton. "Wait—

" The woman pried her arm out of his grip with all her might. The force knocked her off balance, and she toppled, plunging straight into the sea below.

The water swallowed her.

It was then that several speedboats emerged from a distance. Two helicopters circled above the sea, inching close to Colton's ship, before another ocean liner appeared. The door to one of the helicopters opened, a ladder unfurled, and a silhouette descended upon the deck "Waylon?" Colton blurted out. His bodyguard was just as surprised. "Master Wayne?" The man in question removed his leather gloves and started toward them. "Looks like I came just in time." The crew on a speedboat hauled Sandy out of the sea. She writhed, gagging on seawater, and threw a last-ditch struggle against her captors. "Let me go! Let me go and let me die!"

Her rescuers pinned her down and quickly tied her up. They shoved a piece of cloth into her mouth to prevent her from biting her tongue off.

In the distance, other speedboats and helicopters retreated to the newly-arrived ocean liner. Colton smiled and took a step forward. "When did you return, and how did you know I was here?"

Waylon placed his hand on his brother's shoulder. "Two days ago, I received some news. I rushed home, and I came as soon as I heard about you intercepting Donald's ship. I was worried."

As the brothers headed inside the cabin, Colton asked, "News from who?" Waylon laughed. "Nollace, of course."

Colton did not seem shocked at all. "Huh, the man lives."

Waylon hummed. "He's in the East Islands now with the Southern's family." The ships returned to the pier where Yaramoor embassy personnel and the Interpol waited. Sandy and some of Donald's men were promptly brought to the team.

The representative from the Yaramoor embassy shook hands with Waylon after the captives were transferred to them. "We cannot thank you enough for your help, Mr. Goldmann. They shall return to Yaramoor as assets to our investigation."

"These people are all in cahoots with Donald Matthews, who's now hiding somewhere within the East Islands. More troubles are ahead, I'm afraid." The man nodded. "Afraid so. I shall report to the UN."

The team left. The incident, as it seemed, for the time being, was settled. Waylon and Colton hurried home to the Goldmann mansion. Their appearance surprised the butler, who cried out, "You're back, Master Wayne?" The man in question hung his coat on the back of the couch as the butler hurriedly prepared refreshments. "You should have notified us prior, Master Wayne." The butler then added, "Mrs. Goldmann is at work, while Mr. Goldmann Sr. and Miss Daisy have gone fishing."

Colton stiffened. "Fishing?" The butler sighed. "Well, Miss Daisy hasn't been in good spirits, Master Coleman, since Mr. Knowles' accident. Mr. Goldmann Sr. took the young lady out in the hopes that it could ease her nerves a little." Colton slapped his forehead lightly. He had been in Daisy's shoes before that was, to be the old man's fishing partner. It was a torment to a man not known for his patience. He even developed a repulsion to fishing, concluding that it was the most boring time-waster ever. Their grandfather was nice to have brought Daisy out, though. Waylon took a sip of tea and laughed. "Better than cooping up at home."

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2030**

### **Chapter 2030**

"Bit of a waste of her several days' worth of tears now that we know Nollace is still alive, right?" Waylon finished.

Colton rose to his feet. "I better get to the office." His brother considered him. "How's Freyja holding up?" Colton paused in his tracks. His tone was hard to decipher when he asked, "What's with the concern?"

Waylon chuckled. "I thought it's quotidian for a brother to care about his sister-in-law's wellbeing."

Colton told him she was fine before leaving the mansion altogether.

Somewhere in the distance, atop a quiet lake, a rustic gazebo overlooked its tranquil water. Nicholas held a fishing rod in his hand and a coffee mug in the other. Nearby, a modest array of food was spread across the table. Bodyguards guarded the gazebo from a few steps away, making sure that no one would disturb their peace.

Daisie propped her chin on the thick of her palm. She had been sitting quietly on her spot for more than half an hour by now, yet she had never seen her fishing rod do anything as much as tremble. Pouting, she murmured, "There is nothing fun about fishing."

The old man laughed. "You just haven't realized it yet. To be a part of nature and its tranquility, to let the air sail through your hair, to let the sun kiss your skin—it calms the mind and body. Setting your eyes on the float, keeping thoughts out of your mind as you wonder when a fish will bite... It's that moment when one finally takes the bait that electrifies them. That burst of glee and success! Doesn't that just brighten the day? "It's hard for you whippersnappers. Impatient, living life in the fast lane... Like your brother! Oh, the look on his face whenever I asked him to join me on fishing!"

Daisie stared at the surface and mumbled under her breath, "Would have been more productive to have him work overtime."

The float suddenly bobbed, and ripples spread around it.

Daisie's eyes widened. She could feel her rod trembling. Grinning, she pulled the line back, shouting, "It took the bite!"

A little trout hung from the hook, struggling. "I got one, Grandpa! Look!"

"Shhh! You're gonna chase my fish away!" Nicholas chuckled. Watching the girl's mood turning bright over a little fish was a joy. That tiny joy of fishing was enough, as it turned out. Daisie seemed to have forgotten all about Nollace and the dark clouds surrounding his whereabouts. Waylon enjoyed the high spirits in the gazebo as he headed their way. Smiling, he called out, "Well, well, well! Fishing with Grandpa, are we?" Daisie turned sharply. She placed the rod down and lunged, throwing her arms around his neck and laughing. "Waylon!"

Even Nicholas was surprised. "I thought you were abroad!" Waylon let his sister squeeze him. His eyes were tender as he answered, "I came back a little ahead of schedule." Nicholas added new bait. "That's a miracle. I didn't think that old man would let you go so soon."

"I mean, he doesn't exactly have the time to micromanage me," replied Waylon.

Daisie looked up at her brother's face. "How did you know we're here?"



"The butler snitched," Waylon answered as he playfully patted her head. "He said you've been rather crestfallen since Nollace's incident, so Dad persuaded you into becoming Grandpa's fishing partner." Daisy hung her head in silence. An overcast shadowed her eyes. Waylon sighed. "God, once a woman sets her sight on a man, she doesn't even remember her brother anymore, does she?" "Really? You're making fun of me now?" she protested softly. "Chin up. Nollace lives. He isn't dead." Daisy froze, and her eyes' luster seemed to be returning by the seconds as she let the revelation sink. "You're not joking, are you?" Waylon ruffled her hair and chuckled tiredly. "Why would I? He just talked to me two days

*ago.*"

Daisy's heart beat faster and livelier. The glint in her eyes returned. Nollace Knowles was alive! This was the best piece of news she could have ever had.