

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2506

Chapter 2506

Sandy reacted. She turned to look at Brandon with ridicule in her eyes. "Have you forgotten that that woman gave you your current status because of me?"

Brandon paused.

Sandy smirked. "No matter how terrible I am, I have royal blood in my veins. But what are you? If I didn't marry you, you and that useless girl wouldn't be where you are now, enjoying all the status and honor. Hahaha."

She laughed maniacally, which made the guard look over.

Brandon looked down with sadness in his eyes. "Do you hate our daughter so much?"

"Did I want to have her?"

Sandy's eyes were red with rage. "You begged me to have her. She's a useless child who was lucky enough to survive to this day."

Brandon's expression froze.

"My son is dead because of the Knowles, but my husband and daughter are enjoying the prestige given by that family?" Sandy laughed even more hysterically. "You're just their dogs. You've failed our son!"

Brandon took a deep breath and looked at her for a long time.

After the long pause, he calmly said, "You can hate me, but Fey never owed you anything. You don't have the right to get her to do anything for you. As for Ken, I've lost my son. I don't want to lose my daughter too."

Brandon walked away from the clinic.

Sandy balled up her fists.

Colton drove Freyja to the clinic and saw Brandon walking out, so she ran toward him. "Dad."

Brandon was surprised as he looked up. "Fey?"

Seeing that her father was fine, she was relieved. "Please tell me when you're going to do anything. Do you know how worried I was?"

"I'm sorry. Your mother... needed medical attention, and the prison authorities said a family member had to be there. I knew you wouldn't want to see her, so I came."

Freyja looked at Colton standing next to the car and said to Brandon, "Let's go home."

Brandon smiled and nodded. "Sure."

At the palace...

Diana sat in the study. She had been busy running the country and hadn't had time to spend time with her dear daughter-in-law.

Rick walked over, stood behind her after hearing her sigh, and gave her a shoulder rub. "What's wrong? Tired?"

"I finally know how much stress my father was under. How could someone not be tired with the stress of the nation on their shoulders?" She looked back at Rick. "But I'm glad you and our son are here supporting me."

Rick smiled. "Don't worry, you're the queen. We'll always be here for you."

There was a knock on the door.

After getting approval, the guard came in and slightly bowed. "Your Majesties."

Diana asked, "Yes?"

The guard replied, "The warden sent some updates about Mrs. Sandy Pruitt."

Diana squinted.

A few cars arrived at the prison that afternoon. The warden came to meet her. The guard opened the car door, and Diana got out.

He walked forward and kissed the back of her hand. "Welcome, Your Majesty."

Diana nodded. "Bring me to her."

The warden led the way while a few guards followed closely behind.

When they got to Sandy's cell, the warden unlocked the grill, but there was another grill behind that, and what happened inside could be seen through that.

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The person sitting inside turned to look at Diana. She was in elegant clothes, which didn't match the simple-looking cell. Sandy was in a prison uniform. She looked a lot less sharp and proud compared to when she was outside. She just looked like a sad woman.

"Dear sister, I'm so glad you remember me." Diana smiled as if she was here for a reunion.

Sandy looked at her from the corner of her eyes. "Congratulations. You're finally the queen now that our father is dead." She was being sarcastic.

Diana ignored the sarcasm. "Thanks."

The warden got the prison guard to bring a chair over so she could take a seat. After Diana sat down, she smiled and said to the warden, "Let me speak to her in private."

The warden hesitated. "But—"

"Isn't she still locked up? You can watch us from the sides."

The warden nodded and asked the guards to wait at the side. After they walked away, Diana leaned back on his chair. "You must be very unhappy. You're locked up in prison, and your husband and daughter are still happy without you. You must not be feeling great."

Sandy laughed and said, "Begging like a dog for a bone from you Knowles? Hah, those useless pieces of trash could only rely on others to survive."

"Your husband and daughter are useless pieces of trash in your eyes?"

Sandy got up and walked to the barred windows where the rays of light shone through. "We're both daughters of the king. You married into the Knowles, but I married a normal businessman. He couldn't give me any benefits or help me get what I wanted. What is he if not a piece of trash?"

"My sister is the legitimate child of the royal family, but my mother was a concubine. That's the only difference between us."

Sandy turned to face Diana with cold eyes. "I'm just as good as you when it comes to capability and looks. If your son didn't kill mine, I wouldn't be where I am now."

Diana smiled. "You're wrong. What would you change if you got another chance?"

Sandy rushed forward and grabbed onto the bars that separated them. "I will do whatever it takes to get rid of your family!"

Diana raised her brows. "Do you think we're a hindrance to you?"

She laughed. "You're a hindrance just by existing!"

Diana got up and walked over. "Greed is your biggest enemy. Not knowing when to feel content is also your enemy. No matter how many times you get to redo this, you will end up the same way."

Sandy seemed to be triggered and grabbed Diana by her collar.

The guard rushed over to stop her, but she wouldn't let go while she bared her teeth like a ferocious animal. "You won't have a good life as long as I'm still alive!"

The warden tased her in the stomach, which made her seize and fall to the ground.

Diana looked at her coldly, then left without a word.

The warden ran after her and was remorseful. "I'm so sorry, Your Majesty."

Diana looked at him. "Don't worry about it. I'm not bothered by an inmate, but she seems very

comfortable there?"

The warden looked awkward. "She has special clearance because she was diagnosed with mental illness, and her relationship with the royal..."

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"Even if she's a royal, she should still be punished for breaking the law. If she has a mental illness, then send someone to check on her, so she doesn't try committing suicide. It will ruin your reputation if it gets out."

The warden lowered his head. "Yes, Your Majesty, you're right."

Diana got into the car, and they drove off.

After a week...

Nollace hired some people to clean up Blue Valley Manor. The estate was built in the 19th century and was considered a vintage manor. It was decorated with vintage decor and architecture.

Peter and Nollace walked down the stairs. "Sir, we've sent out the employment notice, including the requirements for a house steward. There have been ten applicants so far. Do you want to take a look?"

Nollace sat down on the couch. "Alright."

Peter showed him the tablet with the resumes of the candidates.

Nollace looked through them and raised his brows. "They're all young?"

Peter sighed. "You said that you needed a well-educated professional who was also a high-quality steward. There are a few who worked as five-star hotel managers. They're experienced and have the qualifications."

Nollace looked through the information. "This one looks too timid. This one looks dishonest. They won't work."

Seeing how he disqualified a few of them, Peter smiled but didn't say anything. Nollace was probably worried that a young, good-looking man might be a threat to his marriage.

"This one..." He opened his eyes wide as he looked at a fierce-looking man. There weren't any bad records in his resume.

"This one might work. Let's take this one."

He continued looking. Out of the ten, there was a woman in her 30s. She used to work as a house steward in a socialite's home and had a lot of experience. "This one too."

Peter paused. "Only two?"

Nollace handed the tablet to him. "There are so many helpers here, so one wouldn't be enough. Get a man and a woman so they'll have different ways of management."

Peter took the tablet over. "Alright, I'll inform them about it."

The next day...

Daisie and Nollace went to Blue Valley Manor, and Nollace was very mysterious about it when they entered. He even covered her eyes with a scarf.

“Nolly, what are you doing?” She held onto Nollace’s arm and walked carefully.

Was he planning a surprise?

“Take off the scarf.”

Daisie untied it and looked at the lavishly decorated living room. She thought she was transported back in

time.

Nollace leaned close. “Is the lady happy with this?”

Daisie turned to look at him and smiled. “How could I not be happy? I thought this was an old castle.”

He hugged her from behind and rested his chin on the top of her head. “Yes, you can see it as your castle, and you’re the queen.”

She chortled and turned to face him. “Can I have a pet?”

He squinted. “You’re still pregnant. It’s not the best time.”

Seeing her pout, he tapped the tip of her nose. “Once the baby is out, you can have as many as you want. This place is big enough for you to make it into a zoo.”

She squinted. “Really?”

He paused. “Are you really going to do that?”

Daisie counted the tree branches. “I want two Persian cats, a labrador, an Alaskan malamute, a parrot, and...”

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Nollace covered her mouth. “That’s enough.”

If she continued, they would really have a zoo.

He sighed. “We’ll have a baby then, but what about me? Are you going to neglect me?”

Daisie put her arms around his neck and smiled. “How could I neglect you?”

He tapped her nose and picked her up. "Who knows what's on the little rascals' minds?"

Daisie chuckled. "The little rascals are in my womb. They keep kicking me."

"I'll spank their butts when they're out then."

"If they're girls, you're going to stop coddling me?"

Nollace carried her into the room and put her down on the bed. "If they're both boys, we'll all spoil you, but I'll spoil the three of you if they're both girls."

She smiled happily.

Meanwhile, at the film college...

Freyja handed the finished script to Leia and Norman. They both went through it, and Norman gave her a thumbs up.

"That's something. You managed to write such a complicated plot."

Leia looked at her. "It's going to be a hit if it's made into a movie."

She sighed. "That can only happen if I get an experienced director and investors."

"That's easy. My uncle knows quite a lot of film directors who are experienced with crime-solving movies in Dorywood. I can introduce them to you."

Norman was happy to help.

Freyja paused in hesitation.

Leia knew what she was worried about. "There's no urgency to it. Directors and investors are always interested in a good script. However, I have a question."

"What is it?"

"Why is this called 'Suicidal Christmas'? I don't feel like I'll enjoy Christmas anymore."

Freyja smiled. "I think it's nice. A lot of victims in crime thrillers were killed, so 'suicide' is the biggest mystery. If you were a viewer, you'd want to know who's the killer, but what if it's a suicide?"

Norman crossed his arms. "If it was a suicide, the audience would be more captivated. My uncle says that most crime thrillers have a similar storyline. It all boils down to the solving part."

Leia understood. "Oh, I get it now."

Norman suddenly got a call, so he got up to take it.

Freyja looked at Leia. "Have you been spending a lot of time with Norman recently?"

Leia immediately explained, "Not really. I just see him as a friend."

Freyja smiled. "He's just a normal man with a good personality. I'm guessing he's single?"

Leia picked up her tea and took a sip. "It's none of my business if he's single or not."

Norman came back. "We're having a dinner party at home tomorrow. I guess my uncle and his director friends will be there too. Do you want to come?"

The next evening, at 7:00 pm,...

The party started at the Lancell house. The attendees were all from the upper class. Norman's family ran a business, so there were business moguls there. His uncle was a highly-respected director in the entertainment world, so he had friends in the business and entertainment world.

The front yard was filled with expensive cars, and the attendees came in elegant clothes, looking dapper. Norman greeted the guests and checked his watch from time to time. "They should be here soon." "Norman." Mrs. Lancell walked over and saw that he kept looking down. "Are you expecting someone?"

"Two of my friends," Norman told his mother about them. "I've mentioned them to you before. The one who writes crime-thriller novels. She's coming with a friend."

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