

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2569

Chapter 2569

‘If I piss her off again, I don’t think I’ll be able to coax her.’

Edison reported, “I’ve found some clues. The butler of the Taylors comes from the north too. He and Bart Duval actually share the same hometown.”

Nollace supported his chin and thought about the information that they had obtained. “From the north, this seems to be a good clue. Send someone to the northern region to confirm this piece of information. By the way, deliberately release this information into the wind. It’s best if that person gets to know about it.”

Edison nodded. “Understood.”

As soon as Edison took his leave, Daisy grabbed him, “Nollace, Madam Ames’ death has something to do with the Taylors, doesn’t it?”

“Most probably, but we still need evidence.” Nollace turned his head to face her, gazed at her, and held her hand. After that, he took her into his arms and kissed the top of her head. “Don’t worry. I’m confident that we’ll get to the bottom of his matter.”

After Cecelia returned from the precinct, her temper became more violent and out of control. She either threw things around the house or threw tantrums at the servants.

The servants in the villa were full of complaints, but they did not dare to voice out for themselves and could only badmouth Cecelia behind her back.

“Ms. Taylor’s temper is getting more and more irritable. I can’t take her any longer.”

“Try to understand her. After all, she’s a woman who can no longer conceive but still dreams of becoming Yaramoor’s princess.”

“Who asked her to offend His Highness? She’s the one who brought all this onto herself, isn’t she?”

However, the discussion in the kitchen was overheard by Cecelia, and it was already too late when they realized that there was someone behind them.

Cecelia kicked the closest servant to the floor, and the other maids' faces turned pale with fright. "Ms. Taylor..."

"Who gave you permission to talk about me behind my back? Who do you think you are!?" Cecelia's expression looked grim and twisted.

"Ms. Taylor, I'm sorry. This is all our fault. We won't do so again in the future..." The maids knelt and begged for mercy.

Cecelia grabbed one of them by the hair and forced her to look at her. "You lowly animal, do you know what will happen to you when you badmouth your master? You commented as if you're of a higher class than I am, didn't you?"

She picked up the scissors on the countertop, placed them against the maid's face, and gave off a vicious smile. "Let's see how smug you can be after I've mutilated your face."

The maid trembled violently, and tears were gushing down her cheeks. "Ms. Taylor, please let me go. I'm sorry... I'm..."

Cecelia lifted the scissors and was about to scratch the maid's face when Bianca yelled at her from behind, "Cecelia!"

Cecelia stopped, and Bianca stepped forward and snatched the scissors from her hand. "Have *you* lost your mind? Do you really want to kill her?"

It hurt her to see her daughter acting like this.

But if she were to continue to disregard her condition, she would not know what would happen *to* her.

"Heh, you're welcome to think so." Cecelia scoffed and left the kitchen without looking back. Her eyes were filled with hints of coldness when she turned around.

'I can no longer conceive, and even the lowly servants are starting to mock me. What will happen in the future?

‘If everyone in the celebrity and socialite circle learns I’m a barren woman that can no longer give birth, they will probably ridicule me behind my back just like what those sits just did. I’ll never allow that!’

After Lucius attended the cabinet meeting, he got summoned by Diana.

An officer led him to the VIP reception room, where Diana was sitting on a couch, waiting for his arrival with a smile. “Lord Taylor, please take a seat.”

Lucius sat down, and a waitress stepped forward, poured him a cup of tea, and then stepped back to the corner of the room.

He picked the teacup up and cut straight to the point. “Your Majesty, did you summon me here because of His Highness’ affair?”

“I’ve heard about Nollace’s matter.” Diana turned the ring on her finger with a calm expression. “However, as far as I know, the female inmate was ordered to persecute the royal heir by Ms. Taylor, am I right?”

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Lucius’ expression looked a little restless, but he still stood his ground firmly. “That matter has nothing to do with Cecelia. The woman was the one who used Cecelia. Cecelia would definitely not do anything to persecute the royal heir.”

“Really?” Diana picked the teacup up from the saucer in her hand, and her eyes were fixed on the clear tea. “If this is the case, why is my son, someone who was investigating the cause of the housekeeper’s death, being framed as a suspect?”

“Your Majesty, perhaps everything His Highness did was to avenge his wife. The prison guards and police found the murderer, and His Highness sent someone out to search for the murderer. However, the murderer had already been brutally killed when they got there. His Highness is very suspicious when you look subjectively at the matter.”

“If Nollace is suspicious, why isn’t Ms. Taylor suspicious too?”

Lucius's expression stiffened.

Diana lifted her head, stared directly at Lucius, and spoke clearly. "That housekeeper actually dared to use Ms. Taylor? Is that even possible? What would be in it for her if she were to use Ms. Taylor to persecute the royal heir? If no one was giving her instructions from behind the curtains, would she really have the guts to do so?"

"Your Majesty, what do you mean by that?" Lucius frowned and looked obviously displeased.

Diana scoffed.

"I'm stating the truth, Lord Lucius. I might have just succeeded to the throne, and you might think you can fool anyone, but don't presume that I'll be one of them."

The meaning behind Diana's response was blatantly obvious.

Lucius clenched his masseter, and his expression dimmed.

"Your Majesty, are you trying to protect His Highness?"

"Lord Lucius, if you can protect your daughter, why can't I protect my son?" Diana looked serious. "My son was investigating the criminal but ended up being treated as a suspect. Are you telling me that the Taylors did not cause this incident?"

Lucius stood up abruptly. "Your Majesty!"

Diana also got up and questioned him at the top of her lungs.

"I would like to know if the Taylors are really loyal to the royal family. If so, you're to get Cecelia to come out to the public and apologize for her actions. You will also look into the murder of the housekeeper and get to the bottom of the case. If not, then I don't think there's a need for the royal family to show the Taylors any more respect."

Lucius clenched his hands. "Your Majesty, everyone knows that the Taylors have been loyal to the royal family, but if you insist on doubting us, then should the Taylors continue to be loyal to the royal family?"

"Are you threatening me?" Diana's expression turned gloomy instantly, and the VIP room's atmosphere

dimmed.

Lucius chuckled and spoke with confidence.

“Your Majesty, don’t you understand that you still need the Taylors’ help if you want to stabilize

Yaramoor’s political situation? Will the other cabinet members serve you willingly if the cabinet is without me? As for those young people who obtained your support just recently, do *you* think they’re capable enough to serve you?”

“Your Majesty, I advise you to think twice. If the late king didn’t have my father’s assistance when he succeeded to the throne, he wouldn’t have even been able to secure his throne back then. You’re only a

woman, so if you truly want to stabilize the cabinet, we, the Taylors, are indispensable!”

After Lucius finished speaking, he nodded slightly. “That’s all I have to say. I’ll take my leave now.” He then turned around and left.

Diana watched as the man walked out of the room with a blank expression and slightly loosened her clenched hands.

‘Lucius Taylor, do you really think I’m someone who’d let you do as you like without putting up a fight?’

It seems that there’s a need for the cabinet to be overhauled as soon as possible.”

She summoned her officer into the room. “Get Lord Yorrick Hathaway to enter the palace and meet me here as soon as possible.”

The officer nodded. “As you command, Your Majesty.”

It was a rainy night in a small town in the northern region.

Edison stood outside a house in a raincoat and knocked on the door. Not long after, an old man opened the door.

The old man was taken aback when he saw a strange man standing outside of his house. “May I know who...”

Edison nodded. “I’m sorry to have to disturb you so late in the night. I’m a friend of Mr. Bart Duval, and I have a few questions for you.”

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The old man invited him in.

The old man's wife poured a hot cup of tea for Edison and placed it in front of him. The old man asked her to go take a rest and asked, "What would you like to ask?"

"Mr. Bart Duval was shot to death a while ago. I'm here to investigate that."

The man heard that and was shocked. "What? Bart is dead?"

Edison nodded.

"I heard that he used to be your neighbor, so I'd like to ask if you know much about him. Does he have any relatives?"

The rain started pouring.

After a long while, Edison said goodbye to the old man and walked to his car. He then stopped because he noticed that something was off.

A few men in black approached him in the rain.

The light of the study in Taylor Manor was still on. Lucius stood in front of the window, looking solemn and treacherous.

His phone that was on the desk started ringing, and he picked it up. The person said something to him, and he grasped his phone tightly.

After a long pause, he said, "Okay. Send someone to follow the people in the cabinet. Whoever leaks information will die."

If that woman was going to disregard the loyalty of the Taylors, he had to do something about it.

The next day, in the meeting room of the palace...

The cabinet ministers gathered in the room and 'protested' against Diana for protecting Nollace, who was a suspect. They

even put in a word for the Taylors and thought that Diana should learn from the late king and not do as she pleased, which disappointed the ministers and aristocrats.

Diana listened to them with *no* expression and didn't say anything.

It was tense.

Soon after that, the doors to *the* room opened.

Yorrick and Nollace walked in while everyone watched and whispered to each other.

They both took their seats, and Yorrick smiled. "Why are you so angry? Are you unhappy about Her Majesty's decision?"

A minister said,

"Your highness, we're doing all this for the royal family's sake. The prince is a suspect and should be cooperative with the investigation. Releasing him shows how lightly you are taking this

situation."

"If the people of the other countries find out about this, that the prince doesn't have to face lawful punishment, how will they see us? Won't the people think that the royal family disregards the law?"

Diana frowned.

Yorrick was still smiling. "Well, can I say something that you might not like to hear?"

Everyone listened.

Yorrick calmly

said, "You think that Her Majesty is protecting His Highness, but does anyone have evidence that he is guilty?"

Another minister said, "His Highness started investigating the death of the woman who tried to harm his wife without permission, and when the killer was killed, his men were there. Before the police could look into the killer, His

Highness already knew who the killer was. It looks like he was just trying to kill that person to shut them up.”

Nollace looked up but didn't speak.

Yorrick chuckled before shrugging. “This is a motive, but I need evidence.”

Everyone was silent.

“Even the police need evidence before arresting someone, but they don't have evidence, so why do you think you can say His Highness is the culprit?”

Someone said in a quiet tone, “But he has the biggest motive...”

“Are you talking about the inmate causing the princess's miscarriage?” Yorrick placed the report from the hospital on the table. “She did try but didn't succeed. The princess didn't miscarry. Her helper ate the food and was sent to the hospital's emergency ward. The helper can attest to that. The hospital has the bill for admission to go.”



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Yorrick then looked at the people. “So, His Highness' wife and offspring are fine. Why would he need to take revenge then?”

All the ministers were speechless. If that were the truth, Nollace would have *no* reason to poison the inmate because she didn't succeed in her plan and cause any harm.

Nollace wouldn't have a reason to take revenge.

Diana broke the silence and said,

“You heard that. I know my son well enough. If I wanted to cover for him, why would I let the police investigate him? My son and daughter-in-law were wrongfully accused. Should I not say something?”

“The matters of the country are important, but so are family matters. If I can’t even protect my family, how will I be able to run the country? I’m under pressure from all sides. Is this what you call loyalty? Should I vacate this throne and let you take it?”

“Your Majesty, that’s not what we meant-”

“Not what you meant? You’ve received so many benefits from the Taylors that you’re trying to take my power away from me?”

Diana’s speech put fear in everyone’s hearts.

She stood up. “That old fox supports the cabinet, and I can’t talk to you anymore. If that’s the case, he should take the throne, no?”

“Your Majesty, Lord Taylor really is loyal to the royal family.”

“Loyal. He’s crawling his way over me. What loyalty is that?” Diana slammed on the table and was furious. “When he let his daughter pay off that inmate to put a royal in danger, he didn’t show any signs of loyalty.”

Everyone was silent. They were trying to avoid confrontation.

Diana saw through them and chuckled while looking fierce. “Alright, if you’re all loyal to the Taylors, we’ll need a new set of cabinet members. It’s time that you retire. Thousands are ready and willing to take your place.”

She ignored the objection of everyone and left the meeting room. It was obvious that she was enraged about this.

Nollace and Yorrick left together. They walked along the corridor, but Yorrick stopped and turned to face him. “What do you think about that?”

Nollace’s eyes darted around, and he smiled. “Offense is the best defense.”

Yorrick smiled. “Lucious is very sneaky. Without enough evidence, there’s no way we can take him down. You saw how most of the cabinet members are his people. They’ve gotten a lot of benefits from him, so they don’t want to see him fall.”

All of them supported him because of what he could do for them. He made them rich men, so they would naturally keep their lips tight.

Lucius might have some leverage over them too.

Nollace squinted as he was deep in thought.

He walked to the door and watched while Yorrick got into the car, then he got a call.

He drove quickly to the hospital and saw the bodyguard rush toward him. “Your Highness.”

“How is he?”

He replied, “We were attacked up north, and they had guns. Edison took two bullets and was in surgery. He hasn’t come to yet.”

Nollace’s expression turned dark. “Did you see who your attackers were?”

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“It was raining too heavily, so I didn’t get a good look. But based on their movements, I guess they’re mercenaries. They had no regard for their own safety.”

Nollace looked in the direction of the room, and after a long pause, he said, “Stay here and keep an eye

on him.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

Nollace left the hospital, got into the car, and slammed on his steering wheel. The veins on the back of his hand popped up. However, he could be sure now.

All these were linked to the Taylors.

Now that Edison was in a coma and they had no evidence, the police wouldn’t be able to detain anyone for questioning.

He covered his face with his hands as the light shone through the gaps between his fingers.

After

a few days, a voice recording was leaked by an anonymous hacker. The 'dealings' between the Home Minister and Lucius were exposed and shocked the world.

Even after they spent a lot of money trying to cover it up, the magazines printed 10,000 copies overnight and were all sold out. Some were even shipped overseas.

When Lucius found out, he was furious. "Who did this!?"

The butler started sweating. "I... I don't know. We've sent someone to investigate."

"Bunch of trash!" He stormed out of the study.

His wife Bianca was holding a tray when she realized that something was wrong.

Since the public was very vocal about this, protesters and reporters crowded outside the office of the Home Minister.

The cabinet members tried very hard to avoid them.

When Lucius' car stopped outside the building, the reporters rushed forward but were blocked by over a dozen bodyguards.

"Lord Taylor, is the recording real?"

"Are *you* really involved in money laundering? Did you let the cabinet members do that?"

He avoided the cameras and didn't give a comment.

He barged into the office of the Home Minister, who immediately stood up. "Lord Taylor—"

Before he finished, Lucius punched him to the floor.

The minister was in shock and didn't feel the pain on his face. "Lord Taylor, it wasn't me. This has nothing

to do with me!"

Lucius grabbed his collar and dragged him up. "Why would the media find out if it weren't you? You made a recording?"

The minister didn't know how the recording had been leaked. His voice was hoarse, so he just said, "I had to make a recording after doing what I've done for you. I had to protect myself, but I didn't leak it."

"So you betrayed me?" Lucius clenched his jaw, his gaze burning a hole through him. "I hate it when someone has leverage over me. If something happens to me, none of you will get away unscathed. Think, or you'll have to face the consequences!"

The minister was alarmed.

He knew that it wasn't possible to get out after he started working with him, and he would never be able to stay out of it.

"I... I know what I should do."

"Good." Lucius patted his cheek. "We're all in this together. Don't worry. If you take the fall for this, I'll find a way to get you out of it."