

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 961

Chapter 961

Maisie stared at the wine in the glass.” What kind of benefits did Madam Knowles give your grandfather in order to get him to help her

out ?”

“How would I know ? I’ve already told you what I know.” Jackie snorted and turned to look at Maisie. “Why don’t you ask my grandfather yourself ?”

*There’s no need for me to go to him myself. My husband has already made a move. But if my daughter were to get hurt when she’s in Octavia...” Maisie lifted her eyelids, raised the wine glass, and let go of it suddenly. The wine glass fell from the middle of the air and landed on the carpet, and the stem of the glass broke off from its body. “The

Cliffords are just a family, and I’ll level it to its roots.”

Jackie was taken aback.

W-Who does she think she is when she makes such a bold claim ?”

He questioned her, “Who the hell are you ?” Maisie put her hands in her pockets, stood up, and gave off a faint smile. “I’m, of course, Maisie Vanderbilt.” Jackie moved on with the questioning.” Are you really Maisie Vanderbilt ? Just as simple as that ? You have the guts to come at me regardless of the consequences, so who exactly are you ?” Maisie patted her cuffs and smiled. “My daughter’s name is Daisie Goldmann, and my husband is Nolan Goldmann. If the Goldmanns aren’t enough to threaten your family, then my grandfather’s name is Hernandez de Arma,

and my foster father is Mr. Henry from the Metropolis. Is that enough for you ?”

Jackie was astonished.

Maisie asked someone to untie him, walked to the door, remembered something, and turned around. “Remember to call and tell Elder Master Clifford that I want my daughter to come back safe and sound.”

At Octavia, in the Clifford manor...

As Thomas walked downstairs, he suddenly heard the commotion coming from the outside of the manor and frowned. “What’s going on ?”

A bodyguard ran in all of a sudden. “Oh my, Elder Master Clifford, someone is making a fuss out there, and that person said he’s here for his daughter.” “His daughter ? Could he be from the Goldmanns ? He’s come all the way here and created a stir just out there on my doorstep. He really thinks he’s still in his territory, doesn’t he ?” Thomas summoned the other bodyguards and said sullenly, “Come and have a look with me.”

Outside the courtyard...

Nolan and Quincy had broken into the manor and fought with the Cliffords’ bodyguards.

Nolan clamped the wrist of the bodyguard charging at him, folded his arm backward, kicked him violently in the abdomen, and knocked him down. Another bodyguard attacked him instantly, but he ducked sideways immediately, hit the opponent’s mandible with his elbow, and kicked him into the pool with a roundhouse kick.

“Stop!” A bold and powerful voice came from behind the crowd, and the crowd stopped what they were doing.

Thomas frowned when he saw that his men were beaten up, and his tone sounded strong. “You’re starting a fight with my men in my territory. You Goldmanns are really as barbaric as ever.”

Quincy was about to say something.

“I only want my daughter back.” Nolan turned around to look at Thomas, Thomas’s originally gloomy face momentarily froze when he saw Nolan’s face, and his pupils dilated slightly.

This... How can this be!?’

He walked down the staircase step by step, and one of the bodyguards said vigilantly.”

Sir, don’t go over...

Seeing that the people behind him were about to step forward, Thomas raised his hand to stop them. He did not say another word and stared directly at Nolan until he walked up to them.

While Thomas was checking Nolan out, a trace of shock flashed across the bottom of his eyes. And the hint of emotion caught Quincy’s attention.

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Quincy was a little puzzled.

“Why would this geezer from the Cliffords look at Mr. Goldmann in such a manner? Could it be that he’s taken a fancy to Mr. Goldmann!

He quickly got rid of this unrealistic idea and spoke first. “Elder Master Clifford, we have no other choice but to do so. After all, Mr. Goldmann is worried about the young

lady’s safety. You’re the one who currently has her, so we want to know if she’s-”

“The girl you mentioned, her name is Daisie, isn’t it?” Thomas returned to his senses, and even his attitude became a little less aggressive.

Quincy was caught off guard and exchanged gazes with Nolan.

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Thomas summoned one of his servants. “Get someone to bring that girl over,”

The servant was taken aback, but he did not ask any further questions and could only go out. Thomas looked at Nolan again and frowned. “Are you Nolan Goldmann of the Goldmanns?”

He had heard about Nolan, but he had never met him in person, and he seldom paid attention to the news that originated from the mainland.

Nolan adjusted his clothes, and the chill in his eyes faded a little. “Yes, Elder Master Clifford. And please understand that hurting your men was never my intention when I traveled here.”

Thomas then asked out of the blue, “What’s your mother’s name?”

Nolan narrowed his eyes. “You should have a very close relationship with Madam Knowles. Didn’t she tell you my mother’s name?”

Thomas did not respond to that.

Nolan brushed off the dust on his sleeves.” My mother is the adopted daughter of the Knowles, Natasha Knowles.”

Thomas froze again as if he had fallen into a trance. He lowered his face abruptly and said to them, “You two, please come in with me.”

Thomas turned around and walked into the manor.

Quincy came to Nolan’s side and asked in a low voice, “Mr. Goldmann, does Elder

Master Clifford want to set us up?”

Nolan did not answer him but stepped forward and entered the manor.

The housekeeper made tea for them while Thomas sat down across from the couch solemnly. “Bringing that little girl here was just a mistake they made. They were asked to bring that kid from the Knowles only.”

Nolan’s expression did not change. “Is it a mistake? Or your way of restraining me?”

Thomas paused for a split second, picked up the teacup, and held it in his hand instead of drinking from it. “I like that little girl very much.”

Before Nolan could react, Daisy had already been brought over.

The little girl saw the people sitting in the living room and sprinted straight over.” Dad!”

Nolan hugged her and looked at her carefully. “Are you hurt?”

“No, those people didn’t do anything to me.” She shook her head and then turned to

look at Thomas. “It’s you, Grandpa Thomas.”

Thomas was sipping tea, and his gaze shifted onto Nolan’s face. “This is all just a misunderstanding, and we’ve returned this little girl to you unscathed I only ask you not to interfere with the affair between the Knowles and us.” Daisy asked anxiously before Nolan could say anything, “Why, Grandpa Thomas? Are you really not going to let Nolly go?”

After saying that, she grabbed Nolan’s hand. “Dad, I volunteered to come here with Nolly. I can’t leave him here alone.”

Nolan frowned. “That brat! What has he done to bewitch my precious baby?” He suppressed his emotions and explained indifferently, “Daisy, don’t make this harder for me. Someone else will take care of him. I am only here to bring you home.” When Daisy heard this, she flung her arm to break free from Nolan’s grasp. “I’m not going back.”

Nolan’s expression dimmed. “Daisy!”

Even Quincy was worried for her.

“How could this young lady still not understand the situation that we’re in? The Cliffords only want to abduct Noilace, and Elder Master Clifford had already brought her back to us. Things will get a lot more

complicated for Mr. Goldmann if she insists on interfering with this matter.

Unfortunately, he could not reason with a child, so he could only comfort her anxiously. “Young lady, your father has come all the way here just to pick you up. As for Young Master Knowles, I’m sure he’ll be fine.” “You’re lying.” Daisy took a step back with bloodshot eyes. “Those bad guys will never let him go. Nolly is my friend, and I promised him not to leave him alone. I can’t go back on my word. He’ll be killed if I don’t care about him.”

“Daisy Vanderbilt, shut up!” Nolan roared at her, and even Thomas was astonished.

Daisy was taken aback and froze in place as her father scolded her again. Her father had never been willing to scold her before this.

Thus, she burst into tears out of grievance while Thomas put down his teacup, not knowing what made him want to coax the child.

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However, upon thinking that not even the father was coaxing his daughter, Thomas endured the urge to do so. Daisy’s cries were so loud that they could even be heard from outside of the manor. Nolan pinched and rubbed the bridge of his nose, calmed himself down, and wanted to say something.

However, Daisy pushed his hand away, turned around, and ran away. “I don’t want to see you anymore! I hate you!”

“Daisie...” Nolan stretched his arm but missed her. Quincy took a glance at him. “Mr.

Goldmann, I’ll go with her to keep an eye on her.”

He then chased after her.

Thomas put down the teacup with a pregnant expression. “Since the little girl refuses to go back with you, I don’t mind you staying in Octavia for a few more days, Mr. Goldmann.”

Nolan squinted slightly and then turned to face Thomas after a long pause. “What are you planning, Elder Master Clifford?” Thomas chuckled. “You’re still our honored guests, and I’ll surely treat you like one. So don’t worry, I won’t use that girl as leverage to make your life difficult. After all, she’s quite lovable to me.”

Nolan’s eyes moved as he loosened his tie and responded calmly, “I’ll accept your kind offer if you insist.” He left the hall after saying that. Thomas watched Nolan’s figure disappear at the door, and his eyes could not help but dim.

He went into his study and twisted a pot of plants on the bookshelf. The wall behind the bookshelf shifted to the side slowly, unveiling a hidden passageway.”

He walked into the dark passage, lit the lamp, and there was another smaller study hidden behind the wall. However, it had not been in use all year round, and it had long since been reduced to a utility room where he stored his personal belongings.

Thomas took off a painting on the wall And behind the painting, there was a huge full-body photo of a woman. The woman in the photo was

wearing a plain dress and holding a silk fan in her hand. Each of her frowns and smiles brought him joy throughout all those years. The woman in the photo resembled Nolan a little, especially around the eyes and brows. Thomas stroked the face of the woman in the photo with his trembling thumb, and his eyes were bloodshot as he murmured, "Simmie, why didn't you wait for me?"

At the river bank...

Daisie sat beside the bushes and threw a stone into the water. Her wet eyelashes were stuck together, and her teary eyes were filled with grievances and sadness.

Quincy walked up to a tree, hid behind it, and was relieved to find that she was only sitting there sulking and did not run around anymore

He stayed there until Nolan came over.

He took a deep breath and walked toward Daisie. Daisie saw his reflection on the surface of the river and ignored him.

Nolan sat down beside her. After all, she was his daughter, so how could he not feel distressed about what just happened?

"Daisie, I didn't mean to scold you just now. I'm sorry about that."

Daisie continued to ignore him.

Nolan felt totally helpless.

'This girl acts exactly like her mother when she gets angry...' He raised his hand and rubbed the top of her head. "Daisie, are you still angry with me?" Daisie smacked his hand away from her head—she was still infuriated.

Nolan glanced at her. "Daisie, there's a limit to throwing a tantrum. I've already apologized to you."

She snorted. "If an apology is always going to work, then why do we need the police?"

Nolan was rendered speechless.

'Did I just get reprimanded by my own daughter?'

But what else could he do? She was his daughter, so no matter how much trouble it would cause him to coax her, he would still have to do it. "I know it's my fault. That's why I'm asking you for your forgiveness." Daisie turned to look at him with pouty lips. "Why didn't you save Nolly?"

Nolan frowned slightly. "Daisie, it's not that I don't want to save him. It's that it's not appropriate for me to interfere in their family's affairs."

Liar!" Daisie looked away. "No one can stop you from doing what you want unless you don't want to do it."

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Nolan was at a loss of words.

After a while, he rubbed his forehead and explained earnestly, "Daisie, you must understand that this isn't my territory, and I only came here to save you." "Octavia isn't part of the mainland, let alone Bussburgh. It's indeed inconvenient and inappropriate for the Goldmanns to intervene in

anything that happens here. Not to mention that the two families have had no grudges against each other, so there's no need for him to start a feud for no reason.

‘It’s understandable for me to offend the Cliffords because they abducted Daisy in the first place, and I came here only to save my daughter.

‘Elder Master Clifford only wants Nollace and is willing to let Daisy go, which means he’s doing me a favor out of basic courtesy.’

Daisy sobbed. “Will Nolly die?” Nolan lifted his hand to wipe away the tears that were rolling down from the corners of her eyes. “Daisy, I know that you are a kind girl and don’t want to leave your friends behind, but you’re still young. There are some things that adults can’t do even if they want to very badly. After all, there are still many details that we need to look into and consider here. I would do anything here if I had nothing to worry about. However, you’re currently by my side, and your safety is my top priority.”

“Aren’t you just worried that I’ll implicate you?” Daisy looked at Nolan with her teary eyes, stood up, and wiped away her tears. “I don’t need you to protect me, I can protect myself.

Nolan laughed and looked at her, “You’re still just a little girl. How can you protect yourself?”

Daisy made a face at him. “You should never look down on little girls.”

She then left in a hurry after refuting him.

Quincy, who was standing at the side, shook his head helplessly and stared at Nolan, who was approaching him. “Mr. Goldmann, the young lady won’t cause any more troubles, right?”

‘This little girl is very smart. She might even be the one who set the warehouse on fire back in the seaside township in order to buy us some time. But if it weren’t for that fire, those men wouldn’t have transferred Noilace to Octavia in such a short time.’

Nolan looked at Daisy, who was walking away, and could not help but let off a wry smile. “I wonder who this girl got all these traits from . Just get someone to protect her secretly.”

Speaking of that, he thought of something and asked, “How is Zee doing back in Bussburgh?”

‘She probably knows about this now.’

Quincy paused for a bit and said, “Mrs. Goldmann went to Tristan, and she seems to have gone to see Jackie too.” Nolan’s eyes dimmed slightly. He pursed his lips tightly as he thought about something.

Quincy knew what Nolan was worried about. “Mr. Goldmann, you don’t have to worry about Mrs. Goldmann. She’ll definitely not let herself get hurt or suffer, but do we really want to stay in Octavia for a while longer?”

Nolan responded faintly.

Thomas intended to keep us here for some reason, and I wish to see through that reason that’s running through his mind.’

At Bassburgh, at a diner...

Tristan removed the teabag from the mug.” You’ve threatened Jackie. Are you not afraid that he’ll retaliate against you in secret?” Maisie took a sip of the Arabica coffee from the mug carefully and said with a calm

expression, “The question that you should ask is, will he be able to get back to Octavia in one piece if he retaliates against me in Bussburgh?” She then put down the teacup, lifted her eyebrows, and gave off a smile. “It’s not wise for him to come at me as it won’t do him any good.” Tristan was startled and gave off a hearty laugh. “As expected from the matriarch of the Goldmanns. Your fearless temper resembles that of Nolan’s quite a bit.”

‘You don’t get to get married to someone without sharing some traits with him and his family. I finally understand the meaning behind this sentence now.’

Maisie went straight to the point. “Jackie said that Elder Master Clifford and your mother have known each other since a long time ago. If your mother could persuade him into making a move, I really can’t think of a reason that would convince Elder Master Clifford into helping her to deal with the Knowles if it weren’t for profit.”

Tristan could not help but respond sullenly, “I don’t know what happened between her and Elder Master Clifford. The only thing that I know is that she hates the Knowles and me. I wish to know why too.”

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Maisie lowered her gaze and said nothing.

Tristan really could not feel the love that his mother had for him. It was said that they were related by blood, but his mother hated him and even the entire family.

As for the reason that was fueling her hatred, only the involved parties would know. Maisie did not stay for long and bade Tristan goodbye right after the conversation ended.

Back in the car...

The bodyguard informed Maisie that Nolan had found Daisie, and it was estimated that they would be staying in Octavia for a few more days.

Maisie frowned. "What do you mean by they will be staying there for a few more days?"

The bodyguard explained in an awkward manner, "It's mainly because the young lady refuses to return. She insists on getting Mr. Goldmann to save Young Master Knowles too now that he's there, but Mr. Goldmann can't do that."

Maisie asked, "Are the Cliffords making things difficult for Mr. Goldmann?" The bodyguard shook his head. "No. Mr. Goldmann and the others headed directly to the Cliffords manor to take back the young lady, and Elder Master Clifford immediately released her."

After listening to the bodyguard's explanation, Maisie fell into contemplation.

'Presumably, abducting Daisie wasn't part of their plan. Daisie was the one who insisted on getting herself involved in this incident. 'Their goal has always been Nollace, and Nollace only. The Cliffords are willing to let Daisie go only because they don't want Nolan to intervene with their plan.

There should be some kind of relationship that bonds Elder Master Clifford and Madam Knowles to each other, and this bond may be the key to the breakthrough that I've been looking for.'

Maisie looked at the bodyguard. “Get me every detailed information about Madam Knowles that you can get your hands on, both from the past and now.”

At Coralia...

The doctor removed the plaster casting for

Helios, and the latter tried to get out of bed to move around. Christina wanted to support him originally, but he stopped her from doing

so.

He took a few steps forward, turned around, and smiled at her. “I feel much better now.”

Christina heaved a sigh of relief as the doctor instructed her, “Mr. Voucher is only at the initial stages of his recovery. It’s not recommended for him to carry out strenuous exercise within a month, such as fitness training, running, and so on. But he can practice some moderate leg exercises.”

Christina nodded. “Okay, thank you, doctor.”

After the doctor left, Christina helped Helios to walk back to the bed and sit down. “Did you hear that? You’ve just recovered, so just put the filming of the drama on hold for now. You’ve hurt your tendons and bones. It’s not just a simple flesh wound, so you must take good care of it. Do you get me?”

Helios was helpless. “Alright, I understand.”.

“Hels...” Nina pushed the door open and entered the ward. Seeing Christina, she stopped for a second, nodded, and smiled at her. “Mrs. Boucher.”

Christina turned to look at Helios. “You’ve made me a promise, so keep in mind that you’re not allowed to return to the crew until your injury has completely healed.” –

Helios did not know how to react to her reminder.

Helios restrained his expression slightly after Christina left the ward. “Did something happen?”

Nina said, “There are quite a few commercial accounts of unknown sources that have crooked your intention of rescuing Michelle. They claimed that you saved her only for the sake of putting on a show to keep your likability high. It seems that Michelle might have started to make a fuss about it after you stopped welcoming her into your ward after several visits.”

Nina was infuriated.

‘She’s only an unknown actress who got rescued by the best and most famous actor, but she is still not satisfied with the outcome. She’

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s failed to show Hels her persistent attention and is actually trying to create more ripples through Google Trends. Does she want to become popular that badly?’ Helios looked unconcerned. “Just let them be. There’s no need for me to explain such a n incident to the public.” There were a lot of discussions on the Internet about whether Helios had saved the actress to keep himself relevant in the industry or not. Helios’ fans supported him and accused Michelle of ulterior motives.

#Don't even try to take advantage of Hells. Just how ungrateful can you be? Hells saved you, yet here you're making a scene out of his kindness. If it weren't for Hells, you would've died in the snow long ago.##

#You want to become popular through these posts, don't you? You've made it onto Google Trends' hottest list for a while, and you would like the fire to continue to spread, don't you?##

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Some of the netizens thought that Michelle was innocent.

#She thanked Mr. Boucher but was rejected. Was he just going to spit on her appreciation?##

#Helios Boucher's fans are so annoying. What did the girl do wrong? He saved her, and she was just thanking him. What's wrong with that?

There were all kinds of comments online—some were on Helios' side, while others were on Michelle's. It was a hot topic, nonetheless.

The fans were looking forward to Helios' response to the situation, but when noon came, no one made a statement, be it Helios, his studio, or his assistant. The next day when Helios was discharged, the media and paparazzi were all waiting for an interview at the hospital entrance, and it was all about the rumor of him saving someone for publicity.

Nina and the bodyguards blocked the paparazzi, who were pushing forward. Helios wore a black coat with a grayish-white scarf, still

looking dashing under the flashes, but he seemed pale since he was still recovering.

He smiled for the cameras but didn't answer any of the questions and got straight into the car.

The observant paparazzi saw a woman with sunglasses sitting in the car.

Who was that?

When the bodyguard and Nina got in the car slowly drove away, and Barbara took off her sunglasses. "Why are reporters here?"

That was why Nina had asked her to wait in the car, or there would be a new topic to talk about.

Helios removed his scarf and put it around her neck. "You'll get used to it"

Barbara touched the scarf around her neck -it still had his warmth. "Are we going back to Bassburgh now?"

He smiled. "Where else?"

Helios hugged her, smiling widely. "My mom told my family about us."

Barbara was stunned, and seeing that she was nervous, Helios held her hand. "My parents are really happy."

"But I-"

He put his finger to her lips and shushed her. "I'm not pushing you. I'll bring you over when you're ready." Barbara leaned into his arms, looked down, and smiled, "Thank you."

At Soul...

Maisie looked through information about Madam Knowles. From her photos, she could tell that this was a fiery woman.

Madam Knowles had married Elder Master Knowles when she was 30. Looking through the pictures taken during events when she was young, she was indeed an ambitious beauty, with her every move exuding confidence. It wasn't surprising that the widowed Elder Master Knowles had fallen for her and ignored the criticisms, and married a woman who was young enough to be his daughter.

Madam Knowles was half Winstonite. Her maiden name was Olga Volkov, which she abandoned when she moved to Yaramoor and went by Luna to blend in with the nobles and socialites.

Maisie rapped her fingers on the desk while she picked up another picture. It seemed to be a picture of the elders of the Knowles. Elder Master Knowles was seated, and Olga and another man, who was around her age, were standing next to him. He was probably the son of Elder Master Knowles and his late wife, Tristan's brother, Sam.

Sam and his father were smiling, but Olga never smiled in her pictures other than in the few pictures when she was younger.

She looked neutral no matter what even she was at.

A woman's instinct was usually true.

Maisie could tell that Olga didn't want to marry Elder Master Knowles—there was no longing in her eyes, only hatred.

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Maisie continued reading information about the Knowles and saw something that made her pause because she was surprised.

#Heir to the Knowles, Sam Knowles' first love throws herself off a building, Sam Knowles sadly agrees to an arranged marriage.#

#'Luna' seen drinking at a bar on Sam Knowles' wedding night, 'kuna' once mentioned that she had a crush on a gentleman, hinting that it was Sam Knowles, but instead married Elder Master Knowles, who was 20 years her senior.#

These two newspapers were one of the earliest gossip papers of Yaramoor. If it weren't uncovered, no one would have known.

Maisie took a picture of these articles and sent them to Quincy. When Quincy saw them, he was shocked.

Quincy knocked on Nolan's room and went in when he got permission. "Mr. Goldmann, Mrs. Goldmann sent these to me. She found some of the Knowles' scandals.

Nolan closed his book, took Quincy's phone, scanned through it, and chuckled. * Interesting."

"She was able to dig out all this history. Do you think something was going on between Madam Knowles and the eldest son of her husband?" Quincy was curious.

Nolan handed the phone back to Quincy and laughed. “Yorrick would know if this was true or not. All we need to do is ask.”

Quincy didn't understand. “By the way, Mr. Goldmann, why did you agree to stay for a

few days ?

Nolan's eyes darted, and his thin lips parted after a long pause. “I have a feeling that Thomas Clifford knows something about my mother.”

At the study of the Clifford manor... “Sir, Mr. Godmann is here,” The maid reported at the door.

Thomas paused and put down his pen.” Send him in.”

Nolan walked into the study and looked around the antique look. “You seem to love calligraphy.” Thomas sat straight, wiped his palm with a napkin, and smiled. “The older I get, the more I want to improve myself.” “You asked me about my mother yesterday. Did you know her ?” Nolan went straight to the point. He wouldn't have stayed even if Elder Master Clifford asked him if not because he had other reasons.

Thomas froze, but his expression was neutral. “I don't never met her either,” he said with a smile.

Nolan walked to one of the paintings on the wall. “What did you mean by the question yesterday ?”

Thomas didn't answer.

Nolan turned to look at him. “The way you looked at me yesterday seemed like you saw someone because you looked shocked.’

Thomas smiled again before walking to the table and pouring himself a cup of tea. After a long pause, he calmly said, "Honestly, I was shocked because I thought I saw someone who had passed when I saw you."

"Who was that?" Nolan squinted.

Thomas put the cup down. "I'll show you."

Nolan and Thomas walked in a hidden pathway of the study. There was a woman in a frame on the wall, and Nolan was in shock.

Her eyes and mouth were similar to his mother's, but he knew that the woman in the painting wasn't his mother, Natasha Knowles.

Thomas stood next to him with his arms crossed, his eyes on the painting." Surprised? It's strange how the world works."

"I am surprised." Nolan looked at the words at the bottom left corner, "Simmons Neale." Was she your wife?"

Thomas paused, his face somber. "No, Simmons was the love of my life, but I disappointed her. I met her when I was learning about construction in Yaramoor."

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Thomas had fallen for her during the one year he had spent with her, and they got into a relationship.

Thomas had been studying for two years, and she had been with him the entire time. When he finally got his degree in civil engineering, he had to

rush home because something had happened in the Clifford family, so he had to return to his country. He had promised Simmone that he would marry her once the issue was settled.

His eyes turned dull when he remembered that. "If I had returned to see her sooner... she wouldn't have died." He turned to Nolan, who was standing next to him. "She was the fraternal twin sister of Olga, so they don't look that similar. The

Knowles were behind her death, and that was why I wanted to help her.

"If the love of your life was murdered, I believe you would do the same. You wouldn't just let it go, right?" Nolan was surprised. He could see Thomas' hatred for the Knowles through his eyes, mixed with remorse and regret. After a long silence, Nolan looked back and parted his thin lips. "I wouldn't have let this happen."

Thomas was stunned.

Nolan had a neutral expression, "When I love a woman, I wouldn't leave her and wouldn't let her wait for me miles away. She would only be within my reach so I could make sure that she's safe."

After Nolan left, Thomas stood in his spot, taking a lot of time to recover.

Noilace looked outside the window. It looked quiet-there was nothing outside.

He pressed his palm to the window, but suddenly a face appeared outside the window, and he jumped.

Daisie opened the window and laughed." It's me!"

Noilace was stunned. “You-”

Daisie climbed in through the window before he could say something. She patted her clothes and took a piece of fried chicken out of her bag. “I went to the mall with Quincy, so I bought some for you.” Noilace looked down and didn’t take it.

Daisie looked at him and whispered, “You don’t like fried chicken?”

He spat out, “No”, yet he took the chicken from her hand. “I’ll take it then, thanks.”

“Don’t worry about it. We’re friends!” Daisie sat on the chair.

Noilace placed the chicken on the desk and asked, “Didn’t your dad pick you up?”

Daisie nodded. “Yes, but I can’t just leave you. My dad is staying here for a few days anyway. I’ll figure out a way to save you.”

Noilace smiled. “You don’t need to. They won’t do anything to me. They just want to bring me home.”

Daisie looked at him. “I don’t believe that. They’re bad people!”

The room door suddenly opened, and they both looked over. It was the woman who was with Zeta.

Daisie stood up, and the woman walked aside.

Quincy slowly walked in and saw that she was there, so he helplessly said, “Daisie, don’t forget Mr. Goldmann’s instructions. Come with me.”

At the presidential suite of the hotel...

Nolan sat in the study and tapped away on his keyboard. He looked up when he heard movement at the door.

Quincy brought Daisy back. Daisy stood there, with her head hanging and lips pouting. She then mumbled, "Dad, you're breathing down my neck." Nolan asked Quincy to leave them.

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After Quincy left, Nolan stood up, sat down in front of a single couch, crossed his legs, and stared at Daisy.

Daisy looked everywhere except at her father. Her father was scary when he didn't speak. She was missing her mother!

Nolan controlled his anger and didn't explode. "Daisy, I know you don't want to leave your friend, but you can be friends with anyone except Noilace."

"Why?" Daisy looked up curiously and tilted her head. "Dad, Nolly is a nice person. Why don't you like him?"

Nolan rubbed the bridge of his nose because his head was aching. "That boy is manipulative. You're too innocent."

Daisy was confused. "What does that mean?"

Nolan didn't know what to say. He was talking about something so difficult to understand to an 8-year-old. She wouldn't understand.

He sighed. "Just listen to me. He's not as simple as you think." ...

"Wayion and Colton aren't simple either. Why don't you like it when Noilace is the same?"

Nolan was rendered speechless once again.

Daisie continued. "Isn't being clever a good thing?" What she understood by not being simple was being too clever.

Nolan stood up. "Just listen to me and don't see him anymore."

Daisie pouted and didn't say anything.

Nolan stopped in front of her, slightly bent down, and pinched her cheeks. "You hear me?"

Daisie nodded reluctantly.

Nolan's phone rang, and he saw that it was Maisie when he pulled his phone out.

He tapped on the button to pick up, only for Daisie to yell, "Mom! Dad yelled at me!"

Nolan had nothing to say.

Maisie heard Daisie's complaint and narrowed her eyes. "You yelled at her?"

Nolan looked at Daisy, who was pretending to be bullied. "I didn't. She's just acting."

Daisy wanted to say something, but Nolan gestured at Quincy at the door.

Quincy walked in, covered Daisy's mouth, and took her away under his arm.

Nolan smiled. There's no way you're going to win, little girl.'

"Nolan, what's happening there?" Maisie asked, "Did the Cliffords give you trouble?"

Nolan smiled while he walked to the window. "No, don't worry."

Maisie was curious. "Was Elder Master Clifford reasonable?"

His smile broadened. "Yes," His eyes fell on the port far away. "We might actually become family with them."

Two days later...

Quincy handed information that Yorrick had sent over to Nolan. "Mr. Hathaway has some tricks up his sleeves. Maisie was just scratching the surface. He had information on the big juicy ones." Nolan wasn't surprised about that. Yorrick could get information in Yaramoor that few could because he had become the biggest investor in the media while concealing his identity.

All news from the media, leaks, or information that were removed years ago were mostly kept internally and classified. Yorrick had access to all that

He had his finger in all the pies. He would invest in foreign companies and had a good eye, so he wouldn't be involved in ventures that would be a loss. He would look at future volatility when investing, and he would pull up without hesitation once something became volatile. That was why he could spend a lot of money but still stay rich.

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 970

Chapter 970

Yorrick was a wolf in sheep's clothing in the business world. People thought that he was a good-for-nothing rich kid but didn't realize that underestimating your rivals in the business world was the deadliest thing. Nolan looked through the files that Yorrick gave him, and it had pictures of the oldest newspaper in Yaramoor, and the dates were from decades ago. The snow fell outside the window in Yaramoor. The confers along the streets were covered in balls of snow and frost. Madam Knowles walked to the nursing home with a poodle in hand while a bodyguard was walking next to her, holding an umbrella. When they got to the door, the bodyguard closed the umbrella and handed it to the staff. The people there welcomed her enthusiastically and brought her to the room on the first floor. She let the bodyguards wait outside. When the nurse pushed the door open, an old person was lying in bed, breathing with the help of a ventilator. The man's face was gaunt, tortured by sickness, weak and ugly. It was hard to imagine that this was once a handsome and charming man, the Knowles' heir, Sam Knowles. Madam Knowles stood at the end of the bed and put the poodle she was holding down. She walked along the bed and looked down at Sam, who had trouble breathing. Sam slowly opened his eyes, and the finger that was covered in warts moved. Madam Knowles leaned in closer to him with a neutral expression. "Are you trying to say something?" The hot breath fogged up the oxygen mask, but he didn't make a sound. Madam Knowles ran her fingers over the

few strands of hair left on his head. “I guess there’s nothing more to say, but me, I miss you. If I didn’t marry your father when we were young. I would have married you.” Sam’s eyes were hazy. He slowly closed them as if he wasn’t interested in listening, “I found Noilace. Your family put all your hopes on this child, but I won’t allow that.” Madam Knowles sniggered and added, “I’m keeping your son, and daughter-in-law captured and let you live so long, but you chose this instead. Honestly, I don’t want to see you die.” Sam didn’t react Madam Knowles leaned next to him and laughed. “I have a secret to tell you before you leave. She moved close to his ear. “Her, I killed her.” Sam’s finger moved again while a tear fell from the corner of his eye. When she left the room, the oxygen mask was removed from the man in the bed. At Octavia, at the Clifford manor... The maid walked to Thomas Clifford and said something. His hand that was holding a pen paused, and the ink spread on the paper. “Sam passed away.” Thomas sniggered and looked at the maid through the corner of his eyes. “What about Rick Knowles?” The maid answered, “Locked up by Madam Knowles.” He waved the maid away, looked outside the window solemnly, and mumbled.” Simone, the people who murdered you have gotten what they deserved. I have avenged you.” The car drove through the streets. Quincy, who was in the passenger seat, picked up a call and paused before slowly turning to look at the person in the back seat. “Mr. Goldmann, Tristan called and said that Sam Knowles has passed away.” Nolan frowned. “How did he die? Quincy answered. “The media reported that he passed away in a nursing home The media knew that Sam was sick, but hearing about his death was still a shock. “By the way, only Madam Knowles is accepting interviews while Sam’s son, Rick, is nowhere to be found.” Quincy pondered. “I think Madam Knowles has them locked up.”