

# Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 1704-1716

Chapter 1704

When Daisy, who was hiding behind the car, heard that,

she stood up. "You have no dignity!"

Edison jumped. "Ms. Vanderbilt!?"

Daisy quickly walked to the car, leaned on the door, and looked at him. "You're planning to live with us and spend our money and take everything!".

Nollace chuckled as he stared at her innocent and beautiful face. "If the family fortune can survive the three of you, it can survive me too."

Daisy puffed up her cheeks. "You're trying to say that my brothers and I spend too much money?".

Nollace couldn't help but smile and pinch her cheek. " You alone are enough trouble. Why else would you go trash up the Pruitts' home?"

She paused and suddenly felt ashamed. "I was angry. How could that old woman bully her like that?"

No one noticed that Edison had left.

Nollace opened the door, pulled her into the car so that she would sit on his lap, and whispered into her ear, "How long were you eavesdropping?"

Daisie was ashamed that she had been caught

eavesdropping, so she looked away, "Not very long..."

It wasn't too long, just around five or six minutes, but she had heard everything she shouldn't have.

Nollace cupped her cheek. "So, you heard everything."

She felt guilty. "Am I not supposed to hear that?"

He smiled but didn't answer.

"Why was Ayan admitted?" Daisie was worried that he would be angry, so she quickly explained, "I was just curious, nothing else."

He laughed. "Are you concerned about my feelings?" Daisie choked. "What if you take things the wrong way?"

Nollace tapped the tip of her nose, "That's sincere." He wasn't planning on hiding it from her. "Ken hired someone to get rid of him. We saved him, but he was already badly injured."

Daisie was shocked. "Ken wanted to get rid of him? Is it because..."

She guessed that it was because of what he had done to her-because he was exposed.

Nollace pushed her hair behind her ear. "How's Freyja?"

Daisie looked down. "She's badly hurt. The maid sent a

text to me with her phone because she would have lost "her life."

She pouted and tugged his sleeve. "Nolly, how could her family treat her so cruelly?"

Freyja was her daughter, but Sandy only cared about her son. She would even treat her daughter so cruelly.

Nollace looked away, "It's related to how they were brought up. You know that my aunt is an illegitimate child. She never got to visit the palace, even though she was also a princess. She wasn't treated the same as my mother."

Daisie paused. "That was the main reason?"

He smiled and looked at her. "Not everyone is able to accept the fact when they go through hardships."

"But how could she punish her children for her hardships? Even if her life was tough, she had control of her own life. She could have changed it."

Daisie couldn't understand.

As an illegitimate child, Sandy had done no wrong because her mother had chosen to keep her. Even if her mother had done it for power and status and would rather be a mistress and get chastised for it, what had her children done wrong?

Sandy could have changed herself and become a better mother than her mother, but she chose vengeance and punished her children for her misfortune.

Nollace looked down. "People are rarely so wise. If there were more of them, there wouldn't be people who couldn't distinguish between good and evil. To be good or evil is a choice."

## **Chapter 1705**

Nollace lifted Daisie's chin before touching her forehead with his. "Daisie, if one day you realize that I'm someone who would do anything to get what I want, would you be afraid of me?"

Daisie paused and didn't speak.

Nollace didn't push her for an answer and let go of her. "Are you leaving, or will you spend more time with

Freyja?"

"I'm going home." She then looked at Nollace, "I would understand."

Nollace was surprised. If she said that she wouldn't be afraid, he would think she was just brushing him off, but she said she would understand.

Nollace sent her to the Hilton Villas. Daisy opened the door, remembered something, and looked back at him. "You should keep an eye out for Ken Pruitt too."

Nollace was momentarily silent before flashing a smile. "Yes, ma'am."

After watching her go into the villa, Nollace stopped smiling, and his face dropped, "It's time that I visit my

unt."

Sandy was still in the hospital, and her expression changed when she saw Nollace enter. "What are you doing here?"

He casually walked into the room and looked around. "Am I not welcomed here?"

"Drop the act. Are you here to mock me? Hmph! Even if I've offended the Goldmanns, I'm still the daughter of the king."

The Hathaways and Goldmanns had worked together to take the Reeses down, and the royals hadn't interfered because they had nothing to do with them. Even if they were nobility, they had been granted the title a long time ago. The ancestor of the Reeses was the only non-royal to receive a title. If not for that ancestor, the Reeses would not have their status to this day. They would just be someone from high society. Even though she was an illegitimate child with no status, she was still a princess.

Nollace played around with the roses in the vase and said without looking up, "So you're glad that you're Grandpa's daughter and won't fall from grace like the Reeses?"

Sandy smirked. "Is it untrue? If they wanted to get to me, they would have already."

Nollace chuckled. "Do you think that Grandpa would go against the Hathaways and Goldmanns for you?"

Sandy screamed, "Are you mocking me!?" He calmly turned around to face her. "I'm just being honest. The Hathaways provide a lot of military funding every year, and with that, they're pretty much the finance minister. Grandpa is a smart man. He wouldn't take a loss.

"And the Goldmanns don't care who you are. You're a princess, but when you married uncle Brandon, you pretty much left the royal family. My father married my mother and was accepted by Grandpa, but that was something Uncle Brandon, and you never had the privilege of."

The truth was harsh, and Nollace was there to expose her wounds.

Sandy couldn't take it anymore and pushed everything on the table to the floor. "Get out!"

The food spilled onto his pants, but he just took a look and laughed. "Are you afraid to hear the truth?"

She shook in anger but was still proud. "What are you going to do, Nollace? Ken is your cousin. Are you going to get to him? If anything happens to him, can you explain it to your grandfather?"

All her pride came from her son. So what if she was an

illegitimate child? She had royal blood, and so did her son. He was a royal grandchild!

## Chapter 1706

Nollace knew what she was going to say. A faint smile appeared on his face as he said, "I won't do anything to Ken."

Sandy let out a snort. Just when she was about to say something, Nollace's face turned grim as he continued, "But it doesn't mean that other people won't do anything to him."

Her face turned pale. "What do you mean?"

She pounced at Nollace and grabbed him by his collar tightly. "I warn you, Nollace. If you dare to lay your finger on my son, I'll make you and your mother experience what it means to live a life worse than death!"

"I guess you should keep that for yourself." Nollace pried his collar out of her grip. There was no expression on his face as he continued indifferently. "What do you think will happen if everyone learns that it's Ken who killed Mr. Reese? I think it's going to be very interesting."

All colors drained from Sandy's face.

How does he know about that!?'

Her voice began to tremble as he said, "What the hell are you talking about? You don't have any evidence, so~"

\*I do," Nollace said as he leaned closer to stare at her

expressionlessly. "I have the evidence, so you know what you should do, right, Aunt Sandy?"

He turned around and left the ward.

Sandy was so scared that she was shaking all over. If Nollace had the evidence, things would be very bad for her son.

She thought of something and hastily called Ken to inform him.

The next day...

When the nurse changed the wound dressing, Daisy pushed the door and came into the ward. "Freyja, my brother and I—" Before she could finish her sentence, she saw Freyja taking off her clothes so that the nurse could clean her wound. Freyja turned her head to look at them, and Daisy hastily pushed Colton out of the ward.

Colton couldn't come around to his senses in time, and he stumbled a few steps when she pushed him out of the door.

After that, Daisy hastily closed the door. She felt embarrassed. If she had known that the nurse was changing Freyja's dressing on the wound, she wouldn't have brought Colton with her.

She turned to look at Colton and asked in a serious voice, "You didn't see anything, right, Colton?"

Colton turned his face sideways and replied. "There's nothing much for me to see either."

Daisy knew her brother was not that kind of person, and she heaved a sigh of relief.

After the nurse had finished her work, she came out of the ward.

When Daisy went into the ward, Freyja had already put her clothes back on. She was sitting on the bed, and she apparently did not care about what happened just now." You don't have rehearsal today?"

"We're almost done with the rehearsal , so we're taking two days of rest." Daisy walked to the bed and sat down. She handed the snack box in her hand to her and said, " I've bought you some low-fat cakes. They're healthy and nutritious."

Freyja took it over and said, "Thank you."

Colton stood by the door with his arms across his chest. He looked around the ward and frowned. "Are you sure you can rest in this kind of place?".

It had poor sound insulation, and they could hear the sound of the patient watching TV next to them.

Not only that but there were a lot of people walking here and there in the corridor. There was a child crying non stop while getting an injection.

Daisy felt Colton was right. "Do you want to change to another ward?"

Freyja was rendered speechless. She put the snack box down and said, "That's not necessary. I'm here to treat my wound. I'm not here to enjoy the VIP treatment."

Daisy scratched her cheek and felt Freyja was right as well.

Colton snorted and said, “Idiot. Staying in the hospital itself was suffering, so what’s wrong with spending money to enjoy better service?” “No. I’m not as rich as you guys.”

Daisie chimed in and said in confusion, “But you have a lot of money too.”

She could easily get tens of thousands of dollars after selling the copyright of her book. Besides, her title was popular. She should be able to enjoy a good life with the amount of money she earned.

Freyja was stumped. “But it doesn’t mean I can spend my money freely. You don’t know how hard it is to earn money. Besides, I still need to take care of Deedee, remember?”

## **Chapter 1707**

Daisie fell silent after Freyja mentioned Deedee.

She had to take care of her brother’s daughter, so it was true that she couldn’t spend her money freely.

Colton turned around and said, “You don’t have to pay for

it.”

Then, he left the ward.

In the end, Freyja was “forcefully” moved to the VIP inpatient department on the 16th floor. Since the ward was located on a higher floor, it received more sunlight. The sound insulation was a lot better, and the corridor was empty. It was not as noisy as the ward downstairs and was a suitable environment for recuperation.

Daisie looked at Colton. She was kind of surprised that her brother would spend money on someone other than her. After all, not everyone could make her brother spend money for them.

However, she was kind of happy as well. At the very least, Colton had already started to warm up to Freyja.

Colton received a call and went up to answer it.

Freyja went closer to her and whispered. "Is there ... something wrong with your brother's head?"

Daisie came around to her senses and looked at her. A smile appeared on her face as he said, "Maybe."

"Hold on a second! Will he want me to pay him back the money?" asked Freyja. "I don't have that much money!"

This was the first sentence Colton heard when he entered the ward. He put his phone down and said indifferently, "I don't need you to pay me back the money."

Freyja let out a sigh of relief. "That's good to hear." "Who called you, Colton?" asked Daisie. Colton replied, "What do you think? Of course it's Nollace." Daisie seemed a bit surprised. "Since when did you have Nolly's contact number?" She remembered very clearly that Colton did not save Nollace's phone number. Besides, he hated Nollace a lot, so it went without saying that they wouldn't contact each other by phone. "It's none of your business." Colton pulled the door open and turned his head around. "I'll come to pick you up at night."

After he went away, Daisie said while smacking her lips, "I don't know why, but I have a feeling that both of them are doing something behind my back."

Freyja looked at her and said, "I think they're figuring

out a plan to get Ken into their trap.” It went without saying that they had to get back at Ken after he ordered Ayan to do that kind of thing to Daisy. Besides, Colton hadn’t told the Goldmanns about it yet. If not, it was impossible that they wouldn’t have done anything all this while.

Although Daisy did not understand why Colton did not want to tell their family about it, she guessed it was because Colton wanted to take the matter into his own hands.

He felt it was his negligence that had allowed Ayan to lay his hands on Daisy. Besides, he probably did not know how to explain this to his family.

Freyja lowered her head and chuckled. “Your brother is a good brother.”

She was kind of envious of Daisy.

Colton just wanted to protect his sister. He did not care about other people’s views at all.

Similarly, Ken was her brother. However, their relationship was built on top of interests, and they rarely cared about each other.

Daisy smiled. “Waylon and Colton are good brothers.” As if she thought of something, she added, “But don’t worry. Colton might have a sharp tongue, but he’s actually a very good man.”

“I can see that.” Freyja got a pillow behind her and continued. “He’s so protective of you. I wonder who has the guts to become your sister-in-law in the future.”

“Why would you say that?” asked Daisy.

Freyja then continued matter-of-factly. "After all, I believe that your brother will still put you in the first place even after he has a girlfriend. There is no way a girl can tolerate it."

Daisy rested her chin on her hand and said, "You're right. I've never seen Colton have any girlfriends before. Could it be that I'm the obstacle in his journey to get a girlfriend?"

If that were true, she felt she had to do something about

1.

After all, Colton was handsome. It was such a shame that he did not have a girlfriend.

Freyja rolled her eyes at her and said, "Why are you worrying about something that even your brother himself isn't worried about? I'm just making an assumption. Are you going to force your brother to get into a relationship?"

## **Chapter 1708**

If Colton blamed Daisy for being the obstacle in his journey to get a girlfriend, she would be in big trouble. Daisy smiled but did not say anything.

After leaving the ward, she came to the first-floor lobby by elevator.

There was a nurse pushing a wheelchair in the crowd, and the young man sitting in the wheelchair was none other than Ayan.

He looked a lot thinner than the last time she saw her. He had a gaunt face, his body looked emaciated, and there was no light in his eyes. Gone was the energetic Ayan. When Daisy's gaze fell on his right empty pant leg, she was stunned.

The nurse pushed him past her, but Ayan did not notice her. Daisy stopped in her tracks. She turned her head around to look at the figure that was entering the elevator and sank into deep thoughts.

Colton was waiting for her outside of the entrance. She pulled the door and went into the car. "Colton, do you know what happened to Ayan?"

Colton frowned. "Why do you care about him? He had it coming."

"I'm just curious." Daisy pressed her lips. "He must have regretted paying such a high price."

Colton turned his head around to look at her. "There's no moving back in this world."

Daisy suddenly chuckled, and her melancholy a second ago vanished into thin air. "Why don't you get a girlfriend, Colton?"

He was stunned and looked at her with a frown. "What?"

Blinking her eyes, Daisy went closer to him and asked, "It isn't because of me, right?"

Colton knocked on her head. "What are you thinking about?"

Daisy stroked her head and replied, "Just answer my question."

"It has nothing to do with you. I'm not in the mood to look for a girlfriend right now." After Colton finished speaking, he glanced at her. "Do you think I'm you? All that's in your mind is Nollace. Won't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

Daisie puffed her cheeks up and replied, "It's none of your business either, you leftover."

Colton was rendered speechless.

As Daisie walked downstairs with her half-dried hair, she found that the housekeeper had just finished making dinner and was setting the table. "Miss, it has been a long time since your boyfriend came to dinner." She chuckled and picked up the fork. "Well, he has been rather busy lately."

"I can see that he loves you very much. Last time he clearly told me he had eaten breakfast, but he still sat with you and accompanied you to eat again. He doesn't like broccoli, yet he still eats it when you put one into his plate."

Daisie was stunned and raised her head. "How did you know that he doesn't like broccoli?"

Even she herself did not know about that.

The housekeeper smiled and replied, "I can see that he doesn't like broccoli a lot. Whenever I was cleaning the table, there would be a lot of broccoli left on his plate."

He ate those that Daisie put on his plate, but he picked out the broccoli that was originally on his plate. Perhaps he cared about her feelings a lot, so he did not want to reject her.

Late at night, at the plastic surgery hospital...

Maggie's face sank when she looked at her swollen face. Whenever she saw her face, she felt like vomiting.

Ean hugged her from the back. "What's wrong?"

Maggie stashed the mirror away and said exasperatedly, "Would you be happy if someone changed your face to another person?"

He lowered his eyes. After a short while, he asked, "When you asked me about Ayan, did you tell anyone?"

Maggie was stunned for a moment, but she soon came around to her senses. She turned around to look at him calmly and asked, "Why? Are you suspecting me?"

"Not me," Ean grabbed her hand. "It's Mr. Pruitt. I'm sure you know what he's capable of."

Maggie dusted his collar. Although her face was swollen and she did not look like herself anymore, her eyes were alluring. "Are you worried that I might die?"

## **Chapter 1709**

Ean pressed his lips into a thin line and did not say anything back in return.

"Ean, there's no turning back since we started seeing each other behind his back. Both of us know what he is capable of. Anyone can become his tool. If we continue to work for him, it'll only be a matter of time before he discards both of us."

She put her finger on his lips and continued. "Besides, can you tolerate it if he's going to offer the woman you love the most to that brutal man?"

Ean took a deep breath to calm himself down. After a short while, he released her and turned around to walk to the door. He stopped in front of the door and said without turning his head. "I'll try my best to stop it."

Maggie watched as he left the room.

Ean came to the parking lot. He had been very alert and instantly sensed something. He spun around, but he was still a step slower.

Holding him at gunpoint, Edison said, "My master wishes to see you."

Ean looked toward the car that was parked not far away, and his face sank.

After Ean got into the car, curtains fell and blocked all the windows. At the same time, Edison turned off the headlights.

Nollace was sitting with his legs crossed. "Does Mr. Pruitt know that you're here to meet your lover, Mr. Templar?" Ean gnashed his teeth and said, "That's not true." "Maggie has already joined my side."

Ean was stunned, and understanding soon dawned upon him.

It was only now he realized why Ken's assassination plan had failed. It turned out that Maggie was the one who had exposed their plan, and he was the one who had told those plans to her.

"I want to make a deal with you, Mr. Templar." Nollace turned his head to look at him and smiled.

"What makes you think that I'll betray Mr. Pruitt?" Ean looked at him back.

Even though the rumored Nollace was ten years younger than him and an inexperienced young man, he was much more mature than his peers.

He was shrouded in an air of mystery and had a pair of eyes that seemed to be able to see through everything . These were the things that he shouldn't have at his age. Ean remembered a saying. 'Those who had seen hell

wouldn't believe in heaven anymore.

It occurred to him that the young man before him was as complicated as he was.

Nollace then said calmly, "Maggie."

"Are you threatening her?"

"I showed her a path where she could live the life she wanted, so she decided to join my side," Nollace said calmly as he retracted his gaze. "You don't wish to see her die in the hands of Ken, right?"

Ean fell silent.

Nollace continued calmly. "After everything is settled , you can bring her away. You two can live the life you want. You don't have to work for other people anymore."

Ean began to waver when he heard that he could have both freedom and the woman he loved.

Two days later...

Brandon came to look for Freyja at the hospital. Apparently, he came here because of Sandy. "I know your mother doesn't treat you well, but she's still your mother. How can you bear to see her become the laughingstock of the city?"

Sandy had appeared on the news headlines because she abused and confined her daughter. Several days later, a group of reporters came to their house and wanted to

interview her. Everyone was criticizing Sandy. They were throwing all sorts of bad comments at Sandy on the Internet, and the good reputation that Ken had built up through Lara had been affected by the incident as well.

Brandon walked up to Freyja when she did not say anything. He grabbed her shoulder and said, "Fey, you need to understand your mother."

When Freyja heard what her father said, her heart shattered.

She slowly lifted her head and looked at her father expressionlessly. "Instead of apologizing to me, you expect me to be understanding?"

Brandon was stunned and lowered his head.

Freyja pushed her father away and shouted, "If I try to understand her, then who's going to understand me? You guys wanted me to suspend my studies to raise the child that Ken abandoned despite my reputation. Is Ken all you two care about? What about me? Am I not your child?"

"Fey--"

"Shut up!" She interrupted him before he could finish his sentence. She calmed herself down and said, "Dad, since you don't consider me as your daughter, then from today onward, I'm cutting ties with you. It's none of my business whether she's dead or alive."

**Chapter 1710**

Brandon's pupils constricted as he did not expect such words would come out of her mouth.

"Please go back. I want to rest." She pulled the cover and lay down with her back facing the door. When she heard the door close, a tear dropped from the corner of her eyes.

She could vaguely remember that when she was a child, her father would let her ride on his shoulders as both of them walked down the paths of the fields at dusk.

It was not that her father was bad. It was just that her father was weak-willed and listened to everything her mother said. Her mother was a strong woman, while her father was weak, and this was the ultimate reason for their estranged relationship. When she heard that someone was coming in, she thought her father hadn't left yet. "Didn't I tell you to leave me alone?"

"Who came here just now?"

Freyja was stunned. She turned her head around to see Colton standing at the door. She got up from her bed, and her sadness melted from her face. "Nope, no one. By the way, what are you doing here?"

"Daisie was worried that you might get bored, so she

asked me to bring your stuff to you." Colton put her backpack on the table.

Freyja was taken aback. She had left her backpack in the dormitory, and she had been thinking about how to get it back. She did not expect that Daisie would see through her intention.

She took over the backpack and rummaged through it. Soon, she found the laptop that she had used to write her novel.

"Thank you for bringing my stuff here, Colton."

She switched on her laptop, and thankfully, all of her drafts were still there.

Colton's phone rang. It was a call from Daisy, and he picked it up in front of Freyja. Even though Daisy was not talking loudly, everyone could hear her voice since it was quiet in the ward. "Have you sent the stuff to Freyja, Colton?"

"Yeah," he replied simply. "Remember to tell Freyja that I'll visit after I've finished my class. And please be nice to her," she reminded

Colton. She probably was worried that her brother would get into a fight with Freyja again. Colton did not know why, but Daisy made it sound like he was going to bully Freyja, so he frowned.

He glanced across Freyja. Freyja was looking at her laptop with rapt attention. Her fingers were dancing rapidly on the keyboard as she was totally immersed in her own world.

She might not even talk to him, so he doubted they would get into a fight. He hung up the call and retracted his gaze. "I'm leaving."

"Okay," she replied without raising her head.

After Colton left the ward, Freyja lifted her head to look at the door and repeatedly deleted the sentences she had typed in just now. At the college...

After Daisy finished all her classes, she came out of the building. She ran toward Nollace when she saw him coming down from his car.

She couldn't stop herself in time and rammed straight into his arms.

Nollace stretched his arms forward to catch her and chuckled. "Did you miss me that much?"

She buried her head in his chest and did not say anything.

Nollace stroked the top of her head and asked, "Are you going to the hospital?"

She nodded.

Suddenly, Nollace leaned forward and kissed her ear. His hot and humid breath caused her body to tremble slightly, and she jumped away from his arms. "What are you doing!?"

He chuckled. "I thought you were not going to talk to me anymore."

She was stumped. "I did not..."

She couldn't stop burying herself in his chest when she saw him. The things that the housekeeper had said about how much Nollace loved her surfaced in her heart.

"Are you not a fan of broccoli?"

Nollace was stunned. "Why are you asking?"

Daisie put her hands on her waist and continued. "If you don't like it, you should have told me. Even my housekeeper knows that you don't like broccoli, while I don't know about it."

Her voice was getting smaller and smaller toward the end of her sentence. After all, she indeed did not know about

1.

Nollace noticed something and smiled. "Is this what you're worried about?"

## **Chapter 1711**

Daisie did not say anything.

Nollace approached her and pressed his lips against her forehead. "That's because I won't reject anything that you give me."

Her cheeks warmed up all of a sudden, and she pushed him away and got into the car on her own. "Bring me to the hospital!"

Nollace laughed out loud.

Daisie pushed the door of the ward open, and Freyja closed the lid of her laptop, raised her head, and looked at the two who came in. "You're quite diligent in coming to the hospital to visit me." Daisie saw her bag that she placed on the counter and looked around. "Where's Colton?"

Freyja put the laptop aside. "He's left after delivering my stuff."

"I wanted to ask him to stay with you, lest your unscrupulous family members came and caused you any more trouble."

She knew Sandy had been discharged from the hospital, and she was afraid Sandy would come here to settle the score because of the matter. She would not be as worried

if Colton were to be here. Freyja was astonished for a moment, then lowered her gaze. "Forget it. Are you going to ask him to stay with me so that he'll get the chance to mock and torture me even more?"

'If he were to stay here, it would be embarrassing. I don't have anything to talk about with him, and I don't know him that well.'

Nollace's gaze stopped on the untouched fruits on the table. "Did my uncle come to visit you?"

It was impossible for Colton to bring fruits along when he came here, so others other than Colton must have come to visit Freyja. And he guessed that it would be someone from the Pruitts, but he would not place his bet on Ken and her mother.

Freyja pursed her lips tightly and responded with a faint hum.

Daisie walked to the edge of the bed and sat down. "Your father didn't beat you, did he?"

Freyja sneered, but the smile looked wry. "He won't do

so."

'But he's never had the guts to side with me either.' "Nollace." Daisie looked at Nollace solemnly at this moment. "You mustn't let them get away with this."

Nollace was astounded for a moment. He then lowered his gaze and let off a smirk. "Of course."

At that moment, at the Pruitt manor...

Sandy knew that Freyja actually wanted to sever ties with the family and smashed the teacup on the table in wrath. "By relying on Daisy Goldmann's help, she's turned against her family and doesn't even want to take me as her mother now?"

Brandon sat on the couch with his head lowered and did not even say a word from beginning to end.

At this time, the butler hurried in. "Ma'am, something happened." Brandon lifted his head, and Sandy's expression changed slightly. "What happened?"

The butler replied, "Police officers are at the doorsteps, claiming that the young master is a murder suspect, and they're asking us to cooperate with them in the investigation "

As soon as he finished saying that, a detective led a few officers into the living room and showed them a document. "Sir, ma'am, we're working on a case that's somehow related to Mr. Ken Pruitt, and we need Mr. Pruitt to come to the precinct with us and cooperate with the investigation. Is Mr. Pruitt here?"

Sandy looked irritated, but she had to force a smile. "

Officer, have you made a mistake somewhere down the line? How could my son be suspected of murder?"

"Someone submitted evidence to us saying that the cause of Mr. Reese's death is related to Mr. Pruitt. However, if Mr. Pruitt is innocent, we'll let him go after he cooperates with us in our investigation."

Brandon looked dazed and was about to say something, but Sandy immediately claimed, "He's not here, and we can't contact him either."

She then clenched her hands secretly.

“The only person in the world who possesses evidence is Nollace. That b\*stard must be the one who wants to drag my son down!

The police searched the whole manor but to no avail and could only leave. Sandy sent a text message to Ken immediately, asking him to go into hiding abroad for a while.

When Ken received the text, his expression turned gloomy in an instant.

‘I got Ean to clean up all the evidence of me killing Jonali, and he would never leave any clue behind. So how did Nollace get his hands on the evidence?’

He had started having doubts ever since his plan to kill Ayan was leaked, and he was even more suspicious than that a spy had already been placed somewhere around

him.

## **Chapter 1712**

Someone knocked on the door, and Ean walked into the study. “Sir, are you looking for me?”

“I asked you to find the traitor. Have you looked into it or not?” Ken glared at him with his gloomy eyes.

Ean lowered his head and seemed to have an idea of how he should respond. “Sir, I’ve already checked it out, but I haven’t been able to confirm my investigation just yet.”

“Why the f\*ck would it take you so long to confirm something !” Ken swept all the documents off the table, walked up to Ean, and grabbed the front of his shirt. “Who is it?”

Ean clenched the hands that were resting on his sides and replied, “It’s Mr. Matthews’s men. He and Nollace have already joined forces, and they know you planned to use Mr. Reese’s death to frame him.”

The veins on the back of Ken’s hand bulged. “Why would Nollace have evidence of the cause of Jonah Reese’s death? I remember asking you to eradicate every piece of evidence related to his death.”

He glared at Ean and lowered his voice. “Did you betray me?”

Ean was sweating profusely on his back. “Sir, why would

you think I betrayed you? And how would I do so?”

Ken looked at him and seemed to want to capture some hint from his expression. After a short moment, Ken let go of him, turned around, and stopped in front of the window. “Ean, how have I treated you all this while?”

Ean lowered his gaze and took a deep breath. “You’ve been very kind to me, sir.”

“I’m glad that you know that. Now, it’s time for you to repay me.”

Ean was startled.

Ken turned his head, and his gaze stopped on Ean’s face. “I’ll pay you a sum of money to take the fall for me. And I’ll still hire you when you get out of prison.” After Ean left the room, Ken made a phone call. “Book two boat tickets for me to Bilmark. I’ll be leaving tomorrow. As for Ean, he can’t be spared.”

He did not believe that Ean would take the blame for him and not sell him out to the police. For the sake of making sure, he could only sacrifice him. Colton answered Nollace's call in the afternoon and came to the hospital. Freyja was slightly flustered when it was mentioned that the police were searching for Ken.

Daisie turned to look at her.

'Ken is her brother, after all. It's inevitable for her to feel

a mixture of emotions when she hears the news.' Colton crossed his arms and looked at Nollace. "Are you sure that the evidence is sufficient? Didn't you let him be released due to insufficient evidence?"

"The evidence is fake."

"What?"

Colton frowned, only to watch as Nollace continued calmly. "But the witness is real."

Ken had destroyed all the evidence long ago, and the one who had helped him destroy the evidence was Ean. All Nollace had done was create fake evidence in advance and use Maggie as a key person to pull Ean over to his side, leaving Ken in the dark and in chaos.

Colton supported his chin with his hand and pondered for a while. "Is the witness reliable?"

Nollace chuckled. "We'll just have to wait for the outcome."

Colton did not say anything else. He did not know why he had chosen to put his trust in Nollace, but he hoped he did not trust the wrong person.

In the middle of the night, Ken's party had already arranged a safe route for tomorrow night. However, for safety's sake, he had already left the villa in the suburbs,

and even the villa's servants did not know his whereabouts.

At the wharf, the factory building located on the east side of the cargo containers was still lit, and Ken's men stepped into the building and stopped beside him. "Sir, there's news from our men who were lurking at Ean's residence and were about to make a move. But the police appeared out of nowhere for an investigation and took Ean away."

Ken's eyes dimmed. "When did that happen?"

"One o'clock in the afternoon."

Ken's expression became gloomier and gloomier.

'At one o'clock in the afternoon? That's half an hour after Ean left. The police have made a move so quickly? Or is it an ambush?' He calmed down. "At what time will the boat arrive?"

## **Chapter 1713**

The man replied, "About 9:00 a.m."

On the other side of the town, in the precinct...

The two officers who had the night shift brought Ean into an interrogation room, and Nollace was already in the room.

Ean was handcuffed walked up to the seat across Nollace, and sat down. "Perhaps, what you said is right."

Nollace glanced at him while tapping on the table with his knuckles. "You should thank the officers for arriving at the scene in time. Otherwise, you'd be a corpse by now."

Their deal that night was that Ean would become a witness of the case, and he would keep Maggie safe. Ean was an accomplice as he had eradicated the evidence of Ken killing Mr. Reese for Ken. Hence, in order to avoid being wanted by the police, Ken would definitely get Ean to be his scapegoat. Nollace bet on the fact that Ken would rather trust his own judgment than trust Ean to take the fall for him willingly.

If he wanted to be safe and sound , Ean must disappear from this world. As long as Ean was dead, there would no

longer be any proof, neither evidence nor witness,

Ken wanted to get rid of Ean secretly, but he did not know that the police had been waiting for them from the shadows at Ean's residence- that was why Ean was saved.

"Is Maggie safe?" he asked. Nollace responded indifferently, "ken can't even save his own \*ss now. It's only natural for him not to have the time to burden himself with how Maggie is doing. My men have transferred her to a safe place, so don't worry."

Ean did not utter a single word. Nollace got up slowly and reassured him, "Don't worry about it. Although you're an accomplice, the law will be more lenient for your crime since you're willing to testify in court. And I've found you a lawyer. Throughout this lawsuit, I'll try to ensure that the punishment you take for the crime is the least you deserve. And Maggie will wait for you to complete your sentence."

Ean lowered his gaze. "Thank you."

Nollace walked out of the precinct. The headlights of the car parked in the dark compound were still turned on, and Edison was waiting for him in the car,

When he got into the car, Edison said, "Ken left his residence with his men. He doesn't dare to take a flight openly. It seems that he's come up with other routes and is planning to escape from the country."

Nollace smirked. "Did he bring Lara along?"

Edison paused for a few seconds, then looked back at him. "How do you know?" Nollace looked out of the dark window. "Lara owns every single penny of Jonah's wealth. Would he be willing to leave her behind and throw the inheritance away?"

Edison frowned. "But we don't know the route that he'll take to escape right now. If we were to really let him escape, wouldn't all our efforts be in vain?"

Nollace propped his hand against the side of his forehead and scoffed. "If he's bringing Lara with him, not being able to escape successfully is part of his destiny."

At 3:00 a.m., men were guarding the dock to prevent any form of ambush. Ken stood at the entrance and had already gone through several cigarettes in a row, not daring to close his eyes all night. He had been keeping himself very vigilant and even turned off his cell phone.

He crushed the cigarette butt with the sole of his shoe and turned back into the room.

Lara immediately hid her hand under the pillow. It looked as if she did not expect him to come in at this time and was a little panicked. Ken noticed something, and his eyes turned cold. "What are you trying to hide?"

Lara tried her best to remain calm. "Nothing."

"Is that so?" Ken approached in an instant, and as he was about to lift the pillow, Lara pounced over, intending to hold it down, but Ken pushed her away.

She fell off the bed.

Ken took out a cell phone from under the pillow and saw the content on the messages she had not had the time to delete, and his face turned gloomy.

Lara, sitting on the ground, shuddered and did not dare look at him.

Ken smashed the phone to the ground, and the screen of the phone shattered. The sound made her cover her ears and scream, and the men outside were attracted by the noise. "Sir!"

Ken growled. "Get out!"

The men exchanged gazes in dismay and withdrew out of the room.

Ken grabbed Lara's hair, threw her onto the bed, and forced her to face him. "Who do you expect to come here to save you? Nollace Knowles? Are you the one who leaked everything to him?"

## **Chapter 1714**

Lara's scalp hurt, looking at the exasperated face and the bloodshot eyes in front of her. "You killed my father, and you're planning to get away with this? I can't let you succeed, Ken Pruitt. Someone like you should go to hell!" "If I'm going to hell, what about you?" Ken approached her with a hint of contempt. "You're the one who caused the Reeses to fall to where they are today. Do you really think Nollace would help you willingly? He's just using you. Don't forget, if I hadn't disfigured you, you would've already fallen into Donald's hands and wished you had died."

Lara spat at him.

Ken turned his face away, his cheeks bulged, and then he slapped her with a backhand.

Her body tilted, and blood could be seen oozing out of the corner of her mouth. But she laughed hysterically. "At least I get to see your true colors. Even if I were to fall into Donald's hands, I still think that it'd be better than staying by your side."

Ken grabbed her by the chin and wanted to say something when his subordinates rushed in and reported, "Sir, several cars are coming our way."

Ken pushed her away, loosened his tie, and turned

around. "Immediately take everyone and leave this place, and take a remote route."

Ken shoved Lara into the car, then got in the car and left

– two or three cars drove toward the west side of the wharf.

The police arrived soon after and realized that the people in the factory had left, so they notified their men to search separately in the southwest direction.

It was almost 4:00 a.m. when Ken's car drove through the remote suburbs and saw a police car not far behind him in the rearview mirror.

Lara, whose hands were tied, had tape on her mouth, so she could not shout for help. Seeing that the speed of the car increased, and the police car behind them was losing the chase, her heart was racing.

The police helicopter caught up to them and was circling overhead. The people in the helicopter locked on the target below and picked up the walkie-talkie. "Destroy the bridge ahead."

The pilot on the other helicopter replied, "Roger that." The officers on the helicopter set up missiles and aimed them at the bridge up front. The artillery shot across the dark night, and a few milliseconds later, a gigantic firework that set off in front of the road let off a shock wave as it destroyed the stone bridge.

The stones that were blown in the air caused the car below to brake immediately. It turned left and right to dodge the stones and was forced to stop on the cliff in the end.

The bridge in front was blown off in the middle, and thick gray smoke billowed.

The police car that came from behind quickly surrounded them, and several men got out of their cars and surrendered.

The police aimed their guns at Ken's car. Nollace's car arrived slowly and steadily behind the police cars. He looked out the car window, only to see Ken dragging Lara out of the car with the gun aimed at her neck.

When the police saw the hostage, they did not dare to act rashly. "Mr. Pruitt, you've been surrounded. Surrender now."

Ken sneered and glanced at Lara, his hostage. "Failure at this moment is nothing but death. Surrender is not a word that I have in my lexicon. Dragging another person down to hell with me doesn't sound too lonely to me." Lara's expression changed in an instant, and her body trembled even more vigorously.

Nollace appeared in the crowd, and Ken laughed out loud when he saw him. "Nollace Knowles, my dear cousin,

you're really good at this. Even I've begun to admire you." "I admire you too." Nollace looked at him. "It's a pity that you've always insisted on standing across from me." Ken had ambitions, but he had lost to his own ego after enduring so many burdens and humiliation in the Reeses for so many years and having already gained some connections in the upper-class circles with the help of the Reeses' capital.

## **Chapter 1715**

If Ken was not greedy and could stop Lara from making a move on Daisy in time, the Reeses would not have fallen.

When a person made a choice, they should think carefully about the consequences they had to bear. Even if he chose to use Lara to obtain the huge inheritance left behind by Jonah, it would be more than enough for him to use the money to help the Reeses make a comeback.

But Ken was unwilling to accept his fate and insisted on killing Jonah, wanting to start a war between Nollace and Donald. He even delusionally wanted to make a move on Daisy.

"The feeling of tasting your own medicine is not very satisfying, isn't it?" Nollace lifted his gaze, and his face looked calm. "If you hadn't chosen to escape with Ms. Reese, perhaps you would still have had a chance."

Ken laughed out loud but restrained his expression in a blink of an eye. "I've always wanted to get rid of this shameful identity of mine all my life. I'm also the third generation of the royal family, however, just because my mother was the illegitimate daughter, nothing has been fair to her. People looked down on me, and everyone was forcing me all this while. "When I was a young kid, my mother instilled in me the idea of surpassing you and getting recognition from the

royal family. She placed all her expectations on my shoulders, and I was burdened with all these expectations, which weighed a lot. But she's my mother, and I can't disobey her.

"I couldn't marry the woman I loved the most. I couldn't even take a peep at her when she died in the delivery room. In order to uphold my mother's so-called expectations, I couldn't even recognize my own baby child. After so many years of embarrassment and humiliation, I can finally be free at this moment."

Ken wrapped his arm around Lara's shoulder , dragged her to the front while he stood behind her, and pressed the gun in his hand against the artery in her neck.

He took a few steps backward.

Lara's mouth was sealed with tape, so she could only let out whimpers as her whole body was tense.

Nollace frowned. "Ken, if you surrender now, salvation is still possible."

"I can't go to prison, not to mention that I'll never let you have it your way." Ken smiled and pulled the trigger of the gun. The sound of a gunshot pierced through the sky, and Lara gave off a hoarse roar, however, she did not feel any pain.

She returned to her senses, realized something, and opened her eyes.

With the sound of someone dropping to the ground behind her, she stumbled , sat down on the ground, and turned around to look at Ken, who had fallen into a pool of blood as he had gotten shot.

The policeman who had taken the shot before Ken did was soaked in sweat. Two seconds was all he had had. If he had pulled the trigger two seconds later, not only would the suspect have died, but the hostage would have gone down with him too.

Two policemen quickly stepped forward to help Lara up, untied the rope around her wrists, and tore off the adhesive tape. She was probably petrified as she burst into tears instantly.

Nollace's gaze was fixed on Ken as his body was put into a body bag by the police. They then zipped the bag up,

gradually covering his figure.

The next day, the news about Ken committing a crime, trying to escape, holding someone hostage, and getting shot and killed by the police made it onto the hottest topic on all major platforms. And Ean, as a witness, also appeared in court to confirm the fact that Ken was the person who had killed Jonah.

Freyja sat on the hospital bed and watched the news on television with a heavy heart.

The elder brother, who had stayed with her for over a decade, was dead. Although he was no model to any other

elder brother in the world, they were still related by blood.

She did not feel devastated or delighted about the news. All she felt were regret and sympathy.

The door of the ward was abruptly pushed open, and Sandy broke in. She pounced on her and strangled her as if she had lost her mind. "Why must you force him onto a dead end? Why aren't you the one who died? Give my son back! You, give my son back!"

Hearing the commotion, a nurse hurried into the ward to stop Sandy. "Madam! What are you doing? Let her go!"

Sandy refused to let go, and Freyja started to feel suffocated, so much so that she had closed her eyes.

Daisie and Colton heard the movement in the ward and rushed over. When they saw this scene, Daisie shouted, "Freyja!"

**Chapter 1716**

Colton quickly walked forward and pulled Sandy away. She lost her footing and fell next to the bed. Freyja coughed loudly and took deep breaths while lying on the bed.

The nurse was worried that Sandy would do something outrageous again, so she held her. She didn't seem to be stable and was rambling about cornering her and why she wasn't the one dead...

Freyja's eyes looked tired. She could see how much Ken's death had affected her mother and how that had made Sandy break down.

They were both her children, but only Ken would be the reason her mother was so devastated.

Why should she be brought into the world in the first place?

"Mrs. Pruitt, that is too much!" Daisy couldn't stand it anymore. "Freyja is your daughter, but you want her life because Ken lost his?"

Sandy lost her mind and was like an empty shell without a soul. "I just want my son..."

Daisy was going to say something, but Freyja spoke first. "Enough."

She looked down with no expression on her face. "There's no need to say anything more." She had already accepted the fact and no longer looked forward to her mother loving her as a daughter. Daisy's hand balled into a fist, and she wanted to ask why Sandy chose to have Freyja but not love her. She didn't ask in the end.

Sandy was taken away by the nurse and never looked back at Freyja.

There was dead silence in the room. Freyja quietly looked outside the window while the sun shone in. "Don't worry about me, I'm fine. I just need to

rest.”

Daisie pressed her lips together. “Have a good rest then.” She then looked toward Colton, “Let’s go, Colton.” She knew that Freyja just needed time to be by herself.

Colton nodded and looked at Freyja before leaving the room with Daisie.

The moment the door closed, Freyja’s energy left her body, and she fell onto her pillow and bit her lips while she held back her emotions.

Meanwhile...

Sandy lost her mind because of Ken’s death and was

admitted to the hospital. When Brandon rushed over, the doctors had already given her a sedative.

“How is my wife doing, doctor?”

“She is too sad, and her emotions are out of control. She needs to rest. If you have time, please bring her to see a psychiatrist.”

After the doctor left, Brandon stood at the door and

bring Ken up, and she had put all her hopes and dreams on this son of theirs.

However, her hopes ultimately sent Ken down a downward spiral and eventually cost him his life.

“Mr. Pruitt.”

A voice called out to him. Brandon looked back and saw Daisy walking toward him. “Can I have a minute of your time, please?”

He nodded and asked, “Did Fey’s mother go see her?”

He could guess that after Ken’s death, Sandy would blame Freyja.

Daisy looked at him. “Is Freyja your child with Mrs. Pruitt?”

Brandon paused because he understood what she was asking. He looked down and replied, “Yes.”

Daisy was shocked. “If she is your own child, how can

you treat her that way!?”

She didn’t understand why they were so cruel to their own child.

Brandon’s face was dark, and he said after a long pause, “Fey is our child, but when her mother learned that she was a girl, she didn’t want her.”

He had to convince Sandy to keep her.

Daisy took a deep breath. “Mrs. Pruitt didn’t want her because she is a girl? Are girls not still considered a human life?”

