

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 1797-1806

Chapter 1797

“An insider submitted the surveillance footage from the banquet from the other day to the police, and it shows that the waiter and Ms. Livingston were very close before the banquet started. It also shows that the waiter grabbed Ms. Goldmann’s clutch when he collided with her. So, it’s suspected that he placed something into the clutch, and it’s clearly recorded in the footage.

“The video was posted onto the Internet just ten minutes ago.”

‘Ten minutes ago? It was around the time when I met Mr. Goldmann!’

Zenovia’s body swayed, and she propped her arms against the back of the couch chair to find a firm foothold.

‘The surveillance footage from that day? I hired someone to delete it! Even if the police were to get their hands on the footage, it would be impossible for them to find evidence.

‘How did the deleted surveillance footage get restored and even leaked onto the Internet!?’

‘Could it be that Mr. Goldmann has the ability to do this?’

After the incident had encountered a plot twist, the controversy became even greater. And when the news was combined with what Daisy had said in front of the media a few days ago, everyone got to the bottom of the incident.

It turned out that it was not that the Goldmanns did not respect

the royal family but that Zenovia had been acting arrogantly around the country because she had become the king's god granddaughter. The Goldmanns could not stand her attitude.

Who would believe this was a drama that was schemed by Zenovia herself? She even did so to direct the blame at the daughter of the Goldmanns to defame her.

The public speculated whether it was the intention of the king.

After seeing the news, King William put down the tablet and waved at Paul.

Paul stood at the table and nodded. "Your Majesty."

King William put on his glasses, picked up some documents, and flipped through them. "Get someone to make an announcement. Zenovia is indeed my god-granddaughter, but that doesn't mean she can interfere in anything as a royal."

Paul was astonished, but he nodded swiftly. "Understood."

Soon, the royal family announced a piece of news, and this news managed to make it into the list of trending topics on the Internet in just a few hours.

The announcement released by the royal family was equivalent to the king's thoughts, so it made everything very obvious. He had taken Zenovia in as his god-granddaughter because he appreciated her ability. Still, it did not mean that he had given her the highest authority in the country that the royal family members had.

In other words, Zenovia did not represent the royal family—she was only a VIP from Haniston. It also meant that an outsider

had no right to interfere with anything using her relationship with the royal family.

These clarifications from the royal family smacked Zenovia vigorously in the face. Zenovia's reputation was ruined by a few continuous events in just one day, and she was even awarded the 'biggest laughingstock of the year' title by the netizens.

The next day, at the college...

Daisie was worried about Nollace, so she was not in the mood and did not pay much attention to the news at all. She wandered aimlessly and slowly on the campus until her phone vibrated.

She looked down and was stunned.

It was a text message from Nollace.

She called the number immediately, and the other party actually picked up the call. When she heard his voice, a smile appeared instantly on her face. "Nollace?"

Nollace spoke slowly. "Daisie, I'm sorry for making you worry."

"They said you've gone missing." Daisie's voice was trembling, and a sense of irritation surged from the bottom of her throat and assaulted her nasal cavity, making her feel like crying. "You promised to reply to my messages, but I haven't seen any of your replies in days! Do you know that I'm worried to death?"

He coaxed her from the other end of the phone call. "I'm sorry, Daisie, this is all my fault. I've not gone missing. It's just that I couldn't get in touch with you just yet. I have something to accomplish."

“Then why are you contacting me now?”

Nollace gave off a deep chuckle. “Yes, I’m contacting you now because I was afraid you’d worry too much about me, and you’d

cry.”

She choked on her saliva and whispered, “I didn’t cry.”

“Daisie, I’ve only contacted you now.” He added in a warm tone, “There are some agendas that I have to resolve, and I’ll return when I’m done. So, please keep this phone call secret from anyone.”

Chapter 1798

Daisie stopped. “Are they dangerous?”

“Don’t worry. I won’t let myself get into trouble. All you need to do is to wait for my return.”

Daisie took a deep breath. “Nollace, you have to promise me that you’ll come back in one piece.”

He responded with a light hum. “You have my word.”

After finishing the call, Daisie pressed her phone against her heart. Ever since the moment she heard Nollace’s voice, her restless heart finally calmed down.

“Daisie!” Freyja walked toward her.

Daisie turned around and asked with a smile, "Why are you so slow?"

Freyja sorted out the content of her backpack. "I forgot to bring my laptop along, so I went back to grab it."

She thought of something, lifted her head abruptly, and stared at Daisie. "Why are you suddenly in such a good mood?"

Just as Daisie was about to say something, Nollace's request flashed across her mind, so she scratched her head and explained casually, "I saw the news saying that the tables have turned for Zenovia, so I'm happy."

She nodded. "Then congratulations to you and the Goldmanns. You've finally been proven innocent."

She then paused for a few seconds and said, "By the way, don't worry too much about Nollace. I believe that he'll be fine."

Daisie smiled brightly and answered without any hesitation, "Yes, I believe in that too."

Freyja did not know how to respond.

On the fifth day of Nollace's disappearance, Xavi received a mysterious email on his laptop.

In the video, a man whose head was covered with a hood and whose hands were tied up was wearing the same clothes Nollace wore the other night when he came to see him.

The man standing beside him was wearing a mask of a monkey and body armor, had a gun in his hand, and wore a voice changer on his collar. "Mr. Livingston, I believe you should've received this video if you're watching this. Now let's talk business. If this young master of the Knowles were to be

unfortunate enough to die in Haniston, it must be very detrimental to you and the Livingstons, mustn't it?

"But don't worry, I don't hold any grudges against the Livingstons. The person I want to be ruined is your brother, Juneau Livingston. You should know very well what he's done. I want you to announce all his crimes to the public. And remember, I want to see the announcement by noon tomorrow, or else..."

The man pointed the gun at Nollace's head. "I'll put a bullet through his brain. As long as this young man dies, you

Livingstons won't be able to get away with this."

The camera blacked out instantly.

When Xavi finished watching this video, his back was drenched in a cold sweat.

At that moment, his cell phone rang, and it was a call from his father.

He picked up the call. "Father."

Elder Master Livingston's tone sounded furious. "Xavi, what the hell is going on with that video?"

Xavi was astounded and stood up immediately. "You've received it too?"

Elder Master Livingston snorted. "No matter what, you must handle this matter well. After all, it's related to your brother's reputation. Your brother will be repatriated back to Haniston tomorrow. So, get this issue resolved as soon as possible, and don't let that b*stard get what he wants."

“Father, what do you mean by that?” Xavi was startled.

“What do I mean? You should understand what I mean best. Xavi, how can we, the Livingstons, be threatened by some unknown thugs?”

Elder Master Livingston added solemnly, “The kidnappers might’ve captured the young master of the Knowles, but it has nothing to do with the Livingstons. Even if he were to die here in Haniston, Yaramoor’s royal family would have no evidence to push all the blame onto us. What you have to do now is to protect your brother’s reputation and leave those lowlives to the

police.

“Even if something happens in the end, it’s the police’s problem to handle as they can’t save the young man in time. Do you understand me?”

The call ended abruptly.

The secretary walked to the door, heard a huge commotion coming from inside the office, and hurriedly opened the door.” Mr. Livingston!”

Chapter 1799

The floor was a mess, and there was a broken cell phone on the floor.

Xavi removed his tie, stood in front of the French window with his arms in akimbo, and took a deep breath. “This is f*cking ridiculous!”

His father had not called to ask about him—all he was worried about was his brother’s reputation.

His secretary carefully cleaned up the mess on the floor and placed everything back on the desk.

Xavi turned and looked at the secretary. "Notify Mr. Lestrangle to come and see me, now."

At Neste District...

The villas located on the hillside were scattered and dense, and the terrain was very high.

Standing on the rooftop, one could overlook the buildings under the hillside and the skyscrapers located in the city center in the distance.

Sitting in front of the coffee table on the rooftop, Nollace picked up the teacup, meticulously scrutinized its color and smell, took a sip, and enjoyed the taste of the tea.

He was wearing a very simple-looking, clean, white cotton and linen shirt. The fabric looked very ordinary, as if it was old clothes that had been washed many times, and the rough

needlework and threads were already protruding.

But even though it was such an ordinary attire, when it was on Nollace's body, it still could not hide his noble aura.

A teenager about his age walked up to the coffee table with a bag full of beer and sat down. His father then brought a few dishes to the table. "Hede, make sure you treat your friends well, don't be lazy."

After saying so to his son, he smiled at Nollace and said, "Nolly, if there's anything that you want to eat, just let Hedeon know. Make yourself at home."

Nollace nodded.

After his father left, Hedeon opened a can and gulped some beer to calm himself down. "I must've lost my mind when I chose to threaten the Livingstons with you. Will they kill me because of this?"

Nollace chuckled. "I won't let them locate you. You don't have to worry about that."

Hedeon leaned forward and asked, "Then... Bro, can you teach me some hacking techniques ? The way you operated the other day looked really cool."

He responded with a faint hum. "Come to Yaramoor and look for me when you graduate from college. I'll teach you when the time comes."

The corner of Hedeon's lips twitched.

'He's about the same age as me, but he looks more mature than I am. Is it because he's already gone to college while I'm still

struggling in high school?'

Nollace's phone screen lit up, and Hedeon's keen eyes shifted over onto the screen saver and saw that it was a photo of a girl. "Bro, is that your girlfriend?"

Nollace did not even lift his head. "Yeah. When you get to meet her in the future, you should address her as your sister-in-law."

Hedeon was bewildered . "But I'm about the same age as you."

Nollace asked in reply, "Aren't you the one who started calling me your bro first?"

Hedeon was at a loss for words.

'This guy from Yaramoor is really good when it comes to taking advantage of me. I call him brother only because I'm trying to be polite, but that's made me his younger brother now?'

Nollace drank the beer slowly and glanced at him.

He had only known Hedeon for a week, and he had chosen him because he was dumb and simple but also extremely reliable.

Unlike himself, he had a distinct personality and was very high spirited, just like everyone who was at this age. He was obviously a rookie but also very loyal when things got real.

Being with Hedeon, he did not need to be on guard all the time, and the simplicity that he exuded felt very similar to that of Daisy's.

He did not have siblings, so it was interesting to get himself a younger brother to play with.

"Bro, how can you be sure that they won't hand the video over to the police?" Hedeon rolled some ramen with his fork and gobbled it up.

Nollace lowered his gaze. "Vice President Livingston won't do so, but Elder Master Livingston might."

Hedeon froze in place, and his confident expression shattered in an instant.

Nollace glanced at him and gave off a pregnant smirk. “Everything depends on whether Mr. Livingston will go against his father.”

Xavi Livingston was the last person to see me before I disappeared. So even though Elder Master Livingston may not feel that I can threaten the Livingstons, it’s a different story to Xavi.’

Chapter 1800

‘He’s been living in his brother’s shadow all his life, and he finally has the opportunity to take over now. Once Juneau Livingston is commuted or even released, all the power he owns will return to him.

‘Everyone has a devil trapped deep inside their hearts, and the factor that releases the devil depends on the situation he’s in and the benefits that he gets from the situation. Xavi Livingston has contributed so much to the Livingstons, but he can only stand next to Juneau Livingston all this while. So, will he accept his status willingly? ‘The last straw that breaks the camel’s back is never someone irrelevant, but the people closest to him.’ Later that night, Xavi was sitting in the study, looking all lonely and depressed. In his hand was a photo of him with his elder brother when they were young. ‘Ever since we were kids, I’ve always been the one who accommodates and caters to Juneau’s needs. Instead of being an inseparable younger brother, a shadow would suit my existence better.’ After a moment, he seemed to have made up his mind, and his gaze looked sharp and ruthless. He lit a lighter and burned the photo. He let go of the photo as the flames engulfed it, and the photo fell into the ashtray as the smiles in the photos got turned into ashes. The next day, Juneau Livingston had been transferred to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs by the police yesterday afternoon and was about to be sent back to Haniston for a judgment. All media reporters in Haniston had been waiting at the airport after receiving the news. The scene was comparable to that of fans gathering at the airport, trying to catch a glimpse of their idol when they arrived. Nollace and Hedeon sat in the car not far away, looking at the crowd at the airport gate. The situation was put under control when the guards arrived at the scene to maintain order and opened a passage –it did not take long before Juneau was escorted out of the airport by the police. All the reporters dashed forward, hoping to get a few questions answered, and all the cameras were facing Juneau. Throughout the whole time he was detained in Yaramoor, he had experienced a lot of vicissitudes, and he seemed to have lost a lot of weight. He ignored all the reporters’ questions and got into the car with the police, but the reporters never let go of the opportunity to take more pictures. At the same time, because he was Juneau’s younger brother, Xavi was also stopped by heaps of reporters when he attended a conference. The reporter asked him about Juneau, but Xavi did not avoid the cameras. On the contrary, he smiled at the cameras and said, “Regarding the news that revolves around my brother, I’ll give the media a satisfactory response when the time comes. And I believe that my brother is innocent.” Xavi’s interview was broadcast on various platforms. Nollace propped his hand against the side of his forehead as he stared at the laptop screen. He could not see any trace of sincerity in Xavi’s eyes, and his smile looked fake, not to mention that the word “innocent” that came out of his mouth sounded extremely mocking. Hedeon glanced at him through the rearview mirror and

shuddered. “Bro, what’s with the smirk of yours?” Nollace lifted his gaze. “Because we’ll be able to see the results we want to see very soon.” At the Sunrise Hotel... The secretary walked up to Zenovia and lowered his head. “Ms. Livingston, the president has landed safely in Haniston.” Zenovia swayed the red wine glass in her hand, and her eyes were fixed on the wide lawn outside the window. Compared to the time when he was detained in Yaramoor, it’s better for father to return to Haniston. As long as he’s in Haniston, his secrets will be played down over time and eventually be forgotten.’ The secretary looked up at her. “Ms. Livingston, why don’t you go back to Haniston as well?” Zenovia froze in place, lifted her eyes, and glared at him sternly.” Are you looking down on me?” “That’s not what I meant.” The secretary almost lost his mind for a moment. “I’m just listing out all the options for you, after all “You’re in no position to teach me what to do.” Zenovia interrupted him before he could finish his words with a sullen expression. “I haven’t lost, so what if the king has made the announcement? He’s only afraid the Hathaways will join forces with the Goldmanns.”

Chapter 1801

Zenovia finished all the wine in one drink and was still arrogant. “He wasn’t angry at me about this because I’m a better candidate for granddaughter-in-law compared to the Goldmanns, who are so hard to control.” The secretary was quiet. He felt that it was sad. Zenovia had status in Haniston but was spoiled. She was confident, but it was because she was never rejected. She could get anything she wanted in Haniston, and all the affluent men wanted her. In Yaramoor, however, she was rejected by Nollace and was shamed. Not only did that affect her ego, but she also wasn’t happy about it. Without seeing how cruel society could be, she was arrogant, and why would she admit her mistakes? Zenovia’s personality reminded him of her father. They really were father and daughter. Meanwhile, at the Knowles mansion... Daisy and Freyja went to see Diana because they heard that Diana had trouble eating and sleeping after discovering that Nollace had disappeared and had lost weight. But when they saw Diana holding her napkin and looking sad, they realized that not only had she not lost any weight, but she also seemed to have gained some. She didn’t look like someone who had trouble sleeping. Daisy and Freyja exchanged looks, then Daisy carefully called out, “Aunt Diana.” “Hmm?” Diana stopped crying and looked up. There were no tears in her eyes Daisy felt awkward but didn’t call her out and instead played along. “Aunt Diana, don’t worry, I’m sure Nolly is fine. He’s a gifted man, so he’ll be alright.” Diana looked at her with an unreadable expression. “How is he gifted?” Daisy was startled. Freyja tilted her head and laughed, then held it back. “He’s gifted with everything. Nobody would be able to trick him.” Daisy suddenly understood the question and turned red like a cooked shrimp Diana’s fake sadness melted away after seeing how innocent she was. “You’re so adorable, Daisy. Nollace wouldn’t have the heart to be in danger.” Her laugh made Daisy want to hide in a hole. But when Diana turned serious, she was very serious. “Alright, enough with the jokes. I know that you’re worried, but you don’t have to be. I believe in him.” Daisy was considering telling her that Nollace had contacted her if she was too sad, but... It was just ‘sadness’. After they left the room, Diana suddenly called out to Freyja. Freyja paused and turned around curiously. “Yes, Aunt Diana?” Diana nodded. “I’d like to speak to you.” Daisy didn’t want to intrude, so she told Freyja she would wait for her downstairs. Only Diana and Freyja were left in the room. Diana asked her to take a seat. “Freyja, would you want to meet your

grandfather?" Freyja's expression froze, but she spoke adamantly after a few seconds of silence. "I don't want to see him." Diana sighed and touched the back of her hand. "Freyja, I know your mother had always neglected you and focused all her attention on Ken. I know it has been hard for you to grow up independently, but royal blood runs in your veins." "Aunt Diana," Freyja said, "I don't want to see him because he's a stranger to me. I can't deal with that yet." Diana pressed her lips together. "But I hope that you'll try to."

Chapter 1802

"I have my selfish reasons." Diana looked at her and was honest. "I never asked you for anything, but you know about Zenovia . Your grandfather is old and has lost sight of things. How could he just take an outsider as his granddaughter?"

"You're his granddaughter , Freyja. I believe that he will accept that."

Diana didn't want to see Zenovia continue to misbehave because she had the king's support.

She knew that Freyja didn't have the birthright, but she wanted to see if she could convince the king.

Freyja was Laura's granddaughter, and since Freyja was nothing like her mother when it came to personality, he might be able to take her in.

Freyja was silent for a long time, but she agreed.

After two days...

A socialite had invited Zenovia to a tea party. She picked her most exuberant gown to outshine all the socialites of Yaramoor.

She didn't seem to be affected by the news, so the socialites were surprised by her appearance.

“How could she still show up?”

“Who invited her?”

After Daisy turned things around, the socialites changed their views about Zenovia drastically. The usual few who would greet her didn't seem too willing to do that anymore.

When Zenovia heard people murmuring, she looked annoyed but still had a smile on. She was going to greet them instead.

Someone showed up, and there was a commotion among the crowd.

Daisy wore a galaxy-printed dress. It was embroidered with so many crystals they looked like stars. The skirt was in ombre, dark at the bottom, and slowly turned light toward the top. It looked elegant.

She had her hair in an updo and looked like a princess with a tiara. She looked like a porcelain doll with her cheekiness.

Seeing how the socialites greeted Daisy, Zenovia, who was ignored, bit her lip, and anger flashed past her eyes.

She took a deep breath and walked toward them. “Ms. Vanderbilt.”

The socialites looked at each other when they saw Zenovia walking over but didn't say anything.

Daisy looked toward her, revealing a pretty smile, “You're here too.”

Zenovia smiled back. "I thought you would be sad about Mr. Knowles' disappearance in Haniston. I guess I'm just overthinking."

Everyone heard what she said.

She was implying that as Nollace's girlfriend, how could she be in the mood to join a tea party when her boyfriend was missing?

Any other person wouldn't feel happy when they heard that, but Daisy smiled. "There's nothing to worry about. I believe in Nolly, I'm sure he'll be fine."

Zenovia thought it was pathetic. "Do you really believe in him that much?"

Daisy answered with no hesitation, "Yes, I do."

Daisy's determination made Zenovia feel annoyed. She had no idea how Daisy could say all that. Nollace had no place in Haniston!

Daisy looked toward the crowd and said, "By the way, I'd like to introduce a new friend. I'm sure you'll all be interested to know who she is."

Then she turned around and called out, "Freyja."

Everyone looked over when an elegantly dressed woman walked in. It was a new face to them.

Her champagne-colored mermaid dress was made by the royal tailor. It wasn't something that any socialite could get their hands on because it was specially designed by the top designer of the royal family.

Chapter 1803

It was different from what one could get from a luxury brand because it was custom-made for the royals.

Zenovia immediately recognized her. "I've seen you at the Knowles mansion before."

Once she said that everyone looked toward Freyja and guessed she was related to Nollace.

Freyja squinted but didn't say anything.

Daisie was the one who confirmed it. "Yes, she has an extraordinary relationship with Nolly."

Zenovia's smile faded.

Daisie looked at the surprised crowd and introduced Freyja. "I won't leave you wondering. Her name is Freyja Pruitt, Nollace Knowles's cousin and His Majesty's biological granddaughter."

Naturally, Daisie stressed on 'biological'.

Everyone was shocked. 'His Majesty's granddaughter and last name Pruitt—she's the sister of Ken Pruitt!'

Zenovia was surprised. She grabbed the side of her skirt and smirked. "So you're the child of the second family."

Everyone knew that the child of King William's second child was Mrs. Pruitt, and her son, Ken Pruitt, was the son-in-law of the Reeses. After the Reeses' downfall, he held Lara Reese hostage and was shot down by the police.

But they never knew that Ken had a sister.

Daisie crossed her arms and couldn't help but laugh at Zenovia's jab. "It's still better than someone who isn't even related by blood. She at least has royal blood, but who are you?"

Zenovia didn't expect Daisie to challenge her in public, so she held back her emotions but looked dreary. "Even if I'm an outsider, I'm a Livingston, and that makes me more powerful than an illegitimate family. Moreover, has His Majesty confirmed her identity?"

Using someone from an illegitimate family to challenge her? She thought they would have more than that.

Daisie suddenly clapped. "Ms. Livingston, you could pretty much rule the world with your logic and audacity. If we had even a hint of your arrogance, we would be able to take over the world."

"Ms. Vanderbilt, I was just being honest. Even if you have views about me, there's no need to attack me."

Zenovia looked at Freyja and scoffed. "You're using someone from His Majesty's second family to shame me? I'm afraid you're embarrassing the king."

All she knew was that His Majesty had acknowledged that Nollace was his grandchild, while the descendants from his second family would stay illegitimate.

How could they use someone from the second family to attack her?

Unexpectedly, Diana and King William showed up after Zenovia said that.

“Ms. Livingston, since when are you the protector of the royal family’s pride?”

Zenovia’s expression immediately changed. No matter how proud she was a moment ago, now she was just a pale girl.

King William’s expression turned somber, and he squinted after hearing what she said.

Diana turned to face him. “Father, this is your god granddaughter?”

Zenovia wanted to explain but knew she was in trouble when she saw the king’s expression.

It would be fine if only Daisy showed up with Freyja , but now even Diana and the king were there.

Everything seemed to be part of a plan.

Zenovia was a wound-up string and broke at that moment because she felt wronged and annoyed. “You tricked me!?”

Daisy chuckled, “We didn’t. You said all those things by yourself. We didn’t force you to do it.”

The king walked next to Freyja and said, “I’m sorry, child. I’ve neglected you.”

Chapter 1804

When Diana brought Freyja to see him, he was shocked because he had been under the impression that his other daughter had only given birth to a son.

He hadn't legitimized their family because he regretted how he treated Diana and her mother and was also wary of how ambitious the mother and son duo was.

When he found out that Freyja was treated badly at home and that her mother neglected her, it reminded him of Laura.

When Freyja got an apology from the king, she was stunned and didn't know how to react to it.

William glared at Zenovia. "I thought you were a good person, but I made a mistake. You're no longer a guest in Yaramoor. Go back to Haniston."

What he did was shaming an important guest, and that was the worst kind of humiliation.

Zenovia shuddered while she watched the socialites leave the party. Her face was pale as a sheet.

King William got into the car because he wanted to give Freyja a ride home and get to know her better, but she turned him down.

He brushed his sleeves made with smooth fabric and paused for a few seconds. He understood she wasn't familiar with him, so he didn't insist.

Diana spoke to them before leaving with the king.

Daisie felt great. "We've finally got rid of Zenovia."

Freyja looked down and smiled. “She lost because she was overconfident.”

Zenovia had always lived in her own world. She didn’t care about what was right or wrong. If someone didn’t play along with her, it meant they were wrong.

The socialites were all spoiled from a young age, but they would end up becoming one of two kinds—being too naive or too arrogant.

Freyja looked at Daisy upon recalling something and joked, “Why didn’t the Goldmanns turn you into a monster?”

Daisy pouted. “How could you compare me to her?”

After a short while, a car stopped in front of them, and the back window was lowered. It was Waylon.

Daisy leaned on the window and asked, “You came to pick us

up?”

Waylon nodded and lazily leaned on the window. “The knight is here to bring the princesses home. Am I on time?”

Daisy flashed him a huge smile. “Yes, very punctual.”

She opened the door and looked at Freyja, who had an awkward expression. “What’s wrong, Freyja?”

She snapped back and forced a smile. “I’ll hail a cab.”

Daisie walked to her and hugged her arm. "No need to be shy. We can give you a ride."

"There's really no need—"

Daisie played tug of war with her. "You're so nicely dressed. What if you're attacked? Get in!"

Freyja smiled helplessly. "No one is going to attack me in broad daylight."

In the end, she was almost pushed into the car by Daisie. The three of them sat in the backseat, but Freyja felt awkward because she was in the middle.

Daisie unintentionally looked into her eyes and was troubled. "Are you feeling alright?"

Freyja didn't say anything.

Even though the car was spacious, it wasn't comfortable that they were sitting so close to each other.

Daisie thought that Freyja was shy, so she looked at Waylon. "You don't mind, do you?"

Waylon turned around and looked into Freyja's eyes.

Freyja nodded at him, so he nodded back and said, "I don't."

"Great then." Daisie patted her shoulder, smiled, and said, "Waylon is a nice person and doesn't mind. He sent you home before, so don't worry."

Chapter 1805

Daisie knew very well that Waylon wasn't like Colton and didn't have any opinions about Freyja, which was why Daisie had no worries.

Freyja smiled but didn't speak. She knew that Waylon didn't mind her, but...

If people thought that she had her eyes on the eldest Goldmann son, then things would get tricky.

The three of them didn't speak during the entire journey. There was silence in the car.

Freyja, who was sitting in the middle, was facing the air conditioning. She wore a thin gown, and her exposed skin started freezing.

She was going to move the vent upward when Waylon said, "Maurice, increase the temperature of the air conditioning."

The driver nodded and adjusted it.

Freyja looked at him, surprised. Waylon was reading his magazine and never looked up, so it seemed like a coincidence.

When the car drove into the Hilton Villas, the driver suddenly realized his mistake. "I'm sorry, sir, I forgot to send Ms. Pruitt home."

Something came to Daisie's mind, and she said, "It's fine. Freyja, why don't you stay for dinner and leave later? What do you think, Waylon?"

She asked for Waylon's opinion.

Waylon closed his magazine and nodded. "Sure."

Daisie was happy. After getting out of the car, she said to Freyja, "Waylon is a superb cook. You're lucky to try his food."

Daisie walked into the villa while holding onto Freyja's arm, then noticed that Colton was sitting in the living room with a laptop on his crossed legs.

Daisie was startled. "Colton?"

Colton looked up and saw Freyja standing by her side. He paused for a few seconds before looking away with no changes in his expression.

Daisie thought he was unhappy that she had brought Freyja back, so she approached him and said, "I told Waylon that Freyja will be staying for dinner."

Colton didn't look up. "Fine, there's no need to explain."

"Who said,"

"Daisie," Waylon walked in and cut her off, "You and Freyja should change out of your dresses."

Daisie nodded. "Okay"

She walked to Freyja and told her, "Let's go. I have a lot of clothes. You can wear them."

Freyja didn't want to stay there, so she went upstairs.

Colton watched them go up and looked at Waylon, who removed

his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"You're not very friendly to our guests," said Waylon.

Colton closed his laptop. "I've always been like this."

Waylon chuckled, turned, and walked into the kitchen. "Come give me a hand."

Colton didn't speak but instead got up and walked toward the kitchen.

The two girls changed into comfortable clothes and went downstairs. The dress that Freyja was wearing was only worn a few times by Daisy. It was a loose dress, so it wasn't too tight for her.

She let Freyja wait in the living room and walked into the kitchen. "My dear brothers, do you need your sister's help?"

Colton looked up and chuckled. "No thanks."

Daisy pouted. "Do you think I can't help?"

Waylon was beating the eggs as he replied, "Go talk to Freyja. We don't need help here."

Daisie smiled. "Alright."

Colton and Waylon looked over in thought.

After half an hour, warm food was ready.

Daisie was starving, so she dug in after serving Freyja's plate. "Try this. Waylon's hot wings are out of this world!"

Chapter 1806

Freyja looked at the dishes on the table. All of them looked delicious, and she found it hard to believe that all of them were prepared by Waylon.

In her impression, those who came from a prestigious family generally led a pampered life, and someone like Waylon, who knew how to cook, was pretty rare.

After she took a bite, Daisie went forward and asked, "How is it?"

Freyja smiled and nodded.

When she lifted her head, she met Colton's gaze. His eyes were filled with a complicated emotion that Freyja couldn't understand.

She looked at him for a few seconds before averting her eyes and continuing to enjoy the dishes.

The atmosphere at the table was tense.

Freyja had a small appetite and was a slow eater. She just took from the dishes in front of her. Suddenly, Colton pushed the dish in front of her to her. He made it look like an unintentional action, but Freyja was stunned. She raised her head to see that Colton was sipping on a bowl of soup.

Daisie saw what her brother did, and her face was fully written with surprise.

Colton raised his eyelids, and when he saw Daisie staring at him, he squinted and asked, "Why are you looking at me like

that?"

Daisie snapped herself out of her trance and shook her head.

She was worried that her brother would lash out at her due to embarrassment if she busted him. However, it seemed to her that Colton did not hate Freyja that much after what he did just now.

Then why was he always so mean to Freyja?

She tried to find a reason but could not think of anything. In the end, she concluded that her second brother was a man with a complicated mind.

After they finished their dinner, Daisie told Waylon to send Freyja back to her house. Before Waylon could say anything, Colton chimed in. "We can ask the driver to send her back."

Daisie frowned. "It's already very late. Why do you want to trouble the driver? Isn't it the same for Waylon to send her?"

Colton suddenly took the key on the table and said, "I'll take her home."

After that, he walked out of the house, stunning Daisy.

'I'm not hallucinating, right?'

Daisy walked Freyja to the courtyard and bade her goodbye.

Freyja turned around to look at her and said, "I'll return the skirt to you after I wash it."

Daisy nodded. "Alright."

She walked to the back seat, and just when she was about to

open the door, Colton said, "Sit in the front."

Freyja did not say anything and got into the passenger seat.

Daisy stood and watched the car slowly disappear from her vision as she scratched her head in confusion. In fact, she felt it was the same regardless of who sent Freyja home. It was just that she felt something was strange when her second brother volunteered to do it.

The sky was getting darker, and the lights on the streets lit up, casting the entire city in a haze of neon light.

Inside the car was a limbo of light and dark. Freyja looked outside through the window without saying anything. Colton glanced at her and suddenly stamped on the accelerator.

Freyja grabbed the handle and turned her head to look at him. "Why are you driving so fast?"

Colton said, "It's none of your business."

The car was slaloming in the stream of vehicles at high speed. Her heart was in her throat as she looked at the receding streetscape and vehicles.

She was certain that Colton was doing this purposely.

Even though she was scared, she pretended to be calm, but her hand on the handle betrayed her true emotion.

Colton chuckled when he saw her reaction. "Are you scared?"

She forced herself to calm down and replied, "Why should I be

scared? Even if something happens, I'm not alone in facing the consequences."

The smile disappeared from Colton's face as he slowed down the car. "You're not afraid at all when you are in my brother's

car."

Freyja turned around to look at him. "Why are you bringing your brother up?"

Freyja then chuckled as if she remembered something. “Ah, I get it now. Could it be that you think I have a crush on your brother?”

Colton did not reply

“It’s true that your brother is charismatic. He’s a gentleman and good at taking care of other people. I’m sure there are a lot of women who like someone like him, right?”