

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1526

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Chapter 1526

Violet lowered her gaze and gave off a smile.

"Actually, I didn't do much. I just taught them to make paper cranes, stars, and more. Those are what Jacob taught me before."

The dean approached her and took her hand.

"Viv, I've always known that you couldn't let go of Jacob. Jacob was a good man. It's a pity that..."

She interrupted the dean abruptly, "Please stop, ma'am, please stop."

"Viv, you must learn to face the facts."

The dean took a deep breath and could not help but feel downcast.

"There's no need for you to put all the blame on yourself."

At that moment, the already cracked dam in Violet's heart was being slammed again, and it crumbled.

She lowered her head and admitted deep down that she was not as strong as she had been portraying herself throughout all these years.

Despite how others misunderstood and badmouthed her over the years, she had never cared.

The only thing that would shatter her was Jacob. She could not bear it any longer—the pain that had been buried deep in her heart for a long time erupted all at once.

The dean hugged her distressingly, and her eyes were bloodshot too.

"Viv, you need to let him off your mind."

"I can't do so."

She choked on her own tears and words, shook her head, hugged the dean tightly, and sobbed.

"If even I were to forget about him, no one else in the world would remember him anymore. He's dead because of me."

The dean was heartbroken.

Jacob had grown up in the orphanage. He did not have any background, and the dean was the one who took care of him when he was a child.

To her, Jacob was like her biological son.

Jacob was very obedient and sensible.

He was also a happy-go-lucky boy who loved to laugh and treated others gently. He had been kind all his life, but unfortunately, his relationship with Violet did not end well.

Aaron believed an orphan was not worthy of his daughter, so he secretly hindered their relationship and even used his daughter's life, planning a kidnapping incident.

He originally wanted to use this event, thinking that he would be able to force Jacob into revealing his true colors.

As long as Jacob was afraid of dying and left Violet behind, Violet would definitely give up on him.

Alas, he had underestimated Jacob's feelings for Violet, and the kidnapping incident ended up being a catastrophe.

The kidnapers Aaron had hired did not keep their promises and asked for a larger amount of ransom, but Aaron did not agree.

Thus, they put on their game face and threatened to kill Violet.

However, Jacob blocked a bullet for Violet and died right under her nose.

The dean patted Violet's back lightly, and Violet could not stop crying.

The pain and grievances that had been buried underneath her disguise gushed out all at once.

The dean raised her head when she was about to console Violet and saw Jackie standing outside the door.

No one knew how long he had been there—he only entered the room after he was discovered.

The dean reminded Violet of something, and Violet stopped crying, looked back at Jackie, and wiped away her tears

immediately.

"What are you doing here?"

"Your mother thought you had gone missing."

Jackie glanced at the children sitting at the table, folding paper cranes, and those children stared at him curiously. He paused for a few seconds, and his tone softened.

"Grandpa asked me to come out and search for you." Violet sighed.

"I'll go back by myself as soon as I've had enough fun."

She then went into the room to calm herself down.

The dean naturally knew who Jackie was.

"Young Master Clifford, Viv has made you worry. I'll apologize to you on her behalf."

During normal times, Jackie would not have accepted the apology.

Whenever someone did something wrong and needed someone else to apologize on her behalf, he would only think that the person was not accountable and would not admit her mistake.

But seeing her in the orphanage, shedding her tough disguise for the first time, and crying heartbrokenly, it was really

inappropriate for him to say any hurtful words at that moment.

Thus, he responded with a faint hum.

"It's okay."

He then turned around, looked at those children, and asked after a long time, "Does she come to the orphanage often?"

The dean paused for a split second and then replied slowly, "Yes, Viv comes here occasionally whenever she's free, and she'll stay with the children for quite some time. The children here like her very much too."

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Jackie remained silent for a moment.

"Did she come here before this?"

"Yes, what's wrong?"

"It's nothing."

He lowered his gaze, thought about it for a while, but received a call at the moment. It was about the things that he had asked someone else to investigate for him.

The other party said, "Mr. Clifford, I've asked Mr. Eden about the other day. He told me that he's not very close with

Ms. Lovegood. He's only met her twice, and he doesn't even have her contact information. He also said that he happened to run

into Ms. Lovegood in the restaurant the other day. Ms. Lovegood only invited him to have a meal on the grounds that they had had a conversation at an art exhibition."

Jackie did not say anything and hung up the call.

Someone tugged the hem of his jacket all of a sudden. He lowered his head.

It was a little girl of seven or eight years old.

"Sir, are you here for Sister Viv?" Jackie frowned.

'This imp actually called me sir but addressed her as Sister Violet. Just how old do I look on the outside? He took a deep breath,

squatted down to look at her, and asked, "What's wrong?"

The girl asked, "Then will you be nice to Sister Viv?"

He paused for a bit and pursed his lips.

"Sir, Sister Viv is very nice. So, don't bully her. She also taught us how to make paper cranes and stars, write, draw, and play the piano. We'll be angry if you bully her."

Jackie's eyes moved.

"I won't bully her."

"Pinky promise, you have to keep your word."

The girl stretched out her little finger. He was stunned once again, but he then laughed, stretched out his little finger, and made a deal with the little girl.

"Pinky promise."

Violet sat in the room where Jacob lived before his death.

The dean had not stopped cleaning it over the years, so the room had always been kept in its original look as if Jacob was still living.

There were drawing canvases in the room.

Jacob liked to draw, and he was very talented at drawing.

Because of this, Violet went to learn how to draw and held an art exhibition for him. She reached out and stroked the portrait that he left behind—she was the model in the portrait.

The door was knocked.

She returned to her senses, pulled down a cloth to cover the canvas, walked to open the door, and was astonished when she saw Jackie standing beside the dean.

The dean turned to Jackie and said, "Then I shall leave her to you. You should talk."

After the dean left, Violet stood at the doorway, blocking the entrance, and asked, "Why haven't you left?"

He replied indifferently, "I did tell you that I'm here to pick you up."

She was startled.

"And didn't I tell you I'll return when I've had enough fun?"

Jackie glanced across the gap between her and the door.

"Let's go in and talk."

"Isn't there a space in the hall? If you want to talk, let's go to the hall."

She reached out, pushed him away, and closed the door.

But Jackie pushed the door open abruptly and squeezed himself into the room.

Violet was stunned and became furious instantly.

"Jackie Clifford, what do you think you're doing!?"

Jackie ignored her obstruction, stepped into the room, and looked around.

There were plenty of vivid paintings, ordinary but delicate and romantic small gifts, and paper cranes that had been tied onto strings hanging on the wall.

These paper cranes had been accumulated over all those years and represented the things one had missed in life.

Thinking of what the dean had said to him, he suddenly scoffed coldly.

"Childish."

Violet was already furious because he barged into the room without her permission, but when she heard the word coming from him, she lost her head and pushed him.

"Who are you calling childish, and who permitted you to come in? Get out!"

Jackie grabbed her wrist.

"Aren't you the childish one here?"

"You're not only childish but also ridiculously stupid. You've done all sorts of things to ruin your reputation only because of aman. I

don't see you as someone who's going against the world but someone who's degenerating wilfully."

He was telling the truth, but it sounded extremely shrill to her.

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Violet's shoulders quivered. She jerked her hands to break free from his grasp and glared at him with bloodshot eyes.

"So what if I've chosen to degenerate?"

"Then what have you achieved?"

He looked extremely calm.

"Have you gotten what you want in exchange for your degeneration? After doing everything you've done to ruin your reputation, has the dead come back to life?"

Violet's eyelashes trembled slightly, her lips were pursed tightly, and the hands that were hanging beside her body tightened subconsciously.

'How can the dead come back to life? Although I hope so, how could there be such a miracle? 'What happened has happened.

I witnessed Jacob's death with my own eyes, and I was also there the day he was cremated. I was personally there throughout

the whole journey, sending him off to the other world, but I couldn't change anything.

'If I could go back in time and go through everything all over again, I'd rather that I was the one who died in that incident"

After a long silence, she lowered her head and wiped away the tears that had welled up in her eyes, and her voice sounded hoarse.

"That's none of your business."

Jackie gazed at her and said nothing.

In fact, he did not care about what Violet had experienced and did not want to care.

Even though he had learned everything, all he had in mind was that she was a childish idiot. She had ruined her reputation and

lived a life full of degenerations for the sake of a dead person, so instead of sympathizing with her, he might as well sympathize

with the person who had died in her place.

"If he died for you only because he wanted you to live like who you are today, it'd be better for you to straight-up die in the first place."

Violet's heart skipped a beat and stopped all of a sudden.

Jackie approached her.

"Have you ever thought about his sacrifice? Was it worth it if the person that he saved was you? "His choice back then has

resulted in such an outcome. Would he be disappointed to see you acting like this?"

Violet's breathing stopped for a while, and her straight back gradually stiffened. It was as if she saw Jacob standing beside her,

and the faint smile on his tender face was still as gentle as it used to be.

"Viv, do take good care of yourself when I'm not around."

"Please don't cry. I'll feel bad."

"And please do your best to forget me."

She lowered her head.

Even if she had been trying her best to hold back her tears, she could not stop them from gushing out of her eyes like water

torrents that had broken through a dam.

The dean stood outside the door and heard Violet's loud cry through the ajar door, and she covered her mouth as her eyes

turned bloodshot again.

In fact, she also hoped that Violet could bury Jacob in the past, move on, and live happily.

After all, this was Jacob's wish too.

It was not until the afternoon that Violet and Jackie left the orphanage. She stood in the courtyard and bid goodbye to the dean and the children.

A girl asked her, "Sister Viv, will you still come to see us in the future?"

Violet nodded and forced a smile.

"Of course."

The girl suddenly motioned her to come forward mysteriously, so Violet leaned closer to her.

The girl then whispered, "Sister Viv, if that uncle dares to bully you, you must tell us. We'll surely avenge you when we grow up."

Violet was stunned for a few seconds, then rubbed the girl's hair and laughed.

"Don't worry."

She waved to them, walked to the car, and the bodyguard opened the door for her.

The car then drove away slowly.

At the Clifford manor...

Rose and Thomas were sitting in the living room, waiting for the news until the butler hurried in.

"Elder Master, Young Master Clifford has brought Ms. Lovegood back."

Rose stood up and saw Violet follow Jackie into the living room in the blink of an eye.

"viv."

Rose walked toward her immediately, and because she had been worried, she was relieved to see that her daughter was fine.

Thomas nodded.

"Good to see you home."

Violet nodded at them and bent over.

"I'm sorry I made you worry."

Rose hugged her, cried, and laughed at the same time, "Violet, don't you know that you should call me whenever you go anywhere? I was worried to death!"

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Violet lowered her gaze.

'Over the years, while I've hated my father for Jacob's death, I've ignored my mother's love for me too.

In the end, all my relatives could only condone my doings helplessly.

'All I could think of all these years was my hatred and resentment toward the world, so much so that I've neglected the fact that there are people who care about me.

'I can't let go of my grudge because I can't live on happily due to Jacob's death. 'Before today, I didn't understand Jacob's intention when he saved me from the bullet. He didn't die on my behalf just to make me live in guilt for the rest of my life'

Two days later...

In front of all the media, Thomas made the news public that he had taken Violet in as his god- granddaughter.

He also clarified that Violet and his grandson had decided to get a divorce not because of Violet's lifestyle but because of their incompatibility. He supported Violet publically and accused the media of misinterpreting the truth.

And Thomas's decision to come forward and support Violet in person shut all online haters up.

The news pushed Violet onto the trending list of Google Trends.

And the dean of St.

Maria Orphanage even issued a statement for Violet.

Soon, it was revealed that Violet had been holding art exhibitions and secretly carrying out public welfare activities.

Violet had never used her name for all the donations and public welfare activities she had contributed to. She had always donated all her earnings to all sorts of organizations under the name of "Jacob's Art Studio".

Thus, no one knew that the owner behind Jacob's Art Studio was Violet.

No one knew that the ignorant and dissolute daughter of the Lovegoods would have such artistic talent.

Jacob's Art Studio ushered in the highest number of visitors it had ever experienced at the end of the year.

All portraits and oil paintings in the exhibition, be it a character or scenery, seemed to have been given fresh meanings and lives.

Maisie and Nolan came to the art studio, and they were happy for Violet when they saw that there were quite a lot of guests visiting the exhibition gallery.

Nolan wrapped his arms around her shoulders.

"You can rest assured now, can't you?"

"Yeah." She said as she turned to look at Nolan, "After this incident, I think I'm very lucky."

"I'm lucky that Nolan has always been here with me"

Nolan laughed.

"Do elaborate more on that."

"I'm thinking, if you were to have died back then, would I inherit your wish and live on as Violet does?"

'Jacob's Art Studio, as the name suggests, Jacob has always been her inspiration.

'Jacob might be gone, but Violet has inherited his dream and passion and has opened an art studio with his name.

Although not everyone knows much about him, to Violet, he was an existence that can never be erased.

'Perhaps, this is the only thought that can support Violet through the rest of her life' Nolan held her tightly in his arms and rested his chin on the top of her head.

"I'm also glad that God didn't make me leave you behind back then."

No one would know what would happen tomorrow, so one could only cherish the people that appeared, existed, and passed by one's life.

Violet was occupied from morning to night.

All the staff of the exhibition hall had already gotten off work, and she was the only person who stayed behind to frame all the paintings. It was raining heavily outside the window.

Violet stopped what she was doing, got up, walked to the windowsill, and closed the window.

The figure projected on the window pane startled her. She turned around only to see Jackie standing at the door, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

"What are you doing standing at the door without saying a word? You almost scared the cr*p out of me."

Jackie crossed his arms.

"Only those who've done bad things will be scared."

"You're all mouth."

Violet was so angry.

"I'm the only one left in the whole gallery. The corridors are all pitch-black, and someone suddenly appeared behind me. Who wouldn't be scared by that!?"

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Violet walked to the table.

"What's the matter?"

"It's nothing."

He walked in and glanced at the framed paintings on the wall.

"I've come to visit your gallery."

She was startled.

"Then why not come during the day?"

He retracted his gaze.

"I don't have time during the day."

Violet snorted, lowered her head, and continued to frame the painting on hand.

"You actually chose to come to visit at night, that's so sickening."

Jackie looked at her and frowned.

"Watch your words."

"I've always been like this." Violet thought of something and suddenly realized something.

"Oh, because I'm now your god- sister, I have to respect you as an elder brother, right?" Jackie smiled.

"Grandpa asked us to get along well as god-siblings. Is this how you uphold your promise?" Violet smiled.

"Even retards won't believe in the promise that we both made. Let me ask you a question, will you get along well with me?"

Jackie was rendered speechless.

Violet waved her hand.

"Forget it. I've never expected to be able to get along with you. I'll be thankful as long as you don't tease me all the time."

His gaze shifted away, and he stood there without uttering a single word.

Violet framed the painting meticulously, thinking that he had already left.

But when she looked up, she saw that he was still there.

"Why haven't you left?"

Jackie looked out the window.

"It's raining."

She choked on her own words.

"You own a car. Why are you afraid of the rain?"

"Then, do you have a car?"

Violet was stunned for a short while. She then took a glance at the pouring rain outside the window.

"Are you here to pick me up?"

He did not say anything.

'This is impossible. He hates me and still can't get rid of me even after the divorce. So why would he be kind enough to come here and pick me up?'

She ignored him and moved on with the task on hand.

When she returned to her senses again, Jackie had left.

And there was an umbrella on her desk.

The next day, Maisie and Nolan, who originally planned to leave on the 5th of January, extended their stay in Octavia.

After Maisie finished her breakfast, she asked her brothers to accompany her to find Violet.

The children had a lot of fun in Octavia, and since it was during their winter break anyway, they could stay for a few more days.

However, Jackie could not be seen all morning.

When Maisie asked, Thomas replied with a smile, "That kid went out in the morning. I'm not sure what he's up to, and I can't care less about him."

Nolan peeled an egg for Maisie.

"Maybe he's busy courting his wife."

Maisie was surprised.

"Is that even possible?"

'He's divorced Violet, and Violet is now his god-sister, so what kind of wife is he planning to court?' Nolan tilted his head to look at her and sneered.

"You don't seem to understand a man's thoughts very well."

Maisie ate the egg he peeled and kept quiet.

Thomas chuckled, picked up the teacup, and took a sip.

"After the divorce, it's easier for them to get to know each other without the constraints of marriage."

Jackie hated Violet only because he was forced to accept the arrangement.

Even if Violet was not the partner he got but another woman, Jackie might reject the proposal in the first place.

Once prejudice was formed, it was difficult for both parties to understand each other, but once they let go of their prejudice, they

would get to know each other from the basics again.

Their divorce had never been a bad thing.

They were originally a couple that was forced to be together without any love.

To put it bluntly, even after the separation of an affectionate couple, both parties would only realize the advantages of the other

party that they overlooked when they were still married.

What was more, Violet was not any woman. She had the looks, and she had the figure.

Despite her bad reputation, the soul wrapped under her shell had always been pure and innocent.

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