

The Three Little Guardian Angels
Chapter 1546

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Chapter 1546

Jackie's lips were pressed against the side of her neck, and his breath was labored.

"Trying to get me drunk." Violet did not know how to react to his statement.

"It's obvious that you're the one who wanted to take all those shots head-on."

'I've overestimated his drinking capacity. He's this lousy, yet he wanted to keep up his appearance"

"Violet," he whispered her name in her ear.

She felt itchy on her neck from his breathing, so she tried to dodge his face a little and replied in a daze, "Huh?"

His slightly deep voice was rubbing against the wall of her cochlea, especially in this extremely intimate atmosphere, which would escalate things very easily and quickly. It was not that Violet was still a virgin and had zero experience in that department, but she had only been with Jacob before this.

She loved Jacob very much and was willing to give him everything.

That night, the euphoria that she had experienced was because of his gentle interpretation.

She could not forget not only because he died at the age when she loved him the most but also because of all the profound memories that he had brought her.

Whenever she thought of him, past memories would be played in her mind like a slideshow of intertwined recordings of old movies.

The traces of his existence and every scene he was in were like an epitome of his life, which was very intense to her.

'Ever since Jacob died, I've never thought about other men because they're inferior to him. Even during the three years I was married to Jackie, I had never been this intimate with him. He hated me, and I've never even thought of it.

'But now, I've breached through and achieved a new height in my relationship with him. This is an intimate encounter like never before.

And he's drunk. A drunk man is more likely to go out of control and do absurd things.

'Especially when the other party is him, my ex-husband who used to avoid me as if I were a parasite or even worse, a demon.

'If things were to escalate between us, he might think I'm cooking up a scheme"

Violet calmed herself down and pushed him away from her body.

"Jackie, why don't you get up first?"

He let go of his arms a little and hugged her in his arms.

"Headache."

Violet whispered, "You must at least let me go first."

He murmured, "I'm cold."

Violet did not move anymore because he was really cold and shivering. She stood in place and let him cling to her.

After a while, he stopped moving, and Violet could finally relax her stiff body. Moreover, she was so sleepy that she did not have the mental strength to stay up anymore. She fought against her drowsiness but gave in and fell asleep around the second half of the night. When she fell asleep, Jackie slowly opened his eyes and stared at the person in front of him. He was indeed drunk, but being this drunk was just a lie. He pretended to be asleep only because it was clear that she was guarding herself against him. He gently caressed her cheek with his fingers. 'She's indeed a chaste woman. If she didn't resist me just now and took the advantage to get it on with me, my interest in her might have decreased steeply. 'If she can allow herself to do so, she'll definitely be able to treat all other men that come at her as a temporary distraction from her loneliness. 'But what I want are her genuine feelings" The next morning, Violet opened her eyes, woke up, saw the man lying beside her, and sat up suddenly. 'I was careless! I actually fell asleep like this last night!' Violet got out of bed quietly, planning to slip away before he woke up. She picked up her bag, suddenly thought of something, and turned to look at Jackie, who was still asleep. She rolled her eyes, took out the lipstick from her bag, walked up to the edge of the bed, and applied the lipstick carefully to his face. On the other side of the wall, Nolan reached out and covered Daisie's ears. "You didn't hear anything. Now go downstairs for breakfast." Daisie snorted, turned back, and walked downstairs while turning to look back at the room's door repeatedly. She had obviously heard something. Nolan glanced into Jackie's room but did not stay for long and followed Daisie downstairs very soon. In the room, Violet covered her mouth as beads of sweat rolled down her spine. She had slept in the saree room with Jackie last night. How should she explain it if what they had done were to be exposed! Jackie calmed down, let go of her, got up, and walked toward the bathroom without saying a word.

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The Three Little Guardian Angels
Chapter 1547

. . .

Chapter 1547

Soon, Violet heard the sound of rushing water coming from the bathroom, and a blurry figure appeared on the frosted glass.

The process of him taking off his clothes and taking a shower was on the brink of being completely visible.

'He's straight up ignoring my presence!' Violet looked away in embarrassment, quickly sorted out her clothes, and walked up to the door with her handbag.

Seeing that there was no one in the corridor through the crack of the door, she left the room. She came downstairs and ran into

Nolan, Maisie, and Daisy, who were all having breakfast in the living room.

Daisy came to a realization instantly.

"It turns out to be Auntie Violet."

'It turns out that Auntie Violet and Uncle Jackie slept together last night, so it seems that there's no need for me to try to make a match out of them now'

Maisie cleared her throat and looked at Violet.

"Do you want to have breakfast together?"

"No...There's no need for that. I'll eat at home."

Violet was so embarrassed to stay for breakfast and escaped from the mansion in a hurry.

Nolan served Maisie some dishes and said to Daisy, "We're leaving for Bassburgh today."

Daisy was astounded.

"So soon?" He chuckled.

"What's wrong with that? Have you gotten addicted to being on holiday?"

Daisy pouted and said nothing.

In fact, life had been quite happy during her stay in Octavia as she got to play with her aunt.

"If you don't want to go back, you can stay with your great-grandfather until school reopens."

"Can I?" she asked.

Nolan responded lightly, "Your brothers will be staying here with you."

He did not want the children to disturb the romantic serenity that he could have with his wife.

When Violet came home, Rose was making desserts in the kitchen and asked her where she had gone last night. She told the

truth that she had spent the night at the Cliffords.

Rose saw the marks on her neck and laughed.

"Were you with Jackie?"

She denied it instantly.

"No!"

In fact, she felt a little guilty.

After all, she had indeed spent the night with Jackie.

But that was just an accident! Rose lowered her gaze and gave off a smile.

"Violet, Jackie is actually quite a fine man."

She was startled.

"Why are you telling me that?"

'So what if he's a fine man? What does it have to do with me?'

"Then tell me the truth, do you hate Jackie?"

Rose raised her head and exchanged gazes with her.

Violet pursed her lips for a while.

"I can't say that I hate him."

'It's not that I hate Jackie. Although my attitude toward him after our marriage was mostly intentional, I was pissing him off

deliberately, only hoping he would drive me away.

'It was also proven that Jackie's hatred and disgust for me did grow. He indeed hated me but didn't drive me away. No matter what

I did to force him into doing so, he was unconcerned and simply ignored me in the end.

'I would say that he's a hypocritical man because he obviously hated me, but he still gave off the image of a good husband and

son-in-law in front of Elder Master Clifford or my parents" Rose smiled.

"I'll take that as a no." Violet crossed her arms.

"Mom, we've gotten a divorce, and I'm his god-sister now, so don't overthink it." Rose smiled again.

"You two aren't related by blood. Having been divorced doesn't mean that you can't remarry." Violet was stunned for a few

seconds.

"Mom, what nonsense are you talking about? I'm going upstairs."

She then turned around and left.

Rose stared at the figure going upstairs and gave a soft sigh.

'She still can't let go of Jacob after all that's happened"

Violet returned to her room, locked the door behind her, leaned against the door, and lowered her gaze. Her thoughts were

extremely disturbed.

'Will I remarry Jackie? I've never thought about it. I've always thought that things are impossible between us"

She then walked up to the dresser, opened the drawer, took out a photo, and gently stroked the cheek of the man in the photo

with her fingers.

After looking at it for a while, she stored the photo again and closed the drawer.

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The Three Little Guardian Angels

Chapter 1548

. . .

Chapter 1548

A week later...

Nolan and Maisie returned to Bassburgh first, while Waylon and Colton stayed back in Octavia to accompany their sister, spending the winter break together.

Daisie brought a small cake to the gallery to look for Violet. She walked up to the door of the studio and saw Violet sitting in front

of a drawing board, drawing a portrait with a pencil. She tiptoed into the gallery, stood behind her, and looked at each of the

outlines drawn onto the canvas, forming a simple draft of the person she was drawing. And as she continued, the person's outlines became clearer.

Daisie laughed out loud.

"Aunt Violet, are you drawing Uncle Jackie?"

Violet's hand shook, and she looked back at Daisie and was surprised by her.

"Who told you that I'm painting your Uncle Jackie?" Daisie blinked.

"But it looks quite like him."

"Nonsense, I'm not drawing him..."

Violet's gaze shifted back onto the drawing canvas, but her hand that was holding the pencil froze.

As Daisie said, the outline of the person she had drawn resembled that of Jackie's.

'Why is this happening? I clearly wasn't drawing Jackie. Daisie must've influenced me. That's why it looks like him'

She picked up the pencil, revised the outlines, and could not help but mutter, "This shouldn't look like him anymore, right?"

Daisie sat at the side, supporting her head in her palms, and smiled.

"Aunt Violet, do you miss Uncle Jackie that much?"

Violet choked on her own words, put down the pencil, and stopped drawing.

"Why would I?"

'How could I possibly be thinking about Jackie? I have nothing to do with him.

'Besides, he hasn't shown up for a week after that incident, so he's probably regretting it too. Thank God we didn't get it on the

other night. Otherwise, it would be even more awkward now"

Daisie supported her chin.

"In my dad's words, is your duplicity playing a huge role when you're denying that?"

"Daisie, you brat! I treat you so kindly and what I get in return is you making fun of me?"

'She actually said I'm being duplicitous to myself. This girl is surely doing this on purpose!' Daisie handed her the small cake in her hand.

"Take this. Uncle Jackie asked me to bring this to you."

She was startled.

"He asked you to bring this to me?" Daisie nodded.

Violet took the small cake from her. It could be seen that the top layer of the cake was covered in chocolate matcha.

She opened the box and took a bite.

Daisie asked with a grin, "Is it delicious?"

Violet nodded.

"It's okay."

She smiled and squinted.

"Actually, I'm the one who bought it."

Violet was rendered speechless.

Daisie chuckled even more happily.

"Aunt Violet, your expression from just now looked like you were looking forward to it."

Violet put the cake on the table and got up.

"Okay, I'm not going to finish this anymore. Hmph!"

She walked to the door furiously, turned her head, and slammed into a robust embrace.

The other party stretched out his hand and wrapped it around her waist subconsciously. She raised her head and was stunned by the first thing that caught her eyes.

Jackie took a glance at the cake on the table.

"Don't you like desserts?"

Before Violet could react, Daisy let off a mischievous chuckle.

"You're the one who bought it, so it's impossible for Aunt Violet to dislike it." Jackie laughed.

"Oh really?"

Daisy squeezed out of the door and said with a smile.

"Uncle Jackie, since I've completed my mission, I'll take my leave first."

She ran very quickly.

Violet discovered something and pushed him away.

"You two are so childish! Is it fun for you to pull a prank on me?"

"Since when are we pulling a prank on you?"

Jackie folded his coat and fixed his gaze on her face.

"Daisy told me that girls like desserts, so I asked her to bring a cake for you."

'Daisy, this quirky little girl, was indeed only mocking her, but without her mockery, how could I get to witness her panicked appearance?' Violet turned her face away.

"She told me that she's the one who bought it. That's why I ate it."

"Oh really?" He smirked.

"But I heard it all."

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The Three Little Guardian Angels

Chapter 1549

. . .

Chapter 1549

Violet choked on her words and met his gaze.

"What did you hear?" Jackie approached her, and the distance between them narrowed gradually.

The shadow on the wall made it seem like they were sticking together.

"I heard Daisy say that you're drawing me."

She denied it, "I didn't."

He squinted slightly and did not utter a single word.

Violet turned around.

"I'm going back to work already."

She was about to leave, but Jackie grabbed her by her arm, and she was caught off guard and fell into his arms.

Jackie pressed her against the wall, lowered his head, and his lips were only inches away from her temple.

"I want to hear the truth." Violet did not look straight at him.

"What are you talking about?"

His breath brushed across her cheek, and it became more and more intense.

"Do you have feelings for me?"

Her breathing stopped for a moment.

"W-What are the feelings that you're referring to?"

Jackie lifted her face, and her whole face was sitting in his palm.

"How did you feel about me the other night?"

Violet gulped her saliva, and her eyelashes twitched.

"Are you messing with me?"

"I am not."

He got half an inch closer to her, and his lips were only inches away.

"Do I sound like I was kidding?"

She did not know where to fix her gaze, and her hands that were propped against his chest were clenched into fists.

'Did I have any feelings for him the other night? To be honest, I did feel something.

'I didn't reject Jackie's caress. After all, I won't have any feelings for any other man apart from Jacob"

But her body's reaction from the other day exceeded her expectations.

Maybe it was normal for her to feel so, but she felt ashamed as it felt like she had betrayed Jacob. She had kept her body and

mind pure and chaste for him for so long, and she did not want it to be broken by anyone.

Not to mention that she did not think anyone would have the ability to break it.

Violet pushed him away.

Seeing that she could not shove him away, she could only look away.

"I didn't feel anything."

He asked again, "Are you sure?"

She became a little impatient.

"What the hell are you trying to do?"

Jackie clasped the side of her neck with his palm and then pressed his lips against hers without any warning.

Violet was astounded, and the hands that were on his chest clenched tightly into fists. But she could not even push him away as

she became powerless instantly.

All rejections and protests were in vain, and only emotional turbulence and warm physical entanglement remained.

Jackie did not let her go until she bit his lip, and a hint of salty and metallic taste permeated his entire mouth.

The tears in her eyes welled up and were on the brink of gushing out, which was very distressing to look at.

Jackie gently wiped the corner of her eyes with his fingertips and frowned.

"Did my kiss make you feel so aggrieved?" Violet cried and beat him.

"How can I not feel aggrieved? Do you still remember the relationship that we have now? Who gave you the right to kiss me?

You b*stard! You should go to a psychiatrist if you're mentally ill. Why would you get me involved in this!?"

"Because you're the only person that I want to get involved with." She was flustered.

Jackie pressed her hand against his left chest.

"Violet Lovegood, I want to court you." Violet was shocked.

"What did you just say? You want to court me?"

"Yes."

He added calmly, "And I'm dead serious."

She could feel every single heartbeat with her palm—it was so warm and prominent. But it also made her back off.

Violet pulled her hand out and lowered her gaze.

"You must not be sober..."

Jackie trapped her in his arms, got closer to her, and wrapped her in his arms.

"I'm very sober."

His breath brushed through her hair.

"Violet, can we start all over again? We may not have started before this, but we can always restart from the very beginning."

"Jackie." She took a deep breath.

"You don't have to waste your time on me." He replied calmly, "I know."

He lifted her cheek with his palm.

"I'm not asking to take over his corner in your heart. All you need to do is to try to accept me."

He did not plan to get into her heart in one go, but he would accomplish that step by step.

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The Three Little Guardian Angels

Chapter 1550

. . .

Chapter 1550

"It's just a matter of time. I'm confident that I can change her mind"

Violet was startled.

"Have you lost your mind?" Jackie smiled.

"You can take it as a yes." Violet got out of his sight.

"But what if I were to keep on rejecting you?"

"Do you want to place a bet?"

"What do you want to bet on?" Jackie approached her with a deep voice.

"I bet that you'll fall in love with me." Violet laughed out loud abruptly and looked at him.

"Are you that confident?" He narrowed his eyes.

"Do you want to bet on it?" Violet pushed him away gently.

"No, this is boring." He laughed out loud and wrapped her in his arms again.

"Are you afraid?" She lowered her head and stared at her shoes.

"It just doesn't make sense." Jackie squeezed her palm.

She wanted to withdraw her hand, but it was clutched even tighter.

"You're afraid of falling in love with me."

Violet did not look up, but she could hear his breathing, so close that it was brushing against her forehead. It felt warm and itchy, and her voice sounded hoarse.

"I'm not afraid..."

"Oh really?"

He gave off a faint chuckle, and his lips brushed across the corner of her eye.

"You're just afraid of falling for me, afraid that you won't be able to guard your heart against me." She got anxious.

"I just told you that I don't—"

Jackie sealed her mouth with another kiss, and this felt even more frantic than the last one.

Violet's closed lips got broken through as his kiss intensified.

It felt like a burning affection that found its way into her heart and demolished all her defenses.

After a long while, he slowly pulled his lips off those of hers and rubbed her delicate lips with his fingertips.

"I'm sure of that outcome."

Violet regained her senses and shoved him out of the room.

"You! What you just did is none other than fishing in troubled waters!"

He laughed and said nothing.

Violet quickly returned to the studio and closed the door, isolating him.

Jackie was not angry. He was not in a hurry and had plenty of time.

Daisy leaned in front of the car and waited.

Seeing Jackie walking out of the gallery, she stepped forward and asked, "Uncle Jackie, did Aunt Violet get angry?"

She had just made a fool out of her aunt. If she were to be angry at her, she would not be able to play with her again in the future.

Jackie raised his hand and rubbed the top of her head.

"Young heroine, what reward do you want?" Daisy blinked.

"Is it done?" He replied, "We're almost there."

Daisy grinned.

"Then I'll ask for my reward when it's done." Jackie laughed out loud.

"Okay."

Two days later...

Violet did not go to the gallery but accompanied Rose to the mall.

Rose chose a dark purple coat, which was new for the spring season, "Violet, what do you think about this dress?"

She wanted her daughter to give her an honest opinion, but all she got was a casual response.

"It's fine."

Her daughter was absent-minded, so Rose smiled and asked the saleswoman to pack the coat up.

After checking out at the cashier and walking out of the boutique, Rose asked her,

"Have you been keeping in touch with Jackie recently?"

She was astonished and looked away unnaturally.

"Why are you mentioning him?" Rose grinned.

"Can't I mention him?" Violet pursed her lips and said nothing. She then raised her head and saw a familiar figure in the crowd.

Jackie was walking out of a jewelry store, followed by a short-haired woman.

The short-haired woman looked outstanding, gentle, and generous.

The two of them looked like a match made in heaven.

Violet stood in place, stared through the passing crowd, and her gaze was fixed on them.

The woman lifted her head to say something to him while he listened attentively and gave off a faint smile through the corners of his mouth.

Violet pursed her lips tightly, not knowing why she felt a little uncomfortable deep down. The discomfort felt like a huge rock stuck at the bottom of her heart.

'Liar, wanting to court me my *ss! He's just told me that, and here he is, courting another woman!' Seeing that she did not catch up to her, Rose stopped and called her.

"Violet?"

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