

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

## Chapter 1701

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“She’s stubborn and won’t behave. So what if I lock her up for two days? Do you feel bad?” Sandy looked cold. Brandon frowned. “She’s your daughter.”

She stopped what she was doing and looked up. “I’m doing this because she’s my daughter. She doesn’t respect me.”

Brandon wanted to say something, but the housekeeper walked over anxiously, “Ma’am, Ms. Vanderbilt is here.”

Sandy paused, then laughed. “I guess the Goldmann princess is worried about my daughter. Let her in.” Before the housekeeper could invite her, Daisy had already walked in. “Where’s Freyja?”

She left her manners at the door.

Sandy looked at her. “Ms. Vanderbilt, Fey isn’t feeling well and is resting. I don’t think she should be entertaining guests.” She slowly got up. “Have you had lunch? I’ll get them to prepare something,”

“I’m not here for lunch.” Daisy went straight to the point. “You locked up Freyja, didn’t you?”

Sandy’s expression froze while she looked toward the

maids standing at the side. They didn’t look up, “She’s my daughter. So what if I lock her up for a few days when she misbehaves?”

“Ms. Vanderbilt, even if you’re a Goldmann, this is my home, and Freyja is my daughter. You’re trespassing, so I hope you act smart.”

Sandy had heard from her son that even though she was a Goldmann, she wasn’t as ruthless as Lara and was easier to speak to.

They wanted to use her because she looked weak and gullible, so it would be easy for them to control her.

“Report me then.”

Sandy’s face dropped, “What?”

“Even if you’re Freyja’s mother, locking people up is illegal too. Go ahead and make your report. I’ll even make the call for you.” Daisy waved her phone around.

“You say that I’ve locked Freyja up. What evidence do you have?”

“Here’s the evidence.”

Colton stepped into the living room while the bodyguard behind him helped Freyja, who was barely breathing out. She couldn’t seem to stand on her own.

Naisir was shocked upon seeing her in that state ” Freyja!”

Sandy’s face turned pale. Daisy ran to Freyja and raised her hand but was hesitant about touching her.

Her clean clothes were covered in blood spots and had turned yellow. The wounds on her skin had pus.

With her remaining energy, she said, “I’m fine — ” But she lost consciousness right after saying that. Colton looked at the bodyguard. “Send her to the hospital, swiftly.”

“How dare you—” Before Sandy could finish, Daisy picked up the vase on the table and threw it at her.

The vase broke into a million pieces at her feet. She looked pale as a corpse while Brandon tried to protect her.

Even Colton’s bodyguards looked at Daisy in shock.

“You’re animals!” Daisy yelled, “How could you call Freyja your daughter? Having you as a mother is the worst thing to happen to her. She doesn’t have to live by your ideology. You gave her life, but she should have control over her own life. You have no right to interfere nor kidnap her as her mother.”

Sandy’s face was pale, but she wanted to get some dignity back. “Are all Goldmanns crazy!?”

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1702**

### **Chapter 1702**

Daisy kicked over the decorations on the cabinet. The china and expensive goods shattered into pieces..

Sandy shook with anger upon seeing her precious collections treated that way, "A-Are you insane!?"

"If you want to know if the Goldmanns are crazy, just look at what happened to the Reeses." Daisy picked up the teapot made of jade from the table. "You've been an eyesore for a long time now. I don't understand why an old woman like you is causing trouble instead of just enjoying the rest of your life. Do you want everyone to know that the illegitimate child of royalty is using her son to climb the social ladder?"

Her words stabbed straight into her heart. Daisy mocked Sandy, yet she wasn't able to retaliate. "Don't you think that I'm easy to manipulate? I'll show you how wild I can be." Daisy loosened her grip, and the expensive jade teapot fell to the floor and split into two.

Sandy grabbed her chest and had difficulty breathing. Her voice cracked. "Do you know how expensive that is?"

Daisy wore a sweet smile. "I don't have a good concept of money, so I have no idea how expensive it is."

She then turned around. "Send Freyja to the hospital and

leave a few men here." She paused for a few seconds. "Mess this place up. She can call the police if she wants to." When Sandy heard that and saw the bodyguards beginning to thrash the place, she fainted.

News of his home being trashed got to Ken quickly. When he found out that his mother was admitted to the hospital, he immediately rushed over.

"What happened?" Brandon didn't speak while Sandy was furious. "I just locked Fey up for two days. Someone told Daisy Vanderbilt, and that girl brought people over to trash our home."

Ken's eyes turned dark when he heard that. "Why did you lock her up?"

"Are you blaming me? I did it for you!" yelled Sandy. "If not because of her, that Goldmann girl would have ended up with your man. I was just punishing her." Ken clenched his jaw and took a deep breath. "Mom, you're making things worse." "I'm making things worse?" Sandy lost her temper again. "Fey is my daughter. Is it wrong for me to punish her? She was misbehaving. I just wanted her to listen to us." "You know how Daisy feels about her. You touched Fey, and she came to seek revenge. Isn't that making things worse!?" barked Ken.

Sandy looked at him but had nothing to say.

He took a deep breath. "Mom, you pushed them into the corner. Do you think that's helping me?"

Sandy couldn't answer. She had been under the . impression that Daisy was a softie because she was so protected by her family. That was why she was so daring.

However, Sandy didn't expect her to suddenly go crazy.

Ean walked in with a newspaper in his hands and stopped next to Ken. "Sir, Madam is in the news."

Ken took it and looked, then almost tore it up.

Sandy took it, and it said that she was violent to her daughter and had locked her up.

She was stunned, "How did..."

Ken looked toward Ean. "How many have been distributed?"

Ean awkwardly said, "A few magazines have printed tens of thousands of them. Someone seemed to be helping to promote it. All the copies have been sold. I'm afraid it's too late to get them back."

The next day, at the hospital...

Freyja's wounds had been tended. She lay in bed and was slowly recovering from the two days of hunger and thirst with the help of IV drips.