

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1724

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Zenovia bit her lips.

'Does he really have a fiancée, or is he lying to me?'

It was the weekend the next day.

Daisie and Freyja wanted to watch an opera performance. Initially, they thought there were only two of them, but then one more person joined them at the end.

Inside the car, Daisie looked at Colton in confusion. "Colton, since when you're interested in an opera performance?"

Sitting with his arms across his chest, Colton replied. "I'm not interested. I'm just worried about you."

She chuckled. "Worried about me? Why do you have to worry about me when I have bodyguards going there with me?"

He turned his head around to look at her and said, "They aren't reliable."

The bodyguard driving the car was stumped. He couldn't say anything back to Colton, so he chided him inwardly. Since when we've become unreliable!?

Daisie got out of the car first when they arrived at the theater. She looked around and saw Freyja waiting for her in front of the entrance.

She had put on casual attire: a short-sleeved sweater with wide leg pants and a cap.

"Freyja!" Daisie shouted as she ran toward her.

Freyja turned her head around, and she frowned slightly when she saw Colton behind her.

Daisie stopped in front of her. She thought of something and said, "My brother is worried about me coming here alone, so he came with me. You don't mind it, right?"

"But I have only two tickets."

"It's okay. He'll figure it out himself. Let's go in first." Daisie wrapped her arms around hers, and both of them entered the theater.

There were a lot of people in the theater. The opera today was Pirates of the Caribbean, and the performers were very professional national-level figures.

Their seats were in the sixth row. After both of them sat down, Colton came over. They did not know how he got the ticket for the seat next to them.

The opera performance took at least two hours, from the beginning to the end. The good thing was that it was exciting and thrilling enough.

Daisie touched her stomach when three of them came out of the theater. "Do you guys want to grab something to eat?"

"I'm fine with it," said Freyja.

Daisie looked toward Colton. Sticking his hands into his pockets, Colton replied. "You book the restaurant."

Daisie booked a restaurant that offered some unique and exotic food. When they arrived at the restaurant, Daisie called the waiter to order their meal.

Meanwhile, a group of people came out of a private room. Amongst the group of people, there was Lisa.

Lisa was walking beside a middle-aged man. She was wearing a student uniform. She did not have long black hair, and she was forced to change her hair to this childish-looking girl's hairstyle. When she heard the familiar voice, she looked toward the hall, and just as she expected, she saw Daisie and her brother.

She lowered her head and bit her lower lip.

She had been turned into a tool to make money after she was sold to Daniel.

Her customer, Mr. Livingston, was a pervert as well. He had a fetish for young virgins and an obsession for uniforms. She had suffered a lot because of his "obsession." Not only was she forced to put on something she did not like, but she could only wear the student uniform that he bought for her. She was even forbidden from wearing makeup and perfume as he said he liked the purity of a young girl.

Mr. Livingston was a successful businessman who had a strong family background in Haniston. He had told everyone that he had come to Yaramoor for some time because of some business affair, but in reality, he was here to satisfy his desires.

After all, he couldn't unleash himself in his country due to his status and identity. On top of that, his wife also came from a big family. However, things were different in another country. He

did not have to worry about his family or getting caught by the reporters.

Even now, Lisa still felt that Daisie and Nollace were the ones who were responsible for what she was going through. Soon, the waiter served their food. Their food was exquisitely presented, and all of them were the specialties of another country. Among the dishes Freyja had ordered, there were cherries.

Daisie picked up her knife and fork. "How did you know that I like to eat cherries?"

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Freyja was stunned and hastily said, "Wait, that isn't-"

Unfortunately, she was too late. Daisie had already put the cherry in her mouth. In the next second, her face contorted out of shape, and she began to regret putting the cherry in her mouth. She got up from her seat and rushed toward the restroom.

Freyja only came around to her senses after a long while. She turned her head to look at Colton and asked, "What's wrong with her? She just took a bite of the foie gras. Why did she behave like she had eaten something worse?"

Colton was cutting through his steak as he said, "She doesn't like offal. When we went out to try western cuisine with our parents, all of the cherries were real cherries."

That was why Daisie couldn't differentiate the foie gras from the real cherries.

Freyja lowered her head. "I didn't know that she doesn't like foie gras..."

After all, judging from Daisie's status, she thought she would be very familiar with western food and should be able to accept it. However, it now seemed to her that she was wrong.

Every person had a different taste. For those who did not like foie gras, it went without saying that they wouldn't appreciate the taste of the foie gras melting in their mouths.

Not everyone could eat offal, just like she couldn't accept the cuisine from Hariston.

Colton glanced at her and said, "I'm sure she'll be able to differentiate it next time after what happened today."

Daisie still felt a little bit disgusted in the restroom after eating the foie gras. She couldn't understand why there would be someone who enjoyed eating food like that.

She came out of the restroom, and a figure appeared behind her and pushed her on her way down the stairs.

Daisie couldn't keep her balance and fell.

Lisa stood at the stairway with an evil smile on her face.

"What are you doing!?" shouted a waiter.

The smile disappeared from Lisa's face. She hastily covered her face and escaped through the fire exit.

The waiter went up to Daisie and helped her to her feet. "Are you all right, Miss?"

When Daisie fell down the stairs, she protected her head instinctively. Her knees and elbows struck the floor and were bleeding.

Lisa seemed a little bit flustered when she came to the parking lot. She did not expect to be seen by that waiter when she pushed Daisie down the stairs.

However, she soon calmed down and heaved a sigh of relief.

After all, the waiter did not know who she was. Besides, Daisie just suffered some minor injuries. She did not do anything wrong.

She was the one who had put her in her current situation. Pushing her down the stairs was not enough to alleviate her anger at all.

She must make Daisie suffer like she did.

The waiter went to inform Colton and Freyja about Daisie. Both of them hurriedly headed to the restaurant's staff room when they heard the news.

Daisie was sitting on the chair, and the wounds on her knees and elbows had been treated.

Colton stopped the waiter and asked with a grim expression on his face, "What happened?"

The waiter replied, "I saw a girl pushing her down the stairs. I didn't know who that girl was since she had already escaped by the time I got there."

Colton's face sank as he continued. "Can I see the surveillance footage?"

The waiter nodded. "Yeah, you can."

Their patron was injured in their restaurant. If things got too big, it would affect their reputation as well.

Colton looked at Freyja and said, "You stay here with her."

Freyja nodded.

After that, he followed the waiter to the monitoring room.

Freyja sat beside Daisie and asked, "Do you know who pushed you?"

"No. I don't know." Daisie shook her head. "By the time I came around to my senses, I was already on the floor."

Lisa had pushed her from the back, so she couldn't see her face.

Freyja rested her chin on her hand and fell in deep thought. No one would push her down the stairs for no reason unless the person knew Daisie and held a grudge against her.

She thought of someone and looked at Daisie. "Do you think it's Lisa?"

Other than Lisa, Freyja couldn't think of anyone who would hate Daisie so much. Daisie was stunned and fell silent.

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On the other corner of the premises, the waiter pulled out the surveillance footage, and they saw Daisie coming out of the restroom. In the next instant, a lady suddenly came out of the corner of the monitor and pushed Daisie.

That girl's back faced the surveillance camera throughout the process, so they could not see her face.

Seeing this scene, Colton was terrifyingly calm.

Although the other party had deliberately avoided the cameras, he could already guess who it was. Nollace, who learned that Daisie had been injured, immediately put aside the work at hand, handed it over to his secretary, got up, and walked out of the office.

In the corridor, he happened to run into Zenovia, who had just walked out of the elevator, and the person next to her was King William's assistant, Paul.

Nollace stopped, and his expression dimmed instantly.

Paul walked forward, gave off a smile, and nodded. “Mr. Knowles, His Majesty has asked me to bring Ms. Livingston here. He hopes that you and Ms. Livingston can get along well.”

Nollace’s facial outline turned slightly cold, and his indifferent eyes swept across Zenovia’s face within a matter of seconds.

Zenovia raised her eyebrows and pretended not to read his expression. She had King William’s support behind her, not to

mention that she had always been a competitive person, and

she would never allow her to act cowardly and give in.

Paul looked at Zenovia. “Ms. Livingston, I hope you’ll have a great time with Mr. Knowles.”

Zenovia smiled and thanked him. “Thank you.”

After Paul left, Zenovia leaned forward in front of Nollace with a playful expression. “I know you’ll definitely not come to me, but it doesn’t matter. I can always come to you.”

Nollace looked at her expressionlessly and said meaningfully, “You don’t seem to have taken my words seriously.”

He had made it very clear that night.

Zenovia knew exactly what he meant. She rubbed the manicure that she just got done and smirked. “I know you have a fiancée, but you haven’t announced it publicly yet, have you?”

Nollace frowned.

Zenovia lifted her gaze to look at him. “King William doesn’t even know that you have a fiancée. It means that you and she are only in a relationship. So as long as you’re still not married, don’t I still have a chance to fight for you?”

Nollace scoffed, and his eyes looked disdainful. “Are you saying that you want to fight with her?”

“Is there any rule that claims that I can’t do so?” Zenovia hooked her finger on the collar of his suit. “With my identity and status, if we get married, my parents will unconditionally support the Knowles and your company. I can bring you all the benefits that you can imagine.”

She took another step toward him, closing the distance between the both of them for another half an inch, and stared into those eyes that had always captivated her. “You and your little girlfriend haven’t made your relationship public. Presumably, her identity doesn’t make a good match with yours. I totally understand. Cinderella’s story is something that exists only in fairy tales.”

She sounded extremely presumptuous due to her confidence in her identity and power.

‘A Cinderella who doesn’t have a family background. Even if she’s become his girlfriend, she’ll still have to bow her head in the face of power and status.

‘I won’t even need to do anything. She’ll be sensible enough to give up and walk away obediently.’

Nollace grabbed her hand.

Zenovia was stunned for a moment, and her heartbeat elevated.

But the next second, Nollace did not even hesitate before flinging her out of his way.

Zenovia was wearing high heels, so she lost balance and fell to the ground. She was shocked and raised her head. “Did you just push me?”

Nollace took a handkerchief out of his pocket, wiped the hand that he used to grab her, and then threw it into the trash can beside her. “Ms. Livingston, have you ever thought that you might have overestimated yourself?”

Zenovia had never suffered such grievances since she was a

kid, let alone in front of a man. The men she had been surrounded with feared her and flattered her. Who would have the guts to treat her so ruthlessly?

She stood up and said in amusement, “Are you saying that I’m overestimating myself?”

“I don’t care about the power that you Livingstons possess, other than that...” Nollace paused for a second and then glanced at her sternly. “Save yourself some time and energy and give up fighting. I don’t like you, so stop acting all smart and witty.”

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The last sentence sounded like a warning.

Nollace then ignored her and left.

Zenovia bit her lip, turned to look at Nollace, and stomped her feet furiously. "You'll regret it!"

Nollace rushed to the Hilton Villas, and he asked the housekeeper immediately when she came to open the door, "Where's Daisy?"

Before the housekeeper could answer him, Colton walked downstairs. "Knowles, is this how you solve an issue?"

Nollace frowned. "What do you mean?"

Colton stopped in front of him. "Didn't you say that you've already resolved Lisa's issue? Why would she still have the guts to appear before Daisy?"

'I shouldn't have put too much faith in this sh*t-sack and let that heinous woman go.'

Nollace remained silent, his masseter muscles twitched, and his gaze turned slightly cold. "Was it Lisa?"

"Who else could it be other than her?" Colton grabbed the front of his shirt. "If anything were to happen to Daisy, Lisa aside, I wouldn't let you off this matter."

The housekeeper looked at them and did not dare to utter a

single word. The atmosphere between the two was so tense that it seemed to be on the brink of lighting on fire.

Nollace took a deep breath. "I'll get to the bottom of this matter and get back to you."

"You'd better do so for your own sake." Colton let go of him, did not stop by for another second, slammed the door, and left the villa.

Nollace went upstairs and pushed open the bedroom door. Daisy lifted her head and subconsciously pulled down her skirt to cover the wound. "Why did you come here all of a sudden?"

He stopped by the bed, sat down, pulled up her skirt slightly, took a good look at the wound on her fair knee, and frowned.

Daisy looked at him. "It's just a tiny flesh wound. It'll be fine in a few days."

Nollace retracted his gaze and shifted it onto her face. "Does it hurt?"

She turned her face away and snorted faintly. "You can try it out yourself to see if it hurts."

He stroked her cheek with his palm, leaned forward, and kissed her forehead. "Sorry."

Daisie was startled as she could see that he was blaming himself through his gaze. "You're not the one who hurt me, so why are you apologizing?"

"I'm the one who caused this incident indirectly." Nollace embraced her in his arms and rested his chin on top of her head. "Daisie, I won't give her another chance to do anything to you."

Daisie looked up at him and sounded a little surprised. "Are you talking about Lisa?"

He responded with a hum, and his eyes turned gloomy and murderous when she was not paying attention. "My original intention when I chose to leave her in the black market was to torture her and make her feel remorse. It seems that her life in the black market is still too comfortable for her."

Daisie closed her eyes, and thoughts flashed across her mind.

After a moment of silence, Daisie suddenly got a sniff of fragrance from his suit. "Why do you smell of perfume?"

Nollace's eyes narrowed slightly.

'It seems that Zenovia deliberately sprayed some of her perfume on me when she approached me just now.'

He hugged Daisie and chuckled softly. "Your nose is really sensitive, huh?"

"Are you calling me a dog?"

"I didn't say that." Nollace kissed her on the cheek.

Daisie pushed him away. "You haven't even answered me, and you're already taking advantage of me!"

He gave off a wry smile and then concealed his expression almost immediately. "When I was on my way here, a lady who didn't know her position rammed into me. The scent that you're getting might've come from that incident."

She wondered. "Do you know her?"

He paused for a few seconds. "No."

Seeing that Daisy was still doubting him, Nollace immediately took off his jacket and laughed. "I'll throw this jacket away when I get home so that you won't get jealous."

Daisy crossed her arms and turned her face away. "If I were to get jealous over such puny things so easily all day long, I might not live a very long life."

Nollace sneered and rubbed the top of her hair. "You might still live a long life, but I don't think that will be the case for me."

She choked and raised her hand to hit him.

Nollace grabbed her hand and approached her. "You're injured. Don't you feel pain when you're moving around to hit me?"

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Daisy said angrily, "You deserve it."

Nollace's smile intensified. "Then you can teach me a lesson when your wound has recovered."

The lesson teaching had an implicit meaning, but Daisy understood it, and her ears flushed instantly. "You shameless piece of crap! You clearly know that I can never overwhelm you in a fight. I want to get some rest already."

She pulled the blanket up, lay down, and buried herself under the blanket.

Nollace lifted the blanket and waited for her to reveal half a head. "If you were to die of suffocation, I would no longer have a wife."

"Bah! With so many women in the world, isn't it a piece of cake for you to find yourself another wife?"

Nollace looked straight at her. "But I only want you."

She quickly looked away as her face was really warm.

I'm also not his match when it comes to the level of shamelessness.

Near the city's outskirts, at the Sunrise Hotel that offered its customers manor-style accommodation...

Outside the suite, Zenovia rang the doorbell, and after a while, a middle-aged man with a decent appearance and a solemn suit

opened the door.

Looking at Zenovia, who was standing outside the door, he was astonished for a split second and avoided having direct eye contact with her. "In the future, give me a call in advance whenever you want to come over."

Zenovia ignored him, walked past him and into the room, and placed the bag on the couch. "Dad, I've decided that I want to stay in Yaramoor."

Juneau was flustered for a bit. He closed the door, looked back at his daughter, who was sitting on the couch pouring tea, and frowned. "Didn't you say you wanted to go back home the last time we met?"

When his daughter wanted to come to Yaramoor with him, he thought it was inconvenient for him to carry out some activities. However, he thought that she would want to go back as long as she had had enough fun here.

"I don't want to go back now." Zenovia put the teacup down and chuckled. "I've found the man I want to marry."

"What?" Juneau was stunned, then walked up to the couch across Zenovia. "Zenovia, who's the man that you want to marry? And what's his identity?"

"He's King William's grandson, the young master of the Knowles."

When Lisa, who was hiding in the room, heard this, she was taken aback.

'Mr. Livingston's daughter has taken a fancy to Nollace?'

Numerous thoughts ran across Juneau's mind.

"Dad." She stood up, walked up to her father, sat down, and wrapped her arm around his. "I've fallen in love with him at first sight. I want him to be mine. You must help me."

Juneau squinted.

'It'll surely be beneficial if Zenovia can get married to King William's grandson.'

He smiled. "You're my daughter, so of course, I'll help you."

Lisa looked outside and sneered.

'This pervert is nothing but a sanctimonious hypocrite. He might look like a good father and husband on the surface, but it seems that his daughter still doesn't know that he has such a hobby. And now, let's just say I have something on this pervert.

At the end of the city, Nollace left the Hilton Villas and went straight to the underground black market.

The basement of the black market ran various clubs, strip clubs, massage and bathing parlors, and casinos. The most famous club among all the mentioned facilities was the Queen of the Nights.

Edison walked to the front of the car. Nollace lowered the car window slowly, and Edison reported, "Mr. Knowles, the guests Lisa provided service to are of unusual identities, and they said they can't disclose it according to the rules of the club."

The Queen of the Nights was a club managed by Donald himself, and most of the clients they served had special

identities.

The club had secret passageways, which were strictly confidential. Guests with special identities were generally reluctant to disclose their personal information, and the staff would encrypt the customer's information.

Even if the police were to come here for investigations, they would not be able to find them.

This was why the Queen of the Nights, which was extremely obscure to the upper-class circles, was very popular among them.

Nollace's expression dimmed, looking cold and sullen. "It seems that she's trying to please that distinguished guest and find a way out for herself."

'I might've underestimated Lisa's determination to survive.'

Edison asked, "What should we do now? If the guest behind

her...

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“So what if she’s found herself a backer?” Nollace’s gaze looked cold and indifferent .
“The first condition that someone in her industry must have in order for her to be able to serve high-end customers is chastity. She obviously has a body that has undergone quite a series of history, and if she wants to pretend to be a first timer, there’s only one way for her to do so.”

Edison frowned. “But she’s making Donald profits. If we were to make a move on her, Donald will definitely not stand by and watch.”

‘In Donald’s eyes, the only thing that he cares about is his interests. So who can guarantee he won’t side with Lisa to protect his interests?’

Nollace scoffed. “Lisa isn’t the only person who can bring Donald benefits. In the Queen of the Nights, since when will it end well when a woman runs out of value?”

A few days later...

Daisie returned to the college and overheard her classmates talking about Nollace’s engagement.

Daisie stopped outside the rehearsal room, and her gaze landed on the people who were gathering in a circle, discussing Nollace. “Isn’t Nollace dating Daisie?”

“Who knows? It’s said that King William wants him to marry the daughter of one of the consortiums of Haniston. So even if Daisie is the daughter of the Goldmanns, she’ll still have to

obtain His Majesty’s approval.”

When someone saw Daisie, they subconsciously nudged the person who was speaking, and everyone looked at her and scattered awkwardly.

Daisie pursed her lips and walked toward them all of a sudden. “ Where did the news come from?”

“Didn’t you watch the news?”

“Yes, it’s in the news that came up on television this morning. I’m guessing that many people should’ve seen it.”

Daisie took her cell phone out to check the news on the Internet. Sure enough, there was a video. She patiently finished the whole interview and kept her cell phone away.

And as if nothing had happened, she calmly changed into her dancewear.

Her classmates were also surprised.

'How can she not be furious when she sees that her boyfriend is about to get engaged to another woman?'

When Freyja came to the rehearsal room to find Daisy, the rehearsal had already ended, and Daisy was the only person who stayed back to practice repeatedly on the empty stage.

Freyja got to the edge of the stage. "Daisy."

Daisy stopped, turned to look at her, and smiled. "What's up?"

"Isn't the rehearsal over? Why are you still practicing alone?" Freyja asked her tentatively. She was not sure whether Daisy

had seen the news.

"Because I'm hardworking." She still had a wide smile on her face as if she was emotionless.

Freyja could not help but think of something.

Daisy got down from the stage and picked up her backpack on the chair. "I'm hungry. Let's go eat."

She then walked past Freyja.

Freyja turned to look at her, feeling that Daisy was acting a little too calm, unusually calm.

Downtown...

Zenovia was sitting in the restaurant booth and was in a good mood.

'I unilaterally disclosed to the media that I'm going to get engaged to Nollace. His little girlfriend should've seen it, right?'

I'm confident that I'll be able to use this news to get the girl out of my way. And while I'm at it, I can officially tie myself to Nollace through this news.

'As long as he dares to announce his relationship with that girl, that girl will only become the homewrecker who intervenes in our relationship.'

'I get anything that I want. Nollace is no exception.'

At that time, a figure appeared in the restaurant—every move it made looked slick and decisive.

Zenovia looked at Nollace, who was approaching, and the corners of her lips slightly twitched.

Before Nollace sat down, she picked up her coffee and gave off a faint smirk. "You must have come to me after seeing the news. The whole world now knows that I want to marry you, so why not make it a reality together?"

Nollace stopped in front of the table with a stern gaze. "It seems that words don't work on you, or do you think that I won't dare to do anything to you only because my grandfather is supporting you?"

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Zenovia put the coffee down. "It's only a matter of time before we get engaged. Are you angry only because I've made it public without your permission?"

There was not even a trace of turbulence in Nollace's eyes. "Who told you that I'll agree to that?"

"His Majesty has high hopes about our marriage." Zenovia got up and approached Nollace. "I'm confident that you'll fall in love with me in no time after getting together with me."

He let off a scoff all of a sudden, but his expression looked sullen. "You've crossed a line with your wittiness."

Zenovia's eyes were filled with a hint of presumptuous hilarity as she approached him. "I don't care about your indifference. After all, I like you, and I'll definitely be able to please you more than that Cinderella girlfriend of yours."

"Oh really?" Nollace was expressionless, and his gaze turned even colder. "Do you know what I'll do to someone like you?"

Zenovia chuckled. "No matter what you do to me, they'll all be exceptionally charming to me."

Nollace slapped her abruptly.

Zenovia, who had never been beaten before in her life, could not take his full strength and fell onto the table. She was stunned and stared at him in astonishment.

Nollace grabbed her by her jaw, forced her to face himself, and

said with a gloomy expression, "The last woman who dared to do this to my girlfriend was thrown to the black market by me. She got abused and ravaged during her so far short stay there. Do you want a taste of that?"

Zenovia pushed him away and growled, "Are you mad? You... How dare you hit me!?"

Nollace slapped her again, and her body turned to the other side, trembling slightly.

She had always thought that Nollace was a gentleman, and no matter how unreasonable her actions were, as long as his

grandfather was on her side, he would never dare to do anything to her.

But he actually hit her.

"I won't pull punches whenever anyone dares to cross my line, and that includes my grandfather. If you still don't take this as a lesson and continue to do as you please, I can't guarantee what I'll do to you next."

Nollace left without looking back.

Zenovia sat on the chair, covering her aching cheeks, and her eyes were bloodshot.

At that moment, a woman with a mask stopped in front of her. "Ms. Livingston, do you want to know why Nollace would do this

to you?"

Zenovia raised her head with a hostile expression. "Who the hell are you?"

Lisa took her phone out and showed her a photo of Daisy,

She's Daisy Vanderbilt, the girlfriend that Nollace is protecting."

In the college's canteen...

Daisy had been eating with her head bowed, and she had not spoken a word since ordering.

Freyja had noticed her abnormality long ago. "Did you see the news?"

Daisy paused for a few seconds and replied absentmindedly. "Yes."

Freyja felt helpless. “Nollace didn’t admit to the engagement. That woman actually put the whole thing together by herself. Why don’t you ask Nollace in person if you’re worried?”

‘Throughout the video, the woman was the only person who appeared and claimed unilaterally that she’s engaged to Nollace. But did Nollace agree to that statement?’

‘It’s so obvious that’s something that she cooked up unilaterally.’

Daisie raised her head. “But still, he didn’t do anything to clarify

it.”

Thinking of this, she felt very gloomy and depressed.

“How do you know that he won’t clarify it? Maybe he doesn’t even have the time to watch the news himself.” Freyja propped her hand against the side of her forehead and laughed. “Don’t you know deep down just how much Nollace likes you? Lisa actually took off her clothes in front of him but still failed to seduce him. Do you think that this woman would have the ability to snatch him from you?”

Daisie pouted. She knew that Nollace liked her very much, but when she saw the news, she could not help but feel upset whenever she thought that he would be engaged to another woman.

Freyja fetched her some vegetables . “Okay, eat with peace of mind first. Nollace is all yours, he won’t run away.”