

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

### Chapter 1801

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...

Daisie 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.

Daisie and Freyja exchanged looks, then Daisie carefully called out, "Aunt Diana."

"Hmm?" Diana stopped crying and looked up. There were no tears in her eyes

Daisie 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?"

Daisie was startled.

Freyja tilted her head and laughed, then held it back. "He's gifted with everything. Nobody would be able to trick him."

Daisie 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, Daisie. Nollace wouldn't have the heart to be in danger."

Her laugh made Daisie 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."

Daisie 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."

Daisie 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."

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## Chapter 1802

Chapter 1802 “Aunt Diana, why,”

“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 Daisie 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.

Daisie 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. The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 180

### 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 Daisie 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!?"

Daisie 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."

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

"There's really no need—"

Daisy 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 Daisy. The three of them sat in the backseat, but Freyja felt awkward because she was in the middle.

Daisy 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.

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

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Daisy knew very well that Waylon wasn't like Colton and didn't have any opinions about Freyja, which was why Daisy 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 Daisy'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."

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

Daisy 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.

Daisy 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.

Daisy 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,"

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

Daisy 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."

Daisy smiled. "Alright."

Colton and Waylon looked over in thought.

After half an hour, warm food was ready.

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

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### **Chapter 1806**

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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, Daisy 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 him 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 Daisie.

I'm not hallucinating, right?'

Daisie 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."

Daisie 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.

Daisie 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?"

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### **Chapter 1807**

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Colton suddenly stomped on the brake, causing Freyja to rush forward. Had it not been for her seat belt, she would've rammed into the windshield.

It only occurred to her that sitting in Colton's car was a wrong decision. Her heart was pumping rapidly, and she couldn't come around from her shock for a long while after Colton suddenly stopped the car.

Colton turned his head to look at her. His expression was dark and filled with complicated emotions. "So, you're into my brother?"

Freyja took a deep breath, and Colton continued just when she was about to say something. "My brother won't fancy a woman like you, so I suggest you drop the thoughts. He's nice to you because you're Daisy's friend.

"Besides, other than having a good background, his future wife must possess the ability to help him in his business. A woman like you is not good enough for him."

Colton was just stating the truth. His brother was the head of the Night Banquet. He was the successor that Titus had personally trained. Therefore, his wife not only needed to come from a prestigious family, but she also couldn't drag him down.

Everyone in Stoslo had their eyes set on his brother. If his brother fell in love, it would mean he had gained a weakness. And what could Freyja do? When faced with danger, did she have the ability to save herself?

However, Freyja did not know what Colton was thinking. She thought that Colton was just looking down on her.

She scoffed coldly and said, "You can save your breath. I know myself very well, and I have no intention of becoming his wife."

She unbuckled her seat belt and got out of the car.

Colton rolled the window down and shouted, "Where are you going, Freyja? Get back in the car!"

He also got out of the car and made a few quick steps to catch up to her. He grabbed her arm and said, "I said I'll bring you home."

She freed herself from his grip and replied, "It's okay. I can go back by myself."

She stretched her arm forward and flagged a cab. A cab stopped, and just when she opened the door, Colton closed it back and said to the driver, "She's not taking the cab. You can leave now."

The driver drove away angrily.

Freyja looked at him and growled, "Is there something wrong with you, Colton? I'm not even worthy of riding in a cab anymore?"

"Why must you make things difficult for me? Just because I said you can't fall in love with my big brother?" Colton growled back at her.

Freyja did not know if she should be laughing or be angry at

Colton right now. "I suddenly realize that we're not even on the same page. Have I ever said that I have a crush on your big brother? Since the beginning, it has been you who thinks I have feelings for your brother, right?"

He fell silent for a moment, and the atmosphere between them became tense. After a short while, he said, "Let's get back to the car. I'll take you home."

"That's not necessary," Freyja turned her face sideways and rejected. "I don't want to die of anger in your car."

Suddenly, a chuckle wafted into her ears.

Freyja was stunned and looked at Colton. However, there was no expression on his face, and it seemed like he was not the one who had laughed just now.

Both of them looked at each other without saying anything for a long while. Colton grabbed her wrist and brought her to his car. He forced her into his car and closed the door.

“Alright, I’ll stop arguing with you. You happy now?”

Freyja was rendered speechless.

‘Who is the one that wants to argue here!?’

It was raining heavily in Haniston.

The reporters were all standing outside of the courthouse. Some of them were wearing raincoats, while others were holding umbrellas. They remained at their posts despite the heavy rain as they waited for the verdict.

Today was Juneau’s trial. Both sides of the legal teams were fully prepared. Elder Master Livingston was sitting in the spectator area. There was a calm expression on his face, and he seemed confident. It seemed like he was already aware of the trial’s verdict.

As the judge listed the incriminating evidence submitted by Yaramoor in public, the people in the gallery had complicated expressions on their faces. However, they could only murmur silently on such a dignified occasion.

## Chapter 1808

Juneau was standing at the defendant’s table to answer the judge’s questions. He was trying to defend himself by saying that Lisa’s death was just a result of his negligence.

After all, he was not the one who had done it. Instead, he had paid off the hospital’s security guards, and it meant he did not kill Lisa directly.

Even if he needed to be held responsible for Lisa’s death, he would only need to serve two or three years in prison in Haniston. With his team of lawyers, it wouldn’t be a problem for him to be released in court.

### Juneau and Elder Master

Livingston were both very confident. However, Xavi, who was sitting at the side, had a cold expression on his face. He touched his watch, and his jaw was tightly set. Apparently, he was waiting for something.

Just as the judge was about to deliver the verdict, someone in the gallery shouted, “Objection!”

Everyone turned their heads around to see a pair of couples. The woman was bound to a wheelchair while her husband was standing beside her. "Objection. Because we are about to expose every bad deed of Mr. Juneau Livingston."

The police tried to send them off, and the woman in the wheelchair shouted hysterically, "He's a monster! Our daughter, Emilia, was just a student when she got pregnant after being forced by him. Then, he threatened her that he would kill us all if

she ever told anyone about it. Emilia... My poor Emilia... She couldn't accept it, so she decided to end her own life."

Everyone was stunned. They couldn't believe what they had just heard.

Juneau's face turned pale as he turned to look at his father as if he was asking for help. Elder Master Livingston glared at him, and he reluctantly helped his son in the end.

"Nonsense!" Elder Master Livingston growled sternly. "Nobody knows my own son better than me. How dare you try to accuse my son! Do you have any evidence to prove everything you said? If you have it, then show it to everyone!"

The woman's husband gnashed his teeth. "We're not accusing him for nothing. Emilia wrote everything down clearly in her diary. It's Juneau Livingston who did those things to her. Besides, we also have other witnesses other than Emilia."

Another group of people appeared from the door. Some of them were couples, while the others were single-parent families. They all were dressed in ordinary clothes, and apparently, they did not come from well-off families. All of them were looking at Juneau and Elder Master Livingston angrily.

The judge and the jury looked at each other. They all did not expect to have so many witnesses.

Elder Master Livingston flew into a rage. "This is ridiculous! Who paid you to accuse my son?"

Xavi dusted his jacket and stood up calmly. "Father, it's me."

The commotion in the crowd died down at Xavi's voice. Both

Elder Master Livingston and Juneau looked at him in disbelief.

“Xavi!” Elder Master Livingston growled as he walked up to him in large strides. Even though he realized something was not right, he forced himself to calm down and hissed. “Are you mad? Do you know what you are doing!”

With the Livingstons’ power, turning the situation around was a breeze. He had full faith in his plan, and it was only a step away from success.

Xavi had never disobeyed him, and he thought the younger son could turn the tables for his older brother.

However, it was never in his wildest dream that his youngest son would turn his back on him.

Xavi picked up a blue folder from the table and held it up in the air. “Father, in this folder are all the crimes that my big brother has committed. I have helped him clean up his messes many times, and I have had enough of it!”

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

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

### **Chapter 1809**

Chapter 1809

Elder Master Livingston's veins pulsed as he growled, "He's your brother!"

Xavi looked his father straight in the eyes. He handed the folder to Patterson and did not avert his gaze as he said, "He's your son. Am I not your son too?"

Elder Master Livingston was stunned.

"It has always been me who helped my brother. Has he ever done anything for me? Even if it's just one small thing? What you care about is the gains of the Livingstons, and I'm the same. I never thought that I'm any inferior to my big brother, but you just care about my big brother. Have you ever cared about my efforts?"

Xavi was gnashing his teeth as he fell out with his father in the courtroom. He pointed at Juneau and continued.

"You are well aware of everything he has done, and I have cleaned up his messes more than I can count. What would you do if I were the one standing over there?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Elder Master Livingston gave him a slap across his face so hard that his face turned sideways, and a red welt appeared on his cheek.

Two police officers hastily went forward and pulled both of them away.

Elder Master Livingston was agitated as he pushed them away." Xavi, are you coveting your brother's position?"

“His position should have been mine.” Xavi loosened his tie and ignored the welt on his cheek. “I don’t need to cover it. I’m more suitable for the position of chairman than my elder brother. You’re afraid that other people will know what my brother has done because you want him to be the one to sit in that position, isn’t it?”

“Unfortunately, he loves to flirt with women, and he has failed you.”

Elder Master Livingston was stunned, and the light slowly left his eyes.

Xavi came out of his position, dusted his clothes, and stood with his back straight as he said to the victims’ families, “I’ve promised all of you that I’ll give you all a reasonable answer. Therefore, my legal team and I have decided not to reverse the verdict and continue with the appeal.”

The families of the victims seemed to have seen hope, and they all had mixed feelings.

The trial lasted for two hours. When everyone came out of the courtroom after the trial was finally over, they still couldn’t help but talk about what had happened in the courtroom.

The reporters all rushed up to Elder Master Livingston when they saw him walking out of the courtroom with his bodyguards surrounding him. He kept his head low as he tried to avoid the cameras and was in no mood for interviews.

Nollace, who was sitting in the car, looked at them through the window. When he saw the expression on Elder Master Livingston’s face, he knew that they had failed to reverse the

verdict.

Hedeon opened the door and went into the car. He seemed rather agitated as he said, “Nollace, I heard that Mr. Livingston’s brother, Xavi, had never planned to help him reverse the verdict. Not only that, but he also provided some new evidence for the case. He even invited the victims’ families to testify at the scene, so Mr. Livingston will definitely go to prison this time.”

Nollace let out a laugh. He grabbed the steering wheel, started the engine, and drove the car away.

The incident about Juneau hit the headlines. All the media outlets reported about the evil things he had committed, and some even interviewed the victims’ families.

The news caused a sensation across Haniston, and not only was Juneau's image damaged, but some of them even diverted their rage at Elder Master Livingston.

The board of directors of the Livingston Group voted unanimously to reject the shares held by Juneau. They requested Elder Master Livingston to kick Juneau out of the board while the support rate of Xavi rose to 80%.

However, nobody knew that Nollace was the one who pulled the strings behind the curtain. He was the one who had persuaded Xavi to turn against his father and brother. Everything Xavi did was to take over the Livingston Group, and Xavi became the biggest winner in this event. Apparently, both of them had gained something from their deal.