

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1836

Chapter 1836

Rocky laughed as he said, "You're so brutal to cut off their escape."

Zenovia's eyes were cold. "Let's wait for the good news."

At a sanatorium in a small town somewhere...

Edison waited in front of the door with two men in black. Nollace and Colton were in the study, having a serious discussion with the director of the sanatorium.

Almost all the patients in the courtyard were from all walks of life. Some were reading, some were zoning out, and some were talking to each other.

It was calm and clean.

Daisie sat on the stairs with her head resting on her hands in thought.

Freyja walked next to her and sat down. "This short holiday isn't very fun."

Daisie sighed. "Who knew this was going to happen?"

She would be lying to say she wasn't upset.

They finally had a few days of holiday, but this happened.

Nollace and Colton walked out, then Daisie stood up and heard Nollace say, "The director is going to let us stay here for a night."

Freyja was surprised. "Why don't we just go back to the city?"

"Weren't the three people caught already?"

Nollace smiled. "If he and Zenovia arranged for all this to happen, they should have a backup plan. We don't know if they have other people hiding around, so we might not get home if we leave now."

Daisie pressed her lips together and was silent.

Daisie and Freyja shared a room while Nollace and Colton shared another. They were mostly on opposite sides but would put their differences aside when they needed to work together.

The night arrived, and it was pitch black around the town.

There were noises of bugs coming from the woods, adding some sound to the quiet night.

Daisie had trouble sleeping, so she sat on the long bench in the courtyard with a jacket, the yellow street light giving her a long shadow.

Someone approached her slowly and stopped behind her. Daisie could feel that, so she turned around and jumped.

“Why are you sneaking around?”

Nollace wore a thin shirt with the top button loose.

He chuckled. “What about you? Why are you here in the middle of the night?”

She mumbled, “I can’t sleep.”

Nollace sat down next to her and asked, “Were you afraid?”

Daisie looked down before turning her head. “No. Do you think

I’m helpless? You and Colton always step up when problems arise, but I can’t do anything to help.”

Nollace placed his palm on her cheek and raised her face. “Is that what you think?”

She pressed her lips together and didn’t answer.

Nollace ran his finger across the corner of her eye and stared at her. “Daisie, I wish that you’re always innocent like this because no matter what happens, I will always be by your side, protecting you, and you just need to be yourself.”

Being that smiley girl without a care in the world.

Daisie leaned into his chest, so Nollace hugged her and kissed the top of her head.

“Nolly,” She called.

Nollace nodded.

“Do you know the director of this place?”

He seemingly was surprised, and his eyes grew dark. “I stayed here before.”

Daisie sat up and looked at him in shock. “You were at a sanatorium!?”

Nollace smiled as he replied, “Car accident. I was sent here for almost half a year.”

Daisie suddenly recalled something, lowered her head, and didn’t speak. She had almost forgotten he had lost his memories in a car accident.

“Do... Do you remember anything?”

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Chapter 1837

Chapter 1837

Nollace looked at her and asked, “Do you wish that I could remember?”

“Of course, there are debts to settle,” muttered Daisie.

He leaned in closer. “What debts?”

Daisie looked away and said, “I won’t tell you.”

He smiled. “Alright, just keep it in mind. I’ll accept any punishment for that.”

Daisie chuckled. “I’m not going to punish you.”

“You’ll feel bad.”

She got up and cheekily said, “Yes, I will, so you’re not allowed to sleep with me anymore.”

Nollace paused before chuckling. “That’s too cruel.”

Daisie was already halfway up the stairs when she turned back and said, “I’m going to annoy you!”

The next day...

They said their goodbyes to the director and left the place.

Daisie kept yawning ever since she got into the car. Freyja sat close to her and whispered, "Did you two sneak up for some fun last night?"

Daisie pushed her away. "No."

"When I fell asleep, it was already after 1:00 a.m., but you weren't back yet. Tsk, I was wondering why you like sneaking around so much."

Daisie looked at the Nollace and Colton in the front seats and leaned back after seeing that they both weren't reacting. "We love meeting up in the middle of the night."

Freyja smiled. "You're dating, but it feels more like you're cheating."

Why did it have to happen at night?

"You should get yourself a boyfriend." Daisie held back her laugh by covering her mouth. "Maybe you'll be able to feel the joy of dating in the middle of the night too."

Freyja gnashed her teeth. "Do you have anyone to introduce to me?"

"I can sacrifice Waylon—"

"What are you talking about?"

Before she could finish, Colton cut them off when he turned to look at the two at the back.

Daisie shuddered as he looked into his eyes and forced a smile. "Nothing."

She had been under the impression she was quiet enough for them not to hear.

Colton suddenly glared at Freyja. "Don't get any funny ideas." He then turned around.

Freyja's expression changed because she hadn't done anything. "What do you mean by that, Colton? Do you have a bone to pick with me?"

Colton put on his earphones and ignored her.

Freyja laughed and said loudly, "Some people are just sick in the head and need to be fixed!"

Daisie took a deep breath and remained silent.

Colton wasn't listening to music, so he heard everything. He ground his teeth and turned around. "Don't forget that you still owe me one."

"When did I owe you anything?"

"If I didn't pull you up when you fell into the water, you'd have drowned at sea."

Freyja took a deep breath and retorted, "I didn't ask you to."

"You sure? When I pulled you up, you asked me not to let go."

Colton was smug because he had proof.

Freyja had nothing left to say, so she just turned away with a sour look.

Nollace ignored their bickering and kept reading his magazine the entire time. At some point, he shook his head.

When they got to town, someone was there to greet them

Tristan's men.

Tristan sat in the car across from them and rolled down the back window.

Nollace stopped in front of the window and greeted him. "Uncle Tristan."

They had come in an unremarkable normal car to lay low.

Tristan looked toward them and said, "It's great that you're back safe. The criminals have been handed to the police. As for Ms. Livingston, your mom said she will take care of her." At the Sunrise Hotel...

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Chapter 1838

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Zenovia was waiting for news and made a few phone calls, but none of them went through.

She sat on the couch with a pit in her stomach.

Suddenly, the door opened, and the server came in. Zenovia stood up and wanted to say something but saw Diana showing up with some men, so her expression changed. "Mrs. Knowles?"

Her guards went up after seeing the people. "What's the meaning of this?"

Diana sat on the couch and said, "You don't need to ask me what you've done."

Zenovia tried hard to remain calm. 'Did she find out?

"And the calls that never went through, were they caught!?"

Zenovia tried to remain calm. "I know you have a bone to pick with me, but I don't know what I've done to make you so hostile toward me."

"Why are you so annoying ? Aren't you self-conscious ?" Diana stood up and went straight to the point. "You think your plans would work by putting my daughter-in-law in danger to force my son to compromise? You're pathetic."

Zenovia shook with anger. "I'm pathetic? Nollace tried to get to my family first, so what if I did anything to him!?"

Diana gave her a tight slap which made her face turn. It left a red mark in the shape of a hand.

Zenovia touched her face and looked at her in shock.

"You slapped me!"

"You asked for it. Do you think my son is going to let your family walk over us, Knowles?"

Diana continued confidently. "Even though I married into the Knowles family, I have the royal family of Yaramorr behind me. You're just a foreign guest causing trouble in our country and bringing harm to a royal. Let's see if your family will save you from that crime."

A few police officers walked in, and Zenovia's expression changed. "You dare touch me ? Don't forget that the Livingstons are descendants of the royals in Haniston. Are you trying to start a war?"

Diana laughed. "Yes, the Livingstons are descendants of royals, but Haniston isn't a monarchy, so your family is at most high society. Can you take over the affairs of the country?"

Zenovia froze on the spot because her hopes had shattered.

The Livingstons were descendants of the royals, but they were no longer in power in Haniston. They could no longer be called royals and could only ride on their ancestors' coattails.

However, what the Livingstons had more than others was money. In her country, she would be able to enjoy glamorous treatment.

However, all was lost now.

Her father was in prison and wouldn't be released, while her uncle held all the power, so she would have nothing if she went back.

The officers took her away.

A group of reporters waited outside the hotel. Once they saw the police bringing Zenovia out, they rushed forward. "Ms. Livingston, we heard that you were involved in the attempted murder of Ms. Vanderbilt and the king's grandson. Is that true?"

Zenovia avoided the cameras because she looked terrible with handcuffs on.

News about Zenovia's arrest spread like wildfire on the Internet. Even the media in Haniston were rushing to be the first to report about it.

Zenovia was already a popular subject because of her father's case, and now that she was arrested, their family name was thoroughly shamed.

Xavi Livingston held a press conference and announced they would not accept people slandered their family name and would take legal action against them.

Xavi didn't cover up for his brother, so he wouldn't do that for his niece either. The netizens took stands on two sides. Some thought that he was a fair person, while others thought he just didn't want to be dragged into this mess.

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Chapter 1839

Unfortunately, no one knew the truth.

At the police department... Zenovia was agitated in the interrogation room. "You don't have evidence that I did anything!"

The female police officer sitting across from her opened his notebook. "What if we could present evidence?"

She was shocked.

The police officer placed the notebook in front of her. "The suspect has pointed out that you were behind it. We have a recording of it too."

Zenovia was stunned. They had recorded it!

When she was arrested, she had guessed that the three men were caught, but she had only verbally agreed she would give them \$100,000

Even if they ratted her out, they had never received the money, so she would know how to distance herself from them.

Her hope of getting away was shattered when she found out that they had recorded their conversation. Her eyes were red when she barked, "I'm not the mastermind! It was Rocky Wansell! He planned

everything!" Yes, she should say Rocky helped her! She wasn't going down alone!

The police officer put the cap back on her pen, cleared the documents on the table, and said, "Ms. Livingston, don't worry. We won't let any suspect get away."

Rocky escaped the police's arrest for a week, but his body was found in a dump one week later. He had flight tickets to Morwich, his passport, and his bank card in his bag.

The police looked into his bank account and found out it was a business account. He was killed when he stole money and tried to run away.

At the Knowles Group...

Edison knocked on the door and entered when he got permission. "Sir."

Nollace was reading some documents, so his eyes were moving. "How did it go?"

Edison stood next to him and looked down. "I've gotten the news that Donald didn't do anything to Rocky. He was killed by someone else."

Nollace paused and frowned while in deep thought.

Edison was curious. "Knowing Donald, if he found out that his men were someone else's spy and had been betraying him, he would definitely get him eliminated. However, the person who did that wasn't Donald's man."

Nollace was silent.

Nollace had leaked the news that Rocky was a 'traitor to Donald because he thought Donald would get rid of Rocky quietly and eventually eliminate him. If Donald did that, Nollace would be able to get rid of Donald before elevating the Knowles Group. Nollace and Donald had nothing to do with each other. They had started 'working together' because of the Reeses, and since he had helped Donald get away with killing Jonah Reese, it meant that Donald owed him one.

Unfortunately, Donald wasn't someone who could be controlled by favors.

They seemed to work together well, but Donald was a ticking time bomb.

They had a conflict of interest, and since the Livingstons were Donald's target, Juneau was an important person to maintain his status quo.

Juneau had been sent to prison, and even though Zenovia was the one who had reported him, Donald was probably just going with the flow, given his cautious personality.

Donald was very wary of Nollace.

Meanwhile, at the black market...

In a private room, the air was filled with smoke. Donald sat on the couch drinking whiskey when a bald man with a gold chain walked in. "Sir."

Donald looked up, swirling the whiskey around the glass. "Have you gotten rid of Rocky?" The bald man smiled. "The Skull Club's men settled that."

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Chapter 1840

Chapter 1840 The Skull Club was a gang from the new West District. They were a huge gang that spanned from Moriwch to Stoslo and usually collected protection money for the nightclubs and were giving out illegal loans on the side.

The club was made up of outlaws and would do anything as long as the price was right. Most importantly, they wouldn't betray the people who hired them. That was their rule.

Donald chuckled, then slowly drank his whiskey. "Great, Bear, get someone to follow Young Mr. Knowles around."

The man named Bear was curious. "Young Mr. Knowles? Aren't you working together?"

Donald kept his eyes on the glass before looking back. "There's no such thing as a long-term partner. I don't trust him."

A week after Zenovia was arrested, she was sent back to Haniston for her trial. She was sentenced to five years in prison and two years of probation because of attempted murder. She was barred from leaving the country forever.

She went from a highly regarded upper-class lady to a convict. She lost her reputation and fame all at once.

After a month, autumn rolled in.

At the Hathaway villa...

Xyla poured homemade milk tea for Daisy. "Have you stopped going to college?"

Daisy smiled. "I've finished my thesis, and we're done with finals. I'm at the top of the Drama, Theatre, and Film department."

That would mean that if she wanted to graduate now, she just needed to apply for it. She had the freedom to attend classes or not.

Xyla raised her eyebrows. "Oh, the top of your class. Our girl is doing very well. I'm guessing you're going to get into showbiz? If you want to get into Dorywood, I can speak to your Uncle Yorrick."

Daisy paused and looked down. Xyla looked at her and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I... I want to go back to Bassburgh."

"Aren't you going to get engaged to that Knowles boy?" Xyla was curious.

Daisie pressed her lips together. "I know, but I don't think Dorywood is right for me yet. I should go back and train myself first."

Actors from all over the globe worked at Dorywood, the A listers. If she joined them, even though she was a foreigner, she would be able to do well with the

Goldmanns and Hathaways' connections. However, she wouldn't have worked for those opportunities, so people wouldn't respect her. Xyla understood. She put the glass on the table and said, "That's true. Everyone wants to be acknowledged and not get somewhere because of their family. "But

Daisie, if you choose to join the industry, you'll get attention because of who you are. The media will zoom in on all your actions, and no matter if you get where you are because of your family, people will still have comments about you."

Daisie looked at her in silence.

Xyla asked, "Even if that's the case, would you still want to join the industry?"

Daisie took

a deep breath and nodded. "Yes." Xyla smiled, "You'd never have to worry about money even if you never worked a day in your life. Your family fortune would be enough for you to squander for as long as you live."

Daisie shook her head. "No, I'm an adult now. I have to earn my own money." "But you will be bullied in the industry." Xyla rested

her head on her hand and added with a smile, "I've been there before, so I know. The competition is high. A bunny like you would be devoured if you didn't have a good

background."