

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2496

Chapter 2496

“Ms. Mills...”

The name rang a bell, but it took Freyja a while before she finally remembered it. Rooftop, suicide... Wasn't this a scene in her script?

Norman continued to pace around. “Do you remember it now?”

Freyja let out a chuckle suddenly and said, “Ms. Mills didn't kill herself in my script. In all of the mystery cases and detective fiction, all victims will always be revealed to be killed by other people.”

“Have you figured out how to stage her death?”

Freyja was stunned and lowered her head. That was where her script was stuck. How was the murderer going to make it look like Ms. Mills killed herself, and how was he going to escape without leaving any evidence behind?

However, she did not expect Norman to be interested in this kind of script.

Leia, who was standing on the side, was confused. “What are you guys talking about? What do you mean by a script?”

Norman looked at her.

Freyja went closer to her and whispered, “I'll explain to you later.”

After that, she walked toward Norman and asked, “So, you stand on the rooftop to experience how the victim feels before she dies?”

“No. I want to experience how the murderer feels.”

Dumbfounded, Freyja asked, “The murderer?”

Suddenly, Norman turned around and jumped down, causing both Freyja and Leia to scream out in shock. Just as their faces turned pale, Norman climbed back up and asked, “What do you think?”

It was only now that Leia snapped herself out of her trance. She went forward and realized that there was another level below the rooftop.

Suddenly, understanding dawned upon Freyja, and she said, “The murderer pretends to be the victim and makes it look like the victim killed herself by jumping off a building?”

Norman clapped. “See? Isn’t that simple?”

“She wants to kill herself, but instead of choosing her own home balcony, she has to walk outside of her house, get into the elevator, and come all the way up to the rooftop under the camera. By the time her corpse is discovered, the murderer can deceive everyone with the evidence.”

Freyja put her chin in her hand and fell into contemplation.

“Why didn’t I think of that?”

She had been having trouble on how to describe the way the murderer carried out his murder. A script required more logic than a novel. She could simply come up with something else if she was writing a novel. Even if it didn’t hold up, she could just say it was a supernatural event.

However, she couldn’t do that since she was writing a script. Not only that, but she was writing a script for a crime thriller.

The three of them left the rooftop and came to a restaurant. Norman told them his uncle was not a

director when he was young. Instead, he was an errand boy for a local police station.

He had dealt with many cases, large and small, by following those police officers, but such a life did not satisfy him.

Nord’s uncle was very interested in inference. Therefore, he had spent four years studying criminal psychology and three more years enrolling in film school to present all the perfect crimes in a film.

Norman’s uncle would design a loophole in each case to prevent someone from using those tactics in real life.

Freyja placed her hand on her forehead and asked, “This is why you came and looked for me? Just to discuss my script with me? Nothing else?”

Norman replied, “Yeah.”

Leia chimed in. “That’s why you gave Freyja the letter. But that letter is just...”

After all, no man would give another girl a letter in a pink envelope if he was not confessing his love to her. Norman was momentarily stunned as he looked at them. "Why isn't the letter not suitable? I thought you girls like everything in pink?"

Leia fell silent.

It seemed to her that Norman was another insensitive man.

However, none expected this misunderstanding to begin spreading in the college. Now everyone knew that Norman had given Freyja a love letter.

The rumors even reached Colton's ears.

After Freyja returned to her home, she shut herself in the study room to work on her script. She did not take her dinner or notice it when Colton entered the study room.

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Colton walked to the table and crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Are you not going to take your

dinner?"

Without raising her head, Freyja replied, "I'm not hungry yet."

"Did you eat anything earlier?"

"Yeah. I ate something with Leia this afternoon."

She was too focused on her, so she failed to notice the changes in the expression on Colton's face. He did not say anything anymore and left the study room.

It took Freyja a long while before she finally finished the way the murderer carried out his murder. She looked at her phone and realized it was already 1:00 a.m.

She walked downstairs and opened the fridge.

However, there was nothing inside.

She was very hungry right now, so she cooked herself some spaghetti.

In fact, Colton hadn't slept yet, either. He watched her silently from upstairs for a while before returning to their room.

After she finished eating her food, she returned to their room.

Colton was lying on the bed with his back facing her, so she thought he had fallen asleep.

She went into the bathroom to take a shower. She was moving very slowly and lightly as she did not want to wake him up.

Just when she lay down on the bed, she felt something was not right. Spinning her head around to look at Colton, she fell into contemplation and turned around to hug him.

However, Colton pushed her away.

“Don’t come near me.”

She was stunned and sat up. “You haven’t slept yet?”

He did not reply to her.

Freyja nudged him again and asked, “What’s the matter?”

“Think about it yourself.”

She suddenly recalled that Colton had come to the study room to look for her this evening. Could it be that he was angry because she had ignored him that time?

Freyja turned him over and lay down on him. “Why are you getting angry all of a sudden?”

Colton turned his face around, refusing to answer her question.

She tried to kiss him, but he avoided her. Freyja cupped his face between her hands and said, “I was busy with my this evening. I wasn’t ignoring you on purpose.”

“Really?” he asked.

“Of course.”

“Then let me ask you, Freyja. When I asked you who you had dinner with in the afternoon, you answered

Leia. Are you sure it was her only?”

She was stunned. “And Norman too.”

Colton suddenly pushed her away and sat up. He looked at her and said sarcastically, "It seems like

you're very into that aristocratic young man, aren't you? Well, I can understand as well. After all, both of you have the same interests. Besides, you must be tired of your own husband, so..."

Freyja pushed him down and looked at him.
"Do you know what you are talking about, Colton?"

He harrumphed coldly.

Freyja leaned closer and continued. "So, can I say that you're being jealous now?"

Colton set his jaw tightly, refusing to answer her question.

She chuckled and leaned into his arms. Swirling her finger on his chest, she said, "Well, you've done something like this to me as well in the past, so we're even now."

He huffed, letting his breath graze past her head as he said, "I'm not jealous."

"Really? Norman likes..." She purposely paused for a few seconds. When she saw the change in Colton's expression, she chuckled and continued.

"My. Are you satisfied now?"

There was a momentary silence in the dark.

After a short while, he called out to her with his frosty voice, "Freyja."

"Yeah?"

Colton suddenly turned his body over, getting on top of Freyja as he said, "If you want to get out of bed tomorrow morning, you should stop whatever you're doing now."

It was only now that Freyja realized how scorching his chest was. After a short while, she landed a kiss on his lips with a smile on her face.

The next day, Freyja arrived at the college in the afternoon. She was wearing a scarf today.

When Leia came out of her class and saw Freyja, she hurriedly went up to her. "Freyja."

Seeing how panicky she was, Freyja asked, "What's wrong?"

Leia said, "Someone has spread the word about Norman sending you a love letter. The rumors about Norman courting you are now going around the whole campus."

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Freyja remembered why Colton would get angry at her last night. It turned out that he had heard about the rumor as well.

Suddenly, a student came over and said, "Freyja, the professor is looking for you."

Freyja came to the professor's office. The professor had read through the draft that she sent him last night. "This is a perfect MO. Did you come up with it yourself?"

Freyja replied honestly, "Norman inspired me."

"I see. No wonder I felt like I had seen something like this before, but this indeed is a very good idea. Anyway, Freyja, I have a task for you."

"What task?" she asked.

"I want you to interview Mr. Lancell. This will be your thesis."

After he finished speaking, he handed the document to her.

Freyja took over the document and said, "I'll try my best."

When she was about to leave, the professor's voice rang again. "However, you can't ask for any help from Norman. You must get the approval from Mr. Lancell with your own effort."

She stopped for a moment and nodded.

Leia was waiting for her downstairs. When she saw Freyja, she asked, "Why was the professor looking for you?"

"He wants me to interview Mr. Lancell..."

"Isn't that easy? You can just ask-

" Before Leia could finish her sentence, Freyja replied, "I can't get any help from Norman. I guess it's because Norman helped me with my, and the professor has heard of the rumor that's going around campus. He doesn't like students with many problems, and maybe this is a test for me."

If she failed the test or asked for help from Norman, she would not be able to graduate successfully.

Leia thought about something and asked, "But would Mr. Lancell see you without Norman's help? After all, I heard that he's rather arrogant..."

Freyja shrugged. "I have no idea either. I guess I'll just have to play it by ear."

In the next few days, Freyja had been planning how to interview Mr. Lancell. Leia also helped her by getting some information about him. "This is what I have researched based on Mr. Lancell's preferences. I don't know if it will help you."

Freyja took over the documents and smiled. "Thank you, Leia. But I'm worried that he might not like it if we do something like this."

Leia sighed. "This is the only way if all other methods fall short."

At 11:00 p.m., Freyja visited the film company Mr. Lancell was working. She went to the front desk and reported that she was a graduate student at the film college and wanted to interview him.

After the receptionist at the front desk verified her identity, she said, "Please wait for a moment. We need to check with Mr. Lancell and see if he has time or not now."

The receptionist made a call, but Freyja did not know what they were talking about. After that, the

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receptionist smiled at her apologetically and said, "I'm sorry. Mr. Lancell isn't in the office right now."

Freyja replied with a smile, "Alright, thank you."

When she was about to leave the company, she looked at the security guard and an idea popped into her mind. She walked toward him and asked, "Do you know when Mr. Lancell will be in his office?"

After she finished speaking, she pulled a stack of cash out of her purse and stuffed it into the security guard's hand. This was not the first time the security guard had experienced something like this.

Since Freyja gave him quite a lot of money, he said, "Mr. Lancell is in his office. He didn't go out at all." This was something she expected. She thanked the security guard and left the company.

When they were having lunch in their house, Brandon noticed that Freyja had not eaten much and seemed distracted. He put down the fork and asked, "Did anything happen, Fey?"

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Freyja snapped herself back to reality and shook her head. "Nothing."

"You must tell me if something happens. I'll be worried about you."

Brandon remembered something after he finished speaking.

"The prison called me just now."

She was stunned and raised her head.

Brandon continued.

"They said your mother is mentally unstable and is behaving aggressively in prison. They'll be transferring her out of prison in two days to judicially verify her mental issues..."

He abruptly stopped, and Freyja asked, "What do you mean?"

Brandon lowered his face and continued. "It means that if your mother does have a mental illness, she won't be serving time in prison anymore."

"When did this happen?"

"During the coronation ceremony," he replied.

Freyja frowned. If her mother was mentally triggered in prison during the coronation ceremony, was it because her aunt had gotten the power that she had been yearning for so long?

According to the law of Yaramoor, if a person serving a prison sentence had a mental illness, he or she would not be required to continue serving a sentence in prison but to be released from prison for treatment.

She understood her mother more than anyone else. If they released her from prison for treatment, there was a probability that she might escape from the treatment center to get her revenge.

“Fey, your mother...”

“Dad, don’t tell me you want to help her?”

Brandon fell silent.

Freyja lost all her appetite and continued. “Do you want to take her back here after she’s released from prison for her treatment?”

“Fey, she’s your mother.”

“No, she isn’t!” shouted Freyja.

Colton was coming downstairs. When he heard Freyja’s voice, he stopped and listened silently. “From the moment she attempted to kill Deedee and the baby in my womb, she stopped being my mother. Yes, it’s true that she gave birth to me, but she has never raised or cared for me before!”

Freyja smacked her fork on the table and said, “In any case, I won’t let her come out of prison for treatment.”

She rose to her feet and went out of the house.

“Fey...”

Just when Brandon stood up and wanted to go after her, Colton said, “I’ll go.”

Freyja came to the backyard and sat on a bench. Her mind was a muddled mess right now. After a long while, Colton walked up to her and said, “You don’t want her to get out of prison?”

She was stunned and turned her head to look at Colton. After a long while, she told Colton that she could not accept a mother like her. It was not only for her father and herself but also for her children.

She did not want anything from happening to her daughter.

Colton stood in front of her and said, “Okay. I’ll help you.”

Freyja’s eyelashes trembled, and she lowered her head. “But if she really has a mental issue, there’s nothing we can do to her.”

“Even if she has a mental issue, I can also make sure that she won’t be able to step out of prison for the rest of her life.”

She was stunned but did not say anything.

The next day, at Donroy Street, inside a private room of Skydawn...

Two bodyguards were outside the room and two men were inside the private room.

The room was filled with the fragrance of rosewood. There were many wind chimes on the tree in the courtyard that would chime along with the wind.

“Well, well, well, I didn’t expect you to come and look for me, Coleman. I’m sure you have a favor to ask, right?” Yorrick said as he poured a glass of wine.

Colton did not beat around the bush and said, “Uncle Yorrick, can you help me to check the situation inside the prison?”

Yorrick was dumbfounded for a moment and raised his head to look at Colton. “You want me to do what?”

“I hope you can help me check the situation inside the prison,” repeated Colton. “Mrs. Pruitt is going to be released from prison for treatment. Once she’s diagnosed with a mental illness, she won’t have to go back to prison anymore. I need to make sure that won’t happen.”

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Yorrick fell silent for a moment after he heard what Colton said. After a while, he asked, “You think it’s fake?”

Colton chuckled and said, “Mrs. Pruitt was mentally triggered in prison during the coronation ceremony. I just can’t help myself to suspect that she’s just pretending.”

Would Sandy let the Knowles have the power she had been trying to obtain?

She had lost her mind and would stop at nothing to get what she wanted. If she was released from prison, would she go through the treatment, or would she try to get her revenge? Nobody could tell that.

Yorrick sighed. “Coleman, according to the constitution of Yaramoor, if someone serving a prison sentence has been diagnosed with mental illness, they will be absolved from serving the sentence so they can receive treatment.”

“I know,” Colton replied sternly. “As such, I can’t let her get what she wants no matter what.”

Meanwhile, inside the Knowles’ study room...

Edison was reporting to Nollace after learning that Sandy was going to be released from prison.

Nollace's eyelashes trembled when he heard the news. He closed the book and asked, "Is it confirmed that she has a mental illness?"

"It isn't confirmed yet, but from the news I got from prison, they told me that Mrs. Pruitt has been rather agitated ever since the coronation ceremony. She has been acting aggressively as well. Not only did she injure a prison guard, but she also tried to kill herself and has depression."

Nollace chuckled. "It seems like she couldn't accept the fact that my mother has become the queen."

Edison asked, "If they really release Mrs. Pruitt out of prison, I'm worried that she might escape."

"She'll certainly escape," replied Nollace, tapping his finger on the table in a rhythmic pattern. "I can assure you that."

"Keep an eye on the people from the forensic department. Make sure nobody is being paid off."

"Roger."

As soon as Edison left, Daisy entered the study room with a cup of coffee. When she saw that Edison had rushed away, she entered and asked, "What happened?"

Nollace rose to his feet and took over the cup of coffee. "Why don't you ask the maid to prepare the coffee?"

Daisy smacked her lips and said, "I'm bored. There's nothing for me to do at all other than sleep and eat. Look how fat I've become."

He sized her up and chuckled, "You are right."

"What did you say?"

He took a sip from the coffee and replied, "Freyja's mother is going to be released from prison soon."

"What?" Daisy was shocked.

"Yeah. They said that she has a mental problem." He put the cup down and said meaningfully,

"Once it's diagnosed that she has a mental illness, she won't have to serve prison anymore."

"Doesn't that mean that Freyja is in danger?"

Daisie pressed her hands on the table and said sternly, "Mrs. Pruitt is crazy. Who knows if she'll take advantage of her mental illness and do something? By the way, don't you think it's time to revise Yaramoor's laws?"

"The law has been there for dozens of years. It can't be changed that easily." He raised his eyes to look at Daisie. "Yaramoor is a democratic country. We need to get approval from the public before changing any law. My mother has only succeeded the throne. If she changes the criminal code just like that, it might incite rage from the people of Yaramoor."

He was right. A country like Yaramoor was a democratic country. The public had their right, so they needed to get the approval of the people to change the constitution.

If more people disagreed than agreed, the law wouldn't be enforced.

At the film company...

Freyja was waiting on the couch in the lobby absentmindedly. Meanwhile, the receptionist came over and said, "Ms. Pruitt, I'm sorry. Mr. Lancell still doesn't have time to meet you."