

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2501

Chapter 2501

Freyja returned to her senses and got up slowly. "Then I'll come back tomorrow."

The receptionist looked at her back and shook her head.

'This lady has been rejected twice, but she still insists on coming here again. However, no matter what she's willing to do, Mr. Lancell still won't see her.'

Freyja stood at the door, looked at the vehicles and pedestrians that were passing by the building, regulated her emotions, then grabbed a cab and left.

Leia was sitting on one of the college's basketball court benches, and when she saw Freyja returning from her field trip, she got up instantly and hurried forward. "How was it?"

Freyja shook her head.

'I knew it. She still failed in the end.'

"Isn't the professor trying to make your life difficult? According to Mr. Lancell's status in Dorywood and his arrogant temperament, I guess meeting him is a next-to-impossible task. It's even harder than setting a meeting with a Dorywood superstar."

'Not to mention postgraduate students like us, even Dorywood's S-tier superstars might not even have the opportunity to work with him.'

Freyja took a deep breath and smiled. "It's okay. If he doesn't want to meet me, I'll go to his office every day until he's willing to see me."

For several days in a row, Freyja went to the lobby of the film company every day and waited there for hours.

The staff at the front desk were already familiar with her, and they all knew her as the person who had been rejected by Mr. Lancell several times, but she still showed up at the lobby on a daily basis.

Even the stars who had come to see Mr. Lancell could not do that.

At this time, Rory walked out of the elevator with his assistant. The assistant was stunned when he saw Freyja. "She's been rejected so many times, so why is she still here?"

Rory also glanced at Freyja and was slightly startled.

'That young lady is rather persistent.'

He whispered something in his assistant's ear, and the assistant nodded and walked toward Freyja. "Ms. Pruitt."

Seeing the assistant, Freyja stood up, and the assistant said to her, "Mr. Lancell said that he won't sit down for an interview with any college students, so you might as well give up."

Just as the assistant was about to leave, Freyja said suddenly, "The interview isn't as important as it seems. I want to meet Mr. Lancell himself too. I know that Mr. Lancell is an excellent screenwriter and director, and my goal is to become a screenwriter just like him."

The assistant turned around and let off an abrupt chuckle. "Every college student who comes here saying that they wish to interview Mr. Lancell will say that, not to mention Mr. Lancell has already read your script."

She was startled. "Has he read my script?"

"The reason Mr. Lancell doesn't plan to meet you is that the MO in your script is Mr. Lancell Norman's idea, isn't it? No matter how wonderful your plot is, if the MO doesn't make sense when placed directly to the detective's reasoning, the connection will go missing and make the whole script seem lacking, and that means that the script has lost its soul.

"All reasoning must be done based on the case's facts, clues, and MO. All of them must be able to link together. It's like a puzzle. As long as you insert a wrong piece in the wrong place, every single step that follows will only lead you further away from its completion."

The assistant advised earnestly, "Young lady, if you really wish to come up with a good script for a crime thriller, you still have a long way to go."

He turned and left.

Freyja stared at his back and said loudly, "Norman is indeed the person who provided me with the MO that takes place on the rooftop, but he only reminded me that the murderer can do so and didn't tell me how the murderer would avoid all the surveillance camera when he leaves the rooftop."

The assistant stopped and looked at her in surprise while Rory stood behind the corner and listened. Freyja continued.

"The murderer pretended to be the deceased and carried out a perfect crime through the surveillance camera. He allowed everyone to confirm that the deceased had indeed g

one to the rooftop and jumped off the building, and the police would deem the case as a suicide based on the depression drugs found on the deceased.”

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2502

Chapter 2502

“It just so happens that there was no surveillance on the rooftop, and the elevator surveillance only shows the murderer pretending to be the deceased. Then the surveillance can no longer capture anyone after that. So how did the murderer avoid the surveillance camera and escape? And whether the deceased was pushed off the rooftop? I believe the audience would want to know the answer to these questions.” The assistant scoffed again. “Usually, when the plot goes this way, there can only be an accomplice. The murderer pretended to be the deceased and went to the rooftop, and the deceased was thrown down the building from the balcony by the accomplice. The accomplice was naturally the husband or boyfriend of the deceased.”

Freyja shook her head. “In my version of the story, Ms. Mills lives alone.”

The assistant was astounded and looked at the corner not far away. Rory hinted at him with his gaze, and the assistant continued. “There’s only one murderer? Then the murderer threw the person off the balcony first, then changed into the same clothes as the deceased and went to the rooftop to complete the plot?” Freyja chuckled. “If we’re just talking about an online novel, it’d indeed make sense. But Mr. Lancell is someone who attaches so much importance to the motive, MO, and reasoning of the case, I’m afraid such a plot would only be treated as child’s play by him, wouldn’t it?”

The assistant crossed his arms and wondered. “Then did the deceased fall from the rooftop?”

Freyja nodded.

“It shouldn’t be. The surveillance camera only captured the murderer pretending to be the deceased, but not the deceased herself. So, how did the deceased get to the rooftop?”

Rory, who was standing not far away, stroked his chin and started thinking about the plot as if it was starting to intrigue him. He then walked out. “The deceased has been taken to the rooftop through some means by the murderer, so the only way to avoid surveillance is to place the deceased in a box.”

Rory shook his head all of a sudden. “No, it’s not written in your script that someone had moved a box that could fit a person to the rooftop before that. Could it be that the murderer had arranged the scene beforehand?”

Knowing that this man was Rory Lancell, Freyja chuckled. "That would depend on how he arranged things."

The assistant looked in Rory's direction. "So, how did the murderer achieve that?"

Rory glared at him, walked up to the couch, sat down, and raised his hand, "Go on, if I'm satisfied with how things turn out, I'll agree to your request."

Freyja squinted, grinned, took a deep breath, and explained slowly, "As your assistant mentioned just now, if there was an accomplice and a murderer, their actions must be synchronized."

"In other words, the murderer must already be on the rooftop before the accomplice could throw the deceased down the building. Otherwise, the estimated time of death will be earlier than the time captured by the surveillance camera, and this is the loophole."

"Their only means of contact would be through their cell phones, but even if the murderer had hidden their cell phone in their pocket, the accomplice would still be captured by the camera when they left the house of the deceased. Therefore, the plot where the murderer had an accomplice wouldn't make sense."

Rory nodded, and his eyes were gleaming with rays of keen astuteness. "Ms. Mills lives alone, so it really doesn't make sense for there to be two criminals."

Probably because Freyja's storytelling sounded magnificent, many staff members gathered around to listen as she continued. "It's not impossible for the murderer to transport the deceased to the rooftop in advance, but there's a security camera facing the door of the deceased's apartment. Anyone who entered the deceased's apartment to move anything will surely be exposed to surveillance."

The assistant was anxious. "Then how did the murderer do this?"

Rory narrowed his eyes. "The existence of some sort of machinery or device?"

Freyja nodded. "That's right. It's something similar to that. Ms. Mills's apartment is located on the 37th floor, and the rooftop is on the 39th floor. And the murder happened at 2:30:00, and the tower situated across the street was a commercial building rather than a residential building, so after making sure that all personnel in the building had gotten off work, the murderer could hang the deceased outside the building without being discovered."

Chapter 2503

The assistant was shocked. "The deceased was hung outside the building?"

"Actually, this is the inspiration that Norman gave me. There's a few feet's worth of extra ground protruding on the outside of the edge of the rooftop. Even if the rooftop had surveillance cameras too, the murderer would still be able to jump down and land on that tiny space. However, that plan will need at least two people to succeed.

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"The accomplice was on the balcony of the deceased's apartment to assist the murderer who slid down the rope, and the accomplice must be someone who was very close to the deceased. He could use the excuse of going through the surveillance footage that recorded his beloved's suicidal behavior and pretend to destroy the footage in anger, while the murderer could take advantage of that to escape.

Rory laughed happily. "Yes, this is indeed more in line with a plot that has two criminals."

Freyja snapped her fingers.

"But if there is only one murderer, the plot will be completely different. The murderer used the protruding ground design on the roof to tie a rope that led down to the deceased apartment, then tied the unconscious victim onto the rope and hung her outside the building. Then he pretended to be the deceased and was captured by surveillance cameras when leaving the apartment. The murderer will then go to the roof, pull the rope up, untie the rope, and let the victim drop down the building."

Rory frowned. "But the forensics will discover the marks on her waist and the folds on her clothes. This won't be a perfect crime."

The assistant also nodded.

"That's right. Besides, a woman's strength wouldn't be that great, but if the murderer was a man, how could a hulking man pretend to be the victim, who's a woman? It just doesn't make sense."

Freyja crossed her arms. "The murderer is a man. He's only about 5 foot 2 and is extremely slender. So, pretending to be a woman would be a piece of cake to him, wouldn't it?"

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'That seems to make sense.'

Freyja then explained, "As for the ropes, there's a profession in the world that people who are afraid of heights can't pursue.

Rory was taken aback for a moment. "Someone who works at extreme heights?"

"Although our murderer could be someone who works at extreme heights, some people might still think that not everyone else is afraid of heights. So why would we focus on people with such a career?"

Freyja gazed at the assistant. "Because only people who work at heights can use their own safety ropes, equipment, and harness to ensure that the deceased's body won't get strangled, leaving marks behind. Even if the forensics were to identify traces and marks around the waist, would a rope come to mind? "And the murderer must be working for that apartment. That's how he got familiar with anything that can be used, not to mention that the surveillance footage will be erased and replaced every month. So, the murderer hid his safety rope one month in advance in a place that others wouldn't pay attention to. When the time came, he pretended to be an apartment resident and took the elevator to the 37th floor. He then used his familiarity with the interior to avoid surveillance and took a safe passage to the rooftop. "At night, after confirming that the deceased was asleep, he slid down to the balcony of the deceased's apartment and snuck in. The murderer must know the deceased and have a grasp of the deceased's life. He also knew that the deceased was a patient who suffered from depression and relied on sleeping pills

to sleep at night.

"The deceased was in a deep sleep. The murderer lit incense to drug the victim to ensure that she wouldn't wake up during the transportation. The murderer only needed to wait on the balcony while the incense burned, and then covered his mouth and nose while entering the house, got rid of the incense, and flushed it down the toilet. After that, he dragged the victim out to the balcony, tied her to the safety rope device, changed into the victim's pajamas, put on a wig, walked out of the deceased's house with his head lowered the whole time, and let the cameras catch him doing so.

"When he got to the rooftop, he pulled the safety rope to lift the victim. Although he was a slender man, his arm strength was surely stronger than that of a woman, so it was not difficult for him to pull a woman of the same size up to the rooftop. That was how he faked his innocence, provided the law enforcer with an alibi, and committed a perfect crime."

Chapter 2504

"As for how the murderer escaped the building while evading all the surveillance cameras, there's only one way down, and that's the fire staircase, the only passage down the building that's not being monitored. He could hide there until the

next morning when someone discovered the body, then pretended to be the owner of one of the units and walked down to a certain floor through the fire

staircase.

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The assistant was puzzled. “Why would he hide until the next morning?”

Rory got up slowly.

“Because all residents would leave for work or school in the morning. It would be suspicious if he were to leave the building at night. So it’s better to take the elevator and leave the building while staying hidden among the residents who were going out the next day.”

Everything made sense all of a sudden.

Seeing their surprised expressions, Freyja smiled. “Of course, any perfect criminal’s MO will still have flaws in reality. They’ll never escape the law. I wonder if my plot is reasonable to you, Mr. Lancell?”

Rory looked at

her with a hint of appreciation beaming from the bottom of his eyes. “My nephew only gave you such a small idea, yet I really didn’t expect you to come up with such a complete and comprehensive criminal scheme.”

You’re flattering me already. I’m still a rookie when compared to you.”

“You’re being too modest. Alright, I’ll agree to your terms.” After that, he asked his assistant to prepare for the interview.

It was already 2:00 p.m. when Freyja returned to the college. She submitted all the questions and answers that she managed to jot down during the interview to her professor.

The professor stared at her in surprise. “How did you manage to get Mr. Lancell to agree to the interview?”

She smiled and explained, “Don’t worry, I didn’t ask Norman to help me out. Instead, I came up with a perfect MO for my script with Mr. Lancell. That’s why he agreed to sit with me for an interview session.”

A hint of satisfaction flashed across the professor’s eyes.

“It’s no wonder none of the few students that I sent to interview him before this could impress him.”

Freyja was slightly confused. “Have you asked students to interview him before?”

She understood the reason Mr. Lancell would refuse to see her before this. No wonder the receptionists did not seem very surprised or confused when she told them she was a film college student.

The professor took off his glasses and wiped them with a handkerchief. "Rory was once my student too. He's a very smart man, and he was very persistent in the reasoning and motive of each of the cases found in his script. What he always pursues is ultimate perfection, but he's also an arrogant man and only talks to people who share similar interests with him.

"The students that I sent to interview him, he didn't even let them through for his professor's sake and rejected all of them. Of course, money, gifts, and all sorts of benefits have been sent his way, but none of them managed to impress him."

Freyja was dumbfounded.

'Is it because I came up with the perfect MO on the spot and incorporated it into my script? Did that make Mr. Lancell change his mind?'

The professor stared at her at this time and joked, "It's a pity that you're not studying psychology."

She gave off an awkward chuckle.

"I'm just making things up here. I'd only cause the police a huge mess if you were to push me out there to solve a real-life murder case. I can at least control the murderers who appear in my writing."

The professor laughed out loud too.

Freyja left the office, went downstairs to the academic building, and just so happened to run into Norman and Leia talking and laughing under a tree as if they were talking about something funny.

She walked over. "What are you talking about?"

Leia turned her head, saw her, and was a little surprised. "Didn't you go to—"

Thinking of not letting Norman know about Freyja's interview with his uncle, she quickly shut up.

Freyja sneered. "The interview's over, and I've just submitted my materials."

Leia was happy for her. "Really?"

She nodded.

Norman crossed his arms and looked perplexed. "What interview are you two talking about?" Freyja replied, "I interviewed your uncle, but I have you to thank for."

Chapter 2505

Norman was even more confused. "Me?"

Freyja laughed. "If it weren't for the special rooftop design that you came up with, I wouldn't have been able to think of a better MO than yours."

Leia's curiosity was piqued, and she jerked Freyja's hand. "What kind of operation are we talking about here?"

Just as Freyja was about to answer her, she was interrupted by her cell phone's ringtone. She picked it up and saw that it was Colton.

On the other side of town, in the judicial appraisal center...

Nollace sat in the car's back seat and glanced at the center's gate. Immediately afterward, Edison came to the car and knocked on the window.

He lowered the car window slowly, and Edison leaned slightly forward and reported, "The result of the appraisal has come out. She doesn't have a mental disorder, but she's been diagnosed with severe depression."

Nollace narrowed his eyes. "Is there anything that looks abnormal and fishy?"

"No, no one from the judicial appraisal center has interfered with the affair, but... Apart from us, it seems that Mr. Hathaway's men are also keeping an eye on every movement that's taking place in the prison."

Nollace nodded. "It seems that Colton has taken some precautions too."

'If my aunt was really exempted from serving her sentence, what she would do first is undoubtedly avenge her son. Because of Ken's death, she hates the Knowles and me to the bone.

'And Colton is keeping an eye on this matter to prevent my aunt from hurting Freyja.'

At this moment, Freyja arrived at the villa after receiving Colton's call. Colton was standing in front of the window and just hung up a call.

Freyja stepped forward. "My mother has been diagnosed with severe depression?"

Colton's eyes moved. "Yeah. I got the news saying that the prison's management has sent someone to contact Dad. But when I rushed back here, Dad had already gone out."

As soon as she heard that, her face turned pale, her body swayed backward, and she almost fell to the ground. "What?"

Colton quickly supported her. "I've already sent someone to follow Dad. There's no need to worry about him."

Freyja pursed her lips tightly.

'My mother has been diagnosed with mental illness and is severely depressed, so it's normal for the prison to contact and summon her family members to the prison to visit and accompany her.

'But Dad is soft-hearted. Everything should be fine if my mother only wants to use him. What I dread the most is that she won't even spare my dad's life...'

Colton hugged her in his arms. "I know what you're worried about. Mrs. Pruitt won't hurt your father, at least not until she achieves her goal. On the contrary, she needs your father now."

"I know, but I..." Her voice sounded dry and hoarse. She then closed her mouth and remained silent.

Colton felt her trembling in his arms and tightened his embrace.

Sandy was granted medical parole, but she had to go to the designated hospital under the accompaniment of her family members. Prison guards were standing by in the corridor of the hospital. In the psychology clinic, apart from the psychiatrist, Sandy and Brandon were the only ones present.

The psychiatrist asked some questions, but Sandy refused to answer.

The psychiatrist frowned and gazed at Brandon. "Has she always been like this?"

Brandon was stunned for a split second but then replied in an awkward manner, "This... It seems to be so."

"Since when did it start?"

Brandon did not answer.

The psychiatrist saw how embarrassed he was, thought of the prison guards standing outside the door at that very moment, and came to the conclusion that this woman should be a prisoner.

He flipped through the documents in his hands. "If the appraisal confirms that it's indeed a mental illness and the patient still refuses to cooperate during the treatment process, it'll be difficult for us to find a way to suppress it."

After saying that, the psychiatrist picked up his pen and wrote something on the paper. "I'll prescribe some medication for her first. She can take it if she has insomnia or dreamy nights."

Brandon nodded. "Okay."

The psychiatrist got up and went out to get the medicine, so Sandy and Brandon were the only ones left in the consultation room.

Brandon looked at Sandy, who was still refusing to speak, and her indifferent and dull gaze. He then sighed. "Why are you doing this? As long as you can let go of some of your preoccupations and think this through, you will never be haunted by your own emotions anymore."

Chapter 2506

Sandy reacted. She turned to look at Brandon with ridicule in her eyes. "Have you forgotten that that woman gave you your current status because of me?"

Brandon paused.

Sandy smirked. "No matter how terrible I am, I have royal blood in my veins. But what are you? If I didn't marry you, you and that useless girl wouldn't be where you are now, enjoying all the status and honor. Hahaha."

She laughed maniacally, which made the guard look over.

Brandon looked down with sadness in his eyes. "Do you hate our daughter so much?"

"Did I want to have her?"

Sandy's eyes were red with rage. "You begged me to have her. She's a useless child who was lucky enough to survive to this day."

Brandon's expression froze.

“My son is dead because of the Knowles, but my husband and daughter are enjoying the prestige given by that family?” Sandy laughed even more hysterically. “You’re just their dogs. You’ve failed our son!”

Brandon took a deep breath and looked at her for a long time.

After the long pause, he calmly said, “You can hate me, but Fey never owed you anything. You don’t have the right to get her to do anything for you. As for Ken, I’ve lost my son. I don’t want to lose my daughter too.”

Brandon walked away from the clinic.

Sandy balled up her fists.

Colton drove Freyja to the clinic and saw Brandon walking out, so she ran toward him. “Dad.”

Brandon was surprised as he looked up. “Fey?”

Seeing that her father was fine, she was relieved. “Please tell me when you’re going to do anything. Do you know how worried I was?”

“I’m sorry. Your mother... needed medical attention, and the prison authorities said a family member had to be there. I knew you wouldn’t want to see her, so I came.”

Freyja looked at Colton standing next to the car and said to Brandon, “Let’s go home.”

Brandon smiled and nodded. “Sure.”

At the palace...

Diana sat in the study. She had been busy running the country and hadn’t had time to spend time with her dear daughter-in-law.

Rick walked over, stood behind her after hearing her sigh, and gave her a shoulder rub. “What’s wrong? Tired?”

“I finally know how much stress my father was under. How could someone not be tired with the stress of the nation on their shoulders?” She looked back at Rick. “But I’m glad you and our son are here supporting me.”

Rick smiled. “Don’t worry, you’re the queen. We’ll always be here for you.”

There was a knock on the door.

After getting approval, the guard came in and slightly bowed. "Your Majesties."

Diana asked, "Yes?"

The guard replied, "The warden sent some updates about Mrs. Sandy Pruitt."

Diana squinted.

A few cars arrived at the prison that afternoon. The warden came to meet her. The guard opened the car door, and Diana got out.

He walked forward and kissed the back of her hand. "Welcome, Your Majesty."

Diana nodded. "Bring me to her."

The warden led the way while a few guards followed closely behind.

When they got to Sandy's cell, the warden unlocked the grill, but there was another grill behind that, and what happened inside could be seen through that.

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2503

Chapter 2503

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"You're flattering me already. I'm still a rookie when compared to you."

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Chapter 2506

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He walked forward and kissed the back of her hand. "Welcome, Your Majesty."

Diana nodded. "Bring me to her."

The warden led the way while a few guards followed closely behind.

When they got to Sandy's cell, the warden unlocked the grill, but there was another grill behind that, and what happened inside could be seen through that.

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2504

Chapter 2504

“As for how the murderer escaped the building while evading all the surveillance cameras, there’s only one way down, and that’s the fire staircase, the only passage down the building that’s not being monitored. He could hide there until the next morning when someone discovered the body, then pretended to be the owner of one of the units and walked down to a certain floor through the fire staircase.

”

The assistant was puzzled. “Why would he hide until the next morning?”

Rory got up slowly.

“Because all residents would leave for work or school in the morning. It would be suspicious if he were to leave the building at night. So it’s better to take the elevator and leave the building while staying hidden among the residents who were going out the next day.”

Everything made sense all of a sudden.

Seeing their surprised expressions, Freyja smiled. “Of course, any perfect criminal’s MO will still have flaws in reality. They’ll never escape the law. I wonder if my plot is reasonable to you, Mr. Lancell?”

Rory looked at her with a hint of appreciation beaming from the bottom of his eyes. “My nephew only gave you such a small idea, yet I really didn’t expect you to come up with such a complete and comprehensive criminal scheme.”

You’re flattering me already. I’m still a rookie when compared to you.”

“You’re being too modest. Alright, I’ll agree to your terms.” After that, he asked his assistant to prepare for the interview.

It was already 2:00 p.m. when Freyja returned to the college. She submitted all the questions and answers that she managed to jot down during the interview to her professor.

The professor stared at her in surprise. “How did you manage to get Mr. Lancell to agree to the interview?”

She smiled and explained, “Don’t worry, I didn’t ask Norman to help me out. Instead, I came up with a perfect MO for my script with Mr. Lancell. That’s why he agreed to sit with me for an interview session.”

A hint of satisfaction flashed across the professor's eyes.

"It's no wonder none of the few students that I sent to interview him before this could impress him."

Freyja was slightly confused. "Have you asked students to interview him before?"

She understood the reason Mr. Lancell would refuse to see her before this. No wonder the receptionists did not seem very surprised or confused when she told them she was a film college student.

The professor took off his glasses and wiped them with a handkerchief. "Rory was once my student too. He's a very smart man, and he was very persistent in the reasoning and motive of each of the cases found in his script. What he always pursues is ultimate perfection, but he's also an arrogant man and only talks to people who share similar interests with him.

"The students that I sent to interview him, he didn't even let them through for his professor's sake and rejected all of them. Of course, money, gifts, and all sorts of benefits have been sent his way, but none of them managed to impress him."

Freyja was dumbfounded.

'Is it because I came up with the perfect MO on the spot and incorporated it into my script? Did that make Mr. Lancell change his mind?'

The professor stared at her at this time and joked, "It's a pity that you're not studying psychology."

She gave off an awkward chuckle.

"I'm just making things up here. I'd only cause the police a huge mess if you were to push me out there to solve a real-life murder case. I can at least control the murderers who appear in my writing."

The professor laughed out loud too.

Freyja left the office, went downstairs to the academic building, and just so happened to run into Norman and Leia talking and laughing under a tree as if they were talking about something funny.

She walked over. "What are you talking about?"

Leia turned her head, saw her, and was a little surprised. "Didn't you go to-

Thinking of not letting Norman know about Freyja's interview with his uncle, she quickly shut up.

Freyja sneered. "The interview's over, and I've just submitted my materials."

Leia was happy for her. "Really?"

She nodded.

Norman crossed his arms and looked perplexed. "What interview are you two talking about?" Freyja replied, "I interviewed your uncle, but I have you to thank for."

Chapter 2505

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Freyja laughed. "If it weren't for the special rooftop design that you came up with, I wouldn't have been able to think of a better MO than yours."

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Chapter 2506

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