

The Three Little Guardian Angels
Chapter 1531

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Some things were not visible to the eyes of the beholder—they had to be observed through the heart.

The weather was bright and sunny.

Violet brought the three kids to the amusement park to play, but she ran into Zephyr and Jackie.

They arrived at the amusement park later.

Daisie ran toward them with a smile.

"Zephyr, Uncle!"

Waylon and Colton looked at Violet. She crossed her arms and clicked her tongue.

"Since when did my cousin become this close with that fella?"

'And Jackie, he actually came to an amusement park? This is so strange" Zephyr looked at them.

"What a coincidence?" Colton snorted.

"Yeah, what a coincidence."

'This is such a surprising coincidence"

However, Zephyr was not alone, and he brought Jackie along too, so they did not make his life hard for him.

Hence, the kids came together and ran off to play, leaving Violet and Jackie behind.

She then said reluctantly, "Thank you for last night."

She was referring to the fact that he had left an umbrella that prevented her from getting caught in the rain while heading home.

Jackie responded with a calm hum.

He did not sound very polite at all.

"However, do you have so much free time that you can afford to come to an amusement park?"

She looked at him.

He was rather casually dressed today, which suited the venue. He rarely dressed so casually—it was either a business or formal attire for him.

Jackie looked at her.

"You have plenty of free time, so why can't I have some too?"

She looked away and said boldly, "How can you compare yourself to me?"

'My occupation allows me to be a person who can lay back whenever I want to"

Jackie did not say anything.

Violet saw a claw machine on the side of the road.

Thus, she walked over on a whim, inserted some change, exchanged it for tokens, and inserted a token into the machine.

Jackie's voice came from behind.

"Do you know how to operate this?"

"Are you underestimating me?"

Violet held the handle and controlled it.

"You're looking at a master at clawing dolls."

Soon enough, she...humiliated herself.

She did manage to grasp something every time, but it could not be dropped into the exit tunnel.

The doll would fall back into the pile at every critical moment.

Jackie laughed when he saw her rookie moves.

"Is this what you consider the level of a master at clawing dolls?"

Violet would not let herself be looked down upon.

"I haven't played one of these machines in a long time. That's why my skills have become a little rusty. Just you wait! I'll definitely get one before I leave this place today."

After several trials, the fact was that she really could not get it out.

Jackie could not stand it anymore, so he stepped forward, held her hand, and operated the machine.

Violet was stunned.

Her gaze landed on the warmth wrapping on the back of her hand, and her attention moved completely away from the claw machine.

He stood behind her, one of his hands was holding the doll machine beside her, and his chest was rubbing against her shoulder from a very intimate distance.

While Violet was in a trance, Jackie took a doll out of the machine's exit and suddenly asked, "Do you still want one?"

She returned to her senses.

"Yes...Yes, we have four kids here."

She wanted to pull her hand out but was afraid of interrupting his operation, so she could only lend him her hand rigidly.

Violet glanced at him from the corners of her eyes.

His attention was fully focused on the machine, and he did not even realize that she was peeping at him. He managed to claw a total of five dolls.

When it was time to grab the dolls from the machine, she took advantage of the situation and retracted her hand.

"We have five now. Did you just get us more than what we need?"

Jackie tilted his head to look at her.

"Aren't you a little kid too?" Violet frowned.

"Who are you referring to as a kid?"

He straightened his posture.

"Whoever is reacting to the comment is the kid here."

"You— » Jackie turned around and paused for a second.

"You can always throw it away if you don't want it."

Violet glanced at the five dolls she was holding in her arms.

'I've spent money on them anyway, so how can I throw the fifth one away? "

'He's the one who clawed it. There's no way I'm saying no to a free gift"

Daisy and her brothers played in the amusement park all day and were not feeling any fatigue.

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They only went home reluctantly as evening approached.

Originally, the three children had come in the same car as Violet, but the four children got into the same car at the end of the day.

Looking at them leaving her behind, Violet clicked her tongue.

"Such immorality! This is getting too much!"

'These b*stards must have colluded'

Jackie lowered the car window and raised his eyelids.

"Aren't you leaving?"

She was startled. She then thought of something and snorted softly.

"I'll die before Thitch a ride with your car."

Violet clearly remembered when he left her at the city hall the other day. Who knew what was going through his mind at that moment? Jackie knew that she was still angry, so he spoke slowly.

"I'll send you home for real this time."

"Are you serious?" Violet sneered.

"How would I know that you won't leave me on the freeway this time?"

If this were before, he would have long been impatient and asked his driver to leave her behind.

However, he had not shown any trace of impatience so far.

"I won't." Violet looked at his strange expression.

'Why am I getting this hunch that something has gone wrong with him after the divorce?'

In the end, she got into the car.

While they were on their way, the atmosphere in the car was dead silent, and no one broke the awkward silence.

Jackie turned to look at her.

Violet kept staring out the window.

Her face that was reflected on the glass made it seem like she was absent-minded, but it also seemed that she was lost in her thoughts, looking all sad.

He retracted his gaze and cleared his throat after a short while.

"What do you want to eat?"

When Violet heard his voice, she turned her head, stared at him in confusion, and pointed to herself.

"Are you asking me that?"

Jackie glanced at her and frowned slightly.

"Otherwise, who else is in this car?"

She was astonished for a few seconds, then suddenly moved to his side.

"Please, do come clean with me."

She leaned up to him as she spoke.

"Have you been possessed by some ghost or wraith?"

The driver was on the brink of losing his mind and bursting into laughter.

Jackie grinned and gnashed his teeth.

"You wouldn't come up with this conclusion if your brain was only slightly normal."
'Me being possessed by a ghost? She's the only person who's capable of coming up with such an idea"

"Eh? Have you just returned to normal?"

Violet was not angry either and glanced at him.

"I'm just not used to you suddenly turning into a completely different person."

Jackie paused and said lightly, "Didn't I promise you that I'd get along with you?"

Violet stopped talking because it was indeed the case.

'It's just that he's adapted to the change and started to get along with me too quickly, but I still can't get used to it.

'Sure enough, there's an enormous difference between how he treats his wife and god-sister"

She crossed her arms and answered the previous question, "I want to eat Duck al'Orange."

Very few restaurants in Octavia served such a dish, and she only knew one but did not want to tell him which restaurant it was.

To put it bluntly, she only wanted to make a fuss out of this incident to see if he really wanted to get along with her.

Jackie was stunned for a bit.

After a while, he asked the driver calmly, "Where can we find this dish in Octavia?"

Violet stared at him in surprise.

The driver pulled over at a roadside parking space and took out his cell phone.

"Please give me a second. I'll look it up."

The driver then found the address and navigated to The Attic Hotel.

Violet followed Jackie and stepped into the private room located on the second floor.

However, she coincidentally ran into the Potters in the corridor.

Penelope and her father had just come out of a private room after having dinner with a client.

Penelope was surprised to see Violet and Jackie appearing together. But looking at Violet's expression, she was still disgusted.

"What a coincidence. I didn't expect to meet you in The Attic, Young Master Clifford."

Edmund stepped forward to greet him, which could be considered a polite action.

Jackie nodded.

"Yeah, what a coincidence."

Penelope was unreconciled, so she sneered at that moment.

"The Cliffords are indeed pros when it comes to rectifying someone's name. You actually managed to rectify a b*tch that snatched others' boyfriends."

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"Penny! What nonsense are you talking about?"

Edmund's expression dimmed.

'Even I have to show the Cliffords a little respect. Even if the Cliffords want to whitewash Violet, I won't dare to bring this up in their face"

Penelope gnashed her teeth.

"Who gave you the right to claim that what I just said is nonsense? If it weren't for her, Brooklyn and I would have gotten married long ago. Do you expect me to kiss the *ss of ab*tch who specializes in snatching other people's boyfriends? "

"Young Master Clifford, didn't you despise this woman back then too? Since when have you been bewitched by this b*tch?" She snorted coldly and glared at Violet.

"A b*tch will forever be ab *tch. You've actually convinced the Cliffords and made them side with you so quickly. I think it's only a matter of time before you get onto the bed of the grandfather and grandson and serve the both of them—"

Edmund slapped Penelope and stunned her for a split second. She looked up in disbelief.

"Father! ?"

Edmund was so exasperated that his face was ashen, and his expression looked extremely embarrassed.

"Do you know what you just said, you b*stard?"

'She actually humiliated Mr. Clifford and Elder Master Clifford before Mr. Clifford himself. If Elder Master Clifford were present, given his temper, I wouldn't be able to save her from this situation even if she's my daughter"

Penelope's shoulders trembled, but she felt she had done nothing wrong.

"I was just telling the truth. A woman like her—"

"What kind of woman is she? But just how virtuous are you, Ms. Potter?"

Jackie looked exceptionally indifferent. The chill in his eyes enveloped her, causing her to tremble involuntarily.

"What do you mean by that?" Jackie scoffed.

"Are you telling me that you don't know what kind of person the eldest son of the Simons, Brooklyn Simons, is? He's already married. It's just that not many people know about it."

"That's impossible!"

Penelope's expression changed instantly.

"You're lying to me! Even if Brooklyn had many mistresses outside, at least he was single. I was his proper girlfriend!"

Jackie loosened the hem of his sleeve and said casually.

"Who's his proper woman can only be proven by facts."

Penelope's posture swayed slightly, and she lost all her confidence instantly because Jackie looked serious.

Jackie made a phone call, and when the call was over, he turned around, looked at Penelope, and said lightly, "Brooklyn and his

wife are here in The Attic now. Ms. Potter, do you want to see it for yourself?"

Penelope clenched her hands tightly and gnashed her teeth.

"Of course, let's go. I won't let you go if I find out that you guys are joining forces to deceive me!"

Jackie told Penelope the number of the private room that Brooklyn was in, and Penelope dashed toward the room, wanting to verify the fact in a hurry.

Violet remained motionless in place.

Compared to what Penelope had said to humiliate her, she was more surprised that Jackie knew about Brooklyn.

In fact, Violet had long known that Brooklyn was a scumbag, but she did not know that he was actually married.

When Brooklyn was dating Penelope, he was looking to have affairs with other women.

Later, he set eyes on her and tried to please her like a pet dog, but Violet ignored him.

Later, after Brooklyn broke up with Penelope, the latter heard something from somebody else and assumed Violet was the one who had snatched her boyfriend from her.

At that time, Violet could not care less about the rumors spreading around her. She did not care to explain, which was why others always viewed her as a promiscuous woman.

Jackie turned to look at Violet.

"Do you want to go and have a look?" Violet was astounded.

"What's there to look at?" He sounded serious.

"A dramatic stage play."

Violet did not utter a single word but followed him.

Sure enough, there was a huge commotion as soon as they arrived at the scene.

"Brooklyn Simons, how dare you lie to me!?"

Penelope could not believe the scene that was displayed in front of her, so she stepped forward and started smacking and slapping Brooklyn.

Brooklyn turned away from her and cursed, "Have you lost your f*cking mind? Who the f*ck do you think you are? I was just fooling around with you. I have a wife and children, haven't you realized that?"

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Penelope fell to the ground as she saw Brooklyn protecting the woman and the eight-year-old son behind him. She then started crying so hysterically that she could not stop herself.

Edmund could not stand it anymore.

His daughter was making him lose face because of the troubles that she had caused at the restaurant.

"Stop it and come home with me."

"I'm not leaving."

Penelope shook him off.

"I only want to get to the bottom of things today. Brooklyn Simons, you b*stard, you played with my feelings!"

Brooklyn comforted his wife behind him, asked her to take their son into the private room, and then glared at Penelope impatiently.

"I played with your feelings?"

He gave off a disdainful smirk.

"You slept with me voluntarily back then. I didn't force you to do so, did I? Both of us came out only for the fun of it. I haven't seen any woman as shameless and clingy as you."

When Edmund heard him insulting his daughter like this, his expression dimmed instantly.

"Brooklyn Simons, you've crossed the line."

"I've crossed the line? Isn't it obvious that your daughter is the one who has crossed the line here? I admit that I've had a lot of women, and she knew that I was a playboy who didn't care about feelings. She's the one who kept on pestering me shamelessly, to the extent that I grew tired of her and tried to break up with her. Yet she didn't want to do so. And she's bold enough to try to make a move on my wife and son now."

Brooklyn patted his suit.

"She's delivered herself to my doorstep so cheaply, asking me to be devoted to her and even marry her. Keep dreaming! Who does she think she is?"

"Brooklyn Simons!"

Edmund was furious, but seeing that more and more onlookers were starting to gather around them, he could not afford to lose any more face.

Thus, he glared at Penelope, "Have you seen this man's true colors now? Now give up on your hope and come back with me."

"I'm not going to leave, Father. I can't get over this."

Penelope was emotionally crushed.

"I love him so much. How can he treat me like this!?" Brooklyn scoffed coldly.

He felt disdainful and even annoyed by her so-called profound affection for him.

Edmund slapped Penelope and rebuked angrily, "Wake up now! Is this still not embarrassing enough for your liking?!"

Violet stood among the crowd and felt a little sympathetic to Penelope upon seeing this. After all, she was deeply in love with Brooklyn.

Even though she knew that Brooklyn was a playboy, she could not extricate herself from indulging in Brooklyn's sweet talks.

Brooklyn had no feelings for her—the feeling that he had for her was, at best, the novelty of having an extramarital affair with someone else. He was a scumbag, but he clearly understood that he should differentiate his wife from all mistresses that he had had outside.

At least, he was a scumbag who knew when to draw the line and did not abandon his wife and children for the sake of the mistresses that he had outside.

Penelope had lost because she took her relationship with him too seriously, thinking that the playboy would one day marry her after he had had enough fun.

Alas, she did not know that this playboy already had a home, and the thing that he would do after having had enough fun in the outside world was to return to his family.

The farce did not end until Penelope was forcibly taken away by Edmund.

Violet and Jackie returned to the private room.

When the dishes were served, she asked in order to clear her doubts, "How did you know that Brooklyn is married?"

Jackie slid his fingertips over the lip of the wine glass without raising his gaze.

"You can find out about it just by checking."

However, he did not tell her that he had only investigated it because she and Penelope had gotten detained due to the brawl.

Very few people knew that Brooklyn's wife was his first love in college and that they had married in a low-profile manner after graduating.

Brooklyn's wife had always known that her husband was a playboy but chose to turn a blind eye to her husband's infidelity. She did not do so out of her generosity.

Even though Brooklyn was fooling around outside, he came home every day and was very devoted to his wife and children.

Brooklyn's wife took good care of his parents and children, and the patriarch and the matriarch of the Simons were very satisfied with this daughter-in-law.

Hence, even if Brooklyn had always been a scumbag and had had affairs with many women, their relationships were purely sexual, and no feelings were involved from beginning to the end.

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Those women who wanted his money would get paid and would not cling to him.

They would get together and separate without any issue.

After all, none of them was in it for the love. But when he met Penelope, it could be said that Brooklyn had run into trouble.

Penelope was the daughter of the Potters, and it was Penelope who had approached him first.

Brooklyn had given her a decent title as his girlfriend to put her off, but her status was not disclosed to the public.

Only Penelope's friends knew about it.

Brooklyn had broken up with Penelope because he was afraid that if he were to move on with the extramarital relationship, Penelope would storm into his house someday. He had chosen to break up only because he wanted to protect his wife and children.

In addition, he had flirted with Violet too, which was why Penelope had misunderstood Violet as the woman who had snatched him from her.

Jackie's expression dimmed upon thinking of this.

Violet was enjoying the Duck a L'Orange that she had been craving for all this while, so how would she notice that Jackie was upset? At the same time, at the Clifford mansion...

Thomas planned to wait for Jackie to come back for dinner, but Daisy said, "Great-grandpa, there's no need to wait for Uncle

Jackie. He'll definitely not come back for dinner tonight."

Maisy turned to look at her.

"How do you know that?"

Daisy smiled mysteriously, "Because Uncle Jackie and Auntie Violet are together. They must've gone out to eat."

Daisy had gotten used to calling Violet her aunt and did not want to change it.

Thomas laughed and picked up his knife and fork.

"Then forget it. Let's not wait for him and start eating."

It was already very late when Jackie brought Violet home.

After playing in the amusement park all day, Violet was already tired, and after a scrumptious meal, she felt very drowsy and fell asleep in the car.

When they arrived at the gate of the Lovegood mansion, the driver parked the car, turned around, and was about to wake Violet when Jackie shushed him.

The driver understood his intention, immediately turned his head, grabbed his cigarette case, got out of the car, and lit a cigarette.

Violet leaned against the back of the seat with her head slightly tilted. She did not wake up even after the car stopped.

Jackie got out of the car, went around to her side of the car, opened the door, and carried her out of the car cautiously.

Violet's head tilted, leaned against his shoulder, and even rubbed against it several times.

Jackie looked down at the person in his arms. He had never looked at her this carefully. He prejudiced her before this, and he could not even take a glimpse at her.

Violet's beautiful appearance looked slightly aggressive, she always liked to put on glamorous makeup and outfits, and had had an unbearable reputation.

Those were indeed the reasons why it had always been difficult for others to get to know her.

But now that he was looking at her meticulously from this distance, Violet was not so annoying but looked rather dumb that she looked adorable. He carried her into the room.

Rose and Aaron were so surprised that they were at a loss for words when they saw this scene.

Jackie greeted them politely, "Mr. Lovegood, Mrs. Lovegood."

Rose returned to her senses.

"Jack... Jackie, is Viv asleep?" He nodded.

"I'll take her upstairs."

Seeing him carry Violet upstairs, Rose nudged Aaron's arm in disbelief.

"Dear, did you see that?"

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Jackie laid Violet on the bed and placed the pillow under her head. She was sound asleep and wasn't alert.

He tucked her in and stood next to the bed for a while before turning off the light and leaving the room.

When Rose saw him going downstairs, she got up.

"Jackie."

Jackie stopped in his tracks and turned to look at her.

"Yes, ma'am? , "Thanks for bringing her home."

"Don't mention it." He nodded.

"I'll be heading home now." Rose nodded.

Watching him walk out the door, she was sad because she liked Jackie and didn't understand why Violet couldn't see how good he was.

Violet slept early and woke early at 6:00 a.m. the following day.

She immediately sat up when she opened her eyes and realized that she was in her room.

'Didn't I fall asleep in the car? How did I get back here?' After Violet cleaned up, she went downstairs for a drink.

The helpers had already made some soup.

"You're up so early, ma'am?"

She walked to the kitchen to get a glass of water and thought of something.

"How did I get back here last night?"

The helper smiled and said, "Mr. Clifford sent you home."

She paused.

"I know that he sent me home, but... who brought me up to the room?"

She hadn't slept well for the past few days, so she was knocked out last night. She wouldn't have remembered.

The helper answered, "Mr. Clifford carried you to your room."

Violet was surprised. She had all sorts of speculations in mind, but that wasn't one of them.

Given his personality, it was impossible that he would carry her back to the room. He would at most wake her up.

But there was no reason for the helper to lie to her.

'So, did he...What's going on!?? #Brooklyn Simons found to be married: Penelope Potter was the other woman, and Violet

Lovegood took the blame.# Penelope, Brooklyn, and Violet took over the headlines.

After footage of Penelope yelling at The Attic and Brooklyn insulting her surfaced, the netizens felt sorry for her and Violet and were angry at Brooklyn.

Violet was the most innocent one, getting dragged into the situation.

Everyone thought she had been the catalyst for Penelope and Brooklyn's breakup for years, yet she hadn't spoken up for herself.

Some netizens said that Penelope should apologize to Violet because she told the whole world that she was asl*t, but some people thought that Penelope was a victim too and that Brooklyn was the one who should apologize.

The discussions went three ways.

Violet had never said anything because she was too lazy to explain. Her social media had been idle since a few years ago, and her Twitter account was disabled.

Violet was rarely on social media, so the years of online bullying didn't affect her. She sat in the cafe having breakfast and chose a seat next to the window.

Soon, Daisy joined her.

"Aunt Violet!"

Violet put down the cup and explained, "I'm not Jackie's wife anymore."

Daisy pulled out a chair and took a seat.

"We're used to calling you Aunt Violet, besides..."

She put her chin on her hand and smiled, "Uncle Jackie didn't object when we called you that."

Violet took a deep breath and pretended to be angry.

"How could you dump me there yesterday? I'm so disappointed in you." Daisy choked.

"We didn't leave you there. Uncle Jackie was there."

Violet didn't know what to say.

"All this was for nothing."

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