

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1796

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However, a disagreeing voice appeared out of nowhere. "But Mr. Knowles has disappeared in Haniston. Isn't this a little too coincidental? Rumors have it that Ms. Livingston has always wanted Mr. Knowles to marry you, so I wonder if the Livingstons know about this matter?"

That implied that because Nollace had refused to marry her, it was very likely that the Livingstons had detained him after arriving in Haniston.

Zenovia's expression dimmed, and a hint of gloom flashed across her eyes as she looked at the female reporter who had just spoken. "What are you talking about?"

The female reporter sounded very firm. "We only aim to get to the bottom of this issue."

"So are you saying that you're suspecting the Livingstons?" Zenovia put on a smile, but there was not even a trace of hilarity in her eyes. "The Livingstons would never do such a thing. I can guarantee that in the name of the king's god-granddaughter."

Zenovia asked her secretary to send those reporters away and walked into the Sunrise Hotel with a sulky expression. The two stainless-steel doors closed slowly as she stood in the elevator, and her hands clenched involuntarily.

'Nollace must have deliberately directed the public's opinion toward the Livingstons. His disappearance must be part of his plan!

But I won't admit defeat. I want him to know that even though the Livingstons are inferior to the Goldmanns, we're by no means a family that he can bring down so easily!

She stepped out of the elevator and saw a familiar figure leaning against the wall. His head was lowered, and he was scrolling through his phone.

'That figure and facial outline ... I saw him at the restaurant the other day. He's the eldest young master of the Goldmanns.'

Zenovia stepped forward. "Why are you here, Mr. Goldmann?"

Colton turned and glanced at her. He knew that Zenovia had met Wayne before this and that she had regarded him as the

eldest that she had seen the other day.

“I’m here to show you something.”

Zenovia was puzzled.

Colton took a waiter’s employee card out of his pocket, dangled it on his finger, and swung it in front of her. “Does this look familiar to you in any way?”

Her expression turned stiff, but she remained calm. “I don’t understand what you’re trying to say, Mr. Goldmann.”

“You don’t have to understand me.” Colton fiddled with the card in his hand with an unconcerned expression. “That man has told me everything.”

Zenovia’s shoulders trembled. “Are you planning to threaten me with this incident? He’s clarified the matter. If he suddenly changes his mind, do you think the public will believe in what he

says this time around?”

She then smirked. “After all, I can also claim that you two have joined forces to slander me.”

Colton’s eyes looked cold, and he scoffed abruptly. “Are you challenging me? Do you really think you’re so smart that you can place yourself above everyone else? Why would I care if others believe him or not?”

Zenovia was on the verge of crushing her teeth.

“Mr. Goldmann, the recent incidents aren’t something that will do you Goldmanns any good. Aren’t you afraid that those rumors will backfire on the Goldmanns if you lay a finger on me?”

She was referring to the rumors that claimed the Goldmanns were so conceited that they were not taking the royal family seriously.

Colton looked at her and remained silent for a bit. “Whatever, the Goldmanns don’t care about that.”

Zenovia felt extremely nervous subconsciously. “So, are you people planning to light the future of the Goldmanns on fire just because of Daisy?”

Colton crossed his arms, and his expression was unchanged. “Then, has the king made a move on the Goldmanns for you?”

Zenovia was startled.

“I can guarantee you that the king won’t go to great lengths to offend the Goldmanns for a god–granddaughter who’s not even related to the royal family by blood. That’s because before the king does so, he’ll still have to consider the Hathaways’

existence. That’s why the Goldmanns have never taken any of your means seriously.”

Colton stopped in front of her and looked down at her embarrassed expression . “The public will soon come at you.”

After he left, Zenovia rushed into the room and smashed her handbag on the couch in wrath. “Damn that f*cker!”

Her handbag touched the remote control accidentally, and the big television screen suddenly lit up, and a piece of news followed that

“According to the latest update, Ms. Zenovia Livingston might be the one who’s come up with the necklace theft in order to direct the blame at the Goldmanns.”

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“An insider submitted the surveillance footage from the banquet from the other day to the police, and it shows that the waiter and Ms. Livingston were very close before the banquet started. It also shows that the waiter grabbed Ms. Goldmann’s clutch when he collided with her. So, it’s suspected that he placed something into the clutch, and it’s clearly recorded in the footage.

“The video was posted onto the Internet just ten minutes ago.”

‘Ten minutes ago? It was around the time when I met Mr. Goldmann!

Zenovia’s body swayed, and she propped her arms against the back of the couch chair to find a firm foothold.

‘The surveillance footage from that day? I hired someone to delete it! Even if the police were to get their hands on the footage, it would be impossible for them to find evidence.

'How did the deleted surveillance footage get restored and even leaked onto the Internet!?

'Could it be that Mr. Goldmann has the ability to do this?'

After the incident had encountered a plot twist, the controversy became even greater. And when the news was combined with what Daisy had said in front of the media a few days ago, everyone got to the bottom of the incident.

It turned out that it was not that the Goldmanns did not respect

the royal family but that Zenovia had been acting arrogantly around the country because she had become the king's god granddaughter. The Goldmanns could not stand her attitude.

Who would believe

this was a drama that was schemed by Zenovia herself? She even did so to direct the blame at the daughter of the Goldmanns to defame her.

The public speculated whether it was the intention of the king.

After seeing the news, King William put down the tablet and waved at Paul.

Paul stood at the table and nodded. "Your Majesty."

King William put on his glasses, picked up some documents, and flipped through them. "Get someone to make an announcement. Zenovia is indeed my god-granddaughter, but that doesn't mean she can interfere in anything as a royal."

Paul was astonished, but he nodded swiftly. "Understood."

Soon, the royal family announced a piece of news, and this news managed to make it in to the list of trending topics on the Internet in just a few hours.

The announcement released by the royal family was equivalent to the king's thoughts, so it made everything very obvious. He had taken Zenovia in as his god-granddaughter because he appreciated her ability. Still, it did not mean that he had given her the highest authority in the country that the royal family members had.

In other words, Zenovia did not represent the royal family—she was only a VIP from Haniston. It also meant that an outsider

had no right to interfere with anything using her relationship with the royal family.

These clarifications from the royal family smacked Zenovia vigorously in the face. Zenovia's reputation was ruined by a few continuous events in just one day, and she was even awarded the 'biggest laughingstock of the year' title by the netizens.

The next day, at the college...

Daisie was worried about Nollace, so she was not in the mood and did not pay much attention to the news at all. She wandered aimlessly and slowly on the campus until her phone vibrated.

She looked down and was stunned.

It was a text message from Nollace.

She called the number immediately, and the other party actually picked up the call. When she heard his voice, a smile appeared instantly on her face. "Nollace?"

Nollace spoke slowly. "Daisie, I'm sorry for making you worry."

"They said you've gone missing." Daisie's voice was trembling, and a sense of irritation surged from the bottom of her throat and assaulted her nasal cavity, making her feel like crying. "You promised to reply to my messages, but I haven't seen any of your replies in days! Do you know that I'm worried to death?"

He coaxed her from the other end of the phone call. "I'm sorry, Daisie, this is all my fault. I've not gone missing. It's just that I couldn't get in touch with you just yet. I have something to accomplish."

"Then why are you contacting me now?"

Nollace gave off a deep chuckle. "Yes, I'm contacting you now because I was afraid you'd worry too much about me, and you'd

cry."

She choked on her saliva and whispered, "I didn't cry."

"Daisie, I've only contacted you now." He added in a warm tone, "There are some agendas that I have to resolve, and I'll return when I'm done. So, please keep this phone call secret from anyone."

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Daisie stopped. "Are they dangerous?"

"Don't worry. I won't let myself get into trouble. All you need to do is to wait for my return."

Daisie took a deep breath. "Nollace, you have to promise me that you'll come back in one piece."

He responded with a light hum. "You have my word."

After finishing the call, Daisie pressed her phone against her heart. Ever since the moment she heard Nollace's voice, her restless heart finally calmed down.

"Daisie!" Freyja walked toward her.

Daisie turned around and asked with a smile, "Why are you so slow?"

Freyja sorted out the content of her backpack. "I forgot to bring my laptop along, so I went back to grab it."

She thought of something, lifted her head abruptly, and stared at Daisie. "Why are you suddenly in such a good mood?"

Just as Daisie was about to say something, Nollace's request flashed across her mind, so she scratched her head and explained casually, "I saw the news saying that the tables have turned for Zenovia, so I'm happy."

She nodded. "Then congratulations to you and the Goldmanns. You've finally been proven innocent."

She then paused for a few seconds and said, "By the way, don't worry too much about Nollace. I believe that he'll be fine."

Daisie smiled brightly and answered without any hesitation, "Yes, I believe in that too."

Freyja did not know how to respond.

On the fifth day of Nollace's disappearance, Xavi received a mysterious email on his laptop.

In the video, a man whose head was covered with a hood and whose hands were tied up was wearing the same clothes Nollace wore the other night when he came to see him.

The man standing beside him was wearing a mask of a monkey and body armor, had a gun in his hand, and wore a voice changer on his collar. "Mr. Livingston, I believe you should've received this video if you're watching this. Now let's talk business. If this young master of the Knowles were to be unfortunate enough to die in Haniston, it must be very detrimental to you and the Livingstons, mustn't it?"

"But don't worry, I don't hold any grudges against the Livingstons. The person I want to be ruined is your brother, Juneau Livingston. You should know very well what he's done. I want you to announce all his crimes to the public. And remember, I want to see the announcement by noon tomorrow, or else..."

The man pointed the gun at Nollace's head. "I'll put a bullet through his brain. As long as this young man dies, you

Livingstons won't be able to get away with this."

The camera blacked out instantly.

When Xavi finished watching this video, his back was drenched in a cold sweat.

At that moment, his cell phone rang, and it was a call from his father.

He picked up the call. "Father."

Elder Master Livingston's tone sounded furious. "Xavi, what the hell is going on with that video?"

Xavi was astounded and stood up immediately. "You've received it too?"

Elder Master Livingston snorted. "No matter what, you must handle this matter well. After all, it's related to your brother's reputation. Your brother will be repatriated back to Haniston tomorrow. So, get this issue resolved as soon as possible, and don't let that b*stard get what he wants."

"Father, what do you mean by that?" Xavi was startled.

"What do I mean? You should understand what I mean best. Xavi, how can we, the Livingstons, be threatened by some unknown thugs?"

Elder Master Livingston added solemnly, "The kidnappers might've captured the young master of the Knowles, but it has nothing to do with the Livingstons. Even if he were to die here in Haniston, Yaramoor's royal family would have no evidence to push all the blame onto us. What you have to do now is to protect your brother's reputation and leave those lowlives to the

police.

“Even if something happens in the end, it’s the police’s problem to handle as they can’t save the young man in time. Do you understand me?”

The call ended abruptly.

The secretary walked to the door, heard a huge commotion coming from inside the office, and hurriedly opened the door.” Mr. Livingston!”

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The floor was a mess, and there was a broken cell phone on the floor.

Xavi removed his tie, stood in front of the French window with his arms in akimbo, and took a deep breath. “This is f*cking ridiculous!”

His father had not called to ask about him— all he was worried about was his brother’s reputation.

His secretary carefully cleaned up the mess on the floor and placed everything back on the desk.

Xavi turned and looked at the secretary. “Notify Mr. Lestranger to come and see me, now.”

At Neste District...

The villas located on the hillside were scattered and dense, and the terrain was very high.

Standing on the rooftop, one could overlook the buildings under the hillside and the skyscrapers located in the city center in the distance.

Sitting in front of the coffee table on the rooftop, Nollace picked up the teacup, meticulously scrutinized its color and smell, took a sip, and enjoyed the taste of the tea.

He was wearing a very simple— looking, clean, white cotton and linen shirt. The fabric looked very ordinary, as if it was old clothes that had been washed many times, and the rough needlework and threads were already protruding.

But even though it was such an ordinary attire, when it was on Nollace's body, it still could not hide his noble aura.

A teenager about his age walked up to the coffee table with a bag full of beer and sat down. His father then brought a few dishes to the table. "Hede, make sure you treat your friends well, don't be lazy."

After saying so to his son, he smiled at Nollace and said, "Nolly, if there's anything that you want to eat, just let Hedeon know. Make yourself at home."

Nollace nodded.

After his father left, Hedeon opened a can and gulped some beer to calm himself down. "I must've lost my mind when I chose to threaten the Livingstons with you. Will they kill me because of this?"

Nollace chuckled. "I won't let them locate you. You don't have to worry about that."

Hedeon leaned forward and asked, "Then... Bro, can you teach me some hacking techniques? The way you operated the other day looked really cool."

He responded with a faint hum. "Come to Yaramoor and look for me when you graduate from college. I'll teach you when the time comes."

The corner of Hedeon's lips twitched.

'He's about the same age as me, but he looks more mature than I am. Is it because he's already gone to college while I'm still

struggling in high school?'

Nollace's phone screen lit up, and Hedeon's keen eyes shifted over onto the screen saver and saw that it was a photo of a girl. "Bro, is that your girlfriend?"

Nollace did not even lift his head. "Yeah. When you get to meet her in the future, you should address her as your sister-in-law."

Hedeon was bewildered. "But I'm about the same age as you."

Nollace asked in reply, "Aren't you the one who started calling me your bro first?"

Hedeon was at a loss for words.

'This guy from Yaramoor is really good when it comes to taking advantage of me. I call him brother only because I'm trying to be polite, but that's made me his younger brother now?'

Nollace drank the beer slowly and glanced at him.

He had only known Hedeon for a week, and he had chosen him because he was dumb and simple but also extremely reliable.

Unlike himself, he had a distinct personality and was very high spirited, just like everyone who was at this age. He was obviously a rookie but also very loyal when things got real.

Being with Hedeon, he did not need to be on guard all the time, and the simplicity that he exuded felt very similar to that of Daisie's.

He did not have siblings, so it was interesting to get himself a younger brother to play with.

"Bro, how can you be sure that they won't hand the video over to the police?" Hedeon rolled some ramen with his fork and gobbled it up.

Nollace lowered his gaze. "Vice President Livingston won't do so, but Elder Master Livingston might."

Hedeon froze in place, and his confident expression shattered in an instant.

Nollace glanced at him and gave off a pregnant smirk. "Everything depends on whether Mr. Livingston will go against his father."

Xavi Livingston was the last person to see me before I disappeared. So even though Elder Master Livingston may not feel that I can threaten the Livingstons, it's a different story to Xavi.'

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Chapter 1800

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'He's been living in his brother's shadow all his life, and he finally has the opportunity to take over now. Once Juneau Livingston is commuted or even released, all the power he owns will return to him.

'Everyone has a devil trapped deep inside their hearts, and the factor that releases the devil depends on the situation he's in and the benefits that he gets from the situation. Xavi Livingston has contributed so much to the Livingstons, but he

can only stand next to Juneau Livingston all this while. So, will he accept his status willingly?

'The last straw that breaks the camel's back is never someone irrelevant, but the people closest to him.'

Later that night, Xavi was sitting in the study, looking all lonely and depressed.

In his hand was a photo of him with his elder brother when they were young.

'Ever since we were kids, I've always been the one who accommodates and caters to Juneau's needs. Instead of being an inseparable younger brother, a shadow would suit my existence better.'

After a moment, he seemed to have made up his mind, and his gaze looked sharp and ruthless.

He lit a lighter and burned the photo.

He let go of the photo as the flames engulfed it, and the photo fell into the ashtray as the smiles in the photos got turned into ashes.

The next day, Juneau Livingston had been transferred to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs by the police yesterday afternoon and was about to be sent back to Haniston for a judgment. All media reporters in Haniston had been waiting at the airport after receiving the news. The scene was comparable to that of fans gathering at the airport, trying to catch a glimpse of their idol when they arrived.

Nollace and Hedeon sat in the car not far away, looking at the crowd at the airport gate.

The situation was put under control when the guards arrived at the scene to maintain order and opened a passage –it did not take long before Juneau was escorted out of the airport by the police.

All the reporters dashed forward, hoping to get a few questions answered, and all the cameras were facing Juneau. Throughout the whole time he was detained in Yaramoor, he had experienced a lot of vicissitudes, and he seemed to have lost a lot of weight.

He ignored all the reporters' questions and got into the car with the police, but the reporters never let go of the opportunity to take more pictures.

At the same time, because he was Juneau's younger brother, Xavi was also stopped by heaps of reporters when he attended a conference.

The reporter asked him about Juneau, but Xavi did not avoid the cameras. On the contrary, he smiled at the cameras and said, "Regarding the news that revolves around my brother, I'll give the media a satisfactory response when the time comes. And I believe that my brother is innocent."

Xavi's interview was broadcast on various platforms.

Nollace propped his hand against the side of his forehead as he stared at the laptop screen. He could not see any trace of sincerity in Xavi's eyes, and his smile looked fake, not to mention that the word "innocent" that came out of his mouth sounded extremely mocking.

Hedeon glanced at him through the rearview mirror and shuddered. "Bro, what's with the smirk of yours?"

Nollace lifted his gaze. "Because we'll be able to see the results we want to see very soon."

At the Sunrise Hotel...

The secretary walked up to Zenovia and lowered his head. "Ms. Livingston, the president has landed safely in Haniston."

Zenovia swayed the red wine glass in her hand, and her eyes were fixed on the wide lawn outside the window.

Compared to the time when he was detained in Yaramoor, it's better for father to return to Haniston. As long as he's in Haniston, his secrets will be played down over time and eventually be forgotten.'

The secretary looked up at her. "Ms. Livingston, why don't you go back to Haniston as well?"

Zenovia froze in place, lifted her eyes, and glared at him sternly. "Are you looking down on me?"

"That's not what I meant." The secretary almost lost his mind for a moment. "I'm just listing out all the options for you, after all

"You're in no position to teach me what to do." Zenovia interrupted him before he could finish his words with a sullen expression. "I haven't lost, so what if the king has made the announcement? He's only afraid the Hathaways will join forces with the Goldmanns."