

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

## Chapter 1696

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Colton's expression looked as restrained as always. "Is there anyone else here besides you?"

Freyja chuckled. "You're being so polite. If something were to happen to Daisie, I wouldn't be able to explain it to Nollace." As soon as she said that, she took a closer look at Colton. "You don't seem to be doing a good job as an elder brother."

Colton's face looked sullen.

Before he could say anything, Freyja had already left without looking back. Daisie walked downstairs and saw Colton standing at the entryway, changing out of his shoes, so she walked over. "Colton."

Colton asked, "Where's the housekeeper?"

She explained with a smile, "The housekeeper's son is sick today, and I asked her to take the day off to take care of him."

"Have you eaten lunch?"

Seeing that he had rolled up his sleeves and walked to the kitchen, Daisie caught up to him. "Are you going to

cook?"

Colton washed his hands. "Otherwise, would you do it?" In the past, when Waylon was around, it was he who cooked for the three of them, and Waylon's cooking skills were as good as their father's. Although Colton's cooking was never as delicious as Waylon's, he was at least much better than her when it came to cooking. Daisie pulled out a chair, sat down at the dining table, and waited. Soon, Colton prepared his most skilled egg-fried rice and brought it to the table. From how the rice looked, it was not very pleasing to the eyes, but the taste was satisfactory to her.

She picked up the spoon, took a big mouthful, and let off a hum. "Colton, the egg-fried rice is the only meal that you can put on the table." Colton fetched her another bowl of beef stew. "Cut the crap and just eat."

She bit the spoon and grinned.

Colton sat across from her and watched her eat. After a while, he cleared his throat. "That girl is barely worthy of being your friend."

'That girl?'

Daisie lifted her gaze and wondered.

After a while, she realized who he was referring to. "Do you mean Freyja?"

Colton leaned back in the chair and looked away. "Who else are you with besides her?"

Daisie sneered suddenly. "Didn't you tell me to stay away from Freyja before?"

He did not respond.

'Before this, I suspected that she had an ulterior motive. Apart from that, she's also Ken's sister, that's why I've been so rude to her.'

'But when Ayan took Daisie away, Freyja's expression as she was rushing around to locate Daisie wasn't something one could imitate. I can still tell the difference whether it's true or not.'

Seeing that Daisie was staring at him, Colton turned his face away and snorted. "Although I won't stop you from being friends with her, don't get too close to her. People change."

Daisie lowered her gaze. "But Freyja knew that Ken wanted to use me and told me to be more careful of Ken. Actually, she could have helped Ken to deal with me so that she wouldn't have to be threatened." 'But Freyja didn't do that. Ken would rather threaten her.'

Colton looked at her. "How did she get threatened?"

"Her family is so cold and ruthless, whether it's Ken or

her mother. Freyja is only about the same age as me, but her family actually threatened her to marry her to someone else."

'Marrying her to gain benefits, isn't it an act of selling their daughter? And if the other party is a middle-aged man who's old enough to be her father, won't that ruin Freyja's life completely?'

She bit her lip. "Colton, I want to help Freyja."

Colton frowned. "Does she need you to intervene in her affairs?"

"But she defied Ken and got threatened because of me. How can you say that this has nothing to do with me?" For the first time, Colton was rendered speechless.

Daisie stretched out her hand and tugged the hem of his sleeve. "Colton, I know you're the best. You'll help me with this, won't you?"

Maggie had just undergone plastic surgery, and while she was still in hospital, Ken came to visit her.

He sat beside the bed and greeted her with a caring tone. "How do you feel? Does it still hurt?"

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Maggie was lying on the bed, her whole face was wrapped in gauze, and she pretended to be exasperated. "It hurts as f\*ck! Everything is still swollen."

"It'll recover in a few months." Ken held the back of her hand. "Don't worry, Mr. Matthews won't get tired of your face so quickly."

Maggie's eyes shifted from side to side. "But what if he gets tired of me?"

Ken had a smile on his face, but there was not even a hint of merriment in his eyes. "If he gets bored of you, I'll get someone to pick you up and out of his place."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you should rest first." Ken got up and walked to the door.

At that moment, one of his men stopped beside him.

"Sir." When his man approached his ear and whispered something into it, Ken's face dimmed instantly, and he immediately ignored the person lying in the ward and left with them.

After waiting for them to leave, Maggie took out her cell phone, sent Nollace a text, and deleted the text right after it was sent.

On the other side of the city...

Nollace received Maggie's text message. He took a glance at it and put the phone back in his pocket.

Edison came out of the ward. "Mr. Knowles, the doctor said Ayan's life has been saved, but I'm afraid he'll have to get amputated." Nollace squinted slightly. "Ken, that fella is really ruthless."

Edison guessed Ken's intention too. "Yes, if you hadn't been more vigilant, I'm afraid that he would've died long ago. Ayan is with us. If he were to die while he's here, it'd be very unfavorable to you." Once Nollace was charged with murder, the Knowles would probably be dragged into the public opinion's turmoil.

Nollace scoffed. "However, he didn't know that I did it on purpose."

'Pulling out Ayan's nails and sending them to Ken was to let Ken know that Ayan was our captive. And in order to keep his mouth shut, he would definitely make a move on Ayan. Ken was not in a hurry because he bet that Ayan wouldn't betray him and confess so quickly. As such, he chose to take action when I wasn't paying attention.

'Unfortunately, he's way too bumptious.

A great general wants the people around him to bow down to him, be loyal, and not turn to ruthless means whenever things go wrong. However, Ken uses the people around him to the extreme. He's extremely conceited and arrogant and kicks anyone away from him the second they run out of value. How can such a general ever get loyal soldiers?

'But it's thanks to Ken's conceit that Maggie has sided with me. Interestingly, Maggie and his trusted subordinate Ean had gotten together secretly long ago. It's a piece of cake for her whenever she wants to know more about Ken's schedule and affairs.'

Edison looked at him. "Then I'll get more men to keep an eye on Ayan."

Nollace nodded and left immediately.

At a private villa in the suburbs, in the study room...

Ken grabbed the collar of his subordinate and gnashed his teeth. "Tell me now, how did it fail!?"

The subordinate explained tremblingly, "I... We're not sure either. We were all fully prepared, and he was on the brink of dying already at the time, but someone else discovered us."

Ken thrust him away and slammed his fist on the desk, causing the whole desk to wobble.

Ean, who was watching from the side, took a glimpse at the subordinate and walked up to Ken. "Perhaps , we've been set up." Ken calmed down, gnashed his teeth, and smirked. "That boy, Nollace Knowles, I've underestimated him. He's indeed the future patriarch of the Knowles."

Ean lowered his gaze. "The young master of the Knowles escaped the pursuit and assassination that Madam Knowles cooked up for him when he was only a few years old. Since he has survived to this day, it means he's not someone to be trifled with."

Ken narrowed his eyes. "But who would know exactly when I planned to put an end to Ayan's life?"

Ken's words made Ean tense subconsciously, but his expression was unchanged. "Do you mean that someone leaked the plan?"

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Ken glared toward his men. Everyone panicked in an instant. "Sir, we really have no idea about this! We'll never betray you!"

"Ean, what did Maggie do before the surgery?" Ken's eyes were fixed on Ean's face.

He was clearly doubting Maggie.

Beads of cold sweat rolled down Ean's back as he lowered his head and replied, "She didn't contact anyone three days before the surgery. She only asked me about Mr. Matthews, and it seemed that she was preparing herself."

Ken did not utter a single word. Although he had doubts about Maggie, she had never had any interaction with the Knowles.

He then scoffed. "Doesn't she blame me for sending her over to Donald?"

The question implied that Maggie might betray him because she did not like this arrangement.

Ean explained calmly, "But Ayan is a nobody to her. So even if she has a grudge against you, she doesn't need to do anything with Ayan's matter."

Feeling that what he said made some sense, Ken stopped

talking, turned around, and ordered, "Go and look into all the men who are working for me."

Ean nodded and left with the other subordinates.

The next day, at the college... Daisy was resting in between rehearsals. She went to the restroom and heard the conversation between two girls as soon as she arrived at the door.

"Isn't Ayan the son of a wealthy family? Is that a fake identity?" "I just met his father at the college. He looks nowhere near a filthy rich man, okay? Ayan's real name is Fritz, and Ayan Haris is only his stage name.

"His father still doesn't know about the fact that he's been suspended from school. He's been waiting at the academician's office for a long time. It's really pitiful to watch."

Daisy, who was hiding behind the wall, was rendered speechless as a series of thoughts went through her mind.

At the academician's office...

A middle-aged man who was wearing simple but neat clothes was standing downstairs. The two security guards tried to persuade him to leave, but he refused to do so.

Daisy looked around and walked toward the middle-aged man. "Hello."

The middle-aged man turned to look at her and nodded. "And you are?" "Are you Ayan's father? He... He's not here in college." The middle-aged man's expression looked distressed. After a long while, he asked, "Did he really own illegal drugs?" Daisy did not dare to look straight at him. "Ayan may have been deceived too. He's been temporarily suspended while the college investigates the matter and hasn't been delisted from school, right?"

A glimmer of hope seemed to have appeared on the middle-aged man's anguished face. "Yes, my son hasn't been delisted by the college. He's not that kind of person. That child must have been framed."

Daisy pursed her lips and was about to say something, but she saw the man's devastated and scarred hands.

Those hands were full of calluses, cracks, and scars—the severity of their condition was something that she had never seen before. And an indescribable feeling surged deep within Daisy.

The pair of hands were protecting a package in his arms, and it seemed that the contents of the package were very important to him.

She returned to her senses and asked carefully, "Sir, are you here to deliver something to Ayan?"

"Yes, I've brought his favorite cranberries for him, but I couldn't reach him..." The hands holding onto the package tightened, and he looked worried.

Daisie said with a smile, "Sir, if you trust me, you can hand it to me. I'll deliver it to Ayan and convey your message when he returns to the college in a few days."

"Yeah, of course. Thank you very much."

He handed the package to Daisie and left. Daisie walked toward the dormitory building with the heavy package in her arms. Downstairs, she just happened to run into Nollace, who was getting out of the car. Thus, she smiled and trotted forward. "Nollace." Nollace smiled. "Has the rehearsal ended?"

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Daisie squinted and grinned. "It ended long ago." "What are you holding in your arms?"

"This..." Daisie did not know how to explain it. Thus, she lowered her head and pursed her lips. "If I were to tell you the truth, would you be angry?"

Nollace stared at her face and squinted. "Won't you be afraid that I'll be angry if you keep it from me?"

"This is something that Ayan's father brought him. His father hasn't been able to contact him, so I—"

Before she could finish speaking, Nollace took a deep breath. "It's Ayan again. Do you plan to forgive him?" "It's not a matter of forgiving him or not. His father looks very pitiful, so I'm only delivering this to Ayan on his behalf. What he did has nothing to do with his father." Nollace scoffed out of anger. "Then, do you know his whereabouts?"

Daisie was startled. "I don't know, so I'm going to ask Colton to help me..."

"He doesn't know either." Nollace was unusually calm, "I'm the only person who knows where he is now."

Daisie looked at him and handed him the package after a while. "Then you should hand this to him."

Nollace took a glance at the package indifferently and looked expressionless . “Aren’t you afraid that I’ll throw it away?”

Daisie lowered her gaze and retracted her hand. “I knew you’d be angry. I’ll deliver it myself.”

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Nollace pulled her into his arms and looked down at her.” How can I not be pissed? You think Ayan’s father is pitiful. That’s why you want to intervene in his affairs. So if you learn what happened to him, you’ll definitely pity him too, won’t you?” Daisie was flustered. “What does how pitiful his father looks has to do with how pitiful he is now?” Nollace hugged her and kissed her on the forehead.“ What I asked is that if you were to learn that he’s currently having a bad time, would you sympathize with

him?”

She raised her head. “Sympathizing with him and forgiving him are two different things. Even if he’s pitiful, it doesn’t mean that I have to forgive him.”

Nollace chuckled softly.

Daisie stepped in front of him and tiptoed, and her watery eyes were sparkling right in front of his face. “Then are you still angry?”

He raised his eyebrows. “What if I’m still angry?”

Without giving off any sign, she kissed him on the lips. The residual warmth left Nollace in a slight trance.

Daisie did not dodge him this time around as she stared straight at him. “Then... Want about this?”

She instantly amused Nollace. “It felt like a chicken’s peck when it’s eating rice off the ground.”

She chuckled and said, “What are you talking about? Are you comparing yourself to a grain of rice?”

Nollace pinched her chin and sealed her lips with his. After that, he claimed with his hoarse voice as his fingers ran over her lips, “This is what you call a kiss.”

Her ears blushed, and she lowered her head. “Okay.”

Nollace took the package in her hands. “I’ll send this to him.”



“You...” Daisy was slightly surprised. “He was obviously not happy about it a minute ago.’ Nollare placed the package in the car, turned around, gently tapped the tip of her nose, and approached her. ” You owe nie one. You’ll have to pay it back in the future.”

The car was parked at the gate of the hospital. Nollare did 190 gr cut of the car but asker Foison to bring the p\*ker in Ayan in the ward

Edison took the package from him and stepped into the hospital without asking any further questions.

After a while, Edison came out of the hospital and got back into the car. “I’ve delivered the package to him.”

“How is he doing?”

Edison replied, “Knowing that he’s going to get amputated and be handicapped for the rest of his life, how great can he be?”

Nollace did not utter a single word.

Edison asked at that moment. “Aren’t you going to tell Ms. Vanderbilt about this?”

Nollace lowered his gaze. “It’s best to keep her in the dark.”

Edison understood something and smiled. “Ms. Vanderbilt is too kind. She might not be able to accept such a cruel fact.”

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### **Chapter 1700**

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Daisy had grown up in a very protective household , just like a delicate flower that was raised in a greenhouse and had never experienced a single storm in its life. So, how could she have seen such cruelties?

That was especially so when he was related to why Ayan got tortured in the first place.

Another reason Nollace did not dare to tell Daisy about Ayan was that he was worried she would learn about his involvement.

That was why he had only left his good side to Daisy.

At the same time, on the other side of the city, in the Pruitt manor...

The sound of a slap resounded in the living room.

Freyja's face was turned to the side, and her cheek flushed. She did not scream out of pain but listened to Sandy's reprimand. "Just whose side are you on? Your brother's plan almost succeeded, and you've ruined it!"

As long as Daisy and Nollace could no longer get along because of this incident, Ken would have the opportunity to use this incident to get a hold of the daughter of the Goldmanns.

However, she did not expect this ungrateful daughter of hers would betray her own family! Freyja stared at her furious mother and asked calmly, "Mother, I don't hope to see you two walk down a path of no return. Do you really think the Goldmanns are a family you can deal with?"

Sandy sneered. "It's not up to you to decide whether I can handle them or not. I only want the daughter of the Goldmanns to break up with that b\*stard, Nollace."

"Didn't Nollace take a fancy to Daisy only because of the Goldmanns' status and power that she had behind her? If she doesn't have the Goldmanns to back her up, how would he possibly even take a closer look at her?"

What Sandy said did not surprise Freyja at all as she had gotten used to it long ago. "Ken did inherit all his conceit from you."

"How dare you talk back to me!?" Sandy slapped her again.

Freyja's ears buzzed this time around, and the hand hanging by her side clenched tightly.

It seemed like that was not sufficient for Sandy to vent her exasperation, however. Thus, she yelled at the

servants, "Bring me the whip!"

The servants looked at each other in dismay but did not dare to say a word, so they did as ordered.

Sandy grabbed the whip and pointed it at her. "You, kneel before me."

Freyja knelt on the ground. Sandy swung the leather whip at her body, and the excruciating pain made Freyja's body tense up. Every inch of her flesh that ended up covered in whip marks hid well under her clothes as they trembled from the agony. Freyja did not let off any sound, not even a whimper, and gnashed her teeth. Beads of cold sweat rolled down from the edge of her jaw, and blood was drained away from her

lips. The pain gradually turned into numbness, and the thin sleeves were eventually dyed red. The series of whipping did not stop until the whip snapped.

Freyja could feel the pain of her skin splitting and the quiver that took place within the muscle tissues that were now exposed to the air.

Sandy threw the broken leather whip away and pointed to the door. "Useless piece of sh\*t, lock her in the warehouse . And before she asks for mercy, no one is to give her a single drop of water without my permission."

Freyja's cell phone was confiscated, and she was locked away.

There was no window in the warehouse , only ventilation pipes. As such, it was extremely warm, especially now that it was summer.

Freyja sat down slowly along the corner of the wall and gasped in pain when she seemed to have torn her wounds. She could not lie down completely, so she could only lean on her side. The warehouse door was closed, and the space around her turned into darkness in an instant.

Two days later, near the end of the month, the college's anniversary started.

The T-stage for the show had been built and decorated, and the lighting and backdrop gave the hall a grandeur comparable to the Sheena Fashion Week, which looked solemn and splendid.

Daisie tried on her costume backstage and repeatedly sent Freyja text messages via her cell phone, but Freyja had not responded since the last text, which had been sent two days ago.

She could not help but worry.

Suddenly, she received a text message from Freyja on her cell phone. (Pruitt manor, the young lady has been locked up by Mrs. Pruitt.)

Daisie got up immediately, dashed out to the corridor,

and called Colton. "Colton, something happened to Freyja!" At the Pruitt manor.

Sandy sat in the living room, arranging flowers and ignoring the fact that Freyja was still locked in the warehouse.

Brandon came home from a business trip at this time and learned about the things that had transpired two days ago, so he entered the living room and asked, "You've locked Fey in the warehouse for two days!?"

