

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

## Chapter 1778

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“Of course I don’t mind it. I’ll even try my best to help you locate the necklace.”

Daisie’s words instilled a premonition in Zenovia.

Daisie glanced at the crowd, and the waiter, who was hiding among the crowd and witnessing the play, exchanged gazes with her. He was so frightened that he lowered his head and wanted to leave.

Daisie pointed in his direction and shouted to the security guards, “Stop him!”

Everyone stood in place, and the waiter was the only person who was leaving the scene. His actions made it too obvious for the guards, so they apprehended him in a blink of an eye.

Zenovia’s face turned pale for a moment, and she stopped the guards. “Wait a minute!”

All eyes were on her again. Zenovia tried her best to suppress her panic and then said with a smile after calming herself down, “I’ve wronged Ms. Vanderbilt, and I’m sorry about that. Since the waiter is the suspect, please allow me to take him away for

further investigation. I don’t wish to bother you too much with this matter.”

Daisie crossed her arms. “I only pointed at him based on a hunch, but how can you conclude that the waiter is the suspect so quickly?”

Zenovia stopped *moving* abruptly and stood still.

Daisie smiled. “So from now on, will you regard anyone present that I point to as a suspect? How do you come up with a judgment for that, Ms. Livingston?”

Daisie’s words hurt the crowd’s impression of Zenovia even further. Her actions were not based on anything at all, and she just went on blaming others without presenting any evidence. As expected, she was doing whatever she wanted because of her relationship with the king.

Zenovia’s expression looked extremely embarrassed, but she could not lose her head on the spot.

'Daisie must've known something to be able to embarrass me deliberately.'

She took a deep breath, and her eyes were bloodshot. "Ms. Vanderbilt, I've already apologized to you. Why must you act so aggressively against me?"

"Aren't you the aggressive one here? You suspected that I was the one who stole your necklace without putting any evidence forward, and you even wanted to search my body. Now, you're trying to push all the blame onto the waiter. However, what's the truth behind all these commotions? I strongly believe that you know it better than I do."

A chill shot down Zenovia's spine as her body trembled.

Now that the matter had developed to this extent, this outcome was completely beyond her expectations.

Unfortunately, she could not care about so many things right

now. She must make sure that the waiter would side with her. Thus, she walked up to the waiter with a cold gaze. "Did you take my necklace?"

The waiter was about to say something, but he saw Zenovia's gaze and thought of the fact he had received the payment. If he were to offend anyone from the upper social class, he would lose everything.

He compromised and lowered his head. "Yes... I'm the one who took it."

The manager gnashed his teeth angrily. "Have you lost your mind? How can you take someone else's valuables!?"

The waiter cried aggrieved. "It's my fault. I was greedy. That's why I took Ms. Livingston's necklace."

When Zenovia asked the security guards to take the waiter away, Daisie asked, "You didn't steal it, so why would you plead guilty?"

Zenovia stared at Daisie and could no longer stay calm. "Ms. Vanderbilt, what do you mean? This waiter has already pleaded guilty."

"It's such a coincidence that the person I pointed out based on a hunch is the thief." Daisie walked toward the waiter, who had lowered his head and dared not look at her.

Zenovia quickly grabbed Daisy's arm. "Ms. Vanderbilt, I've already apologized to you. What else do you want from me?"

Daisy turned and glanced at her expressionlessly. "If you think he's committed a crime, then you should hand him over to the

police. I don't see the reason for handing him over to you. I've already called the police. He won't be allowed to leave the scene for now, not until the police's arrival."

After a while, the police came to the scene and claimed that someone had called them, reporting a theft.

The blood was drained from Zenovia's cheeks little by little. The manager stepped forward to explain the situation to the police, and the police took the waiter away.

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Daisy looked at Zenovia and smirked. "Ms. Livingston, I sincerely believe that the police will be able to provide you with the truth, so just wait patiently."

Zenovia gnashed her teeth.

'She must've done so on purpose!

The incident came to an end, and everyone finally left the scene.

Back in the car, Diana could not help but feel annoyed. "Zenovia Livingston, that little b\*tch! She actually suspected you without any concrete evidence. But don't worry, I believe in you, Daisy—"

Before she could finish the sentence, Daisy took a necklace out of her dress.

Diana was stunned.

She explained truthfully, "Aunt Diana, I indeed found this necklace in my clutch."

She told Diana what happened, and Diana's expression became even more furious after listening to

the ins and outs of the incident. "It turns out that she was trying to frame you. No wonder she stopped you from investigating the waiter. Hmph! I've long known that she's one hell of a scheming b\*tch."

Thinking of something, she said, "Daisie, you should've filled me in with this just now. If she insisted on searching you, you would've fallen into her scheme."

Daisie gave off a sweet grin. "I bet she wouldn't dare to run a full body search on me."

"Yes, thankfully, it worked." Diana rubbed the top of Daisie's head and took the necklace from her. "Alright, now leave it to me. I'll take care of this matter for you."

After the waiter got taken away by the police, Zenovia felt really uneasy, so she decided to go to the precinct.

However, when she arrived at the entrance of the precinct and asked to see the waiter who was brought there for further investigation, her request was rejected.

Zenovia looked upset. "Do you know who I am? How dare you stop me?!"

The police officer looked embarrassed and was about to say something to her when Diana came out of the precinct, followed by another police officer. "Ms. Livingston? Why are you here? Have you come here to pay the waiter who stole your necklace a visit?"

Upon seeing that Diana was at the precinct, Zenovia's expression slightly stiffened. "Mrs. Knowles, why are you here?"

Diana replied, "I've come to provide the precinct with more information to assist them in their investigation. That waiter actually had the guts to steal from you in public. I'm friends with Mr. Bourge, so since such an incident happened at his auction, I have to at least do something to help him resolve this matter."

Zenovia chuckled. "Mrs. Knowles, I'm sorry to have bothered you, but this is my business. I'll investigate it myself."

"What are you afraid of?"

Diana's rhetorical question stiffened Zenovia's smile. "What do you mean, Mrs. Knowles? I don't really get it."

Diana stopped in front of her and looked at her. "I'll get to the bottom of this issue for you this time around. Even if you don't believe in me, shouldn't you have some faith in the police?"

Zenovia pursed her lips tightly as she could not refute what Diana said.

'If I were to overdo it, this would definitely arouse Mrs. Knowles's suspicion.

'But of course, if the waiter is smart enough, he won't dare to betray me.'

She nodded. "Then I shall thank you for your help, Mrs. Knowles."

Diana

bid the police officer goodbye, did not take another glance at Zenovia, and got into a car, which soon drove away from the precinct.

At the Knowles Group...

Nollace learned from Edison's report that Zenovia had tried to frame Daisy, and his expression turned a little gloomy.

Edison, who was on the side, raised his head. "Ms. Livingston is acting arrogantly because she has His Majesty's support, not to mention that she's sent her father to prison and has cut off all things unfavorable to her.

"Mr. Livingston is imprisoned on suspicion of murder, but no one will be interested in looking into his secrets. However, even if they get to the bottom of the incident, the only thing that will go down in flames will be his reputation, which won't even leave a dent in the Livingstons' future.

"She actually had the guts to frame Ms. Vanderbilt. It seems she had come up with quite a scheme. However, it's a pity that Ms. Vanderbilt didn't fall for it."

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### **Chapter 1780**

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Nollace was eerily calm. After a long while, he put the document aside. "Her scheme didn't work this time around, but she won't give up so easily."

Edison added, "But Madam has ordered the precinct to forbid Ms. Livingston from seeing the waiter."

Nollace raised his head slowly and chuckled. "The situation would be different if she were to manage to obtain the king's permission."

Edison suddenly stopped talking.

At White Ivy Palace...

Zenovia met the king to talk about the grievances she had faced at the auction.

William sat behind his desk, reading through some documents, and frowned. "Since the police have started an investigation, what are you worried about?"

She pursed her lips and explained, "I only wish to know more about the progress of the investigation, but Mrs. Knowles stopped me from doing so."

William lifted his head. "Diana stopped you?"

Zenovia pretended to be aggrieved. "I don't know why Mrs. Knowles would stop me from investigating the matter. All I want is to get to the bottom of the incident. After all, that necklace is very important to me as it's a relic from my grandmother."

William tapped on the table with his fingers. He knew his daughter well enough to know she would not have ordered the precinct to stop Zenovia from investigating the theft for no reason.

He rubbed his temples. "You can leave now. As for the precinct, I'll get someone to keep you informed."

Zenovia nodded and stepped back with a grin.

She walked out of the palace, and Edison, who was approaching her, stopped her. "Ms. Livingston, the young master wants to see you."

Zenovia felt a little panic deep down upon seeing Edison.

'I know him. He's the person who works right next to Nollace!

Without waiting for her refusal, Edison turned sideways and added expressionlessly, "Ms. Livingston, please don't keep the young master waiting."

She pretended to be calm and followed Edison toward the garden.

Nollace was standing next to a white pavilion with a golf club in his hand. He then swung the club and hit the ball. The ball dropped precisely at a hole not far away, rolled a little, and fell into the hole.

She stepped into the pavilion and greeted him with a smile. "Mr. Knowles, are you looking for me?"

Nollace's expression looked unconcerned. "Did you go to today's auction?"

Zenovia understood something in an instant and looked around. The palace guards could be seen all around, so Nollace should not be able to do anything to her. "What's wrong? Did Ms. Vanderbilt complain to you that I wronged her?"

Nollace casually straightened the golf ball without raising his head. "Is it really a misunderstanding?"

"Mr. Knowles, I know you don't like me, but have you taken my feelings into consideration before asking me that question? It was my belongings that got stolen, not hers. I've already apologized to her, so what more do you want me to do?"

Zenovia acted magnanimously and naturally as if she had never tried to frame Daisy.

Nollace hit the ball, placed the club next to him, and turned around to look at her. His gaze looked gloomy and cold. "Have you read the Juvenile Protection Law before? When all the crimes that Mr. Livingston committed throughout the years add up, he's looking at imprisonment for more than just several years."

Zenovia's hands, which were resting on the sides, clenched tightly. "What do you mean by that?"

He laughed. "It's a good call to report your father in order to protect the Livingstons' reputation. I heard that you've hired a top lawyer in Haniston to defend your father, and you're aiming to decrease the punishment as much as possible, am I right?"

Zenovia's expression froze for a moment, and her shoulders could not help but tremble.

Nollace handed the club to Edison and walked up to her. "Do you think that as long as your father goes to prison, I'll have nothing to threaten the Livingstons with?"

Zenovia stepped back subconsciously and roared with bloodshot eyes, "Nollace Knowles, are you trying to force me to death?"

"Must you do this for Daisy? The Goldmanns look just like a group of arrogant b\*stards, so why would they willingly help you stabilize your company's foothold? All you value are the benefits that the Goldmanns can provide you with, don't you? I too can provide you with the same thing, so why won't you consider me!?"