

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 1880-1889

Chapter 1880

Maisie smiled without saying a word.

‘After so many years, does he think that I can’t see through him at one glance?’

‘He’s just being duplicitous. I don’t think he can pick out another son-in-law

candidate that can outshine Nollace at this moment.

Moreover, Nollace is not only an outstanding young man but also good-

looking. So if he doesn’t allow his own daughter to get married to this man, then it’s only a matter of time before so

me other ladies reach out to

snatch Nollace away from Daisy. Thus, it’s a good thing for Daisy to make a move earlier.’

The prosperous city was filled with radiant neon lights as darkness overcast the sky.

In the brightly lit Glitz Club, the people were dancing, drinking, and partying to the fullest, and in the VIP room, Colton

was discussing projects with a few foreign clients. The businesses that Blackgold had its hands in were unlimited,

such as entertainment, construction, tourism development, food and beverages, hospitality, technological R&D, and

so on. That was how it became a giant in the business circle. Its strength should never be underestimated.

The other party was very happy to be able to collaborate

with Blackgold, especially knowing that the second heir of the Goldmanns was interested in

their stereoscopic 3D holographic projection technology. They were the ones who first held out an olive branch.

After the discussion of the collaboration, the assistant sent the other party out of the private room and then

returned to the private room. "Mr. Goldman, are you going back to the Goldman mansion?"

"No." Colton lowered his gaze, put the wine glass down, picked up his jacket, got up, and walked out of the private ro

om. "Take me to the hotel."

The assistant went to get the car.

Colton walked out of the clubhouse, and the assistant pulled the car over and stopped in front of him.

He opened the door and got in the car. The car

drove forward slowly, turned at the junction, and disappeared into the street.

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In a car parked not far away, Nollace had his legs crossed, and there was a laptop on his thighs. The laptop

screen just happened to display a blueprint of the stereoscopic 3D holographic projection technology.

He had a Bluetooth headset in his left ear and was on a call.

The other party reported something to him, and he

responded indifferently, "Thank you for the effort." After finishing the call,

Edison glanced at the rearview mirror. "Mr. Knowles, why don't you take the initiative to discuss this collaboration wit

h Mr. Goldman himself?"

Nollace scoffed. "Judging from his and his father's temperament, they would toy me to death if they were to know th

at I want to work with Blackgold." "You're the Goldmans' future son-in-

law. Why would you want to collaborate with the Blackgold Group?" Edison was puzzled.

ate

He gave off a faint chuckle. "Everyone wants to cooperate with a stronger company, and I'm no exception."

After saying that, he remembered something. "Make an appointment for an antique shop for me tomorrow."

Edison asked, "You wish to go to an antique shop?" He loosened his tie. "If I want to meet my father-in-law and mother-in-law, I can't go to them empty-handed, can I?"

In the hotel suite...

Colton stood at the

entryway. The lights in the living room were still on, and his gaze swept over the dinner on the dining table.

'It seems that she has eaten.'

He stepped into the bedroom. The warm yellow floor

lamp had been turned down, and the dim and warm light was reflected on the person who was sleeping on the bed.

Freyja lay on her side, with the blanket only covering up to her waist. She looked decent, peaceful, and a little

adorable while she was asleep.

He stood beside the bed for a while, sat on the edge, and reached out to gently brush the hair on her forehead while

his eyes fixed on her sleeping face.

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Three years ago, he had left early in the morning because he did not want her to feel embarrassed when she woke u

p. And after that night, he had assumed she was interested in him.

Upon thinking of what Freyja said, Colton's eyes turned slightly cold. He got worked up and pinched her face. She his

sed and woke up in pain. The moment she

opened her eyes, the first thing that caught her eyes was Colton's gloomy face.

She sat up in fright and wrapped herself in the blanket. "Why are you here?"

"I'm the one who reserved this room, so why can't I be here?" He took off his coat.

Freyja grabbed his hands and pressed them against the bed. "Wait a minute."

Colton lifted his gaze and glanced at her but did not utter a single word.

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She took a deep breath and calmed down. "I want to talk to you."

"What makes you think you're in the position to talk to me?"

Chapter 1881

Colton pushed Freyja's hand away, tossed his coat aside, and walked toward the bathroom.

Freyja sat stiffly on the bed, pursed her lips, listened to the sound of running water coming from inside the bathroom

, and could not help but tighten her grip on the blanket.

'Sure enough, his hatred for me hasn't changed

at all. Then what did he mean when he gave me the necklace and kissed me three years ago?'

As Colton walked out of the bathroom in a bathrobe, water vapor encircled him, and the water droplets that had not been wiped rolled down his beating neck.

He dried his hair with a towel and turned to look at Freyja.

Freyja leaned against the head of the bed with her legs bent and an aggrieved expression as if she had been

wronged.

'Does she feel wronged?

'Pfft, she's just pretending when I'm around.' He placed the towel on the countertop, walked over, and stood beside t

he bed. "Aren't you going to take a shower?"

She returned to her senses and did not look at him. "No."

"Disgusting much?"

“If you think I’m disgusting then — ” Before she could finish the sentence , she felt her whole body leaving the ground

as Colton had picked her up and was carrying her into the bathroom.

Freyja struggled to break free. “I told you that I don’t want to bathe! Let me down!”.

She was dropped into a tub full of warm water, and the water drenched her bathrobe.

Under the light of the blazing LED lights, the puddles on

the tiled floor rippled as the reflection of the person soaking in the

bathtub swayed. The rosy lips and pale face formed an extremely vivid scene, and the atmosphere was seductive, fu

eling him.

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His eyes dimmed as he leaned down, clasped the back of her head with his palm, and kissed her without any warnin

g

She breathed with difficulty. “We should talk.”

Colton turned her over and kissed her shoulder. “What do you want to talk about?”

Freyja grabbed the edge of the bathtub tightly. “I

won’t hold you accountable for what happened, and we don’t owe each other anything after tonight. Can you agree t

o

this?”

He paused for a few seconds, grabbed her by her jawline, and turned her face around. “Do you think I’ve come to you

in order to allow you to hold me accountable?”

She bit her lip. “Then what do you plan to do to me?”

He gnashed his teeth, scoffed, pressed his lips against the side of her neck, and stirred the water. “I won’t hold myse

If accountable for what happened. On the contrary, I'm only toying with you. Freyja Pruitt, you won't be able to go any

where until I get tired of you."

The next day, in the studio... Daisy had been waiting for Freyja's call since she sat through her makeup in the mornin

g, and she could not help but feel a little worried.

After all, she was not from Bassburgh, so what if she encountered a bad person?

James appeared outside the dressing room and leaned against the door. "You women can really take forever to put

on your makeup, huh?" Daisy put her cell phone down and looked at him

through the mirror. "Have you memorized the lines?"

She had to work with James in the same crew this time that was what Charlie wanted.

In the past three years, James had participated in more

variety shows than filming and had completely become a well-known artist in the variety show aspect.

That was because Charlie had found out that James' acting skills were bad, but when he was allowed to display his

skills on variety shows freely, he actually managed to steal the limelight.

In fact, James was not useless. At least he had always been a master of all kinds of games. Even if it were an innov

ative game that the production team came up with, he would get the hang of it after one to two rounds. With that ga

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me sense in his pocket, he never held his teammates back but would become the mastermind of his team most of t

he time.

And after so long, he finally obtained the opportunity to be part of a film production. Charlie was worried that James

would not perform well, so he hoped Daisy would guide James along his way.

James was the second male lead in the crew, playing the son of a nobleman in Yennesse.

It was not difficult to play a character that shared the same personality as himself in real life. All he needed to do wa

s to be himself. But the difference in characteristics would be huge in the later stage of the script because it was set

in the script that the character's family would be ruined in the later stage. The people who supported him before tha

t would

then turn against him and ridicule him.

James would have to

transition from an arrogant son of a rich family to a desolate orphan of an aristocrat , which was why Charlie was afr

aid James might not be able to perform well

Chapter 1882

James crossed his arms. "It's just reciting the script. Nothing can be simpler than this."

Daisie had finished putting on her makeup, so she got up with the script in her hand and walked toward him."

Then will you practice with me now?"

"Practice? What's the point?"

Daisie hit him with the script. "They're shooting our scene today. If you screw up on me, I'll beat the crap out of you."

He ducked and giggled again. "Okay, fine, it's just practice. It won't be difficult enough for me to screw it up."

15 minutes later...

Daisie glared at James, who

had exaggerated acting skills and had been jumping in and out of character. She was so angry that she flung the script

at him. "James Tell, have you even read the script!?"

James dodged right and left with the script. "Don't hit me. I just forgot the lines!"

He ran out of the door and bumped into someone without looking

Freyja staggered backward and was about to hit the prop box placed in the corridor. But James instantly reached out

and pulled her. "Be careful!"

Daisie heard the movement outside and ran out, only to see James and Freyja falling on the prop box.

Freyja did not feel the pain because James became her human cushion.

However, the prop box that was swaying from side to side was on the verge of tipping over and dropping onto both of

them.

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Freyja stretched out her hand, propped them against it just in time to prevent it from falling, and then looked at James

and asked, "Sir, are you alright?"

James was stunned. The lady right in front of him captured all his attention—

her indifferent look and temperament were exactly what he liked!

He had never believed in love at first sight before this, but he did now.

Daisie stepped forward and helped Freyja up. "Freyja, are you alright?"

"I'm fine, he..."

James got up quickly, tidied his slightly messy costume, and smiled. "I'm fine."

Freyja nodded. "Glad to hear that."

Daisie found that James had been staring at Freyja, so she subconsciously pulled Freyja behind her and approached

him. "James, what are you doing?"

James returned to his senses , looked away, and cleared his throat. “Is this your friend?”.

“Yes, she’s my assistant too.”

“Your assistant?” James suddenly became interested and

stretched his hand out to Freyja. “From what I heard, your name is Freyja? It’s nice to meet you. I’m
Daisie’s senior in

the agency, and my name is James Tell.”

Freyja was at a loss.

‘Is everyone from Zlokova this enthusiastic?’

She shook hands with him out of politeness and nodded. “ It’s nice to meet you too.”

She then withdrew her hand and turned to look at Daisie. “Sorry, I got here late.”

Daisie smiled and wrapped her arm around hers. “Nah, you got here just on time. Let’s go. I’ll show
you around the studio.”

James froze on the spot and stared fixedly at his empty palm, feeling as if something had just
slipped away in an instant.

‘Yes, I’m confident that my heart has just been stolen.’

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He chased after them. “Hey, wait for me!”

Daisie brought Freyja around to get acquainted with the crew, and James followed them all the time as
if he were th

eir bodyguard.

At this time, a female artist sitting in the nanny’s car saw James following Daisie everywhere
and clenched her hand holding the corner of her script tightly, crumpling the papers.

The scandal between James and Daisie had been going around for three years.

Although their agent helped them clarify their relationship with each other to the public and
media, James was rather close with Daisie.

Could it be that the person that James likes is Daisie? However, from what I see, Daisie chooses to ignore James m

ost of the time. It seems that it's only James' wishful thinking.'

She had met James on a variety show and was assigned to

James's group when they were playing games. The James that she got to know was not as difficult to get along wit

h as rumored.

On the contrary, he was very serious throughout the game and tried his best to help his teammates clear the level. That was how she took a fancy to James.

Chapter 1883

And it was also because of James that she had taken up this film project.

However, the beau that she fancied had turned into a servant when he was around Daisie. Thus, how could she not f

eel annoyed by that?

Her assistant saw something was wrong with her and asked, "Susan, is everything alright?"

"Daisie Vanderbilt just won the Best Actress award, didn't she? What's there to be proud of? Even my Prince Charmin

g is following her around like a pet willingly. Who the heck would show her this much respect if she were not the dau

ghter of the Goldmanns?" Susan was so infuriated that she could not even go through the script by herself.

The assistant was helpless. "She's born with a silver spoon, so we can't just make a one-to-one comparison between her and us, can we? Besides, James and Daisie are both from the upper class, so isn't it normal that they can get along better?"

Susan glared at her. "So are you saying that Daisie is a good match for my Prince Charming?"

The assistant quickly waved. "That's not what I meant."

Susan snorted as her gaze was fixed in their direction.” Daisy Vanderbilt , just you wait! I’ll surely turn your life into a

living hell!”

At that moment, God seemed to have presented her with an opportunity as she saw James ordering a cup of coffee

from a café nearby.

The waiter delivered the coffee to the crew, placed it next to James’ folding chair, and left.

Susan thought of something, and a glimmer of smugness flashed across her eyes.

He must’ve bought that for Daisy. Even God is on my side today.’

The crew was about to start filming. Today’s scene was the storyline where the female lead, played by Daisy, and th

e second male lead encountered assassins in a restaurant.

The drama was a conspiracy thriller. Because of the identity setting of the male and female leads, the romance betw

een both the leads was quite obscure, and there was almost no intimate kiss scene.

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The male lead was

the master of the assassin organization that adopted the female lead. He was also conspiring to overthrow the prin

ce of the kingdom. The fact that the organization adopted the female lead made him her nominal foster father, so

he taught her martial

arts and even used her to get himself closer to the authorities in order to get his hands on confidential information.

However, later in the script, he developed feelings for the female lead, making him a very contradictory and complica

ted role.

On the contrary, the second male lead was the son of a nobleman in Yennesse, a wild but loyal bohemian. He and th

e female lead became friends in adversity and finally became each other's confidants.

After all, the female lead shared more scenes with the second male lead than the male lead in the original novel.

Even though the male lead took the throne and became emperor in the end, he still parted ways with the female lead

because they disagreed with each other over their ideologies, and the second male lead was the one who accompan

ied her as she went into the mountains.

In this

script, in addition to the heavy emotions between the male and female leads, it also showcased the trickeries, strate

gies, calculations, the love and hate relationship that entangled the

characters, and the friendship that was formed through thick and thin.

The director sat in front of the monitor, the on-site camera equipment was all ready, and the filming started officially. The actors who played the assassins hung themselves on wires, dashed on the eaves, jumped over

the walls, and landed in the inn.

Daisie had plenty of experience and moved around the scene smoothly during the fighting scenes.

"Cut!" Suddenly, the director shouted, stood up, and picked up the loudspeaker. "James, you entered the frame a littl

e too early. We'll retake the whole scene."

James redid it, but after repeating it three or four times, the director could no longer

stand it. "James, what in the world is wrong with you?"

Daisie turned her head and saw that James' expression did not look too great, so she stepped forward and asked, "

Hey, are you okay?"

The director noticed something was wrong too and got up from his seat. "What's going on?"

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James covered his stomach and held his breath. "Director, my stomach hurts. I can't hold it in any longer!"

He then sprinted toward the restroom immediately.

Everyone present exchanged gazes. The director covered his forehead as he was at a loss for words. He cast Jame

s only because he felt that the role setting of the second male lead was similar to that of James. He did not

expect this to happen during the first shoot—he was too careless with his casting!

However, after James went to the restroom, he went back

in another two to three times. When he came out of the restroom, he looked all feeble, and his facial complexion wa

s extremely pale.

The director

asked the staff to help him out of the studio to grab some rest. But in order to catch up with the progress, they went

on to film the other scenes that only had the female lead first.

Chapter 1884

Meanwhile, Susan came to the scene triumphantly, wanting to watch Daisy get scolded for slowing the crew's progr

ession down.

Who would have expected that all she saw was Daisy

filming another scene while James was nowhere to be seen? She immediately felt that something was wrong.

Susan quickly asked a staff member, "Aren't we filming Daisy and James' scene today? Why don't I see James filmi

ng?”

The staff member replied, “Mr. Tell is feeling unwell and is having diarrhea, so he is on a break for the time being.”

‘Diarrhea...’

Susan froze in place as her legs wobbled.

‘How could this be? Could it be that Daisy didn’t drink the cup of coffee that I spiked with laxatives, so he

drank it himself!?’

She had assumed it was for Daisy, so she even added many laxatives on purpose.

‘F*ck! This is all Daisy’s fault!’

After Daisy finished filming, she and Freyja went to the lounge to visit James,

James’ face looked as pale as paper, and his stomach kept grumbling. “F*ck man! There must be something wrong

with that cup of coffee.”

Daisy wondered. “The coffee?”

She suddenly remembered that James had bought Freyja a cup of coffee earlier, but Freyja did not drink it, so he dra

nk it by himself.

Freyja was startled. “Are you referring to the cup of coffee that you bought me?”

Initially, James had given her this cup of coffee, but she was not familiar with James, so she thought it was not very

appropriate for her to drink

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something from him for no reason. As such, she declined his kind offer. James forced a smile. “Thank God you didn’t

drink it. Otherwise, you’d be—”

Before he could finish speaking, he inhaled sharply and held his breath in. “I can’t take it any longer!”

He dashed straight to the restroom again. Daisy was helpless. "It seems that he won't be able to film today. I'll go g

et him some medicine to stop his diarrhea."

After all, he was an artist from the same company and her senior in name, so she should take care of him.

She got up and left the lounge,

Freyja received a text message at this time. Upon seeing that it was from Colton, her expression stiffened instantly.

It was already 5:00 p.m. when Daisy finished filming. When she and Freyja walked out of the studio, they saw Colton

waiting in front of the car.

Freyja subconsciously avoided his gaze when she saw him, making her seem unnatural.

Daisy ran over. "Colton, how are you so free to come and pick us up?"

Colton responded with a light hum, and

his gaze was fixed on Freyja for a split second before shifting across the scene. "I'll send you girls back."

The two got into the car, and Daisy asked Freyja where she lived. Freyja paused for a bit, but

Colton had already reassured Daisy just as she was about to answer the question. "I'll send her back. You don't hav

e to worry about her."

Daisy was astonished and looked at the two of them. "The atmosphere between the two of them has been very stra

nge ever since we got into the car. There's an indescribable awkwardness.'

Colton first sent Daisy back to the Goldmann mansion.

After Daisy got out of the car, she did not forget to lower her head next to the window of the driver's seat. "Colton, c

an you really send Freyja back to her place safely?"

Colton clicked his tongue and pushed her head out of the car with his finger. "Shut your trap and go in."

Daisy watched as Colton drove away.

'Why do I feel like I can't trust Colton at all?'

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Daisie walked into the mansion and heard someone's voice before she arrived in the living room.

She was slightly startled and saw an extra person sitting on the couch.

It was Nollace.

Maisie placed her teacup down. "Daisie, you've come back just in time. Your Nolly has been waiting for you."

Daisie's cheeks warmed up immediately, and she hurried forward, pulled Nollace up, and took him out immediately.

Nolan's expression dimmed. He placed the contract down and took off his glasses. "Just open your eyes and

look. That brat is everything that our daughter sees now."

Maisie sneered and leaned forward. "But all I see is you."

Nolan rubbed his body against hers. "Then will my wife soothe my injured heart after this?"

Chapter 1885

Maisie smiled. "Get lost."

Daisie let go of Nollace's

hand in the courtyard and turned around. "Why didn't you tell me in advance that you're coming over?"

Nollace pulled her drooping fringe to the side of

her face, tucked it behind her ear, and gave off a faint smile. "Am I this unpresentable?" "Of course not." She explained

ed, "But what if my father were to make life difficult for you when I wasn't here?"

Nollace paused for a split second, lowered his gaze, and his smile intensified. "Do you see me as someone who'd be

afraid of a difficult situation?"

Daisie shook her head. "Your skin is way too thick to be afraid of that."

He laughed out loud. "I'm glad that you know that."

The afterglow was poured over the luxuriant courtyard, making it look like an oil painting. The servants who passed

by looked into the pavilion. When

standing together, the two of them looked even better than the breathtaking scenery. Daisie turned her head, and her

gaze was fixed on Nollace.

'I haven't seen him for three years, and he seems to have gotten more dazzling. Let's ignore the fact that he looks be

tter than a girl. He's also such a successful man. And the main thing is that he's so flirtatious with girls and so gentl

e at the same time. All girls should fancy such a man, shouldn't they?

'I've been in the entertainment industry for so long, and none of the male celebrities that I've ever met look

better than him. If he were to make a debut in the industry, he'd definitely be regarded as the best-looking beau of the industry.'

Nollace tilted his head to look at her, and a hint of hilarity beamed through his light-colored pupils. "Do I look

good?"

She nodded subconsciously, came back to her senses

all of a sudden, and looked away instantly. "I was just thinking that if you were to debut with your looks, you'd definit

ely be the best-looking male celebrity the industry has to offer."

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"Oh, really?" Nollace leaned over and approached her. "Do you want me to make a debut?"

She choked on her own words. "I was just blabbering for

fun."

'If he were to make a debut, he would turn the whole showbiz and the Internet upside down. If that turns out to be the case, just how many love rivals will I have to compete against!?'

Her face was reflected in his pupils. He captured a trace of nervousness and worry from her expression, and a hint o

f amusement overflowed

from his eye sockets. "Don't worry. I won't make a debut. You'll be the only person in the world that gets to appreciat

e my good looks."

Daisie's cheeks could not help but warm up as she turned her face away from his burning gaze.

'It's been three years, how can I still be this susceptible to his flirtation!?!'

She took a deep breath and turned her head to face the handsome face that could enchant all beings on Earth. "Your

flirting no longer works on me."

"Oh really?" He approached, and his lips were less than an inch away from her cheek. "Then what about my charm?"

Daisie gulped her saliva as her gaze turned a little hazy.

Nollace casually unbuttoned a button on the collar of his shirt while

fixing his eyes on her. The cedar fragrance that proliferated from his suit was extremely volatile as the space betwee

n the two was very narrow.

Daisie raised her hand, pushed his face away, and lowered her head.

"Okay, fine, I'll admit defeat." He grabbed her wrist and kissed

her palm. The slight graze numbed her and made her withdraw her hand

immediately as she blushed. "You've overstepped!"

He smiled. "Okay, I'll stop teasing

you. If you were to pounce on me out here, it'd be difficult for me to explain it to everybody here."

Daisie frowned. "I won't!"

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Nollace stayed for dinner, and the dining table's atmosphere was subtle but oppressive. The atmosphere between N

olan and Nollace was different from the others.

It was only natural for the father-in-law and son-in-law not to take a liking to each other no matter what.

Daisie covered her forehead and wanted to think of a way to brighten the atmosphere. She then remembered somet

hing all of a sudden. "By the way, Colton sent Freyja back. Why hasn't he come back yet?"

Nollace chuckled but did not answer.

Maisie squinted. "Is Freyja the friend you mentioned to me when you were abroad?"

Daisie said with a smile, "Yes, she came to Bassburgh to find me. I'll

introduce her to you someday when you're free."

"Okay." Maisie had long wanted to meet Daisie's best friend.

When Colton returned to the mansion, it was already a

little later than 11:00 p.m. He walked upstairs, and that was when a silhouette appeared behind

him. He became extremely vigilant instantly. "Who's that?"

Chapter 1886

Nollace lazily leaned against the wall. "You're back late."

Colton was surprised but looked calm. "You're still here?"

He smiled. "I'm staying over."

Nollace's eyes focused on Colton's loosened tie and the bite marks that were peeking out of his collar, and he smile

d. "You seem to be moving quickly with my cousin."

Colton frowned but didn't speak.

Nollace walked past him and stopped behind him but didn't look back. "Are you serious about her?"

"It's none of your business." Colton walked to his room.

Nollace

turned his head, looked while Colton disappeared into the shadows, and squinted because he could see the truth.

The next day, at the shoot...

James took some electrolytes, rested for a night, and finally got some energy back.

He sat in the car and read the script while looking for someone in the crowd.

Susan Hotch brought a beautiful container with food over to him and smiled. "James, have you had lunch?"

James paused and frowned. "You are?"

Susan awkwardly said, "You don't remember me? I'm Susan Hotch. We've worked together on a show."

He remembered her. "Oh, it's you. Can I help you?"

She lowered her head shyly and clutched the container. "I wanted to ask if you've had lunch. If you don't mind, 1 —"

"Daisie, over here!" James saw Daisie, and his eyes lit up. He cut Susan off while he stood up and waved his arm.

Susan felt ashamed and unhappy that she was ignored.

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Daisie walked toward him and said, "Oh, it looked like you've recovered."

"Yes, I almost died yesterday. I'm glad that my body was tough enough. I gave the cafe a bad review last night becau

se I was so angry."

James got angry upon recalling what happened last night. That drink wasn't made from coffee but laxatives. It sha

med him in front of the woman he was interested in.

He remembered something and looked around. "Where's your assistant?"

Daisie crossed her arms and glared at him. "Don't you even think about it."

James had been very nice to Freyja since last night and had even bought coffee for her. Something must be going

1. on.

James flashed a wide smile. "We've known each other for a long time already. I'm not that kind of person."

"Ms. Vanderbilt." Susan, the ignored party, finally lost it. She tried to control her expression and smiled. "I think your a

cting skills are way better than some of the seniors here. You're definitely the best actress."

She said that loudly to pretend to praise her, but she was just trying to compliment her while insulting the seniors.

A few older actors had been acting for more than two decades and were quite good.

Even though Daisie had started as a child actor and had earned the Best Actress award, the seniors still had the upper hand when it came to experience.

If Daisie agreed to these compliments, it would mean that she was offending the seniors with an arrogant attitude.

The entertainment industry loved to twist things around. Lots of actors had been shunned because they had said so

omething wrong. Before Daisie could speak, James proudly said, "of course, you should know who's supporting her."

He wanted to emphasize that she worked under Charlie.

Charlie had turned him into an A-lister, so it wouldn't be

surprising if Daisie became the Best Actress award winner. However, from Susan's perspective, James was saying t

hat Daisie was his woman.

Susan's expression was subtly dark. They were that far off already?

Daisie glared at James. "Why are you showing off? When are you getting the Best Actor award for Charlie?"

He turned away. "I'm not interested in that. I'm just here to pass the time."

Daisie's lips curled as she said, "You're addicted to being useless?"

"Ms. Vanderbilt, how could you say that about James?" Susan quietly spoke up for him. "It's not his fault that he's n

ot talented. I believe that he has already done his best."

If she spoke up for him, he might feel thankful. See? I am the only one who really understands him.'

Daisie looked at Susan, with whom she hadn't worked much since joining the team. Her character hadn't shown up in the movie yet.

Daisie was having a normal conversation with James, but it seemed like she was looking down on him in Susan's eyes.

Before Daisie spoke, James' expression changed. "I'm speaking to Daisie. Why are you interfering?"

Susan was stunned. "James—"

"And you said that I'm not talented? Tsk! I just want to pass my time. If I was really serious about it, getting the Best

Actor award would just be a matter of time."

He crossed his arms in disgust. He was familiar with Daisie, so it was acceptable for her to call him useless. Howev

er, he wouldn't be very happy if someone he didn't know well called him useless.

Susan's knee jerked. Daisie had called him useless, but she was the one who offended him by defending him!?

Daisie patted his shoulder. "If Charlie saw you now, he would probably shed a tear of pride."

"But I still want to be useless." He turned away and said, "It's nice that way."

At least, he thought that it was.

Susan gnashed her teeth, watching how happily they were interacting

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Her crush must have been blinded by Daisy. She couldn't let that go on!

Susan found an excuse and left. Daisy watched her walk away and asked, "Is she a fan of yours?"

James waved his hand. "Fan? We're not close. We've just worked together during a show. She's weird."

Freyja quickly got to the filming location. Daisy was holding a huge parasol standing under the sun and reading the

script. The makeup artist was helping her touch up her makeup.

"Daisy." Freyja walked to her and took the parasol over. "You can focus on the script. I'll hold this for you."

Daisy looked at the light-colored scarf around her neck and asked, "Don't you feel hot?"

Freyja paused and touched the

scarf while avoiding eye contact. "Not at all. The collar is a little low, so it feels weird not to have something around

my neck."

Daisy was curious because her collar was just under her collarbone. That wasn't low.

The filming started, so the actors and crew got into position.

Freyja stood and watched from the side. Daisy was born to be an actress because she was able to portray the char

acter so well.

Even if she was acting alongside more experienced actors, she was able to handle it well. The next scene involved the female lead getting whipped by the male lead because she didn't finish her mission.

The crew helped add some padding to Daisy's back.

The whip was real, and the lead really used it.

It still made a whipping sound even with the padding on.

Even if the pain wasn't real, the force used was. The actor might have been too focused on his acting or did it intenti

onally , but he brandished his whip, and it hit the back of her hand

Chapter 1888

Daisie wasn't expecting that, but she didn't cry out loud. Her arm was burning.

She took a sharp breath while her face turned pale. Meanwhile, her shoulders were shuddering.

Nobody noticed what had happened, and she didn't ask them to stop.

After the director yelled cut, he stood up. "That was good. Let's move to the next one."

Freyja and the crew helped Daisie up, but they seemed to have touched the hand, and she hissed.

Freyja asked, "Daisie, are you alright?"

Daisie waved her hand.

The crew removed the padding from her back.

Daisie never mentioned that her hand was whipped before going for an outfit change with Freyja.

In the changing room, Daisie removed her clothes and saw that there

was a huge bruise on her arm. The whip had hit her a few times, and half of her arm had been numb since

Freyja came in and saw that bruise, so she rushed forward. "You were hit?"

She smiled and replied, "I'm fine. It's common for actors to be hurt while filming."

"It's swollen. Wait here. I'll get you some ice." Freyja left the room and asked for an ice pack from the crew.

When she walked past one of the cars, she overheard a conversation. "Mitch, you went so hard just now. Do you thin

k she will suspect

anything?" A man's voice followed that. "What's there to suspect? It's common to get hurt during filming. It just mea

ns I was into character."

Freyja was stunned.

She slowed down and approached the car. When she was sure she was out of sight, she saw the male lead actor Mi

tchell Santos hugging an actress.

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He had the woman in his arms and was going to kiss her when she turned away and blocked his lips.
“Mitch, don’t.

What if people see us?”

“Susy, I’ve given her some trouble, so when are you giving me my reward?”

Mitchell rubbed her palm.

Susan hid her disgust but had to look toward him.”

There’s no need to rush. We have a lot of time. I’m not going to let you give her some trouble without repaying

you.”

She only cared about James Tell. Mitchell was just someone she was using against

Daisie. If it wasn’t because he was madly in love with her and would do anything for her, Susan wouldn’t even take a

second glance at him.

Freyja looked back and left quickly.

When she returned to the changing room, she handed the ice pack to Daisie, who applied it to her bruised area. The

burning pain quickly subsided.

Daisie noticed that Freyja had something to say and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Freyja looked toward the door and lowered her voice. “Do you think that the actor was just too into character?”

Daisie paused. “Why do you ask?”

Freyja pulled out a chair and sat down. “When I was coming back, I saw him hugging Susan. He intentionally hurt yo

u and said he was teaching you a lesson on her behalf.”

Daisie was silent. 'Teaching me a lesson on Susan's behalf?'

She had never done anything to Susan. Was it because she had called James a useless man?

Freyja asked, "Daisie, did you cross her?"

Daisie snapped back and suddenly chuckled. "I guess."

She didn't care too much about it.

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However, the next scene they were going to film was going to be when they broke up, and she would slap the male lead.

Daisie was ready when she looked toward Mitchell. "Should I really slap you?"

Mitchell was getting his makeup touched up. He was stunned upon hearing that, but he smiled and said, "Of course. That would make it look real."

Chapter 1889

Every actor would have to go through some scenes where they might be hit. On top of that, she was a woman, so no matter how hard she slapped him, it wouldn't be too bad. He was a man, so if he couldn't even take

that, he wouldn't be able to survive long in the industry.

Daisie's smile was wide. "Great."

When the filming started, Daisie slapped him, and the force made him lose balance and take a few steps back.

Mitchell was stunned.

Daisie turned around to speak to the director. "I'm sorry, can we redo that? I was too in character and slapped him

too hard."

Daisie then looked worried. "I'm so, so sorry, Mitch. Are you alright?" Mitchell never expected she would be so

strong. The slap made his face swell up.

He had been acting for years, and never had he been slapped so hard. That was too much!

Was she taking revenge for the whipping? No way.

He touched his face but forced a smile. "It's fine."

The second time Daisie put all her energy on her arm, and that slap was even harder than the previous one. He saw

stars, and half his face turned red and swelled up.

Freyja could see what was going on. Daisie may have said she didn't mind but was actually taking revenge.

The assistant director thought it was weird, so he went to the director. "Was that too hard?"

The director said, "No. The lead is supposed to slap him because she hates him so much. There was no way she

would lightly slap him. Mitchell agreed that the slap

should be a real slap too."

The assistant director had nothing to say because the actors had discussed the slap.

After the filming ended, Daisie walked toward Mitchell with an ice pack. She had to try really hard not to laugh when

she saw how angry he was. "Mitch."

He smiled and stood up. "Yes?"

Daisie handed the ice pack to him and looked so sincere that even she believed it. "I'm really sorry about that. I was

so into the character, so the slaps were pretty hard. You wouldn't blame me, would you?"

Mitchell's veins popped while he clenched his jaw.

But since she had given him a chance to step down and apologized, it would show that he wasn't graceful if he

made it into a big deal. "Of course I wouldn't. Actors might lose control when they are too into character. That's very

common.”

Daisie smiled sweetly. “I’m glad you could understand. I didn’t expect a man who has great acting skills like you to

be a great person too.”

spoke to him for a little longer