

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1814

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Only Daisy and Nollace were left in the living room. Daisy probed upstairs. "Is Mr. Knowles really angry?"

Nollace stood up. "Don't worry. My mother can handle it."

He stopped, reached out, and took her into his arms.

Daisy was stunned and looked up at him. "What are you doing?"

With his fingertips, he tucked the hair that was hanging over her forehead to the back of her ear. "Would you like to go back to my room?"

She looked away subconsciously, feeling extremely nervous. "What will we do after we go back into your room?"

Nollace lowered his head and bit her ear gently. "I want to stay with you."

She felt an electric jolt up her spine, her cheeks felt flushed and warm, and she swallowed her saliva with difficulty. "Aren't you staying with you now?"

"This is different." He ran his finger over her lips. "I want to kiss you, but if you're not afraid of being seen..."

Daisy covered her mouth with her palm, her ears were on the brink of lighting on fire, and she whispered, "Okay, I know!"

As soon as she stepped into the room, Nollace pushed her against the wall, pinched her chin, and kissed her.

After a while, Daisy's eyelashes trembled, and her hands that were resting on his shoulders clenched tightly. "Nollace... I can't breathe..."

Nollace placed his palm on her lower back and buried his head on the side of her neck. The breath he exhaled seemed to be scorching every inch of her skin.

Daisy's legs felt weak, and she almost lost her footing, but he picked her up in the next second before she could react to anything.

“Nollace Knowles—” Without giving her a chance to speak up, he sealed her lips again.

As dusk approached, the setting sun poured into the house through the French windows, and the light and shadow on the head of the bed softened his facial outline like a photo filter.

Daisie lay sideways right next to Nollace, staring at him, who was asleep, and could not help but raise her hand to caress his eyelashes.

Nollace

frowned slightly, lifted his hand, grasped her wrist, and pressed it against his chest. He did not open his eyes and chuckled. “I’ve finally fallen asleep, and you’ve woken me up again.”

Daisie pouted. “You can sleep as much as you want, whenever you want, why must you keep me here?”

‘He just wouldn’t let me go. If Mrs. Knowles were to see that we’re on the same bed, she’d definitely misunderstand us.’

Nollace turned over, his arm landed horizontally across her waist, and he hugged her in a solid embrace. “Because it feels

safe when you’re by my side.”

She nestled in his arms and did not utter a single word.

‘Forget it. Since he’s so sleepy, I’ll just lay here and be his blanket.’

However, drowsiness was something very contagious, so it did not take long for Daisie to fall asleep next to him.

Nollace woke up

and saw the person who was sleeping even more soundly than him in his arms. He could not help but chuckle.

‘This girl is really trustful and unwary when she’s around me.’

He leaned forward, pecked her gently on her forehead, then sat up, covered her with the blanket, left the room quietly, and went downstairs.

Diana was asking the servants to prepare dinner. Thus, he went into the kitchen and instructed, “Mother, get them to prepare more food for dinner.”

She turned around and stared at Nollace. “Is Daisie coming over for dinner tonight?”

Nollace cleared his throat. "She didn't even go home."

Diana was stunned by the response, returned to her senses in the next second, and asked, "Daisie didn't go back, then where is..."

"She's in my room."

Diana was shocked when she heard that answer, stepped

forward immediately, and grabbed him by the collar. "Nollace Knowles, Daisie hasn't even graduated from college!"

Nollace rubbed his forehead. "I know, don't let your imagination run wild."

"Then what is she doing in your room?"

"Sleeping."

Diana was exasperated. "And here you are, trying to explain this situation to me. Why don't you restrain yourself? Daisie is a pure, innocent little girl, and you've taken her..."

Nollace glanced at her. "Do you think your son is a beast?"

Diana thought about it carefully.

Yes, I should know him better. After all, he's my son. No matter how much he likes Daisie, he won't sweet-talk her into doing those things.'

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Chapter 1815

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The next day, Daisie arrived at the college with no energy.

She had slept in Nollace's room throughout the whole afternoon yesterday. Thus, she was an insomniac when she returned to the villa in the evening and could not fall asleep until five in the morning

She could not help but take out a small mirror and take a look at her own reflection in the mirror. Her eye bags and dark circles were that close to turning her into a panda.

Suddenly, someone tapped her on the shoulder.

She turned her head in fright and was stunned. "Colton?"

Colton crossed his arms and looked at her dark circles. "Did you go out and become a thief last night?"

"You're the thief here, sneaking up on me like that." Daisy turned her face away and explained herself with a lie. "I drank too much coffee and couldn't sleep last night."

"Where's Freyja?"

Daisy paused for a split second and stared at him with a puzzled expression. "Why would you want to know that?"

"It's nothing." Colton looked away with an unchanged expression, but he still felt inappropriate, so he added, "There's something that I need her help with."

"What's that?"

"Why are you asking so many questions today?"

Daisy was rendered speechless. She bulged her cheeks as if she was thinking about something, a hint of slyness then flashed across her eyes, and she speculated with a smirk, "Colton, you don't actually hate Freyja, do you?"

Colton frowned. "What?"

"I'm not blind. You used to want me to stay as far away as I could from her, but since when did you and Freyja get so close?"

"He's been looking for Freyja so frequently lately. Something smells fishy"

Colton laughed out of fury, raised his hand, and rubbed her hair vigorously. "You've grown up, huh? How dare you speculate on me?"

He messed

up Daisy's hair, so she pushed him away and tidied it up. "No one's speculating on you. That's just a fact. Colton, is it so difficult for you to admit that you don't hate Freyja?"

Colton turned his face away and took a deep breath. "That's not your business."

"Freyja is my friend. How is that not my business?" Daisy approached him and said with a smirk, "Colton, Freyja is actually quite a girl, isn't she? Look, even Waylon doesn't hate her."

“You shut up!”

Daisie was stunned for a few seconds.

‘Why would Colton react so strangely as soon as I brought up Waylon?’

She

stretched out her hand and jerked the hem of his sleeve.” Colton, did you argue with Waylon?”

“No.” Colton covered his cheeks with his palms and calmed himself down. He then turned around and said, “I’m heading to class already.”

Daisie stood on the spot, staring at Colton’s figure as he walked away, rubbing her chin in thought.

Freyja did not come to the college today, so Daisie tried to call her. The call went through after a long wait, and Freyja’s voice sounded hoarse and weak.

“Freyja, are you alright?”

“I’m fine.” She coughed.

“It’s just a cold. Don’t worry about me. I’m only taking a day off.” She hung up after the brief explanation.

Daisie was still worried and decided to visit Freyja at her residence after her classes.

Meanwhile, Freyja took a nap after the phone call. After a while, she woke up from the nap but was still feeling weak and uncomfortable. She got up and propped her hands against the handrail to support her weak body as she walked downstairs to get some warm water from the kitchen.

Hearing the doorbell ringing, Freyja put the mug down and walked to open the door. Just as she arrived at the door, her

consciousness faded out gradually, and she collapsed on the floor.

Standing at the door, Daisie heard the commotion coming from the other side of the door and shouted, “Freyja?”

She kept

ringing the doorbell, but there was still no response. Daisie realized that something had gone wrong and quickly looked around to see what she could find.

She climbed over the balcony, and fortunately, the window was not locked. Daisy managed to get herself into the living room through the window and saw Freyja lying behind the door. Freyja!”

She stepped forward, helped her up, and placed her hand over her forehead—it was scorchingly hot!

Daisy quickly took out her cell phone, flipped through her contact list, and called Waylon. “Waylon, Freyja has a high fever. Come to her place now!”

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Chapter 1816

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Freyja lay on the hospital bed with IV drips while Daisy sat by her side until she slowly woke up.

Daisy got up and asked, “Freyja, are you alright?”

Freyja forced a smile. “Yeah, thanks.”

Daisy sat back down. “I was so worried. I’m glad I went to see you, or nobody would know that you fainted. You would have fried your brain with that fever.”

Freyja pushed herself up. “Did you send me to the hospital?”

Daisy replied, “I got Waylon to drive us over.”

Freyja didn’t say anything back.

Waylon showed up and leaned against the door, then knocked.” Feeling better?”

Freyja paused and nodded. “Sorry for the trouble.”

Daisy said, “There’s no trouble. By the way, wasn’t the nanny home?”

Freyja looked down and said, “She brought Deedee out, and I thought I would feel better after a nap.”

Taking care of Deedee wasn’t an easy task, so Freyja hadn’t told the nanny she wasn’t feeling well.

“That won’t do. Why don’t you get another helper? What will happen if the nanny isn’t around and the same thing happens again?”

Freyja smiled. “Don’t worry about it, I’ll be careful.”

Daisie walked to Waylon. “Why don’t we send someone from our home over?”

Waylon looked at her. “Go ahead and arrange for it.”

Freyja was startled and immediately said, “There’s really no need for that. My place is too small for that many people. Don’t worry, I’ll tell the nanny if I’m not feeling well the next time.”

Daisie was going to say something when Waylon put his hand on her head. “Alright, if Freyja doesn’t want it, don’t force it.”

After that, he looked toward Freyja. “I’ve paid for your hospital bills. Rest well.”

Freyja frowned but didn’t know what to say.

Daisie and Waylon left the room. She had to walk faster to keep up with him and asked, “Waylon, did you get into an argument with Colton?”

Waylon paused, then turned to look at her. “Why do you ask?”

Daisie scratched her face. “Colton seems weird today. I think he got angry when I mentioned you.”

Waylon squinted. “What did you mention about me?”

Daisie replied honestly, “I said you don’t hate Freyja.” Waylon chuckled and turned to face her. “Daisie, why do you think Colton is angry?”

Daisie pouted. “How would I know?”

Waylon smiled, knocked her head gently, and left. “Think about

Daisie was annoyed because she wouldn’t have asked him if she could figure it out.

That afternoon, Freyja walked out of the main doors of the hospital. A car parked in front of her, blocking her way. The window lowered, and Colton was in the driver’s seat.

Freyja asked with a frown, “Why are you here?”

Colton looked at her and said, "I came to see if you died of a fever."

Freyja knew nothing good would come out of his mouth, so she smiled. "Are you disappointed then?"

He said, "Maybe."

She turned to leave when Colton called out to her. "Hold on."

She turned around. "Yes?"

Colton motioned as he said, "Get in."

Seeing how she didn't move, he got a little impatient. "Are you deaf? Do I need to repeat myself?"

Freyja stood next to the door because she saw how he had a temper. She pressed the car horn and yelled out, "Idiot!"