

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud
Chapter 1873

Chapter 1873 Even Amy was not confident she could get the Best Actress award in three years.

Daisie shrugged and said, "I've already made up my mind." After that, she looked at Hannah and said, "So what do you think? Are you up for the challenge or not?" Hannah did not know what to say.

Even though she felt it was ridiculous as well and that she did not like Daisie at all, she found herself in no position to laugh at Daisie for her whimsicality after Daisie said she would quit being an actress if she failed to do what she had promised. She pressed her lips tightly and said,

"Alright. I accept your bet. If you can do it, I'll apologize to you in front of the media and press."

Daisie smiled and nodded. "That's a deal then." Afterward, Daisie published a post on her Facebook. #I'll get the Best Actress award in three years! # Her fans all left comments below the

post. [Did something happen to Dada?] (Way to go, Daisie! We have faith in you!) [I'm truly

happy that Daisie has the aspiration to get the Best Actress award.] [I'll marry the best actress in

three years.] When Daisie saw that comment, she sprung up from her bed. The user did not use

any avatar, and it seemed to Daisie that it was a new profile. Her profile was the only profile he

was following, and his address was pointed in Yaramoor. This was only one post in his profile,

and it was published ten minutes ago. Daisie knew who he was, and she sent a private message

to him. [Nolly?] The person did not reply to her instantly. Then, she received a text message from

Nollace. [How did you know it's me?] Daisie threw herself on the bed and replied: [Of course, I

know it's you.] Nollace replied: (So is this a yes or a no?) Daisie chuckled and replied: (Well, it

depends on your sincerity.) Nollace replied: (Okay.) Daisie giggled while holding her phone as

she typed: (I miss you very much.) Initially, she did not plan on sending it, but her finger slipped

and accidentally touched the Send button. She was stunned and tapped the screen several times

in an attempt to delete the message. However, Nollace saw the message and replied: (I saw it.)

Daisie was so embarrassed that she buried her face in the pillow. "Ahhh! This is so embarrassing!

What the hell am I thinking? How could I send something like that to him?" One minute later,

Nollace's message came. [I miss you every moment of every day.] This was the last message

Nollace sent Daisie before he went to bed. He fixed his gaze on his phone's screensaver and

stroked Daisie's cheek. The corner of his lips curled upward as he said, "Wait for me, Daisie." He

just needed another three years. Once he had taken care of everything here, he would go there

to see her. Meanwhile, on the other side... The light in the living room was brightly lit. Freyja was

guzzling down a bottle of red wine at the side of the couch while calling her phone with the

house phone. Soon, Colton's deep and husky voice could be heard from the other side of the

line. "Yes?" Resting on the couch, Freyja shook the bottle of wine in her hand. With a little Dutch

courage, she shouted, "Colton, you b*stard! Give me back my phone!" Colton chuckled. "Are you

scolding me now, Freyja?" "Give me back my phone!" Freyja continued to shout. Her voice was

so sharp it nearly pierced through Colton's eardrum. He clicked his tongue and pulled his phone

away from him. "Why are you shouting at me in the middle of the night?" "How could you kiss

me and take away my phone? You b* stard!” Freyja tried to cry, but no tears could form in her

eyes. Colton fell silent for a moment before asking, “Have you been drinking?”

“Yes!” she replied.

“Give me back my phone!” He snorted and asked, “When you’re drunk, all you can think about is

your phone?” Freyja twirled her finger around the telephone wire and pressed on. “Are you

giving it back or not!?” Colton replied, “What if I don’t want to?” “My phone is very important to

me. It’s as important as my laptop. Hurry up and give it back to me,” she said, sounding like she

was pleading, and there was a hint of coquettish tone at the edge of her voice.

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