

The Three Little Guardian Angels

Chapter 1913

Chapter 1913 It was a ring box. Daisy subconsciously pinched the ring hanging on her necklace.

"Isn't there a ring already there?" "This is different." Nollace stopped behind her and smiled.

"The ring from three years ago can only be regarded as a token of love, not an official one."

Daisy looked back at him.

"Isn't that a little too clearly categorized?" Nollace walked over, took the ring box off the string, and walked toward her.

Daisy could not help but feel nervous and stare at him.

He knelt down on one knee in front of her and opened the ring box in his hand.

Inside the ring box was a cornflower blue sapphire ring with his name engraved on the surface.

"Ms.

Vanderbilt, will you marry me so that we can hold each other's hand for the rest of our lives? But

beware, after accepting my ring, you'll lose all chance to get a divorce."

Daisy was instantly

amused and lowered her head, but her eyes were bloodshot.

"What kind of marriage proposal is this?" "Will you?" She stretched out her hand.

"Then, Mr.

Knowles, will you help me put the ring on?" He smiled and slowly inserted the diamond ring

onto her ring finger—the size was just right.

Nollace held her fingertips and kissed the back of her hand.

"I've been waiting for this day like I've been waiting for a lifetime."

Daisy looked at him, and her eyelashes were twitching.

As for the hand that he was holding , even the cold ring felt warm. However, the cozy atmosphere was interrupted by the grumbling of Daisy's hungry stomach.

She pulled back her hand in embarrassment.

"I haven't eaten yet."

Nollace burst into laughter.

"I've been negligent.

Let's go downstairs." Daisy supported her head with her arms and sat at the dining table,

waiting for dinner to be served.

She glanced at Nollace cooking in the kitchen and suddenly seemed to be able to appreciate her

parents' life after they married.

She remembered something, picked up her phone and pointed it at the vase on the table, took a

picture of the ring, and posted it on Instagram.

#As promised.# As soon as this photo was posted, it did not take long for the comment section

to go up in flames.

#A DIAMOND RING! OMG! That's too much information to handle.#

#Damn, if my wifey is making such an official announcement, that means I've just lost the love of

my life! # #Who just stole my Little Daisy!# Nollace brought the dinner to the table, propped his

arms against the table, leaned closer to her, and his gaze landed on the comments.

He squinted and asked, " Wifey?" Daisy's heart skipped a beat.

She raised her head and quickly explained, "It's a female.

All of them call me their wifey." Nollace saw her nervous appearance and approached her.

"Then what should you call me?" Her heart was pumping against her chest as she avoided his

blazing gaze.

"Nollace?"

He rejected it.

“Never.” She giggled.

“Honey?” Nollace stared at her and said nothing.

Being stared at by him made her feel more and more unnatural.

As such, Daisy placed her hands against his chest, pushed him away, and lowered her voice.

“Then what about...

Hubby?” He fondly rubbed the tip of her nose.

“That’s more like it.” He took a seat beside her and fetched the dishes onto her plate.

“Aren’t you hungry? Eat then.” Daisy put her phone aside and leaned closer as if she was waiting for him to feed her.

Nollace delivered some vegetables to her mouth, and she opened her mouth and ate them in one go.

‘Apart from Dad and Waylon, now even my husband cooks delicious meals. Just how much happier can life get? Nollace fetched her a bowl of soup.

“Will you stay here tonight?” Daisy trembled subconsciously.

The night arrived.

Daisy leaned against the bathtub’s edge in the huge bathroom and stared at the ceiling.

Although she was now legally married to Nollace and they were already husband-and-wife, she was still not mentally prepared for it yet.

‘Are we going to sleep together tonight?’ Thinking of this, Daisy covered her cheeks — they were so warm that they made her feel dizzy.

At that moment, a figure swayed across the frosted glass, and Nollace’s voice followed it.

← Previous Post Next Post →