

# The Three Little Guardian Angels

## Chapter 1926

Chapter 1926 Nollace paused for a split second and frowned. "She's taking pills?"

Daisie lowered her gaze. "It should be because Colton and Freyja don't want a baby just yet.

That's why she's taking those pills." Nollace stared at her.

'This silly girl is really too innocent and simple when it comes to this aspect of life.

I'd love to enlighten her right here if it weren't because it's not the right time now.'

He gently rubbed the tip of her nose.

"Dummy, taking those pills is very harmful to a woman's body, and it'll leave a great impact on a woman's fertility in the future.

If Colton cares about Freyja, he'll definitely not allow her to take pills."

Daisie was dumbfounded.

"Could it be that Freyja is secretly taking them without letting Colton know about it?"

Nollace nodded.

"Probably so." Late at night, Nollace stood behind the French windows, starting over the dark and quiet courtyard.

He glanced down at the text message on the screen of his phone.

SAL

(Sorry, Mr.

Knowles, we haven't found Mr.

Matthews's body yet.) Nollace's expression dimmed gradually while looking at the text message.

Donald's arrogant voice when he was arrested echoed in his mind.

"Nollace Knowles, do you think you're a man of no weaknesses? I refuse to believe that you'll

never find a woman that you love in your life.

“Hahahaha! You'd better not let me see you get married and have kids. When that happens and I'm still alive, you'd better not fall into my hands!

Otherwise, I'll repay everything that you did to me today.

I swear this on my name!” Nollace clenched the phone tightly and turned to look at Daisy, who was sleeping soundly.

He walked to the edge of the bed, sat down, gently stroked her cheek with his palm, and stared at her sleeping face.

'If it weren't for the fear that Donald might still be alive and take revenge on those I care about from the shadows, I wouldn't have kept my identity a secret while I'm in Bassburgh.

And the reason I don't disclose my marriage with Daisy is just to protect her.'

The next day...

Daisy looked guilty when she arrived at the company.

She had claimed yesterday she would cook for Nollace, but she totally forgot about it.

'I have to make it up for him tonight.' She entered the studio, but instead of seeing Freyja, she saw a woman furtively rummaging for something.

Daisy was vigilant.

“Who are you, and what are you looking for?” The woman froze in place as if she did not expect someone to appear at this time, and she did not look back.

“I...

I'm here to look for information.” “Which studio are you from, and what information are you looking for? Why don't you tell me?” Daisy approached her and lifted her hand, trying to grab her shoulder.

The woman suddenly turned around and tried to knock Daisy down to escape the scene, but

unexpectedly, Daisy was agile enough to dodge her.

The woman lost balance as she pounced on no one.

She fell to the ground, got up in embarrassment, and ran immediately.

Daisy reached out and grabbed her.

And while she resisted, she accidentally undid the hood she had on.

Daisy saw her face.

"Susan?"

Susan flung her hand off.

"So what if it's me?"

Daisy crossed her arms.

"You're so brave that you actually tried to sneak into Tenet and got into my studio? What are you looking for?"

Susan bit her lip.

'Since I've been caught red-handed, things might get messy if this incident escalates to Tenet's top management.

Anyway, Daisy is the only person here now, so everything will be fine as long as I manage to

calm her down.' She knelt in front of Daisy, cried out loud, and explained, "Mitchell is the one who asked me to do this.

He asked me to infiltrate your studio to see if I could get my hands on any information that would reveal your fiancé's identity.

"Daisy, he's the one who forced me to do this, so please don't tell others about this and

just pretend that I haven't come here today.

I'm begging you, please." Susan crawled to her feet, grabbed onto the hem of her trousers, and pleaded.

Her cries would soften anybody's determination.