

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1960

Chapter 1960 However, she felt it was worth it when she looked at the photos. "Nolly is so handsome. It'd be nice if I could pounce at him."

At that moment, Nollace pushed the door open and came into the room. He saw that she was looking at the photos and heard her bold statement as well.

He stopped beside the bed and leaned over, propping his hand on her side to get close to her. "I see, so you have been craving my body for so long."

Daisie froze, and her face instantly turned red with embarrassment. Slowly, she turned her head around to meet his gaze. Nollace was so close to her right now that she could feel his breath on her skin.

His pupils were light in color, but she felt like they were whirlpools sucking her in. "... I was just speaking nonsense."

Nollace lifted her chin with his finger and said, "Well, you can do that to me if you want."

Daisie's eyelashes fluttered. She averted her gaze and said, "Umm... I'm not ready yet."

She was mentally prepared last time, but because she helped him that time...

That was something that she would never forget for the rest of her life.

Her face was flushed with embarrassment, yet she stubbornly looked at him as if she was going to sacrifice herself for something. He chuckled and said, "Are you scared?"

Daisie's eyes went big. She straightened his body and said, "Am I scared? Of course, I'm not." "Really?" Nollace caressed her cheek and said, "I heard that it's going to be painful for the first time."

Daisie instantly chickened out when she heard the word "painful."

"Is it? Is it even more painful than giving birth?"

"Well, I don't know about that," he said, teasing her.

Daisie bit her lips and did not know where she should look. "Then, I..."

Looking at how scared she was, Nollace smiled helplessly and flicked her forehead. "Don't worry. I won't force you to do it if you don't want to. I'll wait until you're ready."

He stood up and left for the study room.

Daisie covered herself in the duvet, and she was so embarrassed that she wanted to bury herself in a hole.

A week later...

Freyja brought a few books to the publisher. After the director of the publisher read the first chapter excerpt, he was stunned and pushed the frame of his glasses, "I seem to have read this book somewhere before."

Freyja replied, "You mean on the online platform?"

The director raised his head. "You're the author?"

She nodded. Then, she remembered something and continued. "I have the copyright for the book and the contract with me. If you don't believe me, I can let you have a look at it."

The director thought for a moment and collected the draft. "If you've already published these works on the online platform, why are you publishing them for sale right now?"

Freyja fell silent for a moment before saying, "That's because I want to know the value of these books."

Putting it on sale on a publishing house was indeed different from releasing it on a platform. After all, only the best quality of books could be put on sale.

The director nodded and said, "I can try to distribute and sell your book first, but let me make it clear for you. If the sales of your books aren't satisfactory, then I'm afraid I have to terminate our cooperation. However, if the response is good, we'll sign a contract and split the profits 50–50. What do you think?"

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It was a rather good deal in Freyja's opinion, so she nodded.

After she left the publisher, the director made a call. "Mr. Goldmann, I've given her a chance, as you told me. Don't worry. I won't give her any special treatment, but I won't treat her poorly either."

Colton replied flatly, "Alright, thank you."

After that, he hung up the call.

Stellar Press had a lot of platforms and channels like major bookstores, Amazon, and film and media channels

to sell their books. As long as Freyja's books sold well, someone would notice her and give her a chance.

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1961

Chapter 1961 Colton had given Freyja the chance. He believed that she would not disappoint him with her stubborn and unyielding personality.

At this time, at Tenet...

When Daisy learned that Freyja had won the opportunity to cooperate with a publisher, she was exhilarated. "I knew it, Freyja. You're so talented, so you can definitely do it."

Freyja was brewing coffee. "You're really a pro when it comes to flattering me. I'll be very ashamed to come back to you if I fail."

Daisy supported her chin in one hand. "Failure is a stepping stone that leads to success. If you've never experienced any failure, how can you find success? Am I right?"

She smiled and turned to look at her. "You're right."

Just as she was about to drink coffee, she suddenly felt nauseated. She placed the coffee down and dashed straight to the bathroom. She then leaned forward on the toilet bowl and threw up all the breakfast she had eaten in –the morning.

"Freyja, are you alright?" Daisy asked worriedly outside

the toilet. "Yes... I'm fine." Freyja flushed the toilet, stood up slowly, looked at her pale face in the mirror, and thought about her disgusting reaction.

She was astonished subconsciously.

"My period seems to have been delayed for a long time. Now that I'm counting, it's been a month and a half.

"There were a few days when I forgot to take my pills. Did I just hit the jackpot??"

Freyja found an excuse to apply for a leave of absence because she was not feeling well and rushed to the hospital for an examination. She sat on a bench in the corridor and waited for the result – she was tense from head to toe.

The doctor called her name, and she got up and entered the doctor's office.

He placed the examination result on his desk. “Congratulations, Ms. Pruitt, you’re five weeks pregnant.”

Freyja was astounded, and her gaze subconsciously landed on the sonogram.

‘I actually got pregnant.’

Freyja left the hospital and received a call from Daisy while she was on her way back. Daisy asked her about her condition, “Freyja, have you gone to the hospital? Are you alright?”

“Yeah, I’ve... I went to the hospital and got the medicine. Everything’s fine. It’s just that my stomach is feeling a little uncomfortable.”

Daisy sighed and reminded her, “Then go back and have a good rest. Don’t eat too much greasy and spicy food in the coming days.”

Freyja smiled. “Okay.”

She ended the call and tightly pinched the report in her hand.

‘What should I do now?’

In the evening, at the Seaview Villa...

Freyja did not eat much dinner because she did not dare to eat too much out of fear of vomiting again.

Seeing that Freyja had not touched her silverware much, Colton thought of the text message that Daisy had sent him earlier today, saying that Freyja had an upset stomach, so he fetched her a bowl of broth. “If you’re not feeling well, just drink some broth.”

She was dumbfounded as she stared at the bowl of broth in front of her.

She picked up the spoon, and just as she was about to take a sip of the broth, the nauseous sensation reappeared, but she managed to endure it.

Colton noticed her strangeness, “What’s wrong?”

She lifted her head. “I... I don’t think I can eat anymore.”

He frowned. “Is it that serious?”

After saying that, he placed down his silverware. “I’ll go get you your medicine.”

“No!” She became nervous instantly.

Colton

stared at her, so she subconsciously restrained her expression and pretended to be fine . “All I need to do is get some rest.”

She got up and went upstairs. Colton looked at her back, and loads of thoughts flashed across his mind.

Freyja lay on the bed, tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep as if there was a stone weighing down on her heart.

‘Should I tell anyone about my pregnancy?’

Colton came out of the shower, tied the belt of his nightgown, and turned off the light on the counter.

He lifted the quilt, lay down, stretched out his hand, and took her into his arms. His warm breath brushed against the back of her ear, and the strong scent of shampoo and hormones enveloped her. He also buried himself in her shoulders and neck and gently pecked her.

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1962

Chapter

1962 Freyja’s body stiffened, and she turned around abruptly, faced him, and said, “I’m not feeling well.”

Colton responded calmly, “I know.”

“Then why are you still...”

“Can’t I even hug you during such times?”

Colton brushed her hair off her cheek with his fingers and placed his palm on it. “If it hurts badly, you must take your medicine immediately. You’re not allowed to act brave when you’re sick.”

“This woman really thinks that I’m a beast. If I didn’t know that she’s not feeling too well, I would’ve...”

Freyja did not expect that he would sincerely care about her, and her eyelashes twitched. After a short silence, she asked, “Can I ask you a question?”

He responded with a soft hum, “What’s that?”

Freyja lowered her gaze. "Do you want kids?"

He was stunned. His eyes were fixed on her face, but the light in the room was too dark, so he could not see her expression clearly at the moment. "But you don't want one, do you?"

'If she wanted to have one, why would she take those pills before this?'

Freyja choked on her own words. Even though the light was dim, she could still sense that he was staring at her and avoided his gaze. "I'm asking for your opinion now." Colton smiled. "That depends on you."

She froze in place. "What do you mean by that?"

He embraced her in his arms, closed his eyes, and replied, "If you're already pregnant with a kid, then I'll take the baby in. But if you're not, there's no rush to that either."

Freyja snuggled in his arms.

Does that mean that he'll want to keep the baby if I'm already pregnant? But I'm still so young. Do I really want to give birth to this child?' In the end, she could not open up and talk to him about her pregnancy. She decided that she would find another suitable time to tell him.

At the same time, at the Lust Bar...

James was sitting at the bar with a peaked cap. He was there drinking alone, and he had drunk a little too much.

At this time, a sexy lady sitting at the table next to him came over with a wine glass. "Mr. Tell, I've long admired you. Can I take the seat next to you?"

James took a glance at her and laughed. "I don't need the companion of a woman."

The girl chuckled and approached him. "But I do think that you need it." James put down the wine glass, took out his wallet, and took a stack of big bills out of it. "Take the money and get

lost."

He got up and left.

The girl glanced at the men sitting at another table. The men nodded knowingly, got up one after another, and

followed James.

When James came to the parking lot, he was suddenly stopped by a group of men. He had already drunk some wine and was in a bad mood. Looking at the appearance of those men, he was not afraid. "What's wrong with you, people? Do you plan to bully me with a number advantage?"

"How dare you disrespect our sister? You asked for this." The man who stepped forward moved his arms and shoulders around to loosen his muscles and smirked. "If you're sensible enough, you'll go back to the bar and apologize to her."

He snorted. "It's just a fight, isn't it? I, James Tell, have never been afraid of anyone when it comes to a fight."

Those men exchanged gazes and rushed up to him.

In the parking lot, James and a few of them scuffled together. He was really not afraid of the crowd, and he

still had the upper hand at first. However, unfortunately, he was soon outnumbered as he got assaulted several times and got himself into a tight situation.

He was beaten to the ground and had a hard time fighting back.

Those men then punched and kicked him ruthlessly.

A beam of car light flashed at them, and the car's horn sounded extremely harsh as it pierced through the parking lot.

When those men saw someone coming, they ignored the man lying on the ground and left in a hurry.

James stood up with a rough look, picked up his cap, and put it on again. He looked depressed as he turned around and was about to leave.

"Mr. Tell." The woman in the car stopped him.

He stopped in place and turned to look at the woman sitting in the back seat.

It was Giselle.

Disregarding his beaten – up appearance at the moment, he walked over and leaned forward against

the window.” Yo, what a coincidence, Ms. Peterson? Are you the one who helped me just now?”.

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1963

Chapter 1963 Giselle handed him a tissue. “Wipe the corner of your lips. It’s bleeding.”

He did not grab the tissue from her and only wiped the blood from the corner of his lips with his hand. “It’s alright. I’m born to take a beating.”

After saying that, he walked toward his own car.

The driver adjusted the rearview mirror and watched with a disdainful expression as James drove away. “That fella doesn’t even know how to show his appreciation. I really don’t know how this piece of crap rose to fame in showbiz.”

‘If the young lady hadn’t lent him a helping hand, he’d still be getting his *ss kicked by those thugs.’

Giselle retracted her gaze. “He’s able to rise to fame, which means that he has the strength to support his career. Alright, let’s go back first.”

The next day, at Tenet...

Daisie walked past the manager’s office and heard Charlie’s voice. “James, you’re indeed a leopard that can’t change its spots, aren’t you? I told you not to get into a fight and cause more trouble, and there you go. You went to a bar and fought with someone else again!”

Charlie threw a newspaper on the table.

There was a picture of James fighting with the men from the bar last night, which happened to have been captured by the paparazzi.

Charlie was exasperated as he glared at James, who was sitting on the couch with bruises on his face. “This is already the second time, James. Are you trying to ruin your own stardom and career?”

James scratched his ears. “It’s not that I wanted to fight. They’re the ones who started it. I’ll be beaten too, even if I don’t fight back.”

Charlie scoffed angrily. “What were you doing at the bar when you didn’t have to be there? Everything would still be fine if you hadn’t gone to the bar, wouldn’t it?”

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James stood up. "Okay, I'll handle this matter myself."

Charlie snorted. "You'd better be. Don't you dare come back to me if you can't resolve this matter."

James opened the door and just so happened to see Daisy standing at the door.

In the lounge, Daisy helped James to apply all the bandages, and James hissed. "Jeez, be gentle! Are you trying to kill me?"

Daisy rolled her eyes.

"Don't you know how to get one of those bodyguards that you have to follow you around when you go to a place like a bar? How did it feel getting your butt kicked?"

He hissed again. "I'm not as squeamish as you women. Why would I need to bring a bodyguard along?"

Daisy finished wiping the ointment for him, and she could see that he was trying to act bravely and preserve his street credit. "Okay, take good care of your face. You still need to rely on that face of yours to keep yourself in the industry, so don't ruin it."

James pouted, said nothing, and looked around. "Why haven't I seen Freyja today?" Daisy replied, "She's not feeling well, so she's resting today."

"What happened to her?"

Daisy glanced at him. "Instead of caring about her, take better care of yourself."

This fella has been beaten to a pulp, yet he's still in the mood to worry about others.

Daisy received a call at this time.

It was from the producing company.

She walked to the side to answer the call. And after the other party said something to her, she was astonished for half a second. "What do you mean by me having to change roles?"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Vanderbilt. This is because the investor has decided on getting another actor to play the role of Nancy Hanks, and they've claimed that if she doesn't get to play that specific role, they won't invest in the production of this drama. Ms. Vanderbilt, would you consider a change of role?"

Daisie remained silent.

'Being replaced as an actress in a project because of the investor's designation is a normal scenario in showbiz, but this role is what I want to play the most.'

After a long while, she responded, "If you want me to give up on this role, then I might as well let go of the project." Daisie did not wait for the other party to say anything and hung up the call.

James looked at her and teased her. "Someone actually snatched your role?" "The daughter of the Goldmanns has actually been robbed of her role.'

She folded her arms. "Isn't this a normal thing to encounter?"

"It's a normal thing to see, but it's not normal when you're the victim." James grinned. "Why don't you get your father to invest in the project? If that's the case, you'll be able to play whichever role that you want, won't

you?»