

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1991

Chapter 1991 Daisy pushed the door of the private room open, saw about five people behind the wooden screen, and walked in. Shannon was the first to see her, so he got up and walked toward her. "Daisy, you're finally here. Come and join us, and let me introduce the latest investor of our drama to you." +

Daisy's gaze landed on the man sitting with his back facing her. Just as Shannon had finished speaking, the man turned his head slowly and met her gaze. Daisy froze in place for a moment, and she could not believe who she saw. "You..."

There was a smile on the corner of his lips, and it looked as warm and elegant as it was back then. "Daisy, it's been a long time." Daisy chuckled and patted his upper arm. "Zephyr, it's really you! Since when did you return to Zlokova?"

The screenwriters and producers present in the room were all astonished. Even Shannon could not help but laugh out loud. "Do you know each other?"

Zephyr looked at Shannon, smiled, and nodded. "Yeah, we're quite familiar with each other." Shannon seemed to understand something and laughed heartily. "I see. Since you're both acquaintances, then there's no need for both parties to be polite and take your seats."

Daisy was originally wondering who the new investor was, but she did not expect that it was Zephyr, a friend that she had not seen in several years.

She remembered that both Zephyr and Leah had chosen to study abroad after graduating high school. Although she had not been in much contact with them over the years, she still remembered them.

She sat down right next to Zephyr. "Zephyr, have you seen Leah throughout all these years?"

Zephyr responded with a smile. "She's in Stoslo, and rumor has it that she's working as an interpreter in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but I haven't been in much contact with her in recent years."

Daisy was astounded.

Shannon poured a glass of wine. "Mr. Gosling, I've long heard that you specialize in film studies in Florinia, and you even took a film-directing course too. And you've come back to Zlokova to start your career in the entertainment industry." Daisy paused and turned to look at him. "Zephyr, did you study film directing?" "Didn't he plan to inherit the family business?"

“Yeah, it just so happens that I’m interested in this industry,” replied Zephir. He pinched the foot of the glass and clinked it against Shannon’s. “Mr. Fallon, you’ve been engaged in the film industry for 16 years, and I’ve just gotten into the industry in recent years. I’m fortunate enough to have seen many movies directed by you when I was a kid, and there’s still a lot more that I can learn from you in the future.”

In terms

of working in the film industry, Shannon was really an extremely capable person.

Zephir had officially gotten into the industry since he returned to Zlokova, making Shannon his predecessor in this field. Although he was an investor, he still showed Shannon a lot of respect, which made Shannon even more impressed by him. “Mr. Gosling, you’re really flattering me.”

“I’m not flattering you. After all, the films directed by you have won all the Victoria Awards available in the industry. That’s not something that you can achieve without any strong capability.”

Shannon laughed. “You youngsters are really terrifying. I’m afraid you’ll catch up to me in a few more years.”

Zephir took the initiative to propose a toast. “Then I might have to come to you for more advice in the future, so I shall apologize beforehand for bothering you too much.”

Shannon nodded. “That’s no big deal. It’s a natural thing to do.”

Throughout the whole meal, everyone else was talking eloquently. Now that the project was very well funded, the filming location was set in Corralia. The crew decided to spend \$ 5,500,000 to build a Victorian town that fit the background of the script. They decided to postpone the shooting to half a year later because the script was set to take place during the autumn and winter seasons, and a large number of scenes would take place during a snowy day. Shannon believed that artificial snowfall was very labor-

intensive and expensive, and it looked far less real than genuine snow, so he would rather postpone it until winter rather than spend a high budget on artificial snowfall.

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Chapter 1992 For now, the only role that had its performer confirmed was Nancy Hanks, and Daisy would play her. And Shannon had been going through and considering suitable actors for the other two leading roles, namely Simon Winchester and Xenos Yates. When the screenwriter asked Daisy for her opinion, she was stunned. “Do you want my opinion?”

Shannon waved his hand and explained, "It's okay, Daisy. You have also read the script and the original novel. You can recommend who you think is the most suitable actor for the roles."

Daisy stared at Zephyr.

Zephyr nodded with a smile.

She rubbed her chin and gave it a thought. After all, those two characters were supposed to be gay in Freyja's original novels. However, after her copyright to the novel was acquired by others and changes were made to the original copy, the rather sensitive LGBT relationship was changed into a brotherhood. Simon Winchester was a reporter and was once the son of a wealthy family. Because of the tragedy that had happened to his parents in his earlier years, he had a great obsession with serial murders. That was why he snuck into a press agency anonymously and used his identity as a reporter to investigate what happened 20 years ago. He later discovered that the serial killer's modus operandi 20 years later was related to the tragic death of his parents back then. And Xenos Yates was the detective in charge of investigating the serial murders, and he regarded Simon Winchester, whose behavior was quite mysterious, as a suspect. The two got to know each other more through their respective investigation.

Simon Winchester was set to be a withdrawn, unfit, taciturn, paranoid, vigilant, and sensitive person. His only focus in life was to find out the person who murdered his parents.

As for the character set of Xenos Yates, he was set to be a slightly careless person, someone who thought out of the box, was sloppy, and looked unreliable but could stay calm and think wisely at the critical moment. He had good skills and a rather unhealthy addiction to tobacco and alcohol.

Xenos Yates was a 32-year-old tough and rough man. As long as his acting skills were strong and his age was appropriate, any actor who could smoke and drink could play him.

And Simon Winchester's age was set at 21—he was very young and looked elegant and fine, just like a woman. But what Daisy had in mind was James.

She hesitated for a moment and suggested slowly, "How about we let James try out for this role?"

Everyone present was shocked, especially the screenwriters. "James? As in James Tell?"

The producer looked at Shannon, who remained silent and asked directly, "Ms. Vanderbilt, James' age and image are indeed in line with that of Simon Winchester's, but if

you want him to play Simon Winchester, I'm afraid it'll be difficult for the audience to accept it, won't it?" James rarely acted in movies. Even if he were to be offered the opportunity to act, he had always been given roles such as ignorant young masters or sons of some filthy rich families.

His acting skills could be said to be very limited, and he had risen to popularity only because of Charlie's keen vision. Charlie knew those roles that suited him and those that did not suit him well. Thus, he had been trying his best to make him take on fewer roles that were not suitable for him. If his acting skills were not good enough, putting his true colors forward in a film could cover up his shortcomings. But Simon Winchester was different.

Although Simon Winchester was also a child of a wealthy family, his family got into some trouble after his parents were murdered. This character was on the other end of the spectrum when it was being compared to James' personality. Besides that, could James even play a character who bore the hardship, humiliation, and disgrace and hid in the shadows just to find out the real murderer?

Daisie explained solemnly, "If an actor wants to undergo a transformation, don't they have to break through the limitations they face in their acting career? And I think James isn't as incompetent as everyone thinks he is. He's just reluctant to make a change. I believe he can ascend to a higher level as long as he wants." The producer still hesitated, "However..."

Shannon suddenly added, "If James is willing to endure this hardship and work hard, it's nothing for me to allow him to perform." Daisie laughed. "Mr. Fallon, are you saying you're willing to give him a chance?"

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Chapter 1993 Shannon nodded. "Although I've never worked with James, I've worked with his mother. Marione Gonzalez. Since he's Marione's son, his acting skills shouldn't be too bad."

Daisie glanced at him. "Thank you, Mr. Fallon. Then I'll discuss this matter with him when I get back."

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when the meal was over.

Daisie and Zephir sent Shannon and the producers downstairs. After the others left, the two walked to the parking lot in the basement. Daisie walked beside him. "Zephir, why didn't you say you wanted to be a director?"

After not seeing him throughout all these years, Zephir was no longer the elder brother that she knew from school—he looked more mature, handsome, and elegant than back then.

He turned to look at her. “You never asked me back then.”

She scratched her cheeks and smiled embarrassedly. “You’re right, but I’m surprised that you would choose to get into showbiz.”

“Whichever field that I choose, it’ll always be the same.” He stopped, turned to look at Daisy, and pursed his lips when his gaze swept across the ring on her finger. “I thought you would have forgotten about me after so many years.” She squinted and smiled. “Why would I?” Zephir lowered his gaze. “How have things been all these years?” She replied, “Everything’s fine. How about you? The treatment you get in Florinia’s Film Academy should be top-notch, right?”

He gave off a faint smile. “It is fine.”

Daisy chuckled. “Judging from how outstanding you are, I guess you must’ve been very popular while you were in Florinia. Do you have a girlfriend now?”

Zephir glanced at her and did not answer.

It was probably because of the awkward silence, which made Daisy feel a little embarrassed. She looked away unnaturally and asked, “Did I just go into something too personal?”

“No, you didn’t.” Zephir walked to his car and paused for a few seconds. “I don’t have a girlfriend.”

It sounded as if he was trying to explain. But Daisy did not get the intention of the sentence and was a little surprised. ‘Zephir still doesn’t have a girlfriend? Isn’t this a little too outrageous?’ 1

He looked back at her and asked, “Are you going to Tenet Media? I’ll drop you off.”

Daisy thought that they had not seen each other for so many years, and he had always been like an elder brother to her, so she did not reject his offer. “Then I shall bother you for a little longer.”

Daisy opened the door and got into the car. Coincidentally, the paparazzo sitting in a car not far away picked up his camera and captured the man’s face and Daisy, who got into his car. Zephir drove

Daisie to the entrance of Tenet Media. Daisie got out of the car and turned around. "Zephir, thanks for the ride."

He nodded and watched as Daisie walked into the building. It was not until her figure disappeared from his sight that he withdrew his gaze, leaned back in the seat, and took out a photo hidden in the secret compartment in the car. In the photo, Daisie was sitting in a library. When the photo was captured, she was still studying in junior high school.

Now that he had reunited with her, she had already grown into an enchanting and dazzling

lady.

He had insisted on studying abroad back then so that he could become the man who could stand beside her someday.

Knowing that she would definitely get into the entertainment industry, he had chosen to pursue a career in the film industry, majoring in film studies, and had undergone several directing and screenwriting courses. Unfortunately, it was already too late when he received the news of her return to Zlokova. 1

'Has there always been someone staying by her side over the years? And could that person be the man whose name is "Nollace" that Coleman mentioned to me back then?'

Zephir squinted as he sank into deep thought. At the same time, at Blackgold.. Colton was talking to Nollace in the office. Hearing that Sandy had been in contact with Donald, Colton frowned. "They're coming for

you."

Nollace slid his finger across the rim of the cup. "I'm the one that they want. That's why I plan to lure the snake out of its lair."

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Chapter 1994 After saying that, he added, "Don't worry, I won't get Daisie involved."

Colton pursed his lips tightly for a while. "How confident are you?"

He smiled and lifted his gaze. "Are you worried about me, Colton?"

Colton clicked his tongue and crossed his arms. "I'm not worried about you. Daisie will become a widow if you take a careless step and die. I don't wish to see her become a widow at such a young age because of you." I

Nollace picked up the cup and said nothing. Colton got up. "If you need help, voice out at any time. You'd better not die." The corner of Nollace's lips twitched slightly upon hearing this, and he took a sip of tea.

Daisie was looking for James to talk about him taking over the role, but as soon as she stepped into the studio, she saw Freyja moving boxes. She dashed straight over, helped her with the boxes, and scolded her, "Freyja! Aren't you on leave? Why have you come back to work all of a sudden? And why are you carrying such a heavy box? Aren't you afraid of hurting the baby?" Freyja replied helplessly, "I'm only a month and a half pregnant. It's not as huge of a deal as you think it is. Besides, my pregnancy doesn't affect my work at all."

"I said no, and that's an order." Daisie put the boxes down. "If anything were to happen to you, Colton would kill me."

As soon as Colton was mentioned, Freyja pursed her lips and kept quiet.

Daisie took Freyja to the couch and asked her to sit down. "I'll get someone to come over and help you with chores like moving boxes. You should rest."

Daisie picked up the landline and called someone to come upstairs to help. The boxes were filled with items that the agency would normally use, and they were too heavy to be moved by only one person sometimes.

"Daisie." Freyja suddenly called her. Daisie put down the handset and turned around. "What's wrong?" Freyja lowered her gaze. "Colton seems to mind that I'm planning to raise Deedee." When Colton asked her for her thoughts last night, she could not answer him.

After Colton left, she thought about it all night. 'Did he ask her the question because he minded me raising Deedee?'

Deedee was not related to him. As far as the Goldmanns were concerned, Deedee was only an outsider.

Freyja did not expect the Goldmanns to adopt Deedee. After all, Deedee was her niece, and she had been watching over her since she was born. In any case, she wanted to raise Deedee until

she got into adulthood. She was already very grateful when Colton helped her to get Deedee out of Sandy's control and fight for Deedee's custody. And she also knew that it was really unreasonable to get married to the Goldmanns with a niece.

After all, she and Colton were already expecting a child of their own. After giving birth, she would have to take care of Deedee on the one hand and their biological child on the other.

Deedee had become particularly sensitive because of what Sandy had done to her, and she had been particularly attached to Freyja recently. Perhaps Colton was afraid that she would be too busy with the kids to even take care of herself.

Daisie supported her chin in one hand and gave it a thought. She then explained after a while, "You're pregnant, and you have to now take care of Deedee, and Deedee is only attached to you. Is Colton worried that you'll get too tired?"

Freyja placed her palm on her flat stomach and smiled. "Maybe."

In the evening, at the Seaview Villa...

As soon as Freyja stepped into the entryway, she saw Deedee sitting barefoot on the stairway, waiting for her to come home. The nanny beside her tried to persuade her and wanted to pick her up, but she would not let her do so, nor go upstairs.

Seeing Freyja, Deedee got up, walked toward her, and hugged her. "Aunty Freyja."

Freyja looked down at her, sighed, and squatted down after a while. "Deedee, Aunty Freyja has a job during the day, so you have to listen to the nanny when you're at home." Deedee lowered her head. "But I only want you..."

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Chapter 1995 Freyja raised her hand and stroked her head. "The nanny at home won't hurt you, so be brave and don't be afraid anymore, okay?" Deedee did not utter a single word. "Mr. Goldmann." The nanny suddenly stepped aside and nodded respectfully. Colton handed his suit to the nanny, and the nanny took it from him and stepped back. He then unbuttoned his cuffs and stepped forward. "What's wrong?"

Freyja said something to Deedee, and the latter took a glance at Colton before going upstairs.

She stood up, turned around, and stared at Colton. "Deedee is still mentally scarred. She just won't follow anyone that she doesn't know well around."

Colton took a glance upstairs. "Maybe we can find her a therapist to help her out."

After saying that, he turned his head and looked at her. "You're now pregnant, and you still have to make time to take

care of her. And the main thing is that besides you, she won't let the nanny take care of her. So if we don't give her the right guidance, I'm afraid that it'll affect her in the future."

Freyja was astonished.

She guessed that Colton was worried that she would be overwhelmed, but she did not expect that he was worried about Deedee's mental health too.

She took a deep breath. "Colton... As soon as Deedee recovers, I'll ask my father to come and pick her up." Colton paused as a look of surprise flashed across his eyes. "I didn't mean that..." "Does she think that I don't agree with her keeping Deedee here?"

He had asked her the other night if she really wanted to raise Deedee only to know her thoughts on the topic. If she wanted, it was nothing for him to raise an extra niece.

"I know." Freyja chuckled. "You've thought about too many matters for me. This time, just take this as me thinking about you in return. Deedee is still a Pruitt, after all. She can even accompany my father when she returns to the Pruitt residence. My father will definitely treat her well."

Colton raised his eyebrows. "Aren't you worried that your mother will go back to the manor?" Freyja pursed her lips, and her expression dimmed. "Since she refuses to go back, why would Nollace let her go back? This is her own choice. What happens to her has nothing to do with

me."

'Even if she faces the same ending as Ken did, that's the consequences that she'll have to face because of her stubbornness.'

She had never had many feelings for her mother at first. She had hoped for her to realize her mistakes and change for the better, but she was disappointed by her later on. Thus, she no longer expected any changes from her.

Apart from being related by blood, they were like strangers to each other. Colton took her into his arms abruptly. She was stunned and froze in his arms, only to hear a deep, bold voice coming from overhead. "In the future, our baby and I will be your family

You'll never have to be alone." Upstairs, a tiny figure walked by silently and disappeared into the corridor.

The next day...

Daisie came to the crew to look for James.

He seemed to have just finished shooting and was standing by to let the staff help remove the heavy armor from his body.

The crew members were surprised when they saw Daisie. "It's Ms. Vanderbilt! Is she here to visit Mr. Tell?"

"It seems that the relationship between Ms. Vanderbilt and Mr. Tell is really close."

James turned his head and saw Daisie standing at the side, waving at him. He shoved the script into his assistant's arms and walked over. "What happened? Why are you here?"

Daisie picked up a cup of coffee and handed it to him. "I'm here to visit you at work." James took the coffee from her and asked suspiciously, "You're here to visit me? Why do I smell something fishy?"

She crossed her arms. "Exactly right. I'm looking for you because I have something to talk to you about." He undid the lid and drank the coffee. "What's the matter?" Daisie looked around. "Let's have a chat in your RV."

asked when he only saw Daisie alone.

wouldn't need her job as an assistant anymore.

raised her brows.

with everything." James was shocked.

and felt sorry for him.

took a deep breath and changed the subject.

a role in it."

James was surprised.

need to make some money." After saying that, Daisie continued.

that can help you break out of your typecast."

He smiled

yourself?"

"I've always been like that." Daisie didn't know what to say and looked at the

wouldn't have thought of James-nobody would
James wasn't the best actor,

challenge because it would be something out of his comfort zone.

had hopes for him, and also because his looks and age matched with 'Simon
Winchester'.

out, no matter what.

him to skim through it.

didn't feel right.

"No.

one of the male characters, which was

Daisie looked at him.

your typecast.

you for the rest of your life?"

That hit home.

James looked down and was deep in thought.

his money, so you have to start acting.

challenging.

This limits your skills.

a few more years, but once you get into your 30s or 40s, you won't

industry forever and have to take over the family business one

to him when making any decision.

thought about the future.