

# Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 1807-1816

## Chapter 1807

Colton suddenly stomped on the brake, causing Freyja to rush forward. Had it not been for her seat belt, she would've rammed into the windshield.

It only occurred to her that sitting in Colton's car was a wrong decision. Her heart was pumping rapidly, and she couldn't come around from her shock for a long while after Colton suddenly stopped the car.

Colton turned his head to look at her. His expression was dark and filled with complicated emotions. "So, you're into my brother?"

Freyja took a deep breath, and Colton continued just when she was about to say something. "My brother won't fancy a woman like you, so I suggest you drop the thoughts. He's nice to you because you're Daisy's friend.

"Besides, other than having a good background, his future wife must possess the ability to help him in his business. A woman like you is not good enough for him."

Colton was just stating the truth. His brother was the head of the Night Banquet. He was the successor that Titus had personally trained. Therefore, his wife not only needed to come from a prestigious family, but she also couldn't drag him down.

Everyone in Stoslo had their eyes set on his brother. If his brother fell in love, it would mean he had gained a weakness. And what could Freyja do? When faced with danger, did she

have the ability to save herself?

However, Freyja did not know what Colton was thinking. She thought that Colton was just looking down on her.

She scoffed coldly and said, "You can save your breath. I know myself very well, and I have no intention of becoming his wife."

She unbuckled her seat belt and got out of the car.

Colton rolled the window down and shouted, "Where are you going, Freyja? Get back in the car!"

He also got out of the car and made a few quick steps to catch up to her. He grabbed her arm and said, "I said I'll bring you home."

She freed herself from his grip and replied, "It's okay. I can go back by myself."

She stretched her arm forward and flagged a cab. A cab stopped, and just when she opened the door, Colton closed it back and said to the driver, "She's not taking the cab. You can leave now."

The driver drove away angrily.

Freyja looked at him and growled, "Is there something wrong with you, Colton? I'm not even worthy of riding in a cab anymore?"

"Why must you make things difficult for me? Just because I said you can't fall in love with my big brother?" Colton growled back at her.

Freyja did not know if she should be laughing or be angry at

Colton right now. "I suddenly realize that we're not even on the same page. Have I ever said that I have a crush on your big brother? Since the beginning, it has been you who thinks I have feelings for your brother, right?"

He fell silent for a moment, and the atmosphere between them became tense. After a short while, he said, "Let's get back to the car. I'll take you home."

"That's not necessary," Freyja turned her face sideways and rejected. "I don't want to die of anger in your car."

Suddenly, a chuckle wafted into her ears.

Freyja was stunned and looked at Colton. However, there was no expression on his face, and it seemed like he was not the one who had laughed just now.

Both of them looked at each other without saying anything for a long while. Colton grabbed her wrist and brought her to his car. He forced her into his car and closed the door.

"Alright, I'll stop arguing with you. You happy now?"

Freyja was rendered speechless.

'Who is the one that wants to argue here!?'

It was raining heavily in Haniston.

The reporters were all standing outside of the courthouse. Some of them were wearing raincoats, while others were holding umbrellas. They remained at their posts despite the heavy rain as they waited for the verdict.

Today was Juneau's trial. Both sides of the legal teams were fully prepared. Elder Master Livingston was sitting in the spectator area. There was a calm expression on his face, and he seemed confident. It seemed like he was already aware of the trial's verdict.

As the judge listed the incriminating evidence submitted by Yaramoor in public, the people in the gallery had complicated expressions on their faces. However, they could only murmur silently on such a dignified occasion.

## **Chapter 1808**

Juneau was standing at the defendant's table to answer the judge's questions. He was trying to defend himself by saying that Lisa's death was just a result of his negligence.

After all, he was not the one who had done it. Instead, he had paid off the hospital's security guards, and it meant he did not kill Lisa directly.

Even if he needed to be held responsible for Lisa's death, he would only need to serve two or three years in prison in Haniston. With his team of lawyers, it wouldn't be a problem for him to be released in court.

Juneau and Elder Master Livingston were both very confident. However, Xavi, who was sitting at the side, had a cold expression on his face. He touched his watch, and his jaw was tightly set. Apparently, he was waiting for something.

Just as the judge was about to deliver the verdict, someone in the gallery shouted, "Objection!"

Everyone turned their heads around to see a pair of couples. The woman was bound to a wheelchair while her husband was standing beside her. "Objection. Because we are about to expose every bad deed of Mr. Juneau Livingston."

The police tried to send them off, and the woman in the wheelchair shouted hysterically, "He's a monster! Our daughter, Emilia, was just a student when she got pregnant after being forced by him. Then, he threatened her that he would kill us all if

she ever told anyone about it. Emilia... My poor Emilia... She couldn't accept it, so she decided to end her own life."

Everyone was stunned. They couldn't believe what they had just heard.

Juneau's face turned pale as he turned to look at his father as if he was asking for help. Elder Master Livingston glared at him, and he reluctantly helped his son in the end.

"Nonsense!" Elder Master Livingston growled sternly. "Nobody knows my own son better than me. How dare you try to accuse my son! Do you have any evidence to prove everything you said? If you have it, then show it to everyone!"

The woman's husband gnashed his teeth. "We're not accusing him for nothing. Emilia wrote everything down clearly in her diary. It's Juneau Livingston who did those things to her. Besides, we also have other witnesses other than Emilia."

Another group of people appeared from the door. Some of them were couples, while the others were single-parent families. They all were dressed in ordinary clothes, and apparently, they did not come from well-off families. All of them were looking at Juneau and Elder Master Livingston angrily.

The judge and the jury looked at each other. They all did not expect to have so many witnesses.

Elder Master Livingston flew into a rage. "This is ridiculous! Who paid you to accuse my son?"

Xavi dusted his jacket and stood up calmly. "Father, it's me."

The commotion in the crowd died down at Xavi's voice. Both

Elder Master Livingston and Juneau looked at him in disbelief.

"Xavi!" Elder Master Livingston growled as he walked up to him in large strides. Even though he realized something was not right, he forced himself to calm down and hissed. "Are you mad? Do you know what you are doing!?"

With the Livingstons' power, turning the situation around was a breeze. He had full faith in his plan, and it was only a step away from success.

Xavi had never disobeyed him, and he thought the younger son could turn the tables for his older brother.

However, it was never in his wildest dream that his youngest son would turn his back on him.

Xavi picked up a blue folder from the table and held it up in the air. "Father, in this folder are all the crimes that my big brother has committed. I have helped him clean up his messes many times, and I have had enough of it!"

## **Chapter 1809**

Elder Master Livingston's veins pulsed as he growled, "He's your brother!"

Xavi looked his father straight in the eyes. He handed the folder to Patterson and did not avert his gaze as he said, "He's your son. Am I not your son too?"

Elder Master Livingston was stunned.

“It has always been me who helped my brother. Has he ever done anything for me? Even if it’s just one small thing? What you care about is the gains of the Livingstons, and I’m the same. I never thought that I’m any inferior to my big brother, but you just care about my big brother. Have you ever cared about my efforts?”

Xavi was gnashing his teeth as he fell out with his father in the courtroom. He pointed at Juneau and continued. “You are well aware of everything he has done, and I have cleaned up his messes more than I can count. What would you do if I were the one standing over there?”

As soon as he finished speaking, Elder Master Livingston gave him a slap across his face so hard that his face turned sideways, and a red welt appeared on his cheek.

Two police officers hastily went forward and pulled both of them away.

Elder Master Livingston was agitated as he pushed them away.” Xavi, are you coveting your brother’s position?”

“His position should have been mine.” Xavi loosened his tie and ignored the welt on his cheek. “I don’t need to covet it. I’m more suitable for the position of chairman than my elder brother. You’re afraid that other people will know what my brother has done because you want him to be the one to sit in that position, isn’t it?”

“Unfortunately, he loves to flirt with women, and he has failed you.”

Elder Master Livingston was stunned, and the light slowly left his eyes.

Xavi came out of his position, dusted his clothes, and stood with his back straight as he said to the victims' families, "I've promised all of you that I'll give you all a reasonable answer. Therefore, my legal team and I have decided not to reverse the verdict and continue with the appeal."

The families of the victims seemed to have seen hope, and they all had mixed feelings.

The trial lasted for two hours. When everyone came out of the courtroom after the trial was finally over, they still couldn't help but talk about what had happened in the courtroom.

The reporters all rushed up to Elder Master Livingston when they saw him walking out of the courtroom with his bodyguards surrounding him. He kept his head low as he tried to avoid the cameras and was in no mood for interviews.

Nollace, who was sitting in the car, looked at them through the window. When he saw the expression on Elder Master Livingston's face, he knew that they had failed to reverse the

verdict.

Hedeon opened the door and went into the car. He seemed rather agitated as he said, "Nollace, I heard that Mr. Livingston's brother, Xavi, had never planned to help him reverse the verdict. Not only that, but he also provided some new evidence for the case. He even invited the victims' families to testify at the scene, so Mr. Livingston will definitely go to prison this time."

Nollace let out a laugh. He grabbed the steering wheel, started the engine, and drove the car away.

The incident about Juneau hit the headlines. All the media outlets reported about the evil things he had committed, and some even interviewed the victims' families.

The news caused a sensation across Haniston, and not only was Juneau's image damaged, but some of them even diverted their rage at Elder Master Livingston.



The board of directors of the Livingston Group voted unanimously to reject the shares held by Juneau. They requested Elder Master Livingston to kick Juneau out of the board while the support rate of Xavi rose to 80%.

However, nobody knew that Nollace was the one who pulled the strings behind the curtain. He was the one who had persuaded Xavi to turn against his father and brother. Everything Xavi did was to take over the Livingston Group, and Xavi became the biggest winner in this event. Apparently, both of them had gained something from their deal.

### **Chapte 1810**

“The kidnapping video” was fake. Not only had he sent it to Xavi, but he had also sent it to Elder Master Livingston.

In other words, Xavi had become the last person who had interacted with Nollace. If Nollace was abducted or something happened to him, Xavi would become the first suspect.

However, Elder Master Livingston was different. Nollace’s threat was useless to him. He only cared about his eldest son, so he wouldn’t care if Xavi was “threatened”.

Therefore, this recording became the flashpoint that made Xavi decide to bring his brother down.

Honestly, if Elder Master Livingston had shown even the slightest sign of concern when Xavi was being “threatened,” Xavi wouldn’t have made up his mind, and Nollace’s plan wouldn’t have worked.

At Yaramoor’s Sunrise Hotel...

Zanovia grabbed her secretary by his collar and shouted, "How is that possible? Why is Uncle Xavi doing that!?"

Her secretary couldn't do anything but persuade her to calm down and accept the fact, "Miss, this is what is happening right now. Your father will have to spend at least 15 to 20 years in prison, and it was Mr. Xavi who submitted that evidence. The board of directors of the Livingston Group has already issued a statement. Even Elder Master Livingston has lost a major part of his shares."

Zanovia took a few steps back and fell on the couch. "This is impossible... Uncle Xavi wouldn't have done that..."

'Isn't he on our side? How can he turn his back against my father at a moment like this?'

Her grandfather had a lot of expectations for her father. Her father was the eldest son, while she was her father's eldest daughter. Once Xavi took over the power, she would lose all her power to control the Livingstons.

In fact, she knew better than anyone else about her uncle's ambition. It was just that he did not expose his ambition because of her grandfather.

Her uncle had been dissatisfied with her father for a long time. But as long as her grandfather supported her father, her uncle wouldn't be able to take over the Livingstons.

It was just that she never expected her uncle would turn against them.

What the hell was going on?

Her secretary lowered his head and said, "Miss, we should get back to Haniston."

Zenovia was caught between tears and laughter.

“Go back to Haniston ?” She raised her head, and her eyes were bloodshot. “If I leave now, won’t they all laugh at me and joke that I was chased away by the king?”

“Miss, you’ve got to look at the bigger picture. The Livingstons need you right now. What can you change if you stay in

Yaramoor?”

Zenovia seemed to have been drained of her strength and sat there dumbfounded, her eyes hollow and empty.

At that moment, someone rang the bell. Her secretary took a deep breath and went to answer the door. When he saw a red haired woman outside of the door, he was stunned. “Who are

you?”

Maggie cast her gaze on Zenovia and tried to squeeze herself into the room. The secretary hurriedly stopped her and said, “Miss, you’re trespassing.”

Maggie pushed him away and walked toward Zenovia. “I have something to talk to Ms. Livingston.”

Zenovia looked at her, and she recognized her. “It’s you?”

“It seems like you still remember me, Ms. Livingston.” Maggie stood with her arms crossed in front of her chest as a smile was playing at the corner of her red lips. “Let me introduce myself. I’m Maggie, and I’m here on behalf of Young Master Knowles.”

Zenovia was dumbfounded. After a short while, she jerked up. “Nollace?”

Maggie took a step back forward and stopped right in front of her. She looked into her eyes and continued. “Young Master Knowles has helped me in the past, so I’m working for him now. Also, he wants me to thank you on his behalf. After all, if it weren’t for you, he wouldn’t have had the chance to see the Livingstons fighting against each other.”

Zenovia grabbed her arm and growled, “This is part of his plan!?! He didn’t go missing at all! He’s the one who staged all of this,

right!?”

#### **chapter 1811**

Maggie grabbed her hand away, broke her own hand free, and lifted her gaze. “Don’t we have you to thank for all this, Ms. Livingston?”

Zenovia froze in place, and her blood was drained away from her cheeks until they gradually paled and dimmed.

Maggie looked at her. “You’re too bumptious and presumptuous . All Young Master Knowles wants is to make it clear to you that he can drag the Livingstons down without the help of any foreign power.

“And he doesn’t need to get rid of the Livingstons completely. All he needs to do is replace the leader of the Livingstons, which is more than enough to change everything. Now that Mr. Livingston is going to prison, the position of the leader of the Livingstons has been passed on. The vice president is in power now and has the people’s support. At least half of your and your father’s power in the Livingstons has been taken away by your uncle. How does that feel?”

Zenovia covered her forehead and shouted hysterically, “I refuse to believe it! You’re lying to me!”

Maggie smirked disdainfully. "Believe it or not, this is all true. And Ms. Livingston, I wish you a happy trip back to Haniston."

Zenovia slumped on the floor as if she was an empty shell without a soul.

Two days later, at the college...

After the Drama, Theater, and Film department's assessment results came out, they were published on the notice board.

Daisie and Freyja fought through the crowd. Sure enough, Daisie saw her name on the list.

Freyja turned her head. "Victoria College's Drama, Theater, and Film Department's top student, you're amazing, Daisie!"

Daisie chuckled. "I still have to wait until I get good grades in my

graduation exams and my thesis."

"Are you going to graduate soon?" Freyja was dumbfounded.

Daisie choked on her own words. She had forgotten she had not told Freyja that she was planning to graduate early.

Now that she could no longer hide it from her, she scratched her cheeks and nodded. "I only want to graduate soon."

Freyja suddenly realized something. "It turns out that someone wants to get engaged to Nollace as soon as possible."

Daisie's cheeks warmed up instantly. She bumped her arm with her elbow and whispered, "What are you talking about?"

At that moment, Freyja's cell phone rang. She took it out, took a glimpse at the screen, and her expression dimmed immediately.

"Who's that?" Daisie noticed something, took a glance at the caller ID inadvertently, and saw that it was her father.

Freyja did not answer the call and placed the phone back into her bag. "Something just came up. I'll have to go first."

Daisie was worried. "Do you want me to accompany you back?"

Freyja looked at her. "Nah, I can resolve this myself."

Looking at the figure that was walking away, thoughts flashed across Daisie's mind.

Daisie walked back to the dormitory alone until she received a call from Nollace. Her heart skipped a beat, and she answered the call immediately. "Nollace?"

"It's been such a long time, do you miss me?" His voice sounded as deep and pleasant as usual.

Daisie snorted lightly as if she was a little angry. "What's the use of missing you? At the end of the day, I don't get to see you in person."

He chuckled. "Then you should turn around."

She froze in place and turned around in surprise.

The figure standing under the begonia tree not far away looked breathtakingly impeccable and familiar at the same time. It seemed that he had come here straight from the airport, and he did not even have time to change his clothes.

A petal fluttered down from the begonia tree and landed on his shoulder

Daisie put the phone down, took two steps forward, then ran straight toward him and threw herself into his arms.

The warm, firm embrace signified that he was the real deal.

Nollace hugged her in his arms and rested his chin on the top of her head. "Daisie Vanderbilt, did you miss me?"

Daisie buried herself in his chest and sulked. "What took you so long?"

Nollace lifted her face with his palm and rubbed her cheeks with his fingertips, and a profound and hoarse voice sounded. "Sorry, I've kept you waiting for such a long time. But I'm back now."

## **Chapter 1812**

Nollace lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers.

That was what he had been thinking about day and night.

Daisie wrapped her arms around his neck, and the two hugged and caressed each other under the begonia tree.

The two figures were inseparable until the moment the two lips separated.

Daisie lowered her gaze, her eyelashes flickered, and the emotions that surged from the bottom of her eyes rippled." We've been apart for half a month."

He gave off a chuckle, and his lips landed on her forehead this time around. "Yeah, it's been half a month."

She whispered, "Don't you have anything to say to me?"

Nollace rubbed his fingers over her lips and whispered , "Yes."

He approached her, and she was only inches away from him." You haven't been by my side, and that made me miss you so much that I actually dreamed of you."

Daisie's cheeks turned warm. She avoided his gaze and said in a stern voice, "That level of glibness."

But she could not help but wonder. "What did you dream about

me?"

He smiled and approached her ear. "I dreamed that I swallowed you whole."



Daisie was so furious that she beat him. "I'm serious!"

He grabbed her hand and kissed the back of her hand. "I want to own every inch of you. What's not serious about that?"

Daisie's cheeks flushed, like a ripe apple, making it difficult for him to suppress his urge to take a bite at her. But Nollace did not care and bit her lips lightly.

She hissed as the pain felt numbing and strange.

She protested in a low voice, "Nollace Knowles! You're not allowed to bite me!"

His eyes overflowed with hilarity.

Freyja stepped into the home she had not returned to in ages. Nothing had changed at home except that it felt a lot more deserted.

The butler went upstairs to report, and Brandon hurried downstairs after a while. "Fey, you've finally come back to have a look."

Freyja did not plan to catch up with them. "You're the one who called me here. Just tell me what you want from me."

Brandon knew that she did not plan to forgive them from the bottom of her heart, but he did not blame her. "Fey, it's been such a long time. At least go upstairs and take a look at your mother."

She did not say anything.

Brandon lowered his head. "I know you resent her a lot deep down, but since your brother died, your mother's mental condition has been very bad. You're the only one she has left."

"I'm the only one she has left?" Freyja looked at her father. "Ken's death was all her fault. Am I the reason that she's heartbroken? Ken is the only person that she cares about from the beginning to the end, isn't it?"

"Fey..."

"Father, I told you that since Mother doesn't want me around, you don't need to try to patch my relationship with her. If it's really doable, why would you have to wait until today to do so?"

Brandon choked on his own words, and his expression dimmed.

"You've summoned me here to see her, but does she want to see me? Her mood might even worsen when she sees me." Freyja turned around and was about to leave.

Brandon stopped her. "Fey, what if your mother wants to see you?"

She stopped.

In the bedroom upstairs, Sandy was sitting on the bed. Ever since Ken died, she did not even bother to dress herself up, so she looked in a daze and had lost a lot of weight.

Freyja and Brandon walked into the room, and he came to the bedside. "Fey has come to see you."

Sandy moved, lifted her gaze, stared at Freyja, stretched out her hand, and moved her dry lips. "Fey..."

Freyja took a deep breath and walked over.

Sandy held her tightly. Her haggard expression and the vicissitudes of life seemed to have sanded her usual arrogance down. “Fey, you’ve come to see me. You haven’t forgotten about me, have you?”

When looking at her mother’s appearance, it would be fake for her to say that she did not feel soft-hearted for a split second. She lowered her gaze and said, “Mother, please let go of me first.”

Sandy grabbed onto her arm and refused to let go. “Fey, you’re the only one who can help me now. Can you do your mother a favor? I know that your grandfather has recognized you. As long as you can obtain your grandfather’s recognition, I’ll be able to count on you in the future.”

### **Chapter 1813**

Freyja’s back stiffened, and the empathy that had just sprouted in her heart was immediately strangled to death by her mother’s words.

Brandon was also stunned. He wanted to pull Sandy away but was pushed aside by her. She looked extremely morbid as she raised her voice hysterically. “Fey, you’re my only hope now! You can’t leave me behind! I’m your mother!”

The sound of a slap resounded in the bedroom.

Freyja was not able to react to the abrupt movement at all, and all she saw was Sandy falling onto the bed.

The scene was immediately followed by Brandon’s wrath. “ Haven’t you had enough!?”

Sandy covered her cheeks, froze on the bed, and did not utter a single word.

Brandon took a deep breath. "What did you promise me? You promised that you'd get along with Fey. Were you lying to me!?"

With his bloodshot eyes, he gnashed his teeth. "You've killed your son, is that still not enough for you to learn a lesson? And now you're planning to reach out to your daughter? What's the power and status that you've been fighting for? Why didn't the king take you and Ken in? Don't you have any self-awareness? What kind of mother would use her child as a tool to fight for power? Your son's death is on you!"

"It's not me... It's not..." Sandy trembled. She looked stupefied and sorrowful.

Sandy could not accept the fact that Ken had died. These words were tantamount to a lifelong punishment.

The person that felt the most guilty was Brandon. Because of his cowardice, he had failed to stop Ken from taking the path of no return.

Freyja looked away expressionlessly. "Father, since Mother doesn't look too well mentally, you should take her for treatment as soon as possible."

Brandon stared at a corner in the room. He looked absentminded and did not speak for a long time.

Freyja turned around. "I'll go back first."

Leaving the Pruitt manor, she stopped outside the yard with a dejected expression.

'This home has long since shattered into pieces. I actually had a trace of expectation just now? That's hilarious.'

On the other side of the city, at the Knowles mansion...

Diana could not help but cry when she saw her son arrive home in one piece. Rick hurriedly hugged her. "Darling, why are you crying all of a sudden?"

"I thought we'd never see our son again." Diana leaned on his shoulder and covered her face with a handkerchief. "I only have one son. How can I get myself a daughter-in-law if I lose my son now?"

Rick was rendered speechless.

'So this is it?'

Daisie lowered her head and could not hold back her smile.

'Mrs. Knowles has gone a little overboard with her acting.'

Nollace rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Mother, was that enough to cover your daily dose of acting?"

Diana sobbed. "Don't you dare call me your mother. I almost lost my mind worrying about you! For God's sake, what kind of child have I given birth to? He doesn't even care about his own safety at all."

Nollace lowered his gaze. "I promise this incident won't repeat itself again."

"Does that mean that you are planning to repeat this in the future?" Diana smashed the handkerchief on him. "Let me warn you, Nollace Knowles, if you ever dare to act like this again, I'll bring your future wife with me and run away from home."

Rick and Nollace were both rendered speechless.

Daisie walked up to Diana's side and whispered, "Mrs. Knowles, Nollace already knows that he's wrong, so don't blame him anymore."

Diana covered the back of her hand, stopped crying, and said earnestly, "Daisie, you can't spoil him like this. This young man will only get more disobedient the more you let him do as he likes."

The corners of Daisie's lips twitched.

Rick could not bear listening to Diana's complaints anymore and said sourly, "Alright, alright, if you really want to spend time with your future daughter-in-law that much, you should just go with her. I'm no longer important to you, am I? Then I should just leave this place."

He turned around and went upstairs.

"Dear... Rick Knowles! You stop right there!" Diana did not expect her husband to be jealous of his future daughter-in-law.

'How can he still be so childish at this age?'

But what could she say at this moment? She could only go upstairs to coax him.

#### **Chapter 1814**

Only Daisie and Nollace were left in the living room. Daisie probed upstairs. "Is Mr. Knowles really angry?"

Nollace stood up. "Don't worry. My mother can handle it."

He stopped, reached out, and took her into his arms.

Daisie was stunned and looked up at him. "What are you doing?"

With his fingertips, he tucked the hair that was hanging over her forehead to the back of her ear.  
"Would you like to go back to my room?"

She looked away subconsciously, feeling extremely nervous." What will we do after we go back into your room?"

Nollace lowered his head and bit her ear gently. "I want to stay with you."

She felt an electric jolt up her spine, her cheeks felt flushed and warm, and she swallowed her saliva with difficulty. "Aren't | | staying with you now?"

"This is different." He ran his finger over her lips. "I want to kiss you, but if you're not afraid of being seen..."

Daisie covered his mouth with her palm, her ears were on the brink of lighting on fire, and she whispered, "Okay, I know!"

As soon as she stepped into the room, Nollace pushed her against the wall, pinched her chin, and kissed her.

After a while, Daisie's eyelashes trembled, and her hands that

were resting on his shoulders clenched tightly. “Nollace... I can’t breathe...”

Nollace placed his palm on her lower back and buried his head on the side of her neck. The breath he exhaled seemed to be scorching every inch of her skin.

Daisie’s legs felt weak, and she almost lost her footing, but he picked her up in the next second before she could react to anything.

“Nollace Knowles—” Without giving her a chance to speak up, he sealed her lips again.

As dusk approached, the setting sun poured into the house through the French windows, and the light and shadow on the head of the bed softened his facial outline like a photo filter.

Daisie lay sideways right next to Nollace, staring at him, who was asleep, and could not help but raise her hand to caress his eyelashes.

Nollace frowned slightly, lifted his hand, grasped her wrist, and pressed it against his chest. He did not open his eyes and chuckled. “I’ve finally fallen asleep, and you’ve woken me up again.”

Daisie pouted. “You can sleep as much as you want, whenever you want, why must you keep me here?”

‘He just wouldn’t let me go. If Mrs. Knowles were to see that we’re on the same bed, she’d definitely misunderstand us.’

Nollace turned over, his arm landed horizontally across her waist, and he hugged her in a solid embrace. “Because it feels

safe when you’re by my side.”



She nestled in his arms and did not utter a single word.

'Forget it. Since he's so sleepy, I'll just lay here and be his blanket.'

However, drowsiness was something very contagious, so it did not take long for Daisie to fall asleep next to him.

Nollace woke up and saw the person who was sleeping even more soundly than him in his arms. He could not help but chuckle.

'This girl is really trustful and unwary when she's around me.'

He leaned forward, pecked her gently on her forehead, then sat up, covered her with the blanket, left the room quietly, and went downstairs.

Diana was asking the servants to prepare dinner. Thus, he went into the kitchen and instructed ,  
"Mother , get them to prepare more food for dinner."

She turned around and stared at Nollace. "Is Daisie coming over for dinner tonight?"

Nollace cleared his throat. "She didn't even go home."

Diana was stunned by the response, returned to her senses in the next second, and asked, "Daisie didn't go back, then where is..."

"She's in my room."

Diana was shocked when she heard that answer, stepped

forward immediately, and grabbed him by the collar. "Nollace Knowles, Daisy hasn't even graduated from college!"

Nollace rubbed his forehead. "I know, don't let your imagination run wild."

"Then what is she doing in your room?"

"Sleeping."

Diana was exasperated. "And here you are, trying to explain this situation to me. Why didn't you restrain yourself? Daisy is a pure, innocent little girl, and you've taken her..."

Nollace glanced at her. "Do you think your son is a beast?"

Diana thought about it carefully.

Yes, I should know him better. After all, he's my son. No matter how much he likes Daisy, he won't sweet-talk her into doing those things.'

## **Chapter 1815**

The next day, Daisy arrived at the college with no energy.

She had slept in Nollace's room throughout the whole afternoon yesterday. Thus, she was an insomniac when she returned to the villa in the evening and could not fall asleep until five in the morning

She could not help but take out a small mirror and take a look at her own reflection in the mirror. Her eye bags and dark circles were that close to turning her into a panda.

Suddenly, someone tapped her on the shoulder.

She turned her head in fright and was stunned. "Colton?"

Colton crossed his arms and looked at her dark circles. "Did you go out and become a thief last night?"

"You're the thief here, sneaking up on me like that." Daisy turned her face away and explained herself with a lie. "I drank too much coffee and couldn't sleep last night."

"Where's Freyja?"

Daisy paused for a split second and stared at him with a puzzled expression. "Why would you want to know that?"

"It's nothing." Colton looked away with an unchanged expression, but he still felt inappropriate, so he added, "There's something that I need her help with."

"What's that?"

"Why are you asking so many questions today?"

Daisy was rendered speechless. She bulged her cheeks as if she was thinking about something, a hint of slyness then flashed across her eyes, and she speculated with a smirk, "Colton, you don't actually hate Freyja, do you?"

Colton frowned. "What?"

"I'm not blind. You used to want me to stay as far away as I could from her, but since when did you and Freyja get so close?"

'He's been looking for Freyja so frequently lately. Something smells fishy

Colton laughed out of fury, raised his hand, and rubbed her hair vigorously. "You've grown up, huh? How dare you speculate on me?"

He messed up Daisy's hair, so she pushed him away and tidied it up. "No one's speculating on you. That's just a fact. Colton, is it so difficult for you to admit that you don't hate Freyja?"

Colton turned his face away and took a deep breath. "That's not your business."

"Freyja is my friend. How is that not my business?" Daisy approached him and said with a smirk, "Colton, Freyja is actually quite a girl, isn't she? Look, even Waylon doesn't hate

her."

"You shut up!"

Daisy was stunned for a few seconds.

'Why would Colton react so strangely as soon as I brought up Waylon?'

She stretched out her hand and jerked the hem of his sleeve.” Colton, did you argue with Waylon?”

“No.” Colton covered his cheeks with his palms and calmed himself down. He then turned around and said, “I’m heading to class already.”

Daisy stood on the spot, staring at Colton’s figure as he walked away, rubbing her chin in thought.

Freyja did not come to the college today, so Daisy tried to call her. The call went through after a long wait, and Freyja’s voice sounded hoarse and weak.

“Freyja, are you alright?”

“I’m fine.” She coughed.

“It’s just a cold. Don’t worry about me. I’m only taking a day off.” She hung up after the brief explanation.

Daisy was still worried and decided to visit Freyja at her residence after her classes.

Meanwhile, Freyja took a nap after the phone call. After a while, she woke up from the nap but was still feeling weak and uncomfortable. She got up and propped her hands against the handrail to support her weak body as she walked downstairs to get some warm water from the kitchen.

Hearing the doorbell ringing, Freyja put the mug down and walked to open the door. Just as she arrived at the door, her

consciousness faded out gradually, and she collapsed on the floor.

Standing at the door, Daisy heard the commotion coming from the other side of the door and shouted, "Freyja?"

She kept ringing the doorbell, but there was still no response. Daisy realized that something had gone wrong and quickly looked around to see what she could find.

She climbed over the balcony, and fortunately, the window was not locked. Daisy managed to get herself into the living room through the window and saw Freyja lying behind the door. Freyja!"

She stepped forward, helped her up, and placed her hand over her forehead—it was scorchingly hot!

Daisy quickly took out her cell phone, flipped through her contact list, and called Waylon. "Waylon, Freyja has a high fever. Come to her place now!"

## **Chapter 1816**

Freyja lay on the hospital bed with IV drips while Daisy sat by her side until she slowly woke up.

Daisy got up and asked, "Freyja, are you alright?"

Freyja forced a smile. "Yeah, thanks."

Daisy sat back down. "I was so worried. I'm glad I went to see you, or nobody would know that you fainted. You would have fried your brain with that fever."

Freyja pushed herself up. "Did you send me to the hospital?"

Daisy replied, "I got Waylon to drive us over."

Freyja didn't say anything back.

Waylon showed up and leaned against the door, then knocked." Feeling better?"

Freyja paused and nodded. "Sorry for the trouble."

Daisie said, "There's no trouble. By the way, wasn't the nanny home?"

Freyja looked down and said, "She brought Deedee out, and I thought I would feel better after a nap."

Taking care of Deedee wasn't an easy task, so Freyja hadn't told the nanny she wasn't feeling well.

"That won't do. Why don't you get another helper? What will happen if the nanny isn't around and the same thing happens

again?"

Freyja smiled. "Don't worry about it, I'll be careful."

Daisie walked to Waylon. "Why don't we send someone from our home over?"

Waylon looked at her. "Go ahead and arrange for it."

Freyja was startled and immediately said, "There's really no need for that. My place is too small for that many people. Don't worry, I'll tell the nanny if I'm not feeling well the next time."

Daisie was going to say something when Waylon put his hand on her head. "Alright, if Freyja doesn't want it, don't force it."

After that, he looked toward Freyja. "I've paid for your hospital bills. Rest well."

Freyja frowned but didn't know what to say.

Daisie and Waylon left the room. She had to walk faster to keep up with him and asked, "Waylon, did you get into an argument with Colton?"

Waylon paused, then turned to look at her. "Why do you ask?"

Daisie scratched her face. "Colton seems weird today. I think he got angry when I mentioned you."

Waylon squinted. "What did you mention about me?"

Daisie replied honestly, "I said you don't hate Freyja." Waylon chuckled and turned to face her. "Daisie, why do you think Colton is angry?"

Daisie pouted. "How would I know?"

Waylon smiled, knocked her head gently, and left. "Think about

Daisie was annoyed because she wouldn't have asked him if she could figure it out.



That afternoon, Freyja walked out of the main doors of the hospital. A car parked in front of her, blocking her way. The window lowered, and Colton was in the driver's seat.

Freyja asked with a frown, "Why are you here?"

Colton looked at her and said, "I came to see if you died of a fever."

Freyja knew nothing good would come out of his mouth, so she smiled. "Are you disappointed then?"

He said, "Maybe."

She turned to leave when Colton called out to her. "Hold on."

She turned around. "Yes?"

Colton motioned as he said, "Get in."

Seeing how she didn't move, he got a little impatient. "Are you deaf? Do I need to repeat myself?"

Freyja stood next to the door because she saw how he had a temper. She pressed the car horn and yelled out, "Idiot!"

