

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1881

Chapter 1881 Colton pushed Freyja's hand away, tossed his coat aside, and walked toward the bathroom.

Freyja sat stiffly on the bed, pursed her lips, listened to the sound of running water coming from inside the bathroom, and could not help but tighten her grip on the blanket.

'Sure enough, his hatred for me hasn't changed at all. Then what did he mean when he gave me the necklace and kissed me three years ago?'

As Colton walked out of the bathroom in a bathrobe, water vapor encircled him, and the water droplets that had not been wiped rolled down his beating neck.

He dried his hair with a towel and turned to look at Freyja.

Freyja leaned against the head of the bed with her legs bent and an aggrieved expression as if she had been wronged.

'Does she feel wronged?'

'Pfft, she's just pretending when I'm around.' He placed the towel on the countertop, walked over, and stood beside the bed. "Aren't you going to take a shower?"

She returned to her senses and did not look at him. "No."

"Disgusting much?"

"If you think I'm disgusting then — " Before she could finish the sentence, she felt her whole body leaving the ground as Colton had picked her up and was carrying her into the bathroom.

Freyja struggled to break free. "I told you that I don't want to bathe! Let me down!"

She was dropped into a tub full of warm water, and the water drenched her bathrobe.

Under the light of the blazing LED lights, the puddles on the tiled floor rippled as the reflection of the person soaking in the bathtub swayed. The rosy lips and pale face formed an extremely vivid scene, and the atmosphere was seductive, fueling him.

His eyes dimmed as he leaned down, clasped the back of her head with his palm, and kissed her without any warning

She breathed with difficulty. "We should talk."

Colton turned her over and kissed her shoulder. "What do you want to talk about?"

Freyja grabbed the edge of the bathtub tightly. "I won't hold you accountable for what happened, and we don't owe each other anything after tonight. Can you agree to this?"

He paused for a few seconds, grabbed her by her jawline, and turned her face around. "Do you think I've come to you in order to allow you to hold me accountable?"

She bit her lip. "Then what do you plan to do to me?"

He gnashed his teeth, scoffed, pressed his lips against the side of her neck, and stirred the water. "I won't hold myself accountable for what happened. On the contrary, I'm only toying with you. Freyja Pruitt, you won't be able to go anywhere until I get tired of you."

The next day, in the studio... Daisy had been waiting for Freyja's call since she sat through her makeup in the morning, and she could not help but feel a little worried. After all, she was not from Bassburgh, so what if she encountered a bad person?

James appeared outside the dressing room and leaned against the door. "You women can really take forever to put on your makeup, huh?" Daisy put her cell phone down and looked at him through the mirror. "Have you memorized the lines?"

She had to work with James in the same crew this time that was what Charlie wanted.

In the past three years, James had participated in more variety shows than filming and had completely become a well-known artist in the variety show aspect.

That was because Charlie had found out that James' acting skills were bad, but when he was allowed to display his skills on variety shows freely, he actually managed to steal the limelight.

In fact, James was not useless. At least he had always been a master of all kinds of games. Even if it were an innovative game that the production team came up with, he would get the hang of it after one to two rounds. With that game sense in his pocket, he never held his teammates back but would become the mastermind of his team most of the time.

And after so long, he finally obtained the opportunity to be part of a film production. Charlie was worried that James would not perform well, so he hoped Daisy would guide James along his way.

James was the second male lead in the crew, playing the son of a nobleman in Yennesse.

It was not difficult to play a character that shared the same personality as himself in real life. All he needed to do was to be himself. But the difference in characteristics would be huge in the later stage of the script because it was set in the script that the character's family would be ruined in the later stage. The people who supported him before that would

then turn against him and ridicule him.

James would have to transition from an arrogant son of a rich family to a desolate orphan of an aristocrat, which was why Charlie was afraid James might not be able to perform well.

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1882

### Chapter 1882

James crossed his arms. "It's just reciting the script. Nothing can be simpler than this."

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Daisie had finished putting on her makeup, so she got up with the script in her hand and walked toward him.

Then will you practice with me now?"

"Practice? What's the point?"

Daisie hit him with the script. "They're shooting our scene today. If you screw up on me, I'll beat the crap out of you."

He ducked and giggled again. "Okay, fine, it's just practice. It won't be difficult enough for me to screw it

up."

15 minutes later...

Daisie glared at James, who had exaggerated acting skills and had been jumping in and out of character. She was so angry that she flung the script at him. "James Tell, have you even read the script!?"

James dodged right and left with the script. "Don't hit me. I just forgot the lines!"

He ran out of the door and bumped into someone without looking

Freyja staggered backward and was about to hit the prop box placed in the corridor. But James instantly reached out and pulled her. "Be careful!"

Daisie heard the movement outside and ran out, only to see James and Freyja falling on the prop box.

Freyja did not feel the pain because James became her human cushion.

However, the prop box that was swaying from side to side was on the verge of tipping over and dropping onto both of them.

Freyja stretched out her hand, propped them against it just in time to prevent it from falling, and then looked at James. "Sir, are you alright?"

James was stunned. The lady right in front of him captured all his attention—her indifferent look and temperament were exactly what he liked!

He had never believed in love at first sight before this, but he did now.

Daisie stepped forward and helped Freyja up. "Freyja, are you alright?"

"I'm fine, he..."

James got up quickly, tidied his slightly messy costume, and smiled. "I'm fine."

Freyja nodded. "Glad to hear that."

Daisie found that James had been staring at Freyja, so she subconsciously pulled Freyja behind her and approached him. "James, what are you doing?"

James returned to his senses, looked away, and cleared his throat. "Is this your friend?"

".

"Yes, she's my assistant too."

"Your assistant?" James suddenly became interested and stretched his hand out to Freyja. "From what I heard, your name is Freyja? It's nice to meet you. I'm Daisie's senior in the agency, and my name is James Tell."

Freyja was at a loss.

'Is everyone from Zlokova this enthusiastic?'

She shook hands with him out of politeness and nodded. "It's nice to meet you too."

She then withdrew her hand and turned to look at Daisie. "Sorry, I got here late."

Daisie smiled and wrapped her arm around hers. "Nah, you got here just on time. Let's go. I'll show you around the studio."

James froze on the spot and stared fixedly at his empty palm, feeling as if something had just slipped away in an instant.

'Yes, I'm confident that my heart has just been stolen.'

He chased after them. "Hey, wait for me!"

Daisie brought Freyja around to get acquainted with the crew, and James followed them all the time as if he were their bodyguard.

At this time, a female artist sitting in the nanny's car saw James following Daisie everywhere and clenched her hand holding the corner of her script tightly, crumpling the papers.

The scandal between James and Daisie had been going around for three years. Although their agent helped them clarify their relationship with each other to the public and media, James was rather close with Daisie.

Could it be that the person that James likes is Daisie? However, from what I see, Daisie chooses to ignore James most of the time. It seems that it's only James' wishful thinking.'

She had met James on a variety show and was assigned to James's group when they were playing games. The James that she got to know was not as difficult to get along with as rumored.

On the contrary, he was very serious throughout the game and tried his best to help his teammates clear the level. That was how she took a fancy to James.

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1883**

### **Chapter 1883**

And it was also because of James that she had taken up this film project.

However, the beau that she fancied had turned into a servant when he was around Daisie. Thus, how could she not feel annoyed by that?

Her assistant saw something was wrong with her and asked, "Susan, is everything alright?"

“Daisie Vanderbilt just won the Best Actress award, didn’t she? What’s there to be proud of? Even my Prince Charming is following her around like a pet willingly. Who the heck would show her this much respect if she were not the daughter of the Goldmanns?” Susan was so infuriated that she could not even go through the script by herself.

The assistant was helpless. “She’s born with a silver spoon, so we can’t just make a one-to-one comparison between her and us, can we? Besides, James and Daisie are both from the upper class, so isn’t it normal that they can get along better?”

Susan glared at her. “So are you saying that Daisie is a good match for my Prince Charming?”

The assistant quickly waved. “That’s not what I meant.”

Susan snorted as her gaze was fixed in their direction.” Daisie Vanderbilt, just you wait! I’ll surely turn your life into a living hell!”

At that moment, God seemed to have presented her with an opportunity as she saw James ordering a cup of coffee from a café nearby.

The waiter delivered the coffee to the crew, placed it next to James’ folding chair, and left.

Susan thought of something, and a glimmer of smugness flashed across her eyes.

He must’ve bought that for Daisie. Even God is on my side today.’

The crew was about to start filming. Today’s scene was the storyline where the female lead, played by Daisie, and the second male lead encountered assassins in a restaurant.

The drama was a conspiracy thriller. Because of the identity setting of the male and female leads, the romance between both the leads was quite obscure, and there was almost no intimate kiss scene.

The male lead was the master of the assassin organization that adopted the female lead. He was also conspiring to overthrow the prince of the kingdom. The fact that the organization adopted the female lead made him her nominal foster father, so he taught her martial

arts and even used her to get himself closer to the authorities in order to get his hands on confidential information.

However, later in the script, he developed feelings for the female lead, making him a very contradictory and complicated role.

On the contrary, the second male lead was the son of a nobleman in Yennesse, a wild but loyal bohemian. He and the female lead became friends in adversity and finally became each other's confidants.

After all, the female lead shared more scenes with the second male lead than the male lead in the original novel.

Even though the male lead took the throne and became emperor in the end, he still parted ways with the female lead because they disagreed with each other over their ideologies, and the second male lead was the one who accompanied her as she went into the mountains.

In this script, in addition to the heavy emotions between the male and female leads, it also showcased the trickeries, strategies, calculations, the love and hate relationship that entangled the characters, and the friendship that was formed through thick and thin.

The director sat in front of the monitor, the on-site camera equipment was all ready, and the filming started officially. The actors who played the assassins hung themselves on wires, dashed on the eaves, jumped over

the walls, and landed in the inn.

Daisie had plenty of experience and moved around the scene smoothly during the fighting scenes.

"Cut!" Suddenly, the director shouted, stood up, and picked up the loudspeaker. "James, you entered the frame a little too early. We'll retake the whole scene."

James redid it, but after repeating it three or four times, the director could no longer stand it. "James, what in the world is wrong with you?"

Daisie turned her head and saw that James' expression did not look too great, so she stepped forward and asked, "Hey, are you okay?"

The director noticed something was wrong too and got up from his seat. "What's going on?"

James covered his stomach and held his breath. "Director, my stomach hurts. I can't hold it in any longer!"

He then sprinted toward the restroom immediately.

Everyone present exchanged gazes. The director covered his forehead as he was at a loss for words. He cast James only because he felt that the role setting of the second male lead was similar to that of James. He did not expect this to happen during the first shoot—he was too careless with his casting!

However, after James went to the restroom, he went back

in another two to three times. When he came out of the restroom, he looked all feeble, and his facial complexion was extremely pale.

The director asked the staff to help him out of the studio to grab some rest. But in order to catch up with the progress, they went on to film the other scenes that only had the female lead first.

Chapter 1884

Meanwhile, Susan came to the scene triumphantly, wanting to watch Daisy get scolded for slowing the crew's progression down.

Who would have expected that all she saw was Daisy filming another scene while James was nowhere to be seen? She immediately felt that something was wrong.

Susan quickly asked a staff member, "Aren't we filming Daisy and James' scene today? Why don't I see James filming?"

The staff member replied, "Mr. Tell is feeling unwell and is having diarrhea, so he is on a break for the time being."

'Diarrhea...'

Susan froze in place as her legs wobbled.

'How could this be? Could it be that Daisy didn't drink the cup of coffee that I spiked with laxatives, so he drank it himself!?'

She had assumed it was for Daisy, so she even added many laxatives on purpose.

'F\*ck! This is all Daisy's fault!'

After Daisy finished filming, she and Freyja went to the lounge to visit James,

James' face looked as pale as paper, and his stomach kept grumbling. "F\*ck man! There must be something wrong with that cup of coffee."

Daisie wondered. "The coffee?"

She suddenly remembered that James had bought Freyja a cup of coffee earlier, but Freyja did not drink it, so he drank it by himself.

Freyja was startled. "Are you referring to the cup of coffee that you bought me?"

Initially, James had given her this cup of coffee, but she was not familiar with James, so she thought it was not very appropriate for her to drink something from him for no reason. As such, she declined his kind offer. James forced a smile. "Thank God you didn't drink it. Otherwise, you'd be—"

Before he could finish speaking, he inhaled sharply and held his breath in. "I can't take it any longer!"

He dashed straight to the restroom again. Daisie was helpless. "It seems that he won't be able to film today. I'll go get him some medicine to stop his diarrhea."

After all, he was an artist from the same company and her senior in name, so she should take care of him.

She got up and left the lounge,

Freyja received a text message at this time. Upon seeing that it was from Colton, her expression stiffened instantly.

It was already 5:00 p.m. when Daisie finished filming. When she and Freyja walked out of the studio, they saw Colton waiting in front of the car.

Freyja subconsciously avoided his gaze when she saw him, making her seem unnatural.

Daisie ran over. "Colton, how are you so free to come and pick us up?"

Colton responded with a light hum, and his gaze was fixed on Freyja for a split second before shifting across the scene. "I'll send you girls back."

The two got into the car, and Daisie asked Freyja where she lived. Freyja paused for a bit, but Colton had already reassured Daisie just as she was about to answer the question. "I'll send her back. You don't have to worry about her."

Daisie was astonished and looked at the two of them. "The atmosphere between the two of them has been very strange ever since we got into the car. There's an indescribable awkwardness."

Colton first sent Daisie back to the Goldmann mansion.

After Daisie got out of the car, she did not forget to lower her head next to the window of the driver's seat. "Colton, can you really send Freyja back to her place safely?"

Colton clicked his tongue and pushed her head out of the car with his finger. "Shut your trap and go in."

Daisie watched as Colton drove away.

'Why do I feel like I can't trust Colton at all?'

Daisie walked into the mansion and heard someone's voice before she arrived in the living room.

She was slightly startled and saw an extra person sitting on the couch.

It was Nollace.

Maisie placed her teacup down. "Daisie, you've come back just in time. Your Nolly has been waiting for you."

Daisie's cheeks warmed up immediately, and she hurried forward, pulled Nollace up, and took him out immediately.

Nolan's expression dimmed. He placed the contract down and took off his glasses. "Just open your eyes and look. That brat is everything that our daughter sees now."

Maisie sneered and leaned forward. "But all I see is you."

Nolan rubbed his body against hers. "Then will my wife soothe my injured heart after this?"

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Maisie smiled. "Get lost."

Daisie let go of Nollace's hand in the courtyard and turned around. "Why didn't you tell me in advance that you're coming over?"

Nollace pulled her drooping fringe to the side of her face, tucked it behind her ear, and gave off a faint smile. "Am I this unpresentable?" "Of course not." She explained, "But what if my father were to make life difficult for you when I wasn't here?"

Nollace paused for a split second, lowered his gaze, and his smile intensified. "Do you see me as someone who'd be afraid of a difficult situation?"

Daisie shook her head. "Your skin is way too thick to be afraid of that."

He laughed out loud. "I'm glad that you know that."

The afterglow was poured over the luxuriant courtyard, making it look like an oil painting. The servants who passed by looked into the pavilion. When standing together, the two of them looked even better than the breathtaking scenery. Daisie turned her head, and her gaze was fixed on Nollace.

'I haven't seen him for three years, and he seems to have gotten more dazzling. Let's ignore the fact that he looks better than a girl. He's also such a successful man. And the main thing is that he's so flirtatious with girls and so gentle at the same time. All girls should fancy such a man, shouldn't they?

'I've been in the entertainment industry for so long, and none of the male celebrities that I've ever met look better than him. If he were to make a debut in the industry, he'd definitely be regarded as the best-looking beau of the industry.'

Nollace tilted his head to look at her, and a hint of hilarity beamed through his light-colored pupils. "Do I look

good?"

She nodded subconsciously, came back to her senses all of a sudden, and looked away instantly. "I was just thinking that if you were to debut with your looks, you'd definitely be the best-looking male celebrity the industry has to offer."

"Oh, really?" Nollace leaned over and approached her. "Do you want me to make a debut?"

She choked on her own words. "I was just blabbering for fun."

'If he were to make a debut, he would turn the whole showbiz and the Internet upside down. If that turns out to be the case, just how many love rivals will I have to compete against!?''

Her face was reflected in his pupils. He captured a trace of nervousness and worry from her expression, and a hint of amusement overflowed from his eye sockets. "Don't worry. I won't make a debut. You'll be the only person in the world that gets to appreciate my good looks."

Daisie's cheeks could not help but warm up as she turned her face away from his burning gaze.

'It's been three years, how can I still be this susceptible to his flirtation!?!'

She took a deep breath and turned her head to face the handsome face that could enchant all beings on Earth. "Your flirting no longer works on me."

"Oh really?" He approached, and his lips were less than an inch away from her cheek. "Then what about my charm?"

Daisie gulped her saliva as her gaze turned a little hazy.

Nollace casually unbuttoned a button on the collar of his shirt while fixing his eyes on her. The cedar fragrance that proliferated from his suit was extremely volatile as the space between the two was very narrow.

Daisie raised her hand, pushed his face away, and lowered her head. "Okay, fine, I'll admit defeat." He grabbed her wrist and kissed her palm. The slight graze numbed her and made her withdraw her hand immediately as she blushed. "You've overstepped!"

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Nollace stayed for dinner, and the dining table's atmosphere was subtle but oppressive. The atmosphere between Nolan and Nollace was different from the others.

It was only natural for the father-in-law and son-in-law not to take a liking to each other no matter what.

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"Okay." Maisie had long wanted to meet Daisie's best friend.

When Colton returned to the mansion, it was already a

little later than 11:00 p.m. He walked upstairs, and that was when a silhouette appeared behind him. He became extremely vigilant instantly. "Who's that?"

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He laughed out loud. "I'm glad that you know that."

The afterglow was poured over the luxuriant courtyard, making it look like an oil painting. The servants who passed by looked into the pavilion. When

standing together, the two of them looked even better than the breathtaking scenery. Daisy turned her head, and her gaze was fixed on Nollace.

'I haven't seen him for three years, and he seems to have gotten more dazzling. Let's ignore the fact that he looks better than a girl. He's also such a successful man. And the main thing is that he's so flirtatious with girls and so gentle at the same time. All girls should fancy such a man, shouldn't they?

'I've been in the entertainment industry for so long, and none of the male celebrities that I've ever met look better than him. If he were to make a debut in the industry, he'd definitely be regarded as the best-looking beau of the industry.'

Nollace tilted his head to look at her, and a hint of hilarity beamed through his light-colored pupils. "Do I look

good?"

She nodded subconsciously, came back to her senses all of a sudden, and looked away instantly. "I was just thinking that if you were to debut with your looks, you'd definitely be the best-looking male celebrity the industry has to offer."

"Oh, really?" Nollace leaned over and approached her. "Do you want me to make a debut?"

She choked on her own words. "I was just blabbering for

fun."

'If he were to make a debut, he would turn the whole showbiz and the Internet upside down. If that turns out to be the case, just how many love rivals will I have to

compete against!?'

Her face was reflected in his pupils. He captured a trace of nervousness and worry from her expression, and a hint of amusement overflowed from his eye sockets. "Don't worry. I won't make a debut. You'll be the only person in the world that gets to appreciate my good looks."

Daisy's cheeks could not help but warm up as she turned her face away from his burning gaze.

'It's been three years, how can I still be this susceptible to his flirtation!?!'

She took a deep breath and turned her head to face the handsome face that could enchant all beings on Earth. “Your flirting no longer works on me.”

“Oh really?” He approached, and his lips were less than an inch away from her cheek. “Then what about my charm?”

Daisie gulped her saliva as her gaze turned a little hazy.

Nollace casually unbuttoned a button on the collar of his shirt while fixing his eyes on her. The cedar fragrance that proliferated from his suit was extremely volatile as the space between the two was very narrow.

Daisie raised her hand, pushed his face away, and lowered her head. “Okay, fine, I’ll admit defeat.” He grabbed her wrist and kissed her palm. The slight graze numbed her and made her withdraw her hand

immediately as she blushed. “You’ve overstepped!”

He smiled. “Okay, I’ll stop teasing you. If you were to pounce on me out here, it’d be difficult for me to explain it to everybody here.”

Daisie frowned. “I won’t!”

Nollace stayed for dinner, and the dining table’s atmosphere was subtle but oppressive. The atmosphere between Nolan and Nollace was different from the others.

It was only natural for the father-in-law and son-in-law not to take a liking to each other no matter what.

Daisie covered her forehead and wanted to think of a way to brighten the atmosphere. She then remembered something all of a sudden. “By the way, Colton sent Freyja back. Why hasn’t he come back yet.”

Nollace chuckled but did not answer.

Maisie squinted. “Is Freyja the friend you mentioned to me when you were abroad?”

Daisie said with a smile, “Yes, she came to Bassburgh to find me. I’ll introduce her to you someday when you’re free.”

“Okay.” *Maisie* had long wanted to meet Daisie’s best friend.

When Colton returned to the mansion, it was already a

little later than 11:00 p.m. He walked upstairs, and that was when a silhouette appeared behind him. He became extremely vigilant instantly. "Who's that?"