

The Three Little Guardian Angels

Chapter 1932

Chapter 1932 11 Nollace sat in front of the computer, analyzing some data while knocking

hisknuckles on the desk. Edison sent him a text.

[Sir, we have intel that Donald is still alive.) He picked up the phone, read the text, and frowned.

LI Even though he expected Donald to be alive, when it was confirmed, it made things tense.

Donald was the worst enemy he had ever dealt with.

Ken Pruitt wasn't half as vicious as he was.

It had taken him so much effort to drag him down, but he managed to break out of prison after

half a year of incarceration.

The police had been hunting for him for a month with tracker dogs and finally found his prison

clothes next to a cliff.

They had blood on them and were badly frayed, but there was no body.

Donald's death wasn't confirmed at that time, but if he was going to break out of prison, he

wouldn't die.

Nollace replied: (Keep an eye on that.) He placed his phone down and rubbed his temples.

The light shone on his face and cast a shadow, making him look tired.

He looked at the clock and realized that it was already 10: 00 p.m.

The bedroom door was half open.

That dark corner swallowed the light around the house.

He slowly walked toward the dark and stopped in front of the door before pushing it open.

He was stunned when he saw the person still awake under the comforters.

Her dark hair was behind her back while her lowered head was blushing.

Her eyes were clear like water, making her look so innocent.

He pressed his lips together and looked guilty.

LU Daisy had wrapped herself up with her comforter, holding it tighter as Nollace was staring at her.

Nollace took a deep breath and looked sorry.

"Why are you still awake?" She grabbed the comforter and avoided his eyes.

"I can't sleep." He sat at the edge of the bed and leaned in.

"Were you waiting for me?" Daisy lowered her head but didn't speak.

He noticed that she wasn't acting naturally, so he cupped her cheek.

"What's going on?"

"Nothing.

Let's go to sleep." Daisy lay down with her back facing him.

She didn't dare let the comforter go, and her face was burning.

She backed away at the last moment.

Nollace noticed how odd she was, so his eyes went to the covers.

He had noticed that she had been covering herself up all this time as if she was hiding something.

He smiled, leaned closer to her with both his hands on her sides, and said with a gentle and loving tone, "Daisy."

Daisy was stunned, and in that short moment, he pulled the comforter away. Her heart almost exploded because she wasn't ready for that.

This was even more embarrassing than being naked in front of him.

Her ears and neck were red, and she couldn't look him in the eyes.

Nollace froze.

What he saw wasn't just any surprise-it was a huge one!

He had never seen Daisy like that!

She had blackstockings with a nightgown on, and it was very alluring. He was staring at this

innocent, lovable face, yet she was so sexy.

It took his breath away.

He almost lost control because his blood was rushing everywhere, but he flipped the comforter

back onto her and sat facing her with his back.

Daisie was surprised.

“Nolly?” Nollace sat at the edge of the bed with his legs crossed and his hand on his forehead.

“Daisie, why are you wearing that?”

She asked, “Are you angry?” He didn’t reply.

It had nothing to do with anger.