

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2235

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Colton paused for a few seconds and asked, "Why would you ask so?"

Freyja's eyes dimmed. "Do you really believe in Dr. Blueman?"

Colton stared at her and seemed to capture a trace of emotion from her gaze. He gave off a smile and stroked her cheek. "What are you thinking about? I believe in her only because of her profession."

After saying that, he was stunned.

'Was I explaining myself just now?'

"I_ "

"I believe in you." Freyja suddenly responded and paused for a split second, "Colton, I believe in you."

'Perhaps it's just me overthinking things. After all, judging from Deedee's current situation, I can't really doubt Jessie without any evidence other than someone else's one-sided statement.'

Two days later...

Colton fetched Freyja back to the Seaview Villa and also picked Deedee up while they were on the way back.

Deedee had become even more taciturn than before and

did not talk much. After returning to the villa, she had been staying in the room.

Freyja and Colton came to Deedee's room, and she knocked on the door. "Deedee, Aunt Freyja is coming in."

She then pushed open the door and walked in.

But Colton did not enter the room. Deedee did not trust him, so presumably, she would not say anything if he was there.

Deedee sat on the bed with her legs bent and was indifferent toward Freyja's appearance and approach.

Freyja sat on the edge of the bed and asked softly, "Deedee, can you talk to Aunt Freyja?"

Deedee's eyes moved, but she still did not utter a single word.

Freyja stroked her hair. "Deedee, I know what you're afraid of. You're afraid that I'll abandon you. But I won't do so. I didn't say that I'll stop loving you anymore after giving birth to a baby, did I? You'll forever be my Deedee, and there will always only be one Deedee in this world."

Deedee raised her head cautiously. Her eyes seemed to have lost their luster. "Aunty Freyja, I don't want to see Dr. Blueman anymore."

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She was startled. "What's wrong?"

Deedee sobbed. "I don't want to take medicine. I'm not

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sick, so why should I take medicine? Those pills are very bitter, and I can't sleep after taking them. I even have bad dreams. I don't want to take medicine anymore."

Freyja held her in her arms in distress and remained silent for a while.. "Deedee, can you show me the medicine that Dr. Blueman gave you?"

"I don't have the medicine. Dr. Blueman takes them

away after I take them. I sometimes spit them out secretly. When I take medicine, my head hurts. Aunty Freyja, I don't want to see Dr. Blueman."

For the first time, Deedee was afraid of taking medicine, and her gaze looked empty.

"Okay, if you don't want to take medicine, then don't take them. You won't have to take any of them in the future." Freyja stroked her back and fell into deep thought because of her words.

'Deedee's condition has worsened compared to before. If those pills were really helping her, she wouldn't be so terrified. In any case, even if it's a genuine treatment, I have to know what medicine Jessie is giving Deedee.'

After calming Deedee's emotions, Freyja walked out of the room and passed the study. She stopped outside the study while Colton was standing in the study and making a phone call.

The person he called was Jessie. "I've brought Deedee back. You can come over and visit her whenever you're

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free. My wife is by her side, so she should be more cooperative."

He ended the call, noticed that someone was at the door, and turned his head. "How's she doing?"

Freyja came back to her senses. "She's fallen asleep."

Colton put down the phone and walked toward her." When Dr. Blueman comes over tomorrow, you can work together with her next to Deedee. With you around, I think Deedee won't resist her that much."

Freyja lowered her gaze and said nothing. Colton lifted her head. "What's wrong?"

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Freyja rested her forehead on Colton's chest and leaned against him.

Colton was startled, noticed her tense body, and stretched out his hand to hug her. "What's the matter?"

"Can we find another psychologist for Deedee?" She hesitated for a long time before she spoke.

'Even though Deedee's condition is serious, what could've gone wrong when a psychologist can't even start to lead her in the right direction after half a year and might even have made her condition worse?

'And it's impossible for Deedee to reject treatment and medicine for no reason.'

After listening

to Deedee's sequelae after taking medicine, insomnia, headaches, and nightmares, Freyja could not help but think of what Deedee had said when she hurt herself six months ago.

'She's a simple child. She might choose to lie, but she would never frame someone else. When others ask her to do something, she'll just do it. She won't take any other things into consideration because her thoughts are just that simple.'

'How could she have come up with that action without any external factor, influence, or even instigation?'

Colton squinted slightly. "Do you think Deedee is seriously ill because of the doctor?"

Freyja was stunned and took a deep breath. "What if I do?"

"Do you think it's the doctor's responsibility that a person with mental issues rejects the treatment? Her condition has gone on for more than half a year, and she's still rejecting her doctor's treatment. She even bit her doctor. Do you really think that the child doesn't need a psychologist and can recover by herself?"

Freyja looked at him as a hint of shock flashed across the bottom of her eyes. "So do you think it's Deedee's problem too?"

Colton almost lost his cool. "Isn't it?"

She pursed her lips and said nothing.

'Deedee has mental issues, I can't deny that. However, in Colton's eyes, Deedee is just a kid who refuses to cooperate with the treatment, and the deterioration in her condition is never because of the doctor but because of Deedee herself.

'Perhaps the things Deedee did back then have caused her to no longer be worthy of his trust. So, Deedee's resistance against the treatments is only because she doesn't want to cooperate and doesn't want to be cured. There's no other reason.'

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Colton calmed down and clasped her shoulders with both hands. "Freyja, I know you're worried about her, but what we have to do now is to get her to receive treatment and not let her be. You, for one, should know best what the consequences will be if her condition isn't taken seriously."

Freyja gave off a faint smile. "She's not related to you, so it's only natural for you not to look into the root cause."

She turned around and was about to leave the study.

Colton grabbed her arm, walked around her, and stopped in front of her. "Why are you making a fuss out of this matter again?"

"I'm not making a fuss." Freyja lifted her head and looked extremely calm. "Colton, you think I only care about Deedee. That's because Deedee has been by my side since she was a baby, and to her, I'm her only relative. It makes me feel guilty that she became who she is today. That's because I didn't fulfill my duty as her guardian, and you can't understand my feelings.

"The rumors that are going around town are nothing to me, but Deedee, she got implicated because of me. If something were to happen to her, I'd live in guilt and pain for the rest of my life.

"She's not my daughter, but still, we're related by blood. Since we left the Pruitts, I've been the only person she could depend on. However, I actually thought of sending

her away so that I could be with you when she needs me the most. You keep saying that I don't care about your feelings, but who's ever cared about my feelings, I—"

Freyja vented all the emotions that had been accumulating within her, and the emotional breakdown came to an abrupt end in his embrace.

Colton hugged her tightly, and after calming her down, his voice sounded hoarse. "I'm sorry."

Freyja bit his shoulder ferociously.

He groaned but endured silently and did not let go.

Freyja finally loosened her jaw and hugged him. "Colton, it's not that I've never felt regret. If you hadn't kissed me three years ago, I might have been able to keep my feelings for you under control. You keep on saying that I'm the one who provoked you at first, but how does that not make you the one who took the initiative to provoke me first? Maybe us being together has always been a mistake from the very beginning..."

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Colton lifted her cheek, rubbed her warm tears away, and kissed her, "Even if it's a mistake, we can only dash to the end of things with this mistake. Freyja Pruitt, I don't have the habit of changing wives, so I won't allow you to change either."

After Freyja calmed down and fell asleep, Colton summoned a family doctor to the villa to examine her.

When the doctor came out of the room, he said, "Mr. Goldmann, as a husband, don't let your pregnant wife's mood fluctuate too much. You have to divert her attention. Excessive negativity and emotional ups and downs in pregnant women can easily lead to postpartum depression."

Colton could not help but clench his fists, but he then loosened them and nodded. "Okay, understood."

After the doctor left, Colton looked toward the bedroom, and he suddenly thought of what Waylon had said to him: that Deedee was not an obstacle between them because Deedee had existed way before his appearance.

'Since I've chosen to accept, Deedee should never be the factor that separates us.'

He covered his forehead with his hand.

'Maybe it's time for me to revisit this matter.'

The next day...

Jessie came to the Seaview Villa, and the maid welcomed her and entertained her for a bit downstairs.

Freyja came downstairs and looked at the woman sitting in the living room.

The woman had short hair, wore a white turtleneck sweater and a black leather skirt, and the makeup on her face looked extremely delicate too.

The maid walked to Freyja's side and was about to introduce their guest to her when she interrupted with a smile. "I know, she's Dr. Blueman."

Jessie got up, walked up to Freyja, took a closer look at her, and smiled. "Ms. Pruitt, I'm here to treat Deedee. Can you bring me to her?"

Freyja was indifferent.

The maid smiled and offered to help. "Dr. Blueman, I'll take you there."

Jessie nodded, took a glance at Freyja, and followed the maid upstairs.

When she came to Deedee's room, Deedee's expression changed instantly as soon as she saw that it was her, and she hid underneath her blanket immediately.

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Freyja had already been standing at the door since some point in time before this.

"You can leave us for now," she said to the maid.

The maid nodded. "Okay."

Jessie sat beside the bed and gently pulled the blanket. "Deedee, Auntie Jessie knows you're afraid of the treatments, but your Aunt Freyja is here now, so there's nothing to be afraid of."

Deedee still refused to come out from under the blanket.

Freyja walked up to the bed. "Dr. Blueman, let's talk about Deedee's condition."

Jessie turned her body around, looked at her, and smiled. "Okay."

She got up and left the bedroom with Freyja. The two then stopped in the corridor, and Jessie asked, "I know that you really want to know about Deedee's condition, but unfortunately, Deedee has refused to cooperate with me. I've really run out of choices, so I hope you can be by her side and persuade her. Perhaps things will improve."

Freyja turned to look at her and asked calmly, "Dr. Blueman, Deedee's condition is quite unstable, do you know what's the reason behind the fluctuation?"

Jessie's expression remained unchanged. "Many patients would undergo a process like this. Patients with

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mental illnesses generally don't think that they're ill, so it's normal for them to reject the treatment. This is a rather common case.

"If this condition were to drag on for too long, apart from the fact that it'll develop into depression, most of them will aggravate and develop into schizophrenia."

After saying so, she sighed. "Actually, I like Deedee very much, and I also pity her."

Freyja looked directly at her.

'She looks fine and unchanged on the surface. She seems to really worry about her patients and sympathize with them.'

After a long silence, Freyja slowly opened her mouth. "Deedee said that she'll have headaches, insomnia, and nightmares after taking your medicine.

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Jessie was surprised. "She's already emitting those symptoms before she started taking those pills." Freyja frowned, looking slightly dubious. "Really?"

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"Ms. Pitt, I know you're worried about her, but I'm a psychologist. If I'm not sure about my patient's condition, I won't gamble with their lives." Jessie smiled. "I did give her some pills, but they were all for her insomnia. Not to mention that they have very good curative effects on headaches. Nothing shows that all her symptoms only started right after she

She took the pills. I can guarantee that my prescriptions are effective ones. If you don't believe in me, you can take these pills to a lab and run tests on them."

After saying that, she took out a bottle of sleeping pills from her handbag and handed it to Freyja.

Freyja did not take it from her, her eyes moved, and she said after a short pause, "I believe you."

Jessie put the medicine back in her handbag and looked at the picture frame hanging on the wall. "Actually, you're the reason Deedee doesn't want to be cured."

She wondered. "Me?"

"She's worried that you'll abandon her as soon as she recovers from her condition. That's why she's been rejecting all my treatments." Jessie looked at her. "That is especially the case ever since you got pregnant. To a child like her, as soon as you give birth to another child, the new baby will become a threat to her."

A trace of coldness flashed across Freyja's eyes.

Jessie lowered her gaze and gave off a smile. "Of course, all these are just my speculations. After all, what we psychologists look into do with all psychological conditions. We get to the root of the issue and resolve the

root cause. What Deedee fears the most and what are the situations that she doesn't want to cope with, I'm sure that you know them better than I do."

After discussing for a while, Jessie passed her the

medicine and asked before leaving the villa, "Then can I visit Deedee here more often?"

Freyja looked at her. "You should ask Colton about that."

Jessie smiled and said meaningfully, "Mr. Goldmann is someone who has his plate full and has his eyes fixed on huge accomplishments. He has a job to focus on, so I don't think it's appropriate for me to keep on directing my questions to him. After all, men are afraid of trouble."

Freyja watched as she got into her car and left the villa.

Jessie looked into the rearview mirror, and a hint of coldness flashed across the corners of her lips.

'I couldn't help but be curious about how capable she could be, but was that all?

'Since she values that girl so much, she'll surely sacrifice her own happiness for that girl, won't she?'

Freyja returned to the living room and handed the medicine in her hand to the maid. "Take these to the hospital for a test for me."

The maid was stunned. "Is there any issue with these pills?"

"Whether there's a problem or not, we'll know after the tests."

'I don't trust her. All her words seem to be hiding a very strong ulterior motive.'

'It's not difficult to locate her flaws. No psychologist would openly push such a responsibility onto the family members of their young patient when they show unwillingness to accept treatment. It's obvious that she's trying to hint to me that the child in my womb is the main reason Deedee has refused to receive treatment.'

'Heh, isn't she implying I should get rid of my child?'

At Emperon Villa...

Waylon sat in the study and skimmed through the information that he had found on Jessie. Jessie was a student at Bassburgh Private Middle and High School, and she was Lisa and Daisy's classmate back then.

Cameron appeared out of nowhere, leaned forward from behind him, and looked at the documents in his hands. "Who is this beauty that you can't take your eyes off?"

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Wayne raised his hand, held her face by her jawline, tilted his head, and stared at her. "Does she look beautiful?"

She wanted to escape from his palm, but he had locked her in his arms, so she answered perfunctorily, "Of course."

He chuckled, and his fingertips seemed to have rubbed her earlobe. "But she's nothing when compared to you."

Cameron replied without any hesitation, "That's not up for debate. It's a fact that I look prettier than her."

Waylon dragged her down into his arms, and Cameron fell right on top of him. She was stunned and pushed him away subconsciously. "Let me go, Wayne Goldmann. What you're doing is an immoral act of taking advantage of a woman. Are you looking for an ass—whooping!?"

"If you really wanted to kick my ass, you would've done so already." Waylon moved closer to her and placed his lips right next to her ear. "Why would you give me the chance to one-up you in this situation?"