

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2536

Chapter 2536

Nollace wrapped his arms around her waist. "I won't go out for dinner anymore. I'll come back to accompany my wife daily from now on."

Daisie froze for a moment and then gently pushed him away. "How can you not attend dinner appointments? You're the director and president of the company. If I don't let you go, I really can't imagine what others will think of me. I'd surely get into trouble if someone else were to say that I'm not a considerate wife."

He frowned. "Who would dare to say so?"

"How could I know?"

Daisie went to the dining table and sat down. Seeing the prunes on the table, she picked up one and put it in her mouth. "Sour food is still the best."

Nollace walked to her side, propped his hands against the surface of the table, leaned over, stared at her, and laughed. "Are you still angry?"

She replied, "No, what's there to be angry about?"

Nollace asked the servant to bring the dessert over. "I bought you something that you love."

Daisie raised her head. "You purposely bought it for me?"

Nollace stroked her hair with his long fingers. "Apart from you, who would have the power to make me make my way through a few stores just to get my hands on your favorite flavor?"

Daisie hooked her index finger, motioning him to come closer. Seeing that, Nollace lowered his head, and she pecked him on the cheek. "This is your reward."

His smile intensified as he finally managed to coax his wife.

Only then did Daisie think about Mia. "By the way, Mia will work here in the manor from now on. I'm very satisfied with her performance."

Nollace took a glance at the woman named Mia indifferently.

Mia lowered her head and could not help but feel just how scary this man was!

Madam Ames' expression changed slightly. "But ma'am, this woman is of unknown origin-"

"What do you mean by unknown origin? Is it because she's an orphan? Madam Ames, are you discriminating against orphans?" Daisy interrupted her with a smirk.

Madam Ames gazed at Nollace. Seeing that Nollace had not spoken, she felt a little anxious. "I'm only trying to look out for your well-being, ma'am. Not to mention that the manor isn't short of manpower now. Apart from that, you're now pregnant. If someone were to put harm in your way, things would become very troublesome."

"Everyone here is getting paid to work in the manor. Who would do anything to harm me?" Daisy peeled the prune casually. "Are you telling me that I don't even have the right to keep someone here?"

After saying that, she stared at Nollace pitifully. "Nollace, how about you swap me out as the mistress of this manor? Look, none of the people that you hired will even listen to what I say. They are all your employees to start with, and all they do is work together to come at me, making me feel like an outsider." Madam Ames broke into a cold sweat and did not dare look at Nollace.

The servants stood on the side cowardly and did not utter a single word.

Nollace narrowed his eyes as he knew that Daisy would not say these words for no reason. After a short while, he lifted his hand and rubbed her on the head. "If you want to keep her, you can keep her. I'll leave her employment to you."

"Sir-"

"My wife is the mistress of this manor. Do you people have any questions about this?" Nollace's gaze swept across the room and stopped on Madam Ames.

Madam Ames shook and lowered her head. "No, I don't have any questions."

'I have to think of another way now.'

Madam Ames walked up to Mia and was about to give Mia orders when Daisy said, "There's no need for you to arrange chores for her. She's not required to take orders from you."

Madam Ames was astonished. She stared at Daisy in surprise and at the same time, asked Nollace for his opinion.

Nollace glanced at Daisy. He noticed that she was exhilarated, so he agreed to her arrangement. "She can do anything she wants."

Madam Ames gnashed her teeth secretly and wondered if Daisy knew something.

'It looks like I'll have to report this to Ms. Taylor.'

Back in the bedroom...

Nollace picked up Daisy and put her down on the bed. "What has happened within these few days? Are you not very satisfied with Madam Ames? Why have you been targeting her recently?"

Daisy looked at him. "Are you satisfied with her performance?"

Nollace thought for a while. "She's great at housekeeping. At least the house has been kept in an orderly manner when it's under her management."

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"Yeah, she does have the ability to be a marvelous housekeeper." Daisy lowered her head. "Freyja came to see me today, but she stopped her from seeing me. And when I said that I wanted to keep Mia here, she insisted that I had to first ask for your permission.

"I know you're the one who hired her, so it's normal for her to listen to what you have to say. But I feel like a person who's being excluded, and I can't even do what I want."

Nollace's heart tightened, and he picked her up and placed her onto his thighs. "Why would *you* think about such things?"

He approached her, and his breath brushed her cheek. "If you don't like it, you don't have to listen to her. You can do whatever you want, but the bodyguards must still be allowed to follow you when you go out."

After saying that, he hugged her tightly. "I'm really afraid that you'll get ill from boredom. Daisy, I don't want you to be unhappy. And if you're really unhappy, then I'll..."

Daisy looked at him. "Then what?"

"Uh..."

She shook him. "Spill it, or I'll be really upset this time around."

Nollace lay on his back on the bed. "I'll contribute my face. You can do whatever you like to it."

Daisie lay down beside him and caressed his face with her fingertip. "Then I'll put something on your face later. I guess that will do it?"

He turned his head, stared at her, and squinted. "What are you talking about?"

'I was talking about kisses and caresses. Could this silly girl be thinking...'

Daisie's grin widened. "Makeup!"

Nollace was at a loss for words.

Daisie kissed him. "What do you think?"

Seeing his wife acting like a spoiled child, who in the world could resist that look of hers?

Nollace turned over and kissed her on the lips. "You really know when to push your luck, huh?"

The next day...

Daisie was woken up by the noisy voices downstairs. When she went downstairs, she heard Mia arguing with two other servants.

"Have you people lost your minds? The chef is actually on leave today? What a coincidence?"

Mia rolled up her sleeves and pointed at them. "Except for the chef, does none of you know how to cook? You don't even know how to cook a simple western breakfast? Then how did you secure your job here?" One of the servants could not take it any longer. "It's not like we're in charge of the kitchen. Madam Ames claimed that the chef is on leave for some reason, and he won't be back until noon."

Mia crossed her arms. "Oh? It turns out that Madam Ames is the one who let him off, so does this mean that Mrs. Knowles will have to skip breakfast and can only wait for lunch?"

The two servants exchanged gazes and lowered their heads. "If you're dissatisfied with this arrangement, you can talk to Madam Ames. It's her decision anyway."

Mia's rage rose gradually, and she was about to say something to reprimand them when she was

interrupted by Daisy. "We should have more than one chef at home, shouldn't we? Did all of them ask for a leave?"

Mia walked toward Daisy, still complaining on her behalf, "Ma'am, are you seeing this? They're not even showing you any respect, are they? You're the mistress of the manor. What is it with this attitude!?"

One of the servants stepped forward.

"Ma'am, we really don't know about this. It's all arranged by Madam Ames. She claimed that you... You usually sleep until noon, so even if the chefs were to arrive at noon, it wouldn't affect you..."

Daisy narrowed her eyes.

'Indeed, I've been waking up very late ever since I got pregnant.

'But waking up earlier or later isn't the main focus here. As a housekeeper, Madam Ames has the authority to adjust the kitchen employees' work schedules without permission. This is really unprecedented.

'Perhaps Mia's right. She doesn't even respect me at all.'

She stopped in front of the servant. "Where's Madam Ames?"

The servant replied, "Madam Ames doesn't come to work until noon too..."

After hearing this, Mia rebuked angrily, "She's a housekeeper and actually gave herself such a privilege? Is she getting paid to serve her employer, or is she getting paid to enjoy her life in a luxurious manor?"

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The servant looked up at Daisy cautiously. "How about I give Madam Ames a call and ask her to come over now?"

Daisy scoffed. "There's no need for that. I don't think I have the authority to order her around."

After making such a sarcastic comment, Daisy walked to the kitchen alone, but Mia immediately stopped her. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to make my own breakfast."

"How can it be!?" Mia pulled her out and made her sit at the dining table. "If the chef isn't here, *you* have me. I, Mia Keaton, was once lucky enough to work as a part-time sous-chef in a restaurant. Don't worry. Although I haven't cooked in a while, I promise it'll still taste good!"

She swaggered into the kitchen and started messing around with some ingredients.

The two servants were worried that she would light the kitchen on fire, but because of Daisy's presence, they did not dare to say anything. They looked at each other and arrived at the same solution.

The other servant hurried to the yard, took her cell phone out, and called Madam Ames. "Madam Ames, come back quickly! Mrs. Knowles has woken up, and she's very upset. We'll all be fired if Mr. Knowles learns about this."

On the other end of the call, Madam Ames was taken aback when she received the call from the servant. 'She actually woke up at this hour!?'

She gnashed her teeth. "Okay, I'll head back right now."

After hanging up the phone, she walked to Cecelia's side. "Ms. Taylor, I have to go back right away." Cecelia put down the cup of coffee in her hand. "What's the hurry? You're the housekeeper that His Royal Highness hired. Can she even fire you for such a trivial matter?"

Madam Ames shook her head and gave off a wry smile. "Ms. Taylor, you don't know how much Mr. Knowles loves her. He'll believe in anything that she says. Mr. Knowles will surely fire me if she tells him about my negligence."

Cecelia's gaze looked somewhat ruthless. "Love? Trust me. She's only getting all the love because of the fetus in her womb!"

After saying that, she took a tiny bottle of liquid out of her bag and handed it to Madam Ames. The latter was inwardly startled, and her instinct told her that the liquid in the bottle was definitely something heinous. "Ms. Taylor, what are you..."

"Find a way to add this medicine into your employer's food. Don't worry. It won't kill her."

Madam Ames took the bottle of medicine tremblingly, and beads of cold sweat started perspiring on her forehead. "Ms. Taylor, are we really going to do this?"

Becoming a mole in the manor was already extremely terrifying, especially since Daisie had recently painted a target on her back.

'Perhaps she has already noticed something.

'So if I were to spike her food at this moment... And let's not forget that there are so many surveillance cameras in the manor. I'll be caught!'

Cecelia got up, walked toward Madam Ames, placed her hand on her shoulder, and approached her ears.

Don't forget, I know what you've done. So if you don't do as I say, you should know that you'll be apprehended and sentenced for stealing secrets of that aristocratic family, right?"

Madam Ames' back stiffened. She froze in place and did not dare to move.

'Before Mr. Knowles even put out an ad for a steward, Ms. Taylor had already used this secret to blackmail me. She needs a woman who will work for her and lurk beside the princess.

'If I were to refuse to help her now, the secrets that I stole while working as a housekeeper in another aristocratic family would be made public. When that time comes, I'll not only face prison but also offend all the aristocrats that I've worked for.

'My life will fall into hell when that happens.'

Madam Ames clenched the bottle in her hand and bit her lip. "I'll do as asked."

Cecelia gave off a coquettish smile. "Good, that's what I want to hear. Don't worry. As long as I become the princess, I'll treat you well."

When Madam Ames returned to Blue Valley Manor, she placed the medicine in her bag as millions of thoughts flashed across her mind, and she could not help but feel a little nervous.

Stepping into the living room, she saw the servants gathered outside the kitchen. She was then startled when she heard the sound of someone stir-frying in the kitchen..

'Isn't the chef coming in at noon?'

However, it was none other than Mia who was cooking in the kitchen. Soon, Mia came out of the kitchen with breakfast, which was a bowl of noodles.

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“I know you’re the one who hired her, so it’s normal for her to listen to what you have to say. But I feel like a person who’s being excluded, and I can’t even do what I want.”

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