

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1878

Chapter 1878  
Daisie stood on tiptoe and pressed her finger against his lips. "Then you're to—"

The ringtone of her cell phone interrupted her unfinished sentence. Daisie picked up the call and saw that it was Freyja, who was calling her, so she swiped the screen and answered it.

However, what came from the other end of the call was Freyja's screeches. "Daisie, help—"

The call was then interrupted.

Daisie was astounded because she seemed to have heard Colton's voice too on the other end of the call. Nollace frowned and seemed to be thinking about something. "It seems that Colton has taken her away."

Daisie pulled him. "Nollace, did something happen between Colton and Freyja?"

He squinted and smiled. "It's difficult for me to explain it to you."

At the hotel...

Freyja was pushed into the entryway. She was caught off guard as an approaching figure trapped her in a corner of the room, and his cold aura enveloped her.

Colton grabbed her chin, lifted her face, and asked, "After hiding from me for three years, why didn't you continue to hide?"

Her heart skipped a beat, and she avoided his gaze. "I wasn't hiding."

"Oh, really?" He turned her face, forcing her to look at him. "You blocked me on social media, moved away from where you lived, and went MIA. Are you toying with me?"

His gloomy aura felt extremely oppressing to her, but there was nowhere to escape.

The face reflected in her pupils looked more mature, handsome, and composed than three years ago.

The anger, the chill, and the raging wrath hidden at the bottom of his eyes surged and emerged as if she had betrayed him.

She had indeed done something wrong. Her mistake was that she had not stopped the absurdity from taking place three years ago.

“Colton Goldmann, there’s no need for us to contact each other.”

“What did you just say?” His gaze became gloomier.

She chuckled. “We only had a one-night stand. Could it be that you, the second heir of the Goldmanns, are still brooding about such an incident?”

Colton’s facial outline looked cold and stiff, while his eyes looked freezing cold and murderous, as if it was about to penetrate her soul. “So, are you saying that you were playing with me?”

She tightened the hands that were resting on both sides of her body and forced a smile. “You make it sound like I cheated on your feelings, but can you tell me what was my relationship with you before that?”

After saying that, she turned her face away and added, “It was just that I drank too much that night, and both of us went with the tide purely out of lust.”

As soon as she said that, the grip on her jawline tightened all of a sudden as Colton pinched her cheeks with his fingertips while approaching her. “Both of us only went with the tide, and we did all that purely out of lust?”

“Freyja Pruitt, are you sure you were drunk that night?”

“Yes.”

He sneered. “Were you unconscious?” Freyja did not answer his question.

He placed his palms on the back of her head, clasped the back of her neck, and the veins on the back of his hands were clearly visible. “So you didn’t reject me that night. You even took the initiative to come at me. Does that mean that as long as you’re drunk, any man will have a

chance at it?”

Freyja stopped breathing for a short while, and she was unable to loosen her clenched hands. “It has nothing to do with you.” “Very good.” He scoffed, but there was not even a hint of hilarity in his eyes. “Freyja Pruitt, you win.”

He pinched her chin and approached her. "Since you're so promiscuous and can be with whoever you want, then I bet you get it on with me now."

She was astonished. "What!?"

Colton picked her up, and she struggled. "Colton Goldmann, what do you think you're doing!?"

Walking into the bedroom, he threw her onto the bed and pulled off his tie expressionlessly. "I'm doing what you do best."

Freyja got up and wanted to escape, but she was hauled back, and he trapped her within his limbs and started

kissing her.

Her hands were propped against his chest as she tried to push him away from her, but she was clamped between him and the bed and was unable to move. "Colton— »

The sudden pain that came from her lower abdomen made her gasp—he did not even give her a sign before that.

She bit his shoulder, and Colton seemed to feel no pain as all he wanted at the moment was to occupy her from head to toe.

In the evening...

Freyja sat on the bed with her legs bent. Her messy clothes and makeup made her look very flustered and defeated.

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1879**

Chapter 1879 Freyja stared out the window in a daze.

'It's just like that morning from three years ago. He had just disappeared after I woke up. He left without saying anything after sleeping with me. Who would know what his attitude is ?

'In fact, I never forgot what happened that night three years ago. I wasn't so drunk that I was unconscious. I was sober.

Sometimes I'd rather be unconscious that night, so I didn't remember everything that happened so clearly. It's like it's been engraved in my mind, and I can't get it off my mind no matter what.

And every time I think about it, I regret that I called him while I was drunk that night. I also regret that I didn't push him away. Because I really didn't know how to face him after that night, that's why I've kept on hiding from him.

'Anyway, it was a mistake from the very beginning, and I thought that I could stop this mistake just by hiding as Colton might forget what happened after such a long time.

'However, unexpectedly...'

Freyja pulled her hair back and covered her forehead with her palm. "How can everything end like this?"

She freshened herself, tidied her clothes, walked into the living room, and took her cell phone out of her bag. The screen showed five missed calls and three text messages that came from Daisie.

She called Daisie back.

After a while, Daisie answered the call. "Freyja, where has Colton taken you to? And are you alright?" Freyja lowered her gaze. "I'm fine. You don't have to worry about me."

"Freyja, did something happen between you and Colton? Why is Colton so mad?" Daisie had found Colton and asked him about Freyja's whereabouts, but Colton told her to leave him alone and said that that was what Freyja owed him.

'What exactly do I owe him? Who knows?

'He's mad?'

Freyja bit her lip and felt even more depressed. "I'm not mad about him at this point. What is he mad about? That

crazy b\*stard."

"Where are you now?"

"I..." Freyja found a reason to prevaricate, "I'm staying at a hotel for now. I'll come to find you tomorrow."

After finishing the call, Freyja took a deep breath, picked up her bag, and walked up to the door. As soon as she opened the door, she fou

nd two bodyguards waiting outside the door. One of the bodyguards looked at her. "Ms. Pruitt, Mr. Goldman forbids you from leaving this room."

Freyja was startled. "What do you mean by he forbids me from leaving?"

The bodyguard replied, "This is what Mr. Goldman wants."

"I'm going out for a meal."

"We'll make dinner reservations for you. If you still need anything, you can let us know at any time."

Freyja was rendered speechless.

On the other side of Bassburgh, at the Goldman mansion

During dinner, the butler came over and reported that Colton had guests that he needed to entertain tonight and would be back later.

Maisie took a glance at Nolan. "Your son looks just like you now. He has become a workaholic. How do you expect him to find us a daughter-in-law if he continues to live his life like this?"

Nolan smiled and fetched her some vegetables. "Our son is still young. Being a little busier is nothing to someone his age."

Daisie lowered her head and ate her dinner as millions of ideas were flashing across her mind.

It was not until Maisie placed her favorite shrimp on her plate. "Daisie, I heard that Nollace has become one of the shareholders of Tenet. Why didn't you bring him back for a meal?"

Nolan frowned. "Yes, that kid has been spying on my Daisie. I really didn't expect him to really succeed in only three years."

Daisie responded, "Nollace is still busy. Perhaps in a few more days?"

Nolan snorted. "What is he busy with? He's been claiming that he wants to marry you all this while. I won't mind it if he wants to go back on his word. I don't even feel like marrying my daughter to him."

"That kid has found himself a treasure this time around."

Maisie glanced at him and chuckled. "Even our daughter isn't in a hurry. Why are you in such a hurry?"

Nolan's tone became serious. "I'm not in a hurry. It's just that I'm not very satisfied with his attitude."

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1880

Chapter 1880 Maisie smiled without saying a word.

'After so many years, does he think that I can't see through him at one glance?

'He's just being duplicitous. I don't think he can pick out another son-in-law candidate that can outshine Nollace at this moment.

Moreover, Nollace is not only an outstanding young man but also good-looking. So if he doesn't allow his own daughter to get married to this man, then it's only a matter of time before some other ladies reach out to

snatch Nollace away from Daisie. Thus, it's a good thing for Daisie to make a move earlier.'

The prosperous city was filled with radiant neon lights as darkness overcast the sky.

In the brightly lit Glitz Club, the people were dancing, drinking, and partying to the fullest, and in the VIP room, Colton was discussing projects with a few foreign clients. The businesses that Blackgold had its hands in were unlimited, such as entertainment, construction, tourism development, food and beverages, hospitality, technological R&D, and so on. That was how it became a giant in the business circle. Its strength should never be underestimated.

The other party was very happy to be able to collaborate with Blackgold, especially knowing that the second heir of the Goldmanns was interested in their stereoscopic 3D holographic projection technology. They were the ones who first held out an olive branch.

After the discussion of the collaboration, the assistant sent the other party out of the private room and then returned to the private room. "Mr. Goldmann, are you going back to the Goldmann mansion?"

"No." Colton lowered his gaze, put the wine glass down, picked up his jacket, got up, and walked out of the private room. "Take me to the hotel."

The assistant went to get the car.

Colton walked out of the clubhouse, and the assistant pulled the car over and stopped in front of him.

He opened the door and got in the car. The car drove forward slowly, turned at the junction, and disappeared into the street.

In a car parked not far away, Nollace had his legs crossed, and there was a laptop on his thighs. The laptop screen just happened to display a blueprint of the stereoscopic 3D holographic projection technology.

He had a Bluetooth headset in his left ear and was on a call.

The other party reported something to him, and he

responded indifferently, "Thank you for the effort." After finishing the call, Edison glanced at the rearview mirror. "Mr. Knowles, why don't you take the initiative to discuss this collaboration with Mr. Goldmann himself?"

Nollace scoffed. "Judging from his and his father's temperament, they would toy me to death if they were to know that I want to work with Blackgold." "You're the Goldmanns' future son-in-law. Why would you want to collaborate with the Blackgold Group?" Edison was puzzled.

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He gave off a faint chuckle. "Everyone wants to cooperate with a stronger company, and I'm no exception."

After saying that, he remembered something. "Make an appointment for an antique shop for me tomorrow."

Edison asked, "You wish to go to an antique shop?" He loosened his tie. "If I want to meet my father-in-law and mother-in-law, I can't go to them empty-handed, can I?"

In the hotel suite...

Colton stood at the entryway. The lights in the living room were still on, and his gaze swept over the dinner on the dining table.

'It seems that she has eaten.'

He stepped into the bedroom. The warm yellow floor

lamp had been turned down, and the dim and warm light was reflected on the person who was sleeping on the bed.

Freyja lay on her side, with the blanket only covering up to her waist. She looked decent, peaceful, and a little adorable while she was asleep.

He stood beside the bed for a while, sat on the edge, and reached out to gently brush the hair on her forehead while his eyes fixed on her sleeping face.

Three years ago, he had left early in the morning because he did not want her to feel embarrassed when she woke up. And after that night, he had assumed she was interested in him.

Upon thinking of what Freyja said, Colton's eyes turned slightly cold. He got worked up and pinched her face. She hissed and woke up in pain. The moment she opened her eyes, the first thing that caught her eyes was Colton's gloomy face.

She sat up in fright and wrapped herself in the blanket. "Why are you here?"

"I'm the one who reserved this room, so why can't I be here?" He took off his coat.

Freyja grabbed his hands and pressed them against the bed. "Wait a minute."

Colton lifted his gaze and glanced at her but did not utter a single word.

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She took a deep breath and calmed down. "I want to talk to you."

"What makes you think you're in the position to talk to me?"