

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1831

Chapter 1831 The man leading the group of three took a puff on a cigarette, and his gaze landed on the room's door across the hallway. He did not see any light shining through the seams, making it obvious that no one was there.

He snuffed out the cigarette. "Keep an eye on this whole floor for me and wait for them to come back. Remember, grab the *woman* first."

When the footsteps went further away, Freyja's clothes were already soaked in a cold sweat. She then realized Colton's hand was still covering her mouth, so she gently pushed it off her face.

Colton regained his senses and retracted his hand.

Freyja leaned against the door and sneered. "Do you believe me now?"

Colton did not utter anything. He caught a glimpse of her lacerated palm and grabbed her wrist.

She pulled her hand away instantly. "What are you doing?"

He stared at her. "Your acting skills are just so—so."

Freyja scoffed. "Didn't you just say that my acting skills are so fabulous that I even managed to trick your brother, and you're now saying that my acting skills are poor?" "Why did you buy that thing?"

"What?"

Seeing that his gaze was fixed on the bag she had brought back, Freyja finally came back to her senses and reacted, then turned her face away and gnashed her teeth. "I grabbed it by mistake."

'I grabbed it in such a tense situation, so how would I have the time to focus on what I took?'

"Grabbed it by mistake?" Colton scoffed and approached her. "I think you're just trying to cover your actions with a lie."

Freyja pushed him away and went to pack her luggage. "If you have the time to mock me, you might as well think about how we can get out of this room."

There were no lights in the room, and the interior dimmed gradually as the sun set and the sky darkened.

The weather was hot, and the air conditioner was not turned on, so the whole room felt extremely stuffy.

Colton opened the French window, and the sea breeze blew in through the window and made them feel a little better.

Freyja sat on the couch and could only munch on the snacks she had bought to fill her stomach.

Hearing the crunching voice that was coming from behind him, Colton was a little irritated. He turned his head and was about to say something when he remembered that he was the one who had thrown her dinner away.

However, he could not help but think that those people would have found and caught her when they came back just now if he

had not come after her and asked her for an explanation.

“How are things on Nollace’s side?” he asked her.

Freyja raised her head. “I don’t know yet. Maybe he’s also trying to figure things out. But no matter whether they’re the ones who come back or we’re to go out, we’ll be discovered.”

After saying that, she sighed and could not help but complain, “It’s really bad to encounter this kind of situation during a vacation, but it’s even worse to have to stay with someone.”

Colton’s gaze dimmed. “What did you just say?”

Freyja shrugged and ate a biscuit. “It’s nothing.”

At that moment, in a hotel near their resort...

Nollace stood in front of the French window and called Edison. Edison told him something, and his expression turned gloomy in an instant. “Are you sure it’s him?”

Edison replied, “I’m sure. He’s someone who works for Donald, but he colluded with Ken secretly long ago.

“Otherwise, Ken wouldn’t have found that you had secret dealings with Donald and chosen to kill Mr. Reese in order to sow discord between the both of you.”

Nollace did not say a single word.

'I was still wondering why Ken would have the guts to frame Donald through Jonah's death so that Donald would think that I was the one who challenged him. Everything makes sense now. It's because Ken had placed a spy right next to Donald.

'However, even up until the moment he died, I don't think Ken would've thought that his men would also be interested in Jonah Reese's inheritance.'

"You're to arrange for a group of people to come over and be on standby secretly. It's known that they've sent three men here. I don't know if others will be waiting around for a chance to ambush us."

After Nollace finished speaking, he gave off a gloomy smirk. "By the way, deliver my words to Mr. Matthews too. I believe that he's a pro when it comes to picking out moles."

He then hung up the call and turned around.

Seeing the figure hiding outside the door, he placed his cell phone on the desk and chuckled. "Someone was found out when she stole a glance the other day, and she's been discovered again while eavesdropping this time. You've not grown at all, huh?"

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Chapter 1832

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Daisie choked on her own words and entered the room. "Do you have eyes behind your head?"

She was hiding in the hallway and behind the door, yet she was still discovered.

Nollace took her into his arms. "Your shadow betrayed you."

Daisie was rendered speechless.

'What can I do even if I'm not reconciled to this outcome? I can't argue with that.'

"Will Colton and Freyja be okay?"

Nollace carried her to the couch and sat her on his thigh. "Given Colton's vigilance and cleverness, he won't put themselves in danger."

"I know..." Daisy stopped abruptly.

Nollace tucked her long hair behind her ears with his fingertips. "We're their targets. We're the ones who are in the most danger. Don't *you* worry about yourself?"

Daisy's gaze shifted away. "Aren't you here?"

He kissed her at the corner of her eye and cheeks, and his smile intensified. "Yes, as long as I'm here, I'll definitely protect you at the cost of my life."

She covered his lips with her palm. "Don't jinx it! You're not allowed to say anything about risking your life ever again."

Nollace held the back of her hand, lowered his head, kissed her, and gave off a faint smile. "Okay."

In the middle of the night, the two men downstairs had been keeping watch for a long time, but they had not seen their targets returning to their room.

They felt that something was not right.

The tattooed man called their boss. "Bro, they haven't come back. Have we been deceived?"

The man leading the three remained silent on the other end of the phone call. He then asked after a long pause. "Are you sure? Did you miss anyone?"

"We've been watching closely at anyone that's passed by downstairs, and we've focused on everyone who came in and went out of this place. It's impossible for us to have missed something."

The other man went to the front desk and asked the receptionists some questions. After that, he came out, took out a pack of cigarettes, and tore open the packet. "Could they've been hiding in the room?"

The tattooed man ended the call with a fierce glare. "Let's go up."

In the room...

Freyja and Colton were sitting on the folding chairs on the balcony.

Colton took a glance at his phone—the battery was already

critically low.

They could not insert the room card for electricity, so there was no way to charge it.

He turned to look at Freyja and asked, "What about your phone?"

Freyja lay back in the chair and did not feel like moving a muscle as she was weak. "It shut down automatically."

Just as Colton was about to say something, he heard someone swiping the room card against the card reader outside of the room.

Two men broke into the room, inserted the room card into the card reader for electricity, and the room brightened up instantly.

But the room was empty.

After checking the bedroom, the man asked, "Their luggage is all still here. Did we guess wrong? Have they really not come back?"

'If they were here, there's no way that they wouldn't have plugged their card in for the electricity.'

The tattooed man's gaze landed on some snack packages on the table and the open French windows. He clenched the gun underneath his clothes and walked to the balcony without hesitation.

'This is the fifth floor. There's no way they've escaped by jumping out of the window.'

He turned to look at the neighbor's balcony.

The French windows next door were closed, and the screen was down, so even the light from a flashlight could not illuminate the inside for a better view.

Immediately afterward, a faint moan came from the room next door.

The tattooed man knew what was going on as soon as he heard the voice.

He gnashed his teeth and said to the man behind him, "Let's go."

After confirming that the men had left, Colton covered Freyja's mouth and lowered his voice. "Stop moaning."

'Just how shameless can she be? She actually has the guts to let off such a noise when I'm around.'

The point was that he was on the brink of losing control.

The two hid behind the curtains in an extremely narrow space, and the atmosphere was inexplicably intimate.

The two stayed in the dark, but a gleam of light penetrated through the window screen, so they could see each other indistinctly

Freyja could not see Colton's expression clearly, so she jerked his hand away and said triumphantly, "But I'm the one who had to step up during such a critical moment."

'It'll be a waste of my talent if I don't become a voice actress.'

Colton tugged at his collar, feeling inexplicably hot and irritable, and his facial outline stiffened. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

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Chapter 1833

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Freyja asked in reply, "What would you choose to do then? To act shamelessly or to die?"

Colton pushed her aside and opened the French windows, and the wind that blew in calmed him down a little. "You should be glad that that b*stard from the Knowles didn't close the window."

Freyja sat on the bed. "It seems that we can only stay here for one night."

Colton did not say anything.

After freezing in place for a long time, he no longer heard any movement coming from behind, so he turned around and saw Freyja. She was lying on her side and had fallen asleep on the bed.

Colton leaned against the window and stared at her thoughtfully.

Early in the morning, a ray of light shined into the room.

After Freyja woke up, she sat up, turned her head, and caught a glimpse of Colton. He was sitting on the couch, staring attentively at the computer screen.

Her gaze then shifted onto the laptop on his thigh, and she then looked intently.

Isn't that my laptop?

'Did he go back next door while I was sleeping?'

"Colton Goldmann!" Freyja rushed over and grabbed her laptop.

Colton closed the lid of the laptop and lifted his gaze. However, because Freyja was dashing so quickly, she failed to slow down and threw herself into his arms.

A soft mass rammed him in the face.

Colton was at a loss for words as she pulled herself away immediately and stepped back.

Seeing Colton's indescribable expression, she was embarrassed and panicked. "I'll be clear with this. I didn't do it on purpose, and I'm the one who has something to lose from this incident!"

Blue veins bulged on the back of Colton's hands, and he gnashed his teeth as if he was holding something back. "Freyja Pruitt, you,"

"I'll go back to my room."

It's best to escape before he loses his cool.'

Colton took a deep breath and covered his face with his palm.

Freyja did not realize that his entire face, including his ears, were all flushed.

Nollace and Daisy did not return to the resort until noon. Freyja and Colton sat alone in two corners of the room, and the atmosphere in the room felt very strange.

Daisy could not help but ask, "Colton, Freyja, are you all right?"

"We're fine!" The two responded in unison, looked at each other, and quickly turned their heads away.

Daisy was puzzled.

Colton changed the subject immediately. "Aren't those people watching us?"

Nollace stood in front of the French window and turned sideways slowly. "No, and I've arranged for someone to keep an eye on us from the shadows. Even if they make a move on us, we'll be prepared."

Colton asked, "Who are those men?"

He replied, "The mole that Ken placed beside Donald back when he was still alive."

Freyja was startled but did not utter a single word.

Nollace came over and speculated, "He's working alone, so I don't think he has the balls to make a move on Daisy and me. Maybe he's joined forces with others."

'If no one was there to back him up, he alone wouldn't dare to act so presumptuously. He even has his eyes fixed on the Goldmanns at the same time.'

Colton stood up. "It's reasonable for that fella to paint a bullseye on your back. You're the one who pulled Ken down and indirectly killed him, but why would he reach out for Daisy too?"

Daisy looked at him.

Nollace remained silent for a long time before lifting his head and giving off a keen gaze. "If something were to happen to Daisy, you people from the Goldmanns would surely hold me accountable.

"If I were to fail to protect Daisy, your father would definitely not let me go. It doesn't matter if I lose power or status. The Goldmanns coming for the Knowles is what they want to see."

Colton narrowed his eyes slightly.

'This b*stard's analysis sounds reasonable and legit. If something were to happen to Daisy, Dad would definitely rain fire and brimstone on him.'

'So the other party wants to use this incident to force the Goldmanns into going after the Knowles. This scheme will only cause the Knowles to bleed big time. After all, the Goldmanns would have nothing else to lose after losing a daughter.'

'But after going through so much trouble, their objective shouldn't be as simple as to make Nollace lose power.'

“But what if Nollace were to die in this accident too?” Freyja’s words attracted the gaze of everyone present.

The atmosphere in the room turned awkward in an instant.

Freyja raised her hand to stop anyone who was about to speak up and explained, “I’m just giving an example. What you just said is that the other party wants the Knowles to lose power. If that’s the case, they should only focus on kidnapping Daisy and Daisy only. But think about it, their target has always been the both of you.”

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Chapter 1834

Chapter 1834

Colton crossed his arms. “You actually have a brain and know how to use it.”

Freyja choked on her own words. “Unlike you, you’re just all mouth!”

Nollace’s sudden peal of laughter interrupted the atmosphere.” I’ll definitely be fine. If their goal is the two of us, then their objective is nothing more than to capture Daisy and me together, then kill Daisy in front of me. And if I were unable to do anything to salvage that, that would anger the Goldmanns even more.”

‘Daisy is my girlfriend. Being unable to protect my own girlfriend is the key that will make the Goldmanns furious.’

Colton walked up to the window with a sullen expression. “No matter how things will turn out, all we need to do now is to find out who’s the person behind the curtains.”

In a location not far away from the resort, a van was parked at the roadside.

The man sitting in the driver’s seat was smoking a cigarette and staring at the entrance of the resort.

He did not take his eyes off the entrance until a young man and woman, who were wearing sunglasses and masks, dragged their luggage to the entrance and boarded a taxi.

The man cross-checked their attire, confirmed that Nollace and

Daisy had returned, and drove quickly to catch up to the taxi.

The taxi drove toward the city.

The van behind them accelerated, chasing after the taxi until both vehicles arrived at an intersection, where the taxi was forced to pull over.

The three men in the van got off and knocked on the taxi's window. The driver lowered the window halfway and asked alertly, "What do you think you're doing?"

"Cut the bullsh*t and get out of the car!"

The driver was dragged out of the car by the tattooed man and pressed against the car's hood. The driver had a gun pointed at his forehead and did not dare to move.

The two people in the back seat also came out of the car and raised their hands cooperatively.

"Are you the Goldmanns' precious daughter?" The man walked up to the woman and reached out to pull off her mask and sunglasses.

Nollace warned him, "I dare you to lay a finger on her."

The man looked at him and licked the corner of his lips. "Mr. Knowles, you can't even protect yourself now, and you're still acting all nosy."

After pulling off her mask and sunglasses, the man was stunned when he saw the woman in front of him. "Why is it you!?"

Freyja smiled. "Hi, we meet again."

completing the mission. She asked us to make a move on you and the daughter of the Goldmanns, and... And we must make sure that the girl dies right in front of your very eyes."

Nollace and Colton exchanged gazes.

'This matches with what we speculated. As long as Daisy dies right under Nollace's nose, the Goldmanns will never let him go.

'Zenovia's plan will not only get rid of Daisy but also retaliate against Nollace through the Goldmanns. It's conceivable that this woman is even more scheming than Lisa.'

At Rocky's private villa...

Two people sat in the courtyard and enjoyed afternoon tea comfortably.

Zenovia stared at the black tea in the cup. "I'm afraid that their vacation date will turn into a horror movie."

Rocky smirked. "Aren't you worried? That kid from the Knowles might not just sit idly and watch the daughter of the Goldmanns

die."

She placed the teacup down and raised her gaze. "I'll admit that Nollace is very smart, but he's made his weakness too obvious. They didn't even bring any bodyguards on vacation. Can he deal with those three thugs alone?"

"Even if they're lucky enough to escape that, I won't let them return to the city safe and sound."

"He is a man of means and has a very high IQ, and I'll even admit that he's a magnificent man. But no matter how powerful and excellent a person is, he'll still have weaknesses.

'Ever since he told me that his bottom line is Daisy Vanderbilt, he exposed his weaknesses.

'They only care about themselves at the resort. How would they know that danger is coming their way?'

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Chapter 1835

Nollace asked Edison, who was disguised as the driver, to pull the man up. He then grabbed the man by his jawline and lifted his face up. His eyes looked extremely gloomy. "May I know who Mr. Wansell is working with?"

The man avoided direct eye contact subconsciously. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"It doesn't matter. Even if you don't tell me now, I've already found out about the person who's giving you orders from behind the curtains. You're welcome to continue to keep their identity a secret for them."

Nollace smirked, but there was not even a hint of hilarity in his eyes. "If you had only offended me, I'd be able to forgive you right here and right now. But you've offended the Goldmanns. I don't think even your master can save your ass from the deep shit that you're in."

The leader of the gang shivered slightly.

'We must deliver the results after we've gotten paid. However, now that the mission has failed, going back might not be the best thing to do too.

However, he seemed to have made up his mind and was mentally prepared to face the consequences of his failure as he kept his mouth shut and refused to speak from start to finish.

Nollace saw that he was a tough guy, and his gaze was filled with admiration. "Okay, I'll admit that you're a man."

He let go of the man's jaw and stood up. "Even if you don't sell that person out, someone else will."

A man in black brought the tattooed man and the other man forward, pressed their arms against the ground, and another man in black took a small ax out of the trunk.

Before the tattooed man had the chance to make a sound, the man beside him had already screamed out loud in fright, "Don't! I don't want to die! Please let me go! I'll speak! I'll tell you everything!"

The tattooed man gnashed his teeth. "Just shut the f*ck up!"

"I don't want to die! If you want to die, be my guest. I'm only doing this for the money. I want to live." The man underwent a mental breakdown and burst into tears.

The tattooed man gave up struggling. He had no choice since the person he worked with was a useless piece of sh*t who was afraid of dying.

Nollace waved his hand and asked someone to bring the man forward. "Then I'll give you a chance."

The man trembled. "Ms. Livingston is the person who hired us, and Mr. Wansell is just the person who helped her plan everything from behind the scenes."

Daisie was stunned, while Colton's expression could not help but turn gloomy. "It turns out to be her."

"I won't lie to you. I wouldn't dare to do so." The man had a strong desire to survive and gave up every single piece of information. "She said that she'll pay us \$100,000 after

completing

the mission. She asked us to make a move on you and the daughter of the Goldmanns, and... And we must make sure that the girl dies right in front of your very eyes."

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