

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

Chapter 1846

Chapter 1846

Colton walked toward the two sales clerks and tapped his knuckles against the counter top. "Wrapped anything that the lady from earlier showed interest in. I'm buying every single one of them."

The two sales clerks looked embarrassed.

Freyja waited outside for more than 20 minutes, looking down at her watch from time to time to the extent that her feet went numb.

'If I were to know that this is the case, I might as well have chosen to stay in the car.'

Two gift boxes were suddenly handed to her, and Colton's deep voice came from behind. "Hold them."

Freyja glanced at the bags, grabbed them impatiently, and turned around to face him. "Mr. Goldman, may we go back?"

Colton looked at her. "Is there nothing that you want to buy?"

"I won't use any of those items," she claimed.

Colton scoffed and said, for mercy's sake, "If you don't have money, I can lend it to you." Freyja chuckled and restrained her laugh immediately.

Do you think I'm poor?"

He responded with a faint hum. "It seems so at the moment."

She did not even blink. "Lend me a few million dollars then."

As soon as she finished speaking, a hint of sternness flashed across Colton's eyes, and his eyebrows twitched as a frown formed. "What did you just say?"

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"Don't you think I'm poor?" Freyja's expression was unchanged, as if she was admitting her financial state g

enerously. "I happen to be in need of a few million dollars, so Mr. Goldmann, you might as well lend it to me. Anyway, this amount of money should only feel like a handful of loose change to someone like you, Mr. Goldmann."

Colton glared at her grimly—his gaze felt as sharp as swords. "Do you think you're worth that much money?"

Even though he looked calm, Freyja could feel the chill in his eyes, which felt murderous.

She estimated it was because they were talking about money, which was a sensitive topic.

Freyja was only joking about it, however. Colton probably did not like women who only knew to talk about money when he was around because of his suspicious and sensitive personality.

After all, his identity was a very obvious trait that he was born into.

People who were born into a lot of glory and wealth were most likely to encounter plenty of hypocritical people and events, so she could not blame him for being mean.

Freyja turned around, paused for a few seconds, and laughed out loud abruptly. "It's not up to you to decide whether I'm worth it or not. Everyone is priceless in their own way, and their worth can't be measured with money. No matter how rich you are, there are always things that you can't buy, not to mention that my financial state has nothing to do with you, doesn't it?"

With a straight face, he said, "What a lame argument."

Freyja shrugged. "I'm just telling the truth. If you think I'm short of money, who thinks that they're not short of money? If you dare to offer to lend me some money, I won't shy away from asking for it. Besides, it's you who brought it up. I'm not the one who's begging you to do

so."

"Freyja Pruitt!" Freyja had already walked away without waiting for him to speak. Colton was very frustrated, but she was the one person in the world who could irritate him with just a few words, as if she was born to restrain him.

'I just can't see through this woman. She's definitely not simple-minded, but she's not complicated, either. She's unpredictable, just like a

fog. When you think she's that kind of person, she'll become another type of person in a blink of an eye. And when you want to see through her, you'll find out that you can't do so no matter what.

'When I treat her like cr*p, she's indifferent about it. When I treat her well, she doesn't appreciate it either.

She just pisses me off.'

On the other side of the city, in a huge restaurant...

Only two guests were eating in the restaurant, Daisy and Nollace.

It was obvious that they had reserved the whole restaurant for themselves.

Delicate tableware and wine glasses were placed on the white tablecloth, rose-scented candles had been lit, and the retro all-copper suspended ceiling and the exquisite oil paintings on the walls gave off strong colors and a glamorous atmosphere.

Nollace rearranged the plates of dishes for her and moved her favorite food nearer to her. Suddenly, a shrimp was delivered to the front of his mouth. He paused for a bit, and his grin intensified. "This is the first time you've peeled a shrimp and fed it to me."

Daisy whispered, "The main reason is that I didn't have

a chance before this..."

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1847

Chapter

1847 Daisy and Nollace had only had a handful of opportunities to eat alone – there were people present most of the time.

Thinking of this, she suddenly realized that she had never had a formal date with Nollace.

And when she was a little distracted, she felt something soft and gentle on her fingertip. She regained her senses, and that was when Nollace bit her finger while he went for the piece of shrimp meat.

A current jolted from her fingertip to her heart and numbed it.

She pulled her hand back subconsciously and looked around.

Upon seeing that her ears were flushed as she could not take a tease, Nollace's laughter intensified.

Compared to her slight nervousness, he seemed very calm and composed. "Have you signed a contract with a company?"

She nodded. "Yes, I've signed a contract with a new entertainment company." Thinking of something, she bit her fork and hesitated for a few seconds before asking, "Nollace, would you get

angry if I were to get a romantic performance offer?"

Nollace paused for a few seconds, then lifted his gaze. "I'll be jealous, but I won't stop you from accepting it."

Since she's chosen to step into the entertainment industry, these incidents are inevitable. Only cowardly people will worry that somebody else will snatch their beloved woman away from them.

'I don't object to Daisy's entry into the entertainment industry, nor do I object to her taking on romantic performances. I'll support her in whatever she wants to do. Even if she needs me, I'll always stand behind her. It's not that I'm not a selfish person. All I'll do is to give her enough sense of security and trust, pamper her infinitely, and spoil her to the point where she can't live without me.

'And if she gets tired of me, I'll play hard-to-get and become indifferent to her to reignite her interest and attention again.

"There are no tricks I can't play, only those she wouldn't expect.

How would Daisy know that she had already walked down a path of no return?

But when a man was willing to take the initiative to understand the nature of a woman's career and could be so considerate, generous, and tolerant about it, how

could a woman not be moved?

With that being said, Daisy made a decision on the spot." Nollace, to avoid making you jealous, I'll try not to land any scripts that require me to act in intimate scenes."

'He trusts me, so I have to live up to his trust too.'

The corners of his lips twitched slightly, and he lifted his head. "Are you trying to comfort me?"

"I'm being serious here!"

"Okay." His smile widened.

In the evening, Nollace sent her back to the Hilton Villas. The car was parked outside of the gate. She stopped the hand that was pushing the door and turned her head around. "Nollace."

Nollace responded languidly, "Hmm?"

The next second, Daisy threw herself at him and pecked him on the corner of his lips.

Edison took a glance at the rearview mirror and was so frightened that he quickly shifted his gaze away and looked out the window.

Nollace was slightly stunned. In just a few seconds, he clasped the back of her head with his palm and sealed her

lips.

After entwining for a while, the two separated.

Daisy's cheeks were as flushed as the sunset on the horizon, and when she noticed the coldness of her neck, she inadvertently lowered her head and was startled.

A pink diamond ring was hanging from a silver chain.

Nollace wrapped her in his arms and pressed his cheek against her ear. "The other ring is in my possession. Daisy Vanderbilt, you have to wear it all the time and mustn't take it off. Otherwise, I'll punish you."

Daisy held the diamond ring hanging on the necklace, and her cheeks were on the brink of lighting up on fire. She then pushed the door, got out of the car, and ran away as if she was running for her life.

Nollace lowered the car window halfway, looked at her figure that disappeared into the courtyard, lightly wiped the corner of his lips with his finger, and smiled all of a sudden.

A few days later, at Bassburgh Airport... Daisy dragged her luggage and walked out of the exit slowly. The fans who came to welcome her held her sign up high and shouted, "Daisieeee! Welcome home!" Daisy grinned and waved at them. Outside the airport, she saw Quincy and the bodyguards that were waiting for her in front of several cars.

The bodyguards stood in a row and nodded at her. "Young lady."

Quincy took the luggage and opened the car door for her. She got into the car and did not forget to say goodbye to the fans, and the fans were thrilled.

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Chapter 1848

Chapter 1848 The paparazzi hiding in the shadows took a few pictures one after another.

Several cars followed each other closely, driving toward the Goldmann mansion at a reasonable speed.

Daisie looked out the window. After living abroad for a few years, she returned to Bassburgh again, but she realized that she was not used to it.

She held the ring on the necklace in her palm and pressed her fist against her chest.

The next time when he comes to see me, I will have transformed too. At least I will no longer be the Daisie who can only stay behind him and be protected by him.

'I'll become the Daisie who can stand by his side confidently.

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At the Goldmann mansion...

Nicholas, Maisie, and Nolan were waiting in the living room until the familiar figure sprinted in. "Mom, Dad, Grandpa!"

With a smile on his face, Nicholas waved. "Daisie, you're finally back. Come over and let me have a look."

Daisie trotted forward and stood in front of Nicholas. He

took a good look at her and said with relief, "My granddaughter has really grown up and become more and more beautiful."

Daisie wrapped her arms around his. "Grandpa, you still look so young after so many years." Nicholas was amused by her. "You even know how to make your grandfather happy now." Nolan cleared his throat faintly. "I thought you would be reluctant to return home." Daisie pouted. "I'm your and Mom's daughter. How would I dare not to come back home?"

“Oh, you’ve realized that you’re our daughter all of a sudden, huh? You’ve run into such a huge incident in Yaramoor, and you didn’t even know how to call back home to tell us

about it. Sure enough, you’ve grown.” Maisie glared at Nolan. “Our daughter has finally come back home. Why would you suddenly have so many opinions about her?”

Nolan didn’t dare to speak another word.

Daisie dashed to Maisie’s side, sat down next to her, and hugged her. “Mom, I missed you so much.”

Maisie stroked the ends of her hair and chuckled helplessly. “You’re such a big girl now, and you’re still acting so coquettishly. Do you do the same when you’re with him?”

Daisie was stunned. Knowing who Maisie was referring to, she lowered her head, and her cheeks flushed slightly as she said, “No.”

Nicholas came to his son’s side. “Is Daisie really dating that kid from the Knowles?”

When the old man wanted to gossip, no one could beat him to that.

Even if Nolan was reluctant to admit it, it was the truth.

He had always been on guard, but he still could not stop that Knowles boy from snatching his little princess from him.

Back in the bedroom, Maisie helped Daisie put her luggage away. “Waylon told us that you’d come back this time around in order to enter the entertainment industry. It seems that you’ve already made up your mind.”

Daisie lowered her gaze. “I want to rely on myself just like you. I want to be able to make my own money and be independent.”

Maisie laughed and put the clothes in the luggage back into the closet. “It’s a good thing that you have such an idea. As your mom, I’ll support all your decisions.”

“Mom, Nollace said the same thing to me too.”

Maisie stopped moving and looked back at her.

Whenever Nollace was mentioned, Daisie’s eyes would

light up. “He told me that no matter what I do, he’ll always support me. Mom, if I were to tell you that I want to marry him, would you support me too?”

Daisie was not very certain when she put the question forward.

She knew that her father did not like Nollace, but Colton and Waylon had already accepted him, so she believed that her parents would also accept him someday.

Maisie closed the door of the closet and turned to look at her. "Your relationship is yours to decide. If you want to marry him, I'll always support you."

Daisie was stunned for a moment. "Really? But dad..."

Maisie stepped forward and caressed her cheek. "Duplicity is your father's specialty. He might say he doesn't agree with your relationship, but will he really disagree with your choice?"

"He didn't agree to let you get engaged to Nollace so soon because he doesn't want you two to step into marriage so hastily and without any preparation.

"Besides, if you were to get engaged to him before the Knowles Group could gain a firm foothold in the business world, he would be deemed by the public as a man who married you for the Goldmanns' background, and outsiders would never recognize his efforts."

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Chapter 1849

Chapter 1849 Daisie pursed her lips as her eyes turned bloodshot.

Maisie wiped the corners of her eyes lightly with her fingertips. "Daisie, it's not that your father denies Nollace's strength. He's giving him the chance to perform only because he has high expectations for him." Daisie lowered her gaze and smiled. "I understand that now. Thank you, Mom." "Aren't you tired from the flight? You should have a good rest first. I'll leave you alone now." Maisie left the bedroom upon saying that. She closed the door and turned around, only to see Nolan leaning against the wall waiting for her.

Maisie walked toward him. "Are you eavesdropping on my conversation with our daughter?"

Nolan turned his face away and complained a little emotionally, "You start to ignore me as soon as our daughter comes back."

She smiled and pulled his tie. "Who are you talking about? »

He replied instantly, "You."

"Nolan, the older you get, the more childish you become." Maisie approached him. "It seems that you need to be taught a lesson?"

Nolan hugged her, buried his face in her shoulders, and chuckled. "Then what does my wife plan to do to me?"

She pinched his chin. "Let's talk about your future son-in-law first."

Nolan was rendered speechless.

The next day...

#The Goldmanns' daughter, Daisie, returns to Zlokova.#

#Daisie Vanderbilt's comeback.#

#Daisie Fans Club#

Daisie occupied three of the hottest topics on Google Trends, and she seemed to be announcing her return to the entertainment industry in a very high-profile manner.

After withdrawing from the entertainment industry for so long, many of her fans were still there to welcome her at the airport when she returned to Zlokova. That was a very rare thing to see in showbiz.

After all, celebrities who had retired from the circle would fail to maintain their popularity after such a long time, which would cause their fans not to follow them anymore, let alone welcome them at the airport.

And Daisie could be regarded as the only artist in the history of showbiz who had retired from the industry for so long but was still loved by many fans.

Especially after the photos of Daisie coming out of the airport were exposed, many netizens commented one after another.

Some girls were good-looking when they were young, but their appearance would go downhill as they grew up, but Daisie's beauty was consistent from childhood to adulthood.

She had inherited Nolan's appearance and Maisie's charm. She even looked out of this world when she appeared in public with her bare face.

At Tenet Media...

Daisie sat in the office and waited. The staff knew that she was the daughter of the Goldmanns and did not dare neglect her.

They were very respectful and enthusiastic when around her.

Daisie felt rather helpless. After all, she could not stop her fans from welcoming her at the airport. But the point was that she got photographed by the paparazzi and was catapulted onto Google Trends' list of hot topics. She did not expect trying to keep a low profile to be this difficult.

"Ms. Vanderbilt."

Seeing that the chairman of the company came in through the door with his secretary, Daisie got out of her seat.

The chairman of Tenet Media stepped forward and took the initiative to reach out for her hand as a gesture." Thank you very much for choosing our agency. I've brought your contract with me. You can go through all the terms, and if you don't have any issue with its content, you can sign it at any time."
The secretary placed the contract on the desk.

Daisie sat back down, read the contract carefully, and was a little surprised. "Sir, these aren't terms that a newcomer should have, are they?"

The contract of a newcomer would not list out all those benefits. Random resources would be allocated to a newcomer within their first five years in the agency.

Their success depended on their luck and strength. If there was no improvement after those five years, the contract would automatically be terminated.

But this was a high-level contract, and it was worth a lot. This kind of treatment would only be given to S- and A tier celebrities.

The chairman of Tenet chuckled. "Ms. Vanderbilt, you were a child star, so you have experience in filming, and you have many

regular fans, so there's no need for us to start from the very beginning when it comes to you. Our agency will arrange a manager for you and also provide

you with suitable resources. I believe that you'll not let me down."

What Tenet

Media lacked most at this moment were excellent artists. It took a long time to cultivate new talented individuals.

Excellent and experienced entertainers would not require the company to spend more effort on cultivating them, could act independently, and could make money for the company.

To highly competitive entertainment companies, these celebrities had always been the preferred choice.

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Chapter 1850

Chapter 1850 A good artist, as long as they could put out masterpieces and keep their relevance, would be popular in any entertainment agency, even if they changed from one agency to another.

After all, deals were all made because of the benefits that came along

Daisie was about to sign the contract, but that was when she remembered something and asked all of a sudden, "Can I name a request?"

The chairman paused and nodded.

"No problem, as long as it's reasonable and compliant." She named her request without any hesitation. "I want to have the final say when it comes to choosing the script that I'll get in the future."

The chairman originally thought that she would make a list of some difficult requests, so he did not expect it to be such a matter. Thus, he agreed to it readily, even without thinking about it.

At noon, the secretary brought Daisie to see the manager.

Daisie followed the secretary along the corridor, looking around. They kept all the famous films, television posters, and a group photo of all the employees within

the company behind glass cupboards.

She turned around and asked the secretary how she should address him. And the secretary replied to her with a smile. "I'm Billy Gray, and you can call me Mr. Gray."

Probably out of curiosity, Daisy asked again, "My manager, is it easy to get along with him?"

Billy was stunned for a few seconds, then smiled. "Don't worry, Mr. Charlie Johnson came over to work for us from Zestar Media. He has a lot of experience, and the artists that followed him back then are basically all S- and A-tier celebrities. Nowadays, including you, only three celebrities are under his management."

Daisy narrowed her eyes. She felt that Billy was answering her questions lightly while avoiding all the important points. He did not say whether they would get along well or not.

However, judging from his slightly embarrassed expression, it could be seen that this agent might not be the easiest person to get along with.

She asked again, "Why does he only have to manage so few artists?"

Billy replied, "Mr. Johnson is only responsible for managing the top-tier artists of our company. Tenet has just started, so the company has only two top-tier artists."

After saying that, he added with a smile, "However, Mr. Vanderbilt, I believe that you'll be able to move up the ranking and become one of the top-tier ones in no time."

When facing these flattering words, Daisy only gave off a smile and did not utter a single word.

'The chairman was extremely polite with me just now, and Mr. Gray is speaking so respectfully to me. In addition to my popularity in the industry, it's more due to my special identity.

'Sure enough, what Aunt Xyla said to me at their estate is true. My identity will always be the elephant in the room wherever I go, and it's difficult to change many things that I want to be changed. Even if I want to rely on myself instead of the Goldmanns, in Bassburgh, as long as I'm still the daughter of the legendary Nolan Goldmann, no one will dare to reject me so easily due to Dad's influence.'

The two stopped at the office of the management department, and before they entered the office, a stack of documents smashed on the door, and an infuriated voice followed it.

"James Tell, I didn't boost your reputation and make you a top-tier artist for you to play a poser in the industry. If you refuse to restrain

your temperament, go home
and continue to be that filthy rich baby that you've always been!"

Billy picked up the documents on the floor , looking all

embarrassed , and knocked on the door helplessly. "Mr. Johnson." Daisy glanced into the room. The man behind the desk was wearing a brown leather jacket and a black turtleneck shirt, and he looked about 30 years old.

He did not look handsome enough to be categorized as eye candy. He had a neat cut, resolute, tough-looking facial features, and a tanned complexion, which made him look like a tough guy.

Especially his deep eye sockets and sharp gaze, and when coupled with his profound aura , he would leave others inexplicably in awe. It felt like saying no to him would be a difficult task.

"Mr. Gray." Charlie slightly restrained his expression. "Is there anything that I can help you with?"

Billy glanced at the long-haired man on the couch wearing a peaked cap and said with a smile, "The chairman asked you to manage another artist. These are her details."

"There's no need for that. I know who she is." Charlie pulled out a chair and sat down but did not respond to the order instantly. He took out a cigarette and lit it expressionlessly. "I won't do it."