

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1919

Chapter 1919 'When did she start working together with Colton!?'

Colton removed his coat and hung it in the closet.

"Why didn't you tell me that you moved?"

Freyja crossed her arms.

"Someone would tell you anyway." Colton looked around the living room.

He was so familiar with this place.

He stopped in front of the piano and looked down.

"Did Daisy ask you to live here?"

She smiled.

"Why else would I be here?" She then added, "I'm not living here for free.

I'm paying rent." He paused and turned to look at her.

Freyja didn't have anything that she should be proud of, but she was still so confident.

Her confidence came from her character.

She was never greedy and wouldn't take advantage of others.

She paid for everything so nobody would get to tell her how to get things done.

Colton stared at her for a moment.

"How much is the rent?" She paused, then looked away.

"I'll pay whatever I have."

She then remembered something.

"I'm not paying it to you.

Why do you care?"

He chuckled.

"I don't want you to take advantage of my sister."

"If I want to, it's none of your business either." "I'm her brother.

Don't I get a say?" Freyja turned to go upstairs.

Colton rushed forward and grabbed her.

"I'm not here to start an argument." She smirked and turned around.

"No, but you're here to pick a fight." Colton was rendered speechless.

Freyja tried to shake him off, but he had a firm grip.

"Can't you just..." He looked uneasy.

"Compromise?" Compromise?' Freyja couldn't believe her ears and looked at him in surprise.

"You're a man, but I'm the one who has to compromise?"

He didn't speak.

Freyja shook his hand off and turned to face him."

Colton, this is how you court a woman? You're so far from being a gentleman." Colton was worked up.

"I'm not a gentleman? Why can't you be gentle?" Her face dropped.

"Do you like women who are gentle?" "I—" "Isn't Ms. Peterson a gentle woman? Since you're both single, you'll make a good match and have a great life together."

Freyja ran up the stairs.

Colton froze for a few seconds.

Something came to his mind, and it made him chuckle.

He yelled upward, "Are you jealous of Giselle?"

Freyja's voice came from upstairs.

"If you can't speak properly, leave!" Colton walked upstairs and leaned against the door while watching her put her clothes into the closet.

She seemed to be angry and pretended not to see him.

Women really were hard to understand.

It was so tough for him to even appease his sister's anger, but Freyja was even harder.

He walked closer and took some hangers.

Freyja paused and watched while she watched him slowly hang up her clothes.

At that moment, the silence was uncomfortable.

They were like an old married couple.

She pressed her lips together because she didn't know what to say.

When he accidentally picked up her undergarments , she immediately snatched them and hid them.

Her ears turned red while she said.

"I don't need your help here." Colton raised his brows.

"I've seen you naked, but you're worried about me seeing that?" She choked.

"You..." Colton saw how much she was blushing and teased her when he noticed how shy she was about it.

"We're alone here.