

The Three Little Guardian Angels  
Chapter 1259

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Naomi opened the door, and when she saw the man standing in front of her, she was stunned, and her brain went blank.

When Francisco saw her wrapped in a bathrobe and remembered who she was calling just now, his face turned dark.

At that moment, Naomi finally came around to her senses.

"Mr. Boucher, what are you—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Francisco pushed her into the room.

He closed the door, and when he saw the rose petals on the bed, a cold glint crossed his eyes as he smiled coldly.

"Are you waiting for Jackie?"

"What?" asked Naomi.

"This is a honeymoon suite, and you even took a shower," said Francisco, his face grim with anger.

"Are you going to offer yourself to him?"

'This is a honeymoon suite! ?' Naomi was stunned.

Before she could come around to her senses, Francisco pinned her to the wall and kissed her.

Naomi's eyelashes fluttered.

His kiss was fueled with desire, and his action was more vigorous than the last time he kissed her.

She put her hands on his chest and pushed him twice because she was suffocating.

Francisco clamped her hands together and deepened the kiss.

She felt dizzy and could sense that his breath was becoming hotter with each passing second.

He moved his lips away and nibbled on her neck, causing her to shudder and her arms and legs to go limp.

"Francisco..." She spoke with difficulty. She couldn't command her body, and a strange tingling thrill ran through her body.

"Why do you want to get engaged to him?"

Francisco stopped and buried his head into her shoulder as he tightened his arms.

"He's a liar."

Naomi was stunned.

The relationship and engagement between her and Jackie were fake, so she didn't really care if he was lying to her or not.

After a long while, she asked, "You... You don't want me to get engaged?"

Francisco cupped his hands on her cheeks and pressed his forehead against hers.

"If I say yes, will you cancel the engagement?"

Naomi lowered her head as she felt a bolt of heat rush up to her face.

'No, Naomi. You mustn't forgive him so easily'

At that moment, a voice rang out in her mind, and she chided herself inwardly.

She turned her head sideways and said, "No. I'm not going to cancel the engagement. You broke my heart, so I'm going to make

your life terrible as well. Besides, we've already broken up. I can be engaged with any man that I want. Francisco pressed his lips against hers.

He carried her to the bed, and the rose petals beneath her were messed up. She was startled as she looked at Francisco, who was on top of her right now. He grabbed her hand and put it on his chest.

"Then you did it."

He kissed her fingertip and continued.

"Naomi, I'm having a terrible time right now. I don't want you to be with another man, and I don't want another man to have you."

Naomi's heart pounded upon seeing the affection in his eyes, and her eyes turned red around the rims.

"Then... Why did you break up with me?"

Francisco kissed her forehead and said, "I was just lying. I didn't want to break up with you."

Naomi stretched her arms and wrapped them around him. She buried herself into the side of his face and sobbed.

Francisco turned around and laid her down on her side.

He grabbed her into his arms and pressed his lips to the top of her head.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

"I thought you wouldn't care, and I was so scared that you wouldn't come."

She sobbed. She was afraid that he would say, "I wish you happiness," when he learned that she was engaged.

Therefore, she had decided to take the bet this time.

She was afraid of losing, but she seemed to have won the bet this time.

Francisco wiped the tear off the corner of her eyes.

He found that she really liked to cry.

She would cry when she was sad or when she was touched.

He did not like women crying since it was annoying, but whenever he saw her crying, he felt as if someone was stabbing his heart with a knife.

He gently kissed the tip of her nose and then the corners of her lips.

She looked at him through her tears, and he lowered his head to meet her gaze.

In the end, he kissed her lips.

In the spacious restaurant, Jackie sat alone on his seat and gently swirled the wine glass in his hand, his eyes gazing out into the distance through the window.

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