

# The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud

## Chapter 1691

### Chapter 1691

Edison looked at Nollace in surprise.

'Isn't this red-haired woman Maggie? The C-Class model who had a scandal with Ken last year?'

He remembered that Ken, who was still engaged to Lara last year, was busted by the media for "secretly meeting" with Maggie at a horse farm in a foreign country, and Jonah had been furious about it.

After that, Ken stepped forward to explain the whole thing, and everyone put the incident at the back of their minds.

Nollace put the magazine down and asked, "He is going to offer you to Mr. Matthews?"

Maggie nodded hurriedly. "He's going to turn me into someone who resembles Lara. But I know I'll die once I go to Donald's side."

Nollace squinted and thought for a few moments. After that, he rose to his feet and asked, "When is he going to

do it?"

Maggie bit her lips and said, "He has found me a doctor. In about three months."

"You just follow what he wants you to do."

"What?"

Maggie was stunned,

Nollace then continued indifferently. "I can assure your safety when you fall into Donald's hands. But the problem is that, do you trust me?"

Maggie fell into contemplation. She knew what Ken was going to do with her. If not, she wouldn't have come to the Knowles and asked for their help.

On top of that, if it weren't for Nollace, she would have been killed by Lara's men back then.

As if she had made up her mind, she said, "Okay. I trust

you.”

The secretary sent her out. Edison walked up to Nollace and asked, “Sir, is she... The mole you inserted beside Ken?”

Standing in front of the window, Nollace said, “It all began with a coincidence. When her relationship with Ken was exposed last year, Lara found someone to get rid of her. I thought that she would come in handy in the future, so I saved her.”

Of course, she was rather a useful woman. After all, judging from the fact that she could make Ken fall for her back, it proved that she had some tricks up her sleeves as well

And now, she would become the pawn in helping him turn the tide to his favor when the time had ripened.

Meanwhile, at the college...

Daisie had been rehearsing the whole morning. After the rehearsal was over, her back was drenched with sweat. She came down from the stage, pulled out a tissue, and began to wipe the corner of her forehead.

The weather was hot, so she had just put on a close fitting sports undershirt that accentuated her perfect body figure.

Everyone was sitting on the floor after the rehearsal was over. Even though they had switched on the air conditioner, it was useless on a summer day like this one.

Daisie looked toward Ayan. It had been a few days since he talked to her, and it seemed to her that he had finally realized something.

Even though she felt it was a shame, she felt this was the best for both of them.

One of their students distributed some cold drinks to them. Daisie took a bottle of cold Coke and said, “Thank

you.”

She unscrewed the cap, tilted your head, and drank it.

Ayan was talking to other people in front of the stage. Meanwhile, he also kept looking at Daisie, who was

guzzling down a bottle of Coke through the corner of his eyes.

Daisie draped a thin jacket over her shoulders. She sat in the audience studying the script of the play when a dark shadow blocked the light in front of her eyes. She lifted her head and saw Ayan.

He asked, "Can we talk?"

Daisie closed the script and straightened her back. "What is the thing that you want to talk about?" Ayan looked around and said, "There are a lot of people here. Let's go to the corridor." Smiling, she replied, "I don't think that's necessary. If you have anything to say, you can say it here." She kept her guard up and refused to leave her seat. Ever since she learned that he was with Ken, she did not trust him anymore. Ayan lowered his head and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to lie to you." Daisie was stunned but retained the smile on her face. "You don't have to apologize. I already know—" Before she could finish her sentence, her vision turned blurry, and she rubbed her eyes. Ayan looked at her. "What's wrong?"

Daisie rose to her feet, and the script fell to the floor. She bent over to take it but nearly lost her balance and fell.

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud**

### **Chapter 1692**

#### **Chapter 1692**

Ayan went forward and supported her. "Daisie..."

Daisie tried to push him away but to no avail.

Ayan hurriedly wrapped his arm around her shoulder and said, "You look tired. Let me bring you to get some rest."

A few students noticed their situation and went forward to ask. Ayan smiled and replied, "She isn't feeling well, so I'm sending her to the infirmary."

The group of students did not say anything afterward.

Suddenly, Daisie pushed him away with all her strength, but her knees accidentally knocked the corner of the chair. She hissed, and the pain woke her up slightly. Seizing her chance while she was in possession of herself, she ran out without even taking the script.

Ayan picked up the script and said, "I'll go look after her."

The group of students looked at each other in confusion.

Daisie was moving forward slowly with her hands on the wall. The world in her vision was spinning rapidly. She smacked herself on her head several times, and her blood flowed rapidly. Even her pulse and heart rate accelerated.

After walking for a few more steps, she couldn't hold on anymore. When she was about to fall to the floor, Ayan

appeared and scooped her into his arms.

Meanwhile, Freyja entered the auditorium with food and water. She looked across the hall. All of the students were

there, but she couldn't see Daisie around.

She stopped a female student and asked, "Have you seen Daisie?"

The female student was stunned for a moment and replied, "She wasn't feeling well, so Ayan sent her to the infirmary."

A bad feeling rose from Freyja's stomach pit when she heard what the female student said. She turned around and headed straight toward the infirmary.

However, neither Daisie nor Ayan was there in the infirmary. She suddenly realized something, and her face turned pale.

She tried to get through to Daisie but did not answer her call.

At the corner of the Business School's administration building, Freyja ran into Colton, who was talking with another two students.

Without caring for the two students, she rushed toward him and shouted, "Colton!"

Colton turned his head around, but Freyja dragged him away before he could say anything.

The people around them were stunned, and Colton flung her hand away. "What are you doing?"

Huffing and puffing heavily, she said, "Daisie..." She just mentioned her name, and Colton was able to realize something had happened from the expression on her face. He grabbed her shoulder tightly and asked, "What happened to her?"

"Ayan took her away."

Meanwhile, Ayan brought Daisie to the utility room. After confirming that no one was in the corridor, he locked the door.

He placed Daisy on the block mats, and she frowned in discomfort at the sudden movement.

Ayan went closer to her and whispered, "Daisy?" Daisy's eyelids fluttered heavily as she opened her eyes weakly. Her vision was blurred, and everything she saw was Ayan's face. Her pupils constricted slightly, and she tried to push him away. "Get away from me..."

Ayan grabbed her shoulders and said with a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry. I didn't want to do this either, but I don't have a choice."

Daisy felt a surge of coldness rushing down her body, but in the next second, she felt hot. Her body was shaking

profusely, and beads of sweat were oozing out of the corner of her forehead. She tried to grab his collar and said, "Ayan, don't do this. You're going to destroy yourself..."

Ayan lowered his head and undid the buttons. Something flitted across his eyes as he said, "I lied to you. I'm not from the Southwest region of Eurasia. Instead, I'm from a remote suburban town. My father was a stowaway, and my mother left my father and me when I was a kid. Ayan Haris isn't my name either. It was given to me by Ms. Reese. Without Ms. Reese's help, I wouldn't have gotten into the Art School and wouldn't be here today. I have no other choice but to help Mr. Pruitt."

He lowered his head and kissed Daisy's wrist. "Daisy, I'll make you fall for me."

Due to the effect of the drug, Daisy felt weak. She tried to fight back but to no avail. She couldn't do anything but allow herself to be handled by Ayan like a porcelain doll, and the light in her eyes was fading away.

Ayan slowly stretched his hand up to undress her upon seeing her condition. His desire eventually overrode the guilt inside of him as he couldn't wait to get her.