

# The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 1921

Chapter 1921 It was the same if Daisy had drunk too much champagne. If it were red wine, she would have been drunk by now.

Her head was dizzy, and her cheeks felt hot by the time she left the banquet.

When Mitchell was leaving, he stopped for a moment and followed after her.

Daisy came to the parking lot, and there was a silver Cayenne not far away.

Mitchell could sense that the man who came to pick her up must be the one who had been supporting her from the back.

He hastily made a few quick steps to catch up to Daisy and grabbed her shoulder to give her some support.

"Ms.

Vanderbilt, you're drunk.

Let me get you into the car." Daisy was stunned.

Before she could do anything, Edison appeared out of nowhere and pushed Mitchell away.

"It's okay, Sir.

My master will send her back." Mitchell looked at Edison in astonishment.

'Master?' Just as he expected, the man was someone of great status.

Edison waited until Daisy got into the car before heading

into the driver's seat.

Mitchell stood stiffly on his spot even after the car had gone away.

Unfortunately, he couldn't get to see the person in the car.

Edison looked at Mitchell through the rear mirror and asked, "What is that guy up to again?"

It was very obvious that he was doing that on purpose. Daisy had drunk too much champagne.

Lying in Nollace's arms, she burped.

"H-He wants to know who my husband is." - Edison was rendered speechless .

It seemed to him that Mitchell was a little bit too nosy.

However, he could understand him as well after giving it another thought.

Even the media and press wanted to know who Daisy's boyfriend was.

After all, Daisy had a special identity, and she had been receiving a lot of attention.

However, the man she dated was shrouded in mystery, so it went without saying that it would cause a lot of speculation.

Nollace patted her back to help her feel better.

A faint smile appeared on his face when he heard what she said." I guess Mitchell wants to know about my identity because he wants to sell the news to the media." Edison still found it difficult to understand.

"But what can he gain from it?" Nollace lowered his head to look at Daisy.

She was lying in his arms, as docile as a little kitten. He helped her collect her hair behind her ears and said, "All media outlets want to know who

I am.

If he finds out my identity faster than the media, he can sell the information he gains to the media.

This way, both the media and he will be able to gain something from it.

"Don't forget that he's a celebrity, so it's never wrong for them to maintain a good relationship with the media.

I think he's trying to whitewash his reputation through the media."

—

Understanding soon dawned upon Edison.

It was only now that he realized what Mitchell was trying to do.

Nollace was right.

It was very important for artists in the entertainment industry to keep a good relationship with the media.

This was because there were a lot of B- or C listers who got their reputations ruined by the media, especially the paparazzi, because they disrespected them.

It was said that the best paparazzo in Bassburgh could even get hold of a celebrity's private life.

It also went without saying that some of the artists were not afraid of the paparazzi.

One of the reasons was that they had not done anything wrong, and the second reason was that most of the A-listers had influential supporters.

Those paparazzi would try to steer away from them since they knew they couldn't afford to offend them.

On the contrary, artists with bad reputations would have a harder time.

They could only bribe the paparazzi to seal their mouths if they did not want to get into trouble.

Mitchell did not get shunned by Zestar, but due to that incident, he was downgraded to a B- or C-lister.

What he needed the most was a chance to whitewash his reputation through the media.

The car soon arrived at Taylorton.

Nollace carried Daisy down from the car and went into the villa.

Daisy wrapped her arms around his neck and rubbed her cheek against his chest.

He put her on the bed and helped her take off her shoes.

"I don't understand why you still want to drink so much even though you know you can't handle liquor that well." "Nolly..." He sat by the bed and stroked her cheek with his palm. "Yes, I'm here."

Daisy turned around and rubbed her cheek against his palm as she mumbled, "I like you very, very, very much, so please don't leave me again..." He was stunned and looked at her intently.

After a long while, he planted a kiss on her forehead and said, "Don't worry."