

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2017

Chapter 2017 Freyja looked up at Colton's back. He was so near yet felt so far away. Maybe they were a mistake from the beginning. She was a selfish woman who didn't deserve his love.

Colton turned around and said to the bodyguard, "Send the child to the hospital."

Sandy was stunned because she couldn't believe it. "What!? You care more for a child from someone else—"

"In your eyes, someone else's child doesn't deserve to live. Not even your own daughter deserved that. If you look down on women so much, I wonder why your mother didn't strangle you when you were born."

Colton looked at Sandy with a blank expression.

Sandy looked awkward, and her breathing quickened, but she couldn't say a word.

Colton carried Freyja and turned around. "Mrs. Pruitt, this is the end of your good life." 1

The bodyguard grabbed her while she struggled and screamed, "Freyja Pruitt! You'll never be happy! Never in a million years!" Freyja shuddered in Colton's arms, and her eyes lost their luster.

Deedee was sent to the hospital while Freyja was brought to the Seaview Villa. Colton carried Freyja to the room and was silent throughout the journey. The air was dead.

The moment he placed her down, Freyja grabbed onto him and tried to explain herself. "I didn't want to give up our child because of Deedee..." Her hair was messy, and half of her face was swollen. Her eyes were filled with tears that were ready to drop. "But you also put our child in danger because of Deedee, did you not?" Colton stared at her bloodshot eyes. "You never trusted me."

She was too stunned to speak.

Colton got up and turned his back on her while saying in a calm tone, "You knew that your mother brought Deedee over with a motive. I hid everything from you because I knew she had her, but I promised you I would save Deedee. This could have been avoided if you had faith in me, even just a little. "If I didn't send someone to keep an eye on your mother and know where she was, our child would have been dead."

Colton had found them quickly because he had sent someone to shadow them. If he didn't do that and wasn't ready, would their child get to see the light of day?

Freyja was exasperated, but her tears still rolled down her swollen cheeks. "... I know." Colton turned to look at her, then laughed in anger. "You knew, yet you chose to put yourself

in harm's way. In your eyes, the child and I are not as important as Deedee."

She shuddered. "No..." Colton gently touched her face. "All your explanations are nothing to me, Freyja. I have never seen your sincerity. I never really asked if you really love me or if I am the only one in love." The madness three years ago was when everything started. He had always thought that he wasn't good at expressing himself and assumed that as long as he could get her, he would be able to keep her:

He never minded Deedee's existence, but he cared about her attitude.

After what happened today, he felt that he wasn't as important as Deedee and that Freyja would even trust her own judgment rather than him.

Freyja froze as her throat dried.

Her heart felt as if it was slowly evaporating.

She had feelings for Colton even before the madness began three years ago, but she never felt that she deserved him.

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2018**

### **Chapter 2018**

Freyja knew that from the beginning.

She had let her feelings take over during that drunken night. Maybe it was just as her mother had said, and she didn't deserve to be happy. She couldn't leave Deedee, which became an obstacle between them. This might just be the best ending. She closed her eyes and swallowed the pain. "Colton, I'll have the child." Colton looked sullen. "What do you mean by that?" Freyja looked like she was drained of blood, and her smile was hollow and weak, as if she had fallen into a black hole. "You'll be a good father. The child will be happy if they are with you." "Freyja Pruitt!" Colton grabbed her tightly, and the veins on the back of his hands popped up. "If this was what you wanted, did you find it amusing to play with my feelings for the past three years?" Freyja lay on the edge of the bed while his expression was unreadable. "You would give up your own child for Deedee. You feel sorry that she's an orphan, but what about the child you're carrying? You want them not to have a mother too?" She froze, but her hand shook.

Freyja took deep breaths, and her tears kept falling. The nanny stood at the door and spoke. "Sir, the hospital called." Colton glared toward the door with such a sharp gaze that the nanny didn't finish what she wanted to say.

He let go of Freyja and left after slamming the door.

The nanny watched Colton go downstairs and looked back at Freyja, who was lying in bed, then sighed. "Ma'am, when people are in love, both parties need to make sacrifices and understand each other. Mr. Goldman cares so much about you and your child, but what you did really broke his heart."

Freyja's heart felt as if it was cut open and bled profusely. She felt as if she had dried up and sat there, feeling numb for a long time.

Colton got to the hospital when the bodyguard reported Deedee's situation to him. "The doctor said that she had a slight concussion. There was bleeding in her head, and she has to stay in the hospital for a while since she's so young." Colton nodded with no expression. "Where's Mrs. Pruitt?" He replied, "We have her and are waiting for your instructions." Colton turned around. "Send two people to stay at the hospital, then bring me to see Mrs. Pruitt."

Sandy was held in a dilapidated house on the outskirts of town. All her belongings and phone had been taken away, and there was a guard outside. There was no way she could escape. The door of the room opened, and Colton walked in. Sandy scoffed. "You're illegally detaining a foreign citizen. If something happens to me, you're not going to get out of this." Colton pulled out a chair. "You got here illegally, and we detained you. If we hand you over to the police, do you think they will take action against you or me?"

Sandy's smile faded.

Colton placed a bag that contained her belongings next to his feet, which included her phone. "I'm sure you wouldn't want to go to prison." "Prison?" Sandy clenched her jaw. "Even if I got in here illegally, I didn't hurt anyone. What reason would you have to send me to prison?" He lazily raised his brows. "What if Deedee dies?" Sandy's expression changed. "What... No! That's impossible!" She had just kicked her, and Deedee had still been breathing. And hadn't Colton sent her to the hospital?

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2019**

Chapter 2019 Something flashed across Sandy's mind, which brought back a sinister smile to her face. "Mr. Goldman, you're such a cruel man. I'm guessing you're going to kill Deedee and pin it on me?"

Colton smirked with calm eyes. "I can't be even more ruthless than you are."

Sandy shuddered because she had underestimated the Goldmanns.

She thought that Nollace

was a cruel man, but Colton was going to kill Deedee and frame her just to send her to prison. She laughed. "I knew it!

Freyja cares so much about Deedee that she would abandon her own child, so you must hate Deedee a lot. If you kill her, Freyja will hate you for the rest of her life."

His reply didn't contain any emotions. "I don't care if she hates me. So what if a woman who won't listen to me hates me?"

Sandy fell silent.

Colton looked at her and calmly said, "Why? Are you feeling bad for your daughter?" "Me? Feel bad for her?" Sandy's hatred was deep. "Why would I feel that way for that girl? I regret the day I gave birth to her. Seeing her cry in her crib, I wanted to strangle her to death. I felt disgusted every time she approached me, yearning for love and attention." Colton's eyes were dark and sharp. Sandy continued. "After she grew up and started to look good,

her only use was to marry her off to someone who could give me benefits. If Ken had been crueler to her, she would have married Donald. I hate that useless girl. She should have died instead of Ken." Colton didn't speak for a long time, and then he stood up. "I guess you know that Donald is still alive." Sandy's expression changed, and she turned her face away. "So what? You'll never find out his location from me." "Bear is dead."

Sandy was shocked. "No..."

Colton straightened his suit. "He was badly wounded and fell into the sea with Nollace. I guess that was what Donald wants to hear."

Sandy froze on the spot while deep in thought.

Colton threw the bag at his feet toward her. "I'm letting you go. Get as far away from here as possible. You'll end up dead if I see you in Bassburgh again." Sandy hurriedly left because she was afraid that Colton would change his mind. The guard stopped in front of the car and watched her escape, then turned to ask Colton, who was walking over, "Sir, are we letting her get away?" Colton sat in the car, calmly picked up his laptop, put on his Bluetooth earphones, and said, "How would we find Donald's whereabouts if we didn't let her go?"

The guard suddenly understood that Colton had intentionally let her go. Sandy would contact Donald once she was free and even might want to get over to tell him that Bear had died along with Nollace.

As expected, Colton heard Sandy make a call to Donald through his earphones. Before returning her phone, he had bugged it, but Sandy didn't know someone was listening to her, calls.

Sandy said. "Mr. Matthews, Bear and Nollace are no longer alive. I've avenged my son, but I have nowhere to go now. What you've promised me..."

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2020

Chapter 2020 Donald cut her off, "Mrs. Pruitt, are you sure that Nollace is dead?"

Sandy answered, "I... didn't see the body, but I've called Bear a few times, and his phone is switched off. Something must have happened to him." Donald said, "Bear is a very good fighter. Nollace wouldn't be his match under normal circumstances. Hmph! I guess I underestimated him. But if Bear was sacrificed, Nollace must not be alive."

"What should I do now?" asked Sandy.

"Find out whether Nollace really died. I'll send someone to pick you up from the pier on the 25th and bring you to the East Islands. Don't worry. I'll fulfill the promise I made. Once I get the support of Mr. Puzo on the East Islands, I'll be the next king of Yaramoor." After their call ended, Colton removed his earphones.

He was unaware that Donald was coveting the crown.

'East Islands... It looks like Nollace's information was correct. It's already the 20th, so only five days are left.'

"Let someone tell Mrs. Pruitt about Nollace's death so she thinks he's not around anymore. After five days, if Donald's men send someone to pick her up, we'll intercept them and send someone pretending to be Donald's men to pick her up."

If Donald could pretend to be a foreign ambassador to pick her up, they would use the same idea to hijack the plan. Once they detained Sandy, they would hand her over to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs so that the ministry could hand her to the royal family of Yaramoor. Donald's well-planned arrangement would end with Sandy. Even if he was in the East Islands, if the politics of Yaramoor was involved, it would become a hot potato for the people there as well. The underground gangs had power over the East Islands but wouldn't get involved with politics and turn their backs against the country just for Donald. The bodyguard nodded. "Yes, sir."

Two days later, at Taylorton...

Daisie got out of the car and saw a familiar car parked outside the courtyard. She immediately smiled and dashed to the villa. "Nolly!

Edison walked down the stairs, saw Daisie, and froze at the bottom of the stairs. "Ms. Vanderbilt?" Daisie walked toward him. "Is Nolly back?" "Um..." Edison looked back and hesitated. "I'm sorry, he's not back yet." Daisie's smile faded when she heard that. "I thought he was back..." It had been a while since Nollace last contacted her. She thought of something and asked, "Did something happen to him?"

Edison avoided her eyes. "Of course not, Ms. Vanderbilt. Don't worry. Mr. Knowles is still handling the issues with Donald and is busy. It wouldn't be surprising if he didn't contact you."

"Really?" Daisie squinted. "You didn't lie, did you?"

Edison forced a smile. "I wouldn't dare."

He felt guilty for saying that but had promised Colton that before Nollace was found, he wouldn't tell Daisie. He believed that Nollace was still alive too.

Daisie walked to the couch sadly and sat down. "He promised to take my calls and reply to my messages so I wouldn't worry." Edison walked to her. "Ms. Vanderbilt, I know you're worried about him, but he just doesn't want to get you involved."

"I know." Daisie pressed her lips together and lowered her head. "He always cares so much about me but never thinks for himself. I'm really worried about him." Edison's jaw clenched, and his voice was coarse. "Just wait a little longer. He's just busy. He'll get in touch..."