

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2217

Chapter 2217 After the pastries were baked, Daisy packed some for Freyja. And since Nollace was about to head out, he drove her to the hospital. Before she got out of the car, she turned around and kissed him on the cheek. "I'll go up first."

Nollace let off a faint chuckle and stroked her on the cheek. "Okay." Daisy got out of the car, put on a mask and cap, and walked straight toward the hospital's entrance. Nollace watched as she walked away from the car, picked up the phone, and contacted Edison.

Daisy lowered her head and avoided the crowd while finding her way to the gynecology department. She then walked toward Freyja's ward, and just as she was about to push the door of the ward open, Colton came out of the ward.

The two collided at the entryway.

Colton frowned and was about to say something, only to realize that it was his sister." Daisy?!

Daisy pulled down her mask. "Colton, you're here?"

Colton also knew that they had come back from the East Islands, so he was not surprised to see her. He responded with a hum. "You stay here and accompany her for a bit. I'll go back to the company first." Without saying more, he stepped into the elevator. Daisy looked back at him as millions of thoughts flashed across her mind. There was abundant sunlight in the ward, and it was well-lit.

Freyja sat on the chair in front of the window. She was covered with a blanket from her thighs down, and the loose pajamas could no longer hide her already bulging belly.

Daisy walked up to her. "Freyja."

Hearing her voice, Freyja froze for a moment and then looked back at her. "Daisy, you've returned?" She walked forward with a smile and put the pastries on the table. "I came back yesterday. Mom told me that you've been hospitalized, so I've come to see you."

She opened the packet on the table. "Have you eaten anything? Mom and Nollace made these pastries. You should really try them."

Freyja gave off a faint smile. "Okay."

After watching her taste the pastries, Daisy asked, "So, how do they taste?" She nodded. "They're delicious." Daisy looked at her and could not help but feel that all of Freyja's smiles seemed rather forced, so she hesitated for a moment and asked, "Freyja, what happened between you and Colton?"

Freyja paused for a bit, her eyes moved, and she smiled. "Nothing much. Why are you asking this?"

She did not believe it. "Don't lie to me. Did Colton bully you again?" "It has nothing to do with him." Freyja lowered her gaze. "He didn't bully me. The problem is with me." Daisy was startled. "What happened to you?" Freyja's eyes were fixed on the pastries on the table. She hesitated and remained silent for a long time before letting off a faint smile. "Maybe I'm starting to regret it already."

Daisy was astounded.

'Regret? Does she regret falling in love with Colton now?' She held Freyja's hand. "Freyja, although I don't know what happened between you and Colton, you do love him, and he does love you too. You two love each other. That's all you need in the world that you'll need to move on, so why do you need to overthink things?" Freyja looked at her. "Daisy, my past is different from yours. You should know that my background is n't perfect, and my past is like a huge stain on my body. "It's my problem that I'm living under the shadow of being bound by my personal past. I want to put my past aside and stay with him without any hesitation too, but as long as Deedee exists between us, it's impossible for me not to think about her."

She looked out the window with a gloomy expression. "I know that Colton wouldn't mind Deedee's existence. Although she's Ken's child, and I could've left her alone and moved on with my own life, at the end of the day, I'm still her guardian, so can I

abandon her?

"Because of my mother's abuse, Deedee has been greatly traumatized and has been diagnosed with psychological problems. And the only person that she can trust in this world is me. I know that Colton can accept her and even raise her, but if I were to bring Deedee along into my marriage with Colton, what would the public think of Deedee when we give birth to our own child and have a new family?

"In the public's opinion, she'll always be a girl who finds shelter under the Goldmanns' roof."

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Daisy continued. "But if the Goldmanns can accept Deedee – "

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"Daisy," Freyja interrupted her calmly. "Even if the Goldmanns can accept Deedee, what will the public think of the Goldmanns? What

will the public say when they know that the future daughter-in-law of the Goldmanns brought her niece along when she moved in with the family?

“Or, on the other hand, I, as Deedee’s guardian, actually abandoned her in order to get married to Colton? No matter which I choose, Colton will be the one who’ll have to juggle with all the pressure in the end.”

“I don’t want to implicate Colton, and I don’t want to drag the Goldmanns into this mess. I’m even more afraid that the public’s opinion will only make me feel that I’m not worthy of him.” Freyja lowered her head, and a warm teardrop fell on the back of her hand. ‘No matter what I do, having the best of both worlds is just not an option. It’s just like what my mother said back then, as it resounds in my ears all day long like it’s a nightmare. ‘So, what right do I have to be happy?’

In fact, it was just her inferiority complex messing with her mind. She felt that she was not qualified, so she sealed her heart from the world.

Colton was the one who had moved her, and Deedee was the one who had made her recognize reality.

Daisie stood up and was about to say something when the door of the ward was suddenly pushed open. Nobody knew since when Colton came back, so perhaps he had heard what they were talking about.

Freyja was astounded. None of them could read the emotions on his face. “Daisie, can you please give us the room for a bit?” Daisie took a glance at Freyja and left the ward in the end. The room became dead silent for a moment. Freyja raised her gaze, and her voice sounded hoarse. “Have you forgotten something?” Colton hurried to her and clasped her shoulders tightly with both hands. “Freyja, do you really don’t want me to get implicated? And why must you care so much about the public’s opinion? Do you really think that I’m not capable of handling those things, or

do you think that I’m incapable of curing Deedee’s mental problem? I’ve hired the best doctor in the world for her, so what else do you want me to do?”

Her pale lips moved slightly. “Is Jessie Blueman the doctor that you’ve hired?” “I’m glad that you know this.” He tightened his grip. “Freyja, the child that you’re bearing now is one of the Goldmanns, so I won’t let you take it away. And if you insist on leaving, I won’t even let you see the child in the future, so you’d better believe that, as I’m a man of my word.” She buried her head, and her shoulders trembled. “Colton, I went to the company to find you the other day. Do you know what they said about me? Do you really want to accept a woman who’ll marry you along with someone else’s child? How can you be sure that the woman has no ulterior motive?” His gaze dimmed. “When did that happen?”

She felt powerless. “The day before I was hospitalized. I went to find you, and they told me that you had left with a woman.” Colton was slightly stunned. She had been hospitalized a week ago, but he did not know that she actually went to Blackgold to look for him a week ago.

He frowned. “I did go out with Jessie on that day because she came to me to talk about Deedee’s condition. She’s a psychology major, so what are you suspecting?”

lung?”

‘Jessie is the psychologist I hired for Deedee half a year ago. She knows it. Could it be that she’s started to care more about me and suspect me because she’s heard those rumors?’

But this also shows that she’s capable of jealousy when it comes to me. It’s not that she doesn’t care about me.’

Upon thinking of this, Colton’s expression became more relaxed, and he squatted down in front of her. “I know that you’re being a teeny bit more sensitive because of the pregnancy, and I also know that I’ve been busy recently and have ignored your feelings, but can you stop treating me like this all the time?”

Colton leaned against her chest and caressed her bulging belly as if he was in close contact with the fetus. “Since Deedee’s incident, you’ve been avoiding me. Maybe you’re afraid of implicating me or being assaulted by all the rumors, but you can always count on me, and I promise that I won’t let those words get to you again, okay?”

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“Do you think it’s because of those words that I...” Freyja did not continue, and she looked extremely depressed and sad.

“Otherwise, what would it be?” Colton held the back of her hand. “Freyja, you’re willing to speak your heart out when talking to Daisy. Don’t you have anything to say when I’m literally here?”

Freyja’s eyes moved, and she gave off a faint smile. “I have nothing else to say.”

Colton looked at her. There was no fluctuation of emotions in her eyes as if she was as still as a millpond. After a long time, he got up slowly. “You should grab some rest.”

As soon as Colton left the ward, Freyja clenched her fist, fiddled with the bracelet on her wrist, and pursed her lips tightly.

Ever since half a year ago, an invisible barrier seems to have risen between the both of us. He thinks that I only cared about Deedee and left wrathfully, and we've not seen each other for half a month since then.

'The decision that I made at the time was indeed an anxious one. Deedee's personal safety was the only thing that I thought about. Ignoring his feelings is a fact, and I can't shy away from my accountability.

'Even though cracks have appeared in our relationship, they're all caused by my own problem, and I can't just put all the blame on Colton.

'On the contrary, I'm very grateful for Colton. At least Deedee's injury was treated in time, and he even introduced Deedee to a personal psychologist, Jessie Blueman, regardless of what happened.

'Everything was fine at that time. I even thought that if Deedee's condition could be cured, I might apologize to Colton and open up to him, telling him that I didn't actually think about giving up the child in order to be with him and that I'd try to get over my childhood shadows and start anew with him.

However, as soon as I was moved, Deedee's condition suddenly deteriorated. She even told me that as long as she was willing to harm herself, she'd be able to gain my full attention...

'As for the reason that caused everything to spiral out of control, I don't even dare to think about it.

'Everything was fine until the appearance of that text message and the gossip that shattered my confidence.'

A luxury coupe was parked at the entrance of an amusement park.

Cameron took a glance out the window and instantly felt disgusted. "I'm no child. Why did you bring me here?"

Waylon let off a soft chuckle. "Your father said that you've never been to an amusement park, so I'm bringing you to one." She was surprised. "You actually contacted my father behind my back?"

He unfastened his seat belt, leaned over, ran his fingers over her lips, and stared at her with his scorching gaze. "Do you plan to get out of the car?" Cameron was afraid that he would kiss her, so she smacked his hand off her face and got out of the car in a hurry.

Seeing her flee, Waylon could not help but laugh out loud.

The amusement park was crowded and boisterous. In order for her to get the full experience, Waylon did not buy out the whole park for the day and bought the tickets himself.

The two of them entered the amusement park.

There were various kinds of food trucks on the side of the pavement.

Mascots holding colorful balloons could be seen all around the park, and groups of children were noisily gathered around the mascots, stretching their hands out and asking for the balloons. Many tourists also watched the show, and the atmosphere was lively.

Cameron walked up to Waylon, looked around, seemed to have seen a shooting game, and curiously fought herself through the crowd.

Waylon remembered that someone had just told him she was not a child, but she looked a lot like a child.

Cameron picked up the dart in her hand. Many small balloons were hanging on the panel a few feet away from her, alongside a variety of exquisite small gifts, dolls, toys, and so on.

The little boy beside her threw the dart with every fiber of his being but did not burst any of the balloons. He was about to give up when Cameron suddenly asked him, "Which of the gifts do you want?"

The little boy was stunned and pointed to the toy sniper rifle hanging in the middle. "I want that, but I can't get it."

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"Leave it to me."

The boy was doubtful. "Can you do it?"

Cameron picked up the dart and aimed at the balloons. "This is as simple as ABC. Just watch."

After a few seconds, she threw the dart with precision.

One of the balloons popped.

The boy was stunned. Even the owner was dumbfounded.

“Is this beginner’s luck or what?!”

The boy then pointed at a teddy bear. “I want that.”

Cameron continued with the game and threw it diagonally this time around.

The dart punctured three balloons in a row.

The boy leaped into the air happily. “Wow, you’re amazing!”

Even the few children who were watching from the side could not hold themselves back now and started surrounding her. “We want toys too!” “Okay, one by one!” The owner could no longer sit still and hurried over. “Miss, if you play like this, I’ll go bankrupt really soon.” Cameron sneered. “It’s not that I’m not paying you. Besides, you hung them up, which means they’re up for grabs, aren’t they?”

It was well said and extremely reasonable, so the owner was at a loss for words.

The owner could not help but roll his eyes. “Please, miss, I wouldn’t be here arguing with you if you could pay me more. With \$5, everyone gets three chances. But if you were to win three items with each throw, how could I not go bankrupt?”

Waylon took out a card. “I’ll pay you \$15,000. All you need to do is let her play.” The owner was dumbfounded for a split second. He then took a closer look at Waylon, immediately took the card from him, and asked in disbelief, “Young man, you do look quite posh. Are you sure about this?”

‘\$15,000, I can’t even earn a fraction of that in a month.’

Waylon nodded.

The owner suddenly gave off a grin and became very enthusiastic. “Okay, then you can take whatever I have in the stall today.”

Cameron walked up to Waylon’s side and whispered, “\$15,000, do you really think that money grows on trees? Do you not have anywhere else to spend that money of yours?” Waylon turned to look at her and raised his eyebrows. “That’s why I’m asking you to help me spend my money, right?” Cameron choked on her own words, looked away hastily, and her ears flushed almost instantly. “You can cut the horsesh*t there.”

She continued to throw the darts. Every single attempt was as accurate as it could be, and soon the toys on the panel were almost gone. But the owner happily hung up new ones, and another round began.

The business of this shop was not so popular before this. Now, all the children were gathered here, and even passersby could not help but come over to watch.

Cameron's divine skills were simply breathtaking,

"Holy sh*t! That woman is amazing! She hasn't missed one!" "If I had her skills, my girlfriend would instantly fall in love with me again." "My God, she's really awesome!"

Waylon stared at Cameron.

"These skill-based games are pieces of cake to her. I don't even have to shoot. No, I have absolutely no chance at it!"

He shook his head helplessly, feeling that he was not worthy of her at this very moment.

He also picked up a dart and threw it at the balloon that she was aiming at, bursting it a second ahead of her.

Cameron was startled and turned to look at him. "Are you trying to embarrass me?"

The corners of his lips twitched. "Fancy a match?"

"You're the one who asks for it!" Cameron was pumped. Originally, she was only helping the children to earn gifts, but it had now become a duel between her and Waylon.

The crowd felt as if they were here to witness an Olympic final. They did not even dare to blink from beginning to end. And the children standing at the side could no longer hold onto the toys in their arms. The piles of toys were so huge that they were even taller than some of their owners. Two hours later, the owner's stall was literally empty, and the children went home with their hands and pockets full.

Looking at his empty storage room, the owner sighed. Today was the only day where he could leave his stall unlocked through the night. This feeling of being bought out by a local aristocrat was wonderful!