

## Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 2368

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Freyja knew that her father cooked up a feast last night only to store them in the refrigerator when they could not finish them.

When Brandon saw Freyja had returned, he was flustered. He immediately closed the door of the refrigerator and explained, "It's just last night's dishes. Throwing them away now will be

a waste..."

Freyja did not say anything and placed the breakfast on the table. "Buy as much as you can eat in the future. Try not to keep dishes overnight."

Brandon replied instantly, "Okay, I'll do so."

But she exposed him mercilessly, "If I wasn't here, you wouldn't do so at all, would you?"

Brandon walked to the table, pulled out the chair, and sat down. "Do you plan to go back to the college for a postgraduate program entrance examination?"

She peeled off the seal of a cheese sauce, grabbed some bread, and dipped it in cheese. "Yes, I'm going back to college today."

Brandon was about to say something when the doorbell rang.

Freyja got up. "I'll go."

Freyja came to open the door and was astounded when she saw the man standing outside.

It felt like a dream.

Colton was wearing a coat, a gray scarf, and some casual and comfortable clothes. There was also a suitcase beside him.

His face looked stiff from the freezing weather, and a chilling aura shrouded his body from head to toe.

Freyja snapped back to her senses. "Colton, why are you

"Freyja Pruitt, why did you turn off your phone?"

She was stunned.

"Did he just fly over here to look for me because he couldn't get to me through a phone call? "Fey, who's that?" Brandon came out and was dumbfounded when he saw Coleman standing at the door.

Freyja turned her head around. "You should go back and finish your breakfast."

"Okay." Brandon did not dare to ask any more questions and went back to the dining hall to eat his breakfast.

Freyja closed the door and held Colton's cold hand. "Did you come all the way here to find me because you couldn't reach me?"

"What else would the reason be? Do I look like a man that has nothing better to do?" Colton was slightly annoyed. "Do you know how worried I was? Don't you know how to call or text me to let me know that you are okay? Besides, you even turned off your phone. I really

thought something had happened to you.

Freyja stared at him and laughed out loud. "I lost my cell phone and just got my SIM card reissued."

Coleman took a deep breath and rubbed his forehead. "So you only lost your phone? Nothing else happened?"

Freyja raised her eyebrows. "Do you really want something to happen to me?"

"Of course not."

Freyja stood on tiptoe, kissed him, and then laughed. "I'm sorry. Do you feel better now?"

How could Colton be angry at this very moment? Even if he was exasperated, it would have disappeared long ago.

He embraced her in his arms. "Don't think that you'll get away with it with only a kiss."

Freyja pressed her finger against his lips. "My dad is here. If you want anything other than a kiss, it'll be a no from me."

"Then I'll have to collect a little more interest." Colton pinched her chin and kissed her lips again.

After a moment of intimate entanglement, Colton suddenly pushed her away, turned his head,

and sneezed.

His nose was flushed from the cold weather.

Freyja sneered and took his hand. "Come in."

Colton sat on the couch, and Freyja poured him a glass of warm water.

Brandon wanted to say something, but he did not dare to voice it out as he was afraid that his daughter would get angry. As such, he said after finishing his breakfast, "Fey, I've eaten my breakfast already. I'll go upstairs first..."

"What are you going to do upstairs? You'll have to go shopping with him at noon."

Brandon was taken aback. "Huh?"

Colton frowned. "I have to go too?"

Freyja looked at him. "I'm going back to college at 10:00 a.m., and I won't have time to buy ingredients for dinner, so do you plan not to eat dinner?"

Colton did not talk back.

Brandon suggested embarrassedly, "I can go alone."

Freyja's attitude was rigid. "Mr. Goldmann is quite a picky eater, and you don't know what he likes

to eat. He's a guest, so we shouldn't neglect his preference when it comes to dinner. Just let him tag along when you go shopping later. I won't take no for an answer."