

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 2369

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Brandon did

not dare to say no to that, so he could only bring their guest along.

Colton squinted slightly. "Guest?"

'Am I just a guest?'

Freyja leaned over and glanced at him. "Otherwise, what else do you want to be? You're at my house now, so who are you going to listen to?"

Colton gnashed his teeth and responded in a low voice, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

"That's right, good boy." Freyja took out some cash and shoved them into his hand. "These are for grocery shopping. Don't go on a shopping spree."

Colton was rendered speechless.

After Freyja went back to college, Colton went to the supermarket with Brandon to buy some ingredients, but the two did not talk much, making the atmosphere a little awkward. After all, they did not know each other too well.

Colton did not like Freyja's family too much because of Sandy and Ken. However, Brandon was Freyja's father, so he still showed him some respect.

"Ahem, how should I address you?" Brandon was the first to break the silence as he felt a little embarrassed that he did not know the man's name.

He sounded indifferent. "Coleman, Coleman Goldmann."

Brandon asked again, "Then what's your relationship with Fey?"

Colton frowned.

'Mrs. Pruitt knows about my relationship with Freyja, but he doesn't?'

Seeing that Colton did not answer his question, Brandon did not continue to ask any more questions. He had probably realized that Colton did not like him very much, and he did not want to cause his daughter too much trouble by upsetting her guest.

Seeing Brandon's distressed expression, Colton thought that he had bullied this old man before they came to the supermarket. Thus, he rubbed the bridge of his nose. "What relationship do you think we have?"

Brandon was flustered. "Are you dating each other?"

Colton responded with a hum.

Brandon gave

off a happy smile. "Good, glad to hear that."

Colton thought that he would act the same as Sandy as Freyja's relationship with him was certainly good news for him.

Just as he was about to speak, Brandon spoke slowly. "I can finally rest assured that someone is taking care of her. At least she doesn't have to suffer alone. She has a very strong and stubborn personality, so I shall apologize to you and thank you on her behalf for the things you'll do for her in the future."

Colton swallowed the words that were about to escape his mouth and slowed down his pace.

As Brandon pushed the shopping cart up to the shelf to choose the ingredients that he wanted, he did not seem to realize that Colton had already fallen behind. "Fey said that you're rather picky when it comes to your food. I'm afraid that you won't like what I choose, so remember to tell me what you want to eat."

Colton's eyes moved, and he replied after a while, "Anything will do."

Back in Bassburgh, at Blackgold...

Colton had gone to Yaramoor, so Waylon had to temporarily take over the company. Leonardo reported to Waylon about all the unfinished arrangements.

Waylon flipped through the document. "What's this wine party that's taking place tonight?"

Leonardo took a glance at the itinerary. "It's about the collaboration between Dominic Constructions from the port area and us. Mr. Goldmann successfully secured the project about half a month ago."

"He does know when to get away from work." Waylon rubbed his temples, scoffed, closed the documents in his hands, and placed them on the desk. "Then I shall attend the party with his identity."

Leonardo was startled. "With his identity?"

He did not understand what Waylon meant at the moment until later that night when he came to pick Waylon up—

that was when he was shocked. "Mr. Gold-

There was a mole on the corner of Waylon's eye, and even his hairstyle was almost a replica of that of Colton's. If Leonardo had not known that Colton had gone abroad, he would have almost mistaken him for Colton!

Leonardo exclaimed, "The resemblance is really uncanny."

"It's not that I haven't dressed up as him before this. Let's go already," Waylon said as he got

into the car.

Leonardo drove the car to the Century Hotel, and Waylon went into the banquet hall with Leonardo.

As soon as they got into the hall, a middle-aged man with a wine glass came to greet Waylon and communicated with him in his not-so-

fluent English. "Mr. Goldmann, you are here, finally."