Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 2385

Chapter **2385**

Mallon left the room **after** saying what he had to say.

The next day, early in the morning...

A shimmer of light pierced through the curtains and shone on the head of the bed. Cameron turned over, hugged someone beside her, and suddenly opened her eyes.

Waylon lay beside her on **his** side, propping his hand against the side of his forehead **as** if he had been awake for a long time.

He fiddled with the ends of her hair and kissed it. "You've woken up?"

Cameron closed her eyes. "No, I haven't."

He smirked, turned over, and covered her with his body in an instant.

Cameron opened her eyes immediately and pressed her hands against his chest. "Wayne Goldmann!"

His kiss stopped at the corner of her lips. "What's up?"

"I want to eat The Attic's short ribs."

The last time they ordered takeout from that place, she got to try the short ribs once, and she really liked them.

Waylon chuckled, knowing that she was changing the subject. "Alright, I'll go and buy them." He was about to get up, but Cameron pulled him back to stop him. "Take me there to eat." Waylon was slightly startled, and his gaze looked earnest. "Are you sure?"

She frowned. "What's wrong with that? Can't you bring me out? Am I a disgrace to you? Is it embarrassing for you to bring me out?"

Waylon burst into laughter abruptly, and his lips landed on her forehead as he gave her a peck. "Get out of bed then. I'll take you there." 1

Because
of the drizzle from last night, the sky was still gray and misty, cold and damp breezes were brushing through the branches in the courtyard, and all the plants along the way were covered with dew.

A
black Bentley pulled over at the **entrance** of The Attic. Waylon got out of the car first, walked around the **car,** and opened the front passenger seat door.

Cameron stepped out of **the** car and crossed her arms together because of **the** freezing

ambient temperature.

She had gotten used to staying in the East Islands, where winter was nowhere to be found, so this temperature **was a little** too unbearable for her.

Waylon wrapped a **scarf** around her neck. **"Is it** cold?"

Cameron's **eyelashes** twitched. "What do you think? I won't **even** be able **to** move around nimbly **if** a fight breaks out now."

She **took the** initiative to insert her hand into his **coat pocket**. "Okay, **please** don't hold me. I'll

walk by myself."

He smiled **helplessly** and led her into The Attic.

How could the waiters and **waitresses** working in The Attic not know about Waylon? **Apart from** that, Waylon's scandal was now the talk of the city. As such, everyone was surprised when they saw him appearing in public with Cameron.

"That woman is obviously not the woman that was mentioned
in the scandal. Could it
be that the **eldest** heir of the Goldmann has changed his partner again?"

"Mr. Goldmann." The manager of The Attic came over with a grin on his face and a very enthusiastic attitude. "You've come. Do you want a private room?"

However, before Waylon could speak, Cameron had already responded to the manager's question. "We'll sit in the main hall."

The manager was flustered.

'They want to eat in the hall!' But no one from the Goldmanns has ever sat in the hall in the past.'

Waylon nodded. "Then we'll sit in the hall.'

His attitude toward Cameron surprised the manager. At that moment, he saw Cameron's hand sitting in Waylon's pocket.

'Oh my, their relationship isn't as simple as it seems. This lady must be the real deal, right?'

Waylon dragged the chair out for Cameron, and she sat down and started ordering food, immediately.

Waylon poured them some tea.

'I didn't expect that she would like the short ribs from this place so much. It seems that I'll have to learn how to cook **this** dish in the future.'

When all the dishes
were served, Waylon started fetching all the dishes when Cameron suddenly looked at him and said, "Feed me."

He lifted his gaze. He had actually noticed Cameron's thoughts. Obviously, she was concerned about the scandal between him and Minzy.

Waylon did not expose her thoughts. Instead, he picked up a piece of short ribs and placed it on her plate.

She frowned. "I asked **you** to feed me."

He pretended to look a little embarrassed. "It's **not** very appropriate for me to do that in public."

Cameron restrained her expression immediately and said cynically, "Oh really? Then why didn't **you** care about the public's opinion when you were t out and **ate** with another woman? Yet, **you care** about it now that you're eating with me?"

The hilarity in his **eyes** could no longer be **concealed**.
"How **can** this be the same?" "How is this different? Oh, you're actually afraid of making it into scandals, but you **seem** quite happy about your scandal with Minzy." Cameron picked up her silverware and picked up the ribs, but the wrath within her was burning **so ferociously** that she had lost her **appetite**.

Chapter **2386**

Seeing that Cameron was **so** jealous, Waylon laughed out loud. "Who's the one who **told** me **that** we **won't** be making our relationship public? How do you plan to explain this to the media and public if we are caught and photographed by paparazzi?"

Cameron choked on her own words. She suddenly remembered that she had said something about not wanting to make things between them public before this.

Waylon raised his eyebrows slightly. "Is that all you have to say?"

She was a little embarrassed.

'I'm indeed the one who said
that I didn't want to be made public back then, but I'm also the one who's demanding to make things public now. Did I just smack myself in the face?'

"You're going
back on your own words now, and I'm confused about what I should believe and ignore." Waylon propped his hand against the side of his forehead and gave off a clearly satisfied expression accompanied by traces of innocence.

"If our marriage were to be made public, you might start to regret marrying me and ask me for a divorce. Then I'll be turned into
a man who gets abandoned by his wife, and the people of Bassburgh will surely use this farce to ridicule me in the future."

His reasons were all logically and properly arranged, and it sounded as if he was worried that he would turn into a poor man who could be abandoned anytime.

Cameron took a deep breath. "Why would you think so?"

Waylon let off a faint sigh. "It's surely because I'm still not good enough for you to come to a decision to announce our relationship to the public. Otherwise, I wouldn't be banned from letting the world know about our marriage. And now that I've been found in a scandal with another woman, I'm being questioned whether I'm having an affi--"

Cameron got up and covered his
mouth. "That's enough acting for a day!"

Waylon grabbed the back of her hand and stared straight at her. "Then can I make it public now?"

Cameron gnashed her teeth and whispered, "Yes."

"I can't hear you."

"I said yes!" she shouted out loud, causing everyone sitting around her to stare in her direction.

Cameron smiled **apologetically** at those people, **sat** back in her **seat**, and glared at the man that was giving off a profound smirk across from her.

'This fella is really as cunning **as** an old **fox**'

On the other side of the **city**...

Mallon had already **gathered** a **hall full of reporters** and was about **to release a statement** to clarify his daughter's scandal. He looked **down** at his watch, and Minzy was **still nowhere** to **be seen** at **this time**.

His secretary hurried toward him. "Mr. Hollard, **we** couldn't find Ms. Hollard in the hotel." Mallon frowned, and his
expression stiffened as a solemn thought crossed his mind.

'I knew it... But I can't let her be any longer.'

The
reporters who came asked him about his daughter's relationship with Waylon, if the **two** families were about to hold a wedding ceremony for them, and if Minzy and Waylon **were** dating.

Mallon's expression was so gloomy and terrifying that he would be able to
make it into the cast of a horror movie without an audition. His massete twitched at that moment. "That's why I'm holding this press conference today, to clarify my daughter's affairs with Mr. Goldmann."

"A clarification?" One of the reporters in the audience sounded surprised.

Mallon added with a dimmed expression, "Yes, it's a clarification. My daughter doesn't have a relationship with Mr. Goldmann. They're only ordinary friends who went to the hotel's restaurant for a meal. I
don't know why the media are writing these things about them. Must my daughter have a relationship with all the men she's eaten with in the past?"

A female reporter asked, "Mr. Holland, wouldn't it be beneficial for your daughter to be in a relationship with the eldest heir of the Goldmanns? However, judging from how you're responding to this news, it seems that you're not really happy with the scandal that Ms. Holland is in."

Mallon's gaze looked stern and sharp. "The Goldmanns aren't the only family who have a son, are they? All the media in Bassburgh might have their eye set on the Goldmanns, but does that mean that the Hollands must hop onto this train too?

"I don't possess such lofty ideals and am content with what I currently have. I only hope that my daughter can find a man that suits her. Therefore, I'm sincerely asking everyone present not to tie my daughter to Mr. Goldmann again."

Mallon then bowed to the reporters and left with his secretary.

This clarification statement made the news almost immediately, and Mallon's words received a lot of support on the Internet.

#He knows his position very well. That's why he's one of the best fathers in the history of Bassburgh.#

#As a businessman, it's rare for someone to have such thoughts. **Too** many parents would turn the marriage of their children into
just another business transaction. That's why this incident is showing everyone in Bassburgh that Mr. Holland is a very rational father#