

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1088

Chapter 1088

Yorrick didn't want to get in trouble.

Xyla thought about it and nodded. "Deal." After a month, it'd be over, so why would she say no?

But after a few days, Xyla didn't see Yorrick, and he didn't contact her either.

Xyla remained in the hospital for a week and left when her stitches were removed. Mindy came to pick her up. "Your rich boyfriend didn't come to pick you up?" "What rich boyfriend?" Xyla put on her sunglasses, picked up her bag, and walked out of her hospital. Mindy held up the umbrella for her. "Don't you know who your rich boyfriend really is?"

She got into the car. "Who is he?" "He's the heir of the Hathaways from Yaramoor, the richest family in the world. He's at Zlokova to discuss his project with Eastwood Enterprise, and when the director found out who he was, he was overjoyed. With Mr. Hathaway investing in his production, the A-listers are trying to work with him for his next film."

Mindy chatted away and didn't notice Xyla's expression.

The Hathaways from Yaramoor?

She had heard about them when she was modeling in Stoslo, but the rich Yorrick Hathaway she heard about was a mature man in his late 30s. He was almost 40!

But this Yorrick Hathaway that he knew looked at most 29 or 30. Was he actually older than Nolan?

She had even called him a boy-that was a mistake.

Xyla went straight to the set from the hospital. When the director saw her, he was surprised. “Xyla, why not take a few more days off?”

“My stitches were removed, and my wound is almost fully healed. I won’t want to delay the production.”

Seeing how Xyla didn’t take half a month off like the A-listers and even wanted to make sure everything was on schedule, the director started appreciating her.

When Mr. Mayweather insisted that she join the cast, the director had afraid she would be one of those rich girls who couldn’t handle stress. Surprisingly, she turned out pretty strong, especially about the incident with the prop.

He said in an attentive tone, “If you insist on continuing filming, don’t be too harsh on yourself. Tell us if you feel uncomfortable.”

Xyla nodded. “I will.”

Xyla got her hair and makeup done in the makeup room. She was acting as a queen now, so her makeup was more elegant and luxurious.

She took a look at her phone and didn't really know what she was expecting to see, then put her phone back in her bag.

After the two scenes were filmed in the morning, Xyla finally took off her heavy robes and just had her undergown on.

Mindy rubbed her shoulders, and when she said she was thirsty, someone handed her a drink when Mindy was going to pick it up from the table.

Xyla was surprised and turned to see who had brought her the water. It was the lead actor, Howard Lindholm.

Howard was one of the biggest stars of Zestar Media, a professional with period pieces, and started becoming famous in the past few years..

Xyla took the water from him. "Thank you, Mr. Lindholm."

Xyla was a newbie in this industry, so she wanted to address him formally.

Howard smiled. "They said that you're a model and hadn't acted before, but I think your acting is quite impressive."

Xyla opened the bottle. "Really? My dad was a famous actor in his time. I learned from him." She took a sip

Howard looked at her. "I watched your

father's movies when I was a kid. Everyone knows him."

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter
1089

Chapter 1089

Xyla smiled. “He just left the industry too soon.”

Nathasha Knowles hadn't been acting yet when her father was acting, and Royal Crown had had a different owner.

After Nathasha started acting, her father quit and went behind the scenes. He then bought Royal Crown Entertainment with Nolan's father, Nicholas. Some executives had left with the previous owner, but her father stayed. He sat in his current position and was mentored by Nicholas. After Nathasha married Nicholas, the latter gave all his Royal Crown shares to her father.

That was why Royal Crown was part of the Blackgold Group, but the director was her father.

Howard and Xyla chatted. They were talking about something, and Xyla burst out laughing.

Yorrick came on set with his bodyguards, who were carrying two bags of items. The director saw him and stood up. “Mr.

Hathaway, you're here.”

Yorrick got the bodyguards to put down the drinks they were carrying. “The weather is hot, so I brought something for the crew to cool down.”

The director was surprised and smiled.” Thank you for this. You shouldn't have.” He then asked the assistant to hand them out.

Yorrick turned and looked toward Xyla, who was sitting very close to the male lead. They were both holding their phones, seemingly exchanging numbers.

Xyla stretched out her hand and touched his screen, her face so close to his that they would kiss if she turned her head.

Mindy saw something and nudged Xyla, but she didn't notice it.

"Xy..." Mindy patted her, looking a little awkward.

Xyla pushed her hand away without looking up. "Hold on, I'm not done yet."

She finally looked up when a shadow blocked their source of light. The light was behind Yorrick, so his face was dark.

Xyla sat up straight. "Why are you here?"

Howard had heard the rumor about Xyla and this investor from the crew. He stood up, nodded, and smiled at Yorrick before saying to Xyla, "Let's text."

Xyla nodded.

Yorrick crossed his arms, looked coldly at Howard, and smiled. "Ms. Mayweather is so popular."

Xyla twirled her phone, put it back in her bag, and pushed her hair back. "I can't help it. My wild charm is just so alluring to men."

Yorrick looked her up and down and laughed. “Your charm only attracts *ssh ^ les.”

Xyla’s face dropped. Still, she smiled in the next second. “Doesn’t that mean you’re an * ssh*le too? Oh wait, you’re not an *ssh*le, you’re a player.”

Yorrick looked at her. “If I’m a player, then what are you?”

“Compared to you, from the world’s richest family and player of countless women, I’m just a little fish in a small pond.” Xyla smiled.

Yorrick buttoned up his suit and looked around casually. “That’s why all the men around you are just... common.”

Xyla stood up, crossed her arms, and stared at him. “Common? If I were as rich as you, my men would circle the globe, and I’d be able to have my pick of the high-quality ones.”

Yorrick nodded. “You have to be rich before that happens.”

Xyla choked, but she soon laughed. “I haven’t seen you in a few days, and you came here just to tease me?” Yorrick frowned and didn’t say anything.

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1090

Chapter 1090

Xyla poked Yorrick’s shoulder. “Hey, are you alright?”

‘He is a little weird. Did someone offend him? Why does he look so offended?’

Yorrick stared at her for a moment and suddenly laughed. “I really don’t know whether you’re actually dumb or you are pretending to be smart.”

Xyla looked into his eyes with no expression because she was lost.

Yorrick turned around but stood there. “We should cancel the contract. I’ll get someone to send it over, and you can tear it up. I’ll still transfer the payment to you. You’re not the best woman to act with me.”

That night, at the Mayweather mansion...

When they were having dinner, Xyla pushed her food around, still thinking about what Yorrick meant.

What did he mean by she wasn’t the best woman to act with him? He had reached out to her first, but now was he saying that her acting wasn’t good enough?

She had never met a man who would treat her that way.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayweather sat across from her and exchanged glances seeing that Xyla wasn’t eating.

Mrs. Mayweather passed some food to her. “Xyla, do you think it’s time to... think about marriage?”

Xyla didn’t even look up. “Lots of women get married in their 30s. I’m not anxious.”

You're not, but your father and I are. If you

get married in your 30s, you'll have a higher risk if you get pregnant." Mrs. Mayweather sighed. "I don't understand what's on you young people's minds."

Mr. Mayweahter joked. "Technology has improved a lot now. It's not a problem to have kids in your 30s."

"Are you a woman?" Mrs. Mayweather put down her cutlery. "You have no say if you've never had a baby."

Mr. Mayweather immediately shut up and continued eating.

Mrs. Mayweather looked at Xyla. "Xyla, be honest. Do you still miss Louis?"

Xyla paused and looked up. "Mom, what's this nonsense?" She scooped up some peas. "He's married now. It's best not to churn out rumors." "So, what's your reason?" Mrs. Mayweather stared at her, trying to read something from her expression.

Xyla took two Scoops of potato puree and put down her spoon. "Won't it be nice for me to stay with you for two more years? Why should I rush to get married?"

Mr. Mayweather nodded. "That's true. She's our only child."

"Shut up!" Mrs. Mayweather howled.

Mr. Mayweather's hand that was holding the spoon shook, and he continued eating

Mrs. Mayweather looked at him. “See how you’ve spoiled her! All our relatives’ daughters got married at 23 and have their own children now. Our daughter is 29 and almost 30 but isn’t even close to anything.”

Mr. Mayweather nodded in agreement. “Yes, you’re right. But you can’t say that our daughter isn’t good enough. Her cousins married early but aren’t happy with their in-laws. Do you have the heart to see our daughter suffer somewhere we can’t see because she just married some random man?”

1/2

12:27

Cllldpler UYU

Mrs. Mayweather choked and looked at him quietly.

Mr. Mayweather patted her shoulder.” Calm down. We only have one child.”

Xyla couldn’t help but laugh. She finished her dinner and then stood up. “Mom, Dad, I’m going to my room.” Mrs. Mayweather had something more to say, but Mr. Mayweather stopped her.” Take a rest. I’ll talk to your mother.”

Xyla got back to her room. The pictures on her cabinet were all from her modeling days along with awards.