

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1101

Chapter 1101

Yorrick nodded, “Alright, let’s have a few drinks at night.”

Xyla had a night scene and ended the shooting around 11:30 p.m. She was exhausted because that was the first time she felt that movies weren’t as relaxed as series.

Mindy sent her home, and once she drove off, Xyla’s phone started ringing. She was curious who was calling her so late and when she took a look, it was... Yorrick?

Hadn’t he blocked her?

She picked up. “What can I do for you so late at night, Mr. Hathaway?” He said something that Xyla didn’t hear and thought something had happened to him. “Hello!” “Is that Ms. Mayweather?” The bodyguard picked up, “I’m sorry for bothering you so late. Where are you? Mr. Hathaway is drunk and won’t leave. The bar is closing, and I’m out of ideas. Could you come to help us

please?”

Xyla pushed her hair out of her face and chuckled. “He’s drunk, and I need to help him?”

The bodyguard was out of ideas. “Mr. Hathaway insisted on calling you. I’m sure he’ll leave if you come to talk to him.”

Xyla hesitated and scoffed., “Where are you?” The bodyguard replied, “Peace Avenue, Bar No. 38.” Xyla drove her car straight toward Peace Avenue. When she got there, there were no more patrons there.

She walked in with her bag and high heels. Yorrick sat next to the window, his hand on his forehead.

The bodyguard, the servers, and the bar manager were there waiting. Xyla tossed her bag onto the table. Yorrick frowned as he looked up at her.

The bodyguard walked to Xyla. “You’re here. Please, talk to him.”

“What should I say? If he doesn’t leave, just chase him out. If that doesn’t work, throw him out. Some rich lady might see him and take him home.”

Xyla was wearing sunglasses, so the servers couldn’t see her face clearly under the dim lighting.

The bodyguard smiled awkwardly. The bar manager was in a tough spot,” Miss, could you talk to your boyfriend and get him to leave, please? We’re trying to close.”

“He’s not my boyfriend.”

“He’s... your husband?” The manager was surprised.

Xyla laughed. “I’m single. I don’t have a husband.”

In the chaos. Yorrick suddenly laughed, but when they looked over, he was rubbing his temple as if what they heard didn't happen.

Xyla pushed her bag into the bodyguard's arms and walked over to pull up Yorrick. "Come out."

Yorrick leaned toward her. She was wearing high heels and almost lost her balance and fell onto the table

along with him. Fortunately, the manager managed to grab onto them.

Xyla couldn't help but yell, "You're so heavy!"

The hand around her waist tightened, and his lips almost touched her ear. "Heavy?"

Xyla shuddered and pushed his head away. "Get away from me!"

She yelled at the bodyguard to come and help her. He put out his arm, but Yorrick glared at him, so he pulled it back and smiled. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to send Mr. Hathaway to the hotel."

The bodyguard then escaped.

"You!" Xyla cursed angrily as she carried Yorrick. She remembered that he was the one who had sent her back when she was drunk, so she controlled herself and gnashed her teeth.

"We're even now."

She used a lot of energy to get him to the car.

Yorrick lay down on the back seat, but his legs were too long, and the door wouldn't close, so Xyla tapped him and said, "Bend your knees."

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1102

Chapter 1102

Yorrick sat up and put the back of his hand to his forehead, then leaned back on the seat.

When they got to the hotel, Xyla helped him into the room. Just when she was going to put him to bed, he pulled her down with his body weight, and she fell on him.

Her lips grazed his nose, and she froze. His warm alcoholic breath blew onto her cheek, and she beamed at the man who was under her with his eyes closed.

She tried to get up, but an arm pulled her back into his arms. She was stunned, and her heart skipped a beat.

Yorrick slowly opened his eyes and smiled drunkenly, "I'm drunk." "What... What does getting drunk have anything to do with me?" Xyla tried to get up again, but he held her tight with his arm, and she locked eyes with him.

Yorrick looked drunk, but he might not be." Xyla, I'm troubled by you sometimes." Xyla was startled. "What? Troubled?"

Yorrick cupped her cheek and smiled. His alcoholic breath got in her face. "Yes, troubled by you because you're everywhere. I

don't know what I did to deserve this. It annoys me that I've fallen for you."

"You're quite drunk, aren't you? Do you even know what you're talking about?"

Xyla looked at him suspiciously. The man had said some weird things out of the blue. What had he done to deserve this? Fallen for her?

"I dreamed of you." Yorrick pulled her closer. "I actually dreamed of you."

Xyla didn't know where to look and was doing her best to support her body. "Okay, and?"

Yorrick's eyes were on her lips. He raised his head to kiss her, and Xyla blinked. The smell of alcohol blew in her face, and she wanted to push him away, but he was holding onto the back of her head.

He kissed her and took her breath away, then suddenly flipped her over and trapped her under him. She pressed her palms to his chest but didn't have the energy to push him away.

She suddenly believed that a man with great kissing techniques would be able to make any woman fall.

Yorrick moved his lips to her neck, which made her shudder, and her logic slowly faded away.

Just like in his dreams, Yorrick finally had her. She was just as perfect as she was in his dream. He couldn't help but punish her,

hearing her seductive moans. He felt that this punishment wasn't enough, never enough...

Xyla finally drove her car home at 4:00 a.m. When she parked, she put her head on the steering wheel and thought for a long time.

She picked up her phone to call Mindy, but she only picked up after a few attempts. She sounded like she was woken by the phone, "Who is it... It's the middle of the night...*

"It's me." Xyla's throat was dry.

Mindy paused and took a look at the screen. "Oh, Xy, why are you calling me at this hour?"

"When you're on the way to the set, if you pass by a pharmacy, could you help me get ... the pill?"

Mindy was still in a daze. "What pill?"

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Xyla scratched her head. "Contraceptive pill."

Mindy said okay and fell silent for two seconds before immediately sitting up. "What!?"

Xyla leaned back on the car seat and ran her fingers over her hair. "Just get it for me. Don't let anyone know."

She hung up after that.

Xyla put her hand to her forehead with dark eyes. ‘Is this what grown-ups do? Hah!’

When the sun rose, Xyla arrived on set. Mindy pulled her to a secluded corner and placed the pill in her hand while looking around. “I got it for you. Xy, weren’t you home last night? What...”

Xyla put the pill in the bag and cleared her throat. “Maye, I used the services of a male escort.”

Mindy’s lips twitched. “Are you serious?”

12:31