

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2364

Chapter 2364

Colton looked at his empty arms until Freyja's figure disappeared into the crowd. She had only left him for a few minutes, and he had already started to miss her.

He did not know how he was going to spend his life without Freyja.

At that moment, his phone rang. It was Leonardo.

Colton answered the call, and Leonardo said, "Sir, Mr. Weatherby wants to see you."

Colton frowned.

Royce was waiting for Colton in the lobby of the Blackgold Group. He told them he would not leave until he saw Colton. Leonardo couldn't send him away, so he had no other choice but to call Colton.

When Colton appeared in the lobby, Royce knelt before him and pleaded, "Mr. Goldman, I'm really sorry about what I did. Please forgive me. I'll do everything you say. Just don't cancel the cooperation between our companies."

The Blackgold Group monopolized most of the technology and construction industries in Bassburgh. If no company wanted to supply materials for him, his company would be done for!

Colton looked expressionlessly at him. He remained impassive toward his plea as he said, "Mr. Weatherby, you don't even have the basic respect for people, and you still want to take advantage of the Blackgold Group? Who do you think we are? Some kind of charity that will help everyone?"

Royce was stunned.

Initially, he thought Colton was someone who valued benefits and interests more than anything else. Even though Colton had kicked him out of his daughter's birthday celebration, he was confident that he was doing it because he had to stand up for his family.

He was certain that Colton would not sever their partnership just because of a woman.

After all, an ambitious man valued nothing more than his interests. For him, women were insignificant. Their job was to raise their kids and support their husbands. There was no way they could interfere with their husbands' decisions in their business.

All he had to do was apologize to Colton, and the latter would forgive him.

He did not expect that Colton would really terminate their partnership.

“Mr. Goldmann, I can increase the percentage of profits to you by 20%. It’s okay if I earn less. Is that okay?”

Colton’s eyes were cold as he said, “Do you not understand what I say? Do you think I’ll need that little profit of yours?”

Royce became even more nervous. “I’m sorry, Mr. Goldmann. I can apologize to your wife. I promise I won’t do that again...”

Colton grabbed Royce by his collar and glared at him furiously. “Again? It seems to me that you look down on women a lot. When you were making a false charge against her, did you ever think of what would happen if no one trusted her? For you, a woman’s reputation and

innocence are nothing? You could ride roughshod over her just because her family was n’t there?”

Royce cried, “I’m sorry-

“It’s too late. You should prepare yourself for this outcome from the moment you humiliated my woman.”

Colton pushed him away and called the security guard. “Get him out of here. Don’t let him set his foot in the Blackgold Group ever again.”

The security guard pulled Royce out of the building. He kept shouting and apologizing, but everyone ignored him.

Colton turned around to look at Leonardo and said, “I want you to pass this instruction to all of our subsidiaries. No one is allowed to give any help to Royce’s company, and any violation will be treated as a breach of contract.”

After Colton severed the partnership with Royce’s company, every company that cooperated with the Blackgold Group did not dare to help Royce. They all avoided Royce as they couldn’t afford to mess with the Blackgold Group.

After all, nobody wanted to get the short end of the stick and lose their interest.

Several days after Freyja left for Yaramoor, Colton felt a bit uncomfortable with her not being around. Even during the meetings, he was worried about whether someone would bully her. After the meeting was over, Colton returned to his office. He pulled his phone out but had not received any text message or call from Freyja.

Chapter 2365

Colton frowned deeply. 'Why isn't she sending me any text messages or calling me?'

Leonardo appeared at the door. "Mr. Goldmann."

He replied absentmindedly, "Yeah?"

"Your brother is here," replied Leonardo.

After that, he turned sideways to make way for Waylon.

Leonardo made a pot of tea for both of them, put the teapot on the table, and left the office.

Waylon picked up the teapot and poured himself a cup of tea. "I heard that Freyja has returned to Yaramoor?"

"Yeah," replied Colton.

"Just say what you want to say. There are only two of us here." Waylon chuckled. He knew something was troubling Colton.

Colton leaned against the back of the chair and said, "It has been a few days since she returned to Yaramoor, but she hasn't given me any call yet. I'm worried about her."

Waylon laughed. "It has only been four days. There's nothing to worry about."

Colton crossed his arms in front of his chest and replied, "She should at least give me a call." Waylon placed the teacup in front of his lips and said, "Maybe she ran into something." Seeing that Colton was getting a bit restless, he chuckled, "If you're so worried about her, you can go to Yaramoor to keep her company."

Colton frowned. "But what about the company?"

"Your mind is full of her now. You have to worry about her and the company at the same time. Do you think you can manage two things at once?" Waylon said as he took a sip from the tea.

Then, he continued calmly. "You barely took any break ever since you took over the Blackgold Group. You have been with Freyja for so long. She even has given you a kid, yet you haven't given her any title yet. I'm sure you don't want the same thing that happened at the birthday celebration to happen again, right?"

It was true that Freyja had given birth to their kid. However, in the eyes of the outsiders, Colton had only proposed to her. They had not gone for the marriage certificate yet.

Freyja had gotten pregnant before she was married. Even if the Goldmanns had acknowledged her as their daughter-in-law, it was a fact that they hadn't gotten their marriage certified yet. Colton pressed his lips tightly and said, "I've talked about getting our marriage registered with her."

"What did she say?"

"She said to wait for her to come back."

Waylon chuckled. "Well, you had the chance to bring that up, but you didn't, so you can only wait now."

Colton was rendered speechless.

When he thought about it, it was true that he did not seem to be spending so much time with Freyja. They did not even have a decent date before.

Colton decided to take the initiative to make a call, but Freyja's phone had been switched off.

The bad feeling inside of him just got stronger.

Waylon narrowed his eyes. "What's the matter?"

"She switched her phone off. She couldn't have turned off her phone for no reason." Colton picked up his jacket and rose to his feet. "Waylon, I'll leave the company in your care."

Without waiting for Waylon to say anything, he left.

Waylon chuckled helplessly. He did not expect his workaholic brother to leave the company behind.

Meanwhile, at Yaramoor...

Freyja was reporting to the police since her phone was stolen.

After that, she bought a new phone number and went to a nearby convenience store to make a call through the landline.

The call was on hold for some time before it was picked up. "Hello?"

"Dad, it's me."

Brandon was stunned. "Fey?"

Freyja took a cab to return to the Pruitt manor. Luckily, she had some cash with her. She had mixed feelings as she stepped into the courtyard, where she hadn't been back for years.

She had come back once after her brother's death. Then, she did not set her foot in this courtyard anymore.

Brandon opened the door and was stunned when he saw Freyja. "Fey? Is that really you?"

Freyja nodded.

Brandon invited her into the house. As he was cleaning the table, Freyja looked around the house. Everything remained the same in the living room. However, those maids and butlers were nowhere to be found.

It was empty, and she felt desolated.

Chapter 2366

Brandon opened the refrigerator, and there was nothing in it, leaving him feeling a little embarrassed. "I haven't been preparing anything to eat in a long time. You should take a seat first. I'll go out to buy some ingredients. What do you want to eat tonight?"

Freyja sat on the couch. "Whatever, anything will do."

Brandon walked to the entryway, picked up his coat, and put it on. "Okay, then I'll go out now."

Freyja stopped him. "Dad."

Brandon turned back and was stunned for a short moment.

Freyja added, "I'll go with you."

The father and daughter went to the supermarket to buy some ingredients and food. Freyja had not gone out with her father for a long time. She vaguely remembered that she was only at few years old the last time her father took her out to play.

Twenty years had passed in the blink of an eye.

In the family that she used to have, her mother was mightily aggressive, and her father was extremely cowardly, and that combination caused the relationship between her and her father to grow farther and farther apart.

Brandon did not seem to know how to get along with his daughter anymore. He seemed very cautious for fear of being hated. He stood in front of the shelf to pick the ingredients needed to cook a meal, asking her what she liked along the way.

Freyja responded slowly, "Dad, just choose whatever ingredients you can cook. I'm not that picky."

After buying all the ingredients and returning to the Pruitt manor, Brandon started preparing dinner.

Freyja suddenly found an orange cat hiding under the couch. She stretched out her arms and fished the orange cat out of the bottom. After taking a closer look at it, she realized that its left eye was traumatized and blinded.

She placed the orange cat on her thighs and stroked its fur. It struggled at first, but after seeing that Freyja showed no malicious intent, it lay down on her stomach and stopped moving around.

Brandon brought dinner to the table after some time.

Freyja asked, "What happened to this cat's eye?"

Brandon replied, "It was already partially blind when I took it in."

She was startled. "It was a stray cat?"

Brandon set up the tableware. "Yes, I saw it was wandering around the area, looking all pitiful, and no one wanted it, so I took it in. The manor is rather quiet and deserted, and it's good to have it around here."

Freyja's eyes moved, and she placed the orange cat down. The cat scurried to Brandon's feet and rubbed its head against his ankle.

Brandon picked it up. "It should be hungry. You should start eating first. I'll feed it."

Freyja looked at the dinner on the table. All of the dishes were made from the ingredients that they had just bought, and he had cooked them all. Seeing that, she suddenly remembered something, walked to the refrigerator, and opened it.

It was not that there was no ingredient in the refrigerator. It was just that there were no fresh ingredients. They had been kept in the refrigerator for a long time, and there were all so leftovers from previous days.

'Why didn't I realize it?

"When my mother and Ken were still living there, we had servants, so Dad had already gotten used to being served. Now that my mother and Ken are gone, he should've kept a servant or housekeeper for himself. However, all the servants in the manor have been laid off.

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'Ever since he said he doesn't have fresh ingredients, I started suspecting him. The mall isn't away, and he thought of going to the supermarket to buy some fresh ingredients earlier, so how could there be no fresh food in the refrigerator?'

Freyja's eyes turned bloodshot, and she emptied everything from the refrigerator.

When Brandon came back, he was astonished upon seeing Freyja clearing the refrigerator's contents. "Fey..."

Freyja threw everything into the trash can and underwent an emotional breakdown. "How do you live alone? Do you plan to wait for these ingredients to rot in the fridge before you start eating them? You only warm up and eat leftovers every day, and you're still unwilling to throw them away even after you've left them there for several days?"

"It's not that you don't have the money. How much would the ingredients needed for you to cook a meal cost? Do you know that these leftovers have already gone bad? They're no longer fresh and can't be eaten already, yet you're still reluctant to throw them away. What do you plan to do with them?"

Brandon did not say anything, and his expression turned solemn.

Freyja took a deep breath and calmed down. "Since you've gotten used to being served, why would you fire the servants? Is the money that Ken and Mother left you not enough for you to hire a servant or housekeeper? Even if you are short of money, just tell me. I can help you that!"

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