

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2367

### Chapter 2367

The living room was silent for a moment.

Brandon

was stunned for a long time, then lowered his head. "Fey... I just don't want to cause you trouble."

He added slowly, "And there's no need to spend so much money on food. As long as it's still edible, it'll get me going. I'm still doing well now, aren't I?"

Freyja scoffed out of anger. "Just give it to me straight. Are the Pruitts running out of money already?"

He did not utter a single word.

"I found out almost instantly when I first stepped into this place. The car parked outside is gone. You must've sold it. The things in the house haven't changed much, but all the antiques that my mother bought back then are all gone now." Freyja pointed to the empty cabinet.

'Mother had gotten used to living a luxurious lifestyle, and the antiques were her babies, so there's no way that she would sell them away.

"That would leave me with only one possibility. Dad sold all the antiques and dismissed all the servants after my mother got into jail.

'He obviously knows how to cook, but he's reluctant to buy fresh ingredients. And what's left in the refrigerator? Frozen meat and frozen food that smell. Even the leftovers are days old and so dry that they're sticking to the plate. At the same time, the layer of oil found on the food has already turned white and waxy.'

Brandon pursed his lips, looking a little defeated and powerless. "I'm sorry..."

"So tell me now, where did all the money go?" After yelling at him, Freyja suddenly remembered something, and her face paled slightly. "Is it Mother?"

Brandon was silent.

Freyja froze in place.

'When

my mother brought Deedee to Bassburgh to find me, why didn't I think of... 'Why would she bring Deedee to Bassburgh just to threaten me?'

"Fey... Don't blame your mother, she

"You're still defending her at this moment?" Freyja's eyes were bloodshot, and she gnashed her teeth. "She took all the money with her, didn't she?"

Brandon kept quiet and did not explain anything.

Freyja knew about her father's submissive temperament since she was a kid. Even though her mother had done something bad to him, he would never blame her.

Thinking of this, she did not know whether to blame her father for his kindness or his cowardice.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Fey, there's really no need..."

Freyja raised her voice. "You don't think it's necessary? That's why you didn't tell me about all this? If I really didn't plan to come back here for the rest of my life, when you've run out of items to sell, did you plan to sell the manor away and live on the street?"

Brandon looked like a child who had done something wrong. He kept his head down and did not dare to utter a single word.

After venting out all her wrath, Freyja remained silent for a moment. "Let's eat first. We'll discuss this later."

Seeing that she was really angry, Brandon could only sit down.

Freyja continued to reprimand him while serving the meal. "Look at you. You're living alone but can't take care of yourself. I actually thought of sending Deedee back here to stay with you back then. Looking back at my decision now, thank God I didn't send her back here. Otherwise, she would have had to starve with you."

"I'm sorry, Fey..."

She picked up her silverware. "You don't have to apologize to me. I'll hire a housekeeper from tomorrow onward, I'm about to sit for a postgraduate program entrance examination, and I don't have the time to go through all the details with you. However, you'll always be my father, and I can't just let you be. As for the housekeeper's pay, I'll settle the financial side of things, so you don't need to worry about it."

"I've troubled you again." Brandon lowered his gaze. "Fey, even if you choose not to care about me, I won't blame you. You've grown up and have your own life now. I shouldn't be a burden to you."

Freyja did not respond to him. "The food is going to get cold. You should eat first."

Brandon did not say anything anymore.

The next day, Freyja got up early and went out to buy breakfast. When she returned, she frowned when she saw Brandon secretly storing last night's meals in the refrigerator.

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### Chapter 2368

Freyja knew that her father cooked up a feast last night only to store them in the refrigerator when they could not finish them.

When Brandon saw Freyja had returned, he was flustered. He immediately closed the door of the refrigerator and explained, "It's just last night's dishes. Throwing them away now will be

a waste..."

Freyja did not say anything and placed the breakfast on the table. "Buy as much as you can eat in the future. Try not to keep dishes overnight."

Brandon replied instantly, "Okay, I'll do so."

But she exposed him mercilessly, "If I wasn't here, you wouldn't do so at all, would you?"

Brandon walked to the table, pulled out the chair, and sat down. "Do you plan to go back to the college for a postgraduate program entrance examination?"

She peeled off the seal of a cheese sauce, grabbed some bread, and dipped it in cheese. "Yes, I'm going back to college today."

Brandon was about to say something when the doorbell rang.

Freyja got up. "I'll go."

Freyja came to open the door and was astounded when she saw the man standing outside.

It felt like a dream.

Colton was wearing a coat, a gray scarf, and some casual and comfortable clothes. There was also a suitcase beside him.

His face looked stiff from the freezing weather, and a chilling aura shrouded his body from head to toe.

Freyja snapped back to her senses. "Colton, why are you

"Freyja Pruitt, why did you turn off your phone?"

She was stunned.

"Did he just fly over here to look for me because he couldn't get to me through a phone call? "Fey, who's that?" Brandon came out and was dumbfounded when he saw Coleman standing at the door.

Freyja turned her head around. "You should go back and finish your breakfast."

"Okay." Brandon did not dare to ask any more questions and went back to the dining hall to eat his breakfast.

Freyja closed the door and held Colton's cold hand. "Did you come all the way here to find me because you couldn't reach me?"

"What else would the reason be? Do I look like a man that has nothing better to do?" Colton was slightly annoyed. "Do you know how worried I was? Don't you know how to call or text me to let me know that you are okay? Besides, you even turned off your phone. I really

thought something had happened to you.

Freyja stared at him and laughed out loud. "I lost my cell phone and just got my SIM card reissued."

Coleman took a deep breath and rubbed his forehead. "So you only lost your phone? Nothing else happened?"

Freyja raised her eyebrows. "Do you really want something to happen to me?"

"Of course not."

Freyja stood on tiptoe, kissed him, and then laughed. "I'm sorry. Do you feel better now?"

How could Colton be angry at this very moment? Even if he was exasperated, it would have disappeared long ago.

He embraced her in his arms. "Don't think that you'll get away with it with only a kiss."

Freyja pressed her finger against his lips. "My dad is here. If you want anything other than a kiss, it'll be a no from me."

"Then I'll have to collect a little more interest." Colton pinched her chin and kissed her lips again.

After a moment of intimate entanglement, Colton suddenly pushed her away, turned his head,

and sneezed.

His nose was flushed from the cold weather.

Freyja sneered and took his hand. "Come in."

Colton sat on the couch, and Freyja poured him a glass of warm water.

Brandon wanted to say something, but he did not dare to voice it out as he was afraid that his daughter would get angry. As such, he said after finishing his breakfast, "Fey, I've eaten my breakfast already. I'll go upstairs first..."

"What are you going to do upstairs? You'll have to go shopping with him at noon."

Brandon was taken aback. "Huh?"

Colton frowned. "I have to go too?"

Freyja looked at him. "I'm going back to college at 10:00 a.m., and I won't have time to buy ingredients for dinner, so do you plan not to eat dinner?"

Colton did not talk back.

Brandon suggested embarrassedly, "I can go alone."

Freyja's attitude was rigid. "Mr. Goldmann is quite a picky eater, and you don't know what he likes to eat. He's a guest, so we shouldn't neglect his preferences when it comes to dinner. Just let him tag along when you go shopping later. I won't take no for an answer."

