

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2369

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Brandon did not dare to say no to that, so he could only bring their guest along.

Colton squinted slightly. "Guest?"

'Am I just a guest?'

Freyja leaned over and glanced at him. "Otherwise, what else do you want to be? You're at my house now, so who are you going to listen to?"

Colton gnashed his teeth and responded in a low voice, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

"That's right, good boy." Freyja took out some cash and shoved them into his hand. "These are for grocery shopping. Don't go on a shopping spree."

Colton was rendered speechless.

After Freyja went back to college, Colton went to the supermarket with Brandon to buy some ingredients, but the two did not talk much, making the atmosphere a little awkward. After all, they did not know each other too well.

Colton did not like Freyja's family too much because of Sandy and Ken. However, Brandon was Freyja's father, so he still showed him some respect.

"Ahem, how should I address you?" Brandon was the first to break the silence as he felt a little embarrassed that he did not know the man's name.

He sounded indifferent. "Coleman, Coleman Goldmann."

Brandon asked again, "Then what's your relationship with Fey?"

Colton frowned.

'Mrs. Pruitt knows about my relationship with Freyja, but he doesn't?'

Seeing that Colton did not answer his question, Brandon did not continue to ask any more questions. He had probably realized that Colton did not like him very much, and he did not want to cause his daughter too much trouble by upsetting her guest.

Seeing Brandon's distressed expression, Colton thought that he had bullied this old man before they came to the supermarket. Thus, he rubbed the bridge of his nose. "What relationship do you think we have?"

Brandon was flustered. "Are you dating each other?"

Colton responded with a hum.

Brandon gave

off a happy smile. "Good, glad to hear that."

Colton thought that he would act the same as Sandy as Freyja's relationship with him was certainly good news for him.

Just as he was about to speak, Brandon spoke slowly. "I can finally rest assured that someone is taking care of her. At least she doesn't have to suffer alone. She has a very strong and stubborn personality, so I shall apologize to you and thank you on her behalf for the things you'll do for her in the future."

Colton swallowed the words that were about to escape his mouth and slowed down his pace.

As Brandon pushed the shopping cart up to the shelf to choose the ingredients that he wanted, he did not seem to realize that Colton had already fallen behind. "Fey said that you're rather picky when it comes to your food. I'm afraid that you won't like what I choose, so remember to tell me what you want to eat."

Colton's eyes moved, and he replied after a while, "Anything will do."

Back in Bassburgh, at Blackgold...

Colton had gone to Yaramoor, so Waylon had to temporarily take over the company. Leonardo reported to Waylon about all the unfinished arrangements.

Waylon flipped through the document. "What's this wine party that's taking place tonight?"

Leonardo took a glance at the itinerary. "It's about the collaboration between Dominic Construction from the port area and us. Mr. Goldman successfully secured the project about half a month ago."

"He does know when to get away from work." Waylon rubbed his temples, scoffed, closed the documents in his hands, and placed them on the desk. "Then I shall attend the party with his identity."

Leonardo was startled. "With his identity?"

He did not understand what Waylon meant at the moment until later that night when he came to pick Waylon up—that was when he was shocked. "Mr. Gold-

There was a mole on the corner of Waylon's eye, and even his hairstyle was almost a replica of that of Colton's. If Leonardo had not known that Colton had gone abroad, he would have almost mistaken him for Colton!

Leonardo exclaimed, "The resemblance is really uncanny."

"It's not that I haven't dressed up as him before this. Let's go already," Waylon said as he got

into the car.

Leonardo drove the car to the Century Hotel, and Waylon went into the banquet hall with Leonardo.

As soon as they got into the hall, a middle-aged man with a wine glass came to greet Waylon and communicated with him in his not-so-fluent English. "Mr. Goldmann, you are here, finally."

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Waylon greeted him with a handshake. "Mr. Warren, sorry to have kept you waiting."

Herald waved his hand. "Nah, we've just started. Come, let me introduce you to some of my business partners."

Herald led Waylon to several older men and introduced him enthusiastically, "All of them have certain levels of cooperation with Dominic Constructions. This is Mr. Nixon Weeber, Mr. Torres Xanthos, and Mr. Mallon Holland."

Waylon nodded to each of them.

Nixon laughed. "I've always wanted to meet the second heir of the Goldmanns. Now that I get to meet you in person, you look as impressive as rumors have it. As expected of the son of the legendary Nolan Goldmann."

Waylon responded modestly, "You're flattering me, Mr. Weeber."

Nixon sighed. "If not for the fact that you're already unavailable and occupied, I'd definitely introduce my daughter to you."

Torres added, "Isn't there another young heir? Mr. Goldman's elder brother? He must look a lot like Mr. Goldman."

Waylon picked up the wine glass on the table and chuckled without saying a word.

At that moment, a voice came from behind. "Dad."

Waylon placed the mouth of the wine glass against his lips and froze for a split second.

'This woman, it's Minzy Holland.'

Mallon asked, "Why are you here?"

Minzy stopped beside him and said, "I've come to take a look around."

Her gaze then landed on Waylon, and she was slightly startled.

Mallon introduced her to Waylon. "This is Coleman Goldman, the second young heir of the Goldmans. We're talking about business."

Waylon nodded, drank his wine unhurriedly, and did not answer.

Minzy took a closer look at him and could not take her eyes off him for a long time until Mallon reminded her of something. That was when she finally recovered from a trance and said, "It turns out that the second son and the eldest son do look very alike. I almost took you for your elder brother. I'm sorry about that, Mr. Goldman."

When Nixon heard this, his interest was piqued. "Ms. Holland, have you ever met the eldest heir of the Goldmans?"

Minzy replied with a smile, "I've been fortunate enough to meet him while I was on the East Islands."

The others got even more curious, especially those who had not met Waylon in person. Waylon casually glanced at the wine glass in his hand. It was quite interesting to listen to

others talk about him when he was standing right in front of them.

Minzy turned her head, and her gaze was fixed on him for some time as she sank deeper into her thoughts.

Waylon was not interested in the wine party. He had only come on behalf of his younger brother. Later that night, Leonardo was basically the one who entertained all of Colton's

business partners.

The ceiling in the corridor was bright because of the chandeliers. Waylon stood in front of the French window and looked down at his phone.

In the blink of an eye, a figure approached him. "Are you Mr. Wayne Goldmann?"

Waylon frowned slightly and turned around, only to realize that it was Minzy. "Ms. Holland, how did you recognize me?"

Minzy replied with a smile, "Although you look a lot like your younger brother, I've seen him in magazines. There are still slight differences between you and your brother, especially the way your gazes look."

'Coleman Goldmann's gaze looks deep, sharp, gloomy, and unforgiving.

'However, Wayne Goldmann's gaze is indifferent, keen, stern, and underneath all those characteristics, there is a little warmth, which makes him look less ruthless.'

Waylon put away his phone. "It seems that you're very good at observing others, Ms. Holland."

Minzy asked, "Why did you attend the wine reception in place of your brother?"

He stared out of the window. "He went abroad at the very last minute, so I've taken over his place temporarily."

"I see." Minzy smiled. "However, you didn't get recognized as an impostor, so it seems that you resemble each other

very much."

Waylon gave off a faint smile. "But you've recognized me, haven't you, Ms. Holland?"

Minzy lowered her gaze and fiddled with the bracelet on her wrist. "Getting to meet you again here is truly a coincidence."

After saying that, she smiled at Waylon. "Although we can't be lovers, I hope we still can be friends."

Waylon squinted slightly.

Minzy added instantly, "Don't take me wrong. It's just that I don't have many friends in B  
assburgh."