

The Three Little Guardian Angels

Chapter 2731

“I wouldn’t have been such a gentleman if you had done this earlier.”

After saying that, Morrison sealed her lips with a kiss.

Leah reached out and hugged him.

The temperature of the whole room skyrocketed and did not stop rising-everything got extremely hot and passionate until their souls fused.

At the same time, in Coralia...

A tavern located in a homestay in Hohman Town was still operating, and the night market, the quaint streets, and the alleys were all dimly lit. It was already midnight, but the town was still relatively boisterous.

Zephir sat alone in the attic and ordered a cocktail. The noise of the guests sitting at the next table created a huge contrast with the silence that came from him.

The silence prevailed until the piano in the tavern sounded, and its melody suffused the atmosphere. It was a female singer, she was playing the piano and singing, and her slightly smoky voice sounded melodious.

“Hello, it’s me, your ex

I called to say not sorry, but I wish you the best

And I don’t hold no grudges, promise this ain’t a test

We okay, we okay

Sometimes it works out but sometimes it don’t

Maybe we’ll fix this or maybe we won’t

Sometimes a heart can sink like a stone

Until you find home...”

Waves of applause came from all corners of the tavern, and Zephir turned to look at the female singer. The homestay owner brought some snacks to his table, glanced in the

direction of his gaze, and smiled." Her name is Ursule Caiazzo. She's very pretty, isn't she? She's a 19-year-old music student from the Coralia Art Institute. She's working part-time as a resident singer in our tavern, and her classmates are all shooting films in showbiz now."

Zephir retracted his gaze. "I don't seem to have ordered any snacks."

The homestay owner sat down and said, "These are on the house. It's rare for someone like you to come here for vacation. You've been living here for half a month, so how can I not give you some benefits, Mr. Gosling?"

Zephir poured some wine for him. "It seems that your business here is good."

"We're located in a tourism development zone, so people from other places like to come here." The owner held up his glass and clinked it with Zephir's. "How are you doing? Do you feel more relaxed after staying here for a while?" 1

He responded with a faint hum and drank his wine. "Sort of."

"You don't know that this tavern is famous for something else other than our booze, do you?"

Zephir was puzzled. "What's that?"

"It's also known as the Tavern of Love Encounter."

Zephir was rendered speechless.

The owner laughed and poured some wine for Zephir. "I'm serious. Perhaps if you stay here for a while longer, you'll meet your soulmate and bring her back with you."

"Are you teasing me, or do you think of me as a joke?" Zephir squinted.

"Alright, I won't tease you anymore." The owner clinked glasses with him. "The process of looking for a life partner is indeed something that one can't rush. Letting someone go is better than compromising with someone that doesn't meet your standard."

Zephir drank without saying anything.

It was not until late at night that the homestay and tavern shut down after sending off all its guests. Zephir was about to fall asleep after taking a shower when a soft meowing sound from the balcony woke him up.

He turned on the desk lamp and sat up, only to see a shadow swaying left and right behind the window

screen.

Zephir got out of bed, came to the balcony, opened the window, and saw a Ragdoll that looked a few months old.

Somehow, the cat had gotten its head stuck in the ledge.

He frowned, squatted down, and helped the cat get its head out of the slit. He grabbed the cat by the back of its neck and found out that there was a badge hanging under its neck. There seemed to be a carving of the cat's name.

"Kisses?"

The tiny cat that was now hanging in midair meowed and swung its meaty paws as if it was asking him to put it down.

Zephir placed it back on the ground. "If you keep making noise, I'll turn you into a pot of stew." 1

"Meow!" Kisses sat on the ground and licked its little paw.

It did not seem to be afraid of strangers.

At this time, a young girl ran out hurriedly to the balcony of the room next door. "Where did you go? Kisses!"

Zephir stood upright. The one staying next to him was actually the part-time resident singer.

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Seeing that her cat had run over to someone else's balcony and had gotten caught, Ursule gasped, clasped her hands together, and apologized with a pious expression. "I'm very sorry! Kisses must've caused you trouble. I'll take it back from you right away. Um... Can you please hand it over here?"

The balconies were only 5 feet away, so Ursule stretched out her hands, wanting to grab the cat directly from Zephir.

Zephir did not say anything, picked up the cat, and handed it over.

Ursule took it from him and immediately took it into her embrace. "Thank you. I'm really sorry if it's caused you any inconvenience."

She then turned around and patted the cat in her arms. "If you run around again, I'll bring you to a vet and get you sterilized!"

Kisses meowed as if it was protesting.

Zephir flicked his sleeves, brushing off the cat hair that had gotten onto his pajamas, turned back, and entered the room.

The next day, Zephir went downstairs in his loose silk pajamas as the homestay would prepare a buffet- style breakfast for its guests.

The homestay owner was sitting on the couch reading the newspaper. Seeing that Zephir was brewing a cup of coffee, he commented, "After such a long hiatus, your circadian rhythm is still rather stable." Zephir took the coffee, walked up to the couch, and sat down. "I've already gotten used to it."

Sandwiches, egg breakfasts, and nutritious oatmeal could be seen set up on the dining table.

However, this was the breakfast the owner prepared, and the buffet for the guests could be found in the restaurant located in the backyard.

The homestay owner turned the page of the newspaper. "The breakfast that I make is relatively light. I'm afraid that it won't suit your taste."

"That's fine. I've been feeling rather hearty recently."

"Oh, then it's time for you to find yourself a woman." The homestay owner laughed.

Zephir ignored him.

Something rubbed against his ankle out of the blue, and he was startled for a moment. He looked under the table and saw a fluffy creature crawling out from underneath the table. "Meow!"

"Kisses, why are you hiding below the table again?" The homestay owner heard a meow and lowered his head, only to see Kisses underneath the tablecloth.

He quickly put down the newspaper, picked Kisses up, and kept it in his arms. "Are you hungry? Didn't your master feed you anything before she went out?"

Zephir frowned. "This cat..."

The homestay owner caressed Kisses on the back. "It's Ursule's pet cat. Her family doesn't allow her to own a pet back home, and she can't bring it to school, so she could only leave it with me. But it's like a lucky charm of this homestay. All the guests who have stayed here like it very much."

“Meow!” Kisses rubbed its head against the hand of the owner and even licked it, which made him chuckle. “This little fella is adorable and obedient, and its main attraction is that it’s not afraid of

strangers. Do you want to hold it?”

“No, thanks.” Zephir seemed very reluctant.

The homestay owner laughed out loud. “What’s wrong? Are you actually afraid of some cat fur? Dude, you don’t know how self-healing pets can be, do you? Seriously, owning a pet as a companion can sometimes be even better than having a woman do the same. Not only will it make you feel happier, but it’ll also be by your side all the time.

“Even though it might piss you off occasionally, it really makes you feel relaxed physically and mentally when it gets clingy around you.”

Zephir’s eyes moved, but he did not utter a single word.

“Mr. Quigg!” Ursule walked in with a bag on her back, holding a huge bag of cat food in her hand. “I’ve run out of cat food, so I just rushed out to buy some. Kisses must be hungry as it hasn’t eaten anything this morning.”

Yale Quigg, the homestay owner, put Kisses down. “I knew it. It comes down here when we’re serving breakfast. It must be starving.”

Kisses sashayed up to Ursule’s feet, and Ursule squatted down and stroked it. “You must be hungry. I’ll feed you now, don’t worry.”

While saying that, Ursule found Kisses’ small bowl in its cat house and poured the cat food into the automatic feeding machine.

She also took a sausage out, cut it into several pieces with a knife, and added it to the cat food.

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Kisses started eating happily.

“Urs, shouldn’t you be at school today?”

“Something seems to have come up in my professor’s home, and he asked for a one-day leave.” Ursule looked at Yale. “I only come out here when I don’t have any class, don’t I?”

Yale chuckled. “It’s nice to be young.”

Ursule only noticed Zephir at this time and was stunned for a few seconds. "Hey, aren't you... Oh, you're the man who stays next door from last night, aren't you?"

Yale glanced at Zephir. "Do you know each other?"

"No, no, Kisses escaped onto his balcony last night, so perhaps it disturbed him." Ursule gave off an awkward smile and thought of something. "By the way, Mr. Quigg, he seems to have been staying here for quite a long time."

Yale smiled. "Yes, he's been here for quite some time. My friend came all the way here from Bassburgh on vacation."

"Bassburgh?" Ursule sat down on the couch at this moment and asked with a curious expression, "Is Bassburgh fun?"

Zephir responded indifferently, "It's alright."

"Some of my classmates have also gone to Bassburgh and have gotten admitted to a few film academies. I heard that some of them are now working in filming crews."

Yale looked at her. "If you want to shoot movies too, this is the guy that you might want to speak to. He's been in the entertainment industry before this."

Zephir gazed at Yale. "I don't plan to get myself involved in showbiz anymore."

Ursule sat upright. "I don't intend to step into the entertainment industry. What's so great about getting oneself into the industry? Especially for us college students, if the agency we encounter is black-hearted, the agent might even trick us into selling ourselves to the agency, where we'll be squeezed to the final fiber of our being for their benefit. And if we were to want to terminate our contract with the company, we might not get paid fairly or even get sued in return."

"Yo, it seems that you know quite a lot!"

Ursule snorted softly and picked up an egg. "Of course, this happened to some of the classmates I know from school. They got spotted by celebrity scouts because of their good looks and made their debut after that. However, all they got in return was being tricked into becoming interns for some potential female idol group. They only get four hours of sleep every day, all they do all day is practice, and they're not allowed to leave the company's property or ask for leave. Just how miserable is that?"

Yale picked up his cup of coffee. "That sounds like gossip. It's no wonder Rolly from the kitchen crew knows everything. It seems that you're the one who tells him everything."

you

“Tsk,

like to gossip too, don't you? Aren't you the one who told me about the man who brought his mistress here and ran into his wife and her own lover here? That's how the couple found out that both of them had been cheating on each other and got into a fight here.”

Yale choked on his coffee. “I only told you guys about the story because you wanted to listen to it.”

“I don't care. Rolly claimed that you're the most gossipy person in the whole premises, and all of us learned from you.”

“B*llcr*p!”

The whole living room became lively because of the bickering between the two of them.

In this tiny and simple homestay, one would run into many new and different faces, hear different and interesting stories, and feel the slow-paced life of this small town. Life just felt simple and laid-back.

Zephir's gaze moved around the homestay as if he had not felt such an atmosphere for a long time.

Zephir had been staying in the homestay for quite some time, and all the staff members had already gotten familiar with him. Knowing that he was a friend of their boss, they treated him as a friend.

Rolly, who worked in the kitchen, was the chef of the homestay. He came to Coralia from Hewston City to work. He had worked as a chef in a restaurant in Bassburgh. However, because the living cost was too high for someone who earned only \$1,500 monthly, he resigned and came to Coralia.

Although the homestay was only paying him \$1,200, the cost of living here was not that high, and food and lodging were included as a part of his benefits. And most importantly, Yale always treated his employees very well.

Over time, Rolly fell in love with this town.

Two middle-aged women worked there, and they were in charge of the guest rooms' hygiene. Both were locals from Coralia, and their children had left the town to work elsewhere. Thus, whenever they cooked or baked something delicious, they would bring it to the homestay and share it with Yale and the people who worked together.

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Because the homestay had a tavern and provided supper, the rest of the waiters would only come to work from 5:00 p.m. until 2:00a.m.

The only part-time employee on the premises was Ursule, who would only come to sing for the customers at night, and helped in the homestay when she did not have class during the day. And because she was a young lady, the other employees took special care of her.

If her performance were to end very late at night and it was rather inconvenient for her to take a bus, she would be allowed to stay in the homestay for the night.

Everyone who lived and worked here would eventually grow familiar with each other as they got along slowly, to the extent that they would grow to cherish each other's existence.

And Yale would arrange parties, staff meals, gift exchanges, and so on for his employees every holiday.

Thus, instead of saying that where they stayed and worked was a homestay, it functioned more like a family that made everyone feel cozy and cherished.

Zephir walked out into the courtyard, where Yale was pruning the flowers and bonsai plants in the courtyard

He looked back at Zephir. "The weather is so fine today. Why don't you go out for a stroll?"

"There's nowhere to go or visit."

"I think you're even nerdier than I am." Yale stood up slowly. "You've been here for so long. There are still a lot of fun things to do and delicious food to try out in Hohman Town. It would be a pity if you were to miss those out."

Zephir stared at the bonsai plants. "Since when did you take a liking to these?"

"I'm trying things out to add a little more significance to my life. After leaving all the hustle and bustle of the big city behind for such a long time, one would grow casual and laid-back over time. Such people would either get into gardening or tea drinking. I normally grab a cup of coffee or tea in the afternoon. Kisses is here accompanying me, and someone is always here to chat with me. This retirement scheme that came early sounds rather enjoyable, right?"

Zephir placed his hands behind his waist. "Is this the life of someone who holds himself aloof from the world?"

“What’s there to fight for? It doesn’t matter if we’re fighting for benefits or power. We can’t take any of them with us when we die. Some people might pursue nobility, while some struggle with the basic necessities, but no matter what we pursue, we must have our own goals.”

Yale stared at the ginkgo tree in the courtyard. “And my goal is simple. I’m not looking to earn more money and profits. I only want to be happy, safe, and well.” 1

After saying that, he turned around and patted Zephir on the shoulder. “Have you told your family what kind of life you want? Your family doesn’t know you, so how do you plan to define what you’re looking for in life?”

Yale then entered the homestay, leaving Zephir standing in the courtyard alone.

Zephir lowered his gaze and remained silent.

“Meow!” No one saw since when Kisses skittered up to his feet. It was now rubbing the back of his head against his ankles, rolling on the ground, and pawing at the hem of his trousers over and over again.

Zephir frowned and was about to lift his foot and walk away when a voice came from behind him. “It wants you to caress it.”

Ursule stepped into the courtyard with a glass of milk tea. Seeing that Kisses was rolling around at Zephir’s feet, she could not help but burst into laughter. “Kisses!”

Hearing that someone was calling it, Kisses stopped rolling and stared over in the direction of the voice.

Ursule picked it up, hugged it in her arms, and glanced up at Zephir. “Don’t you like cats?”

Zephir looked at Kisses. “That’s not it…”

Ursule handed the cat to him. “Then why don’t you hug it? Cats rarely roll over and show strangers their stomachs. If they’re doing so when they’re with you, it means they like you and trust you very much. So, wasn’t Kisses just rolling around your feet and acting coquettishly to you?”

Zephir hesitated a little while Ursule shoved Kisses into his arms directly. “Just hold it. You’re such a mature man on the outside, so how are you this fussy?”

He froze slightly, staring at the furry creature in his arms. He did not know how to react for a split second. ‘I’m a fussy man?’

Just as he was in a trance, Kisses raised its head and licked his chin out of the blue.

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Zephir lifted his head subconsciously, feeling that he had just been overwhelmed by a cat.

Ursule bit the straw in her glass and chuckled. "Kisses is just being a little over-enthusiastic, so don't mind it, sir."

Zephir held the troublesome cat away from his face and frowned. "Sir?"

"Although you look young, you're about the same age as Mr. Quigg, aren't you?"

Zephir was at a loss for words.

'Did she misunderstand anything about my age?'

He looked down at the cat in his arms and gently stroked its soft fur. "Yale is four years older than me." "Okay, then let's do some basic Math. Mr. Quigg is four years older than you, so you're already 30 years old and 11 years older than me, so shouldn't I address you as sir?"

'I wasn't even born yet when he was 11 years old.'

Zephir glanced at her.

'She's indeed only a young adult.'

"Meow!" Kisses pulled at Zephir's clothes with its paws and even poked its head deeper into his arms. Ursule was so frightened that she took it from him immediately and explained with an embarrassed expression, "I'm sorry. Kisses can be way too enthusiastic when it's around males. After all, it's a she." After grabbing it into her arms, Ursule patted it on the head. "How can you jerk on other people's clothes? You pervert!"

Zephir straightened his clothes and brushed off the cat hair on his shirt.

Ursule took a closer look at him secretly.

'This man might be a little older than I am, but he's still pretty good-looking.'

After some time, Ursule became even more acquainted with Zephir, while the latter did not distance himself from Kisses as much as he did at the beginning, and he had been caressing it more often.

The sunshine outside the window felt warm. He was sitting on the couch reading a magazine while Kisses was lying beside him and taking a nap.

Zephir turned his head, stared at it, raised his hand, and stroked its fur gently. Kisses opened its eyes at first, saw that it was him, licked his hand, and lay back down.

The corners of Zephir's lips twitched and curled upward.

Yale and Ursule were standing at the front desk. They turned their heads around and glanced into the living room.

Yale smiled and said in a low voice, "Urs, everyone seems to just love Kisses. It actually managed to make that fella fall for it."

'If my memory serves me right, Zephir doesn't seem to like pets very much.'

Ursule stared at him for quite some time, then leaned over and asked, "Mr. Quigg, he's so strange. Why would such a good-looking man be even nerdier than I am?"

Yale cleared his throat and lowered his voice. "You can't call him a nerd. What he's been doing all this while is hiding his strengths and biding his time."

"Why would he need to do so?"

"You're still young. We're talking about the adults' world-"

"Stop it. I'm now an adult too, so don't even try to talk me down with the excuse that I'm still young." Ursule interrupted him ruthlessly.

Yale was helpless. "Alright, you keep asking what he's up to. What's up with that? Are you in the mood of gossiping again?"

Ursule pursed her lips and smiled without saying a word while her gaze was fixed on Zephir, who was holding Kisses.

'It's probably because this man feels quite lonely to me. Apart from being extremely nerdy, he doesn't talk to anyone apart from Mr. Quigg and the people working here as if he has no interest in this world.'

Back in Bassburgh...

The Younges' engagement ceremony was held in the banquet hall.

Waylon brought Cameron along to attend the ceremony.

Morrison, who was having a drink with the elders of his family, saw them and walked up to them with a wine glass. "Wayne, you're late."

Waylon gave off a grin. "Congratulations, you actually got engaged so soon.'

“If I don’t get engaged now, should I wait until my fiancée runs away with some other man?” Morrison handed him a wine glass. “I’ll suffer a huge loss if that’s the case.”

‘Especially when Leah attracts a whole lot of attention abroad.’

Cameron looked around. “Where’s Ms. Younge? Why haven’t I seen her?”

Morrison lowered his gaze and took a glimpse at his watch. “I guess she’s still in the dressing room.”

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As soon as Morrison said that, Leah made a stunning appearance in a champagne-colored low-necked long gown.

Under the misty light, the slowly approaching figure gradually became clearer, with exquisite makeup on and a graceful temperament.

Morrison’s gaze was fixed on her, and his eyes could not help but move with her.

“Sorry to have kept you guys waiting.” Leah stood in front of them with a smile on her face.

Morrison suddenly returned to his senses, cleared his throat, and instantly took off his suit jacket and draped it over her shoulders.

Leah was caught off guard by his abrupt action.

Morrison explained solemnly, “The air conditioners are on. I’m afraid that you’ll catch a cold.”

Leah wanted to take off his jacket. “But it’s very warm here.”

“No, you must be feeling very cold.” Morrison held her hand, not letting her take the jacket off of her.

Waylon and Cameron exchanged gazes and smiled helplessly.

“Lay.” Benjamin came over and saw Waylon. “Oh, Wayne, you’ve come too.”

Waylon picked up his wine glass and proposed a toast. “Morrison is my buddy, my brother from another mother. Now that he’s getting engaged, it’s only natural for me to want to come over to share this moment with him.”

Benjamin laughed. “How I wish things could be this lively here every day. I can’t wait to organize a wedding ceremony for them now.”

Leah could not help but feel helpless. "We've only been together for such a short time, and you're already in a hurry to wed us. What if things don't go according to what we foresee now?"

"What do you think won't go accordingly?" Morrison frowned and turned to stare at Leah.

Leah wrapped her arms around his and said with a hint of hilarity flashing across her eyes, "I'm saying that it's inappropriate for us to hold a wedding now. It's too hasty, and we've done nothing to prepare for it, right?"

Morrison squinted. "I don't think that's what you mean..

"

Leah leaned next to his ear and said softly, "So you'd better behave. Otherwise, I might return you and ask for a refund."

Morrison laughed angrily and tightened his arm that was wrapping around her waist, pulling her closer to him. "If you dare to return me, I'll go to the entrance of your father's company and launch a protest."

Leah did not know how to react to his response.

The couple that was getting engaged today cut the cake and popped two bottles of champagne together, and under the witness of all the relatives and friends present, Morrison took out an expensive-looking ruby ring. "This is a ring that my parents left with me, it's the inheritance of the Shaws, and they've asked me to hand it to my wife when the time comes. This is the one and only of its kind, and I'll give it to you right here, right now."

After saying that, he knelt on one knee. "Leah Younge, will you marry me?"

There were cheers at the scene.

Leah chuckled out loud and immediately stretched out her hand. "Of course. Now shut up and help me put it on!"

Morrison slipped the ring onto her ring finger, and Leah hugged him immediately, with tears welling up in her eyes.

It was already 9:00 p.m. when the engagement banquet ended.

Cameron and Waylon were walking by the riverside park, and the alternate street lights elongated the shadows behind them, and the breeze from the river felt very cool.

"I just realized that I've never been able to go around Bassburgh properly after being here for so long."

Waylon held her hand. "Are you tired?"

"I'm fine. Anyway, the doctor said that the due date is only two months away, and I should walk around whenever I can, saying that the lack of exercise might affect my stamina during childbirth."

Waylon grinned. "Remember to tell me when you think you're too tired to go on."

Cameron turned to glare at him. "Am I the kind of idiot who would try to show off at this time?"

"That's hard to tell."

Cameron was rendered speechless and did not want to talk to him anymore.

Seeing a cart selling ice cream cones, Cameron stopped and jerked Waylon's arm.

He stopped, looked back at her, glanced in the direction of her sight, and saw a few children queuing up to buy themselves some ice cream.

Cameron shook his arm and whispered, "I'll only take a few bites, so can I have one? Please."

Waylon rubbed the bridge of his nose. Knowing she was craving ice cream, he said helplessly, "Okay, I'll get you one."

Cameron smiled and waited for him on the spot.

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Waylon walked up to the ice cream cart, and just when he was about to grab his wallet to pay, a few little kids glared at him. "Sir, there's a queue here. You can't just jump in."

He paused for a split second, then leaned over and gazed at those children. "How about this? I'll buy each of you one more ice cream, and all you need to do is let me jump in line, okay?"

The children exchanged gazes.

'This seems to be a good deal!'

All of them agreed to Waylon's suggestion in the end.

Waylon bought an ice cream, then bought another for each of them while he was at it. After paying for all the ice creams, he took one out of the bunch and walked toward Cameron.

Cameron could not help but chuckle out loud. "You actually came up with such a method just to cut the queue?"

He handed the ice cream to her. "A problem that can be solved with an ice cream is never a problem to me."

Cameron tore the ice cream open and tasted it.

When the scorching summer weather was coupled with freezing ice cream, it was simply a joy!

After receiving a text message, Waylon immediately wrapped his arms around her waist. "Alright, the car that's here to pick us up has arrived. Let's go."

Cameron left with him.

After a few days...

Colton and Freyja returned to the Goldmann mansion from the Kong Ports, and Maisie grabbed Charm from them. "Oh my, this little girl seems to have gained a lot of weight."

Freyja affirmed with a chuckle. "Charm has indeed grown a lot."

"You're right. When Daisy was at this age, she was even heavier and looked as chubby as a piglet." Maisie hugged Charm and helped her clean her drool pocket.

Charm was still toothless, so she would drool a lot when she smiled.

Colton handed their luggage to the butler. "Wayne's baby's due date is just around the corner too, right?"

Maisie carried Charm into the mansion. "The due date is two months later, but we don't know if it'll arrive earlier than expected, just like Daisy's case."

Nicholas was sitting on the couch drinking tea. He raised his head, saw them coming into the living room, and smiled. "You've come back from your honeymoon?"

"Yes, Grandpa." Colton held Freyja's hand, walked up to the couch, and sat down together.

Nicholas put down his teacup and stretched out his hand. "Come on, let me hug that little girl."

Maisie handed Charm to him.

Ever since his great-granddaughter was born, Nicholas especially liked to hold her. When he was young, he had always wanted a daughter but could not get one. Later on, when he found out about his granddaughter Dalsie, he doted on her, and he was doing the same to Charm now.

Seeing that Charm was being showered in the love that she did not have when she was young, Freyja was very pleased. At least Charm would be blessed with a happy childhood, unlike her.

Colton held her hand. "What are you thinking?"

She shook her head and chuckled. "I'm happy for Charm."

'I can finally understand why a mother always expects her child to do better than herself. It's because she hopes her child will possess something she didn't have when she was someone else's daughter.

'So I guess that's what my mother thought too. It's just that she valued Ken, who could provide her with more and something better.'

Nicholas suggested, "Call Cam and Wayne back for dinner tonight. It's been some time since we sat down as a family."

Maisie nodded and smiled. "Okay."

In the evening, Waylon took Cameron home for dinner. Apart from Daisie and Titus, everyone was there, and the atmosphere in the mansion was boisterous.

Ever since Cameron got pregnant, she had been eating a lot more than Freyja and Daisie. Perhaps it was based on her physique, she did not feel nauseous very often at the beginning of the pregnancy, and her appetite had increased greatly after the first month.

Maisie said with a smile, "Cam, I realize that you aren't suffering at all after getting pregnant."

Nolan silently fetched a chicken wing for Maisie. "Fortunately, all three rugrats are doing fairly well."

Maisie glared at him.

Freyja added, "I'm so envious of you, Cameron. I couldn't even eat anything during the first three months of pregnancy, and I almost broke down because of that."

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Cameron raised her head and bit her fork. "So, am I the only special one?"

Waylon scooped her some soup. "You also have a gluttonous mouth. You'll eat anything if no one's there to stop."

She bit her lip and said nothing.

Nicholas let off a chuckle. "It's good for pregnant women to eat more. When your grandmother was pregnant with your father, her appetite was as great as Cam's. She would eat whatever she saw. She even secretly hid snacks from me."

Speaking of snacks hiding, Cameron felt guilty all of a sudden.

Waylon caught the change in her expression and squinted. "Are you telling me that you hid some too?" She denied it boldly. "No! Do I look like someone who would hide snacks away? That's absolutely impossible!"

Everyone at the dining table laughed.

In the blink of an eye, it was already the beginning of July. During Deedee's summer break, Brandon took her to Yaramoor, and Freyja also traveled there to visit Leia and Norman.

They had both graduated as well, and Norman had taken over the family business, not following his uncle's footsteps. And Leia had become a producer of a movie crew, specializing in storyboarding, editing, recording, color grading, and so on, and they were both now busy with their own lives.

Freyja and Brandon took Deedee to visit her parents' graves at the cemetery. Deedee had never had any impression of the people lying six feet underneath. She could only recognize her biological parents through the photos on the tombstones.

Deedee raised her head and asked Brandon, "Are they my parents?"

Brandon nodded.

In fact, Ken's tombstone was erected later, and his body was not even buried in the grave, but Brandon and Freyja did not tell her about it.

They hoped that the father that Deedee knew deep down would be someone who had an excellent image. Freyja placed her hand on Deedee's shoulder. "Deedee, you have to remember that Pruitt will forever be your last name, and you'll always be a descendant of the Pruitts. Thus, you'll be the one who'll shoulder the responsibility of inheriting the Pruitts."

Deedee wondered. "What's the responsibility that I'll inherit?"

She smiled and pinched her cheeks. "Because you're the Pruitts' final hope, the family will eventually become your responsibility."

Deedee seemed to understand the concept and nodded.

She then stared at the tombstones. "Dad, Mom, I'll grow up and become the hope of the Pruitts in the future."

Brandon caressed the top of her hair and smiled. "Good girl."

On the other side of the country...

Nollace had been photographed by the media very often recently going out to various public places with Daisy, whether it was the movie theater, the opera house, beaches, shopping malls, or company

activities, including charity parties and other social gatherings.

The couple had been inseparable all the time, and although both of them were already the parents of triplets, they still enjoyed going out on dates. 1

Knowing that Freyja had come to Yaramoor, Daisy came to visit her. It had been two months since she gave birth, but her body had recovered rather quickly, and she looked even more mature and charming now than before.

Knowing that Daisy was going to play a cameo role in a Dorywood movie, Freyja was surprised. "You've already started taking on new roles?"

"Yes, as a guest star, I only need to stay on the set for a week. I've discussed with the director that it'll be fine as long as I won't be involved in too many shots."

Freyja smiled. "It's a Dorywood movie. Others would kill just to secure a role in such a project."

Daisy supported her head in both hands and bit her straw. "I'll only take on roles that interest me nowadays."

"That level of caprice is off the charts, but you've already won the Best Actress award in Zlokova, so I guess that's already enough for you?"

"James is still on the set in Kong Port. How is he doing?" Daisy looked curious.

Freyja replied with a smile, "Him? Director Winslow told me that he's doing pretty well. So think about it, how bad could he be doing if he could get directly praised by Director Winslow?"

"That's right. If he were to win the Best Actor award through his performance in this film, Charlie would probably light quite a few fireworks to celebrate his achievement." 1

Chapter 2739

At the Kong Ports...

James, who was shooting his next scene in the police station, sneezed three times in a row, and the actor who played the police officer across from him lifted his head. "Are you telling me that you've caught a cold during such hot weather?"

"I think someone must be badmouthing me behind my back."

The actor teased him. "Maybe someone's thinking about you."

'Thinking about me?'

James was stunned for a moment and trembled as that woman's face flashed in his mind.

'This is absolutely impossible.'

After the two joked around for a little, the filming officially started, and Ronny shouted, "Action!"

The actor who played the police officer immediately got into the role and smacked the notebook on the table. "Still pretending to be innocent? The cup that the deceased used has your fingerprints on it! So are you the one who spiked the drink with sleeping pills? You'd better give me the truth now!"

Because James did not expect him to get into the scene so quickly, he burst into laughter suddenly. James' laughter obviously ruined the play, but when he realized that Ronny did not end the shooting there, his cheeks bulged, and he restrained his expression.

'But what should I say next?!'

He actually forgot his lines.

Seeing that James did not utter his lines, the other party guessed that he had forgotten his lines, so he improvised. "Have you gone dumb?"

As soon as Ronny ended the shooting, the two actors lay on the interrogation table and started laughing. "Is it funny to forget the lines?" Ronny reprimanded them instantly.

The two stopped joking immediately.

"Let's go again."

The scene did not make it through Ronny's demand for perfection until the end of the second attempt. But when Ronny looked at the footage that he got from the first attempt and compared it to the retake, he realized that the normal version did not look as good as the one that they got in the first take.

Ronny pondered for a moment and said to the editor. "Let's keep the first shot for now."

After filming the scene, James returned to his lounge, but he saw Giselle standing behind the crew members.

Giselle and James came to a corner where no one was around, and he asked, "When did you arrive here?" "I've been here for a while." Giselle answered, "I told the guards that I'm your cousin, and they let me in." "Cou... Cousin?"

"Of course. If not, what else do you expect me to tell them?"

After saying that, she handed him the thermos flask in her hand. "My mother made some broth and asked

me to bring it here for you."

James took the flask from her. "That's very kind of your mother."

"Okay, you should get back to work. I'll take my leave already."

Giselle was about to leave after handing him the flask, but James suggested, "Uh, you've just arrived here, and you're leaving already? Don't you feel tired from all the flying? Why don't you travel back tomorrow?"

He tried to persuade her kindly. After all, she delivered the broth all the way here.

'Wait a minute! This doesn't feel right. How did she bring the flask onto the plane?

'Did she consign it here? Just a flask of broth?'

Giselle chuckled abruptly. "It's cooked here in the Kong Ports. What are you thinking? Do I need to catch a plane just to bring you some broth?"

James put away the flask and cleared his throat. "Thank your mother for me. That's very kind of her." "Alright, you should get back to work," said Giselle. She then turned around and left.

James returned to the set with the thermos flask, and the actor who played the police officer asked with a smile, "Yo, is it a lovey-dovey lunch? Who sent it here for you?"

The other actors who were on an intermission looked over as if there was something to gossip about.

James cleared his throat and glared at them. "What's there to see? This is, of course, some broth that my family sent me."

He sat on his folding chair and undid the lid of the flask.

'Geez, this pork rib broth really whets the appetite. I must say that Giselle's mother is really good at cooking.'

Yvonne smelled the aroma and came over. "Dude, did your mother cook you this pork rib broth? It smells so good."

"How could it not smell nice? Come on, Evie, bring me your cup, and I'll pour you some for a taste."

Chapter 2740

"Thanks man, you're so generous."

As soon as she said that, Yvonne saw the sip's worth of broth in her cup, and the grin on her face faded. She could not help but roll her eyes.

'When he said he'll pour me some, he did mean it, huh?'

Seeing her expression, the actor who played the police officer could not help but laugh out loud and then said meaningfully, "Evie, he might have claimed that the broth comes from his family, but it might not be from his mother."

Yvonne immediately understood what he meant. "Pfft, I see. It's no wonder he's being so stingy..."

The last sentence was whispered.

After James finished drinking the soup, he frowned when he saw that the two were staring at him strangely. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, everything's fine. You enjoy your soup, Evie and I will stop bothering you."

The actor and Yvonne exchanged gazes, and the two of them went back to doing what they were up to.

On the other side of town...

When Giselle returned to the apartment, Estelle came out of the kitchen and asked, "Have you delivered the soup?"

"Yes."

Estelle was delighted. "James is working so hard in the Kong Ports, so you should bring him more food. from time to time so that he'll appreciate your thoughtfulness and consideration."

Giselle smiled. "Mom, you're the one who made the broth and food, so aren't those symbols of your thoughtfulness and consideration?"

"If you knew how to cook, would I even need to be here?" Estelle felt extremely helpless and continued to speak earnestly. "I know that it's very hard to be dating an artist. After all, James is an actor, so you absolutely can't ignore the relationship between you two. You must carry out more intimate activities and interact with each other as much as possible to build a close connection and relationship.

"People in the entertainment industry have very limited free time, so they rarely spend enough time with their significant others. That's how many celebrities get divorced after getting married-

"Mom, you can move on with what you were doing in the kitchen before I came home already. I need to go through some documents." Giselle immediately interrupted her mother's words and then went into her

room.

"Gigi, you..." Estelle was so angry that she felt a slight headache.

'I've been doing my best to help her, but this imp just doesn't appreciate my painstaking efforts.'

In the evening...

When James finished all the shooting for the day, he received a call from Estelle. And it was already 7:00 p.m. when he arrived at the apartment.

Estelle had already prepared a sumptuous dinner, all of which were his favorite dishes. "James, when you came over to our place before this, I realized that you like Mexican food very much, so I've specially cooked these dishes for you."

1/2

James gave off a polite smile. "Thank you, Mrs. Peterson."

"You're now part of the family, so there's no need to act so politely around me." As she spoke, Estelle continued to fetch him more vegetables.

Seeing that Giselle only cared about eating her meal with her head bowed, Estelle gave her a slight nudge with her foot under the table. "Don't just sit there and eat."

James stared at her too.

Giselle casually picked up a piece of braised beef ribs and left it on his plate. "You should eat more."

Her actions seemed very insouciant, and Estelle was so exasperated that she was at a loss for words.

James thought of something, and a hint of slyness surged from the bottom of his eyes. "I want to eat some chicken. Can you fetch me some?"

Giselle lifted her head, and just as she was about to say something, she felt an intense glare coming from Estelle.

'How could she treat her boyfriend so indifferently?'

Giselle picked up her fork, and when she was about to pick up a piece of chicken for him, she froze for a split second. She then met James's eyes, saw the smugness that was beaming from his eyes, and instantly understood everything.

She immediately placed the fork into her mouth, licked it, and then used it to fetch him a piece of chicken. Seeing the change in James's expression, she smirked. "Do you want some more?"

James chuckled out of anger and said, "You win."

After dinner, Estelle specially asked Giselle to send James back in order to provide her daughter with more opportunities.

While they were on the way, James sat in the front passenger seat with his arms folded. "Your mother really treats me like her own son. If she were to find out that the relationship between us is nothing but a facade, I wonder how infuriated she would be?"