

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1061

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Colton raised his head. “Dad, aren’t you angry that we’ve caused you trouble?”

“Why should I be angry?” Nolan laughed and put down the cup of coffee. “It will be best if you can solve the problem yourself. But even if you can’t solve it, you still have me.”

Daisie ran up to him, wrapped her arms around Nolan’s, and grinned. “It’s great that you’re not angry at us. Colton actually helped me today. That bad woman even planned to frame me with a fake diamond bracelet as if I’ve never seen one before this.”

Nolan frowned.

Why do I feel that this little girl is just connoting herself?’ After the two children went upstairs, Quincy walked in from outside in a hurry and stopped in front of Nolan. “Mr.

Goldmann, Hans just called, saying that Elder Master Goldmann has fallen ill.” Nolan frowned. “Does my father know about this?” Quincy nodded. “He already knows. Mr. Goldmann traveled to Stoslo this morning.” Nolan stood up. “Purchase two tickets to Stoslo tomorrow.”

Quincy nodded. “Okay.”

The sky was full of fiery, orange clouds in the evening, dyeing half of the sky in a reddish-orange hue. Maisie returned to the Blue Bay villa, and she already knew that Nolan had come home when she was

changing her shoes at the entryway.

She pushed open the door, walked into the master bedroom, and saw Nolan sorting his clothes and hanging up his hand-carry bag. “Where are you going?”

“Stoslo.” Nolan folded several sets of clothes. “Grandpa has fallen sick.”

“What?” She was dumbfounded for a moment, then walked up to the wardrobe and opened it. “I’ll go with you.”

Nolan could not help but laugh out loud.” I’ve sorted things out for you.” “That fast?” She was startled again, and she saw another small luggage bag placed neatly beside Nolan’s black suitcase when she turned around.

“Fast?” Nolan squinted slightly, stretched out his hand, and took her into his arms.” What do you mean by fast?”

Maisie had been together with Nolan long enough to know what he meant. Thus, she brushed her finger

over his thin lips horizontally. “What do you think?”

Nolan trapped her under him, on the bed, and within his limbs. He then kissed her ear while she avoided it and giggled softly.” Stop it. We haven’t even eaten dinner.”

He responded softly, “I’m eating mine now.”

Maisie held his head, raised it, and looked directly at him. “Then you’re not allowed to eat tonight.”

Nolan squinted slightly.

“Aren’t we going abroad tomorrow? We’ll have to get up early.” Maisie pretended to look aggrieved and complained innocently, “You just don’t know how to control yourself!”

He smiled and held her finger gently.” There’s no hurry. Our flight leaves at noon tomorrow.”

Maisie wrapped her arms around his neck. “Additional meals will be charged.”

Nolan chuckled as he pressed his palms against the dress. “How much would the extra meal cost?”

She wrapped around him like a beautiful anaconda and pointed at his heart with her finger. “This would do.

Nolan kissed her lips. “I’ve already given it to you.”

The next day...

Quincy drove Nolan and Maisie to Bassburgh Airport.

Nolan was not in a suit but dressed very casually, and its color matched Maisie’s dress, making what they wore look more or less like a couple’s outfit.

Nolan pushed the luggage with his right hand and wrapped his left arm around Maisie’s waist.

Maisie took a sip of the latte and delivered it to his mouth.

The surrounding passengers who passed by them could not help but look back at them as if they were the male and female protagonists that had walked out of a television drama, looking all seductive and loving.

They passed the security check and walked to the first-class waiting lounge.

At Soul...

Lucy brought Naomi to the jewelry display cabinet. "These are all designed by Ms. Vanderbilt herself, and all the jewelry pieces displayed in this cabinet are priceless." Naomi looked earnestly at every magnificent piece of work displayed in the cabinet and smiled. "They really look exceptional."

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"I know, right?" Lucy looked delighted too." Ms. Vanderbilt has high standards when it comes to looking for a design. Apart from the refinement of the workpiece, she looks for creativity too. She also insists that all creations must have their own souls."

"Soul?" Naomi stared at her.

Lucy explained, "Although I don't know what the soul of a workpiece is, the motto of Soul Jewelry is to instill souls in all its products. Ms. Vanderbilt said even though a jewelry piece is an inanimate object, its designer must give a meaning to its existence when it's being designed."

Naomi arrived at a lightbulb moment all of a sudden. Lucy turned to look at her. "Ms. Vanderbilt

has high hopes for you."

Naomi was stunned for a split second." Me?"

“Yes.” Lucy nodded as her gaze was fixed on the jewelry in the cabinet.
“Ms.

Vanderbilt said that you’ll also become a successful jewelry designer in the future.” Naomi’s eyelashes drooped as she did not know what to think. However, at this time, Lucy said to her after receiving a call, “You can go around and see for yourself first. I still have something to deal with.”

She nodded.

Naomi stayed in the exhibition room after Lucy left. The jewelry workpieces were all displayed in the cabinets. In addition to jewelry pieces with a modern gothic style, some had a colorful style, some had a retro, gothic design, while there was also a series of jewelry pieces that went a little more classic.

She was a little surprised that a jewelry designer could come up with all kinds of jewelry designs and go deep into the core of every design language. Apart from that, every piece of work felt like an individual living existence.

Workpieces without souls were just beautiful-looking inanimate objects, while workpieces that were infused with souls could resonate with other people in addition to just looking pretty.

Her ringing phone interrupted her thoughts. She took it out of her pocket, saw that it was her father calling, and hurriedly answered the call.

“Dad?” “Naomi, I’ll be attending a wine reception tonight and will arrive home later, so don’t wait for me for dinner.”

Naomi smiled upon listening to her father’s update. “Okay, got it.”

Naomi left the exhibition room after hanging up the call.

On the plane, Maisie leaned against Nolan's shoulder, resting. Nolan was flipping through the financial magazine when he noticed that the head resting on his shoulder was about to slide down. Thus, he had no choice but to stretch out his arms and embrace her.

He asked the flight attendant for a blanket and covered Maisie with it.

Maisie's eyelashes twitched while he was doing so, and she slowly opened her eyes.

She then heard a bold and deep chuckle coming from above her head. "You've woken up?"

She responded languidly and buried her face in his shoulders and neck.

Nolan stroked her hair, lowered his gaze, and continued to go through the magazine in his hand.

The flight arrived at the airport in Stoslo. Because there was a four-hour time difference, it was already 10:00 p.m. in Zlokova while it was only 6:00 p.m. in Stoslo. Hans' car was parked at the exit of the airport. He was so tall and huge that he would not be buried by the crowd when he was standing right in front of the car.

He had placed a cigarette in between his lips and was about to light it with the lighter when he saw Nolan and Maisie. He could not bother to smoke anymore, so he put the cigarette back into the packet and the lighter back into his pocket.

"Mr. Goldmann, Mrs. Goldmann, thank God that you've arrived safely." Hans strode forward and took the luggage into his hands. Nolan asked him, "How's Grandpa?"

Hans put the luggage into the trunk while replying to the question. “Elder Master Goldmann’s age is catching up to him already, and he used to be an alcoholic back then. We noticed that he was suffering from high blood pressure a few days ago and sent him to the hospital.” Nolan frowned. “Then why would you wait until yesterday to tell me about this?”

Hans felt helpless. “Elder Master

Goldmann didn’t want me to tell it to anybody. I couldn’t stand doing nothing anymore yesterday, so I informed Quincy immediately.”

“That geezer is indeed a stubborn one. He just has to do so in order to not look bad in front of us.” Nolan opened the car door for Maisie to get in first, and Hans and Nolan got into the car after her.

The car stopped at the hospital entrance, Hans brought them to the ward, and Nicholas was standing in the corridor talking to the doctor.

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Seeing that Nolan and Maisie had come, Nicholas was slightly flustered. “Why are you here?” “We’ve come to see Grandpa.” Nolan glanced into the ward. “What happened to him?”

Nicholas snorted. “What else could have happened? He’s still as stubborn as a mule at such an old age. He wouldn’t even come to the hospital even though he already felt not too well since long ago.”

As soon as Nicholas finished explaining to Nolan, Titus' dissatisfied voice sounded from inside the ward." B*stard! Isn't it just hypertension? My body is still as tough as it could ever be."

Nicholas glanced at Nolan with a speechless expression. "You see?"

The doctor said that Titus suffered from hypertension. Since he was very old, the sudden hypertension wasn't good news for the elderly.

Nicholas seconded the doctor and said to Nolan after the doctor left, "Go in and persuade your grandfather.

Nolan adjusted his suit's jacket and walked into the ward.

Titus was leaning on the bed for an infusion. He lifted his eyelids and saw Nolan and Maisie entering the ward. "I won't die so soon, so don't you worry about me."

Nolan asked him indifferently, "You've been a busy man for more than half of your lifetime. Is that still not enough for you?"

Titus was exasperated. "You b*stard, is that how you're supposed to talk to your grandfather?" "Good advice jars on the ear." He took off his jacket and draped it on the back of the chair. "How did Grandma stand your stubborn temper back then?"

Titus smacked his lips and turned his face away. "You're just like your father, you long-winded b*stard."

"Dad and I have run out of ideas on how we can convince you into doing anything." Nolan took out his phone.

Seeing that he was holding his phone in his hand, Titus was startled.

“What are you doing?”

Nolan took a glance at Titus and put the phone against his ear. “Grandma, there’s a stubborn old man here who has

hypertension. He even scolded your son and me when we tried to persuade him to do something about it.”

“You!” Titus choked on his own words as he glared at Nolan.

Nolan then ended the call. “I believe that Grandma is the one who can get you to do anything that you should do.”

Maisie wanted to laugh for some reason. ‘Nolan’s trick is quite effective.’ Meanwhile...

Anthony drank with the owners of other companies at Bassburgh’s wine reception. Those people congratulated him when they learned that he was collaborating with Yorrick on the project.

All Anthony did was smile and say nothing.

When Yorrick appeared at the reception, most of the attendees shifted their attention to him. After all, he was the son of the richest tycoons in Yaramoor, the only child of the Hathways, and he was still single.

Several senior directors in the industry approached Yorrick with wine glasses, wanting to propose a toast. Yorrick picked up a drink from the bartender’s tray and drank with them. Some of the directors who had daughters would naturally not let this golden opportunity slip and introduced their daughters to him.

And it was difficult for all those young ladies not to be moved when they saw the richest man in Yaramoor.

Skimming through the whole country, Mr. Goldmann was married and even had three children. The actor, Helios, and the young heir of the Lucases were married too. All these men who had good looks, better family backgrounds, and outstanding talents were all no longer single, so Yorrick was their best bet now.

Not only was Yorrick the richest man in Yaramoor, but he also looked handsome due to the profound facial features that he inherited genetically because of his mixed parentage. The main point was that he was the only son, thus the heir of the Hathways. As such, it was only natural for those ladies to shortlist him as the best of the best.

Yorrick glanced at all the women, shook his wine glass lightly, and gave off a polite smile. "I'm sorry, but I'm not planning to get married for the time being." Those ladies could not help but feel a little downcast, while their fathers felt slightly embarrassed.

'He's not even considering my daughter.

We're clearly being looked down upon!

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'But what can we say? He's the tycoon of Yaramoor. He's wealthy enough to wage war on a country without any hesitation. Not to mention that his family is closely connected to Yaramoor's nobility. So, why would he take a fancy to a woman from our circle?

'Frankly speaking, marrying a princess might not even be on his to-do list.'

Yorrick apologized to them, walked toward Anthony with a wine glass, and proposed a toast.

Anthony was flattered and said with a smile, “Mr. Hathaway, I should be the one who’s proposing a toast here.”

Yorrick responded solemnly, “You’re an elder, and I’m the one who wants to

collaborate with you, so it’s only natural for me to show you some respect.”

Anthony did not say anything more. Since the other party did not care about such trivial matters, he went with the flow and casually accepted his toast.

The director standing beside Anthony asked with a smile, “Mr. Topaz, why didn’t your daughter come with you?”

Anthony replied, “My daughter isn’t very used to such an occasion.”

Another director said flatteringly, “It’s said that your daughter ended up in a coma for 11 years back then due to an accident. The charity works that you’ve insisted on doing over all these years must have moved God Himself since she could regain consciousness.”

Anthony smiled without uttering a single word.

In fact, he could see clearly that everyone had only brought their daughters to such an occasion to find ways to form connections with the powerful and the rich.

He did not want his daughter to attend such occasions only because he did not want to use his daughter as a tool to facilitate his business. She was his only daughter, after all.

When the banquet was over, Anthony realized that he had drunk a little too much, so much that he was on

the verge of not being able to stay upright.

Yorrick asked his bodyguard to send Anthony back home and left the reception first. The two bodyguards helped Anthony out of the hotel after that.

Yorrick returned to the hotel by himself, but he met Jodie in the corridor on his way back.

His eyes dimmed slightly.

Jodie finally got to meet him, so she walked forward with an aggrieved and pitiful expression. “Mr. Hathaway, why aren’t you answering my calls?”

Yorrick scoffed. “There are plenty of women who want to call me every day. How is it possible for me to be there to pick up every single one of those calls?”

He passed by her and walked toward his room. Jodie walked around him and stopped him abruptly. “Mr. Hathaway, I know this might sound a little sudden, but... Please give me a chance.” Yorrick raised her eyebrows. “Oh? What chance do you want me to give you?”

Jodie lowered her head, pretending to be shy. “I’ll do anything that you want me to do.”

Yorrick leaned over and got closer to her.” Does that include getting all physical with me?”

Jodie did not expect him to be so direct, so her cheeks flushed in an instant. “If that’s what you wish.” Yorrick laughed, straightened his posture, and loosened his tie. “But it’s a pity that I have an appointment with another woman tonight.”

Jodie was startled.

Yorrick went around her, and Jodie suddenly wrapped her arms around his. “Why can’t I make the cut?” Yorrick frowned.

Jodie got even closer to him on purpose. She deliberately wore a blouse that had a low neckline so that there was no way that Yorrick could not see her chest from his height. She said coquettishly, “Mr. Hathaway, you mentioned in Yaramoor that you like me very much.” Yorrick fixed his gaze at the gloomy night sky and laughed. “I’ve said this to too many women.”

He pulled his arms away and pinched Jodie’s chin. “I’m constantly being surrounded by women who look more gorgeous and are more talented than you. So, maybe work harder on your seduction skills before we meet again?”

Jodie looked a little embarrassed and bit her lip lightly. “But those women must ask you for an official status. That’s something that I won’t ask of you.”

He let go of her chin, took out a handkerchief, and wiped the fingertips that he used to pinch her. “But those women come from prominent families.”

The phrase “prominent families” struck Jodie’s heart. But before she could recover, Yorrick had already thrown the handkerchief into the trash can with a smirk on his face. “When I told you that I liked you and wanted you to be one of my many lovers, it’s just my way of joking around with women. But you actually took it seriously?”

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*Mr, Hathaway, is this how you make a fool out of the women that you’ve approached before this? I really took what you said very seriously.” Jodie looked very disappointed.

Unfortunately, this trick did not work on him either. “Are you serious? So did you play hard-to-get with me the other day?” She came up with an excuse instantly. “... I just needed some time to think about it at that time. I wasn’t playing hard-to-get.”

Yorrick smiled. “Then are you telling me that you’ve thought about it thoroughly now?”

“Yes.” Jodie approached him boldly, pulled his hand, and pressed it against her chest with all her strength. “I’m deadly serious and sincere this time around, Mr.

Hathaway. I can be yours tonight as long as you’re willing to accept me.”

The door of the next room just happened to be pushed open at that exact moment. Xyla, who had taken off her makeup, showered, and had not dried her hair, came out to the corridor in a bathrobe to pick up a call from a takeaway delivery man.

This time around, the eyes of all three of them were fixed on each other.

Xyla's gaze stopped on Yorrick's hand, which was being pressed against Jodie's chest, and she said, "Hi there, Ms. Smalls. Are you so lustful that you just have to do this in the corridor?"

Jodie did not expect that Xyla would run into this embarrassing scene, so her face paled instantly. Yorrick pushed Jodie aside and approached Xyla with a smile. "My love, I'm sorry for making you wait for such a long time."

He wrapped his arms around Xyla's shoulders, but before Xyla could react, Yorrick had already pushed her into the room and closed the door.

Jodie, who got left outside the door, froze in place.

"How could this be possible!?! The woman that Yorrick has an appointment with tonight is Xyla Mayweather

However, Yorrick had covered Xyla's mouth forcibly in the room, and she could not even make a sound. He only let go of her after he confirmed that Jodie had departed through the cat eye on the door,

He then brushed his hair backward with his fingers and gave off a despicable smirk.

"Sorry, miss, this is just a desperate move of mine."

Xyla crossed her arms and glared at him." Pfft! You men are really good at acting. That's obviously a woman you flirted with earlier on, yet you pretend to be some righteous fella when they've taken the initiative to come to your doorstep?"

“Me? A righteous fella?” Yorrick’s eyes narrowed slightly. This was the first time he heard someone describe him as a righteous man.

Xyla rubbed the manicure that she just got done and said casually, “At least know what type of woman you’re trying to court before you start to play hard-to-get with her.”

Yorrick laughed. “Miss, what are you talking about? I’m trying to play hard-to-get with that woman?”

Xyla raised her head to look at him. “Bro, I guess you’re still a newbie in society.

Although you look good and are right up Jodie’s alley, I advise you not to take it too seriously.”

She patted his shoulder after she finished speaking and took a good look at Yorrick. ‘Honestly, bro, I think you have a good image, and everything you wear is designer brand. Are you the son of some random wealthy family who’s just stepped into society? Given the vanity of that woman, I don’t think you can ever satisfy her pride. So be careful, don’t get deceived.’

Xyla opened the door and pushed him out.” Bro, this is the best I can do for you, be careful.”

The door slammed shut.

Yorrick covered his face with his palm—he was so angry that he found it funny. ‘Bro, the son of some random wealthy family, trying to play hard-to-get with that woman, and a righteous fella...’

He took his palm off his face and took a glance at the room number.

Women nowadays, they'll become pros in b *llsh*tting all of a sudden just to get close to me.

‘That’s interesting.’

He laughed, turned around, and walked toward his suite.

At Stoslo...

The sun had just set, and the night had just begun. The lights in the city lit up the whole city in an instant. “Nolan, are we there yet?” Maisie stretched out her hand, trying to grasp onto something. Her eyes were covered with a silk scarf, and she could only take tiny steps forward with Nolan’s help. Feeling the sea breeze in her ears, she knew that they must have come to a beach, but she did not know what surprise he had planned for her.

“We’re here.” Nolan removed the silk scarf, and she opened her eyes. The first thing that caught her eyes was the dazzling stars reflected on the sea’s surface.

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The place they were standing was a huge balcony in front of the room with a sea view, as if it was connected to the sea. The Milky Way was splitting the night sky in two.

Nolan hugged her. “Do you like this?”

“Yes!” She put her hand out as though she could touch the stars: —

Nolan put out his hand and placed it on top of hers, and the two rings shone as they intertwined their fingers.

Maisie turned to look at him, tip-toed, and kissed his chin. Nolan paused with smiling eyes. “Is that enough

She put her head on his shoulder. “Don’t be greedy.” Nolan kissed her lips until she was out of breath before letting her go. He ran his finger across her lips. Maisie batted her lashes, put her hands behind his neck, and kissed him again. “Nolan, what does it feel

like to be under the stars?”

Nolan raised his brows. “Do you want to find out?”

Maisie took off his tie, pushed him against the window, and entangled together passionately. It was like the waves rushing into shore, and it was also like when you fell into the sea and tried to hold onto a log so you could breathe. It was passionate, hungry, releasing man’s natural instincts.

They lost track of time. Maisie lay in his arms while she ran her finger over his face. “Is it bad that we came out to meet?” Nolan grabbed her finger and kissed it. “It’s alright. He doesn’t need us when Grandma is around.” She laughed. “Nolan, I have a question.” He nodded and played with the hair behind her back. “What is it?” Maisie looked at him. “If you hadn’t met me 10 years ago, would you accept your grandfather’s proposal and marry Rowena?” Nolan put his arm behind his head and looked at her. “No, and there are no ifs.” She paused and smiled. “I’m glad I didn’t marry any other man either.”

Nolan pulled her closer and chuckled. “I’ve said that you will be the woman other women envy, and I guess it’s true now.”

Her eyes were gentle. Life was short, so it was enough that they both loved each other and could grow old together.

The next day, at Bassburgh...

The makeup artist and assistant helped Xyla put on makeup early in the morning in her room. She was in a new series and has officially entered the entertainment world, even when she was acting as an evil woman. After her makeup was done, she walked out of the room with her assistant and put on her sunglasses.

She turned around and saw the man she had seen the night before showing up around the corner with two bodyguards. He had a dark green business suit on, and his facial features were exceptionally handsome.

She adjusted her sunglasses. "Oh, the friend from last night. What a coincidence." Yorrick smiled. "It is not a coincidence." He

stopped before Xyla and took a good look at her. "It's fate." "There are many men who had fate with me." Xyla smiled and took over the LV bag that her assistant was holding onto, turned, and left.

When she got into the elevator and the doors were about to close, the two bodyguards blocked it for Yorrick to stroll in casually.

The elevator that was already a little narrow felt full. Xyla played with her tassel earrings and looked at him through the corner of her eyes. "Have you found out who I am?"

Yorrick squinted. "What do you mean?" Xyla smiled and took a sharpie out of her bag. "You just want an autograph, right? I can do that." She then turned to look at him. "Where do you want it?"

The assistant felt awkward because he didn't seem to recognize her. She was exposing herself.

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Yorrick took a few looks at her. She hadn't blown her hair out properly the night before, so it was a mess. She hadn't had makeup on and had just been wearing a robe, so he didn't recognize her the night before. However, as he took a closer look, she looked great now that she was dressed up. Her figure was pretty close to the women he had met overseas.

But her actions... probably were from the entertainment world.

Yorrick looked down and smiled because he thought it was funny, "I'm sorry, I really didn't recognize you."

Xyla's smile froze, and she naturally put the pen away. If she didn't feel embarrassed, the other person would.

When the elevator door opened, a couple who was waiting outside was deep in a kiss and didn't notice that the doors were open.

When the assistant saw who the man was, she was startled. "Nathan!?"

Nathan stopped what he was doing, and his expression froze when he looked into the elevator. He then pushed the woman away. "Xyla, I can explain!"

Nathan would step into the elevator when Xyla raised her leg and kicked him. She immediately pressed the close button.

Everyone in the elevator was shocked.

After a moment, her phone started ringing, and Nathan was calling.

Xyla declined it and switched it to flight mode.

Yorrick suddenly laughed. “Was that your boyfriend?”

Xyla chuckled. “What boyfriend? He was just a fish who jumped out of my pond. I don’t need him.” The assistant covered her face.

Ever since Xyla’s return and she was’ affected by her ex’s wedding, she had let her real personality out. Thus, she was able to say that with a straight face.

Yorrick looked at her and didn’t say anything.

The elevator stopped at the lobby, and Xyla and her assistant walked out first, with Yorrick calmly following

The bodyguards opened the car door for him. He got in and said to the bodyguard,” Can you find information about the woman just now?”

The bodyguard handed his phone to him.” It’s here.”

Yorrick took the phone. People in entertainment were really easy to find. All they needed was a simple search, and her name and picture would pop up. They were all legitimate.

Xyla was an international model who left the modeling world a year ago. Her father was the director of Royal Crown, while her ex was Louis Lucas from the Lucases.

He found pictures of her Sheena Jewelry show walk, and it was outstanding.

The bodyguards suddenly turned around.” Sir, that woman is calling again.”

Yorrick rubbed the bridge of his nose. “Not giving up yet.” His eyes were fixed on a photo on his phone as he thought of something, and he smiled. “I guess I have to find a woman in Zlokova to get rid of the other one.”

Xyla knew Jodie and was in the dating game too, so he wasn’t worried that she would be attached. As such , she was the perfect candidate.

Meanwhile, in another car...

“Nathan is such an *ssh*le. Unbelievable!” The assistant who was seated in the passenger seat was angry . He had just promised to treat Xyla well and sent flowers to her set every day. She had tried so hard to set them up, but look at what happened!

How could he pretend to be a loyal man ?

Xyla sat there with no expression on her face. She had her sunglasses on, so no one could see what her eyes were showing.

She crossed her arms and calmly said,” That’s very common in the entertainment world. Couples get married and divorced. Breakups are so common. That’s not weird at all.”

The assistant was angry. “But he was so... caring and attentive. I didn’t expect that all that was fake.”

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Xyla turned to look outside the window. The only man that she had given her heart to was Louis.

After it ended, even when she dated other men, she never felt the same passion.

As for Nathan, she was going to give him a chance, but he didn't take it. As such, there was no need for that

She looked through her contacts and blocked his number.

Xyla got on set, and Nathan stood in front of her car when she was taking a break, waiting. When he saw Xyla and her assistant walking over, he suddenly got on his knees with a bouquet of roses. "Xyla, I'm sorry! Can you give me another chance?"

The assistant sniggered. "Nathan, you were just kissing a woman so passionately a while ago, and now you're asking Xyla for a chance? Who do you think Xyla is?"

Nathan looked at Xyla and tried to explain." I... She kissed me. I was stunned, so I didn't push her away. Xyla, I really like you."

The crew on set all looked over because they knew that they were dating. When they saw him on his knees, they thought that he was proposing. Xyla took the flowers and tugged at the petals. "Freshly roses, very attentive."

Nathan thought that she had forgiven him, so he smiled. “Xyla, you believe me?” “Yes.” She plucked a petal and looked at him. “You’re not my husband. I wouldn’t care if you kissed another woman.”

Nathan’s face froze.

Xyla smelled the flowers and squinted.” There’s a women’s perfume. Is that jasmine?”

Nathan immediately explained, “The shopkeeper of the flower shop arranged it. She might have sprayed some perfume on.”

“Oh...” Xyla handed the bouquet to her assistant. “It’s a waste just to throw it away. Give it to the crew and say that the superstar Nathan sent it.”

The assistant took the bouquet and walked away.

Xyla walked past him. He got up and tugged at her arm. “Xyla, is this how it’s going to be?”

She turned to look at him. “What do you want me to do?”

Nathan frowned. “You accepted me, and we’ve been dating for a month now. I thought we’re a couple now.” Xyla was silent.

Nathan walked closer to her, placed his hand on the car door, and looked down at her. “Xyla, you never treated me as your boyfriend and wouldn’t even kiss me. I’m a grown man. Holding hands isn’t going to cut it.”

Xyla stared at him for a while and chuckled. “I’ll see how it goes.” She poked at her heart. “Nathan, I wanted to post on Twitter about our relationship.”

Nathan was stunned.

Xyla then smiled. “Too bad you ruined it.”

He held onto Xyla’s hand. “I’m sorry, I... Xyla, I promise it won’t happen again.” She pulled her hand back with a cold expression. “I don’t believe a man wouldn’t cheat again.

“I’m not an innocent little girl. If I trusted all the b*llsh*t men say to me, I’d probably be in trouble with some man right now.” She pushed Nathan away, entered the car, and closed the door.

Nathan balled up his fist and clenched his jaw.

Did she think that she was special? She was just the daughter of Royal Crown’s director. He would never need to worry about resources anymore if he had her.

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So what if she was the princess of the entertainment industry? She was just going to be played by men.

Nathan left the set with an angry face.

A Lincoln Limo was parked not far away. The bodyguard got out and opened the door for Yorrick, who then put his long leg out, stood up, and buttoned up his shirt.

The man who got out of the car with him was an investor in the show who said something to Yorrick and led him into the set.

The director and assistant director got a call and immediately went to welcome him. When they saw how friendly their investor was to Yorrick, they smiled and asked, “And this is?”

The man smiled and answered, “This is Mr. Hathaway, our new investor. He’s very interested in your show ‘The Clouds’ and plans to invest \$12,000,000 into it.

\$12,000,000 was a huge amount. He was pretty much the biggest investor, so the director was very friendly. He immediately got the crew to bring him some tea.

Yorrick looked at the actors who were taking a break. The director asked the leads over and introduced them to him, “These are our lead actors. They’re new in acting.”

The director then spoke to them. “This is Mr. Hathaway, our big investor. Time to bring out your best acting.

The actors nodded politely.

Yorrick looked around and smiled. “Where is Ms. Mayweather?”

“Xyla?” The director was surprised, but he still replied with a smile, “She’s probably taking a break because she will be in the next scene. She’s the first supporting actress.”

Yorrick suddenly understood.

The director chuckled. “Mr. Hathaway, do you know Xyla?”

Yorrick unbuttoned his sleeves and smiled. “I’ve seen her modeling shows.” He looked up and added, “But I didn’t know that she switched to acting.”

The director nodded. “Alright, she just came back last year. This is her first official show, and she has been doing quite well.”

Yorrick raised his brows. “Really?” He smiled. “I look forward to it then.” The assistant called for Xyla in front of the car and told her that her part was starting soon. She got out of the car, and the makeup artist soon touched up her makeup.

She had the script in her hand. Since summer was starting, her assistant had a little fan on her to avoid messing up her makeup. — —

When Xyla arrived on set, they started filming.

Her character, ‘Lily LeBlanc’, was an evil person, but she had a sad storyline. She was born into a famous family and was childhood friends with the male lead, ‘Moses Miller’, but was forced to marry the supporting character, ‘Alvin Stokes’, who she didn’t love.

Lily loved Moses, even after marrying Alvin. Her heart still belonged to Moses, but Moses only had eyes for the female lead, ‘Winnie Locke’. They fell in love while supporting each other. Lily was jealous of Winnie because of that and frequently tried to get her in trouble. She even wanted to get Alvin to ruin Winnie, and since Alvin was jealous of the power the LeBlancs had and was in love with Winnie, he framed the LeBlancs as rebels, and the entire family was executed. He later divorced her.

Lily started turning into a dark character from then on. After her divorce, she was humiliated, but she seduced the king and became Queen Lily, who was above everyone except the king. That was all for revenge.

The part that they were going to film was when her family was going to be executed.

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They started filming at the residence of Alvin, where Lily sat in her seat with a cup of tea in hand. Her movements all matched her character well, including pride and confidence.

Xyla suddenly saw someone and was surprised. The director noticed it and yelled, "Cut", then reminded her, "Xyla, we're filming now. Please, take note of your expressions."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Xyla smiled and looked at the man standing next to the director with his arms crossed. Why was he there?

Yorrick raised his eyebrows.

Maybe because she was in a bad spot or because there were more people on set, she had a few bad takes when they continued.

The director was tired. "Xyla, you're not doing well today. Is something wrong?"

Think about something that makes you sad, think of your family being executed, and bring in your emotions. If you can't do it, I'll get you some eye drops."

Xyla rubbed her forehead. Her assistant walked next to her. "Xy, don't be affected by that *ssh*le. A lot of people are waiting for you."

Yorrick chuckled. “Ms. Hathaway is heartbroken and is in a bad spot. Just give her some time.”

Heartbroken ?

The people there were curious. Wasn't Nathan chasing her? How was she heartbroken ?

Xyla laughed and said to the director, “Let's go again.

The director started filming.

Xyla took a deep breath, composed herself, and took a seat. The servant walked in and knelt in front of her, crying. “Your

Highness, the LeBlancs... The LeBlancs are being executed!”

The camera zoomed in on Lily's facial expression.

Lily's expression froze, and her hand holding the teacup didn't move either.

The director sat in front of the camera and stared at Xyla's expression. He thought she was still not ready but then noticed that she was tearing up.

He continued filming.

“Get out,” Lily said to the servant in a low tone.

The actress who was acting as the servant paused, a little confused. That wasn't part of the script.

Xyla suddenly stood up and spilled the tea, then raised her finger and pointed outward and yelled emotionally, “I said get out!”

Her eyes filled with tears, but they didn't fall. When Lily found out that her family was getting executed, she was devastated, so she broke the teacup on the spot.

However, Lily was a proud woman. Even though she was sad, she couldn't show it, so she sent the servant away. She didn't want anyone to see her when she was sad and distraught.

Luckily, the actress who acted as the servant was quick-witted and walked out. When the servant was stunned, not only did it not affect the scene, but it also made it more natural.

Once the servant walked out, Lily slumped down on her chair, and her tears started rolling down. It only lasted a moment before she started laughing.

The assistant director was surprised and whispered, "That's not part of the script."

The director shushed him. Lily that Xyla was portraying went from being in control to losing her control, and she completely let herself go when no one was around. She went from tears to laughter in two minutes, doing a splendid job portraying a proud woman from a wealthy family.

The assistant director didn't understand." But why was she laughing in the end? It didn't look right."

The director rubbed his chin but didn't answer. The man next to him said, "When people are extremely sad, they will laugh to cover the sadness. This young actress was able to grasp that with her own knowledge. She must have done a lot of homework about controlling her emotions."