

The Three Little Guardian Angels
Chapter 1257

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"Maybe that's the problem." Maisie looked at Barbara.

"Mr. Topaz isn't satisfied with Francisco because of his scandalous past. You try and think about it. A playboy who wants to settle down in a relationship. Who can guarantee that he won't go around and tease other women after getting married?"

"Mr. Topaz has only one daughter. She has never fallen in love with any men before, and she's as pure as a blank sheet of paper, so do you think he'll hand his daughter over to Francisco?"

Barbara was stumped.

"Aren't they all saying a prodigal who returns is more precious than gold?" Maisie chuckled.

"Yeah, but even Francisco doesn't have confidence in himself that he can give Naomi happiness. He should be serious about his relationship with Naomi. A man with a long love history meets a woman who has never fallen in love with any man before. He wants to cherish the relationship, but he's afraid he doesn't deserve her purity, so he can only let it go."

After hearing what Maisie said, Barbara scoffed exasperatedly.

"Sigh, why must he do that to himself? He could've just followed his heart."

Maisie shrugged and continued.

"If he chooses not to do anything when he learns that Naomi is getting engaged, then they're over."

Jackie brought Naomi to pick her dress.

The shopkeeper enthusiastically placed various new dresses in front of Naomi and let her pick.

He took his phone and walked up to her.

"You pick first. I'm going to make a call."

She nodded.

After Jackie left, she picked a lavender off-shoulder dress and walked to the dressing room.

She changed into the dress and looked at herself through the mirror.

The dress fit her like a glove, further accentuating her great physique.

The lace on the top of her dress echoed with the tulle pattern cut on the side of the skirt, making the dress less plain.

Just when Naomi looked at her reflection in a trance, a series of footsteps wafted into her ears.

She thought Jackie had returned, and when she opened up the curtain of the dressing room, what met her vision was a familiar figure that was walking away.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she picked up the hem of her dress to chase after the figure.

Naomi came out to the corridor, but there was no one there.

"Naomi?"

Jackie showed up.

"What's wrong?"

She shook her head in a daze and turned around to look at him.

"Nothing. Let's go back inside."

"Okay."

Jackie wrapped his arm around her shoulder, and he glanced in the direction of the stairs when he turned around.

Naomi had been rather distracted from the moment she came out of the shopping mall. She was pretty certain that the figure was Francisco, but she did not understand why he refused to see her.

Why had he come here if he did not want to see her? Jackie opened the door for her. When she got into the car, Jackie walked over to the driver's seat and drove the car away.

Not far away, Francisco, who was sitting in his own car, watched the car as it slowly disappeared from his vision. He looked down at his phone and frowned.

Jackie drove Naomi back to her house.

She got out of the car and bade him goodbye.

After she saw the car leave, she turned around and entered her house.

Jackie returned to the hotel and parked his car in the basement car park.

No sooner had he gotten out of his car than a car showed up from nowhere and blocked it in front of him.

Jackie looked at Francisco and smiled.

"You've been following us the whole time. Can I say that you still haven't gotten over her?"

Francisco closed the door and walked toward Jackie expressionlessly.

"Do you really love Naomi?" he asked.

Jackie met his gaze and replied, "I don't think that's your business, right, Mr. Boucher?"

"You have a marriage contract with the daughter of the king of casinos in Octavia,"

Francisco said calmly.

"Not only is your engagement not canceled, but you still keep in touch with her privately. Does she or the Byrons know about your engagement?"

Jackie frowned.

"You investigated me?"

"Of course, I had to."

Francisco looked at him straight in the eyes, his gaze sharp.

"Are you not worried that Naomi might learn about it?"

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