

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 2372

Chapter 2372

Waylon left the room.

Cameron frowned and fell deep in thought.

Meanwhile, it was afternoon in Yaramoor.

Freyja returned from her lectures. She wasn't very comfortable leaving Colton and her father together because she knew Colton didn't like her father. Her father was a softie, so it would be a disaster if Colton made him cry.

She took out her keys, opened the door, and was immediately hit by the smell of alcohol.

The two men had gotten some snacks and started drinking. They had finished up two dozen bottles of beer.

Brandon had even taken out two bottles of wine that they were keeping. One of them was already empty, while the other had less than 1/3 left. Maybe he had drunk a little too much as he was crying like a child while holding Colton and an empty bottle.

He said he felt sorry about this and that, as well as that he was useless.

Colton had drunk a lot as well and was resting his head on his hand, not listening to what Brandon was saying. Colton poured him more wine because he was annoyed by the crying. "Stop crying. Start drinking."

"Burp... What? Am I the only one who's drinking? No way, you drink some too." Brandon's eyes couldn't focus, and the hand that was pouring was shaking. He even bumped into the empty beer bottles on the table.

They fell to the ground with a clang.

Brandon got up to get more alcohol and stumbled, then fell next to the table and started snoring.

Freyja looked at them in the messy living room, and she was livid.

When Colton woke up, it was almost morning. He remembered something and sat up, but the table was already clean.

Brandon was asleep on the couch next to him.

Freyja walked down the stairs in her pajamas. "Oh, you're awake. I thought you'd be asleep till morning."

"Freyja, have you... had dinner?"

"Haha, I finally know why people say men can't be trusted." Freyja crossed her arms. "If I waited for you to cook, I would have starved to death."

Colton rubbed his temples, stood up, and walked to her. "I'm sorry. I promise it won't happen again."

Freyja pushed him away. "Are you sure?"

He nodded.

Freyja turned to look at Brandon. "Well, Mr. Goldmann, please carry my father back to his room. That's what happens when you make him drunk."

She then turned to go upstairs, remembered something, and stopped in her tracks. "I'm afraid you have to sleep on the floor tonight."

Colton had no retort.

After getting Brandon in bed, Colton returned to his room and realized that Freyja had placed some sheets and a blanket on the floor. She then tossed the pillow to him. "Sleep on the floor."

Something came to his mind, and he tossed the pillow back and quickly walked behind her to hug her. "Do you really want me to?"

"Yes. Let go."

He chuckled. "I'm supposed to do as you say?"

Freyja tried to move his hand away but couldn't. "You smell terrible, don't hug me."

He suddenly carried her in his arms and walked toward the bathroom. She was shocked. "Why are you bringing me in—

"Shower."

Colton closed the door.

He didn't let her go—from the bathroom to the bed until she was out of energy and fell asleep.

Before she dozed off, the last thing on her mind was that she would never let Colton drink again!