

Coolest Girl In Town Chapter 815 – 818

Chapter 815 Finally Caught You

“Mister,” Irvin stood up. “Have you come looking for me because I didn’t give enough money?”

“I was just passing through,” Alexander said expressionlessly. “Since the guy up there really wants us to see each other today, why don’t I give you a lift? Where are you staying?”

“Thank you for your offer, but I’ll spare you the trouble. I’m staying in a hotel nearby. I can go back on my own.” As much as Irvin took a liking to the man, he still stayed vigilant.

Alexander nodded in response. “Not bad. You act like a man.”

With that, he left the cafe.

“Bye-bye, mister!” The child jumped up and waved his hand before moving over to the cashier.

“Pretty lady.” He pouted aggrievedly and grabbed the countertop like a marmot poking its head out, choking with sobs. “I can’t find my mommy. Can you let me check the surveillance and see in which direction she has gone? Pretty please...”

What young woman could resist such a cute and handsome boy? Just like that, Irvin successfully got a screenshot of Alexander.

It was already getting late when Irvin came out of the cafe, so he decided to find a hotel to stay in first.

As he hadn’t had the time to exchange Cittadel Crown, he could only go to the hotel receptionist and supervisor with Alzue Vraleing, hoping they could give him a room first and also help him exchange the currency.

It was a simple request, if Irvin was a legal adult, that was. Worse, the child didn’t have a Cittadelian ID either, putting the supervisor at a crossroads, worried that trouble would befall.

“Why don’t you come home with me, kid? You can stay in the hotel after I take you to an exchange center tomorrow.” A male receptionist deliberately wooed the child upon seeing the Vraleing in his bag.

“Oh, please, there isn’t even a place to stand in your place. Don’t traumatize the child. I think this handsome little fellow should come with me,” suggested a female receptionist who adored sweet and good-looking children like Irvin.

“As if you young ones can take care of a child when you can barely even take care of yourselves. Why don’t you come with me, dear? I have tons of imported snacks. You can have them all; what do you say?” The sweet older female supervisor absolutely loved the child.

Just like that, the staff began arguing in the lobby.

“He should come with me!”

“Don’t even think about it!”

“I said it first!”

Poor Irvin stood in the center of it all, looking devoid of life as he was powerless against the hands that dragged him around.

Meanwhile, Jamie chatted with a beauty as they entered the hotel entrance.

“Haha! Now, I really want to meet this kid that even you can’t handle,” the woman teased.

Jamie waved his hand. “It’s a long story. Anyhow, your family is in the hotel business. If you find his name registered in one of your hotels, keep an eye on him for me and let me know.”

They passed by the reception area while speaking, and Jamie took a casual gander at the bickering group before arriving at the elevator hall with the woman.

However, the man dashed away the next second, seemingly realizing something.

He took a closer look at the reception area and found who else but Irvin standing in the middle of the circle of staff?!

At that, Jamie smirked smugly in response. To think the heavens brought the kid to him!

Meanwhile, Irvin was getting woozy from all the tugging, and he wailed feebly, “Please have mercy on me... I just want to take a good rest in the hotel...”

The crowd fell silent at once, but only for a second before succumbing to their infatuation again.

“So cute...”

“Aw, my heart’s melting. That’s it, you’re coming home with me today!”

“Come with me, dear!”

In deep agony, Irvin closed his eyes in despair. Mommy... The ladies in Cittadel are very scary when they become eager...

Just then, something shrouded him from the lights above, leading him to open his eyes, only to be met with Jamie’s ravishing gaze.

“Ah!” The boy freed himself and made a run after gasping softly.

Alas, as soon as he lifted a leg, Jamie lifted him up by his backpack. “Now I’ve got you!”

“Let go of me! Help! A kidnapper!”

The poor boy was currently like a turtle being held by its shell, flailing his limbs uselessly, unable to change anything.

Given Jamie’s social status, there was no way he would kidnap a child. Besides, even if he was kidnapping the child, the hotel staff wouldn’t dare do anything to him either.

Jamie turned the kid around to face him, planning to have a heart-to-heart talk. “Kid—ouch!”

The man had barely said a word when Irvin introduced his fist to Jamie’s left eye, causing the latter to howl in pain as he hurriedly placed his free hand over it. “You little rascal. Do you not know a good man when you see one?!”

“It’s your fault for grabbing me!” Irvin snapped indignantly.

Livid, Jamie let out a murky breath. “Fine, kid. You’ve got balls. We’re going to settle this here once and for all. Let’s see how you can run away this time!”

With that, he clamped the child under his armpit and strode to the elevator hall.

Upon witnessing Jamie blow a fuse, the woman became somewhat ginger with her words. “So this is the devil incarnate you told me about?”

“Yeah. Don’t bother yourself with this anymore. I’ll take him to the room my family usually goes to.”

At that, Jamie entered the elevator and went straight up.

It wasn’t until he entered the room and locked the door from the inside that he let go of Irvin, who immediately dashed behind the couch and pulled out the pepper spray in defense mode.

As Jamie turned around, he thought his eyes were stinging again when he saw the oh-so-familiar spray. “This again? Can you put that thing down first?”

“No!” Irvin gripped the spray tighter. “Who are you, and why do you want to harm me?!”

“Harm you? When have I ever done that?!” Frustrated, Jamie bet the kid must’ve watched one too many crime dramas. Just what the heck is in that little brain of his?!

“You deliberately picked me up at the south gate and even followed me all the way here to the hotel. Now tell me you don’t want to harm me!” Irvin argued, leading Jamie to quirk a brow and rub his nose awkwardly. Now that Irvin put it that way, it did look like he was trying to do something bad to the child.

“Alright, let’s just say I’m in the wrong.” Jamie went up to the child and extended a hand. “I apologize to you. Let’s ceasefire.”

“Why should I listen to you?!” Irvin raised the pepper spray high. “You’re just tricking me into putting the spray down so that you can capture me for good, you kidnapper!”

“Okay, okay, I’ll be honest with you.” Frustrated, Jamie surrendered, raising his hands as a sign of goodwill. “I’m actually your mother’s friend. She asked me to look after you. Your mom’s Anastasia White, and you’re Irvin White. Also, you have a sister. Am I right so far?”

Though the boy had eased a little, he still kept the pepper spray pointed toward Jamie. “How do I know you’re not lying?”

Jamie chuckled helplessly in response, then pulled his phone out and clicked into a picture before showing it to Irvin.

“Take a good look. This is your mom, isn’t it? The hunk next to her is me.”

At that, Irvin stretched his neck to take a gander before finally putting the pepper spray down. But then, he couldn’t help needing to satisfy his curiosity. “Who’s the other lady holding my mom’s arm?”

Chapter 816 A Man in Dishonor Is a Man in Disfavor

After Jamie took his phone back, he stared somewhat absent-mindedly at the picture for a moment before answering, “This one? She’s Narissa Cuber, a friend of your mom’s too. She’s mischievous like you. There’s not a thing in this world she fears.”

Irvin thought the man was baffling, for he hadn’t expected Jamie to ramble about a casual question.

“A hunk? You’re the ugliest in the picture.” Irvin sassed.

“You’ve got a terrible eye for beauty, kid.” Jamie was determined to prove himself despite being despised so badly by a child. “Take a good look at this face, these abs, and these long legs. Tell me what any part of this has to do with ugly. I don’t want to brag, but there’s barely anyone in Tissote more good-looking than me!”

“Yeah, right,” Irvin retorted. “I already found one after I jumped out of your car.”

“Who?” Jamie narrowed his eyes, and his vanity suddenly came into play.

“Here, this guy!” Irvin pulled out the screenshot he got from the cafe.

Jamie leaned over only to find it was none other than Alexander Griffith. He drew a gasp in response. As much as he wanted to retort, he knew he could only swallow his words back down.

“Okay, you win. You got lucky this time.” Jamie then deliberately changed the topic, finding an out.

“Your mom will arrive tomorrow. You just stay here for the night. If you need anything, you can ask the staff to get it for you. Tell them to put it on my tab.”

With that, he pressed down the door handle to leave.

“Are you leaving?” Irvin looked up from his tablet in response, leading Jamie to turn around with a grin.

“Why? Are you already missing me?”

“You wish.” The boy’s attention was now on his tablet. “I just want to tell you to come and take me to the airport with you.”

“Hey, you’re taking me for a chauffeur now, aren’t you?” Jamie’s face fell, aggrieved. “What if I say no?”

“Then, I’ll find a chance to run away again and make it hard for you to explain to my mom.” Irvin didn’t even move his eyes away once when he was speaking.

“For a kid with a warm mouth, your words sure are cold.” Jamie was rendered exasperated. This little rascal can really make a man angry.

“I can go on if you’d like,” Irvin said curtly.

“Forget it. I’d like to live a couple more decades.” The man left at once for fear that he would die of anger on the spot. “See you tomorrow.”

“See you, himbo!” Irvin bid Jamie farewell with a deadpan face.

Jamie could only play dumb and leave when there was nothing he could do about the kid.

The entire room fell silent as soon as he left.

Irvin opened a unique search engine and uploaded Alexander’s picture into it, only to receive tens of thousands of related searches.

The first link was his Wikipedia page. Alexander Griffith, former general manager of Griffith Group and current CEO of Smith Co., estimated net worth of trillions, divorced...

Irvin skimmed through it, then moved on.

He learned fashion design from his mother for a couple of years, so he could tell Alexander was wealthy from the moment they met, but what he saw next was outrageous.

‘Alexander Griffith late-night voyage with supermodel; out all night.’

‘Alexander Griffith divorced half a year into marriage; iniquitous or twisted humanity?’

‘Alexander Griffith wife No. 3 out after mere three months.’

‘Same, same, but different; Alexander Griffith divorces again after one-year marriage.’

There were a plethora of similar articles.

All in all, they said one thing—Alexander was a womanizer, and he would date and marry anyone who looked like his late wife, Elise.

Just like that, the little guy lost all liking toward the man, and his frown only deepened the further he read, to the point where he chucked his tablet aside in anger and sulked with crossed arms.

Hmph, Alexander Griffith, you skunkbag! Just when he still had a sliver of hope that his father wasn't someone like that, but now, it seemed that he was absolutely and utterly wrong! This man is nothing but a playboy! He doesn't deserve Mommy, and he doesn't deserve to be our daddy! A man in dishonor is a man in disfavor; Alexander Griffith is the worst of the worst!

"Ugh, it pisses me off!"

Irvin couldn't understand why he would be so mad either, but he was just so pissed off that he jumped around in the entire room and had a terrible sleep the whole night.

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Meanwhile, Alexander sat in front of the computer in his mansion. On the computer was a picture of Elise and their babies, and his latching gaze at it was of nothing but affection.

Knock, Knock... A knock suddenly came from the door, interrupting his train of thought.

He moved the mouse and hid the picture away before looking out the door. "What is it?" he asked impassively.

The woman from earlier that day came in with a bowl of warm soup and very naturally placed it on the desk. "I've made you some soup. It'll help with your stomach."

"I'm not hungry," said Alexander expressionlessly, "and you don't need to do this either. You're not here to be my maid."

"I know." Abashed, the woman drooped her eyelids. "All relationships are mutual. I'll also treat you well when you treat my kids and me well."

"It's all in your head," Alexander said plainly. "I treat you guys well to benefit myself and not you."

Crushed, the woman frowned but still didn't want to give up. She picked up the bowl of soup and moved to his side. "Why don't you have some soup first?"

Lo and behold, the man left his seat and stood far away just as she came behind the desk like she was some deadly plague, though.

"So you hate me so much, Mr. Griffith?" Her eyes widened with incredulity, looking hurt.

Alexander frowned in response. "I don't hate you, but I don't feel anything for you either. Don't forget that all that we have between us is a contract. All of our intimacy is only a show for the public. There isn't anyone else here, so you can drop the act."

"Is all your affection for me really just an act? Do you really have no feelings for me at all?" she asked with unyielding conviction.

"None," Alexander answered forthrightly.

She had a marriage before this, after all, so she didn't snap despite feeling sad. With that, she took a deep breath to calm down, then came up with an excuse to ease the awkwardness. "Can you at least see this as my gratitude for you?"

"If you really want to thank me, then just do what you're supposed to do according to the contract. Don't get any more ideas about what's not in the contract," he warned expressionlessly, "or I'll consider terminating the contract earlier."

A hint of loss flashed across the woman's eyes at that, for at that moment, she thought she had never truly understood Alexander.

"Got it."

She picked up the now slightly cold bowl of soup and walked to the door silently, dragging her steps, hoping Alexander would change his mind. Alas, he didn't, and the man did nothing to hold her back. If anything, he couldn't even wait until she had walked far away before closing the door.

The woman brought the bowl of soup into her bedroom and sat in front of the vanity.

Sadness crept up to her as she looked at her face, which looked a lot like Elise's. I clearly look the most like Elise Sinclair than any of his past wives, but why does he feel nothing for me?! We both share the same last name, but can I only really ever live in her shadow?

Chapter 817 I Am Glad You Understand

The next day at Tissote International Airport, Margaret and Edmond waited at the exit with flowers in their hands, their watchful eyes scrutinizing every female passenger.

They were here to pick up the genius pianist from Alzue who had been all the fuss as of late. Her name was Cardashian.

Edmond ran a print media company which required a steady stream of publishing of various literary works to have an income flow. The industry had been rather sluggish in recent years as it was slowly dying. They needed news shocking enough to bring the public's attention back to print media.

Cardashian was their first target. They would definitely be able to make plenty of sales if they could commission this musician, who had been certified by the World Piano Association after only two years of debut, to publish a personal autobiography.

Edmond started feeling a little anxious when he saw that fewer and fewer people were coming out. "Did you get the wrong flight? I have held this sign for so long, but I haven't seen a Cardashian looking this way."

“Do you think I am someone like you who would even make such silly mistakes?” Margaret looked at him in disdain. “There must have been a delay or something. Let’s wait for a little longer. And raise your sign a little higher!”

Despite saying that, she felt discouraged as well. Can it be that I have indeed got the wrong information?

Thinking of this, she couldn’t help but take a few steps forward and crane her neck in an attempt to look inside. Margaret would be embarrassed if Cardashian didn’t make an appearance.

However, her reality was that she didn’t see Cardashian—she had gotten ‘Anastasia White’ instead.

Indeed, it was the ‘Anastasia White’ who had seemingly disappeared from the surface of Earth after leaving with Danilo.

It had been seven years since Margaret had last seen her and yet, the woman still looked like she was in her best condition. Not only was her skin as smooth as silk and her aura as elegant as a swan, she now even had a hint of sensuality only a mature woman would have.

Most importantly, there was a miniature version of ‘Anastasia White’ next to her, her every move innocent and lovely.

Before Margaret could react, ‘Anastasia White’ was already pushing her luggage and walking toward her with the child.

“Margaret!” Elise called out affectionately. “Did you come just to pick me up?”

As soon as Margaret came back to her senses, she immediately composed the look on her face to greet Elise. “I would have said no to all my work to come pick you up if I had known that you were coming back today. But what a coincidence this is for everything good to happen within the same day. I really am not here to pick you up. We are waiting for a client.”

The corners of Elise’s mouth curled into a knowing smile as she raised an eyebrow and looked at Edmond, who was behind Margaret. “Who is this client to be able to alarm both you and President Northton?” she murmured.

Margaret could tell immediately that Elise was mocking her for getting too close to the scumbag of a man.

Margaret quickly switched the topic by reaching toward Alexia to tease the little girl. “This is your daughter, isn’t she? She is an exact copy of you. What a pretty girl!”

For some reason, Alexia hated how Margaret acted like she was close to her. Hence, Alexia deliberately evaded Margaret’s touch when the woman was about to reach her.

Margaret only took it as if she was playing with herself as she let out a small laugh and pulled ‘Anastasia’ to the side.

“You know that I am in the print media industry. Edmond has his connections in the industry. I had no other choice but to get close to him. But don’t worry, my bestie! My heart will always be on your side!” Margaret whispered her declaration.

Elise only nodded lightly with an understanding look on her face. “I understand. It is never easy for adults.”

“I am glad you understand.” Margaret put her hand on her friend’s shoulder and said earnestly, “After all, you will be more assured to have me as your gatekeeper if you want to publish something in the future, yeah?”

“Thank you.” Elise forced a smile. “Alright, then. I will be out of your hair.”

“Okay. I will organize a meal to celebrate your return some time. You should take the child back to the hotel to overcome the jet lag after such a long flight,” Margaret suggested thoughtfully.

Hearing that, Elise smiled and left while holding the child’s hand.

It was only then that Edmond huddled close to gossip. “Did she really have a child with that toy boy?”

“Is this what you should be paying attention to now?” Margaret peered at him from the corner of her eyes. “Whose attention are you trying to catch by hiding that sign? Don’t you know who is going to suffer a loss if you lose Cardashian?”

Edmond was upset from being scolded the whole morning, and even though he had obediently raised the sign again, he kept complaining, “It’s just because you are so not romantic that no man dares to pursue you. You should really fix this. You aren’t womanly at all if you keep that straight face all day long.”

Margaret’s expression darkened when she heard his words. “Who do you think made it possible for you to enjoy those supposedly-romantic women? You should be praying to God for me to not kick you aside. Otherwise, all that is waiting for you is bankruptcy!”

Edmond was displeased about being under the control of a woman, but he could only shut his mouth and stop arguing with Margaret because her work ability was indeed impeccable.

The duo continued to wait until all the passengers on the last international flight left through the exit, but still they didn’t see Cardashian. They finally went straight to Sierra Hotel, where they got ready to catch her at the hotel.

Margaret walked to the front desk, and she lightly tapped the table with her fingertips. “Excuse me, please help me call Miss Cardashian from 1203 and tell her that Margaret Ainsley from the publishing house wants to see her.”

“Please wait a moment.” After the receptionist at the front desk fiddled around on the computer, he smiled and gave a small bow. “I apologize, miss. The customer staying at 1203 does not go by the name ‘Cardashian’. You must be mistaken.”

“How is that possible? Please look up the name again. She just checked in today.”

Having embarrassed herself at the airport, Margaret proceeded to carefully check Cardashian’s itinerary on her way back from the airport that the artist herself had posted. It was an official announcement that Cardashian was in Room 1203 of Sierra Hotel. There would not be a mistake.

The receptionist checked it again, and he still gave the same polite smile. “Miss, it is as I said. There is no one by the name who checked-in today.”

Margaret was instantly stunned as she tried to comprehend what was happening.

This won’t do! she fumed. I will stay here until Cardashian appears no matter what!

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At the same time, Irvin, who had woken up early, ran to the kitchen and asked the chef to clean up a small area for him to get busy in the kitchen.

He was sure that his mother was angry at him for quietly running away from home, so he was planning to coax her by personally making her her favorite ganache-filled chocolate. Ever since he had learned to cook, this was a tested method that was proven to work whenever he did something wrong.

Even though he was a little adult and would make noises from time to time, no one dared to intervene because of their boss’ special order for them to take good care of Irvin.

The boy’s ganache-filled hazelnut chocolate was finally completed after more than an hour.

He took off the chef’s hat that didn’t quite fit and went to find a suitable plate to decorate the chocolate.

After Irvin reached the tableware disinfection cabinet, he quickly selected a ceramic container at the bottommost layer of the cabinet. Just as he was about to open the cabinet door to get it, a small and dirty hand suddenly reached out and swung around to touch the sweet potatoes piled in the corner.

Irvin tilted his head curiously before he suddenly grabbed that plump hand. It was only after he took a glance at the owner of the hand under the table that he realized a four or five-year-old girl was hiding under it.

Chapter 818 Picked up a Little Something

The girl’s hair was tousled, and her face was as dirty as her hands. She had a pair of amazingly bright eyes that made her look like a deer caught in headlights.

“Don’t hit me! Ah!” Startled, she started bawling with the corners of her lips downturned.

Her crying immediately left Irvin dumbfounded, and he began pacing back and forth in a hurry. "Oh no, don't cry. I didn't do anything to you. I'll apologize to you, so please don't cry?"

The girl stopped crying upon hearing that, and she gaped at him with wide eyes. She then resumed with her wailing, only this time, she was louder.

Panicked, Irvin quickly sucked in a cold breath of air and scratched his head.

The one thing he couldn't stand the most was the tears of a girl. His mother had taught him that boys weren't supposed to bully girls. With that in mind, Irvin had always treated girls with good manners.

But this unhygienic little girl wasn't reacting like how he had thought she would. She was already crying so hard he wanted to pull his hair out despite not having done anything to her.

I know what to do!

As an idea came to him, he swiftly darted away, and soon came back holding the freshly made ganache-filled chocolate.

The girl was already howling and crying for her mother by now. As Irvin watched her putting her all into crying, he suddenly felt entertained by the sight, so he kept watching for a while before he eventually scooped a spoonful of chocolate and shoved it into her opened mouth.

"Boo— Huh?"

The crying abruptly stopped then. The girl dazedly closed her mouth and as soon as she was hit by the mellow fragrance of the chocolate, she immediately marveled in this unique sweetness. She squeezed her small lips shut tightly, for fear that the chocolate would fall out. She also didn't forget to snifle.

Her reaction made Irvin let out a long sigh. Girls are all the same, he concluded. Be it abroad or local, all girls like desserts.

"Hey, take this." He handed over the rest of the chocolate. "You are in luck. I made this myself. My mom and sister are the only ones who have had it before. You are the third person to eat it."

The girl seemed to have thrown all her fears aside as she wiggled out from under the table and took the cake from him. She proceeded to send spoon after spoon of chocolate into her mouth, and it didn't take long before a satisfied smile appeared on her face.

Irvin let out a smile of his own as well while he looked at her. One of the reasons he enjoyed cooking was because he liked how it felt to heal souls with good food.

Of course, the only people he wanted to heal were Elise and Alexia. The little girl was merely his 'accident' today.

However, it was just a matter of time before the frown on Irvin's face turned into a frown; the girl had started sobbing again after she finished the whole box of chocolate.

“Y-You...” Irvin began to panic. “Surely chocolate can’t taste so bad that it makes you cry?!”

The girl raised her chin and looked at him with her watery eyes. “It is so yummy...”

“What?” Irvin was stunned once again.

“What if I can’t have this anymore after today?” She pouted grievously. As soon as she uttered those words, big droplets of tears came rolling out of her eyes and down her plump and bouncy cheeks, leaving tear stains behind.

The boy was instantly rendered speechless as his mind went blank.

He only came back to his senses after a long time. “What is your name? Where do you live?” he asked in all seriousness.

“I am Mimi,” the girl muttered. “I don’t have a home, and I am all alone. Papa and Mama are dead.”

“Mimi?” That’s cute.

He immediately shook his head to get rid of the thought as he put on his manly mask again.

“My name is Irvin White. You can call me Irvin. You can be my little brother if you want more chocolate. I will give you a place to stay and feed you well. Any objections?”

His words made her frown. “But I am a girl!”

“You can be my little sister, then,” he casually told her before shaking his head in disagreement to what he said himself. “That won’t do either, because Lexi could get jealous. You will be my minion! Aye, that will work just fine. I will be your boss from now on. You have to listen to me. Understood?”

“Mhm!” Mimi suddenly reached out to hug him. “I will listen to you, Irvin!”

He instantly flushed from his face to the base of his neck and pushed Mimi away before he took a few steps back. “No!” he shrieked.

“What is the matter, Irvin?”

Irvin’s ears were red and warm as he looked at her innocent face, but he didn’t know how he should go about explaining it to her. “Forget it,” he brought up another issue. “You should go get changed into something clean. You have to remember to never hug boys, okay?”

Her confused expression was replaced by an eager one instead. “Not even you?”

“No!” he reminded her sternly. “I won’t want you anymore if you don’t listen to me.”

“No, no. I will listen. Don’t throw me away, Irvin!” Mimi immediately conceded, to which Irvin gave a satisfied nod.

“Now that is better. Let’s go.”

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At about 11.00AM, Elise brought Alexia to Irvin’s bedroom.

They pressed the doorbell as they stood outside his door.

As soon as the doorbell rang, the door was pulled open from the inside. Irvin then stuck his head out and eagerly made way for the ladies. “Mommy, my dear sister, please come inside!”

Amused by her brother’s antics, Alexia chuckled. “Hehe! Are you cosplaying a waiter, Irvin? I want to cosplay as well!”

“I am not.” He then informed her in a gentle voice, “There is chocolate I made for you on the sofa. Go ahead and eat it.”

“Thank you Irvin! Long live Irvin!” Alexia ran into the living room as soon as she heard that.

Elise went ahead and pushed their luggage in, and she had just turned around when the boy came over with a new pair of slippers. “Work must have been tiring, Mommy. Why don’t you change out of your shoes to let your feet breathe?”

Even though Elise could tell at a glance that her son was buttering up to her, she didn’t expose him, and neither did she speak as she played along with him.

Irvin then pushed out a bucket for soaking her feet right after she sat down. “Please soak your feet here, Mommy. The hotel manager said that it is best to have a herbal foot soak after a long day.”

“Alright,” Elise murmured while she enjoyed the service and tried her best to hold back her laugh.

Still, she had to admit that this local foot soak remedy was indeed miraculous. It only took only a short minute for a huge chunk of her fatigue to melt away.

Irvin soon brought out a fruit platter, thereafter taking a piece of watermelon and bringing it to her mouth. “Mommy, fruits are good for the skin. Open your mouth. Say ah—”

“Ah—” For some reason, Elise started acting like a child as well by opening her mouth to chomp down on the watermelon. She finally couldn’t stop herself from laughing. “Alright now. I will forgive you because of your pleasant attitude.”

“Thank you Mommy! Muah!” Irvin hugged his mother’s face and showered her with kisses. Right after he let go, he turned his head and darted to the kitchen. “I will cook something for you!”

“Hold your horses,” Elise suddenly stopped him. “Why are you still so hardworking after I forgive you? Did you do something naughty that I don’t know of yet?”

Mothers always knew their children best. She could tell from his behavior that something was up.

“Hehe,” Irvin turned back guiltily and grinned. “Don’t be mad if I tell you, Mommy. I picked up a little something outside and I brought it back with me. I want to raise it.”

His answer made her raise an eyebrow. “Hmm? Is it a kitten or a puppy? You know that your sister is allergic to cat fur. You can’t keep it if it is a cat.”

“That won’t happen! I promise!” As Irvin spoke, he eagerly ran into the bathroom and brought Mimi along with him. “Look, Mommy. Mimi is not a cat. She won’t trigger Lexi’s allergy!”