Chapter 15

After picking Yulia up and moving into Dolly's house, Xavia then applied for a leave of absence from Dolly.

After this, she would have to take care of Maison wholeheartedly and try to help him to get out of the shadow of his autism as soon as possible.

In the morning.

Xavia went to the villa directly after dropping Yulia off at the kindergarten.

It was half past seven in the morning at this time. There was the sound of the birds chipping and the fragrant scent of flowers in the villa. The atmosphere was very quiet.

When she entered the villa, Zivon had already had his breakfast and was currently drinking coffee. His every move was filled with the nobility of the upper-class society.

His eyes narrowed slightly when he saw Xavia.

They did not set a time last night, and yet she came here so early? She was really enthusiastic.

He parted his lips coldly, "There is a list of Maison's preferences and taboos on the table. Read them carefully and make sure that you do not make any mistakes."

"Oh, okay." Xavia nodded immediately before she picked up the notebook.

She said, "No problem, I'll remember all of them and I'll take good care of Maison."

Zivon put down his coffee mug and he stood up conceitedly. "You can contact Nathan Miller

She saw a list of Maison's likes and dislikes listed on it, one by one. There were a total of ten

if you need anything."

After saying those cold words, Zivon then left in a hurry in a dignified hurry.

He should be going to work.

Xavia heaved a sigh of relief. She would feel even more uncomfortable if he was going to be

When the car had disappeared completely, Xavia then stepped upstairs and headed into Maison's bedroom.

"Maison, aunt is here."

at home.

items written very clearly.

Maison sat up on his bed. His eyes lit up immediately after he saw Xavia.

He lifted his quilt and sat up as he gestured for her to help and dress him up.

Xavia: "..." He was really a little slacker.

Xavia walked over and her small face froze out of shock after she opened the closet.

This was because—there were only all black shirts, black trousers and black suits inside his entire closet. Even his socks at the bottom compartment were also all black!

Oh my god! Was this what children should be wearing?

"Maison, don't you have any other clothes?"

Maison shook his head.

Xavia: "..."

colors. It was also the same for children from other families. But he actually only had black clothes?

Her daughter had grown up wearing a variety of clothes of different styles and in different

It was no wonder why he had such a depressing personality!

"You can wear this first. Aunt will bring you to buy new clothes when the time comes."

was done washing up. After having breakfast, they went into the study so he could read a book.

Maison did not say a single word from the beginning to the end.

Maison nodded. After that, he changed his clothes and he followed Xavia downstairs after he

How could he possibly get better if this went on?

Xavia then thought of something. She leaned down and said to Maison who was sitting at the

desk, "Maison, let's play a game! You can't say no and you will get a reward when you answer correctly."

"If you are a poor person, which option will you choose? A fishing rod or a basket of fish?"

Maison probably didn't expect a game coming up. So, he pursed his lips before finally saying, "A basket of fish."

Xavia was very happy. It was really rare that he was willing to talk.

Unfortunately...

fishing rod, you can continue catching a lot more fish."

"You got it wrong! Instead of accepting a basket of fish, wouldn't it be better to learn how to fish? You will have nothing left after you finish eating your basket of fish, but if you have a

many fishing rods. After that, I can rent the fishing rods to others and collect rental fees from them. After that, I will continue buying new fishing rods after collecting the fees, and I can use these rods to fish or rent them again. I will repeat it over and over again. Isn't it better for me to be making money every day?"

Pfft!

Maison frowned slightly and said coolly, "But if I were to sell the basket of fish, I can buy

He could actually do that?

Did he inherit his business mind from Zivon genetically?

Xavia was really filled with admiration for Maison and she was utterly convinced. However,

she couldn't put her finger on something. "Maison, you can speak fluently and perfectly, so why don't you usually speak then?"

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