Chapter 16

Maison turned his head away coldly and said, "I don't feel like talking."

This was a really petulant reason.

"Can you promise Aunt that you will speak more in future then? That is because your voice really sounds super nice and beautiful. It would simply be too wasteful if you don't speak! If a deity hears you making a wish with your voice, it will definitely fulfill your wish!"

Maison glanced at her. "Childish."

Okay.

It wasn't easy to fool three-year-olds nowadays.

Xavia continued thinking of ways to play games with Maison so that she could guide him to talk more.

The whole day passed by quickly and in a blink of an eye, it was already half past five in the evening. It was time for Xavia to go and pick Yulia up.

Xavia looked at the time. Zivon hadn't returned yet. She couldn't possibly leave Maison alone, could she?

She called Nathan. "Mr. Miller, can I know when the young master will return? I have to go home now because I need to do something."

When Maison heard this while playing with sand, the expression on his face instantly fell. He closed himself up once again, not saying a single word.

Using his small hands, he grabbed handfuls of sand and sprinkled it randomly all over the place.

Xavia was taken aback. She immediately put her cell phone aside and said, "Huh? Maison, what's the matter with you? Don't sprinkle sand everywhere, otherwise, you might get it into your eyes and it'll hurt a lot."

Maison refused to listen to her. "You want to leave, so I'll sprinkle it, I'll just sprinkle it."

Cough.

So it turned out that this was the reason.

Xavia comforted him patiently, "Aunt has to get something done at home so I have to go back tonight. I will come and accompany you again tomorrow, I swear. Be a good boy."

"No. I don't want that." Maison continued desperately sprinkling the sand everywhere. The sand scattered all over his head and got into his clothes. It was basically all over him. He was also on the verge of collapsing emotionally.

Xavia knew that children should not be allowed to get away with it when they threw tantrums. However, Maison's situation was a little special. If Xavia allowed this to go on, she was afraid that he would fall into a rampage.

Xavia could only helplessly say, "Okay, okay. Aunt is not leaving anymore. I'll stay and accompany you tonight. You should calm down."

It was only then that Maison stopped his actions and threw himself into her arms. He continued to clutch firmly onto her body as if he was a koala bear.

It seemed as though he was afraid that she would lie to him.

Xavia felt as though he was tugging at her heartstrings. She would never have thought that her son, whom she has not seen for three years, would actually be so dependent and clingy toward her.

Her emotions became unusually gentle and she carried his small body up. She could only call Dolly and ask her to pick Yulia up in her stead.

On the other end, the contents of the call drifted inside the sedan and it was very clear and distinct.

Nathan said, "She knew that the little master would be reluctant to let her leave, so she deliberately called me in front of the little master in order to use Maison as an excuse to stay. She is a very cunning person."

There was an inexplicably deep and secretive look on Zivon's handsome face. The aura

surrounding him was cold and eerie.

He didn't say anything. He simply instructed Nathan to continue driving as he dialed Jenna's phone again.

In his opinion, Jenna was gentle and decent. Moreover, she was also his child's biological mother. If Jenna were to spend more time getting along with Maison, then Maison definitely wouldn't want to get close to Xavia.

As a result, the call could not be connected.

Was she really that busy at work?

Zivon had a cold expression on his face as he switched off his cell phone.

He arrived at the villa half an hour later.

Xavia had just finished taking care of Maison. She bathed him, fed him dinner and was currently cleaning up the dishes. When she saw Zivon, she greeted him, "Maison is upstairs and the day went smoothly."

Zivon took off his suit jacket and threw it aside. He was very cold and aloof, not paying any attention to her at all.

Pfft. Did he think that she would want to talk to him if it weren't for Maison?

Unfortunately, she had no choice but to put her dignity aside because she had something to ask for permission.

Xavia then spoke up again. "Well, there are two things that I want to tell you. I'm thinking of taking Maison out to the mall to buy some clothes tomorrow. He's still very young, so he should be trying on various styles of children's clothing in indifferent colors. Besides, black clothes are not good for his condition."

"And I might have to stay here tonight because Maison threw a tantrum and lost his temper when I said I wanted to leave just now. I'm afraid that he will act like he did last night, so I agreed to stay."

Xavia explained everything carefully out of fear that Zivon would think that she had any ulterior motives.

In reality, Zivon had already misunderstood her from the start. His cold and sharp eyes fell on her as he said coldly, "Xavia Lockhart, you should always remember the conditions that you agreed to last night. Don't play any tricks in front of me."