

Chapter 3 Call Him Darling

"What's wrong? Are you dissatisfied?" Freya frowned.

"Er, no. There's nothing wrong!" Ashton quickly agreed.

He had seemingly ended up accompanying them in a strange twist of fate. This did not seem too horrible, either. He disregarded matters such as pay; what mattered was spending time with Freya and Matilda.

She nodded before standing up. "Kindergarten is almost over. I'll go change, then you can come pick my daughter up with me afterward. I'll brief you on her details during her journey."

Not long after, Freya, dressed in new clothes, emerged while looking elegant.

Freya spoke while driving, "Her name is Matilda Lowenstein. You need to keep in mind that you were in the military and can only come back to see her now."

She then described Matilda's character and favorites, and Ashton carefully took note of everything.

Soon, they reached the kindergarten. It was time for dismissal, and many parents were there to pick their children up.

"Mommy!" A sweet voice suddenly called out.

They spotted a girl in a pastel blue dress, with delicate doll-like features rushing toward Freya. Ashton could not shift his gaze away the instant he spotted the girl, their shared blood making him sense an intimate bond between them.

Matilda didn't recognize him, lunged into Freya's arms, and demanded excitedly, "Mommy, you mentioned Daddy is coming back, right? Where is he?"

Freya's expression brimmed with affection as she gestured toward Ashton. "He's right here. This is your Daddy."

"Matilda!" He looked at her warmly.

Matilda looked at him excitedly but soon seemed wary. "I don't believe you. I'll only believe you're my Daddy when you answer a few questions."

Ashton and Freya chuckled. "Ask away."

Matilda's enormous eyes sparkled. "What do I like to eat the best?"

"Lollipops!" He smiled.

Freya's expression shifted. She had just informed him that Matilda liked donuts and was frustrated he got it wrong so fast.

Matilda went on, "What is my most-liked color?"

He checked out her blue-colored dress. "Blue, of course."

Freya became slightly annoyed. She had said Matilda loved pink, but he had completely forgotten!

"This is my last question. What is my most-liked cartoon?"

"Um, Tom and Jerry?"

Freya couldn't stop herself from reprimanding him. "Ashton..."

Of course, it was Peppa Pig! She was upset Ashton got all three of them incorrect!

However, before she could finish, Matilda shouted, "Daddy! You are really my Daddy."

She stretched her tiny arms out to throw herself at him. "Daddy, I want a hug!"

He quickly and carefully held her. Holding the tender and cute girl filled him with joy. For him, nothing compared to the girl he was holding.

Freya was taken aback by this. Ashton had gotten all of it incorrect, so why would Matilda still accept him?

Matilda explained, "He has never returned to visit me before. Only the real one wouldn't know anything about my favorite things."

Freya didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Children's minds were so straightforward.

He looked at Freya smugly while she deliberately showed displeasure. Despite the successful outcome, she wanted him to learn not to make things up from then on. It would be inconvenient if he got caught.

However, Matilda suddenly asked, "Daddy, did you anger Mommy? Go hug her quickly. She wouldn't be angry anymore when I do it."

"Er..." Ashton looked at Freya somewhat awkwardly.

Freya was meanwhile stunned and quickly reassured, "I'm not angry."

"You're lying. You always claim otherwise every time you get angry." Matilda didn't believe her and quickly got off Ashton, dragging his arms so he could hold Freya's waist

Freya trembled and flushed red but could not say anything in Matilda's presence, so she silently endured it in hopes that Ashton wouldn't take advantage.

Feeling a tiny movement from him, Freya's eyes suddenly shot open, her eyebrows going up as she prepared to question him before hearing a soft whisper, "I'm sorry, Freya."

"What did you say, Ashton?" Freya looked at him suspiciously.

"No, no!" Matilda shook her head suddenly. "Mommy, how can you just call him by his name? You should call him darling. Lily said it's what happens at her home."

Freya's face flushed. What sort of topics did the children usually discuss?

"Mommy, Mommy, do it now!" insisted Matilda.

Freya and Ashton had only known each other for less than half a day. How could she do that? Her cheeks went crimson, and she did not know what to do.

He almost couldn't suppress an involuntary laugh. Matilda really was his daughter and knew how to back her father up.

Feeling Ashton's amusement, Freya glared at him but had no other choice other than saying "darling" in a voice as soft as a whisper under Matilda's eager gaze. As soon as she finished, her entire face burned completely red.

Matilda clapped her hands and nodded, satisfied. "Good! Mommy and Daddy, let's go back. I want to sleep with both of you tonight."

Freya's expression stiffened for a moment at this.