

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1081

Chapter 1081

Xyla stared at the ceiling. “You can take it as a yes.” “I can take it as a yes.” Mindy looked a little confused. “What does that mean?”

“It is what it is, literally.” Xyla did not want to explain too much, but she looked at Mindy when she thought of something. “By the way, how’s the crew doing with the investigation?”

Mindy replied, “The crew is currently investigating the props. Generally speaking, the props bureau wouldn’t make such mistakes.”

Mindy looked incredulous. “Moreover, the real props are only used as decorations. The props master just wouldn’t make such a mistake for the scene between you and

Howard.

‘The fake props used by the crew usually look so real that they might get mixed up with the real items, so it’s inevitable to get them wrong if they’re not appropriately allocated. However, Howard’s prop dagger in today’s scene is specially prepared, and it’s impossible for things to go wrong.

‘Unless... Mindy was shocked. “Could someone have replaced the fake prop with a real thing? Xyla frowned slightly. She did not utter a single word while Mindy rubbed her chin.’ Someone must be targeting you deliberately. Could it be the ladies in the crew?”

Xyla wanted to sit up from the bed, but her chest hurt when she moved. Thus, she lifted her hand gently. “Mindy, please crank the lever and raise the bed for me.”

Xyla got to sit up and look at her. “I don’t think it’s them.”

Mindy wondered, “Why?” “Doing such a thing to me won’t do them any good. They would at most badmouth me behind my back to make them feel better. Would they still be able to stay in the crew if they were to be found out by the crew

that they’ve done such a thing to me?” Mindy paused for a split second as what Xyla said made sense. “But if it’s not them, who could it be?” “Can you think of someone who’s currently closely associated with me and has quite a connection with the props bureau?” Xyla raised an eyebrow and smirked.

“That can only be someone from the crew. Mindy really could not think of anyone.

Xyla stared at her. “I’ll give you a clue. It has something to do with my recent news.” Mindy arrived at a lightbulb moment instantly. “It’s Nathan?” Xyla frowned. “I can’t think of anyone else other than him.”

‘Nathan has now become a reject. If it’s verified that the matter is true, Zestar Media will most likely freeze their contract with Nathan, and the whole entertainment industry will also ban Nathan.

‘A man whose future has been laid waste, what will he choose to do in order to turn the tide? He would even think about the person who led all the public’s opinion against him. After all, Nathan’s effort was indispensable when it came to the affair that put me on top of all trending news on Google Trends and Twitter.

‘When the public’s opinion made a U-turn, it’s only natural for Nathan to think that I’m the one who did it. So , it’s possible for him to commit such an act to retaliate against me. Not to mention that he was in the film industry and knows a thing or two about the props we use in the field.’

A few days later, Xyla’s injury made the news, and the crew came forward and apologized immediately as a response.

The director and the crew went to the hospital to visit her to make sure she was all right. They also asked her to have a good rest first and that her part could be made up later on.

When Mr. Mayweather learned that his daughter was injured, he hurried to the hospital. “Xyla.”

“Dad.” Xyla looked at him. “Why are you here ?”

“You’ve been hurt. Can’t I come to visit you ?” Mr. Mayweather stood by the bed and frowned after confirming that she was indeed fine and was not suffering from any other injuries. “Your mother knows that you got injured during the shooting, and she’s worried to death. I knew that I shouldn’t have given you the green light when you told me that you wanted to venture into the entertainment industry.”

“But you’ve agreed to it.” Xyla leaned against the head of the bed. “It’s not that it’s a very common thing that happens all the time. I promise that I’ll be more careful from now on.”

Mr. Mayweather wanted to say something but hesitated, then helplessly placed both his hands behind his back. “The director of

your crew has explained it to me. You’re so careless! I was so scared when—”

Xyla sighed. “I get it, Dad. I’m really fine.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Yorrick appeared at the door, and she was so frightened that she almost screamed.

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Mr. Mayweather turned his head and asked with a slightly puzzled expression, "May I know..." Xyla faltered. "He is... an investor of our crew. He must've come to pay me a visit."

Everything clicked for Mr. Mayweather in an instant.

Yorrick nodded politely toward Mr. Mayweather. "Mr. Mayweather, it's my honor to finally meet you."

Mr. Mayweather smiled politely and scrutinized him from head to toe. "You're not from around here, aren't you? I haven't seen you in showbiz before this."

Yorrick grinned. "Yes, I'm indeed not a local."

Xyla was worried that Yorrick would be exposed and quickly suggested, "Dad, don't you still have work to do? There's no need for you to stay here with me as I have Mindy by my side. So go home first, and tell Mom I'm fine. I'll be discharged after a few days' rest."

Mr. Mayweather wanted to say something, but his daughter kept trying to drive him away, so what else could he say? He was already relieved after verifying that his daughter was safe and sound.

“Okay, okay, I’ll leave. You focus more on resting and recuperating. I’ll come to visit you with your mother in two days.” Upon saying that, Mr. Mayweather also bid Yorrick goodbye and then left the ward.

After her father left, Xyla leaned back on the head of the bed. “Mr. Hathaway, call me beforehand and give me a heads-up before you come next time.”

Yorrick squinted slightly. “What’s wrong? Are you afraid that your father will find out about our relationship?”

“Of course! What if my father misunderstands us?” Yorrick crossed his arms and leaned against the wall, staring at her for a moment.

Xyla felt puzzled. “Why are you staring at me like that?”

He laughed. “You’re the first woman that I know of who doesn’t want to have anything to do with me.”

Xyla flipped her long hair backward and chuckled. “Are you trying to tell me that you’re usually a man that sells like hotcakes? But even if you are, I don’t care about that.” Yorrick walked to the bedside, leaned over, and propped his hands against the mattress next to Xyla’s arm.

Xyla ducked back subconsciously. “What are you doing?” “I—” Yorrick was about to say something when Louis and Ryleigh appeared at the door.

Ryleigh was shocked. “Huh?”

Xyla lifted her hand and pushed Yorrick away, while Yorrick turned his head toward the door and happened to exchange gazes with Louis.

“What are you doing here?” Xyla was flustered.

“I heard that you were injured, so I came to see you, are you guys...”

Ryleigh took a look at Louis and pointed to Xyla and Yorrick.

“Could this man be Xyla’s new boyfriend?”

Ryleigh and Xyla did not know Yorrick’s true identity, but Louis knew.

He narrowed his eyes slightly. “Why is

the heir of the Hathaways here?”

“Heir of the Hathaways?” Xyla laughed. “What kind of heir? We aren’t filming here.

If he’s some heir, then am I the Queen?”

Yorrick finger-combed his hair backward and laughed. “My girlfriend got injured and was hospitalized because of that, so it’s not surprising that I’m here.”

Louis frowned.

The atmosphere in the ward became a little strange

Xyla was the first to speak. “Ryleigh will stay with me. You two, get out of the room.” There was a moment of awkward silence. Louis took a glance at Yorrick. “Mr. Hathaway, let’s grab some fresh air outside.”

Yorrick and Louis left the ward, and Ryleigh walked over in confusion.

“What are you planning to achieve by driving both of them out?”

“Because as a patient, I don’t want to give you the opportunity to flood my room with affection.”

Ryleigh whispered, “Don’t you have a boyfriend now?”

Xyla turned her face away and looked out the window. “He’s not my boyfriend. At least not the boyfriend that you have in mind.”

Ryleigh sat in a chair. Ever since Xyla lent her a helping hand back then, she no longer hated Xyla so much anymore. Thus, she thought about the help she had received from her and decided to come to visit her with Louis after learning about her injury.

Meanwhile, outside the ward, in the corridor...

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Yorrick crossed his arms and glanced at Louis at ease. “If I’m not mistaken, Mr. Lucas, you should have something to say to me, right?”

Louis turned around and stared at him. “It’s rumored that there are always countless women surrounding you, Mr. Hathaway. So, if you’re only staying together with Ms. Mayweather for the fun of it, I’ll advise you just to find yourself someone else.”

Yorrick laughed. “Mr. Lucas, aren’t you married already? Why are you still so concerned about your ex’s affairs?”

Louis frowned and explained solemnly, “Xyla is just a friend to me. However, even if she’s just a friend, I won’t sit idly by when I know she’s getting herself into trouble.

She’s not one of those women that you often find around you.”

Yorrick walked past him and stood on the balcony, and a dark blue pattern could be seen faintly reflecting off the dark suit under the sunlight.

He then looked downstairs. “This is between her and me, and it’s not like she doesn’t like it either.”

Louis looked at Yorrick. “You’re deceiving her.” “I didn’t do or say anything to deceive her.” Yorrick glanced over—the intense gaze that blasted out of his light-colored pupils pierced through Louis’s soul. “On the contrary, I’ve always been completely honest with her.”

‘Candor and honesty are totally different from deceptions and schemes.’ Yorrick had never needed to do anything to deceive any of those women that he had been with — that had always been his style. Thus, since Louis could not prove that he was swindling Xyla, it could only prove that... Xyla was doing so willingly. When the two men returned to the ward, Ryleigh and Xyla should have talked about something while they were away as they were laughing very gleefully. Yorrick came to Louis’ side and said with a hint of mockery, “Your ex and your current wife seem to get along pretty well.”

Louis was rendered speechless.

‘The relationship between these two was indeed quite mysterious and intriguing. They were completely incompatible in the beginning, but they’re like besties now.’

Xyla saw the two of them at the door and stopped smiling, causing Ryleigh to look back and see them. “Why are the both of you back so soon?”

Feeling helpless, Louis stepped forward and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. “It’s time for us to go back.”

Xyla rolled her eyes. “Lunchtime is just around the corner, so please don’t show off in front of me.”

Ryleigh grabbed Louis' arm and giggled." Then we'll only show off in front of you when you've recovered."

Xyla did not want to respond to that. Xyla lowered her eyelids after the couple left. 'In fact, it's not so difficult to give them my sincere blessing, although it's hard to not feel a little regretful

from time to time,

A figure approached her when she was slightly absent-minded, and a voice came from above her head. "Do you still miss your ex?"

Xyla cleared her thoughts, returned to her senses, raised her head, and stared at the face that was so close at hand.

At this time, rays of sunshine gleamed in through the gap between the curtains, and the bright light blurred their silhouettes. Anyone who came in through the door at this moment would be able to feel the ambiguity and beauty and wonder if a kiss would follow such a scene.

However, after staring at each other for a while, Xyla rolled her eyes and laid back on the bed. "He's my ex and only my ex.

What's not to forget about?"

Yorrick saw her calm composure and attitude as if the loneliness that flashed across her eyes momentarily just now was just a bubble.

At this time, his cell phone rang. Yorrick saw that it was a call from one of his bodyguards and went out to answer it.

The bodyguard reported, "Mr. Hathaway, we've found the person who rigged the prop."

In an apartment...

Nathan was leaning against the window dejectedly, Several beer cans were lying at his feet, and he still had half a can left in his hand.

His manager called him, and he turned on the loudspeaker. “Nathan, the agency can no longer help you with suppressing the scandal. As for your contract renewal, it’s no longer within the agency’s plan. You should just consider changing your career path. In my opinion, the entertainment industry is no longer a place for you. This is the best I can do for you after what’s happened. You’re on your own from now on.”

The call ended immediately. Nathan crushed the unfinished beer can out of shape and threw it onto the wall. He then stuck his fingers into his messy hair and scratched. “F*ck it!”

‘It must be Xyla.’

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‘She won’t even think twice before deciding to end me!’

The doorbell rang.

Nathan got up, walked to the door, and asked cautiously, “Who’s this?”

“The apartment’s management,” replied the person outside.

Nathan opened the door without thinking much, and two plain-clothes detectives broke in abruptly and subdued him on the floor.

Before Nathan could say anything, the detectives had already taken out their badges. “You’re Mr. Hayes, aren’t you? You’re suspected of interfering with a filming crew’s operation, endangering the safety of others, and indirectly inflicting bodily injuries. You’re to come to the precinct with us for further investigation.”

Nathan was stunned as he was detained. Several reporters were outside when they walked out of the apartment, all cameras pointing at him, and flashes were flaring non-stop. Thus, Nathan lifted his hand to cover his face subconsciously. “Nathan, someone accused you of rigging the props and causing Xyla to get injured on the set. Is this true?”

“Is it true that Xyla’s injury has something to do with you? Please give us something on that.” Nathan was dumbfounded, and his mind was blank at the moment. He had already been pushed into the police car, and he still had not recovered from the trance.

‘It’s over. I’m doomed for good...’ Sitting in a car that was parked not far away, Yorrick retracted his gaze from the window and said to the bodyguard, “Let’s go.”

#Celebrity Nathan Hayes Has Been Arrested#

Mindy placed her cell phone in front of Xyla to show her the news. Xyla took a glance at the screen and did not say anything.

Mindy put down her phone and said, “I didn’t expect that it was actually part of Nathan’s plot. With that, he’s officially flushed his career and personal credibility down the drain. Zestar Media has announced that they’ve terminated their contract with Nathan.

“All the brands he’s endorsed in the past have all taken him off their list of endorsers, terminated their contracts with him, and recalled all

products he's endorsed before this. His name has also been removed from all the movies and dramas he appeared in. In short, he's completely doomed this time around."

Xyla frowned. "How did they find out that he's the one?"

Mindy did not even lift her head and continued to scroll through all the news and posts on her phone. "Your boyfriend's the main contributor."

'My boyfriend? Is she talking about Mr. Hathaway?'

At Stoslo, the de Armas residence...

Maisie played a few games of chess with Nolan in the room and lost all games in a row. She threw the

chess pieces at him, and Nolan lifted his eyelids and gave off a laugh.

"Giving up already?"

"Yes, I haven't won, not even one game." Maisie crossed her arms.

'Why am I playing chess with him during my free time? I'm just giving him a chance to bully me! Nolan teased her. "It's you. You were too impatient and revealed all your flaws." Maisie got up. "I'm going to tell Grandpa that you bullied me."

Nolan pulled her into his arms and rubbed her cheek with his palm.

"You're getting more and more easily ruffled. At his age, Grandpa won't be able to bear your trivial complaints." 'My adorable wife is getting more and more lovable because of me.'

"I'm pissed, so pissed that there's no way that you'll be able to coax me this time around." Maisie flung his hand away, pulled herself away from him, and wanted to leave but was pressed back into his arms.

Nolan buried his face in her neck and chuckled hoarsely. “Is there really nothing that I can do in order to coax you?”

He gnawed her shoulder with his lips. Maisie shuddered for a bit, propped her hands against his chest, and pushed him away. “It’s in the afternoon!”

Nolan turned over and pressed his body against hers.

At that moment, Nolan’s cell phone rang and interrupted the atmosphere in the room. Nolan’s expression turned slightly cold.

I’ll kill whoever it is who calls at this time! Maisie chuckled and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Dear, oh dear, the timing is not right.” Nolan kissed her on the lips vigorously as if he wanted to draw her soul out of its shell.

‘This woman has to at least pay for interest.’

He rolled over, sat up, unbuttoned the two buttons on his neckline, and answered the call with a sullen expression. “What’s the matter?”

Yorrick laughed. “Yo, judging from your voice itself, did you just get rejected on the bed, Mr. Goldmann?” Nolan gnashed his teeth. “I really want to kill you.”

“Back to business, do you want to come over and have a drink with me?” Yorrick stood in front of the cupboard and took out a bottle of liquor.

“You get your *ss over to Stoslo now, and I’ll drag myself out the building and grab a few drinks with you.”

Nolan did not even wait for Yorrick to say anything before he ended the call. ‘D*mn, this b*stard! He actually called me just to ask me out for a drink with him?’

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Maisie hugged Nolan from behind. “I heard that Yorrick is currently in Zlokova?”

He placed his cell phone on the table. “That guy had his eyes fixed on the project between Eastwood Enterprise and Tristan and went there to take over.”

She was pondering about something while Nolan pounced on her abruptly. She was startled but then placed her finger on his lips. “Mr. Goldmann, you’ve been loafing around and doing nothing a lot recently, All you think about all day long are filthy and indescribable events.”

Nolan held her finger. “As long as I have you by my side, I wouldn’t mind turning into a fatuous and mindless man for the rest of my life.”

Maisie raised her eyebrows and wrapped her arms around his waist. “Then you better take good care of your Johnson and your manhood.”

Nolan kissed her and unbuttoned her. “The eastern hemisphere has a lot of food and recipes that help boost power and stamina in that department. All you need to do is cook some for me regularly, and I’ll certainly still be able to satisfy you then.”

Meanwhile...

After Nolan hung up on Yorrick, the latter sat alone in the huge living room, sipping on his whiskey.

He pinched the foot of the glass with his fingertips and shook it lightly. His gaze landed on the contract lying on the table as he hesitated whether to move on with the content of this contract.

‘Louis Lucas is right. Xyla is indeed not the sort of woman that I see all the time. Those women approach me only because they seek material satisfaction and possessions. Their ambition and greed are shown obviously on their faces, no matter who they are, nobles or peasants.

‘Although Xyla is with me for the money too, I don’t see the insatiable greed that I hate so much in her.’

Yorrick leaned back and held his forehead with one hand. He was a professional when it came to dealing with all kinds of women, but he did not know what to do with a woman like Xyla.

‘If I were to really mutilate the innocent soul of a kind woman, it’d be difficult for me to live with my conscience for the rest of my life.’

Yorrick’s cell phone vibrated twice. He picked up the phone and saw that it was a photo one of his bodyguards had sent.

‘Jodie has actually gone to the hospital?’ He was about to put down the glass in his hand, but it stopped in mid-air all of a sudden as his gaze looked down.

That’s right, it’s just a contractual relationship, not to mention that Xyla can surely handle this woman. So, let’s just forget it.’

At the hospital...

A few perplexed patients were standing outside the ward while Jodie was kneeling on the floor and begging Xyla for something in the ward.

“What’s going on?” “I heard that the woman who’s been hospitalized is having an affair with someone else’s husband. And the wife has come here to ask the

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mistress to leave her husband and return the man to her.”

“Oh my, just how shameless can the woman be? The wife sounds so pitiful.”

Jodie wiped her tears and sneered deep down when she heard the commotion at the door.

‘Aren’t you an arrogant one, Xyla Mayweather? Don’t you care a lot about how others see you? I seriously doubt that this plan to force you into leaving him will fail.

‘All the wealthy men that I know started ignoring me ever since I was fired from the academy, so I don’t have a stable source of income now. I don’t want to be a waitress at some random restaurant, and I certainly don’t want to work a difficult and tiring job.

I don’t want to physically experience how much I’ve fallen from where I was before this.

‘Therefore, all there’s left for me to do is to get my hands on Yorrick Hathaway!

Jodie grasped onto Xyla's hand. "Ms. Mayweather, you don't love Yorrick anyway, so please leave him, okay? I'm begging you."

Xyla watched her play indifferently throughout the whole process. What Jodie was trying to do was both pathetic and ridiculous to her.

'She's a woman who can only survive by relying on rich men. She's suffering big time now as soon as she doesn't have anyone to rely on, isn't she?'

Xyla completely ignored the other patients who were standing at the door watching the play and pushed Jodie away from her." Ms. Smalls, you keep on telling me that Yorrick is your husband. Can you prove that to me?"

Jodie choked on her own words. It was obvious that she could not bring up any evidence, but all she needed to do was to convince the others.

"Ms. Mayweather, what kind of evidence do you want me to show you? You're being so aggressive now only because you want to force me into stepping down as the wife, aren't you? You know for sure that I'm deeply in love with Yorrick. I love him so much that I'll do anything for him, so how can you stick your oar into our marriage!?"

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Xyla laughed because she was 'touched'. "You would do anything for him? Would you die for him?" Jodie's face froze. "What are you trying to say?"

Xyla picked up the fruit knife from the table and got out of bed. Everyone who was standing outside was shocked.

Jodie immediately took a few steps back.” Have you lost your mind?”

She touched the handle. “Didn’t you say you would do anything for him? If you’re willing, then why are you trying to avoid it?”

Jodie thought that she had lost her mind, and so did everyone outside. They immediately went to get the doctor to avoid someone getting gravely hurt.

Xyla didn’t care, but instead, she smiled.” Don’t worry. We’re at the hospital. If I stab you once, you won’t die. Here, prove that you’re willing to shed some blood for your husband.”

She held up the knife, and Jodie was very afraid. She pushed her away and ran to the doorway. “Don’t you come near me, Xyla! You’re a lunatic!”

Xyla’s wound was still healing. That push triggered the pain, but she endured it with a smile, “You swore that you were willing to do anything for him, but you won’t even take a stab?”

She snorted and stared crazily at the pale Jodie. “What’s the point of pretending? If you’re really married, why not just call him to come over and clear things up?”

“I’m giving you a chance to call Mr.

Hathaway over and bring your wedding certificate. If you don’t, you need to get on your knees and apologize.”

Jodie choked because she didn't expect Xyla to see through her plan. If she called Yorrick over, it would...

The doctor walked over and raised his arm when he saw the knife in Xyla's hand." Ma'am, please put down the knife."

The people in the crowd started speaking out as well. "Yes, you're so young and have a long life ahead of you." "There's no need to cause any harm."

"Put the knife down."

Before Xyla said anything, a man behind the crowd said, "Excuse me."

The people blocking the doorway separated, and Yorrick walked in with two bodyguards. He looked at the doctor and then at Xyla, who was holding the knife.

He frowned. "What's going on here?"

The doctor explained, "Someone said that this girl is suicidal."

Xyla laughed and put down the fruit knife." I'm not suicidal. I was just scaring her because she said that she would do anything for you, her husband. I asked if she would take a stab for you, but she wouldn't, so it was just a lie."

"Husband?" Yorrick's eyes narrowed, and he then glared at Jodie.

Her body shuddered. "What's going on? Why would he suddenly show up!?"

I've never been married in the past over three decades of my life. So how did I get a wife?" Yorrick loosened the strap on his watch.

One of the patients at the door was curious. “You’re not her husband? So you’re the patient’s...” Yorrick was quiet for a moment before he answered, “Boyfriend.” Everyone suddenly understood. It wasn’t the wife making a scene with the mistress it was the mistress trying to cause a scene!

Jodie almost bit her lip open when she heard the chatter outside.

Why was she so unlucky that Yorrick showed up? “Mr. Hathaway, I-I didn’t mean to, I just-”

Jodie wanted to continue, but Yorrick

glared at her coldly, “I’ve seen shameless people, but I’ve never seen someone like you. Do you know yourself? Or do you think you’re s*xxy enough to seduce men?”

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Jodie didn’t think that Yorrick would expose her in front of the crowd. Her face slowly turned pale. “Mr. Hathaway, how could you-”

“Oh right, I remember you now. The famous socialite from Yaramoor’s Club, the girl who went overseas with the money of rich men while using three or four more rich men’s money for her living expenses. The girl who was kicked aside because she caught an STD and was fired from the Royal Academy of Music. Am I your next target now that you’re out of ideas?”

Xyla couldn't help but laugh. She stopped, however, when Yorrick glared at her. The chatter worsened. Jodie had brought this shame onto herself, and her face was

pale when she fell to the floor.

Why would he know all these? That was impossible! "Doctor, we should send the woman with STD to the gynecologist so that it doesn't spread." Yorrick waved his arm, and the two bodyguards moved forward to grab her.

Jodie struggled to get free. "I don't have that. That's slander! I... I don't want to go to the gynecologist. I don't want to take tests!"

Jodie wouldn't go because she would be humiliated for life once she got the results!

Yorrick calmly said, "To the psych ward then. If you're really mentally unstable, you might hurt someone. Send her to the psych ward."

Jodie was utterly stunned when the bodyguards took her away.

The onlookers dispersed. Only the two of them were left in the room. Yorrick rubbed his nose. "I guess I've overestimated you. You can't even handle a woman."

Xyla scoffed. "Yes, I couldn't handle her, but why did she do this? That was crazier than being an obsessed fan. I didn't know that she was so crazy about you. You should just be kind and take her in."

She sat on her bed and touched her wound, which hurt immensely because of the shove. She pulled down her gown.

Yorrick looked away. “Have you forgotten that I’m here?” Xyla paused and looked at him. “Oh, I thought you were open-minded. Why didn’t you say that?” She was just checking her wound and didn’t remove her clothes. She remembered something and looked at Yorrick, who was looking away, then smiled. “I’m sure you’ve been with countless women, so you probably have seen all kinds of them. Why are you bashful?” .

Yorrick was rendered speechless.

Xyla tested him by pulling her collar down to her shoulder so that half her snowy shoulder and the gauze on her chest showed.

Yorrick never looked back.

She laughed. “You’re such a gentleman. That’s very rare.”

Yorrick took a deep breath and gnashed his teeth before chuckling. “Your body isn’t worth my attention.”

“You didn’t even look. How would you know that I’m worth your attention? I’m a 32C and have worked as a lingerie model. They’re not small.” Xyla squeezed her boobs.

Yorrick turned over at that moment, saw that, and froze for a few seconds. He covered his face with his hand and looked through gaps between his fingers and called her full name for the first time, “Xyla Mayweather.”

“Aye?” Xyla looked up.

“We should talk about the contract again.” He turned to look at Xyla’s candid and cheerful face.

She paused. “What is there to talk about for the contract?” That was the first time she saw him with a serious expression.

Yorrick showed one finger. “We’ll shorten it to a month, but the price remains.”

He probably wouldn’t be able to handle this woman for three months.