

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1118

### Chapter 1118

Xyla was curious, “A few more days?”

Yorrick raised his eyebrows.

Xyla suddenly scoffed. “Don’t you need to spend time with someone else?”

He pinched her chin. “Who am I supposed to spend time with?”

She pushed his hand away and sat up.” How would I know?”

She stretched her hand out to grab a bathrobe at the edge of the bed and tied her hair up. “If some other woman is waiting for you , I’m not going to take all your time.”

She wanted to get up, but Yorrick put out his arm, pulled her back, and whispered in her ear, “Are you jealous?”

Xyla was stunned but smiled. “I’m just a lover. I have no right to be jealous.” Yorrick laughed and pushed her face toward him. “You’re good at guessing your place.” Xyla escaped from his arms and went to the bathroom. After cleaning, Yorrick ordered food, and the server pushed a cart into the room at 8:00 a m.

Xyla was eating a salad when her phone started buzzing. She turned to look, and it was Mindy.

She opened it and the event was trending.

#The effortless beauty Xyla Mayweather# #Xyla Mayweather showed up in pajamas# Mindy: (I didn't expect that you would make pajamas a trend. Now the fans are searching for a similar design. You're amazing!

Xyla locked her phone. She had really just worn that because of convenience, and those weren't pajamas! They were just casual clothes that looked like pajamas.

Yorrick looked up at her and smiled, "Your pajamas looked quite good."

She locked eyes with Yorrick. He was praising her? In the next second, he added with a serious face, "It was easy to remove."

Xyla burst out laughing and gnashed her teeth. "Yes, there's no need to unbutton."

Yorrick nodded and wiped the corner of his mouth with a napkin. "I'm going to the Persian Gulf."

Xyla was startled and looked down, trying to suppress her happiness. "Oh..." "Come with me.

Xyla's smile froze, and she looked up, "Why should I go with you?"

He placed the napkin at the corner of the table. "I said that you're going to spend a few days with me."

Xyla was rendered speechless.

The Persian Gulf project was an international project partnered with Eastwood Enterprise. Yorrick had taken over from Tristan and worked with

Anthony. He was one of the shareholders who were in charge of the project, so he had to visit the site.

It would take an hour by flight to get from Bassburge to the gulf, and once they got there, there would be a boat ride to the island. The Persian Gulf was a pitstop for sea travel because it was dangerous for the ships to sail around. There was danger of bad weather, hurricanes, no ports to stop at, etc., and it would be a problem.

The freight ships could be seen docked along the coast. A small town that could house around 50,000 residents would be built on the island, and the project would take five to eight years.

Xyla wore a purple beach dress. When they got on the island, the burning sun almost killed her on the spot.

Yorrick didn't wear his usual suit and wore something casual instead. The project manager seemed to have learned about his arrival from Anthony and came to welcome him.

“Mr. Hathaway, I heard from Mr. Topaz that you'd be coming to visit the site. It's noon now, and the sun is at its full brightness. Do you want to take a rest indoors? I'll bring you around in the evening.”

Yorrick took off his sunglasses, looked around, and nodded. “Good idea.” The manager talked about the project along the way, and when they got into the office with air conditioning, the manager got the assistant to bring them cold beverages.

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1119**

### **Chapter 1119**

The manager was worried that Yorrick wouldn't be comfortable, so he said, “I'm sorry, Mr. Hathaway. We're in the middle of a building site, so there are no hotels nearby.”

“It’s alright. I’ll stay where Mr. Topaz usually stays.” Yorrick took the cold beverage.

The manager nodded. “Alright, I’ll arrange for it.”

When the manager left, Yorrick took a sip of the cold beverage and glanced at Xyla, who was sitting next to him with her arms crossed.

He put the cup down and smiled. “Why? Are you not happy that we’re staying at a building site?”

Xyla turned to look at him. “You insisted that I come over with you.”

She understood something and smiled. “You didn’t want your other lover to spend too much time under the sun, so you brought me over as if I’m not tanned enough.”

Xyla had applied a lot of sunscreen when she got off the plane, but she still felt that she was getting tanner. Yorrick smiled and looked at her with a hand under his chin. “You’re definitely jealous if you keep mentioning another woman.”

Xyla didn’t want to speak to him.

He was from Yaramoor, so he would eventually leave. She wouldn’t think that he would stay in Zlokova forever.

The manager walked back in and said he was going to bring them over to the quarters. Anthony usually rested in the worker’s quarters, but he had a room to himself, a bathroom, a kitchen, and air conditioning.

“Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway, I’ll leave you to it then.” He smiled and left.

Xyla's expression froze when she heard, ' Mrs. Hathaway'. She turned to look at Yorrick, who ran his finger across the tabletop and wasn't listening. His finger was covered in dust, so he frowned and wiped his hand with a napkin. "Let's clean up the place."

Xyla pointed at herself. "Me? Clean up?" Yorrick looked at her. "Is there anyone else here?"

Xyla was utterly speechless. Had she come all the way here to work and let him order her around?

Yorrick sat on the sofa with his legs crossed, reading a newspaper, and looked up at Xyla, who was mopping the floor every now and then.

After mopping, she tripped when she was bringing the pail of water out and angrily tossed the mop to the ground. She poured the dirty water away, went back in, and picked the mop back up again.

Xyla rolled up her sleeves and twisted the cloth dry to wipe the table and kitchen. It was so hot that she took off her jacket and tied her hair up into a bun.

Yorrick's eyes followed her around. She was pretty adorable when she was focused.

There was a little cockroach on the kitchen hood.

Xyla raised her hand and squashed it.

Yorrick's expression changed. "What did you just squash?"

Xyla opened her hand. "A cockroach."

Yorrick folded up the paper with a frozen expression.

Xyla seemed to notice something and smiled. “You’re not afraid of a cockroach, are you?”

He gnashed his teeth. “No way.”

“Do you want to see its carcass then?” Xyla walked toward him while he bounced up and backed up to the window. “Don’t come any closer. Don’t you think that’s disgusting?”

“What’s disgusting? It’s dead.” Xyla flicked, and the carcass flew toward him.

Yorrick jumped out of the way, and his face was pale while he clenched his jaw. “Xyla Mayweather, go... Go wash your hands.” Xyla smiled and walked over to him. She found his weakness and wasn’t going to let him get away with it. “Honey, come help me wash my hands.”

Yorrick pointed at her and uttered two words, “Get lost.”

## The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1120

### Chapter 1120

“I won’t.” Xyla walked closer to him and was going to jump on him when he turned sideways and evaded. He then grabbed her by her wrists and held her down in bed.

“Ouch, it hurts!”

Yorrick smiled with a clenched jaw. “Hurts, huh? Don’t you dare play with me.”

“You played with me first. You brought me here to work. Even my dad didn’t ask me to work at home. Let go of me!”

Xyla struggled, but Yorrick grabbed her harder. She yelled out loud because her arms were going numb, “Yorrick Hathaway!”

Yorrick let go of her. “If you don’t wash your hands, you’re not going to sleep in the bed tonight.” He turned and left.

Xyla sat up and rubbed her arm. “Do you think I want to sleep with you?”

Still, this man was afraid of a cockroach, and it was a small one too. That was rare.

Yorrick didn’t return after he left. He probably went for a site inspection with the manager. Xyla opened the fridge, but there was nothing inside.

She put on her jacket and walked out, looking for somewhere to eat. She turned around and saw a mother carrying a child cooking.

At 7:00 p.m., Yorrick returned from the site visit with the manager. He brought food for her because he was worried that she had waited for too long.

Unexpectedly, Xyla wasn’t there. Her bag was.

He frowned, put down the food, and yelled toward the bathroom, “Xyla!”

There was no response. He took out his phone to call her, and her phone started ringing outside. He turned around and saw Xyla walking in with half a watermelon in her arms while eating it with a spoon.

She looked up and was stunned. “You’re back.”

Yorrick saw the watermelon seed stuck to the corner of her mouth and was a lot less angry. “I’m sorry for returning late. You haven’t had dinner, right?”

He was sorry.

Xyla said, “Don’t worry about it. I had some food from the worker’s wife next door.” She had even gotten half a watermelon.

Yorrick was rendered speechless. His guilt was pointless. His eyes grew dark, and his jaw moved.” Since you’ve eaten, you can throw the food on the table away.” He turned and walked into the room.

Xyla was startled as she looked at the food on the table and frowned. ‘Did he... rush back?’

#Evidence of Xyla Mayweather’s relationship# #Mr. Hathaway and Xyla Mayweather’s relationship is exposed#

Mr. Mayweather sat in his office and saw that the magazine that his secretary brought in was about his own daughter’s gossip. His face dropped.

The secretary looked down. “Mr.

Mayweather, the paparazzi have reported about Ms. Mayweather and Mr. Hathaway’s relationship. Multiple magazines have printed 5,000 copies and distributed them. I’m afraid it’s too late to stop it.” Mr. Mayweather put down the magazine because his head was aching and rubbed the bridge of his nose. “Send someone to investigate him and my daughter.” The secretary nodded. “Got it.”



Mr. Mayweather looked at the cover of the magazine on the desk. How could he not recognize his own daughter? That paparazzo had taken such a clear picture.

After finding out that Yorrick was the heir of the group in Yaramoor, he was even more worried because Yorrick was famous for being a playboy and had been with multiple women before. His daughter wouldn't be able to handle that.

He was worried that Yorrick had used some leverage against his daughter. Was it when she had been blacklisted? If she really were to be blacklisted, he would know about it. His daughter must have been bewitched!

No, he had to call to ask. At a beach in the Persian Gulf ... Xyla was bored. She had had dinner at someone's home the night before, so she helped babysit the worker's children.