

The Three Little Guardian Angels
Chapter 1460

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Elaine turned her head around to look at Ian, who was talking with Nolan right now, and pressed her lips.

Lucy came up to her and said, "Eli."

She turned around and replied, "Yeah?"

After Lucy whispered something into her ear, Elaine put the glass on the table and exited the banquet hall with her.

Maisie stood at her spot as she watched them exit the hall.

On the balcony, Elaine stood behind a flower pot covering half of her body.

"Let me guess. You're going to talk me out of this again, are you?"

"I just think you've made a rash decision. Are you sure you won't regret it?"

Crossing her arms in front of her chest, Elaine said, "Even if I'm going to regret it, it's my own business."

Lucy lowered her head and said, "I know. I know I shouldn't say something like this to you at your engagement ceremony. Even though we're not related by blood, you're still my sister. I truly hope that you can find your happiness."

Elaine remained silent.

"Eli, I know you're just having a marriage of convenience with him, but are you sure you're not going to fall for him?"

"Huh?"

Elaine looked at her in surprise, "What are you talking about?"

'Fall in love with him? Are you kidding me?' Lucy continued helplessly.

"Initially, I believed that you wouldn't either. But after seeing Mr. Saldana tonight, I just realized that he's exactly your type."

Elaine liked mature and well-mannered men, and Ian was exactly the type of man she was looking for.

Therefore, Lucy did not believe that Elaine wouldn't fall for Ian.

Elaine suddenly let out a laugh.

After a short while, she said in a serious voice, "Girl, do you think I'm that kind of shallow woman? Yes, you're right. I like mature and well-mannered men, but even if he's my type, it doesn't mean I will fall in love with him, okay? I'm still sober enough to differentiate what's real and what's not."

She liked good-looking men and was certain that no woman wouldn't fall for a mature and well-mannered man.

However, she was not someone who put all eggs in one basket.

Besides, she was very well aware that everything happening right now was fake.

There was no way she would fall in love with Ian, and it was the same for Ian.

Therefore, why would she invite trouble to herself? Lucy took a deep breath and said, "Alright then. I have nothing else to say."

After that, Lucy left the balcony, leaving Elaine alone. She placed her hands on the handrailing and looked toward the sky garden through the window.

Nobody knew what she was thinking right now.

She had to admit that Ian was the type of man she liked. She also did not have the confidence that nothing would not happen between them after some time.

However, one thing she knew was that if she ever fell in love with Ian, it would be like falling into an abyss. She stayed on the balcony for a while before returning to the banquet hall.

Ian had been clinking glasses with people who came to congratulate him.

Even though he had been drinking a lot of wine, he looked perfectly fine.

After the ceremony ended, a few people brought Ian into the car.

He leaned back in the back seat and loosened two buttons on his collars. He tilted his head back and rubbed his nose with his hands.

Edward asked Elaine to send him home.

After all, she was his "fiancee" right now, so she had to take care of him.

She entered the driving seat, and the entire car reeked of booze.

She looked at him through the rear mirror and asked, "Where do you live?"

Ian looked at her through the slits of his fingers and said, "Northbay Avenue, Southpark, Building No.22."

South Park in Northbay Avenue was a townhouse district.

It was considered an old town. It was far from downtown and close to the suburbs.

However, it was quiet and not as noisy as downtown.

Elaine drove the car toward Northbay Avenue.

None of them talked to each other throughout the journey.

The car was dark, and she couldn't see Ian's face clearly through the rear mirror.

'So, you'll get drunk as well. I thought you could hold your liquor very well.'

'I can only drink occasionally,' he replied, his voice deep.

She licked her parched lips and asked, "Is there something bothering you?"

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Ian did not answer.

Elaine also felt that she had spoken out of turn because they had agreed not to interfere with each other's life.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. I just think that if you're regretting it, it'll be better for us to stay engaged for the time being.

"Being engaged will make it easier for you to seize power too."

'I've never liked to force others. Even though he's the one who proposed the marriage at the beginning, the purpose of the marriage has always been the benefit that each of us will get from the marriage at the end of the day.

We won't have anything to do with each other, let alone fall for each other.

'But I've been a little hesitant recently, hesitant about my decision.'

I've never been afraid of a marriage of convenience as I could still keep the life that I want after the marriage.

Getting a divorce can be done any time if I find out we don't suit each other. The whole thing will still be acceptable to me as long as it's not troublesome.

'But after listening to Lucy's reminder, I'm unsure whether I can remain unrelated to Ian in all aspects of life after our marriage.

'To be honest, Ian is excellent in every way. He's both gentle and graceful when he's around me'

Elaine was a little afraid.

They would, in fact, only be acting in front of the public, but if unnecessary feelings were to emerge from all the interactions, her losses would truly outweigh her gains.

The man behind her remained silent for a few minutes and then asked, "Why would you keep on reminding me if I have any regrets or not?"

She choked on her own words for a split second and decelerated.

"Did I?"

He gave off a faint chuckle.

"Are there other issues that are bothering you?"

Elaine pursed her lips and did not utter a single word.

After a long time, Ian glanced out of the window.

"You don't have to overthink this."

The car was parked at 22, Northbay Avenue, Southpark, 20 minutes later. She stopped the car and turned around.

"We've reached your place."

The man in the back was silent.

Elaine got out of the car, walked to the rear, and opened the door.

And under the dim yellow light of the street lamp, she saw him leaning against the back of the seat with his eyes closed, as if he was asleep. She leaned forward, propped one arm against the back of the seat, and nudged him with the other hand.

"Mr. Saldana?"

Ian frowned, rubbed his forehead, and slowly opened his eyes.

He then tilted his head and stared at Elaine's face, his vision slightly blurred as if there were a couple of images that overlapped with herself.

"Mr. Saldana?" She called out his name again.

Ian returned to his senses slightly, and his eyes were fixed on her face.

Now that he could see Elaine clearly, he covered his forehead.

"I'm sorry."

Elaine got out of the car and held the door for him.

"You're home."

He responded with a light hum and got out of the car. He could not even stand firmly and turned slightly toward her.

Elaine lifted her hands to support his arm.

"Are you okay going in by yourself?"

He paused for a few seconds and laughed as his chin rested directly above the top of her head.

The smell of liquor brushed through her hair as he breathed out.

"Then will you send me in?"

'Send him in?' She looked back at the villa where the lights were out.

"Is there no one else living in your house?"

He replied, "I'm the only one living here."

"This...Wouldn't this be a tad bit inappropriate?"

Ian leaned toward her and lay on her back.

It felt like he was using her as a crutch, but it did not feel as intimate as it could be.

"You're now my fiancée. What's not appropriate about this?"

Elaine swallowed her saliva.

'He's so right that I can't even refute his statement'

"Then I'll take you in," she said very lightly as she supported him.

Fearing that he might fall, she asked again, "Can you still walk?"

'I won't be able to carry such a huge man on my back. Not to mention that I'm wearing heels now'

He laughed.

"I'm not that drunk just yet."

Elaine helped him to the door, but his door was locked, and it would take a pin code to unlock it.

She was waiting for him to enter the pin code when he said, "The pin code is 0626."

She typed it in, and the door opened automatically.

"Is that pin code your birthdate?"

He replied, "No."

Elaine understood something immediately.

'If it's not his birthday, it must be his first love's birthday'

'How am I so clever!?'

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Ian seemed to have seen through her thoughts.

"It's the last four digits of my cell phone number."

Elaine was rendered speechless.

'This is a little awkward now'

She chuckled and helped him in the door.

"There's no need to explain that."

He responded with a light hum.

"I'm not explaining."

'I'm just telling her the pin.'

It doesn't mean anything.

He stretched out his hand to turn on the chandelier, and the space lit up instantly.

The interior of the villa looked quite simple.

There were not as many bells and whistles as she imagined, and it did not look luxurious.

It looked simple, clean, and spacious. She helped him back to the bedroom, which looked even emptier.

There was only one king-sized bed, a wardrobe, a desk, a bookshelf, and no extra sundries or other items. She looked around.

"Your place looks way too simple."

It did not look shabby. It was just that it was extremely simple. It seemed almost vacant and did not feel like home at all. It was more like a temporary shelter.

"I live alone, so there's no need to put so many things in the house."

His eyes shifted from side to side, and he stopped for a few seconds before adding slowly, "I don't come here very often either."

He rarely returned home, mainly because it was located very far away, and it was inconvenient for him to come home when he was on a mission.

Elaine understood his reasoning and did not ask any more questions.

"Since you've arrived home safely, I'll go first."

As soon as she turned around, the person behind her asked indifferently, "Aren't you going to stay here for the night?"

Elaine was stunned, and her expression became more and more embarrassed.

"Although we're engaged, this is really inappropriate for me to do so."

Ian rubbed his temples, lifted his eyelids, looked at her, and laughed.

"Do I look like a playboy to you?"

She shook her head.

"Not really."

"Then what are you afraid of?"

Elaine was at a loss for words.

Ian explained with an unchanged expression, "You're too far away from the Xavier mansion. It's not safe for you to drive home alone at night. You should stay here for the night, and I'll send you back tomorrow morning."

What he meant was that it was not safe for her to travel at night, and he was asking her to stay without any ulterior motive.

Elaine was silent for a few seconds.

"Then where should I sleep?"

"You can sleep in the bedroom."

Before Elaine could react, Ian had already gotten up, taken off his suit, draped it on his forearm, and stood at the door.

"I'll sleep on the couch."

Her mind was racing.

"I'll sleep on the couch."

'How could I let the house owner sleep on the couch? I'll just make do with what I have to survive the night.

Ian turned to look at her and gave off a smile.

"Nah, it's more convenient for you to sleep here."

He was a little tired because of all the alcohol, so he did not say much, went out, and closed the door behind him.

Elaine watched as the door closed until she could no longer see his figure. 'This is still a man's house, and even though he's my fiance, this still feels really weird.

'But what he said is right. It's convenient for me to sleep in the bedroom because there's a private bathroom"

Elaine hurriedly took a shower, got onto the bed, and took a glance at the door.

'He should have fallen asleep, shouldn't he?' She pursed her lips and turned off the lamp.

Not long after she laid down and rolled over, she completely lost her drowsiness.

She was occupying someone else's bed and letting him sleep on the couch. She just could not help but feel a little sorry.

Thus, she turned on the lamp, dimmed it, went to the closet, and rummaged for the extra blankets and pillows.

The light in the living room was not turned on, and a faint smell of alcohol permeated the cold air.

She followed the trail highlighted by the light that shone through the ajar bedroom door and walked toward the couch.

The man on the couch rested his forearm on his forehead, his shirt's buttons were unbuttoned down to his chest, and he was asleep in a very languid position, but he still looked well-mannered and decent.

His breaths were very light, and he did not snore.

If she had not come closer to listen, she would have thought that he was not breathing.

Elaine carefully covered him with the blanket to avoid waking him up and placed the pillow aside.

'Perhaps he might need it when he wakes up in the middle of the night"

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After doing all this, she crept back to the bedroom.

Ian slowly opened his eyes, touched the blanket on his body, and turned to look at the silhouette that was stepping into the bedroom.

He was well aware of how much he had drunk. He did drink a lot, but he was not completely drunk.

Moreover, he was an undercover agent and had taken up a lot of dangerous undercover missions back then, so he had always been a very light sleeper.

He had already woken up when she opened the door and walked out of the room.

Ian chuckled softly. He had wanted to see what she would do, but he was really surprised by her actions.

The next day...

Elaine slept until 8:00 a.m. and woke up on time.

She washed up and walked out of the bedroom only to realize that the blanket and pillow were the only things left on the couch.

"You've woken up."

Ian came out of the kitchen with breakfast. She was astonished and walked toward the dining table.

The breakfast was simple but looked good and smelled delicious.

"Your cooking skills are quite up there, huh?"

Ian pulled out a chair.

"After living by myself for such a long time, honing a few cooking skills was a necessity."

She sat down.

"Are you sober?"

"I'm not even hung-over."

Ian sat across from her and started buttering his toast slowly.

"Did you sleep well last night?"

"It's quite okay."

Elaine lowered her head and tasted the sausage on the plate.

Ian placed the buttered toast on the plate in front of her.

"How is it?"

She nodded.

"To be honest, this is delicious"

He chuckled.

"Take this as an appreciation for bringing me a blanket and pillow."

Elaine's eyes shifted away as she explained, "It's just that I felt bad for occupying your bed for the night."

She had no other intentions.

Making a drunk man sleep on the couch made her feel guilty.

"You're a very kind lady."

"Are you complimenting me?"

Elaine bit her fork. She did not seem to have done anything.

Ian smiled and said nothing.

After breakfast, he asked her to wait in the living room, changed into a new set of clothes in the bedroom, and sent her back.

Elaine was still wearing last night's evening dress.

Ever since the arrival of autumn, the breeze was freezing in the morning, and she could not help but shiver a little.

She walked to the front of the car and was about to open the door when Ian draped his coat over her shoulders, and his fingertips touched her skin inadvertently.

There were some calluses on his hands.

They were not very rough, and they scraped lightly across her skin like fine sand, but the friction on the skin was enough to light a fire in the heart. She was lost in her thoughts for a while as if the world was standing still.

However, Ian acted very openly.

He knew how to grasp the sense of proportion and appropriation, so even when he made such a move, it would not feel like he was overstepping but felt like he did so out of a gentleman's courtesy.

"You should put it on first."

He then retracted his hand and walked around the car to the driver's seat.

She was dumbfounded for a few seconds before regaining her senses. She got into the front passenger seat, fastened her seat belt, and said, "Thank you."

He turned to look at her.

"You're welcome."

Elaine tried to calm down the throbbing in her heart that was about to spread like wildfire.

'I have to admit that Ian's charm is prominent, especially his sense of proportion.

'Usually, the more obvious a man's purpose is, and the more disrespectful a man is, the more likely he'll arouse the disgust of a woman.

That's because the woman would be able to guess what he's thinking at once.

'On the contrary, the more a man can keep his impulse under control and restrain himself, the more a woman will feel a sense of security and dependency when she's around him.

This trait is even more obvious when it comes to Ian, a man who keeps all his secrets to himself and acts mysteriously all the

time.

'If all of these were part of his act, I can only admit that his acting skills are so good that he can make fake scenes look real and that I definitely won't be able to go against him when it comes to cheating one another"

Ian sent her back to Xavier mansion, and she returned the jacket to him before she got out of the car.

"Thank you, Mr.Saldana."

He paused for a moment before grabbing his coat.

"Ms.Xavier, you're truly a courtesy enthusiast."

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