

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2041

Chapter 2041 Daisy cast her eyes low. "I know, I know. I'll stay out of trouble for all of your sake." Suddenly, something took shape in her mind, prompting her to ask, "Aunt Saydie, did you catch any news about Nollace?" Saydie shook her head. "I doubt he's using his real name while active in the East Islands, especially since that's also where Donald is. Nollace is a cautious guy, so he must have taken up some kind of pseudonym."

A pseudonym necessarily complicated their search. Daisy fell silent. She seemed to be mulling over something.

Far in the East Islands, the furor was brewing in the Commune. Joaquin Serrano grimaced as soon as he received the news. "What's the meaning of this? That old bag appointed some outsider to take over The Commune!?"

The Commune had always been The Serpents' turf. Sunny Southern had been painfully reluctant to cede control over the territory to The Serpents for so many years, and yet the same Sunny Southern decided to hand control over to a man who was not even a member of the Southern Clan!

Could it be that... Sunny had caught onto something? Florence Serrano suddenly burst into his study. "Dad!" Joaquin ordered his underlings to leave them be, though he did not hide the frown from his daughter either. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

Florence was too wrapped up in her own resentment to care. "Goddamn Cameron's ass is back!"

Joaquin furrowed his brows. He drank his wine without a word. He had long heard of Cameron's return. The same investigation also revealed that the outsider punk who was to take over The Commune was the fellow Cameron had brought home.

Cameron was several years younger than his daughter, but his status as the heir to the Southern family made him important. He was a bachelor and did not seem to be seeing anyone at the moment, and now, the fact that the family appointed an outsider to manage The Commune implied certain degrees of guardedness. He set his winecup down. "It occurs to me, Florence, that Cameron's at the age where he should settle down with a partner."

Florence was visibly stunned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Joaquin stared at her matter-of-factly. "I would like both of you to marry each other." Florence's furious protest was immediate. "Why must I marry Cameron?! Do you have any idea just how irritating he is? He just has to be this bloody contrarian against everything I do or say, and he never cares about how I feel. He insulted me in front of

other people before!" she erupted hotly. "Do you know what kind of torment you're putting me in?"

"Shut up!"

Florence froze.

Her father had never talked to her like this.

The man regained his composure enough to maintain some sort of calm. "Listen, Florence. The Southern Clan is steadily wary of us. That Cameron brat may be a thorn in your side, but he's the only son that geezer had. A marriage between you and him will benefit the entire family." Florence bit her lips. She could tell that her father was being serious about his proposal, but to suggest she became Cameron's wife out of the blue like this? Was it true? Had the Southerners really begun to grow wary of them? When it really came down to it, Florence had no real objection to the marriage. Cameron leaned hard to the feminine side of the spectrum, but he was still handsome and pleasant to the eyes. He was also highly competent—The Serpents could send all of their best fighters against him, and he still might emerge victorious.

The more unruly the man was, the more pleasure one got when he eventually cowered. Florence broke out a smile. "Alright, Dad. I hear you loud and clear. I'll be nice with Cameron from now on."

Joaquin nodded, satisfied. "Good. Very, very good. We'll wait for a few days. Then I'll suggest this union. Even if that old man rejects it... I'll find some other ways to make him."

Florence left the study. The corner of her lips was raised.

Cameron was not the only one she wanted. That other young man she met in the restaurant today? She would bag him too. Sooner or later, all of these men would be hers!

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2042**

Chapter 2042 The next day, Daisy looked for Waylon in the room next to hers. She was about to knock when she realized the door was not exactly closed. She peered through the lean crack and saw Waylon talking to a man in front of his window. "You sure that was Neal Beck?" The man nodded. "Yes. I dug a little deeper, too. All they know it's that he's some sort of VIP Cameron Southern met while conducting business abroad. He was obviously very well regarded,

considering how Mr. Southern later made him the governor of The Commune traditionally The Serpents' territory."

Waylon narrowed his eyes.

'Neal Beck... A stranger the Southern heir brought home.' Had he not already known Nollace was rescued by Cameron, he would have never suspected 'Neal Beck' to be a pseudonym.

This Neal had to be Nollace.

"Please continue your work. See if you can gather more useful information." The man gave a small nod. "Understood."

Daisie ducked behind the wall the moment the man turned. When the door was yanked open, she came out of hiding and assumed the pretense of having just arrived. "Hey, Waylon!"

The man froze in mid-walk. He turned to his boss. Waylon nodded.

The man left, and the older brother fixed his eyes on Daisie. "Heard it all?" Daisie smiled disarmingly. "What? No! No way! I just came here!" Waylon walked up to her and gave a light tap on her head. "You're such a terrible liar." She scratched the side of her head, embarrassed. "Fine, fine. You... found some lead to Nolly's whereabouts, didn't you?"

"More or less." Waylon started toward the couch. He fell into his seat and picked up his coffee. "But you still can't see him at the moment."

"It's not like I must see him, okay?" She protested as she hastily took her seat next to him. Lowering her voice, she added, "I just... want to make sure he's okay."

Waylon laughed and cast a lopsided glance at her. "Oh, he's very okay." "Anyway, Saydie said Sunny is willing to join hands with the Metropolis. Is that true?" "That's right." He sipped his coffee and set the cup down. "Sunny undoubtedly decided to join this alliance after considering his family's future. Even the mightiest adversary becomes surmountable when you have a powerful ally." Regardless of the Southern Clan's strength, they still had more than enough reasons to worry about Fabio's expansionist ambition. It was only natural that the Southern Clan would consider joining an alliance. Daisie smiled. "Cameron's the heir, isn't he? If we buddy up with him now, it's gonna benefit you a lot in the future, right?"

Waylon shifted his attention to her. He could not stifle his laughter. "You're actually giving your big brother's future some thought!"

Daisie wrapped her arms around his. "And that's only because you're my big brother! Plus, there's also that lady who's on her way to being a spinster, Florence Serrano. We gotta worry about it. I think she has her eyes set on you, but I'm not about to let just any woman become my sister-in-law. Especially not someone so massively unqualified as her!"

There was no way they could avoid crossing paths with Florence—they had already offended her. Meanwhile, Cameron looked to be around their age, and he did not seem like a nasty person to boot. Not only could they count on him for cooperation, but he could be the shield defending Waylon from Florence's advances.

Waylon saw through her thoughts almost a little too handily. He pinched her nose as though he could not believe her. "Do you know what your plan entails? I'm gonna have to flatter someone's ego for it to work!"

Daisie cracked out a grin. "Well, if we're gonna rely on him a little, then what's the harm in flattering our ally's ego?" A few days passed... Cameron slept all the way to the afternoon

before a commotion from downstairs stirred him. He heard approaching footsteps shuffling to a stop right outside the draping curtains, which separated Cameron's quarter from the world outside. The maid reported, "Mr. Serrano had come to talk to Mr. Southern." Cameron sat up. Long, raven-black hair spread out like a tapestry from his head. "What's he doing here?"

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2043

Chapter 2043 The woman's eyes glided over the curtain. She could see the silhouette flitting about behind the veil. "Joaqin expressed his wish to marry Ms. Serrano to you." The silhouette inside froze, comb still locked in black, smooth hair. A peal of laughter suddenly erupted from beyond the curtains. "Oh, Joaqin has such a sick sense of humor. Imagine, asking me to marry a squawking chimpanzee!" The woman cast her eyes to the floor. "Mr. Southern has refused."

Cameron was done grooming. The silhouette emerged from behind the curtains, cutting a sleek, tidy figure made even more handsome by an aura of heroism. A melange of languidness, laid-back casualness, and unflappability hung over the figure's face. "So, Dad's decision to let Mr. Beck take care of The Commune really threw The Serpents off, didn't it? And the only solution they could come up with was political marriage. Well, sucks to be them. I'm not... 'husband' material."

The woman sighed. "It's a potential blow to your identity. That's what this is." Everyone knew that Sunny had a son, but only Sunny, the butler, and this woman knew who Cameron really was. An enigma in both thoughts and actions, he... was, in reality, a "she."

The woman followed Cameron downstairs. A stormy-faced Sunny was sitting in the living room. It was quite obviously related to Joaquin's request. Cameron lifted the teapot. "What's with the sulk, Dad? I'm one of the two main characters in that proposal, and even I look less upset than you are." Sunny looked up. "I shot

it down, but that rat had a contingency plan up in his sleeves! He dared mention the promise your grandfather made to pressure me!"

Sunny's father used to be best friends with Joaquin's father back in Jakukari. That friendship had been the basis behind Sunny granting the Serrano family asylum in the East Islands when the latter faced a crisis. What was more, Sunny's father had even promised Joaquin's father that their grandchildren should definitely marry each other in the future.

Nevertheless, all it took was the passing of Sunny's father and Joaquin inheriting The Serpents' leadership to expose who The Serpents really were. Sunny managed to hide that his 'son' was really a daughter, while Joaquin never had a son at all. There was no way to make their parents' promise come true, but there was an inherent problem with coming clean. If words of Cameron's real sex got out, the Southern Clan, and their family, would be plunged into chaos. Cameron caressed her father's palm reassuringly. "I'll handle this, Dad."

The older man looked at her, took a deep breath, and nodded. "Alright. This is about your identity. I'm much more at ease knowing that you'll solve it yourself." News about the proposal spread through the island like wildfire. It was clear just how much Joaquin had prepared for this. With the promise between their fathers as the foundation and the virality of the news, the Southern family's rejection would automatically become an invitation for an insurrection.

Nollace set the newspaper down and looked across the table, and his eyes fixed on Cameron drinking tea. "They are using that marriage proposal as a litmus test for your father's thoughts, aren't they?" Cameron stared into her cup, her eyes tracing the circling steam rolling out of its surface. "They grew antsy after you assumed control over The Commune. They don't know what my old man's thinking, so they resorted to this tactic."

Nollace's eyes flicked aside for a second. "If the Southern reject them, they will mount this as an excuse to join Fabio's camp. Fabio is only all-too-happy to see the house divided. The fact that I'm the new overseer of The

Commune only sends things hurling in that direction," he said. "I doubt Mr. Southern had expected The Serpents to use a political marriage as a test."

He had expected Joaquin to be confused and anxious about Sunny's thoughts about The Serpents, but he had not predicted this tactic at all.

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2044

Chapter 2044 Well, it looked like Sunny had underestimated The Serpents, after all.

Cameron

was a little shocked to see how thorough Nollace's analysis was. Her time with Nollace had been short so far, and yet it was enough for her to realize that he was observant, shrewd, perceptive, and incredibly intelligent. He never put all his cards on the table, and he never left traces that could incriminate him. He was mysterious.

The more mysterious a man was, the more unsettling he was. Had he appeared to her as an enemy—Cameron doubted she could escape him at all.

She traced the rim of her teacup and smiled briskly. "I'm not too worried about Joaquin's scheme. It's his daughter who's the biggest thorn in the flesh."

Nollace narrowed his eyes in silence.

Cameron propped the side of her face with her hand and leaned onto the armrest lazily. "I bumped into two foreigners in a restaurant the other day," she intoned, surveying his reaction. "Brother and sister, I think. They don't look like your garden-variety commoners." Nollace stiffened, and his eyes lit up. "Brother and sister?"

Cameron crossed

her legs. There was something implicative about her smile. "They're here to do business ... or so they said. The man was pretty pleasant to the eyes. The woman? She looked like she was hiding her real features, but you can almost see through it if you pay attention. She looked like a big-name celebrity from Zlokova."

Nollace was quiet. He chewed over her words, wondering about how true it was. He suspected that this could be a test. A while later, he finally spoke noncommittally. "Why are you telling me this?"

Cameron removed the old, soaked teabag from the pot. "Because I think you know the man. I think you people are more than mere acquaintances. And... I do read the news."

Nollace said nothing. Daisy had publicized their marriage to the world since he was reported missing in the hopes that those who rescued him would know who he was or who to turn him to. It would have been an unquestionable move to make if she remained in B

assburgh. However, Cameron saw her in the East Islands and even recognized her. That meant Donald would catch on sooner or later.

'God! That brave, stupid girl came to look for me, didn't she?'

Cameron brewed a new pot and poured it into his glass cup. "Looks like I scored a 10. They are from Zlokova, and they are here for you." Nollace raised the cup, but he did not drink it. "Congrats on having good eyes." Cameron's smile was too faint to reach her eyes. "What? Not going to meet them?"

"Right now, that will only put them in jeopardy." "Oh yeah?" Cameron replied imploringly, "I think they are way past that." Nollace froze. His eyelids perked, but his expression was unreadable.

Cameron chuckled flippantly. "They rubbed Florence the wrong way despite having just arrived, which is not a good thing. She isn't someone to be trifled with... at all. Any guy who looks pretty enough to catch her eyes will always end up in her lap. By force, if she has to. As for the women who happened to accompany her target? She usually just feeds them to her not-at-all-gentle dogs."

Nollace's grip around the cup tightened. A layer of frost seemed to have formed in his eyes. "I see. But isn't Ms. Serrano your betrothed? Unless... You can't marry her but don't want your family trapped in a nasty dilemma. So now, you're hoping that I'll do the dirty work of cleaning up for you by telling me this." Cameron could not contain her laughter. "We're partners, aren't we?" she said, showing no sign of denial.

"We're working together, all right." Nollace set the cup down. "Don't worry. I won't walk back on my promise to your father, but you need to help me too." Cameron shrugged. "You have my attention." "I want those two foreigners to be granted protection by your family," Nollace said matter-of-factly. Cameron frowned. "I didn't take you as the type to milk charity and goodwill from your benefactors."

"You know who I really am, and I know your secret, too," Nollace stated placidly. "We are partners, and a partnership is predicated on mutual sincerity. I'm not the only one who has to pull their weight on this department, 'Mr.' Cameron."

## **The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2045**

Chapter 2045 Cameron's smile faded.

Nollace did not stay to hear her answer. He picked his jacket up and left. He was certain that the answer was only going to be yes.

Cameron waited until he disappeared into the door to lean against her chair, her mood pensive and thoughtful. A woman approached her from the side and informed her, "Mr. Cameron? Ms. Serrano

invited you on a date in a restaurant.” A smile shadowed Cameron’s lips. “And she couldn’t even wait.”

The venue was devoid of other patrons. Clearly, Florence had the whole establishment cleared out just for her. Now, her bodyguards stood outside like a row of samurais.

Cameron brought two women with her. She found Florence refining her makeup from her seat, her eyes staring at a compact mirror. “Ah, Cameron! You kept me waiting for a little too long.” The cap on her lipstick clicked. She looked up and flashed Cameron her most seductive smile.

Cameron pulled a chair out, sat, and chortled. “That’s your winning makeup? You wouldn’t be out of place if you stood outside a brothel! It doesn’t look good on you at all, Ms. Serrano.”

Florence’s mien turned stormy. How dare this b\*stard suggest something like this!? She took a deep breath and made sure her smile did not falter. “Look, Cameron. We’re gonna be married very soon, aren’t we? Are these really the things you should say to your future wife?”

Cameron narrowed her eyes. “I think I’ll be getting nightmares every night if my wife looks like you.”

“How dare you!?” growled Florence. Rage flickered in her eyes, but her father’s order compelled her to suppress the mutiny. She gnashed her teeth and forced a smile. “Listen, Cameron. The fact that I’m willing to marry you means I think you’re worth it! Unless... Dare I say it? Unless you’re impotent.” Cameron’s outward indifference made Florence break out a self-satisfied laugh. “Oops, did I just get it right on the first try? Tsk, tsk. How old are you, Cameron? You’ve never seen anyone all your life! What are you? An incel?”

The woman standing behind Cameron was visibly upset. “Please watch your words, Ms. Serrano.”

“Ooh!” Florence leaned forward and took a good look at Cameron. “I mean, everyone loves a pretty boy. You’re a pretty boy, aren’t you? That’s the d\*ck women love sucking.” Cameron laced her fingers together and set them on the table. “And? How are you so sure about me never seeing anyone? Why would I ever tell you?” Florence was quiet. She had indeed never gone out of her way to gather information on his love life, but that was only because he was so infuriatingly irritating. The enmity was mutual, too, so why should she waste time giving a sh\*t about his love life?

How could a man like Cameron feel nothing about a woman as seductive and alluring as Florence? Was there something even more suspicious about this weirdo?

“Hmm. Maybe I have made a mistake, after all,” she suddenly said. “I’d like to apologize.”

She poured a cup of wine and pushed it to Cameron. The latter stared at it but said nothing. Florence raised her own cup. “You wouldn’t mind a toast, would you?”

Cameron pinched the stern between her fingers and sniffed its content. A smile crept on to her lips—

a smile that did not reach her eyes. “Bold of you to try such a typical, underhanded trick on me while I’m right here, Ms. Serrano.”

Florence’s smile froze, but her expression, too, seemed to have calcified. “I don’t think I understand your accusation, Cameron.”

Cameron’s attention shifted to the wine. “I have always been hypersensitive to alcohol. I can smell something is amiss. The color is too murky, too, so... you added some extra kick into it, didn’t you?”

Florence visibly stiffened. “You can’t be serious.”

Cameron pushed the wine back to her. “How about you sample it?” Florence’s hands, while placed on her lap, balled into fists. She glared into her partner’s eyes like a hawk. 1

She had spiked the wine, but it was a drug that had always been difficult to detect. Nobody else had ever suspected a thing, and yet Cameron somehow noticed it!