

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2116

Chapter 216 Waylon hesitated slightly. "You..." "Are you shy?" Cameron looked at him and raised her eyebrows lightly. "Don't worry. I won't do anything to you. Just treat me like a man."

Waylon was at a loss for words.

Cameron arranged her pillows, and in order to make room for him, she lay on her side with her back facing him and then added, "I don't move much when I'm asleep. You have my word that I won't be touching you while you're sleeping, so don't worry." Waylon smiled helplessly, smoothed the blanket on his body, and lay down on his back. The small single bed was indeed a little too crowded for two people, and it was almost impossible to turn over at will.

Cameron lay on her side and left a little gap between the two of them, most probably fearing that she would get into contact with the wound on his arm.

Waylon stared at the ceiling for a long time, then turned his head to the side and looked at the woman lying beside him with her back facing him. "You really don't mind this at all, huh?" She was flustered, then rested her elbow under the side of her head. "What's there to mind? This is not my first time sleeping on the same bed with another man. I've eaten and stayed under the same roof with five or six men before."

He frowned. "Didn't they get suspicious of your identity?"

Cameron stared at the corner of the room. "Why would they suspect me? In their eyes, I'm their young master. They would talk to me as if they were talking to a tiger, so who would have the guts to doubt my identity?" Waylon smirked. "You're correct in that sense too." He then slightly turned over to his side of the bed to make more space.

After the lights went out, the room was pitch black. The two were lying on the same bed, and neither had spoken since then.

In fact, Cameron could not fall asleep at all, and she did not dare to turn over at will either. When she went to sea and stayed under the roof with those subordinates, she did not feel embarrassed. Perhaps, it was because those men treated her like a man and did not even know she was a woman.

But things were a little different with Waylon. He knew her identity, and that was why she felt a little embarrassed.

However, most probably because she did not get to rest well in the woods last night, she soon became drowsy and fell asleep. What she did not know was that Waylon could not sleep throughout the night. After all, it was his first time sharing a bed with a woman. Cameron did not move all night, and she was extremely cautious, even when she was sleeping. She remained still in the position that she fell asleep in for a long time. But someone was

worried that she would roll off the bed because she turned over while she was sleeping and looked back at her four to five times. Waylon placed the back of his hand against his forehead. 'Sure enough, not every woman sleeps as restlessly as Daisy does.' Meanwhile, at the hospital...

When the elevator door opened, the nurse was going through some documents at the nurse station. Two doctors in white robes and masks walked out of the elevator, passed by the station, and knocked on the table. "Which ward is Mr. Serrano in?"

The nurse answered them without even lifting her head. "Ward 63."

The two men came to the door of Ward 63, skimmed through the patient's chart, and determined that it was indeed Joaquin.

The two exchanged glances and pushed the door open.

Through the dim light in the corridor, they saw the man lying on the hospital bed with his back facing the door. He seemed to be sleeping soundly and not making any movement. One of the men pulled a dagger out of his robe, walked up to the bed, and stabbed the person on the bed accurately. Sensing something immediately after the stab, the man turned over the person on the bed. It was a silicone dummy! "F*ck! We've been played!"

They quickly fled, but as soon as they got out of the ward, they saw several men coming out of the room next to the ward. They turned around and saw three men holding daggers and blocking their way into the corridor behind them. The other party came at them from both ends of the corridor. The two men gnashed their teeth, bit the bullet, took out their daggers, and sprinted toward the men. They were outnumbered, and the two of them were quickly captured.

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2117

Chapter 2117 Daisy walked out from behind the group of men. One of the assassins was stunned and realized something. "Aren't you the nurse at the nurse station?"

Daisy squinted and smirked. "Then are you doctors only because you're wearing white coats?"

The men were at a loss for words.

They had wanted to sneak into the hospital in the middle of the night to murder Joaquin, but they did not expect these people to wait here to ambush them ahead of time. It was estimated that the people who had gone after Sunny had also failed.

It was dawn, and a ray of sunlight shone into the room through a crack in the window.

Because Cameron had been sleeping in one position, her entire arm was numb when she woke up.

She turned over subconsciously and found that there was another blanket on her body, and the other side of the bed was empty.

When she rubbed her hand against the space of the bed, there was not even a trace of residual warmth.

'It seems that he's woken up a lot earlier.'

Cameron did some basic stretching, got out of bed, and walked out of the room groggily. However, before she could get into the living room, she heard the voice of the old lady who let them into her house.

Cameron lifted the curtains, went out, and saw breakfast on the table. At this time, the old lady came out of the kitchen carrying more dishes and saw her. "Girl, you've woken up." Cameron stared at the exquisite food on the table. "These are.."

"Oh, these are your boyfriend's masterpieces."

"My boy... Boyfriend?" Cameron was taken aback. The old lady laughed. "Aren't the two of you a couple? By the way, your boyfriend's cooking skills are top-notch. You really have good eyes. You've actually found yourself such a handsome boyfriend who can cook. You'll definitely live a life full of delicious meals after you get married in the future."

The corner of Cameron's lips twitched, and she covered her forehead, "Madam, you've misunderstood. We're not in that kind of relationship." Waylon came out of the kitchen with the last dish and placed it on the table. The old lady seemed to have not heard Cameron's explanation and started praising Waylon. "So sorry to have to bother you so early in the morning. You even have to help me make breakfast."

Waylon let off an amiable smile. "You're exaggerating, madam. You're the one who took us in for the night. We're the ones who bothered you, so you don't need to feel embarrassed to ask me to help you make breakfast."

Seeing that he was such a sensible young man, the old lady grinned from ear to ear. Cameron sat in the seat and looked at the scrumptious and appetizing breakfast on the table. She picked up the silverware and tasted it, and her eyes lit up. She then stared up at Waylon. "You're quite good at cooking, Mr. Goldmann." "These are comparable to the breakfast made by chefs from high-end restaurants."

Waylon filled a bowl with some oatmeal. "My mother was a busy woman when I was young, so in order to share her burden, I was usually the one who made breakfast." Cameron was startled. "Aren't there servants in the Goldmann mansion? Why would you need to make breakfast?"

"Just like me, I've never entered the kitchen to cook because we have cooks at home who are specially tasked to cook us meals. Forget about me. Even my father can't make a decent breakfast at his age."

Waylon stirred the oatmeal in his bowl with a spoon, and his eyes moved. "We hadn't gone back to the Goldmanns at that time."

Cameron choked on her own words. "I shouldn't have dug so deep when it comes to somebody else's family affairs." After breakfast, both of them bid the old lady goodbye. The old lady was so enthusiastic and affectionate that she gave them two chickens she had raised by herself. Cameron was too embarrassed to refuse her kindness, so she accepted it. Walking to the side of the road, Waylon stretched out his hand. "Give them to me. I'll carry them."

"No, it's just two chickens." She pushed his hand away. "You're injured, so act like someone that's injured, and don't worry about such petty matters." Cameron lifted the two cages and knocked on the doors. "When we get home, I'll make chicken broth out of the two of you." The chickens in the cage glared straight at her.

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Chapter

2118 Cameron tutted. "How dare you glare at me? Do you believe that I'll pluck all your feathers out now?"

Seeing that she was so into competing and having fun with the two chickens, Waylon smiled and shook his head.

The two stood on the side of the road and waited for a ride. After a while, a tractor drove past.

The tractor was heading for Southernshire, so Waylon and Cameron got onto the tractor for a ride. The sun shone on the two of them, there was no shelter, and the road was bumpy. Thus, the journey back home could be said to be extremely tormenting.

When the tractor arrived at the intersection in front of the town, the two got out of the vehicle, and Cameron sprinted to the side of the road, leaned forward, propped her arms against a tree, and vomited.

Waylon gave all the change that he had on him to the driver. The driver took a glimpse at Cameron and asked, "Is your wife pregnant? Why is she vomiting so badly?"

Waylon cleared his throat awkwardly, but before he could say anything, the driver had already handed him the two cages. "Go back and slaughter one of them, then cook something to make it up for your wife."

He then drove the tractor away. Cameron threw up all the breakfast she had eaten in the morning and felt extremely uncomfortable.

Waylon handed her a pack of tissues. "Are you alright?"

She grabbed it from him and waved. "I'm fine. It's just motion sickness."

He smiled. "Then I must say that you're quite perseverant, Mr. Southern. You actually managed not to vomit on the tractor."

She wiped the corners of her mouth, turned around, and glared at him. "Are you mocking me?"

Waylon laughed out loud but didn't utter a single word. Cameron did not go into the details with him and grabbed the chickens from him. "Let's go."

He stopped her. "Wait a minute."

Cameron turned around in confusion, and a coat was placed over her head. She then stared at him as he patiently tied the sleeves of his coat into a knot, wrapping her long hair in it.

She lifted her hand, patted the hand-made, temporary hijab on her head, and was slightly astonished.

Waylon looked at her. "I can barely see your hair now. I don't think you would want to go back and be seen like this, would you?"

Cameron lowered her gaze. 'It turns out that he's worried about my identity being exposed. That's why he wrapped my

long hair in his coat. "Mr. Southern!" Hearing Mahina's voice, Cameron turned her head around, only to see Mahina running straight out of a car. She ran up to Cameron and took a better look at her. Seeing that she looked flustered, she asked worriedly, "Are you alright?"

Cameron waved. "I'm fine. Have you been looking for us?"

Mahina responded with a smile, "Jake guessed that you should've gotten into the fishing village and hidden yourselves there, so he ordered us to stay on guard at the city gate. Thank God that you're both fine."

Nollace got out of the car at that moment.

Waylon walked up to him. "Where's Daisy?"

"She's in the hospital," he replied. Waylon frowned. "What happened to her?" Nollace shook his head. "It's not her. It's Mr. Southern Sr."

Cameron, who just so happened to walk up to the both of them at this time, heard what Nollace said, and her expression changed slightly as she dashed forward. "What happened to my father!?"

Mahina quickly explained, "Mr. Southern Sr. went to the hospital yesterday to visit Mr. Serrano and was discovered by Manuel. Mr. Southern Sr. fought with Manuel's men but was ambushed and got injured. He's fine, however. Ms. Vanderbilt has been taking care of Mr. Southern Sr. in the hospital after notifying us about the incident."

Cameron heaved a sigh of relief, and her gaze turned cold instantly. "It's Manuel's doing, huh? I'll settle the score with him when I get back."

Mahina saw the two chicken cages in her hand. "Mr. Southern, these are..." Only then did Cameron hand the two cages to Mahina. "Bring these back and get our cooks to make some chicken broth and dishes for Mr. Goldman to make up for his injuries. He's been

severely injured."

Cameron did not wait for them and left the scene first.

Nollace and Mahina looked at Waylon at the same time. He did not look like he had been seriously injured.

Cameron went back, took a shower, changed into some clean clothes, and went to the hospital with her men immediately.

She pushed open the door of the ward. "Father!" Sunny was sitting on the hospital bed, eating congee, and raised his head when he heard Cameron's voice. "You seem fine."

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2119

Chapter 2119 Cameron sat down in the chair next to the bed. "What would happen to me? But things are different with you. You're not as young as you used to be now, so what you should do is escape when you find yourself in a sticky situation. What were you thinking, going head-to-head with Manuel's men?"

Sunny put down the bowl in his hand. "I'm fine. You and Wayne are the ones that I worry about. I can finally rest assured now that you two are alright."

Cameron crossed her arms and did not utter a single word.

"By the way, thanks to Daisie, we managed to catch two b*stards who tried to take advantage of the situation that we're in. Joaquin is still alive, so I'm sure that Manuel will definitely think about assassinating him again."

Cameron looked at him. "So you're the one who saved him. No wonder."

He explained earnestly, "Cam, no matter what happened between The Serpents and us before this, Joaquin is still the head of the Serranos. He'll be able to help us to some extent in the future. In the face of Fabio's ambition, we can't afford to take things lightly. As for Manuel, it's time to get rid of him for good."

Apart from the ventilation openings, no light could shine into the basement of The Commune. The walls were all dark and damp, and there were cockroaches crawling in the corners.

Several men were tied to posts and had been brutally beaten before this—their faces were bruised and swollen.

The door was abruptly opened, and Cameron stepped into the room slowly. One of the men opened his eyes, and his dry lips moved. "Y—You're still alive."

The subordinate standing behind Cameron stepped forward and kicked him in the abdomen. "How dare you question our young master's ability to survive your ambush?" The man vomited on the spot, and veins could be seen bulging on his forehead and neck.

Cameron covered her mouth and nose in disgust. "You're not dead, so how could I die before you do? That'll be so disrespectful."

The man was in so much distress that he could not even speak.

One of the subordinates brought Cameron a stool. She sat down and crossed her legs. "You guys have grown into a presumptuous gang. You actually have the guts to attack my father while I'm not around. You even hurt my father. I guess you must have grown tired of living and don't want to see tomorrow's sunrise already." The man did not speak.

Cameron turned her head and said to her men. "Where's the box of precious babies that we raise? Bring them out and show them to our guests." Those men were astounded for a moment and then nodded. "Yes, sir."

Two of the men brought a large box in, which seemed quite heavy.

Cameron got up, walked to the box, and patted it. "As long as you give me the name of the

Supporting Manuel from behind the curtains, I'll make sure that you won't have to suffer."

The man gnashed his teeth and refused to speak. Cameron opened the lid of the box, and inside it was a densely packed swarm of venomous scorpions.

The man gulped his saliva out of fear when he saw the scene, and beads of cold sweat rolled down from the sides of his forehead.

Rumor had it that the young master of the Southern had a perverted mind and had many ways to torture others. In particular, he loved to watch as scorpions crawled all over his captives' bodies and got into their clothes. It was totally mental torture.

"These are venomous scorpions. They are very ruthless and really into stinging." Cameron took the tweezers handed over by her subordinates and picked up a huge scorpion out of the cyclone. The sharp sting on the tip of its tail was clearly in vision.

Cameron approached the man. The latter felt numb all over his body, and his face gradually paled.

"Little cutie pie, be good and sting him."

Cameron placed the scorpion on the man's shoulder, and when the scorpion crawled closer, the man could not take it anymore. "M— Mr. Southern! I really don't know who's supporting Manuel from the shadows! He's never told us about that. Ever since he took over The

Serpents, all we've done is follow his orders!"

“Don’t you people have any doubts about Manuel taking over The Serpents?” She looked indifferent and calm.

The man gulped his saliva as the scorpion climbed up to his neck. He trembled vigorously but did not dare to move a muscle. “We’re suspecting things, but we don’t dare to speak up. After all, this is a position that Mr. Puzo handed directly to him. We can only obey!”

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2120

Chapter 2120 Cameron picked up the scorpion with a tweezer and placed it on the back of her hand,

The scorpion crawled slowly but did not sting her.

The man’s scalp went numb just by looking at it.

“There’s actually someone in this world who keeps venomous scorpions as pets! This is so perverted!”

Cameron saw his gaze, understood what he was thinking, and sneered. “I can let you go, but I need you to do me a favor. If you can accomplish the task, you’ll be rewarded. But if you don’t, I’ll give you a taste of a venomous scorpion bath.”

The man bit the bullet and asked, “What do you want me to do?”

“It’s very simple. Spread the fact that Joaquin Serrano is still alive to the public, including Manuel’s intention to murder him.” Cameron approached him. “Can you do that?”

He nodded hurriedly. “Yes, yes!”

Cameron asked her subordinates to untie him.

After the man was released, he fled immediately for fear that Cameron would go back on her word.

Cameron came out of The Commune, and Mahina was waiting for her at the door. She did not get anyone to stop the man who ran out just now because she knew that Cameron must have let him go on purpose. “Young master, will he betray us?”

Cameron opened the car door and got in the car. “What can he do to betray us? I only asked him to spread the news that Joaquin is still alive. So, when the men working for The Serpents know that Manuel intends to kill their former boss, will they still trust him?”

Even if Fabio and the people behind him supported Manuel, the people in The Serpents would never turn to him anymore. She wanted to get rid of Manuel slowly but steadily. It would be best if she could kill two birds with one stone and find out who was the person supporting Manuel from behind.

Waylon was changing his bandages and ointment alone in the room when Daisie opened the door, smelled the odor of the ointment, and was surprised. "Waylon, are you injured?" He bit the bandage and tied the knot of the bandage with the other hand. "I'm fine. It's just a flesh wound."

"No, a flesh injury is still an injury. You have to go to the hospital for an examination." She walked into the room and wanted to drag him out after saying that. However, instead of Daisie managing to pull Waylon out of the room, he grabbed her on the wrist. "Daisie, I'm really fine. Cameron has already helped me with the wound before this." Daisie's eyes went from side to side, and she suddenly gave in. "Oh, then it should be fine." Waylon lifted his gaze and stared at her. "What's the matter?"

"No." She moved to the side, sat down, and pursed her lips. "Thank God Cameron was here. Isn't she very awesome?" He responded with a hum as he packed the first-aid kit. "Yeah, she's pretty awesome." Daisie leaned closer to him and winked. "Just how amazing is she?" He was stunned for a split second, turned his head to the side, stared at her expectant gaze, raised his hand, and knocked the top of her head with his knuckle. "Just what are you thinking?"

She scratched her head, pouted, and did not utter a single word.

'Waylon is way too shrewd. I can't ask him too many questions.'

Waylon got up and put the first-aid kit away. "You and Cameron have only known each other for a month, and you've gotten so close to her?"

Daisie giggled. "Of course. You won't understand it. This is the friendship between ladies."

Waylon turned around and glanced at her. "It seems that you like her very much."

Daisie did not deny it, got up, and walked to the window. "I like everyone that treats me well. Besides, you can consider her as my master in martial arts." Thinking of something, she turned around abruptly. "By the way, has Aunt Saydie been protecting us secretly?" Waylon nodded. "Her current identity impedes her from appearing in front of us, but it's thanks to you this time around."

He then walked up to Daisy, raised his hand, and rubbed the top of her head. "I've always been worried that they'll make a move on the Southern Clan when we're not here, and you might not be able to handle it alone when the time comes. Fortunately, you've done the Southern Clan a tiny favor this time around." Daisy lowered her gaze. "That's thanks to Aunt Saydie too."

'Without Aunt Saydie's text message, I would have no idea that Mr. Southern Sr. was in danger.