

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2186

Chapter 2186 The two of them stayed in the private room until noon before leaving. Waylon then sent Quincy back to the hotel.

In the hotel lobby, when they ran into Saydie, Quincy's eyes lit up, and he rushed up to her with a wide grin, intending to hug her. "Baby!"

Saydie stretched out her hand to stop him from approaching, "Who gave you the permission to call me by my name out here?"

His expression looked extremely aggrieved. "I haven't seen you for so long, so why can't you let me hug you for a bit?"

Saydie grabbed him by the collar. "Why didn't you notify me before you came to the East Islands?"

'Nobody told me that he's also included in the team that the Goldmanns sent here.'

Quincy forced out a smile. "I'm worried about you." "Worry about yourself first, you rookie. I don't have the time to protect you here."

Quincy gave off a profound smile and held her hand. "Don't worry. I may be a rookie when it comes to combat, but I always do well with this great brain of mine."

Waylon smiled helplessly on the side and shook his head.

At the same time...

Donald met Fabio at the Ferry Winery Fabio confronted him about the fact that he had sent someone to kill him, and Donald laughed out loud. "You're one lucky b*stard. You actually know that you have to take refuge and side with the Southern Clan."

Fabio sneered. "Do you think that you've won? Donald Matthews, your end might even be a lot worse than mine."

This sentence froze the atmosphere instantly.

Donald's expression turned gloomy. He stared at Fabio, who was unmoved, and speculated about his thoughts. "But are you reconciled with the fact that you've lost? Please remember that this is all caused by the Southern Clan, so will they let you get away with this even though you've chosen to side with them now?"

"Whether they'll let me get away with what I've done is another story for another day. What I know now is that the person who wants

me six feet under now is you, you b*stard.” Fabio poured the wine slowly and calmly, “I’m not reconciled with everything that’s happened. If I could go back in time, I’d definitely get rid of you in the first place.”

Donald burst into laughter. “Too bad you didn’t.” Fabio’s expression remained unchanged. “It doesn’t matter. We’ll each answer the question of dead or alive with a final battle someday.” Donald looked at him and said nothing..

Fabio finished drinking the wine in his glass and got up. “I’ll make sure I’m there to witness your miserable failure in the end.” After Fabio left, Donald’s expression became gloomier, and he was sure that Fabio had indeed joined forces with the Southern Clan. He was really upset about the fact that he could not get rid of him the other day.

Chunky walked up to him. “Sir, Fabio joining forces with the Southern Clan isn’t good news for you.”

Donald pinched the foot of the wine glass. “Do you really think that I’m unaware of that? The men we sent last time have failed, and it’ll even be more difficult for us to kill him from now on. Not to mention that the Southern Clan will send someone to follow him around.”

Chunky hesitated. “Then what should we do now?”

“We can only strike first, and fast.” Donald pinched the glass, swirled it lightly, and his eyes turned grim. “Doesn’t Mr. Southern Sr. care about his daughter the most?”

“Are you referring to Ms. Southern? But her combat skills...”

Chunky did not continue talking. Even though Cameron was a woman, the top-class assassins they had sent to kill her had all died, so it was conceivable that she was no less skilled than those men.

Donald smirked. “No matter how good she is, there will be times when she’s not being careful.”

‘As long as Cameron is in our captivity, I’ll never be afraid of the Southern Clan.’ The next day... When Cameron was having breakfast, she looked at the vacant seat across the table and sank deep in thought. Waylon indeed did not come back to their residence. Recently there had been so many people around the dining table during mealtimes, but there was one less now, and she was a little depressed about it. Sunny normally ate as if nothing had happened. He then glanced at Cameron, who did not eat very much and hinted, “Daughters and dead fish are no keeping wares. This old saying seems to be somewhat true.”

She looked a little confused. "What does that mean?"

"I think that your mind isn't even here with us." Sunny raised his eyebrows, "What's wrong? Are you not used to it now that Willy isn't here?"

Cameron choked on her words and then explained, "What's there to get used to? Isn't this the usual norm before Wayne's appearance?"

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Chapter 2187 Cameron picked up her silverware and started eating while Sunny put his down. "Willy is about to leave. What are your thoughts on that?" Cameron froze for a moment, lowered her head, and continued eating. "What idea do you expect me to have? Will he stay here just because I want him to stay?"

His eyes lit up. "How are you so sure he won't? Perhaps he'll stay behind if you make your wish known?" 1

Cameron was astonished for a split second. She then raised her head and looked at Sunny after a moment. "Dad, I don't really get what you just said. Why don't you give it to me straight? I intended to ask you about this too. Do you want to take him in as your son?"

Sunny was at a loss for words.

His fists got so hard as he was on the brink of cracking her head open to see what was wrong with her brain.

He calmed himself down and said earnestly, "You're right. I indeed want to do so. But he already has a biological father, so how can I make him my son? So use that brain of yours and give it a deeper thought." Cameron drank the soup from her spoon. "Maybe you can become his son?"

Sunny was utterly speechless.

'If I had a heart condition, I would've died of a heart attack by now, wouldn't I?'

His face was ashen. "If that's the best you can do, you won't be able to get married for the rest of your life."

Cameron lifted her gaze and suddenly remembered the nightmare that she had experienced the other day. She put down her silverware and stared at the infuriated Sunny. "Are you saying that you want me to get married?"

"Thank God that there's still hope for that brain of yours." Cameron got up. "I'm done eating." Sunny was stunned for a while. 'What just happened? What's with the reaction as soon as marriage is mentioned?' Back in Cameron's room...

Cameron leaned behind the door. The dream from that night was still lingering in her mind. *As soon as I get married, the Southern's will no longer have anything to do with me. Is that dream slowly but surely turning into reality? 'Before my identity was revealed, I thought that I'd be living here for the rest of my life as long as I was still the one and only Mr. Southern. However, I seem to have not thought about this outcome. 'I'm a woman, and sooner or later, I'll have to get myself married to someone...'

In the afternoon...

Waylon brought Quincy to the Southern manor to pay Sunny a visit. This was Quincy's first meeting with Sunny, so he was somewhat cautious, and the three chatted in the study.

Waylon glanced out the window and saw Cameron's figure walking across the courtyard. She then stopped the two middle-

aged maids and said something to them. He saw her looking around first before talking to the maids-

she looked very cautious, as if she was afraid of being heard. As for the maids, they were surprised at first but then burst into laughter almost instantly.

Cameron crossed her arms and listened to them. She looked suspicious at times, surprised for a bit, and dazed at times. Her expression changed throughout the whole conversation. Quincy just happened to

call Waylon at that moment, but the latter did not hear him. He looked in the direction where Waylon's gaze was fixed. "Mr. Goldmann, what are you staring at?"

'Is there something attractive in the yard?' Waylon turned his head. "I don't see anything."

Sunny glanced out the window and could see Cameron and the maids from where he was sitting. He then put his teacup down and smiled. "You're indeed the secretary who served Mr. Nolan Goldmann back then. This plan sounds great. It seems very well-

placed together." Quincy turned his head and gave off a modest smile. "You're flattering me. I've accomplished almost nothing when compared to you and Mr. Southern." Sunny paused for a bit and then laughed out

loud. "The Mr. Southern that you just mentioned... That's actually my daughter."

Quincy was dumbfounded. "Daughter?"

"You've just arrived on the island, so you might not know about this." Sunny brushed his fingertips over the lid of the cup. "I only have one daughter, and her name is Cameron Southern, and the appellation

on 'Mr. Southern' is just an identity that I came up with to cover my daughter's real identity."

Quincy was really too surprised.

"The legendary Mr. Southern is actually a woman... Who would believe this piece of information?"

Cameron rubbed her chin in the courtyard after listening to the two maids' words. "So, Dad is forcing me to get married not because he wants to drive me away?"

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Chapter 2188 The maid responded with a chuckle, "How can you misunderstand Mr. Southern Sr.'s intention so much? You're his only daughter, so even if you get married, you'll still be his daughter. Why would he cut off his relationship with you just because you're married?" The other maid added, "Yes, although it's said that daughters and dead fish are no keeping wares, that's only feasible in certain situations. Mr. Southern Sr. loves you so much. There's no way that he'll refuse to recognize you as his daughter after you've gotten married. A woman's maiden family will always be her biggest backing." Cameron frowned. 'It does seem that the dream is quite the opposite when compared to reality. How could Dad be as ruthless as he was in the dream? I might've overthought this and gotten too anxious and worried.'

The two maids exchanged gazes and giggled. "Ms. Southern all of us think Mr. Goldman is a pretty good choice." She was startled. "Care to elaborate on that?" "He looks handsome and charming, elegant and gentle. Also, he's always humble and polite, don't you think so?" Cameron was overwhelmed by the description.

'Handsome and charming looking, yes. 'Humble and polite, I'll give him a pass. 'Elegant and gentle? These might just be superficial. After all, I've seen Wayne's ruthless side firsthand. This person's thoughts are extremely meticulous and delicate, and he's very observant as if nothing can be hidden from his sight.' In her eyes, being elegant and gentle could only be Waylon's facade. She shrugged. "He's alright."

The two maids were shocked and could not believe it.

'Mr. Goldman is only an alright person to Ms. Southern!?' Cameron explained solemnly, "When a man looks too good, it only makes it easier for him to be promiscuous. I might consider him if he looked a little uglier than me."

What she wanted to say was that if he was inferior to her in terms of looks, then the person who could act promiscuously would be her.

The two maids were at a loss for words.

“Does that mean that you like ugly men, Ms. Southern?”

Cameron was stunned and turned around subconsciously.

Waylon had been standing behind him for some time, and he seemed to have heard what she had just said.

The two maids

quickly left the scene. Cameron looked at him. “How long has it been since you’ve been standing here?» He answered instantly, “Just now.” Cameron narrowed her eyes. “So, did you hear what I just said?” Waylon smiled. “Do you plan to silence me?” She crossed her arms. “I’m nowhere near strong enough to go against any one of the three forces that are about to go to war now.”

Waylon was standing a short distance away from her, his figure blocking the light that was directly shining at her. Cameron was slightly flustered as she stared into his doubtful eyes. “In Bassburgh, I can only be considered an average-looking man.”

Cameron was instantly astounded and frowned after a while. “You’re only average-looking? You’re being too modest now, aren’t you?”

‘He’s just showing off now.’

He nodded. “It’s true.”

Cameron burst into a chuckle but immediately restrained her expression. “Are you kidding

me?”

‘I might not have been to Bassburgh, but I’m not dumb.’

He chuckled. “So, do you think I’m a promiscuous man just because I look good?” She paused for a split second. “Isn’t this a given?” After saying that, Cameron realized that something did not sound right. “Why are we talking about you?” “Weren’t you referring to me when you made that statement?” Cameron was rendered speechless.

There’s no way I’ll be able to explain myself now. Or does he know I was talking about him because he heard the maids complimenting him before that?’

It was really embarrassing to be caught red-handed when bad-mouthing someone else. Cameron forced a smile. “I was just giving an example.” She was about to leave, but Waylon stopped her. “But you’ve made such a

blunt presumption about me. If this were to spread out to the public, wouldn't my reputation be severely damaged? What will others think of me? They'll think that I'm just another scumbag."

"Why would men care about their reputation..."

"Men do care about our reputation." He looked earnest, or to be precise, extremely solemn. "What kind of woman would marry a disreputable man? Would you do so?"

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Chapter 2189 Cameron rubbed her temples and did not dare to look directly at him. "Okay, I take back what I just said, alright? I'll even apologize to you." Waylon stared at her. "This apology isn't sincere enough."

She looked up. "Then what do you want?"

He gave off a half-smile. "You claimed overtly in front of the maids that I'm a promiscuous person. That will surely slander my reputation, so don't you need to be held accountable?"

Cameron was completely astonished. Quincy, who was hiding behind the wall, was completely gobsmacked. He rubbed his eyes. 'Is that the eldest son of the Goldmanns that I've known for years? He's actually making a fool out of the young lady.' As for Sunny, he was on cloud nine at the moment. He did not expect this young man to be even more flirtatious than he himself was back when he was significantly younger.

Cameron was about to say something when she heard rustling movements. She turned her head and immediately realized that Sunny and Quincy were eavesdropping. The two people behind the wall were shocked when she detected them and hid immediately.

Cameron was suspicious.

'What are they doing sneaking around?'

No one knew when Waylon came even closer to her, and his voice was only inches away from her ear. "You haven't answered my question."

Cameron turned her head, and the first thing that caught her eyes was a face that was so close that it almost went out of focus. She gasped, stopped breathing, and took a step back subconsciously. "Don't get so close to me all of a sudden. As for this matter... We'll talk about it when I have an idea of what I can do."

She then left in a hurry.

Waylon looked at the figure that was leaving the scene as if she was running for her life, and a slightly smug curve appeared on the corners of his lips as he could not help but be amused. On the other end of the courtyard, Sunny could not help but sigh. "That girl is really clueless." 'Can't you see that he's obviously teasing you?' Quincy wondered. "Who is that young lady?" Sunny responded, "She's my daughter." Quincy was surprised. 'That young lady is actually the legendary Young Mr. Southern? Why does she feel so different from the rumors?'

Thinking of what Waylon did just now, he pondered.

'I've never seen Waylon act like that before. Does this Ms. Southern have such great charm? After all, with Waylon's appearance and background, he should've been extremely popular among the ladies back when he was in Stoslo and Bassburg h, but he's the one who's actively flirting with another lady now? And that's not the issue here. It seems that the lady is disgusted by him because he's too good-looking

"This is just outrageous.' Waylon came over. "Uncle Quincy." Quincy returned to his senses, but he did not expect to be found in the corner of the courtyard after eavesdropping on Waylon with Sunny. He let off an awkward chuckle. "Mr. Goldmann, I didn't mean to eavesdrop. It was Mr. Southern Sr...." As soon as he turned his head, Sunny had disappeared long ago, and he was the only one left. He did not even notice that Sunny had escaped. Fortunately, Waylon did not say anything about his actions. However, Quincy was just too curious. "Mr. Goldmann, are you courting Ms. Southern?" Waylon fastened the buttons on his sleeves and chuckled. "Teasing her is just an interesting thing to do." Quincy felt doubtful. 'You call that teasing her? That's a full-on flirt!' Quincy sounded helpless. "Mr. Goldmann, I'd advise you not to tease her too much. Just in case the young lady thinks that you're serious about it, but you actually are not interested in her, that will hurt a lot, won't it?" Waylon's eyes moved, "Why would I tease her if I was not interested in doing so?" Quincy was at a loss for words. 'So, is he admitting that he has a thing for her? 'Are all the heirs of the Goldmanns so exceptionally different when it comes to courting ladies?

Two days later, Cameron came to The Commune, and Daisy handed her the shirt that had been delivered to her. "There you go, the tailor has done his job."

Cameron took the shirt out of the gift box. The fabric was indeed the same as the shirts that Waylon had been wearing every day. Its texture looked high-end and felt smooth, silky, and comfortable.

She was surprised. "It's done already? That's fast?"

Daisie smiled. "It's just a shirt. It's not as troublesome as a suit. If there aren't too many orders, it usually only takes five to seven days. Besides, all of Waylon's clothes are custom made in that shop. So, they own templates that are tailored specifically for him. That's why it doesn't take too much time at all."

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Chapter 2190 It meant that the shop already had a specific template and fabric reserved for Waylon. All his measurements and sizes were fixed, so all the tailor needed to do was only to cut the fabric and go straight into production.

Cameron put the shirt back in the gift box. "Why didn't you tell me that sooner? I actually had to take all his measurements for this shirt."

However, it turned out that all his measurements were already recorded in the shop's system, and there was no need for her to provide his measurements to the shop at all.

Daisie chuckled. "I didn't expect you to be so attentive over a shirt."

"It's compensation from me to him, after all." She closed the lid of the gift box, inserted it in the gift bag, and got up. "Okay, then I'll go home first."

Daisie escorted Cameron to the door and watched as she drove away. She was about to close the door when she suddenly saw two cars parked on the opposite side of the road turn around and drive in the same direction as Cameron did shortly after she had left.

Daisie frowned.

'Those cars left in the same direction as Cameron. Could they be tailing her?'

Cameron was driving her car toward the Southern manor as she turned to the side and stared at the gift bag on the front passenger seat.

'I could've gotten Daisie to pass it to Wayne on my behalf, so why did I go to her to pick it up in person? I'll have to face Wayne again because of this.'

Speaking of which, Wayne acted strangely around me two days ago. Is it just me, or has he changed his attitude toward me? 'Is it because of the things he said that make his actions from that day slightly inexplicable?'

Just when she got distracted for a split second, the two cars overtook her and stopped in front of her. She returned to her senses instantly, slammed on the brake, and the car rammed into the rear of the car in front of her.

The trunk of the car in front got dented.

The two cars stopped. Cameron clicked her tongue, unbuckled her seat belt, and got out of the car.

She walked up to the car and knocked on its window.

When the other party lowered the car window halfway, Cameron propped her hand against the door. "Bro, where did you get that driver's license of yours? Don't you know how to use the signal light when you want to change lanes? Are you trying to frame me for causing this accident?" The driver gave off a smile and apologized, "I'm sorry, Ms. Southern. I was in a hurry and forgot about it."

Cameron squinted. "Do I know you?"

She took a closer look at the man in the car. It was an unfamiliar face that she had never seen on the Southern Clan's territory, and there seemed to be someone in the back seat. Normally, when such an incident took place, the driver or the passengers in the car would get out of the car to take a look at the severity of the situation. Although the driver had been apologizing with a wide grin, it seemed rather contrived, and Cameron managed to notice it.

Just as she noticed that something smelled fishy with these men, the person in the back seat got out of the car, and another four men got out of the other car.

Cameron burst into laughter all of a sudden. "Oh? It turns out that I've been marked a target by someone."

The two men who got out of the car rolled up their sleeves. "Although you're a woman, I heard that you're a pro when it comes to kicking *sses. We really want to get a first-hand experience out of this encounter of ours."

Cameron scoffed, lifted her gaze, and glanced at them. "Are you guys it?"

The men were provoked by Cameron's words and started assaulting her. She instantly punched the man nearest her, and the man hit the door and fell to the ground.

Another man tried to stab her from behind with a dagger but missed by only an inch as the blade's spine only scratched her cheek. In an instant, the dagger was turned, and the blade's edge slashed across the air horizontally.

Cameron grasped his wrist, intercepted his action, and instantly stabbed the man's eyes with her fingers.

The other party wailed and rolled on the ground in pain, covering his eyes all the time, while she turned and kicked him sideways, pushing him out of the way.

Another man attacked from behind, and she reacted almost immediately. After dodging him, she made a series of swift and ruthless moves, and the man could not avoid most of them.

It did not take long for the four men to get forced into a corner, and there was no more room for them to retreat to.

Just as Cameron was walking up to them, intending to give them one last round of physical lessons, the man sitting in the driver's seat suddenly rushed out of the car.

Cameron was about to move when one of the men who got up from the ground suddenly took out a pepper spray and sprayed it in her eyes.

She failed to dodge the underhand retaliation, and the instant and intense pain and burning sensation brought everything to a stop as she could no longer move. She was then hit hard in the back and fell to the ground.