

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2191

Chapter 2191 Cameron

held her eye in pain and clenched her jaw. "You're not playing by the rules!"

The man grabbed her by her hair and sniggered. "You really are a good fighter, so we need to use some tricks. It feels terrible, doesn't it? You can only blame yourself for being Mr. Southern Sr.'s daughter!" Cameron couldn't open her eyes. She was careless when dealing with these goons. "Alright, Ms. Southern, please come with us." The man hit her, and she

fainted. He then pushed her into the car and drove off quickly. Meanwhile, a black car rushed over while Waylon, who was in the passenger's seat, tried calling Cameron, but no one picked up. Quincy drove. "Do you think something happened to her?" Saydie had said that 'Mr. Southern' was just as good a fighter as she was. It was impossible that something could have happened to her. Waylon stared at his screen and frowned. "Even the best fighter might not always win. Step on

it."

Quincy accelerated and suddenly saw cars blocking their way. He had to stop. "What's going on in front?"

Waylon opened

the door and looked forward. Cameron's car was parked in the bike lane, but there was no one in the car. The hood of the car had signs of a crash, and the traffic police were redirecting traffic, only keeping the witnesses there.

Waylon heard what the witnesses said. After the accident, there was a fight between a few men and a woman. They hadn't seen how the woman was taken away by the men.

When

the officer asked if they recognized the woman, Waylon's eyes turned dark, and he walked out from the crowd. "I do."

Cameron woke up and tried to open her eyes, but the sting in her eyes was still there. Her arms were tied, and she could hear footsteps around her in the dark. "Ms. Southern, I'm sorry I had to bring you over this way." A man's deep voice sounded. Cameron could hear that it was a wide area, like a field, and she could smell trees and soil. It seemed to be near a beach because the warm wind had a salty taste.

That man didn't sound like Fabio, and he seemed to be their leader.

She could guess the person who would kidnap her. "You're Donald?" Donald smiled. "You got that quickly." Cameron smirked. "Who else could you be? Fabio is having a hard time taking care of his own business, so he wouldn't dare do this."

"You're really smart." He clapped his hands. "You've blindsided me before, so we're even now."

He was talking about Andrei. Cameron tried to loosen the bindings around her arms, but she was tightly tied. "Are you trying to kill me?"

Donald squinted. "Don't worry. I'm not going to because it won't benefit me in any way. I know how strong your father is on this island. I don't want my plans to be ruined because of you."

He walked closer to Cameron and looked down at her. "I'm afraid I'll have to keep you here for now."

Cameron knew what he was up to. "You're going to use me to blackmail my father?" "Mr. Southern Sr. cares about you a lot. I'm sure he wouldn't want you to die." He then stood up straight and waved his hand. "Bring her onto the boat and make sure she gets some good rest."

Cameron was picked up from the floor. She couldn't see, so she could only let them bring her to the boat.

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Cameron sat on the bed, and there were deep marks from the abrasion around her wrists because she struggled.

Even though the pepper spray was sprayed on her eyes, it wasn't all of it, so she wouldn't be blind. She slowly opened her eyes. It still hurt, and her eyes were so sensitive that even a little sunlight would make them hurt. She clicked her tongue and gave up on struggling, then lay down on the bed sideways and laughed at herself. "If I keep walking by the river, my feet will eventually get wet."

Someone opened the door and entered. The person placed down some food and sounded rude. "Ms. Southern, eat when you're hungry. No one will be serving you."

Cameron got up. When her eyes finally adjusted to the brightness, she squinted and walked toward the table. They served steak but didn't give her a knife.

Cameron smirked. She knew they didn't give her a knife so that she couldn't use it as a weapon.

She remembered something, then walked behind the door and kicked it. "How am I supposed to eat if you don't untie me?"

Someone was guarding outside. "Figure it out. No one is going to serve you." Cameron leaned behind the door. "You might as well give me dog food then. I won't need to use my hands. If not, untie me, or I won't eat. I'm not afraid of dying of hunger because it's just going to make your lives harder."

There was silence for a while before the door opened.

Cameron's eyes were still shut. "Untie me. I'm blind. Do you think I might run away?"

The two men looked at each other. They didn't dare untie her without orders from Donald because the Southerners were cunning.

The man said, "I'm sorry, but you'll need to speak to Mr. Matthews about that." She didn't care. "Get him then." The man was annoyed. "Mr. Matthews is a busy man. He doesn't have time for you." Cameron turned her face away. "You want me to speak to him, but now you're saying he won't have time for me. Just say you won't untie me. Take the food away. I don't mind starving to death."

The man lost his patience. "F*ck! Do you think I won't hit you because you're a Southern? Try

making a scene and see if I beat you up." Cameron smirked. "Do it then. I'm blind and tied up. Are you afraid that the two of you won't be able to win if we fight?" The man grabbed her by the collar with a scowl. "You think I won't?" Another man immediately tried to stop him. "Calm down. She's a cunning woman. Don't fall for her tricks."

Cameron doubled down. "If I had a plan, I wouldn't be tied up here. You overestimate me. Please, just understand that I just want to eat. Is it possible without my hands?"

The man shoved her.

Cameron lost her balance and fell to the floor.

The man poured the food in front of her. "Enough. I'm going to treat you like a dog. Clean it off the floor."

Cameron glanced at the food on the floor, her complexion looking dark. She didn't move. The man pushed her head down. "Why aren't you eating? Go ahead. Lick it up from the floor."