

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2203

Chapter 2203 Cameron got into the front passenger seat. While driving, Cameron leaned against the car window and propped her hand against the side of her forehead. "You haven't answered my question." Waylon held onto the steering wheel and pulled over to the side of the road. "It's all over now."

She paused for a split second and turned to look at him. "So, has Donald been arrested?" He responded with a hum and backed the car into a parking space. Cameron lowered her gaze. 'Donald's arrest means that everything's over now, and it's time for them to go back to Zlokova.'

The front passenger's door was opened at some point, and he was already standing outside the door. "It's time to get yourself out of the car."

Cameron undid her seat belt and got out of the car with her can of Coke. But he immediately confiscated it from her before she could take another sip. "You should eat first."

"This is none of your business."

She reached for it, but Waylon threw the can into the trash can on the side of the road almost instantly, and the trajectory was very precise.

Cameron was about to get angry when Waylon raised his hand and rubbed the top of her head. "I'll buy another can for you after the meal."

She was stunned. She then glared at Waylon's back as he stepped into the restaurant and scoffed angrily. "Does he really think that I'm his sister?"

Cameron followed Waylon into the restaurant, and sure enough, she became very noticeable since she came out for a meal in a hospital gown.

Waylon slowed down and waited for her to catch up, and the two stepped into the elevator together.

Seeing that some other guests poured into the elevator, Cameron crossed her arms, and the impatience exuded from her face was obvious.

At this time, someone within the crowd pushed her backward, and she bumped into Waylon's arms because she did not have a firm foothold and lost balance.

Waylon stopped her from falling, held her in his arms, and protected her.

Cameron did not dare to look back.

'What if he suspects that I've bumped into him on purpose?'

When they were in the elevator, two junior high-school students stared at the two of them for a long time, then suddenly approached Waylon and asked him in a soft voice, "Sir, is your girlfriend sick?"

No matter how soft they tried to be, Cameron could hear it very clearly.

She turned her head and was about to say something when her mouth was suddenly covered.

Waylon pressed her head in his arms, smiled at the two young teenagers, pointed to Cameron's head, and made a hush gesture.

The two girls understood him almost immediately. They then stared at Cameron, and a hint of sympathy flashed across their eyes and expression. "This lady turns out to be mentally disabled. That's so sad. But how lucky she is to be able to encounter a boyfriend who doesn't look down upon her and looks so good at the same time...'

When everyone got out of the elevator, Cameron pushed her away instantly. "Why did you cover my mouth just now?" He gave off a hoarse chuckle and stopped at the elevator's entrance. "Didn't you want to protect your image? I was only worried that you'd be recognized." She was stunned and realized that she could not refute his explanation. After walking to the private room, Waylon summoned the waitress and started ordering dishes that were light and bland. Cameron frowned. "I want some spicy food." Waylon ignored her and closed the menu. "What I just ordered will be great." The waitress smiled. "Okay." Cameron stopped the waitress. "Wait, what about the food that I ordered?"

The waitress looked at Waylon in embarrassment, and Waylon loosened his cuffs. "You haven't been discharged from the hospital, so no spicy food for you." "It's not that I'm injured and need to avoid certain foods..." "That's still a no in my book." He rested his arm across the back of her chair and leaned closer to her. "I'll let you decide our food for the night if you're paying for it."

Cameron scoffed. "Do you think that I have no money on me now? Fine, I'll pay for—"

As soon as she took her cell phone out, Waylon grabbed it away and inserted it into his pocket.

Cameron was rendered speechless for a moment.

The waitress chuckled softly. "Miss, your boyfriend is only doing so for your health, so maybe you could just listen to him?"

She then went out and closed the door.

Cameron did not even have the time to explain a word from beginning to end.

She sat back and crossed her arms. "Who would've thought that I'd have to get bullied when I agreed to come out to eat?" Waylon smiled and moved half an inch closer. "I'm about to leave the East Islands already, so shouldn't you compromise just this once for me?"

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Chapter 2204 Cameron did not utter a single word.

Waylon curled her hair with his finger, fiddled with them, and said casually, "After all, maybe we won't see each other ever again in the future."

"All things come to an end." Cameron turned to look at him. "That's life."

He lifted his gaze and stared at her.

His gaze seemed to be fixed on her, and it felt aggressive. Her cheeks warmed up just by being stared at, and she looked away. "It's useless for you to look at me with those eyes..."

She immediately added, "I won't pay you back for this meal."

A hint of hilarity flashed across his eyes. "I don't need you to pay me back."

She grabbed the water glass on the table. "I didn't plan to pay for it either."

Waylon smiled and said nothing.

After eating, Waylon took her back to the hospital and parked the car near a convenience store. After a few minutes, he returned to the car and handed her a can of Coke.

Cameron wanted to grab it from him, but he retracted his hand abruptly.

Cameron missed the can and glared at him. "Are you trying to make a fool out of me?"

Waylon opened the can and handed it to her.

She hesitated for half a second before snatching it from him

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hurriedly, fearing that he would not give it to her. She took a sip and looked out the window. "If it weren't for the sake of the fact that you're leaving soon, I would have surely kicked your *ss by

now."

He could not help but laugh. "Why would you say so? Do you want a rematch after getting discharged from the hospital?" She responded almost immediately, "Okay, I don't accept the outcome of our previous match. I'll definitely not go easy on you this time around."

Waylon stared at her. "What would you do if you were to lose?" "I won't lose, never."

"Let's just say if you were to lose."

Cameron gave it a good few seconds' worth of thought and said, "If I were to lose, I'd agree to a condition of yours."

He approached her, and his fingertips inadvertently touched the back of her hand. "Will any condition do?"

She thought for another few more seconds. "Just don't go too far."

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Upon seeing her solemn expression, her "too far" scale might not be the same as his. Thus, Waylon nodded in agreement. "Okay then."

Two days later...

Cameron was discharged from the hospital.

Sunny specially ordered someone to cook up a storm and prepare a sumptuous banquet to welcome her home— he even set up a few tables in the courtyard. Besides Daisy and Nollace, Quincy and Saydie, even Damian, Mateo, and the others were there.

Probably because everyone was gathered together, the Southern manor looked and felt extremely lively.

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After the food was served, Nollace started peeling shrimp for Daisy while Quincy fetched Saydie all sorts of side dishes thr

Throughout the whole meal. Cameron picked up the mashed potatoes on her plate with a spoon and watched as the couples acted affectionately.

'I've gotten full just by watching these people eat.'

Sunny cleared his throat and asked Waylon, "When are you going back?"

Waylon answered with a smile, "We'll depart in two days."

He sighed, "It's been almost half a year since you people first arrived on this island. Now that it's time for you to leave, I can't help but feel a little heavy-hearted."

Daisie lifted her head. "Same here, but we'll come back to visit you in the future."

Sunny laughed out loud. "I'll take that as a promise and look forward to your next visit."

After saying that, he leaned into Daisie's ear. "Don't forget our bet."

Daisie was astonished for a moment, took a glimpse at Waylon and Cameron, and whispered to him, "Is it still on?"

Sunny lowered his voice. "Of course, I still believe that Cam has the charm to win me the bet."

Cameron squinted slightly.

'Those two people are whispering to each other. Something smells fishy there.'

As she was staring at the two exchanging words, she fumbled for her teacup that was on the dining table.

At that moment, Waylon saw her actions. After noticing her movements, he moved his teacup closer to her with his little finger.

Soon, she touched a teacup, picked it up, and drank from it.

It was not until she finished drinking the cup of tea that she felt that something did not feel right. She then realized that her teacup was still on the table when she wanted to put down the teacup in her hand!

'If the cup on the table is mine, then...

She turned her head slowly and realized that Waylon was staring at her, and his eyebrows were slightly raised. His thin lips then moved as if he was telling her something.

“The teacup in your hand is mine.”

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Chapter 2205 Cameron’s expression froze. She felt extremely embarrassed as she stared at the cup of tea in her hand.

‘Did I just use someone else’s cups and drink someone else’s tea?’

Fortunately, no one was looking at her, so she restrained her expression, placed the tea cup back on the table, pushed it back to Waylon, and said in a low voice, “Anyway, I’m not the one who’s suffered a loss from this.”

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He rubbed the mouth of the teacup, lowered his gaze, and smirked. “People who’ve taken advantage of somebody else always love to say that.”

She replied casually, “Yes, you’re right about that.”

Waylon then slowly poured some tea into the cup, picked it up, and placed the cup against his lips. Cameron was stunned for a split second and could not stay calm while that was happening. He drank the tea slowly, and his lips now covered the rim of the cup that still had her lipstick mark. The way he swallowed the tea and wiped the corners of his lips with his thumb was somehow very seductive to her at the moment.

It seemed intentional but also serious at the same time.

Cameron’s gaze swept across his face and mainly his lips subconsciously. She then looked away almost immediately, and her cheeks suddenly turned inexplicably warm. ‘I wasn’t paying attention and was careless. But he clearly knows that I’ve drunk from that cup!’

Cameron placed her tableware down and stood up. Everyone at the table stared at her.

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“I’ve finished eating.” She lowered her head and left the table immediately.

Sunny was puzzled and looked at Waylon. “What’s wrong with her?”

Waylon rubbed the edge of the cup with his fingertips and smiled." Perhaps she's truly full."

Cameron went upstairs and straight into her room. She then closed the door, leaned behind it, and covered her scorching cheeks with her palm. "He must have done it on purpose, right?"

The banquet downstairs did not end until noon. Sunny had one too many throughout the meal because Damian and his men had been proposing a lot of toasts. He was really dizzy, and the butler sent him back to his room to rest.

Daisie was about to say that she wanted to go upstairs to see Cameron, but Nollace embraced her by the shoulders. "You don't seem to be the appropriate candidate for this task."

She was startled for a short moment. Seeing that Nollace seemed to know something, she narrowed her eyes. "Did you hear everything?" "When I was whispering to Sunny, he was sitting right next to me, so he most probably heard what we were talking about."

Nollace chuckled. "I didn't hear it. I saw it."

She wondered. "What did you see?"

Nollace smiled and said nothing.

At this time, Waylon and Quincy stood in the courtyard. Quincy said that after the detainee who repatriated Donald arrived in Yaramoor, Donald was sent to Vermont Bane Prison by Interpol.

He would be imprisoned there for life without parole.

Vermont Bane Prison was located in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The entire prison was built by an aircraft carrier, one of the world's strictest facilities.

The main body of the wall was made of extremely durable metal, and there were more than 1,000 cameras installed in it. All its prisoners were basically under 24/7 surveillance.

What was more, it was located in the center of a vast ocean, so even if Donald had the ability to break himself free from the prison again, escaping would undoubtedly be equivalent to signing his own death certificate.

Waylon looked up at the sky and stared off into the distance. "The cost of losing one's freedom for life is rather high, huh?"

“A person like Donald who’s unwilling to stay mediocre his whole life and is driven by power, I think making him lose his freedom is way crueler than killing him directly.” Quincy sighed and thought of something. “Now that everything’s over, when will you and Ms. Daisie return to Bassburgh?” Waylon narrowed his eyes and did not utter a single word.

Quincy followed his gaze and saw the curtain behind one of the window sills upstairs sway slightly.

‘If I’m not mistaken, that should be Ms. Southern’s room, shouldn’t it?’

At Bassburgh, in the Goldmann mansion...

Nolan sat in his study, going through some magazines. He wore a pair of metal-framed glasses that were gold in color, and his well built body fit his dark shirt perfectly.

The cell phone that was placed on the desktop received a text message at this time. He stopped flipping through the magazines,

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took a glance at the screen, picked up the cell phone, and checked the content of the message.

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Chapter 2206 Maisie picked up the fruits and walked over. “What are you looking at?”

Nolan looked up and put down his phone. “What happened at the East Islands has finally come to an end.”

Maisie placed the plate down on the desk and smiled. “I guess the children are all safe now.” She picked up a slice of orange and handed it to him.

Nolan closed his magazine, ate the orange slice, and then pulled her into his arms. “The orange is sweeter when you give it to me.”

Maisie picked up a cherry. “If our sons were as good at sweet talking as you, I’d be a lot less worried.” Nolan smiled. “They’re going through a phase, and that’s normal. Colton and Daisie grew up around us and weren’t alone outside like Waylon, who’s more mature. Colton isn’t very good at

expressing himself and is too straightforward. You know that.” Maisie rubbed her temples. “That’s why I’m worried.” She shouldn’t get too involved in her children’s relationships because they should be able to decide for themselves without too much interference from outsiders. The interference would only make things more complicated.

Nolan hugged her. “Alright, when Waylon comes back, let them communicate.”

Maisie nodded. “I guess that’s the only way.”

“By the way, Waylon got a new identity after going to the East Islands.”

Maisie was surprised. “What is it?”

Nolan chuckled. “Son-in-law of the Southernns.”

At the East Islands, at 9:00 a.m....

Cameron changed into men’s clothing and walked toward the martial arts center, which was empty because it was early.

She walked up the stage, and Waylon stood there under the light in a white shirt, looking dapper. Even his face looked clearer.

She walked up the stage and looked around. “Why did you pick this time?”

He held his sleeve. “It wouldn’t be less humiliating after a loss.”

“You care about feeling ashamed?”

He chuckled. “You do.” Cameron crossed her arms. “I won’t lose.” “Really?” Waylon raised his brows. “I’ll give it my all then.” Cameron moved her wrist around and squinted. “You said that. Don’t blame me if I hurt you.”

He smiled. “I won’t.”

Cameron attacked, but Waylon didn’t fight back and was in defensive mode. If someone wouldn’t fight during a sparring session, it would be a ‘challenge’ and would trigger the opponent to want to win more.

Cameron swept at his legs, but he jumped backward. She threw a punch, and he blocked it with his arm. Cameron’s punches and kicks were quick and powerful, not giving him time to breathe. When Waylon grabbed onto her shoulder, she turned it around, grabbed his arm, and pulled.

When Waylon fell, he supported himself with his palm and bounced right back to avoid her kicks.

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When Waylon grabbed onto her shoulder, she turned it around, grabbed his arm, and pulled. When Waylon fell, he supported himself with his palm and bounced right back to avoid her kicks.

Her punches and kicks looked random but were very powerful. Waylon, who was defending, couldn't find a weak spot.

Cameron was contemptuous.

"I won't give you another chance to take advantage after the previous spar."

Waylon smiled. "Don't be too sure yet."

“You’re going to lose!” Cameron broke through his defenses and landed a hard kick on Waylon. He took two steps back, but behind him was a three-foot fall.

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He caught his balance, but Cameron’s fist was going to hit him. It was too late for her to pull it back, so he suddenly fell backward and grabbed Cameron by the wrist.

Cameron didn’t realize that they were at the edge, lost her balance, and fell with him.

She closed her eyes, ready to feel the pain from the impact of the floor.