

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 2027-2036

Chapter 2027

Naturally, the Skull Club had no problem working with Donald. Their feud was with his father several decades ago, not the son. Better yet, Donald loved raining money—he simply favored power more than wealth. If burning a hole through his wallet meant making friends in high places, then he would go through with that without batting an eye. There was truth to his method. Had he been even a little more frugal, his entertainment business would have never flown this high. Who was the Skull Club to refuse his overgenerous offer of money? The Skull Club's assistance and his identity as Matthews Sr.'s son allowed him to run to the Eastern Islands. There, he revealed who he was instead of lying low—to secure a haven. As long as he remained within the Islands, the police would be powerless to catch him. Nollace flashed a perfunctory smile. "You didn't help him?" Sunny set his cup on the table. "I helped Matthews Sr. because he's a greedy pig at worst. He was never a murderer. He never killed anyone for money in his entire life. But Donald's made of different stuff, I heard. He's a madman who escaped prison, at the very least. Letting him stay on my island is akin to planting a ticking bomb next to my pillow." There was a conspicuous, seconds-long pause. Sunny considered Nollace thoughtfully. "And I refuse to permit your stay, either. I know who you are. Donald went to prison because of you." Every media outlet in Yaramoor had reported Nollace as the man who sent Donald to prison, so the former's role was never a secret. No one should be surprised that Sunny knew. "Why?" Nollace asked, smiling. "Are you afraid of the storms that might happen?" Sunny deadpanned. "I'm not afraid of storms. But it doesn't mean I'm a fan of chasing after them, either." Nollace fidgeted with his empty cup. "You and Fabio seem to be playing nice with one another in the islands, but it's all a farce. Still water belies dangers, doesn't it? Putting two kings in the same land is like storing gunpowder next to a furnace." Sunny's eyelids flicked open, and he glared at him. Nollace met his gaze with an even keel. He was not going to lose to psychological warfare. A long silence passed. Sunny narrowed his eyes before letting out a laugh. "Not bad, Mr. Knowles. You knew all about the Islands' politics despite having only just arrived." "Fabio Puzo had been scheming from his den in the southwestern peninsula. He had been manipulating unions and business guilds, controlling ports and harbors. There is no way a man like that would let you live free, out of his surveillance. He speaks of a desire for peace, Mr. Southern, but in the shadow, he acts in accordance with war. He rallies as much support from the land as he can, slowly gnawing away at your power to grow slowly. "You refused to grant Donald sanctuary back then because you already knew that the Skull Club had joined Fabio's alliance. Donald is not a guy you can trust to have by your side," analyzed Nollace. He played around with his cup and broke out a smile. "If Donald manages to amass his powers again, and if he manages to gain the Orasian gangs' support, do you think he'll overlook that time you turned him away when he sought your help?" Sunny was a little perplexed. "I doubt he's capable of giving Fabio what he wants." "Fabio's eyes are set on the political stage, Mr. Southern. Just because Donald's a lame-duck right now doesn't mean he automatically lost his old political connections, does it?" All Donald had to do was introduce his powerful friends to Fabio, and the rest

would fall into place. Shared interests could make all kinds of bedfellows, after all. Sunny was quiet. Nollace poured a new cup of tea for him. "Besides, after knowing who Cameron really is, I think you'll find permitting my stay a more favorable option." Sunny gripped his cup tightly. His brows furrowed. "Are you threatening me?" "No," said Nollace, beckoning toward the refilled cup. "Donald is my only goal. I don't intend to trouble you and your family with collateral damage." 1 Sandy stood by the pier the next day with a shawl covering half of her face. Anxious, she was waiting for the aid Donald had promised her. A few moments later, an ocean liner moored sluggishly at the pier. Two palpably Orasian men emerged, their heads turning as though they were searching for someone. Sandy dragged her luggage behind her and approached the men immediately. "Did Donald Matthews send you?" The men exchanged glances. "Mrs. Pruitt?" "That's me," she replied hastily, smiling and lifting her luggage. "Finally. You two came.

Chapter 2028

The men moved aside, revealing a path toward the ship. "It's time to board your ride, ma'am. The ship sets sail 15 minutes later." Sandy was more than excited to take up the offer. The men led her to her bedroom before immediately asking, "Sorry for the inconvenience, but please pass your phone to us, ma'am." Sandy was confused. "Why?" "Mr. Matthews worries that someone might have bugged your phone to find out where he is. It's pertinent that you switch your phone off and hand it to us before we reach the Eastern Islands." The woman hesitated, but she remembered how cautious Donald was and obliged. The liner left the pier. The shore seemed to be retreating away while Sandy paced in her room. She felt strangely uneasy. She opened the door and walked out to the corridor before making her way to the deck. Two men appeared to be talking to each other while smoking, but Sandy quickly realized that none of them were her previous escorts. They did not look like Orasians at all. She had never seen either of them by Donald's side. Sandy began to backpedal from the deck, careful to be as quiet and undetected as possible. She did not make it far before she was stopped in her tracks by a bump against her back. Her eyes twitched. She turned behind her sharply. Strangers had emerged in droves. A few men in black emerged from the floor above the deck and blocked every escape route. Quivering, Sandy asked, "W-Who are" A familiar voice answered her from above. "Don't recognize me already, Mrs. Pruitt?" A man was standing on the floor above the deck with his back against the light. His features were obscured by the shadow until he descended the stairs, his shirt billowing in the wind. Sandy's shock struck her as soon as she recognized the man. "Coleman Goldmann!?" 'How could this be!?' Colton fell into steps before his bodyguard, and a smile shadowed his lips. "Curious? How did I know that you're the one Donald's hoping to receive?" A nasty glower overcame Sandy's mien. "Y-You have your people following me!" she bellowed. "You promised you would let me go! You lied! You broke your own promise!" Colton's smile vanished. "No. You broke yours first. I simply learned from you. Besides, had I not let you go, I would have never known about your secret contact with Donald." The woman trembled. "I didn't send anyone to follow you, Mrs. Pruitt. The only thing I did..." He produced the woman's phone from his pocket. "Was adding a little something to your phone. I heard everything between you and Donald. Everything." Sandy felt her strength escaping her. Her knees had grown so weak she almost crashed onto the floor. Never had she ever suspected herself to be caught in a trap

because someone had the foresight to bug her phone. She gnashed her teeth. "So... You would do anything it takes to send me to prison over that b* tch, Frejya?" Colton tidied his sleeves noncommittally. "She's just part of the story," he intoned. "My brother-in-law, Nollace Knowles, is still missing. Nobody knows if he's dead or alive. "See, you chose to stand with Donald. That means you're prepared to sink with that ship." Sandy felt a burst of emotions clogging up her throat. 'No one knows if he's dead or alive' meant there was no certainty in his death. It suddenly occurred to her that she had been a sitting duck this whole time—since she called Donald up till the moment she received the news of Nollace's "death." A hollow laugh crawled out of Sandy's throat. Despair... and relief. "I've underestimated all of you, and God, I'm so bitter! But it doesn't matter anymore, does it? I'm dead! Doesn't matter if I go back or be imprisoned. What's left for me to fear?" 1 Colton felt a sharp sense of foreboding. Sandy pushed the bodyguards surrounding her and dove toward the rails. The men reacted quickly. They grabbed hold of her as hard as they could, and Sandy's body was half thrown overboard. Below her, violent waves snarled and crashed onto one another, hungry. Had she succeeded, she would have never survived.

Chapter 2029

The sea, especially within a 10-odd-mile radius where the eyes could see, was practically endless. Even a swimmer would find their strength steadily evaporating as the hope of seeing land or rescue, along with the warmth of their body, were slowly chipped away by the claws of icy water. Without ample preparations and gear, death was a surety. Two bodyguards yanked Sandy by her arm with their dear life, but the obstinate mule kicked up a rough fight. Beads of sweat bathed her hands before rolling down the arms. Colton rushed to the railing and bellowed, "Are you suicidal!?" Sandy gave out a sheer, mirthless laugh. "I'd rather die than see you people gloat!" Shock jolted through Colton. "Wait—" The woman pried her arm out of his grip with all her might. The force knocked her off balance, and she toppled, plunging straight into the sea below. The water swallowed her. It was then that several speedboats emerged from a distance. Two helicopters circled above the sea, inching close to Colton's ship, before another ocean liner appeared. The door to one of the helicopters opened, a ladder unfurled, and a silhouette descended upon the deck "Waylon?" Colton blurted out. His bodyguard was just as surprised. "Master Wayne?" The man in question removed his leather gloves and started toward them. "Looks like I came just in time." The crew on a speedboat hauled Sandy out of the sea. She writhed, gagging on seawater, and threw a last-ditch struggle against her captors. "Let me go! Let me go and let me die!" Her rescuers pinned her down and quickly tied her up. They shoved a piece of cloth into her mouth to prevent her from biting her tongue off. In the distance, other speedboats and helicopters retreated to the newly-arrived ocean liner. Colton smiled and took a step forward. "When did you return, and how did you know I was here?" Waylon placed his hand on his brother's shoulder. "Two days ago, I received some news. I rushed home, and I came as soon as I heard about you intercepting Donald's ship. I was worried." As the brothers headed inside the cabin, Colton asked, "News from who?" Waylon laughed. "Nollace, of course." Colton did not seem shocked at all. "Huh, the man lives." Waylon hummed. "He's in the East Islands now with the Southern family." The ships returned to the pier where Yaramoor embassy personnel and the Interpol waited. Sandy and some of Donald's men were promptly

brought to the team. The representative from the Yaramoor embassy shook hands with Waylon after the captives were transferred to them. "We cannot thank you enough for your help, Mr. Goldmann. They shall return to Yaramoor as assets to our investigation." "These people are all in cahoots with Donald Matthews, who's now hiding somewhere within the East Islands. More troubles are ahead, I'm afraid." The man nodded. "Afraid so. I shall report to the UN." The team left. The incident, as it seemed, for the time being, was settled. Waylon and Colton hurried home to the Goldmann mansion. Their appearance surprised the butler, who cried out, "You're back, Master Wayne?" The man in question hung his coat on the back of the couch as the butler hurriedly prepared refreshments. "You should have noticed us prior, Master Wayne." The butler then added, "Mrs. Goldmann is at work, while Mr. Goldmann Sr. and Miss Daisy have gone fishing." Colton stiffened. "Fishing?" The butler sighed. "Well, Miss Daisy hasn't been in good spirits, Master Coleman, since Mr. Knowles' accident. Mr. Goldmann Sr. took the young lady out in the hopes that it could ease her nerves a little." Colton slapped his forehead lightly. He had been in Daisy's shoes before that was, to be the old man's fishing partner. It was a torment to a man not known for his patience. He even developed a repulsion to fishing, concluding that it was the most boring time-waster ever. Their grandfather was nice to have brought Daisy out, though. Waylon took a sip of tea and laughed. "Better than cooping up at home."

Chapter 2030

"Bit of a waste of her several days' worth of tears now that we know Nollace is still alive. right?" Waylon finished. Colton rose to his feet. "I better get to the office." His brother considered him. "How's Freyja holding up?" Colton paused in his tracks. His tone was hard to decipher when he asked, "What's with the concern? Waylon chuckled. "I thought it's quotidian for a brother to care about his sister-in-law's wellbeing." Colton told him she was fine before leaving the mansion altogether. Somewhere in the distance, atop a quiet lake, a rustic gazebo overlooked its tranquil water. Nicholas held a fishing rod in his hand and a coffee mug in the other. Nearby, a modest array of food was spread across the table. Bodyguards guarded the gazebo from a few steps away, making sure that no one would disturb their peace. Daisy propped her chin on the thick of her palm. She had been sitting quietly on her spot for more than half an hour by now, yet she had never seen her fishing rod do anything as much as tremble. Pouting, she murmured, "There is nothing fun about fishing." The old man laughed. "You just haven't realized it yet. To be a part of nature and its tranquility, to let the air sail through your hair, to let the sun kiss your skin—it calms the mind and body. Setting your eyes on the float, keeping thoughts out of your mind as you wonder when a fish will bite... It's that moment when one finally takes the bait that electrifies them. That burst of glee and success! Doesn't that just brighten the day? "It's hard for you whippersnappers. Impatient, living life in the fast lane... Like your brother! Oh, the look on his face whenever I asked him to join me on fishing!" Daisy stared at the surface and mumbled under her breath, "Would have been more productive to have him work overtime." The float suddenly bobbed, and ripples spread around it. Daisy's eyes widened. She could feel her rod trembling. Grinning, she pulled the line back, shouting, "It took the bite!" A little trout hung from the hook, struggling. "I got one, Grandpa! Look!" "Shhh! You're gonna chase my fish away!" Nicholas chuckled. Watching the girl's mood turning bright over a little fish was a joy. That tiny joy of fishing was enough, as it turned out. Daisy

seemed to have forgotten all about Nollace and the dark clouds surrounding his whereabouts. Waylon enjoyed the high spirits in the gazebo as he headed their way. Smiling, he called out, "Well, well, well! Fishing with Grandpa, are we?" Daisy turned sharply. She placed the rod down and lunged, throwing her arms around his neck and laughing. "Waylon!" Even Nicholas was surprised. "I thought you were abroad!" Waylon let his sister squeeze him. His eyes were tender as he answered, "I came back a little ahead of schedule." Nicholas added new bait. "That's a miracle. I didn't think that old man would let you go so soon." "I mean, he doesn't exactly have the time to micromanage me," replied Waylon. Daisy looked up at her brother's face. "How did you know we're here?" "The butler snitched," Waylon answered as he playfully patted her head. "He said you've been rather crestfallen since Nollace's incident, so Dad persuaded you into becoming Grandpa's fishing partner." Daisy hung her head in silence. An overcast shadowed her eyes. Waylon sighed. "God, once a woman sets her sight on a man, she doesn't even remember her brother anymore, does she?" "Really? You're making fun of me now?" she protested softly. "Chin up. Nollace lives. He isn't dead." Daisy froze, and her eyes' luster seemed to be returning by the seconds as she let the revelation sink. "You're not joking, are you?" 1 Waylon ruffled her hair and chuckled tiredly. "Why would I? He just talked to me two days ago." Daisy's heart beat faster and livelier. The glint in her eyes returned. Nollace Knowles was alive! This was the best piece of news she could have ever had.

Chapter 2031

Daisy recalled something and pouted. "If he's safe, why hasn't he contacted me or returned?" Didn't he know how worried she was? She really thought that she would never see him again. Waylon sighed. "He wouldn't feel safe to be with you as long as Donald is alive. "Daisy, Nollace pays a lot of attention to details. He wouldn't put his life in danger if he wasn't sure. He wants to be with you, so he'll have to remove all obstacles first. You have to trust him." Daisy looked down. She knew what was on Nollace's mind. He would always protect her. No matter what he did, even if he had his flaws, he had never hurt her. She didn't need to love a perfect man as long as it was Nollace. Nicholas tossed the bait into the water, which started a ripple and slowly said. "That child was very lucky." Waylon chuckled. "He is. How do you even escape when you've been pulled underwater? Mr. Southern even saved him." "Mr. Souther?" Nicholas paused and squinted while he searched his memory. "He's the leader of the Southern Clan in the East Islands." "You know him?" Nicholas chuckled. "I have never met him but have heard of him. Sunny Southern of the East Islands, the hero of Southeast Eurasia. His family was from the Kong Ports, and he was born into a family of martial artists. He went to Southeast Eurasia when he was young and started his own business there. Sunny was an honest man and was very well respected in the area." Daisy was shocked. "Is the Southern Clan powerful?" Nicholas waved his hand and smiled. "The underground gangs, Skull Club, Metropolis from Morwich, and even your great-grandfather's Night Banquet were more famous in Ora and North Ancora than the Southern Clan, but when it comes to influence, they were nothing compared to the Southern Clan. "Sunny Souther knows all the martial arts well and is versed in war tactics. He understands the way of life well, and if he were to be born in the past, he would have been a general. His allies are all people who are linked to politics, and he didn't build his network through benefits alone." "Sunny Southern is a businessman but doesn't make friends

through benefits. It's all through actual friendship and helping people who are in need, yet he doesn't bow down to anyone." He would treat people how he was treated. It was fair and honest. That was how he lived his life. Waylon was deep in thought for a moment before he said, "Grandpa, what you said made me want to visit him." Nicholas laughed and patted his shoulder. "There's a lot that you need to learn. There's no disadvantage to getting acquainted with a man like him." At the East Islands, at the Southern Clan's Martial Arts Center... A group of students was training in the center, and they were all agile fighters. Nollace had only learned about hand-to-hand combat through movies. It was different from what he would usually see because they had a lot of moves and were practical in battle. It was exhilarating to watch. Hand-to-hand combat skills had been passed down through generations since the ancient military years. They could improve health and defend against enemies, something that could help strengthen one's mind. "You seem to be very interested in hand-to-hand combat." ne s mind.

Chapter 2032

Nollace looked up. "Mr. Southern." He was wearing riding gear with brown boots and was carrying a red horsewhip that looked brilliant under the sun. He looked skinny, his waist and shoulders looked different from other men, and even though he was 5'7", he looked weak. He played with the horsewhip while looking at the crowd. "If you want to join in, I could get them to teach you something, but you might not be able to handle it." Nollace smiled and rolled up his sleeves, then walked down the stairs. "If you're willing to teach, I'm willing to learn. I don't mind learning more." Cameron crossed his arms and squinted. This man from Yaramoor was keen on learning. When the students saw Cameron walking over, they stopped. "Sir." Cameron waved his hand and said, "This is No-1 "Neal Beck." Nollace cut him off and calmly said, "My name." Cameron realized that Nollace didn't want to expose his identity, so he played along. "Alright, Mr. Beck would like to learn from you. I hope you show him what you've got so he can learn a thing or two." The leader patted his chest. "Don't worry, sir. We won't let you down. Let's show him." He then turned sideways to look at Nollace. "Please come with me, Mr. Beck." Nollace smiled. "After you." Nollace and that man walked up the stage while everyone stopped what they were doing to watch. Cameron sat in a chair under the shade while someone gave him a cup of tea. Nollace and the leader had a battle, but the man only defended while Nollace attacked. After a few rounds, Nollace didn't even get to touch the man's shirt. He was able to defend himself very well, as if he could tell what was coming next. When it was the man's turn to attack, Nollace almost didn't manage to block him. Nollace was able to tell how big a difference there was., so he took a deep breath and smiled." I'm too far off." The man was humble. "It's not that. You were using taekwondo attacks, which are more focused on footwork, so your attacks are limited. It's not as practical in hand-to-hand combat. I could teach you a thing or two." Nollace was eager to learn. "Yes, please." Cameron sat at the side sipping tea when the butler walked over. When he saw Nollace learning on stage, he stood next to Cameron in shock. "Sir, are you going to teach him combat skills?" He wasn't part of the family and was just a guest there. It would be a terrible outcome if they taught him their techniques and he turned against them. "My dad let him stay, so there must be some reason behind that. He's interested in it anyway. I didn't force him to learn." Cameron blew on his tea. "Has the Kurosaki Gang done anything recently?" The butler replied, "No, but Ms. Serrano has been trying to bully our men just because she's the daughter of

Joaqin. "If it weren't for Mr. Southern Sr.'s support, Joaqin Serrano wouldn't be where he is today. Now that he has chosen to ignore what his daughter is doing, I'm sure Mr. Southern Sr. will have something he'll want to say.

Chapter 2033

Cameron slowly drank his tea and chuckled. "They're just an organization that's under the Southern Clan. As long as we keep an eye on their interaction with Puzo, we don't need to pay attention to a girl." The butler felt glad, All those years, Cameron had grown more into how Sunny was when he was young. He would be able to take over the family soon. However, something came to his mind, and he quietly sighed. If Cameron's real identity was exposed, the Southern Clan might have to face some tribulations because Cameron wasn't who people thought he was. At Bassburgh, at the Goldmann mansion... Nolan placed down the documents and raised his brows at Waylon. "You're going to the East Islands too?" Waylon nodded. "I heard that Aunt Saydie was going over to visit the Southern Clan, and I'd like to meet the hero of Southeast Eurasia, Sunny Southern." Nolan squinted and knocked his knuckle on the desk. "That's a messy place and out of our scope. The underground gangs of Ora have power there too." "I know." Waylon looked down, then calmly said, "Great-grandpa wanted me to take over the Night Banquet, but the underground gangs have been very active recently, and even the Skull Club has started building traction. If the Night Banquet continues to be in this alone, even though we don't have any problems with them now, it's best to be prepared. "Dad, making friends is better than making enemies when it comes to this. Great-grandpa is fine with Sunny Southern, so even if I don't trust the others, we can trust the Southern Clan." Nolan rested his forehead on his fist and smiled. "If you're confident about it, go ahead. Your great-grandfather trusts you, so don't let him down." Waylon smiled and didn't say anything. Daisy poked her head out from behind the door. "Waylon, Dad." Nolan paused, looked toward the door, and frowned. "Are you listening in on us again?" Daisy pouted. "What do you mean 'again'? I just happened to overhear your conversation when I came to see Waylon." Waylon shook his head, walked to her, and knocked her head because he knew. "Why do you want to see me?" "Do you accept?" "You have to ask Dad." Daisy ran around Nolan and started rubbing his shoulder. "Daddy-". Nolan sighed and turned to look at her. (You want to go to the East Islands to see Nollace!) She looked so serious. "I just want to make sure that he's fine. I promise I won't cause trouble to Aunt Saydie and Waylon." Nolan rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Going there is causing trouble." Daisy frowned. "Do you still think that I'm a kid?" Nolan chuckled. "Donald is there, and Nollace has finally gotten away from you. Are you walking into their trap after announcing your marriage with Nollace?" She frowned and fell deep in thought. Waylon looked at her and said after a while, "Dad, Aunt Saydie will be with her. Donald might not get a chance to attack. That isn't his turf, either. He will have to be careful if he wants to do anything." "You're right." Nolan seemed to be worried. "But I'm still worried about Daisy." Daisy stood in front of Nolan and swore, "I promise I won't slow anyone down!

Chapter 2034

Nolan put his hand to his forehead. "Your identity will attract too much attention." It wasn't just her looks—anyone who had seen the news would know her identity as a famous actress and a Goldmann. Daisy smiled. "I'll wear a disguise then. Playing a character won't be too hard." Nolan could only agree because he couldn't win over that argument. After a few days, Saydie and Waylon were ready. There wasn't an airport on the East Islands. The furthest a plane could get to would be at the coastal town in the nearby country, and from there, visitors would have to take a boat over. The boat docked at the pier, and Saydie walked out of it, then leaned against the car while waiting for Waylon. "The ship will sail in 15 minutes." Waylon looked at his watch, and it was already 10:00 a.m. At that moment, Daisy, who was late, came with her luggage and called out to them. "Waylon, Aunt Saydie." Saydie turned around and was surprised. "Daisy?" Waylon looked toward her and laughed. She had an unconventional hairstyle and looked like a delinquent from her looks to her outfit. She had very thick makeup on with smoky eyes as if she was punched. He wouldn't be able to tell that that was his sister if it weren't for her voice. "Daisy, this outfit..." Saydie thought that it was over the top. Daisy walked over to them and smiled smugly. "No one is going to recognize me after this makeover." Waylon took her luggage over. "Let's board the ship." Daisy held onto Saydie's arm and followed along. Waylon got tickets to two first-class rooms. Daisy and Saydie would share one while Waylon would be in the room next door. Other than rooms, there was a dining area with coffee and tea. Daisy looked out the window into the horizon, where the sky blended in with the sea. The water shimmered as the sun shone on it. She opened the window, and salty air filled the room. Seagulls were trying to catch fish too. She turned to ask, "Aunt Saydie, how long will this trip take?" Saydie folded up her blanket. "We'll be there at around eight tonight." Daisy sat on the bed, took out the diamond ring she wore as a necklace around her neck, and held it tightly. She hid it under her clothes to avoid exposing her identity because of the ring. She was playing a delinquent, so having a diamond ring would look suspicious. She whispered. "Nolly, wait for me." Meanwhile, in the East Islands... Nollace spent half a day at the martial arts center. The moves that he had just learned seemed to have been etched into his memory, and he was practicing them. The people were astounded by how quickly he mastered them. His shirt was fully drenched in sweat and stuck to his body, showing off the lines of his muscles. The butler walked over. "Mr. Beck, Mr. Southern Sr. would like to meet you." Nollace picked up the towel to dry his sweat and walked down the stairs. Sunny sat in the middle of the main hall, drinking tea. When the butler brought Nollace over, he waved his hand to dismiss him, then placed his teacup down on the table. "Take a seat. I have a proposal for you." Nollace sat down and looked at him. "What is it about?"

Chapter 2035

Sunny looked up. "I'll temporarily hand over the authority of The Commune to you." Nollace was surprised, then he squinted. "The Commune? Isn't that under The Serpents' management?" Sunny picked up his teacup again. "Honestly, The Serpents have been changing. I care about our past relationship, but if they are going to betray that, I'm going to break them." Nollace smiled. "You trust me?" Sunny sighed. "If you want to get rid of Donald, you'll have to get rid of The Serpents first. The

leader of The Serpents is a friend of Fabio Puzo. I know that, but I can't do anything. Puzo has spies in The Serpents, so if I do anything to them, I will be giving Puzo a chance to get The Serpents to turn against me." Nollace said, "But if I do anything, they will know that you are behind it, and they will still suspect you." "Don't worry about that. Neal Beck is a guest who was brought back by Cam. I've made up your identity and arranged for you to take over The Commune. The Serpents won't know if it is Cam's idea or my arrangement, so they won't do anything yet." Sunny sipped his tea before slowly adding, "If you can handle this well, Puzo will start paying attention to you." Nollace understood what he meant. If he wanted to get to Donald on the East Islands, he would have to throw the Serpents into chaos. Nollace had made his investigation. The Serpents had been doing very well with Sunny's backing, but people changed. The Serpents had let their pride get to their head and forgotten how Sunny had helped them. They were no longer happy being under someone else and were working with Puzo secretly. Puzo had placed some spies among The Serpents. Nollace speculated that Sunny wouldn't be too cruel toward The Serpents because of their relationship, and Sunny approached him about this deal to remove Puzo's spies from the gang but also get rid of Donald. If Nollace threw The Serpents into chaos from the inside, Puzo would pay attention to him and dig into his background. If Puzo didn't want to make the Southern Clan their enemy, he would get someone to get rid of Nollace. And that someone would be the outsider Donald. Sunny looked at him. "What do you think?" Nollace smiled. "I won't let you down." The next day... Daisy and Waylon were having breakfast. The buildings of Southernshire on the East Islands had vintage elements. The buildings were old, and even the restaurant was a combination of vintage and modern elements. There was diner food, special dishes, tea, and more. Daisy leaned close to Waylon. "Hey, the East Islands aren't as messy as Dad made them seem." Nolan had said that it was a place where the underground gangs ran amok. It wasn't only messy but dangerous too. But it was nothing like that. Waylon poured some tea, smiled, and said, "This is Sunny Southern's turf. Nobody would dare cause trouble, but once we get to the city center or the underground gangs' turf, things will change." The biggest island was split into two sides. Sunny's side was the northeast side, while Puzo had the southwest. The city center was where they converged. It was a place with foreign merchants and clubs from both sides, communities, and more. If someone were to cause trouble there and had a clash with either side, no one could guarantee a safe escape out of the island.

Chapter 2036

Daisy rested her head on her hand. "I wonder where Nolly is now..." Waylon placed a snack on her plate and chuckled. "If I'm not mistaken, he's with the Southernns right now, so you don't have to worry about him." She picked up the snack, and just when she was about to eat it, a commotion came from the hall downstairs. A group of muscular men was standing in the hall. They were wearing some sort of uniform, and it seemed like they came from East Winston. They looked furious and did not come with good intentions. A man smacked the table and pointed at the waiter and manager. "Our lady has booked this restaurant today! Ask all of them to get out of here!" Forcing a smile, the manager walked up to the man and said, "Mr. Estrada, for your information, you'll need to make the reservation with our restaurant one day in advance. Our customers are still here, so—" Before he could finish speaking, the man called Mr. Estrada grabbed him by his wrist and snarled, "Cut the crap! This is the East Islands! If

you want to do business here, you should familiarize yourself with The Serpents. How dare you disobey our lady? Do you want us to smash up your restaurant?" The manager was shaking and sweating profusely. Many stores and restaurants were owned by foreign businessmen who cooperated with the Southern Clan. If no one caused trouble, they would make money leisurely, but if something happened, they would have no other choice but to sigh at their bad luck. Some of the customers did not want to get into trouble, so they left without finishing their meals. Even though they were unhappy with what The Serpents did, they did not dare to say anything about it. A waiter came upstairs and approached Waylon and Daisy. With a troubled face, he said, "I'm sorry, sir. I'm afraid you've got to leave immediately. Your meal will be on the house." Daisy looked at Waylon. Waylon raised his eyelids and asked, "Who are they?" The waiter looked at them and knew they came from the outside. He said carefully, "They're from The Serpents. Ms. Serrano is the daughter of the leader of The Serpents. They're the local tyrants here, and we don't dare to say anything due to Mr. Southern Sr. "Ms. Serrano has booked the whole restaurant. If you don't go now and offend her, she won't let you off so easily." Daisy bit her lips. "Are they working for Mr. Southern Sr.?" The waiter replied in a low voice, "Not really. The Serpents are at best a hanger-on for the Southern Clan." Daisy harrumphed. "That means they're all just parasites. How can they be so arrogant?" "Sir, Miss, now isn't the right time to talk. You guys should leave". Before the waiter could finish his sentence, that group of men looked upward. When they noticed Waylon and Daisy, they shouted, "Hey! Are you guys deaf? Get the hell out of here! Now!" Daisy looked downwards and said, "You guys have no right to chase us out of the restaurant." If you want to take the restaurant, take the hall." The waiter was stunned. Manuel looked at Daisy in disgust and snarled, "How dare you! I can forgive you for your ugly face, but how dare you talk with us like that!?" Daisy nearly jumped up when Manuel said she was ugly. Waylon stopped her and rose to his feet. He walked to the railing and looked downward." You're acting all high-and-mighty in the Southern Clan's territory. You're just disrespecting Mr. Southern Sr." Manuel's face sank as he pointed at him. "You should go around and ask who we are. How dare you mention Mr. Southern Sr. in front of us?!" Waylon chuckled and said, "I'm just curious. You're nothing but a bunch of parasites who feed on the Southern, yet you have the guts to go around and harm the benefits of the Southern's guests, put shame on them, and disrespect Mr. Southern Sr. Are you guys the ones who make the rules here or the Southern?"

