

# Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter- 2037-2046

## Chapter 2037

Manuel's face scrunched up in a grim look. "You " "Manuel, I've told you not to make a big deal out of it." At that moment, a petite woman came forward and interrupted Manuel. Manuel and the rest of the people retreated to one side and lowered their heads. "My lady." Florence raised her head and was stunned when she met Waylon's glance. Other than Cameron, she had never seen such a handsome man in the East Islands before. In the East Islands, Cameron was considered a handsome man in his own right. He had an androgynous and foxy face, and he was even more beautiful than most of the women on the islands. However, there was one bad side to Cameron—he had an unpleasant personality and kept fighting against her. Otherwise, she would have wanted her father to talk to Sunny about their marriage. However, Cameron did not matter anymore. After all, the man in front of her was more attractive to women than Cameron: Caressing her lips, Florence chuckled. "Since you don't want to go, I'll give you a chance for you to take breakfast with me." Daisy stood beside Waylon and said, "You? Do you think you deserve to share a meal with my brother?" Florence's face sank as she sneered. "Who are you to speak here, you ugly woman? There is no man in this world that I can't get." "Oh please, have you forgotten to look at yourself in the mirror when you come out this morning?" Daisy cocked her head to one side and chuckled. "You're so old. You're basically robbing the cradle." Florence was 27 this year, so she was infuriated when she heard what Daisy said as it reminded her of someone who had said the same thing to her in the past. Her face turned gloomy as she hissed through gritted teeth. "It seems to me that you need to be taught a lesson. You guys go get that ugly pig down for me and strip her naked." Waylon pulled Daisy behind him, his gaze turning cold. He had full confidence that he could take on this bunch of people. They all rushed upstairs, and before they could do anything, a rock came from nowhere and hit Manuel. He lost his balance and fell downwards, pulling the people behind him down with him. Florence stamped her feet and shouted displeasingly, "Who is it? Come on out now!" As soon as she finished speaking, a rock hit her leg, and she fell to the floor. "My lady!" Manuel and the others hastily went forward and helped her up from the floor. It was only then they saw the thing that hit them was not a rock but a black chess piece, and a bad feeling rose from their hearts. "It seems like many things have happened while I was away from the East Islands. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't know that you people from The Serpents would have the guts to do something like that in our territory." As the voice rang in the air, a young man dressed in a suit appeared from the floor opposite, them. He looked downward, and the women dressed in black behind him did not seem like ordinary people either. Florence was stunned and gnashed her teeth. "Cameron! It's really you!" Daisy looked at the man opposite her. It seemed to her that he was not an ordinary person since those people downstairs had lost their arrogance as soon as he appeared. Cameron leaned against the railing and played with a chess piece in his hand. "Since you know it's me, then get your men out of here. If not, I don't mind knocking some sense into you on behalf of your father." Florence harrumphed. "Just you wait,

Florence!" She took one last glance at Waylon and left with her men. Daisy tugged at Waylon and whispered, "Brother, it seems like she likes you. You need to be careful.

## Chapter 2038

Waylon turned his head around to look at Daisy and smiled. "Don't worry." After that, he looked at the opposite man and realized that Cameron was also looking at him. He spoke to the people beside him and went back into the private room. Daisy wrapped her arms around Waylon's and said, "Brother, I'm full. Let's head back to our hotel." Waylon nodded. Just when they were about to leave the restaurant, a woman dressed in black stopped them and said, "Hold on. Mr. Cameron wishes to see you." Daisy panicked as she did not know what he wanted with them. Waylon patted her head to calm her down and said, "It's okay." Following that woman, Waylon and Daisy entered the private room. The woman walked up to Cameron and made a bow. "Sir." Cameron was sitting next to a chess plate. As he played with a chess piece in his hand, he lifted his eyelids to study them and said, "You're from the outside, aren't you?" Just as Daisy wanted to say something, Waylon said, "Yes. We're here to make some investments." "I see." Cameron put the chess piece back into a box. He shifted into another position and continued. "But I'm afraid it won't happen anymore. Especially now that you've offended The Serpents." Daisy chimed in and said exasperatingly, "She was the one who did it first! I don't understand. This is the Southern Clan's territory. Is Mr. Southern Sr. going to close his eyes and allow them to do whatever they want?" "Daisy," Waylon called out to her. Daisy turned her head around and stopped talking. She had come across many arrogant people before, but Florence's arrogance was totally on a whole different level. She couldn't let it go, and what's more, it seemed to her that Florence liked her brother. If she wanted to become her sister-in-law, she would do everything she could to prevent that from happening. Cameron placed his hand on his chin and measured Daisy. After a long while, he chuckled. "You're right. It's truly the Southerners' fault for not teaching their dog well and letting it hurt people. I apologize on their behalf." Daisy was stunned. She did not expect this beautiful man in front of her to have such a good temper. She thought the Southern Clan supported The Serpents from the back. That was why they had the guts to act all high and mighty in front of everyone. However, the strange thing was that if the Southern Clan did not approve of their action, then why would The Serpents refuse to change their attitude? According to what she had heard from the waiter, The Serpents had been this way the whole time. They were an organization feeding off the Southern Clan. They acted all so arrogantly on their own turf, but the Southerners didn't do anything about it. Cameron asked his people to bring the manager in. The manager walked inside carefully and lowered his head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Southern. There's nothing I could do to Ms. Serrano about her attitude." "You don't have to apologize. Put all the bills today on Ms. Serrano's tab." The manager was stunned. Cameron picked up a cup and continued. "Remember all the guests that Ms. Serrano chased out today. Starting from today, they don't have to pay for their meals when they come to your restaurant. Just put all their bills on Ms. Serrano's tab, understand?" Everyone could see that Cameron was trying to punish Florence. She had been an arrogant woman and always wanted things to go her way. Nobody dared to do anything to her, but things were different when it came to Cameron. The manager smiled and replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Southern. I'll go make the announcement immediately." After the manager left, Waylon looked at Cameron calmly and continued. "Why are you helping us, Mr. Southern?" Honestly, he had known who

he was before he revealed his identity. After all, other than the descendant of the Southern, no one else could bring two powerful bodyguards with her, which made The Serpents, as well as the manager, so respectful and afraid of him.

## Chapter 2039

Daisie was stunned. It was only now that she realized the young man in front of her was Cameron. 'But he's so young!' She thought Sunny was old and his son should be around 30 to 40 years old, considering how they called them. Cameron lifted his eyelids and put down the cup. "You two are pretty gutsy. I'm sure you're not just an ordinary businessman considering the fact that you have the nerves to go up against The Serpents as soon as you come to the East Islands." Measuring Waylon up and down, he continued. "Those businessmen who came to the East Island would wear expensive clothes to signify their status. The richer the businessman, the more they were welcomed on this island. After all, no one would want to let go of a chance to slaughter a fat sheep that came to their door. "As for you, sir, although it seems like you're wearing brandless clothes, if one looks closely, your clothes are specially-tailored outfits, and they're rare on the market. Either they're from a private company that only serves a certain group of guests, or they only work for the royal family." Waylon squinted and said, "You have good eyes, Mr. Southern." His clothes and shirts were all specially tailored for him. Due to limited quotas, they were only available in Stoslo, and their VIPs needed to book a month in advance. In other words, no one could find another cloth similar to his in this world. Those people who only wanted to wear luxury brands wouldn't know that the real dignitaries seldom put on luxury goods on them as they wanted to stay low profile. They wouldn't wear watches or drive cars that cost millions. What they emphasized the most was feeling comfortable and if it suited them or not. The clothes they put on might look ordinary, but they were rare on the market, mostly custom-made, and much more expensive than those luxury brands. "So even if I don't do anything, you have the ability to solve the issue yourself as well." Cameron continued calmly. "In that case, as a member of the Southern Clan, it gives me all the reasons I need to do something about it." Waylon chuckled. "I heard of Mr. Southern Sr.'s name a long time ago. He's a great man in Southeast Eurasia. But I didn't expect you to be so wise as well, Mr. Southern. As expected of someone who would inherit the Southern Clan and family in the future." "You've flattered me, sir." Cameron slowly rose to his feet with his hands in his pockets. Although he was much shorter than Waylon, he did not seem flustered in the slightest in front of him. "To be on the safe side, I'll ask my men to send you back. I suggest you watch out for yourself while you're in the East Islands." Waylon smiled. "Thank you very much." Cameron then left the private room. Daisie still couldn't come around to her senses. After they left the private room, she tugged at Waylon and asked, "Brother, aren't we here for Mr. Southern Sr.? Why didn't you tell him when we were in the private room?" Waylon opened the door. "He isn't someone to be trifled with, so we need to be careful when dealing with him. Besides, I'm sure that we'll meet again." Daisie nodded. Waylon was right. As long as they stayed in the East Islands, they would eventually meet again. Meanwhile, a car was heading toward the Southern mansion. Cameron was sitting in the back seat. He rested his head on his hand and closed his eyes, seemingly taking a nap. The woman driving the car looked at him through the rear mirror and asked, "Sir, do you need me to check their background?" Cameron opened his eyes and looked at the

outside through the mirror. "That's not necessary. Regardless of who they are, I'm sure we'll see each other again." "I don't think Ms. Serrano is going to let what happened today slide so easily," said the woman. Cameron chuckled. "She won't be able to act arrogant for long as her father will be in big trouble very soon. I wonder whether Mr. Knowles will be able to take over The Commune or not." The woman pressed her lips and asked, "It's rare for Mr. Southern Sr. to hand an area to an outsider. Sir, you..."

## Chapter 2040

Cameron glanced at her, and she shut up. The butler was giving instructions to the maids when Cameron stepped into the courtyard. The butler turned his head to look at him and greeted him with a smile, "You're back, Mr. Southern." "Where is my father?" he asked. "Mr. Southern Sr. is meeting his guest in the study room," replied the butler. "Another guest?" Cameron lifted his eyebrows. "There seem to be a lot of guests recently." The butler continued. "This guest comes from Metropolis. It seems like they want to make an alliance with Mr. Southern Sr." Cameron had heard of Metropolis from Morwich before. They were a powerful organization in North Ancora, and their leader, Strix, had made quite a reputation for himself in the medical field. It was just that he had retired and had taken on the name Henry. Not only that, but he also kept a good relationship with the royal family. It seemed to him that the organization in Ora was going to do something. Otherwise, Metropolis wouldn't come all the way here just to make an alliance with them. Sunny talked with Saydie in the study room for about ten minutes before they came downstairs. Cameron walked up to them calmly and said, "Father." "This one is the representative from Metropolis, Saydie," replied Sunny. After that, he introduced Cameron to Saydie. "He's my son, Cameron." Saydie nodded at him. "Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Southern." Cameron smiled at her back. After chatting for a few minutes, Saydie left. Sunny asked the butler to see Saydie at the door. Cameron watched as Saydie disappeared from the door and asked, "I heard that Metropolis wants to make an alliance with us. What do you think about it, Dad?" Sunny took his seat and frowned. "There have been rumors that Strix is sick, and it seems like it's true. I assume that Metropolis is in an unstable state right now." Cameron rested his chin on his hand and fell into thought. After a while, he said, "I found that the Skull Club has become even more active than they were in the past while I was out there these few months. Apparently, Fabio couldn't wait any longer." Fabio was an ambitious man. He just wanted to control everything. He could even take over the Skull Club, so it was only a matter of time before he stretched his claws toward North Ancora after finishing his preparations. Sunny poured a cup of tea and asked, "What do you think about this, Cam?" Cameron sat beside Sunny and said, "Fabio has been gathering forces, and sooner or later, he'll take us over in the East Islands. I think an alliance with the Metropolis will do us no harm. If we let Fabio break this balance, many people will be in for hell. "This isn't what Metropolis wants to happen, and I'm sure you think the same way as well. Rather than being left alone and caught in the middle of a dilemma, it's better to have an alliance." Sunny laughed. "As expected of my child. You think the same way I do." After that, he lamented. "I've always felt sorry for your mother and you." Cameron suddenly rose to his feet and said, "Stop being so sentimental. It's not that you're going to die." As he walked upstairs, he added. "As long as you're alive, I won't let you down. Even if you're dead, I have the confidence to take over the Southern too." Sunny looked at Cameron and sighed. Meanwhile, in the hotel... After Saydie went back, Daisy told her everything that

had transpired in the restaurant. "Mr. Southern helped you?" Saydie was shocked. She had seen Cameron in the Southern mansion. He was really young, and he did not seem like the guy in the rumors at all. Daisy nodded. "Yeah. If he hadn't stepped forward, my brother would've fought them already." Saydie sighed and looked at her. "Even if he helped you, you guys have offended The Serpents. I don't think they'll let it slide just like that, so try not to go out alone during this time, okay?"

## Chapter 2041

Daisy cast her eyes low. "I know, I know. I'll stay out of trouble for all of your sake." Suddenly, something took shape in her mind, prompting her to ask, "Aunt Saydie, did you catch any news about Nollace?" Saydie shook her head. "I doubt he's using his real name while active in the East Islands, especially since that's also where Donald is. Nollace is a cautious guy, so he must have taken up some kind of pseudonym." A pseudonym necessarily complicated their search. Daisy fell silent. She seemed to be mulling over something. Far in the East Islands, the furor was brewing in the Commune. Joaquin Serrano grimaced as soon as he received the news. "What's the meaning of this? That old bag appointed some outsider to take over The Commune!?" The Commune had always been The Serpents' turf. Sunny Southern had been painfully reluctant to cede control over the territory to The Serpents for so many years, and yet the same Sunny Southern decided to hand control over to a man who was not even a member of the Southern Clan! Could it be that... Sunny had caught onto something? Florence Serrano suddenly burst into his study. "Dad!" Joaquin ordered his underlings to leave them be, though he did not hide the frown from his daughter either. "Can't you see I'm busy?" Florence was too wrapped up in her own resentment to care. "Goddamn Cameron's \*ss is back!" Joaquin furrowed his brows. He drank his wine without a word. He had long heard of Cameron's return. The same investigation also revealed that the outsider punk who was to take over The Commune was the fellow Cameron had brought home. Cameron was several years younger than his daughter, but his status as the heir to the Southern family made him important. He was a bachelor and did not seem to be seeing anyone at the moment, and now, the fact that the family appointed an outsider to manage The Commune implied certain degrees of guardedness. He set his winecup down. "It occurs to me, Florence, that Cameron's at the age where he should settle down with a partner." Florence was visibly stunned. "What's that supposed to mean?" Joaquin stared at her matter-of-factly. "I would like both of you to marry each other." Florence's furious protest was immediate. "Why must I marry Cameron?! Do you have any idea just how irritating he is? He just has to be this bloody contrarian against everything I do or say, and he never cares about how I feel. He insulted me in front of other people before!" she erupted hotly. "Do you know what kind of torment you're putting me in?" "Shut up!" Florence froze. Her father had never talked to her like this. The man regained his composure enough to maintain some sort of calm. "Listen, Florence. The Southern Clan is steadily wary of us. That Cameron brat may be a thorn in your side, but he's the only son that geezer had. A marriage between you and him will benefit the entire family." Florence bit her lips. She could tell that her father was being serious about his proposal, but to suggest she became Cameron's wife out of the blue like this? Was it true? Had the Southern family really begun to grow wary of them? When it really came down to it, Florence had no real objection to the marriage. Cameron leaned hard to the feminine side of the spectrum, but he was still handsome and pleasant to the eyes. He was also highly

competent—The Serpents could send all of their best fighters against him, and he still might emerge victorious. The more unruly the man was, the more pleasure one got when he eventually cowered. Florence broke out a smile. “Alright, Dad. I hear you loud and clear. I’ll be nice with Cameron from now on.” Joaquin nodded, satisfied. “Good. Very, very good. We’ll wait for a few days. Then I’ll suggest this union. Even if that old man rejects it... I’ll find some other ways to make him.” Florence left the study. The corner of her lips was raised. Cameron was not the only one she wanted. That other young man she met in the restaurant today? She would bag him too. Sooner or later, all of these men would be hers!

## Chapter 2042

The next day, Daisy looked for Waylon in the room next to hers. She was about to knock when she realized the door was not exactly closed. She peered through the lean crack and saw Waylon talking to a man in front of his window. “You sure that was Neal Beck?” The man nodded. “Yes. I dug a little deeper, too. All they know it’s that he’s some sort of VIP Cameron Southern met while conducting business abroad. He was obviously very well regarded, considering how Mr. Southern later made him the governor of The Commune traditionally The Serpents’ territory.” Waylon narrowed his eyes. ‘Neal Beck... A stranger the Southern heir brought home.’ Had he not already known Nollace was rescued by Cameron, he would have never suspected ‘Neal Beck’ to be a pseudonym. This Neal had to be Nollace. “Please continue your work. See if you can gather more useful information.” The man gave a small nod. “Understood.” Daisy ducked behind the wall the moment the man turned. When the door was yanked open, she came out of hiding and assumed the pretense of having just arrived. “Hey, Waylon!” The man froze in mid-walk. He turned to his boss. Waylon nodded. The man left, and the older brother fixed his eyes on Daisy. “Heard it all?” Daisy smiled disarmingly. “What? No! No way! I just came here!” Waylon walked up to her and gave a light tap on her head. “You’re such a terrible liar.” She scratched the side of her head, embarrassed. “Fine, fine. You... found some lead to Nolly’s whereabouts, didn’t you?” “More or less.” Waylon started toward the couch. He fell into his seat and picked up his coffee. “But you still can’t see him at the moment.” “It’s not like I must see him, okay?” She protested as she hastily took her seat next to him. Lowering her voice, she added, “I just... want to make sure he’s okay.” Waylon laughed and cast a lopsided glance at her. “Oh, he’s very okay.” “Anyway, Saydie said Sunny is willing to join hands with the Metropolis. Is that true?” “That’s right.” He sipped his coffee and set the cup down. “Sunny undoubtedly decided to join this alliance after considering his family’s future. Even the mightiest adversary becomes surmountable when you have a powerful ally.” Regardless of the Southern Clan’s strength, they still had more than enough reasons to worry about Fabio’s expansionist ambition. It was only natural that the Southern Clan would consider joining an alliance. Daisy smiled. “Cameron’s the heir, isn’t he? If we buddy up with him now, it’s gonna benefit you a lot in the future, right?” Waylon shifted his attention to her. He could not stifle his laughter. “You’re actually giving your big brother’s future some thought!” Daisy wrapped her arms around his. “And that’s only because you’re my big brother! Plus, there’s also that lady who’s on her way to being a spinster, Florence Serrano. We gotta worry about it. I think she has her eyes set on you, but I’m not about to let just any woman become my sister-in-law. Especially not someone so massively unqualified as her!” There was no way they could avoid crossing paths with Florence—they had already offended her. Meanwhile, Cameron looked to be

around their age, and he did not seem like a nasty person to boot. Not only could they count on him for cooperation, but he could be the shield defending Waylon from Florence's advances. Waylon saw through her thoughts almost a little too handily. He pinched her nose as though he could not believe her. "Do you know what your plan entails? I'm gonna have to flatter someone's ego for it to work!" Daisy cracked out a grin. "Well, if we're gonna rely on him a little, then what's the harm in flattering our ally's ego?" A few days passed... Cameron slept all the way to the afternoon before a commotion from downstairs stirred him. He heard approaching footsteps shuffling to a stop right outside the draping curtains, which separated Cameron's quarter from the world outside. The maid reported, "Mr. Serrano had come to talk to Mr. Southern." Cameron sat up. Long, raven-black hair spread out like a tapestry from his head. "What's he doing here?"

### Chapter 2043

The woman's eyes glided over the curtain. She could see the silhouette flitting about behind the veil. "Joaquin expressed his wish to marry Ms. Serrano to you." The silhouette inside froze, comb still locked in black, smooth hair. A peal of laughter suddenly erupted from beyond the curtains. "Oh, Joaquin has such a sick sense of humor. Imagine, asking me to marry a squawking chimpanzee!" The woman cast her eyes to the floor. "Mr. Southern has refused." Cameron was done grooming. The silhouette emerged from behind the curtains, cutting a sleek, tidy figure made even more handsome by an aura of heroism. A melange of languidness, laid-back casualness, and unflappability hung over the figure's face. "So, Dad's decision to let Mr. Beck take care of The Commune really threw The Serpents off, didn't it? And the only solution they could come up with was political marriage. Well, sucks to be them. I'm not... husband material." The woman sighed. "It's a potential blow to your identity. That's what this is." Everyone knew that Sunny had a son, but only Sunny, the butler, and this woman knew who Cameron really was. An enigma in both thoughts and actions, he... was, in reality, a "she." The woman followed Cameron downstairs. A stormy-faced Sunny was sitting in the living room. It was quite obviously related to Joaquin's request. Cameron lifted the teapot. "What's with the sulk, Dad? I'm one of the two main characters in that proposal, and even I look less upset than you are." Sunny looked up. "I shot it down, but that rat had a contingency plan up in his sleeves! He dared mention the promise your grandfather made to pressure me!" Sunny's father used to be best friends with Joaquin's father back in Jakukari. That friendship had been the basis behind Sunny granting the Serrano family asylum in the East Islands when the latter faced a crisis. What was more, Sunny's father had even promised Joaquin's father that their grandchildren should definitely marry each other in the future. Nevertheless, all it took was the passing of Sunny's father and Joaquin inheriting The Serpents' leadership to expose who The Serpents really were. Sunny managed to hide that his 'son' was really a daughter, while Joaquin never had a son at all. There was no way to make their parents' promise come true, but there was an inherent problem with coming clean. If words of Cameron's real sex got out, the Southern Clan, and their family, would be plunged into chaos. Cameron caressed her father's palm reassuringly. "I'll handle this, Dad." The older man looked at her, took a deep breath, and nodded. "Alright. This is about your identity. I'm much more at ease knowing that you'll solve it yourself." News about the proposal spread through the island like wildfire. It was clear just how much Joaquin had prepared for this. With the promise between their fathers as the foundation and the virality of the news, the Southern family's rejection would

automatically become an invitation for an insurrection. Nollace set the newspaper down and looked across the table, and his eyes fixed on Cameron drinking tea. "They are using that marriage proposal as a litmus test for your father's thoughts, aren't they?" Cameron stared into her cup, her eyes tracing the circling steam rolling out of its surface. "They grew antsy after you assumed control over The Commune. They don't know what my old man's thinking, so they resorted to this tactic." Nollace's eyes flicked aside for a second. "If the Southernns reject them, they will mount this as an excuse to join Fabio's camp. Fabio is only all-too-happy to see the house divided. The fact that I'm the new overseer of The Commune only sends things hurling in that direction," he said. "I doubt Mr. Southern had expected The Serpents to use a political marriage as a test." He had expected Joaquin to be confused and anxious about Sunny's thoughts about The Serpents, but he had not predicted this tactic at all.

## Chapter 2044

Well, it looked like Sunny had underestimated The Serpents, after all. Cameron was a little shocked to see how thorough Nollace's analysis was. Her time with Nollace had been short so far, and yet it was enough for her to realize that he was observant, shrewd, perceptive, and incredibly intelligent. He never put all his cards on the table, and he never left traces that could incriminate him. He was mysterious. The more mysterious a man was, the more unsettling he was. Had he appeared to her as an enemy—Cameron doubted she could escape him at all. She traced the rim of her teacup and smiled briskly. "I'm not too worried about Joaquin's scheme. It's his daughter who's the biggest thorn in the flesh." Nollace narrowed his eyes in silence. Cameron propped the side of her face with her hand and leaned onto the armrest lazily. "I bumped into two foreigners in a restaurant the other day," she intoned, surveying his reaction. "Brother and sister, I think. They don't look like your garden-variety commoners." Nollace stiffened, and his eyes lit up. "Brother and sister?" Cameron crossed her legs. There was something implicative about her smile. "They're here to do business... or so they said. The man was pretty pleasant to the eyes. The woman? She looked like she was hiding her real features, but you can almost see through it if you pay attention. She looked like a big-name celebrity from Zlokova." Nollace was quiet. He chewed over her words, wondering about how true it was. He suspected that this could be a test. A while later, he finally spoke noncommittally. "Why are you telling me this?" Cameron removed the old, soaked teabag from the pot. "Because I think you know them. I think you people are more than mere acquaintances. And... I do read the news." Nollace said nothing. Daisie had publicized their marriage to the world since he was reported missing in the hopes that those who rescued him would know who he was or who to turn him to. It would have been an unquestionable move to make if she remained in Bassburgh. However, Cameron saw her in the East Islands and even recognized her. That meant Donald would catch on sooner or later. 'God! That brave, stupid girl came to look for me, didn't she?' Cameron brewed a new pot and poured it into his glass cup. "Looks like I scored a 10. They are from Zlokova, and they are here for you." Nollace raised the cup, but he did not drink it. "Congrats on having good eyes." Cameron's smile was too faint to reach her eyes. "What? Not going to meet them?" "Right now, that will only put them in jeopardy." "Oh yeah?" Cameron replied imploringly, "I think they are way past that." Nollace froze. His eyelids perked, but his expression was unreadable. Cameron chuckled flippantly. "They rubbed Florence the wrong way despite having just arrived, which is not a good thing. She isn't



someone to be trifled with... at all. Any guy who looks pretty enough to catch her eyes will always end up in her lap. By force, if she has to. As for the women who happened to accompany her target? She usually just feeds them to her not –at–all–gentle dogs.” Nollace’s grip around the cup tightened. A layer of frost seemed to have formed in his eyes. “I see. But isn’t Ms. Serrano your betrothed? Unless... You can’t marry her but don’t want your family trapped in a nasty dilemma. So now, you’re hoping that I’ll do the dirty work of cleaning up for you by telling me this.” Cameron could not contain her laughter. “We’re partners, aren’t we?” she said, showing no sign of denial. “We’re working together, all right.” Nollace set the cup down. “Don’t worry. I won’t walk back on my promise to your father, but you need to help me too.” Cameron shrugged. “You have my attention.” “I want those two foreigners to be granted protection by your family,” Nollace said matter of – factly Cameron frowned. “I didn’t take you as the type to milk charity and goodwill from your benefactors.” “You know who I really am, and I know your secret, too,” Nollace stated placidly. “We are partners, and a partnership is predicated on mutual sincerity. I’m not the only one who has to pull their weight on this department, ‘Mr.’ Cameron.

## Chapter 2045

Cameron’s smile faded. Nollace did not stay to hear her answer. He picked his jacket up and left. He was certain that the answer was only going to be yes. Cameron waited until he disappeared into the door to lean against her chair, her mood pensive and thoughtful. A woman approached her from the side and informed her, “Mr. Cameron? Ms. Serrano invited you on a date in a restaurant.” A smile shadowed Cameron’s lips. “And she couldn’t even wait.” The venue was devoid of other patrons. Clearly, Florence had the whole establishment cleared out just for her. Now, her bodyguards stood outside like a row of samurais. Cameron brought two women with her. She found Florence refining her make–up from her seat, her eyes staring at a compact mirror. “Ah, Cameron! You kept me waiting for a little too long.” The cap on her lipstick clicked. She looked up and flashed Cameron her most seductive smile. Cameron pulled a chair out, sat, and chortled. “That’s your winning make–up? You wouldn’t be out of place if you stood outside a brothel! It doesn’t look good on you at all, Ms. Serrano.” Florence’s mien turned stormy. How dare this b\*stard suggest something like this!? She took a deep breath and made sure her smile did not falter. “Look, Cameron. We’re gonna be married very soon, aren’t we? Are these really the things you should say to your future wife?” Cameron narrowed her eyes. “I think I’ll be getting nightmares every night if my wife looks like you.” “How dare you!?” growled Florence. Rage flickered in her eyes, but her father’s order compelled her to suppress the mutiny. She gnashed her teeth and forced a smile. “Listen, Cameron. The fact that I’m willing to marry you means I think you’re worth it! Unless... Dare I say it? Unless you’re impotent.” Cameron’s outward indifference made Florence break out a self–satisfied laugh. “Oops, did I just get it right on the first try? Tsk, tsk. How old are you, Cameron? You’ve never seen anyone all your life! What are you? An incel?” The woman standing behind Cameron was visibly upset. “Please watch your words, Ms. Serrano.” “Ooh!” Florence leaned forward and took a good look at Cameron. “I mean, everyone loves a pretty boy. You’re a pretty boy, aren’t you? That’s the d\*ck women love sucking.” Cameron laced her fingers together and set them on the table. “And? How are you so sure about me never seeing anyone? Why would I ever tell you?” Florence was quiet. She had indeed never gone out of her way to gather information on his love life, but that was only because he was so infuriatingly irritating. The enmity was mutual, too, so why should she waste time giving a sh\*t

about his love life? How could a man like Cameron feel nothing about a woman as seductive and alluring as Florence? Was there something even more suspicious about this weirdo? “Hmm. Maybe I have made a mistake, after all,” she suddenly said. “I’d like to apologize.” She poured a cup of wine and pushed it to Cameron. The latter stared at it but said nothing. Florence raised her own cup. “You wouldn’t mind a toast, would you?” Cameron pinched the stern between her fingers and sniffed its content. A smile crept onto her lips—a smile that did not reach her eyes. “Bold of you to try such a typical, underhanded trick on me while I’m right here, Ms. Serrano.” Florence’s smile froze, but her expression, too, seemed to have calcified. “I don’t think I understand your accusation, Cameron.” Cameron’s attention shifted to the wine. “I have always been hypersensitive to alcohol. I can smell something is amiss. The color is too murky, too, so... you added some extra kick into it, didn’t you?” Florence visibly stiffened. “You can’t be serious.” Cameron pushed the wine back to her. “How about you sample it?” Florence’s hands, while placed on her lap, balled into fists. She glared into her partner’s eyes like a hawk. 1 She had spiked the wine, but it was a drug that had always been difficult to detect. Nobody else had ever suspected a thing, and yet Cameron somehow noticed it!

## **Chapter 2046**

Florence had put herself in trouble. She didn’t expect Cameron to be on such high alert, but if she didn’t drink it, it would mean there really was something in the drink. Once she was caught, Cameron would not let her or The Serpents get away. She took over the wine glass and downed the content. The glass was empty without a single drop left. “How’s that?” She turned and got the woman behind her to bring a new bottle of wine over. The woman brought it over, opened it, and poured some into the decanter. Cameron picked up a clean glass and poured the wine in. He then noticed how tipsy Florence looked, so he smiled. “What’s wrong, Ms. Serrano? Not feeling well?” Florence clenched her jaw. “I remember that I have somewhere to get to. I need to go.” The effects had kicked in. She shouldn’t have used such a big dosage. Florence quickly got up and left, and Cameron didn’t stop her but continued drinking alone. The woman noticed that something was wrong, so she looked toward Cameron. “There really was something in that glass of wine.” “Too bad. I was just testing her, and she couldn’t even handle it.” Cameron swirled the wine around in the glass. She wasn’t sensitive to alcohol and didn’t know if there was something in it. She just knew Florence too well. She knew what was added because Florence had used the same tactic on many men. All the good-looking men on the East Islands would be invited to dine with her and would wake up in her bed the next day. She would use photos and scandals to blackmail the men into dating her. She didn’t love them but only treated them like stamps she could collect. It didn’t matter if they were married or had girlfriends. She was the harlot who would make any man sick. Cameron just tested her a little, and she already revealed herself. Cameron waved so the woman would approach, then whispered something into her ear. She was surprised but immediately nodded. “Alright.” After Florence was escorted downstairs by the guards, her body felt as if a hundred ants were walking all over her, but even then, she didn’t want to get it on with the guards. When she got into the elevator, she bumped into someone familiar. The handsome face made her itch even more. It was the man from the cafe. Daisy was holding Waylon’s arm while they happily chatted. The man had so much care in his eyes. That made her extremely unhappy. No woman would be allowed to get near the men that she was interested in. Florence rushed forward and pushed Daisy away. The sudden shove

made Daisy fall to the ground. Waylon grabbed Florence by her neck and pushed her against the door while looking menacing “You?” Florence didn’t care if she couldn’t breathe. She rested her palm on his chest. It felt cold, which was comfortable for her. “Sir, I can give you everything you desire.” Waylon pushed her away, and she fell to the ground. The pain woke her up a little. “How could you do that to me!?” Daisy ignored the pain and rushed forward to slap her. “Are you crazy? You’re so desperate you would just jump on any man?”