

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 2127-2136

Chapter 2127

Cameron was stunned. "Daisie?"

She was here to pack some snacks just now?'

When Damian realized that Cameron was not into Daisie, his face sank. "Cam, tell me honestly, do you not like women

?"

Your Partner to Win Campaigns

He had been a friend of Sunny since Cameron was a kid. In other words, he was the one who watched Cameron grow up and treated him like he was his nephew.

Cameron was stunned. "What makes you think that?"

Damian picked up the cup and replied, "There have been rumors going around here lately, and all of them are saying that you're into men." She rose to her feet and asked, "Who started the rumors?"

Damian said helplessly, "I heard it from a little bird. They said you were being touchy—touchy with Mr. Goldmann in front of the hospital. Plus, you don't have any girlfriend at your age, so you can't blame people for being suspicious of your gender orientation. If... If you really don't like women, then... Sunny won't have any descendants."

Sunny had only one son, and if he was homosexual, then there would be no one to continue their lineage. Cameron was rendered speechless.

She did not know that these rumors were spread from the Southern Clan... Meanwhile, at The Commune...

Jack brought Daisie to the office. Daisie knocked on the door and entered the room after getting permission. Nollace was reading a document. He thought it was Jake and asked, "Anything?"

She tip-toed to the desk and put the snacks she had bought from the restaurant on the desk.

Nollace lifted his head and was stunned. "Daisie?"

Jack turned around and left the room for them. She chuckled, "I know you're busy, but I won't disturb you. I just came here to deliver you some food."

Nollace put down the document in his hand and rose to his feet. He walked around the desk and stretched his arm to grab her into his embrace. He buried his head in her hair and asked, "How did you know that I'm hungry?" "You haven't eaten anything?" she asked. "Yeah," he replied. He put his chin on her shoulder and continued in a husky voice. "I haven't eaten anything since morning."

Daisie dragged him to the couch and forced him to sit down. "What? Do you know that's bad for your stomach? Now, I want you to drop what you're doing and eat first."

He chuckled. Looking at the snacks that she brought him, he picked one up and popped it into his mouth. "It tastes good." Daisie sat at the side and watched as he ate the snacks.

"I bought these snacks from Yuzu Villa. They taste good, right?" He raised his eyebrows and asked, "What made

you suddenly want to come and visit me?" Daisie sat up straight and replied, "Why? I can't come to visit you?"

She almost wanted to say that she missed him a lot.

She turned her head around to look at the document on the desk and asked, "Nolly, I thought the matter regarding the Commune was over? Why are you still staying here then?" Nollace was just taking over The Commune temporarily. He was not the real person in charge of the Commune. After the matter of The Serpents was resolved, he did not need to stay in The Commune anymore, but he must have his own reason for staying back.

He lifted his eyelid and chuckled. "I'm just helping Mr. Southern Sr. to solve some of the issues."

Daisie did not believe him at all. However, she could more or less guess the reason he was staying here.

He wanted to stay in The Commune because if he wanted to get rid of Donald, he must keep himself hidden. Staying with the Southernns would attract too much attention, and people might get suspicious as well if they realized that Daisie was staying with the Southernns too.

Donald was in the dark, so Nollace had to stay in the dark as well, even if Donald suspected that he was still alive.

Nollave leaned forward and placed his hand on top of hers. His voice was low as he said, "Don't worry."

She withdrew her hand out in anger and turned around.

Nollace walked up to her, grabbed her shoulder, and turned her around to face him. "Please don't be angry. I promise you that I won't risk my life anymore."

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Daisie turned her head away. "I don't believe you." Nollace chuckled deeply and grabbed her into his arms. Before she could do anything, his warm and wet lips claimed hers. Daisie placed her hands on his shoulders, trying to push him away but to no avail. They kissed for a long while, and he only released her after she nearly suffocated. Daisie pushed him away in anger. "Nollace!" He fell onto the couch, bringing Daisie along with him. He chuckled and coiled his arms around her

waist to secure her tightly in his embrace. "I promise you. This will be the last time."

Daisie looked fixedly at his face. There was a serious expression sitting on his face as she said, "If you lie to me again, I'll find another husband."

Even though she tried to make herself look angry, he felt she was adorable.

He couldn't help himself and grabbed her into his arms. As he chuckled, he said, "Do you need me to introduce someone to you?" She raised her eyebrows and asked, "Really? Remember to introduce a few more to me so that I can pick the best one from them." Nollace pinched her cheek. "Are you serious?" Daisie pushed his hand away and turned her head sideways.

He sat up and secured her in his arms. "Can you stay and keep me company?"

Something flickered across her eyes as she smiled beamingly. "You want me to stay?"

Daisie sat on top of him and leaned forward. She slid her hand into his shirt in a flirtatious manner, and Nollace shuddered. He grabbed her hand, and a hint of desire rose from his eyes." Stop it."

She ignored him and landed a kiss on his Adam's apple. Something inside of him snapped, and he lifted her onto his body, holding the back of her head and pressing his lips over hers. Daisie pushed him onto the couch and ripped off his belt. Nollace chuckled and said, "What are you—" Before he could finish his sentence, Daisie retreated with his belt in

his hand. It was only now that he realized what Daisie was trying to do. He stretched his arm forward, trying to catch her, but to no avail. She took a few quick steps back and hopped to the

door. Turning her head around, she giggled at him and said, "Hmph! This is what you get for making me angry. Come and get me if you can!" Nollace was rendered speechless as he watched Daisie run away with his belt. He placed his face in his hand and took a deep breath. He was caught between laughter and tears. It seemed to him that Daisie had become a lot smarter behind his back.

Meanwhile, at the Southwest District Clubhouse...

Fabio was lying on the bed with his eyes closed. He was not wearing any clothes, and there was only a bath towel wrapped around his waist. A female masseur rubbed some essential oil on his back and began massaging.

Gail lifted the curtain and walked into the private room. "Mr. Puzo."

Fabio did not open his eyes as he replied, "What have you found?"

Gail lifted her eyelids and replied, "It's true that Manuel has been contacting someone behind your back."

When Fabio heard what she said, he opened his eyes and turned to look at her. "Who is it?"

Gail replied emotionlessly, "It's someone called Donald."

Fabio suddenly sat right up, and the woman behind him had no other choice but to retreat to the side. His expression was dark as he asked, "Donald?"

He seemed to have heard the name before. He thought for a while and remembered that Donald was the escaped prisoner who came to join him on Eastern Islands two years ago. He looked at Gail and asked, "Are you certain that he's the one Manuel has been contacting?" Gail lowered her head and replied, "I wasn't sure initially, but Donald is staying in Irissa Hotel, and Manuel has been going in and out of Irissa Hotel several times.

"Moreover, I heard that the Southern Clan has confirmed that Manuel made the money transfers in the accounts of The Commune. Even Joaquin doesn't know about it, so it has to be Manuel who has used the money behind everyone's back.

"As for whether or not Manuel gave the money to Donald, we just need to find out if Manuel can spit out the money. This way, we can also find out whether he's working with Donald in secret or not."

Fabio let out a chuckle, and a glint crossed his eyes. "Go get Manuel for me."

Meanwhile, when Manuel heard that Fabio was looking for him, he thought that Fabio had finally noticed him. If he wanted to completely take control over The Serpents, he needed help from Fabio. He followed Gail to the clubhouse confidently and stepped into the private room.

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Fabio sat on the sofa in his bathrobe and put his arm around the blonde beauty beside him. The beauty was nestled in his arms, smiling at him obediently.

Manuel walked forward and lowered his head. "Mr. Puzo."

Fabio lifted the glass on the table in front of him and nudged at the beauty. As the

beauty poured wine into the glass, he asked, "I heard that you secretly took the money from The Commune's account into your own pocket?"

Manuel was stunned. Even Joaquin did not know that he had taken the money, so how would Fabio know about it?

As Fabio took a sip from the glass of wine, he lifted his eyes to look at him grimly. "It seems like Cameron wasn't lying at all. You indeed have taken the money."

Manuel felt a chill down his spine. He did not expect Cameron to realize the missing money on The Commune's account at all.

*D*mn it! Why does he have to get in my way every time!?'

"Mr. Puzo, it's true that I took the money."

He did not dare to lie to Fabio. Mustering up courage, he said, "But I took the money for you, Mr. Puzo."

Fabio squinted. "For me?"

"Joaquin was afraid of Mr. Southern Sr., so he rejected your offer again and again. I think he didn't have any intention of forming an alliance with you at all. If I hadn't killed Joaquin, The Serpents wouldn't have defected to you. I intended to release The Serpents from the Southern Clan's control, so I took the money from The Commune's account to make Mr. Southern Sr. suspect Joaquin and to sow discord between them. It's just that I didn't expect that Mr. Southern Sr. didn't take the bait at all."

He spoke with indignation as if everything he had done was to lead The Serpents to defect to Fabio, bring down the Southern Clan, and sever the relationship between Joaquin and Sunny. Swirling the wine glass in his hand, Fabio fell silent for a while before smiling. "If that's the case, thank you then."

Manuel smiled back at him. "I'm willing to do anything as long as I can help you, Mr. Puzo."

"So that means the money is in your hands now, right?" Manuel's smile froze.

Fabio put the glass on the table and looked at him fixedly, "Since you said you did it for me, then how about you help me to fill in the amount of money that Parkin Chamber of Commerce lost because of Mr. Peralta?" Manuel clenched his fists tightly and forced a smile on his face. "Of course, I can. B-

But I need some time to get the money." "I'll give you three days."

After that, Fabio left with the blonde beauty in his arms, leaving Manuel alone behind in the private room Fabio did not need the money at all. He was just testing him for his loyalty. He would never allow anyone who worked under him to be loyal to anyone else besides him. If Manuel couldn't get the money out in the next three days, then he would be in big trouble, The next day, at the Southern residence...

Sunny was playing chess with Daisy in the courtyard. Daisy looked around and leaned forward. "Mr. Southern Sr., are you the one who spread the rumors?"

She had heard the rumors about Cameron when she went to the training center this morning.

Sunny chuckled, "What do you think? It's a nice move, isn't it?" The corner of Daisy's lips twitched. "Yeah, that's a hell of a move."

“What are you guys talking about?” When Cameron came out of

her room, she saw that her father was mumbling something to Daisie. Daisie

grinned at her and replied, “We’re talking about chess.” Sunny suddenly smacked her hand away and said, “How can you checkmate me again? Can’t you show me some mercy?”

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Daisie replied in a serious voice, “No way! The first rule in chess is that we must go all out regardless of who we’re playing with. If you lose, you lose.” Cameron crossed her arms in front of her chest and said, “

Dad, just admit that you’re not as good as

her. Stop bullying a little girl.” Cameron sighed. “There’s no one to continue my bloodline. Is there anything worse than that?”

Daisie couldn’t help herself and laughed. Cameron then said with a straight face, “You talk as if

I can really help you to pass on your lineage.”

Sunny picked up a cup of tea and sighed. “But how are you going to explain it this time?”

She did not want to waste her time with him, so she said, “Alright, let’s stop that. I have something to discuss with you.” Sunny became serious and asked, “What is it about?” Daisie knew she shouldn’t stay here, so she rose to her feet and said, “Then I’ll go back to my room first.

”

Cameron sat on Daisie’s seat and filled him with everything she had said to Fabio yesterday. After Sunny listened to what she said, he asked calmly, “So you want him to help you get rid of Manuel?”

“We can get rid of Manuel and lure the person behind him out. Isn’t this the best way?”

He frowned. “Manuel can’t escape anymore, but I’m worried that the person behind him may not take the bait.”

Cameron was stunned. “You know the person behind him?” Sunny nodded and said, “It’s Donald.”

A hint of surprise crossed Cameron’s eyes as she exclaimed,

“Isn’t he the person who Nollace has been looking for?”

It was never in her wildest dream that the person behind Manuel’s back would be him.

Sunny slowly rose to his feet and walked to the side. “Nollace is the one who noticed the problem with the account book. He has long suspected that someone in The Serpents is working with Donald. I think it’s Donald who instigated Manuel to take over The Serpents from Florence.” He turned his head around to look at Cameron and continued. “What Donald needs is a pawn who can get Fabio’s attention, and

this pawn is none other than Manuel. Even if you want to get to Donald through Fabio, Donald won't give in that easily. Not to mention that he's hiding in the dark. We don't know when he'll return fire." Cameron chuckled, "Maybe. He was the one who ordered those people to hunt Waylon and me down at that time."

Sunny was stunned. He suddenly remembered that Nollace had told him before that there were two groups of people that day. One of the groups was

going for Daisy. They were from The Serpents and had not brought any weapons with them since they wanted to capture her alive. However, Cameron and Waylon had been facing a group of outlaws.

In other words, Manuel had not been trying to distract them. Instead, Manuel and Donald had made a move at the same time.

Donald wanted Manuel to capture Daisy so that he could use her to lure out Nollace. As for Cameron, he wanted to get rid of her to throw the Southern Clan into turmoil as well as to help Manuel capture Fabio's attention.

It was a good plan that killed two birds with one stone.

Manuel came to the Irissa Hotel to discuss with Donald what they should do next. After Manuel left, Buchanan from the Parkin Chamber of Commerce came to him.

Donald invited Buchanan to the restaurant. Buchanan went straight to the point and said, "Mr. Puzo wanted me to ask you if you have been in contact with Manuel in secret."

Smilingly, he replied, "Why would Mr. Puzo think that? I've only met with Manuel from The Serpents a few times.

We've never talked to each other much."

"Since you've defected to Mr. Puzo, I suggest you drop all your fantasies. Mr. Puzo knows everything you did in Yaramoor, and he wants me to bring you a message. You're in the Eastern islands now, so you need to follow the rules of the islands. With your intelligence and tactics, if you can't be used for Mr. Puzo, then he won't keep you. I hope you can understand this, Mr. Matthews."

After he finished speaking, he left with his men without waiting for a reply from Donald. Donald's face sank. From the moment Manuel looked for him, he knew that Fabio had started to suspect him.

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'That b*stard Cameron! He actually used the account book to convince Fabio that Manuel and I are related.'

A fat man walked behind Donald. "Sir, what should we do now?" Donald

picked up the water glass on the table and drank the water slowly, and his gaze turned stern gradually. "What else can we do? I can only abandon this chess piece of mine so that I can prove my loyalty to Mr. Puzo."

After Manuel returned, he still imagined that Donald would help him to solve the issue. However, unexpectedly, he suddenly received a call from an unknown woman. The woman said something to him, and Manuel's expression changed drastically. "How is this possible!?"

"Believe it or not, Mr. Estrada, do you really think that Donald will help you? He has already decided to push you out into the wilderness. You should find a way to escape now. Otherwise, Donald might even get rid of you in order to protect himself." Manuel wanted to say something, but the other party had already ended the call.

He panicked.

'Donald is the one who asked me to do everything. I actually planned to continue to protect his identity to the end. However, he's already planning to sacrifice me as soon as the account book was revealed?

'No, I can't just sit here and wait for my doom to come. I must come up with a way to get out of this place first.'

Saydie, who was sitting in a car, deleted the call log and looked out the window. The building located directly opposite her was the Serrano residence.

She then wrote a text message, sent it to Waylon, and also deleted the message.

At the same time, in the Southern residence's study...

Sunny learned from Waylon that Donald was going to abandon Manuel and laughed out loud.

"Manuel has seen Donald's true colors this time, and I think he'll act against Donald to save his own *ss. The time is just right. We should make our move now."

After that, he looked at Cameron. "Cam, you and Wayne should go to the pier and keep watch. Bring some men along and make good use of them. You must capture Manuel as soon as he appears."

Cameron got up. "Got it."

At four in the afternoon...

Cameron and Waylon arrived at the dock early, and they had also assigned their men to go into hiding around the dock and prepare themselves for a sneak attack. Cameron looked out the window. "Are you sure that Manuel will leave the East Islands?"

Waylon placed his hand on the steering wheel and stared straight to the front. "If you learned that someone had abandoned you and even wanted you dead, would you still have the guts to stay here?"

'As soon as he was forced into such a difficult and tight corner, Manuel couldn't even protect himself.

'Donald wouldn't help him. He would only push him out there to die and might even end him in order to silence him. And if he can't amass the money in three days, Fabio won't let him off this matter. When faced with this double trouble, it's impossible for Manuel to have the guts to continue to stay in the East Islands.

'His only way to survive is to escape the island.'

Cameron propped her arm against the side of her forehead. "You knew that Donald would sacrifice Manuel. That's why you deliberately induced him to escape?" Waylon turned to look at her. "Allowing him to escape is just an excuse. Rather than let him be murdered, it's better to make him fall into our hands. Once Donald's plan fails, and we can extract evidence from Manuel, that's the end for Donald."

Cameron stared at him and said nothing.

I've always wanted to get rid of Manuel, but I never thought Manuel's death might lead to Donald getting away.

My father had predicted that Donald wouldn't comply.

Since Donald wants to use Manuel to secure power, he won't allow his pawn to threaten him, especially when he's still far from being able to go head-to-head with Fabio. Thus, his only choice is to sacrifice his pawn and push all the blame onto that pawn.

'Fabio doesn't care about Manuel's life or death. The only thing that he cares about is a person's attitude and loyalty. 'Wayne's strategy is to save Manuel's life and use him to contain Donald. That's what smart people would do. It's no wonder my father has high hopes for him. If this man were to be an enemy of the Southern Clan, I might not even be his match.' "Why are you staring at me?"

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Cameron returned to her senses and caught Waylon's gaze.

'Have I been staring at him all this while?'

Cameron cleared her throat and turned her head away. "Did you grow up eating walnuts?»

"Walnuts?" Waylon frowned, squinted, and then gave off a faint smirk. "That's rather superstitious, but are you praising me, Mr. Southern?"

She looked out the window. "Whatever, you're free to think however you like."

She did not know if it was because of the rumors, but she felt a little awkward when she was with Waylon.

'He should have heard of those rumors too, but maybe he's not taking it seriously. Could it be that I'm the only one who keeps thinking about it?'

At half past five in the evening, Manuel drove to the pier.

As soon as Florence woke up in the back seat, she was shocked to see herself in the car. She then thought of the words that Manuel had said to her before knocking her out and was outraged. "Where are you taking me!? Manuel Estrada, you'd better let me go!"

Manuel glanced at the rearview mirror. "Isn't this obvious? I'm taking you with me."

"Over my dead body! I won't leave with you! Now let me go!" Florence tried to open the car door, but it was locked. She then tried to lower the window and wanted to get away through it.

Manuel roared and hurriedly closed the window. "Have you lost your mind!?"

"I'm ordering you to let me go!" Florence ignored him and did not want to go with him. She pounced on the driver's seat, tried to grab the steering wheel, and the out-of-control car turned left and right.

Manuel pushed her away and steadied the car.

The car scratched the stone wall on the side of the road.

Manuel was sweating. He gnashed his teeth and threatened, "If you want to go down like how your father did, you can try me."

Florence was obviously frightened just now, but she recovered from the trance at that moment. "How dare you mention my father in front of me? Do you think I really don't know anything about his death? You're the one who killed my father!"

Manuel sneered. "So what if it's truly me? I did it for you, Ms. Serrano. I'd advise you not to piss me off right now. Otherwise, I'll drag you to hell with me at this moment."

Florence was petrified. She did not want to die but did not want to be taken away either. She thought of something, took out her phone, and secretly sent a message to Donald. Seeing that she was typing on her phone, Manuel grabbed her phone, and when he saw the text message she sent, his expression dimmed instantly. "How dare you reveal my whereabouts!?"

Florence did not know about the relationship between Donald and Manuel, so she took pride in what she just did. "So what if I were to defy you? Mr. Donald once told me that I could always turn to him for help whenever you did anything to me. He claimed that he'd surely help me. Do you really think that you'll be able to control me just because you've obtained authority over The Serpents? Keep dreaming!" Manuel suddenly shuddered and tightened his grip on the steering wheel.

He suddenly realized something and then laughed out loud as if he had already lost his mind.” So this is it! He’s been on his guard against me since long ago.” Florence became more and more frightened, especially when she saw him stepping on the accelerator like a madman. “W–

What are you talking about?” “Since all you people want is just to exploit me, then why should I run away? If I must die today, you’re going to hell together with me!”

He accelerated, and there was a junction not far away from them, but he did not even turn the steering wheel Florence screamed hysterically, “Manuel Estrada, stop” The car rushed out of the stone fence and fell straight down the hillside with a loud sound.

The cars in the back that had been following them very closely braked one after another, and Mateo rushed out of the car. “Ms. Serrano!”

The moment Waylon received the call, he quickly drove to the scene of the accident, which the local police had blocked.

Cameron opened the car door and walked out, only to see that the police had dispatched a crane to salvage the severely deformed car. At the same time, they also brought a dead body that had been thrown out of the car when it dropped down from the hillside– it was Florence.

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Mateo brought some of the members from The Serpents together with him and waited at the edge of the police blockade. His expression looked extremely distressed when he saw the bodies. Cameron frowned. “Manuel even dragged Florence along.” Waylon was silent. Nobody

knew what was going through his mind at this moment.

Donald received the news of Manuel and Florence’s accident. He then placed his cell phone on the desk, pinched the foot of a wine glass, and swirled it lightly, feeling delighted.

A fat man came up to him. “Sir, Manuel actually knew that you were going to leave him out there and chose to escape with Ms. Serrano.” “I already know that.” Donald moved his gaze off the glass. “It’s a pity that even God wouldn’t side with him this time around. If he hadn’t brought a burden along with him, he would have managed to escape successfully. A woman still brought him down in the end.” “I didn’t even have to do anything.

‘When Florence sent me the text message asking for help, I already knew that Manuel was going to get his sorry *ss out of the island. I originally was worried that he would fall into the hands of the Southern Clan, but things couldn’t be better now that the nuisance has been removed for good.’

The fat man frowned. “Sir, don’t you think it’s strange? How did Manuel know that you were going to leave him out there to die? The only people that knew about your meeting with Buchanon are Fabio’s men.”

Donald paused for a bit, lifted his head, and his gaze looked sullen. “Fabio doesn’t care about Manuel’s life or death at all. So, someone seems to want Manuel to escape. It seems that someone working for Fabio isn’t as clean and loyal as they seem.”

He finished the wine in one mouthful, turned around, and asked the fat man, “Have you found anything about the incident with the account book?”

Fatty replied, “I heard it’s the person who took over The Commune. He’s the one who found out about the issue with the account book. He should be the one who told the Southern Clan about it.”

Donald’s expression dimmed, but no one could tell how he felt exactly. “Who’s that person?”

The fat man answered without any hesitation, “Rumor has it that he’s someone who goes by the name Neal Beck. Cameron hired him from abroad.”

Cameron and Waylon rushed to the hospital at 8:00 a.m. Mateo and some of the men from The Serpents were waiting outside the ICU—Manuel was the one who was being rescued inside.

Florence had flown out of the car and died on the spot because her seat belt was not on. On the other hand, Manuel remained in the driver’s seat because of the seat belt. Still, the front of the car was severely damaged, and his injuries were extremely complicated.

The people from The Serpents saw them first and stopped them vigilantly. Mateo waved at his men, motioning them to give way, and walked toward Cameron and Waylon. “Mr. Southern, I wonder why you’re here.” Cameron nodded slightly. “I’m very sorry for Ms. Serrano’s death. My deepest condolences.” Before Mateo could speak, one of his men pointed at her and yelled, “Pfft! You guys are the ones who couldn’t wait for Ms. Serrano to die. Now that she’s dead, you people from the Southern Clan should be the happiest people on Earth!” Waylon squinted and glared at the man. “If Manuel hadn’t tried to take Ms. Serrano away, would we even be standing here now?”

The man was about to refute when Mateo interrupted him. “Manuel is a member of The Serpents. We’ll be the judge of what he’s done. We’ll also investigate Ms. Serrano’s incident by ourselves, so you don’t need to bother yourselves with these matters.”

Waylon smiled. “We’re here to investigate the cause of the accident.”

Mateo was confused. “Why would you want to do so?”

He explained slowly, “Manuel colluded with Donald behind your back. However, after things went sour, he learned he was about to be killed by Donald, so he chose to escape from the East Islands. But we never thought that he would bring Ms. Serrano and deliberately cause this accident.

“No matter what, Ms. Serrano is still Mr. Serrano’s daughter. So shouldn’t Mr. Serrano have the right to know what happened and the reason behind it happening?”

Mateo pursed his lips tightly and did not utter a single word. He knew that Joaquin was still alive. He also knew that what had happened to Joaquin was Manuel's doing and that Manuel had colluded with Donald.

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Now that Florence was dead and Manuel was still being rescued in the ICU, Mateo stayed outside the operation theater, just in case something were to happen. If Manuel were to die here, the truth would forever be buried. At this time, the red light bulb on top of the door of the operating theater was turned off while the green light lit up.

The doctor then came out of the operating theater, and Mateo stood up instantly and stepped forward. "Doctor, how's the patient?"

The doctor took off his mask, and his expression looked distressed. "I'm sorry. We've done everything in our capability."

Mateo was shocked, and he grabbed the doctor by his shoulders. "What do you mean by you've done everything possible? Are you telling me that this is it for him?!"

He was emotional, but the doctor had gotten accustomed to such a reaction. He could only explain Manuel's condition to him calmly, "He's been too badly injured. His organs were all crushed by external forces, and he was bleeding heavily. He was already in shock when he was sent to the hospital. We've tried our best to save him, but there's a limit to what we can do too. I'm sorry." Mateo staggered backward, and the people behind him caught and supported him immediately.

Cameron frowned and did not say anything.

At the end of the day, the hospital issued a death certificate. After confirming Manuel's death, Cameron and Waylon walked out of the hospital.

She stopped in front of the car and took a deep breath. "Manuel's death is truly beyond my expectations. With that, we just lost our last witness."

'We stayed at the pier because we could only wait for Manuel to appear, but who would know that such an accident would take place amidst everything else?

'Now that Manuel is dead, Donald's threat is forever gone.'

It was Cameron's first time feeling such frustration.

Waylon looked at her. "Let's get our hands on the recordings from the car's dashcam first. At least we must first

get to the bottom of the reason that caused the accident."

Cameron nodded.

'It seems that this is the only thing we can do now.' Cameron and Waylon came to the precinct. The police offic

ers who handled the accident happened to have a close connection with Sunny and agreed to let them take a look at the dashcam's recordings. Cameron and Waylon stood in

front of the computer and watched the footage recorded before the accident happened. Florence could be seen grabbing the steering wheel from Manuel, and there was a slight glitch in the footage for a split second. Cameron increased the volume and heard their conversation clearly.

"If you want to go down like how your father did, you can try me." "How dare you mention my father in front of me? Do you think I really don't know anything about his death? You're the one who killed my father!"

"So what if it's truly me? I did it for you, Ms. Serrano. I'd advise you not to piss me off right now. Otherwise, I'll drag you to hell with me at this moment."

When Cameron saw what happened on the screen and heard the conversation, her gaze could not help but dim.

Immediately afterward, Manuel suddenly snatched Florence's cell phone from her. "How dare you reveal my whereabouts!?"

"So what if I were to defy you? Mr. Donald once told me that I could always turn

to him for help whenever you did anything to me. He claimed that he'd surely help me. Do you really think that you'll be able to control me just because you've obtained authority over The Serpents? Keep dreaming!" Manuel laughed frantically. "So this is it! He's been on his guard against me since long ago. Since all you people want is just to exploit me, then why should I run away? If I must die today, you're going to hell together with me!" "Manuel Estrada, stop—"

The last moment of the video showed the scene of the car accelerating, and the scene abruptly stopped after a huge impact. Cameron turned around and walked out of the room.

The car drove slowly toward the Southern's residence.

Cameron, sitting in the front passenger seat, propped her hand against the side of her forehead as she gazed out of the window. She had not uttered a single word ever since she got into the car.

Waylon took a glance at her and broke the silence. "Do you think that it's a pity?" "I only think it's ridiculous." Cameron's eyes moved, and her expression looked calm. She then retracted her gaze and leaned back in the seat. "If Florence didn't stimulate Manuel with Donald, Manuel wouldn't have thought about dying with her. I didn't expect the cause of the accident to be her own fault."

Chapter 2135

At the last moment of the recorder, anyone could see and

hear Manuel's mental breakdown. Even if Manuel deserved to die, Florence should not have been made the victim. However, she was still implicated by Manuel and eventually died because of her own ignorance.

Waylon chuckled. "I didn't expect you to have such a sentimental side, Mr. Southern."

she turned to look at him. "I'm just not reconciled. We were only 5 kilometers away from the pier, and we almost caught him. Who would have expected that such a thing would happen?"

'I would feel better if Manuel and Florence were murdered when they were on their way to the pier. At least a direction would present itself to me, and I'd know who went after them. I could make a move on those people.

However, they're the ones who caused the accident, so there's no clue whatsoever. Donald didn't even have to do anything.'

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. "In the end, Donald got away with this the easy way." Waylon slowed down. "Things happened, and we can't do anything to change that, but there will always be a solution."

Cameron folded her arms. "Fabio is already one big problem to swallow and deal with, and Donald just has to bring himself into the equation. This is endless."

He chuckled. "It seems that you're not as competent as Nollace when it comes to keeping your emotions in check."

She was startled, then turned to look at Waylon. "By the way, what kind of grudges does Nollace have with Donald?" She only knew that when she first saw Nollace, he was injured and floating at sea. He probably would not have survived if he had not encountered her boat and her men had not found him.

He originally wanted to stay in the East Islands only because he wanted to locate someone called Donald. It could be seen that hatred existed between him and Donald.

Waylon held the steering wheel and looked ahead. "Donald was imprisoned because of Nollace, but unfortunately, he escaped from prison two years ago. Donald is a person that will never stop unless he's achieved his goal, and he's someone who will retaliate against the people who wronged him. And Daisy is married to Nollace, so if he doesn't get rid of Donald for good, Daisy will also be in danger."

Cameron supported the side of her forehead in her hand and propped her elbow against the car window. "It turns out that he's doing all this for Daisy. Wow, I seem to have failed to see that loving side that he possesses."

"It's not just for Daisy," Waylon responded calmly. "If Donald continues to get away with impunity, once he returns to Yararnoor with the help of Fabio's power, the Knowles will also become the target of his revenge. "What I admire most about Nollace is that he isn't afraid of putting himself on the line and

in danger. He can isolate himself from all those people who need his protection and fight by himself. Even though many think that he's toying with death, he's just reluctant to show his weakness in front of the enemy." Cameron chuckled. "Then you should learn from your brother-in-law. So that you'll be able to protect your wife when you manage to find one in the future."

Waylon smiled without saying a word. When the car arrived at the Southern residence, the lights in the living room were still on.

Sunny had not slept as he was still waiting for the result.

Apparently, he had learned about the accident that Manuel was caught in.

Seeing them enter the hall, the butler reported, "The young master has come back."

Sunny raised his gaze, and Cameron walked up to him. "Manuel and Florence died in the accident."

Upon hearing this, Sunny took a deep breath, and his expression dimmed. "I didn't expect that Florence would be with Manuel." Cameron crossed her arms. "Manuel wanted to take her away, but who would have expected that Florence would contact Donald and stimulate him when they were in the car?"

Sunny frowned and slowly got up after a while. "Alright, you guys have been moving around town all day. Go and rest first. As for Florence's death, I'll inform Joaqin tomorrow."

Florence is his daughter, and he has the right to know about that.' Cameron went upstairs.

Sunny thought of something and looked at Waylon. "Wayne, you should get the spy you've assigned to stay beside Fabio. I just got the news that because of Manuel's escape, Donald suspects someone working for Fabio is a spy. Fabio has always been a suspicious person and will definitely look into this matter."

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Waylon squinted and nodded after a while. "I'll remind her to be more careful." The next day, Joaq in learned that Florence had died in an accident, and his face turned pale instantly.

He was stunned on the bed and was unable to speak for a long time.

Sunny patted him on the shoulder. "My condolences."

Joaqin could not hide his grief, and his expression looked gloomy. "I didn't expect my connivance would kill my daughter eventually."

'If I were to be able to find out about Manuel's ambition sooner, I'd definitely drive him away at all costs.' Unfortunately, no one in the world would be blessed with so many "ifs" in their lives.

Mateo appeared outside the ward at this time. "Boss."

He took a glance at Sunny, walked into the ward, and knelt beside the hospital bed all of a sudden. Joaquin wanted to get out of bed to support him, but his legs were still not fully recovered, so getting out of bed was simply out of the question. "What are you doing?"

"Boss, I'm to blame for this incident. I didn't keep a closer eye on the young lady, so please punish me." Mateo would not get up from the floor.

If it were not for his negligence, Manuel would not have been able to take Florence away at all.

He had not realized what had happened until he found out that Florence was missing—that was when he took someone and chased after her, but it was already too late.

Joaquin took a deep breath. "It's not your fault. Now, get up."

Mateo gnashed his teeth and stood up. "Boss, I've told all our brothers about this incident, and they claimed that they're still willing to stay with you and work for you. So from now on, I'm willing to lead The Serpents and listen to the Southern Clan and your orders."

Joaquin did not expect Mateo would still be willing to work under him—the trust that he had had in him over the years did not go down the drain. He smiled. "I'm relieved to hear such a statement from you."

He then looked at Sunny. "Mr. Southern Sr., you're the one who saved my life. I'm sorry to have offended you on so many occasions in the past. If I hadn't been so obsessed with things back then, how would I have neglected the management of The Serpents?"

Sunny responded, "The past has already passed. It's now time for us to come together and face our mutual enemy as one. The most important thing for us right now is to get rid of Donald first."

Now that Manuel was dead, it was time for Donald to make a move.

On the other side of the island, at the Rain Hotel...

Donald held a photo that had Neal Beck on it in his hand. His eyes looked dimmed and stern. Although the person in the photo was wearing a mask and was secretly photographed from a distance, he could not help

but feel that this person looked familiar. Chunky walked into the room with a cup of coffee and placed it on the table. "Sir, Fabio has already started secretly investigating the people working for him. You will be regarded as the biggest contributor if there's truly a spy."

Donald put the photo aside. "I was originally going to help Manuel get to this position so that I could control him secretly and get him to obtain Fabio's help on my behalf. Unfortunately, somebody just had to ruin my plan."

Chunky looked at the person in the photo. "Do you need me to get rid of him?"

“There’s no need to do so.” Donald raised his gaze and said sullenly, “If this person is Nollace Knowles, I’ll deal with him personally.”

He got up, walked to the window, and looked out the window. “Just send someone out there to keep an eye on The Commune.”

Chunky nodded. “Yes, sir.”

He turned around and walked out of the study.

Donald’s expression looked gloomy and ruthless. “Nollace Knowles, you can only die in my hands.”

After Mateo returned from the hospital, he evacuated the members of The Serpents from Fabio’s territory, during which he had to go against some of Fabio’s men.

When Fabio learned about this matter, he slammed the teacup on the table, and the teacup shattered in his hands. The scene was so astonishing that no one else dared to say a word.

Buchanon trembled and said cautiously, “Mr. Puzo, I heard that Mateo Parrera is extremely loyal to Joagin Serrano. We used to have Manuel and Ms. Serrano, but as soon as the two of them died, the first thing that Mateo did was to bring his men back to the Southern Clan’s territory. The Southern Clan must have instigated this decision.”