

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 2147-2156

Chapter 2147

Donald took a sip from the wine and continued in a calm manner. "He told me that the woman looks very much alike to someone from Mr. Puzo's side."

Buchanon was shocked. "You're talking about Ms. Leroy?"

Out of the women around Fabio, only Gail was capable of fighting. However, he remembered something and quickly shot down that notion. "It shouldn't be her. Huntley introduced her. Huntley doesn't have any connection with the Southern Clan, so there's no way Ms. Leroy is working for the Southern Clan."

Donald lowered his head and gazed into the wine glass. "Other than Huntley, no one has ever seen Ms. Leroy before. What if she isn't the real Ms. Leroy?"

Buchanon fell silent.

Using the light in the private room, Donald looked at him. "Why don't you send someone to keep an eye on her, Mr. Gibson? Of course, I hope she isn't the one we're looking for as well, but if she's suspicious, Mr. Puzo might owe you a favor then."

Their conversation ended around 10:00 p.m. Buchanon came out of the

private room with his head held low in worries so he did not notice someone monitoring him from the dark.

After Donald came out of the private room, the person merged into the darkness of the alley. Donald entered a car in front of the door and went away.

In a black car not far away, Nollace rolled down his window and watched as the car slowly disappeared into the horizon.

Jake opened the door and went into the driving seat. He put on the seatbelt and started the engine. "I didn't expect Donald to know Buchanon from the Parkin Chamber of Commerce."

The neon light from the street showered on Nollace's face and made him look even more mysterious. "Buchanon is the chairman of the Parkin Chamber of Commerce. He's

Fabio's valuable assistant, so it isn't strange if he knows Donald."

Jake said, "I didn't dare to go too near them, so I didn't hear their conversation."

"It's fine."

Nollace placed his finger at the tail of his eyebrows and lifted his eyelids. "It's enough to know they're dealing with each other privately."

The next day...

Cameron changed into her normal attire and went downstairs to take her breakfast. She heard that the maids were talking about when "Ms. Torres" left, and the butler had no other choice but to say she left last night.

She pulled the chair and got herself a bowl of porridge.

Biting her fork, Daisy glanced at her eldest brother. Even though Waylon already knew Sunny's intention, it did not affect him, and he seemed as normal as always.

When Waylon noticed her gaze and turned his head to look at her, she hastily lowered her head.

Sunny put down his fork and said, "I'm done. You guys serve yourselves."

Daisy ate her breakfast and did not say anything. She did not know how to face Sunny right now, and Sunny had no idea that she had already sold him off.

There were three people left at the table, and the atmosphere froze.

Cameron lifted her head and looked at them. "Why are you two not talking?"

That was especially so for Daisy. She usually had a lot of things to share on the table, but she was exceptionally quiet today. Cameron was not used to it.

Daisy put down her fork and said, "I... I'm done too."

She rose to her feet and rushed upstairs.

There was a confused expression on Cameron's face, and she turned to look at Waylon. "What did you say to her yesterday?"

'Could it be that he punished her yesterday?'

Waylon lifted his eyelids and looked at her. "Nothing."

She shrugged. "Alright then. I won't ask anymore."

He gazed at her, and it took him a long while before he asked, "Have you never wondered why your father likes me so much?"

Cameron was momentarily stunned before she picked a sandwich into her plate.

"How would I know? Maybe he wants you to be his son."

He chuckled. "Well, maybe you're right."

She jerked her head up and said, "It seems to me that you're pretty good at winning other people's favor."

That explained why her father liked him so much.

Chapter 2148

Waylon did not say anything in return.

It was about eight after they finished their breakfast, and Waylon went into Sunny's study room to talk to him about something.

Sunny was writing something in front of his desk. He said, "Nollace has found something. Donald has been dealing with Buchanon in private as well."

Standing by the window, Waylon said, "According to Saydie, Buchanon has been working for Fabio for ten years.

He has been taking charge of the Parkin Chamber of Commerce, and he is Fabio's most valuable assistant."

He nodded. "Buchanon is a slick person. He knows when to retreat, and he's afraid of death. Although Fabio doesn't trust him very much, he's fine with him taking care of his stuff."

"I guess Buchanon must be alerted by that batch of counterfeit liquor. He's worried that Fabio might really kill him one day." Waylon turned around to look at Sunny. "That's why he approached Donald in the hope of looking for a new way out."

Sunny put down his pen and raised his head. With a smile on his face, he said, "Now we can only count on Nollace and see if he can get anything from Buchanon. He has been working for Fabio for so many years, so he must know a lot of his secrets."

Waylon looked at the pen on the desk, and it took him a long while before he asked the question, "Mr. Southern Sr., there's one thing I would like to ask you. What do you like about me?"

Sunny was stunned for a moment. He raised his head to meet his gaze. Waylon's eyes were clear, but his gaze was piercing. Even though there were some unreadable emotions in his eyes, Sunny's heart still skipped a beat when he met his gaze.

Sunny decided not to lie to him and chuckled. "You already know about it?"

Waylon lowered his head and said, "I'm sorry. You and Daisy aren't good actors, so I have been suspecting it for a long while."

“Well, it’s true that I have that intention,” Sunny replied straightforwardly. “After all, it’s rare for me to come across a young man as smart and tactful as you are. You’re even better than me when I was young.”

Waylon shook his head helplessly. “You’ve flattered me, Mr. Southern Sr.”

Sunny sat on the chair and said, “I’m not exaggerating. I’m very good when it comes to reading people. Of course, I’m not going to force you or Cameron. I’ll let nature take its course.

What Sunny did not say was that love could be developed as time went on.

He was not going to force Waylon as he was worried that he might scare him off. He was going to use the boiling the frog tactic, and he was confident that the things between Waylon and Cameron would work out somehow.

“Mr. Southern Sr.!”

Mahina rushed into the study.

Waylon and Sunny turned their heads to look at her. Before she could catch her breath, she said, “Something happened to Mateo!”

Sunny’s face sank. “What happened?”

“I just received news that Mateo had been missing for two days. Joaquin sent a team to look for him, and someone found a headless corpse in the woods. The corpse is wearing the clothes that Mateo was wearing that day.” Mahina took a deep breath. “I’m afraid it’s done by Fabio’s people.”

At the Southwest Villas...

Gail entered the living room with a black plastic bag. Other than the bodyguards, the rest of the people, including Buchanon, were looking at her.

She tossed the black plastic bag on the floor, and Buchanon nearly wet his pants when he saw what was inside the plastic bag. He fell to the floor and stammered, “It... It’s a head.”

Fabio glanced at the terrified Buchanon and snorted. “Stop being so dramatic. It’s just a head.” A bodyguard picked Buchanon up from the floor. His face was pale and bloodless as he looked at the expressionless Gail.

The air was pervaded with the smell of blood. Everyone fell silent as they could feel a chill down their spines when they saw the head that had a grotesque expression.

Fabio picked up the cup. Apparently, he was not affected. He lifted his eyelids and chuckled. Well done, Gail.”

Gail lowered her head. “It took me two days to locate him. I’m sorry for the delay.”

"It's fine. The most important thing is that you've completed your mission." Fabio waved his hand and commanded his bodyguard to take the head away. He rose to his feet and walked up to Gail. Putting his hand on her shoulder, he said, "Huntley has told me a lot about you. You indeed didn't fail your reputation as the Black Widow."

Chapter 2149

Gail lowered her head. "Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Puzo."

Fabio patted her shoulder and turned around to look at Buchanan. It was only then Buchanan came around to his senses and said, "Ms. Leroy, you indeed are one hell of a killer."

Not only had she chopped his head off, but she even brought the head back. It was not something that anyone could do.

Fabio retracted his hand and sat on the couch. "How about the mole? Did you discover anything?"

Buchanan had been startled by the head, so it was only now

that he came around to his senses. When he heard Fabio's question, cold beads of sweat began to ooze from his forehead as he remembered what Donald had told him.

He looked at Gail and forced a smile on his face. "I've checked everyone in the Parkin Chamber of Commerce. There's nothing wrong with them, but..."

"But what?" Fabio placed the cup of tea near his lips.

Buchanan told him about the fight Manuel had with Sunny in front of the hospital that day. He lifted his head and continued. "Manuel said that the woman he saw that day looked a lot like... Ms. Leroy."

Gail squinted and clenched her fists tightly inside her sleeves.

Fabio emptied the tea and glanced at Gail.

Gail asked, "Mr. Gibson, are you sure I'm the person that Manuel said he saw?"

Maintaining the smile on his face, Buchanan replied, "He just said that that woman looks a lot like you."

"So, are you implying that Mr. Wyatt has been colluding with the Southern Clan?"

Sensing Fabio's piercing gaze, Buchanan hastily said, "Of course not! That's not what I'm saying!"

Holding the empty cup in his hand, Fabio chimed in and asked, "So what are you trying to say?"

Buchanan's back was filled with sweat. "This was Manuel's speculation, and I'm concerned about your safety, Mr. Puzo."

Gail smiled. "Everyone knows where I was that day, so go ahead if you want to check

anything. Before I came to the East Islands, I worked for Mr. Wyatt, but my master now is Mr. Puzo. What's in it for me to help the Southern Clan? Could it be that Mr. Southern Sr. is my master?"

Buchanon's heart was in his throat when Fabio did not

say anything. He gnashed his teeth and said, "But other than Mr.

Wyatt, none of us have seen you before, Ms. Leroy. I'm just worried that someone might be impersonating 'you'

..."

He did not finish his sentence, but everyone knew what he was trying to say.

Fabio was a highly suspicious person. Initially, he suspected Gail as well, but Gail was sent over to him by Huntley, and doubting Gail was similar to doubting Huntley.

Buchanon's words aroused Fabio's suspicion once again.

With a smile on her face, Gail said, "What about I make a video call with Mr. Wyatt? If he says I'm not the real Gail, you can do whatever you want with me, Mr. Puzo."

Buchanon was stunned.

Since she had the guts to make a video call with Huntley, it meant that she was the real deal.

Fabio looked at her expressionlessly and asked, "Do you have anything else to say, Buchanon?"

Buchanon felt weak at his knees. His forehead was filled with beads of cold sweat as he said, "I'm just worried about-"

Fabio threw the cup on the floor next to his feet and rose to his feet. "How dare you question Gail, you idiot!? If you spoil my plan again, you'll be the next one to get your head chopped off."

Buchanon fell to his knees and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Puzo! I promise I won't make the same mistake again!"

Fabio turned around and went upstairs without looking at him.

Buchanon hastily walked out of the villa, and he only relaxed a bit when he came into the courtyard. He grabbed the collar of his subordinate and hissed. "Go back and inform Donald. He nearly got me killed!"

He pushed the man away and went back into the car.

He suspected Gail's identity because of the things that Donald had told him, but Gail had the guts to prove her identity.

Fabio was in need of Huntley's help, so he couldn't do anything to Gail. If he continued to suspect Gail's identity, Fabio might not be happy about it, and he would be in big trouble.

Chapter 2150

The people in The Serpents were filled with fear when they heard about Mateo's death. Even though they were no longer in Fabio's territory, they did not know about Joaquin's whereabouts, and there was no one to lead them now.

Soon, Fabio sent someone over and took some of them back while the rest of them went into hiding. There were not many people left in The Serpents, and they were on the verge of disbanding.

Meanwhile, in the hospital...

Mateo's men had all gathered in Joaquin's ward. When Joaquin heard of Mateo's death, he was filled with grief and hated himself for being powerless.

Cameron and her men appeared in front of the ward, and the crowd in the ward all turned their heads to look at her.

She stopped in front of Joaquin's bed and said, "My father said he'll give you an explanation regarding Mateo's death."

Joaquin did not say anything, but the people in the ward were agitated. "Explanation? What kind of explanation? Mr. Southern Sr. said that he'd help us, but what happened now? They killed Mateo. Some of us were taken away by Fabio's people, and you Southerns have done nothing!"

Cameron glanced at him and said coldly, "If you guys had some brains, you wouldn't have defected to Fabio with Florence. You should be grateful that my father saved your boss' life and protected him.

"Did you do anything for the Southerns when you were in the territory with Florence or Manuel? If not, then why are you pointing fingers at us right now and saying that we should help you when something happens?"

Everyone fell silent.

Cameron continued calmly. "Of course, if Manuel hadn't been power-hungry and colluded with Donald behind your back to plot against your boss, none of this would have happened to you.

"And everything Mateo did was for The Serpents and your boss. If he didn't die, it'd be your boss who would have died. The enemy that we need to face together is Fabio right now. If you lose

your confidence now and refuse to stand up after the blow, there is no way we can help to save you."

That man lowered his head. Even though he did not want to admit it, it was true that they did not have the right to ask the Southern Clan to save them.

Joaquin took a deep breath and said, "If I disband The Serpents, Fabio won't see us as a threat anymore."

The crowd was stunned. "But boss--"

He raised his hand to stop them and continued, "I should have thought of it earlier. There is no way Fabio will allow The Serpents to return to the Southern Clan's side. Even if Manuel didn't try to kill me, Fabio would send someone after me as well sooner or later. As long as I'm still alive, I'm nothing but a dispensable pawn for him."

One of them asked, "Boss, do you really want to disband The Serpents?"

"That's the only way. Besides, The Serpents aren't complete anymore." Joaquin clenched his hand tightly. "I'm just a crippled old man who can't even get out of bed. The only thing I can do right now is to protect the remaining people."

After he finished speaking, he looked at Cameron. "Mr. Southern, I'm not asking you to help them, but I hope that they will have a chance to survive and stay away from the threat of Fabio."

Cameron nodded.

When she came out of the ward, Mahina was waiting for her in front of the

elevator. "Sir, I'm sorry. I should've sent someone to follow Mateo when he left the hospital that day."

She walked into the elevator, followed by Mahina. As Mahina pressed the button for the floor, she asked, "Has the autopsy report been released yet?"

Mahina replied, "Yes. The time of death was two days ago. There are multiple fractures and external injuries on his body, so he should've fought with someone before he was killed. The injury that killed him was the blow to his head. But what's strange is that his head was chopped off two days after he died."

Resting her chin on her hand, Cameron squinted. "What is the point of cutting off the head of a person who has been dead for two days?"

Chapter 2151

Mahina shook her head as she did not know anything either.

The two walked out of the hospital and came to the front of the car. Cameron had just opened the door and got into the car when she saw another person in the rear seat and was startled. "Why are you here?"

Waylon leaned against the car window with his hand propped against the side of his forehead and turned to look at her. "Donald is at the casino investigating the identity of the woman who revealed Andrei's identity."

Cameron closed the car door, raised her eyebrows, and looked at him. "Are you worried about me?"

He looked away and did not utter a single word.

Mahina took a peek in the rearview mirror as she drove them away from the scene.

'The young master and the eldest son of the Goldmanns really make a great couple.'

She suddenly thought of why such gossip about the two of them would spread around. Anyone who saw the two of them together would most probably think so too.

Cameron noticed her fixed gaze and patted the back of

her seat. "Keep your eyes on the road and the traffic. What are you looking at?"

Mahina was shocked. "I'm sorry."

Cameron crossed her legs, leaned back in the seat, and looked down at her phone.

Waylon turned his head and stared at her. "I thought you didn't know how to use a cell phone."

Mahina almost could not hold herself back and burst into laughter.

Cameron choked on her own words and looked at him in surprise. "Do you think I'm those old geezers living on the East Islands?"

He looked out the window. "It's just that I've not seen you use it."

She leaned forward and approached Waylon. "If that's your point, I've never seen you use a phone either."

He did not respond to that statement, but a faint flash of hilarity flashed across his eyes.

The sunlight outside the window shone into the car, and each beam interweaved over the other. Under the sun, his skin looked fair and warm but not nearly as fair as that of Nollace's as his skin complexion was on the brink of making him seem transparent. His figure made him look stern and stunningly handsome, providing him with a valorous and warm temperament. Everything that radiated from his core was just in the right amount and proportion, which gave him a rather mature charm.

It was no wonder Florence would take a fancy to him in the first place.

Cameron's gaze was fixed on him for quite some time. Perhaps because she was acting too blatantly, even Waylon noticed it and tilted his head to see what she had to say.

The car made a turn at this moment, and Cameron was caught off guard, lost balance, and rammed into him.

Waylon instantly grabbed her by the shoulders and supported her. Her wig seemed to have entangled onto the buttons of his clothes, so she raised her hand and kept herself bent over. Wait a minute, help me with my hair..."

Waylon laughed out loud and looked a little helpless. "It's time for you to change your wig."

She gnashed her teeth and lowered her voice. "That's none of your business. All you need to do now is to move quickly."

Mahina took a glimpse in the rearview mirror. She was originally worried that Waylon would mind. After all, he and Cameron were not so close to each other to the point of being able to stay only inches away from each other ...

However, she had overthought.

Waylon lowered his gaze and patiently undid the wig that had wrapped around the buttons of his clothes. His slightly cool fingers would come into contact with her auricle from time to time, and he caught a glimpse of her flushed ears. It looked like the sunset that glowed from behind the clouds at dusk, gradually spreading out.

Cameron felt a little embarrassed. At that moment, she felt she had been entangled for too long, and her heart was racing. "Are you done?"

He responded with a light hum.

She got up, turned around to arrange her wig, sat back properly, and complained, "Mahina, you're not allowed to drive like this in the future."

"That was so embarrassing."

Mahina felt slightly wronged. "You're the one who didn't wear a seat belt, right?"

Cameron grabbed the seat belt and buckled it. "Are you talking back?"

Mahina was rendered speechless. Waylon leaned against the car window, propped his fingers against the end of his eyebrows, and glanced out the window as the corners of his lips raised imperceptibly.

At the same time, at the Rain Hotel...

Donald stood in front of the window, and Chunky, standing behind him, reported the findings he had collected through the ongoing investigations. He stared blankly at the reflection on the window pane. "Are you saying that two outsiders are living in the Southern residence?"

Chunky nodded. "I heard that they're the Goldmann siblings from Bassburgh, and the woman who exposed Andrei's cheating actions and pushed all the blame in your way was found with them."

Chapter 2152

Donald turned around, walked behind the desk, sat down in the director's chair, and tapped his fingers against the table. "What about Neal Beck? Haven't we sent someone to keep an eye on him?"

"About this..." Chunky lowered his head. "That person hasn't come back yet, and I've failed to get into contact with him."

All the items on the desk were instantly swept to the ground—the most direct eruption of emotions occurred without warning.

Chunky did not dare to say a word. He did not even dare to breathe.

His expression looked gloomy and sulky. "That useless piece of sh*t! It seems he's been discovered."

"Even if he's been discovered, no one will ever suspect you."

"Oh, really?" Donald glared at him. "Manuel has been exposed, and the Southern Clan knows that he and I are connected because of the account book, and it's just a matter of time for them to start to suspect me."

Chunky was at a loss for words.

Donald rubbed the bridge of his nose and leaned back into the chair. "That woman must have something to do with the Southern Clan."

Chunky thought of something. "I've looked into things and asked around the casino. That woman is quite a fighter and looks a bit like Cameron. Recently, rumors have it that Cameron didn't marry Florence because of his sexual orientation and that he and the eldest son of the Goldmanns have... a somewhat ambiguous relationship."

Donald was rubbing the bridge of his nose, but after hearing this, he paused for a split second and then smirked. "Interesting."

Mahina parked the car outside the gate of the Southern residence.

Cameron pushed the door, got out of the car, and saw the butler escorting Damian out of the courtyard.

Damian stepped out of the gate and raised his head. "Yo, you've come home?"

He then glanced over at Waylon and narrowed his eyes.

Cameron stopped in front of him and smiled. "Uncle Damian, what brings you here for a visit?"

He laughed. "I came here to talk about something with your dad."

"What did you talk about?"

She was curious when Damian replied calmly, "I told your dad that I'm going to introduce a potential girlfriend to you in two days."

Cameron's smile stiffened slightly, but she immediately restrained it and seemed shocked. "

Uncle Damian, are you messing with me?"

Damian placed his hand on her shoulder and advised sternly, "I've been watching you grow up since you were a kid. Cam, as you take over the Southern Clan, it's about time for you to start your own family at your age.

"That lady comes from the port area, she's about the same age as you, and her family background doesn't look too shabby and matches that of yours. You guys should meet up tomorrow."

"But Uncle Damian, I'm really—"

"Your dad has already agreed to my suggestion." Damian interrupted her and continued. "Or is there really something wrong with your sexual orientation? If that's the case, I can't just stand by the side and watch this with my arms crossed."

'Cameron is my best friend's only son, so no matter whether there's a problem with his sexual orientation. We have to at least try things out, correct the mistakes in time, and bring him back onto the right path before it's too late.'

Without waiting for Cameron to say anything, Damian had already left the scene. Cameron covered her forehead and could not help but feel slightly disturbed.

'Uncle Damian doesn't know my identity, so that was excusable, but what's wrong with father!?'

Waylon laughed from the depth of his throat. "I guess it's time for me to extend my congratulations to you, Mr. Southern."

She turned her head away, feeling extremely annoyed. "Do you think this is funny?"

He chuckled. "Isn't it normal for a man to build a family of his own?"

Cameron turned around, stepped into the courtyard, and yelled, "Dad!"

Sunny heard her voice upstairs. He rubbed his forehead and pretended not to hear it until he heard her footsteps in the corridor, and the door was pushed open. "Dad, what do you mean by that?"

He put the book down. "What else do you think I mean?"

“You’re asking me to go on a blind date with a woman.” Cameron scoffed out of anger, Aren’t you afraid that she’ll take a fancy to me after meeting me and that I’ll have to marry a woman in the end?”

Sunny was helpless and spread his arms. “Then what about you tell me what I can do? Should I your Uncle Damian that the b*stard whom he’s cared for over 20 years is actually a lady?” tell.

Chapter 2153

‘Besides, do you really

think he’ll be able to accept this sudden news?’ Cameron crossed her arms and did not say anything. Sunny said earnestly, “Your Uncle Damian is just asking you to go and meet the girl, so just go. Moreover, the girl might not even like you, so just take it as a facade you have to play.”

She turned around, walked to the door, stopped, turned around, and smirked. “Okay, I’ll go, but just in case I take a fancy to her, you’ll be the one who marries her

since I don’t mind having a stepmother at my age.”

“Get out!”

At the same time as the book was thrown at her, Cameron quickly dashed out of the door, and the book could only hit the door.

Sunny rubbed his forehead, which was throbbing.

‘Why are everyone else’s daughters cute and graceful princesses, while mine is like a goon on the streets? All she knows is to piss me off.’

As night approached, the yellow street lamps lit up. The lights in the clubhouse flashed beautifully, creating an illusion of a lingering fog, which could easily intoxicate all the lost souls partying in it. Since he left the

villa the other day, Buchanon began to feel anxious. He wondered if it was because he was trying to expose Gail’s identity, and it had annoyed Fabio. Fabio had actually divided the management rights of the Parkin Chamber of Commerce that belonged to only him and gave them to one of its branches.

It meant that he was no longer the only manager of the Parkin Chamber of Commerce.

He poured himself some liquor and drank it sullenly, and the lady sitting beside him approached him. “Mr. Gibson, don’t just leave me here all alone.”

“Scat, can’t you see that I’m rather occupied and bothered now?” Buchanon pushed her away, sounding extremely upset.

The lady was frightened and did not dare to come any closer.

At this time, the private room door was pushed open, and the woman who stepped into the room with a new batch of liquor was taller than an average woman and was dressed elegantly.

Long, black, curly hair hung over her shoulder, and her makeup was so glamorous that none of the ladies in the room looked half as good as her. Especially when she was wearing an exotic dress, coupled with her mixed-race facial feature, she looked so prepossessing that she looked like someone that walked out of a comic.

Buchanon picked up the glass but was stunned when he saw the exceptionally elegant and beautiful woman.

The beauty placed the drinks on the table, walked to the lady in the room, and said something to her. The lady then picked her clutch up and hurriedly left the room.

Her quest had been in a bad mood, and she would only suffer if she were to continue to stay in the room. Anyway, she would still get paid, so why waste her time on only one guest?

Buchanon took a closer look at the beauty. He had never seen such a stunning belle in the East Islands. "Why haven't I seen you around

the clubhouse before this?"

The beauty sat right next to Buchanon and gave off a smile. "I'm new here."

Buchanon was in a bad mood, and he had grown tired of seeing the ladies

that the clubhouse had to offer, as there were only a few of them working here on a shift basis. Now that a new lady had come to work, she was someone that he had never seen before.

Although her voice did not sound very pleasant, her appearance was of a higher caliber when compared to the other ladies in the clubhouse.

No matter how bad his mood was, it had been muffled a lot at the moment. However, Buchanon was still acting somewhat vigilantly. "Are you not a local?"

The beauty opened a bottle of liquor, her actions smooth and swift, making her look like a pro. "I moved here from Octavia with my parents when I was only nine years ago. I've been studying in Stoslo before this, and I've only recently returned to the island."

Buchanon raised his glass and wondered. "You studied abroad and came back only to work at such a place."

The beauty poured the liquor slowly and steadily. "I'm very good at drinking, and I'm only a part-timer at the moment."

Buchanon snorted. "I've never seen a woman working in this field who dares to boast about her drinking capacity." "That's a fact, so why hide it from others?"

Men who have drunk with me usually won't come back looking for me again." The lady picked up a glass of liquor and turned to look at him. Under the dim lamp, her face looked so gorgeous that it seemed like an illusion. Buchanan was amused by her and clinked his glass with that of hers. "You seem very interesting. What's your name?" "Yanis." Buchanan frowned. "Is this your name?"

A faint trace of hilarity flashed across Yanis' bright-colored eyes. "Yes, in Hebrew, it means God's grace."

Chapter 2154

"Nice, that's a very interesting name." Buchanan nodded and poured her more liquor. "Since you claimed that you're good at drinking, then accompany me to drink. As long as you can keep me entertained and delighted for the night, you'll definitely get a huge tip at the end of today." An imperceptible coldness surged from the bottom of Yanis' eyes. "It's my pleasure to be able to serve you tonight."

In the room, Buchanan had drunk several glasses of liquor in succession, and his cheeks were slightly flushed at the moment. He had been very grumpy all night and had been drinking in a hurry, so he was already almost completely drunk.

Yanis' expression remained unchanged. She took a

glimpse at him through a sideways glance and saw that he was almost drunk, so she put down her glass. "Sir, do you have something on your mind? I wonder if I'll be honored enough to be your listener for the night?"

Buchanan had suppressed his dissatisfaction for a very long time and had drunk so much over the course of a few hours. At that moment, he had no one else to vent his emotions to and felt aggrieved. "It's just some minor troubles. Damn that man! I've dedicated so many years of my life to him by serving under him and only him, but he'd rather put his trust in an outsider instead of me."

He placed the liquor glass down heavily. The more he thought about it, the more unreconciled he felt.

Yanis' eyes moved, and her rose lips twitched. "He's your boss, isn't he? If your boss doesn't trust you, perhaps

he's worried that you're not loyal enough."

"Loyal?" Buchanan sneered. "What's the use of being loyal? I've been loyal to him for a decade, but I can't even match a person who's just started working for him for only two months."

Yanis wrapped her arm around his shoulders and leaned closer to him. "It's a pity that you have such a boss. However, with your strength, why don't you overthrow him and obtain all the power for yourself? You've been working by his side for a decade, so you should have a lot of connections, shouldn't you? If I were you, I wouldn't allow myself to be wrongfully treated."

Buchanon frowned.

'I've worked under Fabio for ten years, and I've indeed accumulated a lot of connections, but as long as we're in Fabio's territory, what's the use of having all those connections?'

"But will my life end well if I don't do anything?'

It was getting late at night, about 11:30 p.m., and Buchanon was too drunk to even walk when he came out of the clubhouse.

Yanis supported him. "Mr. Buchanon, I'll bring you back home."

Buchanon did not refuse. He was happy to be accompanied by a beautiful woman. He wrapped his arms around Yanis' waist, who stood much taller than himself when she was in her high heels.

Yanis opened the door for him, and he got in the car and then pulled her into the car. "I'm really happy that you could drink with me tonight. I haven't had someone to talk to for such a

long time."

Yanis did not push him away and motioned the driver to fetch them to the hotel. When they were on their way, the street lights and shadows shone and covered her

face alternately as if someone was switching the lights on and off. Her eyes dimmed. "Don't you have someone that you can talk to?"

Buchanon was very drunk, so he did not think much about it at all. "No, none of them can be trusted. Those b*stards only care about my money, and they're only clinging to me because they want to get close to Mr. Puzo." She narrowed her eyes. "Is Mr. Matthews the same as those people that you just mentioned?"

Buchanon leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes. "They're all the same. Mr. Puzo wouldn't have been annoyed if he hadn't told me that Gail's identity was fake. That damn b*stard, how dare he make a fool out of me!?"

Yanis chuckled and advised him, "Then you have to be careful. After all, the story of the frog and the scorpion is quite a common story in your field. If you truly help them, will you still have a way out of this mess when you're no longer needed in the future?" Buchanon rubbed the bridge of his nose and never spoke again. After sending him back to the hotel, Yanis threw the drunk man on the bed, walked to the window, closed the curtains, and looked back at the unresponsive man. Nollace then loosened the turtleneck that covered his Adam's apple, walked to the desk, and turned on Buchanon's laptop. The laptop had a password set, so he took a USB flash drive out of his pocket, inserted it, linked it to his cell phone, and cracked the password. There were several folders in Buchanon's laptop, one of which was encrypted.

Chapter 2155

Nollace sat in front of the

laptop and started to decipher the folder using hacking tools. After half an hour, he finally cracked the password of the folder. He then skimmed

through all the documents found inside the folder and narrowed his eyes slightly when he saw something.

After a while, he took out the USB flash drive, turned off the laptop, got up, and left the room.

Jake drove to the hotel's parking lot and waited. Nollace took off his wig and got into the car.

Jake took a glance in the rearview mirror.

Jesus Christ! This man still looks so good even when he is dressing up as a woman. I guess he's the one person in the world who can achieve this.' "You shouldn't have exposed yourself, right?"

Nollace rubbed off the makeup on his face. "He's so drunk that even if he recalls what happened tonight, he may not remember who the lady is."

Jake drove away from the hotel. "Fabio assigned some of the management rights of the Parkin Chamber of Commerce to its branches. Buchanan must feel rather upset about it."

Nollace changed his clothes in the car and buttoned his shirt slowly. "Whether he's happy about it is a story for another day. Gail, who's working for Fabio by his side, is more trusted by Fabio than he is. As such, if he doesn't find a way out, he'll start losing ground sooner or later. Since this is the case, Donald will have a better chance of winning him over."

'Buchanan knows about Donald, but he doesn't trust Donald and knows that Donald is only approaching him because of Fabio. And whether or not Buchanan has any doubts about Gail's identity, at least he knows that he still doesn't have a place in Fabio's heart.

'What's more, he already has a thought of rebelling.'

Arriving at The Commune, Nollace walked toward his bedroom alone. However, a dim light that was bleeding through the crack underneath the door looked extremely dazzling in contrast to the pure darkness.

He frowned, stopped at the door of the room, turned the knob of the door, and pushed in. The lights in the room were on, but he did not leave the lights on when he went out.

'Apparently, someone's here.'

The swaying curtain caught his attention, and Nollace approached the window. "Come out, now."

After a while, half a head stuck out from behind the curtain and giggled at him. He froze for a moment, rubbed the bridge of his nose, and smiled helplessly. "It's fine if you come to my place so late at night, but you actually tried to hide. Are you trying to scare me!" Daisy blinked. "Then, are you scared?"

He restrained his smile, but the affection in his eyes could not even fool a child. "Childish."

Daisy came out from behind the curtain. "I've been here since 9:00 p.m., but you were not here. Where have you been?"

"

Nollace took off his watch. "I went out on a task." She leaned closer to him. "Have you been drinking?"

He placed his watch on the table, turned his head, and breathed out at her. "Is it very strong?"

Pretending to be disgusted, she waved her hands as if she was trying to disperse the smell of alcohol, but she smelled something else all of a sudden, leaned in, sniffed, and then squinted. "There's the scent of another woman's perfume on you!"

Nollace was stunned for a split second, and it seemed a little difficult for him to explain himself.

Daisy's eyes were very keen at this moment, and she discovered that there were some lipstick smudges in the corner of his lips, which seemed very eye-catching on his fair skin.

She held his cheek in her hand and forced him to face herself. "Why would you have lipstick smudges? Who is the woman who kissed you?"

He did not know how to react. "I didn't—"

"You're lying! Nollace Knowles, have you cheated on me!?" Daisy pushed him away and pointed at him.

He grabbed her finger and placed her palm on his beating heart. "Your palm is literally lying on my conscience.

Now ask yourself, deep down, am I a cheater to you?" She snorted at his mystifying explanation. "Then, where did the perfume scent on your body and this lipstick smudge come from?"

Seeing that she was getting increasingly agitated, Nollace stretched out his hands and wrapped her in his arms.

"It's definitely not another woman's."

Daisy turned her face away. "Don't even think about lying to me!" "I'm not lying." He pecked the corner of her eye. "I won't lie to you."

Chapter 2156

Daisie moved away. "You can't hug me if you don't explain." Nollace was troubled because he didn't know how to explain. There was a knock on the door, and Jake's voice came from behind the door. "Mr. Beck, your bag of clothes was left in the car."

Nollace placed his hand on his forehead and walked to the door to get the bag from Jake. "Thanks."

After the door closed, Daisie took her bag and was going to leave when Nollace blocked the doorway. She mumbled, "Please move. I'm leaving."

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Nollace was amused. "You're really angry?"

"I came to see you, but you treated me this way. You've changed, you *sshole." She pushed him away and then grabbed the door handle, but Nollace handed the bag to her. "Do you want to take a look?"

She turned back. "What's that?" She took the bag and opened it. It was women's clothes, a wig, perfume, and makeup. Daisie picked up the bottle of perfume and sniffed at it. It was the one on Nollace. She figured it out and looked at him in shock. "Are you... Are you—" Nollace rubbed his temple. "Yes, but... I need it to get things done." Daisie looked at him. "So... you're cheating with a man?"

He burst out laughing and pinched her cheek. "Are you trying to make me angry?"

She moved his hand away and chuckled. "I was just joking, but..." Daisie looked at the clothes in the bag. "I haven't seen you in women's clothing before." Nollace covered his face and peeked at her through his fingers. "It's best if it stays that way." She was annoyed. "Why?" He smiled. "You might feel inferior." Daisie was rendered speechless. She dumped the bag and turned to leave. Nollace hugged her from behind, buried his face in her hair, and smiled. "You're angry?" She turned to look at him but looked cheeky as she replied, "I won't if you dress up as a woman."

He smirked. "You're trying your luck?"

Daisie turned to face him.

"What do you think?" Nollace pouted, then squinted while he kept his gaze on her. Daisie noticed something and looked away. "You... can do it tomorrow. There's no rush." She walked backward, but Nollace blocked her path, placed his hand on the door handle, and pulled her into his arms. "You seemed to have fun leading me in circles the other day." Her heart started pounding, and her face turned red. "Are you keeping a record?" Nollace leaned in, and his breath was on her face. He had drunk alcohol, but she was the one who was drunk. "Well, I might as well bring things up since you're here." Daisie put her hands on his shoulders, but he kissed her before she could

speak. Nollace hugged her waist and pulled her in. He was going to devour her, and she was like a fish that was washed ashore, out of breath.

After a long time, his lips moved to her neck. Daisy grabbed onto his shoulders, and his arms were her support while his shirt started wrinkling

The next day, at Yuzu Villa...

Cameron was drinking tea in a bright pink shirt that she had intentionally picked. That was something that she would never wear on a normal day.

She turned to look out the window where Waylon and Sunny were in the room across from hers. It was obvious that Sunny had intentionally picked that room. Sunny picked up the teacup, which failed to cover his smile.

Waylon turned and faced the seat across from him. Cameron's shirt was too bright, so it was easy to recognize Her.