

Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 2253

Chapter 2253 The pillow that slammed onto Waylon's body felt like a rectangular tofu. Neither did it hurt nor did it itch. He grabbed Cameron with his huge hand, yanked her, rolled over, and sat on her body.

Cameron froze, and the arrogance that she was exuding just now disappeared almost instantly. She warned him in a cowardly manner, "You, don't you dare touch me."

He raised his eyebrows slightly and got half an inch closer to her face. He was so close to her that his breath was brushing against her cheek. "But aren't you the legendary Mr. Southern who's known for his courage?"

She forced a smile. "No, no, I'm a very timid lady."

His lips seemed about to stick to her ear. "What are you afraid of? Didn't you tell Deedee that I wouldn't eat others when we were in the car the other day?"

Cameron pursed her lips, and her eyelashes twitched.

Her heart was knocking against her chest frantically, thumping extremely loudly. Waylon stared at her face and rubbed the corners of her lips with his fingertips, and she could feel the surrounding temperature in the narrow space rise.

Seeing that he was approaching, Cameron closed her eyes tightly.

After a long time, he gave off a hoarse chuckle, and his lips landed on her forehead. "It's time to get up."

Immediately after that, he sat up, adjusted his nightgown, got off the bed, and left the bedroom.

Cameron opened her eyes and was dumbfounded.

'Did he just leave?

Cameron rubbed her forehead, and there was still a hint of residual warmth. She immediately buried her face into the pillow in shame. "Cameron Southern, wake up, don't be captivated by his looks!"

Cameron freshened herself and went downstairs.

Waylon had already changed into his clothes. He was wearing a suit and leather shoes, looking exceptionally solemn.

It was her first time seeing his formally styled hair. He looked mature, stern, sharp, and breathtakingly handsome.

Cameron also realized that the shirt he was wearing was the one that she had bought him.

Waylon fetched her a bowl of berry oatmeal. "Don't you plan to accompany Deedee today? Come and eat something first."

She pulled out the chair, sat down, picked up the spoon, and stirred the oatmeal. "What important occasion are you attending today?" He lifted his gaze. "It's just a board meeting."

"Oh."

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"Why ask? Are you afraid that I'll go out and fool around with other women?"

Cameron choked on her own words and oatmeal. "Who would be worried that you'll fool around with other women? You can do whatever you like."

Waylon laughed. "If I were to do whatever I like, would you still let me into the house?"

She replied with a chuckle, "Can I even exert any control over you?"

He interlocked his fingers and placed them under his chin. "Then do you want to be in control?"

There was an implicit meaning lying underneath the question.

Cameron lowered her head to eat her oatmeal. "Who would want to control

you?"

He smiled and did not say anything. After breakfast, he picked up his windbreaker, walked to the entryway, stopped by the shoe cabinet, turned around, and stared at her. "Cameron."

Cameron looked at him. "What do you want?"

He waved at her, motioning her to go to him.

Cameron walked up to him, got jerked into his arms unexpectedly, and was startled.

Seeing that Waylon was pointing at the tie around his neck, his intention was as clear as day.

The corners of her lips twitched. "Are your hands broken?"

Waylon caressed her lips and brushed across them gently. "Don't forget that I'm the one who's paying you your salary."

Cameron was at a loss for words.

'As soon as I pay off my debt, I'll definitely get back at him.' She helped him with his tie. Waylon pinched her chin abruptly, lifted her face, and sealed her warm lips.

Cameron wanted to push him away but was restrained by him.

In the next second, he sucked on her neck all of a sudden, and an electrical jolt shot up Cameron's spine as she pushed him away. "Wayne Goldmann, you..."

Upon catching a glimpse of the hickey that he left on her neck, the corners of his lips twitched. "Very nice, it looks perfect." He then pulled open the door and left in a good mood.

At Blackgold...

Waylon walked out of the elevator and ran into Leonardo in the corridor.

Leonardo was holding a stack of documents in his hand and nodded. "Mr. Goldmann."

He took a glance at the documents in his arms. "Does the company have so many agendas to deal with?"

Leonardo was stunned for half a second and replied instantly, "These aren't the company's affairs. These are... information about Ms. Blueman."