

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2060

Chapter 2060

Cameron flipped back in the air, grabbed a rod to block a blow, kicked his calf with a low kick, and instantly snapped his arm.

The man screamed in pain and could no longer move.

Cameron pushed him away, flexibly spun the bat in her hand, and glanced at the men who were about to approach her. "What are you waiting for? Come at me together!" The group of men rushed up to her together.

Cameron took a step to the side, came to the left side of the person dashing in the front, blocked his attack with the hand with the brass knuckle, and swung the iron rod toward the crowd.

She ducked, avoiding the sneak attack, and the steel rod in her hand swung across the air and hit the opponent's thigh and arm. And as the sound of bone cracking echoed, those men fell to the ground among the chaos. The two of them fought their way through the middle of the group of goons, and all the seriously injured men in black fell to the ground and could no longer get back up. At that moment, the leader's expression of the hitmen became ruthless, and he took out his gun." Die!"

Mahina was startled subconsciously. "Mr. Southern! Be careful!" An ear-piercing gunshot penetrated through the silent air.

The bullet whizzed past Cameron's ear—it was only less than an inch away from a headshot!

When the man took the shot, he was assaulted by someone from behind. Cameron saw that the person who attacked him was Waylon. Waylon quickly subdued him to the ground, grabbed his arm, and folded it backward.

The man was sweating in pain, gasping for breath. The gun had long since fallen from his palm, and Waylon stepped on him. "The Southern Clan don't seem to allow their men to carry guns, so you must be from the Puzo Faction?"

The man's hand was about to be dislocated, but he resisted the severe pain and gnashed his teeth. "It doesn't matter who we are."

Waylon exerted force, and the man's arm was immediately dislocated from the shoulder

The man roared and fell to the ground, clutching his immobile hand. The rest of the men have been dealt with and were all so seriously injured that they could no longer keep their feet under their bodies. Cameron walked toward the man, poked the iron rod in her hand on his shoulder, and gave off a ferocious chuckle. "Interesting, you actually brought a gun along with you from the very beginning, only to wait for us to get all busy before you ambush us from behind. 'If it weren't for the eldest son of the Goldmanns, then I guess this would be it for me. 'I really didn't expect that. They brought so many men here not to kill me but to divert my

attention away from the gun that would kill me. After all, a bullet's speed will always be faster than that of any cold weapon. No matter how competent and speedy I am, I'll definitely be shot in the end.' She lifted the man's chin with the iron rod. "Fabio isn't this simple-minded that he'd order you to come to the Southern Clan's territory to ambush me. Now talk."

Cold beads

of sweat were oozing out of the man's forehead and rolling down his face. His face was already as pale as death, but he refused to utter a single word.

"So you want to

keep this a secret and bring it down to hell with you?" Cameron laughed, straightened her posture, and stretched out her hand toward Waylon. "Give me the gun." Waylon narrowed his eyes. "Mr. Southern, are you planning to kill someone here today?" Cameron asserted word by word, "Killing him would only sustain my hands." Waylon handed her the gun.

She loaded it, aimed it at the man's leg and arm, and fired two shots.

The excruciating pain made the

man roar until his voice turned hoarse, and his arms and legs were barely recognizable due to all the blood. The man then passed out because of the pain. Cameron threw the gun that had run out of bullets away, took out a handkerchief, and wiped her fingers with an unchanged expression. "Throw this man back to Fabio's. Whether he'll survive, this depends solely on his fate."

Mahina hesitated.

Cameron stared at her. "What's the problem?" She whispered, "I can't carry him alone." Cameron glanced at Waylon. "Isn't he manpower?"

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2061

Chapter 2061 Waylon was surprised, then he suddenly laughed. "Are you trying to order me around?"

He was just there to see what was going on and help out, but now he was being ordered around.

Cameron opened the car door and smiled. "You're here anyway and already helped. Why get hung up on the details? Hurry, can't you see there's so much blood?"

Mahina was rendered speechless. Cameron made it sound like all this blood wasn't because of her.

Waylon sighed and helped Mahina move the man into the car. Then Cameron ordered her to take him away and asked someone to clean up the place.

Cameron tied the men up and sat into the backseat of Waylon's car, casually making him her driver. "Let's go."

Waylon laughed, started the car, and drove away.

Waylon and Cameron walked into Southern manor, and the butler who just got news rushed forward, looking worried. "Sir, I heard Mahina say that someone tried to ambush you. Are you hurt?"

"No." She looked back at Waylon. "All thanks to Mr. Goldmann." The butler thanked him. "I would like to thank you on behalf of Mr. Southern." Waylon smiled. "Don't mention it."

"Waylon!"

Daisie walked out of the living room, saw Waylon, and rushed over with a smile. Waylon hugged her. "You seem to be having fun here." She smiled brightly. "Cameron and Mr. Southern Sr. are very nice to me."

Cameron crossed her arms and raised her brows. "Only beautiful women are treated that way."

Daisie had been living there for a few days and was already used to Cameron's antics. He would tease her but would never touch her, a true gentleman.

That was why she let her guard down around him. She didn't know why she didn't mind being around him.

The butler invited Waylon into the house and got the maid to put the kettle on. Mahina came in and stopped next to Cameron, then whispered, "What do we do to the rest of the people?"

Cameron picked up her teacup. "Nothing, let them starve for a few days."

Mahina hesitated. "But Mr. Southern—"

Cameron replied, "We can't hide it from him."

After Mahina left, Waylon put down his teacup and looked at her. "Do you have a suspect?" She shrugged. "Not yet."

She slowly drank her tea and raised her eyebrows. "Do you want to help?" Waylon chuckled. "You look so confident I don't think you need my help." Cameron took a sip. "But there's something that I need your help with."

Waylon didn't reply. Cameron placed down her cup. "You're here for business. Why don't we work together? With the Goldmanns' financial standing, I don't think taking over a business would be difficult."

Waylon squinted because he felt that Cameron was scheming something. "That will depend on how sincere you are about this partnership."

Cameron's smile dropped. "How could you care about benefits now?"

Waylon ran his finger over the rim of the cup and calmly said, "I heard that Fabio has cut off your liquor supply. If you want me to cut Fabio's finances, from a business point of view, we Goldmanns have no relations with Fabio, so we shouldn't be interfering. Why should I get involved?"

Cameron looked calm. "Doesn't the Night Banquet belong to the Goldmanns?" Waylon paused and didn't reply.

Cameron stood up and walked to him, then looked down at him. "Should we work together seeing what has happened so far?"