

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2146

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Daisie mumbled, "Mr. Southern Sr. likes you."

Waylon was stunned. "What?"

Realizing that Waylon might have misunderstood her, she hastily added, "He likes you as his son-in-law."

The atmosphere froze.

Daisie lowered her head. Even though she felt sorry for Sunny, she had no choice but to sell him out since she was even more afraid of her eldest brother.

Waylon did not say anything for a long while, and she felt uneasy. After all, she had never asked Waylon and Cameron about each other. When she first saw that Sunny had the intention of matching Waylon and Cameron, she figured that she should help.

She liked Cameron. She was pretty and smart. Not only that, but she was also brave and good at fighting. Besides, she was not inferior to her eldest brother.

However, it now seemed to Daisie that Sunny's dream was going to shatter.

Waylon and Cameron did not seem to like each other at all.

Daisie lifted her eyelids slowly. She was worried that Waylon might get angry, but apparently, she was wrong. Waylon did not seem as upset as she thought he would be. Instead, he seemed like he was locked in his own thoughts.

Daisie whipped up a smile and said, "Brother, please don't get angry at Mr. Southern Sr. After all, you're too outstanding. It shows that Mr. Southern Sr. has an eye for good things."

Waylon lifted his head and looked at her intently. There was something flowing under his gaze, but Daisie could not read it.

Before she could say anything, he said, "So, that's the reason you're working with him?"

Daisie was stumped. She averted her gaze and continued. "Alright, alright. I promise you I won't do something like this again, okay?"

"Let's head back."

Waylon walked past her and walked to the front.

Daisie followed after him and asked, "Waylon, you really don't have any feelings for her?"

He did not reply, so the question remained unanswered.

The night was getting darker, yet the downtown was brightly lit. A car was coming to a stop in front of the Roselle Club at Southwest District. Buchanan got out of the car, and the man in front of the door brought him into the private room.

The private room was filled with smoke. Donald was sitting on the couch, and a woman was sitting next to him.

After Buchanan entered the private room, Donald invited him to take a seat. He ordered the

woman to pour a glass of wine for him and said, "I'm really honored that you're willing to come and see me."

Buchanan harrumphed. "It seems to me that you're pretty busy at night, Mr. Matthews. Are you not aware of what happened at the casino yet?"

Donald held the wine glass in his hand and asked, "What happened at the casino?"

It seemed to Buchanan that Donald did not know what had transpired, so he told him what had happened to Andrei at the casino. After that, he continued. "Mr. Puzo has been suspecting you due to Manuel, and if you can't give him an explanation for what happened at the casino this time, I'm afraid even I can't help you either, Mr. Matthews."

Donald gazed at the wine in the glass and said, "If I said someone is trying to sow discord between Mr. Puzo and me, would you believe it?"

"It's not up to me to believe it or not," Buchanan said with a stern face. "You told Mr. Puzo that there is a mole around him, and he has been very unhappy about it since the mole hasn't been discovered yet. Andrei has been exposed now, and that woman said she was working for you. If you can't solve this problem, I might get affected as well."

Donald knew that Buchanan was worried he might get affected. He told the woman to give him a cigarette and said, "You don't have to worry about a thing. Mr. Puzo doesn't trust me, but he trusts you. It isn't hard to solve this problem, so you can count on me."

Buchanon was not in the mood to smoke, so he pushed the woman away. "Do you think Mr. Puzo trusts me? He even has begun to suspect that one of my men is the mole. If you can't solve this problem, I think we don't have to see each other anymore."

"When Manuel failed his mission, he said he saw a woman help Sunny from the sideline." Buchanon was stunned.

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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'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.

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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 Buchanan in private as well."

Standing by the window, Waylon said, "According to Saydie, Buchanan 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. "Buchanan 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 Buchanan 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 Buchanan. 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."

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

Fabio patted her shoulder and turned around to look at Buchanon. It was only then Buchanon 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?"

Buchanon 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.

Buchanon 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, Buchanon 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, Buchanon 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?"

Buchanon'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 him 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—"

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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.

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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 Southerners 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 Southerners 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.

Joaqin 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.” Joaqin 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?"