

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2183

Chapter 2183 Fabio fell into a trance and did not utter a single word for a long time.

At 7:00 p.m., Cameron came back from outside. Sunny sat in the living room drinking tea, raised his gaze, and looked at the person who stepped into the house. "Where did you go all day long?" She stopped in front of the stairs and replied, "I went to The Commune."

Sunny squinted and glanced at her. "Then why did you go into Willy's room this morning?" "How do you know that?"

'Wayne doesn't seem to be a loquacious person. One of the servants has most probably seen me.

Sunny chuckled. "You, a full-grown lady, actually went into a man's room. Tell me the truth, are you plotting against him?" "Don't you slander me, I didn't do so." "Then what did you do in the room?"

"I was measuring his size." Sunny lost his firm grip on the teacup for a split second, and the lid fell onto the table. After a while, he asked in astonishment. "What... exactly what did you measure in there?" Cameron knew her father had gotten the wrong idea, and her cheeks heated up instantly. Still, she remained as calm as a millpond and explained solemnly, "What are you thinking? I was just measuring his chest, waist, and hip measurements."

Sunny was suspicious. "If you want to measure such measurements, why do you have to go into his room in person and close the door? Did you measure them with your arms?"

"I... I can't even be bothered to explain everything to you in detail." She waved her hand and went upstairs immediately, not wanting Sunny to continue asking her questions. Sunny looked at her back as she went upstairs, rubbed his chin, and sank deep in thought.

She went into his room just to take his measurements? How do you expect me to believe that nothing smells fishy?'

At that moment, Mahina walked in from the courtyard. "Mr. Southern Sr., Donald has run out of patience and made a move on Mr. Puzo today."

After listening to Mahina's report, Sunny's expression became slightly restrained as he narrowed his eyes.

"Donald is truly a hasty one, huh?" Mahina continued. "His assassination attempt has failed, and he knows that Fabio will definitely get back at him. Also, during this assault, whether Fabio wanted to or not, he was forced into retaliating." Fabio originally wanted to get the Southern Clan to take action first while he waited for his

opportunity to emerge, but why would the Southern Clan do so? As for now, they could use Donald's assassination attempt to coerce Fabio into making the first move, even if he did not want to do so.

Sunny

cleaned the spilled tea on the table and the lid that had broken in half and said with a smile, "The key to success is in their hands this time around." Meanwhile, upstairs...

Cameron paced up and down in her bedroom. 'It's obvious that Dad must have misunderstood my relationship with Wayne. He wouldn't believe in me even if I were to explain things further. However, if I were to get Wayne to clear things out with Dad, he would definitely believe in what Wayne says since he trusts him so much.'

Thinking of this, she decided to talk to Waylon. Cameron went out and walked toward Wayne's room. She was about to knock on the door, but the door was not locked. Cameron pushed the door open. The light in the room was on, but she did not see anyone in it. She walked into the bedroom and suddenly heard the sound of running water coming from the bathroom.

The frosted glass in the bathroom was not completely transparent, and the shower curtain in the interior covered half of the shower, so she could barely see the swaying silhouette. It was nowhere near a clear view.

Cameron turned away subconsciously.

'Is he taking a shower?' The sound of flowing water in the bathroom stopped all of a sudden, and the silhouette behind the frosted glass gradually became clearer. She was about to flee the room when Waylon wrapped a towel around his waist, walked out of the bathroom, and ran into her at the perfect time.

Cameron froze in place awkwardly. He had just finished taking a shower, so the water vapor escaped the shower and blurred the glass and mirror, and he seemed to be shrouded in it too. The fragrance of soap and shampoo on his body dispersed all over the room's interior, and there was also a faint fragrance that came from freesia flowers.

Waylon was obviously astounded and narrowed his eyes. "You..." Cameron glanced at his figure, shifted her gaze away, and raised her hands to cover her eyes. "I was looking for you about something, but I didn't expect you to be taking a shower."

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2184 Waylon grabbed his bathrobe off the shelf, put it on slowly, and smiled. "Mr. Southern, this is the second time that you've broken into my room." Cameron lied with an earn

est expression, "I knocked on the door, but you didn't respond." He fastened his belt. "I might not have responded, but you just broke in?" Cameron thought of something, lifted her head, and met his gaze. "This seems to be my home. Even if I've broken into your room, you don't have the right to say anything about it. Besides, even if I were to see you b*tt naked, you wouldn't even suffer any losses." 1 Waylon froze in place for a short moment, lifted his gaze, and chuckled abruptly. "You actually wish to see me b*tt naked?"

"No, I don't."

"You touched me all over earlier this morning, and you now wish to see me b*tt naked. No matter how I look at it, it seems that I've suffered a huge deal of losses." "Stop the nonsense"

"Willy." Sunny's voice came from outside the door, and Cameron was so frightened that she froze.

Waylon turned around and was about to go out when Cameron grasped his arm and lowered her voice. "Don't you ever let my father in, and don't you dare tell him that I'm here!"

He looked down at her nervous expression and smirked. "That depends on my mood."

"You.."

Waylon broke his arm free, walked to the door, and opened it. Cameron hid behind the wall and covered her cheeks. 'This is it for me! Nothing I say will ever save me from this situation!

Sunny stood outside the door and took a glance into the room. "Why did I hear Cam's voice just now? She isn't in your room, is she?"

Waylon smiled. "You must've been mistaken."

"Is that so..."

Sunny was dubious. He had heard Cameron's voice, but since Waylon did not want to come clean with him, there was no need for him to expose it. "By the way, you should know about Fabio's incident." Waylon nodded. "Aunt Saydie has informed me that Fabio has decided to lure the predator out of its hiding spot in a week. I also had people contact Interpol, and they'll also arrive in the East Islands in a week." "Good to hear that." Sunny then took another glance into the bedroom and gave off a smirk. "Then you should get some rest. I'll leave you alone for the night." After saying that, he left with his hands resting behind his back and right below his waistline. Cameron quietly stuck her head out from inside the room, and after confirming that Sunny

had already left, she heaved a sigh of relief and walked out of the bedroom. "You're indeed a grateful man. I shall go back to my room now." She was about to leave when Waylon's arm suddenly lay across the door. "Are you sure your father is gone?" Cameron was startled. "What do you mean by that?" Waylon let off a faint smile. "I'm confident he might be hiding in the corner, staring at my room from the shadows. If you go out now, all you've done so far to hide from him will be in

vain."

Cameron was at a loss for words for a moment.

"To be honest, I won't doubt for a second that Dad is such a person."

Cameron sat on the couch with Waylon and waited for 20 minutes straight. She propped her hand against the armrest and rested her head in her palm, feeling a little drowsy. "He wouldn't be so bored that he's been keeping his eyes on your room for almost half an hour, would he?"

Waylon flipped through a magazine and suggested casually, "You can always go out now and check things out."

She turned her head and stared at Waylon. "I'll wait for another ten minutes then. I'll close my eyes and rest for a bit. Wake me up when the ten minutes are up."

Waylon froze for a split second and turned to look at her.

Cameron leaned on her side with a bolster, lay on the couch with her head resting on the armrest, and really closed her eyes. It seemed like she did not regard Waylon, who was sitting right next to her, as a man, or she had subconsciously regarded herself as a man. In short, she was completely defenseless. Ten minutes later, Waylon placed the magazine down, lifted his hand, and pushed her. "Cameron." She frowned and muttered, "Shush." Waylon covered his forehead and gave off a helpless smile. "You said it yourself that it's going to only be a 10-minute nap." Cameron did not even budge as if she was sleeping very soundly.

Waylon turned off the lights in the room and took a good look at her. Under the faint moonlight, her well-defined facial features gave her a hint of elegance and glamor. She looked charming when she was a man and pretty when she was a woman. Both these features stood out clearly.

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Chapter 2185 Cameron was rather smart but could also sometimes be very confused. However, when faced with life—and–death situations, she was always a calm and rational person, but she seemed to lose her cool very easily and often when she was in front of him. Waylon stretched out his hand, tucked the locks and strands of hair that were covering her face behind her auricle with his fingertips, and squinted slightly. “Good for you, getting to sleep so soundly.”

A ray of sunlight beamed into the room through the window, penetrated through the gap in the curtains, and reflected onto the couch. Cameron slowly opened her eyes, recalled something, and sat up abruptly.

She removed the blanket covering her, looked around, and suddenly remembered the purpose of her visit to Waylon’s room last night. It was obvious that she had not only fallen asleep in his room but also forgotten what she wanted to talk to him about.

Cameron walked up to the door and opened it, and that was when two maids who passed by the corridor stared at her in surprise. “Young mast, Young lady?” “Morning.” She brought the bullet, greeted them, and quickly returned to her room. The two maids took a closer look at the room where she came out from, covered their mouths, and giggled. “It seems that the rumor is true.” “The young lady had already had an unusual relationship with Mr. Goldmann when she was still the young master. How could this be fake?” “I didn’t expect Mr. Southern Sr. to get himself a son-in-law through this series of incidents.”

At 10:00 a.m., seeing that there was no one downstairs, Cameron took advantage of this window to rush downstairs. And just as she was about to reach the door, Sunny’s voice came from behind. “Where are you going?” She was astonished, rubbed her nose, and turned around. “I’m going out to grab something to eat.”

He placed the newspaper down on the table and sat on the couch. “Are we not feeding you enough at home?”

She glanced away and said casually, “I want to spend some money to eat out. It’s not that I’m spending your money.” “Last night...” Sunny paused for half a second, then laughed out loud. “I went to your room looking for you. Why weren’t you there?” “Didn’t you go to Way—?” “Oh, how did you know that I was at Willy’s?” Cameron licked her lips to moisturize them and raised her eyebrows lightly. “This old man actually wants to trick me into saying it.”

She then answered with an unchanged expression, "I'm just guessing." Sunny snorted and picked up the teacup. "Willy may not come back today as he has something to do, so this should be good news for you." She was flustered. "What's happened to him?" He pondered. "They've sent someone here all the way from Bassburgh. Anyway, they'll leave the East Islands as soon as this matter is over, so perhaps we'll never see them again."

After saying that, he lifted his gaze and paid attention to Cameron's reaction.

Cameron froze in place as thoughts flashed across her mind.

On the other side of town...

Waylon and Quincy met in a private room in Yuzu Villa,

Quincy looked around. "This island isn't what I imagined it to be."

In the impression of outsiders, the East Islands had always been an archipelago, isolated from the world, surrounded by vast oceans on all sides. After all, it had to be a wicked place no matter what others had said.

Quincy did not expect the Southern to have lived such a rich and colorful life on the biggest island. It felt like they were a family of wild cranes, isolated from the hustle and bustle of the rest of the world. It was nowhere close to having others call it a wicked place.

Waylon smiled. "Maybe it's because of Mr. Southern Sr."

Quincy looked at him. "You've all been here for a month. Mrs. Goldmann is very worried about you and Ms. Goldmann. By the way, where's Ms. Goldmann?"

"She's at Nollace's." Quincy frowned. "Wouldn't it be more dangerous for her to follow him around?" Waylon ran his fingers over the patterns on the teacup. "Nollace will never allow her to appear around him if it's not safe. He's in the dark now, and Donald is getting flanked by Fabio and the Southern Clan. So you tell me, will he still have the time and energy to care about Nollace as a threat?"

Quincy was dumbfounded for a second and arrived at a lightbulb moment. "That's true." Waylon put down the teacup and raised his head. "Are your plans ready already?" "We're ready. In any case, Donald won't be able to leave this island. Even if he's capable of doing so, Interpol has arranged for their forces to stand by at all the ports of the surrounding cities, and these places are all heavily guarded. There's no way that he can escape that."