

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2381

### Chapter 2381

“Who are you referring to as shameless? How **can** you blame me for that?”

“Alright, we’ll blame that on me.” Waylon rubbed the corner of her eyes. His thumb then slipped down to her chin, pinched it, and lifted her face. “I shouldn’t have left you, an idiot in the kitchen, alone at home. For safety’s sake, I should hire a housekeeper and get them to come here when I’m not at home. She would come here to take care of you, lest you get yourself killed someday in the future.”

At that moment, a rumble from her stomach responded to the suggestion.

Waylon chuckled. “Are you hungry?”

Cameron responded with a hum.

Waylon did not want her to stay hungry while she waited for him to clean up the mess. “The kitchen won’t be ready to use for a while, so let’s order takeout.”

After ordering takeout, Cameron sat **at** the table and gobbled the food. Although the takeout did not taste as good as Waylon’s cooking, it did not taste too bad.

It took Waylon an hour and a half to clean up the kitchen. He then walked to the balcony and called someone to arrange for a housekeeper to come to the Emperon tomorrow.

As soon as the call ended, he received a call from Leonardo.

He frowned and picked up the call. “What’s the matter?”

Leonardo reported embarrassedly, “Mr. Goldmann, Ms. Holland has been waiting for you downstairs for a long time. Do you want to...”

“I’m not going back to the company today, so tell her not to wait for me.”

Before Leonardo could say anything, Waylon had already ended the call.

On the other end of the call...

Leonardo came to Minzy’s side, and Minzy asked with a smile, “How did it go?”

Leonardo replied apologetically, "Mr. Goldmann said that he won't be coming into the office today, so he asks you not to wait for him."

"Is that so?" Upon hearing his reply, Minzy's smile gradually faded as she clenched her hands tightly.

However, her emotions **did** not surface. "Then do you know who he is with at this moment?" Since Leonardo had gotten into contact with Giselle and **Jessie**, he could now **see** through what a woman was thinking at first glance.

**'It's** obvious **that** this woman is appearing here **at** the company time after time because **of** Mr.

Goldmann.

"The **two sons** of this family really have **a** way with women. Damn, **if they** could **just give** me **a teeny tip of** the charm that they possess, **I wouldn't** have been single all this while.'

Leonardo smiled. "I'm sorry, **but this is** Mr. Goldmann's **private matter**, **so** I'm in no position

to intervene."

Minzy nodded. "Thank you."

She then picked up her handbag, turned around, and left.

Meanwhile, at Emperon...

**Cameron** had **just** finished eating when she realized that the kitchen had been cleaned **was** spotless, as if it was brand new, and she felt a little ashamed.

up

and

After cleaning up the table, she walked upstairs and stopped outside Waylon's room **as** she decided to apologize to him first.

'Let's just take what I said earlier as a result of me starving.'

She raised her hand and was about to knock on the door when it opened.

Waylon had just finished taking a shower, the Prussian blue silk nightgown fitted him perfectly, and the belt was loosely tied around his waist. The **wet** ends of his hair were still

drenched as he walked out of the vapor and steam that dispersed into the room from the bathroom, accompanied by a faint mint and violet fragrance.

Cameron was astonished for a few **seconds**, and the words of apology that she had originally come up with all fell into the back of her mind.

He propped his arm against the door. "Are you looking for me?"

"Uh..." Cameron crossed her arms, shifted her gaze away from him, and asked in a casual manner, "Aren't you going to the company?"

She wanted to bite off her tongue.

"That's not what I came here to say!"

A hint of despicable charm escaped through the corners of Waylon's eyes. "It's already evening. What **else** could I do even if I were to go to the company now?"

"I'm just asking."

After saying that, she turned around and was about to leave.

But that was when an arm pulled her backward.

Cameron's palm was **pressed** against his chest. She felt his warm, beating pulse, and her heart could **not** stop racing.

"You haven't taken a **shower**?" Waylon stopped near her face, his face only less than an inch away from her lips.

Her eyelashes trembled **slightly**, and her **legs** shivered from the nervousness. "Why **must I take a shower**?"

## Chapter 2382

Waylon's **gaze** was **fixed** on the face that looked like that of a dirty cat that had **just** run out of a coal mine and had rubbed its face in ashes without knowing it.

Cameron's **cheeks** warmed up upon seeing that he was staring at her. "Why are **you** looking at me?"

Waylon could not help but laugh out loud. "You're the dignified heir **of** the Southerners, so why would you look like a dirty cat?"

The original intimate atmosphere was completely interrupted by Waylon's words, and Cameron pushed him away immediately. "Who are you referring to as a cat!?"

He held her in his arms. "Are you doubting me?"

Cameron bit his shoulder but did not exert too much force. With that, it opened a chance for Waylon to pinch her cheek and kiss her on the lips.

Cameron was stunned because of the ambush and was picked up horizontally before she could

react.

Cameron struggled in his arms, "Wayne, let me down!"

Waylon carried her into the bathroom, **and** Cameron instantly saw her face in the mirror and covered it with her hands, "Oh my God!"

He put her down in front of the sink. "I didn't lie to you, did I?"

Cameron was so embarrassed that she could not raise her head.

'Have I been walking around with this face throughout the whole day? No wonder the delivery driver stared at me strangely when I went out to retrieve our takeout.'

A towel dropped down from above and covered her head. When she lifted it, Waylon had

already walked outside the door. "Take some time to clean yourself."

After Waylon left the bathroom, Cameron closed the bathroom door hurriedly.

'There **goes** my image.'

After taking a shower, Cameron realized she had not brought her pajamas. Thus, she wrapped herself in a bath towel, stuck half of her head out of the bathroom, and shouted, "Wayne!"

Waylon entered his bedroom. "What's wrong?"

She replied embarrassingly, "I didn't bring my pajamas into the bathroom."

Surprisingly, Waylon had already prepared a ladies' nightgown for her.

Something felt a little indescribably familiar to her **as** soon as she put on the nightgown.

'Wait a minute! Doesn't this nightgown have **the same** style as the one that he's wearing? Is this a **pair of** couple nightgowns?'

Cameron walked **out** of the bathroom and saw Waylon leaning on the head of the bed with his **eyes closed**, resting. The sunlight of **the** dusk shone on **the** window and softened the tough **edges** of his well-defined facial features.

She called **out**, "Wayne?"

She was a little startled when he did not respond to her.

'Is he **asleep**?'

Cameron approached him, leaned over, raised her hand, and waved it in front of his eyes.

He did not react to her actions. His gentle and steady breathing continued, and his broad chest undulated.

Cameron stared at him. Although she had long noticed that he was breathtakingly handsome, he was not only good-looking but also in good shape.

She took a closer look at his body, from head to toe. She only dared to do so when he was soundly asleep.

Waylon suddenly opened his eyes and saw Cameron staring straight at him. He then raised his hand and took her into his arms.

She was caught off guard and threw herself on his body. "W—Weren't you asleep?"

He let off a hoarse chuckle. "I only wanted to see what you'd do to me."

At that moment, Waylon's cell phone rang abruptly.

He got up and sullenly picked up the call.

The caller ID showed that it was a call from his mother.

He looked back at Cameron, who had buried herself under the blanket, and answered the call, "Mom?"

"Waylon, what's with the news?"

Waylon frowned. "What news are you talking about?"

After Maisie said something to him, Waylon hung up the phone and quickly opened a news app on his phone.

It appeared that paparazzi had photographed him and Minzy entering and leaving the hotel, and it turned into gossip. And the media was speculating that Minzy was the future daughter-in-law of the Goldmanns.

'It seems that because I accompanied Daisie to the variety show, I've become the target of the paparazzi.'

He put the phone down, walked up to the bed, and pulled up the blanket. Cameron instantly grabbed it, revealing half of her head. "Let go."

Waylon leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. "I'm heading out. Stay home and wait for me."

After saying that, he grabbed his shirt, put it on, and left the room.

### Chapter 2383

Cameron sat up and turned on her cell phone when the door closed.

While Waylon had been talking on the phone earlier, she had taken out her phone and seen the news while hiding under the blanket.

'Minzy Holland is the future eldest daughter-in-law of the Goldmanns?'

Cameron tutted.

'I'm really sorry, but I've reserved the title.'

At 7:00 p.m., at the Glitz Club...

Waylon was sitting in a private room. There was no one else in the private room except his bodyguards.

Soon after that, Mallon appeared and walked toward Waylon with a smile. "Mr. Goldman, are you looking for me?"

Waylon asked Mallon to take a seat and motioned to one of the bodyguards to pour him some wine.

Under the dimmed light from the lamp in the room, no one could distinguish the expression on Waylon's face, whether he was joyous or infuriated.

He then crossed his legs and leaned back in the chair. "Mr. Holland, you're one of the business partners of the Dominic Group. I asked to meet you here for a reason, and only

one reason. I hope you can come forward and clarify the scandal between Ms. Holland and me.'

Mallon's hand, which was picking the wine glass up, froze in mid-air as he raised his head. "A scandal? What do you mean by that, Mr. Goldmann?"

Seeing that Mallon really did not know about the news, Waylon placed his phone in front of him.

Mallon picked it up, took a glance at the content, and was instantly stunned.

Waylon continued indifferently. "Allow me to clarify the situation. I'm not in an intimate relationship with Ms. Holland, and I'm already married. Ms. Holland invited me to the hotel only for a meal, and what we talked about was strictly business-related."

Mallon understood what he meant but was surprised by the fact that Waylon was already married. "But are you married?"

"I've already obtained my marriage **certificate**, but my wife **doesn't** want me to **disclose** our relationship to the public, **so** you're the **first** person to know about this apart from my relatives."

Everything **became clear** to Mallon. "**I see.**"

But he thought of something and asked, "Then why didn't you **release** a statement and clarify the situation **yourself?**"

'As soon as Mr. Goldmann makes his marriage public, **he'll** be able **to clear** up this scandal without having **to** ask me for help. I only found **out** that Minzy is acquainted **with the** eldest

**heir of the** Goldmanns when he showed me **the** news. Speaking **of** which, **that girl** actually kept that **from** me.'

Waylon tapped his fingertips **against** the table. "If I were to be the **party** clarifying things **at this** moment, my marriage would naturally be made public. At that time, **Ms.** Holland would also be dragged into this turmoil. I **believe** you don't want to see your daughter getting a bad rap out of this incident. Am I right, Mr. Holland?"

Waylon's words enlightened Mallon in an instant.

'Of course, Mr. Goldmann is officially married. The scandal published by the media will be regarded as the "truth" in the eyes of the public. So, as soon as Mr. Goldmann announces his marriage, Minzy will surely be deemed a homewrecker and be prone to public criticism.'

Mallon nodded, and his expression looked distressed. "I'm sorry. I wasn't aware of that outcome. Please rest assured, I'll clarify this matter to the media."

Waylon smiled. "Thank you."

After Mallon left the private room, Waylon frowned slightly.

'The paparazzi have no reason to follow Minzy around the city. I attended a variety show and gained a certain level of popularity, **so** it's only natural for the paparazzi not to miss the opportunity to come up with a story or two about me.

'I've given Mr. Holland the chance to take the initiative to clarify the matter to the media and public. That is me showing the Hollands and Minzy some respect. After all, my marriage with Cameron is still a secret from the public, and Minzy really doesn't have to be implicated.

'Public opinion can crush a person's reputation in the blink of an eye. Minzy and I aren't close. I don't even consider us friends. So, there's no need for me to sacrifice a woman's reputation in order to protect mine.

'Besides, I do feel a little sorry for her. I did **use** her to test Cameron, and I clearly knew how she felt about me. As such, having Mr. Holland come forward to clarify this matter would bring about the best outcome for both parties.

'Furthermore, even if I want to make things public, it has to be done by the woman back at home, willingly and voluntarily.'

Waylon returned to Emperon Villa **at** 9:00 p.m.

The light in the room was still on. He pushed open the door and realized that Cameron had already fallen **asleep**.

Waylon walked to the **edge of** the bed, sat down, leaned over, and kissed her forehead, the tip of **her nose**, and **her lips**.

## **Chapter 2384**

"Hmm... Stop it..." Cameron pushed him away. **She** was so sleepy that **she** could not even open her

eyes, and everything happening around her was blurred out to her.



Waylon's Adam's apple twitched, and he loosened his collar. "Look at you, sleeping as soundly as a baby does." 1

He rolled onto the bed, took her into his arms, and stroked her cheek with his palm. "When will you make our relationship known to the public?"

On the other side of the city, in the hotel...

Minzy was sitting on the couch, going through the news article. She had long known that the media would publish the news. Reading how the reporters and editors brought the relationship between her and Waylon to life, she pursed her lips tightly.

She was afraid that Waylon would release a statement to clarify their relationship, but she also hoped he would not.

'With this news, can I consider myself somehow related to him now?'

The doorbell rang all of a sudden.

Minzy got up and walked up to the door to open it. She was surprised when she saw the man standing at the door. "Dad?"

Mallon walked into the room with a sullen expression.

Minzy asked, "Dad, why are you here?"

Mallon sat on the couch. "Why didn't you tell me that you know the eldest heir of the Goldmanns?"

She was dumbfounded and naturally thought that her father had seen the news. She lowered her gaze and explained with a smile, "You didn't ask me about him, did you? Actually, Mr. Goldmann and I have known each other since I met him on the East Islands."

Mallon rubbed the bridge of his nose. "How could you be this careless to make it into such a scandal? You're to come with me tomorrow and clarify your relationship with him in front of the media."

After listening to her father's order, Minzy's expression froze. "Me? Clarify?"

"Otherwise, what else do **you** plan to do?" Mallon knew that Waylon had already gotten married but had chosen not to disclose his marriage. Thus, he, an outsider, must not go around

spreading the truth. "Do you know that this scandal will cause you a lot of trouble? I've contacted the media, and you'll come with me tomorrow to clarify this matter in front of the public."

She responded **anxiously** in an instant, “Why do **we need** to clarify? Mr. Goldman didn’t even **step** forward and clarify the-”

Before she could finish speaking, Mallon stared at her in astonishment. “Minzy, what **are you** talking about?”

Mallon **was a** little **surprised** that such a thing would escape his **daughter’s** mouth, and he even

had a bad premonition. “Please don’t tell me that you’ve...”

“Dad, I like him, I like Mr. Goldman.” Minzy admitted her feelings for Waylon.

‘The Hollands aren’t doing so badly in the Kong Ports. Even if our family isn’t as prolific and prestigious as the Goldmans, we should still be able to match them in status, right?’

She originally thought that her father would support her after getting to know how she felt, but what she did not expect was Mallon’s gloomy expression. “No way.”

She was startled. “But why?”

“You don’t have to know the reason,” Mallon replied decisively, adding, “You two are not compatible, Minzy.”

“That man has already gotten married. He is not single and available, so I’ll never just sit aside and watch my daughter make such a dumb decision.’

Minzy asked in disbelief, “Dad, you once mentioned that if I were to encounter a man that I wish to get married to, I’d have your full support, but why isn’t it the case now that I’ve met the man that I love?”

Mallon raised his voice. “That also depends on whether the other party likes you or not!”

She burst into tears. “I know... But I like him.”

“Do you remember what I taught you since you were still a little girl? Women should never belittle themselves.” Mallon continued sternly. “Even if you meet a man that you really like in the future, as long as he doesn’t have a thing for you, you shouldn’t pester him.

“So what if you love him with every fiber **of** your being? Has he taken a fancy to you? You’re the precious daughter of the Hollands and don’t lack anything in life, so why drag yourself through all the suffering just for a man?”

Minzy opened her mouth but was at a loss for words.

Her father's **words** made her **feel** embarrassed about herself.

'Does falling for someone **that** doesn't like me in return mean belittling myself? I like Wayne, and I'm **not** doing anything wrong because **of** that, right?'

Mallon took a deep **breath** and calmed **himself** down. "Okay, just come **with me to the press** conference to clarify **the matter to** the media **tomorrow**. No **matter** what **you** think, **I'm still your** father, and I'll never watch my daughter fall and **degenerate to that level in life.**"

## Chapter 2385

Mallon left the room **after** saying what he had to say.

The next day, early in the morning...

A shimmer of light pierced through the curtains and shone on the head of the bed. Cameron turned over, hugged someone beside her, and suddenly opened her eyes.

Waylon lay beside her on **his** side, propping his hand against the side of his forehead **as** if he had been awake for a long time.

He fiddled with the ends of her hair and kissed it. "You've woken up?"

Cameron closed her eyes. "No, I haven't."

He smirked, turned over, and covered her with his body in an instant.

Cameron opened her eyes immediately and pressed her hands against his chest. "Wayne Goldmann!"

His kiss stopped at the corner of her lips. "What's up?"

"I want to eat The Attic's short ribs."

The last time they ordered takeout from that place, she got to try the short ribs once, and she really liked them.

Waylon chuckled, knowing that she was changing the subject. "Alright, I'll go and buy them." He was about to get up, but Cameron pulled him back to stop him. "Take me there to eat." Waylon was slightly startled, and his gaze looked earnest. "Are you sure?"

She frowned. "What's wrong with that? Can't you bring me out? Am I a disgrace to you? Is it embarrassing for you to bring me out?"

Waylon burst into laughter abruptly, and his lips landed on her forehead as he gave her a peck. "Get out of bed then. I'll take you there." 1

Because

of the drizzle from last night, the sky was still gray and misty, cold and damp breezes were brushing through the branches in the courtyard, and all the plants along the way were covered with dew.

A

black Bentley pulled over at the **entrance** of The Attic. Waylon got out of the car first, walked around the **car**, and opened the front passenger seat door.

Cameron stepped out of **the** car and crossed her arms together because of **the** freezing ambient temperature.

She had gotten used to staying in the East Islands, where winter was nowhere to be found, so this temperature **was a little** too unbearable for her.

Waylon wrapped a **scarf** around her neck. "**Is it** cold?"

Cameron's **eyelashes** twitched. "**What** do you think? I won't **even** be able **to** move around nimbly **if** a fight breaks out now."

She **took the** initiative **to** insert her hand into his **coat pocket**. "Okay, **please** don't hold me. I'll

walk by myself."

**He** smiled **helplessly** and led her into The Attic.

**How** could the waiters and **waitresses** working in The Attic not know about Waylon? **A part from** that, Waylon's scandal was now the talk of the city. As such, everyone was surprised when they saw him appearing in public with Cameron.

'That woman is obviously not the woman that was mentioned in the scandal. Could it be that the **eldest** heir of the Goldmann has changed his partner again?'

"Mr. Goldmann." The manager of The Attic came over with a grin on his face and a very enthusiastic attitude. "You've come. Do you want a private room?"

However, before Waylon could speak, Cameron had already responded to the manager's question. "We'll sit in the main hall."

The manager was flustered.

'They want to eat in the hall!? But no one from the Goldmanns has ever sat in the hall in the past.'

Waylon nodded. "Then we'll sit in the hall.'

His attitude toward Cameron surprised the manager. At that moment, he saw Cameron's hand sitting in Waylon's pocket.

'Oh my, their relationship isn't as simple as it seems. This lady must be the real deal, right?'

Waylon dragged the chair out for Cameron, and she sat down and started ordering food immediately.

Waylon poured them some tea.

'I didn't expect that she would like the short ribs from this place so much. It seems that I'll have to learn how to cook **this** dish in the future.'

When all the dishes were served, Waylon started fetching all the dishes when Cameron suddenly looked at him and said, "Feed me."

He lifted his gaze. He had actually noticed Cameron's thoughts. Obviously, she was concerned about the scandal between him and Minzy.

Waylon did not expose her thoughts. Instead, he picked up a piece of short ribs and placed it on her plate.

She frowned. "I asked **you** to feed me."

He pretended to look a little embarrassed. "It's **not** very appropriate for me to do that in public."

Cameron restrained her expression immediately and said cynically, "Oh really? Then why didn't **you** care about **the** public's opinion when you went out and **ate** with another woman? Yet, **you care** about it now that you're eating with me?"

The hilarity in his **eyes** could no longer be **concealed**.

"How **can** this be the same?" "How is this different? Oh, you're actually afraid of making it into scandals, but **you seem** quite happy about your scandal with Minzy." Cameron picked up her silverware and picked up the rib, but the wrath within her was burning **so ferociously** that she had lost her **appetite**.

**Chapter 2386**

**Seeing** that Cameron was so jealous, Waylon laughed out loud. “Who’s the one who **told** me **that** we **won’t** be making our relationship public? How do you plan to explain this to the media and public **if** we are caught and photographed by paparazzi?”

Cameron choked on her own words. She suddenly remembered that she had said something about not wanting to make things between them public before this.

Waylon raised his eyebrows slightly. “Is that all you have to say?”

She was a little embarrassed.

‘I’m indeed the one who said that I didn’t want to be made public back then, but I’m also the one who’s demanding to make things public now. Did I just smack myself in the face?’

“You’re going back on your own words now, and I’m confused about what I should believe and ignore.” Waylon propped his hand against the side of his forehead and gave off a clearly satisfied expression accompanied by traces of innocence.

“If our marriage were to be made public, you might start to regret marrying me and ask me for a divorce. Then I’ll be turned into a man who gets abandoned by his wife, and the people of Bassburgh will surely use this farce to ridicule me in the future.”

His reasons were all logically and properly arranged, and it sounded as if he was worried that he would turn into a poor man who could be abandoned anytime.

Cameron took a deep breath. “Why would you think so?”

Waylon let off a faint sigh. “It’s surely because I’m still not good enough for you to come to a decision to announce our relationship to the public. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be banned from letting the world know about our marriage. And now that I’ve been found in a scandal with another woman, I’m being questioned whether I’m having an affair—”

Cameron got up and covered his mouth. “That’s enough acting for a day!”

Waylon grabbed the back of her hand and stared straight at her. “Then can I make it public now?”

Cameron gnashed her teeth and whispered, “Yes.”

“I can’t hear you.”

"I said yes!" she shouted out loud, causing everyone sitting around her to stare in her direction.

Cameron smiled **apologetically** at those people, **sat** back in her **seat**, and glared at the man that was giving off a profound smirk across from her.

'This fella is really as cunning **as an old fox!**'

On the other side of the **city**...

Mallon had already **gathered a hall full of reporters** and was about **to release a statement** to clarify his daughter's scandal. He looked **down** at his watch, and Minzy was **still nowhere to be seen at this time**.

His secretary hurried toward him. "Mr. Holland, **we** couldn't find Ms. Holland in the hotel." Mallon frowned, and his expression stiffened as **a solemn thought** crossed his mind.

'I knew it... But I can't let her be any longer.'

The reporters who came asked him about his daughter's relationship with Waylon, if the **two** families were about to hold a wedding ceremony for them, and if Minzy and Waylon **we**re dating.

Mallon's expression was so gloomy and terrifying that he would be able to make it into the cast of a horror movie without an audition. His masseter twitched at that moment. "That's why I'm holding this press conference today, to clarify my daughter's affairs with Mr. Goldman."

"A clarification?" One of the reporters in the audience sounded surprised.

Mallon added with a dimmed expression, "Yes, it's a clarification. My daughter doesn't have a relationship with Mr. Goldman. They're only ordinary friends who went to the hotel's restaurant for a meal. I

don't know why the media are writing these things about them. Must my daughter have a relationship with all the men she's eaten with in the past?"

A female reporter asked, "Mr. Holland, wouldn't it be beneficial for your daughter to be in a relationship with the eldest heir of the Goldmanns? However, judging from how you're reacting to this news, it seems that you're not really happy with the scandal that Ms. Holland is in."

Mallon's gaze looked stern and sharp. "The Goldmanns aren't the only family who have a son, are they? All the media in Bassburgh might have their eyes set on the Goldmanns, but does that mean that the Hollands must hop onto this train too?"

“I don’t possess such lofty ideals and am content with what I currently have. I only hope that my daughter can find a man that suits her. Therefore, I’m sincerely asking everyone present not to tie my daughter to Mr. Goldman again.”

Mallon then bowed to the reporters and left with his secretary.

This clarification statement made the news almost immediately, and Mallon’s words received a lot of support on the Internet.

#He knows his position very well. That’s why he’s one of the best fathers in the history of Bassburgh.#

#As a businessman, it’s rare for someone to have such thoughts. **Too** many parents would turn the marriage **of** their children into just another business transaction. That’s why this incident is showing everyone in Bassburgh that Mr. Holland is a very rational father!#

## Chapter 2387

#Am I the only **one** who thinks that this old man is trying his **best** to help his daughter cut ties **with** the **eldest** heir **of** the Goldmanns? Could it be that he’s a **very promiscuous** man?#

#Oh my, now that **you** mentioned it, when Mr. Goldman attended the variety show **with** Daisy, the **way** he looked at and interacted with Ms. Southern seemed rather flirtatious, but he’s now having a private meal with another woman. Speaking of which, the **second** heir **of** the Goldmanns and Daisy have both settled down, and the eldest brother is the only one left. It’s hard not to **let** my imagination run wild.#

#Mr. Goldman is giving me a playboy vibe now. He seems to treat all women too well...#

At Blackgold...

Waylon closed the lid of his laptop after watching the news regarding Mallon’s clarification. As for the gossip on the Internet, he straight-up ignored all of them.

Leonardo knocked on the door at that moment.

He lifted his gaze. “Come in.”

Leonardo pushed the door into the office and asked, “Mr. Goldman, Ms. Holland has come to see you again. Do you want to meet her?”

Waylon squinted and responded after a while, “Just tell her that I’m not here.”



Just as Leonardo was about to go out, Waylon stopped him. "Wait."

He turned around. "Is there anything else that requires my assistance?"

"The rumors that have been spreading around within the company, just do something about them. Thank you."

Although Waylon did not explain much, Leonardo already understood what he was trying to say and nodded. "Don't worry, I'll handle it."

Minzy was waiting in the lobby, carrying a lunch **box** she had made by herself. Although her father had clarified the scandal between her and Waylon, it was not a reason for her to give up.

Leonardo walked toward her and greeted her, "Ms. Holland."

Minzy asked with a smile, "Mr. Goldmann is in, right?"

Leonardo replied with a polite smile, "I'm sorry, Mr. Goldmann isn't in. But you can always leave him a message. I'll convey it on your behalf as soon as he comes back."

Minzy was slightly startled. "But the lady at the front desk told me that he's in today."

Leonardo turned and **glared at** the receptionist.

The female receptionist hurriedly lowered her head, looking inexplicably **guilty**.

'Could it be that I've been **wrong** all along?'

Leonardo sighed.

'It's no wonder Mr. Goldmann would **ask me to** deal with the rumors **spreading** around the company. **If it were** to go on like this, things would **turn out** the same **as** what happened to the

president before **this.**'

"**Ms. Holland, you** should understand **that the** scandal **between** you and Mr. Goldman has **been** clarified. So **if** there's nothing urgent or important in the future, try not to come to Blackgold as frequently as you're doing now."

Minzy's expression froze.

'Did Wayne choose not to come down and meet me on purpose? Is it because of the scandal?'

The receptionists' facial expressions became increasingly embarrassed, especially since they had always regarded Minzy as Waylon's future wife.

'It turns out that our boss doesn't even plan to recognize her.

'However, Ms. Holland has never corrected and clarified her relationship with Mr. Goldman.'

Anyone who understood the current situation knew that Minzy wanted to keep the scandal brewing. As long as Waylon did not come forward to explain himself or clarify the situation, she would be able to continue her nonexistent relationship with him.

And Leonardo's words made Minzy feel extremely defeated.

Minzy bit her lip. "I see."

She turned around in despair and clenched the lunch box in her hand.

'I deliberately didn't stop the paparazzi the other day only because I wanted to see Wayne's attitude toward me.

'If he chose to remain silent and not clarify the scandal to the media, I would be able to selfishly tie myself to him, approach him, and make it known to everyone in Bassburgh that I'm his woman.

'As for Cameron... She'd definitely know her position and leave Wayne after seeing the scandal.

'Wayne obviously hasn't said anything about our scandal, but my dad still chose to voice out and clarify the situation on my behalf.'

She could not help but blame her father at the moment.

Walking out of the Blackgold Tower, Minzy ran into Cameron, who was getting out of the car, and Cameron saw her too.

Minzy seemed to be dazzled by jealousy. She pursed her lips and walked toward Cameron. "**Ms. Southern**, are you here to see Mr. Goldmann?"

Cameron's gaze landed on the lunch box in Minzy's hand, and she squinted. "And you're here to deliver lunch?"

## Chapter 2388

'Pfft! **Wayne** Goldmann, what a **blessed** b\*stard you **are**! A pretty **lady** is down here fighting for a chance **just to deliver** a meal into your hands!'

A faint smile escaped through **the** corners of Minzy's lips. "Yes, but Mr. Goldmann **isn't** in, so even if you've come all the way here, I'm afraid there's nothing you can do about his absence."

"He's not here at the company?" Cameron looked slightly bewildered.

"Why would I lie to you? He's really not in-

—

Cameron did not even wait for her to finish the sentence. She took out her cell phone, dialed his number, and asked, "Where are you?"

Minzy's expression stiffened slightly.

Cameron then hung up the phone. "He just told me that he's in the office. Ms. Holland, lying is not a good habit that you should have."

Minzy's expression looked even more embarrassed. She did not expect Cameron to call Waylon directly in order to confirm his location. That was a direct smack in her face.

'Wayne deliberately didn't want to see me, but he's more than willing to meet Cameron. Are they really dating?'

Seeing that Cameron was about to get into the building, Minzy suddenly grabbed her. "Cameron, can we talk?"

Cameron frowned but did not reject her.

Cameron and Minzy walked to the parking lot, where Minzy turned around and asked, "You're dating Mr. Goldmann, right?"

Cameron crossed her arms. "Didn't you know that?"

"But didn't you tell me that you were not into him when I was on the East Islands?"

When Minzy was on the East Islands, she did not see any clue that showed that Cameron had fallen for Waylon. Cameron had even wanted to make a match out of Waylon and Minzy.

Thinking of this, Minzy held Cameron's hand. "Didn't you want to pair me off with him back then? Cameron, I really like him. I've been in love with him since I met him in the East Islands. Please help me. Can you give him up for me?"

Cameron was astonished.

'Back on the **East** Islands, before I realized I had a thing for **Wayne**, I wanted to bring Minzy and Wayne together. **However**, Wayne rejected her, and I knew that.

'**So** what is she trying **to say now**? **Does** she actually want me **to give up** Wayne?'

"**Ms.**

Cameron was **silent** for a long time **before** she broke her hand out of Minzy's **grasp**, Holland, do **you** take Wayne an item? You can always own him when **you** want him, and I'll be able **to let go of** him as long as I want to?"

Minzy shook her head. "**That's not** what-"

Cameron continued. "**Yes**, I was trying **to set you** up with him initially, but he made it clear that **he's** not into you. If he doesn't like **you**, what's the **use of** you trying **to force** things?" "**He'll** fall for me eventually!" Minzy sounded **hysterical**. "**As long as you** give me a little more **time**, I'll make **it** happen. I'll make him realize that I'm the woman who **suits** him the best!"

Cameron frowned, feeling that she had been cursed. She then sneered. "Do you mean that I don't suit him well?"

Minzy did not speak.

Cameron looked directly into her eyes without a hint **of** diffidence. "Minzy, I **just** realized that you're actually such a person. I really thought you were a knowledgeable and understanding woman before this. I didn't expect you to be quite self-righteous at times."

Minzy's expression dimmed. "What did you just say?"

Cameron pinched her chin and approached her. "I said you're quite self-righteous."

Minzy's expression totally changed. She had always maintained a ladylike manner in front of the public, but she could no longer achieve that now.

"What right do you have to say that I'm self-righteous? Cameron Southern, aren't you hypocritical woman yourself? When I was in the East Islands, it was clear that you wanted to match me with Mr. Goldmann, but since you already had a thing for Mr. Goldmann at that time, why did you come to me and make a fool out of me!?"

She thought it was all Cameron's fault.

She should not have believed that Cameron would match her up with Waylon in the first place because she was the one who got screwed around in the end!

Cameron only felt speechless and laughed out of anger. "Minzy, if it wasn't Uncle Damian's sake, I wouldn't even be bothered enough to talk to you now. You're now blaming me instead just because you've been rejected?"

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2382

### Chapter 2382

Waylon's **gaze** was **fixed** on **the** face that looked like that of a dirty cat that had **just** run out of a coal mine and had rubbed its face in ashes without knowing it.

Cameron's **cheeks** warmed up upon seeing that he was staring at her. "Why are **you** looking at me?"

Waylon could not help but laugh out loud. "You're the dignified heir **of** the Southerns, so why would you look like a dirty cat?"

The original intimate atmosphere was completely interrupted by Waylon's words, and Cameron pushed him away immediately. "Who are you referring to as a cat!?"

He held her in his arms. "Are you doubting me?"

Cameron bit his shoulder but did not exert too much force. With that, it opened a chance for Waylon to pinch her cheek and kiss her on the lips.

Cameron was stunned because of the ambush and was picked up horizontally before she could

react.

Cameron struggled in his arms, "Wayne, let me down!"

Waylon carried her into the bathroom, **and** Cameron instantly saw her face in the mirror and covered it with her hands, "Oh my God!"

He put her down in front of the sink. "I didn't lie to you, did I?"

Cameron was so embarrassed that she could not raise her head.

'Have I been walking around with this face throughout the whole day? No wonder the delivery driver stared at me strangely when I went out to retrieve our takeout.'

A towel dropped down from above and covered her head. When she lifted it, Waylon had

already walked outside the door. “Take some time to clean yourself.”

After Waylon left the bathroom, Cameron closed the bathroom door hurriedly.

‘There **goes** my image.’

After taking a shower, Cameron realized she had not brought her pajamas. Thus, she wrapped herself in a bath towel, stuck half of her head out of the bathroom, and shouted, “Wayne!”

Waylon entered his bedroom. “What’s wrong?”

She replied embarrassingly, “I didn’t bring my pajamas into the bathroom.”

Surprisingly, Waylon had already prepared a ladies’ nightgown for her.

Something felt a little indescribably familiar to her **as** soon as she put on the nightgown.

‘Wait a minute! Doesn’t this nightgown have **the same** style as the one that he’s wearing? Is this a **pair of** couple nightgowns?’

Cameron walked **out** of the bathroom and saw Waylon leaning on the head of the bed with his **eyes closed**, resting. The sunlight of **the** dusk shone on **the** window and softened the tough **edges** of his well-defined facial features.

She called **out**, “Wayne?”

She was a little startled when he did not respond to her.

‘Is he **asleep**?’

Cameron approached him, leaned over, raised her hand, and waved it in front of his eyes.

He did not react to her actions. His gentle and steady breathing continued, and his broad chest undulated.

Cameron stared at him. Although she had long noticed that he was breathtakingly handsome, he was not only good-looking but also in good shape.

She took a closer look at his body, from head to toe. She only dared to do so when he was soundly asleep.

Waylon suddenly opened his eyes and saw Cameron staring straight at him. He then raised his hand and took her into his arms.

She was caught off guard and threw herself on his body. “W—Weren’t you asleep?”

He let off a hoarse chuckle. “I only wanted to see what you’d do to me.”

At that moment, Waylon’s cell phone rang abruptly.

He got up and sullenly picked up the call.

The caller ID showed that it was a call from his mother.

He looked back at Cameron, who had buried herself under the blanket, and answered the call, “Mom?”

“Waylon, what’s with the news?”

Waylon frowned. “What news are you talking about?”

After Maisie said something to him, Waylon hung up the phone and quickly opened a news app on his phone.

It appeared that paparazzi had photographed him and Minzy entering and leaving the hotel, and it turned into gossip. And the media was speculating that Minzy was the future daughter-in-law of the Goldmanns.

‘It seems that because I accompanied Daisy to the variety show, I’ve become the target of the paparazzi.’

He put the phone down, walked up to the bed, and pulled up the blanket. Cameron instantly grabbed it, revealing half of her head. “Let go.”

Waylon leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. “I’m heading out. Stay home and wait for

me.”

After saying that, he grabbed his shirt, put it on, and left the room.

**Chapter 2383**

Cameron sat up and turned on her cell phone when the door **closed**.

While Waylon had been talking on the phone earlier, she had taken out her phone and seen the news while hiding under the blanket.

'Minzy Holland **is** the future eldest daughter-in-law **of** the Goldmanns?'

Cameron tutted.

'I'm really sorry, but I've reserved the title.'

At 7:00 p.m., at the Glitz Club...

Waylon was sitting in a private room. There was no one else in the private room except his bodyguards.

Soon after that, Mallon appeared and walked toward Waylon with a smile. "Mr. Goldman n, are you looking for me?"

Waylon asked Mallon to take a seat and motioned to one of the bodyguards to pour him some wine.

Under the dimmed light from the lamp in the room, no one could distinguish the expression on Waylon's face, whether he was joyous **or** infuriated.

He then crossed his legs and leaned back in the chair. "Mr. Holland, you're one of the business partners of the Dominic Group. I asked to meet **you** here for a reason, and only one reason. I hope you can come forward and clarify the scandal between Ms. Holland and me.'

Mallon's hand, which was picking the wine glass up, froze in mid-air as he raised his head. "A scandal? What do you mean by that, Mr. Goldmann?"

Seeing that Mallon really did not know about the news, Waylon placed his phone in front of him.

Mallon picked it up, took a glance at the content, and was instantly stunned.

Waylon continued indifferently. "Allow me to clarify the situation. I'm not in an intimate relationship with Ms. Holland, and I'm already married. Ms. Holland invited me to the hotel only for a meal, and what we talked about was strictly business-related."

Mallon understood what he meant but was surprised by the fact that Waylon was already married. "But are you married?"



“I’ve already obtained my marriage **certificate**, **but** my wife **doesn’t** want me to **disclose** our relationship to the public, **so** you’re the **first** person to know about this apart from my relatives.”

Everything **became clear** to Mallon. “**I see.**”

But he thought of something and asked, “Then why didn’t you **release** a statement and clarify the situation **yourself?**”

‘**As** soon as Mr. Goldmann makes his marriage public, **he’ll** be able **to clear** up this scandal without having **to** ask me for help. I only found **out** that Minzy is acquainted **with** the eldest

**heir of the** Goldmanns when he showed me **the** news. Speaking **of** which, **that girl** actually kept that **from** me.’

Waylon tapped his fingertips **against** the table. “**If** I were to be the **party** clarifying things **at this** moment, my marriage would naturally be made public. At that time, **Ms.** Holland would also be dragged into this turmoil. I **believe** you don’t want to see your daughter getting a bad rap out of this incident. Am I right, Mr. Holland?”

Waylon’s words enlightened Mallon in an instant.

‘Of course, Mr. Goldmann is officially married. The scandal published by the media will be regarded as the “truth” in the eyes of the public. So, as soon as Mr. Goldmann announces his marriage, Minzy will surely be deemed a homewrecker and be prone to public criticism.’

Mallon nodded, and his expression looked distressed. “I’m sorry. I wasn’t aware of that outcome. Please rest assured, I’ll clarify this matter to the media.”

Waylon smiled. “Thank you.”

After Mallon left the private room, Waylon frowned slightly.

‘The paparazzi have no reason to follow Minzy around the city. I attended a variety show and gained a certain level of popularity, **so** it’s only natural for the paparazzi not to miss the opportunity to come up with a story or two about me.

‘I’ve given Mr. Holland the chance to take the initiative to clarify the matter to the media and public. That is me showing the Hollands and Minzy some respect. After all, my marriage with Cameron is still a secret from the public, and Minzy really doesn’t have to be implicated.

'Public opinion can crush a person's reputation in the blink of an eye. Minzy and I aren't close. I don't even consider us friends. So, there's no need for me to sacrifice a woman's reputation in order to protect mine.

'Besides, I do feel a little sorry for her. I did **use** her to test Cameron, and I clearly knew how she felt about me. As such, having Mr. Holland come forward to clarify this matter would bring about the best outcome for both parties.

'Furthermore, even if I want to make things public, it has to be done by the woman back at home, willingly and voluntarily.'

Waylon returned to Emperon Villa **at** 9:00 p.m.

The light in the room was still on. He pushed open the door and realized that Cameron had already fallen **asleep**.

Waylon walked to the **edge of** the bed, sat down, leaned over, and kissed her forehead, the tip of **her nose**, and **her** lips.

#### **Chapter 2384**

"Hmm... Stop it..." Cameron pushed him away. **She** was so sleepy that **she** could not even open her

eyes, and everything happening around her was blurred out to her.

Waylon's Adam's apple twitched, and he loosened **his** collar. "Look at you, sleeping as soundly as a baby does." 1

He rolled onto the bed, took her into his arms, and stroked her cheek with his palm. "When will you make our relationship known to the public?"

On the other side of the city, in the hotel...

Minzy was sitting on the couch, going through the news article. She had long known that the media would publish the news. Reading how the reporters and editors brought the relationship between her and Waylon to life, she pursed her lips tightly.

She was afraid that Waylon would release a statement to clarify their relationship, but she also hoped he would not.

'With this news, can I consider myself somehow related to him now?'

The doorbell rang all of a sudden.

Minzy got up and walked up to the door to open it. She was surprised when she saw the man standing at the door. "Dad?"

Mallon walked into the room with a sullen expression.

Minzy asked, "Dad, why are you here?"

Mallon sat on the couch. "Why didn't you tell me that you know the eldest heir of the Goldmanns?"

She was dumbfounded and naturally thought that her father had seen the news. She lowered her gaze and explained with a smile, "You didn't ask me about him, did you? Actually, Mr. Goldmann and I have known each other since I met him on the East Islands."

Mallon rubbed the bridge of his nose. "How could you be this careless to make it into such a scandal? You're to come with me tomorrow and clarify your relationship with him in front of the media."

After listening to her father's order, Minzy's expression froze. "Me? Clarify?"

"Otherwise, what else do **you** plan to do?" Mallon knew that Waylon had already gotten married but had chosen not to disclose his marriage. Thus, he, an outsider, must not go around spreading the truth. "Do you know that this scandal will cause you a lot of trouble? I've contacted the media, and you'll come with me tomorrow to clarify this matter in front of the public."

She responded **anxiously** in an instant, "Why do **we** need to clarify? Mr. Goldmann didn't even **step** forward and clarify the-

Before she could finish speaking, Mallon stared at her in astonishment. "Minzy, what **are you** talking **about?**"

Mallon **was a little surprised** that such a thing would escape his **daughter's** mouth, and he even

had a bad premonition. "Please don't tell me that you've..."

"Dad, I like him, I like Mr. Goldmann." Minzy admitted her feelings for Waylon.

'The Hollands aren't doing so badly in the Kong Ports. Even if our family isn't as prolific and prestigious as the Goldmanns, we should still be able to match them in status, right?'

She originally thought that her father would support her after getting to know how she felt, but what she did not expect was Mallon's gloomy expression. "No way."

She was startled. "But why?"

"You don't have to know the reason," Mallon replied decisively, adding, "You two are not compatible, Minzy."

"That man has already gotten married. He is not single and available, so I'll never just sit aside and watch my daughter make such a dumb decision."

Minzy asked in disbelief, "Dad, you once mentioned that if I were to encounter a man that I wish to get married to, I'd have your full support, but why isn't it the case now that I've met the man that I love?"

Mallon raised his voice. "That also depends on whether the other party likes you or not!"

She burst into tears. "I know... But I like him."

"Do you remember what I taught you since you were still a little girl? Women should never belittle themselves." Mallon continued sternly. "Even if you meet a man that you really like in the future, as long as he doesn't have a thing for you, you shouldn't pester him."

"So what if you love him with every fiber of your being? Has he taken a fancy to you? You're the precious daughter of the Hollands and don't lack anything in life, so why drag yourself through all the suffering just for a man?"

Minzy opened her mouth but was at a loss for words.

Her father's **words** made her **feel** embarrassed about herself.

'Does falling for someone **that** doesn't like me in return mean belittling myself? I like Wayne, and I'm **not** doing anything wrong because **of** that, right?'

Mallon took a deep **breath** and calmed **himself** down. "Okay, just come **with me to the press** conference **to clarify the matter to the media tomorrow**. No **matter** what **you** think, I'm **still your** father, and I'll never watch my daughter fall and **degenerate to that level in life**."

## Chapter 2385

Mallon left the room **after** saying what he had to say.

The next day, early in the morning...

A shimmer of light pierced through the curtains and shone on the head of the bed. Cameron turned over, hugged someone beside her, and suddenly opened her eyes.

Waylon lay beside her on **his** side, propping his hand against the side of his forehead **as** if he had been awake for a long time.

He fiddled with the ends of her hair and kissed it. "You've woken up?"

Cameron closed her eyes. "No, I haven't."

He smirked, turned over, and covered her with his body in an instant.

Cameron opened her eyes immediately and pressed her hands against his chest. "Wayne Goldmann!"

His kiss stopped at the corner of her lips. "What's up?"

"I want to eat The Attic's short ribs."

The last time they ordered takeout from that place, she got to try the short ribs once, and she really liked them.

Waylon chuckled, knowing that she was changing the subject. "Alright, I'll go and buy them." He was about to get up, but Cameron pulled him back to stop him. "Take me there to eat." Waylon was slightly startled, and his gaze looked earnest. "Are you sure?"

She frowned. "What's wrong with that? Can't you bring me out? Am I a disgrace to you? Is it embarrassing for you to bring me out?"

Waylon burst into laughter abruptly, and his lips landed on her forehead as he gave her a peck. "Get out of bed then. I'll take you there." 1

Because

of the drizzle from last night, the sky was still gray and misty, cold and damp breezes were brushing through the branches in the courtyard, and all the plants along the way were covered with dew.

A

black Bentley pulled over at the **entrance** of The Attic. Waylon got out of the car first, walked around the **car**, and opened the front passenger seat door.

Cameron stepped out of **the** car and crossed her arms together because of **the** freezing ambient temperature.

She had gotten used to staying in the East Islands, where winter was nowhere to be found, so this temperature **was a little** too unbearable for her.

Waylon wrapped a **scarf** around her neck. "**Is it cold?**"

Cameron's **eyelashes** twitched. "**What** do you think? I won't **even** be able **to** move around nimbly **if** a fight breaks out now."

She **took the** initiative **to** insert her hand into his **coat pocket**. "Okay, **please** don't hold me. I'll

walk by myself."

**He** smiled **helplessly** and led her into The Attic.

**How** could the waiters and **waitresses** working in The Attic not know about Waylon? **A part from** that, Waylon's scandal was now the talk of the city. As such, everyone was surprised when they saw him appearing in public with Cameron.

'That woman is obviously not the woman that was mentioned in the scandal. Could it be that the **eldest** heir of the Goldmann has changed his partner again?'

"Mr. Goldmann." The manager of The Attic came over with a grin on his face and a very enthusiastic attitude. "You've come. Do you want a private room?"

However, before Waylon could speak, Cameron had already responded to the manager's question. "We'll sit in the main hall."

The manager was flustered.

'They want to eat in the hall!? But no one from the Goldmanns has ever sat in the hall in the past.'

Waylon nodded. "Then we'll sit in the hall.'

His attitude toward Cameron surprised the manager. At that moment, he saw Cameron's hand sitting in Waylon's pocket.

'Oh my, their relationship isn't as simple as it seems. This lady must be the real deal, right?'

Waylon dragged the chair out for Cameron, and she sat down and started ordering food immediately.

Waylon poured them some tea.

'I didn't expect that she would like the short ribs from this place so much. It seems that I'll have to learn how to cook **this** dish in the future.'

When all the dishes were served, Waylon started fetching all the dishes when Cameron suddenly looked at him and said, "Feed me."

He lifted his gaze. He had actually noticed Cameron's thoughts. Obviously, she was concerned about the scandal between him and Minzy.

Waylon did not expose her thoughts. Instead, he picked up a piece of short ribs and placed it on her plate.

She frowned. "I asked **you** to feed me."

He pretended to look a little embarrassed. "It's **not** very appropriate for me to do that in public."

Cameron restrained her expression immediately and said cynically, "Oh really? Then why didn't **you** care about **the** public's opinion when you went out and **ate** with another woman? Yet, **you care** about it now that you're eating with me?"

The hilarity in his **eyes** could no longer be **concealed**.

"How **can** this be the same?" "How is this different? Oh, you're actually afraid of making it into scandals, but **you seem** quite happy about your scandal with Minzy." Cameron picked up her silverware and picked up the rib, but the wrath within her was burning **so ferociously** that she had lost her **appetite**.

## Chapter 2386

**Seeing** that Cameron was **so** jealous, Waylon laughed out loud. "Who's the one who **told** me **that** we **won't** be making our relationship public? How do you plan to explain this to the media and public **if** we are caught and photographed by paparazzi?"

Cameron choked on her own words. She suddenly remembered that she had said something about not wanting to make things between them public before this.

Waylon raised his eyebrows slightly. "Is that all you have to say?"

She was a little embarrassed.

'I'm indeed the one who said that I didn't want to be made public back then, but I'm also the one who's demanding to make things public now. Did I just smack myself in the face?'

"You're going back on your own words now, and I'm confused about what I should believe and ignore."

” Waylon propped his hand against the side of his forehead and gave off a clearly satisfied expression accompanied by traces of innocence.

“If our marriage were to be made public, you might start to regret marrying me and ask me for a divorce. Then I’ll be turned into a man who gets abandoned by his wife, and the people of Bassburgh will surely use this farce to ridicule me in the future.”

His reasons were all logically and properly arranged, and it sounded as if he was worried that he would turn into a poor man who could be abandoned anytime.

Cameron took a deep breath. “Why would you think so?”

Waylon let off a faint sigh. “It’s surely because I’m still not good enough for you to come to a decision to announce our relationship to the public. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be banned from letting the world know about our marriage. And now that I’ve been found in a scandal with another woman, I’m being questioned whether I’m having an affair—”

Cameron got up and covered his mouth. “That’s enough acting for a day!”

Waylon grabbed the back of her hand and stared straight at her. “Then can I make it public now?”

Cameron gnashed her teeth and whispered, “Yes.”

“I can’t hear you.”

“I said yes!” she shouted out loud, causing everyone sitting around her to stare in her direction.

Cameron smiled **apologetically** at those people, **sat** back in her **seat**, and glared at the man that was giving off a profound smirk across from her.

‘This fella is really as cunning **as an old fox!**’

On the other side of the **city**...

Mallon had already **gathered** a **hall full of reporters** and was about **to release a statement** to clarify his daughter’s scandal. He looked **down** at his watch, and Minzy was **still nowhere to be seen at this time**.

His secretary hurried toward him. “Mr. Holland, **we** couldn’t find Ms. Holland in the hotel.” Mallon frowned, and his expression stiffened as a solemn thought crossed his mind.

‘I knew it... But I can’t let her be any longer.’



The reporters who came asked him about his daughter's relationship with Waylon, if the two families were about to hold a wedding ceremony for them, and if Minzy and Waylon were dating.

Mallon's expression was so gloomy and terrifying that he would be able to make it into the cast of a horror movie without an audition. His masseter twitched at that moment. "That's why I'm holding this press conference today, to clarify my daughter's affairs with Mr. Goldman."

"A clarification?" One of the reporters in the audience sounded surprised.

Mallon added with a dimmed expression, "Yes, it's a clarification. My daughter doesn't have a relationship with Mr. Goldman. They're only ordinary friends who went to the hotel's restaurant for a meal. I

don't know why the media are writing these things about them. Must my daughter have a relationship with all the men she's eaten with in the past?"

A female reporter asked, "Mr. Holland, wouldn't it be beneficial for your daughter to be in a relationship with the eldest heir of the Goldmanns? However, judging from how you're reacting to this news, it seems that you're not really happy with the scandal that Ms. Holland is in."

Mallon's gaze looked stern and sharp. "The Goldmanns aren't the only family who have a son, are they? All the media in Bassburgh might have their eyes set on the Goldmanns, but does that mean that the Hollands must hop onto this train too?"

"I don't possess such lofty ideals and am content with what I currently have. I only hope that my daughter can find a man that suits her. Therefore, I'm sincerely asking everyone present not to tie my daughter to Mr. Goldman again."

Mallon then bowed to the reporters and left with his secretary.

This clarification statement made the news almost immediately, and Mallon's words received a lot of support on the Internet.

#He knows his position very well. That's why he's one of the best fathers in the history of Bassburgh.#

#As a businessman, it's rare for someone to have such thoughts. **Too** many parents would turn the marriage of their children into just another business transaction. That's why this incident is showing everyone in Bassburgh that Mr. Holland is a very rational father!#

**Chapter 2387**

#Am I the only **one** who thinks that this old man is trying his **best** to help his daughter cut ties **with** the **eldest** heir **of** the Goldmanns? Could it be that he's a **very promiscuous** man?#

#Oh my, now that **you** mentioned it, when Mr. Goldmann attended the variety show **with** Daisy, the **way** he looked at and interacted with Ms. Southern seemed rather flirtatious, but he's now having a private meal with another woman. Speaking of which, the **second** heir **of** the Goldmanns and Daisy have both settled down, and the eldest brother is the only one left. It's hard not to **let** my imagination run wild.#

#Mr. Goldmann is giving me a playboy vibe now. He seems to treat all women too well ...#

At Blackgold...

Waylon closed the lid of his laptop after watching the news regarding Mallon's clarification. As for the gossip on the Internet, he straight-up ignored all of them.

Leonardo knocked on the door at that moment.

He lifted his gaze. "Come in."

Leonardo pushed the door into the office and asked, "Mr. Goldmann, Ms. Holland has come to see you again. Do you want to meet her?"

Waylon squinted and responded after a while, "Just tell her that I'm not here."

Just as Leonardo was about to go out, Waylon stopped him. "Wait."

He turned around. "Is there anything else that requires my assistance?"

"The rumors that have been spreading around within the company, just do something about them. Thank you."

Although Waylon did not explain much, Leonardo already understood what he was trying to say and nodded. "Don't worry, I'll handle it."

Minzy was waiting in the lobby, carrying a lunch **box** she had made by herself. Although her father had clarified the scandal between her and Waylon, it was not a reason for her to give up.

Leonardo walked toward her and greeted her, "Ms. Holland."

Minzy asked with a smile, "Mr. Goldmann is in, right?"

Leonardo replied with a polite smile, "I'm sorry, Mr. Goldmann isn't in. But you can always leave him a message. I'll convey it on your behalf as soon as he comes back."

Minzy was slightly startled. "But the lady at the front desk told me that he's in today."

Leonardo turned and **glared at** the receptionist.

The female receptionist hurriedly lowered her head, looking inexplicably **guilty**.

'Could it be that **I've** been **wrong** all along?'

Leonardo sighed.

'**It's** no wonder Mr. Goldmann would **ask** me **to** deal with the rumors **spreading** around the company. **If** it **were** to go on like this, things would **turn out** the same **as** what happened to the

president before **this**.'

"**Ms. Holland, you** should understand **that the** scandal **between** you and Mr. Goldmann has **been** clarified. So **if** there's nothing urgent or important in the future, try not to come **to** Blackgold as frequently as you're doing now."

Minzy's expression froze.

'Did Wayne choose not to come down and meet me on purpose? Is it because of the scandal?'

The receptionists' facial expressions became increasingly embarrassed, especially since they had always regarded Minzy as Waylon's future wife.

'It turns out that our boss doesn't even plan to recognize her.

'However, Ms. Holland has never corrected and clarified her relationship with Mr. Goldmann.'

Anyone who understood the current situation knew that Minzy wanted to keep the scandal brewing. As long as Waylon did not come forward to explain himself or clarify the situation, she would be able to continue her nonexistent relationship with him.

And Leonardo's words made Minzy feel extremely defeated.

Minzy bit her lip. "I see."

She turned around in despair and clenched the lunch box in her hand.

'I deliberately didn't stop the paparazzi the other day only because I wanted to see Wayne's attitude toward me.

'If he chose to remain silent and not clarify the scandal to the media, I would be able to selfishly tie myself to him, approach him, and make it known to everyone in Bassburgh that I'm his woman.

'As for Cameron... She'd definitely know her position and leave Wayne after seeing the scandal.

'Wayne obviously hasn't said anything about our scandal, but my dad still chose to voice out and clarify the situation on my behalf.'

She could not help but blame her father at the moment.

Walking out of the Blackgold Tower, Minzy ran into Cameron, who was getting out of the car, and Cameron saw her too.

Minzy seemed to be dazzled by jealousy. She pursed her lips and walked toward Cameron. "**Ms.** Southern, are you here to see Mr. Goldmann?"

Cameron's gaze landed on the lunch box in Minzy's hand, and she squinted. "And you're here to deliver lunch?"

## Chapter 2388

'Pfft! **Wayne** Goldmann, what a **blessed** b\*stard you **are!** A pretty **lady** is down here fighting for a chance **just to deliver** a meal into your hands!'

A faint smile escaped through the corners of Minzy's lips. "Yes, but Mr. Goldmann **isn't** in, so even if you've come all the way here, I'm afraid there's nothing you can do about his absence."

"He's not here at the company?" Cameron looked slightly bewildered.

"Why would I lie to you? He's really not in-

—

Cameron did not even wait for her to finish the sentence. She took out her cell phone, dialed his number, and asked, "Where are you?"

Minzy's expression stiffened slightly.

Cameron then hung up the phone. "He just told me that he's in the office. Ms. Holland, lying is not a good habit that you should have."

Minzy's expression looked even more embarrassed. She did not expect Cameron to call Waylon directly in order to confirm his location. That was a direct smack in her face.

'Wayne deliberately didn't want to see me, but he's more than willing to meet Cameron. Are they really dating?'

Seeing that Cameron was about to get into the building, Minzy suddenly grabbed her. "Cameron, can we talk?"

Cameron frowned but did not reject her.

Cameron and Minzy walked to the parking lot, where Minzy turned around and asked, "You're dating Mr. Goldmann, right?"

Cameron crossed her arms. "Didn't you know that?"

"But didn't you tell me that you were not into him when I was on the East Islands?"

When Minzy was on the East Islands, she did not see any clue that showed that Cameron had fallen for Waylon. Cameron had even wanted to make a match out of Waylon and Minzy.

Thinking of this, Minzy held Cameron's hand. "Didn't you want to pair me off with him back then? Cameron, I really like him. I've been in love with him since I met him in the East Islands. Please help me. Can you give him up for me?"

Cameron was astonished.

'Back on the **East** Islands, before I realized I had a thing for **Wayne**, I wanted to bring Minzy and Wayne together. **However**, Wayne rejected her, and I knew that.

'**So** what is she trying **to say now**? **Does** she actually want me **to give** up Wayne?'

"**Ms.**

Cameron was **silent** for a long time **before** she broke her hand out of Minzy's **grasp**, Holland, do **you** take Wayne an item? You can always own him when **you** want him, and I'll be able **to let go of** him as long as I want to?"

Minzy shook her head. "**That's not** what-"

Cameron continued. "**Yes**, I was trying **to set you** up with him initially, but he made it clear that **he's** not into you. If he doesn't like **you**, what's the **use of** you trying **to force** th

ings?” “He’ll fall for me eventually!” Minzy sounded hysterical. “As long as you give me a little more time, I’ll make it happen. I’ll make him realize that I’m the woman who suits him the best!”

Cameron frowned, feeling that she had been cursed. She then sneered. “Do you mean that I don’t suit him well?”

Minzy did not speak.

Cameron looked directly into her eyes without a hint of diffidence. “Minzy, I just realized that you’re actually such a person. I really thought you were a knowledgeable and understanding woman before this. I didn’t expect you to be quite self-righteous at times.”

Minzy’s expression dimmed. “What did you just say?”

Cameron pinched her chin and approached her. “I said you’re quite self-righteous.”

Minzy’s expression totally changed. She had always maintained a ladylike manner in front of the public, but she could no longer achieve that now.

“What right do you have to say that I’m self-righteous? Cameron Southern, aren’t you hypocritical woman yourself? When I was in the East Islands, it was clear that you wanted to match me with Mr. Goldmann, but since you already had a thing for Mr. Goldmann at that time, why did you come to me and make a fool out of me!?”

She thought it was all Cameron’s fault.

She should not have believed that Cameron would match her up with Waylon in the first place because she was the one who got screwed around in the end!

Cameron only felt speechless and laughed out of anger. “Minzy, if it wasn’t Uncle Damian’s sake, I wouldn’t even be bothered enough to talk to you now. You’re now blaming me instead just because you’ve been rejected?”

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2383

### Chapter 2383

Cameron sat up and turned on her cell phone when the door closed.

While Waylon had been talking on the phone earlier, she had taken out her phone and seen the news while hiding under the blanket.

‘Minzy Holland is the future eldest daughter-in-law of the Goldmanns?’

Cameron tutted.

'I'm really sorry, but I've reserved the title.'

At 7:00 p.m., at the Glitz Club...

Waylon was sitting in a private room. There was no one else in the private room except his bodyguards.

Soon after that, Mallon appeared and walked toward Waylon with a smile. "Mr. Goldman, are you looking for me?"

Waylon asked Mallon to take a seat and motioned to one of the bodyguards to pour him some wine.

Under the dimmed light from the lamp in the room, no one could distinguish the expression on Waylon's face, whether he was joyous **or** infuriated.

He then crossed his legs and leaned back in the chair. "Mr. Holland, you're one of the business partners of the Dominic Group. I asked to meet **you** here for a reason, and only one reason. I hope you can come forward and clarify the scandal between Ms. Holland and me.'

Mallon's hand, which was picking the wine glass up, froze in mid-air as he raised his head. "A scandal? What do you mean by that, Mr. Goldmann?"

Seeing that Mallon really did not know about the news, Waylon placed his phone in front of him.

Mallon picked it up, took a glance at the content, and was instantly stunned.

Waylon continued indifferently. "Allow me to clarify the situation. I'm not in an intimate relationship with Ms. Holland, and I'm already married. Ms. Holland invited me to the hotel only for a meal, and what we talked about was strictly business-related."

Mallon understood what he meant but was surprised by the fact that Waylon was already married. "But are you married?"

"I've already obtained my marriage **certificate**, **but** my wife **doesn't** want me to **disclose** our relationship to the public, **so** you're the **first** person to know about this apart from my relatives."

Everything **became clear** to Mallon. "**I see.**"

But he thought of something and asked, "Then why didn't you **release** a statement and clarify the situation **yourself**?"

‘As soon as Mr. Goldmann makes his marriage public, **he’ll** be able to **clear** up this scandal without having to ask me for help. I only found **out** that Minzy is acquainted **with** the eldest

**heir of the** Goldmanns when he showed me **the** news. Speaking **of** which, **that girl** actually kept that **from** me.’

Waylon tapped his fingertips **against** the table. “**If** I were to be the **party** clarifying things **at this** moment, my marriage would naturally be made public. At that time, **Ms.** Holland would also be dragged into this turmoil. I **believe** you don’t want to see your daughter getting a bad rap out of this incident. Am I right, Mr. Holland?”

Waylon’s words enlightened Mallon in an instant.

‘Of course, Mr. Goldmann is officially married. The scandal published by the media will be regarded as the “truth” in the eyes of the public. So, as soon as Mr. Goldmann announces his marriage, Minzy will surely be deemed a homewrecker and be prone to public criticism.’

Mallon nodded, and his expression looked distressed. “I’m sorry. I wasn’t aware of that outcome. Please rest assured, I’ll clarify this matter to the media.”

Waylon smiled. “Thank you.”

After Mallon left the private room, Waylon frowned slightly.

‘The paparazzi have no reason to follow Minzy around the city. I attended a variety show and gained a certain level of popularity, **so** it’s only natural for the paparazzi not to miss the opportunity to come up with a story or two about me.

‘I’ve given Mr. Holland the chance to take the initiative to clarify the matter to the media and public. That is me showing the Hollands and Minzy some respect. After all, my marriage with Cameron is still a secret from the public, and Minzy really doesn’t have to be implicated.

‘Public opinion can crush a person’s reputation in the blink of an eye. Minzy and I aren’t close. I don’t even consider us friends. So, there’s no need for me to sacrifice a woman’s reputation in order to protect mine.

‘Besides, I do feel a little sorry for her. I did **use** her to test Cameron, and I clearly knew how she felt about me. As such, having Mr. Holland come forward to clarify this matter would bring about the best outcome for both parties.



'Furthermore, even if I want to make things public, it has to be done by the woman back at home, willingly and voluntarily.'

Waylon returned to Emperon Villa at 9:00 p.m.

The light in the room was still on. He pushed open the door and realized that Cameron had already fallen **asleep**.

Waylon

walked to the **edge of** the bed, sat down, leaned over, and kissed her forehead, the tip of **her nose**, and **her** lips.

## Chapter 2384

"Hmm... Stop it..." Cameron pushed him away. **She** was so sleepy that **she** could not even open her

eyes, and everything happening around her was blurred out to her.

Waylon's Adam's apple twitched, and he loosened **his** collar. "Look at you, sleeping as soundly as a baby does." 1

He rolled onto the bed, took her into his arms, and stroked her cheek with his palm. "When will you make our relationship known to the public?"

On the other side of the city, in the hotel...

Minzy was sitting on the couch, going through the news article. She had long known that the media would publish the news. Reading how the reporters and editors brought the relationship between her and Waylon to life, she pursed her lips tightly.

She was afraid that Waylon would release a statement to clarify their relationship, but she also hoped he would not.

'With this news, can I consider myself somehow related to him now?'

The doorbell rang all of a sudden.

Minzy got up and walked up to the door to open it. She was surprised when she saw the man standing at the door. "Dad?"

Mallon walked into the room with a sullen expression.

Minzy asked, "Dad, why are you here?"

Mallon sat on the couch. "Why didn't you tell me that you know the eldest heir of the Goldmanns?"

She was dumbfounded and naturally thought that her father had seen the news. She lowered her gaze and explained with a smile, "You didn't ask me about him, did you? Actually, Mr. Goldmann and I have known each other since I met him on the East Islands."

Mallon rubbed the bridge of his nose. "How could you be this careless to make it into such a scandal? You're to come with me tomorrow and clarify your relationship with him in front of the media."

After listening to her father's order, Minzy's expression froze. "Me? Clarify?"

"Otherwise, what else do **you** plan to do?" Mallon knew that Waylon had already gotten married but had chosen not to disclose his marriage. Thus, he, an outsider, must not go around spreading the truth. "Do you know that this scandal will cause you a lot of trouble? I've contacted the media, and you'll come with me tomorrow to clarify this matter in front of the public."

She responded **anxiously** in an instant, "Why do **we** need to clarify? Mr. Goldmann didn't even **step** forward and clarify the-"

Before she could finish speaking, Mallon stared at her in astonishment. "Minzy, what **are you** talking about?"

Mallon **was** a little **surprised** that such a thing would escape his **daughter's** mouth, and he even

had a bad premonition. "Please don't tell me that you've..."

"Dad, I like him, I like Mr. Goldmann." Minzy admitted her feelings for Waylon.

'The Hollands aren't doing so badly in the Kong Ports. Even if our family isn't as prolific and prestigious as the Goldmanns, we should still be able to match them in status, right?'

She originally thought that her father would support her after getting to know how she felt, but what she did not expect was Mallon's gloomy expression. "No way."

She was startled. "But why?"

"You don't have to know the reason," Mallon replied decisively, adding, "You two are not compatible, Minzy."

“That man has already gotten married. He is not single and available, so I’ll never just sit aside and watch my daughter make such a dumb decision.”

Minzy asked in disbelief, “Dad, you once mentioned that if I were to encounter a man that I wish to get married to, I’d have your full support, but why isn’t it the case now that I’ve met the man that I love?”

Mallon raised his voice. “That also depends on whether the other party likes you or not!”

She burst into tears. “I know... But I like him.”

“Do you remember what I taught you since you were still a little girl? Women should never belittle themselves.” Mallon continued sternly. “Even if you meet a man that you really like in the future, as long as he doesn’t have a thing for you, you shouldn’t pester him.

“So what if you love him with every fiber of your being? Has he taken a fancy to you? You’re the precious daughter of the Hollands and don’t lack anything in life, so why drag yourself through all the suffering just for a man?”

Minzy opened her mouth but was at a loss for words.

Her father’s **words** made her **feel** embarrassed about herself.

‘Does falling for someone **that** doesn’t like me in return mean belittling myself? I like Wayne, and I’m **not** doing anything wrong because **of** that, right?’

Mallon took a deep **breath** and calmed **himself** down. “Okay, just come **with me to the press conference to clarify the matter to the media tomorrow**. No **matter** what **you** think, I’m **still your** father, and I’ll never watch my daughter fall and **degenerate to that level in life.**”

## Chapter 2385

Mallon left the room **after** saying what he had to say.

The next day, early in the morning...

A shimmer of light pierced through the curtains and shone on the head of the bed. Cameron turned over, hugged someone beside her, and suddenly opened her eyes.

Waylon lay beside her on **his** side, propping his hand against the side of his forehead **as** if he had been awake for a long time.

He fiddled with the ends of her hair and kissed it. “You’ve woken up?”

Cameron closed her eyes. “No, I haven’t.”

He smirked, turned over, and covered her with his body in an instant.

Cameron opened her eyes immediately and pressed her hands against his chest. “Wayne Goldman!”

His kiss stopped at the corner of her lips. “What’s up?”

“I want to eat The Attic’s short ribs.”

The last time they ordered takeout from that place, she got to try the short ribs once, and she really liked them.

Waylon chuckled, knowing that she was changing the subject. “Alright, I’ll go and buy them.” He was about to get up, but Cameron pulled him back to stop him. “Take me there to eat.” Waylon was slightly startled, and his gaze looked earnest. “Are you sure?”

She frowned. “What’s wrong with that? Can’t you bring me out? Am I a disgrace to you? Is it embarrassing for you to bring me out?”

Waylon burst into laughter abruptly, and his lips landed on her forehead as he gave her a peck. “Get out of bed then. I’ll take you there.” 1

Because

of the drizzle from last night, the sky was still gray and misty, cold and damp breezes were brushing through the branches in the courtyard, and all the plants along the way were covered with dew.

A

black Bentley pulled over at the **entrance** of The Attic. Waylon got out of the car first, walked around the **car**, and opened the front passenger seat door.

Cameron stepped out of **the** car and crossed her arms together because of **the** freezing ambient temperature.

She had gotten used to staying in the East Islands, where winter was nowhere to be found, so this temperature **was a little** too unbearable for her.

Waylon wrapped a **scarf** around her neck. “**Is it cold?**”

Cameron’s **eyelashes** twitched. “**What** do you think? I won’t **even** be able **to** move around **if** a fight breaks out now.”

She **took the** initiative to insert her hand into his **coat pocket**. “Okay, **please** don’t hold me. I’ll

walk by myself.”

**He** smiled **helplessly** and led her into The Attic.

**How** could the waiters and **waitresses** working in The Attic not know about Waylon? **A part from** that, Waylon’s scandal was now the talk of the city. As such, everyone was surprised when they saw him appearing in public with Cameron.

‘That woman is obviously not the woman that was mentioned in the scandal. Could it be that the **eldest** heir of the Goldmann has changed his partner again?’

“Mr. Goldmann.” The manager of The Attic came over with a grin on his face and a very enthusiastic attitude. “You’ve come. Do you want a private room?”

However, before Waylon could speak, Cameron had already responded to the manager’s question. “We’ll sit in the main hall.”

The manager was flustered.

‘They want to eat in the hall!? But no one from the Goldmanns has ever sat in the hall in the past.’

Waylon nodded. “Then we’ll sit in the hall.’

His attitude toward Cameron surprised the manager. At that moment, he saw Cameron’s hand sitting in Waylon’s pocket.

‘Oh my, their relationship isn’t as simple as it seems. This lady must be the real deal, right?’

Waylon dragged the chair out for Cameron, and she sat down and started ordering food immediately.

Waylon poured them some tea.

‘I didn’t expect that she would like the short ribs from this place so much. It seems that I’ll have to learn how to cook **this** dish in the future.’

When all the dishes were served, Waylon started fetching all the dishes when Cameron suddenly looked at him and said, “Feed me.”

He lifted his gaze. He had actually noticed Cameron's thoughts. Obviously, she was concerned about the scandal between him and Minzy.

Waylon did not expose her thoughts. Instead, he picked up a piece of short ribs and placed it on her plate.

She frowned. "I asked **you** to feed me."

He pretended to look a little embarrassed. "It's **not** very appropriate for me to do that in public."

Cameron restrained her expression immediately and said cynically, "Oh really? Then why didn't **you** care about **the** public's opinion when you went out and **ate** with another woman? Yet, **you care** about it now that you're eating with me?"

The hilarity in his **eyes** could no longer be **concealed**.

"How **can** this be the same?" "How is this different? Oh, you're actually afraid of making it into scandals, but **you seem** quite happy about your scandal with Minzy." Cameron picked up her silverware and picked up the rib, but the wrath within her was burning **so ferociously** that she had lost her **appetite**.

## Chapter 2386

**Seeing** that Cameron was **so** jealous, Waylon laughed out loud. "Who's the one who **told** me **that** we **won't** be making our relationship public? How do you plan to explain this to the media and public **if** we are caught and photographed by paparazzi?"

Cameron choked on her own words. She suddenly remembered that she had said something about not wanting to make things between them public before this.

Waylon raised his eyebrows slightly. "Is that all you have to say?"

She was a little embarrassed.

'I'm indeed the one who said that I didn't want to be made public back then, but I'm also the one who's demanding to make things public now. Did I just smack myself in the face?'

"You're going back on your own words now, and I'm confused about what I should believe and ignore." Waylon propped his hand against the side of his forehead and gave off a clearly satisfied expression accompanied by traces of innocence.

"If our marriage were to be made public, you might start to regret marrying me and ask me for a divorce. Then I'll be turned into

a man who gets abandoned by his wife, and the people of Bassburgh will surely use this farce to ridicule me in the future.”

His reasons were all logically and properly arranged, and it sounded as if he was worried that he would turn into a poor man who could be abandoned anytime.

Cameron took a deep breath. “Why would you think so?”

Waylon let off a faint sigh. “It’s surely because I’m still not good enough for you to come to a decision to announce our relationship to the public. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be banned from letting the world know about our marriage. And now that I’ve been found in a scandal with another woman, I’m being questioned whether I’m having an affair—”

Cameron got up and covered his mouth. “That’s enough acting for a day!”

Waylon grabbed the back of her hand and stared straight at her. “Then can I make it public now?”

Cameron gnashed her teeth and whispered, “Yes.”

“I can’t hear you.”

“I said yes!” she shouted out loud, causing everyone sitting around her to stare in her direction.

Cameron smiled **apologetically** at those people, **sat** back in her **seat**, and glared at the man that was giving off a profound smirk across from her.

‘This fella is really as cunning **as an old fox!**’

On the other side of the **city**...

Mallon had already **gathered a hall full of reporters** and was about **to release a statement** to clarify his daughter’s scandal. He looked **down** at his watch, and Minzy was **still nowhere to be seen at this time**.

His secretary hurried toward him. “Mr. Holland, **we** couldn’t find Ms. Holland in the hotel.” Mallon frowned, and his expression stiffened as **a solemn thought** crossed his mind.

‘I knew it... But I can’t let her be any longer.’

The reporters who came asked him about his daughter’s relationship with Waylon, if the **two** families were about to hold a wedding ceremony for them, and if Minzy and Waylon **we re** dating.

Mallon's expression was so gloomy and terrifying that he would be able to make it into the cast of a horror movie without an audition. His masseter twitched at that moment. "That's why I'm holding this press conference today, to clarify my daughter's affairs with Mr. Goldmann."

"A clarification?" One of the reporters in the audience sounded surprised.

Mallon added with a dimmed expression, "Yes, it's a clarification. My daughter doesn't have a relationship with Mr. Goldmann. They're only ordinary friends who went to the hotel's restaurant for a meal. I

don't know why the media are writing these things about them. Must my daughter have a relationship with all the men she's eaten with in the past?"

A female reporter asked, "Mr. Holland, wouldn't it be beneficial for your daughter to be in a relationship with the eldest heir of the Goldmanns? However, judging from how you're reacting to this news, it seems that you're not really happy with the scandal that Ms. Holland is in."

Mallon's gaze looked stern and sharp. "The Goldmanns aren't the only family who have a son, are they? All the media in Bassburgh might have their eyes set on the Goldmanns, but does that mean that the Hollands must hop onto this train too?"

"I don't possess such lofty ideals and am content with what I currently have. I only hope that my daughter can find a man that suits her. Therefore, I'm sincerely asking everyone present not to tie my daughter to Mr. Goldmann again."

Mallon then bowed to the reporters and left with his secretary.

This clarification statement made the news almost immediately, and Mallon's words received a lot of support on the Internet.

#He knows his position very well. That's why he's one of the best fathers in the history of Bassburgh.#

#As a businessman, it's rare for someone to have such thoughts. **Too** many parents would turn the marriage **of** their children into just another business transaction. That's why this incident is showing everyone in Bassburgh that Mr. Holland is a very rational father!#

## Chapter 2387

#Am I the only **one** who thinks that this old man is trying his **best** to help his daughter cut ties **with** the **eldest** heir **of** the Goldmanns? Could it be that he's a **very promiscuous** man?#



#Oh my, now that **you** mentioned it, when Mr. Goldman attended the variety show **wit** h Daisy, the **way** he looked at and interacted with Ms. Southern seemed rather flirtatious, but he's now having a private meal with another woman. Speaking of which, the **second** heir of the Goldmans and Daisy have both settled down, and the eldest brother is the only one left. It's hard not to **let** my imagination run wild.#

#Mr. Goldman is giving me a playboy vibe now. He seems to treat all women too well ...#

At Blackgold...

Waylon closed the lid of his laptop after watching the news regarding Mallon's clarification. As for the gossip on the Internet, he straight-up ignored all of them.

Leonardo knocked on the door at that moment.

He lifted his gaze. "Come in."

Leonardo pushed the door into the office and asked, "Mr. Goldman, Ms. Holland has come to see you again. Do you want to meet her?"

Waylon squinted and responded after a while, "Just tell her that I'm not here."

Just as Leonardo was about to go out, Waylon stopped him. "Wait."

He turned around. "Is there anything else that requires my assistance?"

"The rumors that have been spreading around within the company, just do something about them. Thank you."

Although Waylon did not explain much, Leonardo already understood what he was trying to say and nodded. "Don't worry, I'll handle it."

Minzy was waiting in the lobby, carrying a lunch **box** she had made by herself. Although her father had clarified the scandal between her and Waylon, it was not a reason for her to give up.

Leonardo walked toward her and greeted her, "Ms. Holland."

Minzy asked with a smile, "Mr. Goldman is in, right?"

Leonardo replied with a polite smile, "I'm sorry, Mr. Goldman isn't in. But you can always leave him a message. I'll convey it on your behalf as soon as he comes back."

Minzy was slightly startled. "But the lady at the front desk told me that he's in today."

Leonardo turned and **glared at** the receptionist.

The female receptionist hurriedly lowered her head, looking inexplicably **guilty**.

‘Could it be that **I’ve** been **wrong** all along?’

Leonardo sighed.

‘**It’s** no wonder Mr. Goldmann would **ask me to** deal with the rumors **spreading** around the company. **If it were** to go on like this, things would **turn out** the same **as** what happened to the

president before **this.**’

“**Ms. Holland, you** should understand **that the scandal between** you and Mr. Goldman has **been** clarified. **So if** there’s nothing urgent or important in the future, try not to come **to** Blackgold as frequently as you’re doing now.”

Minzy’s expression froze.

‘Did Wayne choose not to come down and meet me on purpose? Is it because of the scandal?’

The receptionists’ facial expressions became increasingly embarrassed, especially since they had always regarded Minzy as Waylon’s future wife.

‘It turns out that our boss doesn’t even plan to recognize her.

‘However, Ms. Holland has never corrected and clarified her relationship with Mr. Goldmann.’

Anyone who understood the current situation knew that Minzy wanted to keep the scandal brewing. As long as Waylon did not come forward to explain himself or clarify the situation, she would be able to continue her nonexistent relationship with him.

And Leonardo’s words made Minzy feel extremely defeated.

Minzy bit her lip. “I see.”

She turned around in despair and clenched the lunch box in her hand.

‘I deliberately didn’t stop the paparazzi the other day only because I wanted to see Wayne’s attitude toward me.

'If he chose to remain silent and not clarify the scandal to the media, I would be able to selfishly tie myself to him, approach him, and make it known to everyone in Bass burgh that I'm his woman.

'As for Cameron... She'd definitely know her position and leave Wayne after seeing the scandal.

'Wayne obviously hasn't said anything about our scandal, but my dad still chose to voice out and clarify the situation on my behalf.'

She could not help but blame her father at the moment.

Walking out of the Blackgold Tower, Minzy ran into Cameron, who was getting out of the car, and Cameron saw her too.

Minzy seemed to be dazzled by jealousy. She pursed her lips and walked toward Cameron. "**Ms.** Southern, are you here to see Mr. Goldmann?"

Cameron's gaze landed on the lunch box in Minzy's hand, and she squinted. "And you're here to deliver lunch?"

## Chapter 2388

'Pfft! **Wayne** Goldmann, what a **blessed** b\*stard you **are!** A pretty **lady** is down here fighting for a chance **just to deliver** a meal into your hands!'

A faint smile escaped through **the** corners of Minzy's lips. "Yes, but Mr. Goldmann **isn't** in, so even if you've come all the way here, I'm afraid there's nothing you can do about his absence."

"He's not here at the company?" Cameron looked slightly bewildered.

"Why would I lie to you? He's really not in-

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Cameron did not even wait for her to finish the sentence. She took out her cell phone, dialed his number, and asked, "Where are you?"

Minzy's expression stiffened slightly.

Cameron then hung up the phone. "He just told me that he's in the office. Ms. Holland, lying is not a good habit that you should have."

Minzy's expression looked even more embarrassed. She did not expect Cameron to call Waylon directly in order to confirm his location. That was a direct smack in her face.

'Wayne deliberately didn't want to see me, but he's more than willing to meet Cameron. Are they really dating?'

Seeing that Cameron was about to get into the building, Minzy suddenly grabbed her. "Cameron, can we talk?"

Cameron frowned but did not reject her.

Cameron and Minzy walked to the parking lot, where Minzy turned around and asked, "You're dating Mr. Goldmann, right?"

Cameron crossed her arms. "Didn't you know that?"

"But didn't you tell me that you were not into him when I was on the East Islands?"

When Minzy was on the East Islands, she did not see any clue that showed that Cameron had fallen for Waylon. Cameron had even wanted to make a match out of Waylon and Minzy.

Thinking of this, Minzy held Cameron's hand. "Didn't you want to pair me off with him back then? Cameron, I really like him. I've been in love with him since I met him in the East Islands. Please help me. Can you give him up for me?"

Cameron was astonished.

'Back on the **East** Islands, before I realized I had a thing for **Wayne**, I wanted to bring Minzy and Wayne together. **However**, Wayne rejected her, and I knew that.

'**So** what is she trying to say now? **Does** she actually want me to give up Wayne?'

"**Ms.**

Cameron was **silent** for a long time **before** she broke her hand out of Minzy's **grasp**, Holland, do **you** take Wayne an item? You can always own him when **you** want him, and I'll be able to **let go of** him as long as I want to?"

Minzy shook her head. "**That's not** what-

Cameron continued. "**Yes**, I was trying to **set you** up with him initially, but he made it clear that **he's** not into you. If he doesn't like **you**, what's the **use of** you trying to **force things**?" "**He'll** fall for me eventually!" Minzy sounded **hysterical**. "**As long as you** give me a little more **time**, I'll make **it** happen. I'll make him realize that I'm the woman who **suits** him the best!"

Cameron frowned, feeling that she had been cursed. She then sneered. "Do you mean that I don't suit him well?"

Minzy did not speak.

Cameron looked directly into her eyes without a hint of diffidence. "Minzy, I just realized that you're actually such a person. I really thought you were a knowledgeable and understanding woman before this. I didn't expect you to be quite self-righteous at times."

Minzy's expression dimmed. "What did you just say?"

Cameron pinched her chin and approached her. "I said you're quite self-righteous."

Minzy's expression totally changed. She had always maintained a ladylike manner in front of the public, but she could no longer achieve that now.

"What right do you have to say that I'm self-righteous? Cameron Southern, aren't you hypocritical woman yourself? When I was in the East Islands, it was clear that you wanted to match me with Mr. Goldmann, but since you already had a thing for Mr. Goldmann at that time, why did you come to me and make a fool out of me!?"

She thought it was all Cameron's fault.

She should not have believed that Cameron would match her up with Waylon in the first place because she was the one who got screwed around in the end!

Cameron only felt speechless and laughed out of anger. "Minzy, if it wasn't Uncle Damian's sake, I wouldn't even be bothered enough to talk to you now. You're now blaming me instead just because you've been rejected?"

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2384

### Chapter 2384

"Hmm... Stop it..." Cameron pushed him away. **She** was so sleepy that **she** could not even open her

eyes, and everything happening around her was blurred out to her.

Waylon's Adam's apple twitched, and he loosened **his** collar. "Look at you, sleeping as soundly as a baby does." 1

He rolled onto the bed, took her into his arms, and stroked her cheek with his palm. "When will you make our relationship known to the public?"

On the other side of the city, in the hotel...

Minzy was sitting on the couch, going through the news article. She had long known that the media would publish the news. Reading how the reporters and editors brought the relationship between her and Waylon to life, she pursed her lips tightly.

She was afraid that Waylon would release a statement to clarify their relationship, but she also hoped he would not.

'With this news, can I consider myself somehow related to him now?'

The doorbell rang all of a sudden.

Minzy got up and walked up to the door to open it. She was surprised when she saw the man standing at the door. "Dad?"

Mallon walked into the room with a sullen expression.

Minzy asked, "Dad, why are you here?"

Mallon sat on the couch. "Why didn't you tell me that you know the eldest heir of the Goldmanns?"

She was dumbfounded and naturally thought that her father had seen the news. She lowered her gaze and explained with a smile, "You didn't ask me about him, did you? Actually, Mr. Goldmann and I have known each other since I met him on the East Islands."

Mallon rubbed the bridge of his nose. "How could you be this careless to make it into such a scandal? You're to come with me tomorrow and clarify your relationship with him in front of the media."

After listening to her father's order, Minzy's expression froze. "Me? Clarify?"

"Otherwise, what else do **you** plan to do?" Mallon knew that Waylon had already gotten married but had chosen not to disclose his marriage. Thus, he, an outsider, must not go around spreading the truth. "Do you know that this scandal will cause you a lot of trouble? I've contacted the media, and you'll come with me tomorrow to clarify this matter in front of the public."

She responded **anxiously** in an instant, "Why do **we** need to clarify? Mr. Goldmann didn't even **step** forward and clarify the-

Before she could finish speaking, Mallon stared at her in astonishment. "Minzy, what **are you** talking **about**?"

Mallon **was a little surprised** that such a thing would escape his **daughter's** mouth, and he even

had a bad premonition. "Please don't tell me that you've..."

"Dad, I like him, I like Mr. Goldmann." Minzy admitted her feelings for Waylon.

'The Hollands aren't doing so badly in the Kong Ports. Even if our family isn't as prolific and prestigious as the Goldmanns, we should still be able to match them in status, right?'

She originally thought that her father would support her after getting to know how she felt, but what she did not expect was Mallon's gloomy expression. "No way."

She was startled. "But why?"

"You don't have to know the reason," Mallon replied decisively, adding, "You two are not compatible, Minzy."

"That man has already gotten married. He is not single and available, so I'll never just sit aside and watch my daughter make such a dumb decision.'

Minzy asked in disbelief, "Dad, you once mentioned that if I were to encounter a man that I wish to get married to, I'd have your full support, but why isn't it the case now that I've met the man that I love?"

Mallon raised his voice. "That also depends on whether the other party likes you or not!"

She burst into tears. "I know... But I like him."

"Do you remember what I taught you since you were still a little girl? Women should never belittle themselves." Mallon continued sternly. "Even if you meet a man that you really like in the future, as long as he doesn't have a thing for you, you shouldn't pester him.

"So what if you love him with every fiber **of** your being? Has he taken a fancy to you? You're the precious daughter of the Hollands and don't lack anything in life, so why drag yourself through all the suffering just for a man?"

Minzy opened her mouth but was at a loss for words.

Her father's **words** made her **feel** embarrassed about herself.

'Does falling for someone **that** doesn't like me in return mean belittling myself? I like Wayne, and I'm **not** doing anything wrong because **of** that, right?'

Mallon took a deep **breath** and calmed **himself** down. "Okay, just come **with me to the press** conference to clarify **the matter to** the media **tomorrow**. No **matter** what **you** think, **I'm still your** father, and I'll never watch my daughter fall and **degenerate to that level in life.**"

## Chapter 2385

Mallon left the room **after** saying what he had to say.

The next day, early in the morning...

A shimmer of light pierced through the curtains and shone on the head of the bed. Cameron turned over, hugged someone beside her, and suddenly opened her eyes.

Waylon lay beside her on **his** side, propping his hand against the side of his forehead **as** if he had been awake for a long time.

He fiddled with the ends of her hair and kissed it. "You've woken up?"

Cameron closed her eyes. "No, I haven't."

He smirked, turned over, and covered her with his body in an instant.

Cameron opened her eyes immediately and pressed her hands against his chest. "Wayne Goldmann!"

His kiss stopped at the corner of her lips. "What's up?"

"I want to eat The Attic's short ribs."

The last time they ordered takeout from that place, she got to try the short ribs once, and she really liked them.

Waylon chuckled, knowing that she was changing the subject. "Alright, I'll go and buy them." He was about to get up, but Cameron pulled him back to stop him. "Take me there to eat." Waylon was slightly startled, and his gaze looked earnest. "Are you sure?"

She frowned. "What's wrong with that? Can't you bring me out? Am I a disgrace to you? Is it embarrassing for you to bring me out?"

Waylon burst into laughter abruptly, and his lips landed on her forehead as he gave her a peck. "Get out of bed then. I'll take you there." 1

Because  
of the drizzle from last night, the sky was still gray and misty, cold and damp breezes w



ere brushing through the branches in the courtyard, and all the plants along the way were covered with dew.

A

black Bentley pulled over at the **entrance** of The Attic. Waylon got out of the car first, walked around the **car**, and opened the front passenger seat door.

Cameron stepped out of **the** car and crossed her arms together because of **the** freezing ambient temperature.

She had gotten used to staying in the East Islands, where winter was nowhere to be found, so this temperature **was a little** too unbearable for her.

Waylon wrapped a **scarf** around her neck. “**Is it cold?**”

Cameron’s **eyelashes** twitched. “**What** do you think? I won’t **even** be able **to** move around nimbly **if** a fight breaks out now.”

She **took the** initiative **to** insert her hand into his **coat pocket**. “Okay, **please** don’t hold me. I’ll

walk by myself.”

**He** smiled **helplessly** and led her into The Attic.

**How** could the waiters and **waitresses** working in The Attic not know about Waylon? **A part from** that, Waylon’s scandal was now the talk of the city. As such, everyone was surprised when they saw him appearing in public with Cameron.

‘That woman is obviously not the woman that was mentioned in the scandal. Could it be that the **eldest** heir of the Goldmann has changed his partner again?’

“Mr. Goldmann.” The manager of The Attic came over with a grin on his face and a very enthusiastic attitude. “You’ve come. Do you want a private room?”

However, before Waylon could speak, Cameron had already responded to the manager’s question. “We’ll sit in the main hall.”

The manager was flustered.

‘They want to eat in the hall!? But no one from the Goldmanns has ever sat in the hall in the past.’

Waylon nodded. “Then we’ll sit in the hall.’

His attitude toward Cameron surprised the manager. At that moment, he saw Cameron's hand sitting in Waylon's pocket.

'Oh my, their relationship isn't as simple as it seems. This lady must be the real deal, right?'

Waylon dragged the chair out for Cameron, and she sat down and started ordering food immediately.

Waylon poured them some tea.

'I didn't expect that she would like the short ribs from this place so much. It seems that I'll have to learn how to cook **this** dish in the future.'

When all the dishes were served, Waylon started fetching all the dishes when Cameron suddenly looked at him and said, "Feed me."

He lifted his gaze. He had actually noticed Cameron's thoughts. Obviously, she was concerned about the scandal between him and Minzy.

Waylon did not expose her thoughts. Instead, he picked up a piece of short ribs and placed it on her plate.

She frowned. "I asked **you** to feed me."

He pretended to look a little embarrassed. "It's **not** very appropriate for me to do that in public."

Cameron restrained her expression immediately and said cynically, "Oh really? Then why didn't **you** care about **the** public's opinion when you went out and **ate** with another woman? Yet, **you care** about it now that you're eating with me?"

The hilarity in his **eyes** could no longer be **concealed**.

"How **can** this be the same?" "How is this different? Oh, you're actually afraid of making it into scandals, but **you seem** quite happy about your scandal with Minzy." Cameron picked up her silverware and picked up the rib, but the wrath within her was burning **so ferociously** that she had lost her **appetite**.

## Chapter 2386

**Seeing** that Cameron was **so** jealous, Waylon laughed out loud. "Who's the one who **told** me **that** we **won't** be making our relationship public? How do you plan to explain this to the media and public **if** we are caught and photographed by paparazzi?"

Cameron choked on her own words. She suddenly remembered that she had said some thing about not wanting to make things between them public before this.

Waylon raised his eyebrows slightly. "Is that all you have to say?"

She was a little embarrassed.

'I'm indeed the one who said that I didn't want to be made public back then, but I'm also the one who's demanding to make things public now. Did I just smack myself in the face?'

"You're going back on your own words now, and I'm confused about what I should believe and ignore." Waylon propped his hand against the side of his forehead and gave off a clearly satisfied expression accompanied by traces of innocence.

"If our marriage were to be made public, you might start to regret marrying me and ask me for a divorce. Then I'll be turned into a man who gets abandoned by his wife, and the people of Bassburgh will surely use this farce to ridicule me in the future."

His reasons were all logically and properly arranged, and it sounded as if he was worried that he would turn into a poor man who could be abandoned anytime.

Cameron took a deep breath. "Why would you think so?"

Waylon let off a faint sigh. "It's surely because I'm still not good enough for you to come to a decision to announce our relationship to the public. Otherwise, I wouldn't be banned from letting the world know about our marriage. And now that I've been found in a scandal with another woman, I'm being questioned whether I'm having an affair—"

Cameron got up and covered his mouth. "That's enough acting for a day!"

Waylon grabbed the back of her hand and stared straight at her. "Then can I make it public now?"

Cameron gnashed her teeth and whispered, "Yes."

"I can't hear you."

"I said yes!" she shouted out loud, causing everyone sitting around her to stare in her direction.

Cameron smiled **apologetically** at those people, **sat** back in her **seat**, and glared at the man that was giving off a profound smirk across from her.

'This fella is really as cunning **as an old fox!**'

On the other side of the **city...**

Mallon had already **gathered a hall full of reporters** and was about **to release a statement** to clarify his daughter's scandal. He looked **down** at his watch, and Minzy was **still nowhere to be seen at this time.**

His secretary hurried toward him. "Mr. Holland, **we** couldn't find Ms. Holland in the hotel."  
"Mallon frowned, and his expression stiffened as **a solemn thought** crossed his mind.

'I knew it... But I can't let her be any longer.'

The reporters who came asked him about his daughter's relationship with Waylon, if the **two families** were about to hold a wedding ceremony for them, and if Minzy and Waylon **we re dating.**

Mallon's expression was so gloomy and terrifying that he would be able to make it into the cast of a horror movie without an audition. His masseter twitched at that moment. "That's why I'm holding this press conference today, to clarify my daughter's affairs with Mr. Goldmann."

"A clarification?" One of the reporters in the audience sounded surprised.

Mallon added with a dimmed expression, "Yes, it's a clarification. My daughter doesn't have a relationship with Mr. Goldmann. They're only ordinary friends who went to the hotel's restaurant for a meal. I don't know why the media are writing these things about them. Must my daughter have a relationship with all the men she's eaten with in the past?"

A female reporter asked, "Mr. Holland, wouldn't it be beneficial for your daughter to be in a relationship with the eldest heir of the Goldmanns? However, judging from how you're reacting to this news, it seems that you're not really happy with the scandal that Ms. Holland is in."

Mallon's gaze looked stern and sharp. "The Goldmanns aren't the only family who have a son, are they? All the media in Bassburgh might have their eyes set on the Goldmanns, but does that mean that the Hollands must hop onto this train too?"

"I don't possess such lofty ideals and am content with what I currently have. I only hope that my daughter can find a man that suits her. Therefore, I'm sincerely asking everyone present not to tie my daughter to Mr. Goldmann again."

Mallon then bowed to the reporters and left with his secretary.

This clarification statement made the news almost immediately, and Mallon's words received a lot of support on the Internet.

#He knows his position very well. That's why he's one of the best fathers in the history of Bassburgh.#

#As a businessman, it's rare for someone to have such thoughts. **Too** many parents would turn the marriage of their children into just another business transaction. That's why this incident is showing everyone in Bassburgh that Mr. Holland is a very rational father!#

## Chapter 2387

#Am I the only **one** who thinks that this old man is trying his **best** to help his daughter cut ties **with** the **eldest** heir of the Goldmanns? Could it be that he's a **very promiscuous** man?#

#Oh my, now that **you** mentioned it, when Mr. Goldmann attended the variety show **with** Daisie, the **way** he looked at and interacted with Ms. Southern seemed rather flirtatious, but he's now having a private meal with another woman. Speaking of which, the **second** heir of the Goldmanns and Daisie have both settled down, and the eldest brother is the only one left. It's hard not to **let** my imagination run wild.#

#Mr. Goldmann is giving me a playboy vibe now. He seems to treat all women too well...#

At Blackgold...

Waylon closed the lid of his laptop after watching the news regarding Mallon's clarification. As for the gossip on the Internet, he straight-up ignored all of them.

Leonardo knocked on the door at that moment.

He lifted his gaze. "Come in."

Leonardo pushed the door into the office and asked, "Mr. Goldmann, Ms. Holland has come to see you again. Do you want to meet her?"

Waylon squinted and responded after a while, "Just tell her that I'm not here."

Just as Leonardo was about to go out, Waylon stopped him. "Wait."

He turned around. "Is there anything else that requires my assistance?"

“The rumors that have been spreading around within the company, just do something about them. Thank you.”

Although Waylon did not explain much, Leonardo already understood what he was trying to say and nodded. “Don’t worry, I’ll handle it.”

Minzy was waiting in the lobby, carrying a lunch **box** she had made by herself. Although her father had clarified the scandal between her and Waylon, it was not a reason for her to give up.

Leonardo walked toward her and greeted her, “Ms. Holland.”

Minzy asked with a smile, “Mr. Goldmann is in, right?”

Leonardo replied with a polite smile, “I’m sorry, Mr. Goldmann isn’t in. But you can always leave him a message. I’ll convey it on your behalf as soon as he comes back.”

Minzy was slightly startled. “But the lady at the front desk told me that he’s in today.”

Leonardo turned and **glared at** the receptionist.

The female receptionist hurriedly lowered her head, looking inexplicably **guilty**.

‘Could it be that I’ve been **wrong** all along?’

Leonardo sighed.

‘**It’s** no wonder Mr. Goldmann would **ask me to** deal with the rumors **spreading** around the company. **If it were** to go on like this, things would **turn out** the same **as** what happened to the

president before **this**.‘

“**Ms. Holland, you** should understand **that the scandal between** you and Mr. Goldmann has **been** clarified. So **if** there’s nothing urgent or important in the future, try not to come **to** Blackgold as frequently as you’re doing now.”

Minzy’s expression froze.

‘Did Wayne choose not to come down and meet me on purpose? Is it because of the scandal?’

The receptionists’ facial expressions became increasingly embarrassed, especially since they had always regarded Minzy as Waylon’s future wife.

'It turns out that our boss doesn't even plan to recognize her.

'However, Ms. Holland has never corrected and clarified her relationship with Mr. Goldmann.'

Anyone who understood the current situation knew that Minzy wanted to keep the scandal brewing. As long as Waylon did not come forward to explain himself or clarify the situation, she would be able to continue her nonexistent relationship with him.

And Leonardo's words made Minzy feel extremely defeated.

Minzy bit her lip. "I see."

She turned around in despair and clenched the lunch box in her hand.

'I deliberately didn't stop the paparazzi the other day only because I wanted to see Wayne's attitude toward me.

'If he chose to remain silent and not clarify the scandal to the media, I would be able to selfishly tie myself to him, approach him, and make it known to everyone in Bassburgh that I'm his woman.

'As for Cameron... She'd definitely know her position and leave Wayne after seeing the scandal.

'Wayne obviously hasn't said anything about our scandal, but my dad still chose to voice out and clarify the situation on my behalf.'

She could not help but blame her father at the moment.

Walking out of the Blackgold Tower, Minzy ran into Cameron, who was getting out of the car, and Cameron saw her too.

Minzy seemed to be dazzled by jealousy. She pursed her lips and walked toward Cameron. "Ms. Southern, are you here to see Mr. Goldmann?"

Cameron's gaze landed on the lunch box in Minzy's hand, and she squinted. "And you're here to deliver lunch?"

## Chapter 2388

'Pfft! **Wayne** Goldmann, what a **blessed** b\*stard you **are!** A pretty **lady** is down here fighting for a chance **just to deliver** a meal into your hands!'

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"He's not here at the company?" Cameron looked slightly bewildered.

"Why would I lie to you? He's really not in-

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Cameron did not even wait for her to finish the sentence. She took out her cell phone, dialed his number, and asked, "Where are you?"

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'Wayne deliberately didn't want to see me, but he's more than willing to meet Cameron. Are they really dating?'

Seeing that Cameron was about to get into the building, Minzy suddenly grabbed her. "Cameron, can we talk?"

Cameron frowned but did not reject her.

Cameron and Minzy walked to the parking lot, where Minzy turned around and asked, "You're dating Mr. Goldmann, right?"

Cameron crossed her arms. "Didn't you know that?"

"But didn't you tell me that you were not into him when I was on the East Islands?"

When Minzy was on the East Islands, she did not see any clue that showed that Cameron had fallen for Waylon. Cameron had even wanted to make a match out of Waylon and Minzy.

Thinking of this, Minzy held Cameron's hand. "Didn't you want to pair me off with him back then? Cameron, I really like him. I've been in love with him since I met him in the East Islands. Please help me. Can you give him up for me?"

Cameron was astonished.



'Back on the **East** Islands, before I realized I had a thing for **Wayne**, I wanted to bring Minzy and Wayne together. **However**, Wayne rejected her, and I knew that.

'**So** what is she trying to say now? **Does** she actually want me to give up Wayne?'

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Cameron was **silent** for a long time **before** she broke her hand out of Minzy's **grasp**, Holland, do **you** take Wayne an item? You can always own him when **you** want him, and I'll be able to **let go of** him as long as I want to?"

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Cameron continued. "**Yes**, I was trying to **set you** up with him initially, but he made it clear that **he's** not into you. If he doesn't like **you**, what's the **use of** you trying to **force** things?" "**He'll** fall for me eventually!" Minzy sounded **hysterical**. "**As long as you** give me a little more **time**, I'll make **it** happen. I'll make him realize that I'm the woman who **suits** him the best!"

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"What right do you have to say that I'm self-righteous? Cameron Southern, aren't you hypocritical woman yourself? When I was in the East Islands, it was clear that you wanted to match me with Mr. Goldmann, but since you already had a thing for Mr. Goldmann at that time, why did you come to me and make a fool out of me!?"

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She should not have believed that Cameron would match her up with Waylon in the first place because she was the one who got screwed around in the end!

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## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2385

### Chapter 2385

Mallon left the room **after** saying what he had to say.

The next day, early in the morning...

A shimmer of light pierced through the curtains and shone on the head of the bed. Cameron turned over, hugged someone beside her, and suddenly opened her eyes.

Waylon lay beside her on **his** side, propping his hand against the side of his forehead **as** if he had been awake for a long time.

He fiddled with the ends of her hair and kissed it. "You've woken up?"

Cameron closed her eyes. "No, I haven't."

He smirked, turned over, and covered her with his body in an instant.

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"I want to eat The Attic's short ribs."

The last time they ordered takeout from that place, she got to try the short ribs once, and she really liked them.

Waylon chuckled, knowing that she was changing the subject. "Alright, I'll go and buy them." He was about to get up, but Cameron pulled him back to stop him. "Take me there to eat." Waylon was slightly startled, and his gaze looked earnest. "Are you sure?"

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**How** could the waiters and **waitresses** working in The Attic not know about Waylon? **A part from** that, Waylon's scandal was now the talk of the city. As such, everyone was surprised when they saw him appearing in public with Cameron.

'That woman is obviously not the woman that was mentioned in the scandal. Could it be that the **eldest** heir of the Goldmann has changed his partner again?'

"Mr. Goldmann." The manager of The Attic came over with a grin on his face and a very enthusiastic attitude. "You've come. Do you want a private room?"

However, before Waylon could speak, Cameron had already responded to the manager's question. "We'll sit in the main hall."

The manager was flustered.

'They want to eat in the hall!? But no one from the Goldmanns has ever sat in the hall in the past.'

Waylon nodded. "Then we'll sit in the hall.'

His attitude toward Cameron surprised the manager. At that moment, he saw Cameron's hand sitting in Waylon's pocket.

'Oh my, their relationship isn't as simple as it seems. This lady must be the real deal, right?'

Waylon dragged the chair out for Cameron, and she sat down and started ordering food immediately.

Waylon poured them some tea.

'I didn't expect that she would like the short ribs from this place so much. It seems that I'll have to learn how to cook **this** dish in the future.'

When all the dishes were served, Waylon started fetching all the dishes when Cameron suddenly looked at him and said, "Feed me."

He lifted his gaze. He had actually noticed Cameron's thoughts. Obviously, she was concerned about the scandal between him and Minzy.

Waylon did not expose her thoughts. Instead, he picked up a piece of short ribs and placed it on her plate.

She frowned. "I asked **you** to feed me."

He pretended to look a little embarrassed. "It's **not** very appropriate for me to do that in public."

Cameron restrained her expression immediately and said cynically, "Oh really? Then why didn't **you** care about **the** public's opinion when you went out and **ate** with another woman? Yet, **you care** about it now that you're eating with me?"

The hilarity in his **eyes** could no longer be **concealed**.

"How **can** this be the same?" "How is this different? Oh, you're actually afraid of making it into scandals, but **you seem** quite happy about your scandal with Minzy." Cameron picked up her silverware and picked up the rib, but the wrath within her was burning **so ferociously** that she had lost her **appetite**.

**Chapter 2386**

**Seeing** that Cameron was so jealous, Waylon laughed out loud. “Who’s the one who **told** me **that** we **won’t** be making our relationship public? How do you plan to explain this to the media and public **if** we are caught and photographed by paparazzi?”

Cameron choked on her own words. She suddenly remembered that she had said something about not wanting to make things between them public before this.

Waylon raised his eyebrows slightly. “Is that all you have to say?”

She was a little embarrassed.

‘I’m indeed the one who said that I didn’t want to be made public back then, but I’m also the one who’s demanding to make things public now. Did I just smack myself in the face?’

“You’re going back on your own words now, and I’m confused about what I should believe and ignore.” Waylon propped his hand against the side of his forehead and gave off a clearly satisfied expression accompanied by traces of innocence.

“If our marriage were to be made public, you might start to regret marrying me and ask me for a divorce. Then I’ll be turned into a man who gets abandoned by his wife, and the people of Bassburgh will surely use this farce to ridicule me in the future.”

His reasons were all logically and properly arranged, and it sounded as if he was worried that he would turn into a poor man who could be abandoned anytime.

Cameron took a deep breath. “Why would you think so?”

Waylon let off a faint sigh. “It’s surely because I’m still not good enough for you to come to a decision to announce our relationship to the public. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be banned from letting the world know about our marriage. And now that I’ve been found in a scandal with another woman, I’m being questioned whether I’m having an affair—”

Cameron got up and covered his mouth. “That’s enough acting for a day!”

Waylon grabbed the back of her hand and stared straight at her. “Then can I make it public now?”

Cameron gnashed her teeth and whispered, “Yes.”

“I can’t hear you.”

"I said yes!" she shouted out loud, causing everyone sitting around her to stare in her direction.

Cameron smiled **apologetically** at those people, **sat** back in her **seat**, and glared at the man that was giving off a profound smirk across from her.

'This fella is really as cunning **as an old fox!**'

On the other side of the **city**...

Mallon had already **gathered a hall full of reporters** and was about **to release a statement** to clarify his daughter's scandal. He looked **down** at his watch, and Minzy was **still nowhere to be seen at this time**.

His secretary hurried toward him. "Mr. Holland, **we** couldn't find Ms. Holland in the hotel." Mallon frowned, and his expression stiffened as **a solemn thought** crossed his mind.

'I knew it... But I can't let her be any longer.'

The reporters who came asked him about his daughter's relationship with Waylon, if the **two families** were about to hold a wedding ceremony for them, and if Minzy and Waylon **were dating**.

Mallon's expression was so gloomy and terrifying that he would be able to make it into the cast of a horror movie without an audition. His masseter twitched at that moment. "That's why I'm holding this press conference today, to clarify my daughter's affairs with Mr. Goldman."

"A clarification?" One of the reporters in the audience sounded surprised.

Mallon added with a dimmed expression, "Yes, it's a clarification. My daughter doesn't have a relationship with Mr. Goldman. They're only ordinary friends who went to the hotel's restaurant for a meal. I

don't know why the media are writing these things about them. Must my daughter have a relationship with all the men she's eaten with in the past?"

A female reporter asked, "Mr. Holland, wouldn't it be beneficial for your daughter to be in a relationship with the eldest heir of the Goldmanns? However, judging from how you're reacting to this news, it seems that you're not really happy with the scandal that Ms. Holland is in."

Mallon's gaze looked stern and sharp. "The Goldmanns aren't the only family who have a son, are they? All the media in Bassburgh might have their eyes set on the Goldmanns, but does that mean that the Hollands must hop onto this train too?"

“I don’t possess such lofty ideals and am content with what I currently have. I only hope that my daughter can find a man that suits her. Therefore, I’m sincerely asking everyone present not to tie my daughter to Mr. Goldman again.”

Mallon then bowed to the reporters and left with his secretary.

This clarification statement made the news almost immediately, and Mallon’s words received a lot of support on the Internet.

#He knows his position very well. That’s why he’s one of the best fathers in the history of Bassburgh.#

#As a businessman, it’s rare for someone to have such thoughts. **Too** many parents would turn the marriage **of** their children into just another business transaction. That’s why this incident is showing everyone in Bassburgh that Mr. Holland is a very rational father!#

## Chapter 2387

#Am I the only **one** who thinks that this old man is trying his **best** to help his daughter cut ties **with** the **eldest** heir **of** the Goldmans? Could it be that he’s a **very promiscuous** man?#

#Oh my, now that **you** mentioned it, when Mr. Goldman attended the variety show **with** Daisie, the **way** he looked at and interacted with Ms. Southern seemed rather flirtatious, but he’s now having a private meal with another woman. Speaking of which, the **second** heir **of** the Goldmans and Daisie have both settled down, and the eldest brother is the only one left. It’s hard not to **let** my imagination run wild.#

#Mr. Goldman is giving me a playboy vibe now. He seems to treat all women too well...#

At Blackgold...

Waylon closed the lid of his laptop after watching the news regarding Mallon’s clarification. As for the gossip on the Internet, he straight-up ignored all of them.

Leonardo knocked on the door at that moment.

He lifted his gaze. “Come in.”

Leonardo pushed the door into the office and asked, “Mr. Goldman, Ms. Holland has come to see you again. Do you want to meet her?”

Waylon squinted and responded after a while, “Just tell her that I’m not here.”

Just as Leonardo was about to go out, Waylon stopped him. "Wait."

He turned around. "Is there anything else that requires my assistance?"

"The rumors that have been spreading around within the company, just do something about them. Thank you."

Although Waylon did not explain much, Leonardo already understood what he was trying to say and nodded. "Don't worry, I'll handle it."

Minzy was waiting in the lobby, carrying a lunch **box** she had made by herself. Although her father had clarified the scandal between her and Waylon, it was not a reason for her to give up.

Leonardo walked toward her and greeted her, "Ms. Holland."

Minzy asked with a smile, "Mr. Goldmann is in, right?"

Leonardo replied with a polite smile, "I'm sorry, Mr. Goldmann isn't in. But you can always leave him a message. I'll convey it on your behalf as soon as he comes back."

Minzy was slightly startled. "But the lady at the front desk told me that he's in today."

Leonardo turned and **glared at** the receptionist.

The female receptionist hurriedly lowered her head, looking inexplicably **guilty**.

'Could it be that I've been **wrong** all along?'

Leonardo sighed.

'It's no wonder Mr. Goldmann would **ask me to** deal with the rumors **spreading** around the company. **If it were** to go on like this, things would **turn out** the same **as** what happened to the

president before **this.**'

"**Ms. Holland, you** should understand **that the** scandal **between** you and Mr. Goldman has **been** clarified. So **if** there's nothing urgent or important in the future, try not to come to Blackgold as frequently as you're doing now."

Minzy's expression froze.

'Did Wayne choose not to come down and meet me on purpose? Is it because of the scandal?'



The receptionists' facial expressions became increasingly embarrassed, especially since they had always regarded Minzy as Waylon's future wife.

'It turns out that our boss doesn't even plan to recognize her.

'However, Ms. Holland has never corrected and clarified her relationship with Mr. Goldman.'

Anyone who understood the current situation knew that Minzy wanted to keep the scandal brewing. As long as Waylon did not come forward to explain himself or clarify the situation, she would be able to continue her nonexistent relationship with him.

And Leonardo's words made Minzy feel extremely defeated.

Minzy bit her lip. "I see."

She turned around in despair and clenched the lunch box in her hand.

'I deliberately didn't stop the paparazzi the other day only because I wanted to see Wayne's attitude toward me.

'If he chose to remain silent and not clarify the scandal to the media, I would be able to selfishly tie myself to him, approach him, and make it known to everyone in Bassburgh that I'm his woman.

'As for Cameron... She'd definitely know her position and leave Wayne after seeing the scandal.

'Wayne obviously hasn't said anything about our scandal, but my dad still chose to voice out and clarify the situation on my behalf.'

She could not help but blame her father at the moment.

Walking out of the Blackgold Tower, Minzy ran into Cameron, who was getting out of the car, and Cameron saw her too.

Minzy seemed to be dazzled by jealousy. She pursed her lips and walked toward Cameron. "**Ms.** Southern, are you here to see Mr. Goldmann?"

Cameron's gaze landed on the lunch box in Minzy's hand, and she squinted. "And you're here to deliver lunch?"

## Chapter 2388

'Pfft! **Wayne** Goldmann, what a **blessed** b\*stard you **are**! A pretty **lady** is down here fighting for a chance **just to deliver** a meal into your hands!'

A faint smile escaped through **the** corners of Minzy's lips. "Yes, but Mr. Goldmann **isn't** in, so even if you've come all the way here, I'm afraid there's nothing you can do about his absence."

"He's not here at the company?" Cameron looked slightly bewildered.

"Why would I lie to you? He's really not in-

—

Cameron did not even wait for her to finish the sentence. She took out her cell phone, dialed his number, and asked, "Where are you?"

Minzy's expression stiffened slightly.

Cameron then hung up the phone. "He just told me that he's in the office. Ms. Holland, lying is not a good habit that you should have."

Minzy's expression looked even more embarrassed. She did not expect Cameron to call Waylon directly in order to confirm his location. That was a direct smack in her face.

'Wayne deliberately didn't want to see me, but he's more than willing to meet Cameron. Are they really dating?'

Seeing that Cameron was about to get into the building, Minzy suddenly grabbed her. "Cameron, can we talk?"

Cameron frowned but did not reject her.

Cameron and Minzy walked to the parking lot, where Minzy turned around and asked, "You're dating Mr. Goldmann, right?"

Cameron crossed her arms. "Didn't you know that?"

"But didn't you tell me that you were not into him when I was on the East Islands?"

When Minzy was on the East Islands, she did not see any clue that showed that Cameron had fallen for Waylon. Cameron had even wanted to make a match out of Waylon and Minzy.

Thinking of this, Minzy held Cameron's hand. "Didn't you want to pair me off with him back then? Cameron, I really like him. I've been in love with him since I met him in the East Islands. Please help me. Can you give him up for me?"

Cameron was astonished.

'Back on the **East** Islands, before I realized I had a thing for **Wayne**, I wanted to bring Minzy and Wayne together. **However**, Wayne rejected her, and I knew that.

'**So** what is she trying to say now? **Does** she actually want me to give up Wayne?'

"**Ms.**

Cameron was **silent** for a long time **before** she broke her hand out of Minzy's **grasp**, Holland, do **you** take Wayne an item? You can always own him when **you** want him, and I'll be able to **let go of** him as long as I want to?"

Minzy shook her head. "**That's not** what-"

Cameron continued. "**Yes**, I was trying to **set you** up with him initially, but he made it clear that **he's** not into you. If he doesn't like **you**, what's the **use of** you trying to **force** things?" "**He'll** fall for me eventually!" Minzy sounded **hysterical**. "**As long as you** give me a little more **time**, I'll make **it** happen. I'll make him realize that I'm the woman who **suits** him the best!"

Cameron frowned, feeling that she had been cursed. She then sneered. "Do you mean that I don't suit him well?"

Minzy did not speak.

Cameron looked directly into her eyes without a hint of diffidence. "Minzy, I **just** realized that you're actually such a person. I really thought you were a knowledgeable and understanding woman before this. I didn't expect you to be quite self-righteous at times."

Minzy's expression dimmed. "What did you just say?"

Cameron pinched her chin and approached her. "I said you're quite self-righteous."

Minzy's expression totally changed. She had always maintained a ladylike manner in front of the public, but she could no longer achieve that now.

"What right do you have to say that I'm self-righteous? Cameron Southern, aren't you hypocritical woman yourself? When I was in the East Islands, it was clear that you wanted to match me with Mr. Goldmann, but since you already had a thing for Mr. Goldmann at that time, why did you come to me and make a fool out of me!?"

She thought it was all Cameron's fault.

She should not have believed that Cameron would match her up with Waylon in the first place because she was the one who got screwed around in the end!

Cameron only felt speechless and laughed out of anger. "Minzy, if it wasn't Uncle Damien's sake, I wouldn't even be bothered enough to talk to you now. You're now blaming me instead just because you've been rejected?"