

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2476

### Chapter 2476

Nick lifted his eyelids to look at her and turned around. "It has nothing to do with that incident."

He knew that the 'witches' were Cameron's prank.

Cameron might be cocky, but she was not evil enough to resort to that kind of trick to destroy his reputation. Even Cameron and those 'witches' became other people's tools against him in the end.

Someone

had taken advantage of Cameron's prank, causing that incident to get exposed afterward, and he was labeled as a "playboy."

However, it had been many years, and he had already forgotten about it. Those "grudges" he had against her had vanished as well.

When Nick did not hear Cameron's voice for a long while, he turned his head around to look at her.

Cameron had already fallen asleep on the table. She was sleeping so soundly that even the noises around her could not wake her up.

Nick looked at her and observed her face. He remembered that when he met the rumored young heir of the Southern in the East Islands, he felt that she looked like a girl, but he soon rejected the idea as soon as it took shape in his head.

Right now, he just wanted to laugh at himself. Why did he discard the idea in the first place?

Would everything happen differently if he had realized that she was a girl?

Waylon couldn't get through to Cameron, so he came to the martial arts center. The martial arts center should have been closed by now if it were normal time, but all of the lights were still on right now.

He pushed the door open and went inside. A group of people was lying unconsciously on the table after drinking themselves drunk, while those who were still sober were cleaning the area.

"Where is Cameron?" asked Waylon.

The person cleaning the table looked toward the direction of the window and said, "There she is."

Waylon turned his head around and saw that Cameron was sleeping on the table with Nick's jacket draped over her shoulders.

He frowned and walked toward Cameron. He took the jacket away and placed it on the back of the chair. After that, he scooped Cameron up from the chair.

Cameron's head fell sideways, and she leaned on his shoulder. She mumbled, "I don't want

to drink anymore... I need to go back."

Waylon glanced at her and softly said, "You still know you need to go home. I thought you had already forgotten about it."

He carried her into the car.

When they arrived at Emperon, Waylon carried her into their room. He put her on the bed and helped her to take off her shoes.

Cameron opened her eyes, and the figure of the man before her slowly became clearer in her vision under the dimly lit light. "Wayne?" she said.

"Yeah?" Waylon replied, "Are you awake now?"

"Ugh, my head. It hurts." Cameron turned around and wrapped her arms around his waist. She rested her head on his lap, and he froze.

He coiled his finger around her hair and asked, "Why did you still want to drink so much if you knew you were going to get a headache?"

"Wayne," she called out to him again.

"I'm here," he replied.

Cameron smiled at him, and perhaps because she had drunk a little too much, she looked just like a little kitty right now.

"Merry Christmas."

He gazed deeply at her reddened cheek and said, "There is still an hour before Christmas."

She replied, "I don't care."

Waylon stroked her cheek and said, "Alright, alright."

"Wayne."

"Yeah?"

"I..." Her voice was getting lower.

Waylon leaned forward, but before he could hear clearly what she was saying, her voice was drowned out by the fireworks outside of the window.

She slept peacefully throughout the entire night while Waylon took care of her.

The next day, Cameron felt like someone was hammering her head with a sledgehammer. She saw that there was a cup of water on the side of the bed, so she took it and finished it in one gulp.

She came downstairs, and Waylon was preparing breakfast.

"Morning," she greeted Waylon, her voice hoarse.

He put the breakfast on the table and said, "Here. Take this before you eat breakfast."

Cameron sat down and began drinking the soup. When something came into her head, she asked, "Did you go to pick me up last night?"

"Of course." Waylon lifted his eyelids to look at her.

"Do you know how drunk you were last night? Were you not worried that other people might take you back to their house?"

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Cameron was stumped and said, "Who do you think can take me away other than you?"

Waylon placed an egg on her plate and asked, "What if it really isn't me?"

Cameron pressed her lips thin and said, "Alright, alright. I promise you I won't drink that much again."

Since she knew that she had done something wrong, Waylon chuckled and said, "I'll forgive you then. Considering how sincere you are."

While she was peeling the egg, she asked, "While I was drunk last night, I didn't say anything stupid, did I?"

"Well, you did say something," he replied.

She was stunned and jerked her head up. "What did I say?"

Waylon did not answer the question. He looked at her and said, "Try and figure it out yourself."

Cameron fell silent and thought for a while. She knew she had said something last night but couldn't recall it.

'I like you so much, Wayne.'

Cameron was stunned and covered her cheek.

'Oh my gosh. Did I confess to him last night?'

Waylon lifted his eyebrows and asked, "Do you remember now?"

"Well, umm... I was drunk last night."

She did not know what to say now.

Waylon leaned closer and gazed deep into her eyes. "Do you still remember that you o we

me a request?"

"When did I-

Before she finished her sentence, Cameron remembered that she indeed owed him a request back in the East Islands.

She averted her gaze. "W-What do you want?"

Waylon smiled, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"I want you to repeat what you said last night."

Cameron was dumbfounded for a few seconds. She blinked and asked, "That's what you want me to do?"

Waylon leaned closer and said, "Well, I'm fine as well if you want me to ask for something else."

She set her jaw tightly and lowered her head to avoid his fervent gaze.

"I... I said I..."

"You what?"

"I said I love you very much!" shouted Cameron, her face, ears, and neck turning red.

She hastily lowered her head and buried her face in the bowl.

Waylon chuckled. "So this is what you said."

She was stunned. "I thought you knew about it?" she asked.

"Yeah," he replied, his eyes filled with joy. "Now I know about it." Cameron realized something and growled, "You lied to me again!"

He touched the tip of her nose and said, "But you still fell for it." Cameron was rendered speechless.

'He must've been a trickster in his previous life,' she thought.

She was going out after finishing her breakfast. Waylon called out to her, and just when she turned around, she rammed into his embrace.

Before she could say anything, Waylon lowered his face and kissed her.

"Wayne..."

Waylon cupped her cheeks in his hands and trailed a series of kisses down her neck. "Today is Christmas."

Leaning against the cold wall, Cameron allowed his warmth to envelop her whole.

Meanwhile, at the martial arts center...

All of the children who came to the martial arts center received Christmas presents.

Chadwick stuck his hands into his pockets as he looked expressionlessly at the kids queuing up to receive their presents.

A girl with two ponytails handed the present in her hand to him. She was the kid who had cried last time.

"This is for you."

Chadwick turned his head away. "I don't want it."

The girl wanted to cry again after Chadwick rejected her. She thought he did not like her.

This was what Cameron saw when she arrived at the center. She frowned and walked toward them. She took over the present in the girl's hand and asked, "You want to give this one to him, right?"

She nodded.

Cameron placed her hand on Chadwick's shoulder and said, "She wants to give this present to you. How can you say no to her?"

Chadwick replied calmly, "I don't like it, so I don't want it."

Cameron was stumped. "But don't you think you should at least say thank you when someone is giving you a present?"

Chadwick looked at her. "Can't I refuse if I don't want it?"

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Cameron was rendered speechless.

She did not know how to refute Chadwick at all, and she was worried that he couldn't get a girlfriend in the future with his blunt attitude.

She squatted in front of Chadwick and looked him in the eyes. "There's no rule that you have to like it or that you can't refuse it. But regardless of whether you like it or not, you have to say thank you for other people's kindness.

"Even if you don't want it, you can tell her that you don't need it and say thank you for her kind gesture. This is basic courtesy, understand?"

Chadwick looked at her for a while and said, "You're so noisy."

Just when Cameron was about to say something, the girl cried out loud, so she could only leave Chadwick aside to comfort the girl.

Nick heard the commotion and came over. He picked the girl up from the floor and asked, "Why are you crying? Do you not like your present?"

The girl sobbed and shook her head. There were tears dangling at the corner of her eyes as she sobbed. "He doesn't like me..."

Nick threw a glance at Chadwick and caressed her head. "It isn't that he doesn't like you. It's just that he doesn't know how to make friends. Alright, let's stop crying. I'll take you to get a present, okay?"

The girl stopped crying and nodded.

Nick carried the girl to the receptionist and took another two presents for the girl.

Cameron turned her head to look at Chadwick. She saw that there was a mixed expression on his face.

She was puzzled and looked in the direction of Nick and the girl. When she heard Chadwick clicking his tongue and turning his head away disdainfully, she was surprised.

'Could it be that...'

At the same time, Dylan walked up to her and said, "I suggest you drop your thought of taking the young Boucher as your disciple. You're not his goal at all."

Cameron scoffed coldly and spun around to look at Dylan. "So, you're saying that I'm not good enough?"

Standing with his arms crossed in front of his chest, Dylan said, "Yeah. After all, you can't beat the grandmaster."

Cameron was rendered speechless.

Seeing that Nick was going upstairs, Cameron left Dylan aside and chased after him.

Cameron called out to him when he was about to enter his office and asked, "Why don't you want to take Chadwick as your disciple? You know that he wants you to be his master, right?"

He froze for a moment before turning his head to look at her. "I won't accept any disciple."

Cameron leaned against the wall and continued. "You think he can't handle hardship because of his young age and his status as a rich kid?"

He did not make any comment.

Cameron turned her head to look at him. "Why do you have so much prejudice against him?"

"I don't have any prejudice against him," said Nick. "I don't like people who give up halfway. I'm not sure if his family background will hinder him from maintaining his passion. If he learns martial arts just so that he can be a bully like Conroy, then I'm not going to accept any disciples."

"Conroy was your disciple?"

Nick did not say anything, but Cameron already knew the answer.

Clicking her tongue, she said, "Well, he's weak. After learning Taekwondo in a foreign country, he came back and learned martial arts from you, but he was still so weak."

Nick looked at her and asked, "Then what about you? Why do you want to take him as your disciple?"

"He's very mature. Even though he's learning martial arts for self-defense, he's taking it more seriously than other kids his age," Cameron replied without any hesitation.

After pausing for a short while, she continued. "He has this energy that is not found in any children of his age. If it were my dad, he would've taken him as his disciple."

Nick gazed at her and said, "Since you want him to be your disciple, that's all the more reason for me not to take him in."

After he finished speaking, he pushed the door open and entered his office.

Looking at the door, Cameron frowned slightly.

'He was pretty gentle when he was comforting the girl, but why is he being so cold to me?'

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At the Blackgold Group...



The department staff members discussed their evening activities during their free time. When Leonardo was passing by them with a gift box in his hand, one of them asked, "Mr. Prichard, is that a gift from your girlfriend?"

Leonardo was stunned for a moment. Then, he smiled at them awkwardly and said, "Nope. I don't have a girlfriend. This is for Mr. Goldmann."

All of them gathered around Leonardo. "What is this? Is this jewelry?"

"Is this a gift from Mr. Goldmann to his wife?"

"He's so romantic. How come no one gave me a gift for Christmas?"

Honestly, Leonardo did not know what it was. But it should be jewelry judging from the brand.

Nobody knew when Waylon was standing behind them. He chuckled and said, "It seems to me that none of you want to leave work early, so how about I give you more work?"

"No, no, no, we want to get off work early. We still have dates tonight."

They hurriedly went back to their seats.

Leonardo walked up to Waylon and handed the gift box in his hand to him. "Is this a gift for Ms. Southern?"

Waylon took over the gift and replied, "Yeah. I have to make up to her."

"What is it inside?"

"You want to know?"

Leonard smacked his lips and whispered, "Everyone wants to know about it."

"Hurry up and finish your work. After that, you guys can leave early today." Waylon patted his shoulder and went back into his office.

Those staff members' eyes glowed brightly when they heard what Waylon said. Apparently, Waylon was more humane than Colton.

In the evening, Waylon came to the martial arts center to pick up Cameron. Holding a few gifts in her hand, Cameron came out of the building happily.

After she got into the car, Waylon gazed at the gifts in her arms.

Cameron sensed his gaze and handed a gift to him with a smile on her face. "Here. This is for you."

He did not take it and asked, "Just one?"

She had so many gifts, and she was just going to give him one only?

Cameron withdrew her hand and said, "If you don't want it, then I'm keeping it for myself. These are gifts from those kids. Aren't they cute?"

After she finished speaking, she waved a small doll keychain at Waylon.

Waylon chuckled and looked at her. "Since you like kids so much, why don't we get one ourselves?"

Cameron was stumped and turned her face away. "But... But I don't want to have kids so soon."

Although she liked kids very much.

Waylon grabbed her hand and landed a few kisses on the back of her hand. "What a coincidence. I don't want anyone to interrupt us yet."

After a short while, Cameron realized they were not heading back to Emperon, nor were they going to the Goldmann mansion. She was stunned when she saw that they were going out of town. "Where are we going?"

"We're going to grab something to eat, and then we'll start our honeymoon."

"What?" She was shocked.

"We're going for our honeymoon like this? What about our luggage?"

Waylon looked at the front and replied, "Don't worry. I've gotten everything ready. Our luggage is in the trunk."

Cameron did not know what to say. Suddenly, she realized something, and her face turned red. "You... You helped me to prepare my luggage?"

"You're my wife. Isn't that normal?" he replied matter-of-factly.

Cameron bit her lips. He even helped her to take her undergarments, and she felt embarrassed.

They only arrived at the hot spring resort in Coralia around 9:30 p.m. Coralia was covered with snow, and there were many visitors in the resort.

Waylon had reserved a villa with private balconies and a courtyard with a hot spring pool. The interior of the villa was decorated in a retro style. The maple tree by the wall and the jagged rockery in the courtyard added a nice touch to the entire environment.

Cameron put on her bathrobe, opened the door, and went into the courtyard. "Wow. So this is a hot spring?"

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Waylon came out and asked, "You have never been to a hot spring before?"

"We don't have winter in the East Islands, so of course, we don't have hot springs there," Cameron said as she turned her head around. However, when she saw that Waylon had only wrapped a towel around his waist, she quickly jerked her head back to look somewhere else.

Waylon walked up to her and hugged her from the back. "Are you not going into the hot spring?"

She took a deep breath and said, "Yes, I would like to try the hot spring, but you need to let me go first."

He chuckled and said, "Sure. After all, we have plenty of time."

After he finished speaking, he picked Cameron up from the ground.

Cameron quickly wrapped her arms around his neck and closed her eyes. "I warn you! Don't ever throw me into the hot spring!"

Waylon carried her into the hot spring.

Water splashed everywhere. Cameron emerged from the water, her long wet hair sticking to her back.

She wiped the water off her face and shouted, "You're a jerk!"

Waylon chuckled and pulled her into his arms. "Cam."

Suddenly, Cameron felt a cold tingly sensation on the finger that he was holding. She was stunned for a moment, and when she looked down, there was a blue diamond ring on her ring.

The diamond had a light blue color that was similar to the sky.

It was a blue diamond that reached the IF clarity grade. It was embedded into the platinum ring, which further accentuated its clear, light blue tone.

Waylon grabbed her finger and kissed it. "Although we've already had our wedding in the East Islands, I haven't properly proposed to you yet."

She was stunned. She looked at the ring, and it took her a long while before she asked, "When did you buy it?"

He chuckled and said, "I ordered it a long time ago."

She did not say anything.

Waylon collected her long wet hair behind her back and exposed her face. "Do you know who designed this ring?"

you know

Cameron looked at him and asked, "Who designed it?"

"Chadwick's mother did."

Cameron was stunned. "His mother is a jewelry designer?"

Waylon nodded. "His mother is a jewelry designer as well, just like our mother. Aunt Naomi used to work in my mother's company, and she was her mentor. Now she has opened her own jewelry studio and only receives orders for ring customization."

Cameron touched the ring on her finger. It was pretty, but...

She extended her hand and asked, "Do you want me to fight with such a beautiful ring on my finger?"

Waylon scoffed. "You still want to fight?"

"Let me rephrase. Are you sure you want me to train with such a beautiful ring on my finger?"

Waylon grabbed her chin and kissed her. "It doesn't matter."

The mist was getting thicker and enveloped both of them whole.

It was 2:00 p.m. in Yaramoor. Daisy brought Nollace to have lunch with Colton.

Freyja knew they were coming, so she had been waiting for them.

As soon as Daisy got out of the car, she waved her arm at Freyja. "Freyja!"

Freyja walked up to her with a smile on her face and grabbed her arm. "You're pregnant. You need to be more careful."

Daisy smiled, "Don't worry. I will."

Freyja's father came out of the villa as well. He looked at Nollace and greeted him. "It has been a long time since I last saw you, Nolly."

Nollace nodded at him. "Yeah, it has been a long time, Uncle Brandon."

"Come in first." Brandon invited them into the house.

Daisy, Nollace, Colton, and Freyja entered the house. The mansion was a duplex mansion. It was finely decorated and had a thick, festive atmosphere with all the decorative items. Freyja gave all the maids and chefs a holiday since it was Christmas. She brought Daisy into the kitchen and showed her the dinner she was preparing.

Nollace and Brandon were drinking tea in the living room.

"How are your parents, Nolly?"

The last time Brandon saw Nollace was when he was attending high school.