Charming Mommy of adorable triplets Chapter 2341

Chapter 2341

After dinner. Wavlon asked Cameron to return to Emperon first. Daisie and Nollace gave her a ride because it was on their way home.

In the car, Daisie saw that Cameron had her eyes on the view outside and wasn't speaking.

She pressed her lips together and asked, "Cameron, how do you feel about my brother?"

Cameron paused and looked back. "He's fine. Why?"

"Do you not like him?"

"I… didn't say that." Cameron looked down. "Shouldn't getting married be something that both parties agree to? I don't want to get married yet.".

She had been tricked into registering for their marriage, and now she was being rushed into having a wedding. She hadn't really thought about it and didn't want to get married before doing that

Daisie stopped speaking.

The car stopped outside Emperon, and Cameron got out.

After Cameron entered the house, Daisie leaned back in her seat. "Nolly, do you think that Sunny is being selfish for pushing Cameron and Waylon to be together?"

He had never asked for Cameron's opinion.

Nollace had his hand on the steering wheel while he looked at her, then smiled. "Do you think Cameron has no feelings for your brother?" Daisie was curious. "Do you think she does? Why do I have a feeling that she's avoiding his feelings?”

“If she‘s avoiding it, it just shows that she doesn‘t really understand it.” N ollace parked his car in Taylorton‘s garage. “She never confronted her o wn feelings, but in reality, if she really had no feelings for Waylon, why d o you think she would stay here for so long?” 1

Daisie was taken aback. That makes sense.‘ If Cameron didn‘t have feeli ngs for him, she wouldn‘t have been jealous on set the other day. Since she was jealous, it showed that she had feelings for him.

Nollace unbuckled his seatbelt and turned to look at her. “They need a bit of threat to come between them.”

She was confused. “Crisis?“.

“If she likes him but wouldn‘t take a step forward, the only way is to mak e her feel threatened.”

Daisie immediately understood what he meant. “Are you saying that Wa ylon should get a woman to test her?“.

Nollace smiled and brushed the tip of her nose. “Who would work best?” Daisie squinted, suddenly recalled someone, and smiled. “Minzy Hollan d?”

The woman with whom Cameron had gone on a blind date. She seemed to be interested in Waylon after that.

It should work.

At Emperon..

Cameron took her shower
and walked out while drying her hair with a towel. She suddenly got a te xt from Waylon, saying he wouldn‘t be back that night.

Cameron locked her phone and placed it on the desk. “Whatever.”

The nex**t day, after Cameron awoke, she went downstairs for breakfast as usual.**

However, she saw that the living room was empty, and there wasn‘t brea kfast. Cameron took a look at her phone, and it was already past eight. ‘ Was Wayne out the entire night until now?

‘It‘s alright. DIY then.’

Cameron made bacon and eggs, took the plate to the table, and had a fe w bites. She then placed the fork down. “Tastes horrible.”

Cameron added some slate and mixed it up, and it was only slightly bett er.

Cameron‘s phone rang, and it was Daisie calling.

Cameron picked up. “Hello.”

“Cameron, I saw Ms. Holland is in Bassburgh. Did
she ask to meet you?” Cameron frowned. “Ms. Holland?” ‘Hold on! Is sh e talking about Minzy?

‘But Minzy wouldn‘t come to meet me at Bassburgh unless…

‘It was to see Wayne?‘ Cameron took a deep breath. “Where did you see her?” “At the restaurant. Oh, isn‘t that my
elder brother?” Daisie pretended to be shocked. “Oh, why would she be meeting him?”

Chapter *23*4*2* Cameron bit her lip. “Which restaurant is he at?”

Daisie told her the address.

Cameron hung up and left after picking up her coat. Daisie hid behind th e wall and looked back at
Nollace. “Nolly, do you think it‘s going to work?*”*

Nollace pulled her hat down lower. “Wear it properly. Don‘t let anyone se e you.”

Waylon quickly showed up at the restaurant but didn‘t see Daisie.

A woman called out to him. “Mr. Goldmann?”

He frowned as he turned and saw a woman sitting next to the window. I t was Minzy.

Waylon walked toward her
and stopped at her table. “Ms. Holland, what brings you here?”

Minzy was surprised. “Didn‘t you ask to meet me?”

Waylon squinted. “Me?” His eyes caught someone hiding behind a wall, and he connected the dots upon recalling the text Daisie had sent him.

Waylon pulled
out a chair and sat across from her. “I think someone asked you over by using my name. I‘m sorry about that.”

Minzy looked down. “Really? Who could have done that?”

He glared in the direction of the wall. “Not sure. Have you had breakfast ?”

Minzy paused, then smiled. “Not yet.”

Waylon asked the server over to take their order.

Daisie pushed her head out to take a peek, but Nollace held her back. “H e noticed you.”

She was surprised as she turned around. “No way. Really?” Nollace smil ed. “But I think he‘s playing along. We‘ll wait for the main character to sh ow up next. ”

Daisie hid between his arms and chortled. “He‘s quite smart. There‘s no need to send signals to him.”

After that, she got a text from Waylon.

(What are you doing?]

Daisie replied: (I‘m helping you. Don‘t you want to see Cameron‘s reactio n?)

Waylon picked up his glass, looked at the text on his screen, and reveale d a shallow smile.

He replied: (You‘re only good at being mischievous.) Minzy saw that he kept checking his phone, so she asked, “Is it something important?” He put his phone away. “Family matters.”

Minzy smiled and remembered something. “Are
you not in a relationship with Ms. Southern?”

He looked up. “Why do you ask?”

Minzy carefully asked, “She‘s in the East Islands, and you‘re here. Did sh e not come and see

you?”

If they were together, Cameron would have been at Bassburgh instead.

Waylon was going to say something when he looked up and saw Camer on walk into the restaurant. Upon seeing Waylon and Minzy together, sh e angrily bit her lip and turned to leave. Waylon picked up his glass and calmly took a sip, not planning to run after her. Nollace tapped Daisie‘s s houlder.

Daisie saw what had happened and ran after her.

Cameron walked out of the restaurant and stopped next to Waylon‘s car, which
was parked there. She got angrier and kicked his rims. “You‘re having fu n.”

“Cameron!”

Cameron jumped as she turned to look at Daisie who rushed over out of breath. “Why did you leave?”

“Why would I stay? To watch them spend time together?”

Cameron crossed her arms. She felt as though something was stuck in her chest and was very uncomfortable.

Daisie looked away and said in a serious tone, “But you can‘t just let the m spend time together. Think about it. Ms. Hollace fell head over heels f or my brother on the East Islands, and now that she has a chance to spe nd time alone with him, aren’t you afraid she will do something with him

?”

Chapter 23*43* Cameron frowned. “What can she do?”

Daisie took a deep breath. “Don‘t underestimate a woman who fancies a man. She would be willing to do anything to get him.”

Cameron was shocked. “Anything?”

Daisie nodded. “Yes. What if she drugged
him and got her way with him when he passed out? If she gets pregnant and forces my brother to marry her, you‘re going to lose him.”

Cameron took a sharp breath. “People do that*?*” Daisie advised. “I‘m not lying. Waylon is like a sheep to her. Trust me. She‘s going to order some wine for him.”

Cameron wasn‘t convinced, but Daisie immediately grabbed her arm. “*C ome w*ith me if yo*u* don‘t believe me.”

“Hey, Daisie, hold on–“She was dragged over.

They sat at a table in the corner a little further from them, and Daisie pic ked up the napkin to cover her face. “Wait and see.”

Cameron covered her face too. “Is this a good idea?”

Daisie said, “Don‘t worry, he‘s not going to notice us.”

Even if he did, he wouldn‘t expose them.

Nollace, who was standing behind the wall, received a text from Daisie. He smiled, got a server‘s attention, and said something to him.

Soon after that, the server walked over to them with a bottle of wine and placed it on their table.

Minzy was confused. “We didn‘t order this.” Waylon said, “I did.”

He looked at the server and asked, “Please open it.”

Daisie, who was sitting at the table in the corner, peeked at Cameron. “S ee? I was right.”

Cameron balled up her hands and stared at them in silence.

The server poured the wine into two glasses. Minzy held the glass and r aised it. “Breakfast with wine. That‘s pretty interesting.”

Waylon picked up his glass, held it to his lips, and slowly sipped on it wh ile looking toward the direction of Daisie.

Seeing how Waylon drank the wine, Cameron couldn‘t hold her anger an ymore and suddenly got up and rushed over to take his glass away. “Wh o says you can drink this?” ; Minzy looked at her in shock. “Ms. Southern ?” ‘She‘s at Bassburgh!?‘

Waylon squinted. “I can‘t drink wine?”

She placed the glass down. “No.” Waylon looked at her and burst out lau ghing. “Why?” “No reason. You‘re just not allowed to.” Cameron pulled hi m up. “Come with me.” Waylon slowed down intentionally. “I haven‘t finished my breakfast yet.”

“No!” Cameron didn‘t stop, as though she was afraid that he would turn back.

Daisie blocked her face with the menu and finally relaxed after they left t he restaurant. That meant Cameron did care about Waylon.

Minzy sat in her seat and looked at the breakfast on the table, feeling sa d. She got the server to bring the bill, but the server said, “Someone alre ady paid for it.”

She was startled. ‘Was it Mr. Goldmann?‘

Daisie walked to the counter. “Nolly!”

The cashier handed the card back to him and put it away. “Ready to go? ”

She smiled
and nodded. On the trip home, Daisie suddenly said, “Nolly, do you think I‘m overdoing this?” They had used Minzy, after all.

Nollace put his hand on her head. “She saw Cameron in Bassburgh with her own eyes, so she should have realized that she's with Waylon. Since it worked, she helped."

Chapter ***2344*** Daisie smirked. "She's worried that Waylon will go with so me other girl."

Nollace leaned in closer. "How are you going to thank me?"

Daisie kissed him on his lips.

He smiled and pinched her chin. "You're getting bolder."

Daisie would blush when he kissed her, yet she was now taking the initia tive.

She looked at him. "Are you not satisfied?"

He leaned in. "Not yet."

She was bashful. "Don't be too greedy!"

Meanwhile…

Waylon and Cameron returned to the villa. He was removing his coat ne xt to the door when Cameron turned back "Why are you removing your c oat?"

He said, "I'm feeling a bit stuffy."

Cameron was surprised and remembered that he had drunk some wine. "Who said you could drink the wine?" He paused and raised his brows. " What's wrong with that?"

"Weren't you afraid that she would drop something in there?" Cameron walked over and poked his shoulder. "If she drugs
you and does something to you, you're going to…"

Waylon suddenly understood why she was so anxious.

He had said he felt stuffy because it was warmer in the house than outs ide. That was why he took off the coat.

She thinks I've been drugged?'

Daisie must have said something to her.

Waylon's eyes twinkled, and he just went with it. "But I drank the entire gl ass. What should I

do?"

Cameron froze. "W–What do you mean?"

Waylon rubbed his temples and looked uncomfortable. "I'm feeling dizz y."

"What…"

Waylon slumped over her shoulder and put half his weight on her. Came ron almost fell over, but she caught him. "Waylon, hey, are you drugged? " He hugged her and rested his chin on her shoulder. "I think so… I feel t errible."

"I'll get you to the hospital." "They can't help," Waylon whispered in her e ar. "Help me get to the room." Cameron frowned. "Are you sure you don't want to go to the hospital?"

He nodded and held her tight.

Cameron helped him up the stairs and into the bedroom. She helped hi m get **into bed, and he** pulled her in too as he lay down.

Cameron **was stunned as she looked at him. "You..."**

Waylon tucked her hair behind her ear,
casually brushed her ear with a slightly cold finger, and said in a low voi ce, "Cam."

Cameron's throat was dry, so she
gulped. "I thought you were feeling dizzy?" His eyes were on her lips. "Ye s, a little." Cameron looked away. "Then why don't you rest*?"*

Waylon planted his lips on her cheeks, then moved to her ear. She shud dered because she felt something flow through her body. Before she co uld speak, his lips were on hers.

Cameron grabbed his shirt around his chest while his breath enveloped her. She lost her energy.

Waylon climbed on top of her. Cameron's face burned up in the tight spa ce as she buried it in his shoulder. Waylon's sweat ran down his brows. After a long time, he looked down at Cameron, who was as red as a tom ato, and kissed the top of her head. "Look at me."

No, she was too shy!

At night…

Cameron was too hungry and snuck downstairs to raid the fridge. After taking out some bread and
eggs, she jumped while closing the door because someone was standin g next to the door. Waylon was in a robe as he leaned next to the fridge with his arms crossed. "You're finally hungry?" Cameron said, "I… I just want some supper. Is that illegal?" 1 Waylon raised his brows. "Of cours e not."

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Cameron walked into the kitchen and placed the eggs down. Maybe bec ause Waylon was there, she didn't know what to do and stood there for a long time.

Wavlon stopped behind her and leaned down next to her ear. "Heat up t he pan."

Her ears felt ticklish while her mind was filled with scenes that she coul dn't forget. It was shameful.

She turned around and pushed Waylon out of the kitchen. "Go sleep. Le ave me alone"

Waylon put out his arms to pull her in. "I'm afraid that you might blow up my kitchen, and I'll have to clean it up later."

Cameron frowned, "You think I can't cook?"

She could fry an egg.

Waylon brushed his thumb over her lips. “Are you avoiding me because of what happened earlier?”

Her face burned up, but because she was prideful, she said, “I‘m not avo iding you. I just don‘t want to see you because it might become awkwar d.”

He smiled. “Why would it be awkward?”

Cameron looked at his lower abdomen, but he caught her. “What do *yo*u think about it?”

She choked. Her face would probably look like cooked shrimp if it wasn‘ t so dark there.

She turned away. “No comment.”

Waylon pushed her hair behind her back, leaned in, and said in a deep v oice, “You have to feel it to find out.”

Cameron pressed her hands
against his chest, lowered her head, and quickly changed the topic. “Wa yne, go make supper.”

Waylon chuckled and walked into the kitchen.

Soon after that, he walked out with some bacon, eggs, and tomatoes an d placed the plate on the table. The scrambled eggs were cooked
just nicely, and the bacon had a good balance of crispiness, but it was n ot charred.

She looked at the food and realized that it looked so different from what she had made that morning

She picked up a fork and took a bite of the food. It tasted perfect. She th en proceeded to eat the rest *o*f the f*ood.*

Waylon watched as she stuffed her face and couldn‘t help but laugh. “Sl owly. No one is going to take it from you.”

She picked up some bread, wiped the grease and sauce off the
plate,, and ate it. She then placed the plate back on the table.

Waylon put out a hand to wipe away the stain on the corner of her mout h. “Did you like it?”

She put her hand to her lips, “Not bad.”

He smiled, “Should I teach you?”

Cameron didn‘t think too much about it “You can keep doing it.”

Waylon paused and smiled widely after a moment.

The next day

Daisie went to see Freyja at the Seaview Villa. She walked in and saw Be atrice and Deedee playing with Charm in the living room Charm was in h er crib, holding a stuffed toy that Beatrice gave her in one hand,

She was surprised, “You‘re close friends now?”

Beatrice turned her head. “Aunt Daisie.”

Daisie walked to them and rubbed their heads. “I‘m glad you‘ve manage d to become friends so quickly.”

Deedee became a lot more cheerful after spending time with Beatrice,

Freyja walked down the stairs. “Daisie!”

She smiled and walked over. “It‘s almost a month already, right?” Freyja nodded. “I‘m almost done with resting.” But she remembered something and said, “I might not be able to help you for now.”

Daisie smiled and held her hand, “I know, you‘re going back to school. Y ou‘ll be a screenwriter when you‘re back I‘m really happy for you.”

Freyja looked down as she smiled. “Daisie, thank you.”

Daisie raised her brows. “There‘s no need for that. You‘re not just my frie nd. You‘re my sister in–law. We‘re family.”

Family…’

Freyja never imagined becoming part of their family, but now she experi enced how it was to have a family, and it was warmning,

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At least Freyja was no longer alone.

While Daisie was staying at the Seaview Villa, she received a call from Charlie. She came to the courtyard to accept the call. “Chuck?”

“Come back to the office now. This is urgent,” said Charlie.

Daisie hung up the call and rushed back to Tenet.

Charlie was waiting for her in the office. When he saw Daisie, he put the variety show notice in his hand on the desk. “This is the variety show 24 Hours in an Inn. Are you interested?”

Daisie was stunned. Wasn’t this the variety show Tiffany participated in?

It was a variety show that showcased the life of celebrities. It was recently aired with great popularity and high ratings.

Daisie returned to her senses and asked, “You want me to join this variety show?”

Leaning against the back of the chair, Charlie replied, “The investor of this variety show is Mr. Hannigan. He wishes the show to give the audience a different experience. You’re the most famous person in Bassburgh right now. Besides, everyone is curious whether you’re using your identity as the daughter of the Goldmanns to get everything your way, so I believe the variety show will give the audience a better understanding of your true self.

“Initially, I planned to let you and James join the variety show, but unfortunately, James is pretty occupied right now. Therefore, the director invited Mr. Boucher to be the temporary guest for the next season.”

“Mr. Boucher will be joining as well?” Daisie was shocked.

Charlie nodded. “After all, you’re the main focus in the next season. You may choose two special guests of your choice to accompany you.'

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Meanwhile…

Nolan was having a meeting with Tanner in a restaurant.

Tanner handed a document to Nolan. After reading it, Nolan lifted his eyelids and asked, "You want to rent my place?"

Tanner chuckled. "Yes, I want this variety show to have a rustic style, and your place is exactly where I want it to be."

Nolan frowned. "You want my daughter to help you earn money?"

He chuckled. "We're partners. Do you think you would lose money while I'm earning money?"

Nolan picked up his coffee. Apparently, Tanner knew that this was a good business opportunity. He started to invest in the entertainment industry and made a variety show that was different from others.

Other people only invited celebrities to take part in a variety show, but he chose to make a reality show for the upper class.

Other than Daisie, the rest of the people were not celebrities, but at least they were well

known.

If he wanted to stand out in the variety show, he did need to be different.

"I'll discuss it with my father. After all, those flowers and plants in the garden are his treasure. He might not be happy about it if something were to happen to them."

Tanner said, "Don't worry. I'll ask the crew to be careful. They won't destroy a single thing in your house." T

At Emperon…

At noon, Cameron turned around on her bed. She touched something and cracked her eyes

open.

When she saw Waylon lying on her bed, she sprung up. “What are you doing here again?”

He chuckled. “Look around you. Is this your room?”

Cameron was stunned and turned her head around.

‘Wait for a second! I remember I went back to my own room last night!”

“Why am I here?” she asked.

He sat up and replied, “Who knows? Maybe you sleepwalked into my bed.”

“Impossible!” Cameron refuted. “I never sleepwalk! It must be you!”

Waylon squinted and pinned her under him. “Really?”

Cameron put her hands on his chest and shouted nervously, “Get off me, Wayne!”

Waylon went nearer to her and pressed his lips on her cheek. “I’ll get off you after you kiss me.”

“You…” Cameron’s cheeks turned red. It was only now that she realized how shameless Waylon could be.

Waylon looked at her intently and continued with a hoary voice. “If not, I’ll kiss you.”