

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2110

Chapter 2110 “You’re awake.” Waylon turned his head and saw Cameron. She was sitting facing the fire, which illuminated her beautiful face.

His lips were dry. “How long was I out for?”

“Four hours.” She tossed a bottle to his feet. “The wound was infected, and you had a fever. There was a medical kit in the car, so I gave you a tetanus shot and some anti-inflammatory medication, so you’ll live.” He picked the bottle up and twisted the cap open. His movements caused a sharp pain to shoot up his arm. He frowned and drank the water quietly, then looked at the bag next to her. There seem to be a few cans of food. “You have quite a well-packed car.” “Are you hungry?” Cameron picked up a can and handed it to him. “This isn’t from my car. It’s from their car.”

Waylon took the can but didn’t open it. Seeing that he was hesitating, she smirked. “Don’t worry. I took some. It’s not poisoned.”

He raised his brows and looked at her for a long moment. “Thanks.”

Cameron looked into his eyes and saw how sincere he was. She felt awkward and looked away. “Are you... still hurting?”

She had dragged him while he was unconscious. He was too heavy, and she was drained after the fight, so she had taken a lot of breaks, and the road was bumpy. She hadn’t paid a lot of attention to where he was bumping into because she was at least not leaving him there. Now that she was thinking of it, she was feeling guilty. Waylon spoke. “It’s alright. It’s not particularly painful.”

He didn’t suspect anything, so Cameron didn’t speak.

Waylon took just two bites of food and didn’t seem to have an appetite. He placed the can aside and looked down. His wound had been bandaged and was alright other than the slight pain when he moved.

He looked toward Cameron, who sat there quietly, poking the fire with a stick and looking tired. After the fight, she had to take care of him while he was unconscious...

If it were someone else, they wouldn’t know how to react when facing what they did. She was able to get the bullet out of him calmly and cleaned the wound. People usually wouldn’t do that if they didn’t have a bit of medical knowledge. His lips moved. “You’re really good at dealing with wounds.” Cameron looked up. “We get a lot of wounds from knives and guns on the East Islands. If we don’t

t learn this, no one is going to save us when we're injured." Waylon smiled. "That's true."
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Cameron looked at her watch. "It's getting late, and you should rest. I'll keep watch."

"I've rested long enough. You should rest."

She looked at him. "You? The injured one?"

Waylon tossed the jacket over to her. "Are you looking down on me?" She caught it and got up, then placed it on the ground. "I'll just take a nap. Wake me up if you can't stay awake anymore."

She then immediately fell asleep after lying down. Waylon looked at her, smiled, and added wood to the fire. Dawn broke, and the sky slowly turned white. Cameron turned, woke up, and noticed that someone was nearby. She suddenly opened her eyes and was going to attack, but the person grabbed her by her wrists. "It's me." She was stunned and sat up to look at Waylon. "What's going on?"

Waylon looked toward the woods and frowned. "Someone is coming over. I'm not sure if they're on our side or not." She then heard chatter coming from the woods—it was from a group of people. They wouldn't be able to fight the people off if they turned out to be enemies.

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2111

Chapter 2111 Waylon stood up. "Let's go. We'll figure out how to get out of here later." After Cameron finished packing up her stuff, she snuffed out the fire. They then left through another pathway. On the other side, Mahina was searching the woods with a group of people. Nollace walked to an empty space and squatted down to observe the surroundings.

Mahina came up to him and asked, "Did you find something, Mr. Knowles?"

He stretched his hand forward and touched the ground. "Somebody has lit up a fire here. This scorched wood is still warm."

Mahina was stunned. "It must be Mr. Southern and Mr. Goldmann!" Nollace rose to his feet. "Let's find a way to contact them first. At least, we need to let them know it's us who're looking for them."

Apparently, they thought they were their enemies, so they ran away quickly. Nollace surmised that one of them must be injured. Otherwise, they would have hidden and observed the situation instead of running away.

Meanwhile, Cameron and Waylon finally reached the end of the woods. After they came out of the woods, what appeared before them was the rocky reef and stormy sea.

Suddenly, it began to rain.

Cameron threw the jacket in her hand on Waylon and said, "Put this on. You mustn't get your wound wet."

After that, she rushed to the front to look for a way out.

The pitter-

patter slowly grew into a torrent. Waylon draped the jacket on himself, and a stinging pain spread from the wound on his arm. The white gauze had long been stained with dried blood.

Cameron stood on the rock, and as if she saw something, she shouted, "There's a village up ahead!"

The rain was getting heavier. A curtain of rain invaded even the dense woods, and Mahina and Nollace had no other choice but to halt their search and find a cave to escape the rain. Standing in front of the cave, Nollace looked at the rain dripping down from the roof of the cave into the mossy rock crevices.

Jake handed a bottle of water to him and said, "We haven't seen anyone from the other side all the way here, so I think Mr. Southern and Mr. Goldmann should be safe."

He took over the bottle of water and twisted it open. "Maybe."

Mahina came forward with a phone in her hand. "The reception is poor here. What about you

guys?"

Jake pulled his phone out and shook his head.

"I wonder where Mr. Southern and Mr. Goldmann are now..." Mahina asked worriedly. Nollace turned around and said, "No matter how big the woods are on this island, they can't go out to sea."

Jake suddenly remembered something and said, "Oh yeah, I remember there is a fish village near the woods. Do you think they'll go there?"

Outside the compound of the house were fishing nets hung on bamboo poles and some engine parts of fishing boats. There was a cage nearby that kept

poultry. Waylon scanned across the house. The furniture was simple and old. Even the TV was a model more than ten years old.

Cameron stood at the door and dried herself by shaking the raindrop off her jacket. The good thing was that the shirt inside wasn't soaked. An old lady came out of the kitchen with two bowls of hot porridge and said, "Both of you are wet. Come, have some porridge to warm yourself up." "Thank you, madam," Cameron replied with a smile on her face. She walked up to the table and sat down. The table was made from wood. It became damp during rainy days and had dark mold marks on it, but it did not affect much. The old lady smiled and asked, "Are you guys visitors?" Cameron nodded. "Yeah. Do you live here alone?"

"I live with my husband, but he has headed to the sea with the people from the village for fishing. But with such heavy rain, I'm afraid he won't be able to return for a while," replied the old lady.

Waylon looked at her and chimed in. "Are there only so many people in this village?"

He only saw a dozen or so families when he was on his way here. It was nothing compared to the city of the Southern Clan.

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2112

Chapter 2112 Cameron took a sip from the porridge and replied, "It's true. There are only this many people in this fishing village. The youngsters have all left the Eastern Islands, and those that stayed behind are old people. A very small number of middle-aged people refuse to leave because of their parents, so they stay on the islands to do fishing business." The old lady nodded and sighed. "Most of us in the village are poor illegal immigrants from Eurasia. If it hadn't been for Mr. Southern Sr. to take us to the islands and allow the men in the village the opportunity to work in the fishing business so that we could earn some money to support our families, we wouldn't know where we would be now."

The old lady had a son and daughter too, but they were working in Eurasia and would come back to visit them from time to time. However, they were old. They couldn't go so far with their son and daughter anymore, so they had to stay on the Eastern Islands.

Waylon looked at Cameron but did not say anything. After Cameron finished her porridge, she asked, "Can I have another one, madam? Your porridge tastes so sweet."

The old lady chuckled and replied, "Sure. I'll go get one more portion for you."

The old lady was friendly. Perhaps she was too lonely, so she was happy when she had guests. Whe

n Cameron realized that Waylon was staring at her, she asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

He squinted and said, "I didn't expect that your father would be the one who helped them here in this fishing village."

His grandfather had told him before what kind of person Sunny was. Before he came here, he was skeptical about it. After all, it was very rare for someone like Sunny, who was an influential figure in the underworld, to be compassionate.

She clicked her tongue and said, "My father is a kind-hearted man. He values friendship and loyalty over everything else. If not, why would he keep an eye closed toward The Serpents' action?"

Waylon chuckled. "It seems to me that you don't like the way he handles The Serpents very much."

"He's old and has grown soft. I've told him before that if he wants to be generous to other people, the first thing he has to make sure of is that the person will appreciate it. Benevolence is a breeding ground for wild ambition, and The Serpents are the best example." After that, she added, "But he's my father, so I don't blame him for being soft. It's just that as long as I'm here, no one will be able to take advantage of the Southern Clan."

Waylon pressed his lips thin.

She was even wiser than she looked.

Perhaps Sunny thought the same way she did in the past. It was just that he was already old. He did not want to fight for those useless things anymore, and he wanted to have peace. Just like his great-grandfather, who once valued nothing more than his own interests.

However, after spending most of his life trying to get the things he wanted to do, he felt more and more indebted to the people around him and wanted to make up for it in the time he had left. The old lady brought the porridge out of the kitchen. Cameron rose to her feet and took over the porridge. "Thank you very much. Your porridge tastes really good."

The old lady said, "I still have some more in the kitchen. If you still want some more, you can go inside and get it yourself." She looked outside and continued. "The rain has stopped, so I have to go back to work." After that, she walked into the courtyard. Cameron turned her head around and saw that Waylon hadn't touched his porridge yet. She asked, "What's wrong? Are you still full from the canned food last night?"

“No...”

He touched the table, and Cameron instantly saw the light. “You should be grateful that you have something to eat now, Mr. Goldmann.”

After the rain stopped, the entire island seemed to have been cleansed. The sky was clear, and even the air was infused with the smell of mud and trees.

Sunny was inside his study and seemed worried. He couldn't read anything from the newspaper, so he took down his glasses and massaged his nose.

The butler came into the study with his lunch and said, “Mr. Southern Sr., you should eat something.”

“Just put it over there,” he replied tiredly. The butler put the food to one side and said, “I'm sure Mr. Southern and Mr. Goldmann are good people. I'm sure they'll come back safely.”

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2113

Chapter 2113 “I'm not worried about them.” Sunny raised his head. “They're smart, so I'm sure they can solve their own problem. What I'm worried about is the other people.” The butler knew what he was talking about. “Are you worried that Fabio will make a move?”

Sunny's face sank. “If Fabio really joins forces with Donald, we might not be a match for them. Besides, our enemies are hiding in the dark while we're in the light. It's very obvious that they're preparing to have a war with us, judging from what they did to Cam. They'll think we're a bunch of pushovers if we don't do anything.”

After he finished speaking, he rose to his feet and said, “I'm going to the hospital.”

It was about time to get rid of Manuel.

Once again, Sunny came to the hospital to pay Joaquin a visit. Joaquin could sit on the bed right now, but he still couldn't walk yet. When he saw Sunny, he was surprised

Sunny put his jacket on the back of the chair and sat down. “I'll go straight to the point. Joaquin, I'm sure you already know that it's Manuel who betrayed you, right?” Joaquin lowered his head, and a disappointed expression sat on his face. “I didn't expect him to do that at all.”

“He did that to you because he has been working with Donald the whole time behind your back”

“What?” Joaquin was stunned.

Sunny took out the account book of The Commune and put it on the table. As Joaquin flipped through the account book, Sunny said, "These are all the transaction records that show how that Manuel has been cooperating with Donald since a year ago." Sunny had already shown him the truth, and Joaquin had no other choice but to believe it. His hands were shaking. He found it hard to believe that the man he had been raising for so many years had been planning to betray him since a year ago.

"He has detained Florence."

Joaquin's face turned even darker when he heard what Sunny said. "How dare he..."

"Everyone in The Serpents thinks you are dead. That's why they followed her instructions and defected to Fabio. However, you're the leader of The Serpents, and I'm sure all of them will listen to you." Joaquin suppressed his anger and asked, "What do you want me to do?" Sunny looked at him and said, "You can still write, right? Can you write a letter to someone you trust the most and who is familiar with your handwriting?" After a short while, Sunny came out of the ward. He handed the letter to one of his men in the corridor. "Bring this letter to Mateo."

The man took the letter and left hurriedly.

When Sunny and two of his men emerged from the hospital, they saw two vans parked at the hospital's main entrance. Manuel stepped out of the van, followed by a few burly men. All of them were holding steel pipes in their hands and quickly surrounded Sunny and his men. The passersby were startled. They hurriedly left the place as they did not want to get into trouble.

Manuel tossed the man Sunny had sent away to deliver the letter on the ground next to Sunny. He was ambushed, and Manuel had taken away the letter.

Manuel placed the letter in front of Sunny and said, "So it's you who saved Joaquin, Mr. Southern Sr. No wonder I couldn't find his dead body." "Manuel, you shouldn't be so greedy," Sunny said expressionlessly. Manuel shredded the letter into pieces and threw it on the ground. As the wind carried the shreds of paper away, he said, "Do you really think that Joaquin can still be the leader for The Serpents even if he's still alive?" Sunny looked at him without saying anything. "All of your men have gone to look for Cameron, right? You have only two fighters left to protect you. Unfortunately, you and Joaquin won't be able to get out of here alive today."

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2114

Chapter 2114 Manuel was confident that Sunny would dispatch all his men to look for Cameron when she went missing. No matter how great Sunny was as a fighter, he was not as good as he used to be since he was already old, so he would get exhausted very soon. If he could get rid of the leader of the Southern Clan and Joaquin in one sitting, dealing with Cameron would be a piece of cake.

Sunny chuckled. "You're too young, Manuel."

Manuel's face sank as he barked out his order, "Go get him!"

The two men standing behind Sunny rushed forward and engaged them in a melee. Manuel did not just stay at the back, either. He pulled out a dagger and threw himself at Sunny while he was not watching.

However, Sunny was not an easy target. Even though he was old, his experience and his martial arts skills had given him an edge over Manuel.

After they exchanged a few blows, Manuel was slowly getting overwhelmed. The other two fighters hastily came over to assist Manuel, and three of them fought against Sunny.

People always said that a lion couldn't win against a group of hyenas.

Sunny was caught off guard by a hit on his back by a steel pipe. He stumbled a few steps forward and nearly fell to the ground. He turned around and slammed a punch into the temple of the attacker, causing the man to tilt over and fall to the ground.

Seizing his chance, Manuel raised his dagger and stabbed into Sunny's shoulder.

Sunny let out a stifled grunt. He grabbed the blade that was stuck in his shoulder and pulled it out forcefully. As blood jutted out of the wound into the air, he struck Manuel's jaw with a palm strike, sending him flying into the air with blood flowing out of his lips and nose.

"Mr. Southern Sr.!"

One of his men wanted to help him, but he was hit in the leg with an iron pipe by the person behind him. He fell to one knee and dodged another attack. He couldn't get himself out.

Sunny was already reaching his limit. His shoulder was bleeding profusely, and he could barely stand.

Manuel wiped the blood off his face with the back of his hand and smiled devilishly. "Old thing, I'd like to see who can save you this time." Holding his dagger in hi

s hand, Manuel rushed toward Sunny. Just when the dagger was about to land on its target, a bullet darted from the shadows and sent the dagger flying away from his hand with a loud clang. Manuel grabbed his numb arm, and his face changed in shock. "Someone is here!" At that moment, a car darted straight at them.

A few people were knocked away by the car because they were caught in the fight. Manuel was lucky enough to dodge in time. Gritting his teeth, he abandoned his men and took the opportunity to escape. The remaining people thought the reinforcements from the Southern

Clan had arrived, so all of them ran away as well.

Daisie's hands were shaking profusely in the car as she held tightly to the steering wheel. She still couldn't come around from the shock that she had just hit someone with a car.

She unbuckled her seat belt, pushed open the car door, and got out of the car. She felt weak on her knees and could barely stand. Sunny's subordinate hastily went forward to support Sunny. Even though he was wounded, his injuries were not serious. When he saw Daisie, he was shocked. "Ms. Vanderbilt?"

Daisie came around to her senses and rushed up to them. Her face turned pale when she saw the blood on Sunny's shirt. "Mr. Southern Sr., you're injured!"

Sunny covered the wound on his shoulder with his hand. His face was bloodless, but he still comforted her. "Don't worry. I'll be fine." The silver lining was that they were right in front of the hospital, so Sunny was rushed to the emergency department. While Daisie and two of Sunny's men were waiting in front of the door, Daisie saw that they were injured too, so she said, "Why don't you guys also go get your wounds tended?"

One of them smiled and replied, "We're not as seriously injured as Mr. Southern Sr., so we'll be fine."

As if he remembered something, he asked, "By the way, Ms. Vanderbilt, how did you know we're in the hospital?"

Daisie did not know how to answer the question.

She had received a text message from Saydie 15 minutes ago and learned that Sunny was in trouble at the hospital. At that time, she did not think too much and rushed to the hospital immediately. Nollace, Cameron, Waylon, and Mahina were not around. If something were to happen to Sunny, how should she explain it to everyone? Besides, she wanted to do something for them as well. Even if th

ey might not need her help, she did not want to be a freeloader who couldn't do anything.

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2115

Chapter 2115 The doctor came out, and they hastily asked, "How is Mr. Southern Sr.?" The doctor took off his mask and said,

Don't worry. Mr. Southern Sr. will be fine. We've already stitched the wound. Just make sure that he has enough rest and doesn't get any water on the wound in the next few days. After a week, he can come back here and get the stitches removed."

Daisie pushed the door open and entered the ward.

she saw that Sunny was lying on the bed, receiving an infusion while his pale face was filled with fatigue. She dared not to imagine what would happen if she had come a little later. Sunny's men walked inside and said, "Don't worry, Ms. Vanderbilt. Mr. Southern Sr. will be fine."

She nodded and asked, "By the way, what is Mr. Southern Sr. doing in the hospital?"

The man replied, "Mr. Southern Sr. is here to look for Joaqin."

Daisie was startled. "Joaqin is still alive?" He nodded. "Manuel planned to kill Joaqin, but Neal saved him." After he finished speaking, he sighed and continued. "We didn't expect that Manuel would ambush us at the hospital. If it weren't for someone's help from the side, Mr. Southern Sr. might be in danger."

Daisie lowered her head. She suspected that the person who helped them from the side was Saydie.

She pressed her lips tightly and said, "Since Manuel couldn't get what he wanted today, I'm sure he'll make his moves again. It isn't safe for them to stay at the hospital anymore, but we don't have enough people right now..."

Daisie looked at Sunny on the bed, and something flashed across her head. "I have an idea."

In the evening, at the fishing village...

The old lady enthusiastically told them to stay for the night. It was already late, and there was no transport back to the town anymore. Since Waylon was injured, Cameron agreed, and they stayed for one night. The sky had gotten even darker after they finished their dinner. The old lady cleaned up a room for them and said, "This was originally my son's room, but he hasn't been back for many years. You'll have to settle for one night." There was not much furniture in the room.

m. There was nothing else in the room besides a single bed, a closet, a table, a chair, and an old-fashioned ceiling fan. The room was not equipped with air-conditioning either. Cameron was stunned. "Wait a moment, madam. We—" The old lady was already gone when she turned her head around and was about to say something.

'How are we supposed to sleep since there is only a room and a bed?' Waylon came into the room and said, "Well, we have no choice but to settle for one night." Cameron looked at the single bed and asked, "Are you really sure about that?" Waylon sat on the bed and looked at Cameron silently. She took a deep breath and waved her hand. "Fine. You're injured. You can have the bed. I'll sleep on the floor."

The good thing was that there was a cool mat in the room and extra pillows in the closet. She could even sleep in the woods, so she could sleep on the floor as well. After she laid the cool mat on the floor and just when she was about to lie down, she saw something flitted across the bottom of the cupboard, creating a lot of noise in it. Cameron looked down, and then a mouse suddenly leaped out of the dark. "Argh! A mouse!" She threw herself on the bed and accidentally landed on Waylon's leg. Hissing with pain, Waylon hastily supported himself by putting his arm on the bed behind him.

Cameron got up from Waylon and sat at the side of the bed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it." Waylon slowly loosened his arm muscles and raised his head to look at her. This was something he had never seen before, so he teased her. "This is new. I didn't know that you're scared of mice." "Don't you find mice gross? They find their food in the garbage and spend most of their time crawling through the sewers. What if they crawled on top of me in the middle of the night? Just thinking about it makes me sick." Cameron rubbed her arms as goosebumps began to pop up on her skin. Waylon chuckled helplessly.

Suddenly, Cameron went closer to him.

She crawled to the spot next to Waylon and found that the bed could fit two of them. She patted the bed and said, "Would you mind sharing one side of the bed with me, Mr. Goldmann?"