

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2151

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Mahina shook her head as she did not know anything either.

The two walked out of the hospital and came to the front of the car. Cameron had just opened the door and got into the car when she saw another person in the rear seat and was startled. "Why are you here?"

Waylon leaned against the car window with his hand propped against the side of his forehead and turned to look at her. "Donald is at the casino investigating the identity of the woman who revealed Andrei's identity."

Cameron closed the car door, raised her eyebrows, and looked at him. "Are you worried about me?"

He looked away and did not utter a single word.

Mahina took a peek in the rearview mirror as she drove them away from the scene.

'The young master and the eldest son of the Goldmanns really make a great couple.'

She suddenly thought of why such gossip about the two of them would spread around. Anyone who saw the two of them together would most probably think so too.

Cameron noticed her fixed gaze and patted the back of her seat. "Keep your eyes on the road and the traffic. What are you looking at?"

Mahina was shocked. "I'm sorry."

Cameron crossed her legs, leaned back in the seat, and looked down at her phone.

Waylon turned his head and stared at her. "I thought you didn't know how to use a cell phone."

Mahina almost could not hold herself back and burst into laughter.

Cameron choked on her own words and looked at him in surprise. "Do you think I'm those old geezers living on the East Islands?"

He looked out the window. "It's just that I've not seen you use it."

She leaned forward and approached Waylon. "If that's your point, I've never seen you use a phone either."

He did not respond to that statement, but a faint flash of hilarity flashed across his eyes.

The sunlight outside the window shone into the car, and each beam interweaved over the other. Under the sun, his skin looked fair and warm but not nearly as fair as that of Nollace's as his skin complexion was on the brink of making him seem transparent. His figure made him look stern and stunningly handsome, providing him with a valorous and warm temperament. Everything that radiated from his core was just in the right amount and proportion, which gave him a rather mature charm.

It was no wonder Florence would take a fancy to him in the first place.

Cameron's gaze was fixed on him for quite some time. Perhaps because she was acting too blatantly, even Waylon noticed it and tilted his head to see what she had to say.

The car made a turn at this moment, and Cameron was caught off guard, lost balance, and

rammed into him.

Waylon

instantly grabbed her by the shoulders and supported her. Her wig seemed to have entangled onto the buttons of his clothes, so she raised her hand and kept herself bent over. "Wait a minute, help me with my hair..."

Waylon laughed out loud and looked a little helpless. "It's time for you to change your wig."

She gnashed her teeth and lowered her voice. "That's none of your business. All you need to do now is to move quickly."

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Mahina took a glimpse in the rearview mirror. She was originally worried that Waylon would mind. After all, he and Cameron were not so close to each other to the point of being able to stay only inches away from each other...

However, she had overthought.

Waylon lowered his gaze and patiently undid the wig that had wrapped around the buttons of his clothes. His slightly cool fingers would come into contact with her auricle from time to time, and he caught a glimpse of her flushed ears. It looked like the sunset that glowed from behind the clouds at dusk, gradually spreading out.

Cameron felt a little embarrassed. At that moment, she felt she had been entangled for too long, and her heart was racing. “Are you done?”

He responded with a light hum.

She got up, turned around to arrange her wig, sat back properly, and complained, “Mahina, you’re not allowed to drive like this in the future.”

“That was so embarrassing.”

Mahina felt slightly wronged. “You’re the one who didn’t wear a seat belt, right?”

Cameron grabbed the seat belt and buckled it. “Are you talking back?”

Mahina was rendered speechless.

Waylon leaned against the car window, propped his fingers against the end of his eyebrows, and glanced out the window as the corners of his lips raised imperceptibly.

At the same time, at the Rain Hotel...

Donald stood in front of the window, and Chunky, standing behind him, reported the findings he had collected through the ongoing investigations. He stared blankly at the reflection on the window pane. “Are you saying that two outsiders are living in the Southern residence?”

Chunky nodded. “I heard that they’re the Goldmann siblings from Bassburgh, and the woman who exposed Andrei’s cheating actions and pushed all the blame in your way was found with them.”

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Donald turned around, walked behind the desk, sat down in the director’s chair, and tapped his fingers against the table. “What about Neal Beck? Haven’t we sent someone to keep an eye

on him?”

“About this...” Chunky lowered his head. “That person hasn’t come back yet, and I’ve failed to get into contact with him.”

All the items on the desk were instantly swept to the ground—the most direct eruption of emotions occurred without warning.

Chunky did not dare to say a word. He did not even dare to breathe.

His expression looked gloomy and sulky. “That useless piece of sh*t! It seems he’s been discovered.”

“Even if he’s been discovered, no one will ever suspect you.”

“Oh, really?” Donald glared at him. “Manuel has been exposed, and the Southern Clan knows that he and I are connected because of the account book, and it’s just a matter of time for them to start to suspect me.”

Chunky was at a loss for words.

Donald rubbed the bridge of his nose and leaned back into the chair. “That woman must have something to do with the Southern Clan.”

Chunky

thought of something. “I’ve looked into things and asked around the casino. That woman is quite a fighter and looks a bit like Cameron. Recently, rumors have it that Cameron didn’t marry Florence because of his sexual orientation and that he and the eldest son of the Goldmanns have... a somewhat ambiguous relationship.”

Donald was

rubbing the bridge of his nose, but after hearing this, he paused for a split second and then smirked. “Interesting.”

Mahina parked the car outside the gate of the Southern residence.

Cameron pushed the door, got out of the car, and saw the butler escorting Damian out of the courtyard.

Damian stepped out of the gate and raised his head. “Yo, you’ve come home?”

He then glanced over at Waylon and narrowed his eyes.

Cameron stopped in front of him and smiled. “Uncle Damian, what brings you here for a visit?”

He laughed. “I came here to talk about something with your dad.”

“What did you talk about?”

She was curious when Damian replied calmly, "I told your dad that I'm going to introduce a potential girlfriend to you in two days."

Cameron's smile stiffened slightly, but she immediately restrained it and seemed shocked. "

Uncle Damian, are you messing with me?"

Damian placed his hand on her shoulder and advised sternly, "I've been watching you grow up since you were a kid. Cam, as you take over the Southern Clan, it's about time for you to start your own family at your age.

"That lady comes from the port area, she's about the same age as you, and her family background doesn't look too shabby and matches that of yours. You guys should meet up tomorrow."

"But Uncle Damian, I'm really—"

"Your dad has already agreed to my suggestion." Damian interrupted her and continued. "Or is there really something wrong with your sexual orientation? If that's the case, I can't just stand by the side and watch this with my arms crossed."

'Cameron is my best friend's only son, so no matter whether there's a problem with his sexual orientation. We have to at least try things out, correct the mistakes in time, and bring him back onto the right path before it's too late.'

Without waiting for Cameron to say anything, Damian had already left the scene. Cameron covered her forehead and could not help but feel slightly disturbed.

'Uncle Damian doesn't know my identity, so that was excusable, but what's wrong with father!?'

Waylon laughed from the depth of his throat. "I guess it's time for me to extend my congratulations to you, Mr. Southern."

She turned her head away, feeling extremely annoyed. "Do you think this is funny?"

He chuckled. "Isn't it normal for a man to build a family of his own?"

Cameron turned around, stepped into the courtyard, and yelled, "Dad!"

Sunny heard her voice upstairs. He rubbed his forehead and pretended not to hear it until he heard her footsteps in the corridor, and the door was pushed open. "Dad, what do you mean by that?"

He put the book down. "What else do you think I mean?"

"You're asking me to go on a blind date with a woman." Cameron scoffed out of anger, "Aren't you afraid that she'll take a fancy to me after meeting me and that I'll have to marry a woman in the end?"

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Sunny was helpless and spread his arms. "Then what about you tell me what I can do? Should I tell your Uncle Damian that the b*stard whom he's cared for over 20 years is actually a lady?"

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