

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2239

Chapter 2239 Cameron choked on her own words. Her cheeks were flushed with embarrassment, and she seemed incoherent. "T— That's because I owe you money. That's why I'm letting you do whatever you want!"

His eyes overflowed with hilarity, and he brushed his lips with his thumb. "Will the dignified Cameron Southern of the East Islands let others do whatever they want just because she owes them money?"

Cameron struggled, intending to break free and get up, but Waylon had her contained in his arms, and his voice sounded hoarse. "If you keep moving around, I'll lose control. When that happens, there'll be nothing that I can do about it."

She froze, and her cheeks flushed again as she gnashed her teeth. "I'll castrate you if you dare!" Waylon sneered lightly, raised his eyebrows, and asked, "Then what will you do in the future?"

Smoke was about to vent out from all her orifices, and her head seemed to have gone into a trance at this moment. Not only was her brain not able to reboot itself, but it crashed immediately.

Although she did not know anything about relationships and love, after living with so many straight men for so many years, it was not difficult for her to understand these flirtatious comments and suggestions. She could join them when she was pretending to be a man, but it was fatal to her now that she was the target of these flirtatious teases.

Waylon poked her head gently with his fingertips and gave off a

slightly doting smile. "It seems that you're someone that thinks about your future too." Cameron took a deep breath. "Don't you plan to uphold your character? What's with all these comments?"

He supported the side of his forehead in his hand, propped his elbow against the armrest, and raised his eyebrows. "What character do you think I need to uphold?" "A mature, calm, and regal man! Someone that stays away from women! Someone who's cold and indifferent!" "When we first met, he wasn't such an undignified pervert!" Waylon's laughter intensified. "Who told you that I stay away from women?" She was suspicious, "Aren't Florence Serrano and Minzy Holland women too?" "That's a different story."

Waylon pulled her closer and pressed his fingertips against her lips. "You're the only woman that I won't stay away from." Who in the world would be able to resist such a statement?

Cameron was completely defeated and buried her face into his shoulder. "I give up." Seeing that she was hiding in his arms, acting as obedient as a puppy at the moment, waves of amusement and satisfaction rippled in his eyes, and he stopped teasing her. "What brought you here to me?"

Now that the topic had gone back on track, Cameron got up and

said, "I'm a poor woman in Bassburgh now, and my father has frozen my credit cards. Why don't you find me something to do? Something that can get me paid." Waylon chuckled. "A personal secretary. Are you up for this job?"

She hesitated. "Then what is the job description?"

He looked as cunning as a fox at the moment. "Coax me from time to time, accompany me everywhere, and just stay by my side."

She did not even think about it. "No way."

Waylon leaned back in the chair languidly. "I'll pay you." Cameron immediately hesitated. He then added, "\$40,000 per month."

Cameron was suspicious. "All I need to do is stay by your side and coax you, and I'll get \$40,000 per month?"

Waylon wrapped his arms around her and laughed. "If you want to do something else, I'll allow that." What Cameron understood was that she could do whatever she wanted to do. Anyway, it was better to have some money than no money, so she instantly agreed to it. "Deal." The corners of Waylon's lips rose slightly. "Then, can you start to coax me now?" She was astounded for a split second, and her eyelashes twitched. "What do you want me to do in order to coax you?"

He approached her. "Kiss me."

Cameron bit her lip. Anyway, it was not their first time kissing, and they had kissed several times. Thus, she slowly stepped forward and gave him a peck on his lips.

Just as she was about to withdraw her face from his, Waylon pressed the back of her head, squeezed her chin, and the kiss intensified in the blink of an eye as if he was about to swallow her whole.

In the evening, when Colton returned to the Seaview Villa, he listened to a maid's report of what happened earlier today, including the fact that Freyja asked someone to run a test on the pills.

He did not utter a single word, draped his coat over his elbow, and went upstairs.

Freyja just came out of Deedee's room and encountered him in the corridor. She stopped in place and waited for him to come up to

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2240

Chapter 2240" Colton put his coat on her shoulders. Freyja was stunned for a bit and looked up at him.

He covered her in his coat. "The weather has changed a lot recently, and you're still wearing such thin clothing. Aren't you afraid of catching a cold?"

Freyja's gaze shifted away. "Ms. Blueman came here today." He responded with a light hum. "I know."

He stretched his arms around her shoulders and went back to the master bedroom with her. The moment they entered through the door, Freyja grabbed him by his arm. "Don't you have anything to ask me?"

Colton covered the back of her hand and turned to look at her." Whenever you do something, you must have your own reasons. Why would you think that I'd question you about this?" Freyja lowered her gaze. "I'm sorry."

Colton took her into his arms. "Don't make yourself feel upset, and if you're upset about something, just come at me."

He had always kept the doctor's suggestion not to provoke her emotions too much, not to mention that he did not care much about such a trivial matter where she wanted to run a test on Deedee's medicine because of her doubts. She could run as many tests as she wanted to.

She leaned into his arms and called him softly, "Colton."

He responded with an inquisitive hum.

Freyja did not look up at him. "I'm sleepy already. Can you accompany me to bed?"

Colton paused for a short moment, then picked her up horizontally and laughed out loud, "You're so heavy."

Freyja leaned against his shoulder. "It's your son who's heavy." He placed her on the bed and took off her shoes for her. "Yes, after all, I am carrying two people." Colton helped her lie down, lay down beside her, and held her hand. "Okay, now go to sleep."

Freyja closed her eyes and felt his gentle breathing and body temperature, and drowsiness gradually poured in.

The next thing she knew, it was already 8:00 p.m. when she woke up.

After she woke up, she did not see Colton until she went downstairs and saw a figure in the kitchen.

Freyja walked to the dining table and sat down. Colton heard the movement and looked back at the table. "You've woken up?" She nodded. "I'm hungry."

He brought some food that he had prepared to the table. "Even if you're not hungry, our son should be hungry already."

Freyja looked at the nutritious dinner he had brought, picked up a spoon, and started drinking the soup first. "This tastes pretty good."

Colton sat across from her, propped his hand against the side of his forehead, and stared at her. "Of course, you're looking at the chef here."

She laughed. "Yes, the second son of the Goldmanns is a genius. There's nothing that he can't do."

He frowned. "You've never called me properly."

Freyja was stunned for a split second and met his slightly resentful gaze. After a while, her lips moved slightly. "Cole?"

He was not satisfied. "Is this it?" She smiled. "Colly?"

Colton was rendered speechless.

He then crossed his arms and turned his face away. "You can call me whatever you want, but not Colly. It sounds so childish."

'It was still acceptable for Mom to call me Colly when I was younger, but my wife? That's so embarrassing!

Freyja finished her dinner very quickly. She placed the silverware down and got up slowly. "I'm full already, and I'll leave the dishes to you, Colt."

She then went upstairs.

Colton squinted slightly, returned to her senses, and realized what had just happened. ‘Colt... Well, that doesn’t sound too bad.’

The next day, Jessie parked her car at the entrance of Blackgold. She looked into the rearview mirror, applied her lipstick, pushed the door open, and got out of the car.

She came to the administration department unimpeded as usual and just so happened to meet Colton as he was walking out of the office. She then walked forward with a smile. “Mr. Goldmann.”

Colton looked up at her and sounded rather polite. “Dr. Blueman, is everything okay?”

“About that... I went to see Deedee yesterday, but I think Ms. Pruitt

111

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seems to have misunderstood me.”, Jessie lowered her gaze and looked rather embarrassed.