

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2371

### Chapter 2371

Waylon smiled. "As long as you don't mind."

Minzy paused, then smiled. "Of course I don't."

Waylon looked at his watch and said, "It's getting late. I'm heading home."

Minzy nodded.

After he left, Minzy's eyes shone.

When Waylon got back to Emperon, it was already 10:30 p.m. He switched off the lights in the living room, went upstairs, and noticed the light coming from under the door, lighting up a small part of the dark corridor.

'Is she still awake?'

Waylon knocked, but there was no response. He pushed the door open and was shocked at the sight.

Cameron was sleeping with her long legs crossed on the blanket. Half the blanket was on the floor while she wore a silky nightgown that might expose too much if she moved.

He clenched his jaw. Was she testing his self-control? It wasn't that great.

Waylon stopped by the bed, leaned down, rested his hands on both sides, and planted a kiss on her lips without hesitation.

Her eyes moved while she mumbled something.

Waylon kissed deeper.

Cameron woke up from her dream and was out of breath as she opened her eyes and pressed her hands on his chest. "Col-"

Waylon swallowed the rest of her sentence.

They were both tangled up. Cameron was gasping for air over his shoulder and kicked him when she saw who it was.

Waylon was caught off guard and fell off the bed.

Waylon wrapped herself up with the blanket and looked at him. "You're... Wayne?"

He covered his face with his hand when he realized she thought she had seen someone else, and that was why she was shocked.

After confirming that it was Waylon, she almost burst out crying. "You... You scared me. Are you crazy? I thought you were..."

Waylon sat on the floor and messed up his hair. He laughed. "He must be sneezing right now. I guess it was my fault."

"I didn't mean to." Cameron got out of bed to help him up. "I was still groggy and saw... These were just my reflexes."

After saying that, she wiped off the mole under his eye. "You drew it on. Why did you pretend to be your brother? Is it fun to scare me?"

Waylon grabbed her chin and smiled. "Even Minzy could tell that it was me. Are you trying to make me angry?"

She pouted. "I'm sorry."

She suddenly realized what he had said, so she looked up and squinted. "You met Minzy again?"

Waylon brushed his shirt and raised his brows. "Are you so possessive? I can't meet other women?"

Cameron didn't know whether it was possessiveness. All she knew was that she didn't like him meeting Minzy!

She replied, "You can meet anyone except her."

He smiled. "Why?"

Cameron turned her face away. "No reason."

Waylon squinted. She cared because she probably saw Minzy as her rival. But that wasn't enough for him.

Not only did he want her to be jealous, but he also wanted her to grab hold of him and keep him for herself.

"I can't do that then. My brother has business dealings with the Kong Ports." Waylon leaned down closer to her with a smirk. "Mr. Holland is the person we work with, so I can't avoid meeting Minzy."

Cameron was annoyed. "Get your brother to go..."

"He left the country and won't be back soon." Waylon stood up straight and casually unbuttoned his sleeves. "Go back to sleep. I have to meet them again for a business meeting tomorrow morning."

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2372

### Chapter 2372

Waylon left the room.

Cameron frowned and fell deep in thought.

Meanwhile, it was afternoon in Yaramoor.

Freyja returned from her lectures. She wasn't very comfortable leaving Colton and her father together because she knew Colton didn't like her father. Her father was a softie, so it would be a disaster if Colton made him cry.

She took out her keys, opened the door, and was immediately hit by the smell of alcohol.

The two men had gotten some snacks and started drinking. They had finished up two dozen bottles of beer.

Brandon had even taken out two bottles of wine that they were keeping. One of them was already empty, while the other had less than 1/3 left. Maybe he had drunk a little too much as he was crying like a child while holding Colton and an empty bottle.

He said he felt sorry about this and that, as well as that he was useless.

Colton had drunk a lot as well and was resting his head on his hand, not listening to what Brandon was saying. Colton poured him more wine because he was annoyed by the crying. "Stop crying. Start drinking."

"Burp... What? Am I the only one who's drinking? No way, you drink some too." Brandon's eyes couldn't focus, and the hand that was pouring was shaking. He even bumped into the empty beer bottles on the table.

They fell to the ground with a clang.

Brandon got up to get more alcohol and stumbled, then fell next to the table and started snoring.

Freyja looked at them in the messy living room, and she was livid.

When Colton woke up, it was almost morning. He remembered something and sat up, but the table was already clean.

Brandon was asleep on the couch next to him.

Freyja walked down the stairs in her pajamas. "Oh, you're awake. I thought you'd be asleep till morning."

"Freyja, have you... had dinner?"

"Haha, I finally know why people say men can't be trusted." Freyja crossed her arms. "If I waited for you to cook, I would have starved to death."

Colton rubbed his temples, stood up, and walked to her. "I'm sorry. I promise it won't happen again."

Freyja pushed him away. "Are you sure?"

He nodded.

Freyja turned to look at Brandon. "Well, Mr. Goldmann, please carry my father back to his room. That's what happens when you make him drunk."

She then turned to go upstairs, remembered something, and stopped in her tracks. "I'm afraid you have to sleep on the floor tonight."

Colton had no retort.

After getting Brandon in bed, Colton returned to his room and realized that Freyja had placed some sheets and a blanket on the floor. She then tossed the pillow to him. "Sleep on the floor."

Something came to his mind, and he tossed the pillow back and quickly walked behind her to hug her. "Do you really want me to?"

"Yes. Let go."

He chuckled. "I'm supposed to do as you say?"

Freyja tried to move his hand away but couldn't. "You smell terrible, don't hug me."

He suddenly carried her in his arms and walked toward the bathroom. She was shocked. "Why are you bringing me in—"

“Shower.”

Colton closed the door.

He didn't let her go—  
from the bathroom to the bed until she was out of energy and fell asleep.

Before she dozed off, the last thing on her mind was that she would never let Colton drink again!

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2373

### Chapter 2373

The next day...

When Freyja woke up, her throat was dry, and she didn't have the energy to get out of bed.

Colton brought breakfast in on a tray and saw the marks on her neck. He was very happy with his 'work'. “You're up quite early.”

He placed the food on the table. On top of the simple breakfast, there was a bowl of

I was worried that you would be too tired, so I made you some soup.”

Freyja was curious. “Do people eat soup for breakfast?”

soup too.’

He sat on the bed, scooped up some soup, and blew on it. “It will make you feel better.”

He brought the soup to her mouth, so she drank it, then pointed at the tray. “I want the egg. Peel it for me.”

Colton placed the bowl down and did as she asked.

He fed her before, but he would say something back along the lines that she was ordering him around. But now, his 'obedient' attitude made her feel awkward.

Realizing that she was staring at him, Colton looked up. “What's wrong?”

Freyja leaned in. “Did you do something? Did you beat up my dad? Why are you so nice today?” Colton had nothing to say, so he smiled. “Freyja, does it make you happier if we bicker?”

Why was he treating her weirdly?

Freyja smirked. "You're not a gentle man.

He placed down the cutlery, pinched her chin, and stared at her with sharp eyes. "You like gentle men?"

She looked at him. "I like the real you."

Colton was surprised because he wasn't expecting her to say that.

He looked very serious but was overjoyed in his heart. "Eat your breakfast instead of flirting with me."

Freyja smiled and ate quietly.

At Bassburgh, at Blackgold...

Cameron's car was parked outside the building while she rested on the steering wheel, but she hesitated about getting out. After finding out that Waylon would have to work with Minzy, she had to keep an eye on them.

The guard walked over and knocked on the window.

She rolled it down when the guard said, "I'm sorry, miss, you can't park here."

"Okay." She was going to drive away, but she saw Waylon walking out of the building.

The woman next to him was Minzy.

She wore a short silk skirt, long white boots, and a fur coat. She looked exquisite yet gentle.

She walked alongside Waylon, having a great chat.

They walked to the car, and Waylon opened the door for her.

Cameron grabbed the steering wheel, and her heart just felt uncomfortable. Was this how he worked with people? That was more like a date!

She wanted to see where they were heading.

After the car in front drove off, Cameron followed.

Minzy looked at Waylon in the car and smiled. "Thanks for driving me back."

Waylon smiled. "There's no need for that. We're working together, so I'm just being polite." Minzy smiled and didn't speak.

Even though he was gentle and humble, she knew he was treating her that way because they had business dealings. It didn't mean anything else.

He kept his distance and wasn't too friendly but wasn't too distant either. They were like friends, but there was a clear line.

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2374

### Chapter 2374

Minzy looked around.

Even though Waylon didn't have feelings for her, she couldn't help but want to get his attention. He hadn't announced his relationship with Cameron, and they weren't married yet, so she assumed she still had a chance.

"Mr. Goldmann, would you want to go catch a movie this weekend? I can't find anyone to go with me, and you're the only person I know in Bassburgh."

Minzy shyly invited him.

Waylon raised his brows and thought about it.

The driver looked into the rearview mirror. "Sir, there's a car that's following us."

Waylon was calm and seemed to know who was in the car, so he curled his lips.

Minzy turned around and looked nervous. "Following us? Is it someone we know?"

Waylon didn't mind. "Who knows? Maybe."

When Minzy saw that he wasn't anxious about being followed, said it might be someone they knew, and was looking very calm and collected, she guessed that he knew who it was.

She wanted to know if it was the person she thought it was...

The car was parked at the main door of the hotel she was staying in. Minzy got out of the car but didn't leave immediately. Instead, she asked, "Would you like to have lunch with me?"

Waylon agreed. "Sure."

Cameron parked not far from there and saw them walk into the hotel. Her temper flared. "I see how it is. This \*sshole is already dating someone else. Hah, men..."

The restaurant had a calm ambiance. It was decorated elegantly, and there weren't a lot of patrons.

Waylon drummed his fingers on the table absent-mindedly as he looked at the elevator doors. Minzy cut into the steak but saw that he hadn't started. "Mr. Goldmann?"

He raised his brows slightly and smiled. "Sorry, I'm not very hungry." "That's alright." She smiled and said, after a long pause, "Are

Waylon's fingers froze, then he squinted and remained silent.

you expecting someone?"

Minzy didn't want to be too blunt because men didn't like women who were too smart. "I was curious because I saw that you kept staring in the direction of the elevators."

Waylon picked up his coffee cup and slowly took a sip. "I guess, but I don't think she will come."

Minzy looked down and didn't speak. A woman's gut feeling was rarely wrong.

That person he was talking about was probably the woman in the car that was following them.

It was most probably her.

Waylon placed his cup down, looked at his phone screen, and slowly stood up. "I think I should get going."

Minzy stood up too. "Let me walk you out."

He didn't answer and was already walking toward the till to pay. Minzy picked up her bag and followed along.

Once they walked out of the hotel doors, Minzy called out to him.

He paused and turned around. "Yes?"

Minzy stopped in front of him and took out her phone. "I didn't want you to pay for my meal. Let me wire the money to you."



He smiled. "It's fine. I'm buying."

He proceeded to open the car door and sat down.

Minzy watched while the car drove away, then pressed her lips together. Was he worried that Cameron might take this wrongly?

She couldn't understand why he liked that woman.

Cameron pretended to be a man on the East Islands, and everyone there called her 'sir'. She didn't have the gentleness and softness of a woman as she had grown up among men.

On the other hand, Minzy knew men better because no man could reject a gentle woman like her.

## The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2375

### Chapter 2375

Waylon was the first man to reject her.

He was also the first who never showed any admiration or thought about her.

That was why she couldn't forget him even after returning to Kong Port. She felt that the men around her weren't even half as good as he was.

Minzy sadly returned to her hotel and suddenly saw a flash. She paused and realized that someone was taking pictures of her.

She was going to stop it when she suddenly remembered something and stopped in her tracks.

Waylon returned to Emperon and saw that Cameron's shoes weren't there.

He called her, but she didn't pick up.

He guessed where she went, so he sent a text to Daisie.

Meanwhile, at the martial arts center....

After reading the text from Waylon, Daisie turned to Cameron, who was punching the punching bag. When Cameron went to see her, Daisie had already guessed that it was because she had a spat with him.

It must have been something serious to make her so angry.

Daisie: [What did you do?]

Waylon: [Colton has a deal going on with the Dominic Group of Kong Port. Minzy's father works with that company. I guess she was upset that I got so close to Minzy.]

Daisie's lips curled. She had tried to help him and gotten Minzy to 'trigger' Cameron. She had been under the impression it was over, but she never thought that it would give Minzy an excuse to 'hang around' him.

That was why Cameron was furious.

Daisie: [We're at the martial arts center. She's very upset, and I don't want to speak to her. I'm afraid she might hit me.]

Waylon: [Hold her back and don't let her take it out on other people. Send me your location, and I'll be there soon.]

Daisie sent their location to him.

The one who made Cameron angry should be the one who made things right.

Her fists landed hard on the punching bag. If it was replaced by a person, that person would be the unluckiest person on earth, and she couldn't imagine how bad it would be.

Suddenly, a few men who were laughing walked into the area. The man leading them was a VIP member of the center. He was in a Taekwondo uniform with a black belt. Every one was very polite toward him and called him Mr. Selfridge.

There weren't a lot of women in the center, so he touched his chin and asked when he saw

Cameron punching the sandbag, "Who's the new chick?"

Another man paused, then shook his head. "I don't know. It's the first time I'm seeing her."

Conroy looked at Cameron. "She has a good body. Must be a fighter."

He smiled broadly and waved to signal them to leave. He then walked toward Cameron and placed his hand on her shoulder. "Miss, are you training alone? Do you want me to train with you?"

Cameron stopped and turned to look at him. "You?"

“Yes. If you want to play, I can play with you the way you want to. Don’t worry. I’m gentle to women. I can even teach you a thing or two.”

After saying that, Conroy moved his hand down to her arm. Even if she was a fighter, she was just a woman. In that place, his words were important.

He would still take her down if she didn’t listen to him.

Cameron calmly moved his hand away. “I don’t need an amateur to train me.”

Conroy’s smile faded. “What did you say?”

\*Amateur?’

He turned to the person behind him, and that man chuckled. “Girl, you can’t call someone with a black belt in Taekwondo an amateur. Are you a newbie?”