

The Three Little Guardian Angels Chapter 2386

Chapter 2386

Seeing that Cameron was so jealous, Waylon laughed out loud. “Who’s the one who **told** me **that** we **won’t** be making our relationship public? How do you plan to explain this to the media and public **if** we are caught and photographed by paparazzi?”

Cameron choked on her own words. She suddenly remembered that she had said something about not wanting to make things between them public before this.

Waylon raised his eyebrows slightly. “Is that all you have to say?”

She was a little embarrassed.

‘I’m indeed the one who said that I didn’t want to be made public back then, but I’m also the one who’s demanding to make things public now. Did I just smack myself in the face?’

“You’re going back on your own words now, and I’m confused about what I should believe and ignore.” Waylon propped his hand against the side of his forehead and gave off a clearly satisfied expression accompanied by traces of innocence.

“If our marriage were to be made public, you might start to regret marrying me and ask me for a divorce. Then I’ll be turned into a man who gets abandoned by his wife, and the people of Bassburgh will surely use this farce to ridicule me in the future.”

His reasons were all logically and properly arranged, and it sounded as if he was worried that he would turn into a poor man who could be abandoned anytime.

Cameron took a deep breath. “Why would you think so?”

Waylon let off a faint sigh. “It’s surely because I’m still not good enough for you to come to a decision to announce our relationship to the public. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be banned from letting the world know about our marriage. And now that I’ve been found in a scandal with another woman, I’m being questioned whether I’m having an affair—”

Cameron got up and covered his mouth. “That’s enough acting for a day!”

Waylon grabbed the back of her hand and stared straight at her. “Then can I make it public now?”

Cameron gnashed her teeth and whispered, “Yes.”

"I can't hear you."

"I said yes!" she shouted out loud, causing everyone sitting around her to stare in her direction.

Cameron smiled **apologetically** at those people, **sat** back in her **seat**, and glared at the man that was giving off a profound smirk across from her.

'This fella is really as cunning **as an old fox!**'

On the other side of the **city**...

Mallon had already **gathered a hall full of reporters** and was about **to release a statement** to clarify his daughter's scandal. He looked **down** at his watch, and Minzy was **still nowhere to be seen at this time**.

His secretary hurried toward him. "Mr. Holland, **we** couldn't find Ms. Holland in the hotel." Mallon frowned, and his expression stiffened as **a solemn thought** crossed his mind.

'I knew it... But I can't let her be any longer.'

The reporters who came asked him about his daughter's relationship with Waylon, if the **two** families were about to hold a wedding ceremony for them, and if Minzy and Waylon **we re** dating.

Mallon's expression was so gloomy and terrifying that he would be able to make it into the cast of a horror movie without an audition. His masseter twitched at that moment. "That's why I'm holding this press conference today, to clarify my daughter's affairs with Mr. Goldmann."

"A clarification?" One of the reporters in the audience sounded surprised.

Mallon added with a dimmed expression, "Yes, it's a clarification. My daughter doesn't have a relationship with Mr. Goldmann. They're only ordinary friends who went to the hotel's restaurant for a meal. I don't know why the media are writing these things about them. Must my daughter have a relationship with all the men she's eaten with in the past?"

A female reporter asked, "Mr. Holland, wouldn't it be beneficial for your daughter to be in a relationship with the eldest heir of the Goldmanns? However, judging from how you're reacting to this news, it seems that you're not really happy with the scandal that Ms. Holland is in."

Mallon's gaze looked stern and sharp. "The Goldmanns aren't the only family who have a son, are they? All the media in Bassburgh might have their eyes set on the Goldmanns, but does that mean that the Hollands must hop onto this train too?"

"I don't possess such lofty ideals and am content with what I currently have. I only hope that my daughter can find a man that suits her. Therefore, I'm sincerely asking everyone present not to tie my daughter to Mr. Goldmann again."

Mallon then bowed to the reporters and left with his secretary.

This clarification statement made the news almost immediately, and Mallon's words received a lot of support on the Internet.

#He knows his position very well. That's why he's one of the best fathers in the history of Bassburgh.#

#As a businessman, it's rare for someone to have such thoughts. **Too** many parents would turn the marriage of their children into just another business transaction. That's why this incident is showing everyone in Bassburgh that Mr. Holland is a very rational father!#

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#Oh my, now that **you** mentioned it, when Mr. Goldmann attended the variety show **with** Daisy, the **way** he looked at and interacted with Ms. Southern seemed rather flirtatious, but he's now having a private meal with another woman. Speaking of which, the **second** heir **of** the Goldmanns and Daisy have both settled down, and the eldest brother is the only one left. It's hard not to **let** my imagination run wild.#

#Mr. Goldmann is giving me a playboy vibe now. He seems to treat all women too well...#

At Blackgold...

Waylon closed the lid of his laptop after watching the news regarding Mallon's clarification. As for the gossip on the Internet, he straight-up ignored all of them.

Leonardo knocked on the door at that moment.

He lifted his gaze. "Come in."

Leonardo pushed the door into the office and asked, "Mr. Goldmann, Ms. Holland has come to see you again. Do you want to meet her?"

Waylon squinted and responded after a while, "Just tell her that I'm not here."

Just as Leonardo was about to go out, Waylon stopped him. "Wait."

He turned around. "Is there anything else that requires my assistance?"

"The rumors that have been spreading around within the company, just do something about them. Thank you."

Although Waylon did not explain much, Leonardo already understood what he was trying to say and nodded. "Don't worry, I'll handle it."

Minzy was waiting in the lobby, carrying a lunch **box** she had made by herself. Although her father had clarified the scandal between her and Waylon, it was not a reason for her to give up.

Leonardo walked toward her and greeted her, "Ms. Holland."

Minzy asked with a smile, "Mr. Goldmann is in, right?"

Leonardo replied with a polite smile, "I'm sorry, Mr. Goldmann isn't in. But you can always leave him a message. I'll convey it on your behalf as soon as he comes back."

Minzy was slightly startled. "But the lady at the front desk told me that he's in today."

Leonardo turned and **glared at** the receptionist.

The female receptionist hurriedly lowered her head, looking inexplicably **guilty**.

'Could it be that I've been **wrong** all along?'

Leonardo sighed.

'It's no wonder Mr. Goldmann would **ask me to** deal with the rumors **spreading** around the company. **If it were** to go on like this, things would **turn out** the same **as** what happened to the

president before **this**.'

"Ms. Holland, **you** should understand **that the scandal between** you and Mr. Goldman n has **been** clarified. So **if** there's nothing urgent or important in the future, try not to come **to** Blackgold as frequently as you're doing now."

Minzy's expression froze.

'Did Wayne choose not to come down and meet me on purpose? Is it because of the scandal?'

The receptionists' facial expressions became increasingly embarrassed, especially since they had always regarded Minzy as Waylon's future wife.

'It turns out that our boss doesn't even plan to recognize her.

'However, Ms. Holland has never corrected and clarified her relationship with Mr. Goldman.'

Anyone who understood the current situation knew that Minzy wanted to keep the scandal brewing. As long as Waylon did not come forward to explain himself or clarify the situation, she would be able to continue her nonexistent relationship with him.

And Leonardo's words made Minzy feel extremely defeated.

Minzy bit her lip. "I see."

She turned around in despair and clenched the lunch box in her hand.

'I deliberately didn't stop the paparazzi the other day only because I wanted to see Wayne's attitude toward me.

'If he chose to remain silent and not clarify the scandal to the media, I would be able to selfishly tie myself to him, approach him, and make it known to everyone in Bassburgh that I'm his woman.

'As for Cameron... She'd definitely know her position and leave Wayne after seeing the scandal.

'Wayne obviously hasn't said anything about our scandal, but my dad still chose to voice out and clarify the situation on my behalf.'

She could not help but blame her father at the moment.

Walking out of the Blackgold Tower, Minzy ran into Cameron, who was getting out of the car, and Cameron saw her too.

Minzy seemed to be dazzled by jealousy. She pursed her lips and walked toward Cameron. "**Ms. Southern**, are you here to see Mr. Goldmann?"

Cameron's gaze landed on the lunch box in Minzy's hand, and she squinted. "And you're here to deliver lunch?"

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‘Pfft! **Wayne** Goldmann, what a **blessed** b*stard you **are!** A pretty **lady** is down here fighting for a chance **just to deliver** a meal into your hands!’

A faint smile escaped through the corners of Minzy’s lips. “Yes, but Mr. Goldmann **isn’t** in, so even if you’ve come all the way here, I’m afraid there’s nothing you can do about his absence.”

“He’s not here at the company?” Cameron looked slightly bewildered.

“Why would I lie to you? He’s really not in-

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Cameron did not even wait for her to finish the sentence. She took out her cell phone, dialed his number, and asked, “Where are you?”

Minzy’s expression stiffened slightly.

Cameron then hung up the phone. “He just told me that he’s in the office. Ms. Holland, lying is not a good habit that you should have.”

Minzy’s expression looked even more embarrassed. She did not expect Cameron to call Waylon directly in order to confirm his location. That was a direct smack in her face.

‘Wayne deliberately didn’t want to see me, but he’s more than willing to meet Cameron. Are they really dating?’

Seeing that Cameron was about to get into the building, Minzy suddenly grabbed her. “Cameron, can we talk?”

Cameron frowned but did not reject her.

Cameron and Minzy walked to the parking lot, where Minzy turned around and asked, “You’re dating Mr. Goldmann, right?”

Cameron crossed her arms. “Didn’t you know that?”

“But didn’t you tell me that you were not into him when I was on the East Islands?”

When Minzy was on the East Islands, she did not see any clue that showed that Cameron had fallen for Waylon. Cameron had even wanted to make a match out of Waylon and Minzy.

Thinking of this, Minzy held Cameron's hand. "Didn't you want to pair me off with him back then? Cameron, I really like him. I've been in love with him since I met him in the East Islands. Please help me. Can you give him up for me?"

Cameron was astonished.

'Back on the **East** Islands, before I realized I had a thing for **Wayne**, I wanted to bring Minzy and Wayne together. **However**, Wayne rejected her, and I knew that.

'**So** what is she trying to say now? **Does** she actually want me to give up Wayne?'

"**Ms.**

Cameron was **silent** for a long time **before** she broke her hand out of Minzy's **grasp**, Holland, do **you** take Wayne an item? You can always own him when **you** want him, and I'll be able to **let go of** him as long as I want to?"

Minzy shook her head. "**That's not** what-"

Cameron continued. "**Yes**, I was trying to **set you** up with him initially, but he made it clear that **he's** not into you. If he doesn't like **you**, what's the **use of** you trying to **force** things?" "**He'll** fall for me eventually!" Minzy sounded **hysterical**. "**As long as you** give me a little more **time**, I'll make **it** happen. I'll make him realize that I'm the woman who **suits** him the best!"

Cameron frowned, feeling that she had been cursed. She then sneered. "Do you mean that I don't suit him well?"

Minzy did not speak.

Cameron looked directly into her eyes without a hint of diffidence. "Minzy, I **just** realized that you're actually such a person. I really thought you were a knowledgeable and understanding woman before this. I didn't expect you to be quite self-righteous at times."

Minzy's expression dimmed. "What did you just say?"

Cameron pinched her chin and approached her. "I said you're quite self-righteous."

Minzy's expression totally changed. She had always maintained a ladylike manner in front of the public, but she could no longer achieve that now.

"What right do you have to say that I'm self-righteous? Cameron Southern, aren't you hypocritical woman yourself? When I was in t

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She thought it was all Cameron’s fault.

She should not have believed that Cameron would match her up with Waylon in the first place because she was the one who got screwed around in the end!

Cameron only felt speechless and laughed out of anger. “Minzy, if it wasn’t Uncle Damien’s sake, I wouldn’t even be bothered enough to talk to you now. You’re now blaming me instead just because you’ve been rejected?”

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