

Ambush OTQ 1201

Chapter 1201

"It's your fault, right? Didn't I misunderstand when I saw you and the kids at Mr. Adelmars house yesterday?"

Lily frowned and complained, "You're a smart girl. Do you think it's nice for us women to cause such misunderstandings? Does it sound good or look good to outsiders?"

Doris remained silent.

Lily's comment went straight to her heart. She didn't like it when people misunderstood the situation.

She continued to convince Doris by saying, "Aside from that, you know that my family is trying to set me up with Mr. Adelmars. We're going to date each other. Do you think it's appropriate for you to stand in the way?"

"Ms. Thomas, I didn't obstruct you two. I know my worth and have no illusions about him. How you two want to move forward is entirely up to you. I am not involved in it in any way."

"But everyone would have misunderstood the circumstances yesterday," Lily said with a frown.

"When Daniel returned home from your meeting, he told me that the twins weren't Mr. Adelmars. I would have simply given up on him otherwise. Won't you indirectly ruin his love life?"

Doris wanted to make the case that they weren't dating, but it was not her place to say that. What does their relationship have to do with her?

She pondered for a moment before asking, "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Lily said softly, "From a female perspective, you should leave Hellion Bay. It's inappropriate for you and your kids to live in his house."

Doris was stunned.

I'm thinking about that. Throughout the day, when I'm not cooking, I've been thinking about this.

Today, Emmeline checked at least three times to see if I had something on my mind.

Why would Lily worry about this? That's right, I'm getting in her way. It wouldn't be in my best interests to stay in Hellion Bay.

"I'd been considering moving out, but I haven't started to look for a house yet."

Lily's eyes lit up, and she grinned broadly. She exclaimed, "I know it! You're not a fool!"

"I also find it awkward to live with Mr. Adelmars," Doris said, gazing at the teacup in her hand.

They nearly crossed a line last night, but she wasn't sure if he was doing it on purpose.

The memory of the incident made her heart race. She was embarrassed to the point of wanting to bury her head in the sand, especially when she realized she had bit his lips.

"Exactly," Lily continued in agreement with Doris, "you two are from different worlds. You have little in common. It must be awkward to live together."

Doris was somewhat distracted. She concurred, "Yes. He's such a lofty man, I get flustered talking to him. How can we be from the same world?"

Lily refilled Doris' tea and said warmly, "Your mind is clear. Marriage should be between equals. A wealthy man from an elite family is too much for a simple girl like you to handle."

"You're making fun of me. I've never considered that. We just work together," Doris said with a light smile.

"I can see that. He's using you as a shield. There are more reasons for you to move. Isn't it bad karma to ruin other people's romantic relationships?"

Doris said nothing, but she thought her words made sense.

Regardless of whether the two are dating, I shouldn't get involved. I'll have bad karma for obstructing others' love lives. It's something concerning their fate. I can't disrupt their destiny. I'll end up with bad karma.

"Anyway, I agree that you should move out as soon as possible," Lily concluded.

"Okay, I should start looking for a house in the next few days," said Doris, nodding.

Chapter 1202

Lily patted Doris' hand like an old friend and said, "Alright. If you need help moving, let me know."

Doris replied with a smile, "That won't be necessary. I just have a suitcase to deal with."

Lily grabbed her bag and stood up.

She said, "Okay then, I need to make a move. I've something else to take care of. I won't be able to send you home."

"Don't worry about that!" Doris nodded, "Take care, Ms. Thomas."

After she paid the bill, Lily left with a triumphant smile and sped off in her sports car.

Doris' mind was racing with thoughts of leaving Hellion Bay as she left the teahouse.

I have to talk to Mr. Adelmarr about this tonight. What should I say to him? Should I let him know that I'm worried we might go too far? Should I tell him that I don't want to be his smokescreen? Will he mock me or strangle me?

She quickly dismissed the possibility of Waylon killing her.

He's polite and well-educated. The worst he could do is insult me verbally. He wouldn't lay a hand on me.

She took a few steps along the sidewalk before spotting a sizable supermarket.

She had an idea when she saw the supermarket.

Why don't I sugarcoat it? I can comfort him by providing him with delicious meals. He might not lash out at me after he eats my food, right?

Excitedly, Doris entered the supermarket and bought a lot of cooking ingredients. She then took a cab back to Hellion Bay.

Waylon hadn't returned yet.

She hurriedly went upstairs to change her clothes. Then, she put on an apron and went into the kitchen to start preparing dinner.

Mrs. Jamison said, "Ms. Doris, I can cook dinner, you should go and see the children. You haven't seen them all day."

"The kids are behaving so well right now," Doris said with a smile, "Let me take care of tonight's dinner!"

Mrs. Jamison said, "Sure. You have bought a lot of stuff. Are you preparing a meal for Mr. Waylon?"

Doris' face flushed slightly, and she nodded, "Yeah."

I want him to go soft on me!

"Well then," Mrs. Jamison said with a smile, "call out to me if you need help."

Doris nodded, "Sure, you should get some rest."

"I'll go upstairs to keep an eye on the kids. Una and Nessa are becoming more and more adorable!"

"I appreciate your help," Doris replied.

She was well aware that, after she moved out, she won't have so many people to help her with the children.

Mrs. Jamison often helps me look after the children. Sometimes, Mr. Adelmarr lends a hand too.

That man is good with children. He's gentle and patient. He claimed that he helped raise Emmeline's children. He would make a great dad. It's a shame that my children won't have that.

Doris shook her head and did not allow herself to think about this.

She shifted her focus to preparing a few of Waylon's favorite dishes.

By the time she had eight dishes ready, Waylon had returned.

After changing his shoes at the entrance, he entered the house with long strides. He was about to ascend the staircase when Doris emerged from the kitchen with a spatula.

"Mr. Adelmarr, you're home?"

"Hmm!"

Waylon didn't look back, but his tone was icy.

At this time, he had taken two steps up the staircase.

Doris was persistent. She said, "I made your favorite dishes and gnocchi. Will you come down for dinner later?"

He paused his steps, turned around and looked at her. He wondered, "You want to ask me something?"

Doris was stunned.

This guy is so sensitive. I couldn't admit it now, he might have decided not to come down for dinner.

"Not really," Doris said with a smile, "I got off work early today, so I cooked some dishes that you like."

Waylon nodded and agreed, "Hmm, I'll change and come down."

Happily, Doris went back into the kitchen.

By the time Waylon washed up and changed into his loungewear, Doris had laid out ten dishes on the dining table.

She brought a bowl of gnocchi from the kitchen and set it in front of Waylon as soon as he sat down.

It had a divine aroma and was decorated with basil and tomatoes, which stimulated one's appetite.

Chapter 1203

Waylon grinned with satisfaction as he cast a glance at the feasts.

Doris took a seat on the other side and served him the food.

"You need to give this chicken a try. I had simmered it in the broth for a long time. I know you love these garlic prawns too," she added.

"Hmm," Waylon grunted.

He took a piece of chicken and put it in his mouth. The meat was delicious and had crispy skin.

He picked up another piece and asked without looking up, "Are you sure you have nothing to say?"

Doris was unsure what to say.

Hey, I've only started to enjoy the meal. Why couldn't you wait until we're almost done and everyone is content?

"You have three seconds. After that, I won't bother to listen to it," Waylon continued, still not looking up.

"Three, Two..."

Doris took a deep breath, "Hmm, I'll talk!"

Waylon finally lifted his eyes and glanced at her with an enigmatic look.

It just so happened that Doris met his gaze and she found herself momentarily lost in his eyes.

She quickly looked away but accidentally spotted the bite mark on his lips. It was no longer swollen, but a dark line remained.

Her cheeks felt warm. She quickly lowered her head and avoided his gaze.

"Just shoot," Waylon commanded as he peeled a prawn.

He wanted to peel it for Doris, but he gave it some thought and decided such treatment should be reserved for Emmeline.

Therefore, he put the peeled prawn into his mouth.

Not bad at all, I suppose, only second to my cooking. I had mastered this dish because it was Emmeline's favorite.

Doris lowered her gaze and looked at the garden salad in front of her.

She said, "About that, I want to move out."

The highlight of her message was that she wanted instead of thinking.

"Does it mean you have made up your mind?"

Waylon noticed the key to the message and cast her a disdainful look.

"Uh-huh," Doris replied.

She felt uneasy, and her eyelashes fluttered a little.

To her surprise, Waylon scooped up a gnocchi and put it in his mouth. He mumbled incoherently, "Fine!"

His response astounded Doris. She wondered if she had heard him wrong.

He continued, "I've thought about this too."

He picked up a tissue to wipe his mouth and carefully pressed it against his wound on the lips.

Doris immediately understood.

Is this guy doing this on purpose? Is he afraid that I will hara*s him?

She felt a tightness in her chest and became a little upset.

She pouted her lips, but was powerless to defend herself.

Her moving out was the only solution to this problem. It would ensure she wouldn't hara*s him again. It was an accident. She had too much to drink and lost control.

Waylon bellowed internally.

I'm worried that I'll lose control! I don't want my reputation ruined by you!

"So be it," Doris said as she lowered her head.

"Thank you for taking care of us. I'll start looking for a new place tomorrow."

"Hmm," Waylon nodded and continued to have his food.

These were indeed delicious.

Doris found it difficult to swallow her food. She pretended to look hungry, picking up her spoon and eating vigorously.

Waylon ate the gnocchi in silence. He looked up and asked, "Is there more?"

"I'll get it for you."

Doris stood up and took his bowl. She said, "Eat more. I have put in a lot of effort to make them."

Waylon remarked, "The gnocchi is delicious. I can't make these."

In other words, he was implying that he could cook but didn't find these foods special.

Doris went to the kitchen to serve him another bowl of gnocchi. She even sprinkled some parsley and bread crumbs on it.

Both of them ate a lot, especially Waylon, he ate a lot and slowly, savoring each bite.

Doris had to sit patiently and wait for him to finish his meal.

When he finally did, he put down his fork and went upstairs. He first stayed in the study for a while, then went for a walk in the backyard.

Walking after eating is said to be good for one's health. Although he had no idea whether the saying was true, he had a habit of going for a walk after dinner.

Meanwhile, Doris was playing with Una and Nessa.

From time to time, she would stand by the window and watch him strolling in the garden.

Chapter 1204

There wasn't much light in the garden. Waylon's figure looked blurry, but Doris was still able to recognize him.

Her heart was filled with bitterness.

We wouldn't run into each other anymore once I left. I prefer this. I could avoid the anxiety I experience every time I see him.

The children had begun to babble. They would call her Mama when they were happy. The fact that her children were growing up every day gave Doris the greatest sense of comfort.

Around eleven o'clock at night, when Doris was about to go to bed, the screen of her phone suddenly lit up.

To prevent waking the kids, she had her phone set to silent mode at night.

She picked up the phone and found Waylon's number displayed on the screen.

He's just downstairs, and it's late. Why is he calling me?

Though confused, Doris felt compelled to answer the phone.

She swiped the answer button and whispered, "Mr. Adelmarr, why are you still awake?"

“Doris, are you trying to kill me before you leave?” Waylon protested in an agonized voice.

She was startled to hear this, and her drowsiness vanished. She questioned, “Mr. Adelmar, what are you talking about?”

Waylon hissed into the phone, “What am I talking about? Come to my room!”

What? Go...go to his room?

Doris was stunned.

Is he asking me to go downstairs? And see him in his room?

Waylon bellowed again, “Can’t you hear? Get here!”

Doris quickly responded, “Oh, okay! Coming!”

After hanging up the phone, she got out of bed and put on her slippers. Before she hurriedly went downstairs, she saw the twins sleeping soundly in their crib.

She arrived at Waylon’s bedroom, reached out, and intended to push the door open. Her heart was in turmoil when she thought she was going to enter his room in the middle of the night.

She felt guilty and hoped no one would see her. If they did, what would they think of her?

The door creaked open when she gently turned the doorknob. Doris quickly went into the room.

Due to a lack of lighting, the lounge area was dark.

“Mr. Adelmar, I’m here,” she said softly as she carefully walked up to the bedroom door.

“Come in!”

When Waylon spoke, it was clear that he was in discomfort.

Doris was distressed.

What’s the matter with him? Is he ill or what?

She quickly opened the door.

A gentle light emanated from the bedside lamp. Waylon was half-lying on the bed. He had his eyes closed and his brows creased.

He seemed pale and ill to Doris, though she wasn’t sure if it was the light or something else.

Doris felt her chest tightened. She asked worriedly, “Mr. Adelmar, are you okay?”

He whispered through clenched teeth, “Damn it! What did you feed me? Are you trying to kill me for my money?”

Doris freaked out. She rushed to the side of the bed and swore, “I didn’t do anything! How could I ever do that to you? What’s happening to you?”

“I’ve had nausea and diarrhea for almost an hour now,” Waylon said while exhaling heavily.

“Just tell me what you fed me with.”

Her face had now turned as white as a sheet, and she kept shaking her head.

She wouldn't be able to clear her name if anything happened to him.

“Mr. Adelmar, how could I poison you? What kind of man are you? Wouldn't I be wishing for my demise if I poisoned you?”

“I didn't say you poisoned me. I simply want to know what you fed me!”

Waylon ground his teeth as sweat began to appear on his forehead.

“There's nothing special. You had seen everything, just a few dishes, and gnocchi.”

“What's in the gnocchi?” Waylon asked.

Doris replied, “It's pork. You said it was delicious.”

“Blargh!”

Waylon started to feel sick once more. He hastily jumped out of bed and dashed to the restroom.

Doris hurriedly caught up with him. She asked, “Mr. Adelmar, what's wrong with you?”

Chapter 1205

“Bang!”

Waylon closed the door to the bathroom from within. He hurried over to the toilet and violently puked.

Doris knocked on the door. She stomped her foot anxiously and asked, “Mr. Adelmar! Mr. Adelmar! Are you okay?”

He sat on the toilet seat for some time after he finished throwing up. Eventually, when his stomach felt better, he got up and cleaned the toilet.

After that, he weakly pushed the door open and went out.

His face was covered in sweat, and the hair on his forehead was damp. His face had turned slightly green instead of being as pale.

To prevent his body from collapsing, he leaned against the bathroom door frame.

He stared at Doris with an unfathomable and helpless look.

His weary voice carried a homicidal undertone. He said, “Are you aware that I'm allergic to pork?”

Doris was stunned. She murmured, “Is it possible to be allergic to pork?”

The pork is delicious. How could something so delicious make someone allergic?

“I'm sure you're thinking about how delicious it is! But that's your opinion! It smells bad, is repulsive, and looks ugly. Only you would think it's tasty.”

She blinked innocently.

He could read my mind. He's fully capable of anything.

As sweat began to appear on her face, she argued, "I had no idea that you're allergic to pork. No one told me about it!"

"You mean, after all this time we've spent together, you didn't know? You didn't know the sort of foods I can't eat and dislike?"

Waylon was speechless.

"What are they?"

"Forget it. I won't hold it against you."

Rolling his eyes, Waylon struggled to walk to the bed. He laid down on the bed and commanded "Go to my study!"

Doris was confused and questioned, "What? Go to your study? Why should I go to your study?"

"Get the medicine for me! Do you want me to suffer?" he asked irritably while keeping his eyes closed.

Doris finally gets it. She hurriedly asked, "Oh, oh! I get it now. Where should I get the medicine from?"

"Go to the cabinet on the left, third row, fourth compartment from the top," Waylon instructed.

His eyes were barely open, and he held onto his forehead. He instructed, "After you get the medicine, boil it and bring it to me. Chop chop!"

"Alright, alright! I'm going."

"Left cabinet, third row, fourth from the top," Doris recited as she hurried out of the room.

She quickly exited the bedroom and made her way to Waylon's study.

She came back thirty minutes later with herbal soup and some pills.

Waylon had vomited once more. He had practically cleaned out his entire stomach. He was completely exhausted. His complexion had turned pallid.

Originally lying down, he was now curled up on his stomach.

"Are you going to be okay?" Doris asked while setting the bowl down.

"I won't die," Waylon replied as he pressed his face against the pillow.

"I'm glad to hear that. I'll lift you up so you can take your medication."

Waylon gave a feeble response.

He was completely worn out after having diarrhea and vomiting.

Doris grabbed his broad shoulders and helped him sit up.

Waylon found it difficult to sit up straight. Doris had to support him while allowing him to rest against her shoulder.

She gave him a spoonful at a time while holding him in one hand and the bowl in the other.

He gulped the herbal soup down as Doris furrowed her brows.

The herbal medicine smelled awful. I couldn't drink it. The smell makes me want to throw up. Oh, my goddess, Mr. Adelmar has suffered a lot.

Doris felt guilty.

Why did I have to cook for him? I've gotten him sick!

After finishing a large bowl of herbal soup, Waylon slid off Doris' shoulder and lay flat beneath the covers.

Doris wiped his mouth, tucked the blanket away, and went to the bathroom to wet a towel to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

"You need to find a place for yourself by tomorrow," Waylon mumbled while keeping his eyes closed.

"I'm done dealing with your problems."

Doris sniffled and muttered, "I know. I'm a troublemaker. A jinx. I'm worthless. All I did was make your life difficult and give you diarrhea."

Chapter 1206

Little One Calls Me Daddy

"I'm glad that you're aware of it."

Waylon was lying with his eyes closed. He weakly waved his finger and urged, "Quickly move out. I can't bear with you for another day."

Doris was speechless.

It's my idea to move out, but he's eager to drive her out now. I'm so sad. I and the babies are still homeless after being through so much.

Before her tears flowed down, she forcibly held them back.

What's the big deal? I'll start looking for a new place tomorrow. As long as I work hard and make money, I'm sure I can raise the babies on my own.

"Okay, I hear you. Don't worry, I'll start looking for a place when the day breaks."

"I'm tired, you can go now," Waylon said.

"Don't forget to close the door and turn off the lights."

Doris replied, "I'll leave after you fall asleep. I'm worried that you might throw up again. I'll watch until you fall asleep."

She irritated him, but he was too worn out to say anything.

He was exhausted. Despite the horrible taste of the herbal soup, it worked amazingly.

He had already dozed off before Doris could finish.

The next morning, Waylon woke up a little late. He got dressed, then headed downstairs.

As she exited the kitchen, Mrs. Jamison remarked, "Ms. Doris told me before she left that you're not feeling well. I have prepared some oatmeal for you. Is that alright?"

"Uh-huh," Waylon nodded.

"Then I'll serve it to you. Are two soft-boiled eggs sufficient for you?"

"Just one," Waylon replied, "I have little appetite."

"Okay."

Mrs. Jamison complied and quickly went back to the kitchen to serve the oatmeal, peeled the boiled egg, and prepared toast for him.

Waylon was about to walk toward the dining table when he saw Mrs. Flores playing with the twins in the living room.

He walked over leisurely.

When the kids saw him, they excitedly stretched their arms and babbled.

His heart jolted abruptly.

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Doris constantly caused trouble for him, but the children were quite adorable.

Involuntarily, he walked over. He touched Una's cheek and rubbed Nessa's head. Both babies showed their tiny teeth while giggling at him.

Mrs. Flores remarked joyfully, "The little one can say mommy now. She can say it clearly."

"Really?" Waylon curiously squatted down. "They only come to the world for a few days, but they can speak so quickly?"

"You find it difficult to believe? Give it a try," Mrs. Flores urged with a smile, "They pick it up very quickly."

Waylon held Una's chubby hand and wanted to hear the little one say "Mommy". Then, it occurred to him that she shouldn't call him 'mommy, so he blurted out, "Say daddy, Una, say daddy."

Sure enough. Una cooperatively cooed, "Daddy."

Mrs. Flores exclaimed, "See, I told you so. Una is calling you Daddy."

Waylon finally realized what he had done. He quickly got to his feet.

This is absurd! How could I ask the child to call me Daddy?

I just gave her a test, but she can do it."

Waylon pretended to be indifferent and walked toward the dining table.

Behind him. Una continued to coo with a baby voice, "Daddy! Daddy!"

His heart pounded. He was desperately tempted to return, kiss Una, and hold her.

How on earth could this little one touch my heart?

Another voice spoke in his heart.

Why should that troublemaker's child call you Daddy? What wishful thinking! Did she not nearly kill you last night? Hmph, she needs to quickly move out! Out of sight, out of mind!

He received a call as soon as he sat down at the dining table. He picked it up, and it was Emmeline calling.

He grinned and quickly responded in a gentle voice, "Emma?"

"Waylon, Doris took the day off. She mentioned that she needed to look for a house. What's wrong between you two again?"

Waylon frowned and said, "Emma, I don't like how that sounds. What do you mean by "what's wrong between you two again? To begin with, Doris and I are not related. She's free to do whatever she wants. What does it have to do with me?"

Chapter 1207 Buying A House

Emmeline hesitated for a moment, then gently asked, "But hasn't she been getting along well with you?"

"What do you mean by 'getting along well?'" Waylon countered.

Isn't she and the kids staying at my place due to an emergency? It's time for her to find her place and move out. Besides, it's inappropriate for them to live with a single man like me. How would that look to other people? And it's been nothing but a ha*sle for me!"

Emmeline grumbled, "Let people think what they want. Why would it be a ha*sle for you? Is your villa not spacious enough, or you're saying there are not enough rooms for you?"

Humph, blockhead! I'm trying to play matchmaker here! No wonder you're still single at thirty-two!

Waylon thought to himself.

Of course, it's troublesome for me. I've been lucky that nothing inappropriate has happened so far. But if it did, who would be at fault? Would it be Doris for supposedly seducing me, or would I be the scoundrel in the scenario? She needs

to move out.

"Enough." he snapped, his tone firm.

"Stay out of this. It's not your place to interfere!"

Emmeline grumbled a little upset, "Did you have a crush on Lily? Is that why you're so keen to have Doris

leave?"

Indignant, Waylon shot back, "Nonsense! After all this time, do you not know me better than that?"

Emmeline was speechless.

He has a point. How could a man of Waylon's discerning taste fall for someone like Lily? She wasn't even close to being worthy of him.

"I can't win an argument with you!" Emmeline muttered. "Anyway, you should look out for Doris even though she has moved out. She's a single mother. Things are difficult for her!"

"Is her being a single mother my fault?" Waylon asked, clearly surprised.

"Is that what I mean? Why are you being so defensive? I'm just asking you to look out for her. What's so wrong with that?"

He scowled, pausing for a moment before speaking softly, "Emma, you need to understand that not everyone has the same luck as you. I can't take on the role of a guardian for another sister, especially one with two children. There's only one Erma Adelmarr in this world."

She sighed, her tone tinged with sadness. "I know," she replied. "I'm not forcing you to do anything. But can't you help her in whatever way you can?"

"I don't need lessons in compassion from you," he retorted. "I'm not heartless, alright?"

Emmeline nodded, "You've got a point. When you have time, let's gather at the Nightfall Cafe."

Waylon agreed, "No problem. Tell me what you want to eat. I'll bring it over."

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"I'll send Sam to buy the ingredients. When are you coming?"

Waylon replied, "Around noon. I'll ask Bowie, Kenny, and Ben to join us."

"That's a good idea."

Emmeline was pleased when all her brothers came over. She said, "I'll ask Sam to buy more ingredients."

"Hmm, good girl," Waylon said, ending the call.

It was just past ten in the morning when Waylon finished his breakfast.

After getting dressed, he was ready to leave, and his driver was set to take him to the Imperial Palace.

As they were en route, their path took them through Starhill Garden.

The driver turned to Waylon with a curious look, "Isn't that Ms. Doris over there?"

"What?"

Waylon caught off guard, sat up abruptly in the passenger seat and peered intently in the indicated direction.

Sure enough, there she was. She was dressed in a white shirt and skinny jeans, talking to a salesgirl. It was unmistakably Doris.

Her hair was swept up into a casual, loose ponytail, and her face bore the glisten of sweat under the bright morning sun. Her fatigue was apparent, likely the result of an intense morning spent searching for the perfect home.

Waylon narrowed his eyes. He thought to himself. She wants to buy instead of renting? That's wise.

Doris grumbled in her heart.

Initially, I wanted to rent a house. After running around all morning. I still couldn't find a suitable place. I figured I should buy a small apartment and provide a stable home for my children and myself!

Waylon said to the driver, "Pull over.

The driver took the order. He put on the car signal, drove to the roadside, and parked behind a large bush.

Waylon rolled down the window and watched Doris from a distance. She was talking and gesturing animatedly with the salesgirl.

Chapter 1208 Keep This A Secret

In the end, both of them shook their heads.

After that, Doris walked away dejectedly.

Did the negotiation fall through?

Waylon instructed the driver, "Ask that salesgirl and find out what Doris is

"Yes, Mr. Waylon," the driver replied..

He unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car

The saleswoman was about to walk away, but the driver stopped her.

After a brief chat, the driver returned and got back in the car.

"What's the situation?" Waylon asked.

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to.”

“Ms. Doris just went for a house viewing. She had her eyes on a two-bedroom unit, but it costs 3.9 million. She was cash-strapped and hoping to get some discounts. The saleswoman told her that she was offering her the promotional price, but it couldn’t get any lower than that. So, Ms. Doris left.”

Waylon asked, “That’s it? Okay, let’s go.”

He knew Doris had about 3 million at her disposal. He had “earned” that money for her. If she spent it all on a house, she would struggle to make ends meet.

The driver started the car and continued to drive him to the Imperial Palace.

After he inspected the renovation work at the Imperial Palace, Waylon went with Bowie and Kenny to the Nightfall Cafe.

On the way, he gave Benjamin a call.

After a brief chat, Benjamin promised, “I’ll have my secretary take care of this. Don’t worry about it.”

“You have to keep this a secret, especially the staff you send to get the job done; make sure their lips are sealed.”

Benjamin replied, “I know. I guarantee you that I’ll settle it by this afternoon.”

Waylon nodded and said, “Very well, come over to Nightfall Cafe for lunch. I’ve told Emma about it.

“Alright,” Benjamin agreed, “I’ll bring some wine with me. See you soon.”

“Okay!”

Waylon ended the call.

Benjamin immediately instructed a secretary to carry out a task Waylon entrusted him with.

The secretary nodded hastily and said, “Starhill Garden. Rest assured, Mr. Benjamin. I’ll get this done.”

Benjamin reminded her, “Keep it a secret. I’ll reward you afterward.”

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“Thank you, Mr. Benjamin,” The secretary thanked him happily and executed his order.

Abel was the first to arrive at Nightfall Cafe.

Sam had stocked up on a variety of groceries in anticipation of their gathering.

When the other four arrived, Abel had prepared five dishes.

The brother rolled up his sleeves and helped him up in the kitchen. Soon, they had prepared a feast consisting of sixteen dishes.

They merrily enjoyed a good meal.

After lunch, they retreated to the terrace garden for a relaxed chat and a leisurely smoke. The gathering came to an end around three in the afternoon.

Abel stayed at Nightfall Cafe. He rang Mateo, requesting his assistance in tidying up the garden.

Benjamin went back to his office.

As for Bowie and Kenny, the two went back to the Imperial Palace.

Waylon went home because he figured Doris should have gone home at this time.

As expected, when he entered the house, he saw her playing with the children in the living room.

Doris stood up and appeared awkward when she saw Waylon. She asked politely, "Hmm, Mr. Adelmarr, are you feeling better now?"

Waylon replied coldly, "Yes, my medicine works wonders. You shouldn't doubt its effectiveness."

Doris sighed in relief, "That's nice."

She was still terrified when she recalled him being sick last night. She did not doubt that she would suffer dire consequences for harming a prestigious man like him.

Waylon occupied the couch and asked icily, "How's the house hunt going? Once you find a place, I'll have someone help you move."

Doris sniffed and lowered her head. In a soft, almost inaudible voice, she muttered, "I'm not being stubborn to stay here. I have searched all morning and another two hours this afternoon, but I haven't found a suitable house."

"Keep looking. What's the point of dragging this out?"

Doris bit her lower lips and said. "I know. I even skipped lunch today. I've been working on this all day. If it weren't for the kids, I would have kept looking till night."

"Have you eaten?"

Waylon glanced at her and spoke softly, "If you haven't, I'll ask Mrs. Jamison to cook something for you. I don't mind providing you with another meal or two."

Chapter 1209 Eager To Move Out

"I just ate," Doris replied somewhat awkwardly.

She tugged at the corner of her shirt and uttered, "Mrs. Jamison had cooked some pasta for me."

Waylon remained silent.

The atmosphere between them was tense.

"Ring! Ring! Ring!"

Doris' phone rang, and it broke the awkwardness that was quietly creeping in.

She bent a little to take a look.

Her phone continued to ring incessantly. Someone was calling her repeatedly.

The phone buzzed with a call from an unidentified number. She usually avoided answering such calls, expecting them to be credit card promotions or loan sharks.

Yet the ringing persisted, each call quickly following the last.

With an eye roll and a hint of sarcasm in his voice, Waylon couldn't help but comment, "We're hiding some deep secret, aren't we? What's got you so spooked about taking that call?"

"I'm not hiding anything," she protested. "I just don't want to deal with potentially annoying spam!"

"How can you be sure it's spam if you haven't even answered?" he countered, raising an eyebrow. "Are you the type that attracts unwanted attention that easily?"

Doris rolled her eyes in response to his question.

My charm

may

indeed attract a bit of attention, but that's none of your business. I think I'll continue to ignore your comment.

She picked up her phone to shut him up. She promptly answered the call and greeted the caller with a pleasant tone, "Hello?"

A woman's voice came from the other side, she asked, "Am I speaking to Ms. Doris? I'm Haider from the sales office at Starhill Garden. We met this morning."

Doris replied, "Oh, Ms. Haider? Did the price drop?"

1/3

"I'm sorry, but I can't lower the price on my end."

Before she could finish, Doris interjected firmly, "In any case, there's no sense in prolonging this conversation. I simply can't meet your asking price. If you're willing to negotiate and lower it a bit, I might reconsider. Otherwise, I'd be risking my ability to afford even necessities, like food for tomorrow."

"I didn't reach out to haggle over the price," Haider interjected smoothly. "There's a fantastic opportunity here. Are you interested in hearing it?"

Doris mumbled, "Forget it; I don't want to be deceived. Buyers are always one step sellers. Save your breath, I can't stretch my budget beyond what I've got."

behind

She was about to hang up, but Haider's voice sharpened with urgency, "Wait, could you just let me finish speaking?"

Doris reflected inwardly.

I'll listen, but it's likely pointless. If I can't afford it and she can't lower the price, it's a waste of time to listen to you.

Waylon chimed in, "Why the hurry? Can't you let her complete her sentence? Is showing a little patience too much to ask?"

Doris frowned at Waylon's interjection and replied, "That's not what this is about. But really, what will change after she's had her say? What's the point of me listening? She's wasting her time and effort."

Haider said agitatedly, "Ms. Doris! Ms. Doris! The price can be lowered. It's a major price reduction. Are you interested in hearing more?"

Caught off guard, Doris responded, "You should have started with this instead of being so secretive."

"I'm not hiding anything," Haider assured her.

"The seller is another client of mine. She had already paid in full and was about to finalize the contract, but she decided to sell at the last minute and at a significantly reduced price. That's why I immediately thought of you."

Doris' eyes sparkled with excitement. "Is this for real? How much is she asking?"

"If you're interested," Haider replied, "she would like to meet with you in person to discuss the details. She's confident you'll be pleased with the offer."

Okay!" Doris exclaimed, "I'm on my way. Please tell her to wait for me."

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"Understood," Haider agreed, "we'll wait for you at the cafe outside the sales office."

"Great, see you soon!" she affirmed.

After ending the call, Doris was visibly elated. She swiftly grabbed her handbag and made her way to the door.

In a stern tone, Waylon inquired, "Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

Why is she so thrilled at the prospect of getting a house? Is she that eager to put distance between us? Does she view living with me as unbearable?

Unable to hide her bubbling excitement, Doris told him, "I'm heading to the sales office. If the price is right, I'll finally have a place of my own! And if that happens, I'll move out soon and stop being a nuisance to you. Isn't that something you'd be happy about?"

Chapter 1210 Transfer Of Contract

Waylon questioned himself internally, Should I be happy for her or not?

He wasn't experiencing any strong sense of joy, but realizing he did feel a sense of relief seeing her so elated was perplexing. What kind of logic was this?

Waylon struggled to understand his feelings.

"Which sales office are you headed to?" he asked casually, masking his emotion.

Doris responded, "Starhill Garden. A property conveniently located nearby the city center."

Waylon, rising from his seat, offered, "I can drive you there. You seem to be in quite a rush, and the seller might grow impatient and reconsider if you take too long."

Caught off guard, Doris quickly declined his offer. "No, that's alright. I can manage on my own. You just got home, and you should rest."

"I'm not tired."

Doris insisted, "I don't want to trouble you. I've already been enough of a burden."

He answered sternly, "One more time won't make a difference."

What? Do I have to shamelessly insist on going with her?

With a firm tone, he declared, "It's no trouble at all! Consider this a final gesture. Since you're planning to move out soon, you won't have the opportunity to trouble me anymore."

Truthfully, she was upset with his response.

Without waiting for her response, Waylon reached for his suit jacket draped over the sofa. He urged, "Let's go."

Doris reluctantly complied and followed him out the door.

Thirty minutes later, they arrived at the cafe adjacent to the Starhill Garden sales office.

From the driver's seat, Waylon turned to Doris, who was sitting in the passenger seat, and asked, "Do you want me to accompany you inside?"

Doris shook her head gently, replying, "No, that won't be necessary."

"Buying a property is a big deal, Waylon remarked, casting a sidelong glance at her. "You need to be careful against potential scams. Are you sure you don't need a second pair of

1/3

eyes?"

Swallowing nervously, Doris replied, "Perhaps you should come with me after all."

The fear of being deceived weighed heavily on her. Her entire savings amounted to just over three million, and falling for a scam would be a catastrophe.

Waylon rolled his eyes, mocking her for stubbornly refusing his help earlier.

He parked the car near the building's entrance and accompanied Doris inside.

Seated by the window was Ms. Haider, and opposite her sat a woman appearing to be in her thirties. She was sharp, composed, and exuded the air of a career woman.

Upon spotting Doris, Haider quickly rose to her feet and warmly greeted her. "Ms. Doris, you've made it?"

"Yes," Doris affirmed with a nod.

She then turned to make a brief introduction, "This is Waylon, a close friend. He's here to accompany me today."

Both Haider and the seller shifted their attention to Waylon.

Haider lowered her head shyly, avoiding direct eye contact with him. His presence was formidable, and he suffocated her when she tried to meet his eyes.

On the other hand, the seller scrutinized Waylon openly.

She thought to herself, Could this be Mr. Adelmar? Mr. Benjamin insisted that I play my part convincingly. I can't let them down!

She offered Doris a somewhat uneasy smile and inquired, "Are you looking to buy a house urgently?"

"Yes," Doris nodded.

"Yes," Doris confirmed with a nod.

By this time, Haider had regained her composure. She gracefully pulled out chairs next to her, gesturing for Doris and Waylon to take a seat.

"Ms. Haider mentioned that you have a property you want to transfer?" Doris asked.

"Yes, the woman nodded, "a three-bedroom apartment"

Doris asked with a frown, "Three bedrooms? It's too big. Two bedrooms is already a stretch.

2/3

for me."

"Don't fixate on the size," the woman calmly replied, "but rather consider the price."

Intrigued yet skeptical, Doris probed further. "Why are you willing to part with such a good property? The apartments have excellent design and an ideal location, and schools and hospitals are conveniently close."

The woman lowered her head, a flicker of "sorrow" passing over her face. She explained, "I bought this property so that my child would find it easier to commute to school, but my husband had an accident recently."

Doris tightened her lips sympathetically.

Her gaze sharpened and she chided, "Save your sympathy. He deserves to die! That man almost drove me nuts!"

Confused and taken aback, Doris inquired, "What happened?"

Her husband has pa*sed away, yet instead of grieving, she is mad at him. What's going on?

With a weary sigh, the woman said, "I hope you won't laugh at me, but I learned of his affair only after his death."

"Oh!" Doris' heart twitched, feeling sorry for her.