

## **Are Mine 1011**

### [Chapter 1011 Come Back With Me](#)

Yes, Harold.

Benjamin felt annoyed with himself for remembering the name of that man.

Was he that idle?

To waste energy remembering such useless things.

Clearly, Harold had arranged to meet Janie for dinner.

In the dim light of dusk, Janie's vision was unclear, and she couldn't see things distinctly.

But when Harold approached her and started talking, she felt the man in the distance had a displeased expression on his face.

Janie's heart skipped a beat, and suddenly she saw a woman rushing towards Benjamin.

The woman was young and stylishly dressed. Janie recognized her at a glance. It was Ysabel.

She was the one Benjamin had risked his life to save on the top of the tower at Adelmarr.

Janie's heart sank.

Harold blocked her line of sight and said, "Janie, let's go inside. It's not appropriate to be late for a class reunion."

"Mr. Benjamin, you're here too?"

Meanwhile, Benjamin was startled by the woman rushing towards him. He staggered back, and to his surprise, he recognized her as Ysabel?

Benjamin instantly felt a wave of disgust, furrowing his brows as he pushed her away. "Who are you?" he exclaimed.

"I'm Ysabel, you know?" Ysabel said excitedly. "Mr. Benjamin, are you here for dinner too? Let's go together!"

"Get lost!" Benjamin snapped. "Are we close or something?"

"You saved my life," Ysabel said passionately. "It's only right for me to treat you to a meal."

As she tried to approach him, Eric blocked her path, his voice low and icy. "Stay away!"

"Mr. Benjamin," Ysabel stretched her neck and said, "can we be together?"

Benjamin had already walked ahead in big strides.

Harold embraced Janie as they entered the revolving door. She didn't dare to look back.

Afraid to see scenes she didn't want to witness.

Benjamin actually made plans with Ysabel?

Janie felt a pang in her heart, and her eyes became slightly warm.

Today was the university alumni gathering, and quite a few people showed up.

Everyone was toasting to each other, and combined with her depressed mood, Janie quickly drank too much.

She was afraid that if she continued drinking, she would embarrass herself, so she suggested leaving early.

Her classmates didn't insist on keeping her there, and Harold offered to accompany her home.

Meanwhile, Benjamin and his guests finished their dinner and left the private room.

As they descended in the elevator to the lobby on the ground floor, they came face to face with a drunken Janie. She was supported by Harold, who had come out of another elevator.

Benjamin frowned and walked briskly towards Janie, grabbing her arm and scolding, "How did you end up like this after drinking?"

Janie recognized him and was initially startled, but shook off his hand and retorted, "Why do you care? Are we close? Who are you to me?"

"Come with me!" Benjamin raised his voice, "Do you think it's attractive to be in this state?"

"What does it have to do with you?" Janie sneered. "I can handle myself, and I certainly don't need your help!"

"Janie!" Benjamin growled, his eyes burning with anger. "Have you caused enough trouble?"

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"What trouble have I caused?" Janie looked up at him, her voice defiant. "I'm minding my own business, you're making plans with your own people. How did I become a trouble to you?"

"Come with me!" Benjamin didn't want to argue with her anymore.

The Struyria Banquet was under Adelmars jurisdiction, and the staff knew him well. It wouldn't look appropriate if they saw him arguing with a woman.

"Why should I go with you?" Janie shook his hand again. "I have my own home, I can go back by myself!"

She sniffed, clutching her handbag with one hand and lifting her long dress with the other, swiftly walking through the lobby.

"Janie!" Harold wanted to follow her, but instinctively glanced at Benjamin.

With just one glance, he was forced to take a step back by the mans powerful aura.

In the moment of hesitation, Benjamin quickly strode after Janie.

Janie exited the hotel through the revolving doors and stood by the roadside, hailing a taxi.

Benjamin chased after her, and by the time he reached her, she had already bent down and entered the car.

The taxi drove away before their eyes.

"The keys!" Benjamin stared at the license plate, his voice low and gloomy as he spoke to Eric behind him.

Eric handed him the keys to the Porsche.

Without a word, Benjamin sprinted into the parking lot, got into the car, and pursued the taxi without hesitation.

### [Chapter 1012 She Wasn't Benjamin's Cup of Tea](#)

Janie staggered out of the bar, her state of intoxication evident. Benjamin felt a wave of concern wash over him, fearing that something might happen to her in this vulnerable state.

He revved the engine of his Porsche and chased after the taxi at the intersection, determined to catch up with it. The two vehicles raced through the streets, one following closely behind the other until they reached the community where Janie lived.

Leaning back against the seat, Janie kept her eyes closed throughout the ride. Tears streamed down her face, hot and bitter. The heat of the tears stung her skin, while their bitterness seeped into the corners of her lips, leaving an unpleasant taste.

The taxi came to a stop, and Janie paid through her phone before grabbing her handbag and stepping out of the vehicle. Benjamin parked his car in the community and hurriedly made his way into the lobby, but Janie had already entered the elevator.

Taking another elevator, Benjamin ascended to the upper floors and stepped out, only to find Janie closing her front door.

Always falling just short, both in timing and distance.

But at least he saw her safely home, which brought him some relief.

He turned to enter the elevator and go back downstairs, but his footsteps hesitated.

A voice inside him seemed to urge him to see her, to check on her.

Benjamin turned around once again and made his way toward Janie's apartment door.

The distance from the elevator to her door was just a dozen or so steps.

He walked slowly, curling his fingers, preparing to knock on the door.

Yet, in the final moment, his arm remained suspended in mid-air, hesitating to complete the action.

"Should I see her? What would I even say?" he questioned himself inwardly.

Just like Janie had said, what was their relationship?

Yeah, what was their relationship?

Why did he care about her, and from what perspective?

With his arm still raised, fingers curled, Benjamin stood there for a full two minutes. Eventually, he withdrew his hand, turned around, and stepped into the elevator.

Back downstairs, he didn't immediately get into his car.

Instead, he leaned against the vehicle, one leg bent, resting on the wheel behind him, as he lit a cigarette.

Amidst the alternating glow and dimness of the cigarette's embers, he lifted his gaze, fixating on the window that belonged to Janie.

Her apartment was on the seventeenth floor, in the eastern block of the three buildings.

Benjamin didn't know what color curtains she had chosen.

He had been to her apartment once or twice before.

Eleven, twelve, thirteen...

Benjamin counted the floors, reaching the seventeenth, where he could see the window of the eastern block.

A dim light shone through the window, not very bright.

It cast a melancholic and somber hue.

In his loneliness, Benjamin exhaled a smoke ring.

Meanwhile, Janie quickly took a shower, donned her pajamas, and grabbed a towel to dry her damp, cascading hair.

An inexplicable emotion tugged at her, guiding her towards the window.

She lifted a corner of the curtain and looked down.

Beneath, amidst the swaying shadows of the trees, a car was parked.

The lighting there was dim, and Janie couldn't discern the make of the vehicle.

There were already plenty of cars parked below, so the presence of another vehicle didn't seem particularly out of place. However, it appeared that someone stood in front of the car.

Although she couldn't see clearly, the figure seemed to be dressed in black.

In an instant, Janie felt a pang of anticipation, thinking it might be Benjamin.

In an instant, Janie felt a pang of anticipation, thinking it might be Benjamin.

She hastily halted her hair-drying and pulled back the curtain, peering down.

But the person in black opened the car door and bent down into the driver's seat.

Janie laughed at herself in self-deprecation. How foolish of her to think that figure could be Benjamin.

Benjamin was like a stone in the toilet, unpleasant and unyielding. Why would he be down there, kindly waiting for her?

Oh, right. He had plans to have dinner with Ysabel tonight.

Look at that, just look at that. She was simply not Benjamin's type.

Having clung to him for half a year, even losing a child for him, there had been little substantial progress between them.

And now, Ysabel appeared on the scene, and they were already making plans to have dinner together.

No matter how you put it, Janie knew she simply wasn't Benjamin's cup of tea.

She sniffed and wiped her nose, pulling the curtains closed before sitting back at her vanity table. She began blow-drying her hair and attending to her skincare routine.

Meanwhile, Benjamin sat in his car, glancing upwards through the windshield at the window on the seventeenth floor of the eastern block.

The window was now shrouded in darkness.

Leaning back against the seat, Benjamin closed his eyes for a moment, then started the car and drove away.

In her bed, Janie could hear the distinct sound of the car starting up from downstairs. She could almost discern that it was the vehicle from earlier, parked in the same spot.

A strange sensation stirred within her, prompting Janie to flip over and get out of bed.

#### [Chapter 1014 Mr Waylon's Child](#)

Doris's eyes welled up with tears, her voice trembling as she spoke, "I've longed for a child as well. Since the birth of these babies, I haven't been able to bear being apart from them."

Emmeline nodded understandingly, she knew the longing and the deep attachment one could have for their flesh and blood.

The three of them exited the hospital building, and Emmeline went to retrieve the car.

Jennie held onto Doris's hand, her voice firm as she offered words of advice, "You better hold onto that rich bachelor, otherwise, you won't find another one like him in this lifetime."

Doris felt a mix of hesitation and annoyance. "What's with your concern, sis?"

"My concern is for our parents' sake!" Jennie shot her a pointed look. "Just do as I say!"

Doris sighed, realizing it was futile to argue further. Emmeline pulled up in the car, interrupting their conversation.

Emmeline parked the car by their side, and Doris bid farewell to Jennie before bending down to enter the vehicle.

Forty minutes later, they arrived at Macsen Villa.

In just a few days, the workforce on this side was complete.

All of them were brought over by Waylon from Osea.

He was accustomed to working with these people, trusted them implicitly, and they knew how to cater to his needs.

The security guard, upon seeing Emmeline in the sports car, was overjoyed. He quickly grabbed the remote control and opened the electric gate, exclaiming, "Ms. Louise, it's great to see you again! What a pleasant surprise."

"Hello, Uncle Patrick," Emmeline greeted the security guard, lowering the car window.

The sports car entered the courtyard and parked in its designated spot.

Emmeline led Doris through the connecting corridor toward the entrance door.

A few gardeners were diligently tending to the flower beds on either side, carefully pruning and arranging the plants.

The flower beds looked more exquisite than ever before.

Compared to when Emmeline occasionally stayed here for a few days, it was like night and day.

The transformation was nothing short of remarkable.

The flower beds back then were wild and overgrown, but now they were neatly arranged, giving off a sense of satisfaction just by looking at them.

"Emma," Doris whispered, "aren't these workers from Struyria?"

"They're from Osea," Emmeline replied. "Half of them are from Cineraceus in Reykjavak."

"No wonder they have such an exotic vibe," Doris remarked. "Speaking of which, are you and Mr. Ademar also from Osea?"

"I'm a pure-blooded Struyrian," Emmeline chuckled, "purer than pure gold."

Doris smiled, revealing a small dimple. Her initial nervousness began to dissipate.

She didn't know what to say when she saw Waylon.

Whenever she caught sight of that cool and refined man, she couldn't help but feel a sense of unease.

It seemed like if he didn't provoke her, he wouldn't even bother to speak to her.

They entered the grand European-style entrance hall and Emmeline and Doris changed their shoes in the foyer.

The nanny spotted them and hurried over. "Ms. Louise, you're here."

"Yes, Mrs. Jamison," Emmeline addressed the nanny. "Doris and I came to see the children."

"Are those twins yours?" Jamison looked at Doris, squinting and smiling. "They're adorable and well-behaved."

"They're mine," Doris replied politely. "Sorry for the trouble we've caused."

"No trouble at all, dear. It's our pleasure," Jamison waved off the apology with a smile.

"Where are the children?" Emmeline asked after changing her shoes.

"They're upstairs. Mrs. Flores is looking after them," the nanny answered.

Emmeline was about to head towards the staircase with Doris when Jamison tugged at her arm. "Ms. Louise."

Emmeline paused, allowing Doris to go upstairs on her own.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Jamison?" Emmeline asked. "You seem all secretive."

"Oh, Ms. Louise," Jamison exclaimed gleefully, "Congratulations to Mr. Waylon! When did he secretly father such a lovely pair of twins?"

Emmeline was taken aback and chuckled. "Mrs. Jamison, what are you talking about? Just because the children are temporarily staying at our house doesn't mean they belong to Waylon. They are Doris's, as that lady just mentioned."

"Oh, Ms. Louise, who are you kidding?" Jamison grinned. "We recognized them at first sight. They are unmistakably Mr. Waylon's children."

Emmeline nearly burst into laughter. "Mrs. Jamison, you're even more eager than Master Robert for Waylon to give him grandchildren."

"I'm not mistaken," Jamison insisted, twisting her expression. "They look so much alike. It can't be a coincidence!"

"I won't argue with you any further," Emmeline said. "I'll go upstairs now."

She turned away, leaving Jamison still wearing a mischievous grin.

### [Chapter 1015 Clearing Things Up](#)

Emmeline climbed up to the second-floor guest room, where she found Doris and Mrs. Flores engaged in a conversation while cradling the two infants.

"I've tried explaining it to them countless times," Doris vented, frustration evident in her voice. "The babies are yours, not Mr. Adelmar's. You didn't even know him before, but they just won't believe it."

"It's truly embarrassing," Doris continued. "No wonder the nanny smiled at me when I walked in. It was all a misunderstanding."

"I can understand why," Mrs. Flores chimed in. "Una and Nessa do bear some resemblance to Mr. Adelmar. It's hard to shake off that association."

"It's not fair," Doris's face flushed with indignation. "Mr. Adelmar came from Osea, and I didn't know him in a previous life or even in this life until recently. I am completely innocent."

As Emmeline entered the room, she interjected, "I've also heard about the resemblance between the babies and Waylon. But how could that be? You two are unrelated."

"Ms. Louise," Mrs. Flores quickly greeted her, shifting her hold on baby Una and showing her to Emmeline. "Take a look at the features...the eyebrows, the nose, the mouth. Do they not resemble Mr. Ademar? No wonder people are confused!"

Emmeline leaned in, studying Una's face intently. Frowning slightly, she admitted, "Well, I have to admit, there is a striking resemblance!"

Doris's face reddened even further. "Ms. Louise, are you joining in on this teasing?"

Emmeline shook her head, a reassuring smile on her lips. "Why should you be ashamed? The babies simply resemble Waylon. It's not a crime, nor does it imply any indiscretion between you and him."

Doris remained speechless.

And what if the workers already think that?

Doris feels unjustly accused and unable to defend herself.

"You know, Lizbeth from the Murphy family in Altney bears a slight resemblance to me," Emmeline reassured, patting Doris on the shoulder. "But that doesn't mean anything. Don't worry. Besides, Waylon is not the kind to engage in clandestine affairs and secretly have children with women. It's pure fiction!"

"You're right," Doris breathed a sigh of relief. "Just be careful not to say such things in front of Mr. Ademar. It would be embarrassing for me."

Just then, Mrs. Jamison ascended the stairs and announced, "Ms. Louise, Mr. Waylon has returned."

Doris blushed involuntarily, while Emmeline wasted no time and hurried downstairs.

True to Mrs. Jamison's words, Waylon sat on the couch in a white suit, white shirt, and a narrow silk tie of the same color.

Seeing Emmeline bounding down the stairs, Waylon raised an eyebrow. "You're not exactly a little kid anymore. Can't you be more careful on the stairs?"

Emmeline joined him on the couch, wrapping her arm around his shoulder and chuckling. "I developed these skills during college. And you haven't seen Abel, he's even quicker than me going downstairs. He practically glides down without even taking steps."

Waylon lifted his hand and playfully tapped Emmeline on the forehead. "You cheeky thing!"

Noticing that Waylon seemed a bit weary, Emmeline asked with concern, "What's wrong? Are you upset?"

"It's just the preparations for the hospital," Waylon sighed, pointing to the stack of documents on the coffee table. "There are so many social obligations, it's tiresome."

"Can't you delegate it to Kaden or Jake?" Emmeline suggested. "Do you have to handle it personally?"



"In the early stages, certain relationships require my direct involvement," Waylon explained. "Otherwise, if I stay behind the scenes, certain departments might give me a hard time in the future."

"That's true," Emmeline nodded. "Even if we're powerful, we still have to be subject to someone else's authority."

"At the moment, I need someone by my side," Waylon pinched his forehead. "Someone who can shield me from various pressures."

"Aren't there plenty of options for that?" Emmeline remarked. "Can't Ben handle it? And if all else fails, there's always Abel."

"It's not that simple," Waylon hesitated, waving his hand dismissively. "Never mind, I can't explain it properly."

Emmeline, being perceptive as ever, smirked and said, "I understand. Is it because you have been ensnared by a woman?"

Waylon remained silent.

He knew he couldn't hide anything from this clever little devil.

"It's only natural to encounter women in various aspects of life," Emmeline teased. "Just play along and don't take it too seriously."

Furrowing his brow, Waylon replied, "Are you joking about this too? Do I have the time and inclination to fool around with women? Among everyone in the world, I would only indulge you!"

### [Chapter 1016 Wanna Hang Out?](#)

"This is all part of the job, you know?" Emmeline chuckled. "I'm not asking you to lose your virtue or anything."

"Get out of here!" Waylon playfully pretended to swat at her.

Emmeline burst into giggles.

She loved bantering with Waylon.

During their time on Adelmarr Island, it was one of her favorite things to do.

And of course, it was the same for Waylon.

Engaging in playful banter with Emmeline was a great way to relieve stress.

"So, what do you want to do now?" Emmeline regained her composure. "I can only be your sister, I can't shield you from all the troublemakers."

"Then let's drop the subject," Waylon ruffled her hair affectionately. "Let's have lunch here, and I'll cook."

"Sounds good," Emmeline was about to agree when her phone rang. It was Benjamin calling.

Emmeline pressed the answer button on her phone. "Ben?"

"Emma," Benjamin's voice sounded somewhat subdued. "Have you seen Janie?"

Emmeline was taken aback. "No, why?"

Benjamin fell silent for a moment before speaking again. "I see."

"What happened to Janie?" Emmeline asked. "I called her this morning, but she didn't answer. She's probably still asleep."

"She left Struyria," Benjamin said, his voice tinged with concern. "I haven't been able to reach her."

Emmeline's heart skipped a beat. "Let me try calling her again."

After ending the call with Benjamin, Emmeline dialed Janie's number.

It rang on the other end, and soon Janie answered, her voice coming through. "Emma?"

"Janie," Emmeline inquired, "are you not in Struyria?"

"Hmm," Janie replied. "I came to Falmouth."

"Why did you run off there?" Emmeline exclaimed. "Ben couldn't find you, and your phone was unreachable. Did you block him?"

Janie remained silent on the other end, but Emmeline could hear her snuffle.

"What are you doing in Falmouth?" Emmeline asked, feeling a headache coming on at the mention of the place.

"My college friend has developed a beautiful garden here. I'm staying for a few days, nothing serious," Janie explained.

"Well, that's good," Emmeline said. "But Ben sounded worried."

"I don't want to contact him," Janie said firmly. "But please let him know that I'm doing fine."

"I will," Emmeline assured her. "Take this time to relax, but please take care of yourself, okay?"

"I will, don't worry."

Someone called out to Janie in the background, a woman's voice, and she hung up the phone.

Emmeline immediately switched back to Benjamin and he picked up right away.

"Emma, what's the update?" Benjamin asked anxiously.

"Janie is in Falmouth," Emmeline replied. "She went there to clear her mind, nothing more."

"Okay, I see," Benjamin responded in a low tone.

"Ben, are you okay?" Emmeline asked with concern. "Where are you right now?"

"I'm fine," Benjamin replied. "I'm at a bar."

Emmeline furrowed her brows. "At a bar? Alone?"

"...Yeah."

"Wait for me then," Emmeline said, feeling worried about him. "Send me your location on my phone."

Before Benjamin could respond, she already hung up and bid farewell to Waylon.

Waylon said, "Ben rarely acts like this. There must be something bothering him. You should go check on him."

"Then I won't have lunch here," Emmeline replied. "Doris is here."

Waylon looked surprised. "Doris?"

"Mr. Adelmarr," Doris's hesitant voice came from the stairs. "I...I'm here, sorry."

Waylon turned his head and looked at the stairs...

Emmeline made a funny face to herself, grabbed her car keys, and ran off.

On her way, she called Abel.

Abel was about to head back to the Precipice for dinner when he saw it was a call from his little sweetheart, so he quickly answered.

"Emma Babe?"

"Abel, want to hang out?" Emmeline teased in a seductive tone.

Abel was a bit stunned for a second. What had gotten into his little sweetheart?

"Emma, are you sure you didn't dial the wrong number?"

"You don't even have that confidence?" Emmeline retorted. "Aren't you the only man in my life?"

"At this hour," Abel said, "if I don't go home, where do you want to meet?"

#### [Chapter 1017 Pursuing a Woman with the Determination of Building a Business](#)

"I've sent you my location," Emmeline said, her hand gripping the steering wheel as she drove. "I'm on my way, should be there in twenty minutes."

"Alright," Abel replied. "I'll be downstairs."

Eighteen minutes later, Emmeline entered the private room of the bar where Benjamin was waiting. The room was dimly lit, and he sat alone on the sofa, sipping his drink.

However, it was evident that he hadn't consumed much alcohol.

Benjamin was a disciplined man, even stringent with himself when it came to self-control.

Coming to this environment was merely his way of seeking solace when feeling down, not an invitation for a drinking spree.

"Ben," Emmeline sat on the sofa opposite him, "What's going on between you and Janie?"

Benjamin picked up the cocktail in front of him and, with a strained voice, said, "I thought I wouldn't care, but this morning, I couldn't focus on anything. My mind was restless."

"Emma, tell me, have I fallen in love with Janie?"

Emmeline felt a sense of delight within her, but she maintained a nonchalant expression. "Well, you're probably just not used to her not being by your side."

"It's not that," Benjamin replied. "Otherwise, I wouldn't have been so distracted during work."

"In that case, you need to ask yourself," Emmeline said, "When it comes to falling in love with someone, only you can truly know."

Benjamin chuckled bitterly. "Except for you, I thought I wouldn't love again. But Janie, she somehow managed to make my heart ache."

"That settles it," Emmeline said. "If I were you, I'd go to Falmouth and find her."

"She's already blocked me," Benjamin sighed. "I can't muster up the audacity for that."

"You're so useless!" Abel's voice came from the doorway. "When it comes to pursuing a woman, do you care about your pride?"

"Abel?" Benjamin raised his gaze and looked at Abel with a wry smile. "Perfect timing. I need to learn from you."

"Why beat around the bush?" Abel sat down, put his arm around Emmeline's shoulder, and said, "Just like when I pursued Emma, I wasn't afraid of embarrassment. I rented a room from her and even shamelessly went upstairs to eat her food. You need to have that kind of determination!"

Emmeline clenched her fist at Abel. Damn it, he's only telling the truth now. It turns out he had it all planned from the beginning!

But Benjamin laughed, "I never expected Mr. Abel to go to such lengths to pursue Emma."

"When it comes to pursuing a woman, you need to have the determination to build a career," Abel said. "Otherwise, no matter how great the woman is, someone more ambitious will win her over."

As Abel spoke, Harold's image flashed before Benjamin's eyes. Would that man be more driven than him?

He probably would be, because Benjamin had never put in the effort himself.

No wonder Janie ran away as soon as she encountered Harold.

"So, you mean..." Benjamin looked up at Abel, "I should go after her in Falmouth?"

"At the very least, give her a call," Abel said. "You've been keeping it all to yourself, wallowing in pain. It's pointless."

"But she's blocked me," Benjamin sheepishly narrowed his eyes.

"You're such a fool!" Abel exclaimed. "Can't you just get a new number?"

"She won't answer it if she found out it's me, won't I lose face?" Benjamin hesitated.

"If you care about your pride, then forget about women!" Abel tilted his head back and took a sip of his drink. "You're so stubborn!"

Benjamin fell silent, contemplating for three or four minutes. Finally, he seemed to make up his mind.

"Alright, tonight I'll change my number and give her a call."

"That settles it then?" Emmeline exclaimed with joy, patting Abel's shoulder. "Abel, I'm glad I dragged you out."

"In that case, have a drink with me," Abel winked at her, mimicking her seductive tone from earlier.

Emmeline blushed and replied, "I don't drink. I still have to go for my driving practice later."

"Driving practice?" Abel had completely forgotten about it. Emmeline had mentioned it to him in the morning.

Benjamin suggested, "Then let's skip the drinks. We'll find another place to eat, and afterward, I'll accompany Emma for her driving practice."

"Exactly!" Emmeline pinched Abel's chin playfully and taunted, "Once I master driving, I'll dump your Little Flower a hundred blocks away!"

Abel burst into laughter, embracing her and saying, "Well, today I'm going all out. I'll accompany you to the driving practice! Otherwise, you might think I'm not committed enough!"

The two of them bantered back and forth, amusing Benjamin, who interjected, "Enough with lovey-dovey in front of me. How are we supposed to eat if you guys keep it like this?"

### [Chapter 1018 Am I That Bad?](#)

The three of them piled into Abel's Rolls-Royce, heading towards the Struyria Banquet. They had chosen to dine there for the evening, despite the notorious rush hour traffic that plagued the roads.

What was supposed to be a forty-minute journey turned into an hour-long ordeal of honking horns and gridlocked streets.

Finally, they arrived at their destination and parked in the underground garage. Making their way up the elevator, they entered Benjamin's exclusive private room within the banquet hall.

They ordered their favorite dishes and began to eat together.

"I was originally planning to have lunch at Macsen Villa," Emmeline said between bites. "Because Waylon seemed upset."

"Upset about what?" Abel and Benjamin inquired simultaneously.

They both picked out Emmeline's favorite dishes, placing them on a small plate before her.

"It's about the hospital construction project," Emmeline answered after taking a mouthful of food.

"Waylon has caught the attention of a certain lady from a particular department."

"Struyria isn't Osea," Benjamin remarked. "In Osea, everyone knows he's not to be messed with. No woman dares to set her sights on him. But here in Struyria, it's a different story. If he shows up, it's only natural for women to take notice."

"That's why Waylon is feeling down," Emmeline chimed in. "He doesn't want to invite unnecessary trouble."

"Should I have the PR department step in and resolve the situation for him?" Abel suggested. "Which department is this woman from?"

"Waylon hasn't mentioned it yet. I rushed out as soon as I received Ben's call," Emmeline replied.

"In that case, I'll ask him," Benjamin said. "Let's not let him suffer in silence."

With that, Benjamin took out his phone and dialed Waylon's number.

After a few rings, Waylon answered in his deep and melodious voice, "Ben, are you alright?"

"I'm fine, Waylon," Benjamin reassured. "Emma and Abel are with me."

"That's good to hear," Waylon replied. "Don't let matters of the heart weigh you down. See through it all."

"Not about me," Benjamin continued. "Emma mentioned that something is bothering you. Care to share?"

"Someone has already taken care of it," Waylon said. "No need to worry."

Just as Benjamin was about to speak, the sound of a crying baby came through the phone.

Benjamin paused, and then Waylon hung up.

Benjamin chuckled, "Is Waylon looking after a child?"

"Doris' two babies at Macsen Villa," Emmeline laughed. "It's quite lively over there, to say the least."

Abel chimed in, "It's good for Waylon to have an early taste of being a dad."

"The best part is that those two babies look just like Waylon," Emmeline chuckled. "He's getting tired, but it's worth it."

"We shouldn't accuse Waylon unjustly," Benjamin laughed. "Who knows, he might still be a virgin."

"I'm not accusing him. I know him," Emmeline giggled mischievously. "It's just the workers there who are making wild guesses."

In reality, Doris wasn't at Macsen Villa. She had been sent by Waylon to do some "work."

In the morning, Emmeline hurriedly left Macsen Villa, leaving Doris to face Waylon, creating an awkward situation.

Doris bowed and apologized repeatedly to Waylon, acknowledging that she had caused him trouble.

Waylon looked at her and furrowed his brow.

"You certainly have caused me trouble, and quite a lot of it. I'm a single man, and suddenly I have two demanding infants at home. Do you think I'm not bothered by it?" he said.

"Bothered," Doris nodded earnestly.

Sometimes even as the biological mother, she found the children bothersome, let alone someone like Waylon who had no relation to them.

"But the children are innocent, aren't they?" Waylon raised an eyebrow. "What do the children know?"

"I understand that," Doris replied. "It's all my fault for causing trouble. So, I'll go find a place and move out quickly, to give Mr. Adelman some peace."

"Do you think finding a place is as easy as buying cabbage at the market? Like it's that simple?" Waylon retorted.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Adelman?"

Doris raised her gaze and looked at the dignified and elegant man on the couch. "Are you suggesting that I leave with the children and wander around on the streets?"

"Did I say that?" Waylon asked, his brow furrowing. "Am I that bad?"

#### [Chapter 1019 Mr Adelman Takes Care of the Children at Home](#)

"No, Mr. Adelman," Doris replied honestly, shaking her head. "To be honest, I don't understand what you mean."

"We can make a deal," Waylon said, his voice taking on a businesslike tone. "You see, I'm not just a doctor, I'm also a businessman."

Doris couldn't help but think to herself, Wow, Mr. Adelman, you're still quite impressive, huh?

Not only a doctor but a businessman too!

My sister said you were a jobless wanderer. She really couldn't see the bigger picture!

"We can reach an agreement," Waylon continued. "As long as you help me accomplish certain tasks according to the agreement, both you and the children can stay here. It's quite lonely in this five to six-hundred-square-meter villa with just me, especially since Kaden and Jake won't be coming back. And with you helping me and no rent to pay, plus a nanny to help you with the children, I'll even give you a bonus if it works out. What do you think?"

Doris's eyes sparkled with excitement as she responded, "Well, that sounds good to me, Mr. Adelman. But what exactly would you need me to do for you?"

"Well," Waylon picked up a document from the coffee table, "all you need to do is go and sign this at lunchtime today, and it'll be okay."

Doris widened her eyes, "Is it really that easy?"

"Yeah!" Waylon nodded.

"If it's that easy, why don't you go yourself?" Doris couldn't help but show her suspicion.

"The other party is a woman," Waylon said bluntly, "she asked me out for a meal and then wants me to sign the document. It makes me feel nauseous."

Doris immediately understood and quickly grasped the situation. "Mr. Adelmar, you have it tough, especially considering how attractive you are!"

"That's the situation," Waylon said. "I'll have the driver take you there. Noon at the Glorious Gardens Hotel, room number 2022, and it's ten forty minutes now, you can buy a dress on the way and change. I'll give you the money."

"I don't need the money for the dress," Doris hurriedly waved her hand. "I have to wear it in the future anyway."

"Any dress priced above twenty thousand but below fifty thousand," Waylon frowned, "Are you sure?"

Doris shook her head, "No, that's too expensive, and it's not my style of clothing."

Waylon pulled out a bank card from his suit pocket. "The password is six sixes. Hurry up and go. I'll take care of the children for you."

He stood up from the sofa, handing the bank card to Doris, while she handed him the child she was holding.

Doris took the bank card and slipped it into her pocket, saying, "Mr. Adelmar, I'll go now."

"The document," Waylon looked visibly annoyed, "Your task is to sign the document, not just to buy clothes."

"Oh!" Doris blushed, realizing she had forgotten her main objective amidst the chaos.

She bent down to pick up the document and hurried towards the entrance, needing to change her shoes first.

Meanwhile, Waylon turned to the driver and instructed, "Pick up and drop off Ms. Doris."

Exactly at noon, Doris arrived at room number 2022 of Glorious Gardens Hotel. She wore a wine-red straight shoulder-length dress and had her hair tied back in a low ponytail. Taking a deep breath, she knocked on the door.

"Come in," a voice from inside responded, sounding not quite young but filled with a hint of coquettishness.

"Come in," a voice from inside responded, sounding not quite young but filled with a hint of coquettishness.

Doris took another breath and pushed open the door.

The moment she stepped inside, Doris straightened her slender waist, revealing a perfectly poised smile. It exuded a subtle charm, elegance, and nobility.



Inside the room stood only one person, as expected from the voice earlier. She appeared to be around forty, exceptionally well-groomed and exuded an air of sophistication.

The woman wore a low-key yet extremely luxurious dark silver dress, with her hair elegantly tied up and delicate makeup.

As the woman saw Doris gracefully enter the room, she looked surprised. The coquettish smile that was on her face vanished instantly.

"Who are you? I made the appointment with Mr. Adelmar," she said unfriendly.

"Mr. Adelmar couldn't make it," Doris responded calmly, without a trace of subservience. "So, I'm here on his behalf."

"Why can't Mr. Adelmar come?" the woman raised an eyebrow and asked with a hint of annoyance. "Doesn't he need to sign the document?"

"Mr. Adelmar is at home taking care of the children," Doris placed the document on the table. "I brought the document. Is it you who needs to sign it?"

"What did you say?" The woman furrowed her brow, not answering but questioning in return. "Mr. Adelmar is at home taking care of the children?"

#### [Chapter 1020 Fending Off Mr Adelmar's Troublesome Admirer](#)

At that moment, Doris mentally scolded herself for uttering those words. She couldn't believe she had blurted out such sensitive information without considering the consequences. It was as if her mouth had a mind of its own.

Though the truth was that Mr. Adelmar was indeed at home looking after the children, there was no need for Doris to divulge that information so abruptly. But now that the words were out, she had to stand her ground, no matter how uncomfortable it felt.

"Yes, you heard correctly," Doris responded, her voice steady despite the swirling thoughts in her head. "Mr. Adelmar is taking care of his children...twins, a boy, and a girl."

The woman's brows furrowed in surprise, clearly caught off guard by this revelation.

"And who are you to Mr. Adelmar?" she inquired, her tone growing increasingly hostile.

"We share the same roof," Doris replied with a faint smile, choosing not to disclose further details. "No need to delve into the specifics."

"So," the woman's expression turned icy, "Mr. Adelmar has a wife and children?"

Doris was taken aback by the woman's abrupt shift in demeanor, but she quickly realized the twisted logic behind her thoughts. It became clear that Mr. Adelmar required the woman's signature on the document, but she had developed romantic feelings for him.

It became clear to Doris that the woman had ulterior motives for inviting Mr. Adelmar to this place. No wonder he had expressed his aversion to the meeting. The pieces were falling into place, and Doris couldn't help but feel a sense of disbelief.

Just imagine, an older woman like her setting her sights on Mr. Adelmarr? It was almost laughable.

"You don't need to ask about his wife and children," Doris replied, her smile serene. "Please just sign the document."

"But I can't help feeling upset," the woman retorted, her face turning red with indignation. "If I had known he had a wife and children, I wouldn't have wasted my emotions!"

"No one forced you into this situation," Doris remarked, her voice tinged with a hint of reproach. "Just take a good look at yourself. How can someone like Mr. Adelmarr be within your grasp? Don't let a bit of power go to your head and complicate matters. It won't reflect well on you!"

The woman fell silent, her expression shifting from anger to contemplation. Was it so outlandish for her, a divorced woman, to develop feelings for Waylon?

She had done her due diligence, meticulously researching Waylon's relationship status. All signs pointed to him being an eligible bachelor, a man who had yet to settle down. Could the information she had gathered be inaccurate?

"Sign the damn document!" Doris pushed the papers forward with a forceful shove. "I don't have time to waste on your nonsense. I have to rush back home to feed my child!"

The woman was taken aback by Doris's assertiveness. She was momentarily speechless, unable to formulate a suitable response.

Doris continued, her tone filled with impatience, "Please, just sign it already. I've said all I needed to say. Are you still not getting it?"

Fueled by her accustomed air of entitlement, the woman retorted, "Who do you think you are to lecture me? I haven't done anything to your man!"

Doris, who was typically docile, was not one to be trifled with when push came to shove. She firmly grabbed hold of the woman's wrist, pulling her forcefully towards the table.

"Do you think you can mess with me?" Doris seethed with anger. "Aren't you afraid that I could expose you and tarnish your precious reputation?"

The woman, now a little fearful, pleaded, "Don't you dare! I'll sign it, and I'll pretend I never knew your man!"

"We never knew each other in the first place!" Doris released her grip and opened the document.

The woman hastily retrieved a pen and her seal from her bag and swiftly wrote her name in the designated space. "If only you had known this earlier, what a waste!" Doris collected the document and made her departure.

In less than an hour, she returned to Macsen Villa and handed the document to Waylon. "Is it signed already?" Waylon still seemed somewhat skeptical.

In less than an hour, she returned to Macsen Villa and handed the document to Waylon. "Is it signed already?" Waylon still seemed somewhat skeptical.

"It's signed," Doris blushed slightly. "But I didn't give her an easy time. I don't know if she'll give you trouble in the future."

"Once the procedure is completed, it'll be fine. If she wants to make trouble for me, she doesn't have the ability!"

Waylon opened the document and confirmed that it was indeed signed. "Does this mean the task is completed?" Doris felt quite pleased, realizing that the job hadn't been as troublesome as she had expected.

In essence, she had helped Waylon fend off unwanted advances.

"Yes," Waylon nodded. "I didn't misjudge you; you're very capable in this role."

He picked up another document from the table and said, "Sign a part-time agreement, and then you'll be done."

A part-time agreement?

Doris raised an eyebrow in skepticism as she picked up the document prepared by Waylon and quickly read through it.

As it turned out, it required her to work as a pastry chef at Nightfall Cafe and occasionally accompany Waylon to similar social events. She was also responsible for maintaining confidentiality.

In return, she would receive free room and board at Macsen Villa, along with additional bonuses of varying amounts.

Of course, she would also have the benefit of a free nanny to help take care of her children.

Doris's heart bloomed with joy. Where else could she find such a wonderful opportunity?

Without hesitation, she picked up the pen and signed her name.

Then, with a cheerful skip in her step, she hurried off to see her children.