

Are Mine 1081

[Chapter 1081 Be My Secret Lover](#)

"Thank you so much!" Doris hastily bowed, expressing her gratitude.

"You know, Doris," the landlord said, "being a divorced woman isn't easy, especially when you're as beautiful as you are. If you agree, I can waive your rent for an entire year."

"I agree?" Doris was taken aback. "Agree to what?"

"Isn't it obvious?" The landlord reached out and pulled her closer. "Be my secret lover. Not only will you get free rent, but I'll also take extra care of you."

"What are you saying?" Doris pushed his hand away. "You're utterly disgusting! Can't I just cancel the lease?"

"Doris," the landlord grinned, seemingly amused. "Why are you being so stubborn? In this day and age, who would hold on to such outdated ideals?"

As he spoke, he leaned in closer to Doris.

"Get away from me!" Doris felt a tinge of fear and quickly dashed towards the door.

But the door had already been locked by the landlord. It wouldn't budge.

That's when Doris realized things had taken a turn for the worse.

"Doris, just agree to it," the landlord pressed on, inching closer. "It's such a great deal. If you refuse, you'd be a fool."

"Slap!" Doris slapped him across the face, anger coursing through her. "Let me go, you scumbag! Otherwise, I'll call the police!"

"So you're not going to listen unless I use force?" The landlord retaliated with a solid slap of his own, his anger turning into rage. He lunged toward Doris, pinning her down.

"Get off me, you bastard! Let go!" Doris fought back, using one hand to strike him and the other to reach for her phone on the ground.

But the landlord held her arms tightly, preventing her from picking up the phone.

In her frantic attempt to grab the phone, she accidentally pressed the recent call log.

Meanwhile, Waylon was driving in his car when his phone suddenly rang.

He glanced at the screen and saw it was Doris calling. He furrowed his brow, considering whether to decline the call.

But with one hand on the steering wheel and the other swiping to decline, he accidentally swiped to answer.

Immediately, a cacophony of chaos erupted from the other end of the line:

"Let go of me, you scumbag! Help, I'm being attacked!"

"The room has excellent soundproofing. No one can hear you outside. Yelling won't help!"

"Get lost! Drop dead, you bastard! Help, someone, save me!"

"After being divorced for so long, aren't you hungry for it? Honestly, I've been lusting after you all this time, just waiting for this moment. If you obediently submit to me, I'll let you live rent-free in this place!"

Waylon's anger boiled over as he listened to the commotion. He didn't care if he was allowed to make a U-turn at the next intersection; he swiftly made a sharp turn, heading straight for Canaryville.

The landlord had Doris pinned down, a wicked smile on his face as he began to unbuckle his belt.

Doris seethed with anger, struggling with all her might. With a sudden kick of her legs, she managed to push the landlord off her.

"Bang!" The landlord's head slammed into the floor.

Doris scrambled to her feet and tried to open the door, but without a key, it was futile. The door remained locked.

Seeing the landlord getting up, she had no choice but to sprint into the adjacent master bedroom and lock the door behind her.

"Damn it! Open the door! Do you think you can escape today? Don't forget, you're on my turf!"

Doris wedged a chair behind the door and then pushed a bedside table in front of the chair, creating multiple barriers.

However, the door continued to be pounded by the landlord, producing loud thuds.

The lock seemed to shake with each impact.

Doris feared that if this continued, the door lock would give way.

In reality, the lock in her bedroom was a cheap one.

"Open the door!" The landlord shouted in frustration. "If you don't open it, I'll break it down, and you'll regret it!"

Doris found herself in a desperate situation. Her phone was left outside, and it seemed as though all her pleas were falling on deaf ears.

"Bang!" The landlord was indeed trying to kick down the door.

Doris realized that at this point, the landlord wouldn't let her go easily.

Would he insult her, harm her, and then silence her forever?

"Let's talk this through," Doris summoned her courage. "If you let me go, I'll pretend nothing happened. I won't report you to the police, and you won't face legal consequences. Otherwise, you'll be breaking the law, and the punishment could be severe!"

"Shut your mouth! Today, I won't let you off the hook!" The landlord roared. "Unless you submit willingly, I'll not only force you, but I'll also kill you! I'm not afraid of any damn laws!"

[Chapter 1082 The Savior, Mr Adelmar](#)

Doris's face turned pale as she thought of her two helpless children. It was a heart-wrenching sorrow that engulfed her. Would she die a tragic death in this room?

What would happen to her two children if she died? They would be left without any family!

Although Jennie cared for her, Jennie's in-laws were not reliable. Her sister couldn't take care of her children either!

"Sob..."

Doris crouched on the floor, arms wrapped around her knees, trembling and weeping softly.

In her heart, she prayed that someone outside in the corridor would hear the commotion inside the room and call the police for help.

"Bang!" The door lock was indeed kicked open by the landlord.

The chair behind the door was pushed aside with a creaking sound as the door swung open.

The landlord appeared at the doorway with a wicked grin. "Where the fuck do you think you're going?"

As he spoke, he started unbuttoning his pants with a lecherous expression.

Doris couldn't cry anymore; she just remained crouched on the floor, shivering in fear.

Just as the landlord approached her, still unbuttoning his pants, there was another loud crash.

It seemed like the entrance door was forcefully knocked open.

The landlord turned around, taken aback, holding his pants in surprise. He saw a white figure darting towards him from behind.

Before he could see clearly, he was thrown into the corner, crashing solidly against the wall.

His pants slid down, exposing his fat belly.

Doris screamed in shock, witnessing Waylon's god-like appearance before her.

Dressed in a white suit, with sharp eyebrows and eyes filled with intense anger.

"Mr. Adelmar!" Doris cried out as she lunged towards him, throwing herself into his embrace and clinging tightly to his neck. "Sob... you scared me to death. Sob... I thought it was all over for me..."

Waylon pushed her away, but Doris didn't respond. Her mind was in chaos.

At that moment, Waylon was her lifesaver, and she held onto him desperately.

"Mr. Adelmar, why are you here?" Doris asked, slightly regaining her senses as she sniffled.

"What do you mean?" Waylon said. "Didn't you call me?"

"No, I didn't," Doris said, her teary eyes looking up at him. "I didn't even have a chance to pick up my phone. I didn't make any calls."

"Must have been a misdialled number," Waylon pushed her away. "It's okay now."

Only then did Doris realize she was still holding onto Waylon's neck.

Blushing, she quickly let go.

Meanwhile, the landlord, who had recovered from being thrown, grabbed a chair and swung it towards them.

Waylon pulled Doris behind him and swiftly kicked the landlord in the chest.

Doris gasped at the speed of his movement.

In a single step, Waylon crossed over and grabbed the landlord by the collar, delivering a heavy beating.

In a matter of moments, the landlord's face was unrecognizable, his body crumpled on the floor like a pile of bones.

Doris stared at Waylon in disbelief. She never expected this refined and elegant man to be so skilled in combat.

And his blows were merciless!

Downstairs, the sound of sirens could be heard. Waylon had called the police in advance.

After a while, several police officers rushed into the room through the open entrance door.

"What's going on? What happened?" the police asked, displaying their badges.

Doris sniffed and pointed at the landlord, lying helpless on the floor. "This man had evil intentions, and Mr. Adelmar saved me."

The police glanced at Doris's torn clothes and then at the bloodied landlord on the floor. They said, "Get this man to the hospital first."

Then they turned to Waylon and Doris. "You two, come to the police station to give your statements."

Waylon nodded in agreement and took off his suit jacket, draping it over Doris.

Doris choked up, her eyes turning red once again.

She never expected that this cold and ruthless Mr. Adelmar would have such a tender and considerate side.

"Don't think too much," Waylon seemed to understand what Doris was thinking and spoke coldly. "I'm only doing this because I have to. Even the police will make me take it off."

[Chapter 1083 What Makes Me Worthy of Your Badmouthing?](#)

Doris blushed at his words, feeling a mixture of embarrassment and gratitude.

The police wouldn't let her leave half-dressed like that.

The landlord was taken to the hospital by the ambulance that arrived shortly after.

Doris followed the police car to the local police station in their jurisdiction.

Waylon trailed behind in his Maybach, and after the statement was taken, Waylon drove and Doris took the passenger seat.

By the time they finished recording her statement, it was already dark outside.

"Thank you so much for today," Doris murmured, her head bowed as she fastened her seatbelt.

She caught a faint herbal scent from the suit she was wearing, a scent that she surprisingly found pleasant. It was the first time she realized herbs could smell so good.

"You don't need to thank me," Waylon replied calmly. "You should thank your phone."

Her phone? Doris suddenly remembered that she hadn't even held onto it properly.

"Um," she stammered, "I left my phone back at the rental house."

"No need to retrieve it," Waylon said. "I don't want to set foot in that place again!"

Doris didn't argue. She didn't want to go back there either, but she couldn't help feeling a bit sad about her phone. She had only bought it earlier this year, an expensive OPIX worth over two thousand.

"Do you still plan on finding another place to stay?" Waylon grasped the steering wheel, his gaze fixed ahead as if he were speaking to the air.

"If you still want to move out, I can accompany you in searching for a new place. I can keep an eye on the landlords for you, whether they are decent people or just animals. It's not hard to tell!"

Doris wondered how to respond to that. She couldn't quite figure out Waylon's intentions. Was he genuinely offering to help her find a new place, or was he simply mocking her?

However, Doris was smart, and after some consideration, she hesitated and said, "Um... thank you, but I think I'll stay at Macsen Villa for now. I don't want to trouble you."

"Then stay put for now," Waylon said to the empty air in front of him. "If one day you change your mind, let me know. I don't want to be bothered, just like today. Everything was going well, and then this happened!"

Doris suddenly looked at the man sitting beside her and couldn't help but think, Are you blaming me for going out to look for a house?

I didn't want this trouble either, you know? Who wants to give up a good life? Wasn't it because of your persuasion that I ended up like this?

If you didn't scold me or given me the cold shoulder, I could have just stayed nearby and rented a house.

"Don't overthink it," Waylon seemed to possess mind-reading abilities. "When in someone else's territory, sometimes you have to bow your head. You should understand the rules, and besides, I didn't make things difficult for you, did I? Emma bombarded me with questions on the phone, and I had no idea what had happened."

"Mr. Adelmar, please don't misunderstand," Doris hurriedly explained with a smile on her face. "I wanted to find a new place to rent on my own. I didn't say anything bad about you to Ms. Louise."

Waylon's lips curled, and he glanced at her, saying, "You're free to say whatever you want, but what makes me worthy of your badmouthing?"

Doris fell silent.

She couldn't find a single fault with Waylon. Compared to enjoying free food and accommodation and having a free babysitter to look after her child, what harm would a few scoldings or cold looks do?

Who said Mr. Adelmar had to treat himself like a devoted dog when he saw her?

It was all too melodramatic!

With that realization, a sense of relief washed over Doris.

"You're quite good," she murmured, her head still lowered. "Like today, if you hadn't arrived in time, I would have been in terrible shape."

"Not every time will you be so lucky," Waylon replied coldly. "In the future, think more before you act!"

She decided to interpret his words as concern for her.

However, at present, the direction the car was heading wasn't towards Macsen Villa.

Doris spoke up, "Mr. Adelmar, we're going the wrong way."

"What do you mean, the wrong way?" Waylon asked the empty air in front of him.

Doris thought he was from Osea, so he didn't familiarize himself with the roads of Struyria, so she said, "We're not heading back to Macsen Villa on this road."

"Who said I'm going back to Macsen Villa?"

Now it was Doris's turn to be stunned. "Then where are we going?"

[Chapter 1084 Reaping What You Sow](#)

"Tomorrow, there's a cocktail party," Waylon said calmly, "and you'll accompany me. So, we need to go buy some clothes now."

It suddenly dawned on Doris that she was still Waylon's part-time assistant, specifically tasked with dealing with troublesome situations.

"When does the cocktail party start?" Doris asked. "I can go shopping by myself early tomorrow."

"I don't trust your taste," Waylon sneered. "And I don't want to be embarrassed!"

Doris hesitated for a moment, then reluctantly replied, "Alright."

Before long, the Maybach parked in the underground parking lot of The Verdaria.

Doris stepped out of the car, wearing Waylon's white suit. She paired it with a pair of slim, ash-colored jeans, and the oversized white suit jacket created an unexpectedly stylish and charming look.

Standing next to Waylon, who was tall and handsome in his white trousers and white shirt, they seemed to complement each other perfectly.

As they entered the elevator, the mirror in front of them reflected their figures, surprising them both.

They looked like a perfect match, a couple blessed with good looks and talent.

Waylon couldn't help but steal a glance at Doris.

Doris couldn't help but sneak a few more glances at him.

This man was truly handsome! Just seeing his profile made her heart flutter.

Who would be the lucky woman to claim this extraordinary man in the future?

Exiting the elevator, they arrived at the Yvvas Sainte Laurent counter.

"Pick a shirt for yourself then return me the suit," Waylon instructed.

Doris nodded in agreement.

After all, she couldn't just wander around in a men's suit drawing attention to herself.

Guided by a sales consultant, she quickly chose a white casual shirt and changed out of the torn one in the fitting room.

Carrying Waylon's suit jacket, she walked out of the fitting room and asked the man sitting on the couch, "Is this shirt okay?"

Waylon raised his gaze, looked at her briefly, and then got up to head toward the cashier.

Doris quickly caught up and pulled at the sleeve of Waylon's shirt. "I can handle it myself," she said.

"Don't overthink it," Waylon replied. "Consider this shirt as tomorrow's bonus."

Doris remained silent.

It turned out she was the one reaping the benefits.

Leaving Yvvas Sainte Laurent, they arrived at the fifth floor, the formal dress section.

As soon as Doris saw the price tags on the dresses displayed on the mannequins near the entrance, she took a sharp breath and whispered, "Mr. Ademar, these dresses are too expensive. Is it necessary?"

"Are you mocking me?" Waylon sneered. "Are you suggesting that any random dress would be suitable for me?"

"That's not what I meant," Doris said. "I'm just trying to be cost-effective."

"I'm afraid your acting skills won't cut it," Waylon said sternly. "You'll need props to support you. That way, even if you don't speak, you can still earn me some points." Troublesome encounters.

Doris thought for a moment and realized that he had a point.

With the right dress and an imposing presence, she could minimize her speaking role, thus avoiding any potential blunders.

As they walked inside, a friendly saleswoman greeted them.

Doris looked around and quickly spotted a burgundy form-fitting gown with a side slit.

"Try this one," she said to the saleswoman.

Before the saleswoman could retrieve the dress, a hand reached out from behind and snatched it away.

Doris and the saleswoman turned around, only to see a woman in a gray dress standing behind them.

The woman appeared to be in her early thirties, with sharp eyes and a commanding presence.

"It's you?" Doris said coldly. "What a coincidence!"

It turned out that the woman was Janet, her ex-husband's sister.

"Yes, it's me," Janet raised an eyebrow. "I never expected to run into you here!"

"I was picking a dress," Doris replied, her face growing cold. "I had already chosen that one."

"Where did you get the money to buy such an expensive dress?" Janet taunted, waving the evening gown in her hand. "It costs over four hundred thousand!"

"That's none of your business, is it?" Doris retorted, annoyed.

This former sister-in-law had never liked her before, and now, even with no connection, she still showed the same unpleasant face.

"Why wouldn't it be my business?" Janet replied...

[Chapter 1085 Are You a Shit-Talker?](#)

Janet's words hit Doris like a slap in the face. "Why wouldn't it be my business?" Janet retorted. "Didn't you collude with a man and scam my brother out of over three million with two worthless pills? And then you extorted another six hundred thousand as child support? Would you be able to afford this expensive dress if not for that?"

Doris's mind raced, trying to make sense of it all.

"Those children aren't even my brother's. Who are you to demand child support from him? Have you no shame? I've been itching to slap you, Doris, did you know that?"

Janet continued to badger Doris without a care in the world.

"Today, I stumbled upon you, saving me the trouble of finding you. Give back the two million you stole from my family, and consider yourself lucky!"

"What's wrong with you?" Doris snapped, her anger rising. "Why should I return two million to your family? Why don't you go rob a bank instead?"

"Six hundred thousand in child support, plus the one million four hundred thousand you took for those pills. If not two million, then what is it?"

Janet stood defiantly, hands on her hips, presenting her argument.

Doris raised an eyebrow and asked, "So, is your father's lung cancer cured?"

"My father is lucky, of course, he's cured!" Janet replied. "But you guys were so unreliable with those pills, weren't you?"

"You're just taking advantage!" Doris fumed. "At that time, your brother couldn't find those drugs on the black market even with over a million, but Mr. Adelmarr happened to have them. He saved your father's life just in time, and instead of gratitude, you come back to extort him? Do you even have a conscience?"

"You've always been a deceitful woman!" Janet sneered, curling her lips. "Who is this Mr. Adelmarr anyway? Did you start an affair with him long ago? How dare you accuse my brother of cheating?"

"I can't reason with you!" Doris's face turned pale with anger as she turned to walk away.

"What, you think you can just leave?" Janet reached out to grab her arm.

But before her fingers could touch Doris's sleeve, something struck her wrist.

"Ouch!" Janet exclaimed in pain, quickly retracting her hand, which was now visibly red and swollen.

"Who threw that at me?" Janet looked around.

Then she saw a gracefully elegant man rising from a nearby couch, walking towards them.

At first glance, Janet thought he was incredibly handsome.

Elegant and noble, the perfect embodiment of an aristocratic gentleman.

But with a second glance, Janet felt the chilling aura emanating from the man.

She wanted to ask if he was the one who used some hidden weapon to strike her.

However, she was overwhelmed by his powerful presence and dared not speak up.

"Ignore her! Let's go!" Doris said to Waylon, whose face had darkened.

Janet was just an uncouth woman, and Mr. Adelmarr, such a nobleman, didn't need to argue with her.

"I'm not that patient!" Waylon coldly gazed at Janet, his nostrils flaring.

"Insulting my pills, have you lost your damn mind? If you don't apologize today, you won't leave this place."

"And who are you?" Janet felt fear inside, but she still raised her chin. "Doris must be having an affair with you, right?"

Waylon furrowed his brows, thinking to himself, This woman's mouth is so foul?

"No wonder she looked familiar. Those two children she bore, they must be yours, right? You're an unreliable person, how dare you ask my brother for child support? Can't you support your children?"

Waylon thought to himself, it seems like I've been set up for this mess!

"Slap!" Doris, unable to contain her anger, slapped Janet hard. Furious, she said, "Wharton, insult me if you want, but don't you dare insult Mr. Adelman!"

"You're protecting him?" Janet covered her face. "Based on that, you two must have a relationship!"

"It seems like what you don't want is not just this hand," Waylon sneered, "but primarily that foul mouth of yours. While others have mouths for eating, do you have a mouth for spewing shit?"

Janet fell silent. When this man insulted someone, he certainly wasn't refined!

His refinement must be just a facade, an absolute disgrace!

[Chapter 1086 I'll Never Dare to Offend You Again](#)

Janet was about to unleash her fury, but Waylon flicked his wrist, launching a pill that hit Janet's throat with uncanny precision. It landed square on target, leaving her unable to speak.

She opened her mouth wide in shock, emitting a raspy scream of terror. Doris, equally surprised by Janet's sudden affliction, wondered what had just happened.

Waylon casually retrieved the dress Janet had snatched and handed it to Doris. "Go and try it on," he said nonchalantly.

Doris glanced at the trembling and screaming Janet before cautiously taking the dress and disappearing into the fitting room. The bewildered sales assistant watched Waylon's composed elegance, utterly perplexed. They all sensed that his presence was somehow linked to Janet's sudden loss of speech, but none could discern how he achieved it without laying a finger on her.

He hadn't moved a muscle!

Doris quickly changed into the dress, her mind still disturbed by Janet's strange condition. She emerged from the fitting room, catching Waylon's gaze. "What do you think?" she asked, hoping for his approval.

Waylon squinted his eyes and, truth be told, he was taken aback by Doris's stunning appearance. He hadn't realized she could transform so drastically with a simple change of clothes.

Though he believed Emmeline to be the most beautiful woman he had ever known, he couldn't deny that Doris looked rather impressive herself.

"It's alright," Waylon nodded.

"If you think it's good, then I'll take this one," Doris replied, her enthusiasm dampened by Janet's earlier confrontation. As long as Waylon gave his approval, any dress would do for her.

"Pack it up," Waylon ordered. "Let's go find a matching pair of shoes."

Doris returned to the fitting room, changed out of the dress, and handed it back to the sales assistant. But just as she was about to leave, Janet fell to her knees in front of her, pointing desperately to her own throat, making garbled sounds.

Doris furrowed her brow, unimpressed. "You suddenly can't speak, and I'm supposed to believe you're in trouble? If you've done something awful, it's karma catching up with you. What use is begging me for mercy?"

Janet, tears welling up in her eyes, pointed to her throat and then proceeded to kowtow, begging for forgiveness.

Doris, equally puzzled, turned to Waylon. "Mr. Adelmarr, something is wrong with her. How did she end up like this?"

"She owes you an apology. Even the heavens couldn't bear her actions," Waylon replied calmly. "Once she apologizes, she'll recover in a matter of minutes."

"Is that so?" Doris voiced her skepticism. "I'm not a saint. How could I possibly have the heavens on my side to punish her?"

But Janet, on her knees, knocked her head on the ground twice, pleading with Doris in sign language, acknowledging her wrongdoing and begging for mercy.

"Shouldn't there be more to her apology?" Waylon sneered. "A couple of gestures and that's it?"

Janet pondered for a moment, then raised her hand and gave herself two resounding slaps. She repeated the action, causing tears to stream down her face.

Doris stared in disbelief. What had gotten into Janet? Was she possessed?

Adhering to the principle of showing mercy, Waylon launched another pill, this time hitting a pressure point behind Janet's ear.

Janet cried out, but her voice had returned.

"Doris, dear sister, I beg you to spare me. I shall never dare to cross you again!"

Doris exclaimed, amazed. "But I haven't done anything to you! Aren't we fine now?"

"Thank you for sparing me," Janet pleaded with an anxious expression. "I know I was wrong. The words I said earlier were nonsense!"

"But you should also apologize to Mr. Adelmarr," Doris insisted. "It's one thing to insult me, but how dare you insult Mr. Adelmarr? He saved your father's life. In your eyes, is your father's life worth less than money?"

[Chapter 1087 Peddling with Immortals](#)

Janet swiftly turned her body on the ground and knocked her head against Waylon's feet.

"I apologize, mighty immortal. I was blind and foolish. Please, forgive this insignificant mortal and spare me," Janet pleaded desperately.

Waylon let out a cold snort and waved his hand impatiently. "Get up!"

Janet scrambled to her feet and ran a few steps before remembering the bag she had dropped on the ground.

She crouched down and hurriedly retrieved the bag before making her escape.

The nearby shop attendants stood in stunned silence, whispering among themselves. "Is this man truly capable? Did he use some kind of magic?"

"We watched him completely humiliate that woman, but we have no idea how he did it!"

"Didn't that woman just call him an immortal? Could there really be immortals in this world?"

"Mr. Adelmarr," Doris tugged at Waylon's sleeve and whispered, "Are you truly an immortal? How did you punish her just now? We didn't see anything!"

The two shop attendants immediately perked up their ears, eager to hear Waylon's response.

Today had truly opened their eyes!

This was a gossip-worthy event that they could talk about for a lifetime!

"Gurgle, gurgle!" Waylon's stomach rumbled faintly at an inconvenient time.

He frowned and spoke with a cold expression, "Have you ever seen an immortal's stomach growl with hunger?"

Doris suddenly realized that it was already past 8 p.m., and neither of them had eaten dinner yet!

"How about this," Doris hurriedly suggested, "Let me treat you to dinner. We can go and grab something to eat?"

"Very well," Waylon nodded. "I can't wait to return to Macsen Villa either."

Leaving The Verdaria, Waylon drove the car while his stomach started growling again.

Doris also felt her stomach rumbling and couldn't help but rub it.

"What would you like to eat?" Waylon asked her.

"Well..." Doris spotted a barbecue city not far away. "How about some barbecue?"

Waylon glanced in the direction of the smoke and nodded. "That's fine."

"Fine?"

That meant it wasn't the best choice.

Doris took a quick glance at Waylon and felt that this handsome man, with his ethereal aura, wasn't quite suitable for a street barbecue.

"How about we go somewhere else?" she suggested. "I don't think you'll enjoy it here."

"Let's stay here," Waylon said. "Finding another suitable place would mean walking a bit more."

"In that case, I'll follow your lead!" Doris was delighted. She loved peddling and enjoyed eating barbecue, relishing the exhilarating aroma of cumin.

She glanced at Waylon's handsome profile and couldn't help but say, "I'm accompanying an immortal in peddling and eating skewers, preferably with two cans of beer!"

Waylon glanced at her with a slight turn of his head and muttered under his breath, "You're quite wild!"

Doris laughed cheerfully. "It's been so long since I peddled and had barbecue with beer. You have no idea how enjoyable it is! Just thinking about it gets me excited!"

She spoke happily, almost dancing with joy.

On her delicate and beautiful face, there was nothing but pure and simple happiness.

Waylon felt an involuntary stir within him.

He thought it was just the mention of barbecue that was stirring his appetite, causing an itch in his heart.

He turned the steering wheel, and the car made a turn, heading towards the barbecue city.

After finding a parking space, they walked towards the barbecue stalls.

A waiter hurriedly approached and greeted them, "Table for how many?"

"Two," Doris spoke first.

In such a common setting, she felt that she should take the lead.

Mr. Adelman was an immortal who didn't mingle with the mundane world.

"Right this way," the waiter led them to a freshly cleaned stainless steel table.

He then unfolded two small stools and set them up.

As Waylon was about to sit down, he furrowed his brow, picked up a stack of cheap napkins, and placed them on the seat.

Doris smiled and helped him off the stools. "You're right, your pants are white. You don't want to end up with striped patterns after sitting."

The waiter awkwardly chuckled, "Peddling and eating skewers, it's not something we pay much attention to. We're all just here to have some fun."

Waylon sat down on the stool covered with napkins and said, "Bring us your menu."

The waiter reached into a crackling compartment and handed them a plastic-sealed menu.

Waylon used his fingertips to pinch the less greasy corner and placed the menu on the table.

Doris sat across from him, craning her neck to see.

Waylon skimmed through the menu with his eyes and asked her, "How many lamb skewers can you eat?"

[Chapter 1088 Who Says Men Love Eating Kidneys](#)

Doris pondered for a moment before responding, "Fifteen skewers, please."

Waylon turned to the waiter and said, "Thirty-five lamb skewers."

"I said fifteen," Doris repeated.

"What's the matter? You're going to eat while I watch?" Waylon asked her.

Doris's mouth dropped open for a moment, then she grinned sheepishly, "Oh, I forgot about you."

She thought as an immortal, he didn't eat.

"What about beef tendon?" Waylon looked at the menu. "Do you want beef tendon?"

"That stuff gets stuck in my teeth," Doris said, "I'll pass."

"Alright, then let's have ten skewers of beef tendon," Waylon told the waiter.

He had good teeth.

The waiter took out a ballpoint pen and scribbled down Waylon's order on the back of a torn wine box.

"Can you handle grilled fish?" Waylon's dark eyes flickered slightly as he asked Doris.

"That's fine," Doris replied nonchalantly, "I love grilled fish, especially the spicy kind."

"Then bring us a spicy grilled fish," Waylon told the waiter again.

"One spicy grilled fish," the waiter repeated, jotting it down.

"As for the rest, choose whatever you feel like eating and order for yourself."

Waylon crumpled up the greasy menu and handed it to Doris.

"Is this all you want?" Doris asked, "What about grilled kidneys or silkworm pupae? Aren't you going to try any of those?"

Waylon wrinkled his brow, a touch of disdain in his voice, "I don't have such diverse tastes."

"I thought men loved eating grilled kidneys?" Doris fluttered her almond-shaped eyes, "They don't have a pungent taste, and when they're cooked well, they're quite fragrant. I love eating them too."

Waylon glanced at her, "If you love them, you can have them. I don't want any."

Who said men loved eating kidneys?

That was for their needs, thinking that eating certain things would benefit certain parts.

He didn't need that.

He didn't even need women, so why would he need kidneys?

"What a shame!" Doris muttered while looking at the menu, then she said to the waiter, "Two skewers

of grilled kidneys, two skewers of chicken wings, two skewers of duck feet, potato slices, and ten skewers of enoki mushrooms. Finally, four skewers of grilled bread slices."

"I don't want any," Waylon said, "All four are for you."

"You're not having any?" Doris said, "Grilled bread slices are crispy on the outside and soft on the inside, especially when topped with chili sauce. They're delicious. If you don't eat them, you'll get hungry later."

"If I say I don't want any, I don't want any," Waylon said, why was she so naggy?

Doris turned to the waiter and said, "Then bring two skewers of bread slices."

The waiter repeated the order as he noted it down.

Doris added, "That's all for now. If it's not enough, we'll order more."

"Alright," the waiter said, "We'll also give you a complimentary plate of boiled soybeans. If you like it, you can order more. It's only ten dollars per plate."

"Great, thank you!" Doris replied cheerfully.

Just the thought of being able to eat barbecue soon made her dimples show.

Now she felt even hungrier, but her mood was doubly good!

Even her long eyelashes were trembling excitedly in the light and shadow.

Waylon couldn't help but glance at her.

She was truly beautiful, but she could eat so much.

She seemed delicate and beautiful.

"Oh, by the way," Doris suddenly remembered something and called out to the waiter, "Bring us three more cans of beer!"

"Make it six cans," Waylon raised an eyebrow.

"No, it's six cans!"

The waiter turned back and replied, "Alright, six cans of beer!"

"Great!" Doris nodded.

The waiter happily went to the makeshift kitchen to place the order.

Well, calling it a kitchen was a stretch. It was more like a large shed.

"Why so much beer?" Doris whispered, "I only need three or two cans."

"Did I say you could have them all?" Waylon smirked, "Three cans are for me!"

Doris was taken aback, "Aren't you driving?"

"Can't I have a designated driver?"

Waylon sneered, "Is it such a hassle to have a drink? I can handle my alcohol; I just can't let loose here!"

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Doris let out a soft "oh" in response.

Mr. Ademar can hold his liquor pretty well, huh? I wouldn't guess it. He's so disciplined and demanding of himself. He surely wouldn't easily indulge. Three cans of beer, understated yet reserved!

The lamb skewers were cooked to seventy percent perfection, so the waiter brought a small grill with bamboo charcoal burning inside.

Before long, the waiter arrived with a stainless steel tray containing the partially cooked lamb skewers.

"Here are the condiments," the waiter pointed to a corner of the table. "Feel free to mix and match as you like."

Doris took the tray and placed it on the table, saying, "Bring some more cumin and chili flakes, these aren't enough."

"Alright, I'll bring them over in a moment," the waiter turned and left.

In no time, the waiter returned with boiled edamame, along with two plates of chili flakes and cumin powder.

Doris placed the edamame on the table and nudged Waylon, saying, "These are tasty."

Waylon picked up a plump and tender edamame, squeezed it into his mouth, and said, "You don't have to remind me, I'm not unfamiliar with worldly pleasures."

"You don't look like someone who indulges in worldly pleasures," Doris chuckled softly, "You look like a living god!"

Waylon raised an eyebrow and glanced at her from across the table, his gaze shallow, without a word.

"Slurp," Doris squeezed another edamame into her mouth.

Fragrant and slightly sweet, with a subtle hint of saltiness, the edamame was deliciously tender.

She was really hungry, so she ate a handful of edamame to satisfy her hunger for now.

Meanwhile, the partially cooked beef tendon and six cans of beer were brought over.

The grilled lamb kidney would take a while.

Waylon picked up the lamb skewers and beef tendon and placed them on the grill.

There was a "pop" sound as Doris opened a beer.

She handed the first can to Waylon, and then opened one for herself with another "pop."

Waylon glanced at her again.

This carefree demeanor of hers seemed quite amusing.

Especially her rosy and round face, reflecting a sparkling luster by the charcoal fire.

It made her look so innocent, unlike the mother of two children.

"Slurp, slurp!" The fat from the lamb skewers dripped onto the charcoal fire, emitting a light smoke and aroma.

Doris sniffed the air, her mouth-watering, and said, "It smells so good."

"You don't look hungry," Waylon remarked, "You look like you've been starving for ten years."

Doris glanced at him, seeing him busy grilling the skewers and beef tendon, she didn't retort.

At this moment, he was serving himself, too.

So, she would give him a face.

Waylon flipped the skewers and beef tendon, a light breeze blew, and the smoke enveloped his face.

He tilted his head and furrowed his handsome brows.

The lighting at the barbecue plaza wasn't very bright, and Waylon's charming face, shrouded in smoke, exuded a captivating allure.

Doris admitted deep down that Waylon was good-looking.

A man with better looks than a woman.

But it didn't hinder his immense masculinity.

He had that kind of enchanting presence that made hearts skip a beat just by looking at him.

Doris thought to herself, her heartbeat missing a half-beat.

"Slurp, slurp."

Smoke and aroma filled the air, captivating Waylon's handsome face on the other side.

"Are you okay?" Doris ate the edamame and watched Waylon flipping the skewers and beef tendon on the grill.

This ethereal being who abstained from worldly indulgence, she was concerned about his skills in doing such rough work.

"Ask Emma later," Waylon said nonchalantly without raising his eyes, "Emma has the final say."

Doris stared at the aromatic skewers on the grill, somewhat enviously, and said, "It seems like you've spent a lot of time eating barbecue with your sister."

"She loves grilled scallops the most," Waylon finally raised his eyes and smiled, "Ben and I can't keep up with what she eats."

Doris imagined Emmeline eagerly waiting to eat grilled scallops, and chuckled, "Isn't she like a little glutton?"

"She's four little gluttons," Waylon's expression showed affection, "Three small ones and one big one."

"Shouldn't it be five?" Doris asked puzzled, "Ms. Louise has four children."

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Waylon paused, flipping the skewers in his hand, and replied, "Timothy wasn't around at that time."

"Why not?" Doris was clueless about the details.

"Why so many questions?" Waylon didn't feel like explaining and continued flipping the skewers.

The elusive smoke made his face across the table appear somewhat dreamy. His starry eyes, illuminated by the charcoal, emitted a penetrating glow that seemed to reach deep into the soul.

Unable to resist, Doris stole a few more glances at him.

When Waylon noticed the peculiar gaze directed at him, she quickly averted her eyes, smiling, and said, "Ms. Louise and the kids are fortunate to have you as their big brother."

"They have Abel now," Waylon replied with a smile. "So, I can relax a bit."

"Mr. Adelmar, do you have a girlfriend?" Doris blurted out suddenly, unable to contain herself.

Upon hearing the question, both of them were taken aback.

Waylon stopped flipping the skewers and asked, "Are you trying to play matchmaker?"

"Sorry! Sorry!" Doris hurriedly popped a soybean into her mouth, awkwardly chuckling. "I just spoke without thinking, didn't mean anything by it."

"You're nosy!" Waylon glanced at her.

Doris pouted, knowing she was in the wrong.

"Think about Ms. Louise, she's really happy."

Doris focused on finding a step-down, "It's enviable to have you on her side and to marry a man who is good."

Doris changed the subject intentionally, but as she spoke, she couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness.

Her actions were swift and hearty, exuding a somewhat masculine vibe.

Waylon almost burst into laughter because of her antics.

However, Doris was oblivious, pinching a piece of meat from the skewer with an iron skewer and devouring it.

Waylon dared not look at her anymore, as doing so would not just convey a sense of disdain but also make him want to laugh.

He quickly raised his head and took two gulps of beer.

Sure enough, the frosty beer flowing down his throat made him feel refreshed.

A surge of audacity seemed to surge up from his belly.

"How does it feel to eat barbecue and drink beer like this?" Doris grabbed a couple more meat morsels, set aside the skewer, and then asked Waylon.

"It's not bad. I didn't have any worries, to begin with," Waylon replied casually, picking up a stainless-steel fork and skewering a piece of meat into his small plate.

He then put it in his mouth and began chewing.

Doris looked at him and suddenly felt that she had been quite rough earlier.

But ever since she learned to eat barbecue, she had always been drinking heavily and gobbling skewers like this.

It was the first time she had seen a man turn barbecue into a fine dine-style meal.

Doris looked at the tendon strips she had pinched again, unsure how to proceed.

"Tell me your story," she casually said to Waylon, feigning nonchalance.