

Are Mine 1191

[Chapter 1191 Insatiable](#)

The car entered Hellion Bay, Villa No. 9.

Waylon had complicated emotions deep down. He was overwhelmed with affection, and it lingered for a long time.

He took a deep breath and suppressed his feelings.

The car was halted in the yard.

The driver got out of the vehicle and opened the door for them.

Waylon carried Doris out.

She was soundly asleep, just like a cat dozing peacefully in the master's arms. Her small frame felt gentle against his. She was oblivious to everything that was going on.

He carried her to the third-floor guest room.

There, he handed Doris to Mrs. Flores.

Mrs. Flores was puzzled. She questioned, "Why does she drink so much?"

"Ask her when she wakes up!"

Waylon returned to his room with a stern expression on his face.

He looked at his bitten lip while standing in front of the bathroom mirror.

The bleeding had stopped, and the wound was slightly swollen. When he gently pressed it, he experienced a little pain, as though a small, tender hand were gently caressing his heart. He was unable to pinpoint his feelings; perhaps he was looking forward to something happening.

"Ring, ring, ring!"

The phone on the nightstand rang.

Waylon walked out of the bathroom and picked up the phone.

He lowered his gaze and checked the phone screen.

Lily's number was displayed on the screen. Although he didn't save her phone number, he had memorized it due to his sharp memory.

He frowned and didn't feel like answering the call, but he recalled that Doris had "taken" their vase and reluctantly picked up the call.

Lily's voice came from the other end. She apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Adelmarr."

"Hmm, go on," Waylon responded with an indifferent voice.

Lily said, "About that...I'm asking on behalf of my friend, did Doris have the vase with her? It's an antique."

"I was just about to tell you. That vase is in my car. I'll have someone deliver it back to you tomorrow," Waylon calmly replied.

"I'll go pick it up. I'd like to explain the things that took place tonight."

Waylon sneered and replied, "It's fine. Just let your brother know it's common courtesy for a man to respect women."

After pausing briefly, Lily replied, "I will."

"If you don't have anything else to say, I'll hang up."

"Tell me where you live. I'll pick up the vase tomorrow morning from you."

"Hellion Bay, Villa No. 9!"

After that, Waylon ended the call.

Villa No. 9 in Hellion Bay!

Lily took a deep breath.

The Adelman Group built it as a posh neighborhood. The house owners were the cream of Struyria's elite. There were only nine villas in total, each with a billion-dollar starting price. The nine villas were hierarchically arranged, with three, six, and nine being at the Imperial level.

Lily knew Rykers had a villa there but was surprised to learn that Waylon had one too.

His wealth must be on par with Abel Ryker. If I could marry a man like him...

After he hung up the phone, Waylon took a shower and went to bed.

His dreams were hazy and confusing.

Whether he was in the car or bed, Doris' soft and delicate body was always in his arms. He repeatedly unleashed his desire while holding her down in the bed and the backseat of the car.

Under him, Doris moaned and pleaded softly until her body finally gave in. She curled up in his arms and dozed off alongside him.

He had never experienced a dream that was so nice, sweet, and satisfying.

The following morning, it was already eight when he awoke.

He was about to get out of bed but felt something cold and sticky in his pants.

What on earth is this?

His heart jerked ferociously.

He had a flashback of the scenes from his dream and was aroused once more.

Damn it! I haven't slept with her, but I'm already obsessed with the sensation.

He got out of bed and dashed for the bathroom.

[Chapter 1192 You Owe Doris An Apology](#)

Lily arrived at the villa by ten o'clock in the morning.

She showed up with gifts. She brought six bottles of whisky, each costing 12,000 dollars. The tea costs 140,000 dollars per pound.

Despite being a worldly person, she felt dazzled by the opulent interior when she entered the living room.

"Ms. Thomas, is it?" asked Mrs. Jamison, the well-dressed housekeeper.

Lily responded, "Yes, it's me. I informed Mr. Adelmarr about my arrival last night."

Mrs. Jamison said, "I'm aware of that. Please have a seat, Ms. Thomas. I'll go upstairs and let Mr. Waylon know."

"Certainly."

After placing the presents on the coffee table, Lily took a seat on the luxurious sofa.

Mrs. Jamison went upstairs.

Soon after, Waylon descended the stairs. He was ready to leave the house.

He was dressed entirely in white and wore a pale blue tie. He slung his suit over his arm and completed the look with a Patek Philippe watch.

Lily was seated on the sofa. When she saw him go down the staircase, she immediately got to her feet.

His good looks had her spellbound. His appeal was divine-like. How on earth could someone as extraordinary as him exist?

Her cheeks turned red, and her heart was racing.

"Good morning," she said softly, "Mr. Adelmarr."

"Good morning!"

Waylon walked down the steps. He extended his hand and said, "Sit."

Lily chose to pick up the gifts she had brought rather than comply with his instructions. She said, "I'm sorry about last night. I'd like you to accept these gifts as my tokens of goodwill."

"Who is apologizing? You or your brother?"

Waylon paid little attention to the gifts. He merely cast a sidelong glance Lily's way.

She said with an awkward smile, "Both of us are sorry. I didn't keep an eye on him last night. He drank a lot and almost caused trouble. I'm so sorry."

"Doris is the one you should apologize to, not me?" Waylon sneered coldly.

After being rendered speechless, Lily argued, "I don't know where she is, so I decided to visit you. I hope you won't be mad about last night. I have no idea how things will pan out."

Waylon retorted coldly, "I think you should tell that to Doris. You owe her an apology!"

Lily was at a loss for words.

I never considered apologizing to her! She's a nobody. It's just a pretext for me to see you.

Lily attempted to change the topic. She asked as she studied his slightly swollen mouth, "Mr. Adelman, what happened to your lips? You've got a wound."

Waylon touched his lip unconsciously. He responded without displaying any emotion, "I accidentally bumped my lips."

"You need to apply some medicine. Do you have any at home? Should I buy some for you?"

Waylon replied coldly, "Don't worry about it. If you have something to say, you should say it to Doris."

Lily was dumbfounded.

Why does this conversation keep coming back to this?

He looked over his shoulder and instructed, "Mrs. Jamison, get Doris here!"

"Yes, Mr. Waylon!" Mrs. Jamison promptly responded.

Doris was sleeping soundly. She awoke with a headache.

She had taken the day off to get some rest and accompany the children.

Mrs. Jamison went upstairs to relay the message.

Doris hurriedly went downstairs.

She looked comfortable in loungewear and had her hair tied loosely.

She held Nessa in her arms. Mrs. Flores trailed from behind and carried Una in her arms.

Lily was stunned when she saw them.

She's living with Waylon and holding a child? Whose child would that be?

Lily hastily made her way to take the child from Doris' arms as she descended the staircase.

Nessa blinked her big eyes and cooed softly. The baby had a sweet and innocent smile on her face.

Lily was awestruck.

This child...

[Chapter 1193 Humiliation](#)

Una, who was in the housekeeper's arms, caught Lily's attention. Her heart sank.

This toddler is a boy and his features... Why do the kids look like Waylon? Is he the father of the children? Does this man belong to Doris?

Her complexion turned horrifyingly pale before it turned glum. She swallowed hard, stammered, and struggled to find the right words.

Doris stated politely, "Ms. Thomas, I have no idea that you are here. Please forgive me for not dressing properly."

Lily replied with an awkward smile, "Oh! I just remembered that I've got some work to do. I should go now."

Doris said, "That vase is on the shoe cabinet. You should take it with you."

"I'll get it for you," Mrs. Jamison said.

"Sure!" Lily nodded.

Waylon stated calmly, "And your gifts, take them back with you. There isn't room for them here."

Lily's expression changed to one of shock. She uttered, "Mr. Adelmara..."

He continued, "If you leave it here, they'll be thrown away. It's preferable not to waste them."

This response left her stupefied.

I shouldn't have come today! I want to use this as an excuse to see him. But this isn't a chance to see him. This is me showing up at their doorstep to be insulted!

Lily departed dejectedly as a result.

Waylon wanted to head out. He needed to inspect the Imperial Palace's renovations.

The security guard suddenly made a call through the intercom, and reported, "Mr. Waylon, an old man, is asking to see you."

Waylon asked with a frown, "An old man? Is it Trevor?"

The security guard respectfully replied, "Yes, he says his name is Trevor Ywain."

"This old man is still going strong! Send him in. I've been waiting for him."

The security guard hung up after that.

Doris still held Nessa in her arms as she questioned, "Is this the same old man who visited us last time?"

"Yes," Waylon nodded, "you might get a free show from him. I don't want you to think I mistreated an elderly."

Doris blushed and replied, "I know I'd misunderstood you. Emma had filled me in with everything."

"I'm glad you know that."

He glanced at her. Their gazes were locked in the air.

Waylon was fully conscious, but Doris had some memory gaps from last night. He recalled their passionate kiss in the car, among other intimate moments. Those memories made him flutter.

His heart skipped a beat. He was aroused.

He grabbed the cup from the coffee table in a fit of panic and downed it all.

The towering door was pushed open. Trevor had entered the villa.

Those who didn't know might assume he was a pitiable and destitute old man.

He moved toward the living room and stood before the couch.

The old man took in the harmonious atmosphere.

The refined and regal young man sat leisurely on the couch. A graceful young woman holding a young child was sitting in the armchair across from him. A nanny was holding another child close by.

He quickly bowed and uttered, "Mr. Adelmar, Mrs. Adelmar, please accept the greeting from this old man!"

Waylon kept silent. He had nothing to explain to this old man.

Doris shared this sentiment. She blushed and had nothing to say to the cunning old man. She said softly to Waylon, "I'll take the kids upstairs."

Waylon muttered, "Hmm."

Trevor bowed servilely. He remained silent as Mrs. Adelmar ascended the stairs and dared not look at the baby in the nanny's arms.

"Oh my! Mr. Adelmar," he praised, "your children looked smart. Both of them would turn out to be the cream of the crop. Congratulations!"

Waylon scoffed. He did not explain.

Why do I need to explain this to him? I couldn't care less about what he thinks of me!

Trevor kneeled when there were just the two of them in the living room. He exclaimed, "Mr. Adelmar!"

[Chapter 1194 Right The Wrong](#)

Trevor kneeled when he realized Waylon was the only person in the living room.

He pleaded, "Mr. Adelmar, please spare me and undo the thing you did to my acupoints. I've been in pain every night since you stabbed me with the needle in Barbecue City. Isn't it sufficient that I acknowledge my mistakes?"

"Humph! You're aware of your mistakes?"

Waylon sneered coldly and chided, "You've got quite a life out here, don't you? I've heard that you've established a reputation for yourself in Struyria. Aren't those dignitaries respectfully addressing you as Master Ywain when they seek your help?"

Trevor replied bitterly, "Haha, aren't I achieving those with the knowledge I pick up from your clan? How could I become Master Ywain without the knowledge I stole from your family? I'm aware of my mistake. Please forgive me."

Taking a sip from his cup, Waylon grinned icily and said, "Haha, you did more than that. You also used that talent of yours to harm my relatives. How can I forgive you?"

"That's not true! I didn't do that."

Trevor frantically shook his hands. He argued, "I didn't hurt anyone in your family."

"Aren't you the one who released the Deathly Desire and Wraith Petal?" Waylon narrowed his eyes and questioned.

After a brief moment of shock, Trevor nodded and said, "Yes, it's me."

"You didn't hurt anyone in my family? Deathly Desire had hurt my sister, and Wraith Petal had harmed my brother-in-law."

Trevor kowtowed and pleaded, "I've no idea. I deserve to die. I know I have made a grave mistake. Please forgive me!"

Waylon waved his hand and stated, "I've learned the full story, and I know who is responsible for all of this. We're family, so I won't pursue this any further. Get up."

Despite his relief, Trevor remained on his knees and pleaded, "Mr. Adelmarr, I'm not cured. Given my age and the fact that I worked for your father, please spare me."

Waylon chuckled and mocked, "You still remember that you used to work for my father? Did my old man mistreat you? But, you have betrayed us and fled from the island."

Trevor wore a bitter expression and said, "I'm blinded by greed and wanted to make a name for myself with the knowledge of the clan. Why can't I just accept my punishment and repent?"

"Fine," Waylon smiled faintly.

"You should confess to my father if you're willing to accept the punishment. He is, after all, the one you have wronged the most. Go back to Adelmarr Island. Correct your mistakes where you made them."

Trevor was at a loss for words.

Wouldn't I be wasting half of my life if I did this? Isn't my life returning to square one?

"You don't have enough money?"

Waylon picked up his bag and tossed him a stack of cash.

"Hurry back to Adelmarr Island and bring the books you stole with you. Within a fortnight to a month, you will become paralyzed and unable to move if your acupoints are not released. You won't be able to eat and drink and suffer a slow, agonizing death."

In fear, Trevor's complexion became pallid. He wept pitifully and said, "Mr. Waylon, that won't do!"

Waylon asked with a frown, "Why are you still here? I don't have time to waste on you!"

Trevor snatched the cash off the coffee table and promised, "I'll do as you said. I'll bring the books, return to the island, and beg Master Adelman for mercy."

After that, he hurried out of the villa.

Waylon left for the Imperial Palace and didn't return to Hellion Bay for lunch.

After Doris fed Una and Nessa, she hurriedly finished her meal and hopped in a cab to the Nightfall Cafe.

She noticed there were lots of customers when she checked the Nightfall Cafe's social media page in the morning. Additionally, they received a lot of orders online.

Emmeline was in charge of the pastries while she was away. She was skilled at making desserts.

Doris felt bad about it, though. How could she let Emmeline handle those orders all by herself?

Her phone rang as she was riding in the cab. She pulled her phone out of her bag and saw that the caller was Daniel.

Her mind went blank.

Daniel? Something happened, but I couldn't remember it.

She answered the call and said, "Hi, Mr. Daniel."

Daniel was agitated. He asked, "Where are you?"

"I'm on my way to work."

"Take a detour," Daniel demanded, "I'll be waiting for you in the Tea Room close to the Struyria Banquet."

Doris fell silent briefly before blurting out, "Why would you like to see me?"

[Chapter 1195 Accidentally Hit Him](#)

Daniel yelled angrily, "I know you're confused. Come over and take a look at what I've become. After that, we can speak.

Doris was bewildered.

What has he become? Did he grow three heads and six arms overnight?

Daniel hung up.

She was compelled to tell the driver, "Can you take me to the Struyria Banquet?"

"Sure."

The driver made a U-turn at the intersection.

Ten minutes later, the cab stopped in front of the Struyria Banquet.

Before getting out of the cab, Doris paid the fare with her phone.

She grabbed her handbag and swiftly headed to the Tea Room on the first floor.

Daniel sat in silence at the table by the window. He dressed in a light gray suit and gave off a tidy, gentlemanly appearance.

She approached him and was about to occupy the seat across from him.

She saw the white bandage covering his forehead at this point. Startled, she wondered, "Mr. Daniel, what happened? Are you hurt?"

Daniel rebuked the woman angrily, "How dare you ask me that? It's one thing for you to hit me, but you have the nerve to accuse me of harassing you?"

Doris was taken aback. She scowled and exclaimed, "What!? What do you mean by that? I hit you and wrongly accused you. What did I do to you?"

"What did you do to me? Can't you remember what you have done?" Daniel was furious.

After pausing for a moment, she inquired, "Did...something happen last night after I got wasted?"

Daniel huffed indignantly, "Think harder! Tell me, do you think I'm the kind of man who would harass a woman?"

"Wait a second!"

Doris tapped her forehead and recalled, "I drank too much last night. Then you helped me upstairs."

"Yes, then what?"

"And then..."

"Keep going. If you can't remember it, I'll die of grievance!"

She kept quiet for a while as she worked hard to recall.

Then, shreds of memories began to emerge.

"That...you held me, and we both fell onto the bed."

"We fell onto the bed, but I didn't do anything to you, right? But you grabbed a vase and hit me over the head with it!"

Doris was at a loss for words. She widened her eyes in shock. She remembered.

Daniel was supporting me, but I stumbled backward and fell to the bed, where he landed on top of me.

I was terrified. So I instinctively reached for a vase on the nightstand and struck him with it.

I just wanted him to quickly get off her.

He shouldn't be lying on top of me. If someone saw us, how would they interpret the scene? Wouldn't this harm my reputation? Who would have believed me when I explained it to them?

Doris slapped herself on the forehead. She had a hard time believing this. She asked, "I turned you into this with a single knock on the head?"

"What do you think?"

His eyes were burning with rage, "Then Waylon came in. He believed that I had done something to you. He gave you praise for it. Now, how could I take this blame?"

Daniel huffed indignantly, "Think harder! Tell me, do you think I'm the kind of man who would harass a woman?"

Doris grimaced and reasoned, "I...I never thought it would turn out like this. Last night, I was drunk, so I overreacted. After that, I blacked out. I have no idea how I got home."

"Lily said Waylon had picked you up, and..."

He suddenly lowered his voice and asked, "I wanted to see you, mainly because I wanted to ask you something."

Doris felt incredibly sorry for him and said, "Go ahead."

Deep down, she knew this man had not done anything inappropriate to her last night. She was consumed with guilt.

She was eager to give an honest and open answer when Daniel posed a question to her.

He asked with a frown, "Did you have kids with Waylon? Moreover, you have two children with him?"

Doris was taken aback. Her eyes widened, and she asked, "What?"

"Are you playing dumb with me? Lily visited Hellion Bay this morning, didn't she? She had seen everything. You had two babies in your arms, and they were a pigeon pair?"

Doris swallowed hard and asked, "Would you believe me if I told you they were my children and had nothing to do with Mr. Adelman?"

"I don't! She said the kids look very much like Waylon, and you live in his house," Daniel exclaimed.

"You tell me you have nothing to do with him? You are bullsh*tting me."

[Chapter 1196 Disdain](#)

Doris straightened up her back and said, "Mr. Daniel, I didn't have to explain this to you, but I couldn't wrong anyone about this. Mr. Adelman isn't the father of my children. We have nothing to do with each other. I reside in his home as his tenant. That's it!"

Daniel's expression softened. He breathed a sigh of relief.

He gave a nod and said, "That's nice. I believe you."

She apologized, saying, "I'm so sorry for hurting you. Tell me how I can make amends for it. I'll take full responsibility."

"It's alright. It's not a serious injury. After a few days of rest, I'll be fine."

Doris offered, "As an apology, I'll buy you dinner, but I have to leave right away. I need to work."

He offered, "Alright, I can drop you off."

With a dismissive wave, Doris rejected his offer, saying, "No, no, I'm fine. I can call a cab."

Daniel insisted, "I would pass by there anyway. You can stop being so polite."

She hesitated a little and agreed.

She knew being overly polite to Daniel at this point would give the impression that she had distanced herself from him, especially after she had injured him.

After Daniel paid the bill, the two left the premises.

They went to the parking lot.

Daniel unlocked the car with his remote, and after doing so, he went to the passenger side to get the door for Doris.

Doris was about to board the vehicle. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of someone watching her.

She followed her gut and looked up. For the love of God! It was Waylon!

He dressed in white attire. He stood in front of his Maybach, his right hand resting on the car door, and was ready to get in. When the sun shone on him, he appeared to be glowing.

Despite being ten meters apart, they locked eyes in midair.

"Way...."

She was about to call out to him awkwardly, but Waylon had withdrawn his gaze and stooped to get into his car.

The Maybach turned sharply and headed straight for the traffic.

It happened within a matter of seconds.

Daniel's back was against Waylon, and he was unable to see anything. The Maybach had already merged into the traffic when he turned around and moved toward the driver's side.

Emmeline was live-streaming the making of Peach Blueberry Cobbler when Doris entered Nightfall Cafe.

It was an easy dessert to make, but it was very popular.

She described the steps while demonstrating them.

More than 20,000 people viewed the live stream online.

A virtual fantasy castle unexpectedly appeared on the live-stream channel. Waylon was the one who sent it.

Then Benvolio sent a virtual Porsche.

Dad of Four quickly joined the channel and covered the screen in virtual roses. Instantly, a romantic and sweet vibe filled the channel.

When Emmeline had finished demonstrating how to make Peach Blueberry Cobbler, Doris said, "I'll make one too."

She followed her gut and looked up. For the love of God! It was Waylon!

Emmeline suggested, "Why don't you teach everyone how to make a Carrot Cake? It's delicious and easy to make."

"Alright."

Doris put on the apron, picked up a carrot, and said, "We'll start by preparing the carrot. First, we need to wash them thoroughly, and then..."

Janie had been watching. When she saw Doris, she sent a virtual carnival right away.

Dad of Fours sent a virtual helicopter.

Benvolio sent a second virtual Porsche.

However, Waylon didn't send anything.

When Doris inadvertently looked up, she saw his message, "I'm going offline."

Her heart thumped violently. She had a gut feeling that this man displayed disdain by saying those things.

Seriously? Is this even necessary? He would go to that much trouble to express his contempt on a live-streaming channel?

Doris felt guilty. She suspected he did that because he had seen her with Daniel.

He must be laughing at me. Daniel just "harassed" me last night, but he spotted me together with him the next day. How cheap would I appear in his eyes?

She felt uneasy with this thought in her mind.

She had washed the same carrot at least eight times but still hadn't cleaned it properly.

Emmeline reminded her, "Doris, are you planning to wash the skin off instead of peeling it?"

[Chapter 1197 Whose Kids Are They?](#)

Doris came back to her senses and exclaimed, "Oh! I'm about to peel them. Where's the peeler?"

"Here!" Emmeline handed the peeler to her and cautioned, "Be careful with your hands!"

"Roger that," Doris replied.

She grabbed the peeler and started to remove the skin.

"We peel carrots in this way after washing them. As you can see, it has a bright orange color after the skin has been removed, but it is a little slippery. We must hold them well and be careful with the peeler to avoid cutting our hands.

"We'll wash them again after we peel them. Oh my, it's slippery. We must hold them firmly in our hands, or they will slip out of our hands.

"After rinsing them thoroughly, we lay them out on a cutting board and chop them up. After that, we put them in a steaming tray and steam them until they are cooked.

"We cut some nuts and steam them as well to improve the color and texture. We combine the nuts and carrot puree after they have been cooked. Hmm, it smells divine."

After finding her rhythm, Doris led the audience in a step-by-step fashion. She explained and decorated it with white frosting on top.

She scooped up a piece of cake and put it in her mouth.

"Oh, the cake is soft and moist, and the nuts are fragrant. It's incredibly tasty."

Her ecstatic expression enthralled the audience.

Many of them were drooling on the other side of the screen. They made up their minds to purchase some carrots later.

The live broadcast room was overwhelmed with stars and roses. Likes and rewards from the audience came in waves.

After a long day of work, it was finally time to leave.

Doris bid Emmeline farewell before boarding a cab to return to Hellion Bay.

She was eager to explain to Waylon why she was with Daniel today. She doesn't want her actions to be misinterpreted by him.

Waylon wasn't there when she got home.

She changed into her apron and prepared several dishes in the kitchen.

It was past dinner time when the food was readily served, but Waylon was not home yet.

After Doris left Nightfall Cafe, Waylon called his buddies earlier. He requested they bring Emmeline and Janie to the Seashell Hotel for a gathering and to enjoy seafood.

Emmeline told Waylon on the phone, saying, "You should have said something earlier. I could have invited Doris to come along."

"Why would you invite her?" Waylon wondered.

He ranted secretly. Don't you know I did this to avoid her? She's an eyesore.

Emmeline asked in puzzlement, "Why can't I invite Doris?"

Given his tone, it felt like Doris had upset him.

"She should stay at home and look after the kids!" Waylon grumbled irritably, "She came home last night wasted, and I'm the one who put the children to sleep! Whose kids are they?"

Emmeline chuckled out loud, "It turns out that you're revisiting your role as a nanny."

Waylon coldly replied, "How could this be the same thing? I looked after the triplets as their uncle. What is the relationship between me and her children? We're nothing, right?"

"If this is a problem, you can be their uncle too," Emmeline teased, "so you don't feel you're at a loss."

After a long day of work, it was finally time to leave.

Waylon scoffed.

He whimpered, "Forget it! I'll only be an uncle to your kids in this lifetime! I don't want to adopt the role of uncle for someone else's child for free!"

What's wrong with this guy? Emmeline wondered, and he reacted as if he had been provoked by someone.

Waylon eventually made it home around ten o'clock at night.

His car finally pulled up to the house after Doris tucked the kids in for the night.

From the window on the third floor, Doris saw him stride through the yard and into the porch.

She quickly changed into her robe and headed downstairs.

In the hallway, Waylon had changed his shoes and was headed to his room.

"Mr. Adelmarr," Doris softly calls from the stairwell.

Waylon entered his bedroom on the second floor, as he didn't hear her.

"Mr. Adelmarr," Doris sprinted downstairs to catch up with him.

"Bang!"

The door closed in front of her face. She nearly banged her head because it was so close. When the door closed, the air carried a strong smell of alcohol with it.

Doris wondered to herself as she stood before the door. Is he drunk? It looks like he has wasted time and is not feeling well.

She went downstairs to make him some warm milk.

Milk is useful for soothing the stomach and effective in dispelling the effects of alcohol.

She carried a small tray upstairs once the milk was prepared. She knocked twice on Waylon's bedroom door.

"Knock, knock!"

[Chapter 1198 What Else Can You Remember?](#)

No sound was heard from the room.

In the bathroom, Waylon just finished his shower and wiped the water off his body. No sound was heard from the room.

In the bathroom, Waylon just finished his shower and wiped the water off his body.

"Knock, knock!"

Doris knocked two more times. She called out to him, "Mr. Adelmar?"

An impatient voice came from the room, questioning, "What is it?"

"Mr. Adelmar, I made you some milk. It can help to sober you up," Doris replied softly.

Waylon replied gruffly from inside, "Leave it at the door. I'll get it later."

"But the milk won't taste good when it gets cold," she replied.

"I'll be quick!"

Doris mustered her courage and said, "And...I have something to tell you."

Waylon was speechless. He replied after a while, "Just shoot. I can hear you!"

"It's inconvenient for me to tell you from here," Doris replied as she cast a glance down the hallway.

Creak! The door was flung open.

Waylon showed up at the door wearing only a bathrobe.

He furrowed his brow and asked, "Don't you know you're annoying?"

Doris was caught off guard when the door opened abruptly. She nearly fell forward and bumped into his chest.

She regained her balance and looked up in surprise.

Then, she took in his muscular, tanned chest. The neckline of his bathrobe revealed just a hint of his ripped muscles.

She saw his charming face and deep eyes. He was macho but also cultured.

His hair was still damp. His body gave off steam from the bath, which then rose into the air.

This man always exuded a sense of abstinence. Now, he looked the exact opposite.

A powerful masculine scent drifted in Doris' direction and she was momentarily spellbound.

She blushed and almost dropped the tray of milk she was carrying.

A cold voice came from above, mocking, "Haven't you had enough? So, you like this look of mine?"

"What?" Doris' cheeks got even redder as she finally regained composure.

"I...brought you milk," she stammered.

Waylon moved aside to make room for Doris while holding a towel in one hand to dry his hair.

Hastily, she entered the room and placed the tray on the coffee table in the lounge area.

Waylon's bedroom was divided into two sections, and the outside area had a moderately sized lounge area.

"I have something to tell you," Doris said.

She dared not raise her head to look at Waylon.

She had never before seen the seductive side of him. Her cheeks felt warm, and her heart was racing.

"Hmm," Waylon grunted in response.

"Daniel came to see me today," she said.

Waylon shot her a glance and asked, "Why are you telling me this? Is it necessary to explain it to me?"

She was at a loss for words.

This time, her face burned hotter due to her embarrassment.

For a moment, she felt like she shouldn't bother to explain to him. His tone was indifferent, like a stranger, and he didn't seem to care who she met.

This man always exuded a sense of abstinence. Now, he looked the exact opposite.

Doris remarked, "I don't want you to have the wrong idea. I remembered what happened last night. Daniel didn't do anything to me. We fell when he was helping me. I overreacted, picked something up, and hit him with it. I even injured him."

"So, you mean he's innocent and he's a good guy?" Waylon scoffed in response.

She gave it some thought and then nodded, saying, "Well, he didn't take advantage of the situation."

Waylon frowned and asked, "So, what else do you remember?"

After a bit of reflection, Doris shook her head and said, "The next thing I remember is that I'm back here."

Waylon's complexion darkened. He felt aggrieved.

Without giving Doris a chance to respond, he threw the towel to the side and grabbed her.

She was shoved up against the wall as his imposing figure loomed over her.

"Mr. Adelmarr!" Doris cried out in shock.

"What are you doing?"

She had always thought of this man as being cultured, gentle, and warm. This unexpected display of imposing manners caught her off guard.

"What am I doing?"

Doris felt Waylon's icy breath on her face.

"Don't you think I should be the one asking you that?"

Flustered, she asked, "I...Why would you ask me that? What have I done?"

"Who is the one that claimed she wanted to thank me last night? And how exactly did she express her gratitude? Did you ask for my consent?"

[Chapter 1199 It's Doable](#)

Doris was at a loss for words. Her mind had gone blank.

She asked, "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

"Are you genuinely confused or just pretending to be?"

Waylon lifted her face while firmly holding her chin.

When her face tilted upward, her lips were inches below his chin as he stooped. Their posture was intimate, and their warm breaths overlapped.

Doris flushed. She stammered, "Mr. Adelmarr, you..."

Waylon commanded in a raspy voice, "Look at me!"

That command startled Doris. She reasoned, "You're such a large man, of course, I can see you."

"Do you see this wound?"

Waylon clenched his teeth and squeezed out a voice, asking, "Who's the one that bit me?"

Doris was astounded, "What?... Where?"

"Here! On my lips! Look closely!"

Doris' eyes almost crossed as she squinted up close.

Then she saw it. His lips had a faint mark on them, and it was swollen. It caused his perfect lips to appear crooked.

"This...this is a wound. What did you do to yourself?" Doris asked as she arched her brows.

"What have I done?" Waylon coldly sneered. "Didn't you say you remember what happened last night? Why weren't you able to remember this?"

Doris bites her finger.

Oh, my God! Am I the one who bit his lips?

Waylon's imposing figure loomed closer, inquiring, "Still playing dumb? Do you need me to refresh your memory and demonstrate it to you?"

He then slowly lowered his head and adjusted his angle.

She pushed Waylon away and yelled in surprise, "Ugh! I remember! You don't have to show me!"

Waylon raised his head and sneered. "Hmph! Don't flatter yourself! I didn't intend to do it."

Her cheeks grew redder. She mumbled as her gaze dropped, "I...I know."

How is it possible that he would want to kiss me? He's just trying to help her "remember," that's all.

"Have you remembered now?"

Waylon asked, his eyes narrowing as he looked at her contemptuously.

Doris dipped her head nearly 180 degrees. She whispered, "How would you like me to take responsibility?"

What? Did I hear it wrong? She's talking about taking responsibility for me? Haha! This is getting more and more interesting.

"How are you going to take responsibility?"

The absurdity of the situation made Waylon laugh softly.

Doris gave him an innocent gaze. She argued powerlessly, "Will an apology do? You can't bite me back, after all, can you?"

Bite you back? Do you think of me as a dog?

But as soon as he heard this, his eyes were drawn to her lips. Suddenly, he thought that this idea might work, but...

With a darkening expression, Waylon sternly commanded, "Get out!"

Doris was stunned and asked, "What?"

"I said get out!"

She quickly reacted, hurriedly turned around, opened the door, and ran away.

The kids were asleep when she went back to her room.

Mrs. Flores was back in her bedroom.

Sitting on the edge of her bed, her heart was still pounding. She touched her lips, and memories began to emerge in bits and pieces.

Did I kiss Waylon last night? Did I even bite his lip until it started to bleed?

I'm the one who took the initiative to kiss him last night in the car and told him it was a gesture of gratitude. What happened after that, though? I think we had a passionate kiss.

Then, I became overly excited and unintentionally bit his lip until it began to bleed.

Oh my God! What have I done?

Doris covered her face with her hands.

How embarrassing is this! How could I do that to him? How am I going to face him?

More importantly, I'm the one who took the initiative to kiss him! Is it not clear to me how highly he thought of me?

Our status is a world away. How did I muster the courage to kiss him?

[Chapter 1200 Verify Her Suspicion](#)

Oh no, I'm hopeless! This is too much for me to handle! I can't face him!

She struggled internally for a while and felt she would have trouble facing Waylon the following day.

What should I do? How could we get along in the future?

She decided after wiping her face.

I have to move out! Things would be awkward if this situation persisted!

Doris didn't see Waylon the following morning. He had left in the early morning.

She was anxious about seeing him, so it was good. Wouldn't it be awkward for them to have breakfast together?

Mrs. Jamison made her a sandwich and a sunny side up. She prepared omelets for the twins as well.

Doris quickly finished her meal before helping Mrs. Flores feed the twins.

After that, she assisted Mrs. Jamison with house cleaning before riding a cab to Nightfall Cafe.

She waited on the side of the road for a cab after work in the afternoon.

A red sports car suddenly pulled over. Lily peered out from the driver's seat and said, "Ms. Doris! I'm looking for you."

"Looking for me? What for?"

In all honesty, her impression of Lily had dwindled.

She and Waylon wouldn't be in this awkward situation if Lily hadn't taken her to that party and made her drunk.

She was obviously at fault for drinking so much. She must learn from this and not repeat the same mistake in the future.

Lily said, "Get in, I can't park here."

"But I..."

"Move quickly. I'll get a ticket if I stay any longer. Get in now, and then we can talk."

Doris had to move over to the passenger seat. She unlocked the car door and entered.

Lily quickly stepped on the gas and out of the camera's range.

Doris said, "You can say it now and let me out at the intersection ahead."

Lily suggested, "Let's sit down and talk. Why are you so nervous? I'm not going to eat you."

Doris was stunned and reluctantly said, "Then turn left. There's a Tea Room there, we can have some tea there."

"Okay," Lily agreed.

Lily steered to the left lane and signaled a left turn. There was a tea room by the side of the road once she made a turn and continued driving for a dozen meters.

She parked her car in the parking lot in front of the building.

After that, the two entered the tea room.

Lily placed an order for a jar of fruit tea.

"What did you want to discuss? It is getting late. I have to go home to take care of the kids.

Lily poured some tea for both of them. She explained, "I wanted to talk about your children, but you've already brought it up."

Doris arched her brows and displayed a fierce expression. She asked, "What about my kids? What do they have to do with you?"

Lily rolled her eyes at her and complained, "Why are you acting as though I have said something offensive? I haven't said anything yet."

"What would you like to say?"

Lily leaned forward and whispered, "Are you certain that the twins I saw the other day are not Mr. Adelman's?"

She rendered Doris speechless. Her face flushed, and she answered, "Of course not."

Lily scowled and appeared doubtful, "But they looked very much like him."

"It's just a coincidence. You and Daniel don't look alike, but that doesn't mean you aren't siblings."

Lily concurred, "You're right. Daniel resembles my mother, and I look like my father."

"Judging someone solely based on appearance is pointless, especially when it comes to kids. They haven't fully grown, they can bear some resemblance to anyone."

"That makes sense, I guess. I'm relieved when you put it that way."

"What?"

Doris was taken aback when she realized what Lily was getting at. At this point, she finally saw the full picture.

She has a crush on Waylon. She would give him up if he had two kids. Daniel should have told her that my kids are unrelated to Waylon. She's checking with me to make sure.

However, Lily had much grander plans in mind.

She probed, "Are you two merely tenants and landlords?"

"Yes," said Doris, "How many times should I repeat that?"