

## Are Mine 1311

### [Chapter 1311 A Heartwarming Meeting of In-Laws](#)

A week later, Glenn willingly stepped down from his position as mayor, and losing their status as the mayor's wife and daughter, Michaela Steiner and Sonia Steiner became ordinary civilians.

Waylon made a phone call to Abel, who was traveling around the world with his wife, children, and parents right then.

Their last destination was the Osea Adelmarr Archipelago.

Abel chuckled upon receiving Waylon's call. "They've brought it upon themselves!"

"Forget about them. They mean nothing." Waylon said. "You, however, when are you arriving at Adelmarr Island? Father is eagerly awaiting your arrival."

"It'll be another two or three days," Abel replied. "We're using a private jet. The timing can be more flexible, you see."

"Alright then," Waylon said. "I'll tell Father to wait a bit longer. It's only reasonable for you to spend some quality time with your family when you finally have the time."

Three days later, the Ryker private plane finally landed in Kraco. grand convoy sent by Robert was already there to welcome them.

A family of eight, along with their bodyguards and entourage, totaling nineteen people, arrived at the port in a grand procession.

They then switched to a luxurious cruise ship to head toward the main island of the Adelmarr Archipelago, where Robert resided.

Robert had been waiting at Dawn Manor well in advance.

Dozens of luxury cars drove into the manor, and Abel and Rosaline were the first to disembark. Following them were Abel and Emmeline, along with their four children. Behind them were Daisy, Sam, and Luca. Bringing up the rear were their bodyguards and a few chefs and maids specially designated for Levan Mansion.

Upon seeing the dignified Abel and the elegant Rosaline. Robert greeted them with a smile on his face.

"Lewis, Rosaline, welcome, welcome!" he exclaimed.

Abel took a few quick steps forward, extended his hands to shake with Robert, and said, "We finally meet, Robert! Your reputation precedes you, and it's a pleasure to finally see you in person. You are truly a remarkable and admirable figure. I admire you greatly!"

"Hahaha," Robert laughed heartily. "You are quite impressive yourself, a formidable presence indeed. Like father, like son. You've raised an excellent son-in-law for me!"

The two fathers-in-law exchanged compliments, and then Rosaline approached, gracefully and dignified, to meet Robert.

Robert's adequate praises of Rosaline made her radiant and resplendent.

Emmeline and Abel then approached with their four children.

"Grandpa!" Sun, Moon, and Star called out together.

Abel blinked his obsidian-like eyes, looking at his ethereal-like grandfather with great curiosity and anticipation.

"Are you Timmy?" Robert's voice trembled slightly, deeply moved by Timothy's innocent eyes,

"Yes, Timothy nodded. "Hello, Grandpa Adelmarr!"

"Oh, you sweet boy!" Robert crouched down and embraced Timothy tightly. "You must have been through a lot, having been taken away by that wicked woman and separated from your mother! It's all my fault. If I had known there was another one, I would have searched for you, no matter what!"

Timothy felt a pang of sadness hearing this and thinking about how Alana had treated him. He wrapped his arms around Robert's neck and burst into tears.

Abel also crouched down. "This whole mess was our fault from the beginning. If we had known that Emmeline was carrying the Ryker family's bloodline, we would have married her to Abel sooner. Who, would have thought it would lead to so much trouble?"

"Many things are tried by fire," Robert said as he lifted Timothy back up. "Fortunately, it's all over now. Our two families have weathered the storm, and brighter days lie ahead of us!"

"Master, Emmeline called out with red-rimmed eyes. "I've caused you a lot of trouble over the years.

"Hahaha," Robert laughed. "The trouble was worth it. I gained a wonderful daughter like you, a great son-in-law like Abel, four adorable grandchildren, and two outstanding in-laws, have I not? Hahaha, I'm the real winner in life. If Oscar knew, he'd probably be furious! Hahaha!"

This made Abel feel both happy and awkward.

At the end of the day, it was his father's stubbornness that led to this. If he had been more open-minded, he could have been a winner in life too. These four grandsons alone were already a priceless treasure, not to mention a well-connected granddaughter-in-law like Emmeline. His father was indeed a stubborn old man!

"Mr. Robert!" Abel stepped forward and said respectfully, I have selected gifts from various countries for you. There are three cars filled with them. I'll open them one by one for you to see if you like them."

### [Chapter 1312 The Household of an Emperor](#)

"Are you trying to butter up your father-in-law?" Robert gazed at Abel. "Well, this old man doesn't fancy gifts. Adelmarr Island has everything. All I want is that you'll treat our Emma well for a lifetime!"

"That's for sure!" Abel nodded earnestly. "I will treat Emina well for a lifetime. As long as she doesn't reject me in the next life or the one after that and still wants to marry me, I will be good to her for eternity, and may the heavens and the earth bear witness to it!"

“Hahaha!” Robert laughed heartily. “You heard that right, Heaven? Abel must uphold his vow!”

The sky was filled with auspicious clouds as if the heavens knew that Abel would keep his word. Otherwise, instead of auspicious clouds, there would be thunder and lightning.

Everyone gathered in the living room and had tea for a while before it was time for dinner.

The chefs at Dawn Manor had been busy these past few days.

As soon as they received the orders from Robert that guests from the in-laws were coming, the chefs got to work.

The first two days were spent making lists and procuring ingredients from various places, including imports. Then, they began sorting ingredients and partially processing them. Early this morning, they had prepared ninety percent of the ingredients and started cooking.

Steaming, boiling, frying, and braising-everything was in full swing. The kitchen was bustling with activity.

So, when dinner was served, the over 10-yard-long dining table, made of high-quality wood, was filled with a wide variety of dishes, resembling a grand feast.

A quick estimate showed there were more than ninety dishes.

The four little ones looked on with curiosity and, naturally, began counting to see who could count the fastest and most accurately.

After four rounds, the four little ones unanimously agreed: eighty-one dishes and eighteen soups, totaling ninety-nine!

Lewis and Rosaline exchanged a glance. Oh my, the hospitality from Robert is on par with that of an imperial family!

Little did they know that in this island nation, Robert was indeed a ruler in his own right.

During the meal, Robert asked Emmeline, “Do you know that Waylon has two one-year-old children?”

“I do!” Emmeline replied. “They belong to Doris.”

“I noticed the children look a lot like Waylon,” Robert furrowed his brow. “But based on their age, Waylon was here during that time. How could he have two children who look like him?”

“Waylon didn’t know Doris in the past,” Emmeline pouted and said somewhat regretfully. “So, the children must have no connection to him. It’s just a coincidence.”

“What a shame,” Robert sighed. “They are such a lovely pair of twins.”

“Well, I wouldn’t say that, Emmeline argued. “As long as Waylon likes Doris and marries her, the two children will eventually call him ‘Dad’ and you ‘Grandpa, no? And it’ll be even better if they can have more children in the future.”

“That’s true,” Robert nodded. “Try to talk some sense into him and see if you can get him to marry that girl into our family. I got two grandsons for nothing; how great is that?! It would be even more perfect if they had more children in the future.”

“Not to hide anything from you, Mr. Robert,” Abel interjected. “Emma has been trying to bring Waylon and Doris together, but Waylon has been stubborn. He hasn’t come around yet.”

“Now that’s your fault, Robert gave Abel a sidelong glance. “For someone who had been down the road before, you should give him a push!”

Abel smiled wryly. As if Lean actually do that!

Still, he said with a smile, “Alright, I’ll talk some sense into him.”

“You can’t force a bull to drink water, Emmeline chimed in. “Especially when Waylon is such a stubborn bull!”

Robert pondered and remained silent for a moment before finally speaking again, “There’s not a day that goes by where I don’t think about you kids. How’s Benjamin doing?”

“He’s doing great,” Emmeline said. “Adelmar Group is thriving, and he and Janie are doing well. You don’t need to worry about him.”

“Good to hear that. It puts my mind at ease,” Robert said. “Benjamin is a resilient child. He only got better by the ear after joining the Adelmar Clan. In the past, he used to be very quiet.”

“Me, my children, and my ten brothers-other than Waylon-were so lucky to have met you, Master.” Emmeline put her cutlery down and said with a choked voice. “Thank you, Master!”

“You child...” Robert frowned. “Look how distant you sound. We may not be related by blood; I see all of you as my own. No need to be polite.”

“Right!” Emmeline wiped her eyes and smiled. “Then I’ll rely on you forever, Father. Don’t hate me for it, alright?”

“Hate you? I couldn’t be happier!” Robert said. His words made Emmeline laugh, and everyone joined in, lightening the mood.

“By the way, Master,” Emmeline continued, “What’s the history between Old Mr. Ryker and our Adelmar Clan? It seems like there’s some tension.”

“Didn’t he tell you?” Robert asked in return.

### [Chapter 1313 Oscar’s Past](#)

“He didn’t give a comprehensive account,” Lewis explained.

“Well, how did he put it?” Robert asked.

At that, Lewis related Oscar’s words exactly, only for Robert to guffaw in response. “I knew he wouldn’t tell the whole truth!”

Lewis felt a little awkward.

“Please don’t mind, Lewis, Robert said. “I’m merely stating the facts.”

“So, what in the world happened?” Lewis asked, “Please, tell us, Robert.”

“Oscar told half of the story,” Robert said, “His eldest son was actually killed by his own hands, even though it was an accident, but he was his own flesh and blood.”

Oscar killed his eldest son with his own hands? Everyone was stunned by the revelation.

Lewis’ heart sank as he realized that their father had accidentally killed his eldest brother.

“Master, please continue, Emmeline said, “This is really perplexing.”

The others also waited quietly for Robert to explain the whole story.

“Oscar’s first wife was actually my cousin, Robert began. “But they didn’t get along well, and their marriage was arranged by their parents. After a while, my cousin left him due to their constant quarrels and came to me for refuge.

“Seeing her homeless, I took her in only to find out later that she was already pregnant. I asked her to go back, but she refused adamantly, so I let it be. It was like trying to force a square peg into a round hole. pushing her back to Oscar just to follow societal norms.

“Several months later, my cousin gave birth to a son. At that time, she insisted on giving the child my surname. I couldn’t persuade her otherwise, and considering that the child needed a father figure, I named him Quinn Adelmarr. But then Oscar suddenly appeared, saw the situation, thought that I had taken his wife and had already fathered a child with her, and in a fit of rage, he dropped and killed the child by accident.”

At this point, everyone sighed in sympathy. It was clear that acting impulsively in a fit of anger could lead to tragic consequences.

Robert continued, “My cousin told Oscar that he had accidentally killed his own son. At first, he didn’t believe it, but after checking the child’s birthdate and doing some calculations, he realized it was indeed his own child, but it was too late.

“This is how the situation unfolded. Oscar, thinking that I was responsible for everything, swore to have an eternal feud with me.”

Emmeline interjected, “Master, this shows that Old Mr. Ryker was wrong. Even if that child wasn’t his, it wasn’t justifiable for him to kill! That’s twisted logic!”

Lewis hesitated, thinking Emmeline’s words were harsh but true. After all, no child’s life should be taken lightly!

“Later, my cousin went insane due to this incident. I did my best to treat her, but unfortunately, she ended up taking her own life by jumping into the sea,” Robert sighed, “So, I don’t have a favorable impression of Oscar.”

Lewis wiped his forehead in remorse; he also felt that his father had acted wrongly.

“It’s not your fault, Lewis, Robert said with a smile. “You don’t need to blame yourself. To be honest, I bear some responsibility too. If that child had taken Oscar’s surname from the beginning and not mine, perhaps these tragedies could have been avoided.”

To lighten the mood, Robert warmly invited everyone to raise their glasses and enjoy the food and drinks. The atmosphere gradually became livelier.

Lewis and Rosaline, along with others, raised their glasses to toast Robert together.

Back in Struyria, Doris closed Nightfall Cafe’s doors at 9 p.m.

The four employees rode their scooters back home.

Carrying her bag, Doris walked to the nearby intersection, intending to hail a taxi to return Garden.

During the time Emmeline and Sam were away, she either took a taxi back or was picked up by Waylon’s chauffeur. She felt uncomfortable always being picked up, so she declined Waylon’s offer to send a chauffeur.

Waylon, on the phone, replied coldly. “Don’t get the wrong idea. I’m not serving you; I’m here to serve Emmeline. Since she’s not around, I have to help manage her shop and employees.”

“You’re the one getting the wrong idea,” Doris retorted, holding her phone. “I’m on the same page as you. Emma isn’t here, and she entrusted the store to me. I intend to take care of every aspect of her. I don’t need you to teach me this,”

“That’s good, then.” Waylon said. “I’m happy to save on fuel expenses since you don’t want the chauffeur to pick you up and drop you off. But send me a message once you’re home so that I can put Emma at ease. You should know that if something happens to an employee on their way to or from work, it could be considered a work-related injury, leading to financial compensation or even legal troubles!”

Doris felt a sense of discomfort, her heart sinking inexplicably. She responded with a reluctant “Okay.”

### [Chapter 1314 Doris Gets Kidnapped](#)

After finishing her call with Waylon, Doris hung up the phone. So, for the past couple of days, every evening after work, she took a taxi home and then sent a message to Waylon. Waylon would respond with just “Got it.” And that would be the end of the conversation.

Now, as Doris was about to hail a taxi that night, a black car suddenly stopped in front of her. Before she could react, two people got out of the backseat and the front passenger seat respectively, grabbed her, and shoved her into the car. They swiftly locked the doors, and the car sped away.

The whole ordeal took less than two seconds. Even so, the situation was witnessed by Daniel, who happened to be driving behind.

Earlier in the day, Daniel had talked to Doris and learned she would take a taxi home after work. He had considered offering to give her a ride to ensure her safety. As fate would have it, he was driving toward her location and saw her being forcibly placed into the car.

Realizing that something was wrong, Daniel floored the gas pedal and chased after the vehicle.

The person in the front passenger seat cursed inside the car after glancing at the rearview mirror. “We have a Volvo chasing our tail!”

By this time, Doris had already been gagged with duct tape, and her hands and feet were bound. She lay on the seat, desperately struggling and making muffled sounds through her gag.

She hadn’t wronged anyone and had no idea why these people had suddenly kidnapped her. Also, she was worried about her children at home. What would become of her kids if something were to happen to her?!

Desperate, Doris kicked and thrashed on the seat, only for the man beside her to slap her viciously.

“Behave yourself, or Mr. Raymond will take your life!”

Mr. Raymond? Doris’ mind went blank. Could it be Raymond Zaneveld, the scion from a powerful family who had made inappropriate advances toward me at the wedding banquet and had his limbs broken by Waylon later?

Daniel continued driving the Volvo, relentlessly pursuing the black sedan in front. However, the car ahead maintained a high speed, and the two vehicles kept a consistent distance on the road as they raced through the city.

After a short while, the two cars were still locked in a tight chase. They left the city, entered the highway, took the first exit, and entered a county road.

Daniel gripped the steering wheel tightly, never taking his eyes off the black car in front. He didn’t know exactly what had happened, but it was clear that Doris had been abducted.

He had thought about calling the police or even contacting Waylon. However, the relentless pursuit left him with no time to make a phone call, not even a single second.

At this moment, Waylon was far from idle. He repeatedly picked up and put down his phone, growing increasingly anxious.

Why hasn’t Doris texted? It has been half an hour; she should have arrived home by now. So, why hasn’t she sent her usual message? She’s usually quite punctual. What could be going on today?

Waylon couldn’t contain his anxiety any longer. This was no longer about his dignity but a matter of Doris’ safety. If something had happened to her, not only would Emmeline be furious with him, but he

Waylon retrieved Doris’ number and dialed it, his heart slightly relieved as her phone rang. However, as the ringing continued, with no one answering, his relief turned into dread. Finally, a robotic voice informed him. “The number you have dialed is temporarily unavailable. Please try again later”

Waylon’s heart clenched. He redialed her number, but the result was the same.

Could it really be a coincidence? Had something happened to Doris? Waylon wondered with a deep frown and called the landline at Starhill Garden, Doris’ home.

The phone was answered quickly, and Mrs. Flores’ voice came through “Hello, is this Mr. Adelmar?”

“Mrs. Flores, Waylon said, his voice grave. “Has Doris arrived home?”

"I was just about to ask you," Mrs. Flores replied. "Doris hasn't returned yet. She's already half an hour later than usual"

"Is she still at the cafe?" Waylon asked. "I'll call to check. Don't panic."

"Alright," Mrs. Flores said. "Please let me know as soon as you have any news. I'm getting anxious, too."

"I will" Waylon said before ending the call. He immediately dialed the landline at Nightfall Cafe. However, no one answered the phone, and he grew increasingly uneasy. Waylon quickly grabbed his sun jacket and rushed downstairs.

In the foyer, he changed into his shoes, grabbed his car keys, and then headed straight for his Maybach. His destination: Nightfall Cafe.

### [Chapter 1315 Who Kidnapped You?](#)

Coming to the road across from Nightfall Cafe, Waylon could see the shutter door was down across the street.

The place was already closed, so where on earth is Doris? Could she have gone to Jennie's place? he contemplated for a moment and decided to call Jennie.

"She's not here," Jennie answered at once. "Has something happened to her?"

"Don't panic just yet," Waylon replied. "I'll keep looking, and maybe we'll have news in a while."

"If you hear anything, please let me know right away, Jennie pleaded. "She's my only sister, and we grew up depending on each other"

"I understand. Don't worry, Waylon assured her. "I'll notify you as soon as I find her."

He hung up on Jennie and drove straight to the entrance of Nightfall Cafe.

This was a pedestrian zone, and parking was not allowed. However, he couldn't care less at the moment. Fortunately, it was nighttime, and there weren't many pedestrians around.

After parking his car, Waylon took the keys to Nightfall Cafe and got out.

These keys were given to him by Emmeline, just in case something happened at the cafe that Doris couldn't handle. He hadn't expected to use them now.

Waylon opened the cafe door and went straight to the control panel.

On the small table behind, there were security cameras covering the interior, outside, and both sides of the street.

Waylon rewound the footage to around 9 p.m.

In the video, it was clear to see the four waitstaff leaving after their shifts and then Doris locking the shutter door and walking to the left, carrying her bag.

As she walked, she was using her phone to call a taxi, it seemed.

About twenty yards outside, a black sedan suddenly pulled up behind her. Two people got out of the car and forcibly pushed Doris inside..

Seeing this, even the composed Waylon couldn't help but feel a jolt in his heart. Doris had been kidnapped?! Who were the people responsible for this?

As he worried, another car appeared in the video. It was a platinum-colored Volvo.

Waylon recognized this car; it belonged to Daniel.

Soon after, the Volvo followed the black car and sped away.

Waylon's brows furrowed in an instant.

Was it a coincidence that Daniel arrived? Was he driving to chase after the black car, or was he involved with the kidnappers?

Waylon had a pretty good idea of the situation after seeing the direction in which the cars disappeared and called Benjamin.

Just five minutes later, Benjamin's call came through.

"Waylon, the traffic department said both cars got on the highway together, then took the first exit onto a county road. The traffic department's people are on their way, and I'm heading there too. Where are you?"

"I'm still at Nightfall Cafe, Waylon replied. "I'm on my way to pursue them now. I can't talk anymore!"

Waylon hung up the phone, closed the shutter door, and sped off in his Maybach.

Meanwhile, Daniel was still closely following in his Volvo.

Seeing that the black car couldn't shake him off, it suddenly made a sharp turn and aggressively rammed. into the Volvo,

Daniel was caught off guard and, in the narrow road and a moment of urgency, he turned the steering wheel. The black sedan still collided heavily with the passenger side. Despite this, the immense impact. caused Daniel's body to lurch forward.

He hit his head somewhere, and he instantly lost consciousness.

When Daniel woke up, blood was still dripping from his forehead. The intense pain made him feel groggy.

He slowly opened his eyes and found himself in what appeared to be an abandoned warehouse. The lighting was dim, with a small iron window on one wall allowing faint light to seep in.

"Mmm, mmm!" Suddenly, a muffled sound came from the floor in front of him.

Daniel turned his head and saw that it was none other than Doris.

Her mouth was taped shut, and she was bound with ropes, lying beside him like a bundle. He was in the same predicament, bound hand and foot with tape over his mouth.

However, seeing that Doris was still relatively okay, Daniel breathed a sigh of relief.

Doris' fair face was now covered in sweat and dirt, and her hair was a mess. She looked quite disheveled overall. Only her eyes remained bright and anxious, like a startled little animal.

Upon seeing Daniel waking up, she shifted her body, moved behind him, and used her taped mouth to nudge his bound hands.

Daniel quickly caught on, reaching out to find the tape on Doris' face and carefully tearing it off bit by bit.

After about five or six minutes, the tape was finally removed.

Following the same process, Doris helped Daniel remove the tape from his mouth. Only then did they start talking.

"Doris, what's going on? Who kidnapped you?"

#### [Chapter 1316 The Woman Mr Raymond Has His Eye On](#)

"Daniel..." Doris choked up, "Why are you so foolish? How could you follow me? I've brought trouble upon you."

"How can you still be saying that at a time like this?" Daniel sighed, "How could I just stand by and watch you get kidnapped? What kind of a man would that make me?"

"But now..." Doris sniffled. "I worry you'll be in danger."

"It is what it is now," Daniel said. "Don't be afraid. You still have me!"

Doris lowered her head and sobbed for a moment, then said, "Thank you."

"Don't be so polite with me!" Daniel reassured her with a smile. "Having the opportunity to protect you is something I've been hoping for. Unfortunately, I couldn't protect you properly. If you keep being polite, it'll make me feel even worse."

"You're already injured." Doris looked at his bloodied forehead with teary eyes. "Does it hurt a lot?"

"It's not too bad," Daniel replied. "But right now, our top priority is figuring out how to escape or call for help."

"Is your phone still with you?" Doris asked. "Let's try calling the police."

A bitter chuckle escaped Daniel before he said, "Do you think they're that dumb? They've probably taken our phones already."

"What should we do then?" Doris felt helpless.

"Don't worry," Daniel said. "You can try to help me untie the ropes on my hands. Once I'm free, we can open the window and figure out a way to escape."

"Alright, you turn around," Doris said. "I can only try to feel my way around."

"We can't give up hope with even the slightest chance. Daniel turned around, back to back with Doris.

Doris used both of her hands to feel the ropes on Daniel's wrists. Unfortunately, her wrists were tightly bound, and she could only use her fingertips. She had to rely on her sense of touch to fumble through it.

Click! The door lock made a sound, and the iron door of the warehouse swung open when Doris found the end of the rope and was about to pull hard.

Doris shivered in fear, and Daniel held his breath.

Creat... The door opened, and a young man entered.

He walked straight to Doris, crouched down, and raised his hand to pat her cheek. "No wonder Mr. Raymond said to bring you here no matter what. You really do have some charm!"

Doris recoiled, hunched over, and moved away. "Don't touch me, or you'll regret it!"

"I certainly wouldn't dare touch you!" the man sneered. "You're the woman Mr. Raymond has his eye on. I wouldn't dare harm you.

"Release Mr. Thomas, then!" Doris demanded. "Since it's me you want, Mr. Thomas has nothing to do with all this. Let him go!"

"This man got himself into this mess, the man said. "Blame himself for being unlucky!"

"Release him!" Doris insisted. "It's me you want! Leave him out of this!"

"That's not possible," the man replied. "He already knows too much. Either we silence him or hand him over to Mr. Raymond. Releasing him is not an option."

"You dare!" Doris glared at him. "If you harm him, I won't spare you even if I become a ghost!"

"Heh," the man chuckled coldly. "I'm not afraid of ghosts!"

"Dude, Daniel, lying on the ground, spoke up. "Is the Raymond you speak of Raymond Zaneveld?"

"Do you think knowing that will make any difference?" The man kicked him. The more you know, the quicker you die!"

"If the person behind you is Raymond Zaneveld," Daniel said, "I advise you to release Ms. Doris. She connected to the owner of the Imperial Palace, and if anything happens to her, not only will you be in trouble, but Raymond won't be able to escape either!"

"Mr. Raymond despises the owner of the Imperial Palace," the man said. "He wants to torment this woman to lure out the guy. Without disabling him, Mr. Raymond won't be able to swallow his anger."

At the same time, Waylon and Benjamin's cars arrived on the county road.

The personnel from the transportation department had formed a circle at the intersection.

Waylon and Benjamin got out of their cars and saw two wrecked vehicles by the side of the road.

One was a black Audi A8, and the other was a platinum Volvo.

Waylon recognized the Volvo as Daniel's.

The vehicles had been severely damaged, especially the Audi, which was in a terrible state.

It seemed that Daniel had put up quite a fight, and he likely didn't come out of it unscathed.

Waylon furrowed his brow and whispered, "To think Daniel's actually so courageous.

### [Chapter 1317 How Dare He Mess With My People](#)

Benjamin looked at the Volvo and thought that if Waylon liked Doris, then Daniel was indeed a tough competitor!

"Have you found out who the owner of the Audi A8 is?" Waylon asked the traffic police.

"The owner is named Brock Zaldivar," the traffic police replied. "We're currently investigating who he had contact with today."

Shortly after, another traffic police officer said, "There's someone named Raymond Zaneveld who had frequent contact with Brock today. It seems that this Raymond is suspicious, and we've already notified the local criminal investigation department."

"Raymond Zaneveld?" Waylon and Benjamin both furrowed their brows, exchanging a glance.

"Got it!" Waylon suddenly got into his car in a rage.

"Waylon!" Benjamin called out, "Where are you going?"

Before closing the car door, Waylon said to Benjamin, "Call on the road and inform me of Raymond's location as quickly as possible!"

"Understood," Benjamin replied. "Be careful!"

He knew that Waylon was going straight to find Raymond. The scion with a powerful family had certainly dug his own grave by daring to provoke who he shouldn't have.

Waylon sped back to Struyria, with Benjamin following closely behind. Meanwhile, Benjamin contacted Eric. "At the fastest speed, find the location of Director Zaneveld's son, Raymond. Waylon is in urgent need of it."

"Understood, Mr. Benjamin!" Eric acknowledged and immediately got to work.

In less than ten minutes, Waylon received a call from Benjamin.

"Speak! Where is the b\*stard?"

"At Golden Memories, Room 19 on the 4th floor," Benjamin replied.

"Right!" Waylon responded.

"Waylon," Benjamin said, "Gently does it!"

"What can his father do even if I kill him?!" Waylon said through gnashed teeth. "How dare he mess with my people?!"

My people? Benjamin smirked on the other end of the line, thinking the blockhead had finally admitted that Doris was his.

Half an hour later, a Maybach and a Bentley pulled into the underground parking lot of Golden Memories.

Waylon got out of his car, loosening his tie as he strode purposefully toward the elevator

By the time Benjamin reached the elevator, it had already started going up, so he could only wait for the next one.

Waylon took the elevator straight to the 4th floor, and after arriving before the door of Room 19, he kicked it open with a thunderous bang!

Inside the dimly lit private room, several people were drinking and having a good time, creating a chaotic scene. As the door was kicked open, someone yelled, "Who goes there? Are you looking for trouble?!"

Casually, a burly man approached, reaching out to push Waylon. "Did you kick the door? Do you f\*cking want- To die?"

Before he could finish his words, the nearly 200-pound man had already been lifted by Waylon and thrown inside, landing squarely on a glass coffee table, which promptly shattered.

The man fell hard, and everyone on the surrounding couches was terrified. They all jumped up, and the room filled with chairs scraping and people stumbling

Someone, with a bit more courage, shouted, "Who the hell are you? Don't you know that Mr. Raymond is in here?!"

"He is exactly who I'm looking for!" Waylon stood there like an imposing god, his voice filled with murderous intent. "Tell Raymond to get the f\*ck out here!"

Raymond saw Waylon in the dimly lit room and was completely shocked. He knew exactly what he did. but he couldn't believe Waylon had come for him.

Raymond had a bad feeling about this. His fingers and shins had just been healed, and everyone was celebrating his recovery. He never expected Waylon to show up like this, like a vengeful god descending from the heavens.

Seeing a figure trembling in the corner, presumably trying to escape, Waylon was certain that it was Raymond. To be honest, he couldn't quite remember his face after just one brief encounter.

Without hesitation, Waylon took a step forward, grabbed Raymond by the back of his neck, and then, with swift motion of his wrist, threw Raymond to the ground with a loud crash.

Before Raymond could say a word, Waylon broke both of Raymond's arms with a couple of resounding cracks, followed by snapping both of Raymond's legs. Again, a couple of resounding cracks followed.

Raymond couldn't even muffle a groan before he passed out from the excruciating pain. However, in the next second, Waylon picked up a beer bottle and poured the ice-cold beer onto Raymond's face, forcing him to regain consciousness.

With a hoarse voice and barely audible words, Raymond begged, "Have mercy..."

"Sure," Waylon growled through gnashed teeth. "If you tell your people to leave Doris and Daniel alone. If they dare even lay a finger on them, I will wipe out your entire family!"

### [Chapter 1318 He Is My Boyfriend](#)

"I'll tell them...." Raymond stuttered, "I'll call them!"

"Call then!"

"My hand... I can't reach my phone!" Raymond shivered,

Waylon turned his head and pointed at a man huddled in the corner with others, like frightened chicks.

"You, come here!"

The man on the outside was terrified by Waylon's actions. He had never seen anyone casually break someone's arms and legs in the blink of an eye. Moreover, Raymond's arms and legs had just healed from a previous injury. This was supposed to be a celebration of his recovery, but now they were broken again.

Waylon's ruthlessness sent shivers down their spines. If they had to compare him to someone else, the only person who could possibly match him would be Abel, the devil from hell.

But who was the man before them?

Someone recognized Waylon and whispered, "He's the owner of the Imperial Palace."

The man, trembling, helped Raymond retrieve his phone from his pocket.

"Call Saith," Raymond's face turned ashen with pain, but he gritted his teeth and stayed conscious.

"Follow Mr. Adelmars' instructions and tell him not to harm the woman and the man."

The phone was unlocked, and after locating Saith's phone number, the man dialed it.

In the meantime, at the abandoned warehouse, Saith had just slapped Daniel hard across the face. "You said you were here to help, but you're just adding complications!"

"Saith," another person chimed in, "Why not beat him half to death and toss him in the mountains to feed the wolves? Let the wolves deal with him. After all, we won't be the ones doing it."

"That's not a bad idea," Saith said as he was about to lift Daniel.

"Don't hurt him!" Doris exclaimed. "He's innocent. If you release him, I'll do whatever you want!"

Both men sneered, "Why are you so concerned about him?"

"My issues have nothing to do with him," Doris said, pleading. "Please, just let him go!"

“Don’t play tough with us!” Saith said. “This guy was willing to go head-to-head with us for your sake. He’s acting like his life depends on it. Are you sure he’s not your boyfriend?”

“He’s not my boyfriend. I don’t have a boyfriend!” Doris vigorously shook her head. “Please, let him go!”

Sull trying to deny it, huh? Do you think we believe you?” Saith grabbed Doris by the chin. “Tell the truth, and maybe I’ll go easy on you!”

Tn telling the truth! We’re just friends. Please, release him!” Doris pleaded.

Saith dropped Doris and lifted Daniel, asking menacingly, “Is what this woman saying true?”

Daniel hesitated, not wanting to disassociate himself from Doris at this time, for it would be ruthless of him to do so.

“You won’t speak, huh?” Saith smirked. “Well, I have a hundred ways to make you talk!”

He tossed Daniel to the ground and then turned back to grab Doris, opening his mouth to kiss her face.

“No!” Doris screamed.

Daniel also shouted, “Let her go!”

“Why are you panicking seeing me kiss her when she’s not your girlfriend?” Saith smirked.

Daniel hesitated.

“I don’t just want to kiss her; I want to have her before Mr. Raymond gets his hands on her. Otherwise, why should I let such a beautiful woman slip through my fingers?”

Saying that, he moved to tear at Doris’ clothes.

“Don’t touch her!” Daniel cried out. “I’m her boyfriend, you can’t touch my girlfriend! If you touch her, I’ll take you down with me!”

“He’s finally willing to be honest.” Saith patted Boris’ face. “And you said he’s not your boyfriend.”

“He really isn’t,” Doris replied, her eyes downcast. “He just wants to save me. Please, let him go!”

“Let’s put it to the test then!” Saith turned to his subordinates. “Since he’s not her boyfriend, there’s no use in keeping him. Break his limbs and throw him down the mountain for the wolves!”

“Yes!” his subordinates replied, raising iron rods and viciously striking Daniel’s leg.

With a sharp crack, one of Daniel’s legs was truly broken.

“No!” Doris went frantic. “Don’t hurt him, let him go!”

She threw herself on top of Daniel, shielding him from further blows.

“Don’t hurt him.” Doris spat blood. “I admit it, he’s my boyfriend. Release him, and I’ll do whatever your want!”

Coincidentally, Raymond’s call had connected with Saith’s henchman at this time, and they overheard.

Doris' confession.

Waylon heard it as well and was momentarily stunned, his expression frozen in disbelief.

### [Chapter 1319 I Knew You Would Save Me](#)

Doris said Daniel is her boyfriend, and she's willing to go along with whatever they want if they spare him? What's going on? When did Doris and Daniel become so close? Not only that, they're already seeing each other?! How haven't I the slightest clue?!

Waylon's mind was flooded with countless thoughts in an instant, but this wasn't the time to dwell on these matters. If she was willing to be Daniel's girlfriend, so be it. He needed to rescue them first.

Even though this situation seemed to benefit him, it felt as if a lump of cotton was jammed in his heart. He felt nothing but unbearable suffocation.

From the phone came Saith's arrogant voice. "I've got the woman, Mr. Raymond. When should we send her to your mansion for your enjoyment?"

Instantly, Waylon's face turned pitch black.

Slap. Slap! He gave Raymond two slaps. "Tell them not to harm those two!"

"Saith," Raymond gasped. "I'm in Mr. Adelmars hands. Don't hurt that woman and the man, or we're done. for!"

Saith fell silent.

Doris heard this and cried out into the phone, "Mr. Adelmars, please save us!"

Waylon grabbed the phone and loudly said, "Doris, are you okay?"

Sob, sob... Doris cried plaintively. "If it weren't for your call, I'd be in trouble. Mr. Adelmars, I knew you'd save me." Sob, sob...

Waylon frowned. You knew I'd save you? Isn't your boyfriend next to you? Why didn't you expect him to save you?

However, now wasn't the time to argue with Doris. He spoke with a calm voice, "Don't panic. I'm here. They won't dare to harm you or Daniel. I'll be there soon."

"Daniel got injured," Doris sobbed. "He had his leg broken while trying to save me. Mr. Adelmars, please hurry. Sob. Sob. I'm scared."

Daniel got his leg broken trying to save Doris? Waylon was surprised. The guy is surprisingly brave!"

"Alright, I'm going to rescue you now. Don't be afraid!"

Waylon hung up and told Raymond, "Take me to them! One minute late, and you can get your casket ready."

"Yes, yes. Raymond nodded repeatedly. "I'll bring you to them right away. Please spare me!"

An hour later, Raymond led Waylon and Benjamin to a deserted warehouse, where they found Doris and Daniel. The ropes binding the two had been cut.

Upon seeing Waylon, Doris rushed into his arms, crying, "Mr. Adelman, you've come! I thought I was going to die. I was so scared."

Waylon was momentarily taken aback when she hugged him, but he soon pushed Doris away and said, "It's okay; it's all over now. I'll take you and Daniel to the hospital!"

He knelt down and used a silver needle to treat Daniel's injured leg, stopping the bleeding and relieving the pain.

Daniel spoke softly, "Mr. Adelman, thank you!"

"Thank you for being with Doris," Waylon told Daniel. "You've impressed me."

"It's what I should do," Daniel replied, feeling both excited and happy to receive Waylon's praise. "As a man, I should protect women. Unfortunately, my strength is limited, and I could only do this much."

"Mr. Daniel," Doris, with teary eyes, said, "you've already done very well. Thank you, really."

An hour later, Doris and Daniel were taken to the hospital. After an examination, it was determined that Doris had only a few minor abrasions and would only require some ointment.

However, Daniel's injuries were more serious. He had a gash on his forehead and a broken left shin. He needed immediate surgery.

During this time, Lily and her parents also arrived at the hospital. Doris tearfully recounted the events to them.

### [Chapter 1320 No Appetite.](#)

"Doris," Lily's eyes were red-rimmed. "Daniel risked his life for you. You must not let him down!"

Doris hesitated for a moment, remembering the critical moment when Daniel claimed to be her boyfriend to protect her. In return, she had also claimed that Daniel was her boyfriend to plead for his safety. Now, Lily's words...

Doris mumbled a faint "yes" and nodded.

A short distance away, Waylon, who was leaning against the wall, lowered his head and lit a cigarette.

"Waylon, Benjamin whispered, "There might still be a way out of this..."

"Get lost!" Waylon furrowed his brows. "What's it to do with me? Who do you think I am?"

Still being stubborn, eh? Benjamin mused. Isn't it obvious? When your beloved woman is being taken away right- before your eyes, and you're here trying to save face, it's nothing but self-inflicted suffering!

"Mr. Adelman!" Lily approached and said warmly, "Thank you for saving my brother."

"Also, thanks to Daniel for helping... my sister's employee," Waylon replied, taking a drag from his cigarette and exhaling a thin plume of smoke.

Behind the faint smoke, his deep, mysterious eyes seemed to hold a touch of melancholy, adding to his already captivating aura.

Lily suddenly felt a bit dazed, noting a certain melancholic quality in Waylon's expression. Yet, this quality only made him more enchanting.

Lily hesitated for a moment and then softly said, "Have you eaten yet? Let me treat you."

Waylon took a couple of steps away, extinguished his cigarette in a nearby bin, and tossed it inside. "Sure," he replied calmly, "I'm hungry too."

Lily's heart leaped with joy. She hadn't expected it to be so easy to invite Waylon out. It was like a dream. come true.

As Waylon passed by Doris, he whispered, "You should go home. Call your sister. Your kids are still waiting. for you."

Doris, her head hanging low and tears still falling, replied, "I'll wait here for Daniel. He's in surgery; how can I leave him?"

Waylon's face turned slightly pale, a hint of pain flashing in his lowered. eyes.

"Suit yourself," he said, then turned to Benjamin. "Arrange for a Struyria Banquet meal to be delivered to her here."

"Will do!" Benjamin nodded. "I'll stay here too. Don't worry!"

"Alright, Waylon replied before walking away with Lily

Arriving at the parking lot, Waylon opened the Maybach, and Lily took the front passenger seat.

Please sit in the back," Waylon said with furrowed brows. "It's safer."

Lily had been upset about not being able to sit beside Waylon. Little did she know that he was considering her safety!

After about half an hour, they entered an Italian restaurant.

"Mr. Adelmar," Lily asked, "Do you like Italian cuisine?"

"I'm fine with it," Waylon replied casually.

Fine with it? Lily furrowed her brows again. What kind of response was that? Does that mean I'll have to learn how to make dishes from all over the world just to please this man in the future?

Waylon ordered chicken scarpariello and pork agrodolce.

Lily spoke again, "Mr. Adelmar, do you like sweet and sour flavors?"

"I'm fine with it," Waylon repeated the same phrase.

Lily furrowed her brows once more. Did he mean "fine with it" or "not in the mood"? But Lily couldn't dwell on such thoughts. The fact that Waylon was having a meal with her was already a rare opportunity. She couldn't afford to waste her thoughts on food.

Lily ordered four more dishes and two bottles of whiskey.

She was confident that after downing these two bottles of strong liquor, the esteemed Waylon Adelman would no longer be saying. "I'm fine with it."

She wanted him, and she wouldn't settle for anything less!

Before long, all the dishes and drinks were served. Lily served Waylon the food.

"This is the chicken scarpariello you ordered. Would you like to taste it?"

"And this pork agrodolce should be delicious!"

"Before we start eating, let's make a toast. Life needs a sense of ceremony."

"Is it necessary? It's just a meal." Waylon said with a frown, then raised his glass and finished it in one go.

Lily had been waiting for a toast with him, but his glass was already empty.

Am I so slow? Lily thought. Anyhow, the goal is to have Mr. Adelman drunk and give me the chance to make a move!

She quickly refilled Waylon's glass.

"This time, let's make a toast!" Lily held up her glass, looking expectantly at Waylon.

Without lifting his gaze, Waylon clinked his glass briefly with hers and then downed it again.

"Mr. Adelman, you seem to be in a bad mood, Lily commented with a frown. "Are you drinking to drown your sorrows?"