

Are Mine 1382

[Chapter 1882 Waylon! Save Me!](#)

Oscar hosted a baisquer at the old mansion, and everyone gathered in joy.

Robert sat at the head of the table with Waylon, Abel, and Emmeline by his side, while Oscar sat next to Robert with Maxwell and Alondra by his side.

The couple had never received such treatment before, and they couldn't stop smiling throughout the evening.

Ring, ring, ring... Waylon's phone rang. It was a call from Doris.

Waylon quickly got up and walked to the side to answer the phone.

"Darling," came the gentle and soothing voice of Doris from the other end. "I'm going to Starhill Garden to pack some things that the kids and I usually use. Can you come and pick me up after you're done with your business?"

"Sure, but why won't you wait for me to go together?" Waylon asked. "It's quite late to go out alone."

"It's not even nine yet," Doris said sweetly. "And I want to finish quickly so I can go back and tuck the kids in bed."

"Alright, just be careful," Waylon said. "I'll come to pick you up as soon as I'm done."

"Okay, you go ahead," Doris replied obediently and then hung up the phone.

An hour later, Doris took a taxi to Starhill Garden by herself.

She planned to pack up some things here and take them to Macsen Villa. She wouldn't be coming to this house very often in the future.

Doris used her access card to open the security gate and hummed a song as she entered. These past few weeks had been filled with good news, and she was in a very cheerful mood, often unconsciously humming songs.

Just as she was about to turn and close the security gate, a burly man wearing a mask suddenly barged in.

He locked the security gate behind him and then used a brick to smash the surveillance camera above.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Doris was taken aback when she saw the man and became frightened.

She couldn't believe that she would encounter a criminal right at her doorstep!

"What am I doing? Hehe!" The man, who stood before her like a black tower, sneered. "Give me all the 100 you have on you, or else!"

n't have any cash on me," Doris said, leaning against the wall, her face turning pale from fear. "Don't hing; re less. This is a society ruled by law. If you act recklessly, the law won't spare you!"

that nonsense!” The man said menacingly from under his mask. “I just got out of prison, ed of money to eat, drink, and have fun with women. Now, hand me the money!”

sn’t have any cash!” Doris pleaded. “Have you been locked up for so long that you don’t know money in their phones now? I don’t have any cash on me. How about I add you on

The man replied. “You’ll know exactly who I am if I let you do that! Anyway, I want cash!”

You’re asking the impossible. Doris furrowed her brows nervously. “Besides transferring money to you, I have no other way to give you money!”

“Then, give me your face!” The man said. “I have a habit: if I don’t get the money, I’ll take someone’s face as compensation. Consider it settling the debt!”

“Ah!” Doris covered her face and crouched down. “Please don’t, I’m going to call the police!”

“Call the police, and I’ll kill you!” The man grabbed her and slammed her against the wall with a loud thud.

Doris was thrown around so violently that she felt queasy. The coffee and desserts she had enjoyed at Nightfall Cafe in the afternoon nearly came back up.

“Are you giving me the money or not?” The man grabbed her again, his tone menacing. “If you don’t. Fil mess you up and then throw you to your death!”

“It’s not that I won’t give it to you.” Doris panted. “I really don’t have any cash! You’re doing this on purpose!”

Slap The man raised his hand and gave her a solid slap. “You’re pretty smart, you d*mned b*tch. So what if I’m doing this on purpose? I have a problem with pretty women. I’ll let you in on the truth. My wife gave me a cuckold because she was beautiful, and I ended up in prison for assault! I don’t mind injuring you today and going back to prison!”

Slap! He slapped Doris again and then pulled out a pocket knife.

“If you don’t give me the money, I’ll slash your face, leave scars, and you’ll look even more beautiful”

“No! Blood trickled down from the corner of her mouth as Doris lay on the ground, helpless.

This man was just too strong, and she couldn’t fight back, especially after the brutal fall she had taken.

“Please, don’t do this! I have no grudge against you!”

She curled up into a ball, praying desperately. Waylon, Hubby! Save me! You said you’d come to pick me up right after you’re done with your business!

“It’s too late now! Think about who you’ve offended!” The man, holding a sharp knife, lifted Doris up and was about to slash her face.

“Ah”” Doris screamed desperately. “Help! Someone, help!”

Just then, bang! The security gate made a loud noise.

The assailant suddenly turned his head and saw a fierce face on the other side of the security gate

A man in white clothes was banging on the thick glass of the security gate as if he had gone mad.

He didn't have any weapons in his hand, he was using his fists to break the glass door

Finally, with a loud crash, the thick glass was shattered by his bare fists.

The assailant hadn't recovered from the shock when Waylon burst in and punched him against the wall