

"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 In this day and age, who would hold on to such outdated ideals?"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!"

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