

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

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

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

"Sob..."

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

In her heart, she prayed that someone outside in the

corridor would hear the commotion inside the room and call the police for help.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It seemed like the entrance door was forcefully knocked open.

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

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

His pants slid down, exposing his fat belly.

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

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

"Mr. Adelmar!" Doris cried out as she lunged towards

him, throwing herself into his embrace and clinging tightly to his neck. "Sob... you scared me to death. Sob... I thought it was all over for me..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blushing, she quickly let go.

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

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

Doris gasped at the speed of his movement.

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

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

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

And his blows were merciless!

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

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

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

Doris sniffed and pointed at the landlord, lying

helpless on the floor. "This man had evil intentions, and Mr. Adelmar saved me."

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

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

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

Doris choked up, her eyes turning red once again.

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

"Don't think too much," Waylon seemed to understand

what Doris was thinking and spoke coldly. "I'm only doing this because I have to. Even the police will make me take it off."

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