

Doris blushed at his words, feeling a mixture of embarrassment and gratitude.

The police wouldn't let her leave half-dressed like that.

The landlord was taken to the hospital by the ambulance that arrived shortly after.

Doris followed the police car to the local police station in their jurisdiction.

Waylon trailed behind in his Maybach, and after the statement was taken, Waylon drove and Doris took the passenger seat.

By the time they finished recording her statement, it was already dark outside.

"Thank you so much for today," Doris murmured, her head bowed as she fastened her seatbelt.

She caught a faint herbal scent from the suit she was wearing, a scent that she surprisingly found pleasant. It was the first time she realized herbs could smell so good.

"You don't need to thank me," Waylon replied calmly. "You should thank your phone."

Her phone? Doris suddenly remembered that she hadn't even held onto it properly.

"Um," she stammered, "I left my phone back at the rental house."

"No need to retrieve it," Waylon said. "I don't want to set foot in that place again!"

Doris didn't argue. She didn't want to go back there either, but she couldn't help feeling a bit sad about her phone. She had only bought it earlier this year, an expensive OPIX worth over two thousand.

"Do you still plan on finding another place to stay?"
Waylon grasped the steering wheel, his gaze fixed ahead as if he were speaking to the air.

"If you still want to move out, I can accompany you in searching for a new place. I can keep an eye on the landlords for you, whether they are decent people or just animals. It's not hard to tell!"

Doris wondered how to respond to that. She couldn't quite figure out Waylon's intentions. Was he genuinely offering to help her find a new place, or was he simply mocking her?

However, Doris was smart, and after some consideration, she hesitated and said, "Um... thank you, but I think I'll stay at Macsen Villa for now. I don't want to trouble you."

"Then stay put for now," Waylon said to the empty air in front of him. "If one day you change your mind, let me know. I don't want to be bothered, just like today. Everything was going well, and then this happened!"

Doris suddenly looked at the man sitting beside her and couldn't help but think, Are you blaming me for going out to look for a house?

I didn't want this trouble either, you know? Who wants to give up a good life? Wasn't it because of your persuasion that I ended up like this?

If you didn't scold me or given me the cold shoulder, I could have just stayed nearby and rented a house.

"Don't overthink it," Waylon seemed to possess mind-reading abilities. "When in someone else's territory, sometimes you have to bow your head. You should understand the rules, and besides, I didn't make things difficult for you, did I? Emma bombarded me with questions on the phone, and I had no idea what had happened."

"Mr. Adelmar, please don't misunderstand," Doris hurriedly explained with a smile on her face. "I wanted to find a new place to rent on my own. I didn't say anything bad about you to Ms. Louise."

Waylon's lips curled, and he glanced at her, saying, "You're free to say whatever you want, but what makes me worthy of your badmouthing?"

Doris fell silent.

She couldn't find a single fault with Waylon.
Compared to enjoying free food and accommodation
and having a free babysitter to look after her child,
what harm would a few scoldings or cold looks do?

Who said Mr. Adelmar had to treat himself like a
devoted dog when he saw her?

It was all too melodramatic!

With that realization, a sense of relief washed over
Doris.

"You're quite good," she murmured, her head still
lowered. "Like today, if you hadn't arrived in time, I
would have been in terrible shape."

"Not every time will you be so lucky," Waylon replied
coldly. "In the future, think more before you act!"

She decided to interpret his words as concern for her.

However, at present, the direction the car was heading wasn't towards Macsen Villa.

Doris spoke up, "Mr. Adelmar, we're going the wrong way."

"What do you mean, the wrong way?" Waylon asked the empty air in front of him.

Doris thought he was from Osea, so he didn't familiarize himself with the roads of Struyria, so she said, "We're not heading back to Macsen Villa on this road."

"Who said I'm going back to Macsen Villa?"

Now it was Doris's turn to be stunned. "Then where are we going?"

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