



Janet was about to unleash her fury, but Waylon flicked his wrist, launching a pill that hit Janet's throat with uncanny precision. It landed square on target, leaving her unable to speak.

She opened her mouth wide in shock, emitting a raspy scream of terror. Doris, equally surprised by Janet's sudden affliction, wondered what had just happened.

Waylon casually retrieved the dress Janet had snatched and handed it to Doris. "Go and try it on," he said nonchalantly.

Doris glanced at the trembling and screaming Janet before cautiously taking the dress and disappearing into the fitting room. The bewildered sales assistant watched Waylon's composed elegance, utterly

perplexed. They all sensed that his presence was somehow linked to Janet's sudden loss of speech, but none could discern how he achieved it without laying a finger on her.

He hadn't moved a muscle!

Doris quickly changed into the dress, her mind still disturbed by Janet's strange condition. She emerged from the fitting room, catching Waylon's gaze. "What do you think?" she asked, hoping for his approval.

Waylon squinted his eyes and, truth be told, he was taken aback by Doris's stunning appearance. He hadn't realized she could transform so drastically with a simple change of clothes.

Though he believed Emmeline to be the most beautiful woman he had ever known, he couldn't deny that Doris looked rather impressive herself.

"It's alright," Waylon nodded.

"If you think it's good, then I'll take this one," Doris replied, her enthusiasm dampened by Janet's earlier confrontation. As long as Waylon gave his approval, any dress would do for her.

"Pack it up," Waylon ordered. "Let's go find a matching pair of shoes."

Doris returned to the fitting room, changed out of the dress, and handed it back to the sales assistant. But just as she was about to leave, Janet fell to her knees in front of her, pointing desperately to her own throat, making garbled sounds.

Doris furrowed her brow, unimpressed. "You suddenly can't speak, and I'm supposed to believe you're in trouble? If you've done something awful, it's karma

catching up with you. What use is begging me for mercy?"

Janet, tears welling up in her eyes, pointed to her throat and then proceeded to kowtow, begging for forgiveness.

Doris, equally puzzled, turned to Waylon. "Mr. Adelman, something is wrong with her. How did she end up like this?"

"She owes you an apology. Even the heavens couldn't bear her actions," Waylon replied calmly. "Once she apologizes, she'll recover in a matter of minutes."

"Is that so?" Doris voiced her skepticism. "I'm not a saint. How could I possibly have the heavens on my side to punish her?"

But Janet, on her knees, knocked her head on the ground twice, pleading with Doris in sign language, acknowledging her wrongdoing and begging for mercy.

"Shouldn't there be more to her apology?" Waylon sneered. "A couple of gestures and that's it?"

Janet pondered for a moment, then raised her hand and gave herself two resounding slaps. She repeated the action, causing tears to stream down her face.

Doris stared in disbelief. What had gotten into Janet? Was she possessed?

Adhering to the principle of showing mercy, Waylon launched another pill, this time hitting a pressure point behind Janet's ear.

Janet cried out, but her voice had returned.

"Doris, dear sister, I beg you to spare me. I shall never dare to cross you again!"

Doris exclaimed, amazed. "But I haven't done anything to you! Aren't we fine now?"

"Thank you for sparing me," Janet pleaded with an anxious expression. "I know I was wrong. The words I said earlier were nonsense!"

"But you should also apologize to Mr. Adelmarr," Doris insisted. "It's one thing to insult me, but how dare you insult Mr. Adelmarr? He saved your father's life. In your eyes, is your father's life worth less than money?"

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