

Janet swiftly turned her body on the ground and knocked her head against Waylon's feet.

"I apologize, mighty immortal. I was blind and foolish. Please, forgive this insignificant mortal and spare me," Janet pleaded desperately.

Waylon let out a cold snort and waved his hand impatiently. "Get up!"

Janet scrambled to her feet and ran a few steps before remembering the bag she had dropped on the ground.

She crouched down and hurriedly retrieved the bag before making her escape.

The nearby shop attendants stood in stunned silence,

whispering among themselves. "Is this man truly capable? Did he use some kind of magic?"

"We watched him completely humiliate that woman, but we have no idea how he did it!"

"Didn't that woman just call him an immortal? Could there really be immortals in this world?"

"Mr. Adelmar," Doris tugged at Waylon's sleeve and whispered, "Are you truly an immortal? How did you punish her just now? We didn't see anything!"

The two shop attendants immediately perked up their ears, eager to hear Waylon's response.

Today had truly opened their eyes!

This was a gossip-worthy event that they could talk about for a lifetime!

"Gurgle, gurgle!" Waylon's stomach rumbled faintly at an inconvenient time.

He frowned and spoke with a cold expression, "Have you ever seen an immortal's stomach growl with hunger?"

Doris suddenly realized that it was already past 8 p.m., and neither of them had eaten dinner yet!

"How about this," Doris hurriedly suggested, "Let me treat you to dinner. We can go and grab something to eat?"

"Very well," Waylon nodded. "I can't wait to return to Macsen Villa either."

Leaving The Verdaria, Waylon drove the car while his stomach started growling again.

Doris also felt her stomach rumbling and couldn't help but rub it.

"What would you like to eat?" Waylon asked her.

"Well..." Doris spotted a barbecue city not far away.

"How about some barbecue?"

Waylon glanced in the direction of the smoke and nodded. "That's fine."

"Fine?"

That meant it wasn't the best choice.

Doris took a quick glance at Waylon and felt that this handsome man, with his ethereal aura, wasn't quite suitable for a street barbecue.

"How about we go somewhere else?" she suggested.
"I don't think you'll enjoy it here."

"Let's stay here," Waylon said. "Finding another suitable place would mean walking a bit more."

"In that case, I'll follow your lead!" Doris was delighted. She loved peddling and enjoyed eating barbecue, relishing the exhilarating aroma of cumin.

She glanced at Waylon's handsome profile and couldn't help but say, "I'm accompanying an immortal in peddling and eating skewers, preferably with two cans of beer!"

Waylon glanced at her with a slight turn of his head and muttered under his breath, "You're quite wild!"

Doris laughed cheerfully. "It's been so long since I peddled and had barbecue with beer. You have no

idea how enjoyable it is! Just thinking about it gets me excited!"

She spoke happily, almost dancing with joy.

On her delicate and beautiful face, there was nothing but pure and simple happiness.

Waylon felt an involuntary stir within him.

He thought it was just the mention of barbecue that was stirring his appetite, causing an itch in his heart.

He turned the steering wheel, and the car made a turn, heading towards the barbecue city.

After finding a parking space, they walked towards the barbecue stalls.

A waiter hurriedly approached and greeted them,

"Table for how many?"

"Two," Doris spoke first.

In such a common setting, she felt that she should take the lead.

Mr. Adelmar was an immortal who didn't mingle with the mundane world.

"Right this way," the waiter led them to a freshly cleaned stainless steel table.

He then unfolded two small stools and set them up.

As Waylon was about to sit down, he furrowed his brow, picked up a stack of cheap napkins, and placed them on the seat.

Doris smiled and helped him off the steps. "You're

right, your pants are white. You don't want to end up with striped patterns after sitting."

The waiter awkwardly chuckled, "Peddling and eating skewers, it's not something we pay much attention to. We're all just here to have some fun."

Waylon sat down on the stool covered with napkins and said, "Bring us your menu."

The waiter reached into a crackling compartment and handed them a plastic-sealed menu.

Waylon used his fingertips to pinch the less greasy corner and placed the menu on the table.

Doris sat across from him, craning her neck to see.

Waylon skimmed through the menu with his eyes and asked her, "How many lamb skewers can you eat?"

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