

Seeing a familiar person on a completely unfamiliar occasion, Doris felt like she had seen a family.

"Waylon!" She hurriedly walked towards Waylon.

At that moment, there was a slight excitement in Doris's heart.

Waylon also turned around and walked quickly towards her.

Coincidentally, the maid beside her was accidentally bumped into, causing the tray in her hand to shake.

Doris had already reached her side and quickly helped her steady herself.

The maid did not drop the tray, but because Doris

twisted her body, her high heels stumbled on the soft carpet.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, realizing she was about to fall.

Waylon instinctively took two steps forward to help her.

But Daniel was already supporting Doris, standing behind her and holding onto her waist.

Waylon reached out his hand, only an arm away from Doris.

"Be careful." Daniel's gentle voice sounded in Doris's ear.

Her face blushed slightly as she turned her head and said, "I'm sorry."

"Are your feet okay?" Daniel still supported her, bending down to ask with concern.

Doris moved her neck and felt slight pain, but it was nothing serious.

She straightened her body, pushed him away, and shook her head, saying, "I'm fine, thank you, Mr. Daniel."

As she turned her head, Waylon was already standing two meters before her, frowning.

A smile appeared at the corner of her lips. About to call him, but Waylon had already turned around and walked inside.

The smile on Doris's face froze for a moment, and there was a hint of hurt and astonishment.

She did not say anything then.

"Ms. Doris!" Daniel seemed to have seen it and said softly, "Come over here and sit down first. Let me see if your foot is okay."

Being exposed to Daniel made Doris feel awkward and uncomfortable.

Why did Waylon treat her like this?

Did not he promise to let her come?

She sat on the nearby sofa with Daniel, who gave her a cup of hot fruit juice.

On the other side, Waylon acted as if nothing had happened and walked straight to the hall.

A young woman wearing a medium-length dress in

goose yellow immediately approached, warmly handing him a glass of red wine.

From a distance, Waylon was facing away from this side.

Doris did not know what they were saying, let alone the expression on his face.

She only saw the woman's long black hair and beautiful smile.

"That's my sister," Daniel said when he saw Doris staring at the young woman. "Her name is Lily."

Lily?

Doris suddenly remembered the conversation between Abel and Emmeline on the way.

So, the one in the goose-yellow dress was Liam's daughter, right?

And the one next to Doris was Liam's son.

The Thomas family invited Waylon to match with Lily.

Doris came here to protect him from harassment of other women, but he did not seem to care. Could it be that he was interested in Lily?

Doris was a bit confused. Did she still need to play the role of a shield?

"Ms. Doris, are you okay?" Daniel seemed to notice that something was off with her expression.

Doris quickly smiled and said, "I'm fine, Mr. Daniel. Finish your work first, don't worry about me. I'll just sit here for a while."

"Alright," Daniel said, "I'll say hello to other guests and come back to take care of you later."

"Okay." Doris nodded, "Go ahead, don't worry about me."

Daniel straightened his suit and walked calmly inside.

Doris sat on the sofa and wiggled her neck to ensure everything was fine before standing up again.

On the other side, Waylon and Lily were still chatting while holding their wine glasses.

They were too far away to hear what they said, but they seemed very good.

Lily was laughing happily.

Waylon could not tell jokes or make women laugh, so what did he do to make Lily so happy?

Doris could not help but feel a little uneasy.

Is there any point in me coming today? But in just three seconds, she shrugged and convinced herself that it did not matter if her presence was no point.

If they did not want her here, she could finally have peace.

She longed to leave, but she was unable to.

First, she had just arrived. It was not appropriate that she left so soon.

Second, Waylon had not asked her to leave yet.

What if something happened after she left?

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