

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1012 She Wasn't Benjamin's Cup of Tea

Janie staggered out of the bar, her state of intoxication evident. Benjamin felt a wave of concern wash over him, fearing that something might happen to her in this vulnerable state.

He revved the engine of his Porsche and chased after the taxi at the intersection, determined to catch up with it. The two vehicles raced through the streets, one following closely behind the other until they reached the community where Janie lived.

Leaning back against the seat, Janie kept her eyes closed throughout the ride. Tears streamed down her face, hot and bitter. The heat of the tears stung her skin, while their bitterness seeped into the corners of her lips, leaving an unpleasant taste.

The taxi came to a stop, and Janie paid through her

phone before grabbing her handbag and stepping out of the vehicle. Benjamin parked his car in the community and hurriedly made his way into the lobby, but Janie had already entered the elevator.

Taking another elevator, Benjamin ascended to the upper floors and stepped out, only to find Janie closing her front door.

Always falling just short, both in timing and distance.

But at least he saw her safely home, which brought him some relief.

He turned to enter the elevator and go back downstairs, but his footsteps hesitated.

A voice inside him seemed to urge him to see her, to check on her.

Benjamin turned around once again and made his way toward Janie's apartment door.

The distance from the elevator to her door was just a dozen or so steps.

He walked slowly, curling his fingers, preparing to knock on the door.

Yet, in the final moment, his arm remained suspended in mid-air, hesitating to complete the action.

"Should I see her? What would I even say?" he questioned himself inwardly.

Just like Janie had said, what was their relationship?

Yeah, what was their relationship?

Why did he care about her, and from what

perspective?

With his arm still raised, fingers curled, Benjamin stood there for a full two minutes. Eventually, he withdrew his hand, turned around, and stepped into the elevator.

Back downstairs, he didn't immediately get into his car.

Instead, he leaned against the vehicle, one leg bent, resting on the wheel behind him, as he lit a cigarette.

Amidst the alternating glow and dimness of the cigarette's embers, he lifted his gaze, fixating on the window that belonged to Janie.

Her apartment was on the seventeenth floor, in the eastern block of the three buildings.

Benjamin didn't know what color curtains she had chosen.

He had been to her apartment once or twice before.

Eleven, twelve, thirteen...

Benjamin counted the floors, reaching the seventeenth, where he could see the window of the eastern block.

A dim light shone through the window, not very bright.

It cast a melancholic and somber hue.

In his loneliness, Benjamin exhaled a smoke ring.

Meanwhile, Janie quickly took a shower, donned her pajamas, and grabbed a towel to dry her damp, cascading hair.

An inexplicable emotion tugged at her, guiding her towards the window.

She lifted a corner of the curtain and looked down.

Beneath, amidst the swaying shadows of the trees, a car was parked.

The lighting there was dim, and Janie couldn't discern the make of the vehicle.

There were already plenty of cars parked below, so the presence of another vehicle didn't seem particularly out of place. However, it appeared that someone stood in front of the car.

Although she couldn't see clearly, the figure seemed to be dressed in black.

In an instant, Janie felt a pang of anticipation, thinking it might be Benjamin.

She hastily halted her hair-drying and pulled back the curtain, peering down.

But the person in black opened the car door and bent down into the driver's seat.

Janie laughed at herself in self-deprecation. How foolish of her to think that figure could be Benjamin.

Benjamin was like a stone in the toilet, unpleasant and unyielding. Why would he be down there, kindly waiting for her?

Oh, right. He had plans to have dinner with Ysabel tonight.

Look at that, just look at that. She was simply not

Benjamin's type.

Having clung to him for half a year, even losing a child for him, there had been little substantial progress between them.

And now, Ysabel appeared on the scene, and they were already making plans to have dinner together.

No matter how you put it, Janie knew she simply wasn't Benjamin's cup of tea.

She sniffed and wiped her nose, pulling the curtains closed before sitting back at her vanity table. She began blow-drying her hair and attending to her skincare routine.

Meanwhile, Benjamin sat in his car, glancing upwards through the windshield at the window on the seventeenth floor of the eastern block.

The window was now shrouded in darkness.

Leaning back against the seat, Benjamin closed his eyes for a moment, then started the car and drove away.

In her bed, Janie could hear the distinct sound of the car starting up from downstairs. She could almost discern that it was the vehicle from earlier, parked in the same spot.

A strange sensation stirred within her, prompting Janie to flip over and get out of bed.

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