

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1014 Mr Waylon's Child

Doris's eyes welled up with tears, her voice trembling as she spoke, "I've longed for a child as well. Since the birth of these babies, I haven't been able to bear being apart from them."

Emmeline nodded understandingly, she knew the longing and the deep attachment one could have for their flesh and blood.

The three of them exited the hospital building, and Emmeline went to retrieve the car.

Jennie held onto Doris's hand, her voice firm as she offered words of advice, "You better hold onto that rich bachelor, otherwise, you won't find another one like him in this lifetime."

Doris felt a mix of hesitation and annoyance. "What's

with your concern, sis?"

"My concern is for our parents' sake!" Jennie shot her a pointed look. "Just do as I say!"

Doris sighed, realizing it was futile to argue further. Emmeline pulled up in the car, interrupting their conversation.

Emmeline parked the car by their side, and Doris bid farewell to Jennie before bending down to enter the vehicle.

Forty minutes later, they arrived at Macsen Villa.

In just a few days, the workforce on this side was complete.

All of them were brought over by Waylon from Osea.

He was accustomed to working with these people, trusted them implicitly, and they knew how to cater to his needs.

The security guard, upon seeing Emmeline in the sports car, was overjoyed. He quickly grabbed the remote control and opened the electric gate, exclaiming, "Ms. Louise, it's great to see you again! What a pleasant surprise."

"Hello, Uncle Patrick," Emmeline greeted the security guard, lowering the car window.

The sports car entered the courtyard and parked in its designated spot.

Emmeline led Doris through the connecting corridor toward the entrance door.

A few gardeners were diligently tending to the flower

beds on either side, carefully pruning and arranging the plants.

The flower beds looked more exquisite than ever before.

Compared to when Emmeline occasionally stayed here for a few days, it was like night and day.

The transformation was nothing short of remarkable.

The flower beds back then were wild and overgrown, but now they were neatly arranged, giving off a sense of satisfaction just by looking at them.

"Emma," Doris whispered, "aren't these workers from Struyria?"

"They're from Osea," Emmeline replied. "Half of them are from Cineraceus in Reykjovak."

"No wonder they have such an exotic vibe," Doris remarked. "Speaking of which, are you and Mr. Adelmar also from Osea?"

"I'm a pure-blooded Struyrian," Emmeline chuckled, "purer than pure gold."

Doris smiled, revealing a small dimple. Her initial nervousness began to dissipate.

She didn't know what to say when she saw Waylon.

Whenever she caught sight of that cool and refined man, she couldn't help but feel a sense of unease.

It seemed like if he didn't provoke her, he wouldn't even bother to speak to her.

They entered the grand European-style entrance hall

and Emmeline and Doris changed their shoes in the foyer.

The nanny spotted them and hurried over. "Ms. Louise, you're here."

"Yes, Mrs. Jamison," Emmeline addressed the nanny. "Doris and I came to see the children."

"Are those twins yours?" Jamison looked at Doris, squinting and smiling. "They're adorable and well-behaved."

"They're mine," Doris replied politely. "Sorry for the trouble we've caused."

"No trouble at all, dear. It's our pleasure," Jamison waved off the apology with a smile.

"Where are the children?" Emmeline asked after

changing her shoes.

"They're upstairs. Mrs. Flores is looking after them," the nanny answered.

Emmeline was about to head towards the staircase with Doris when Jamison tugged at her arm. "Ms. Louise."

Emmeline paused, allowing Doris to go upstairs on her own.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Jamison?" Emmeline asked. "You seem all secretive."

"Oh, Ms. Louise," Jamison exclaimed gleefully, "Congratulations to Mr. Waylon! When did he secretly father such a lovely pair of twins?"

Emmeline was taken aback and chuckled. "Mrs.

Jamison, what are you talking about? Just because the children are temporarily staying at our house doesn't mean they belong to Waylon. They are Doris's, as that lady just mentioned."

"Oh, Ms. Louise, who are you kidding?" Jamison grinned. "We recognized them at first sight. They are unmistakably Mr. Waylon's children."

Emmeline nearly burst into laughter. "Mrs. Jamison, you're even more eager than Master Robert for Waylon to give him grandchildren."

"I'm not mistaken," Jamison insisted, twisting her expression. "They look so much alike. It can't be a coincidence!"

"I won't argue with you any further," Emmeline said. "I'll go upstairs now."

She turned away, leaving Jamison still wearing a mischievous grin.

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