

## QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

### Chapter 1018 Am I That Bad?

The three of them piled into Abel's Rolls-Royce, heading towards the Struyria Banquet. They had chosen to dine there for the evening, despite the notorious rush hour traffic that plagued the roads.

What was supposed to be a forty-minute journey turned into an hour-long ordeal of honking horns and gridlocked streets.

Finally, they arrived at their destination and parked in the underground garage. Making their way up the elevator, they entered Benjamin's exclusive private room within the banquet hall.

They ordered their favorite dishes and began to eat together.

"I was originally planning to have lunch at Macsen Villa," Emmeline said between bites. "Because Waylon seemed upset."

"Upset about what?" Abel and Benjamin inquired simultaneously.

They both picked out Emmeline's favorite dishes, placing them on a small plate before her.

"It's about the hospital construction project," Emmeline answered after taking a mouthful of food. "Waylon has caught the attention of a certain lady from a particular department."

"Struyria isn't Osea," Benjamin remarked. "In Osea, everyone knows he's not to be messed with. No woman dares to set her sights on him. But here in Struyria, it's a different story. If he shows up, it's only

natural for women to take notice."

"That's why Waylon is feeling down," Emmeline chimed in. "He doesn't want to invite unnecessary trouble."

"Should I have the PR department step in and resolve the situation for him?" Abel suggested. "Which department is this woman from?"

"Waylon hasn't mentioned it yet. I rushed out as soon as I received Ben's call," Emmeline replied.

"In that case, I'll ask him," Benjamin said. "Let's not let him suffer in silence."

With that, Benjamin took out his phone and dialed Waylon's number.

After a few rings, Waylon answered in his deep and

melodious voice, "Ben, are you alright?"

"I'm fine, Waylon," Benjamin reassured. "Emma and Abel are with me."

"That's good to hear," Waylon replied. "Don't let matters of the heart weigh you down. See through it all."

"Not about me," Benjamin continued. "Emma mentioned that something is bothering you. Care to share?"

"Someone has already taken care of it," Waylon said. "No need to worry."

Just as Benjamin was about to speak, the sound of a crying baby came through the phone.

Benjamin paused, and then Waylon hung up.

Benjamin chuckled, "Is Waylon looking after a child?"

"Doris' two babies at Macsen Villa," Emmeline laughed. "It's quite lively over there, to say the least."

Abel chimed in, "It's good for Waylon to have an early taste of being a dad."

"The best part is that those two babies look just like Waylon," Emmeline chuckled. "He's getting tired, but it's worth it."

"We shouldn't accuse Waylon unjustly," Benjamin laughed. "Who knows, he might still be a virgin."

"I'm not accusing him. I know him," Emmeline giggled mischievously. "It's just the workers there who are making wild guesses."

In reality, Doris wasn't at Macsen Villa. She had been sent by Waylon to do some "work."

In the morning, Emmeline hurriedly left Macsen Villa, leaving Doris to face Waylon, creating an awkward situation.

Doris bowed and apologized repeatedly to Waylon, acknowledging that she had caused him trouble.

Waylon looked at her and furrowed his brow.

"You certainly have caused me trouble, and quite a lot of it. I'm a single man, and suddenly I have two demanding infants at home. Do you think I'm not bothered by it?" he said.

"Bothered," Doris nodded earnestly.

Sometimes even as the biological mother, she found

the children bothersome, let alone someone like Waylon who had no relation to them.

"But the children are innocent, aren't they?" Waylon raised an eyebrow. "What do the children know?"

"I understand that," Doris replied. "It's all my fault for causing trouble. So, I'll go find a place and move out quickly, to give Mr. Adelmarr some peace."

"Do you think finding a place is as easy as buying cabbage at the market? Like it's that simple?" Waylon retorted.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Adelmarr?"

Doris raised her gaze and looked at the dignified and elegant man on the couch. "Are you suggesting that I leave with the children and wander around on the streets?"

"Did I say that?" Waylon asked, his brow furrowing.  
"Am I that bad?"

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#### Chapter 1019 Mr Adelmar Takes Care of the Children at Home



"No, Mr. Adelmar," Doris replied honestly, shaking her head. "To be honest, I don't understand what you mean."

"We can make a deal," Waylon said, his voice taking on a businesslike tone. "You see, I'm not just a doctor, I'm also a businessman."



Doris couldn't help but think to herself, Wow, Mr. Adelmar, you're still quite impressive, huh?

Not only a doctor but a businessman too!

My sister said you were a jobless wanderer. She really couldn't see the bigger picture!

"We can reach an agreement," Waylon continued. "As long as you help me accomplish certain tasks according to the agreement, both you and the children can stay here. It's quite lonely in this five to six-hundred-square-meter villa with just me, especially since Kaden and Jake won't be coming back. And with you helping me and no rent to pay, plus a nanny to help you with the children, I'll even give you a bonus if it works out. What do you think?"

Doris's eyes sparkled with excitement as she responded, "Well, that sounds good to me, Mr.

Adelmar. But what exactly would you need me to do for you?"

"Well," Waylon picked up a document from the coffee table, "all you need to do is go and sign this at lunchtime today, and it'll be okay."

Doris widened her eyes, "Is it really that easy?"

"Yeah!" Waylon nodded.

"If it's that easy, why don't you go yourself?" Doris couldn't help but show her suspicion.

"The other party is a woman," Waylon said bluntly, "she asked me out for a meal and then wants me to sign the document. It makes me feel nauseous."

Doris immediately understood and quickly grasped the situation. "Mr. Adelmar, you have it tough,

especially considering how attractive you are!"

"That's the situation," Waylon said. "I'll have the driver take you there. Noon at the Glorious Gardens Hotel, room number 2022, and it's ten forty minutes now, you can buy a dress on the way and change. I'll give you the money."

"I don't need the money for the dress," Doris hurriedly waved her hand. "I have to wear it in the future anyway."

"Any dress priced above twenty thousand but below fifty thousand," Waylon frowned, "Are you sure?"

Doris shook her head, "No, that's too expensive, and it's not my style of clothing."

Waylon pulled out a bank card from his suit pocket.

"The password is six sixes. Hurry up and go. I'll take

care of the children for you."

He stood up from the sofa, handing the bank card to Doris, while she handed him the child she was holding.

Doris took the bank card and slipped it into her pocket, saying, "Mr. Adelman, I'll go now."

"The document," Waylon looked visibly annoyed, "Your task is to sign the document, not just to buy clothes."

"Oh!" Doris blushed, realizing she had forgotten her main objective amidst the chaos.

She bent down to pick up the document and hurried towards the entrance, needing to change her shoes first.

Meanwhile, Waylon turned to the driver and instructed, "Pick up and drop off Ms. Doris."

Exactly at noon, Doris arrived at room number 2022 of Glorious Gardens Hotel. She wore a wine-red straight shoulder-length dress and had her hair tied back in a low ponytail. Taking a deep breath, she knocked on the door.

"Come in," a voice from inside responded, sounding not quite young but filled with a hint of coquettishness.

Doris took another breath and pushed open the door.

The moment she stepped inside, Doris straightened her slender waist, revealing a perfectly poised smile. It exuded a subtle charm, elegance, and nobility.

Inside the room stood only one person, as expected from the voice earlier. She appeared to be around

forty, exceptionally well-groomed and exuded an air of sophistication.

The woman wore a low-key yet extremely luxurious dark silver dress, with her hair elegantly tied up and delicate makeup.

As the woman saw Doris gracefully enter the room, she looked surprised. The coquettish smile that was on her face vanished instantly.

"Who are you? I made the appointment with Mr. Adelmar," she said unfriendly.

"Mr. Adelmar couldn't make it," Doris responded calmly, without a trace of subservience. "So, I'm here on his behalf."

"Why can't Mr. Adelmar come?" the woman raised an eyebrow and asked with a hint of annoyance.

"Doesn't he need to sign the document?"

"Mr. Adelmarr is at home taking care of the children," Doris placed the document on the table. "I brought the document. Is it you who needs to sign it?"

"What did you say?" The woman furrowed her brow, not answering but questioning in return. "Mr. Adelmarr is at home taking care of the children?"

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**Chapter 1020 Fending Off Mr Adelmarr's Troublesome Admirer**



At that moment, Doris mentally scolded herself for uttering those words. She couldn't believe she had

blurted out such sensitive information without considering the consequences. It was as if her mouth had a mind of its own.

Though the truth was that Mr. Adelman was indeed at home looking after the children, there was no need for Doris to divulge that information so abruptly. But now that the words were out, she had to stand her ground, no matter how uncomfortable it felt.

"Yes, you heard correctly," Doris responded, her voice steady despite the swirling thoughts in her head. "Mr. Adelman is taking care of his children...twins, a boy, and a girl."

The woman's brows furrowed in surprise, clearly caught off guard by this revelation.

"And who are you to Mr. Adelman?" she inquired, her tone growing increasingly hostile.



"We share the same roof," Doris replied with a faint smile, choosing not to disclose further details. "No need to delve into the specifics."

"So," the woman's expression turned icy, "Mr. Adelmar has a wife and children?"

Doris was taken aback by the woman's abrupt shift in demeanor, but she quickly realized the twisted logic behind her thoughts. It became clear that Mr. Adelmar required the woman's signature on the document, but she had developed romantic feelings for him.

It became clear to Doris that the woman had ulterior motives for inviting Mr. Adelmar to this place. No wonder he had expressed his aversion to the meeting. The pieces were falling into place, and Doris couldn't help but feel a sense of disbelief.

Just imagine, an older woman like her setting her sights on Mr. Adelman? It was almost laughable.

"You don't need to ask about his wife and children," Doris replied, her smile serene. "Please just sign the document."

"But I can't help feeling upset," the woman retorted, her face turning red with indignation. "If I had known he had a wife and children, I wouldn't have wasted my emotions!"

"No one forced you into this situation," Doris remarked, her voice tinged with a hint of reproach. "Just take a good look at yourself. How can someone like Mr. Adelman be within your grasp? Don't let a bit of power go to your head and complicate matters. It won't reflect well on you!"

The woman fell silent, her expression shifting from

anger to contemplation. Was it so outlandish for her, a divorced woman, to develop feelings for Waylon?

She had done her due diligence, meticulously researching Waylon's relationship status. All signs pointed to him being an eligible bachelor, a man who had yet to settle down. Could the information she had gathered be inaccurate?

"Sign the damn document!" Doris pushed the papers forward with a forceful shove. "I don't have time to waste on your nonsense. I have to rush back home to feed my child!"

The woman was taken aback by Doris's assertiveness. She was momentarily speechless, unable to formulate a suitable response.

Doris continued, her tone filled with impatience, "Please, just sign it already. I've said all I needed to

say. Are you still not getting it?"

Fueled by her accustomed air of entitlement, the woman retorted, "Who do you think you are to lecture me? I haven't done anything to your man!"

Doris, who was typically docile, was not one to be trifled with when push came to shove. She firmly grabbed hold of the woman's wrist, pulling her forcefully towards the table.

"Do you think you can mess with me?" Doris seethed with anger. "Aren't you afraid that I could expose you and tarnish your precious reputation?"

The woman, now a little fearful, pleaded, "Don't you dare! I'll sign it, and I'll pretend I never knew your man!"

"We never knew each other in the first place!" Doris

released her grip and opened the document.

The woman hastily retrieved a pen and her seal from her bag and swiftly wrote her name in the designated space. "If only you had known this earlier, what a waste!" Doris collected the document and made her departure.

In less than an hour, she returned to Macsen Villa and handed the document to Waylon. "Is it signed already?" Waylon still seemed somewhat skeptical.

"It's signed," Doris blushed slightly. "But I didn't give her an easy time. I don't know if she'll give you trouble in the future."

"Once the procedure is completed, it'll be fine. If she wants to make trouble for me, she doesn't have the ability!"

Waylon opened the document and confirmed that it was indeed signed. "Does this mean the task is completed?" Doris felt quite pleased, realizing that the job hadn't been as troublesome as she had expected.

In essence, she had helped Waylon fend off unwanted advances.

"Yes," Waylon nodded. "I didn't misjudge you; you're very capable in this role."

He picked up another document from the table and said, "Sign a part-time agreement, and then you'll be done."

A part-time agreement?

Doris raised an eyebrow in skepticism as she picked up the document prepared by Waylon and quickly read through it.

As it turned out, it required her to work as a pastry chef at Nightfall Cafe and occasionally accompany Waylon to similar social events. She was also responsible for maintaining confidentiality.

In return, she would receive free room and board at Macsen Villa, along with additional bonuses of varying amounts.

Of course, she would also have the benefit of a free nanny to help take care of her children.

Doris's heart bloomed with joy. Where else could she find such a wonderful opportunity?

Without hesitation, she picked up the pen and signed her name.

Then, with a cheerful skip in her step, she hurried off

to see her children.

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