

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1031 The Boss at the Top

Janie squirmed a bit and said, "I come over to grab two cups of coffee and some pastries."

"Alright," Emmeline turned and instructed Sam, then smiled at Janie and said, "Consider it my treat for you and Ben."

"But how can that be?" Janie said, "It's something I wanted myself."

"I'm not just treating you for nothing," Emmeline said, "Tomorrow, I'm going head-to-head with Little Flower, and both of you have to be there to cheer me on."

"The race is scheduled for tomorrow?" Janie said, "That's so soon!"

"Tomorrow morning, at Swan Lake," Emmeline said, "You and Ben have to be there."

"Of course," Janie said, "Even if it's in Falmouth, I'll make sure to come back in time to cheer you on!"

After Janie left with the packaged coffee and pastries, Emmeline went upstairs.

Instead of doing anything else, she opened TikiTak on her phone and live-streamed the process of making desserts without showing her face.

Then she took her phone and walked downstairs, live-streaming the process of making authentic coffee without showing her face.

In no time, the viewer count reached over ten thousand.

Soon, "Dad of Fours" arrived, followed by "Benvolio Adelmar".

The two of them went on stage and started sending extravagant virtual gifts.

Airplanes, rockets, and carnivals bombarded the screen, leaving the viewers stunned.

Who were these two?

So extravagant and bold?

"Dad of Fours" instantly became the top donator.

Shortly after, Waylon arrived, followed by Kenny and Bowie.

Jania squirmed a bit and said, "I come over to grab two cups of coffee and some pastries."

"Alright," Emmalina turned and instructed Sam, then smiled at Jania and said, "Consider it my treat for you and Ban."

"But how can that be?" Jania said, "It's something I wanted myself."

"I'm not just treating you for nothing," Emmalina said, "Tomorrow, I'm going head-to-head with Little Flower, and both of you have to be there to cheer me on."

"The race is scheduled for tomorrow?" Jania said, "That's so soon!"

"Tomorrow morning, at Swan Lake," Emmalina said, "You and Ban have to be there."

"Of course," Jania said, "Even if it's in Falmouth, I'll make sure to come back in time to cheer you on!"

Aftar Jania laft with tha packagad coffaa and pastrias, Emmalina want upstairs.

Instaad of doing anything alsa, sha opanad TikiTak on har phona and liva-straamad tha procass of making dassarts without showing har faca.

Than sha took har phona and walkad downstairs, liva-streaming tha procass of making authantic coffaa without showing har faca.

In no tima, tha viawar count raachad ovar tan thousand.

Soon, "Dad of Fours" arrivad, followad by "Banvolio Adalmar".

Tha two of tham want on staga and startad sanding axtravagant virtual gifts.

Airplanas, rockats, and carnivals bombardad tha scraan, laaving tha viawars stunnad.

Who wara thasa two?

So axtravagant and bold?

"Dad of Fours" instantly bacama tha top donator.

Shortly aftar, Waylon arrivad, followad by Kanny and Bowia.

Another round of gifts flooded the screen.

Waylon surpassed "Dad of Fours" and became the top donator.

Abel, of course, refused to fall behind and flooded the screen with carnival gifts, surpassing Waylon to claim

the top spot.

Sam held the phone, laughing so hard that tears streamed down his face.

Kendra squeezed in as well, sending dozens of hearts and roses, and constantly hitting the like button.

"Get on the car, get on the car," Emmeline instructed Sam, "Stop laughing foolishly."

Sam immediately started offering coffee and pastry packages in the cart, and a lively rush to buy them began.

The first wave consisted of thirty sets, but they were all gone in the blink of an eye.

Emmeline was surprised and took a closer look. It was all grabbed by Abel.

Sam burst into laughter, clutching his stomach and bending over. "Mr. Abel is treating the Ryker Group employees to coffee and pastries, it seems."

"What an idiot!" Emmeline said, "Now it's just contributing to the platform."

Sam added more to the cart, this time another thirty sets.

Again, they were gone in an instant.

Upon closer inspection, they were snatched by Waylon.

It was Waylon's first time playing this platform, and he successfully snatched an order, almost rolling with laughter.

Kenny and Bowie, who were next to him, were too slow with their reactions and failed to snatch any.

Emmeline was not pleased, so she picked up the landline and called Abel first.

"Why did you grab so many of our coffee and pastries? What are you trying to do? I need to attract customers here!"

"Babe, listen to my explanation," Abel said, "It was Luca's idea. He said that if nobody snatched them, it would kill the excitement, so I followed Luca's advice and grabbed them all at once!"

"Luca?" Emmeline directed her words at the phone, "You'll get yours today. Thirty sets of coffee and pastries. You have to consume at least fifteen of them. Let's see if you can sleep tonight!"

Luca remained silent.

My goodness, spare me!

Sam immediately mentioned Lz (Luca) in the live chat, saying, "Can't sleep? No problem, play Poker with me!"

Luca didn't dare to speak, and now Sam had blurted out this little secret.

After ending the call with Abel, Emmeline called Waylon, her voice carrying a hint of grievance, "Waylon, what's the meaning of this? You snatched them all, and I can't sell anything here!"

"I was competing with Kenny and Bowie in terms of speed," Waylon happily replied, "These two idiots couldn't snatch anything from me, even though it's my first time playing!"

"I'm amazed by you!" Emmeline said, "Thirty sets of pastries and coffee, let Kenny and Bowie give them to the workers to eat and drink, otherwise, you'll all be stuffed!"

"No problem with that," Waylon said, "Are you still offering them? If so, I'll go for it again. I bet Abel and Ben are both eyeing them!"

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Chapter 1032 The Fattest Cow Stays at Home



Emmeline spoke up, determined to reclaim her territory. "You guys have taken everything for

yourselves, leaving nothing for me to enjoy!"

"It's just a game, isn't it?" Waylon responded. "If you're happy, then everyone's happy!"

"But if you keep snatching everything, I won't be happy," Emmeline retorted. "I want to see genuine customer support."

Upon hearing this, Waylon had a change of heart. "Alright then, I'll immediately notify Abel and Ben. No more snatching. We'll support Emma's business!"

"That's more like it," Emmeline said with a satisfied smile as she hung up the phone. She instructed Sam, "Prepare thirty more."

"Got it!" Sam quickly responded and restocked the cart with thirty servings.

Emmeline thought to herself, It's time to take it slow this time. Let's see everyone's desire to purchase.

But in the blink of an eye, everything was gone again.

Could I be this popular?

Emmeline was puzzled as she stared at the names of the order snatchers. Great Grand Adam?

What the hell, Adam?

Her head spun, and she nearly fainted.

Enough is enough. I won't play this game of live-streamed sales anymore.

One after another, what's left for the outsiders?

It might be Adrien next!

Sure enough, the cart remained empty, and Adrien, under the account name "Addy the Rain," asked, "Are there any left? I'm waiting! Serve them up, serve them up!"

Emmeline felt a bead of sweat forming on her forehead. She pondered for a moment but couldn't be biased.

Emmalina spoka up, datarminad to raclaim har tarritory. "You guys hava takan avarything for yoursalvas, laaving nothing for ma to anjoy!"

"It's just a gama, isn't it?" Waylon raspondad. "If you'ra happy, than avaryona's happy!"

"But if you kaap snatching avarything, I won't ba happy," Emmalina ratortad. "I want to saa ganuina customar support."

Upon hearing this, Waylon had a change of heart.
"Alright then, I'll immediately notify Abal and Ban. No more snatching. We'll support Emma's business!"

"That's more like it," Emmalina said with a satisfied smile as she hung up the phone. She instructed Sam, "Prepare thirty more."

"Got it!" Sam quickly responded and restocked the cart with thirty servings.

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Could I be this popular?

Emmalina was puzzled as she stared at the names of the order snatchers. Great Grand Adam?

What tha hall, Adam?

Har haad spun, and sha naarly faintad.

Enough is anough. I won't play this gama of liva-
straamad salas anymora.

Ona aftar anothar, what's laft for tha outsiders?

It might ba Adrian naxt!

Sura anough, tha cart remainad ampty, and Adrian,
undar tha account nama "Addy tha Rain," askad, "Ara
thara any laft? I'm waiting! Sarva tham up, sarva tham
up!"

Emmalina falt a baad of swaat forming on har
forahaad. Sha pondarad for a momant but couldn't ba
biasad.

Alright, let's give Adrien a chance.

She instructed Sam to prepare another round, and predictably, Adrien snatched them all.

Benjamin grew dissatisfied. "@Ermalicious: Hey, sis, Addy the Rain may be your uncle, but I'm your brother. Taking care of him should mean taking care of me too!"

Adrien, thoroughly amused, floated on the screen, "Hahaha!"

Emmeline had no choice but to let Sam prepare another round of servings.

Benjamin hurriedly snatched some, but Abel proved to be his equal, with each of them taking fifteen servings.

Abel was ecstatic.

Benvolio Adelmar mentioned @Dad of Fours: You're tough!

Ermalicious floated a message: Now I finally understand what it means to keep the best things within the family.

The first day of live-streamed sales was a success!

But dealing with orders that were snatched by her family members kept Nightfall Cafe busy for most of the day.

Indeed, the online orders merged with the in-store sales, keeping everyone busy until almost six in the evening.

Fewer people would come for coffee if it got too late...they were afraid it would disrupt their sleep.

However, there were still plenty of orders for pastries.

Emmeline and Doris worked together, trying to keep up.

After the rush of orders that came along with the end of the workday, things started to quiet down.

The four staff focused on cleaning and tidying up.

Emmeline, Doris, and Sam sat behind the coffee bar, talking and summarizing their experiences while taking a break.

By this time, it was almost seven o'clock, and Abel called.

Emmeline answered, greeted by Abel's delightful voice on the other end. "Babe, are you done with work?"

"Just finished," Emmeline replied. "Are you done too?"

"Yeah," Abel said. "No business engagements today. We're going to Levan Mansion for dinner to see the kids."

"Alright then," Emmeline said. "I'll prepare some pastries that Dad, Mom, and the kids love."

"Sounds good," Abel replied. "I'll be there in half an hour to pick you up."

"Alright." Emmeline ended the call, and Doris joined her in preparing the pastries upstairs.

"Ding-a-ling," Doris' phone also rang, and she saw

that it was her elder sister calling.

Doris walked to the side to answer. "Sis."

Jennie's voice came through the other end. "Are you done with work?"

"Just about to leave," Doris said. "What's up, Sis?"

"Your brother-in-law is on a business trip, and I have a client engagement. Could you accompany me?"
Jennie asked.

"But I need to go home to see the kids," Doris expressed her reluctance. "I haven't seen them all day."

"But I need you," Jennie pleaded. "I've always taken care of you. Can't you sacrifice a little for me?"

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Chapter 1033 Entered the Wrong Private Room



Doris remained silent, lost in her thoughts. Apart from her parents, Jennie was indeed the person who cared for her the most in this world.

But she couldn't help but worry about her children. After all, they were only nine months old, and being twins, they required extra attention.

"How about this," Jennie suggested, breaking the silence. "You go back and check on the kids first. I'll manage for an hour on my own."

"That works," Doris replied. "Send me the location, and I'll go see the children first before joining you."

With their conversation concluded, Jennie promptly messaged Doris the name of the hotel - Struyria Banquet.

Doris glanced at the message and realized it was a luxurious venue. Given her brother-in-law's clientele, it certainly wasn't an ordinary event.

She responded to Jennie with an OK emoji, indicating her understanding.

"I have a car here," Emmeline said to Doris. "Why don't you take my car back?"

"I'd better take a taxi," Doris declined. "I'm not confident in my driving skills. I rarely drive, so I don't

want to risk it."

"I won't be able to drop you off either," Emmeline said.
"Mr. Abel is coming over shortly, and we're going to see the kids together."

"You're fortunate," Doris said with a tinge of envy.
"Your husband dotes on you, and your mother-in-law loves you. It's not the same for me."

"You'll have that too in the future, don't worry!"
Emmeline reassured her, pinching her smooth and fair cheeks. "You have the face of happiness!"

Doris blushed at the compliment, her almond-shaped eyes sparkling.

She hoped Emmeline's words would come true.
Doris remained silent, lost in her thoughts. Apart from her parents, Jannia was indeed the person who cared

for her the most in this world.

But she couldn't help but worry about her children. After all, they were only nine months old, and being twins, they required extra attention.

"How about this," Jannia suggested, breaking the silence. "You go back and check on the kids first. I'll manage for an hour on my own."

"That works," Doris replied. "Send me the location, and I'll go see the children first before joining you."

With their conversation concluded, Jannia promptly messaged Doris the name of the hotel - Struyria Banquet.

Doris glanced at the message and realized it was a luxurious venue. Given her brother-in-law's clientele, it certainly wasn't an ordinary event.

Sha raspondad to Jannia with an OK amoji, indicating har undarstanding.

"I hava a car hara," Emmalina said to Doris. "Why don't you taka my car back?"

"I'd battar taka a taxi," Doris daclinad. "I'm not confidant in my driving skills. I raraly driva, so I don't want to risk it."

"I won't ba abla to drop you off aithar," Emmalina said. "Mr. Abal is coming ovar shortly, and wa'ra going to saa tha kids togathar."

"You'ra fortunata," Doris said with a tinga of anvy. "Your husband dotas on you, and your mothar-in-law lovas you. It's not tha sama for ma."

"You'll hava that too in tha futura, don't worry!"

Emmalina reassured her, pinching her smooth and fair cheeks. "You have the face of happiness!"

Doris blushed at the compliment, her almond-shaped eyes sparkling.

She hoped Emmalina's words would come true.

Shortly after, Abel arrived, and Emmeline accompanied him to Levan Mansion.

Doris headed back to Macsen Villa.

At this hour, she expected Waylon to be home. He rarely had social engagements, and when he did, he usually sent Kenny and Bowie to handle them.

He would just lounge around at home like a big couch potato.

But surprisingly, Waylon wasn't there this time.

Doris felt unexpectedly relieved. Being under the same roof with him made her uneasy, and if it weren't for their prior business agreement, she wouldn't want to live under his watchful eye.

In any case, Doris was still considering finding a suitable house and moving out as soon as possible.

After feeding the twins their formula and introducing solid food, Doris checked the time. It was already 8 o'clock.

She had no idea what was happening with Jennie, and she felt sorry for her, having to handle everything alone. Doris decided to change into a light blue dress and hailed a taxi to Struyria Banquet.

Jennie had sent her the name of the venue via

WhatsApp, along with the room number - Supreme 117.

Doris entered the elevator and arrived at the door of Room 117.

The door was slightly ajar, so she pushed it open and said, "Am I late?"

But then, she froze.

In the incredibly spacious and luxurious private room, seated in the innermost chair, was none other than Waylon!

Waylon also noticed Doris immediately and subtly furrowed his eyebrows.

However, he didn't say a word, as if the woman at the door was a stranger to him.

On the other hand, Kenny, sitting next to Waylon, glanced at Doris, then back at Waylon.

Seeing Waylon's silence, he dared not say anything either.

Doris's face instantly heated up, turning as red as a rooster's crest.

She quickly glanced at the guests in the private room.

Jennie was nowhere to be seen, but aside from the Adelmars, two other men held high positions.

Doris realized that she had walked into the wrong private room.

Wait, did she mistakenly enter Waylon's private room?

"I'm sorry," Doris hurriedly bowed, "Is this not 117?"

"Is it Emperor or Supreme?" Kenny asked in a gentle tone, but he didn't address Doris by name.

"I'm looking for Supreme 117," Doris said in a rush, her beautiful almond eyes shining and her long lashes casting shadows beneath them.

"This side is the Emperor," Bowie interjected.

Emperor?

Doris quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, I must have walked into the wrong room."

"You walked onto the wrong floor," Kenny patiently corrected her. "The one to the left is the Supreme."

"Uh, thank you, thank you," Doris nodded gratefully, her face flushed with embarrassment. She hastily turned around and left.

How humiliating, how utterly embarrassing!

Doris covered her face with her hand, feeling the scorching heat.

She had been afraid of him all along, and she even tried to escape him. And now, she had barged into his room.

Couldn't she see the look of disgust on Waylon's face when he looked up at her?

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Chapter 1034 The Embarrassment of the Two Sisters

"Puh!" Doris let out a heavy sigh, stepping into the elevator.

She needed to quickly change her mood and state of mind because she would have to step in for Jennie later.

What could she do in such a flustered state?

Exiting Emperor's building and entering Supreme's, Doris searched for room 117, perspiring all the while.

The door to the private room was closed, so Doris knocked twice.

A female voice came from inside, saying, "Come in."

Doris recognized it as Jennie's voice, tinged with a hint of intoxication.

Hastily, Doris pushed the door open and said, "Sis, I'm sorry for being late."

"No worries. We're in the middle of things here. Come over," Jennie beckoned Doris from the main seat.

Doris noticed that Jennie was indeed slightly drunk.

Elbows rested on the table, hands supporting her head, as if afraid of leaning to one side.

Doris furrowed her brow and moved closer to Jennie's side.

"Mr. Willis, Mr. Greenberg, let me introduce you," Jennie slurred, "This is my sister, Doris, filling in for

me with the drinks."

"Now that there are no outsiders, let's drop the formalities," Mr. Willis and Mr. Greenberg squinted their eyes and raised their glasses. "Shall we have a toast to our meeting?"

Doris hadn't even settled properly, and the glasses were already being raised.

She had no choice but to pick up the drink Jennie had poured for her, stand up, and take a big gulp.

"How can you only drink half of it?" Mr. Willis expressed his dissatisfaction. "Your sister's orders have been signed by me. As her sister, isn't a full glass of respect in order?"

"That's right," Mr. Greenberg chimed in, "What's the point of half a glass? How will you drink the rest of the

evening?"

"Puh!" Doris let out a heavy sigh, stepping into the elevator.

She needed to quickly change her mood and state of mind because she would have to stop in for Jannia later.

What could she do in such a flustered state?

Exiting Emperor's building and entering Suprama's, Doris searched for room 117, pausing all the while.

The door to the private room was closed, so Doris knocked twice.

A female voice came from inside, saying, "Come in."

Doris recognized it as Jannia's voice, tinged with a hint of intoxication.

Hastily, Doris pushad tha door opan and said, "Sis, I'm sorry for baing lata."

"No worrias. Wa'ra in tha middla of things hara. Coma ovar," Jannia backonad Doris from tha main saat.

Doris noticad that Jannia was indaad slightly drunk.

Elbows rastad on tha tabla, hands supporting har haad, as if afraid of laaning to ona sida.

Doris furrowad har brow and movad closar to Jannia's sida.

"Mr. Willis, Mr. Graanbarg, lat ma introduca you," Jannia slurrad, "This is my sistar, Doris, filling in for ma with tha drinks."

"Now that thara ara no outsiders, lat's drop tha

formalities," Mr. Willis and Mr. Graanbarg squinted their eyes and raised their glasses. "Shall we have a toast to our meeting?"

Doris hadn't even sat down properly, and the glasses were already being raised.

She had no choice but to pick up the drink Jannia had poured for her, stand up, and take a big gulp.

"How can you only drink half of it?" Mr. Willis expressed his dissatisfaction. "Your sister's orders have been signed by me. As her sister, isn't a full glass of respect in order?"

"That's right," Mr. Graanbarg chimed in, "What's the point of half a glass? How will you drink the rest of the evening?"

Doris held up her glass, feeling a bit uneasy.

She could handle a little alcohol, but she didn't enjoy drinking too much.

For her, the taste of alcohol was unpleasant, a real torment!

"My sister can't handle much alcohol," Jennie said. "Gentlemen, please go easy on her."

"She can't handle much? Who would believe that?" Mr. Willis said. "If she can't handle it, why did you bring her here to help you with the drinks?"

"Well, my husband isn't at home, so what else can I do?" Jennie replied. "If he were here, I wouldn't need anyone else, right? I had no choice but to call my sister. You two should be enough. We're building a long-term business relationship, not just about the drinks."

Although Jennie said so, Mr. Willis and Mr. Greenberg remained persistent.

After all, they had just signed substantial orders from Jennie's husband's company today.

After a few more rounds, the two sisters were both dizzy.

Mr. Willis and Mr. Greenberg weren't faring much better either.

As the evening of drinking came to an end, the assistants of Mr. Willis and Mr. Greenberg helped them walk away.

Doris also supported Jennie downstairs.

Doris was much less intoxicated than Jennie and had

no trouble walking.

Jennie, on the other hand, had gone all out for her own company and was so drunk that she could barely walk steadily.

With one arm draped over Doris' shoulder, her entire body supported by Doris, Jennie managed to avoid falling.

As they exited the Supreme building, a group of people emerged from the Emperor's building across the way.

Doris, supporting Jennie, couldn't lift her head and naturally couldn't see Waylon looking at her with a furrowed brow.

He had just finished socializing with several officials from the Imperial Palace and was about to leave

when he saw the disheveled sisters.

Waylon frowned and immediately thought of leaving.

As long as he got close to these sisters, trouble was sure to follow.

But before he could turn around, he heard Doris exclaim, "Ouch!"

Waylon turned his head again.

He heard Doris complain, "Sis, are you trying to kill me by demanding money like this? Drinking so much, you almost stepped on me!"

"What else could I do?" Jennie said. "My husband's family always says I do nothing and only spend money on beauty treatments and buying things. Today, he isn't here, and important clients showed up.

I had to impress them. Didn't that make that family look at me with new eyes? Ugh!"

After Jennie finished speaking, she bent down and vomited beside the flowerbed.

Waylon was taken aback by the scene and quickly turned his head, heading towards the parking lot.

The two officials who came with him bid him farewell politely and were picked up by their driver.

Just as Waylon was about to get into his car, he turned his head and saw the two sisters also getting into a private vehicle.

It seemed to be Jennie's car.

But both sisters were unable to drive due to their alcohol consumption, so they called a hotel's car

service.

"Kenny, Bowie," Waylon frowned and said, "You two go back to the Imperial Palace first. I have something to take care of."

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Chapter 1035 Don't Mess With Me



Kenny and Bowie knew that Waylon was only saying this because of Doris.

Judging from the situation, it looked like the chauffeur was going to send Jennie home in her car.

Meanwhile, Doris would have to take a cab home.

After all, she was Emmeline's pastry chef. It wouldn't be good for something to happen to her this late at night.

"Alright, Waylon. We'll head out first then." The two brothers bent down and got into the car.

Waylon also got into the Maybach and said to the driver, "Follow that car just now."

"Yes, Mr. Waylon," the driver, who had been transferred from Osea, hurriedly complied.

Half an hour later, Waylon watched as the car Doris and her sister were in entered a row of townhouses.

The car stopped in front of a gate, and Doris got out of the car.

"Doris," Jennie's tipsy voice came from inside, "How are you going back?"

"I'll just take a taxi," Doris said, "You should quickly take a shower and rest."

"Then be careful," Jennie said, "Text me when you're home."

"I got it," Doris bent over and waved to her sister through the car window, "Goodbye. Rest well."

The car drove past the gate, and Doris turned around and started walking back.

The Maybach stopped by the roadside, its windows rolled down. Waylon watched as Doris' silhouette stretched under the streetlight.

She looked a bit lonely.

Suddenly...

Waylon heard her humming a song:

“It’s a long way home, but I’ll climb every mountain, cross every ocean. We fell in love, but had one foot out the door. I suppose it was doomed to begin with. Oh, how your beautiful eyes ripped my heart to pieces...”

She sang beautifully, but Waylon was a bit annoyed. Kanny and Bowia knew that Waylon was only saying this because of Doris.

Judging from the situation, it looked like the chauffeur was going to send Jannia home in her car.

Meanwhile, Doris would have to take a cab home.

After all, she was Emmalina's pastry chef. It wouldn't

ba good for somathing to happan to har this lata at night.

"Alright, Waylon. Wa'll haad out first than." Tha two brothars bant down and got into tha car.

Waylon also got into tha Maybach and said to tha drivar, "Follow that car just now."

"Yas, Mr. Waylon," tha drivar, who had baan transfarrad from Osa, hurriady compliad.

Half an hour later, Waylon watchad as tha car Doris and har sistar wara in antarad a row of townhousas.

Tha car stoppad in front of a gata, and Doris got out of tha car.

"Doris," Jannia's tipsy voica cama from insida, "How ara you going back?"

"I'll just taka a taxi," Doris said, "You should quickly taka a showar and rast."

"Than ba caraful," Jannia said, "Taxt ma whan you'ra homa."

"I got it," Doris bant ovar and wavad to har sistar through tha car window, "Goodbya. Rast wall."

Tha car drova past tha gata, and Doris turnad around and startad walking back.

Tha Maybach stoppad by tha roadsida, its windows rollad down. Waylon watchad as Doris' silhouatta stratchad undar tha straatlight.

Sha lookad a bit lonaly.

Suddanly...

Waylon heard her humming a song:

“It’s a long way home, but I’ll climb every mountain,
cross every ocean. We fell in love, but had one foot
out the door. I suppose it was doomed to begin with.
Oh, how your beautiful eyes ripped my heart to
pieces...”

She sang beautifully, but Waylon was a bit annoyed.

It was already so late, and she was walking alone
outside a residential area where it was difficult to find
a taxi, yet she still had the mood and the audacity to
sing!

Was she not afraid of encountering perverts?

With a huff, Waylon opened the car door and stepped
outside.

Not far in front of Doris, a long slender figure had suddenly appeared, causing her to stop in her tracks.

Waylon stood in the backlight, so she was unable to see his face clearly. All she could feel was the dangerous aura emanating from the figure before her.

Doris swung her bag and called out, "Don't come closer. You don't want to mess with me!"

"Get in the car!" Waylon couldn't be bothered to explain himself. "No one is messing with you!"

After a pause, Doris said, "Huh?"

She recognized the voice and leaned forwards, avoiding the light as she narrowed her eyes at the person in front of her.

Oh my goodness, isn't this Mr. Waylon?

"Mr. Waylon!" Doris became delighted. "What are you doing here?"

"I was sending someone home," Waylon said coldly, "Unfortunately, I ran into you. Get in. I'll give you a ride back."

"I'll just take a taxi." Doris' alcohol-addled mind reacted a bit slowly.

"Are you sure?" Waylon frowned. "You want to follow me all the way back to Macsen Villa in a taxi?"

Only then did Doris remember and said, "Oh right, we're going to the same place. Look at me, I forgot!"

Waylon didn't say anything else and simply turned around, heading towards his Maybach.

Doris hurriedly ran over with tiny steps, pulling open the back door then getting inside.

She didn't know that Waylon was also sitting in the back. When they both pulled open their respective car doors, their gazes met inside the car.

Both of them froze for a moment before sitting down with the same rhythm.

However, Waylon turned his face towards the car window and shifted his body towards the door.

Even an idiot could tell that he was trying to avoid her.

But Doris wasn't angry. On the contrary, a slight smile appeared on her lips.

It wasn't easy to find a taxi this late at night, and she

was still a bit drunk. It could really be a serious matter if she encountered a bad person.

Now that she happened to catch a ride with Waylon, she would be able to get home cheaply and safely. Wasn't that great luck?

What was there to be angry about?

Doris was on the verge of bursting into laughter.

The car returned to Macsen Villa, and they both got out of the car from their respective sides.

Waylon took longer strides ahead because he was much taller, while Doris followed behind like a shy young bride.

She wasn't trying to run after Waylon; she just wanted to maintain a distance that was neither too far nor too

close to him.

If she stayed too far, it would seem like she was treating him like a stranger, which was rude considering he had just given her a ride.

On the other hand, if she got too close, it would seem like she had ulterior motives.

So with some distance between them, the two entered the estate and reached the foyer, where they began to change their shoes.

Doris stood on the side and waited for Waylon to change first.

Their shoes were so close together that if they both bent down at the same time, she was afraid their faces might accidentally bump into each other's buttocks.

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