

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

### Chapter 1088 Who Says Men Love Eating Kidneys

Doris pondered for a moment before responding,  
"Fifteen skewers, please."

Waylon turned to the waiter and said, "Thirty-five lamb skewers."

"I said fifteen," Doris repeated.

"What's the matter? You're going to eat while I watch?" Waylon asked her.

Doris's mouth dropped open for a moment, then she grinned sheepishly, "Oh, I forgot about you."

She thought as an immortal, he didn't eat.

"What about beef tendon?" Waylon looked at the menu. "Do you want beef tendon?"

"That stuff gets stuck in my teeth," Doris said, "I'll pass."

"Alright, then let's have ten skewers of beef tendon," Waylon told the waiter.

He had good teeth.

The waiter took out a ballpoint pen and scribbled down Waylon's order on the back of a torn wine box.

"Can you handle grilled fish?" Waylon's dark eyes flickered slightly as he asked Doris.

"That's fine," Doris replied nonchalantly, "I love grilled fish, especially the spicy kind."

"Then bring us a spicy grilled fish," Waylon told the waiter again.

"One spicy grilled fish," the waiter repeated, jotting it down.

"As for the rest, choose whatever you feel like eating and order for yourself."

Waylon crumpled up the greasy menu and handed it to Doris.

"Is this all you want?" Doris asked, "What about grilled kidneys or silkworm pupae? Aren't you going to try any of those?"

Waylon wrinkled his brow, a touch of disdain in his voice, "I don't have such diverse tastes."

"I thought men loved eating grilled kidneys?" Doris fluttered her almond-shaped eyes, "They don't have a pungent taste, and when they're cooked well, they're

quite fragrant. I love eating them too."

Waylon glanced at her, "If you love them, you can have them. I don't want any."

Who said men loved eating kidneys?

That was for their needs, thinking that eating certain things would benefit certain parts.

He didn't need that.

He didn't even need women, so why would he need kidneys?

"What a shame!" Doris muttered while looking at the menu, then she said to the waiter, "Two skewers of grilled kidneys, two skewers of chicken wings, two skewers of duck feet, potato slices, and ten skewers of enoki mushrooms. Finally, four skewers of grilled

bread slices."

"I don't want any," Waylon said, "All four are for you."

"You're not having any?" Doris said, "Grilled bread slices are crispy on the outside and soft on the inside, especially when topped with chili sauce. They're delicious. If you don't eat them, you'll get hungry later."

"If I say I don't want any, I don't want any," Waylon said, why was she so naggy?

Doris turned to the waiter and said, "Then bring two skewers of bread slices."

The waiter repeated the order as he noted it down.

Doris added, "That's all for now. If it's not enough, we'll order more."

"Alright," the waiter said, "We'll also give you a complimentary plate of boiled soybeans. If you like it, you can order more. It's only ten dollars per plate."

"Great, thank you!" Doris replied cheerfully.

Just the thought of being able to eat barbecue soon made her dimples show.

Now she felt even hungrier, but her mood was doubly good!

Even her long eyelashes were trembling excitedly in the light and shadow.

Waylon couldn't help but glance at her.

She was truly beautiful, but she could eat so much.

She seemed delicate and beautiful.

"Oh, by the way," Doris suddenly remembered something and called out to the waiter, "Bring us three more cans of beer!"

"Make it six cans," Waylon raised an eyebrow.

"No, it's six cans!"

The waiter turned back and replied, "Alright, six cans of beer!"

"Great!" Doris nodded.

The waiter happily went to the makeshift kitchen to place the order.

Well, calling it a kitchen was a stretch. It was more like a large shed.

"Why so much beer?" Doris whispered, "I only need three or two cans."

"Did I say you could have them all?" Waylon smirked, "Three cans are for me!"

Doris was taken aback, "Aren't you driving?"

"Can't I have a designated driver?"

Waylon sneered, "Is it such a hassle to have a drink? I can handle my alcohol; I just can't let loose here!"

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