

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1089 A Man with Better Looks Than Women

Doris let out a soft "oh" in response.

Mr. Adelmar can hold his liquor pretty well, huh? I wouldn't guess it. He's so disciplined and demanding of himself. He surely wouldn't easily indulge. Three cans of beer, understated yet reserved!

The lamb skewers were cooked to seventy percent perfection, so the waiter brought a small grill with bamboo charcoal burning inside.

Before long, the waiter arrived with a stainless steel tray containing the partially cooked lamb skewers.

"Here are the condiments," the waiter pointed to a corner of the table. "Feel free to mix and match as you like."

Doris took the tray and placed it on the table, saying, "Bring some more cumin and chili flakes, these aren't enough."

"Alright, I'll bring them over in a moment," the waiter turned and left.

In no time, the waiter returned with boiled edamame, along with two plates of chili flakes and cumin powder.

Doris placed the edamame on the table and nudged Waylon, saying, "These are tasty."

Waylon picked up a plump and tender edamame, squeezed it into his mouth, and said, "You don't have to remind me, I'm not unfamiliar with worldly pleasures."

"You don't look like someone who indulges in worldly

pleasures," Doris chuckled softly, "You look like a living god!"

Waylon raised an eyebrow and glanced at her from across the table, his gaze shallow, without a word.

"Slurp," Doris squeezed another edamame into her mouth.

Fragrant and slightly sweet, with a subtle hint of saltiness, the edamame was deliciously tender.

She was really hungry, so she ate a handful of edamame to satisfy her hunger for now.

Meanwhile, the partially cooked beef tendon and six cans of beer were brought over.

The grilled lamb kidney would take a while.

Waylon picked up the lamb skewers and beef tendon and placed them on the grill.

There was a "pop" sound as Doris opened a beer.

She handed the first can to Waylon, and then opened one for herself with another "pop."

Waylon glanced at her again.

This carefree demeanor of hers seemed quite amusing.

Especially her rosy and round face, reflecting a sparkling luster by the charcoal fire.

It made her look so innocent, unlike the mother of two children.

"Slurp, slurp!" The fat from the lamb skewers dripped

onto the charcoal fire, emitting a light smoke and aroma.

Doris sniffed the air, her mouth-watering, and said, "It smells so good."

"You don't look hungry," Waylon remarked, "You look like you've been starving for ten years."

Doris glanced at him, seeing him busy grilling the skewers and beef tendon, she didn't retort.

At this moment, he was serving himself, too.

So, she would give him a face.

Waylon flipped the skewers and beef tendon, a light breeze blew, and the smoke enveloped his face.

He tilted his head and furrowed his handsome brows.

The lighting at the barbecue plaza wasn't very bright, and Waylon's charming face, shrouded in smoke, exuded a captivating allure.

Doris admitted deep down that Waylon was good-looking.

A man with better looks than a woman.

But it didn't hinder his immense masculinity.

He had that kind of enchanting presence that made hearts skip a beat just by looking at him.

Doris thought to herself, her heartbeat missing a half-beat.

"Slurp, slurp."

Smoke and aroma filled the air, captivating Waylon's handsome face on the other side.

"Are you okay?" Doris ate the edamame and watched Waylon flipping the skewers and beef tendon on the grill.

This ethereal being who abstained from worldly indulgence, she was concerned about his skills in doing such rough work.

"Ask Emma later," Waylon said nonchalantly without raising his eyes, "Emma has the final say."

Doris stared at the aromatic skewers on the grill, somewhat enviously, and said, "It seems like you've spent a lot of time eating barbecue with your sister."

"She loves grilled scallops the most," Waylon finally raised his eyes and smiled, "Ben and I can't keep up

with what she eats."

Doris imagined Emmeline eagerly waiting to eat grilled scallops, and chuckled, "Isn't she like a little glutton?"

"She's four little gluttons," Waylon's expression showed affection, "Three small ones and one big one."

"Shouldn't it be five?" Doris asked puzzled, "Ms. Louise has four children."

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