

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

### Chapter 1090 Mr Adelmar, Do You Have a Girlfriend?

Waylon paused, flipping the skewers in his hand, and replied, "Timothy wasn't around at that time."

"Why not?" Doris was clueless about the details.

"Why so many questions?" Waylon didn't feel like explaining and continued flipping the skewers.

The elusive smoke made his face across the table appear somewhat dreamy. His starry eyes, illuminated by the charcoal, emitted a penetrating glow that seemed to reach deep into the soul.

Unable to resist, Doris stole a few more glances at him.

When Waylon noticed the peculiar gaze directed at him, she quickly averted her eyes, smiling, and said,

"Ms. Louise and the kids are fortunate to have you as their big brother."

"They have Abel now," Waylon replied with a smile.  
"So, I can relax a bit."

"Mr. Adelmar, do you have a girlfriend?" Doris blurted out suddenly, unable to contain herself.

Upon hearing the question, both of them were taken aback.

Waylon stopped flipping the skewers and asked, "Are you trying to play matchmaker?"

"Sorry! Sorry!" Doris hurriedly popped a soybean into her mouth, awkwardly chuckling. "I just spoke without thinking, didn't mean anything by it."

"You're nosy!" Waylon glanced at her.

Doris pouted, knowing she was in the wrong.

"Think about Ms. Louise, she's really happy."

Doris focused on finding a step-down, "It's enviable to have you on her side and to marry a man who is good."

Doris changed the subject intentionally, but as she spoke, she couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness.

She let out a soft sigh.

Although her sigh was barely audible, Waylon had good ears.

He heard it.

His starry eyes remained fixed on the barbecue

skewers and tendon strips, without lifting his gaze.

But he knew that Doris was lamenting her situation.

He handed over a perfectly grilled skewer, his voice soft as he said, "Season it to your taste. I don't know your preferences."

"Thank you," Doris replied, taking the skewer and placing it in a small dish in front of her.

She then picked up cumin powder and chili powder, sprinkling them over the meat.

As the cumin powder and chili powder melded with the heat, an enticing aroma that made one's mouth water filled the air.

Instantly, it dispersed the faint sadness in Doris's heart.

Indeed, food had the most healing power.

"Before we dig in, let's make a toast," Doris suggested, picking up her beer can and raising it to Waylon.

Waylon also grabbed his beer can.

"Cheers," Doris said, "Consider this my toast to you."

Waylon glanced at her, somewhat reluctantly, but Doris had already extended her arm and casually tapped her beer can against his.

Then she tilted her head back, taking several big sips.

She drank rather forcefully, and a drop of sparkling liquid dripped from the corner of her lips.

Setting down her beer can, Doris grabbed a napkin and wiped it away.

Her actions were swift and hearty, exuding a somewhat masculine vibe.

Waylon almost burst into laughter because of her antics.

However, Doris was oblivious, pinching a piece of meat from the skewer with an iron skewer and devouring it.

Waylon dared not look at her anymore, as doing so would not just convey a sense of disdain but also make him want to laugh.

He quickly raised his head and took two gulps of beer.

Sure enough, the frosty beer flowing down his throat

made him feel refreshed.

A surge of audacity seemed to surge up from his belly.

"How does it feel to eat barbecue and drink beer like this?" Doris grabbed a couple more meat morsels, set aside the skewer, and then asked Waylon.

"It's not bad. I didn't have any worries, to begin with," Waylon replied casually, picking up a stainless-steel fork and skewering a piece of meat into his small plate.

He then put it in his mouth and began chewing.

Doris looked at him and suddenly felt that she had been quite rough earlier.

But ever since she learned to eat barbecue, she had

always been drinking heavily and gobbling skewers like this.

It was the first time she had seen a man turn barbecue into a fine dine-style meal.

Doris looked at the tendon strips she had pinched again, unsure how to proceed.

"Tell me your story," she casually said to Waylon, feigning nonchalance.

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