

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1094 Mr Ywain Meets Waylon

As Waylon lost in thought, Doris, sitting across from him, spoke up with a knowing look in her eyes.

"Mr. Adelmar, have you ever considered that if the little girl from your dreams were real, she might have grown up by now?"

"Hmm," Waylon mused, looking at the skewered lamb in his hand, nodding. "She'd be quite the old lady by now."

Doris raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "What do you mean?"

"It's been nearly twenty years," Waylon replied, his gaze distant as if lost in a haze of smoke. "She'd be around twenty-six or twenty-seven. Not exactly a little girl anymore, wouldn't you say?"

Doris mentally calculated her age and realized she, too, was no longer a young girl. No, she had a child now. She was a young mother, and that gave her a sense of superiority.

"Well, if you were to meet her, do you think you'd recognize her?" Doris asked.

"You've been watching too much science fiction, haven't you?" Waylon furrowed his brows, a hint of annoyance in his voice. "I've already told you, it was just an illusion. Where would I go to meet her?"

Doris thought to herself, realizing he had a point.

"Ring, ring," Waylon's phone suddenly chimed.

He glanced down and saw it was Bowie calling.

There must be something happening at the Imperial Palace.

Waylon picked up the phone and walked to the side to answer the call.

"What's up, Bowie?"

"Not much," Bowie replied on the other end. "Kenny, Ben, and I are having dinner outside and thought of inviting you along."

"I'll pass," Waylon glanced at Doris and continued, "I'm already out."

As Waylon lost in thought, Doris, sitting across from him, spoke up with a knowing look in her eyes.

There was a momentary pause from Bowie's end, followed by a question. "Waylon, who are you with?"

"Do I need to report to you?" Waylon retorted.

"No, not really," Bowie chuckled. "I know it's not Emma or Abel, but I could tell from the background noise that you're in a square or something. It sounds a bit chaotic."

"Why don't you join the Adelmar Private Investigators?" Waylon sneered. "Otherwise, your talents would go to waste."

"If you don't want to say it, it's fine," Bowie said on the other end. "But I could sense a different vibe coming from your end."

"What kind of vibe?" Waylon scoffed. "Are you a bloodhound? Can you sniff out everything from the heavens to the earth?"

"Well, you see," Bowie chuckled softly, "I sensed the

presence of a woman where you are."

Waylon froze this time, feeling guilty, and quickly glanced at Doris.

"Oh, come on," he said to Bowie, "forget about it. If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up. Enjoy your dinner with the guys."

Before Bowie could respond, Waylon ended the call.

His heart skipped a few beats.

He didn't return to the barbecue table. Instead, he turned towards the kitchen, scanned the QR code to pay the bill, and settled it first.

With a calm mind, he turned back and walked towards the dining table.

As he looked up, he suddenly noticed someone sitting next to Doris.

Waylon squinted his eyes, examining the figure. It was an elderly man.

Furrowing his brows, Waylon quickened his pace and strode over.

"Miss, your heavenly countenance tells me you are a person of great wealth and fortune," the old man said to Doris. "I, as a face reader, don't approach those with no connection. Your appearance exudes the aura of a once-in-a-century beauty, and I was drawn to your purple aura from afar..."

He rambled on, trying to persuade Doris to let him offer his services. However, Waylon abruptly reached out and grabbed the old man's arm.

The old man was no pushover and swiftly dodged out of the way.

Waylon made another grab.

Doris stood up abruptly and exclaimed, "Mr. Adelmar, what are you doing?"

The old man, upon hearing Doris' words, turned to look at Waylon, gasped in surprise, and swiftly turned to run.

Waylon shouted, "It's you!"

He wasn't sure if this old man was Trevor Ywain or not.

When Ywain left Adelmar Island secretly, Waylon was only a teenager and couldn't be certain.

But now, seeing the old man run away, Waylon was convinced it was him.

Trevor never expected to encounter Waylon here.

He was utterly astonished!

Though it had been over a decade since they last met, Waylon's extraordinary looks were unmatched.

Combined with Doris' address of "Mr. Adelmar," he knew for sure. Damn, was it him?

If not now, then when should he take action?

Oh, no!

Trevor dashed away, his mind filled with regret. Why did he have to be so impulsive? Just trying to do some business to fill his stomach, and he runs into

Mr. Waylon?

What terrible luck!

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