

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1095 How Am I Supposed to Look at You?

With agile strides, Waylon hurriedly chased after Trevor, his long legs carrying him closer with each step. It seemed like Trevor was within his grasp.

Suddenly, Trevor threw the "Immortal Showdown" signboard he held, aiming it at Waylon. Waylon swiftly dodged, causing Trevor to crash into a nearby barbecue stall.

The commotion disrupted the diners who were enjoying their barbecue at several tables. Startled and disoriented, they looked around, trying to make sense of the situation.

"That man," Trevor said, feigning an elderly demeanor, pointing at Waylon who was hot on his heels. "He's bullying an old man! Help me stop him!"

A few brave young men who were eating barbecue took it upon themselves to intervene, blocking Waylon's path.

Waylon couldn't bring himself to harm them. He watched as Trevor smirked, preparing to make his escape.

Seizing a metal skewer from a nearby barbecue table, Waylon hurled it towards Trevor's back.

Though it was a considerable distance, the skewer struck its target, hitting a meridian point on Trevor's back accurately.

Trevor let out a low cry of pain but dared not turn around as he scrambled away in a sorry state.

Waylon snorted through his nostrils. "You can evade for now, but can you evade forever? I'll be waiting for

you to come back to me!"

Amid the chaos, Doris arrived, her face filled with displeasure. "Mr. Adelmar, I can't believe you would resort to violence against an old man. He's just trying to make a living. Are you trying to annihilate him?" With agile strides, Waylon hurriedly chased after Trevor, his long legs carrying him closer with each step. It seemed like Trevor was within his grasp.

The young men surrounding Waylon spoke up as well. "Yeah, if it weren't for us, that old man would have been beaten by him, right? We don't understand why a grown man like him can't get along with a beggar."

"Mr. Adelmar, I don't understand," Doris said, her eyes brimming with tears. "You, of all people, how could you stoop so low? This is just unacceptable. Couldn't you see how pitiful that old man was?"

Waylon maintained a composed expression and did not explain. Instead, he addressed the young men, "I apologize, gentlemen. Allow me to cover the cost of your tables tonight."

"Well, you have no choice, do you?" one of the young men remarked. "Just look at the mess. The food is scattered all over the place."

"I'm truly sorry," Doris quickly interjected. "It was an accident, and we'll compensate for it."

"Hmph," another young man glanced at Waylon and said to Doris, "Take care of your man!"

Implicit in his words was the question of whether it was an admirable trait to bully an old man.

Doris blushed, feeling embarrassed, and looked at

Waylon, seeking his reaction.

However, Waylon had already turned away, his face expressionless, heading to settle the bill.

Doris, too, followed him closely, sitting across from him with a solemn expression. "Mr. Adelmar, what exactly happened just now? How could you resort to violence against an old man?"

"I told you it's none of your concern," Waylon replied in a somewhat cold tone, taking a big sip of his beer.

"I never expected that old man would come over to read my fortune," Doris said. "If you didn't like it, you could have asked him to leave. There was no need to resort to violence. Didn't you see he was in his sixties?"

Waylon snorted through his nostrils. "Some people

aren't what they appear to be on the surface."

"Yes," Doris said, her eyes reddening. "I just can't fathom that Mr. Adelmar, the epitome of a gentleman, would mistreat a struggling old man!"

Waylon took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and said in a low voice, "I don't need to explain to you, and I can't make you understand. Believe whatever you want!"

"I feel ashamed sitting here right now!" Doris's face turned slightly pale. "Can't you see how they were talking about us?"

Waylon remained silent.

He didn't care how they perceived him or what they said about him. Capturing Trevor was his own business.

"They were all mocking you for bullying an old man. How am I supposed to see you now?" Doris's eyes welled up with tears.

"However you like," Waylon replied nonchalantly.

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