

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

### Chapter 1096 I Don't Care About Her

Doris never expected this man to be so stubborn and unyielding. Were his cultivated demeanor and air of sophistication all just an act?

The more Doris thought about it, the angrier she became. She picked up her bag and stormed out in a fit of frustration.

Meanwhile, the waiter brought the highlighted dishes to the table.

Waylon's mind was filled with irritation, leaving him with no appetite.

The pleasant atmosphere had been ruined in an instant.

What a coincidence that Trevor had shown up out of

the blue!

Of course, it was essential to catch Trevor, especially considering that he possessed documents like The Adelmar Clan's recipe.

Waylon took a sip from his beer can, stood up, settled the bill, called for a driver, and left.

As he traveled, his mind remained gloomy, and his good mood vanished entirely.

He didn't care where Doris went.

Let her go wherever she pleased. She was a grown woman; she couldn't possibly get lost.

With these thoughts in mind, Waylon returned to Macsen Villa.

To his surprise, Doris hadn't come back!

Waylon looked at her slippers by the entrance, and an indescribable sense of irritation welled up within him.

But, upon reflection, whether she came back or not was none of his business!

"Mr. Waylon, you're back," Mrs. Jamison approached to take his suit jacket.

About to hang it on the coat rack, Waylon calmly said, "Send it for dry cleaning tomorrow."

Although the suit wasn't dirty, he felt uncomfortable wearing something that Doris had worn.

"Very well, Mr. Waylon," Mrs. Jamison responded.

Mrs. Jamison also felt that the suit didn't need

cleaning, but since Waylon had spoken, she couldn't disobey.

Doris never expected this man to be so stubborn and unyielding. Were his cultivated demeanor and air of sophistication all just an act?

"Has Ms. Doris not returned yet?" Mrs. Jamison asked.

She assumed that, at such a late hour, Waylon and Doris would return together.

"I don't care about her," Waylon said dismissively, walking into the living room.

Mrs. Jamison was taken aback. What was going on with Mr. Waylon?

He seemed in a terrible mood.

Waylon sat down on the sofa, raised his hand to massage his temples, and then heard the sound of the front door.

He glanced up and saw that Doris had just returned.

He had no idea that Doris had left the barbecue restaurant and had to call a car from quite a distance away.

"Ms. Doris, you're back," Mrs. Jamison said, feeling pleased upon seeing Doris. "Mr. Waylon just returned as well."

"I don't care about him," Doris replied with a stern face.

Mrs. Jamison was bewildered.

Had they agreed on something?

They were using the same words.

On the other hand, Waylon watched as Doris bent down to change her shoes and then headed upstairs.

He had no intention of speaking to her!

She was such an unreasonable woman, willing to turn her back on him at the slightest disagreement!

She didn't even have the most basic trust in him!

Doris changed into her slippers and looked up at the proud figure of the man walking up the stairs. She felt a surge of frustration in her heart.

She had only spoken up about not mistreating the elderly, and yet, he acted like she had said something terrible.

Was she wrong?

Besides, if he could resort to violence against an old person, who's to say he wouldn't do the same to her and their child one day?

Just thinking about it sent a shiver down her spine.

She needed to find a house and move out as soon as possible!

But when she thought about finding a new place, she also remembered that Waylon had saved her from their previous landlord earlier today.

If he hadn't arrived in time, she would have been in big trouble.

Seeing Waylon at that moment had given her a sense

of safety.

Why was she feeling so conflicted now?

Doris's mind was a jumble of thoughts.

She went upstairs, washed up, changed into comfortable home clothes, and then tried to coax Una and Nessa to sleep.

"Gurl... gurl..." her stomach grumbled relentlessly.

They had such a delicious barbecue earlier, and she had planned to enjoy a couple of beers afterward to unwind.

Now she couldn't even finish half of it before it got ruined.

She scolded herself for being so foolish as to hold a



grudge against delicious food.

Even if she was angry, she should have eaten and drunk her fill before leaving!

And now, she couldn't have her late-night snack?

Doris contemplated going downstairs to find something to eat, but she realized that everyone was already asleep.

Sneaking around the kitchen like a thief wouldn't look good.

She had to endure it and hope to fall asleep.

Una and Nessa were both fast asleep.

But Doris's stomach growled louder, reminding her, "Gurl... gurl! I'm starving! Gurl... gurl! I need to eat

something!"

Doris swallowed her saliva. It seemed she wouldn't be able to sleep on an empty stomach.

With determination, she got up, silently making her way downstairs to the kitchen.

As she reached the kitchen door, she heard the sizzling sound of a frying pan.

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