

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

### Chapter 1097 Tomato Pasta

Doris jumped in surprise, suddenly realizing that Waylon was inside the kitchen. He was dressed in light gray loungewear, tied with a large apron. He was also unable to sleep due to hunger!

Doris thought to herself, what a coincidence! Just when she mustered the courage to go downstairs and find something to eat, she encountered him busy in the kitchen. Was he deliberately trying to starve her?

Doris turned around, contemplating sneaking back upstairs.

"Come back!" a low and cold voice sounded behind her.

Did he see her?

Doris stood rooted to the spot for a couple of seconds before mechanically turning around.

"What's up?" she asked, staring at him with dark eyes.

"Come here!" Waylon commanded, his voice dominant and authoritative.

Reluctantly, Doris walked back towards him.

Waylon handed her the spatula, his face serious.

"Tomato pasta, two bowls, with sunny-side-up eggs."

Doris didn't take the spatula, just stared at him and asked, "Didn't you already prepare the pan? Why do you need me?"

Waylon raised one finger with his left hand.

Doris paused, thinking, "Are you seriously scolding me?"

Just as she was about to confront him, Waylon said, "Accidentally cut myself, I need to take care of it."

Doris quickly swallowed the curse words she was about to blurt out and instead said, "Are you okay?"

"Quite a distance from my heart!" Waylon said, his tone cold.

Doris thought to herself, can't we have a civil conversation?

Waylon handed her the spatula and brushed past her, heading toward the living room.

He remembered there was a medicine cabinet in the corner, fully stocked with first aid supplies.

How could he have been absent-minded while cutting tomatoes?

While he was hungry himself, he wondered if she was also hungry.

It's bothersome to worry about someone else's well-being!

Getting lost in his thoughts, he accidentally cut his finger with the knife.

Just as he found the medicine cabinet and took out a band-aid, Doris approached.

"The pan!" Waylon frowned, pointing towards the kitchen. "Watch it!"

"I added water and turned down the heat," Doris said.

"I came over to help you, didn't I?"

Waylon remained silent, his face serious, tearing open the band-aid with one finger.

"Let me do it!" Doris took the band-aid. "Tss, tss," she tore open both ends, revealing the adhesive surface inside.

"Hand."

Waylon extended his finger, his face still somewhat stern.

It seemed like he didn't appreciate Doris's help and even looked down upon it.

Doris didn't need to see his expression to know what he was thinking.

She didn't want anything else. She just wanted to help him apply the band-aid.

After finishing it in a couple of moves, she said, "Alright, be careful not to get it wet."

Waylon swallowed a "thank you" he was about to say, packed up the medicine cabinet, and returned to the kitchen.

Doris was about to put the sunny-side-up eggs in the pan.

He sat at the small kitchen table, waiting.

The air was filled with the warm and sweet aroma of stir-fried tomatoes, and the simple and rustic atmosphere brought a sense of calmness.

Unable to resist, Waylon glanced sideways at Doris,

who was busy in front of the stove.

Her hair was loosely tied in a ponytail, and she wore lavender-colored loungewear with an apron tied around her waist.

The pocket on the apron made her slender waist look so delicate.

The scene was unexpectedly beautiful.

It seemed to exude a sense of home.

"Do you want the sunny-side-up eggs well-done or runny?" Doris asked without turning her head.

Waylon calmly replied, "Well-done, runny isn't healthy."

"I think the same," Doris replied in a dismissive tone

as if just going along with the conversation.

The sunny-side-up eggs were cooked to perfection, and Doris added two portions of angel hair pasta.

When the pasta was cooked, she removed the pan from the heat, ensuring the eggs were fully cooked as well.

Doris scooped two bowls, picking up one of them, intending to place it on the dining table in the living room.

"Here," Waylon said.

Doris hesitated for a moment.

She wanted to eat at the small kitchen table by herself.



She didn't want to face Waylon, noisily devouring her noodles.

No, she didn't want to eat noodles at all. She just didn't want to be in such proximity to him.

She was still upset, and she didn't want him to look down on her.

But Waylon had already spoken, and she couldn't create further division.

She had no choice but to place both bowls on the small kitchen table...

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.