

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

### Chapter 1098 Practice Splits, You Can Do It Too

Shortly after, Doris grabbed two forks and handed one to Waylon.

Waylon ate quickly, but there was no reaction from him throughout the entire meal.

After finishing a bowl of tomato pasta, he pushed his plate away, got up, and headed for the door.

"Um," Doris watched his tall and straight figure as she spoke, "about tomorrow's party..."

She wanted to ask about the time; all she knew was that it was around noon.

"I'll go by myself," unexpectedly, Waylon paused in his tracks without looking back and uttered those words.

Doris was taken aback. "Weren't you the one who asked me to accompany you? You already bought the formal attire for me."

Waylon responded slowly, "Be apparently acquiescing while contrary-minded, it will only cause more trouble for me."

Doris didn't quite understand at first, but then it dawned on her.

Waylon is talking about her screwing with him!

If they appear distant from each other, those troublemakers would have an easy opening to exploit.

But it was too late now to do anything about it.

Waylon had already gone upstairs to sleep.

She couldn't possibly knock on his door and tell him that she would behave "properly" at the party.

In truth, she was still angry about the whole situation.

How could a grown man bully an elderly woman? And he even dared to justify himself?

As expected, the next morning, Waylon left early.

He didn't even cross paths with Doris, nor did he mention anything about the party.

It seemed that this time, he truly had no intention of using her.

Doris couldn't help but feel a little disappointed.

After all, she believed in the principle of "taking

someone's money is equivalent to taking responsibility for their troubles." Plus, they had signed an agreement.

Now that she had taken his money, she found herself useless.

There was a possibility that she would be "dismissed" when all was said and done.

And then there was the expensive dress she had just bought, worth over forty thousand, along with a pair of high heels that cost over six thousand.

Just thinking about it made her heart ache.

Doris carried the box with the dress and shoes as she descended the stairs.

She planned to return them during lunch break and

give back the over forty thousand to Waylon.

Furthermore, she had lost her phone and needed to buy a new one.

That would be another two to three thousand dollars.

It was quite distressing.

Fortunately, thanks to Waylon, she had some savings now.

But considering that she needed to buy a house and give herself and her children a home of their own, those savings seemed insignificant.

Pondering about her future, Doris hailed a taxi and arrived at Nightfall Cafe.

She pushed open the glass door to find Sam and four

waitstaff wiping tables and chairs.

"Doris, good morning?" Sam cheerfully greeted her.

The young girl was carefree and happy every day.

Doris couldn't help but envy her.

"Good morning, Sam," Doris greeted everyone. "Good morning!"

"Good morning, Ms. Doris," the waitstaff responded warmly.

Emmeline hadn't arrived yet.

Doris carried her handbag and went upstairs to change into her work uniform.

After about half an hour, Emmeline arrived.

She was wearing a white and black-paneled sports shirt with black pants.

On her feet were white sneakers with black soles, accentuating her long, slim, and straight legs.

Sam leaned on the counter, gazing at her legs enviously, and said, "Your leg looks like it's split right below the waist."

"Practice splits more, and you'll be able to do it too!" Emmeline teased her. "I guarantee you'll have nothing but legs below your belly button!"

Sam chuckled and then twirled her wrists with a fork in each hand before sighing.

"What's with the sigh?" Emmeline glanced at her sideways. "It's early in the morning."

"I was just thinking," Sam said helplessly, "ever since I went from being a bodyguard to a coffee seller, I haven't had time to practice splits."

Emmeline burst into laughter. "You're just lazy. If you want to be lazy, you can come up with a hundred excuses."

"Ms. Louise," Sam said, "please have mercy. Look at me now, just a coffee girl. I seriously request to return to my previous position. I can't continue to be so down and out."

"Alright then," Emmeline raised an eyebrow, "give me your place at the counter, put on sunglasses, and stand by the entrance!"



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.