

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1099 A Guilty Conscience

"Turns out I'm just a doorkeeper, huh?" Sam remarked. "Well, I'd rather make coffee then! At least I won't get sunburned!"

Emmeline ruffled Sam's hair, laughing. "Oh, you silly thing. What goes on inside that head of yours?"

Sam shrugged, smiling and changing the subject. "Ms. Louise, why were you running late today?"

"Mr. Abel left early this morning, and I took my time getting ready. I didn't realize it was already past eight when I finally got in the car."

"No wonder I saw you walking alone from the parking lot," Sam commented. "Usually, it's Mr. Abel who escorts you in, never leaving without a cup of coffee."

"Are you implying something?" Emmeline tilted her head, looking at Sam's innocent face. "Are you disappointed because you didn't see Luca today?"

Sam blushed, pouting her lips. "Only a puppy would think that! I'm just stating the truth! Look at how quick you are with your assumptions!"

Emmeline burst into laughter, finding Sam's flustered reaction amusing.

The more she laughed, the redder Sam's face became, and she finally declared, "I'm ignoring you!"

Wiping away the tears of laughter, Emmeline said, "I'll text Mr. Abel and tell him to come for coffee once he and Luca are done. I'll mention that Sam is missing Luca."

"Oh no!" Sam stomped her foot. "If you say that, I'll go

on strike, and you can make the coffee yourself!"

Doris descended the stairs with the first batch of pastries, smiling. "Who's going on strike? You won't get any pastries if you do!"

"I can't allow that," Sam exclaimed. "Just for these delicious pastries, I'll stay at my post."

Both Emmeline and Doris laughed.

Doris had made coconut milk cakes this time.

A layer of snow-like coconut shavings coated the outside of the pure milk jelly.

She picked up a piece and put it in her mouth. It was smooth, fragrant, and chewy all at once.

With a firm suck of her tongue, there was no need to

chew, and it slid down her throat.

Especially since the milk jelly had been refrigerated, the slight chill as it went down made her whole body feel refreshed.

"This flavor is amazing!" Sam exclaimed. "Such a simple thing, yet Doris manages to make it so delicious. No one else can do it."

Emmeline also praised, speaking while eating, "Doris, which man are you going to marry in the future? I'm worried someone will steal you away from me."

Doris laughed, "I've decided not to remarry in this lifetime. I'll just make pastries for you!"

"That won't do," Emmeline said. "Am I going to waste your youth like this? I can't bear the guilt!"

"From what I see, the spoils should stay within the family," Sam winked at Emmeline. "We can handle it internally."

Emmeline was momentarily stunned, then understood, her eyes sparkling. "I think that's a good idea!"

"What idea?" At first, Doris didn't understand, but then she caught on, and her face turned red. "You two are teasing me again!"

Emmeline and Sam burst into laughter.

"Doris, it shows that you have a guilty conscience," Emmeline said. "Why did you immediately think of someone when we mentioned 'internal handling'?"

"Who is it?" Doris stiffened, "How do you know who I'm thinking of?"

"And how do you know who we mean when we say internal handling?" Sam pressed.

Doris blushed, she didn't know what had just happened to her.

Anyhow, once the two girls said it, all that came to her mind was Waylon.

"Internal handling isn't just about Waylon," Emmeline chimed in. "There's also Bowie and Kenny. Why did you only think of that one person?"

"Yeah," they both sang, "Doris, you better come clean. Why did you suddenly associate 'internal handling' with our Mr. Waylon?"

"Enjoy your pastries," Doris said, trying to keep a straight face. "You two can't stop talking with your

mouths full of these delicious pastries!"

"Look, look, she's getting flustered!" Emmeline laughed. "She does have a guilty conscience!"

"I'll make sure to tell Mr. Waylon later," Sam winked. "I'll let him know that Doris has a crush on him!"

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