

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1100 Surprisingly, Bugs in the Pastries

Doris's face turned red. She picked up the tray and exclaimed, "I'm done with all of you!"

Hastily turning around, she hurriedly made her way upstairs, afraid that those two "little brats" would say something ridiculous behind her back.

If Waylon were to hear about this, it would be utterly embarrassing for her!

Have they not seen how much he despises her?

Emmeline and Sam couldn't help but laugh while enjoying the coconut custard cakes, praising Doris' exceptional culinary skills.

After finishing the last piece of coconut milk cake, Sam began grinding coffee beans.

Emmeline took out her phone and sent a message to Abel: "What are you up to?"

Abel: "Just finished a meeting, now thinking about you."

Emmeline: "You flatterer."

Abel: "Cross my heart, I truly miss you."

Emmeline: "I'll give you that."

Abel: "Why suddenly text? Missing hubby?"

Emmeline: "Just wanted to ask you, leaving me alone at home so early in the morning, just to attend a meeting?"

Abel: "It's the end of the month, need to review, you

know?"

Emmeline: "Finish up and come have coffee."

Abel: "Already on it, Sweetheart."

Emmeline: "Don't forget to bring Luca along."

Bring Luca along?

Abel looked at the message and paused for a moment.

Isn't Luca always with him, going wherever he goes?

Why would he need to be separately mentioned?

After a brief thought, Abel understood.

Emmeline was worried about Sam.

She genuinely wanted Luca to be there!

Abel replied: "Understood, Sweetheart, I promise to fulfill the task!"

Emmeline responded with a grinning emoji.

Meanwhile, Abel put down his phone and instructed Luca, "Go buy a bouquet, of red roses."

"Yes, Mr. Abel," Luca asked, "How many should I get?"

"What do you think?" Abel asked.

Luca scratched his head, lacking experience in this area.

Even when it came to giving flowers to Sam, he had

only done it once or twice.

"Mr. Abel," Luca tentatively asked, "Would ninety-nine be enough?"

"Whatever you think is enough," Abel said,
"Completely up to you."

Luca wondered, what does he mean by that?

"Why are you still here?" Abel said, "We'll go to Nightfall Cafe later."

"Alright, Mr. Abel, I'll go now."

Luca happily left to buy red roses, looking like an obedient and cheerful fellow.

By ten o'clock, more customers arrived at Nightfall Cafe to enjoy coffee and pastries. Emmeline's live

stream was also lively.

There were over ten thousand people in the live stream.

"Let's promote the coconut milk cakes," Emmeline focused the camera on the cakes, "Rich and creamy, with a smooth texture. Limited to the Struyria area only, unable to deliver to other regions. Priority for delivery to my fan club members. Local customers can come directly to taste them. I guarantee that the more you eat, the happier and more beautiful you'll become!"

As Emmeline was enthusiastically promoting, the glass door of the cafe suddenly swung open.

The door had been opened countless times throughout the morning, but this time was different from the rest.

It was forcefully pushed open, and several middle-aged women stormed in.

And each of them carried an imposing aura.

Emmeline looked up from her phone, and Sam stopped what she was doing.

The two waitresses on the first floor also turned their attention.

Even the dozen or so customers who were enjoying their coffee and pastries shifted their gazes over.

The newcomers were not pleasant, and their words were shocking.

"Look at your pastries!" the leader, a plump woman, shouted, "Is this something humans can eat?"

"Yeah, look at the ridiculous pastries you've made, intentionally harming people, is that it?"

"What's going on here?" Emmeline stood up from her chair and said, "Take your time and tell me what's happening."

"We are so infuriated, how can we take our time?" the plump woman angrily pointed at Emmeline, "There are bugs in the pastries you made! Tell me, how can I calmly explain such a disgusting thing?"

"Bugs?" Emmeline furrowed her brows. It couldn't be true, could it?

Immediately, some customers gasped, "Oh my goodness, bugs?"

"This is disgusting! How could there be bugs?"

"Ugh! Ugh! I can't stand that thing at all! This is terrible! It ruins my appetite!"

In an instant, the cafe erupted like a pot of boiling water, with customers clamoring and creating a chaotic scene.

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