

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

### Chapter 1191 Insatiable



The car entered Hellion Bay, Villa No. 9.

Waylon had complicated emotions deep down. He was overwhelmed with affection, and it lingered for a long time.

He took a deep breath and suppressed his feelings.

The car was halted in the yard.

The driver got out of the vehicle and opened the door for them.

Waylon carried Doris out.

She was soundly asleep, just like a cat dozing

peacefully in the master's arms. Her small frame felt gentle against his. She was oblivious to everything that was going on.

He carried her to the third-floor guest room.

There, he handed Doris to Mrs. Flores.

Mrs. Flores was puzzled. She questioned, "Why does she drink so much?"

"Ask her when she wakes up!"

Waylon returned to his room with a stern expression on his face.

He looked at his bitten lip while standing in front of the bathroom mirror.

The bleeding had stopped, and the wound was

slightly swollen. When he gently pressed it, he experienced a little pain, as though a small, tender hand were gently caressing his heart. He was unable to pinpoint his feelings; perhaps he was looking forward to something happening.

"Ring, ring, ring!"

The phone on the nightstand rang.

Waylon walked out of the bathroom and picked up the phone.

He lowered his gaze and checked the phone screen.

Lily's number was displayed on the screen. Although he didn't save her phone number, he had memorized it due to his sharp memory.

He frowned and didn't feel like answering the call, but

he recalled that Doris had "taken" their vase and reluctantly picked up the call.

Lily's voice came from the other end. She apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Adelmar."

"Hmm, go on," Waylon responded with an indifferent voice.

Lily said, "About that...I'm asking on behalf of my friend, did Doris have the vase with her? It's an antique."

"I was just about to tell you. That vase is in my car. I'll have someone deliver it back to you tomorrow," Waylon calmly replied.

"I'll go pick it up. I'd like to explain the things that took place tonight."

Waylon sneered and replied, "It's fine. Just let your brother know it's common courtesy for a man to respect women."

After pausing briefly, Lily replied, "I will."

"If you don't have anything else to say, I'll hang up."

"Tell me where you live. I'll pick up the vase tomorrow morning from you."

"Hellion Bay, Villa No. 9!"

After that, Waylon ended the call.

Villa No. 9 in Hellion Bay!

Lily took a deep breath.

The Adelmar Group built it as a posh neighborhood.

The house owners were the cream of Struyria's elite. There were only nine villas in total, each with a billion-dollar starting price. The nine villas were hierarchically arranged, with three, six, and nine being at the Imperial level.

Lily knew Rykers had a villa there but was surprised to learn that Waylon had one too.

His wealth must be on par with Abel Ryker. If I could marry a man like him...

After he hung up the phone, Waylon took a shower and went to bed.

His dreams were hazy and confusing.

Whether he was in the car or bed, Doris' soft and delicate body was always in his arms. He repeatedly unleashed his desire while holding her down in the

bed and the backseat of the car.

Under him, Doris moaned and pleaded softly until her body finally gave in. She curled up in his arms and dozed off alongside him.

He had never experienced a dream that was so nice, sweet, and satisfying.

The following morning, it was already eight when he awoke.

He was about to get out of bed but felt something cold and sticky in his pants.

What on earth is this?

His heart jerked ferociously.

He had a flashback of the scenes from his dream and

was aroused once more.

Damn it! I haven't slept with her, but I'm already obsessed with the sensation.

He got out of bed and dashed for the bathroom.

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#### Chapter 1192 You Owe Doris An Apology

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Lily arrived at the villa by ten o'clock in the morning.

She showed up with gifts. She brought six bottles of whisky, each costing 12,000 dollars. The tea costs 140,000 dollars per pound.



Despite being a worldly person, she felt dazzled by the opulent interior when she entered the living room.

"Ms. Thomas, is it?" asked Mrs. Jamison, the well-dressed housekeeper.

Lily responded, "Yes, it's me. I informed Mr. Adelman about my arrival last night."

Mrs. Jamison said, "I'm aware of that. Please have a seat, Ms. Thomas. I'll go upstairs and let Mr. Waylon know."

"Certainly."

After placing the presents on the coffee table, Lily took a seat on the luxurious sofa.

Mrs. Jamison went upstairs.

Soon after, Waylon descended the stairs. He was ready to leave the house.

He was dressed entirely in white and wore a pale blue tie. He slung his suit over his arm and completed the look with a Patek Philippe watch.

Lily was seated on the sofa. When she saw him go down the staircase, she immediately got to her feet.

His good looks had her spellbound. His appeal was divine-like. How on earth could someone as extraordinary as him exist?

Her cheeks turned red, and her heart was racing.

"Good morning," she said softly, "Mr. Adelmar."

"Good morning!"

Waylon walked down the steps. He extended his hand and said, "Sit."

Lily chose to pick up the gifts she had brought rather than comply with his instructions. She said, "I'm sorry about last night. I'd like you to accept these gifts as my tokens of goodwill."

"Who is apologizing? You or your brother?"

Waylon paid little attention to the gifts. He merely cast a sidelong glance Lily's way.

She said with an awkward smile, "Both of us are sorry. I didn't keep an eye on him last night. He drank a lot and almost caused trouble. I'm so sorry."

"Doris is the one you should apologize to, not me?"  
Waylon sneered coldly.

After being rendered speechless, Lily argued, "I don't know where she is, so I decided to visit you. I hope you won't be mad about last night. I have no idea how things will pan out."

Waylon retorted coldly, "I think you should tell that to Doris. You owe her an apology!"

Lily was at a loss for words.

I never considered apologizing to her! She's a nobody. It's just a pretext for me to see you.

Lily attempted to change the topic. She asked as she studied his slightly swollen mouth, "Mr. Adelmar, what happened to your lips? You've got a wound."

Waylon touched his lip unconsciously. He responded without displaying any emotion, "I accidentally

bumped my lips."

"You need to apply some medicine. Do you have any at home? Should I buy some for you?"

Waylon replied coldly, "Don't worry about it. If you have something to say, you should say it to Doris."

Lily was dumbfounded.

Why does this conversation keep coming back to this?

He looked over his shoulder and instructed, "Mrs. Jamison, get Doris here!"

"Yes, Mr. Waylon!" Mrs. Jamison promptly responded.

Doris was sleeping soundly. She awoke with a headache.

She had taken the day off to get some rest and accompany the children.

Mrs. Jamison went upstairs to relay the message.

Doris hurriedly went downstairs.

She looked comfortable in loungewear and had her hair tied loosely.

She held Nessa in her arms. Mrs. Flores trailed from behind and carried Una in her arms.

Lily was stunned when she saw them.

She's living with Waylon and holding a child? Whose child would that be?

Lily hastily made her way to take the child from Doris'

arms as she descended the staircase.

Nessa blinked her big eyes and cooed softly. The baby had a sweet and innocent smile on her face.

Lily was awestruck.

This child...

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## Chapter 1193 Humiliation



Una, who was in the housekeeper's arms, caught Lily's attention. Her heart sank.

This toddler is a boy and his features... Why do the kids look like Waylon? Is he the father of the children? Does this man belong to Doris?

Her complexion turned horrifyingly pale before it turned glum. She swallowed hard, stammered, and struggled to find the right words.

Doris stated politely, "Ms. Thomas, I have no idea that you are here. Please forgive me for not dressing properly."

Lily replied with an awkward smile, "Oh! I just remembered that I've got some work to do. I should go now."

Doris said, "That vase is on the shoe cabinet. You should take it with you."

"I'll get it for you," Mrs. Jamison said.



"Sure!" Lily nodded.

Waylon stated calmly, "And your gifts, take them back with you. There isn't room for them here."

Lily's expression changed to one of shock. She uttered, "Mr. Adelmar..."

He continued, "If you leave it here, they'll be thrown away. It's preferable not to waste them."

This response left her stupefied.

I shouldn't have come today! I want to use this as an excuse to see him. But this isn't a chance to see him. This is me showing up at their doorstep to be insulted!

Lily departed dejectedly as a result.

Waylon wanted to head out. He needed to inspect the Imperial Palace's renovations.

The security guard suddenly made a call through the intercom, and reported, "Mr. Waylon, an old man, is asking to see you."

Waylon asked with a frown, "An old man? Is it Trevor?"

The security guard respectfully replied, "Yes, he says his name is Trevor Ywain."

"This old man is still going strong! Send him in. I've been waiting for him."

The security guard hung up after that.

Doris still held Nessa in her arms as she questioned, "Is this the same old man who visited us last time?"

"Yes," Waylon nodded, "you might get a free show from him. I don't want you to think I mistreated an elderly."

Doris blushed and replied, "I know I'd misunderstood you. Emma had filled me in with everything."

"I'm glad you know that."

He glanced at her. Their gazes were locked in the air.

Waylon was fully conscious, but Doris had some memory gaps from last night. He recalled their passionate kiss in the car, among other intimate moments. Those memories made him flutter.

His heart skipped a beat. He was aroused.

He grabbed the cup from the coffee table in a fit of

panic and downed it all.

The towering door was pushed open. Trevor had entered the villa.

Those who didn't know might assume he was a pitiable and destitute old man.

He moved toward the living room and stood before the couch.

The old man took in the harmonious atmosphere.

The refined and regal young man sat leisurely on the couch. A graceful young woman holding a young child was sitting in the armchair across from him. A nanny was holding another child close by.

He quickly bowed and uttered, "Mr. Adelmar, Mrs. Adelmar, please accept the greeting from this old

man!"

Waylon kept silent. He had nothing to explain to this old man.

Doris shared this sentiment. She blushed and had nothing to say to the cunning old man. She said softly to Waylon, "I'll take the kids upstairs."

Waylon muttered, "Hmm."

Trevor bowed servilely. He remained silent as Mrs. Adelmar ascended the stairs and dared not look at the baby in the nanny's arms.

"Oh my! Mr. Adelmar," he praised, "your children looked smart. Both of them would turn out to be the cream of the crop. Congratulations!"

Waylon scoffed. He did not explain.

Why do I need to explain this to him? I couldn't care less about what he thinks of me!

Trevor kneeled when there were just the two of them in the living room. He exclaimed, "Mr. Adelmar!"

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Chapter 1194 Right The Wrong

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Trevor kneeled when he realized Waylon was the only person in the living room.

He pleaded, "Mr. Adelmar, please spare me and undo the thing you did to my acupoints. I've been in pain

every night since you stabbed me with the needle in Barbecue City. Isn't it sufficient that I acknowledge my mistakes?"

"Humph! You're aware of your mistakes?"

Waylon sneered coldly and chided, "You've got quite a life out here, don't you? I've heard that you've established a reputation for yourself in Struyria. Aren't those dignitaries respectfully addressing you as Master Ywain when they seek your help?"

Trevor replied bitterly, "Haha, aren't I achieving those with the knowledge I pick up from your clan? How could I become Master Ywain without the knowledge I stole from your family? I'm aware of my mistake. Please forgive me."

Taking a sip from his cup, Waylon grinned icily and said, "Haha, you did more than that. You also used

that talent of yours to harm my relatives. How can I forgive you?"

"That's not true! I didn't do that."

Trevor frantically shook his hands. He argued, "I didn't hurt anyone in your family."

"Aren't you the one who released the Deathly Desire and Wraith Petal?" Waylon narrowed his eyes and questioned.

After a brief moment of shock, Trevor nodded and said, "Yes, it's me."

"You didn't hurt anyone in my family? Deathly Desire had hurt my sister, and Wraith Petal had harmed my brother-in-law."

Trevor kowtowed and pleaded, "I've no idea. I



deserve to die. I know I have made a grave mistake. Please forgive me!"

Waylon waved his hand and stated, "I've learned the full story, and I know who is responsible for all of this. We're family, so I won't pursue this any further. Get up."

Despite his relief, Trevor remained on his knees and pleaded, "Mr. Adelmar, I'm not cured. Given my age and the fact that I worked for your father, please spare me.

Waylon chuckled and mocked, "You still remember that you used to work for my father? Did my old man mistreat you? But, you have betrayed us and fled from the island."

Trevor wore a bitter expression and said, "I'm blinded by greed and wanted to make a name for myself with

the knowledge of the clan. Why can't I just accept my punishment and repent?"

"Fine," Waylon smiled faintly.

"You should confess to my father if you're willing to accept the punishment. He is, after all, the one you have wronged the most. Go back to Adelmarr Island. Correct your mistakes where you made them."

Trevor was at a loss for words.

Wouldn't I be wasting half of my life if I did this? Isn't my life returning to square one?

"You don't have enough money?"

Waylon picked up his bag and tossed him a stack of cash.

"Hurry back to Adelmarr Island and bring the books you stole with you. Within a fortnight to a month, you will become paralyzed and unable to move if your acupoints are not released. You won't be able to eat and drink and suffer a slow, agonizing death."

In fear, Trevor's complexion became pallid. He wept pitifully and said, "Mr. Waylon, that won't do!"

Waylon asked with a frown, "Why are you still here? I don't have time to waste on you!"

Trevor snatched the cash off the coffee table and promised, "I'll do as you said. I'll bring the books, return to the island, and beg Master Adelmarr for mercy."

After that, he hurried out of the villa.

Waylon left for the Imperial Palace and didn't return to

Hellion Bay for lunch.

After Doris fed Una and Nessa, she hurriedly finished her meal and hopped in a cab to the Nightfall Cafe.

She noticed there were lots of customers when she checked the Nightfall Cafe's social media page in the morning. Additionally, they received a lot of orders online.

Emmeline was in charge of the pastries while she was away. She was skilled at making desserts.

Doris felt bad about it, though. How could she let Emmeline handle those orders all by herself?

Her phone rang as she was riding in the cab. She pulled her phone out of her bag and saw that the caller was Daniel.

Her mind went blank.

Daniel? Something happened, but I couldn't remember it.

She answered the call and said, "Hi, Mr. Daniel."

Daniel was agitated. He asked, "Where are you?"

"I'm on my way to work."

"Take a detour," Daniel demanded, "I'll be waiting for you in the Tea Room close to the Struyria Banquet."

Doris fell silent briefly before blurting out, "Why would you like to see me?"

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

### Chapter 1195 Accidentally Hit Him



Daniel yelled angrily, "I know you're confused. Come over and take a look at what I've become. After that, we can speak.

Doris was bewildered.

What has he become? Did he grow three heads and six arms overnight?

Daniel hung up.

She was compelled to tell the driver, "Can you take me to the Struyria Banquet?"

"Sure."

The driver made a U-turn at the intersection.

Ten minutes later, the cab stopped in front of the Struyria Banquet.

Before getting out of the cab, Doris paid the fare with her phone.

She grabbed her handbag and swiftly headed to the Tea Room on the first floor.

Daniel sat in silence at the table by the window. He dressed in a light gray suit and gave off a tidy, gentlemanly appearance.

She approached him and was about to occupy the seat across from him.

She saw the white bandage covering his forehead at this point. Startled, she wondered, "Mr. Daniel, what happened? Are you hurt?"

Daniel rebuked the woman angrily, "How dare you ask me that? It's one thing for you to hit me, but you have the nerve to accuse me of harassing you?"

Doris was taken aback. She scowled and exclaimed, "What!? What do you mean by that? I hit you and wrongly accused you. What did I do to you?"

"What did you do to me? Can't you remember what you have done?" Daniel was furious.

After pausing for a moment, she inquired, "Did...something happen last night after I got wasted?"



Daniel huffed indignantly, "Think harder! Tell me, do you think I'm the kind of man who would harass a woman?"

"Wait a second!"

Doris tapped her forehead and recalled, "I drank too much last night. Then you helped me upstairs."

"Yes, then what?"

"And then..."

"Keep going. If you can't remember it, I'll die of grievance!"

She kept quiet for a while as she worked hard to recall.

Then, shreds of memories began to emerge.

"That...you held me, and we both fell onto the bed."

"We fell onto the bed, but I didn't do anything to you, right? But you grabbed a vase and hit me over the head with it!"

Doris was at a loss for words. She widened her eyes in shock. She remembered.

Daniel was supporting me, but I stumbled backward and fell to the bed, where he landed on top of me.

I was terrified. So I instinctively reached for a vase on the nightstand and struck him with it.

I just wanted him to quickly get off her.

He shouldn't be lying on top of me. If someone saw us, how would they interpret the scene? Wouldn't this

harm my reputation? Who would have believed me when I explained it to them?

Doris slapped herself on the forehead. She had a hard time believing this. She asked, "I turned you into this with a single knock on the head?"

"What do you think?"

His eyes were burning with rage, "Then Waylon came in. He believed that I had done something to you. He gave you praise for it. Now, how could I take this blame?"

Doris grimaced and reasoned, "I...I never thought it would turn out like this. Last night, I was drunk, so I overreacted. After that, I blacked out. I have no idea how I got home."

"Lily said Waylon had picked you up, and..."

He suddenly lowered his voice and asked, "I wanted to see you, mainly because I wanted to ask you something."

Doris felt incredibly sorry for him and said, "Go ahead."

Deep down, she knew this man had not done anything inappropriate to her last night. She was consumed with guilt.

She was eager to give an honest and open answer when Daniel posed a question to her.

He asked with a frown, "Did you have kids with Waylon? Moreover, you have two children with him?"

Doris was taken aback. Her eyes widened, and she asked, "What?"

"Are you playing dumb with me? Lily visited Hellion Bay this morning, didn't she? She had seen everything. You had two babies in your arms, and they were a pigeon pair?"

Doris swallowed hard and asked, "Would you believe me if I told you they were my children and had nothing to do with Mr. Adelmar?"

"I don't! She said the kids look very much like Waylon, and you live in his house," Daniel exclaimed.

"You tell me you have nothing to do with him? You are bullsh\*tting me."

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