

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

### Chapter 1196 Disdain



Doris straightened up her back and said, "Mr. Daniel, I didn't have to explain this to you, but I couldn't wrong anyone about this. Mr. Adelmarr isn't the father of my children. We have nothing to do with each other. I reside in his home as his tenant. That's it!"

Daniel's expression softened. He breathed a sigh of relief.

He gave a nod and said, "That's nice. I believe you."

She apologized, saying, "I'm so sorry for hurting you. Tell me how I can make amends for it. I'll take full responsibility."

"It's alright. It's not a serious injury. After a few days of

rest, I'll be fine."

Doris offered, "As an apology, I'll buy you dinner, but I have to leave right away. I need to work."

He offered, "Alright, I can drop you off."

With a dismissive wave, Doris rejected his offer, saying, "No, no, I'm fine. I can call a cab."

Daniel insisted, "I would pass by there anyway. You can stop being so polite."

She hesitated a little and agreed.

She knew being overly polite to Daniel at this point would give the impression that she had distanced herself from him, especially after she had injured him.

After Daniel paid the bill, the two left the premises.

They went to the parking lot.

Daniel unlocked the car with his remote, and after doing so, he went to the passenger side to get the door for Doris.

Doris was about to board the vehicle. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of someone watching her.

She followed her gut and looked up. For the love of God! It was Waylon!

He dressed in white attire. He stood in front of his Maybach, his right hand resting on the car door, and was ready to get in. When the sun shone on him, he appeared to be glowing.

Despite being ten meters apart, they locked eyes in

midair.

"Way...."

She was about to call out to him awkwardly, but Waylon had withdrawn his gaze and stooped to get into his car.

The Maybach turned sharply and headed straight for the traffic.

It happened within a matter of seconds.

Daniel's back was against Waylon, and he was unable to see anything. The Maybach had already merged into the traffic when he turned around and moved toward the driver's side.

Emmeline was live-streaming the making of Peach Blueberry Cobbler when Doris entered Nightfall Cafe.

It was an easy dessert to make, but it was very popular.

She described the steps while demonstrating them.

More than 20,000 people viewed the live stream online.

A virtual fantasy castle unexpectedly appeared on the live-stream channel. Waylon was the one who sent it.

Then Benvolio sent a virtual Porsche.

Dad of Four quickly joined the channel and covered the screen in virtual roses. Instantly, a romantic and sweet vibe filled the channel.

When Emmeline had finished demonstrating how to make Peach Blueberry Cobbler, Doris said, "I'll make

one too."

Emmeline suggested, "Why don't you teach everyone how to make a Carrot Cake? It's delicious and easy to make."

"Alright."

Doris put on the apron, picked up a carrot, and said, "We'll start by preparing the carrot. First, we need to wash them thoroughly, and then..."

Janie had been watching. When she saw Doris, she sent a virtual carnival right away.

Dad of Fours sent a virtual helicopter.

Benvolio sent a second virtual Porsche.

However, Waylon didn't send anything.

When Doris inadvertently looked up, she saw his message, "I'm going offline."

Her heart thumped violently. She had a gut feeling that this man displayed disdain by saying those things.

Seriously? Is this even necessary? He would go to that much trouble to express his contempt on a live-streaming channel?

Doris felt guilty. She suspected he did that because he had seen her with Daniel.

He must be laughing at me. Daniel just "harassed" me last night, but he spotted me together with him the next day. How cheap would I appear in his eyes?

She felt uneasy with this thought in her mind.

She had washed the same carrot at least eight times but still hadn't cleaned it properly.

Emmeline reminded her, "Doris, are you planning to wash the skin off instead of peeling it?"

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Chapter 1197 Whose Kids Are They?

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Doris came back to her senses and exclaimed, "Oh! I'm about to peel them. Where's the peeler?"

"Here!" Emmeline handed the peeler to her and cautioned, "Be careful with your hands!"



"Roger that," Doris replied.

She grabbed the peeler and started to remove the skin.

"We peel carrots in this way after washing them. As you can see, it has a bright orange color after the skin has been removed, but it is a little slippery. We must hold them well and be careful with the peeler to avoid cutting our hands.

"We'll wash them again after we peel them. Oh my, it's slippery. We must hold them firmly in our hands, or they will slip out of our hands.

"After rinsing them thoroughly, we lay them out on a cutting board and chop them up. After that, we put them in a steaming tray and steam them until they are cooked.

"We cut some nuts and steam them as well to improve the color and texture. We combine the nuts and carrot puree after they have been cooked. Hmm, it smells divine."

After finding her rhythm, Doris led the audience in a step-by-step fashion. She explained and decorated it with white frosting on top.

She scooped up a piece of cake and put it in her mouth.

"Oh, the cake is soft and moist, and the nuts are fragrant. It's incredibly tasty."

Her ecstatic expression enthralled the audience.

Many of them were drooling on the other side of the screen. They made up their minds to purchase some

carrots later.

The live broadcast room was overwhelmed with stars and roses. Likes and rewards from the audience came in waves.

After a long day of work, it was finally time to leave.

Doris bid Emmeline farewell before boarding a cab to return to Hellion Bay.

She was eager to explain to Waylon why she was with Daniel today. She doesn't want her actions to be misinterpreted by him.

Waylon wasn't there when she got home.

She changed into her apron and prepared several dishes in the kitchen.

It was past dinner time when the food was readily served, but Waylon was not home yet.

After Doris left Nightfall Cafe, Waylon called his buddies earlier. He requested they bring Emmeline and Janie to the Seashell Hotel for a gathering and to enjoy seafood.

Emmeline told Waylon on the phone, saying, "You should have said something earlier. I could have invited Doris to come along."

"Why would you invite her?" Waylon wondered.

He ranted secretly. Don't you know I did this to avoid her? She's an eyesore.

Emmeline asked in puzzlement, "Why can't I invite Doris?"

Given his tone, it felt like Doris had upset him.

"She should stay at home and look after the kids!"

Waylon grumbled irritably, "She came home last night wasted, and I'm the one who put the children to sleep! Whose kids are they?"

Emmeline chuckled out loud, "It turns out that you're revisiting your role as a nanny."

Waylon coldly replied, "How could this be the same thing? I looked after the triplets as their uncle. What is the relationship between me and her children? We're nothing, right?"

"If this is a problem, you can be their uncle too,"

Emmeline teased, "so you don't feel you're at a loss."

Waylon scoffed.

He whimpered, "Forget it! I'll only be an uncle to your kids in this lifetime! I don't want to adopt the role of uncle for someone else's child for free!"

What's wrong with this guy? Emmeline wondered, and he reacted as if he had been provoked by someone.

Waylon eventually made it home around ten o'clock at night.

His car finally pulled up to the house after Doris tucked the kids in for the night.

From the window on the third floor, Doris saw him stride through the yard and into the porch.

She quickly changed into her robe and headed downstairs.

In the hallway, Waylon had changed his shoes and

was headed to his room.

"Mr. Adelmar," Doris softly calls from the stairwell.

Waylon entered his bedroom on the second floor, as he didn't hear her.

"Mr. Adelmar," Doris sprinted downstairs to catch up with him.

"Bang!"

The door closed in front of her face. She nearly banged her head because it was so close. When the door closed, the air carried a strong smell of alcohol with it.

Doris wondered to herself as she stood before the door. Is he drunk? It looks like he has wasted time and is not feeling well.

She went downstairs to make him some warm milk.

Milk is useful for soothing the stomach and effective in dispelling the effects of alcohol.

She carried a small tray upstairs once the milk was prepared. She knocked twice on Waylon's bedroom door.

"Knock, knock!"

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Chapter 1198 What Else Can You Remember?





No sound was heard from the room.

In the bathroom, Waylon just finished his shower and wiped the water off his body.

"Knock, knock!"

Doris knocked two more times. She called out to him, "Mr. Adelmar?"

An impatient voice came from the room, questioning, "What is it?"

"Mr. Adelmar, I made you some milk. It can help to sober you up," Doris replied softly.

Waylon replied gruffly from inside, "Leave it at the door. I'll get it later."

"But the milk won't taste good when it gets cold," she

replied.

"I'll be quick!"

Doris mustered her courage and said, "And...I have something to tell you."

Waylon was speechless. He replied after a while, "Just shoot. I can hear you!"

"It's inconvenient for me to tell you from here," Doris replied as she cast a glance down the hallway.

Creak! The door was flung open.

Waylon showed up at the door wearing only a bathrobe.

He furrowed his brow and asked, "Don't you know you're annoying?"

Doris was caught off guard when the door opened abruptly. She nearly fell forward and bumped into his chest.

She regained her balance and looked up in surprise.

Then, she took in his muscular, tanned chest. The neckline of his bathrobe revealed just a hint of his ripped muscles.

She saw his charming face and deep eyes. He was macho but also cultured.

His hair was still damp. His body gave off steam from the bath, which then rose into the air.

This man always exuded a sense of abstinence. Now, he looked the exact opposite.

A powerful masculine scent drifted in Doris' direction and she was momentarily spellbound.

She blushed and almost dropped the tray of milk she was carrying.

A cold voice came from above, mocking, "Haven't you had enough? So, you like this look of mine?"

"What?" Doris' cheeks got even redder as she finally regained composure.

"I...brought you milk," she stammered.

Waylon moved aside to make room for Doris while holding a towel in one hand to dry his hair.

Hastily, she entered the room and placed the tray on the coffee table in the lounge area.

Waylon's bedroom was divided into two sections, and the outside area had a moderately sized lounge area.

"I have something to tell you," Doris said.

She dared not raise her head to look at Waylon.

She had never before seen the seductive side of him. Her cheeks felt warm, and her heart was racing.

"Hmm," Waylon grunted in response.

"Daniel came to see me today," she said.

Waylon shot her a glance and asked, "Why are you telling me this? Is it necessary to explain it to me?"

She was at a loss for words.

This time, her face burned hotter due to her

embarrassment.

For a moment, she felt like she shouldn't bother to explain to him. His tone was indifferent, like a stranger, and he didn't seem to care who she met.

Doris remarked, "I don't want you to have the wrong idea. I remembered what happened last night. Daniel didn't do anything to me. We fell when he was helping me. I overreacted, picked something up, and hit him with it. I even injured him."

"So, you mean he's innocent and he's a good guy?"  
Waylon scoffed in response.

She gave it some thought and then nodded, saying, "Well, he didn't take advantage of the situation."

Waylon frowned and asked, "So, what else do you remember?"

After a bit of reflection, Doris shook her head and said, "The next thing I remember is that I'm back here."

Waylon's complexion darkened. He felt aggrieved.

Without giving Doris a chance to respond, he threw the towel to the side and grabbed her.

She was shoved up against the wall as his imposing figure loomed over her.

"Mr. Adelmar!" Doris cried out in shock.

"What are you doing?"

She had always thought of this man as being cultured, gentle, and warm. This unexpected display of imposing manners caught her off guard.

"What am I doing?"

Doris felt Waylon's icy breath on her face.

"Don't you think I should be the one asking you that?"

Flustered, she asked, "I...Why would you ask me that? What have I done?"

"Who is the one that claimed she wanted to thank me last night? And how exactly did she express her gratitude? Did you ask for my consent?"

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Doris was at a loss for words. Her mind had gone blank.

She asked, "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

"Are you genuinely confused or just pretending to be?"

Waylon lifted her face while firmly holding her chin.

When her face tilted upward, her lips were inches below his chin as he stooped. Their posture was intimate, and their warm breaths overlapped.

Doris flushed. She stammered, "Mr. Adelmar, you..."

Waylon commanded in a raspy voice, "Look at me!"

That command startled Doris. She reasoned, You're such a large man, of course, I can see you.

"Do you see this wound?"

Waylon clenched his teeth and squeezed out a voice, asking, "Who's the one that bit me?"

Doris was astounded, "What?... Where?"

"Here! On my lips! Look closely!"

Doris' eyes almost crossed as she squinted up close.

Then she saw it. His lips had a faint mark on them, and it was swollen. It caused his perfect lips to appear crooked.

"This...this is a wound. What did you do to yourself?" Doris asked as she arched her brows.

"What have I done?" Waylon coldly sneered. "Didn't you say you remember what happened last night? Why weren't you able to remember this?"

Doris bites her finger.

Oh, my God! Am I the one who bit his lips?

Waylon's imposing figure loomed closer, inquiring, "Still playing dumb? Do you need me to refresh your memory and demonstrate it to you?"

He then slowly lowered his head and adjusted his angle.

She pushed Waylon away and yelled in surprise, "Ugh! I remember! You don't have to show me!"

Waylon raised his head and sneered. "Hmph! Don't

flatter yourself! I didn't intend to do it."

Her cheeks grew redder. She mumbled as her gaze dropped, "I...I know."

How is it possible that he would want to kiss me? He's just trying to help her "remember," that's all.

"Have you remembered now?"

Waylon asked, his eyes narrowing as he looked at her contemptuously.

Doris dipped her head nearly 180 degrees. She whispered, "How would you like me to take responsibility?"

What? Did I hear it wrong? She's talking about taking responsibility for me? Haha! This is getting more and more interesting.

"How are you going to take responsibility?"

The absurdity of the situation made Waylon laugh softly.

Doris gave him an innocent gaze. She argued powerlessly, "Will an apology do? You can't bite me back, after all, can you?"

Bite you back? Do you think of me as a dog?

But as soon as he heard this, his eyes were drawn to her lips. Suddenly, he thought that this idea might work, but...

With a darkening expression, Waylon sternly commanded, "Get out!"

Doris was stunned and asked, "What?"

"I said get out!"

She quickly reacted, hurriedly turned around, opened the door, and ran away.

The kids were asleep when she went back to her room.

Mrs. Flores was back in her bedroom.

Sitting on the edge of her bed, her heart was still pounding. She touched her lips, and memories began to emerge in bits and pieces.

Did I kiss Waylon last night? Did I even bite his lip until it started to bleed?

I'm the one who took the initiative to kiss him last night in the car and told him it was a gesture of

gratitude. What happened after that, though? I think we had a passionate kiss.

Then, I became overly excited and unintentionally bit his lip until it began to bleed.

Oh my God! What have I done?

Doris covered her face with her hands.

How embarrassing is this! How could I do that to him?  
How am I going to face him?

More importantly, I'm the one who took the initiative to kiss him! Is it not clear to me how highly he thought of me?

Our status is a world away. How did I muster the courage to kiss him?

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