

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1201 Move Out

"It's your fault, right? Didn't I misunderstand when I saw you and the kids at Mr. Adelmar's house yesterday?"

Lily frowned and complained, "You're a smart girl. Do you think it's nice for us women to cause such misunderstandings? Does it sound good or look good to outsiders?"

Doris remained silent.

Lily's comment went straight to her heart. She didn't like it when people misunderstood the situation.

She continued to convince Doris by saying, "Aside from that, you know that my family is trying to set me

up with Mr. Adelmar. We're going to date each other. Do you think it's appropriate for you to stand in the way?"

"Ms. Thomas, I didn't obstruct you two. I know my worth and have no illusions about him. How you two want to move forward is entirely up to you. I am not involved in it in any way."

"But everyone would have misunderstood the circumstances yesterday," Lily said with a frown.

"When Daniel returned home from your meeting, he told me that the twins weren't Mr. Adelmar's. I would have simply given up on him otherwise. Won't you indirectly ruin his love life?"

Doris wanted to make the case that they weren't dating, but it was not her place to say that. What does their relationship have to do with her?

She pondered for a moment before asking, "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Lily said softly, "From a female perspective, you should leave Hellion Bay. It's inappropriate for you and your kids to live in his house."

Doris was stunned.

I'm thinking about that. Throughout the day, when I'm not cooking, I've been thinking about this.

Today, Emmeline checked at least three times to see if I had something on my mind.

Why would Lily worry about this? That's right, I'm getting in her way. It wouldn't be in my best interests to stay in Hellion Bay.

"I'd been considering moving out, but I haven't started to look for a house yet."

Lily's eyes lit up, and she grinned broadly. She exclaimed, "I know it! You're not a fool!"

"I also find it awkward to live with Mr. Adelmar," Doris said, gazing at the teacup in her hand.

They nearly crossed a line last night, but she wasn't sure if he was doing it on purpose.

The memory of the incident made her heart race. She was embarrassed to the point of wanting to bury her head in the sand, especially when she realized she had bit his lips.

"Exactly," Lily continued in agreement with Doris, "you two are from different worlds. You have little in common. It must be awkward to live together."

Doris was somewhat distracted. She concurred, "Yes. He's such a lofty man, I get flustered talking to him. How can we be from the same world?"

Lily refilled Doris' tea and said warmly, "Your mind is clear. Marriage should be between equals. A wealthy man from an elite family is too much for a simple girl like you to handle."

"You're making fun of me. I've never considered that. We just work together," Doris said with a light smile.

"I can see that. He's using you as a shield. There are more reasons for you to move. Isn't it bad karma to ruin other people's romantic relationships?"

Doris said nothing, but she thought her words made sense.

Regardless of whether the two are dating, I shouldn't get involved. I'll have bad karma for obstructing others' love lives. It's something concerning their fate. I can't disrupt their destiny. I'll end up with bad karma.

"Anyway, I agree that you should move out as soon as possible," Lily concluded.

"Okay, I should start looking for a house in the next few days," said Doris, nodding.

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Chapter 1202 Sugarcoat



Lily patted Doris' hand like an old friend and said, "Alright. If you need help moving, let me know."

Doris replied with a smile, "That won't be necessary. I just have a suitcase to deal with."

Lily grabbed her bag and stood up.

She said, "Okay then, I need to make a move. I've something else to take care of. I won't be able to send you home."

"Don't worry about that!" Doris nodded, "Take care, Ms. Thomas."

After she paid the bill, Lily left with a triumphant smile and sped off in her sports car.

Doris' mind was racing with thoughts of leaving Hellion Bay as she left the teahouse.

I have to talk to Mr. Adelmar about this tonight. What should I say to him? Should I let him know that I'm worried we might go too far? Should I tell him that I don't want to be his smokescreen? Will he mock me or strangle me?

She quickly dismissed the possibility of Waylon killing her.

He's polite and well-educated. The worst he could do is insult me verbally. He wouldn't lay a hand on me.

She took a few steps along the sidewalk before spotting a sizable supermarket.

She had an idea when she saw the supermarket.

Why don't I sugarcoat it? I can comfort him by providing him with delicious meals. He might not lash

out at me after he eats my food, right?

Excitedly, Doris entered the supermarket and bought a lot of cooking ingredients. She then took a cab back to Hellion Bay.

Waylon hadn't returned yet.

She hurriedly went upstairs to change her clothes. Then, she put on an apron and went into the kitchen to start preparing dinner.

Mrs. Jamison said, "Ms. Doris, I can cook dinner, you should go and see the children. You haven't seen them all day."

"The kids are behaving so well right now," Doris said with a smile, "Let me take care of tonight's dinner!"

Mrs. Jamison said, "Sure. You have bought a lot of

stuff. Are you preparing a meal for Mr. Waylon?"

Doris' face flushed slightly, and she nodded, "Yeah."

I want him to go soft on me!

"Well then," Mrs. Jamison said with a smile, "call out to me if you need help."

Doris nodded, "Sure, you should get some rest."

"I'll go upstairs to keep an eye on the kids. Una and Nessa are becoming more and more adorable!"

"I appreciate your help," Doris replied.

She was well aware that, after she moved out, she won't have so many people to help her with the children.

Mrs. Jamison often helps me look after the children. Sometimes, Mr. Adelmar lends a hand too.

That man is good with children. He's gentle and patient. He claimed that he helped raise Emmeline's children. He would make a great dad. It's a shame that my children won't have that.

Doris shook her head and did not allow herself to think about this.

She shifted her focus to preparing a few of Waylon's favorite dishes.

By the time she had eight dishes ready, Waylon had returned.

After changing his shoes at the entrance, he entered the house with long strides. He was about to ascend the staircase when Doris emerged from the kitchen

with a spatula.

"Mr. Adelmar, you're home?"

"Hmm!"

Waylon didn't look back, but his tone was icy.

At this time, he had taken two steps up the staircase.

Doris was persistent. She said, "I made your favorite dishes and gnocchi. Will you come down for dinner later?"

He paused his steps, turned around and looked at her. He wondered, "You want to ask me something?"

Doris was stunned.

This guy is so sensitive. I couldn't admit it now, he

might have decided not to come down for dinner.

"Not really," Doris said with a smile, "I got off work early today, so I cooked some dishes that you like."

Waylon nodded and agreed, "Hmm, I'll change and come down."

Happily, Doris went back into the kitchen.

By the time Waylon washed up and changed into his loungewear, Doris had laid out ten dishes on the dining table.

She brought a bowl of gnocchi from the kitchen and set it in front of Waylon as soon as he sat down.

It had a divine aroma and was decorated with basil and tomatoes, which stimulated one's appetite.

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Chapter 1203 Just Shot



Waylon grinned with satisfaction as he cast a glance at the feasts.

Doris took a seat on the other side and served him the food.

"You need to give this chicken a try. I had simmered it in the broth for a long time. I know you love these garlic prawns too," she added.

"Hmm," Waylon grunted.

He took a piece of chicken and put it in his mouth.
The meat was delicious and had crispy skin.

He picked up another piece and asked without looking up, "Are you sure you have nothing to say?"

Doris was unsure what to say.

Hey, I've only started to enjoy the meal. Why couldn't you wait until we're almost done and everyone is content?

"You have three seconds. After that, I won't bother to listen to it," Waylon continued, still not looking up.

"Three, Two..."

Doris took a deep breath, "Hmm, I'll talk!"

Waylon finally lifted his eyes and glanced at her with an enigmatic look.

It just so happened that Doris met his gaze and she found herself momentarily lost in his eyes.

She quickly looked away but accidentally spotted the bite mark on his lips. It was no longer swollen, but a dark line remained.

Her cheeks felt warm. She quickly lowered her head and avoided his gaze.

"Just shoot," Waylon commanded as he peeled a prawn.

He wanted to peel it for Doris, but he gave it some thought and decided such treatment should be reserved for Emmeline.

Therefore, he put the peeled prawn into his mouth.

Not bad at all, I suppose, only second to my cooking. I had mastered this dish because it was Emmeline's favorite.

Doris lowered her gaze and looked at the garden salad in front of her.

She said, "About that, I want to move out."

The highlight of her message was that she wanted instead of thinking.

"Does it mean you have made up your mind?"

Waylon noticed the key to the message and cast her a disdainful look.

"Uh-huh," Doris replied.

She felt uneasy, and her eyelashes fluttered a little.

To her surprise, Waylon scooped up a gnocchi and put it in his mouth. He mumbled incoherently, "Fine!"

His response astounded Doris. She wondered if she had heard him wrong.

He continued, "I've thought about this too."

He picked up a tissue to wipe his mouth and carefully pressed it against his wound on the lips.

Doris immediately understood.

Is this guy doing this on purpose? Is he afraid that I will harass him?

She felt a tightness in her chest and became a little

upset.

She pouted her lips, but was powerless to defend herself.

Her moving out was the only solution to this problem. It would ensure she wouldn't harass him again. It was an accident. She had too much to drink and lost control.

Waylon bellowed internally.

I'm worried that I'll lose control! I don't want my reputation ruined by you!

"So be it," Doris said as she lowered her head.

"Thank you for taking care of us. I'll start looking for a new place tomorrow."

"Hmm," Waylon nodded and continued to have his food.

These were indeed delicious.

Doris found it difficult to swallow her food. She pretended to look hungry, picking up her spoon and eating vigorously.

Waylon ate the gnocchi in silence. He looked up and asked, "Is there more?"

"I'll get it for you."

Doris stood up and took his bowl. She said, "Eat more. I have put in a lot of effort to make them."

Waylon remarked, "The gnocchi is delicious. I can't make these."

In other words, he was implying that he could cook but didn't find these foods special.

Doris went to the kitchen to serve him another bowl of gnocchi. She even sprinkled some parsley and bread crumbs on it.

Both of them ate a lot, especially Waylon, he ate a lot and slowly, savoring each bite.

Doris had to sit patiently and wait for him to finish his meal.

When he finally did, he put down his fork and went upstairs. He first stayed in the study for a while, then went for a walk in the backyard.

Walking after eating is said to be good for one's health. Although he had no idea whether the saying was true, he had a habit of going for a walk after

dinner.

Meanwhile, Doris was playing with Una and Nessa.

From time to time, she would stand by the window and watch him strolling in the garden.

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Chapter 1204 Unwell



There wasn't much light in the garden. Waylon's figure looked blurry, but Doris was still able to recognize him.

Her heart was filled with bitterness.

We wouldn't run into each other anymore once I left. I prefer this. I could avoid the anxiety I experience every time I see him.

The children had begun to babble. They would call her Mama when they were happy. The fact that her children were growing up every day gave Doris the greatest sense of comfort.

Around eleven o'clock at night, when Doris was about to go to bed, the screen of her phone suddenly lit up.

To prevent waking the kids, she had her phone set to silent mode at night.

She picked up the phone and found Waylon's number displayed on the screen.

He's just downstairs, and it's late. Why is he calling

me?

Though confused, Doris felt compelled to answer the phone.

She swiped the answer button and whispered, "Mr. Adelmar, why are you still awake?"

"Doris, are you trying to kill me before you leave?"
Waylon protested in an agonized voice.

She was startled to hear this, and her drowsiness vanished. She questioned, "Mr. Adelmar, what are you talking about?"

Waylon hissed into the phone, "What am I talking about? Come to my room!"

What? Go...go to his room?

Doris was stunned.

Is he asking me to go downstairs? And see him in his room?

Waylon bellowed again, "Can't you hear? Get here!"

Doris quickly responded, "Oh, okay! Coming!"

After hanging up the phone, she got out of bed and put on her slippers. Before she hurriedly went downstairs, she saw the twins sleeping soundly in their crib.

She arrived at Waylon's bedroom, reached out, and intended to push the door open. Her heart was in turmoil when she thought she was going to enter his room in the middle of the night.

She felt guilty and hoped no one would see her. If

they did, what would they think of her?

The door creaked open when she gently turned the doorknob. Doris quickly went into the room.

Due to a lack of lighting, the lounge area was dark.

"Mr. Adelmar, I'm here," she said softly as she carefully walked up to the bedroom door.

"Come in!"

When Waylon spoke, it was clear that he was in discomfort.

Doris was distressed.

What's the matter with him? Is he ill or what?

She quickly opened the door.

A gentle light emanated from the bedside lamp. Waylon was half-lying on the bed. He had his eyes closed and his brows creased.

He seemed pale and ill to Doris, though she wasn't sure if it was the light or something else.

Doris felt her chest tightened. She asked worriedly, "Mr. Adelmar, are you okay?"

He whispered through clenched teeth, "Damn it! What did you feed me? Are you trying to kill me for my money?"

Doris freaked out. She rushed to the side of the bed and swore, "I didn't do anything! How could I ever do that to you? What's happening to you?"

"I've had nausea and diarrhea for almost an hour

now," Waylon said while exhaling heavily.

"Just tell me what you fed me with."

Her face had now turned as white as a sheet, and she kept shaking her head.

She wouldn't be able to clear her name if anything happened to him.

"Mr. Adelmar, how could I poison you? What kind of man are you? Wouldn't I be wishing for my demise if I poisoned you?"

"I didn't say you poisoned me. I simply want to know what you fed me!"

Waylon ground his teeth as sweat began to appear on his forehead.

"There's nothing special. You had seen everything, just a few dishes, and gnocchi."

"What's in the gnocchi?" Waylon asked.

Doris replied, "It's pork. You said it was delicious."

"Blargh!"

Waylon started to feel sick once more. He hastily jumped out of bed and dashed to the restroom.

Doris hurriedly caught up with him. She asked, "Mr. Adelmar, what's wrong with you?"

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"Bang!"

Waylon closed the door to the bathroom from within. He hurried over to the toilet and violently puked.

Doris knocked on the door. She stomped her foot anxiously and asked, "Mr. Adelman! Mr. Adelman! Are you okay?"

He sat on the toilet seat for some time after he finished throwing up. Eventually, when his stomach felt better, he got up and cleaned the toilet.

After that, he weakly pushed the door open and went out.

His face was covered in sweat, and the hair on his forehead was damp. His face had turned slightly

green instead of being as pale.

To prevent his body from collapsing, he leaned against the bathroom door frame.

He stared at Doris with an unfathomable and helpless look.

His weary voice carried a homicidal undertone. He said, "Are you aware that I'm allergic to pork?"

Doris was stunned. She murmured, "Is it possible to be allergic to pork?"

The pork is delicious. How could something so delicious make someone allergic?

"I'm sure you're thinking about how delicious it is! But that's your opinion! It smells bad, is repulsive, and looks ugly. Only you would think it's tasty."

She blinked innocently.

He could read my mind. He's fully capable of anything.

As sweat began to appear on her face, she argued, "I had no idea that you're allergic to pork. No one told me about it!"

"You mean, after all this time we've spent together, you didn't know? You didn't know the sort of foods I can't eat and dislike?"

Waylon was speechless.

"What are they?"

"Forget it. I won't hold it against you."

Rolling his eyes, Waylon struggled to walk to the bed. He laid down on the bed and commanded "Go to my study!"

Doris was confused and questioned, "What? Go to your study? Why should I go to your study?"

"Get the medicine for me! Do you want me to suffer?" he asked irritably while keeping his eyes closed.

Doris finally gets it. She hurriedly asked, "Oh, oh! I get it now. Where should I get the medicine from?"

"Go to the cabinet on the left, third row, fourth compartment from the top," Waylon instructed.

His eyes were barely open, and he held onto his forehead. He instructed, "After you get the medicine, boil it and bring it to me. Chop chop!"

"Alright, alright! I'm going."

"Left cabinet, third row, fourth from the top," Doris recited as she hurried out of the room.

She quickly exited the bedroom and made her way to Waylon's study.

She came back thirty minutes later with herbal soup and some pills.

Waylon had vomited once more. He had practically cleaned out his entire stomach. He was completely exhausted. His complexion had turned pallid.

Originally lying down, he was now curled up on his stomach.

"Are you going to be okay?" Doris asked while setting the bowl down.

"I won't die," Waylon replied as he pressed his face against the pillow.

"I'm glad to hear that. I'll lift you up so you can take your medication."

Waylon gave a feeble response.

He was completely worn out after having diarrhea and vomiting.

Doris grabbed his broad shoulders and helped him sit up.

Waylon found it difficult to sit up straight. Doris had to support him while allowing him to rest against her shoulder.

She gave him a spoonful at a time while holding him

in one hand and the bowl in the other.

He gulped the herbal soup down as Doris furrowed her brows.

The herbal medicine smelled awful. I couldn't drink it. The smell makes me want to throw up. Oh, my goddess, Mr. Adelmar has suffered a lot.

Doris felt guilty.

Why did I have to cook for him? I've gotten him sick!

After finishing a large bowl of herbal soup, Waylon slid off Doris' shoulder and lay flat beneath the covers.

Doris wiped his mouth, tucked the blanket away, and went to the bathroom to wet a towel to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

"You need to find a place for yourself by tomorrow,"
Waylon mumbled while keeping his eyes closed.

"I'm done dealing with your problems."

Doris sniffled and muttered, "I know. I'm a
troublemaker. A jinx. I'm worthless. All I did was make
your life difficult and give you diarrhea."

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