

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1206 Little One Calls Me Daddy



"I'm glad that you're aware of it."

Waylon was lying with his eyes closed. He weakly waved his finger and urged, "Quickly move out. I can't bear with you for another day."

Doris was speechless.

It's my idea to move out, but he's eager to drive her out now. I'm so sad. I and the babies are still homeless after being through so much.

Before her tears flowed down, she forcibly held them back.

What's the big deal? I'll start looking for a new place

tomorrow. As long as I work hard and make money, I'm sure I can raise the babies on my own.

"Okay, I hear you. Don't worry, I'll start looking for a place when the day breaks."

"I'm tired, you can go now," Waylon said.

"Don't forget to close the door and turn off the lights.

Doris replied, "I'll leave after you fall asleep. I'm worried that you might throw up again. I'll watch until you fall asleep."

She irritated him, but he was too worn out to say anything.

He was exhausted. Despite the horrible taste of the herbal soup, it worked amazingly.

He had already dozed off before Doris could finish.

The next morning, Waylon woke up a little late. He got dressed, then headed downstairs.

As she exited the kitchen, Mrs. Jamison remarked,
"Ms. Doris told me before she left that you're not feeling well. I have prepared some oatmeal for you. Is that alright?"

"Uh-huh," Waylon nodded.

"Then I'll serve it to you. Are two soft-boiled eggs sufficient for you?"

"Just one," Waylon replied, "I have little appetite."

"Okay."

Mrs. Jamison complied and quickly went back to the kitchen to serve the oatmeal, peeled the boiled egg, and prepared toast for him.

Waylon was about to walk toward the dining table when he saw Mrs. Flores playing with the twins in the living room.

He walked over leisurely.

When the kids saw him, they excitedly stretched their arms and babbled.

His heart jolted abruptly.

Doris constantly caused trouble for him, but the children were quite adorable.

Involuntarily, he walked over. He touched Una's cheek and rubbed Nessa's head. Both babies showed their tiny teeth while giggling at him.

Mrs. Flores remarked joyfully, "The little one can say mommy now. She can say it clearly."

"Really?" Waylon curiously squatted down, "They only come to the world for a few days, but they can speak so quickly?"

"You find it difficult to believe? Give it a try," Mrs. Flores urged with a smile, "They pick it up very quickly."

Waylon held Una's chubby hand and wanted to hear the little one say "Mommy". Then, it occurred to him that she shouldn't call him 'mommy', so he blurted out, "Say daddy, Una, say daddy."

Sure enough, Una cooperatively cooed, "Daddy."

Mrs. Flores exclaimed, "See, I told you so. Una is calling you Daddy."

Waylon finally realized what he had done. He quickly got to his feet.

This is absurd! How could I ask the child to call me Daddy?

"I just gave her a test, but she can do it."

Waylon pretended to be indifferent and walked toward

the dining table.

Behind him, Una continued to coo with a baby voice, "Daddy! Daddy!"

His heart pounded. He was desperately tempted to return, kiss Una, and hold her.

How on earth could this little one touch my heart?

Another voice spoke in his heart.

Why should that troublemaker's child call you Daddy? What wishful thinking! Did she not nearly kill you last night? Hmph, she needs to quickly move out! Out of sight, out of mind!

He received a call as soon as he sat down at the dining table. He picked it up, and it was Emmeline calling.

He grinned and quickly responded in a gentle voice, "Emma?"

"Waylon, Doris took the day off. She mentioned that she needed to look for a house. What's wrong between you two again?"

Waylon frowned and said, "Emma, I don't like how that sounds. What do you mean by 'what's wrong between you two again?' To begin with, Doris and I are not related. She's free to do whatever she wants. What does it have to do with me?"

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Chapter 1207 Buying A House



Emmeline hesitated for a moment, then gently asked, "But hasn't she been getting along well with you?"

"What do you mean by 'getting along well'?" Waylon countered.

Isn't she and the kids staying at my place due to an emergency? It's time for her to find her place and move out. Besides, it's inappropriate for them to live with a single man like me. How would that look to other people? And it's been nothing but a hassle for me!"

Emmeline grumbled, "Let people think what they want. Why would it be a hassle for you? Is your villa not spacious enough, or you're saying there are not enough rooms for you?"

Humph, blockhead! I'm trying to play matchmaker here! No wonder you're still single at thirty-two!

Waylon thought to himself.

Of course, it's troublesome for me. I've been lucky that nothing inappropriate has happened so far. But if it did, who would be at fault? Would it be Doris for supposedly seducing me, or would I be the scoundrel in the scenario? She needs to move out.

"Enough," he snapped, his tone firm.

"Stay out of this. It's not your place to interfere!"

Emmeline grumbled a little upset, "Did you have a crush on Lily? Is that why you're so keen to have Doris leave?"

Indignant, Waylon shot back, "Nonsense! After all this time, do you not know me better than that?"

Emmeline was speechless.

He has a point. How could a man of Waylon's discerning taste fall for someone like Lily? She wasn't even close to being worthy of him.

"I can't win an argument with you!" Emmeline muttered, "Anyway, you should look out for Doris even though she has moved out. She's a single mother. Things are difficult for her!"

"Is her being a single mother my fault?" Waylon asked, clearly surprised.

"Is that what I mean? Why are you being so

defensive? I'm just asking you to look out for her. What's so wrong with that?"

He scowled, pausing for a moment before speaking softly, "Emma, you need to understand that not everyone has the same luck as you. I can't take on the role of a guardian for another sister, especially one with two children. There's only one Erma Adelman in this world."

She sighed, her tone tinged with sadness. "I know," she replied. "I'm not forcing you to do anything. But can't you help her in whatever way you can?"

"I don't need lessons in compassion from you," he retorted. "I'm not heartless, alright?"

Emmeline nodded, "You've got a point. When you have time, let's gather at the Nightfall Cafe."

Waylon agreed, "No problem. Tell me what you want to eat. I'll bring it over."

"I'll send Sam to buy the ingredients. When are you coming?"

Waylon replied, "Around noon. I'll ask Bowie, Kenny, and Ben to join us."

"That's a good idea."

Emmeline was pleased when all her brothers came over. She said, "I'll ask Sam to buy more ingredients."

"Hmm, good girl," Waylon said, ending the call.

It was just past ten in the morning when Waylon finished his breakfast.

After getting dressed, he was ready to leave, and his

driver was set to take him to the Imperial Palace.

As they were en route, their path took them through Starhill Garden.

The driver turned to Waylon with a curious look, "Isn't that Ms. Doris over there?"

"What?"

Waylon caught off guard, sat up abruptly in the passenger seat and peered intently in the indicated direction.

Sure enough, there she was. She was dressed in a white shirt and skinny jeans, talking to a salesgirl. It was unmistakably Doris.

Her hair was swept up into a casual, loose ponytail, and her face bore the glisten of sweat under the bright

morning sun. Her fatigue was apparent, likely the result of an intense morning spent searching for the perfect home.

Waylon narrowed his eyes. He thought to himself, She wants to buy instead of renting? That's wise.

Doris grumbled in her heart.

Initially, I wanted to rent a house. After running around all morning, I still couldn't find a suitable place. I figured I should buy a small apartment and provide a stable home for my children and myself!

Waylon said to the driver, "Pull over."

The driver took the order. He put on the car signal, drove to the roadside, and parked behind a large bush.

Waylon rolled down the window and watched Doris from a distance. She was talking and gesturing animatedly with the salesgirl.

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Chapter 1208 Keep This A Secret



In the end, both of them shook their heads.

After that, Doris walked away dejectedly.

Did the negotiation fall through?

Waylon instructed the driver, "Ask that salesgirl and find out what Doris is up to."

"Yes, Mr. Waylon," the driver replied.

He unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car

The saleswoman was about to walk away, but the driver stopped her.

After a brief chat, the driver returned and got back in the car.

"What's the situation?" Waylon asked.

"Ms. Doris just went for a house viewing. She had her eyes on a two-bedroom unit, but it costs 3.9 million. She was cash-strapped and hoping to get some discounts. The saleswoman told her that she was offering her the promotional price, but it couldn't get any lower than that. So, Ms. Doris left."

Waylon asked, "That's it? Okay, let's go."

He knew Doris had about 3 million at her disposal. He had "earned" that money for her. If she spent it all on a house, she would struggle to make ends meet.

The driver started the car and continued to drive him to the Imperial Palace.

After he inspected the renovation work at the Imperial Palace, Waylon went with Bowie and Kenny to the Nightfall Cafe.

On the way, he gave Benjamin a call.

After a brief chat, Benjamin promised, "I'll have my secretary take care of this. Don't worry about it."

"You have to keep this a secret, especially the staff you send to get the job done; make sure their lips are sealed."

Benjamin replied, "I know. I guarantee you that I'll settle it by this afternoon."

Waylon nodded and said, "Very well, come over to Nightfall Cafe for lunch. I've told Emma about it."

"Alright," Benjamin agreed, "I'll bring some wine with me. See you soon."

"Okay!"

Waylon ended the call.

Benjamin immediately instructed a secretary to carry out a task Waylon entrusted him with.

The secretary nodded hastily and said, "Starhill Garden. Rest assured, Mr. Benjamin. I'll get this done."

Benjamin reminded her, "Keep it a secret. I'll reward you afterward."

"Thank you, Mr. Benjamin," The secretary thanked him happily and executed his order.

Abel was the first to arrive at Nightfall Cafe.

Sam had stocked up on a variety of groceries in anticipation of their gathering.

When the other four arrived, Abel had prepared five dishes.

The brother rolled up his sleeves and helped him up in the kitchen. Soon, they had prepared a feast consisting of sixteen dishes.

They merrily enjoyed a good meal.

After lunch, they retreated to the terrace garden for a relaxed chat and a leisurely smoke. The gathering came to an end around three in the afternoon.

Abel stayed at Nightfall Cafe. He rang Mateo, requesting his assistance in tidying up the garden.

Benjamin went back to his office.

As for Bowie and Kenny, the two went back to the

Imperial Palace.

Waylon went home because he figured Doris should have gone home at this time.

As expected, when he entered the house, he saw her playing with the children in the living room.

Doris stood up and appeared awkward when she saw Waylon. She asked politely, "Hmm, Mr. Adelman, are you feeling better now?"

Waylon replied coldly, "Yes, my medicine works wonders. You shouldn't doubt its effectiveness."

Doris sighed in relief, "That's nice."

She was still terrified when she recalled him being sick last night. She did not doubt that she would suffer dire consequences for harming a prestigious man like

him.

Waylon occupied the couch and asked icily, "How's the house hunt going? Once you find a place, I'll have someone help you move."

Doris sniffed and lowered her head. In a soft, almost inaudible voice, she muttered, "I'm not being stubborn to stay here. I have searched all morning and another two hours this afternoon, but I haven't found a suitable house."

"Keep looking. What's the point of dragging this out?"

Doris bit her lower lips and said, "I know. I even skipped lunch today. I've been working on this all day. If it weren't for the kids, I would have kept looking till night."

"Have you eaten?"

Waylon glanced at her and spoke softly, "If you haven't, I'll ask Mrs. Jamison to cook something for you. I don't mind providing you with another meal or two."

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Chapter 1209 Eager To Move Out



"I just ate," Doris replied somewhat awkwardly.

She tugged at the corner of her shirt and uttered, "Mrs. Jamison had cooked some pasta for me."

Waylon remained silent.

The atmosphere between them was tense.

"Ring! Ring! Ring!"

Doris' phone rang, and it broke the awkwardness that was quietly creeping in.

She bent a little to take a look.

Her phone continued to ring incessantly. Someone was calling her repeatedly.

The phone buzzed with a call from an unidentified number. She usually avoided answering such calls, expecting them to be credit card promotions or loan sharks.

Yet the ringing persisted, each call quickly following the last.

With an eye roll and a hint of sarcasm in his voice, Waylon couldn't help but comment, "We're hiding some deep secret, aren't we? What's got you so spooked about taking that call?"

"I'm not hiding anything," she protested. "I just don't

want to deal with potentially annoying spam!"

"How can you be sure it's spam if you haven't even answered?" he countered, raising an eyebrow. "Are you the type that attracts unwanted attention that easily?"

Doris rolled her eyes in response to his question.

My charm may indeed attract a bit of attention, but that's none of your business. I think I'll continue to ignore your comment.

She picked up her phone to shut him up. She promptly answered the call and greeted the caller with a pleasant tone, "Hello?"

A woman's voice came from the other side, she asked, "Am I speaking to Ms. Doris? I'm Haider from the sales office at Starhill Garden. We met this

morning."

Doris replied, "Oh, Ms. Haider? Did the price drop?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't lower the price on my end."

Before she could finish, Doris interjected firmly, "In

any case, there's no sense in prolonging this conversation. I simply can't meet your asking price. If you're willing to negotiate and lower it a bit, I might reconsider. Otherwise, I'd be risking my ability to afford even necessities, like food for tomorrow."

"I didn't reach out to haggle over the price," Haider interjected smoothly. "There's a fantastic opportunity here. Are you interested in hearing it?"

Doris mumbled, "Forget it; I don't want to be deceived. Buyers are always one step behind sellers. Save your breath, I can't stretch my budget beyond what I've got."

She was about to hang up, but Haider's voice sharpened with urgency, "Wait, could you just let me finish speaking?"

Doris reflected inwardly.

I'll listen, but it's likely pointless. If I can't afford it and she can't lower the price, it's a waste of time to listen to you.

Waylon chimed in, "Why the hurry? Can't you let her complete her sentence? Is showing a little patience too much to ask?"

Doris frowned at Waylon's interjection and replied, "That's not what this is about. But really, what will change after she's had her say? What's the point of me listening? She's wasting her time and effort."

Haider said agitatedly, "Ms. Doris! Ms. Doris! The price can be lowered. It's a major price reduction. Are you interested in hearing more?"

Caught off guard, Doris responded, "You should have started with this instead of being so secretive."

"I'm not hiding anything," Haider assured her.

"The seller is another client of mine. She had already paid in full and was about to finalize the contract, but she decided to sell at the last minute and at a significantly reduced price. That's why I immediately thought of you."

Doris' eyes sparkled with excitement. "Is this for real? How much is she asking?"

"If you're interested," Haider replied, "she would like to meet with you in person to discuss the details. She's confident you'll be pleased with the offer."

Okay!" Doris exclaimed, "I'm on my way. Please tell her to wait for me."

"Understood," Haider agreed, "we'll wait for you at the

cafe outside the sales office."

"Great, see you soon!" she affirmed.

After ending the call, Doris was visibly elated. She swiftly grabbed her handbag and made her way to the door.

In a stern tone, Waylon inquired, "Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

Why is she so thrilled at the prospect of getting a house? Is she that eager to put distance between us? Does she view living with me as unbearable?

Unable to hide her bubbling excitement, Doris told him, "I'm heading to the sales office. If the price is right, I'll finally have a place of my own! And if that happens, I'll move out soon and stop being a nuisance to you. Isn't that something you'd be happy

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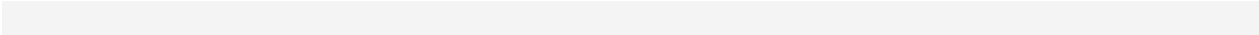

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Waylon questioned himself internally, Should I be happy for her or not?

He wasn't experiencing any strong sense of joy, but realizing he did feel a sense of relief seeing her so elated was perplexing. What kind of logic was this?

Waylon struggled to understand his feelings.

"Which sales office are you headed to?" he asked casually, masking his emotion.

Doris responded, "Starhill Garden. A property conveniently located nearby the city center."

Waylon, rising from his seat, offered, "I can drive you there. You seem to be in quite a rush, and the seller might grow impatient and reconsider if you take too

long."

Caught off guard, Doris quickly declined his offer. "No, that's alright. I can manage on my own. You just got home, and you should rest."

"I'm not tired."

Doris insisted, " I don't want to trouble you. I've already been enough of a burden."

He answered sternly, "One more time won't make a difference."

What? Do I have to shamelessly insist on going with her?

With a firm tone, he declared, "It's no trouble at all! Consider this a final gesture. Since you're planning to move out soon, you won't have the opportunity to

trouble me anymore."

Truthfully, she was upset with his response.

Without waiting for her response, Waylon reached for his suit jacket draped over the sofa. He urged, "Let's go."

Doris reluctantly complied and followed him out the door.

Thirty minutes later, they arrived at the cafe adjacent to the Starhill Garden sales office.

From the driver's seat, Waylon turned to Doris, who was sitting in the passenger seat, and asked, "Do you want me to accompany you inside?"

Doris shook her head gently, replying, "No, that won't be necessary."

"Buying a property is a big deal," Waylon remarked, casting a sidelong glance at her. "You need to be careful against potential scams. Are you sure you don't need a second pair of eyes?"

Swallowing nervously, Doris replied, "Perhaps you

should come with me after all."

The fear of being deceived weighed heavily on her. Her entire savings amounted to just over three million, and falling for a scam would be a catastrophe.

Waylon rolled his eyes, mocking her for stubbornly refusing his help earlier.

He parked the car near the building's entrance and accompanied Doris inside.

Seated by the window was Ms. Haider, and opposite her sat a woman appearing to be in her thirties. She was sharp, composed, and exuded the air of a career woman.

Upon spotting Doris, Haider quickly rose to her feet and warmly greeted her. "Ms. Doris, you've made it?"

"Yes," Doris affirmed with a nod.

She then turned to make a brief introduction, "This is Waylon, a close friend. He's here to accompany me today."

Both Haider and the seller shifted their attention to Waylon.

Haider lowered her head shyly, avoiding direct eye contact with him. His presence was formidable, and he suffocated her when she tried to meet his eyes.

On the other hand, the seller scrutinized Waylon openly.

She thought to herself, Could this be Mr. Adelmar? Mr. Benjamin insisted that I play my part convincingly. I can't let them down!

She offered Doris a somewhat uneasy smile and inquired, "Are you looking to buy a house urgently?"

"Yes," Doris nodded.

"Yes," Doris confirmed with a nod.

By this time, Haider had regained her composure. She gracefully pulled out chairs next to her, gesturing for Doris and Waylon to take a seat.

"Ms. Haider mentioned that you have a property you want to transfer?" Doris asked.

"Yes," the woman nodded, "a three-bedroom apartment."

Doris asked with a frown, "Three bedrooms? It's too big. Two bedrooms is already a stretch for me."

"Don't fixate on the size," the woman calmly replied, "but rather consider the price."

Intrigued yet skeptical, Doris probed further. "Why are you willing to part with such a good property? The apartments have excellent design and an ideal location, and schools and hospitals are conveniently close."

The woman lowered her head, a flicker of "sorrow" passing over her face. She explained, "I bought this property so that my child would find it easier to commute to school, but my husband had an accident recently."

Doris tightened her lips sympathetically.

Her gaze sharpened and she chided, "Save your sympathy. He deserves to die! That man almost drove me nuts!"

Confused and taken aback, Doris inquired, "What happened?"

Her husband has passed away, yet instead of grieving, she is mad at him. What's going on?

With a weary sigh, the woman said, "I hope you won't laugh at me, but I learned of his affair only after his death."

"Oh!" Doris' heart twitched, feeling sorry for her.

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