

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1001 My Husband Is the Best

Sonia reluctantly took the phone and spoke in an adjusted voice. Gently and tenderly, she said, "Hi Abel, it's me, Sonia."

On the other end of the line, Abel fell silent for three seconds before responding coldly, "Why are you with Emmeline?"

"Abel, it's been five years since we parted. Are you doing well?" Sonia's eyes filled with mist.

"Does it look like I'm not doing well?" Abel's voice carried a hint of sarcasm.

"Is that the truth?" Sonia asked, "Or are you just saying that?"

"Hmph," Abel scoffed, "I'll never be able to reason with you. Please give the phone back to my wife."

"Abel," Sonia said, "Do you even know what kind of person your wife is?"

"Are you saying you do?" Abel retorted, his voice filled with anger.

"Just now, she hit me and cursed at me," Sonia felt deeply wronged, "She's completely a barbarian. How can you spend the rest of your life with such a woman?"

"Well I guess we truly are meant for each other then," Abel said, "It just so happens I'm not by Emmeline's side right now. Usually in this kind of situation, I'm way more barbaric than she is. If she slaps someone on the left cheek, I'll make sure to slap the right cheek

for good measure. If she curses at someone, I'll follow up with even worse names. Otherwise, wouldn't she feel so alone? I'm the type of person that always supports my wife in everything."

Sonia was speechless.

What else needed to be said?

At this point, Emmeline laughed.

Abel was too cool!

She was totally head over heels for him right now!

Emmeline took the phone from Sonia's hands and said, "Babe, I wuv you!"

"Be a good girl," Abel's voice regained its seductive tone, "I'll make some soup for you when I come home

and replenish your energy. Then, tonight..."

"You're so bad!" Emmeline pretended to be coquettish, "Do you ever stop?"

"When it comes to my wife, my love will never perish!"

Emmeline ended the call with a blushing face, feeling as sweet as honey inside.

Abel was truly an amazing husband. She loved him so much.

Sonia, on the other hand, had a pale face, as if she was a shattered A4 paper.

On the other hand, Sonia's face was pale as a sheet, almost like the ripped up A4 paper earlier.

"Change your terms for the competition," Emmeline

said with a smirk, "I can even bet tens of millions of dollars with you. However, men are not meant to be gambled with."

They are meant to be used.

Just like her dear Abel, who was incredibly useful in the sheets and out of them!

"We'll talk about it on the day of the competition itself!"

Sonia picked up her handbag from the coffee table, tears welling in her eyes. She hurriedly turned around, opened the glass door and left.

If she hesitated for a moment longer, she feared she would burst into tears.

Crying would be equivalent to admitting defeat.

As proud as she was, she couldn't easily admit defeat, especially in front of Emmeline, her rival.

She definitely couldn't lose!

Ysabel saw Sonia's distressed departure and didn't linger around either.

Emmeline's slap was hard and painful, and she didn't want to receive another one.

"This feels so good! I feel my frustration going away too!"

Janie watched the two of them leave in a hurry and couldn't help but applaud Emmeline.

"When you have the chance to take action, it's best not to waste your breath!" Emmeline said. "One slap, and they'll realize they said something they shouldn't."

Janie nodded. "Actions speak louder than words."

"That's right!"

The coffee on the table had turned cold, so Emmeline instructed Sam to brew two more cups.

"Hmm?" Janie looked outside the glass door.

"Emmeline, is that Waylon coming here?"

Emmeline was sitting with her back to the glass door, but upon hearing that, she turned her head.

Indeed, there was a tall figure dressed in white gracefully making his way across the pedestrian walkway.

"Haha," Emmeline immediately smiled. "It really is Waylon."

"Should I leave then?" Janie said. "You two can talk."

"Where would you go?" Emmeline held her back.

"You're not an outsider. Just stay and have a chat together. I'm sure it'll lighten the mood."

Janie thought for a moment. Going back by herself would be boring. After all, she had taken three days off from the company.

So she nodded. "That works too."

"Sam," Emmeline turned to the counter and said,
"Brew another cup of coffee. The boss man is here."

Sam curved backwards and looked through the glass door. Sure enough, Waylon had already arrived at the front door.

"Alright then," Sam said, "I'll let Doris on the second floor know and have her prepare some snacks to send down."

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Chapter 1002 Fire Outbreak



Just as Sam was about to message Doris on WhatsApp from the desktop, Doris had already hurriedly run down from the second floor.

At that moment, Waylon Adelmar pushed the door open and Doris bumped into his arms.

Waylon was highly skilled and acted on reflex. With a

flick of his wrist, he was about to throw the intruder out.

Looking at what was caught in his hand, it turned out to be Doris. Waylon forcefully restrained himself, allowing her to bump into him as much as possible.

Both exclaimed, "Ouch!" Clearly, the collision was solid and painful.

Waylon's handsome face turned cold, his eyebrows furrowed, and he was about to say, "Why do I always run into bad luck when I meet you?"

But Doris, with a teary voice, interjected, "Something terrible has happened! There's a fire at my house, and I need to hurry back."

Upon hearing these words, Emmeline and Janie immediately stood up from their chairs.

Waylon was also surprised: Her house is on fire?

"Doris," Emmeline asked, "What's happening?"

"Emma," Doris's eyes turned red as she anxiously explained, "I just received a call from Mrs. Flores. She forgot to turn off the gas stove, and the pot caught fire in the kitchen."

"Did you call 119?" she asked.

"We called, we called!" Doris exclaimed, "But they haven't arrived yet!"

"Let's go!" Emmeline grabbed the car keys.

"I'll drive," Waylon said, "I know the way!"

Saying that, Waylon turned around and ran to the

parking lot to get the car.

The three women followed together.

"Ms. Louise," Sam said, "Please be careful!"

She wanted to go and protect her home, Ms. Louise, but there were still customers in the store, and she couldn't leave.

After some thought, Sam called Benjamin York.

The three women got into the Maybach driven by Waylon and headed towards Canaryville, where Doris lived.

In the span of ten minutes, the car entered Canaryville.

The fire truck had already arrived.

However, the neighborhood was an old community with irregular parking, and many cars were parked on both sides of the street.

The fire truck couldn't pass through easily, and the water hose couldn't reach it.

Waylon parked the car, removed his suit jacket, loosened his tie, and rushed to the stairs.

The elevator was in operation, but Waylon didn't have time to wait. He quickly entered the stairwell.

Doris lived on the sixth floor, and running up the stairs was faster than waiting for the elevator.

With his own agility, he swiftly ascends the six flights of stairs in the blink of an eye.

Arriving at Doris' door, the entrance was tightly shut.

Mrs. Flores was trapped inside and unable to open the door.

Doris said the kitchen was on fire, and he knew the location of her kitchen.

This was the master bedroom and the secondary bedroom where the children slept, both blocked by smoke and flames.

Waylon swiftly spun around and launched a flying kick behind him.

"A bang!" A loud noise, and the door panel toppled inward.

Doris, who had just come out of the elevator, witnessed this scene and was instantly shocked.

This man appeared refined and cultured, sophisticated and elegant, yet who would have thought he also concealed such a dominant and powerful side?

Although this kick broke her door, it was impressive!

As the door panel fell, thick black smoke accompanied by flames billowed out.

"Mr. Adelmar, be careful!" Doris shouted.

Waylon, as if he hadn't heard, covered his mouth and nose, and bent down to crawl inside.

"Brother!" Emmeline followed closely after exiting the elevator, wanting to rush in but Janie pulled her back.

"Emma, it's dangerous!"

"I have to go in," Emmeline replied, "I can't let my brother take the risk alone!"

"Wah! Wah!" The sound of a baby crying came from inside.

Doris exclaimed, "My child!" and recklessly plunged into the thick smoke.

However, she was soon overcome by heavy smoke and fell to the ground.

Seeing the situation deteriorating, Emmeline rushed over and grabbed her arm, pulling her out.

Doris was already suffocating.

In the meantime, firefighters rushed up.

A figure emerged from the doorway, Waylon, wearing a soaking wet bed sheet, holding two crying infants in his arms.

Stumbling behind him was Mrs. Flores, also wrapped in a wet blanket.

Seeing that both adults and children were unharmed, Emmeline breathed a sigh of relief and used a silver needle to revive Doris.

"Child," Doris croaked in a hoarse voice, "Where is my child?"

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"The children are here," Waylon said as he squatted down, holding the two infants. "They are perfectly fine, don't worry."

Doris, tears welling up, glanced at her children and then turned her deep, glistening eyes towards Waylon. In a hoarse voice, she said, "Master Adelmarr, thank you so much."

Upon hearing her words, Waylon furrowed his brows and replied, "Your vocal cords are injured. Don't speak for now. I'll take you to the hospital."

Doris : "....."

No wonder she felt a burning sensation and pain in her throat. It must have been the smoke she inhaled, causing a burn in her throat.

Robert quickly squatted down to support Doris, and Janie also helped as they all entered the elevator.

Upon exiting the elevator, they ran into Abel and Benjamin.

The two men, upon seeing Robert, rushed over and yelled, "Emma, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Robert said, "It's just that Doris' vocal cords were burned by the fire. We need to take her to the hospital."

"Luca!" Abel called out, turning around. "Get over here!"

Luca hurriedly rushed over and offered support to Doris, leading her towards where the car was parked.

Benjamin noticed Janie and furrowed his brow, asking

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Janie replied with a gentle shrug.

Benjamin always noticed Robert.

She understood, not feeling jealous, but her heart couldn't help but feel a pang of sweetness.

Abel grabbed hold of Robert, thoroughly inspecting her from head to toe, ensuring she was unharmed, and then embraced her tightly.

"How could this happen?" Benjamin's brows furrowed as he saw Robert was unharmed, feeling relieved.

"It's all my fault!" Mrs. Flores sobbed, "I cooked porridge and put the children to sleep. The pot ran dry and caught fire. We were trapped in the bedroom and couldn't escape. Thankfully, Master Adelmarr arrived;

otherwise, we would have been done for."

"Let's all go to the hospital for a check-up," Abel told Mrs. Flores. "There's a car waiting behind."

Half an hour later, everyone arrived at the hospital.

Mrs. Flores and the two infants were confirmed unharmed.

Doris suffered burns to her vocal cords and needed hospitalization.

She looked at Waylon, as well as Robert and the others behind him, her eyes red.

"Master Adelmar, I owe you again," she said, "This time you saved both of my children, and I can't repay you."

Waylon cleared his throat and said, "Now is not the time to talk about this. Your throat is injured, so don't speak."

Doris nodded in agreement and sealed her lips.

But tears flowed uncontrollably.

Just thinking about it, she felt a wave of fear!

If it weren't for Waylon rushing in without hesitation, her two precious babies would have perished in the flames.

Then, what is the point of her being alive?

Doris's sister, Jennie, arrived upon hearing the news, and everyone left the hospital room.

It wasn't appropriate for everyone to crowd in the

corridor, so Robert suggested Janie go back.

"Alright," Janie said, "If you need anything, let me know."

"I'll walk you back," Benjamin told Janie.

Janie nodded in agreement, and the two entered the elevator, one after the other.

"Janie?" a young man in the elevator said, "Is that you?"

Upon hearing the voice, Janie raised her gaze and saw a man in a deep blue suit standing in front of her.

The man appeared to be around 26 or 27 years old, tall and slender, with a neat and tidy appearance.

"Harold?" Janie asked, "What a coincidence!"

"Yeah, what a coincidence to meet here," Harold said, "Are you here to see a doctor?"

"I'm here to visit a patient," Janie asked, "How about you?"

"My mom is hospitalized here," Harold said, "I walked out to buy some things."

"Aunt Cynthia is sick?" Janie said, "Then I'll visit her later."

"Thank you," Harold smiled, "My mom mentioned you yesterday."

"Aunt Cynthia still remembers me?" Janie was surprised.

Harold blushed slightly. "I was looking at a group

photo of classmates, and she noticed, so she asked about you."

Janie was slightly uneasy and it showed on her face.

Harold's mother was very fond of her back then, even considering making her their daughter-in-law.

Unfortunately, Janie wasn't interested in Harold and moved to Struyria after graduation to pursue her career.

Sensing the subtle emotions between the two, Benjamin exuded an aura of cold solemnity beside them.

The invisible chill in the air made Harold glance at him involuntarily.

The young man appeared handsome and aloof, with

an aura that warned others to keep their distance.

Harold shifted to the side.

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Chapter 1004 Was That Man Angry?



"Oh, I forgot to introduce," Janie said, tilting her head awkwardly towards Benjamin, "This is my classmate, Harold."

Benjamin pursed his thin lips, his handsome face resembling a snow-capped mountain.

Janie's heart skipped a beat.

She turned to introduce Benjamin to Harold, but didn't know what to say for a moment.

Harold, after all, was still her classmate. But what was Benjamin?

Just as she was about to say, "This is our classmate," Benjamin spoke lightly, "I am Benjamin, nice to meet you."

Janie didn't expect Benjamin to initiate a conversation with Harold, and she felt strange inside.

However, he kept his hands at his sides, showing no intention of shaking hands with Harold.

Harold withdrew his hand and nodded slightly, reservedly, "Hello, Mr. Benjamin."

"You go ahead," Janie said to Benjamin, "I'll check on Aunt Cynthia."

"..." Benjamin didn't respond, remained silent for three seconds, and then said, "Okay."

The elevator doors opened as they reached the first floor.

Benjamin stepped out without looking back.

Janie watched his stern figure for a second or two, distracted: Was that man angry?

Jennie came out of the hospital room and bowed to Waylon.

"I heard from Doris, and I really want to thank you this time."

"Not a problem," Waylon said with a slight curl of his thin lips, "I have nothing better to do, so it just coincided."

"Mr. Adelmar," Jennie smiled with a hint of embarrassment. "Do you still remember that conversation?"

"Waylon squinted his cold eyes, "I don't have senile dementia yet."

"Isn't my apology enough for you?" Jennie said, "Can't you stop holding onto this trivial matter?"

"Well, then," Waylon said, "since you're here and it's none of our business anymore, we'll leave."

"But," Jennie looked troubled, "There's still a problem at hand."

"Does it have anything to do with me?" Waylon furrowed his brow.

Whenever he got involved with these sisters, he felt like trouble would never cease, so it was wise to walk away.

"It has to do with the children," Jennie said, "Doris needs to stay in the hospital for a few days, and there's trouble with her house. Where will the kids stay?"

Waylon paused, "Of course, it's your house, isn't it? Isn't that what being a great aunt means?"

"I wish it were that simple," Jennie said with difficulty. "But I don't have a say in my own home. Bringing back two crying and needy infants, my husband and his entire family wouldn't be pleased."

"Then it's not my concern either, right?" Waylon said, "You're the great aunt, and you don't even care. What am I, an outsider?"

"But isn't it difficult for me too?" Jennie said, "Your place is spacious, and it's quite lonely being alone. How about letting the children stay there for a few days while I help Doris find another house?"

"..." Waylon hesitated for a moment. "Ms. Doris, I don't owe you anything, do I?"

Jennie: "..." Can't I ask for a favor? Why be so hostile?

"Forget it, bro," Emmeline tugged at Waylon's sleeve, "Doris is my worker, and it's my obligation to help when something happens. Just agree to it and let the nanny take the two children to Macsen Villa."

"Emma," Waylon frowned. "Are you turning your elbow outward?"

"There's no other way, right?" Emmeline held onto his arm and acted coquettishly. "Brother Waylon, be a kind person and go the extra mile."

"Ah, Mr. Adelman," Jennie asked, "Is this your sister? Such a beautiful and adorable sister, you must treat her well. How could you bear to refuse her?"

"Did you hear that?" Emmeline shook Waylon's arm. "Brother Waylon, I'm such a pretty and lovely sister. Can you bear to make me unhappy?"

As she spoke, she blinked her eyes repeatedly, fluttering her long eyelashes like a miniature fan.

Waylon was amused by her and scratched her little head, saying, "I can't believe you! You even help

others gang up on me!"

Emmeline laughed, "So, brother Waylon, is this a yes?"

"Can I refuse?" Waylon pretended to be angry, his lips twitching slightly.

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Chapter 1005 Miraculous Medicine

"Thank you, Mr. Adelmarr!" Jennie turned to Mrs. Flores and said, "You can take Una and Nessa and stay at Mr. Adelmarr's mansion for now. Once I find a house for Doris, you can move back."

With everything that had happened, what else could Waylon say?

Most importantly, he worried about the two children.

Even if Emmeline hadn't pleaded, considering the situation the two children were in, he would have agreed.

Just like back in Canaryville, when he heard the cries of two infants, he didn't hesitate and rushed straight into the fire.

"Well," Abel said, "I'll transfer a nanny from Levan Mansion to take care of the two children."

"Or I can directly transfer someone from Osea, someone who's already familiar with the work," Waylon suggested. "Besides, the hospital is being set

up, and I need many people to come over."

"That works too." Abel nodded. "If you need me, just say the word, big brother."

Waylon took out his phone and walked to the side, calling Osea's side.

They immediately dispatched personnel by helicopter.

So, by evening, Mrs. Flores had moved into Macsen Villa with Una and Nessa, and the nannies, housekeepers, and other staff from Osea had all arrived.

Another wave of people came later, settling into the Imperial Palace overnight to help Kenny and Bowie with the construction of the Traditional Chinese Medicine hospital.

While everyone bustled around, Waylon remained a lazy bum.

The next day, Doris' figure suddenly flashed before his eyes.

After thinking about it, with nothing else to do, he prepared medicine for treating a sore throat. He drove to deliver it to her.

Jennie was watching Doris in the hospital room when they heard a "knock" on the door.

The sisters thought it was a nurse.

Jennie said, "Come in."

The door was pushed open, and Waylon appeared at the doorway.

The two sisters were stunned, and Doris immediately sat up.

Although she had an IV drip, her injury was to her throat, so she was semi-reclined on the hospital bed.

Jennie stood firmly and said, "Mr. Adelmar, you're here."

"Yes," Waylon nodded, his expression solemn.

"I haven't thanked you yet," Doris blushed, her voice hoarse. "The two children have caused trouble for you again."

"It was my sister's idea," Waylon said with a cold face. "I cannot act against Emma's wishes. If you want to thank someone, thank her."

"Thank you, Ms. Emmeline," Doris said. "Once I

recover, I will work hard and make the bakery thrive."

"Don't rush to make promises," Waylon said. "Your vocal cords are injured. Try to speak as little as possible."

"Okay," Doris nodded, pursed her lips, and swallowed her words of gratitude.

"This is medicine for your throat," Waylon took out a small paper package. "Take it, and in half a day, you'll feel better. You can be discharged tomorrow."

Before Doris could take it, Jennie pursed her lips and said, "Is there such a miraculous medicine in the world?"

"...." Waylon remained silent.

"The doctor said my sister's throat required a week of

intravenous treatment, and after discharge, she needed proper care. It will take two to three months for her vocal cords to fully recover. You're presenting a homemade pill and claiming that it has miraculous effects?" Jennie continued.

Waylon: "..."

Despite his silence, he wrapped the paper package back up and put it back in his pocket.

"Mr. Adelmar," Doris extended her hand. "I trust you, I'll take it."

"Doris," Jennie slapped her hand away, "How can you dare eat anything like this? What if it's a harmful product?"

"You're mistaken, sister," Doris said, "Josiah took the medicine that day and never returned to me. His

father's lung cancer must have been cured, so I trust Mr. Adelmar."

"What does Josiah have to do with all of this?" Jennie said. "His father's lung cancer has nothing to do with you."

"It's not something I can explain in a few words," Doris said. "Mr. Adelmar, please give me the medicine."

"This medicine sells for 150,000 dollars per pill on the black market," Waylon scoffed. "Do you still want it?"

"150,000 dollars?" Jennie immediately jumped up.

"Mr. Adelmar, are you robbing a bank? 150,000 dollars for a worthless pill?"

"It was originally meant to be given for free," Waylon said. "But suddenly I felt like I was being shortchanged, so let's go with the market price."

"150,000 dollars?" Jennie scoffed. "Even for 5,000 dollars, we wouldn't take it!"

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Chapter 1006 Turn Him into a Boyfriend



"I want it!"

Doris, gritting her teeth in pain, hoarsely said, "Ok! 150,000 dollars then 150,000 dollars it is, Mr. Adelmar. I'll pay you in a while. Give me the pill."

Waylon handed the small paper package to Doris.

"Doris!" Jennie exclaimed in exasperation. "Are you crazy?"

"I trust Mr. Adelmar," Doris said. "Sis, you don't need to worry anymore."

Jennie angrily gave up, muttering under her breath, "One pill, and it costs 150,000 dollars. Outrageous!"

Doris pinched the pill, tilted her head back, and swallowed it without even taking a sip of water.

Then she transferred 150,000 dollars to Waylon using mobile banking.

"Ding!" Waylon glanced at his phone, confirming the money had been received.

Jennie's face turned gloomy.

"Do not speak for half an hour," Waylon said. "If there's nothing else, I'll leave."

Doris could only nod, expressing her gratitude to him.

After Waylon left, Jennie criticized her sister, "Your throat may be sick, but your brain is sick too! You let him fool you out of 150,000 dollars!"

Doris remembered Waylon's words and remained silent, keeping her mouth shut.

"I can see that this man is an expert at setting up scams and extorting money!" Jennie said, her face filled with anger.

Doris took her phone and typed a message for her sister: "If that's the case, why did you agree to send my two children to foster care?"

Jennie glanced at her sister, choked up, and remained silent.

Doris typed another message for her sister: "My brain isn't sick." Mr. Adelmar is an extraordinary person. Didn't you see him kick open the door and rush in to save the children? That's not something an ordinary person can do."

Jennie furrowed her brow and felt that the elegant and noble man was exceptional.

But whether he was ordinary or extraordinary, mundane or mystical, would be revealed after half an hour.

Didn't he just say sister's throat would improve after half an hour?

Hmph! I'll wait and see!

The sisters kept their thoughts to themselves, remaining silent.

The hospital room was so quiet that one could almost hear the "drip-drip" sound of the IV.

Half an hour had passed, and Jennie pointed at her sister's mouth.

"Speak up, say something for sis to hear, let's see if that boastful man is all talk!"

"Well, I'll give it a try," Doris replied, and Jennie nearly fainted.

Doris herself was astonished. Her voice was clear, smooth, and without any trace of hoarseness or discomfort.

Jennie immediately grabbed her sister. "Doris, this man is truly a gem. Don't let him slip away."

"Sis," Doris blushed, "what are you saying? Mr. Adelmar and I can't even be considered friends!"

"We weren't friends before," Jennie exclaimed excitedly, "but from now on, we're friends. And you have to turn him into a boyfriend. As long as you stick to him, where would a man wander?"

"I can't believe you," Doris blushed even more, "Mr. Adelmar doesn't even like me. Didn't you see the disdain on his face?"

"Are you sure?" Jennie replied, "Would someone with a face of disdain agree to let our two babies stay at his house?"

"He only agreed because of Ms. Louise's influence,"

Doris said.

"So, did he bring you medicine then?"

"I bought it for 150,000 dollars."

Jennie: "... " That's true.

"Anyway," Jennie thought for a moment and continued, "you have to make a move and hold onto this man. Haven't you noticed how much he resembles the two babies? You must have a connection, Doris. Listen to me sis and don't let it slip away!"

Doris: "... "

Her sister is really wishful thinking, isn't she? Has she even considered whether her sister is deserving of Mr. Adelmarr?

Meanwhile, Abel called Paul and informed him that the Wonder Doctor had agreed to treat Flynn.

Paul was delighted upon hearing the news and quickly called Altney.

Paul arranged for the next morning at his villa to treat Flynn.

He planned to personally accompany Flynn and fly over in a helicopter.

Abel then explained the situation to Benjamin.

Benjamin pondered for a moment and said, "If Emma insists on treating him, we have no choice but to cooperate with her."

"This situation started because of me," Abel said. "I'll

explain it to our elder brother afterwards."

"That works," Benjamin said. "This time, will you be the assistant or should I take over?"

"I'll be the bodyguard," Abel said. "You're more familiar with the business, so you can help."

"Alright," Benjamin nodded. "I'll prepare protective suits for Emma."

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Chapter 1007 Revenge Must Be Taken



Upon hearing that the Wonder Doctor agreed to treat Flynn, Erin couldn't sit still.

Even though she had already undergone plastic surgery, she had lived by Paul's side for over twenty years after all.

She was afraid that if Paul saw her, he would become suspicious.

However, she couldn't avoid this matter. More than Paul's suspicions towards her, she was more afraid of the Wonder Doctor curing Flynn.

Once Flynn recovers and reveals the cause of his injury, she will become a complete enemy of the Murphy family.

Moreover, her current identity, who could guarantee it wouldn't be exposed forever?

After a struggle of thoughts, Erin decided to stay in Paul's mansion.

She carefully applied makeup and wore loose-fitting clothes as she quietly waited for Paul to arrive with Flynn.

An hour later, Edmond drove and brought his father and brother back from the terminal.

Erin waited at the parking spot and eagerly helped unload the luggage from the trunk.

Edmond introduced her to his father, saying, "This is my girlfriend, Erin Anderson."

Paul glanced at Erin and furrowed his brow at the sight of her, feeling like he had seen this girl somewhere before.

But upon closer inspection, she was truly unfamiliar.

However, Erin politely spoke, "Hello, Uncle Paul."

Paul gave a cold "Hmm" and nodded.

Edmond carried Flynn into a wheelchair and said to his father, "I pleaded with Mr. Abel and finally convinced the Wonder Doctor to treat Flynn."

"As long as the Wonder Doctor agrees, that's all that matters," Paul said. "Last time, when Evelyn had severe paralysis, the Wonder Doctor cured her with just one or two injections."

"Let's pray that the Wonder Doctor can do the same for Flynn," Edmond's eyes grew slightly red. "He's my only brother."

"Yeah," Paul said, "If Flynn can recover, at least we'll know who caused his injury. Revenge must be taken, no matter what!"

Erin helped push the wheelchair, and upon hearing his words, her body tensed slightly.

Flynn, how could she prevent him from being cured?

The next morning.

Emmeline and Benjamin were dressed in protective suits, while Abel disguised himself as a black-clad bodyguard, wearing a black mask. They all arrived at Paul's mansion.

After exchanging greetings without any small talk, the group walked upstairs to Flynn's room.

Paul led the way and pushed open the door.

Before he could say "please," he was startled by the scene before his eyes.

Flynn was face down on the floor, with his wheelchair pressing against his body.

From the looks of it, it seemed like he had tried to move but accidentally tipped over the wheelchair, causing himself to fall underneath.

"Flynnny!"

Paul called out first and hurriedly pushed past to get inside.

Following closely behind, Paul rushed in as well.

Emmeline, Benjamin, and Abel also entered the room.

Paul and his father lifted the wheelchair aside to help Flynn on the floor.

However, his entire body was limp like a pile of mud, showing no response whatsoever.

His face was bruised and swollen, and he was no longer breathing.

"How could this happen?" Paul shouted, "Flynnny, wake up, what happened to you?"

Emmeline quickly stepped forward and crouched down to feel Flynn's pulse, but there was no pulse beneath her fingers.

She then checked his breathing and neck pulse, but there was no sign of any movement.

With a heavy tone, Emmeline said, "He has been

deprived of oxygen for too long. He's already passed away."

"...Paul" didn't say anything, and he fainted.

Edmond became flustered, holding his brother in his arms while his father collapsed at his feet.

How did things end up like this?

Emmeline took out a silver needle and pricked Paul's philtrum acupoint.

Paul let out a deep breath and slowly regained consciousness, hoarsely crying, "Flynnny, my Flynnny, how could you leave like this?"

"Brother Edmond" a delicate and gentle voice came from the door. "What happened?"

Erin just arrived.

"It's my brother," Edmond choked. "He... he's gone."

"How could this happen?" Erin asked, "Wasn't he fine this morning?"

"The wheelchair tipped over," tears welled up in Edmond's eyes. "Flynn fell to the ground and couldn't turn over, and he suffocated like that."

Erin covered her mouth, letting out a sob as she cried...

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[QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!](#)

Chapter 1008 Giving Medicine To A Dead Horse



Erin covered her mouth and let out a sob of "mm."

But in her heart, she thought, "Flynn, don't blame me. If anyone is to blame, it's your father for kicking me out of the Murphy family!"

He subjected me to torment at the Imperial Palace, made me suffer! He let Adam break my arm and threw me off a cliff to feed the wolves!

I will slowly settle this score with him, and you are just the first!!!"

"Wonder Doctor," Paul suddenly knelt down before Emmeline, "I beg you, save my son. I can't bear to lose my son, even if he remains disabled or mentally impaired. As long as he is still breathing, still alive, I will be content!"

"Mr. Murphy," Benjamin said with a touch of bitterness, "Once a person is dead, how can they be brought back to life?"

"Since the Wonder Doctor is renowned as the Wonder Doctor, they must possess extraordinary skills," Paul bowed his head to Emmeline, "I implore you, please save my son. I'm willing to spend the rest of my life serving you, even if it means becoming your servant!"

"Dad," Edmond choked, "Flynn is already gone. Please, snap out of it, and let's handle the arrangements."

"My son," Paul mournfully collapsed on the ground, "You can't leave like this. How can your mother and I live on without you? Our hearts are broken."

"Mr. Murphy," Benjamin reached out to support him, "A person cannot be brought back from the dead."

Please, find solace."

"Wait," Emmeline said with a strained voice, "Mr. Murphy, let me give it a try."

Upon hearing these words, everyone was stunned.

Even the guards at the door, Eric and Luca, turned their heads in disbelief.

What, what, what?

Ms. Louise is going to bring Flynn back to life?

In all their years, this was the first time they had ever heard such a thing.

Of course, it was also the first time they had witnessed it!

Erin was also stunned. Wonder Doctor wants to give it a try?

To try and revive Flynn?

But if that's the case, then wasn't it because of her push earlier...

How could this be resolved now?

"Uncle Paul," Erin wiped her tears and said, "The dead cannot be brought back to life. We must respect the deceased and let them rest in peace."

"No, Paul," he said, "Wonder Doctor has promised to save my son. My son will definitely come back to life, he will!"

Erin: "... " That damn old quack!

"Wonder Doctor," Benjamin said solemnly to Emmeline, "Do you think it's necessary?"

"He just took his last breath," Emmeline said, "Perhaps there is still a chance."

"Wonder Doctor," Abel frowned as well, "You should think twice. Don't waste your efforts for nothing."

"The person is already in such a state," Emmeline croaked, "Is there anything worse than death?"

"Wonder Doctor," Paul choked back tears, "Sometimes desperate measures are needed. Please give it a try. Maybe my son's fate can be changed!"

"Wonder Doctor, you should give it a shot," Edmond added, "There's no worse outcome than this."

"Brother Edmond..." Erin called out, her face pale.

Edmond paid no attention to her.

Emmeline nodded heavily and said, "Place the person on the bed, and all of you should leave."

Upon hearing this, Paul and Edmond quickly lifted Flynn together.

Without the presence of a living being, he was indeed lifeless and heavy.

The father and son exerted a great deal of effort to finally place him carefully on the bed.

"Wonder Doctor?" Abel, with a concerned gaze behind his mask, looked at Emmeline.

"I'm fine," Emmeline said from under her protective suit. "All of you, leave. I won't open the door, and

don't disturb me!"

She took the small metal box from Benjamin's hand, containing the Five Element Needles developed by Murong Tian.

Abel and Benjamin exchanged a glance and silently retreated outside the door.

Paul and his son also stepped back.

Erin finally came out, feeling her heart pounding uncontrollably, in a state of panic.

The door closed.

Inside and outside the door, two different worlds.

Three hours passed in the blink of an eye, and there was no sound from the room.

Abel and Benjamin's hearts were filled with anxiety.

If they had known it would turn out like this, regardless of whether Emmeline was pleased or not, they should not have agreed to treat Flynn.

His life or death was none of their business.

Another two hours passed, and it was already 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

The door to the room finally opened slowly, and Abel and Benjamin squeezed in together.

Emmeline, dressed in protective clothing, stumbled forward, and Abel extended his arms to embrace her.

"Wonder Doctor," Paul squeezed his way over and asked anxiously, "How is my son?"

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Chapter 1009 Wonder Doctor's Miracle



"He is back." Emmeline mumbled, "but now he was in a vegetative state. Luckily, he could wake up at any time."

Paul fainted again, but this time out of excitement.

"Wonder Doctor," Edmond said as he supported his father, "you truly have the power to bring the dead back to life! The Murphy family are grateful for you!"

Erin squeezed through and leaned against the door

frame, her face pale as a whole.

"Wonder Doctor, bringing the dead back to life, actually managed to revive Flynn?"

If Flynn woke up...

Erin also fainted at the thought of it.

Benjamin frowned nearby but didn't reach out his hand.

Edmond and Paul were busy seeing Flynn and didn't have time to deal with her.

Abel ignored her completely, picked up Emmeline, and went downstairs.

Wearing protective clothing for five or six hours was hot and suffocating for her.

Not to mention fatigue and high tension levels.

Abel entered the car with out-of-town license plates and quickly helped Emmeline out of her protective suit.

Emmeline was drenched in sweat, her face and head covered in perspiration. Her clothes were also soaked.

Abel felt heartbroken and unscrewed a bottle of water, feeding her a few sips.

Benjamin approached and whispered under his protective suit, "Is Emma okay?"

"Exhausted," Abel said, "wearing protective suits is suffocating."

Emmeline whispered, "I'm fine, just slightly overheated."

"Then let's leave quickly," Benjamin said, "I can't bear it either."

He got into a security car in front and took off his heavy protective suit inside the car.

The three cars swiftly drove away, heading straight back to Jade Manor.

Upon seeing the three of them return, Kendra quickly boiled water and made tea.

Emmeline went upstairs to shower and change her clothes.

Abel and Benjamin sat on the couch, each lighting a cigarette.

"Wonder Doctor is truly remarkable," Abel said.

"Emma revived the dead."

"Firstly, Emma inherited Robert's true teachings," Benjamin said. "Secondly, Flynn didn't stay lifeless for long."

"Emma has once again challenged my understanding," Abel said. "She's a treasure, no doubt about it."

"So, be extremely careful to keep Emma's identity as Wonder Doctor a secret. It must not be easily exposed, or we'll have endless troubles," Abel warned.

"I understand," Abel nodded.

Benjamin blew out a smoke ring and changed the

subject. "Hemmings Group approached me yesterday. I didn't welcome him warmly."

"I knew he would come to you," Abel said. "The Ryker family and Adelmarr used to be enemies, but now they both know we're on the same side."

"No choice," Benjamin squinted and glanced at him. "You became my brother-in-law, preventing Adelmarr from finding a worthy opponent."

"What did Jonathan say in the end?" Abel flicked the cigarette ash. "He won't give up easily, but he doesn't dare confront me directly at the moment."

"That's what I wanted to tell you," Benjamin said.

"Sonia's grandfather is a military figure, her father is an official. Jonathan might go after someone with the surname Steiner since this whole thing started because of his daughter."

"The enemy may come, but we'll meet them head-on. The waters may rise, but the earth will cover them," Abel sneered. "If anyone dares to mess with Emma, I don't care which dynasty they come from!"

"Just as I thought!" Benjamin crushed the cigarette butt in the ashtray.

"Wait! What do you mean by 'dynasty'?" Emmeline came downstairs in casual home attire, her black hair flowing and giving off a fresh and pleasant aura.

The two men glanced at each other, their eyes filled with a smile, but neither of them spoke.

Emmeline looked around and said skeptically, "Why do I feel like you two big men are exchanging meaningful glances?"

"Ah?" Abel's lips curled into a smirk. "Really? Is that so?"

"Yes, it is," Emmeline raised an eyebrow. "I saw it clearly. You two were exchanging meaningful glances. Are you hiding something from me?"

Abel and Benjamin exchanged another glance but smiled without saying a word.

Frowning, Emmeline asked, "What exactly are you implying? Have you both fallen in love?"

Abel's handsome face turned serious as he asked, "If we really were in love, what would you do?"

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