

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

### Chapter 1011 Come Back With Me

Yes, Harold.

Benjamin felt annoyed with himself for remembering the name of that man.

Was he that idle?

To waste energy remembering such useless things.

Clearly, Harold had arranged to meet Janie for dinner.

In the dim light of dusk, Janie's vision was unclear, and she couldn't see things distinctly.

But when Harold approached her and started talking, she felt the man in the distance had a displeased expression on his face.

Janie's heart skipped a beat, and suddenly she saw a woman rushing towards Benjamin.

The woman was young and stylishly dressed. Janie recognized her at a glance. It was Ysabel.

She was the one Benjamin had risked his life to save on the top of the tower at Adelmarr.

Janie's heart sank.

Harold blocked her line of sight and said, "Janie, let's go inside. It's not appropriate to be late for a class reunion."

"Mr. Benjamin, you're here too?"

Meanwhile, Benjamin was startled by the woman rushing towards him. He staggered back, and to his surprise, he recognized her as Ysabel?

Benjamin instantly felt a wave of disgust, furrowing his brows as he pushed her away. "Who are you?" he exclaimed.

"I'm Ysabel, you know?" Ysabel said excitedly. "Mr. Benjamin, are you here for dinner too? Let's go together!"

"Get lost!" Benjamin snapped. "Are we close or something?"

"You saved my life," Ysabel said passionately. "It's only right for me to treat you to a meal."

As she tried to approach him, Eric blocked her path, his voice low and icy. "Stay away!"

"Mr. Benjamin," Ysabel stretched her neck and said, "can we be together?"

Benjamin had already walked ahead in big strides.

Harold embraced Janie as they entered the revolving door. She didn't dare to look back.

Afraid to see scenes she didn't want to witness.

Benjamin actually made plans with Ysabel?

Janie felt a pang in her heart, and her eyes became slightly warm.

Today was the university alumni gathering, and quite a few people showed up.

Everyone was toasting to each other, and combined with her depressed mood, Janie quickly drank too much.

She was afraid that if she continued drinking, she would embarrass herself, so she suggested leaving early.

Her classmates didn't insist on keeping her there, and Harold offered to accompany her home.

Meanwhile, Benjamin and his guests finished their dinner and left the private room.

As they descended in the elevator to the lobby on the ground floor, they came face to face with a drunken Janie. She was supported by Harold, who had come out of another elevator.

Benjamin frowned and walked briskly towards Janie, grabbing her arm and scolding, "How did you end up like this after drinking?"

Janie recognized him and was initially startled, but

shook off his hand and retorted, "Why do you care? Are we close? Who are you to me?"

"Come with me!" Benjamin raised his voice, "Do you think it's attractive to be in this state?"

"What does it have to do with you?" Janie sneered. "I can handle myself, and I certainly don't need your help!"

"Janie!" Benjamin growled, his eyes burning with anger. "Have you caused enough trouble?"

"What trouble have I caused?" Janie looked up at him, her voice defiant. "I'm minding my own business, you're making plans with your own people. How did I become a trouble to you?"

"Come with me!" Benjamin didn't want to argue with her anymore.

The Struyria Banquet was under Adelman's jurisdiction, and the staff knew him well. It wouldn't look appropriate if they saw him arguing with a woman.

"Why should I go with you?" Janie shook his hand again. "I have my own home, I can go back by myself!"

She sniffed, clutching her handbag with one hand and lifting her long dress with the other, swiftly walking through the lobby.

"Janie!" Harold wanted to follow her, but instinctively glanced at Benjamin.

With just one glance, he was forced to take a step back by the man's powerful aura.

In the moment of hesitation, Benjamin quickly strode after Janie.

Janie exited the hotel through the revolving doors and stood by the roadside, hailing a taxi.

Benjamin chased after her, and by the time he reached her, she had already bent down and entered the car.

The taxi drove away before their eyes.

"The keys!" Benjamin stared at the license plate, his voice low and gloomy as he spoke to Eric behind him.

Eric handed him the keys to the Porsche.

Without a word, Benjamin sprinted into the parking lot, got into the car, and pursued the taxi without hesitation.



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