

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

### Chapter 20

Alana Lane was still stepping on the clown's back as she began cutting the cake into pieces to be served. When she finally stepped back onto the ground, she pointed at the clown who was still in a crouching position. "Do you guys know who this is?" she asked the crowd.

"Who is it?" the crowd wondered curiously.

"This clown, or footstool... is her..." she pointed an accusatory finger at Emmeline. "...her brother, Ethan Louise! Ever since he was banished by his family, he could only make a living doing odd jobs, like being a real-life clown!" Alana chuckled. "How could a family like that ever dream of marrying rich?"

Emmeline felt blood rushing to her head. It was no wonder the clown looked familiar to her now. It was

her own brother!

“And this lovely camerawoman over here...” Alana pointed to the lady in a face mask. “...is none other than Ethan’s wife and Emmeline’s sister-in-law, Grace. She was responsible for livestreaming her own clown husband in action as a footstool to the whole of Struyria! Can it get any more embarrassing than that?!” Alana laughed to herself.

“Ethan?!” Grace pulled her face mask off and rushed to where her husband was still crouching on the ground, pulling him up by the shirt. “It’s really you? This was the ‘job’ you were talking about?”

“Grace?” Ethan was equally as shocked. This was the ‘interview’ his wife had mentioned?

Emmeline could no longer bottle her emotions. “Alana Lane, you’re a horrible, deceitful human being!”

Emmeline yelled out loud as she charged toward Alana, giving her a flying kick so powerful that it knocked Alana into the cake trolley. The cake wobbled dangerously from the force and finally toppled onto Alana, covering her face and body with cream.

“Go to hell, Alana!” Emmeline spat bitterly.

“Security!!” Alana shrieked. She had not expected Emmeline to be this vicious. “How dare she attack me?! Get this crazy bitch out of here!” she instructed.

“Bring it on!” Emmeline challenged.

Emmeline was surrounded by more than ten big, burly men in a flash, but it only took her less than a minute to disarm all of them with just a chair and her fighting skills. It was utter chaos and madness in the courtyard. Men laid on the floor bloodied and bruised

and the party guests were running around in desperate search of the nearest exit.

“Someone, call the cops! Get the cops to catch this crazy woman!” Alana cried out for help as soon as she witnessed Emmeline taking down all of her men.

Emmeline made her over to Alana and gave her two swift kicks in the ribs, before picking her up with her bare hands and forcefully throwing her to the ground again.

“Oh my god! She’s going to kill me!” Alana yelled frantically.

“Emma!!” Ethan and Grace called out as they rushed to Emmeline’s side. Ethan gave her a tight hug, preventing her from attacking Alana any further.

“Emma, stop it. You’ll end up in jail if you keep going!” Ethan pleaded with his sister.

“Even if I go to jail, I must teach this woman a lesson, especially since the entire city is watching this live right now!” Emmeline’s eyes blazed with fierce determination.

“Emmeline,” Alondra approached her meekly. “Don’t be stubborn. You’ll end up having to pay for all the damage you caused!”

“Damages?” Emmeline gritted her teeth. “How much are we talking about?”

Alana got up from the ground, still covered in cake as she surveyed the chaos in front of her. “Including all the antiques your broke, I’d say there’s at least 2 million dollars’ worth of damages!”

“2 million dollars?!” Ethan gasped incredulously. “Emma, I could never earn 2 million dollars in my

lifetime!”

Grace was equally stunned. She had come here to get paid instead of paying someone else a sum of money she could never afford. “Sis,” she grabbed Emmeline’s hands. “Just suck it up this time and apologize to Alana. We could never afford to pay 2 million dollars!”

“Hmph!” Alana huffed indignantly as she wiped some cream off her face. “As you know, I’m a forgiving person. I’ll forgive you if you kneel at my feet and say ‘sorry’ a hundred times!”

“Kneel at your feet and apologize? Dream on!”  
Emmeline spat.

“Em, please!” Ethan begged. “You can’t afford to be willful now!”

Emmeline took out her phone, ready to give Benjamin a call and ask him to transfer 2 million dollars in an instant. More importantly, she wanted to witness Lane Corporation's share price plummet and Alana to beg her for mercy.

However, Abel spoke up before Emmeline could make the call. "The party ends here. I'll personally pay for all the damages suffered by the Lane family tonight."

Adrien was about to go over as well, but Julianna held him back sternly.

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