

# Quadruplets Unite: Mother's Words Are Law

Chapter 705

## Chapter 705 Knocking Herself Unconscious

"Mr. Abel, please," implored Evelyn. "I never left the mansion. And I cut myself when I was cooking one time."

"Stop lying or you'll end up like Alana," Abel hollered.

"Look." Evelyn stretched her arm out. "Look at my wound here. I cut myself so I didn't leave the mansion at all."

"So?" Abel wasn't interested in Evelyn's wound. "You don't need to leave the mansion to give instructions to Darrell."

Evelyn shut up. The more she lied, the more likely she slipped up. She had to come up with another idea quickly.

"You don't trust me, Mr. Abel?"

"I never trust you."

"I did not harm Emmeline. I'll prove my innocence with death if I must."

"Enough!"

"Mr. Abel..."

"Come clean now!" With a loud thud, Abel planted the dagger into the table. Just as Evelyn smacked her forehead against the wall. Blood streamed down her face.

"I am innocent, Mr. Abel..."

After saying her piece, Evelyn passed out.

"Whot do we do now, sir?" asked Luco.

"Dommit. Check if she's still breathing."

Luco knelt ond felt Evelyn's nose. He then replied, "No, sir. She merely lost consciousness."

"Send her to the hospitol. She's crozy." Abel gritted his teeth.

"Wos it her lost-ditch effort? You olmost mode her confess," commented Luco.

"It's not over yet. Bring her to the hospitol. She con't die yet."

"Yes, sir!"

After around ten minutes, Evelyn was odmitted to o hospitol. Since it was olreody dork, Abel decided to return to The Precipice, which felt quite empty without Kendro, Quincy, ond Emmeline. Luco ordered some food for Abel but the lotter didn't hove ony oppetite. Why would he be in the mood of eoting? He was supposed to morry Emmeline tomorrow. But now, she was missing. For once in his lifetime, Abel felt like o foilure. All of o sudden, Abel overheord the rumbling of o cor engine outside his monson.

Luco oppeored. "Mr. Abel, Mr. Woylon ond Mr. Benjomin ore here."

"What do we do now, sir?" asked Luca.

"Dammit. Check if she's still breathing."

Luca knelt and felt Evelyn's nose. He then replied, "No, sir. She merely lost consciousness."

"Send her to the hospital. She's crazy." Abel gritted his teeth.

"Was it her last-ditch effort? You almost made her confess," commented Luca.

"It's not over yet. Bring her to the hospital. She can't die yet."

"Yes, sir!"

After around ten minutes, Evelyn was admitted to a hospital. Since it was already dark, Abel decided to return to The Precipice, which felt quite empty without Kendra, Quincy, and Emmeline. Luca ordered some food for Abel but the latter didn't have any appetite. Why would he be in the mood of eating? He was supposed to marry Emmeline tomorrow. But now, she was missing. For once in his lifetime, Abel felt like a failure. All of a sudden, Abel overheard the rumbling of a car engine outside his mansion.

Luca appeared. "Mr. Abel, Mr. Waylon and Mr. Benjamin are here."

"Let them in." Abel rubbed his temple. He felt tired.

"Yes, sir."

Soon, Benjamin and Waylon entered The Precipice.

"Waylon, Benjamin." Abel got up from the couch. With his loosened tie, Abel looked disheveled.

"How did the interrogation go?" asked Waylon.

"I was so close to getting the truth but she knocked herself out," answered Abel.

"She knocked herself out? How?"

Abel then provided a summary of the event that transpired.

"She definitely has something to do with it. She had to harm herself to get out of the pickle," remarked Benjamin.

"Nothing much we can do when she's ready to sacrifice herself to cover the whole thing. If we do not relent, she might very well die," added Waylon.

"No, she won't die. Not until I find Emmeline," said Abel.

"So? What's next? Is there a way to make Evelyn confess?" asked Benjamin.