

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 736 Practising Cooking for Emma

"It's the formula to make Vampire Dust and its antidote."

Waylon recounted, "He lured me away before I could destroy it. I quickly realized that something was wrong, and I doubled back. When I got there, I saw him taking pictures of my things."

"Waylon, did you get a good look at the owner of the Imperial Palace?" Benjamin asked, "What does he look like?"

"He was wearing a half mask, so I couldn't see what he looked like," Waylon replied.

Abel said, "If that's the case, it must be him. When Emma was last at the Imperial Palace, she too was given Vampire Dust. She mentioned that the owner

was masked, so she didn't get a look at his face."

Benjamin commented, "He's quite the cunning fox. Let's see if we can catch him this time."

Waylon proposed, "Let's discuss our next steps. To prevent any negative repercussions for both of you, why don't I bring in some mercenaries from Osea? That way, you won't have to do it yourselves and risk implicating yourselves. With my mercenaries, there will be no way to trace any of this back to you."

"That's a valid point," Benjamin conceded. "Adelmar and Ryker Group are the leading figures in Struyria with significant social influence. If they were caught engaging in illegal activities, it would certainly lead to trouble."

Abel suggested, "In that case, let's proceed with Waylon's plan. We'll handle the operation behind the

scenes."

Benjamin suddenly thought of something and asked, "Should we bring this matter to Inspector Charles' attention?"

After some thought, Abel said, "I don't think that's a good idea."

Benjamin said, "Why not? If we inform him, Inspector Charles could take action if something significant happens."

"I'm afraid it might backfire," Abel expressed concern. "We don't know if an Imperial Palace spy is among Inspector Charles' ranks."

What Abel just said was enough to alert Benjamin. He nodded and said, "You are right. The Imperial Palace has all-pervasive influence and power."

Waylon said, "Then, we'll just keep Inspector Charles out of this. Things will become even more complicated if news gets out and they decide to transfer Emma to another location."

Abel replied, "Okay. We'll follow Waylon's plan."

"Very well," nodded Waylon. "I'll inform my people in Osea to prepare the necessary manpower and weapons."

When Waylon was on the phone, Abel asked Benjamin, "Janie is back. How is she?"

Benjamin replied with a bitter tone, "She's fine. She's currently living with me at Glenbrook."

Abel said, "That's great to hear. You have to take good care of her, especially now that she's pregnant

with your child."

Benjamin gave a wry smile and said, "It's just weird for me to be around her. I really envy you and Emma."

"How come me and Emma?" Abel asked, confused.

"You and Emma truly have a remarkable love story," Benjamin commented. "Having children before you even met and then falling in love at first sight—it's like fate brought you together. How could anyone not feel envy in a love story like this?"

Abel agreed, nodding his head. "It's true. If we had looked at each other and hated each other, it would have been difficult to get together, and it would have been hard on the children."

"So, that's what got me thinking, why don't I have such good luck?" Benjamin let out a soft sigh.

"Then, what are you planning to do?" Abel asked, also worried for Benjamin.

Benjamin said, "A shotgun marriage? What other options do I have?"

What Abel just said was enough to alert Benjamin. He nodded and said, "You are right. The Imperial Police has all-pervasive influence and power."

Woylon said, "Then, we'll just keep Inspector Charles out of this. Things will become even more complicated if news gets out and they decide to transfer Emmo to another location."

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Abel remained silent. He didn't feel it was his place to comment on the matter. However, as a man, he could empathize with Benjamin's situation.

Upon finishing the phone call, Waylon announced that everything had been arranged. "The manpower and weapons will be flown in tonight," he said, "All we can do now is wait."

"Mr. Waylon, Mr. Abel, Mr. Benjamin," Sam addressed them, "you haven't had a chance to eat yet. Since there's nothing else you can do at the moment, are you all ready to have some food?"

"Good idea," Waylon said, "A man only has the strength to work when he's full."

"Okay, I'll start cooking," Sam said as she rolled up her sleeves and hurried upstairs.

"I'll help you," Waylon said, rolling up his sleeves. "I want to practice my cooking skills to cook something delicious for Emma later."

Abel exclaimed, "Then I'll help too!"

"You and Ben will stay here to sell coffee," Waylon instructed, "Open up, business as usual."

Abel and Benjamin raised the roller shutter door, and with that, they were open for business, ready to serve steaming cups of coffee to eager customers.

"Ring ring!"

Benjamin picked up his phone when it rang, only to frown when he saw the name on the caller ID. It was Janie.

The timing was uncanny—Benjamin had been discussing Janie moments ago, and now she was calling him.

Upon sliding to answer the call, Janie's tearful voice could be heard coming through the phone.

"Benjamin," Janie's crying voice came from the other end of the phone. "I've twisted my ankle on the stairs and fell, and now my stomach hurts. I'm afraid for the baby..."

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Chapter 737 Hospital Bed Rest During Pregnancy



Upon hearing that, Benjamin quickly responded, "Don't move. Stay right where you are. I'm coming to get you and take you to the hospital!"

Abel sensed that something was amiss as he listened

to Benjamin. "What happened?" he asked with concern.

"It's Janie," Benjamin said, "She's sprained herself, and now her belly is hurting."

Abel said, "Then quickly take her to the hospital. Why are you still here wasting your time?!"

"Help me inform Waylon," Benjamin said, "I'm going now."

"Okay," said Abel, nodding.

Benjamin rushed back to Glenbrooke and found Janie lying on the bed, her complexion looking slightly pale.

Yvonne was anxiously looking after her on the side.

"Mr. Benjamin, you are back. Hurry and take Ms.

Janie to the hospital!"

Benjamin rushed in and inquired, "Janie, how are you feeling?"

Janie's eyes were filled with tears as she spoke, "It hurts so much. I'm also spotting a little. I'm so worried about the baby."

Without further delay, Benjamin swiftly scooped Janie up and made a beeline for the door, quickly descending the stairs.

As they arrived at the nearest hospital, Benjamin quickly made his way to the obstetrics and gynecology department, cradling Janie in his arms.

The doctor sprang into action when he heard the description of Janie's symptoms.

Benjamin was told to stay outside the treatment room while Janie received medical attention from the doctor.

After more than half an hour, the doctor emerged from the examination room and delivered the reassuring news, "The situation is stable, and the baby is currently doing well."

"Thank you. Doctor, thank you so much." Benjamin felt as though a heavy weight had been lifted from his chest.

"However, the situation requires her to be hospitalized and undergo bed rest treatment to minimize the risk of miscarriage. Sir, you can proceed with completing her admission formalities," the doctor informed Benjamin.

Benjamin left to complete the formalities for Janie's admission.

Eric followed after him and said, "Mr. Benjamin, why don't you let me handle the admission formalities?"

"It's fine. I'll take care of it," Benjamin said as he hurried to the nurses' station.

Benjamin quickly finished the hospital admission procedures and returned to the obstetrics and gynecology department.

Janie was lying on the hospital bed. She had been pushed out by the nurse and was being sent to the ward.

"Janie!"

Benjamin held onto Janie's hand that was resting outside the blanket.

"You're okay, and so is our baby. Don't worry," Benjamin reassured her.

Janie nodded, and tears streamed down her face. "If anything happens to our baby, I won't be able to go on. I feel so useless," she said.

"It's okay, Janie. Everything is fine. Don't be sad. You're good," Benjamin comforted her.

Janie nodded at Benjamin with tears in her eyes and said, "Okay."

Holding Benjamin's hand, Janie felt its tender and protective touch for the first time. She yearned to depend on him but was unsure if he would be willing to open his heart to her.

After entering the ward, Benjamin lifted Janie and laid her on the bed, tucking a blanket over her.

"The doctor instructed that you must lie flat and remain still, so don't move."

Janie bit her lip and nodded. For the sake of her unborn child, she would agree to do anything.

The nurse pushed the patient trolley out and closed the door behind her.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Benjamin sat in front of the hospital bed.

Janie's eyes were red-rimmed as she choked out the words, "Thank you, Benjamin."

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Jonie's eyes were red-rimmed as she choked out the words, "Thank you, Benjamin."

"Idiot," Benjamin said with a wry smile, holding her hand. "There's no need to thank me. You're carrying my child, after all."

A tearful smile spread across Janie's face as she felt an overwhelming sense of happiness. The man she

loved was with her, and they were going to have a child together. What more could she ask for? Had she known how things would turn out, she would have stayed, especially since her leaving had caused trouble for Emmeline.

"What I did was foolish," Janie admitted. "I should have told you the truth that day."

Benjamin was silent for a while before saying, "That's in the past. It's good enough that you could come back."

"But..." Janie's voice trailed off as she lowered her gaze. "But I got Emma into trouble."

"There's no need to worry," Benjamin whispered, "We're putting together a plan to rescue Emma, and we've recently received some information that could help us."

"Ah!" Janie exclaimed, her excitement causing her to almost sit up.

Benjamin held her down. "Don't move," he scolded. "You're not supposed to be moving around like that. Why are you so disobedient?"

Janie exclaimed, "Finally, news about Emma! That's wonderful! I'm so happy!"

"Shh!" Benjamin cautioned, "Be careful; the walls have ears."

Janie's hand instinctively flew to her mouth. With her hand over her mouth, she softly asked, "Do you need my help?"

Benjamin reassured Janie, "No, it's better if you stay out of this. You need to take care of yourself and our

unborn child. Stay here and wait for me to rescue Emma. She'll be relieved to see that you're doing well."

Great job! Just a minor suggestion to make the sentence smoother:

Janie's heart sank. Did Benjamin only think Emmeline would be happy if Janie were doing well?

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Chapter 738 I Will Treat You Well



"I hear you," Janie said as she nodded obediently again. She knew that Emmeline genuinely cared for her. "I won't be so stubborn anymore. I'll make sure to

apologize to Emma when I see her."

"Don't think like that. Emma won't hold it against you," Benjamin reassured her with a smile, "And I won't hold it against you anymore either."

Janie looked at the man next to her with teary eyes and asked, "Really?"

Benjamin spoke in a soothing tone, "Yes, all of that is in the past now. I wish only the best for you and our child."

"About that..." Janie looked down and said, "If I agree with what you said earlier about marrying you, will you be so kind to me for the rest of my life?"

"I can assure you that I will always treat you well, but that's not love," Benjamin finally responded after a prolonged silence.

Janie fell silent after hearing Benjamin's response. She nibbled on her lower lip, lost in thought, and eventually spoke up, "I'm not sure if I can adjust to the idea of a marriage without love."

"I won't force you," Benjamin said with a heavy sigh, "It's easy to fall in love with someone, but it's the part about letting go that's difficult."

Janie looked at him with tearful eyes and said, "Are you telling me that you'll never forget about Emma?"

Benjamin didn't speak, but his face conveyed everything. It seemed as if he had tacitly admitted to it.

"Oh," Janie said, letting out a long sigh. "I really envy Emma. She has Abel and you loving her, and both of you are Struyria's top bachelor," she remarked.

"There's also Waylon," Benjamin quipped, "Waylon also loves Emma, but the love he has for her is like one would love one's sister."

Janie pouted and remarked, "Emma has so many admirers, and yet you wouldn't even spare me a little of your love."

Benjamin smiled and replied, "How can I share my love? You wouldn't want me to be a scumbag with multiple lovers at the same time, would you?"

"Of course not! I wouldn't expect you to share your love," Janie replied. "But, if you were to love someone else in addition to Emma, I would lose respect for you!"

"Hehe," Benjamin chuckled and changed the subject. "You must be hungry, right? Let me send Eric to get

some food. What would you like to eat?"

Janie had no appetite, but for the sake of the child in her belly, she still replied, "I'll have some food from the Struyria Banquet."

"Sure thing," Benjamin said, rising from his seat. He headed to the door to tell Eric to order lunch from the Struyria Banquet. He also asked for enough food for himself, Eric, and the bodyguards who accompanied him, as they had yet to eat.

Shortly after, the assistant manager of the Struyria Banquet arrived in person to deliver their lunch.

Eric and the bodyguards went to the lounge area to have their lunch while Benjamin and Janie dined together in the ward.

As he opened the lunch box, Benjamin said to Janie,

"I'll feed you. You just sit there quietly."

Janie felt flattered by the unexpected gesture, and her face flushed with a rosy hue.

"I did promise to treat you well forever," Benjamin said. "I'll start fulfilling that promise from this moment on."

He scooped up a tender piece of chicken and brought it to Janie's mouth.

"You should eat more meat," Benjamin said, "It'll help you have a strong body for childbirth."

As she watched the piece of meat enter her mouth, Janie's eyes began to well up with tears. She wanted to tell him she would give him more children in the future, but the words got stuck in her throat, and she could only swallow them with that piece of chicken.

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Abel and Waylon arrived at the hospital after lunch, bringing with them some very expensive health supplements.

Benjamin quickly got up and pulled out a chair for Waylon.

"Ms. Janie, it's good to see you again," Waylon said gracefully.

Janie was surprised and blurted out, "Mr. Waylon, what brings you here?"

"I'm here to gift Emma her dowry."

Waylon sat on the chair and glanced at the two men beside him before continuing, "Who would have thought that these two grown men would lose my Emma."

"And me," Janie said apologetically, "I'm also responsible for it."

"Please don't misunderstand, Ms. Janie," Waylon chuckled. "I'm not here to assign any blame. I'm actually here to bring you some medicine."

"Medicine?" Janie said, "What kind of medicine?"

"It's a medicine to help prevent a miscarriage," Waylon explained, "I had it made urgently in Emma's laboratory."

"That's great!" Janie was delighted.

Janie was aware of Adelmarr Clan's renowned medical expertise, which was regarded as the best in the world. Knowing that Waylon had personally created medicine to prevent a miscarriage, she felt a sense of relief and no longer had to worry about the safety of her unborn child.

"Thank you, Waylon." Benjamin was also overjoyed.

"You don't have to thank me," Waylon replied. "I'm only doing it for the child growing in Ms. Janie's womb. After all, the baby will call me Uncle Waylon,

won't he?"

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Chapter 739 The Blonde Deception

Janie's face flushed crimson at the mere utterance of that sentence while Benjamin lowered his head, embarrassed.

Waylon retrieved a packet of medicine from his pocket containing only one solitary pill.

"Once you take this, you'll be fine. After that, have the doctor evaluate you, and you should be able to leave the hospital."

Having taken the pill, Benjamin passed it to Janie and went on to prepare a glass of warm water for her.

Janie crushed the pill between her teeth before swallowing it.

Waylon spoke softly to her, "I trust you to keep this a secret for me, alright?"

With a reassuring smile and a nod, Janie responded, "I understand, Mr. Waylon. Don't worry."

Once Abel and Waylon departed, Benjamin requested the doctor to reexamine Janie.

All of Janie's vital signs showed no abnormalities, leaving the doctor perplexed, yet no questions were raised, and so Janie was cleared for release from the hospital just like that.

Stealthily, under the cloak of night, Osea's mercenaries and their arsenals made their clandestine arrival at midnight.

The mercenaries and their arsenal gathered in the basement of The Precipice.

Abel did as he did on his previous covert rescue mission at the Imperial Palace—he displayed the floor plan of the Imperial Palace and briefed the mercenaries on the layout of each location, this time doing so in Spanish.

"This is Section G, a heavily guarded location within the Imperial Palace. The top floor contains the living quarters of the club owner. Emmeline was previously held captive in this area, but our current intel is limited. You must know that the Imperial Palace is the largest entertainment and leisure complex in Struyria."

Benjamin emphasized, "Given the substantial daily influx of patrons, our actions must be swift and precise while ensuring the safety of innocent bystanders. Any unnecessary involvement of civilians must be avoided at all costs. If the police are alerted and dispatched, the situation will rapidly escalate beyond our control."

Abel followed up, stating, "Therefore, our optimal course of action is to infiltrate the Imperial Palace and gather intelligence on the target's whereabouts prior to taking any further steps. This will enable us to plan and execute our operation more effectively."

"Then, who would be the most suitable candidate to conduct the reconnaissance?" Benjamin inquired.

"I'll handle it," Abel asserted. "I am well-acquainted with the layouts of the Imperial Palace."

"Considering the high risk involved, it may not be wise for you to take on the task, Abel. Who on earth in Struyria does not know who Mr. Abel is?"

Abel suggested, "I can assume the guise of a woman. Even if my cover is blown, it would be less likely to raise immediate suspicion."

Benjamin couldn't help but laugh. "A man disguised as a woman? Abel, you're over six feet tall!"

Waylon joined in the laughter and added, "This woman is exceptionally tall!"

"How about I go instead?" Benjamin said.

Abel pouted and retorted, "You? How much shorter are you compared to me, barely over six feet tall?"

Benjamin was left speechless by Abel's response.

"This is indeed a predicament," remarked Waylon, who happened to be the same height as Benjamin.

"Speaking in Struyrian, the trio carried on a heated debate, paying little heed to the foreign mercenaries who stood nearby. The mercenaries, unable to understand their words, watched intently as the three expressed their views through animated facial expressions."

Abel had a sudden burst of inspiration. "I can transform myself into a blonde!" he exclaimed. "A blonde supermodel, to be exact!"

"Well, you certainly have the height for it," Benjamin remarked, "At six feet, you're practically reaching the ceiling already."

Waylon stated, "Let's just make do with that. Frankly,

I'd feel uneasy about assigning this task to someone else."

"It's settled then," Abel said to Benjamin. "As soon as day breaks, find a makeup artist who can assist me with my disguise!"

After contemplating for a moment, Benjamin reached out to the makeup artist from Adelmars Studios.

Following that, he quickly got in touch with a tailor specializing in custom-made clothing and placed an urgent overnight order for a long dress tailored specifically for Abel.

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The following morning, the makeup artist arrived and began transforming Abel's appearance.

The tailor's custom-made long dress was also delivered.

Abel tried on the dress, and it fit perfectly.

Upon seeing Abel in the dress, Benjamin and Waylon couldn't hold back their laughter. The sight of the tall and imposing man transformed into a graceful woman was a comical contrast, although the proportions seemed a bit off.

After more than three hours, the makeup artist finally finished applying the makeup, completing Abel's transformation.

With a head adorned by voluminous, blonde, curly hair, Abel donned a maxi dress that gracefully fell to his ankles. The final touch was the striking shade of flaming red on his lips, bringing forth the emergence of a blonde supermodel as if freshly baked and ready to take the world by storm.

It was a sight that left everyone speechless, as its

sheer magnificence nearly overwhelmed their senses.

Waylon and Benjamin observed Abel's transformed appearance, managing to suppress their laughter. However, both of them agreed that the result was impressive and well-executed.

Once everything was in order, Abel drove himself to the Imperial Palace.

Benjamin and Waylon, along with their troops, took up positions in the underground parking lot of the Imperial Palace, prepared to launch an ambush.

Abel rode the elevator from the underground car park to Section C—an area recognized throughout the Imperial Palace for its female escort services.

Immediately upon stepping out of the elevator, Abel found himself face-to-face with a man clutching a

female escort in his embrace.

Enchanted by the sight of the stunning and captivating Abel, the man instinctively let go of the female escort in his arms.

"Holy sh*t! What an astonishingly beautiful blonde girl!" the man exclaimed in awe.

The man, filled with desire like a hungry tiger, lunged toward Abel...

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Chapter 740 Going In Circles



Abel grabbed the man and pushed him out of the elevator. The working girl who had just been abandoned by the man looked at Abel, who was disguised as a blonde now, wide-eyed.

She was shocked to see the blonde's hairy legs. Abel paused and glared at her, "What are you looking at?" She pointed at his legs and said, "Girl, you need to shave your legs."

Abel glanced at his legs and shrugged. "I don't think so. You have no idea how liberating it is to let your hair grow as nature intends."

He turned on his heel and walked toward the lounge. Men and women gathered here for drinks and entertainment. If they felt like it, guests could bring the working girls out to get a room.

The lounge was dimly-lit, and the smell of cigarettes

and alcohol filled the air. Abel frowned. He wondered why men would waste their time at this place. There had to be better things to do than wasting time here.

He usually visited Section A in the Imperial Palace for a drink or two only. It was the first time he entered this exclusive lounge area.

Turning around, he saw someone familiar. Evelyn was sitting by a table with a bunch of men and a working girl. She was scantily clad, and the men were touching her all over, but she did not seem to mind.

“Let’s take it slow, alright?” She was smiling sweetly. One of the men laughed. “How could you ask me to take it slow when I am with you? Why don’t we get out of here and get a room?”

Abel could not believe Evelyn had stooped so low after the Murphy family kicked her out. He walked

away and sat down by one of the tables. He needed someone to get him into Section G.

A few minutes later, a man approached Abel, seemingly tipsy. The man looked at Abel excitedly. “What a gorgeous blonde! Today’s my lucky day.”

“What is your name? Let’s get a few drinks, shall we?” The man tried to touch Abel’s face, but Abel pushed his hand away. He smiled drily, “My name is Teresa. Please, sit with me.”

The man sat down beside Abel and tried to pull Abel into his arms. Abel avoided him, “Let’s take it slow, okay? This is my first time.”

“First time?” The man chuckled. “Well, I am honored.” Abel took a deep breath and tried to sound feminine, “Why don’t we start with getting some drinks? After that, we could get a room.”

“Sure!” The man beamed at Abel. “I will make sure you enjoy every minute of being with me.”

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Abel could not believe Evelyn had stooped so low after the Murphy family kicked her out. He walked away and sat down by one of the tables. He needed someone to get him into Section G.

A few minutes later, a man approached Abel, seemingly tipsy. The man looked at Abel excitedly. “What a gorgeous blonde! Today’s my lucky day.”

“What is your name? Let’s get a few drinks, shall we?” The man tried to touch Abel’s face, but Abel pushed

his hand away. He smiled drily, "My name is Tereso. Please, sit with me."

The man sat down beside Abel and tried to pull Abel into his arms. Abel avoided him, "Let's take it slow, okay? This is my first time."

"First time?" The man chuckled. "Well, I am honored." Abel took a deep breath and tried to sound feminine, "Why don't we start with getting some drinks? After that, we could get a room."

"Sure!" The man beamed at Abel. "I will make sure you enjoy every minute of being with me."

Abel frowned. He would have punched this man if he was not disguised as a working girl here. He decided he would teach the man a lesson when this was over.

The man ordered drinks, and the two began to drink.

It did not take long for the man to pass out drunk. Abel said to him, "It's getting uncomfortable here. Let's get out of here, shall we?"

The man staggered to his feet, and Abel helped him to get to Section G. Two bouncers at the entrance of Section G stopped them. "Hey, where are you going?"

"We need to get a room for some private business," Abel said, "Please let us through."

"You are heading in the wrong direction," the bouncer refused, "The private rooms are not here."

Abel pretended to be surprised. "Oh, I am so sorry. I am new, and this place is so huge! Would you bring me to the right place please?"

"I could direct you," the bouncer replied impatiently, "Turn around, go straight and turn left twice. Go

straight and take another turn, and you will be there.”

Abel tried to look as innocent as he could. “Oh dear, that sounds so confusing! I am afraid I will be going in circles on my own.”

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