

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 879 I Want to Marry the Ugliest Man

"In your dreams!" Emmeline replied.

"Are you going to risk Abel's life then?"

Emmeline fell silent.

She dared not risk Abel's life, not when his body was in a critical condition.

"Tell me what you want!"

"If I can't claim you as mine, Abel won't get to claim you as his either!"

What are you planning, you b*stard?

Adam continued, "In exchange for the antidote, I want you to marry the ugliest man in the world. If you don't,

I'd rather live with Living Agony and drag Abel to hell with me!"

Emmeline frowned hard.

What the heck is he thinking? He wants me to marry the ugliest man in the world, or Abel will die?

Emmeline nearly laughed out of anger. "You're really a b*stard!" she cursed under her breath.

Luca turned his head to look at her. "What did you say, Ms. Louise?"

"Oh! It's nothing. I'm reading a novel on my phone," Emmeline said.

I thought I heard her call someone a b*stard. Is it a character in the novel? Luca thought.

"I'm not joking! I'll give you two days to consider," Adam said.

"There is no need to consider. I don't want Abel to suffer, so I'll do what you say!" Emmeline replied.

"Then you'd better find yourself the ugliest man in the world and marry him! I'll be at the wedding ceremony with the antidote."

"You'd better keep to your word. I know you can't endure the effects of Living Agony much longer. You might even be considering taking your own life by now!"

"You're right that I'd rather not live in agony. I will keep to my word!"

"You'll hear from me soon, you b*stard!"

Did she just call me a b*stard again? I've just had about enough!

How I wish I could kill her... after I'm done with her, of course!

Emmeline turned off the phone screen. She leaned back on the seat and closed her eyes.

Luca stole a glance at her through the rearview mirror. He thought that Emmeline was tired of reading and was currently resting.

Back at The Precipice, Emmeline thought long and hard before going upstairs to look for Waylon.

Waylon was busy at work in the laboratory when he heard a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" he asked.

If it was Emmeline, he would let her in. If it was Kendra, he would ask what she wanted through the door.

He could hear Emmeline's voice. "It's me, Waylon. I need to talk to you."

"Coming!" Waylon put the test tube in his hands away and opened the door.

Emmeline stood outside the door, looking distraught.

"What's wrong? Did you have a bad day at work?"

"It's not that," Emmeline said as she sat down on a chair.

Waylon playfully pinched her cheek. "What is it then? You look positively ghastly."

Emmeline sipped some water and said, "What if I told you I'm not marrying Abel?"

"Huh?" Waylon was shocked. "Did you have an argument with him? No, you haven't even met him today. What happened?"

"Also, I want to marry the ugliest man in the world," Emmeline continued.

Waylon touched her forehead with the back of his hand. "You don't seem like you're having a fever."

"I'm not joking with you. I'm serious," Emmeline said.

Waylon bent a little and stared at Emmeline in the eye. "Let me get this straight. You don't want to marry Abel Ryker anymore."

"Mm." Emmeline nodded.

"And you want to marry the ugliest man in the world."

"Mm." Emmeline nodded and blinked.

Suddenly, Waylon burst out laughing.

"I knew you'd think I'm joking!" Emmeline pouted and said.

"But why? Can't you give me a convincing reason?"
Waylon said.

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