

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

### Chapter 883 Let Me Marry the Ugliest Man

Benjamin was a meticulous person. The items in the drawer were neatly arranged, but Janie did not find what she wanted.

She opened the second drawer and did not find it as well.

After that, she turned her head to the drawer of the side table.

There was a plastic pepper shaker inside.

"That's it."

She knew the pepper shaker contained Worryfree.

She took the bottle, stuffed it in her handbag, and left the office.

"I left some things on Mr. York's desk," Janie said to Joey. "Please inform him about that when he comes back later."

"Yes, Ms. Eastwood," Joey replied.

Janie left the building.

Meanwhile, Benjamin and Waylon entered the basement parking lot.

Waylon stepped into his car angrily. Benjamin grabbed his wrist. "Waylon, why are you so stubborn?"

Waylon pushed his hand away and said, "This is not up for argument. You and Emma should calm down and don't do anything rash. If I find any of you doing anything behind my back, I'll break your legs!"

"..."

Waylon started the car and left.

Benjamin could only go back upstairs.

Joey said to him, "Ms. Eastwood was here earlier. She placed some things on your desk."

"Mm." Benjamin nodded sullenly.

As long as Emmeline's problem was not solved, he could not be at ease.

He went into the office and noticed a document folder on his desk. Next to it was a pair of car keys.

Benjamin recognized the keys to be those for the sports car he gave her when she was discharged

from the hospital.

What's going on? Benjamin thought as he inspected the document folder. Just like he guessed, inside it was the deed to the mansion and a prepaid credit card.

"Hahah!" Benjamin laughed out of anger, exasperated that Janie had returned everything to him.

Fine, whatever. I'm not in the mood to talk to her now.

He opened the drawer and threw the items inside. Then, he leaned on the chair and closed his eyes.

By the time Waylon returned to The Precipice, he was still angry.

Emmeline carefully came up to him and asked, "So, Waylon... did negotiations break down?"

"If only I could stop worrying about either of you for two seconds!" Waylon huffed and went upstairs.

Emmeline stuck out her tongue and pulled a face at him.

After Waylon disappeared into his room, Emmeline called Benjamin on her phone.

The call was picked up very quickly.

"Emma?" Benjamin said.

"What did Waylon tell you?" Emmeline whispered.

Benjamin chuckled. "You're joking, right? Don't tell me you want to marry the ugliest man in the world!"

Emmeline puffed her cheeks. "So Waylon doesn't

agree to it?"

"You don't say?"

"I knew it! Neither of you cares about Abel!"

"..." Didn't I just say that to Waylon?

Waylon cared about Abel, but he did not have a better solution.

"Abel is my husband! Even if you don't care about him, I care about him!" Emmeline said and hung up.

The next day, Emmeline contacted one of the many media outlets in Struyria. She wanted to run an advertisement to find a husband.

The agent did not know Emmeline was Abel's bride-to-be.

After all, the wedding announcement from Abel did not have any pictures. Moreover, Abel shielded Emmeline and did not allow any photos of her to be leaked on the Internet. Any photos would be swiftly taken down.

As far as the general public was concerned, Emmeline was a nobody.

The media agent was discreetly surprised, wondering why such a beautiful woman would need to run an advertisement to find a husband.

What did that say about normal-looking women like herself?

"What are your requirements for a partner?" the agent asked.

"Male, aged between 25 to 35. I need him to be as ugly as possible."

The agent put her microphone away. "Miss, if you have nothing better to do, there's a line-dance gathering at the plaza right outside my office. They meet every other day."

"Do you think I'm joking? I'm very serious about this, and I need it urgently!" Emmeline said.

The agent frowned. She needs a husband urgently? Is that why she doesn't mind an ugly one?

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