

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 905 You Must Love Each Other



Can you even consider that as a piece of clothing?
There's barely any cloth on it!

It's literally three black ribbons and a metallic leaf
covering the private parts!

What can it cover?

Right, it's not supposed to cover anything. It wouldn't
be alluring otherwise. Heheh!

Emmeline grinned at herself while turning her head
around to look at the door occasionally.

She was afraid that Abel would suddenly return, or
Kendra would suddenly barge in. That would be really

embarrassing.

She added the leaf piece to her shopping cart and continued shopping.

After browsing for a while, she selected another piece made out of strings of beads.

She could imagine the beads rolling around her naked body, and that titillated her slightly.

She wondered if Abel would lose control of himself if he saw her wearing only that and lying on the bed.

Alright, these two will do. Emmeline quickly checked out, erased all of her browsing history, and turned off the laptop.

Her heart was thumping hard, and her face was steaming hot, as though she was doing something

illegal.

Suddenly, her phone began to ring. The call was from Levan Mansion.

Emmeline quickly answered it. Rosaline's gentle voice was heard.

"Hello, Emma."

"Mm. Madame Ryker," Emmeline greeted her.

"Why are you still calling me Madame Ryker?"

Rosaline chuckled. "Did you forget what happened a few days ago?"

Emmeline blushed intensely. "Ah, I'm still not used to it yet... Mother!"

"Good girl!" Rosaline said. Emmeline could imagine

the wide grin on her face.

"Are you looking for me for anything?" she asked.

"I was talking to your father earlier, and we'd like to invite you and Abel over for dinner."

Emmeline was silent for a while. "Maybe we'll go over in a few days. Abel's wounds haven't healed yet. The children might be frightened when they see him."

"Why is it taking so long? It's been a few days," Rosaline said.

"Abel is free of the poison, but the cracks caused by the ice water baths haven't completely disappeared yet."

"Oh, my poor child," Rosaline sobbed.

Emmeline was silent for a few seconds. "It's all my fault. I'm sorry."

"But you helped Abel obtain the antidote," Rosaline said.

"Abel appeared in the nick of time. Otherwise, we might have..." Emmeline said.

"Don't say that. I said those harsh words because I was desperate," Rosaline said guiltily.

"I don't blame you." Emmeline was starting to sob too. "I'm lucky that Abel was there to salvage the situation. If he didn't, I don't know what I'd do next."

"Yes, Abel revealed his injured face to all the reporters. He's willing to do anything to protect you. That's why your father and I hope that you two can live happily and love each other. We were hoping to

tell you that at dinner."

"Mm." Emmeline nodded. "We will. Don't worry."

"You should come back after Abel is better," Rosaline said. "We'll also discuss the wedding reception. The one earlier was too shabby. We didn't invite many relatives and friends, and your grandfather too."

"Alright. Abel and I will listen to what you say," Emmeline said.

"I'm glad to hear that," Rosaline said and ended the call.

By the time Waylon arrived at the hospital, Janie was already awake.

Benjamin was sitting next to her.

Janie's face was still pale, and her breathing was shallow.

Waylon took her pulse. He could tell her vitality was greatly reduced.

He handed a few pills to Benjamin. "This'll help Ms. Eastwood recover faster. Help her eat them."

"Thank you, Waylon." Benjamin took the pills and gave them to Janie along with a glass of warm water.

In a few minutes, color returned to Janie's face, and she seemed more energetic.

"The medicine of the Adelmars is amazing. Thank you, Mr. Adelmars," Janie said.

"Don't mention it," Waylon said with a smile. "The pill is selling for a million dollars each on the black

market. You've just eaten five million dollars worth of medicine. You'd better recover soon."

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Chapter 906 A Woman Drove Into the Maybach



Janie giggled. "You've spent so much money on me. I won't let it go to waste."

"That's right." Waylon nodded. "You should rest. I'll talk to Ben for a bit."

"Alright, I won't stop you two," Janie said while shooting a glance at Benjamin.

The two men closed the door to the patient's room behind them and went to the caretaker's room.

"Waylon, has Emma gone home?" Benjamin asked.

"Mm. She was so mad when I saw her," Waylon said.

"I don't mind if she's angry at me. It's better than being angry at herself," Benjamin said.

"I'm sure that Ms. Eastwood is hurt because of you, right?" Waylon said with a frown.

"Mm." Benjamin nodded. "I wanted to cut my face to save Emma at the wedding ceremony. Janie stopped me and injured herself instead."

"I guess you were lucky. Otherwise, you would've destroyed your face for nothing," Waylon said.

"I feel guilty for what happened to Janie. It's all my fault."

"Is that why you don't want Emma to know?"

"Yes. If Emma knows about it, she'll blame herself," Benjamin said.

Waylon sighed. "You're right."

"So are you here to punish me?" Benjamin asked.

"Of course not! I'm only here to give medicine to Ms. Eastwood!" Waylon said.

Oh, I was mistaken, Benjamin thought. He smiled and said, "Thank you, Waylon."

"I'm glad we've got that cleared up," Waylon said with a smile. "You don't have to worry about Emma. She

won't be mad at you for more than two days. Before I went out of the house, she even told me not to be too hard on you. Looks like she still cares about you."

Benjamin felt all warm inside. He no longer felt the agony he had when Emmeline left him earlier.

After saying goodbye to Benjamin and Janie, Waylon left the hospital in his car.

The Maybach stopped before the crossing outside of the path that led out of the hospital's underground parking lot, waiting for its turn to turn right.

Foot traffic was heavy, and Waylon had to wait for a long time.

While waiting, Waylon suddenly heard a soft thud on his car.

He hesitated for one second before he realized someone had knocked into his car.

He turned off the engine, unfastened his seatbelt, and stepped out of the car.

"I'm sorry, sir! I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to do it!"

A young woman apologized to him while picking up various things scattered on the ground.

She was pushing a stroller with a crying baby inside.

Waylon could tell that the stroller had knocked into his car.

The stroller's frame was slightly bent. Scattered on the floor were a milk bottle, diapers, and a bunch of keys.

Waylon frowned hard. What a mess.

Without any hesitation, he crouched down and helped the careless young woman pick her things up.

He did not want to obstruct traffic with his car for too long.

"I'm so sorry, sir. I was distracted while walking and didn't see your car. Is it damaged? It's okay. I'll pay for it."

"Your child is crying," Waylon said while handing a diaper to her. "You should calm them down."

"My baby has a fever. I was so anxious to bring him to the hospital that I didn't see where I was going. Sigh, I should've been more careful."

"Yes, you should." Waylon did not intend to ask her to

pay for the damages. He wanted to leave as quickly as possible.

When he turned around, he noticed that a patch of paint had chipped off his car bumper.

Ah... this is bad.

The young woman noticed Waylon was staring at his car. She said, "I promise I'll pay for the damages, but I need to bring my son to the hospital now. Can I have your contact, sir? I'll transfer the money to you later. How much would it cost? Is a hundred dollars enough?"

"A... hundred?" Waylon frowned.

This is a limited edition S680! There are only 30 of them in the world!

"Forget it." Waylon waved his hand impatiently. "I wasn't planning on asking you to pay anyway. You should tidy up and bring your baby to the hospital soon. You're blocking the way."

"No, I have to pay!"

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Chapter 907 The Logo with Two \"M\"s



"No, I'll get your contact, and when I'm free, I'll transfer the money to you. Right, is a hundred dollars enough? I'll take a photo and show it to my neighbor, he's a mechanic. He'll tell me how much it'll be," the young woman said.

Before Waylon could say anything, the young woman had already taken a photo of the chipped bumper.

After that, she went to the front to take a photo of the car logo.

She did not recognize the logo, and she thought the logo with two "M"s was from some unknown local manufacturer.

"Alright, I'm done taking photos. Let's exchange contacts before you leave."

Waylon impatiently took his phone and sent the young woman his virtual business card.

"I've already sent the friend request. My name is Doris Whittaker."

"Mm," Waylon replied. He planned to delete the friend request later.

"Okay, you can go now. I'll transfer the money to you once I find out the price."

Waylon did not say anything.

Judging from her clothes, he was not expecting her to shell out twenty thousand dollars anyway.

He was not going to worry about that, and he walked toward the driver's seat.

"Ah! Oh no!"

Waylon heard Doris' voice behind him. He turned his head around again.

He saw Doris trying to push the stroller with both of

her hands, but it did not move.

He noticed that one of the stroller's wheels was crooked.

"Ah, d*mn it!" Waylon cursed under his breath.

He was going to mind his own business, so he opened the door.

"Excuse me, sir! Please wait!" Doris said.

"What else do you want?" Waylon said coldly.

"The wheel is crooked," Doris said while pointing at the stroller. "Can you help me straighten it?"

Huh? What did she just ask me to do? Waylon frowned. He thought he had misheard.

He glanced at the stroller. The metal bar was not too thick, and Waylon could straighten it, but it was dirty.

"Sorry to trouble you again, sir, but I really need to send my baby to the hospital," Doris said pitifully.

The baby began to bawl loudly.

Waylon was suddenly reminded of the quadruplets.

"Let me try." He walked toward the stroller.

"Thank you so much!" Doris said.

Waylon crouched down and gripped the stroller's bent frame.

"Hold your baby tight. I'm going to pull," he said.

"Okay!"

Doris held the baby down with one hand, while her other hand secured the diapers and the cloth bag with the milk bottles.

Waylon gripped the frame tightly and flexed his muscles...

Crack! The wheel split into two.

Waylon and Doris were stunned.

Doris smiled sheepishly. "I guess I shouldn't have bought things on clearance! It's so flimsy!"

Waylon stood up, dusted his hands, and took his phone.

"I'll pay for it. Is a thousand dollars enough?" He said as he approved Doris' friend request.

"Waylon Adelman..." Doris whispered as she saw the name on her phone. "Don't worry about it, Mr. Adelman. The stroller isn't worth a lot."

"There you go, one thousand dollars." Waylon had transferred the money to her. "If it's not enough, I can give you more."

"I said don't worry about... Ah! The stroller isn't worth a thousand dollars! I bought it for forty dollars!"

"But..." Waylon felt guilty for destroying the baby's mode of transport. It would also be very troublesome for Doris because she had to bring along many things.

Waylon noticed that the baby's face was turning purple. He hoped that it was not pneumonia.

"How are you and your baby going to the hospital

then?"

"Ah, don't worry. I can make it."

Doris picked the baby up with one hand and clutched the diapers and cloth bag with her other.

Inside the cloth bag were two milk bottles, wet wipes, household keys, her phone, and other things.

The bag was not closed properly, and the items fell to the ground again.

Waylon frowned. Is she really okay?

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Doris hastily crouched down and picked up the items, but she could not keep the items in the bag.

Waylon could not bear to watch her struggle. He helped her pick up the items and closed the cloth bag properly.

"Thank you, Mr. Adelmar. Thank you." Doris' eyes were already teary.

She thought she looked pathetic, especially when her baby was also having a fever.

"Get in the car," Waylon said. "I'll take you to the hospital."

Doris was too shocked for words.

"The stroller is damaged. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bothered," Waylon said.

"Sorry to trouble you again, Mr. Adelmar."

Waylon opened the backseat door and let Doris in.

He placed the items next to her, closed the door, and put the stroller next to a public trash can.

He started the car, went around the hospital building, and drove into the basement parking lot once more.

After parking the car, Waylon opened the car door for Doris.

"Thank you. I'll go upstairs using the elevator," Doris said.

"Let me help you." Waylon picked up the cloth bag and the stack of diapers.

Doris pressed her lips together. "Thank you, Mr. Adelmar."

Waylon did not say anything.

Usually, he was quite talkative, and it was evident whenever he bickered with Emmeline.

However, he had no feelings for Doris, so he kept his mouth shut.

The elevator arrived at the pediatric department. Waylon helped Doris with the registration.

The outpatient doctor listened to the baby's breathing with a stethoscope. The preliminary diagnosis was pneumonia.

Doris seemed flustered. "Pneumonia? Does that mean my baby will have to be hospitalized?"

The doctor nodded. "Mm. For about seven to eight days."

"But I have another child at home. I can't travel to the hospital every day. Can't you just give him some medicine?"

"This isn't a common cold, this is pneumonia!"

The doctor turned his gaze toward Waylon standing next to Doris.

What's this guy doing here? Is he only window-dressing?

Doris realized what the doctor was thinking. "Ah, he's

not my husband," she said.

Waylon helped Doris with the paperwork, and the baby was brought to the pediatric ward.

Waylon was about to leave, and Doris saw him off.

Suddenly, Waylon asked, "By the way, where's your husband?"

"We're going through a divorce. He moved out," Doris said.

Waylon said nothing and went into the elevator.

...

Meanwhile, Adam was running out of options after Mr. Ywain ran away. He could only send a message to Emmeline. "Please, Emma, please cure my Living

Agony."

"It's too late!"

"Tell me what you want. I'll give it to you."

"Show me your real identity."

"Except that."

"Why are you being so mysterious?"

"Only to you."

"Go and die!"

A second later, she added, "Right, you can't die! It's called Living Agony for a reason!"

"Please, I beg you, Ma'am."

"Honorifics have no meaning now. It was supposed to be a fair exchange, but why did you throw away half of the antidote? You've fallen victim to your own trap! Serves you right!"

Adam sent another message. However, Emmeline had blocked messages and calls from unknown numbers.

None of Adam's messages were read.

When Adam realized that, he felt true hopelessness for the first time in his life.

"Don't let me catch you again, Emmeline Louise! I won't show any mercy next time! F*ck you, you b*tch!"

Living Agony was triggered again. While Adam was writhing on the floor, the butler came over and said,

"Mr. Adam, Mr. Murphy is here to visit."

"Tell him to get lost!" Adam was not in the mood to meet anyone.

"Yes, Mr. Adam." The butler went away to convey the message.

A few minutes later, he knocked on Adam's door again.

"Go away! I'm not seeing anyone right now!" Adam was curled up on his bed like a snake.

"Mr. Adam, I told Mr. Murphy you're ill. He said he knows a doctor who might be able to treat you."

"What? A doctor?" Adam said.

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Chapter 909 Did It Happen



"Mm, that's what Mr. Murphy said," the butler said.

"Let him in then," Adam said. "Tell him to come to my room. I can't go downstairs."

"Yes, Mr. Adam." The old butler went away again.

Three minutes later, Adam heard a knock on his door and Edmond's voice outside. "I'm here, Mr. Adam."

"Come in," Adam said hoarsely.

He had calmed down, and Living Agony was not as

agonizing anymore.

Edmond twisted the doorknob and pushed the door open. He saw Adam curled up in bed as though he had nothing to live for.

"What illness do you have, Mr. Adam? It looks serious," Edmond said while walking over.

"F*ck!" Adam cursed. "Didn't you say you can introduce a doctor to me? It doesn't matter what illness it is. Get the doctor to me now!"

"I need to know what illness it is, right?" Edmond said. "What if the doctor asks me?"

"Tell me where the doctor is. I'll go and look for them myself!" Adam said menacingly.

"You must've heard of her before. She's the Wonder

Doctor. Her name is well-known among the reputable families in Struyria," Edmond said.

"Wonder Doctor? Right! How could I have forgotten about her?" Adam said.

"Why don't you ask if she's willing to help you?" Edmond said.

"My illness is different from others, my artery has been disabled. I wonder if the Wonder Doctor can do anything about that," Adam said.

"She can, of course," Edmond said. "I've heard Father say that the Wonder Doctor cured Evelyn's paralysis with needles. It should be the same, right?"

"I guess I can try," Adam said. "Abel knows how to contact the Wonder Doctor, but I can't tell him about this. Can you help me contact her?"

"Sure. I'll ask Father to give you the Wonder Doctor's contact," Edmond said.

"Mm. I'll buy you a drink when I'm cured," Adam said.

"That's not the reason why I'm here," Edmond said. "I have a batch of 'H' coming in through the port. Can you help me think of some way to distribute it? I don't feel very safe with it in my possession."

"I'll find a way and let you know," Adam said.

...

Emmeline went to the hospital to visit Janie.

Benjamin was not there.

Janie was recovering fast ever since she took

Waylon's pills.

"Can you tell me the real reason why you're injured?" Emmeline asked.

"I told you I was arguing with him and wanted to give him a scare," Janie said. "It's the third time you asked the question."

"Because I don't believe you!" Emmeline said.

"Benjamin isn't so cold, and you don't look like you'd act on impulse."

Janie shrugged. "I can't do anything if you don't believe me. I can't force you to believe me anyway."

"I'll eventually find out the truth," Emmeline said. "In any case, you need to rest."

"I'm practically fine. Waylon's pills are miraculous!"

Emmeline took Janie's pulse and found that she was healthy.

"Mm. You should be discharged in a couple of days. I'll come and pick you up," Emmeline said, feeling relieved.

"By the way..." Janie suddenly lowered her voice. "Mr. Ryker is cured of the poison, right? Have you tried... doing that?"

Emmeline blushed. "It's true that his poison is cured, but... we haven't done anything."

"Why not?" Janie did not believe her. "You two don't look celibate at all."

Emmeline's face became tomato-red. "Abel's wounds haven't healed yet. It'll hurt if we make out now!"

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Chapter 910 Wait for Me to Come Home



Janie chuckled. "Let me get a mirror for your face. It's as red as a tomato."

Emmeline touched her face and realized it was very warm.

While they were chatting, Emmeline's phone started to ring.

Her phone was placed on the bedside cabinet. Janie glanced at the screen and said, "Speak of the devil.

Your husband is calling you."

Emmeline also saw that the call was from Abel. Her face turned even redder.

"Pick it up! Pretend that I'm not here," Janie said with a mischievous grin.

"Shush!" Emmeline said and answered the call.

Abel's attractive voice was instantly heard. "Where are you, babe?"

"I'm at the hospital visiting Janie," Emmeline said softly. "Why did you call me all of a sudden?"

"Because I miss you. What else?" Abel said. "I thought I could get off work at the usual hour, but I need to be elsewhere. When I think that I can only meet you a few hours later, I miss you even more."

Those words were spoken lazily, which made Emmeline's bones turn soft.

She took a few seconds to come to her senses. "Are you going for a business dinner?"

"Just a quick one. I've postponed it a few times," Abel said.

"Oh. Go ahead then. I'll be waiting for you at home," Emmeline said.

"Alright." Abel's bones had also become soft after hearing Emmeline's cloying voice. "Emma, when I come home tonight..."

Emmeline's face turned red all of a sudden. "Shh! I'm still with Janie!"

"...Yeah, yeah. Be a good girl." Abel smiled and ended the call.

Emmeline bit her lip excitedly and put her phone away. Her face was positively gleaming. The delight in her eyes was palpable.

Janie said, "You should go home then. Don't let Mr. Ryker worry about you."

"Alright. I'll come and visit you tomorrow. I'll bring some chicken soup," Emmeline said while standing up.

"Thank you in advance!" Janie said.

"Don't mention it!" Emmeline said and skipped out of the room.

Back at The Precipice, Kendra told her, "Ms. Louise,

there's a parcel for you."

Emmeline blushed. Those things have arrived!

"Where is it?" Emmeline asked, eager to open the parcel.

"I placed it in front of your room door. Should I help you open it?" Kendra asked.

"No! I can open it myself," Emmeline said.

"Alright then. You can place the trash at the door. I'll clean it up for you," Kendra said.

"Mm."

When Emmeline went to the master bedroom, she saw two boxes in front of the door.

Emmeline brought them into the room and opened the boxes with a pair of scissors.

It was the first time she bought something like that, and she was very excited to try it on herself.

She wondered what she would look like.

After removing the packaging and cutting the tag, she quickly took off her clothes and put on the "leaf" piece.

She opened the closet door and stood in front of the full-body mirror.

Whoosh! Her face instantly turned as red as a tomato.

Emmeline was too embarrassed to look at herself, but she tried her best to take it in.

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