

Ambush OTQ 50

Chapter 50

Adrien nearly jumped out of his seat. "Wow! You can't come up with a better idea! Everybody, especially Abel will be envious of me bringing all three of my sons home."

"Don't talk about Abel. He made Mommy sad," The triplets said altogether.

Adrien pulled a scowl. "But you can ditch the form of address. I'm your daddy."

"You are Mr. Adrien to us until we're done running our checks," Helios uttered with a straight face.

"But you call Abel your daddy!" Adrien was not having it.

"We thought he was our daddy at first. We got used to calling him that." Endymion pouted.

"But he should only be referred to as Mr. Abel from now on. By the looks of things, he failed the test," Disgruntled, Hesperus commented.

"You can count on me to get the green light. Adrien clenched his fists.

Meanwhile, at the cafe, Ethan lovingly put his arms around his sister's shoulders.

His heart went out to Emmeline as the latter dwelled in tears and sadness.

"Let me take you home to have breakfast together, Emma. My wife is there. She'll make you something good to eat."

Emmeline whimpered as her mind wandered back to Timothy crying out to her.

Sob, sob, sob. It was heartbreaking to see the child so.

"Now, now. It's okay." Ethan held his sister and settled her down on the passenger's seat before fastening her seat belt.

Ethan was no longer the man he once was in a matter of days since Benjamin offered him the position of deputy CEO.

Not only was his suit an international brand, but his ride was now upgraded to a brand-new Lexus.

Grace was around when they returned to the house.

Ethan had given Grace a call to get groceries of Emmeline's favorite food when he was on his way home.

"Sit with Emma for a while. I'll manage in the kitchen." Ethan took off his jacket and gave it to Grace.

Grace hung the jacket up and replied, "Leave Emma to me. I'll return her to you in a happy state."

Emmeline wiped away her tears. "Ethan, Grace, you don't have to go through all that trouble for me. I can't stand the way Alana treats Timothy. I'm going to skip breakfast. I need to talk to Alana and show her what it means to be a good mother."

Grace pinned her down. "That won't do. That temper of yours is going to get you in trouble. Your brother and I don't want to be bailing you out at the station."

“A night behind bars doesn’t matter if Alana can learn to be a good mother. It’s not like I hadn’t been there before.”

There was no stopping Emmeline as she appeared furious and unwilling to back down.

Ethan walked out with a spatula. “You have my support! Go and teach Alana a lesson! But you should only go after you have your fill. Otherwise, you won’t have the energy to hit her.”

Grace furrowed her brows. Why was Ethan adding fuel to fire instead of talking some sense into his sister?

She was about to give her husband a piece of her mind when Ethan tipped her the wink.

The years of married life trained Grace to read Ethan’s mind.

“That’s right, Emma. You should lay one on Alana, but you should only go after breakfast. I’ll go with you.”

“Exactly! Eat first and beat her up later!” Ethan raised the spatula.

Amused by her brother and sister-in-law’s antics, Emmeline wiped away her tears and said, “Alright. I’ll take your advice. I’ll eat first and beat her up later.”

“That’s my wise sister! I got one more dish coming. I should go back to cooking.”

Grace had set up the table and poured two glasses of hard liquor.

One glass was for Ethan while the other was for Emmeline.

She got the message from Ethan – get his sister waste so the last thing on her mind would be getting out there and stirring trouble.

As for Alana, her time would come.

It did not take long for Ethan to finish the cooking and serve up a feast.

Grace gave the glass of liquor to Emmeline.

Ethan raised his glass and said to his sister, “Cheers, Emma. Let’s down the drink”