

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1053 I Want Twin Daughters

Kendra thanked Henry, but Henry said, "You can't thank me yet. Mr. Ryker is my savior, literally."

Both of them hung up. Abel asked, "Kendra is with Henry now?"

"Yeah," Emmeline nodded, "Maybe they really could mend things."

"I heard from those in the hospital that Henry's behavior is quite decent nowadays," Abel replied, "If he can turn over a new leaf, maybe it would be best for them to reunite."

"Henry asked me to tell you that someone with the last name of Hemmings visited Sonia's parents. Things got a little heated when they were talking about the Rykers."

“Hmph,” Abel scoffed, “I know that Jonathan would voice out his complaints sooner or later!”

“How do you think the Steiners would respond?”
Emmeline was curious.

“Glenn could care less about such trivial things,” Abel replied, “We are doing business as usual, so what’s wrong with our decision to cut ties with the Hemmings? Glenn is not a dumb person to instigate things just for Jonathan’s sake.”

Emmeline agreed with him after mulling over it.

When the Rykers and Adelmars stopped their business relationships with the Hemmings, it was something that always happened in the business world.

In fact, it was so normal that nobody would even bat an eyelid over it.

The two of them went upstairs and changed into their casual clothings. Kendra came back with Quincy in her arms.

When Quincy saw Abel, she spread her arms and addressed him as “daddy”.

Kendra’s face turned red as she scrambled to explain, “Henry taught him to call him his daddy, so Quincy is now calling everyone his daddy.”

Emmeline laughed as she took Quincy into her arms, “You haven’t called me your stepmum, have you? Come, call me your stepmum.”

Quincy did not have this word in her vocabulary, so it seemed. She wrapped her arms around Emmeline’s

face and said, “Mummy.”

Emmeline was giggling hard because she was captivated by his cuteness.

“Quincy, you’re such a good boy! Come, call me Mummy.”

“Mummy,” Quincy’s tone was very soft and child-like, but her pronunciation was still clear.

Emmeline’s eyes turned into slits, “It’s different when a daughter calls me like that. I feel like my legs are turning into jelly.”

Abel felt tempted to get the same treatment as well. He took Quincy into his arms and began, “Quincy, call me your stepdad.”

Quincy stared wide-eyed at him, and after he studied

his face, he still called him “Daddy”.

Abel felt amused and unsure what to say to him, but it was certain that he was feeling a fulfillment never before seen in his heart.

He turned around and said to Emmeline, “I can’t wait anymore. You have to give birth to a few daughters for me. The feeling is too magical!”

“Do you think I can just give birth to daughters as I please?” Emmeline snorted playfully, “I have to go through ten months of pregnancy and hardship. You make it sound like I can produce daughters like they are some sort of crop.”

“Not only that,” Abel whispered to Emmeline after making sure Kendra was upstairs, “I still need to sow the seeds of the crops, no? Or else, how would your belly balloon in the first place?”

“Get lost!” Emmeline blushed, “You’re really talking like a gangster! And you still won’t believe it when I call you out!”

“I will do something more lecherous later,” Abel wrapped his arm around her shoulders, and he said in his magnetic voice, “We need to sow the seeds fast. I want daughters, no, I want twin daughters!”

Tonight, Abel was doing his best.

He had been going at it with Emmeline in every corner of the bedroom.

The sounds of huffing and puffing filled the depths of the night, and there was an ambiguous, hormonal scent lingering in the air.

The next day, Abel had his lunch at Nightfall Cafe

before he returned to the Ryker Group.

At two, Lizbeth arrived at the cafe in her white McLaren.

She parked in the parking lot before crossing the road to the cafe.

She pushed the door open and Emmeline saw her.

“Liz, do you really need to do some shopping on clothes? With how charismatic you are, you would look fabulous even if you’re dressed casually!”

Lizbeth wore a figure-hugging red dress which flaunted her bosom area, and the upper part of the collar revealed her sexy clavicle.

She was really a sight to behold. It’s breathtaking to lay eyes on her.

“Right back at you,” Lizbeth held Emmeline’s hand and studied her grey dress, “You’re equally charming, and your Zimmur dress is the latest release, right?”

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