

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

### Chapter 1054 Mr Abel Turning Into A Fat Middle-Aged Man

“It was sent by the brand two days ago,” Emmeline replied, “It’s my first time wearing it today.”

“You don’t say?” Lizbeth was all praises, “You really look so good in this dress. While you give out an innocent vibe, you have some adult charms seeping out of your body as well. I would be all over you if I was a man too.”

“Stop giving me so much praise,” Emmeline chuckled, “I can say the same about you.”

“Stop tooting each other’s horns,” Sam interrupted them, “Don’t you two realize that you guys resemble each other in some way? You’re basically showering praises at yourself if anything.”

Both Lizbeth and Emmeline cracked up upon hearing

that.

“But we are really not related by blood,” Emmeline said, “It’s just a coincidence that some of our features match.”

Doris agreed, “I believe in those words, like Una and Nessa, they don’t really look alike...”

When she was about to say that those two resembled Waylon, she forced those words back into her mouth. It was not a good time to broach such a sensitive topic.

Emmeline sensed what she was saying, “Liz and I have the honor to know each other, and the same can be said about you and Waylon, no?”

Doris’ face turned red, “You’re teasing me again.”

“I am not!” Emmeline’s eyes were brimming with joy,  
“I can’t wait for Waylon to really understand love!”

“I don’t want to talk to you for now,” Doris ran toward the counter in embarrassment before disappearing upstairs.

“Emma, let’s go,” Lizbeth said to her.

Sam handed a handbag to Emmeline and said, “Ms. Louise, stay safe out there!”

Emmeline shouted, “Don’t worry!”

Sam propped up her chin and murmured while watching those two leaving the cafe, “It’s such a waste that a personal bodyguard like me is somehow a barista now. Why doesn’t Ms. Louise like to bring along her bodyguard, I wonder?”

However, the next second, she could think from Emmeline's perspective, "If you ask me to bring along a bodyguard, it would feel so uncomfortable to have someone's eyes scorching your back!"

In just forty minutes, Lizbeth fetched Emmeline all the way to MiuMiu.

They parked the McLaren near the entrance, and the two of them marched into the shop merrily.

MiuMiu was a luxury shop that distributed some famous goods from overseas.

They had Versace, Prada, Gucci, and much more.

They stepped into the shop and told the shopkeeper their VIP numbers.

After registering at the counter, two of their top

saleswomen came to attend to them.

They bowed deeply and asked, “What drinks do you fancy, my privileged guests?”

“Give me some juice,” Emmeline said.

Lizbeth said, “Give me the same.”

The two saleswomen served them some fruit juices before leading them to a section in the shop showcasing the latest products.

After shopping for over an hour in MiuMiu, Emmeline ended up buying a Versace one-piece dress while Lizbeth bought a Gucci shirt and pants.

After leaving that shop, Lizbeth brought her to Arabica to enjoy some afternoon tea.

Lizbeth chose this particular shop because the pastries served here had the signature Altnay taste. She was really a fan of it.

Knowing that Emmeline loved these pastries as well, she decided that it was time for her to introduce to Emmeline some good food.

As expected, Emmeline's eyes shone the moment she saw the pastries, "Hey, they already look so scrumptious before I even taste them. It's different from last time!"

Lizbeth explained, "They always change their menus so that customers would have surprises from time to time."

Emmeline shoved some cakes into her mouth and she closed her eyes to savor the full taste. As expected, the taste was amazing.

“I need to learn how to make this,” She said, “It seems that Altney cakes are tasty too.”

“If you really want to learn how to bake these, I will hire a pastry teacher from Altney to teach you.”

Lizbeth ate the same cake too and her eyes turned into slits. She was completely absorbed in the aroma.

“That would be great,” Emmeline was raving about the taste, “It’s always good to add value to ourselves by learning new things. At least, I can eat these whenever I want!”

Lizbeth roared into laughter, “If you continue to eat so many pastries, you would slowly grow fatter by the day.”

“It’s not like that’s a bad thing,” Emmeline smiled, “I

will make Mr. Abel turn into a fat middle-aged man too.”

Lizbeth imagined the sight of him getting fat but she could not form an image in her mind.

“There’s no way Mr. Abel would turn into a fat man,” Lizbeth said, “He’s just too handsome for that!”

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