

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1055 Driving Experience

Emmeline knew too well how attractive her husband was.

Whenever she thought about him, a fluttery feeling would appear in her heart.

Sometimes, after Abel had fallen asleep, she would lie close to him and just stare at his face for a long, long time.

“What’s more, Mr. Abel’s body figure is top-notch,” Lizbeth said, “Someone as disciplined as him would never turn into a fat, old man, but the same can’t be said about Adrien!”

“Why would Adrien someday become fat?” Emmeline winked at Lizbeth, “He has a muscular frame as well.”

“But he’s lazy sometimes,” Lizbeth chuckled, “Of course, sometimes I’m lazy too. We would just lie on the sofa for a long time and do nothing.”

“You’re really enjoying life,” Emmeline said, “But I really need to have some sense of urgency. I can’t transform into a middle-aged woman while Abel continues to look young, so starting tomorrow, I need to work out hard. I can’t allow that fat to stay in my body!”

“You’re thinking of training?” Lizbeth was gazing at Emmeline’s body with admiration, “If you really start to train, with how good your figure already is, that would make other women look bad.”

Emmeline did not know what to say.

“Your life is so busy as well. You’ve been running up and down the Nightfall Cafe, just think about how

many times you've used the stairs! Do you seriously think that you need more training?"

Emmeline only realized that upon hearing Lizbeth's comments.

Still, having an active lifestyle and training were two completely different things.

If she trained more, her figure would be firmer, and her core would be strengthened. Just having labor-intensive work would not allow her to achieve that.

If she had time after work, she had to train more. She could care less about how the other women would turn out to be.

As they continued to banter, someone shouted behind them, "Lizbeth!"

The two of them turned around and saw a young woman.

She was dressed in expensive garments, and a luxury brand handbag was dangling from her arm.

“Luna?” Lizbeth stood up giddily, “What are the chances of bumping into you here?”

“I’m here with some friends,” Luna grinned, “I saw your car out there, so I came in to see you.”

“Do you have any business with me?” Lizbeth said, “Or do you want to join us for afternoon tea? Ask your friend about this too.”

“I need to consult you on a few things,” Luna smiled, “I can’t join the afternoon tea, so I won’t ask my friends to come for now.”

“You need to consult me on some things?” Lizbeth said awkwardly, “What would I know?” She chuckled.

“It’s about your McLaren,” Luna pointed behind her, “I’ve set my eyes on a McLaren as well, and I plan to buy one for myself. I want to ask you about the driving experience.”

“Driving experience?” Lizbeth replied, “In my opinion, it’s quite smooth, and it suits me. I don’t know about you, because taste and fit are always something subjective. Some people like to have smooth handling while others want to feel the adrenaline of high speed. Although McLaren is a sports car, it’s not one I step on the gas pedal hard. The car has a low center of gravity, so it hugs the roads quite well.”

“I can’t visualize what you’ve said,” Luna admitted, “What about lending me your car key? Let me have a test drive.”

“Go on,” Lizbeth agreed to that, “The town area is always choked full of cars. Maybe you should test it on roads that are not too busy.”

“That’s great,” Luna pulled out a key and placed it on the table, “This is my key for that Red Lotus out there.”

“I got it,” Lizbeth handed the keys to her McLaren to Luna, “You can take your time.”

“Alright,” Luna said, “I’ll drive your car for two days. Let’s exchange again in two days.”

“Sure,” Lizbeth smiled, “Go on, I don’t want to take up even more of your time.”

Luna skipped away happily with the McLaren’s keys in her hands.

Ten minutes later, Emmeline and Lizbeth decided to call it a day. They wanted to go home now.

This time, Lizbeth drove the Red Lotus and she sped along the highway.

They reached a traffic junction, and they found that they were stuck in a jam.

It was always so jam in their city so the two of them were not fazed. They killed time by talking about various things

Adrien's car was stuck in the jam as well. Adam was in the passenger's seat.

The two of them had just finished their lunch in Meriwether Mansion. While Adam had some alcoholic drinks tonight, Adrien, who did not drink, wanted to

send his brother back to Avalan safely.

However, his car could not move an inch at the moment. It seemed that this was going to last for a while.

At that moment, some passers-by said, “Isn’t that a McLaren? It’s from Altney, according to the number plate.”

“Damn,” Another one commented, “It’s a sports car that was worth six million dollars, yet it is reduced to a piece of scrap metal now after an accident?”

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