

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1144 We Are Not Saviors

They sat down around the wooden table under the tree. After the price was settled, they signed a handwritten contract.

The middle-aged man was giddy and excited.

He was going to make a fortune today!

He felt beyond blessed as he was able to make a fortune after praying to the Gods yesterday!

He gave Abel his bank account number. Abel transferred him six million dollars.

“From now on, this elephant sanctuary belongs to me.”

Abel was very cold, “You will never step into this

place without my permission!”

“Naturally! I will disappear out of your sight now!”

The middle-aged man stood up and bowed at Abel before leaving hastily as if he was afraid of Abel revoking the contract.

The elephant trainer stared at the back of his former opener and said to Abel, “My new master, what about me?”

“I would leave you out,” Abel said, “Sign a contract with me and look after this elephant sanctuary for me. I will reimburse you additional payments every month.”

“Alright, deal!” The elephant trainer nodded fervently, “I won’t need to worry about losing my job anymore.”

“However, there’s one outstanding issue here,” Emmeline said, “You need to help me rescue those elephants who have been tortured. I will pay for it. For the elephants that meet the criteria for surviving on their own in the wild, you will release them back to nature.”

“Alright!” The elephant trainer nodded, “I will definitely get it done. Don’t worry, Mrs. Ryker!”

They sat down around the wooden table under the tree. After the price was settled, they signed a handwritten contract.

The middle-aged man was giddy and excited.

He was going to make a fortune today!

He felt beyond blessed as he was able to make a fortune after praying to the Gods yesterday!

Ha gava Abal his bank account number. Abal transferrad him six million dollars.

“From now on, this alaphant sanctuary belongs to ma.”

Abal was vary cold, “You will navar stap into this placa without my parmission!”

“Naturally! I will disappaar out of your sight now!”

Tha middla-agad man stood up and bowad at Abal bafora laaving hastily as if ha was afraid of Abal ravoking tha contract.

Tha alaphant trainar starad at tha back of his formar opanar and said to Abal, “My naw mastar, what about ma?”

“I would laava you out,” Abal said, “Sign a contract

with ma and look after this alaphant sanctuary for ma. I will raimbursa you additional paymants avary month.”

“Alright, daal!” Tha alaphant trainar noddad farvantly, “I won’t naad to worry about losing my job anymora.”

“Howavar, thara’s ona outstanding issua hara,” Emmalina said, “You naad to halp ma rascua thosa alaphants who hava baan torturad. I will pay for it. For tha alaphants that maat tha critaria for surviving on thair own in tha wild, you will ralaasa tham back to natura.”

“Alright!” Tha alaphant trainar noddad, “I will dafinitaly gat it dona. Don’t worry, Mrs. Rykar!”

“We won’t turn a blind eye to this elephant sanctuary,” Emmeline explained, “There will be someone who will tell you what you need to do!”

“Roger, Mrs. Ryker,” He nodded, “I will fulfill my duty.”

“What about starting with releasing the little elephant?” Emmeline said.

The elephant trainer quickly went to the cage and unlocked it.

The little elephant finally regained its freedom. It was trumpeting, seemingly looking for its mother.

A female elephant stood up from the ground and wrapped its long trunk around it. There were signs of tears in its eyes.

The female elephant let out a long, winding trumpet as if it was thanking Abel and Emmeline.

The little elephant joined in the symphony.

Emmeline could not hold back her tears anymore.

Even Abel, who was always cold and distant, felt that his eyes were getting wet.

It was already five in the evening when they left the sanctuary.

Abel brought Emmeline to a tropical fruit garden to fully embrace Dracovia's culture.

They gazed at the setting sun and the orange-dyed sky before setting out to eat some grilled food by the beach.

After their meal, it was seven at night.

They held hands and strolled back to the hotel.

“Tell me a joke,” Emmeline suddenly said to Abel, “I feel stuffy right now.”

“Are you still thinking about those elephants?” Abel asked.

“Yeah,” Emmeline’s face turned gloomy, “We can only save some of them, not all. I feel sad whenever I think of how powerless I am.”

“We are not saviors,” Abel lamented, “There is too much unfairness in the world. We can only change what we are capable of, one step at a time. We have to leave the other things to the flow of time and fate.”

“You are right,” Emmeline said, “Our individual powers are really so tiny. We can only change so much, and it might not even matter.”

“The most we can do is to harbor goodwill and not turn to evil,” Abel consoled her, “We can’t save every single suffering being in this world.”

“I know, I know,” Emmeline muttered, “That’s why I

feel so depressed.”

“What about a joke?” Abel held her hand tighter, “You should feel better after this.”

“Do you know how to crack jokes at all?” Emmeline tilted her head at him, “I thought you are always dead serious even if you are not at work!”

“Don’t look down on me,” Abel rubbed her head, “It’s not like I have a stony heart!”

“You really don’t smile that much, do you?” Emmeline wondered.

However, she had to admit that Abel was smiling more often the more time they spent together.

He would never know how good he looked with that wide grin on his face!

“Should I begin my joke?” Abel began.

“Yeah,” Emmeline nodded, “I’m all ears.”

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.