

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

### Chapter 1147 Someone Must Be Behind This

“Robbery!” The motorcyclist cried out.

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However, Abel was gone in a second like the wind.

He rode the motorcycle and swerved through a few streets, and finally, the van in question came into his field of vision.

“Emma!”

Abel gunned the motorcycle to ramp up his speed.

The wind was so powerful that it was hard for him to even keep his eyes open.

The men in the van noticed him giving chase. They began to swerve left and right in order to identify a

suitable route to go out of the city.

The traffic considerably decreased, and the roads were leading to more secluded areas.

“You damned imbeciles, stop the van!”

Abel was shouting in rage, but of course, the men in the van would not be able to hear him.

“If you even hurt my Emma, don’t think that you can see the next sunrise again!”

Abel stepped on the gas pedal so hard that the motorcycle was veering forward with blinding speed. It was like a beast.

He was closing the distance between himself and the van.

It was a van that had no number plate.

Damn it!

He cursed silently. The perpetrator must have been planning this from the start.

Who would want to harm Emmeline?

They were even closer now, and Abel made one last push by stepping on the pedal the hardest that he could.

Smoke was billowing out of the bike right now, but he was able to successfully get in front of the van.

At the same time, Abel produced a gun from his pocket.

Bang! Bang!

He hit the front tires of the van.

The van could not steer straight anymore. It screeched to a stop by the road.

Abel got off the bike and shattered the window of the van with another bullet.

The windscreen shattered into pieces, which revealed the driver and the passenger who looked completely terrified.

They did not expect Abel to own a gun, and certainly they did not expect him to shoot at them in broad daylight!

Abel slipped into the car and pressed the muzzle of

his gun on the head of the driver.

“Open the van door! Or I will kill you now!”

“Don’t kill me!”

The driver screamed out and his face had turned pale. He said in a Dracovian slang, “I am a hired mercenary! I don’t know the details!”

“Open the door now and get out!”

Abel’s eyes were bloodshot as he was consumed by a murderous intent. He was trying his best not to kill anyone right now.

The driver opened the van doors with a switch and rolled off the van by covering his head.

Abel kicked him in his head. The driver rolled to a

stop on the road and went unconscious.

The man in the passenger seat frantically opened the door and was about to run when Abel shot at him without reservation.

The bullet pierced the man's ankle, which sent him stumbling to the road.

Three more men jumped out from behind and rushed at Abel with metal bats in their hands.

Abel dodged the hits and shot twice.

One of them had their wrist shot and he yelled in pain, letting go of his bat.

With another two bullets, Abel made the remaining men kneel down on their knees. They were shot in their ankles and they were now immobilized.

He then pointed his gun at the last man behind who was not shot yet.

“Don’t shoot!” The man tossed his bat and shouted,  
“Don’t kill me!”

“Spill it!” Abel gnashed his teeth. His eyes were frosty,  
“Who is behind this?”

“No—Nobody is behind this? We are just perverts who lust over women!”

Abel immediately shot at the road around his legs.

With a spark, a deafening sound almost blew away the man in question.

“Don’t test my patience. Say it now!”

The man kneeled down and cried, “Someone gave us three million dollars to kill that lady in Dracovia!”

“Who?” Abel was beyond furious.

Someone was trying to kill his wife. His hunch had come true.

Was that person courting death?

“I really don’t know,” The man explained frantically, “We just accepted the payment and carried out the task.”

“Do you have a number?”

Abel’s eyes were overflowing with murderous aura. His knuckles had turned white as he suppressed his desire to just pull the trigger.



“I don’t have a number,” The man answered, “Just a memo and three million dollars in cash.”

Bang!

Abel did not exempt him from the pain. He shot the man’s wrist and ankle.

Blood began to splatter everywhere.

The man yelled like crazy as he rolled on the road. His consciousness was waning as blood began to form a small pool around him.

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