

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

### Chapter 1150 No Outsiders

"It's in Glenbrook," Benjamin said, "I told her that I want to eat dumplings tonight, and she went back to prepare them."

"Haha," Abel chuckled, "Seems like the office romance is going quite well. So, when do we get to celebrate with a wedding toast?"

"Not just yet," Benjamin smiled, though a hint of helplessness flashed across his face, "I'll let you know when the time is right."

"Don't be coy," Abel teased, "If you like her, go after her wholeheartedly. You should be planning to get married and have children; otherwise, you'd just be fooling around!"

"Are you here to give me a lecture?" Benjamin

playfully narrowed his eyes, "Remember, you're my brother-in-law! I could say the same about you!"

"Do you have any advice for me?" Abel shrugged, "Come on, share your wisdom, big brother."

"Enough with the banter," Benjamin chuckled, "Let's play and save your words for the game."

Side by side, the two of them entered the field.

The staff handed them two golf clubs.

Abel and Benjamin each took one and walked to the teeing table.

"Who's going first?" Benjamin asked Abel.

There are various rules for determining the batting order—based on seniority, drawing lots, or simply

guessing.

The two opted for the simplest and quickest method—playing rock, paper, scissors.

In the end, Abel won the right to start.

He used the interlocking grip method, standing tall and focused at the tee table, eyeing the ball below.

The club aligned perfectly, ready to strike the ball.

With a graceful swing, the ball soared precisely as he anticipated.

Abel's movements with the cue were fluid and elegant, a series of subtle yet graceful motions that impressed Benjamin, who could not help but exclaim, "Beautiful!"

The rule they set for winning and losing was stroke play—playing a round of 18 holes, tallying up the scores, and determining the outcome. In the end, they ended up in a draw.

"Do you want to play another round?" Benjamin asked Abel.

Both of them were eager to continue and had more to discuss. However, Abel checked his watch and noticed it was already four o'clock. He needed to head back to the Ryker Group to change his clothes before going to the Nimbus Hotel, and the timing was getting tight.

"Next time," Abel said, "I have an appointment."

"That's fine," Benjamin smiled, "Abel, if you need anything, remember to let me know."

Abel glanced at him, a slight curve appearing on his thin lips, "I'll keep that in mind, Benjamin."

Benjamin burst into laughter, his mood seemingly lifted.

After bidding farewell, Abel returned to the Ryker Group, changed into a black suit, and headed to Nimbus Hotel.

At exactly five o'clock, Glenn arrived, wearing a large mask, accompanied by his secretary Stuart.

The waiter opened the door to the private dining room, and Glenn, followed by his secretary, entered the elegantly appointed hall.

A massive rosewood round table, approximately 10 feet in diameter, dominated the center of the room.

Glenn sat dominantly at the innermost chair of the round table, while Abel took a seat uninvitingly.

Glenn's eyes narrowed at Abel's audacious move.

Abel appeared confident and composed as if he wasn't bothered by his status as the parent official of Struyria.

Glenn was about to enter the room but paused to instruct Stuart, "Is the door closed?"

"It's closed," Stuart confirmed, "I'll stand outside then."

"No need," Glenn responded softly, but his words were clear, "No outsiders."

He emphasized the phrase "no outsider" in a subtle

manner, almost as if he was preemptively setting a frame before meeting Abel face to face.

"Uncle Glenn," Abel greeted warmly as he stood up from the chair, "You're here."

"Yes," Glenn nodded, "Have you been here long?"

"I just arrived as well," Abel pulled out the chair for the guest of honor, "Allow me, Uncle Glenn."

With a friendly demeanor, Glenn walked over and took his seat as if he belonged there.

Stuart wanted to sit next to Glenn to attend to his needs, but he noticed Luca standing beside Abel in a black suit, looking as imposing as a bodyguard.

Luca's presence gave off an air of strength, like that of a hardened professional.

Stuart hesitated for a moment but eventually chose to stand beside Glenn, much like how Luca was standing beside Abel.

Both men exuded distinct auras—Stuart's was warm and accommodating, while Luca's was cold and vigilant.

"Abel, it's been years since we sat together like this," Glenn spoke kindly.

Abel responded coolly, "Have we even sat like this before?"

He narrowed his deep eyes as if pondering the past.



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