

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 3

"What's your Mommy's name?" A distinctly chilly note crept into Abel's voice. It would appear that some scheming woman was trying to frame him!

"Emmeline Louise."

Emmeline Louise? Abel shook his head. He was certain he did not know this woman.

Meanwhile, Emmeline drove back to the café where she worked and parked her Porsche in the garage. She had just put on her apron when she heard someone calling her name frantically.

"Emma!" The agitated voice came from the doorway. "What on earth did you do to offend the Ryker family? Dad's insisting that we all go back home right now because he says the Rykers will take action against

us!"

It was Emmeline's older brother, Ethan. Apparently, he had rushed over and was out of breath.

"I was kicked out of the family five years ago. I'm not going back!"

"But...but Dad said if I don't bring you back with me, he'll cut me out of the family business!"

"So let him! That's not a bad thing!" Emmeline was not about to spare her brother's feelings. "At least you won't need to see that wretched woman!"

"But Emma, the family business is what keeps my family fed," Ethan whined. "If I get cut out of it, what's going to happen to the three of us? We'll starve to death!"

"Wouldn't it be much better if you started your own company?" Emmeline retorted, annoyed. "You're not going to starve to death, not with all your networking and business contacts!"

"Where am I going to find that much start-up capital?" Ethan was not about to give up his grievance so easily. "That woman controls all of Dad's assets!"

"I'll ask the bank to advance you a loan!" Emmeline snapped impatiently. "I've told you repeatedly not to hope for anything from Dad, but you never listen!"

"You're talking mighty big all of a sudden, Emma! Do you think the bank's going to advance you a loan just because you ask? Who do you think you are?"

"Is fifty thousand enough?" Emmeline pulled out her phone. "My classmate just became president of the bank. The money should arrive any minute now."

"It's definitely enough." Oddly enough, Ethan seemed rather fearful all of a sudden. "What if the venture fails, though? I need to figure out what I could use as collateral."

Emmeline was about to tell him that she would stand the cost if his business venture failed when her phone suddenly rang. The number on the display was an unfamiliar one. She picked up the call. "Nightfall Café. What would you like to order?"

A frosty voice replied, "Your son's with me."

"What an amateurish scam. I'm not about to fall for that!" Emmeline hung up the call and was about to resume her conversation with her brother when the phone rang again.

"Hey, scammer, listen here..."

"This is Abel Ryker!"

Emmeline was just about to give the "scammer" a good telling-off when she heard his name. Her heart stopped for a moment.

Abel Ryker! He had finally shown up! It had been five years since she had given birth to his children, and she still did not have the slightest idea of what he looked like!

Did her sons resemble him?

"Where are you?" Emmeline's tone was equally chilly.

Abel was not pleased at all to be mistaken for a scammer. Coldly, he replied, "Your son was hungry. He's eating at the Burger King by the airport right now!"

Only then did Emmeline realize that her oldest son was no longer upstairs.

The little brat had taken matters into his own hands again!

She ended the call at once and thrust one hand out at Ethan imperiously, demanding, "Give me the keys to the Phaeton now!"

"What do you want my beat-up old car for?"

"I have an emergency!" Emmeline snatched the keys from an unwilling Ethan, tossed her apron onto the counter again, and ran out the door.

Forty minutes later, after speeding down the highway, she arrived at the Burger King by the airport. When she pushed open the glass door, she saw Helios

sitting at one of the tables, happily munching on a burger. His chubby little legs dangled, and he swung them carelessly.

Sitting beside him was an imperious man in a black suit. His presence was so commanding that it almost made Emmeline close the door and back away slowly. Her brows arched slightly.

The man looked to be at least six feet tall, and his physique seemed to indicate he might have had training in the military special forces. His countenance was so handsome, and he carried himself with such an aristocratic air!

Her children had inherited their father's perfect genes, after all! No wonder all her sons were so handsome!

"You're this boy's mother?" Abel was the first to speak. To be fair, the moment he saw how good-

looking Helios was, he already expected the boy's mother to be uncommonly pretty. However, he had not anticipated that she would be such a beauty.

In fact, to call her astoundingly beautiful would be no exaggeration.

Abel had never been moved by any beautiful woman, but he could not deny that this young woman's loveliness had taken him aback for a split second.

"Yes, Mr. Ryker!"

"Did you teach him to shout "Daddy" at every man on the street as well?" Abel smiled derisively at her.

"There's only one man who's this boy's Daddy!" Emmeline retorted icily. "Abel Ryker, the man who tossed a bank card containing ten million dollars at me five years ago, at the beginning of autumn, on a

rainy day at the Grand Struyria Hotel!"

"It sounds like a chapter out of some cheap romance novel," Abel answered with a mocking smile. "But I'm in no mood to listen to your fairytales!"

"Abel Ryker!" Emmeline was furious. "You got me pregnant, and now you're just going to shirk all responsibility?"

"Miss," one of the bodyguards said, blocking her way.

"Mr. Abel's been overseas the last few years. You must be mistaken!"

"Is there another Abel Ryker in Struyria who can afford to toss away a bank card with ten million dollars in its account, just like that? If it's not you, then who else would it be?"

"Perhaps that man just picked the card up on the

street somewhere," Abel said with a shrug and a nonchalant wave of his hand.

Emmeline was taken aback. What Abel said was definitely possible and not an exaggeration, and it was not like she hadn't thought about this possibility before. However, her sons all resembled him!

Nonetheless, this proved nothing.

Suddenly, Emmeline lunged forward.

The bodyguards tried to block her way, but she twisted aside and neatly evaded them, ending up beside Abel.

The bodyguards' expressions grew hard, and they were about to rush forward to attack Emmeline when Abel raised his hand to stop them.

Instead, he suddenly reached out and yanked Emmeline off-balance, causing her to fall headlong into his arms. Getting one hand around her slender waist, his expression darkened.

However, Emmeline was like a wriggly little vixen; she slid out of his arms in a trice. At the same time, she reached out and plucked a single hair from Abel's head lightly and easily with her slender fingertips.

Abel narrowed his eyes and asked frostily, "What do you think you're trying to do?"

"I'm going to send this for a DNA test," Emmeline answered with a coy smile.

"So you play dirty tricks too. How unimaginative!" Abel stood up abruptly and dusted down his suit, turning to leave. "Ms. Louise, I'm returning your son to you. I advise you to keep an eye on him so he doesn't go

around yelling for his Daddy on every street corner!"

"Hold on!" Emmeline blocked Abel's path. "Did you come back to marry Alana Lane?"

"What has that got to do with you?"

"If you're going to marry her, even if my boy is yours, I'll leave you alone."

"No, I am not!" Abel's face looked as if it were carved from stone. "Alana Lane and I aren't close!"

Suddenly, Emmeline's phone began ringing. She glanced at the display and realized it was her second son calling. Her heart stood still for a moment. Had something happened to Endymion?

Hurriedly, she turned aside and answered the call.

"Mommy, I'm coming home now."

"Why?"

"My teacher said that if I don't go home, the kindergarten will need to close down."

Without pausing, Emmeline yanked open the glass door and raced out. The bodyguards were unable to stop her departure either.

Helios sat at the table, swinging his legs in a carefree, insouciant manner. Waving his pudgy little hand, he called, "Bye-bye, Mommy! Drive carefully ok!"

"Mr. Abel, we're sorry!" The bodyguards lowered their heads in shame.

"All of you underestimated her!"

The bodyguards eyed the adorable yet troublesome little boy sitting on the chair. "What do we do about this young sprout, though?"

"He has a name!" Abel sounded slightly irritated. He knelt down beside Helios and asked, "What's your name, young man?"

"Helios! But everyone calls me Sun."

"Helios...Sun. That's unusual. Sounds good, though."

"Thank you for the compliment, Daddy!"

"Don't call me Daddy. I'm not your father."

"Then what do I call you, Daddy?"

Abel stared at the boy, completely at a loss. However, it began looking more and more as if he would have

to take the young troublemaker home with him.

The boy's mother seemed extremely scatterbrained. Just one phone call and she had run off, leaving her son behind.

Once the group had exited the Burger King, a fleet of nine black Rolls-Royces made their stately way down the road and stopped in front of the entourage.

Abel hoisted Helios up in one arm and walked to the second Rolls-Royce with him.

"Oh wow, Daddy! You've got style! You're almost like royalty!" Helios knew exactly when to flatter Abel. His expression was exaggerated, and his dark eyes were sparkling. He looked utterly adorable.

The boy's face was so innocent and chubby that Abel could not help dropping a kiss on his cheek. It was the

first time he had experienced such a warm, tender feeling.

"Ahem!" Coughing to cover his uncharacteristic lapse, he got into the car and settled in, straight-backed and imperious. Once more, his usual aloof, haughty expression settled over his face.

He had never liked displaying emotion, and he had no intention of dropping his mask any time soon, particularly not in front of a little rascal.

However, Helios fell asleep in the back seat, lulled by the slight jolting of the car as it drove along. Initially, he had tried his best to keep his chubby little body upright, but his head began to sink lower and lower. In no time at all, he slid down and toppled against Abel.

Abel wanted to push him aside, but the sensation of the boy's soft cheek against his shoulder was like a

revelation to his senses. A warm feeling settled through every fiber of his being. Involuntarily, he reached out and eased the little boy into his arms.

"Daddy...it smells good..."

What was he talking about? Did it smell good because he now had a Daddy, or was he talking about how good his burger smelled earlier?

Somehow, Abel could not prevent himself from smiling.

The bodyguard in the passenger's seat glanced at the rearview mirror and had a sudden attack of goosebumps.

Was this warm, affectionate, rather scattered man really Abel Ryker?

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