

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 51-60

“Challenge accepted!” Feeling upset, Emmeline threw her head back and downed half the drink.

The strong liquor seemed to take away a lot of the ill feelings.

“Let’s eat.” Grace was quick to put food on Emmeline’s plate.

Ethan always had a knack for cooking, and the food he made really hit the spot for Emmeline.

Emmeline gorged a few bites.

“It’s delicious and tasty. It’s as I remember.”

“Have some more. Come on, let’s have another round of drinks.” Ethan raised his glass again.

“Don’t forget about Grace. Put your glass up, Grace. Cheers!”

Grace raised her glass. “Cheers! Bottoms up, Emma.”

“Bottoms up!”

Emmeline was drunk after a few rounds of liquor. She slumped against the chair and slipped off her seat.

With Ethan giving his wife a look, Grace went and moved Emmeline to the sofa.

Emmeline flung her arms in the air with her eyes closed. “I want to teach Alana a lesson. Don’t stop me. It’s about time Alana learns to be a mom!”

“Have a nap. You can go once you’re well rested,” Grace remarked.

“No, I can’t. I need to go now. I need to give Abel something to think about too! Is this the kind of mom he wants Alana to be for Timothy? Why did she get pregnant in the first place if she doesn’t brush up on her mothering skills? Abel Ryker, you’re a real piece of work!”

“That’s right! That’s right! They are all a piece of work!”

“So don’t stop me. I’m going to the Rykers’ residence now. I will show them!”

“That isn’t necessary.” Ethan held his sister down.

What did a woman with three children have to show?

It was best not to mess with Abel.

They were not in the position to go up against the man.

Alas, Ethan could barely keep Emmeline still. With her eyes shut, she mumbled about showing up at the Rykers' residence to reason with them.

It so happened that Emmeline's phone rang.

Ethan took a look at the mobile screen. It was Abel.

He accepted the call and said, "What did you do to my precious sister, Abel? The anger has left her crying and whining."

Abel replied, "What happened to Emmeline? I was going to tell him that I told the press to take down the news. Why is she still mad?"

"That's the million-dollar question. Emma was about

to find you and give you a piece of her mind,” Ethan answered.

Abel said, “Where is Emmeline now? I’m worried. I need to check on her.”

Worried?

It gave Ethan the confidence that there was still a chance for his sister and Abel to take things to the next level.

“She’s at my home. Come on over.” Ethan informed the house address to Abel.

“Who are you on the phone with, Ethan?” Narrowing her glossy eyes, Emmeline sensed something fishy.

Ethan ended the call and replied, “You don’t have to go to the Rykers’ residence anymore. Abel is coming

to you as we speak.”

“Abel? Perfect. I’ll teach the sleazeball a lesson!”
Emmeline smacked the sofa and pulled up her sleeves.

It took forty minutes before the doorbell rang.

Grace peeked through the peephole. Abel had arrived.

Nevertheless, the person who pressed the doorbell was Luca, Abel’s assistant.

Abel’s muscular and detached frame was right behind Luca.

Lying on the sofa, Emmeline was in a dreamlike state. It was hard to make out what she was mumbling about. “Abel, you super sleazeball...”

With the door opening, Abel pulled Luca aside and entered the house himself before closing the door behind him.

Luca drew back and waited outside.

“Mr. Abel,” Ethan said hello.

Ethan felt small in the presence of the haughty CEO of Ryker Group.

“Where’s Emmeline?” Abel pulled a sour face.

“My sister can be willful. Please don’t take it personally.”

Ethan pointed at the drunk woman on the sofa.

Abel looked over and scowled.

“Why is she wasted?”

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C 52

“The alcohol is the only reason she hasn’t caused a scene at your place. I don’t know when Emma took up lessons in the art of self-defense, but man, she can pull a punch,” Ethan said.

“Yeah. She can fight. Thank you for settling her down.” Abel gave a nod.

Ethan replied, “You’re Emma’s tenant. The fallout will only further complicate things.”

“I’ll take her back,” Abel remarked while helping Emmeline up.

Emmeline opened her eyes in a haze and was greeted by a handsome profile right in her face.

Thinking that she was dreaming, Emmeline reached out to give his cheek a squeeze. She curled her lips. “Abel, you have the gall to visit me in my sleep.”

Ethan brushed her hand off all the while keeping a stern look. “Of course, why won’t I? Since you’re still in dreamland, just spill whatever you want to say.”

“You’re a two-timing super sleazeball!”

Abel furrowed his brows. Well, that was not nice at all.

Ethan jumped to explain, “Mr. Abel, Emma is drunk. It’s the booze talking.”

“I don’t blame her. It makes sense why she’d think so.” Abel lent Emmeline support to advance forward.

“What happened between you two? Emma seemed upset,” Ethan uttered.

Upset?

It was music to Abel's ear. Abel could not help but curl his lips in delight.

Was Emmeline upset over him?

It was a good thing.

"We have to continue this another time. The priority now is to take Emma home," Abel said.

"Thank you, Mr. Abel."

Ethan had no qualms about Abel. He was the handpicked heir of Ryker Group after all.

Besides, if he were to take a fancy to Emma...

Hehe. It would be for the best.

As Abel helped Emmeline to the door, the latter slowly slid down to the ground. Her legs were giving out.

Out of alternatives, Abel bent over and picked her up.

With Ethan opening the door, Luca was about to barge in when his boss walked out, carrying a woman in his arms.

It was Emmeline, and she was smashed.

Luca uttered, "I'll take the car around. Be careful, Mr. Abel."

"Sure." Abel carried Emmeline into the lift.

Luca rushed to move the car near the corridor entryway. By then, Abel emerged from the entrance with Emmeline.

Abel hunched low to position Emmeline in the backseat before getting into the car and sitting next to her.

Ethan waved Abel goodbye through the car window. "I'm leaving Emma in your hands, Mr. Abel."

Abel waved back without a word.

After rolling the window up, Luca drove out of the neighborhood.

Standing there, Ethan watched as a convoy of security vehicles navigated out of the parking lot.

Ethan was at a loss for words.

It was a good thing Emmeline was too drunk to sort out Abel. Otherwise, these bodyguards would tear his house down.

Lying in the backseat, Emmeline could feel her stomach churning. She wiggled about with a frown. “I feel awful. Oh, I feel sick.”

Furrowing his brows, Abel pulled her into his arms and said, “You asked for it after all that drinking.”

Emmeline waved her arms in the air. “But I need to teach Abel a lesson! He confessed his feelings to me, but why did he impregnate Alana? You tell me. Doesn’t that make him a two-timer? Doesn’t he deserve a beating?”

“Yes. Yes, he does.” A smile spread across his lips as a warm tingle filled his every being.

“Let me go. I want to hit him!” Emmeline declared.

“Are you planning to hit him like this?” Abel suddenly leaned forward and kissed her rosy lips.

Emmeline cried out loud the moment their lips met, “I want to throw up!”

An alcohol-reeked burp filled the air, and it was all Abel could smell.

With his brows puckering in disdain, he told Luca, “Stop the car!”

Luca took his eyes away from the rear-view mirror and pulled up at the side of the road.

Emmeline rushed to open the door and popped her head out. She gagged, retched, and vomited.

After puking her guts out, Emmeline sobered up. Her body remained limp though.

Abel pulled out a tissue and wiped her face before carrying her back into the car.

Emmeline squinted. “Abel? Why are you here? Am I dreaming?”

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C 53

"You should be clear-headed now." Abel fanned around him with his hand. "You're stinky!"

"You can't say that! Last time you were allergic and also vomited alcohol. But I didn't say you were smelly. I even took you to the hospital for an injection!" Emmeline pouted.

"That's why this time I took you home. We're even." Abel smiled.

"I don't need a big scumbag to take me home! You disgust me!"

"I've told you it was a misunderstanding!" Abel put Emmeline on the seat and ordered Luca, "Let's go!"

When Luca started the car, Emmeline could not sit still and fell into Abel's arms. Abel hurriedly hugged her, but by coincidence, he kissed her lips.

The air froze in an instant. Emmeline pushed Abel away and wiped her mouth vigorously. "Hey, don't take advantage of me!"

"You can take advantage of me too." Abel smiled charmingly at Emmeline.

"What do you mean?" Emmeline was still in a daze.

"This is what I mean." Abel clasped the back of her head and pressed her to him. He kissed her warm lips again.

Emmeline was startled. She widened her eyes and saw Abel's handsome face magnified infinitely before her eyes.

Abel only gave Emmeline a light kiss. He raised his head and stroked her lips. "You just vomited. Your lips don't taste good!"

Hearing his words, Emmeline was ashamed and annoyed. She wanted to slap Abel, but he clamped her wrists and pressed her down on the seat.

"Be obedient! I don't want to use force against you!" Abel snorted coldly.

"You dare not to do so."

"You can try it and see if I dare." As Abel spoke, he leaned over Emmeline again.

"Ah!" Emmeline screamed.

Luca was startled by her scream while driving. The car shook violently.

Luca wondered whether Abel had used force against Emmeline. He wanted to turn his head to have a look.

"Drive properly!" Abel scolded Luca and sat up straight.

Emmeline blushed. She curled up on the seat and did not dare to move. Just now, she thought Abel would do something to her, but he just leaned over to scare her. After being scolded by Abel, Luca came to his senses and continued driving.

Meanwhile, Emmeline fell into a daze again. Soon, she fell asleep with her head tilted. Abel worried that she would roll off the seat. So, he hugged her again.

Returning to Nightfall Cafe, Abel carried Emmeline to the second floor and put her on the bed in her bedroom. Just then, Emmeline could not help retching again.

Abel had no choice but to run downstairs to find Daisy. He wanted to ask Daisy to make Emmeline a bowl of hangover soup. When he returned upstairs, Emmeline was gone.

Abel became nervous. "Emma?"

There was nobody in several rooms. When Abel went to the rooftop, he found Emmeline curled up in the swing chair like a kitten and sleeping deeply. Abel suddenly felt relaxed. He did not know why he was so nervous about Emmeline. Maybe it was because he had secretly fallen in love with her the first time he saw her at the airport.

Abel took off his suit jacket and gently covered Emmeline. He looked at her and felt she looked delicate, just like a master's masterpiece. Her appearance was flawless. He could not help stretching out his slender fingers to touch her face.

"Ms. Louise!" Daisy interrupted Abel's action.

Abel withdrew his hand and saw Daisy rushing up with a mobile phone. She said, "Ms. Louise's phone is ringing."

Abel answered, "Give it to me. Emma is asleep."

Emma? Who allows him to call Ms. Louise's nickname? It's too affectionate. Daisy pouted.

Daisy had no choice but handed the ringing mobile phone to Abel. He glanced over. Although there was no note on the call, Abel recognized that it was Adrien's number. He frowned and pressed to answer the call.

"Em, I just brought the children back. Don't worry. I'll take good care of them..."

Hearing Adrien's happy voice, Abel cut off the call, but Adrien kept calling. When Adrien called for the third time, Abel picked up the call and answered impatiently, "I got it. Please take care of

the children."

Adrien asked in surprise, "Abel? Why are you at Emmeline's place?"

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C 54

"Why can't I be here?" Abel snorted coldly.

"You've made Alana pregnant. You're no longer eligible to see Emmeline!" Adrien growled.

"Alana's pregnancy has nothing to do with me!"

"I don't believe you!"

"I'm telling the truth!"

"You just dare not admit it!"

"If Alana is smart, she should clarify quickly. Otherwise, she will be disgraced as soon as the child is born!"

After hanging up the call, Abel sneered and called Luca.

"Mr. Abel, any order?" Luca was strolling in the parking lot opposite the coffee shop when he received Abel's call. Luca hurriedly connected it.

"Call the most famous media in Struyria. Stating emphatically that Alana's pregnancy has nothing to do with me!"

Luca was stunned for a moment. Then, he responded, "Yes, Mr. Abel!"

To be honest, Luca did not know if Alana's pregnancy had anything to do with Abel. But since Abel ordered him to make an announcement, he could only do so.

After hanging up the phone, Luca immediately called the most influential media in Struyria. Within a few minutes, a piece of news became the top trending topic on the internet.

"Abel Ryker, the president of the Ryker Group, publicly stated that Alana Lane's pregnancy had nothing to do with him."

Seeing this statement, Alana almost fainted from fright.

Abel doesn't even want to admit that he touched me! How could he be so heartless? Abel is very irresponsible! It might not be his child, but how could he even deny he has slept with me?!

Alana made a phone call to Alondra and complained about Abel.

Alondra said, "Why are you panicking? As long as Abel has slept with you, he won't be able to deny this matter! Maybe Abel is the child's father! Even if he's not, you can ask Cristopher to give you a fake paternity test, make the child become his!"

"But why did Abel deny that he has slept with me?" Alana almost cried. "I'm sure that he slept with me that night!"

"Abel just didn't want to admit it in front of Emmeline." Alondra sneered. "He is a rich man in Struyria. He won't help you to bully Emmeline in public. So the public opinion won't be against him!"

"Then what should I do?" Alana was confused now. She felt that she was in a difficult situation.

"It's more beneficial to you," Alondra said, "You just act like a victim and blame Emmeline. For the sake of the child, Rosaline will stand by your side. Emmeline's situation will become worse at that time!"

"You're right!" Alana finally understood what Alondra meant. "Isn't this a blessing in disguise? The Ryker family won't be willing to lose their reputation. Old Mr. Ryker will ask Abel to marry me for the sake of his great-grandson! Even if Old Mr. Ryker wants Abel to marry Wonder Doctor, he can't insist on his plan now. Otherwise, the Ryker family will feel ashamed when my belly becomes bigger."

"So you have nothing to fear," Alondra said, "I'll ask the media to your place. You should talk to them."

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Emmeline woke up the next day.

I feel dizzy. How much did I drink yesterday?

Emmeline had been sleeping since yesterday afternoon until now. She was still in a daze. The first thing she did was pick up her phone to check the time.

Ah, it's late to send kids to school! Oh my God! I'm a terrible mommy!

"Kids, it's time for school! Hurry up! We're late!"

Emmeline rushed toward the children's bedroom but did not see them. Their three small beds were neat and clean.

Where are they? Where are my triplets?

Just as Emmeline was stunned, a cold voice came from behind.

"The children were picked up by Adrien yesterday. They've already gone to school. I've asked Luca to go see them in the kindergarten."

Emmeline turned around abruptly and saw Abel standing at the door in a chic and dignified manner. Then, she frowned when she saw him carrying two convenience bags.

These two convenience bags are out of place with this god-like man.

"Why are you here?" Emmeline was so annoyed that she wanted to roll up her sleeves.

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C 55

"Calm down," Abel said, "You drank too much yesterday. I picked you up from Ethan's house."

"So..." Emmeline felt something was wrong. "You didn't go back last night?"

"I'm a tenant here," Abel said, "The rent isn't due yet. I have the right of residence. I can also take care of you."

Emmeline scratched her head in embarrassment and thought about what had happened yesterday. She remembered that she was going to teach Abel a lesson. Why did she bring him home?

"Here." Abel showed the convenience bags. "Daisy went to buy vegetables. I worried you would have nothing to eat when you woke up, so I bought you breakfast."

Emmeline was speechless. She asked, "You know how to buy breakfast?"

"I asked the hotel to prepare and send breakfast," Abel explained, "I just went out and took it."

Emmeline took the convenience bags and went to the dining room. Then, she took out several lunch boxes inside and put them on the table. As the breakfast was from the hotel, there were many types of food.

"I don't know if you like it or not," Abel said, "Just eat it."

"I'm indeed hungry now." Emmeline rubbed her stomach.

Emmeline vomited completely yesterday, so her stomach was already empty. Just when she saw the delicious food, her stomach started growling.

Emmeline went to the bathroom to wash up briefly. After that, she sat at the dining table and began to eat. But before picking up a fork, she called the kindergarten teacher.

The teacher called Helios to answer Emmeline's call.

"Don't worry, Mommy. We have decided to live in Adrien's house. We want to help you investigate him and his mother."

Emmeline could not help laughing. "But why do you want to investigate him?"

"Although Adrien is our father, if he isn't qualified, we won't accept him as daddy."

"But what if he is qualified?"

"You can accept him," Helios replied maturely, "After all, we are a family."

Emmeline held the phone but was speechless. On the other side of the phone, Helios hung up the call.

Emmeline sighed softly. Helios's opinion had touched her heart.

Knowing that her triplets were fine, Emmeline was relieved. Just as she was about to turn off her phone for breakfast, the news on the screen caught her attention.

"Abel Ryker, the president of the Ryker Group, publicly stated that Alana Lane's pregnancy had nothing to do with him."

After reading the news, Emmeline scolded angrily, "Abel, you are so shameless! Why don't you admit what you have done?"

Abel was eating pasta on the opposite side. Hearing Emmeline's scold, he was stunned for a moment. Soon, he realized that Emmeline had seen the news.

Abel raised his eyes and asked disdainfully, "Although I have no lover, I never lack women. Do you think I need to be a rascal?"

Thinking about Abel's words, Emmeline asked again, "Alana won't be so stupid to say you're the child's father if you never touched her. Why didn't she say it was Luca's child instead?"

Luca is so innocent to be related to Alana, Abel thought.

"How do I know why Alana said I made her pregnant? I'm also puzzled." Abel put down his fork.

Emmeline immediately made an inference. "Just think about it. Even if Alana's child isn't yours, she was sure you have touched and slept with her. Otherwise, she dared not to say you made her pregnant. Just like she won't say Luca made her pregnant as Luca never touches her!"

Why does Emma always use Luca to make examples?

"Needless to say." Abel picked up his fork and ate a mouthful of pasta. "The truth will be revealed when Alana gives birth to a child."

"Abel." Emmeline leaned her head forward and stared at Abel's eyes. "Should I trust you?"

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C 56

Abel put down his fork again. He had no mood to continue eating.

Even if Abel ate the food, he would not be feeling well. He would only feel uncomfortable and could not digest the food.

"What I say now is useless. No one will believe me. Instead, everyone will think that I'm a scum who evades responsibility. Now even my mother thinks so!"

"You're indeed a scum!" Emmeline took a sip of cereal.

Hearing this, Abel suddenly stood up. "What did you say? You don't believe me?"

"The point is, I never understand you!"

"No one dares to criticize me like that!"

Emmeline could see that Abel was in a rage. Indeed, anyone would feel uncomfortable when being wronged. Not to mention Abel, who had power and was decisive.

Emmeline sighed again. She started to believe Abel when he showed his anger and pain.

"Forget it." Abel wiped his mouth with a tissue. "I don't want to explain to you anymore!"

Abel grabbed the suit jacket on the chair and was about to leave. But unfortunately, as he hung it on the back of the chair, it tore open.

"Ah!" Emmeline jumped from her chair. "It costs around ten thousand dollars!"

Abel dropped his torn suit jacket and left the cafe without looking back.

Around ten thousand dollars? So what? I can't wear a torn jacket. Moreover, I can go upstairs to change my suit. I have everything upstairs!

Seeing Abel go upstairs angrily, Emmeline took his torn jacket and shouted from behind, "Mr. Abel, I'll pay you for a jacket!"

But Abel ignored Emmeline. He changed into a black suit and went downstairs again. Then, he left without looking at her.

After seeing Abel leave coldly, Emmeline took out her mobile phone and sent Benjamin a message. After a while, Benjamin came over while wearing a face mask.

"What's the matter, Ms. Louise? Why do you call me in a hurry?"

"About this suit jacket." Emmeline handed Benjamin the torn jacket. "I need you to buy the same jacket."

"Ms. Louise." Benjamin took the suit jacket and looked at it carefully. "This is a high-end suit. There is no longer selling this suit in men's clothing stores."

"I don't know about men's clothing," Emmeline said, "Do you mean I have to customize it?"

"Yes, Ms. Louise," Benjamin answered, "A suit like this costs around three hundred thousand dollars. And they won't make it for you if you only want to customize a jacket."

"You mean I need to customize Abel a whole suit? But I didn't tear his pants!" Emmeline pouted.

"But this suit jacket and pants are a set. Even though you didn't tear his pants, that pants can't match with other jackets." Benjamin shrugged.

"But if I spend around three hundred thousand dollars to make him a suit, he will wonder where I get the money," Emmeline said, "I'd better pretend I don't know its price and buy him a suit worth around ten thousand dollars."

"On the surface, you just open a coffee shop with a small income. You will arouse Abel's suspicion if you buy a ten-thousand-dollar suit." Benjamin said, "You can only afford a suit around hundreds of dollars with this income."

"That's fine. I'll buy a suit for around hundreds of dollars." While speaking, Emmeline was about to go out.

"I can send you to a men's clothing store." Benjamin followed behind her.

"No need," Emmeline replied, "I just want to buy a cheap suit. It's enough to ride an electric bicycle."

After saying that, Emmeline rode on her electric bicycle and left. Benjamin shook his head and took off his face mask. Then, he went to the parking lot to drive his luxury car.

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"Mr. Abel." When Abel and Luca were in the car, Luca suddenly saw a familiar figure. He saw Emmeline park her electric bicycle in front of a men's clothing store.

"It's Ms. Louise," Luca said.

Emmeline? Abel followed Luca's gaze and saw Emmeline enter an ordinary men's clothing store.

Is she going to buy a new suit for me? But...

Abel looked at that men's clothing store. He wondered about the prices for the best clothes in this store. Has the most expensive clothing reached one thousand dollars?

Abel could not help but frown. Just as he was about to ask the driver to drive, he saw a few entertainment reporters suddenly gathered in front of the men's clothing store.

One of them held a live broadcast stand and said to the mobile phone, "Emmeline Louise just entered this men's clothing store. We can consult her face-to-face. What is her intention in getting involved in the marriage between Alana Lane and Abel Ryker? Is she still as ignorant as she was five years ago?"

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C 57

"Luca," Abel said coldly, "Go there and see which media is that. Make them disappear in Struyria."

"Okay," Luca replied.

"Wait," Abel reminded, "Don't let Emmeline see you."

"Yes, Mr. Abel." Luca took out a black face mask from his pocket and put it on.

Most people went out with some face masks, including Luca.

Meanwhile, Emmeline chose the same black suit according to the size of Abel's torn jacket. Although the style was the same, the quality was different. She had no choice but to buy a cheap suit so Abel would not suspect her.

After choosing the suit, Emmeline went to the cashier to pay. Just then, there were about five entertainment reporters came toward her.

"Ms. Louise, was Mr. Ryker refused to admit Ms. Lane's pregnancy because of your existence?"

"Ms. Louise, you know that Mr. Ryker and Ms. Lane already have a child, but you still ruin their marriage. Don't you feel ashamed?"

When the entertainment reporters held up the live broadcast stand and said this, the customers surrounded Emmeline and talked about her.

"Oh, she is that Emmeline Louise? It seems that she is still seducing men!"

"She was already immoral five years ago. And she is still doing the same thing now. What a bitch!"

One of the entertainment reporters said, "Ms. Louise, please explain it."

"Which of you saw me ruin their marriage!" Emmeline shouted angrily, "Whether Alana is pregnant, whether Abel will admit her pregnancy, it's none of my business!"

"But the Lane family said that the incident happened because of you, and Alana Lane is a victim!"

Some of the customers commented again.

"Alana received such a blow when she found out she was pregnant. It's infuriating!"

"Emmeline, you're also a woman. Why did you make trouble for another woman? It's too unreasonable for you to do so!"

Emmeline roared, "It's you guys who are unreasonable! Always chase after rumors and engage in cyber violence! You have never been responsible for what you said!"

Emmeline raised her hand and pulled the live broadcast stand in front of her. Then, she stomped it into a few pieces. Before the entertainment reporters could react, she had already kicked

several of them to the ground.

"How dare you hit us!" The entertainment reporters lay on the ground and screamed, "Help! Call 911!"

"Call 911? I can help you!" After saying that, Emmeline punched and kicked them again. Immediately afterward, she took out her mobile phone and dialed Derrick's number. She pressed the hands-free button at the same time.

"I'm in a men's clothing store at Timber Street. I just hit some annoying entertainment reporters. You can send the police to arrest me!" Emmeline said.

"We're busy now," Derrick answered Emmeline politely, "Those entertainment reporters deserve the hits! It's not worth sending the police there. We don't need to waste public resources. You can hit them whatever you like, as long as you don't hit them to death!"

"That's great!" Emmeline said, "I'll teach them a lesson and let them know how to behave in the future!"

When the entertainment reporters on the ground heard her words, they screamed and fled quickly.

Emmeline sneered. She clicked on her phone to scan and pay five hundred and sixty dollars for the suit. Soon, she walked out of the men's clothing store with a packing box in hand.

Luca pressed his mask while stunning on the spot. He heard the voice clearly from the service desk. That suit only cost five hundred and sixty dollars!

Emmeline has bought a five-hundred-and-sixty-dollar suit for Mr. Abel?! Mr. Abel may faint if he knows this! Even my bodyguard uniform is worth twelve thousand!

Just now, Abel asked Luca to make that media disappear, but Luca thought that he did not need to do so. Emmeline had hit them all to the ground. They photographed nothing.

Amazing! This woman didn't even move her hands when she hit them. She could knock down five or six people at once. I may not be able to do it at this speed.

Emmeline hung the packing box on the handlebar of the electric bicycle. After wearing the helmet, she left.

Only then did Luca come out of the men's clothing store and report what he had seen to Abel.

When Abel heard this, he murmured in his heart.

So Emmeline isn't Wonder Doctor? Wonder Doctor can't be poor, and she will never pay me for a cheap suit. Moreover, Wonder Doctor is a doctor. She would not have such good fighting

skills. Hmm, I've overestimated Emmeline.

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C 58

Emmeline was zipping through the heavily congested road on an electric bicycle like a speeding bullet.

She went through five or six traffic lights, rounded a couple of corners, and finally arrived at the podium base of the Ryker Group's building.

Emmeline was about to go up to the eighty-ninth floor after locking the electric bicycle and taking the package with her.

She went in search of Abel to compensate for the clothes.

Even though the suit she was holding was inexpensive, it represented her sincerity.

It was her fault, after all, that her chair had ripped his suit.

However, with a contemptuous expression, the security guard at the gate refused to let her in.

Looking for Mr. Ryker?

You must be mistaken, don't you think?

"Mr. Ryker? Is that Abel Ryker?"

"That's correct. It is Abel Ryker!" The security guard had an idolatrous expression on his face.

Abel was phenomenal. Everyone in the building, including the security guard, idolized him.

"Very well," Emmeline replied, "if you don't let me in, I'll call him directly."

While speaking, she took out her phone and dialed Abel's number, much to the surprise of the security guard.

"I'm at the Ryker Group building's podium base. I'd like to see you, but the security guard won't let me in."

"Uh, I'm stuck in traffic, and I have to wait for another red light before I can get there," Abel

said, his deep, icy voice echoing down the phone line. "Just wait for me at the podium base."

"All right then." Emmeline put her phone away.

The security guard questioned, "M-Miss, who did you call just now?"

"Of course, it's Abel Ryker," Emmeline said, casting a sidelong glance at him. "Abel asked me to wait for him here."

"Ahh!" Quickly bringing out a chair, the security guard said, "Please sit down. I'll hold an umbrella for you—you can't afford to get sunburned."

Emmeline did not stand on ceremony. She sat down on the chair, her legs crossed.

The security guard opened a large umbrella to shield her from the sun.

Abel observed Emmeline's old electric bicycle zooming past his car. He had no idea she was on her way to the Ryker Group.

It was just that the traffic on the road at this time was extremely heavy—even an electric bicycle was faster than the luxury car he had spent tens of millions of dollars on.

Why does she want to find me, though?

Is she here to make up for the five hundred and sixty dollar suit?

Abel turned up the corners of his mouth, and instantly a smile touched the corners of his mouth—one that even he wasn't aware of.

The Rolls-Royce arrived at the podium base, and Abel stepped out.

The driver then drove the car into the underground parking garage.

Abel was bathed in the sun's rays and appeared to be gleaming, giving him the air of an all-powerful emperor while also making him appear more regal and cold.

Emmeline couldn't help but squint.

This man is so handsome!

No wonder I felt like I was in love the first time I saw him at the airport.

Abel squinted his eyes as he looked at Emmeline from a distance.

She sat in front of the security guard lectern, her pretty face as white as snow.

A security guard stood behind her, holding a large umbrella to shield her from the sun.

The security guard stood up even straighter as he watched Abel approach from a distance.

Emmeline's head was once more directly under the large umbrella.

Nobody should be taken lightly these days. The plainly dressed woman beneath the umbrella could be important to Mr. Ryker!

The security guard was incredibly proud of himself for that thought and believed that the month's bonus was on its way to him.

Abel walked over in long strides, pretending to be surprised when he saw Emmeline, and asked, "What brings you here?"

"Well, I'd have to pay compensation sooner or later," Emmeline said with a harmless smile while holding the shiny package.

"You can always give it to me the next time I go to the café."

"What if you never show up? I have trouble eating and sleeping because of the persistent thought that I still have a debt," Emmeline said with a smile.

Abel looked at the fancily wrapped package and couldn't imagine what it would be like to wear a five hundred and sixty dollar suit.

He had no reason to refuse—after all, Emmeline was sincere.

"I know it's incomparable to your two hundred thousand dollars or so haute couture suit, but this comes from the bottom of my heart. I hope you'll accept it," Emmeline stated.

"Uh," Abel said in a deep voice, "The café's business isn't doing well, and you still have three kids to take care of. This isn't too bad."

He reached out and took the package.

Initially, Luca planned to take it from her and bring it to Abel, but Abel had already taken it before him.

"How about you try it on?" Emmeline said with a smile. "The salesperson said you could return it and change it if it didn't fit."

"It's not appropriate to try here," Abel explained, "but I'll try it upstairs."

"That's fine," Emmeline nodded, "If it doesn't fit, please tell me. I'll go back and change it."

"All right," Abel said, nodding as well.

For a moment, the two stood silently, looking at each other. It was somewhat awkward.

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C 59

The security guard rushed over with a large umbrella to protect the two from the scorching sun.

However, the temperature under the umbrella suddenly rose, and the air became hot and humid.

"How about this," Abel proposed, "I will cover the living expenses in the future. I can't possibly eat at your place for free."

Emmeline shook her head and said, "Don't worry about it. It's not much money anyway."

Abel remarked, "Your skills are better than the Ryker family's chef, who makes sixteen thousand dollars a month. I'm lucky to have found such a good cook, so I'll pay you twenty thousand dollars."

Huh?

Emmeline was a little taken aback.

Is Abel for real?

Did he really believe she was that poor?

"I'll send you this month's money first. It is yours to spend." Abel said this while pulling out his phone and transferring twenty thousand dollars to Emmeline.

He put the phone in his trouser pocket and said to Emmeline, "This way, I won't lose my self-esteem when I go back to eat."

"All right then," Emmeline said as she smiled and pressed the accept button.

"In addition, I will encourage my employees to patronize your café, as your café provides excellent service."

Ah!

Emmeline's eyes widened at that.

Mr. Ryker, this is entirely unnecessary! Mr. Ryker! If business is good, I'll be too busy to do anything else!

I still have to do medical research and return to Adelmarr on occasion. The café's business cannot be too successful!

"You go back first," Abel said, seeing Emmeline in a daze, "I'll go over and eat later this evening. I'd make sure to return and eat since I've already paid for the meals".

Emmeline remained in a daze. Abel continued, "The meal does not have to be complicated. Four dishes and one soup will suffice."

"Oh!" Emmeline finally returned to reality, nodded, and repeated, "Four dishes and one soup."

"Yes." Abel smiled and turned to leave.

"Mr. Abel," called a woman's voice from behind.

Everyone turned to face the source of the voice, which turned out to be Alana.

When Alana saw Emmeline, her face turned cold, and she asked, "Why are you here?"

"I'm here to give Mr. Ryker something." Emmeline indicated the package that Abel was holding.

"A suit?" Alana exclaimed, surprised. "Do you already know about the banquet, Mr. Abel?"

"A banquet?" Abel furrowed his brow. "What banquet?"

"Auntie Julianna is holding a big banquet to celebrate the return of her three grandchildren, and I'm here to give you your outfit," Alana explained. "Try it out to see if it fits."

Everyone's attention was drawn to the gift box Alana was holding.

"It's Beltramian haute couture. It's the newest fashion style this year and costs more than two hundred thousand dollars!"

"But I already have it," Abel pointed out, flashing the package in his hand. "This suit is quite nice."

"This..." Alana regarded the garishly wrapped package with a sneer. "Doesn't this look cheap? Mr. Abel, are you capable of donning such attire?"

"How come I can't wear it?" Abel stated, "The Ryker family's forefathers were wharf laborers who carried sacks. We aren't special in any way."

"But..." Alana's face turned pale. Did Abel just turn down the haute couture suit she was holding?

"Please return the suit. Two hundred thousand dollars is excessive. It's only a suit." Abel turned and walked toward the building after he finished speaking.

"Mr. Abel." Alana wanted to follow him, but she was stopped by a security guard holding a large umbrella.

"Two thousand dollars for a suit. It's really quite a waste of money," Emmeline said, clicking her tongue.

"What do you know!" Alana muttered angrily, "Is it possible for the banquet at Meriwether Mansion to fall short of the one at Levan Mansion? Julianna also wants to brag about the three grandchildren you gave her. Rosaline, of course, refuses to fall behind!"

"So I'm the cause of all this fuss?" Emmeline murmured to herself. She would have stopped the triplets from investigating if she had known.

"You just wait," Alana said to Emmeline, glancing at her shabby appearance. You will undoubtedly disgrace the entire family at the banquet!"

She hummed arrogantly and sashayed toward her sports car.

Emmeline donned her helmet and rode away from the sports car on her electric bicycle.

Alana was filled with resentment and hatred after witnessing the woman's carefree demeanor as she rode away on her electric bicycle.

Adrien arrived at the café not long after Emmeline did.

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C 60

Adrien was lying on the counter, smiling at Emmeline.

Her skin was so soft and smooth. She was very alluring.

He would immediately get married to Emmeline as long as she agreed.

It was unfortunate that Emmeline's mindset was so firm. She felt nothing for him.

"If you have nothing important, don't come looking for me."

Emmeline lowered her gaze and said flatly, "We've talked about this."

"However, I do have something important to tell you today."

Adrien stated, "The Meriwether Mansion will host a large banquet tomorrow to commemorate the triplets' return. The highlight of the banquet will be you and the kids, so I especially came here to take you dress shopping."

"There is no need for this."

"I'm not anyone to the Ryker family, so I'll just decline to be the star," Emmeline said, her gaze downcast.

"How can that be? You were the one who gave birth to the children," Adrien pointed out.

"I don't have anything against the Ryker family acknowledging the triplets."

"As I've said a thousand times before, I have nothing to do with you—not now, and certainly not in the future," Emmeline said coldly.

"Are you that heartless, Emma?" Adrien said bitterly. "Can't you just think about me?"

"You don't merit consideration."

Emmeline simply raised her eyes and looked at him, saying, "However, I will attend the banquet. I mean, I want to see my kids. I'll prepare the dress, so please return, Mr. Adrien."

Adrien was at a loss for words.

Adrien's face darkened when he was told to leave.

He was well aware that Emmeline was obstinate. He could never out-talk her.

"I'm going to work."

Emmeline took a broad look around the café when she suddenly noticed a surge in customers.

She wasn't sure if the sudden influx was due to Abel's doings.

Adrien stormed out of the café in a huff.

He was not, however, the type of man who lacked women by his side. He still had others, even

without Emmeline.

Adrien called and made a reservation at the Imperial Palace, the biggest nightclub in Phoenix.

The "princesses" over there were gentle and warm, unlike Emmeline, who always wore a stony expression around him.

Emmeline rode her electric bicycle into the city center again in the afternoon.

She needed to get a dress ready for the banquet at the Ryker Mansion tomorrow.

She wouldn't dress up for anyone else but had to make her triplets feel prestigious and celebrated.

Alana drove into the city center at the same time, with Auntie Alondra in the passenger seat next to her.

In a similar vein, they were there to choose dresses.

Julianna planned to show off her three grandchildren, Helios, Endymion, and Hesperus, at the banquet tomorrow.

Rosaline had already reminded her that, even though Julianna had more grandchildren than her, she must not be outdone in terms of demeanor!

Besides, Alana was pregnant. When she gave birth to her child, plus Timothy's, she would be on equal footing with Julianna.

For that reason, Alana had to put on a show-stopping outfit.

Of course, Alondra had the chance to show her face as well, and she still had to accompany her niece.

Alana was driving Alondra when she noticed a familiar figure on the side of the road.

It was Emmeline.

She parked her electric bicycle outside a dress shop. She then removed her helmet and hung it on the handlebar before entering the shop with her phone bag.

"Hmph! I'm going to embarrass you!" sneered Alana.

"Who do you want to embarrass?" Alondra looked around but saw no sign of Emmeline.

Alana said through gritted teeth, "It's your precious stepdaughter, Emmeline!"

Her heart was about to burst from rage thinking about Emmeline's relationship with Abel!

Abel would not acknowledge having slept with her in front of Emmeline!

Fortunately, she had Rosaline on her side!

No, she now had Oscar on her side as well.

Oscar did not force Alana to find Master Apricot when he learned she was pregnant with Abel's child.

Oscar was currently siding with Alana.

Hehe! Fortunately, he was not strangled to death some time ago.

It was difficult to tell who was a friend and who was a foe.

"Ptooeey! Ptooeey! Ptooeey!" With a repulsed expression, Alondra uttered, "Do not claim that that bitch is my stepdaughter. She was kicked out of the Louise family long ago. She has nothing to do with me!"

"It's probably for the best," Alana sneered, "let's mess her up big today!"

"Where did that bitch go? How come I didn't see her?" Alondra questioned.

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