

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 902 Why Don't We Try

Abel took the bowl from Emmeline's hands and finished the medicinal liquid in two gulps.

The antidote was very bitter, and Abel's face was scrunched up.

"How is it? How do you feel now?" Emmeline asked expectantly as she stood in front of Abel.

Abel could not help but smile. He patted her head and said, "Emma, why are you in such a hurry?"

Emmeline blushed and said, "Because I can't wait to hug the man I love the most!"

Abel put the bowl away, stretched his arms wide, and brought her close to his chest.

"If you want to know how I feel, why don't you try it out yourself?"

Emmeline buried her head in his chest and said, "Waylon is right there! Shouldn't we go back to our room if we want to try anything?"

"Well then..." Abel picked her up in a bridal carry. "Shall we go back to our room to try?"

"Mm!" Emmeline playfully thumped him and buried her face in his chest.

Abel brought her back to the master bedroom and placed her on the bed.

Emmeline stared at him expectantly for a few seconds before closing her eyes.

Abel was about to lean over and kiss her when a

sound was heard from behind. "Mr. Abel..."

Abel turned his head around, and Emmeline opened her eyes.

Luca was standing at the door holding a giant framed photograph with both hands.

"..."

"..."

Luca realized what was going on. He blushed and said, "Well, um, the door wasn't closed, so..."

No one could see Abel's expression under the mask, but he said in his usual cold voice, "Yes?"

"The bridal portrait is ready. The studio sent it over just now," Luca said.

Abel nodded. "Mm. Bring it over here."

Emmeline sat up on the bed.

She had never taken a bridal portrait before. Of course, that one was not shot in a studio but taken at the banquet hall.

Luca carried the photograph into the room, feeling embarrassed that he had interrupted their intimate moments.

He placed the photograph against the wall. Abel and Emmeline turned their heads to look at it.

"Wow!" Emmeline exclaimed and clasped her hands over her heart. "Why are you so handsome even with the mask, hubby? Oh no! My poor heart! I can't breathe!"

Abel did not expect the photo to look so good either, even though it was a screenshot from the live stream.

In the photo, he was dressed in all black. Under the black mask was a pair of eyes as brilliant as stars.

He outshone everyone in the hall, but at the same time, he was menacing and foreboding like a demon.

Emmeline was in his arms. She was dressed in a simple white wedding gown. Her pink face was suffused with bliss, and her entire pose emanated elegance and nobility.

Abel smiled under his mask. "I'm very satisfied. This photo carries extraordinary meaning."

"Yes," Luca said. "It is a record of a legendary love story."

Emmeline and Abel looked at Luca in amazement, wondering when he had become so poetic.

"I didn't think of it! I happened to overhear one of the reporters at the ceremony," Luca said.

"Mm. You can leave now." Abel nodded.

Luca quickly left the room and closed the door behind him.

Abel turned around and hugged Emmeline. "Let's continue, my darling."

He leaned over and kissed her tender lips.

"Ah!" Emmeline shoved him away and rubbed her nose.

Abel was surprised. "What happened?"

Emmeline's eyes were slightly bloodshot. "Your mask hurts."

"Oh, did the nose poke your face?" Abel said.

"Mm. It stings," Emmeline said, teary-eyed.

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