

## Ambush OTQ 1151

### Chapter 1151

Upon hearing this, Glenn felt a tinge of displeasure in his heart, but he maintained a composed expression on his face. After all, he was a veteran in the world of politics.

“Is your memory not as good as Uncle Glenn’s? Didn’t we all have dinner together when you and Sonia were in college?” Glenn smiled lightly, with a hint of accusation in his tone.

“That was all in the past,” Abel sneered, “Young people tend to move forward, not dwell on the past.”

As Abel’s words reached Glenn’s ears, the corners of his lips tightened noticeably. What did Abel mean by that? Did he mean the matter between Glenn and Sonia was over?

“Uncle Glenn, let’s order,” Abel politely pushed the menu over.

“Nimbus Hotel has recently introduced a new dish. Uncle Glenn can try it and provide some feedback,” Abel suggested.

Glenn took the menu and handed it to Stuart, saying, “I’m a bit overwhelmed with choices, you can order.”

Stuart carefully selected four dishes and one soup.

Abel followed suit and ordered four dishes and one soup as well, making a total of eight dishes and two soups. He also ordered two bottles of aged liquor that had been aged for 50 years.

“If we order so much, we might not be able to finish it all,” Glenn remarked politely, his expression unchanged.

“Four dishes and one soup are sufficient, along with drinks. No need to go overboard and make it too extravagant,” Glenn added.

“I didn’t invite you out to talk about business. We don’t need to follow any formalities,” Abel replied firmly.

Abel smiled, “Let’s enjoy our time together and have good food.”

Glenn’s expression improved upon hearing this.

In truth, he had been wondering about Abel’s intentions for inviting him here. Could it be that he had thoughts about his daughter Sonia again? Perhaps Abel wanted to clarify the relationship between him and Emmeline.

Apart from that, Glenn couldn’t think of any other reason for Abel to request this meeting.

The waiter served all the dishes, and the bottle of Moutai was opened. Stuart took charge of filling their gla\*s.

“Uncle Glenn,” Abel raised his wine gla\*s, “This toast is for you!”

Glenn also lifted his gla\*s and clinked it with Abel’s.

Abel's gla\*s was slightly lower, showing respect for his elder.

They both took a sip of their drinks, and a sense of camaraderie filled the air.

Abel then used the serving chopsticks to pick up some food for Glenn.

Glenn's mood seemed to improve even further, and he appeared more at ease.

After all, Glenn was a high-ranking official, and no matter what the Ryker family's background was, he was still a businessman. His imposing aura and sense of superiority were difficult to subdue.

"Uncle Glenn, please have some more," Abel offered again, serving more food to Glenn.

Glenn felt increasingly flattered by Abel's attentiveness.

Regaining his composure, Glenn drank and ate, waiting for Abel to bring up the topic he had in mind.

But Abel just kept toasting, serving food and remained silent about the purpose of their gathering.

As time pa\*sed, and the bottle of liquor was finished, Abel still had not broached the subject.

Glenn's patience was wearing thin.

For the sake of his daughter's happiness, he felt compelled to take the initiative and speak first.

"Abel, do you have something to tell me?" Glenn inquired.

"Yes," Abel nodded, "That's what I wanted to do."

"Then go ahead and let me know, there's no need to hold back," Glenn encouraged him.

"Well, I'll come straight to the point," Abel turned his head and gestured to Luca, "Please step outside for a moment."

"Yes, Mr. Abel!" Luca acknowledged and left the room.

Glenn noticed and said to Stuart, "You step outside too. I'll have a private conversation with Abel about family matters."

Stuart nodded, bowed slightly, and then exited the room.

Now, only the two men remained in the private dining room—the older Glenn and the younger Abel. Glenn was not that old, more of a middle-aged man.

"What do you want me to tell Sonia?" Glenn calmly sipped his tea and asked.

Abel's thin lips curled slightly, and he began speaking slowly, "The Director from the Office of the Health Department suddenly resigned. I'm sure you're aware of that, right?"

Glenn's face froze with surprise. He had thought Abel would discuss something related to Sonia, but this was completely unexpected.

The sudden shift caught him off guard, but he knew that Abel must have a reason for bringing up this topic.

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Glenn had no option but to provide a truthful response, saying, "In my position, I wouldn't be aware of whether such a person resigns or not. However, coincidentally, this person happens to be a cousin of my wife, so I only get to know about it when my wife mentions it. But Abel, why did you suddenly inquire about this?"

Abel did not answer but instead asked, "Does your aunt know where the director is now?"

Glenn replied, "How would she know? I heard that this relative suddenly resigned and left without saying goodbye. It's true that she was very upset. To be honest, my wife arranged for him to enter the Health Department."

"So he has a close relationship with your wife?" Abel asked leisurely, narrowing his eyes.

Glenn's face darkened, "Abel, we're just relatives."

"Then, Uncle Glenn, would you like to know where is he now?" Abel asked.

Glenn's heart skipped a beat, and he asked anxiously, "Where is he?"

"Melvania!" Abel answered, looking at Glenn with a sneer on his thin lips.

"I made him resign and sent him and his family away overnight."

Glenn frowned, his heart pounding twice, but he managed to keep his composure.

"Abel, I don't understand. Why are you doing this?"

"To prevent your aunt from... taking drastic measures to cover things up!" Abel replied lightly, squinting his eyes and raising his gla\*s, "Uncle Glenn, let's drink."

Glenn found it hard to raise his gla\*s after hearing Abel's words.

"Abel, what do you mean by all this?"

"I guessed that you wouldn't be aware of this," Abel sneered, "Your aunt's actions might eventually put her in grave danger if she continues to hide things under the mat for too long."

Glenn's expression changed drastically, and he spoke in a deep voice, "Tell me, what did she do behind my back?"

"This is for you, take a good look!"

Abel took out a sheet of paper from under the table and handed it to Glenn.

Glenn grabbed it and glanced at its contents.

As he read, his face turned pale, and he slumped back in his chair.

"These girls actually did such things behind my back! I am furious!"

“The main issue is that my wife is also infuriated,” Abel said, “I was unjustly scolded by a few aggressive women and the Health Department ordered my business to be suspended for rectification. Though my business isn’t huge, reputation and credibility are crucial. This was all set up by him!”

“Abel,” Glenn said, “don’t worry, I’ll take care of it for you.”

“There’s no need!” Abel snorted coldly, “I’ve already sent her abroad. Do I still need your help?”

Glenn’s heart trembled as he asked, “What are you planning to do with her?”

“What do you think?” Abel’s thin lips curved slightly.

“Don’t use this matter to threaten me,” Glenn replied with a somber expression, “If you have any requests, Uncle Glenn will fulfill them.”

“I have no requests,” Abel said coldly, “I just want you to deliver a message to your wife. If she stretches her hands and feet too far, they can easily be chopped off. This time, it was the clerk who got hurt. Next time... it could be anyone!”

Glenn was taken aback, “What do you mean?”

Abel was not certain that Mrs. Glenn had ordered Emmeline to be held hostage in Dracovia. However, at this moment, he had to deal with the situation as it stood and make a strong statement to deter others from similar actions.

He did not believe that Glenn’s wife would not be afraid!

“I mean she’ll understand,” Abel said, “I am only showing courtesy this time, but she won’t be so lucky next time!”

Glenn was left speechless.

He thought Abel was here to curry favor with him and perhaps pursue his daughter Sonia again, but the situation had turned sour. It felt like an old wound was being reopened, and he had been slapped in the face!

“Also,” Abel continued in a deep voice, “I really need you to help me send a message to your daughter.”

“What?” Glenn asked, unsure of what to expect.

“Tell Sonia to stop her pursuit and clear her heart. The only woman I love is Emmeline. She should stop trying to harm others while gaining nothing for herself!”

Chapter 1153

“Slap! Slap!”

The silence in the room was deafening.

Glenn felt like his face had been slapped hard.

After a moment of contemplation, he nodded with a somber expression, “I understand.”

Abel picked up his wine gla\*s, raised it, and drank the wine in one go. Then he turned and left.

The following day, Emmeline arrived early at the Nightfall Cafe.

It was open for business, but she was not in the best mood.

The most important thing for her was to vent her grievances and clear her name, so she could finally feel at ease.

Abel parked the Rolls Royce in the parking lot and took Emmeline's hand as they walked into the Nightfall Cafe.

Pushing open the glass door, they saw Benjamin and Janie inside.

Both were wearing aprons and busy arranging tables and chairs.

Upon seeing Emmeline and Abel, the four waiters bowed and greeted them.

"Hello, Ms. Emmeline and Mr. Abel!"

Abel nodded in acknowledgment, and Emmeline smiled and waved her hand, "Hello, everyone! You've all worked hard!"

"Emma," Janie took Emmeline's hand, "Why didn't you tell me what happened that day?"

"Why should I tell you?" Emmeline playfully pinched Janie's cheek, "It's already a mess."

"I could have scolded them for you," Janie raised an eyebrow, "You know, I'm really good at scolding people using my dialect!"

"Haha!" Emmeline laughed, "That's fine. Whenever I see injustice, I'll let you yell at them and show off your skills in your dialect!"

"Just wait and see, I'll give them a piece of my mind!" Janie said confidently.

"Sam is to blame for this whole matter," Benjamin chimed in, "If you had told me earlier, I would have stepped in immediately. Little did I know that Abel had already taken care of it."

"Mr. Benjamin," Sam pouted with a hint of annoyance, "Mr. Abel was there that day, and you know how two strong personalities can clash."

"It's all right," Abel smiled, "I handled it the same way Mr. Benjamin would have!"

Doris, wearing a large apron, came down from upstairs and greeted Emmeline with a warm smile, "Ms. Louise, welcome back."

"Thank you, Doris."

Emmeline took Doris' hand and asked, "Doris, I haven't had a chance to ask you yet, did you help Waylon that day at Blue Sky Villa?"

Doris blushed, "Mr. Adelmarr helped me."

"Ah?" Emmeline was surprised, "Why did it turn out the other way around?"

Doris briefly explained, "If Mr. Adelman hadn't intervened and resolved the situation, I would have been the one humiliated."

"Hahaha!" Emmeline laughed, "So you and my brother get along so well."

Doris blushed again and felt a bit awkward.

Indeed, they had quite a humorous dynamic.

Emmeline had not seen Waylon in action, he would persist until the end, no matter what!

Everyone continued talking and laughing joyfully, and the glasses were filled again.

Then, the woman who caused trouble that day, along with her original group, returned to the cafe.

Emmeline frowned, and Sam was ready to step in to handle the situation.

Janie and Doris also stood confidently with their hands on their hips, ready to give a piece of their mind.

Only Abel and Benjamin remained calm, smoking casually.

A group of women entered the cafe, with the entertainment reporter among them, the one who had live-streamed the incident that day.

Seeing Emmeline's expression, the fat woman quickly put on a smile and said, "Ms. Emmeline, please don't misunderstand. Today, my sisters and I are here to apologize to you."

Emmeline was taken aback. Apologize?

Upon hearing this, Sam eased his stance and stopped preparing to intervene.

Doris and Janie also lowered their hands from their hips.

"We not only apologize in person but also plan to broadcast our apology nationwide!" The fat woman nodded and bowed, "So, Ms. Emmeline, can you find it in your heart to forgive us?"

"Yeah, yeah!"

The other women chimed in, "We were manipulated that day. We've come to realize our mistake, and we sincerely apologize to Ms. Louise. Please forgive us."

Emmeline replied, "All I want is for my innocence to be restored. I won't hold a grudge against those who genuinely apologize, but I won't let the instigators off the hook either!"

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"Ms. Louise, we won't dare to do such things again!"

"We sincerely apologize to you this time, and we ask for your forgiveness."

"We were foolish and lacked conscience last time. Ms. Louise, please forgive us. Otherwise, where else will we find such delicious snacks and authentic coffee in the future?"

"Okay, okay!" Emmeline waved her hand, "Let's forget about it. No need to keep talking about it."

The women gathered and chatted happily, making the atmosphere light and friendly.

Several of them sat down at tables, ordered coffee, and enjoyed pastries.

Emmeline told Sam that the bill for them was to be completely waived.

Meanwhile, Sonia was sitting in her hospital bed, watching a live broadcast where several female customers were apologizing at nightfall Cafe.

The incident had passed, and the cafe was now bustling with customers.

The place was crowded both upstairs and downstairs, and the business was thriving.

Although Sonia could not see Emmeline directly, she could sense her happiness through the live broadcast.

She also caught sight of a tall and imposing figure in a well-tailored black suit on the screen.

She knew it was Abel without a doubt!

Abel truly adored his wife, he always stood by Emmeline's side!

Feeling lonely and cold in comparison, Sonia couldn't help but feel a pang of discomfort, as if a cat had scratched her.

Frustrated, she turned off the live broadcast and decided to call her mother.

Michaela quickly picked up the phone.

"Sonia, I'm on my way to you. What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"Are you on your way?" Sonia's eyes welled up with tears, "I'm so angry that I feel like I'm going to explode!"

"What happened?" Michaela asked with concern.

Her daughter meant the world to her, and even the slightest upset in her daughter's life would deeply affect her.

"It's that awful Emmeline again!" Sonia vented, "You have no idea how arrogant and smug she is!"

Emmeline again?

Michaela remained silent.

Just last night, Glenn scolded her harshly.

He warned her that if she continued her scheming behind his back, he might lose his prestigious position!

The cousin had been sent away by Abel, becoming a potential time bomb that could expose Glenn's corruption at any moment.

Moreover...

The four men that Michaela had secretly sent to Dracovia all returned with broken limbs.

Although Glenn was unaware of this, Abel had conveyed a message to her through Glenn.

Abel's message was clear, which was, "Don't cause trouble, or you might end up getting hurt!"

This time it was the four men, but who would be next?

Michaela felt a shiver down her spine.

Abel was right; it could very well be her next!

Ten minutes later, Michaela's car arrived at the underground parking lot of Ryker Hospital.

After the driver parked the car, she took the thermos bucket and headed to the surgical VIP ward.

Inside the ward, Sonia was fuming with anger.

She had even thrown out both of the nurses who were attending to her.

Michaela walked through the living room and pushed open the door to the ward.

A banana came flying towards her, but she managed to dodge it just in time, avoiding it hitting her face.

"Sonia, what's gotten into you?" Michaela asked, her expression displeased. "Why are you behaving like this? Can't you stop causing trouble and making Mom worry?"

"You think I enjoy causing trouble?" Sonia's eyes were red with anger. "You can't even protect your own daughter, and you blame me instead?"

"Blame you? I'm not blaming you, but can't you be more considerate of me?" Michaela said, exasperated. "For your sake, I can't eat or sleep well, and my hair is turning white. Can't you see how worried I am for you?"

"Don't act like you're the only one suffering!" Sonia retorted, holding her phone tightly. "Didn't you want to get rid of that woman in Dracovia? Why is she still so arrogant?"

"Watch your words!" Michaela's face turned serious, she was about to cover Sonia's mouth.

"Are you afraid that no one would know this? Are you trying to put us in trouble?"

"I don't want to put the both of you in trouble. If you want to blame someone, blame yourself for not being as capable as Emmeline. She can bully your daughter with ease!" Sonia sneered.

Michaela scolded, her patience wearing thin. "Isn't Mom doing enough? I'm even taking risks for your sake!"

Chapter 1155

"But it's not the same result now, is it?" Sonia's frustration was evident in her voice. "Didn't you see that Emmeline is alive and well, and Abel is always by her side?"

"What do you expect me to do?" Michaela frowned. "Should I capture Abel and force him to marry you?"



“That would be ideal!” Sonia replied. “You’ve already thought of it, so just do as you said.”

Michaela’s heart ached at her daughter’s outburst, and her face turned pale. She covered her chest and said, “You are such a spoiled brat, and I’m the one who spoiled you!”

“I don’t care!” Sonia pouted. “I can’t stand seeing Emmeline with Abel. It drives me crazy, and I’m ready to do anything to break them up!”

“Didn’t you say that you have some big secret about Emmeline?” Michaela’s eyes lit up. “You hold the trump card, so why not use it to your advantage and beat them both?”

“Well, I’ve been waiting for the right opportunity,” Sonia admitted. “I want to make sure it’s the perfect time to use it.”

“Then tell me, what is this secret?” Michaela asked eagerly. “Maybe I can help you find the right chance.”

“Come closer,” Sonia motioned for her mother to lean in, and she whispered something into Michaela’s ear.

After hearing what Sonia had to say, Michaela looked surprised and doubtful. “Is this really possible?”

“I’m not completely sure,” Sonia replied. “A woman named Erin told me about it.”

“It’s just an identity,” Michaela frowned, “Can this really defeat Emmeline?”

Sonia admitted, “That’s why I’ve been hesitant to use this secret for a long time.”

“Well, it’s better to work with what you have than rely on what you don’t have!” Michaela’s expression turned ruthless, “The opportunity is here now, and if we reveal this secret at the right moment, it could have a significant impact.”

“I agree,” Sonia said, “If I remember correctly, isn’t Ols Mr. Ryker’s birthday approaching? It’s around this time in previous years.”

“You’re right,” Michaela said, “Let’s use this secret to our advantage at an important event like Mr. Ryker’s birthday. It could blow Emmeline’s world apart!”

Sonia clenched her teeth and said, “Let’s wait a little longer and let that woman enjoy herself a bit more. I guarantee that her happiness will soon turn into tears!”

“Exactly!” Michaela nodded, “Leave this matter to me, and I promise to subtly reveal Emmeline’s secret in public without anyone noticing. Let’s see how long she can keep up her act!”

“Hahaha!” Sonia laughed coldly, “Emmeline, you have no idea what’s coming!”

“But Sonia,” Michaela said with concern, “I am used to you and listen to you in everything, but with your father, you must be careful. If this gets out of hand, it could not only affect his career but also our safety. You have to understand that the Ryker family has Emmeline’s back!”

“Hmph!” Sonia snorted coldly.

“When this secret is revealed, Old Mr. Ryker and Emmeline would turn against each other, she will no longer have the Ryker family’s support. Then, I can crush her like an ant.”

Michaela pondered her daughter’s words. “You’re right, that makes sense.”

Later that night, Emmeline remained unaware of the plot being hatched against her. She was preoccupied with her sisters and even had a potential client from Altney who wanted to buy the franchise, Nightfall Cafe.

Unbeknownst to her, the thought of expanding the business never crossed Emmeline’s mind. Making coffee and snacks was purely her pa\*sion and hobby, driven by her love for bringing joy to people.

Once it evolved into a career, it started to lose its essence.

However, she could not tolerate the provocation from Sam and Doris.

Emmeline pondered for a moment; opening a chain franchise might not be out of the question.

Nonetheless, she did not want to complicate her emotions; she still desired to remain carefree like a free-spirited individual.

“Well,” Emmeline informed the client, “you should visit Benjamin, the president of Adelman Group. He has the authority to determine the terms and conditions for the franchise.”

“...Mr. Benjamin?”

The customer appeared perplexed, “A coffee and dessert shop franchise should be a small-scale business, right? Should I really discuss this matter with the president of Adelman Group?”

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“Well,” Emmeline nodded, “the franchise plan is ready, and I’ll be here to offer technical support. If you think it’s feasible, go ahead and give it a try.”

Upon hearing this, the client understood that Emmeline was speaking earnestly and not joking.

And with the backing of the Adelman Group for the chain franchise, doesn’t it make it more secure?

She’s such a smart boss!

Giving Emmeline a thumbs up, the client praised her, but she humbly replied, “Don’t flatter me; I just don’t want unnecessary worries.”

“Then, Ms. Louise, please inform Mr. Adelman that I’ll head there in a taxi right away,” the client said politely.

Emmeline took out her mobile phone and dialed Benjamin’s number.

When Benjamin heard the call, he chuckled, “Our Emma, don’t you want to plant seeds for tomorrow?.”

“The world is vast, and there are always those who care,” Emmeline furrowed her brows, “You know I’m lazy, so I’ll leave this matter to you.”

“Alright then,” Benjamin agreed, “Let the client come over, I’ll be waiting for him in the president’s office.”

“Alright.” Emmeline hung up the phone and said to the customer, “You heard him, you can head over there now.”

The customer couldn’t help but look at the petite woman in front of him. Not only did she turn Nightfall Cafe into an internet-famous shop, but she could also issue instructions to the president of Adelmarr Group!

Wow, this little woman isn’t simple!

The client quickly grabbed his briefcase and made his way to the Adelmarr Group, holding his phone.

It was already lunchtime, and the number of customers in the shop had decreased.

Sam said, “Ms. Louise, please run the service desk; I’ll go upstairs to cook.”

Emmeline was about to reply with a “Yes” when her phone rang, displaying “Hubby” as the incoming call.

Hastily, Emmeline picked up the call and answered in a lazy, soft voice, “Hubby.”

“I’ve ordered food from Nimbus Hotel, and I’ll have it delivered to Nightfall Cafe later, so you don’t have to cook,” her husband informed her.

Emmeline tilted her head and relayed the message to Sam, “Mr. Abel said he doesn’t need to cook; he ordered food from Nimbus Hotel.”

Sam nodded, “Then that saves me some effort.”

“I still have some things to take care of here,” Abel continued, “Once I’m done, Luca and I will also come over.”

Emmeline tilted her head again and informed Sam, “Mr. Abel said he and Luca will join us later.”

Blushing, Sam lowered his head and replied, “Oh!”

“We know,” Emmeline smiled at Abel, “we’ll be waiting for you.”

“Great, see you soon!” Abel’s delighted voice on the phone was heartwarming.

Emmeline happily ended the call and said to Sam, “I’ve been daydreaming; I need to hurry upstairs and freshen up my look!”

“...” Sam twitched, “Doesn’t she already look good? She’s a young and beautiful girl.”

“It’s been quite a while since I freshened up,” Emmeline touched her face, “It’s either sweaty or oily, and it feels so slippery. Can’t I be a little more presentable? Don’t you feel like you’re waking up early in the morning?”

In truth, Sam had also thought about going upstairs to touch up her makeup but felt a bit embarrassed about it.

Emmeline's words gave her the opportunity to do it without feeling self-conscious.

Emmeline was cleverly pushing the conversation in that direction.

With that, Emmeline hurried upstairs to freshen up.

As she made her way down the stairs, Doris came from the opposite direction and accidentally brushed shoulders with Sam. Startled by Sam's speed, Doris staggered a bit.

"What's the rush, Emma?" Doris asked, pointing to the invisible stairs. "Why does it look like they're on fire?"

"My boyfriend is coming," Emmeline smiled. "A woman wants to look her best, can you blame her?"

"Haha!" Doris chuckled, "I understand; she's in a hurry."

As they were conversing, the glass door opened, and a man in a light gray suit walked in, holding a large bouquet of flowers.

Both Emmeline and Doris looked up and saw the flowers, knowing that they were meant for a woman.

Women are often charmed by flowers; it seems like destiny.

"Mr. Daniel?" Doris blurted out, "Why are you here?"

The man who entered turned out to be Daniel.

He noticed the two beautiful women at the service desk immediately. One was Doris, wearing a big apron and a chef's hat, while the other was wearing a black casual suit with a cat apron, though he was not sure who she was.

However, Daniel's mind was quick, and he was incredibly shocked.

Daniel was not one to beat around the bush. He nodded politely to Emmeline, then directed his warm smile towards Doris as he said, "I was browsing a certain app late into the night when I happened to catch a glimpse of your back. I recognized you right away, so I came here to see you. I hope you don't mind my sudden visit."

Chapter 1157

Doris vs. Emmeline.

This man has an eagle eye; he can recognize someone from their back.

Doris, "... Well, this is quite embarrassing, isn't it?"

Emmeline, "... It seems like he found a soft spot.

"This is for you," Daniel handed the bouquet to Doris, "I hope you don't mind them."

Doris looked down and quickly glanced at the flowers.

Emmeline also gave a knowing look.

The bouquet was not composed of red roses; instead, it had lilies mixed with a few yellow roses.

Mr. Daniel seemed to know how to choose flowers.

“Thank you, Mr. Daniel,” Doris said, reaching out to accept the bouquet. She smiled and added, “I’ll treat you to coffee and our delicious desserts.”

It was a way of showing appreciation.

“We can have coffee and snacks another time,” Daniel replied with a smile. “It’s noon now, would you mind having lunch with me, Ms. Doris?”

Doris raised her eyebrows in surprise.

Daniel wanted to take her out to lunch.

She had not expected this.

After all, they had only met once before at Blue Sky Villa, and they were not very familiar with each other.

But she could not outright refuse since Daniel had been helpful to her during their last encounter.

“This...” Doris hesitated, feeling a bit awkward about turning down the invitation directly.

“Why don’t I treat you instead?” Doris smiled generously, “Consider it a thank you for your help at the last reception.”

“It’s the same thing,” Daniel replied happily, “Then let’s go. My car is parked across the street.”

Doris then turned to Emmeline and said, “Miss Louise, I won’t have lunch here; I’ll be back later.”

“That’s fine,” Emmeline nodded, “Take your time. We still have plenty of desserts.”

“Okay!” Doris told Daniel, “I’ll go upstairs and change my clothes. Just wait a moment.”

She realized she was still wearing a big apron with big sleeves and a chef’s hat, so it made sense to tidy up a bit.

Ten minutes later, Doris came downstairs.

Her long black hair was loosely tied into a ponytail at the back of her head.

She was wearing a white casual shirt on top and anthracite jeans on the bottom, with white dad shoes on her feet.

She looked youthful, lively, and very beautiful.

Seeing her, Daniel’s eyes lit up, and a smile appeared on the corner of his lips.

“Let’s go,” Doris said to Daniel, who was still looking at her.

Daniel happily led the way and opened the gla\*s door for her.

At the door, Doris turned back to Emmeline and said, “Ms. Louise, I’m off.”

“Have fun,” Emmeline smiled and waved, “I’m not in a hurry to have you back.”

“Miss!”

Sam rushed down from upstairs, catching up to the door and looking at Doris and Daniel as they left. he asked, “Isn’t someone trying to get a peek at his heart? Aren’t you going to do something about it?”

“I really hope,” Emmeline rolled her eyes, “that someone could intervene so we don’t have to worry about Waylon.”

“Do you think we should tell Mr. Waylon?” Sam asked with concern, “Doris is such a great person; it would be a shame if he dates her.”

“Stay out of it!” Emmeline lightly slapped the back of her hand, “If fate doesn’t bring them together, there’s nothing we can do about it.”

“...You’re right,” Sam nodded reluctantly, “I just wish someone could break down the barriers and wake up the dreamer.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Emmeline reassured her, “Mr. Waylon never even had this dream. Besides, if necessary, I can arrange for Doris to go out with someone else.”

Sam thought to himself...

Mr. Waylon, why are you so clueless?

Doris is such a wonderful woman...

...

Meanwhile, Doris and Daniel crossed the road and reached the opposite parking lot.

Daniel remotely unlocked a Porsche Cayenne.

Doris followed him and walked towards the car.

Coincidentally, the door of a black car parked just in front opened.

Stepping out was a tall man in a white suit – Waylon.

Their eyes met each other in an instant.

Waylon’s gaze passed over Daniel and landed on Doris.

Huh?

Doris never expected to run into Waylon here.

They were not friends, but it seemed like the world was a small place.

The space between the rows of cars felt even narrower.

“Mr. Waylon?” Daniel spoke, trying to break the tension, “What a coincidence!”

“Well, what a coincidence,” Waylon responded curtly and coldly.

“I have an appointment with Miss Doris,” Daniel stated matter-of-factly.

Weylon did not say anything, as if he did not even hear the words.

"I..." Doris was about to greet Weylon, but he had already walked past her.

A cold and invisible aura surrounded them, almost making Doris shiver.

Chapter 1158

It was evident that Weylon had no intention of engaging in conversation with her at all. To him, she was like the air he breathed – completely ignored.

Doris felt her cheeks turning red with embarrassment. She berated herself for not living up to her own expectations. Why did encountering Weylon feel like a mouse meeting a cat? She should not owe him anything, and there was no need to explain herself to him. After all, who was he to her?

Although they lived under the same roof, their relationship was nothing more than that of an owner and a tenant, he did not even sell it to her!

As her mind was busy constructing these thoughts, Daniel looked at Weylon's back and said, "Mr. Weylon seems unhappy."

Doris' defenses were up, and she responded firmly, "That's just how he is. He doesn't have many moments of happiness."

Her voice was not loud, and Weylon had already walked a considerable distance away.

But she did not expect her words to reach his ears so clearly.

In an instant, Weylon turned around swiftly and retorted, "Who said I'm unhappy? Do I have to show my emotions to you? I'm going to see Emme. Do I have to nod and smile every time I see you? Who are you to me?"

Doris was silent.

Well done! She had walked right into the trap again, hadn't she?

Would it kill him if he didn't say that?

Daniel was taken aback for a moment and then said to Weylon, "Mr. Weylon, I'm really sorry!" It was evident that Weylon had no intention of engaging in conversation with her at all. To him, she was like the air he breathed – completely ignored.

Doris felt her cheeks turning red with embarrassment. She berated herself for not living up to her own expectations. Why did encountering Weylon feel like a mouse meeting a cat? She should not owe him anything, and there was no need to explain herself to him. After all, who was he to her?

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"What are you sorry for?" Waylon responded.



"What are you sorry for?" Weylon responded.

"I shouldn't have said that to you just now."

"Who said that?"

Deniel looked at Doris, who had red cheeks and a bowed head, "It's Ms. Doris. I'll apologize to you on her behalf."

"Do I need you to apologize to me?" Weylon glanced at Doris, "I didn't ask her to apologize, did I?"

Deniel was silent.

This man is so assertive with his words! Like a sharp sword! He cuts through without giving people a chance to react!

"Hmph!" Weylon turned around and left with a cold expression.

Deniel stood in place for five seconds, then changed the subject and asked Doris, "How about sitting in the passenger seat?"

Doris was about to say she preferred to sit in the back, but before she could speak, Deniel continued, "I don't want to be your driver; I want to treat you as a friend."

"In that case, I'll sit in the passenger seat.," Doris agreed awkwardly.

She had ridden in cars driven by Weylon several times before, but she had always sat in the back. She did not dare to consider him just a driver. However, Weylon did not seem to be so particular about it.

Sitting in the car, Deniel started the ignition and asked Doris, who was fastening her seatbelt, "Mr. Weylon mentioned seeing Emme. Who's Emme?"

"My boss," Doris replied, "she's the lady you just met at Nightfall Cafe."

"Oh," Deniel nodded, "I see. Just curious, what's the relationship between Mr. Weylon and her?"

"What are you sorry for?" Weylon responded.

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"My boss," Doris replied, "she's the lady you just met at Nightfall Cafe."

"Oh," Daniel nodded, "I see. Just curious, what's the relationship between Mr. Waylon and her?"

Doris didn't answer immediately; instead, she asked, "You're quite curious, aren't you? Why are you asking so many questions?"

Doris didn't answer immediately; instead, she asked, "You're quite curious, aren't you? Why are you asking so many questions?"

"It's my sister," Daniel said, "You can see that my sister likes Mr. Waylon very much. I'm afraid that if Mr. Waylon has someone he likes, then she won't have a chance."

Doris could also see that Lily liked Waylon. It was quite obvious.

"Don't worry about your sister," Doris reassured him, "Our boss is Mr. Waylon's younger sister, and as far as I know, Mr. Waylon doesn't have a woman he likes right now."

If that was the case, there's no need for Lily to worry about competing with anyone else. After all, she was Waylon's sister.

"That's good to know," Daniel said as he drove up the driveway. "Then I can rest assured."

When Waylon arrived at the door, he surprised Emmeline and Sam.

"Waylon, what brings you here?"

"Yes, Mr. Waylon, why are you here now?"

"What's wrong with all of you?" Waylon frowned, "Can't I come?"

"No," Emmeline said, "you didn't tell us in advance."

"Also," Sam chimed in, "Did you meet... um, someone?"

Waylon replied, "Who are you talking about?"

Emmeline and Sam thought of the same time...

Oh no, did we say too much?

Woylon continued, "Doris?" Unexpectedly, he mentioned her himself.

Chapter 1159

"Doris has plans with someone." Emmeline took the opportunity at once.

"I don't care about her plans," Weylon said calmly. "I came here for lunch."

Emmeline and Sem exchanged a glance.

So this had been all for nothing?

Not long after, the glass door was opened and the men in his thirties walked in.

He said to Emmeline, "Hello, I'm the manager of Struyrie Benquet. Your food is here, where should I put it?"

"Struyrie Benquet?" Emmeline glanced at Weylon. "Bro, did you order that?"

"Yep," Weylon said. "Have them bring it to the third floor."

Emmeline was speechless. This was pretty generous.

Abel had even ordered food from the Nimbus Hotel.

That had arrived, too.

The people from Struyrie Benquet left, and the people from Nimbus Hotel showed up right after.

Not long after, Abel and Luce showed up as well.

Everyone went up to the third floor.

There were only four or five people, with over thirty dishes.

Weylon called to inform Benjamin.

Adelmer Group was pretty near Nightfell Cafe.

Within just ten minutes, Benjamin had shown up with Jenie.

Jenie was wearing black and white office clothes, looking simple and chic.

Next to Benjamin, the two of them were a sight for sore eyes.

Luce set down at the table, opening two bottles of wine for everyone.

"You have some too," Abel said to Luce. "I'm not going out in the afternoon, I'll be at Nightfell."

"Doris has plans with someone." Emmeline took the opportunity at once.

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So this had been all for nothing?

Not long after, the glass door was opened and a man in his thirties walked in.

He said to Emmeline, "Hello, I'm the manager of Struyrio Bonquet. Your food is here, where should I put it?"

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"Doris has plans with someone." Emmalina took the opportunity at once.

"I don't care about her plans," Woylon said calmly. "I came here for lunch."

Emmalina and Sam exchanged a glance.

So this had been all for nothing?

Not long after, the glass door was opened and a man in his thirties walked in.

He said to Emmalina, "Hello, I'm the manager of Struyria Banquet. Your food is here, where should I put it?"

"Struyria Banquet?" Emmalina glanced at Woylon. "Bro, did you order that?"

"Yep," Woylon said. "Have them bring it to the third floor."

Emmalina was spaachla\*s. This was pratty ganarous.

Abal had avan ordarad food from tha Nimbus Hotal.

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Within just tan minutas, Benjamin had shown up with Jania.

Jania was waaring black and whita offica clothas, looking simpla and chic.

Naxt to Benjamin, tha two of tham wara a sight for sora ayas.

Luca sat down at tha tabla, opaning two bottlas of wina for avaryona.

“You hava soma too,” Abal said to Luca. “I’m not going out in tha aftarnoon, I’ll ba at Nightfall.”

Sam took the oppportunity to take the bottle out of Luca’s hands, and poured everyone a gla\*s of wine.

Sem took the oppportunity to teke the bottle out of Luce’s hends, end poured everyone e gless of wine.

“Let me serve you, here!”

Luce kept his heed bowed, not dering to sey e word.

Sem deftly poured e round of wine for everyone, even filling the gless in front of Luce.

“Mr. Abel told you to drink, end that’s just whet you’ll do! Cen’t be going egeinst en order, cen you?”

Luce wes speechless.

He wesn’t going egeinst Mr. Abel’s orders!

He wes just worried thet drinking would screw the plen up!

“Sem, ere you trying to help him or give him e herd time here?” Emmeline looked pointedly et him. “I just cen’t tell.”

Sem’s fece flushed. “Whet ere you seying? I couldn’t possibly give Luce e herd time even if I tried!”

“Ahe!” Emmeline smiled. “You’re trying to help him, then! Heerd thet, Luce?”

Luce pursed his lips, turning to Sem eernestly. “Thank you!”

Everyone leughed.

Over on Doris and Deniel's end.

They parked the car, and walked into Fortune Tower.

The place was at its busiest then.

Deniel had booked the spot in the lounge.

The server came over with the menu, and the two of them ordered a good amount of dishes.

"Two bottles of your best merlot, please," Deniel said at the end.

"Just one will do," Doris said. "I can't drink too much."

Deniel stopped short.

He couldn't drink much, either.

Sam took the opportunity to take the bottle out of Luca's hands, and poured everyone a glass of wine.

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"Lat ma sarva you, hara!"

Luca kept his head bowed, not daring to say a word.

Sam deftly poured a round of wine for everyone, even filling the glass in front of Luca.

"Mr. Abal told you to drink, and that's just what you'll do! Can't be going against an order, can you?"

Luca was speechless.

He wasn't going against Mr. Abal's orders!

He was just worried that drinking would screw the plan up!

"Sam, are you trying to help him or give him a hard time here?" Emmalina looked pointedly at him. "I just can't tell."

Sam's face flushed. "What are you saying? I couldn't possibly give Luca a hard time even if I tried!"

"Aha!" Emmalina smiled. "You're trying to help him, then! Hard that, Luca?"

Luca pursed his lips, turning to Sam earnestly. "Thank you!"

Everyone laughed.

Over on Doris and Danial's end.

They parked the car, and walked into Fortuna Tower.

The place was at its busiest then.

Danial had booked a spot in the lounge.

The server came over with a menu, and the two of them ordered a good amount of dishes.

“Two bottlas of your bast marlot, plaasa,” Danial said at tha and.

“Just ona will do,” Doris said. “I can’t drink too much.”

Danial stoppad short.

Ha couldn’t drink much, aithar.

Doris knew how much he could drink last time in Blue Sky Villa.

Doris knew how much he could drink lost time in Blue Sky Villo.

“Just one bottle, then.”

Daniel hod initiolly thought that one bottle looked too stingy, ond Doris’ words hod helped him out.

“We con just chot, you know,” Doris said. “Drinking too much reolly isn’t necessary— this isn’t o business discussion, onywoys.”

“I completely oagree,” Daniel said. “There oren’t ony outsiders around, onywoy.”

Daniel’s words seemed to meon more thon one thing, ond Doris did not know whot to soy.

She did not see Daniel os o stronger, nor os o friend.

To be honest, she hod o pretty good impression of him from thot first time they met ot Blue Sky Villo.

This mon seemed mild-monnered ond polite, os well os friendly.

She hod only oagreed to go out with him today to return the fovor she’d owed him.

He hod given her directions in Blue Sky Villo, ond even helped her up when she olmost fell.

This still constituted o fovor to Doris.

Doris hod excused herself to the bothroom right after the woiter left, ond paid the bill.

She hod even paid o little extro, worrying that they might order more things offer.

Thot woy, she could still get the money bock for whot she hodn’t spent.

On her woy bock to her toble, Doris spotted o fomilior-looking mon.

The sight mode her toke o step bock.

Thot was her brother-in-low!

Chapter 1160

Thet men reelly wes her brother-in-lew, her sister Jennie’s husbend Normen Sinek!

Doris hed thought she wes seeing things!

Honestly, running into her brother-in-lew heving lunch outside wes no big deel.

This, however, wes pretty bed.

Norman was not alone. He had chosen the more hidden spot in the corner, the table for two.

Right across him was the young, beautiful woman.

Doris did not even feel the need to question them. The air between those two from before made it pretty clear what was happening there.

Norman was definitely more than friends with that woman.

Anyone would be able to see that.

Sneaking around, all mysterious!

Doris' chest lurched. Her brother-in-law was having an affair!

Her face paled at once.

She felt like someone had dumped the bucket of water over her.

Jennie would be devastated to find out about this!

She had two daughters who were still in school!

Doris frowned, getting back into her seat worriedly.

Daniel saw that something was off at once, and said, "Ms. Whitteker, are you feeling unwell?"

"No," Doris shook her head, her gaze flashing. "I saw someone I know."

She couldn't just say she was unwell.

That man really was her brother-in-law, her sister Jennie's husband Norman Sinek!

Doris had thought she was seeing things!

Honestly, running into her brother-in-law having lunch outside was no big deal.

This, however, was pretty bad.

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That man really was her brother-in-law, her sister Jannia's husband Norman Sinak!

Doris had thought she was saying things!

Honestly, running into her brother-in-law having lunch outside was no big deal.

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Right across him was a young, beautiful woman.

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"No," Doris shook her head, her gaze flashing. "I saw someone I know."

She couldn't just say she was unwell.

Daniel had asked her out so kindly, it would be rude!

Daniel had asked her out so kindly, it would be rude!

"Someone you know?" Daniel lowered his voice. "Is it an enemy? You look really upset."

"If it's what I think it is, we really will be enemies now."

Doris took a sip of water, her expression one of barely-concealed rage.

She was certain Norman had cheated.

He looked like a pervert, for sure!

Daniel turned around, glancing in the direction Doris had been coming over from.

His gaze then landed on Norman's table.

That was because the table seemed to be tucked into the corner.

The two of them didn't look like husband and wife.

They definitely looked like people having an affair with each other.

But Daniel knew it was better not to ask, and looked away.

Doris could not help herself from looking over again and again.

Her heart was breaking on her sister's behalf.

She was worried for her sister, and her sister's children.

How was she going to live after this?

In no time, tears had filled her eyes.

Doris understood what it felt like to be hurt and betrayed like this.

Her ex-husband Josiah had cheated on her, and it hurt like hell.

She hadn't even liked Josiah that much.

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Jennie and Norman had gotten married out of true love.

Jennie and Norman had gotten married out of true love.

Doris had seen with her own eyes how determined and patient Norman had been when he was pursuing Jennie.

That was why the sight of him hovering on the affair was devastating to her!

Daniel could not hold back any longer, and asked, "Ms. Whittaker, what's the matter?"

Doris sobbed, not saying anything.

Tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Were you talking about that man by the window?" Daniel asked in a low voice. "Who is he?"

Norman looked to be in his thirties.

And from the sight of his figure, he was probably married.

Thus, Daniel excluded the possibility of this man being Doris' boyfriend.

"My brother-in-law," Doris said miserably.

"Oh..." Daniel understood at once.

That man seemed so taken by the person he was eating with, and there was no way the lady was Doris' sister.

Doris was a pure, kind lady.

She would never have a sister who looked like that.

Besides, the age didn't quite add up either?

“Well, what are you going to do?” Doniel took a deep breath, asking in a concerned tone. “Are you going to tell your sister?”