

Ambush OTQ 1383

Chapter 1383 Being Your Own Boss

Emmeline furrowed her brow and pouted. "Are you guys tired of all this intrigue?"

"After taking over, any exhaustion is our own," said Abel. "Being your own boss, you willingly accept all the challenges."

It was already after 8 p.m. when they finished dinner, and Abel and Emmeline were ready to return to Altney Steel.

Benjamin, a little tipsy, asked if Abel could give him a ride..

"Where to?" Abel asked him.

"The auto repair shop."

"What are you doing, going to an auto repair shop at this hour?" Tony asked.

"They seized an illegally modified freight vehicle there today. I want to check it out."

"Can't it wait until tomorrow?"

"No, I'm afraid they might tamper with it tonight."

Tony pointed at Benjamin and said to Abel, "See that? He's still so dedicated!"

"Well, this is my job," Benjamin replied. "Not taking it seriously would be disrespectful to my former platoon leader."

Tony turned to Abel again and said, "If this guy wasn't so stubborn, he would have made a fortune by now!"

They got in the car, with Emmeline sitting in the backseat and Benjamin in the front passenger seat.

Emmeline turned on the overhead light and lowered her head to examine the proposal.

"Be careful of motion sickness, Emma, Abel glanced at her through the rearview mirror and cautioned. Emmeline.

"It's okay," Emmeline replied. "I want to get things organized quickly for the next phase of our plan."

"What plan? Feeling all ambitious, huh?" Abel teased her. "You're making it sound so serious."

"It is serious. Why are you so surprised?" Emmeline retorted, rolling her eyes.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Abel asked.

"Two things. Tony asked me to attend the first batch of training for advertising personnel at the Department of Transportation, and I'm considering renting a kiosk at the department store. Can you help me check it out when you have time?"

"You sound busier than me," Abel teased.

"You're dealing with big things. I'm dealing with little ones." Emmeline mimicked his tone. "Even if I'm ambitious, I still can't get away from you."

Benjamin, on the side, listened and guffawed. "You two are really lively."

"Have you seen her give me a headache?" Abel rolled his eyes in response.

"For example," Benjamin teased, "the night at the guesthouse when you secretly watched over her all night?"

"Benjamin, what are you saying?" Emmeline exclaimed. "What do you mean watched over me all night?"

"My bad!" Benjamin playfully slapped himself. "I was just talking nonsense!"

"Abel." Emmeline turned to Abel. "What did Benjamin mean just now?"

"Don't listen to his nonsense. He's had a bit too much to drink." Abel laughed.

Benjamin immediately closed his eyes and pretended to sleep, faking drunkenness.

"Emma, sealing a deal for a 300,000 advertising project is no small feat," Abel quickly interjected.

"I just got lucky and hit the mark," Emmeline replied.

"How much is Tony giving you as a cut?" Abel asked. "Don't forget to give your brother a bonus."

"You're so money-minded. I haven't even agreed when Tony said he'd calculate it for me, okay?!"

"That's what you deserve. You did Tony a big favor, and this shopping mall deal will keep him well-fed for several years."

"But, Abel, if you're going to contract the factory and manage all those relationships, you'll need a substantial amount of money, right?"

"Estimated around a couple of million"

"That's a lot. Where are you going to get it from?"

"Bank loans."

"That sounds scary. Won't you have to put everything on the line, including your personal assets?"

"When you contract, there are only two possibilities: either you make a killing, or you go bankrupt. Everyone's gambling on luck and strength."

"In the end, it's a gamble on character." Benjamin opened his eyes. "Just like Vernon Chester's assessment of Emma. Every businessman can see through their opponents; tactics are just temporary tricks. In the long run, successful people rely on their character."

"Benjamin, you've had a bit too much to drink," Abel said. "That doesn't sound like something you'd say."

"I just told you, Vernon said it." Suddenly, Benjamin hollered, "Abel, stop the car!"

“What’s wrong, do you need to throw up?” Abel turned to look at him.

“As if. I’ve only had a bit to drink. Benjamin pointed outside the car. “You see that guy by the roadside?”

“What about him?” Abel asked in confusion.