

Ambush OTQ 2

Chapter 2

Oscar Ryker had three grandsons. Which of them had sired this little boy everyone was staring at?

Whoever the father was, it definitely could not be Abel Ryker, the third grandson. He had been overseas for a while now. This was probably Adrien Ryker's child. After all, everyone in Struyria knew that Oscar's second grandson was a notorious playboy and man-about-town.

Goodness!

The wealthy women and their daughters all wore envious expressions. After all, they had come with extravagant gifts to visit Oscar for the sole purpose of ensnaring one of the Ryker grandsons. Which ambitious mother would not want their daughters to marry into Struyria's wealthiest family?

Unfortunately, this shabbily dressed young woman called Emmeline Louise had stolen a march on them by showing up with a child in tow. The other women felt like strangling her.

"Emmeline!" Alana looked livid. Furiously, she ordered, "You get out of here right now and take your son with you, so he doesn't cause trouble! Do you think the Ryker family doesn't know exactly what sort of person you are? As if any of the Ryker boys would have a child with a slut like you!"

"That's true too," the wealthy women agreed sycophantically, nodding vigorously. "She's probably so poor she's gone out of her senses. She doesn't even know who the father of her child is, so she's trying to blame Mr. Abel!"

"She's just a scheming little wretch with ulterior motives, you'd better send her packing!"

"Security!" Alana turned to the bodyguards. "Throw this woman and her son out so they don't disturb Old Mr. Ryker!"

"Yes, Ms. Lane!" The bodyguards moved forward menacingly.

"This is Abel Ryker's son!" Emmeline planted herself in front of Hesperus. "If you harm one hair of his head, I'll make you regret it!"

"Hahaha!" All the wealthy women began laughing, and even the bodyguards smirked derisively.

"Emmeline, you really know how to throw blame around, don't you? You're such a liar too! My fiancé has been overseas the entire time; do you think he'd be able to suddenly father a child with you?"

"Your precious fiancé gave me this at the time!" Emmeline brought out the bank card and waved it at Alana. "The cardholder is Abel Ryker, or am I mistaken?"

"Where did you get this? Do you think you can make everyone believe you with a canceled card?" Alana snatched the bank card from Emmeline and snapped it in two, then tossed the pieces into the trash can.

Emmeline was staggered. This was the only thing that her children's father had left behind! Without hesitation, she immediately slapped Alana hard across the face.

“Get this crazy bitch and her insolent son out of my sight!” Alana held her stinging cheek and snarled, gritting her teeth.

The bodyguards charged forward.

Unexpectedly, Emmeline met them with a flurry of hard blows and several good kicks. Alana and the other women present were flabbergasted.

The bodyguards sprawled on the corridor, groaning and gasping in pain.

Alana stared at her cousin. When had Emmeline learned to fight like that?

Emmeline was just considering whether or not to continue the fracas when the door of the VIP suite opened, and a sharp, stern voice snapped, “Who’s causing all the disturbance out there?”

The atmosphere suddenly turned chilly. Alana immediately closed her mouth, and the bodyguards got up from the ground in awkward embarrassment. Rosaline Ryker, nee Turner, was standing in the doorway. She was Abel Ryker’s mother.

Oscar Ryker had two sons and three grandsons. Abel was the child of his second son.

“Madame Ryker.” Alana pointed accusingly at Emmeline. “That crazy woman’s causing a ruckus, and I’ve been trying to stop her!”

Rosaline turned her alert, intelligent eyes toward Emmeline. A slight frown creased her brow as if she recognized her.

Alana’s heart gave a leap of joy. Emmeline was notorious by now; it looked like her reputation was a byword in all of Struyria.

“What is she making a ruckus about?” Rosaline asked. “The Rykers have nothing to do with her.”

Alana answered quickly, “Oh, she’s just a shrew causing a fuss for no reason; just throw her out, and everything will be fine!”

“She’s wrong,” Hesperus answered suddenly, craning his head up to look at Rosaline with solemn eyes.

“Hello, pretty lady, I’m here to see my daddy. I’m not causing a fuss for no reason!”

Pretty lady? Rosaline’s eyes lit up, and she bent down to get a good look at this little charmer. “Who are you calling pretty?”

“You, of course!” Hesperus shot a sidelong glance at Alana then looked back at Rosaline. “Pretty lady, don’t listen to this auntie. My Mommy isn’t a shrew. She is!”

Rosaline was thrilled to be unexpectedly called a pretty lady, and she beamed at Hesperus.

Alana could not take it anymore. “Impudent little b*stard, who are you calling an auntie?”

“Did you see that, pretty lady?” Hesperus pointed accusingly at Alana. “Isn’t she a shrew?”

Alana hastily buttoned her lips, her heart pounding hard at her brief loss of control.

“You really should call me Granny, you know.” Rosaline lightly stroked Hesperus’s hair. “My grandson is around your age.”

“I’ll call you Granny then! You look like a really nice person. Maybe you’re actually my Granny!” Hesperus’s acting skills reached a new high, and Rosaline’s heart melted completely.

“Security, hurry up and throw this woman and her child out of here!” Alana was frantic by now. “This noisy brat is bothering Madame Ryker!”

“Don’t throw your status around and try to bully people,” Rosaline chided, frowning slightly. “Have them escorted down; that will be just fine.”

“There’s no need for that,” Emmeline answered, taking hold of Hesperus’s small hand. Since Abel had not shown up yet, there was no point in her staying here for now. “We’ll make our own way down, ma’am.”

“Mommy!” Hesperus caught hold of Rosaline’s hand and tugged her toward Emmeline. “Mommy, I want to play with Granny for a while. I’ll go down by myself later.”

Emmeline was about to say no when she saw her son batting his eyes cutely at her. This young rascal was trying to worm his way into the Ryker family so he could function as an insider! He really was a little devil.

However, her eldest son Helios was even more of a little devil than his young brother. At this very moment, Helios was now at the airport, scrutinizing the arrival terminal for the man in the picture that had been printed in the article.

That man was supposed to be his daddy...Abel Ryker!

...

Abel Ryker strode out, his eyes shielded behind dark sunglasses. He was surrounded by bodyguards, four in front of him and four behind. The weather had experienced a cold snap, causing the temperature in the arrival terminal to drop to freezing point. The passengers hurried on ahead, anxious to get out of the cold, and the area within a 30-foot radius was deserted, apart from Abel’s bodyguards.

Actually, no! A little boy in a black suit was standing there, blocking Abel’s way. From a distance, the child actually looked like a miniature version of...himself.

“Daddy!” Just as Abel’s attention was drawn to the stylish little boy, Helios called out to him.

Daddy? In some confusion, Abel turned around. Aside from himself and his bodyguards, no one else was behind him. Who could the boy be addressing?

“Daddy!” Helios spoke up again in a clear, confident voice. “I’m your son.”

“Hey, little fellow.” It was rare to see Abel stunned as he was now. In a change from his normal bad-tempered manner, he knelt down by Helios and said gently, “Are you lost? I can accompany you out of here and help you look for your parents.”

“You don’t need to look for Mommy. She’s gone to see great-grandfather and wait for you there,” Helios announced portentously. “There’s no need to look for Daddy either. You’re my Daddy!”

“How could I possibly be your Daddy?”

Helios answered with the utmost gravity, “Just look at the resemblance. There’s your answer! Do you even need to ask?”

Abel took off his sunglasses and scrutinized the little boy in front of him. The young rascal did, in fact, look very much like him. He looked up at his bodyguards, who concurred by nodding.

“But you’re not my son...” Abel chuckled. “You must be Adrien’s boy. You have the family resemblance, at least.”

“But Mommy said my daddy’s called Abel Ryker, the man in this picture. That’s you, right?” Helios showed Abel his phone screen.

Abel’s brow creased in a slight frown. Yes, the man in the picture was definitely him. It had been taken overseas at the airport in the country of Waverly when he was boarding the plane there.

Who had taken such a recognizable photograph of him?