

## Ambush OTQ 501

### Chapter 501 Successfully Fooling Abel

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“Inspector Charles, right now, Ms. Louise is masquerading as a wealthy young man. Please make sure that all the necessary background information is in order and above suspicion; there mustn’t be anything that could give the game away.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Benjamin,” Inspector Charles replied. “Emmett, also known as Em, right? His parents own a real estate company, and all the background information is solid. There’s nothing there that will arouse suspicion.”

“Alright.” Benjamin nodded.

Abel would almost certainly investigate Emmeline for security purposes once her male persona, Emmett, came into contact with him, so it was imperative to have all the necessary background information ready.

Meanwhile, Emmeline drove back to the Nightfall Cafe. Benjamin, who had arrived before her, instructed Eric to have the Bugatti towed to an automotive repair center.

In the meantime, Emmeline hurried upstairs to change and remove her makeup before heading to the cafe on the first floor. Sam served her a cup of hot coffee and brought her some cream and sugar as well.

“How did it go, Ms. Louise? Did you manage to fool Mr. Abel?”

Emmeline quirked a brow. “As if he wasn’t already at my mercy! He’s got nowhere to run! Besides, he’s already on my friends list!”

Benjamin chuckled. “Of course, our Ms. Louise was successful. I already knew you’d pull it off. Just at the expense of your poor Bugatti.”

“Well, you know what they say; you gain some, you lose some.” Emmeline sipped her coffee. “Lose the car, gain the children’s father; same difference!”

Benjamin almost choked on his coffee. “It’s...certainly not easy for you.”

“I have Waylon to thank for all of this, don’t forget!” Emmeline rolled her eyes, preparing to lecture Benjamin.

“Alright, alright,” Benjamin said hurriedly, putting up his hands in surrender. “Have some pity on Waylon, though; after all, he’s the one who’s been safeguarding your interests and watching over you.”

Emmeline had to admit that Benjamin had a point. When she had been at death's door, Waylon had never left her side at the hospital. After the bullet had been removed from her cardiovascular artery, he was the one who had painstakingly fed her all her medications and health tonics; without that, she would not have been able to recover so rapidly. Of course, she could not forget that Robert's skills as a healer had pulled her back from the brink of death in the first place.

"I'll bring over another car for you tomorrow," Benjamin offered. "Which one would you like?"

"I think another Bugattis would be good," Emmeline replied. "I seem to remember seeing a gray one in the villa garage."

"Alright." Benjamin nodded. "I'll have Eric take a look."

"I'll head down to the basement to look into antidotes for Worryfree then." Emmeline rose from her seat. "If you'll excuse me."

"That's fine." Benjamin finished off his coffee. "I've got a date tonight, so I can't stay here with you anyway."

"Date?" Emmeline eyed him with renewed interest. "Is it Janie, by any chance?"

"Excuse me, missy?" Benjamin playfully tapped her on the nose. "Where has your mind wandered off to, hmm?"

"That won't do at all," Emmeline declared indignantly. "Janie Eastwood is absolutely smitten with you, heart and soul. How are things ever going to get off the ground if you don't have an ounce of genuine sincerity in you?"

"I say, Ms. Louise," Benjamin protested, laughing. "You go take care of Abel first; don't worry so much about me."

"Janie's going to be your girlfriend; that's a given end non-negotiable," Emmeline replied firmly. "If not, I'll get Mester Robert to send you back to Dawn Island, and you can mull over your sins and misdeeds in the corner there."

"For God's sake, please don't!" Benjamin begged. "Even if I have to mull over my sins and misdeeds, I'll do it on the third-floor balcony. Just don't send me back to that accursed island!"

"Fine, but you're going to bite the bullet and court Janie properly, right?" Emmeline puffed out her cheeks and demanded.

"Yes, yes, I will!" Benjamin was backed into the corner, and he knew it. "Once I finish with my clients, I'll go and ask Janie out on the date. That's acceptable, right?"

"It'll do." Emmeline nodded, looking both smug and satisfied before she turned and headed down to the basement.

Worryfree was an antidepressant that Robert Adelmer had spent an entire lifetime formulating, and there was no known antidote for it. Emmeline was basically attempting to research a new drug that would make someone's suppressed emotions resurface.

This was tantamount to asking for the moon. Nonetheless, she had to try.

Sam had to call Emmeline to dinner three times before Emmeline hurried into the kitchen and took a few hasty bites from her plate. She went straight back to the basement after that and continued her research for the rest of the night.

Emmeline only went to bed at dawn and slept soundly till noon. After eating lunch, she took a short nap. When she woke up, she judged it was probably a good time to go hunting for Abel. Meticulously, she began putting on her makeup and disguising herself.

When she came down the stairs, Sam stared at her and began snickering.

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## **Chapter 502 Going Drinking With Abel**

"What are you laughing at?" Emmeline touched her false mustache anxiously. "Is this crooked?"

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"No, no, it's not."

“Then it’s the eyebrows, isn’t it? What’s wrong with them?” She gingerly brushed at her cosmetically-enhanced bushy brows.

“Your eyebrows are fine, Ms. Louise.”

“Then?” Emmeline waited on the stairs for Sam to reply. If her disguise was lacking in some way, she would not dare set foot out the door. It would be disastrous if Abel managed to see past her subterfuge. He kept all women at arms’ length; if he discovered that “Emmett” was really a female, he would have nothing to do with her.

“Well...” Sam covered her mouth and lowered her voice. “There used to be rumors around Struyria that Mr. Abel’s orientation was somewhat questionable. If you get close to him, Ms. Louise, you’ll be enabling him in that direction, won’t you?”

“I don’t have time to worry about that,” Emmeline answered. “I need to get close enough to him so that I can try and make him see the light; I can’t allow Evelyn to get her claws into him.”

“That’s true,” Sam mused thoughtfully. “After all, who knows how long it’s going to take to find an antidote?”

“Alright, I’m heading out.” Emmeline glanced at her watch. “Abel shouldn’t be too busy at this time.”

“Here are your car keys.” Sam opened a drawer and fished out the keys to the Bugatti. “Mr. Benjamin brought them over first thing this morning in person. He wanted to go upstairs to see you, but I told him you were still sleeping. He left after that.”

“Don’t forget to play matchmaker for him and Janie,” Emmeline reminded. “Find an opportunity or create one.”

“No worries. I’ve got this.” Sam flashed a wide grin. “Janie’s a good person.”

“Oh, that reminds me.” Emmeline was just about to leave when she turned around again.

“Did you forget something, Ms. Louise?” Sam glanced around, trying to spot what Emmeline might have forgotten.

“No.” Emmeline strode over to Sam and scrutinized her expression. “How are things between you and Luca, by the way?”

“Huh?” Sam flushed a beautiful shade of pink. “I don’t think he’s even thought about that!”

“True,” Emmeline said thoughtfully, nodding slowly. “Luca doesn’t really have any reason to come over here and see you, does he now? I’ll help you figure something out.”

“Ms. Louise!” Sam covered her face with her hands, thoroughly embarrassed.

Emmeline burst out laughing and was out the door the next minute.

On the 89th floor of the Ryker Group building, Abel went back to his office after finishing a meeting and sat down. He had just poured himself a glass of water and was about to take a sip when his phone rang. He glanced at the display and saw the caller was “Em”.

Em? Ahh yes, now he remembered; that was the young man from yesterday whose car had knocked into his. That had been their only encounter, yet the brat had the cheek to consider him a "friend!" Furthermore, he had promised to let the boy buy him a drink today.

The more Abel thought about it, the more reluctant he felt, but it would not do to go back on his word.

"Mr. Ryker! It's me, Emmett!" Em's bright, cheerful voice came over the line. "Em, from yesterday, in case you've forgotten. You promised you'd let me buy you drinks today!"

"Ahh, yes." Abel sipped at his water. "I haven't forgotten."

"I'm at the plaza down here," Emmeline answered. "The security guards wouldn't let me park, so I've left the car engine running."

"The pleze?" Abel got up and went to the window. It was too far down to see clearly, so he picked up the telescope on the window sill and peered through it. There was indeed a grey car on the plaza; no cars were allowed to park there. "I see. Wait for me there; I'll be down in a few minutes."

"Where should we go, though?" Emmeline wondered.

"Where would you like to go?" Abel replied. "You're still a youngster, so I'll go where you suggest."

Emmeline was briefly at a loss for words. I'm a youngster? I have a mustache, thank you very much!

"How about the Imperial Pleze?" She really couldn't think of anywhere that might be good for a few drinks.

"That's not an appropriate place for you to be." Abel stared at the grey car through the telescope lens; it seemed to be another Bugatti.

Which family did this rich young brat belong to?

Abel ran through possibilities in his mind, trying to identify who the boy's parents and grandparents might be. From the looks of things, they were at least equal to the Rykers in terms of wealth and prestige. However, he could not recall another family like that in Struyrie.

This youngster needed investigating. His appearance on the scene was just a little too abrupt.

With that, Abel put down the telescope and pressed the intercom connected to his assistant's room.

Luce came in a few moments later.

Abel hung up the cell and told Luce about his suspicions. "Check and see which family this young brat is from, then inform me."

"Alright, Mr. Abel."

After Luce left the room, Abel called "Em" again.

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Luca came in a few moments later.

Abel hung up the call and told Luca about his suspicions. “Check and see which family this young brat is from, then inform me.”

“Alright, Mr. Abel.”

After Luca left the room, Abel called “Em” again.

### **Chapter 503 I’m Not Interested In Relationships**

“The line accidentally got cut off earlier. Where did you say you wanted to go?” Abel asked “Emmett”.

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Emmeline pursed her lips and stared up at the 89-story building. “I said, why isn’t it appropriate for me to go to the Imperial Palace?” Obviously, she was unable to see Abel standing at the window watching her, but if he could see her from way up there on the 89th floor, his eyesight was truly incredible.

“The Imperial Palace is a mixed bag of decent people and society scum,” Abel replied, still looking at the tiny gray matchbox on the plaza that was the Bugatti. “It’s not advisable for fresh-faced boys to go there.”

This left Emmeline at a loss for words for a few seconds. “But you’ll be with me, right, Mr. Ryker? I’ll just look around the place with you; wouldn’t that be ok?”

Abel gave this due consideration and concluded that since this brat was a young man after all, there was no harm in taking him there just for a look. “Alright then,” he replied. “I’ll be down right away.”

“Okay! I’m waiting in the car, Mr. Ryker!” Emmeline ended the call, grinning broadly.

This infuriating man was quite approachable and warm, after all.

About ten minutes later, Abel exited the building, his suit jacket tossed over one shoulder.

“Mr. Ryker!” Emmeline stuck an arm out the window of the car and waved enthusiastically. “Over here!”

Abel headed over and scrutinized the good-looking youth in the driver’s seat. Emmett was still dressed entirely in black, from his silk shirt to his well-tailored pants. His white tie was the only splash of color in his outfit. All in all, he was extremely personable, with his clean-cut appearance and neat mustache.

Abel could not help smiling faintly. Having a youngster like Emmett tagging around his heels like a little brother would be rather amusing.

“What are you smiling at, Mr. Ryker?” Emmeline blew at the ends of her mustache, looking decidedly roguish.

“Nothing,” Abel answered. “Go ahead. I’ll follow you in my car once my chauffeur drives out of the parking lot.”

“Alright,” Emmeline said sunnily. “I’ll see you at the Imperial Palace then.”

“Mm.” Abel nodded. “Be a little more careful on the road; don’t drive too aggressively.”

“Okay, Mr. Ryker!” Emmeline’s gray Bugatti zipped out of the plaza, heedless of Abel’s warning.

“Brat,” Abel chuckled, shaking his head.

It was around half an hour later when Emmeline arrived at the Imperial Palace and parked the Bugatti in the basement parking lot. Abel’s Rolls-Royce followed shortly after, the chauffeur letting Abel and Luca out of the car before going to park.

“Where should we go now, Mr. Ryker?” Emmeline strode over, one hand slipped into her pocket.

“Let’s head to Section A,” Abel decided. “The services offered there are less complex.”

Emmeline knew that by “less complex services,” he meant that there were no “special escort services” or the like. “Very well, I’ll go with what you suggest, Mr. Ryker.” She followed Abel into the lift that went to Section A.

After they exited and went down a walkway, they were abruptly confronted by a scene of riotous nightlife, with people hustling and bustling everywhere.

“Wow!” Emmeline clapped her hands together. “It’s so happening here!”

Abel narrowed his eyes on her. “Listen, boy, you’d better not give your parents reason to think I’ve sent you off the straight and narrow path.”

“Of course not! Why would they think so?” Emmeline stroked her mustache. “I’m old enough to consider getting married, even!”

“Do you have a girlfriend then?” Abel lit a cigarette. Catching Emmeline’s eyes on him, he blew out a smoke ring lazily before remarking, “You’re still a youngster. Don’t start smoking.”

Emmeline nodded obediently before answering Abel’s question. “I don’t have a girlfriend. I’m really not interested in relationships like that.”

“Heh!” Abel gave a snort of laughter. “Well then, what are you interested in?”

“Fun!” Emmeline deliberately opened her eyes wide. “I like having fun like this with you, Mr. Ryker. Isn’t it exciting? It’s much better than having a girlfriend! You have no idea how annoying women are. My mom’s always nagging at my dad and suspects him of having affairs all the time. The minute she gets a whiff of perfume on him, it’s the end of the world. No thank you; I’m scared of relationships now if that’s what’s going to happen.”

Abel laughed heartily at this. Even Luca and Abel’s bodyguard, who were following behind them, could not help being amused.

Luca thought to himself, Are women really so annoying?

He hadn’t thought of young Sam as annoying at all; in fact, being together with her was absolutely blissful. The only problem was that Mr. Abel kept him so busy he didn’t have the opportunity to develop his relationship with her.

Between laughter and chatting, they arrived at the main hall of the Imperial Palace and set down at a table near the stage. The servers hurried over to take their orders.

“Mr. Ryker,” Emmeline asked in the manner of a young, inexperienced innocent, “What do you suggest we drink?”

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#### **Chapter 504 Looking Down on Everything**

“XO?” Abel asked her.

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Abel called over the waiter and placed their order.

As the waiter left, the bartender approached their table with their drinks, kneeling down to mix them.

A rock singer on the stage belted out a song, shaking the room with its booming sound.

Abel frowned.

The noise was unbearable, he thought to himself.

“Mr. Ryker,” Emmeline said playfully, her face full of mischief, “how about I sing for you instead?”

“You can sing?” Abel squinted at her, finding this “little bro” increasingly intriguing.

“At school, I used to sing all the time,” Emmeline replied. “I was the star of the show.”

“Well, give it a shot,” Abel encouraged her with a grin.

Emmeline took a sip of the cocktail the bartender had just made and walked over to the stage.

After discussing the song selection with the band, Emmeline grabbed a bass guitar and prepared to perform.

As the music started playing, Emmeline belted out the lyrics with abandon.

“You took my hand, you showed me how...”

“...You promised me you’d be around...”

“I took your words, and I believed...”

Abel was taken aback by her song choice.

It was the famous song of Pink.

Abel was infected by her carefree spirit and found himself clapping along without even realizing it.

“If someone said three years from now.....” the crowd in the hall sang along, “.....You’d be long gone.....”

As the song ended, the entire hall erupted in cheers.

Emmeline blushed and returned to Abel’s side, amidst the neon lights.

“Mr. Ryker, how was it? Did I sing well?”

"It was amazing, even beyond my expectations!" Abel handed her a drink and chuckled, "You look handsome and pretty, like Pink in her androgynous style."

"Ha!" Emmeline spurted out her drink.

She hadn't expected Abel to say that, as if he had just exposed her.

"Mr. Ryker, I'm a pure man, pure as milk."

Abel also burst out laughing, "Why are you panicking? I didn't say you were a eunuch."

Emmeline was embarrassed, and then a clear voice suddenly came from behind, "Are there eunuchs here?"

Abel looked up, and Emmeline turned around.

They saw that Adam had come over at some point.

Abel's sword-like eyebrows furrowed.

He was starting to dislike Adam more and more.

This brooding man always made him feel uneasy and on edge.

"Abel," Adam said with a faint smile, "won't you offer me a drink?"

"Sit!" Abel replied coldly and distantly.

Adam didn't hesitate to sit next to Emmeline.

Emmeline quickly shifted to the side to make room for him.

"Hey little brother," Adam reached out and pinched Emmeline's cheek, "you sing well, and you look so handsome. Your face is so smooth and androgynous, I can't even tell if you're a boy or a girl. It makes my heart skip a beat."

"Slep!" Abel slapped Adam's hand away and pulled Emmeline closer to him.

"He's just a kid, Adam. Don't scare him."

"But I like this kind of kid," Adam pointed to Emmeline's little mustache, "look, our style is quite similar."

"He's just here to have fun with me," Abel said, "he doesn't know anything. Adam, you need to be more sensible."

"Hehe," Adam sneered, "look at how tightly you're protecting him. Is this a new flavor for you?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" Abel spoke coldly, "he's just a little brother I just met."

"Who are you fooling?" Adam said, "Would you hold your brother so tightly like this?"

"This is my business," Abel held Emmeline even tighter and said to Adam, "Don't you want to quarrel with me here, Adam?"

Adam snickered and remained silent.

He was afraid of fighting with Abel here, even though the Imperial Palace was his territory, and his people were everywhere. He couldn't afford to expose his identity by getting into a fight.

"Forget it," Adam waved his hand and said, "I didn't expect you to be so petty, Abel!"

"No need to see you out!" Abel coldly issued the order to leave.

"Slap!" Abel slapped Adam's hand away and pulled Emmeline closer to him.

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### **Chapter 505 Don't You Love Her?**

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"I..." Emmeline leaned into Abel's embrace, "I don't like you, I only like Mr. Ryker."

"Well then, you two have fun," Adam smirked and left.

"I told you this isn't a place for you to come," Abel held Emmeline and sat her down. "At your age, it's better to go home and focus on your studies. Don't get into trouble too early."

"I don't want to study anymore," Emmeline said with a pitiful face. "With my family's wealth, I can eat and drink and spend for several lifetimes. It's making me anxious just thinking about it. How can I focus on studying?"

“So, you’re just going to waste away like this?” Abel tilted his head and looked at her. “You’re young, you should have dreams and goals.”

“What about Mr. Ryker’s dreams and goals?” Emmeline also tilted her head and looked at him.

Suddenly, Abel realized that the young man in front of him was like a woman. A charming and agile little woman. And even... somewhat like Emmeline.

Emmeline?

Abel shook his head.

“As for my dreams and goals...” he thought for a moment, “I should continue to grow and strengthen the Ryker family.”

“Ugh, how boring,” Emmeline pouted. “All this talk is just about money.”

“Well, it’s not just about money,” Abel said. “People are always looking to challenge themselves.”

“But...” Emmeline looked at him. “I saw online that Mr. Ryker has a child and a woman named Emmeline, who’s also quite pretty. But why haven’t I heard Mr. Ryker mention her?”

“Why should I?” Abel frowned.

“Don’t you love her?”

Abel said calmly. “I’m like you, not interested in dating.”

“Ugh!” Emmeline sighed deeply.

Abel, your love for me has truly vanished.

Otherwise, you would have really had it coming!

Who was the one always clinging to me before?

Waylon, look at the mess you’ve made!

What am I supposed to do now?

A wave of sadness washed over Emmeline, and she lifted her glass, “Glug, glug,” and drank it all down.

Her alcohol tolerance was never good, and after just one or two drinks, she was already looking at Abel with a fuzzy head.

“You’ve had too much to drink,” Abel took the glass from her hand.

The little guy with a trimmed mustache made him feel an inexplicable tenderness toward him.

Emmeline shook her head, feeling dizzy. She couldn’t drink anymore.

But she leaned into Abel’s arms and pretended to be drunk.

“Mr. Ryker, let’s keep drinking, drink for three days and three nights...”

“Mr. Ryker, really, what’s the point of love, it’s all a scam, drinking, drinking is the real deal...”

Abel held her, furrowing his brows. “Emmett, you’ve had too much to drink, your parents will blame me.”

“Snore~~” Emmeline had already fallen “asleep” in his arms.

“Emmett, Emmett.” Abel shook her gently.

She really had fallen asleep.

“This kid.” Abel bent down and picked her up, turning to Luca. “Let’s go.”

“But Mr. Abel,” Luca said. “Where are we taking this kid? We don’t even know where he lives.”

“Let’s go back to The Precipice first,” Abel said. “This little guy needs someone to take care of him after drinking too much.”

He carried “Emmett” through the hall.

He couldn’t help but feel that this “little guy” was surprisingly light and delicate like he was carrying a little woman.

Abel felt a rush of euphoria from the sensation of holding Emmeline but then shuddered as he realized what he was feeling. Was he really starting to have issues with his own sexuality?

As he looked around, he noticed many questioning glances directed toward him. Was Ryker Group’s Mr. Abel really into... men?

Many of the male workers in attendance seemed to see this as an opportunity for themselves.

When they arrived back at The Precipice, the sun was already setting and a brilliant sunset was visible in the sky over one corner of the ville.

Evelyn hobbled out to greet them as Abel’s Rolls-Royce pulled up.

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Many of the male workers in attendance seemed to see this as an opportunity for themselves.

When they arrived back at The Precipice, the sun was already setting and a brilliant sunset was visible in the sky over one corner of the villa.

Evelyn hobbled out to greet them as Abel's Rolls-Royce pulled up.

### **Chapter 506 Dare You Throw a Shoe at Me**

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Evelyn's foot had completely healed and no longer hurt. But she had to pretend to limp for two more days, or Abel would kick her out without hesitation.

The Rolls-Royce was parked in its designated spot, and Abel stepped out from the back seat.

"Mr. Abel, you're back," Evelyn said sweetly, her face adorned with a gentle smile.

But Abel ignored her and leaned into the car, embracing someone.

Evelyn's heart tightened in her chest.

Whom did Abel bring back with him?

As Abel turned with Emmeline in his arms, Evelyn was left dumbfounded.

Why was he carrying a man?

The man looked like he was passed out drunk and was tightly snuggled against Abel's broad chest, making Evelyn feel very uncomfortable.

"Mr. Abel, who is this man you're carrying?" she asked.

"He's just a little brother," Abel replied. "He had too much to drink."

Emmeline stirred in Abel's arms, turning her head slightly.

Evelyn caught a glimpse of the man's half-face. What a stunningly beautiful face it was, with a hint of wickedness that was enough to bewitch anyone.

Evelyn's mind went blank.

Was Mr. Abel...

Attracted to men?

Abel carried Emmeline into the lobby and placed her on the sofa.

"Can you watch him for me?" Abel instructed Qin Yao. "Don't let him fall off the sofa, I'll get him a glass of water."

"Sure thing," Evelyn replied.

Reluctantly, Evelyn crouched down in front of the sofa and watched over Emmeline, making sure he didn't fall off.

Emmeline opened his eyes slightly and glanced at his surroundings.

Then, he slurred his words: "My shoes, take off my shoes, so tired!"

Evelyn was taken aback. Did he want her to take off his shoes?

Evelyn, who had never done such a thing before, was at a loss for what to do. After all, she was the Miss Murphy of the Murphy family!

As she stood there in a daze, Emmeline started kicking her feet alternately.

"Pop! Pop!" Her shoes flew off and hit Evelyn in the face.

"Ah!" Evelyn, who was originally crouching down, fell to the ground with a cry. "How dare you throw shoes at me?"

Emmeline rolled over and continued to sleep.

Abel came over with a glass of water and asked, "What's wrong?"

Evelyn, still nursing her red face from being hit by Emmeline's shoe, stood up and said, "Mr. Abel, this man kicked off his shoes and hit me!"

"How could that be?" Abel frowned, "Emmett had too much to drink and he's passed out."

Tears welled up in Evelyn's eyes, "He wanted me to take off his shoes, but I didn't, and he kicked them off and hit me in the face."

"Are you really going to argue with a drunk person?" Abel grew impatient, "Just go upstairs."

Evelyn hesitated. She had waited for Abel all morning and didn't want to leave his side.

"Forget it," Abel said, "I'll carry Emmett up to the guest room upstairs to rest."

Evelyn hastily said, "Let me go open the door for you."

She pretended to limp and leaned on the railing to climb upstairs.

The guest room door opened, and Abel carried Emmeline in and laid her on the big bed.

"Mr. Ryker," Emmeline wrapped her arms around his neck, "let's keep drinking, don't cheat on me."

"Alright, alright, be a good boy," Abel took her hands off him and helped her take off his suit jacket.

"Emmett, you've had too much to drink, go to sleep now."

“Mr. Ryker,” Emmeline slurred her words, “stay with me, I’m afraid of that brother...”

Abel knew the little guy Emmeline was talking about was Adam. He must have scared her with his antics.

Abel felt a pang in his heart and patted Emmeline’s hand, saying in a warm voice, “Emmett, go to sleep, I’m here watching over you.”

“Mr. Ryker, you’re so kind,” Emmeline turned over and hugged Abel’s arm.

Abel had no choice but to lie down beside her, pulling the blanket over her and gently petting her back like a child.

Evelyn stood behind, completely stunned.

She was a delicate beauty with a gentle demeanor, yet Abel had never been this way with her.

How could this “stinky man” with a little mustache be so loving toward him?

The more Evelyn thought about it, the angrier she became, feeling like a failure.

With a whimper, she burst into tears and ran away.

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With a whimper, she burst into tears and ran away.

### **Chapter 507 Mr. Ryker Cooks for You**

Emmeline heard the footsteps fade away and couldn't help but feel a sense of joy in Abel's embrace. The alcohol had started to take its toll and she felt a little fuzzy.

Emmeline heard the footsteps fade away and couldn't help but feel a sense of joy in Abel's embrace. The alcohol had started to take its toll and she felt a little fuzzy.

Like a kitten, she snuggled into Abel's arms, curling up into a ball. Abel held her close and wondered why he felt so affectionate towards this "little man." His heart was filled with a tender feeling of love and care.

Emmeline stayed curled up in Abel's arms as he patiently comforted her. Before she knew it, she had drifted off to sleep.

Under the influence of alcohol, Abel too had drifted off to sleep for what seemed like ages. Meanwhile, Evelyn couldn't hear any noise from the room, and there was no sign of Abel leaving the guest room. She was quite puzzled.

She quietly made her way upstairs and approached the door, peering through the crack to take a peek inside. But what she saw almost made her faint.

There was the big man, holding onto the "little man," sleeping soundly together like two peas in a pod. Evelyn couldn't help but question her entire existence.

Abel was snuggled up with another man, and instead of feeling disgusted, they were so sweet together. This could only mean one thing, and Evelyn refused to accept it.

"Cough, cough!" She cleared her throat loudly, trying to wake them up.

As expected, Abel woke up with a start and was surprised to find himself holding onto "Emmett," quickly sitting up in a panic.

"Mr. Abel," Evelyn whispered from the doorway, "would you like me to make some hangover soup?"

Abel looked down at "Emmett" in his arms, her little face flushed from sleep.

"No need, let him sleep a little longer," Abel replied.

"How about I make you a cup of tea?" Evelyn suggested, her voice meek. "Tea can help with the hangover too."

"Okay," Abel agreed, getting out of bed.

In her sleep, Emmeline felt a cold breeze and slowly opened her eyes.

"Mr. Ryker?" She rubbed her eyes and said, "Are you up?"

"Oh no," Abel said, "did we wake you up?"

"Gurgle, gurgle," Emmeline's stomach growled twice.

"I think I'm hungry, so I woke up," Emmeline said as her stomach growled.

Abel patted her head. "It's already dinner time. Why don't we get up and eat?"

"Okay, sure," Emmeline said as she sat up. She turned to Evelyn at the door and said, "Hey, you, auntie, why don't you go prepare dinner? I'm hungry and I want to eat."

Evelyn was taken aback. Did this brat just call her "hey you" and "auntie"? Suppressing her anger, she leaned against the door frame and said, "Take a good look, who's your auntie?"

Emmeline rubbed her eyes and said, "Oh, she's a maid, then hurry up and go cook dinner for us, Mr. Ryker and I are hungry."

Maid?

Are you blind?

Your whole family is maids!

Evelyn was so angry that she snorted heavily and stormed off.

"Mr. Ryker, what's wrong with her?" Emmeline looked at Abel with an innocent expression.

Abel sighed, "She's e guest, not e meid."

"Oh," Emmeline scretched her heed, "I thought she wes e meid, I must heve been misteken. I'll epologize to her."

She got up from the bed, put on her slippers, end ren out of the guest room.

"Auntie, Auntie, I mede e misteke, I thought you were e meid, don't be med et me! My family's meid is also e middle-aged women, you two look so elike!"

Evelyn wes sulking in the room, end when she heerd the voice in the hellwey, she elmost spet blood.

Emmett seid she wes e meid?

Celled her e middle-aged women?

Oh my goodness, she's esking for trouble!

"Auntie, Auntie," Emmeline continued, "I'm sorry I mistook you for e meid. You cen't be med et me! The more you get enry, the older you'll look, end the older you look, the uglier you'll be. And if you're old end ugly, no one will went you, right? I bet you don't heve anyone who wents you now, do you?"

"Gulp!" Evelyn colleped onto the cerpet.

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"I have a chef, and I can cook too," Abel said, "you won't go hungry."

Emmeline jumped up, thrilled, "Mr. Ryker, you can cook too?"

Abel sighed, "She's a guest, not a maid."

"Oh," Emmeline scratched her head, "I thought she was a maid, I must have been mistaken. I'll apologize to her."

She got up from the bed, put on her slippers, and ran out of the guest room.

"Auntie, Auntie, I made a mistake, I thought you were a maid, don't be mad at me! My family's maid is also a middle-aged woman, you two look so alike!"

Evelyn was sulking in the room, and when she heard the voice in the hallway, she almost spat blood.

Emmett said she was a maid?

Called her a middle-aged woman?

Oh my goodness, she's asking for trouble!

"Auntie, Auntie," Emmeline continued, "I'm sorry I mistook you for a maid. You can't be mad at me! The more you get angry, the older you'll look, and the older you look, the uglier you'll be. And if you're old and ugly, no one will want you, right? I bet you don't have anyone who wants you now, do you?"

"Gulp!" Evelyn collapsed onto the carpet.

"Emmett," Abel walked out of the guest room, "let it go, you don't need to apologize to her."

"But Auntie is angry," Emmeline pouted, batting her big eyes.

"Kids can't tell a woman's age," Abel said, "don't blame yourself."

"But what about me being hungry?" Emmeline rubbed her stomach, which was still growling.

"I have a chef, and I can cook too," Abel said, "you won't go hungry."

Emmeline jumped up, thrilled, "Mr. Ryker, you can cook too?"

### **Chapter 508 Evelyn Is Furious**

"Sure thing, no problem," Abel replied with a smile.

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Emmeline's eyes lit up with excitement as she twirled around Abel. "Oh my goodness, I absolutely adore Mr. Ryker!" she exclaimed. "Why don't I taste some of Mr. Ryker's cooking? I bet it's amazing!"

Abel rolled up his sleeves. "Alright then, what would you like me to make for you?" he asked.

Emmeline fluttered her eyelashes and grinned. "Whatever Mr. Ryker is best at making, that's what I want to eat," she said, her charm oozing from every pore.

"Sounds good to me!" Abel draped a coat over Emmeline's shoulders and wrapped an arm around her. "Come with me to the kitchen and I'll show you what I can do."

The two of them linked arms and headed downstairs to the kitchen, chatting and laughing along the way.

Luca's body tensed as he watched the scene unfold in the living room. He stood up from the couch, his mind racing with questions.

What was going on here? What was Mr. Abel thinking?

Could it be possible that he had switched teams and fallen for this "young man"?

Luca shuddered at the thought, feeling a cold sweat break out on his back.

Mr. Abel couldn't possibly have turned gay, could he?

After a moment's contemplation, Luca quickly sent a message to Inspector Charles: "Do you have any information on Emmett yet?"

Inspector Charles responded quickly: "Just finished the investigation."

Luca typed back urgently: "Send me the info, it's an emergency."

Inspector Charles immediately forwarded the background check on "Emmett" to Luca.

As he scanned through the details, Luca discovered that this young man was actually a scion of a wealthy family. His grandfather and father were both prominent figures in the real estate business.

However, there was no mention of any inclination towards homosexuality in the report.

Feeling somewhat relieved, Luca forwarded the information to Abel.

Abel led "Emmett" into the kitchen, and as he was about to start cooking, he heard the sound of a notification coming from his pocket.

He quickly checked his phone and saw that it was a message from Luca containing information about "Emmett."

A quick glance at the report reassured Abel that this young man was of good standing and didn't pose any threat to him.

With a smile on his face, Abel rolled up his sleeves and got to work on cooking.

In no time at all, he had prepared two dishes, which Emmeline eagerly tasted with exaggerated relish.

"Mmm, this is so delicious," Emmeline exclaimed as she savored the flavors of the food, her eyes twinkling with delight.

"Clean your hands, clean your hands!" Abel lovingly pats the back of Emmeline's hand, "You're such a little kid who doesn't care about hygiene."

"I'm not a little kid," Emmeline laughs coquettishly, "I'm all grown up."

"In my eyes, you're still a little kid," Abel tweaks her small nose, "and you're one of those who will never grow up."

Emmeline happily squints her eyes and thinks that it's quite nice to be with Abel.

Just then, Evelyn, who can't give up, quietly comes to the kitchen door again.

Emmeline sees her shadow on the glass of the cupboard.

"Mr. Ryker," Emmeline hugs Abel's waist from behind, "your cooking is really delicious. I admire you so much. If I were a woman, I'd marry you."

"Wait until you become a woman before you say that," Abel laughed and petted Emmeline's hand, "but for now, don't be silly, and let me make you two more dishes."

"Okay, okay!" Emmeline replied, "I want to become a woman quickly so I can marry Mr. Ryker!"

"You don't have to become a woman," Abel said, "even if you're just Emmett, I still love you to death."

"Really?"

"Of course!"

"Glup!" Evelyn fainted again at the kitchen door.

Uh oh, Abel and this stinky kid are really turning gay.

What do we do now?

Hearing the sound of a fall behind her, Emmeline pretended to stertle.

She ran over and shouted at Evelyn, "Oh my gosh, Auntie, how did you fall? You're getting old and your arms and legs aren't as sturdy as they used to be. Wake up, please!"

Evelyn's eyes rolled back, and it seemed like her heart had stopped beating.

Abel, wearing an apron and holding a spatula, came out.

"Evelyn? How did you fall? Are you okay?"

"I," Evelyn opened her eyes and said, "my foot hurts."

"No way?" Abel said, "You were just upstairs, and you could run by stepping your foot."

Evelyn was stumped by his response.

"Auntie," Emmeline bent down to help her up, "you should get up quickly. It's not good if you get hurt."

"Who's your auntie!" Evelyn shook off her hand and got up by herself.

"Of course it's you," Emmeline pointed to Abel and then to herself, "We're both guys, and you're the only old lady here."

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“No way?” Abel said, “You were just upstairs, and you could run by stamping your foot.”

Evelyn was stumped by his response.

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“Who’s your auntie!” Evelyn shook off her hand and got up by herself.

“Of course it’s you,” Emmeline pointed to Abel and then to herself, “We’re both guys, and you’re the only old lady here.”

### **Chapter 509 Evelyn, the Auntie**

Evelyn’s vision blurred and she almost stumbled again. Gasping for breath, she grasped onto the door frame and snapped, “You little brat, you better shut your mouth!”

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“Auntie, did I say something wrong?” Emmeline exaggeratedly shut her mouth.

“I-I’m not going to argue with you anymore, you’ve really upset me!” Tears streamed down Evelyn’s face.

“Auntie, don’t be mad, wrinkles will form!” Emmeline pleaded.

“Get lost!” Evelyn sniffled and turned to run upstairs.

“Mr. Ryker,” Emmeline innocently turned to Abel, “did I make Auntie angry?”

“Don’t mind her,” Abel said. “Women can be petty sometimes.”

“Exactly, petty!” Emmeline puffed out her cheeks.

Abel had cooked a four-course meal and soup, and the “brothers” were dining in the restaurant.

The familiar taste of the food made Emmeline’s eyes water.

She couldn’t help but sniffle.

“What’s wrong, Emmett?” Abel served her a dish. “Why are you crying over a meal?”

“Mr. Ryker’s cooking is just so good,” Emmeline choked up. “It reminds me of my grandmother’s cooking.”

“The taste of your grandmother’s cooking?” Abel’s eyes widened in surprise. He didn’t know he had that kind of power.

“Mr. Ryker, don’t get me wrong,” Emmeline said. “When I was a kid, my parents were busy, so I grew up with my grandmother. The food she made tasted just as good as yours.”

“I see,” Abel said, serving her another dish. “You scared me for a moment there.”

“But what about Auntie Evelyn?” Emmeline said. “She’s still hungry.”

“Don’t worry about her,” Abel said. “We have a chef here.”

After finishing their meal, Emmeline and Abel sat on the living room sofa and talked.

Evelyn slowly came downstairs.

Emmeline quickly bounced to Abel’s side, linking her arm with his and said, “Mr. Ryker, I suddenly feel like having a cup of coffee. Why don’t we go out?”

“At this hour?” Abel frowned. “Don’t you want to sleep tonight?”

Emmeline glanced at Luca and said, “I have a habit of drinking coffee at night. It doesn’t affect my sleep.”

“I see.” Abel hesitated.

Meanwhile, Luca perked up his ears to listen.

This kid wants coffee?

“Mr. Ryker, do you know where to get good coffee?” Emmeline asked.

“Of course, Nightfall Cafe,” Luca quickly chimed in.

“Nightfall Cafe?” Emmeline thought to herself, Luca isn’t so stupid after all. He’s pretty quick on his feet. Out loud, she asked, “Where is Nightfall Cafe?”

“It’s on Gold Street,” Luca said, “and their coffee is really good.”

“How about we go there then?” Emmeline grabbed Abel’s arm. “Shall we go, Mr. Ryker?”

Abel couldn’t resist and reluctantly said, “Alright, let me go upstairs and grab my coat.”

“Mr. Ryker, hurry up,” Emmeline said cheerfully. “I’m waiting for you.”

Abel brushed past Evelyn and went upstairs.

Evelyn walked to the couch, feeling quite sad. She had wanted to sit here and chat with Abel.

But Abel had been wooed away by “Emmett” again.

“Auntie,” Emmeline said with a grin, “you must be hungry. Go grab something to eat.”

“I don’t need you to tell me what to do!” Evelyn rolled her eyes at her.

“Come on,” Emmeline teased her. “Not eating is bad for your health, and it’ll make your skin age faster. No man will want you if you don’t take care of yourself.”

Evelyn was about to be infuriated again.

“Anyway, with your looks, it’s so difficult that even the security guard won’t give you a second glance,” Emmeline continued.

“Thump, thump, thump,” Evelyn took a few steps back and sat down on the sofa.

“Auntie, you can’t fight against aging,” Emmeline continued, “Your old arms and legs are useless.”

“You little brat!” Evelyn couldn’t stand it anymore, she stood up with her hands on her hips and roared, “If you keep on insulting me, I’ll tear you apart!”

At that moment, Abel came downstairs in his suit. Emmeline quickly bounced behind him.

“Mr. Ryker, is this old hag going to eat people?” Emmeline said playfully.

“Ms. Evelyn,” Abel frowned and said to Evelyn, “Emmett is my guest, so please be mindful of your words.”

“But she...” Evelyn pointed at Emmeline, still fuming, “Do I look that old? She keeps calling me Auntie!”

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### **Chapter 510 Sam, You Like Emmett Too**

“Emmett’s a boy,” Abel said. “At his age, I couldn’t even tell how old women were.”

“Emmett’s a boy,” Abel said. “At his age, I couldn’t even tell how old women were.”

“Yeah,” Emmeline chimed in. “To me, she looks about the same age as our maid. What’s the big deal?”

“Forget about it,” Abel ruffled her hair. “Let’s go to Nightfall Cafe.”

“Mr. Abel,” Evelyn spoke up anxiously. “Aren’t you going to stay home with me?”

“I’m going out for coffee with my little bro here,” Abel said, putting his arm around “Emmett’s” shoulder. “You can eat dinner by yourself.”

“But, Mr. Abel...” Evelyn protested.

Abel ignored her and walked out with “Emmett,” two “men” on a mission.

Luca hastily texted Sam: “Mr. Abel went to get coffee, you’re not closed, are you?”

Sam read the message and knew that Ms. Louise had “abducted” Abel to come over.

He quickly replied to Luca: “I was about to close, but since Mr. Abel is here, I’ll stay open a little longer. After all, he’s the one who pays me triple.”

Luca replied: “Okay, we’ll be there in a bit.”

Sam sent a winking emoji.

Sure enough, half an hour later, Abel’s Rolls-Royce pulled into the parking lot across the street.

Sam leaned against the glass door and saw Emmeline and Abel walking towards him, arm in arm.

From a distance, Emmeline really did look like a cool, handsome young man, and her appearance didn’t disappoint up close.

After they crossed the road and entered the coffee shop, Emmeline strolled around with one hand in her pocket, taking in the comfortable atmosphere.

“Well, well, this place is pretty nice. I like it,” she said.

“Mr. Abel, this gentleman,” Sam greeted them as they approached the counter. “Would you like some coffee?”

"Yep, pretty lady," Emmeline stepped in front of Sam. "Could you brew us two cups of coffee, no sugar or milk?"

"Sure, please have a seat," Sam smiled. "The coffee will be ready shortly."

Emmeline nodded and complimented Sam, "You're such a sweet and pretty little lady. I wonder who will be lucky enough to marry you someday."

Sam hung her head, knowing that Emmeline was intentionally saying that to make Luca blush.

Sure enough, Luca's face turned red on the other side.

"Oops?" Emmeline turned around and pointed at Luca in surprise. "Luca, I was complimenting this young lady, why are you blushing?"

"Uh," Luca shrugged his neck. "Just got blown by the wind outside."

"Really?" Emmeline teased him. "Mr. Ryker and I also got blown by the wind, but we're not blushing. Mr. Ryker, are you blushing?"

Abel touched his face. "I don't think so."

Luca didn't say anything, turning his head to look outside.

Abel reminded him, "You're just standing there, why don't you go help Sam with the coffee?"

Luca's face turned even redder, but he didn't dare to disobey the order and said, "Oh!"

While the coffee was brewing, Emmeline asked Abel, "Is there a garden on the roof of this building? I saw some greenery up there from across the road."

"Yeesh, it's e smell gerden."

Abel's heart sank, e vegue pain hitting him.

Although he had lost his feelings for Emmeline, he still remembered the garden he had created for her on the rooftop.

Abel couldn't help but feel e complex mix of emotions.

"Mr. Ryker," Emmeline said, her voice full of wonder, "may I take e look et the rooftop garden?"

"Of course," Abel replied, taking her small hand in his and leading her to the rooftop.

Meanwhile, down in the kitchen, Luce was trying to explain to Sem, "Our boss just sees Emmett as e brother, nothing more."

"But he seems to like that young man e lot," Sem teased. "Is Mr. Abel no longer interested in Ms. Louise and has switched to liking men instead?"

"Of course not," Luce replied hastily. "Mr. Abel's orientation is not e problem, I can assure you!"

Sem rolled his eyes. "I bet Mr. Abel really likes this guy. He's so handsome, I'm crushing on him myself."

"Huh?" Luce exclaimed. "You like Emmett too, Sem?"

“No way,” Sem quickly denied, meeting Luca’s gaze. “What are you talking about?”

“You scared me,” Luca whispered under his breath.

Sem’s comment just now sent shivers down his spine. Emmett was undeniably handsome, and he seemed to have money too. If Sem did like Emmett, he probably wouldn’t stand a chance against him.

“Yeah, it’s a small garden.”

Abel’s heart sank, a vague pain hitting him.

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“Of course not,” Luca replied hastily. “Mr. Abel’s orientation is not a problem, I can assure you!”

Sam rolled his eyes. “I bet Mr. Abel really likes this guy. He’s so handsome, I’m crushing on him myself.”

“Huh?” Luca exclaimed. “You like Emmett too, Sam?”

“No way,” Sam quickly denied, meeting Luca’s gaze. “What are you talking about?”

“You scared me,” Luca whispered under his breath.

Sam’s comment just now sent shivers down his spine. Emmett was undeniably handsome, and he seemed to have money too. If Sam did like Emmett, he probably wouldn’t stand a chance against him.