

Ambush OTQ 52

Chapter 52

"The alcohol is the only reason she hasn't caused a scene at your place. I don't know when Emma took up lessons in the art of self-defense, but man, she can pull a punch," Ethan said.

"Yeah. She can fight. Thank you for settling her down." Abel gave a nod.

Ethan replied, "You're Emma's tenant. The fallout will only further complicate things."

"I'll take her back," Abel remarked while helping Emmeline up.

Emmeline opened her eyes in a haze and was greeted by a handsome profile right in her face.

Thinking that she was dreaming, Emmeline reached out to give his cheek a squeeze. She curled her lips. "Abel, you have the gall to visit me in my sleep."

Ethan brushed her hand off all the while keeping a stern look. "Of course, why won't I? Since you're still in dreamland, just spill whatever you want to say."

"You're a two-timing super sleazeball!"

Abel furrowed his brows. Well, that was not nice at all.

Ethan jumped to explain, "Mr. Abel, Emma is drunk. It's the booze talking."

"I don't blame her. It makes sense why she'd think so." Abel lent Emmeline support to advance forward.

"What happened between you two? Emma seemed upset," Ethan uttered.

Upset?

It was music to Abel's ear. Abel could not help but curl his lips in delight.

Was Emmeline upset over him?

It was a good thing.

"We have to continue this another time. The priority now is to take Emma home," Abel said.

"Thank you, Mr. Abel."

Ethan had no qualms about Abel. He was the handpicked heir of Ryker Group after all.

Besides, if he were to take a fancy to Emma...

Hehe. It would be for the best.

As Abel helped Emmeline to the door, the latter slowly slid down to the ground. Her legs were giving out.

Out of alternatives, Abel bent over and picked her up.

With Ethan opening the door, Luca was about to barge in when his boss walked out, carrying a woman in his arms.

It was Emmeline, and she was smashed.

Luca uttered, "I'll take the car around. Be careful, Mr. Abel."

"Sure." Abel carried Emmeline into the lift.

Luca rushed to move the car near the corridor entryway. By then, Abel emerged from the entrance with Emmeline.

Abel hunched low to position Emmeline in the backseat before getting into the car and sitting next to her.

Ethan waved Abel goodbye through the car window. "I'm leaving Emma in your hands, Mr. Abel."

Abel waved back without a word.

After rolling the window up, Luca drove out of the neighborhood.

Standing there, Ethan watched as a convoy of security vehicles navigated out of the parking lot.

Ethan was at a loss for words.

It was a good thing Emmeline was too drunk to sort out Abel. Otherwise, these bodyguards would tear his house down.

Lying in the backseat, Emmeline could feel her stomach churning. She wiggled about with a frown. "I feel awful. Oh, I feel sick."

Furrowing his brows, Abel pulled her into his arms and said, "You asked for it after all that drinking."

Emmeline waved her arms in the air. "But I need to teach Abel a lesson! He confessed his feelings to me, but why did he impregnate Alana? You tell me. Doesn't that make him a two-timer? Doesn't he deserve a beating?"

"Yes. Yes, he does." A smile spread across his lips as a warm tingle filled his every being.

"Let me go. I want to hit him!" Emmeline declared.

"Are you planning to hit him like this?" Abel suddenly leaned forward and kissed her rosy lips.

Emmeline cried out loud the moment their lips met, "I want to throw up!"

An alcohol-reeked burp filled the air, and it was all Abel could smell.

With his brows puckering in disdain, he told Luca, "Stop the car!"

Luca took his eyes away from the rear-view mirror and pulled up at the side of the road.

Emmeline rushed to open the door and popped her head out. She gagged, retched, and vomited.

After puking her guts out, Emmeline sobered up. Her body remained limp though.

Abel pulled out a tissue and wiped her face before carrying her back into the car.

Emmeline squinted. "Abel? Why are you here? Am I dreaming?"

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