

Ambush OTQ 58

Chapter 58

Emmeline was zipping through the heavily congested road on an electric bicycle like a speeding bullet.

She went through five or six traffic lights, rounded a couple of corners, and finally arrived at the podium base of the Ryker Group's building.

Emmeline was about to go up to the eighty-ninth floor after locking the electric bicycle and taking the package with her.

She went in search of Abel to compensate for the clothes.

Even though the suit she was holding was inexpensive, it represented her sincerity.

It was her fault, after all, that her chair had ripped his suit.

However, with a contemptuous expression, the security guard at the gate refused to let her in.

Looking for Mr. Ryker?

You must be mistaken, don't you think?

"Mr. Ryker? Is that Abel Ryker?"

"That's correct. It is Abel Ryker!" The security guard had an idolatrous expression on his face.

Abel was phenomenal. Everyone in the building, including the security guard, idolized him.

"Very well," Emmeline replied, "if you don't let me in, I'll call him directly."

While speaking, she took out her phone and dialed Abel's number, much to the surprise of the security guard.

"I'm at the Ryker Group building's podium base. I'd like to see you, but the security guard won't let me in."

"Uh, I'm stuck in traffic, and I have to wait for another red light before I can get there," Abel said, his deep, icy voice echoing down the phone line. "Just wait for me at the podium base."

"All right then." Emmeline put her phone away.

The security guard questioned, "M-Miss, who did you call just now?"

"Of course, it's Abel Ryker," Emmeline said, casting a sidelong glance at him. "Abel asked me to wait for him here."

"Ahh!" Quickly bringing out a chair, the security guard said, "Please sit down. I'll hold an umbrella for you—you can't afford to get sunburned."

Emmeline did not stand on ceremony. She sat down on the chair, her legs crossed.

The security guard opened a large umbrella to shield her from the sun.

Abel observed Emmeline's old electric bicycle zooming past his car. He had no idea she was on her way to the Ryker Group.

It was just that the traffic on the road at this time was extremely heavy—even an electric bicycle was faster than the luxury car he had spent tens of millions of dollars on.

Why does she want to find me, though?

Is she here to make up for the five hundred and sixty dollar suit?

Abel turned up the corners of his mouth, and instantly a smile touched the corners of his mouth—one that even he wasn't aware of.

The Rolls-Royce arrived at the podium base, and Abel stepped out.

The driver then drove the car into the underground parking garage.

Abel was bathed in the sun's rays and appeared to be gleaming, giving him the air of an all-powerful emperor while also making him appear more regal and cold.

Emmeline couldn't help but squint.

This man is so handsome!

No wonder I felt like I was in love the first time I saw him at the airport.

Abel squinted his eyes as he looked at Emmeline from a distance.

She sat in front of the security guard lectern, her pretty face as white as snow.

A security guard stood behind her, holding a large umbrella to shield her from the sun.

The security guard stood up even straighter as he watched Abel approach from a distance.

Emmeline's head was once more directly under the large umbrella.

Nobody should be taken lightly these days. The plainly dressed woman beneath the umbrella could be important to Mr. Ryker!

The security guard was incredibly proud of himself for that thought and believed that the month's bonus was on its way to him.

Abel walked over in long strides, pretending to be surprised when he saw Emmeline, and asked, "What brings you here?"

"Well, I'd have to pay compensation sooner or later," Emmeline said with a harmless smile while holding the shiny package.

"You can always give it to me the next time I go to the café."

"What if you never show up? I have trouble eating and sleeping because of the persistent thought that I still have a debt," Emmeline said with a smile.

Abel looked at the fancily wrapped package and couldn't imagine what it would be like to wear a five hundred and sixty dollar suit.

He had no reason to refuse—after all, Emmeline was sincere.

"I know it's incomparable to your two hundred thousand dollars or so haute couture suit, but this comes from the bottom of my heart. I hope you'll accept it," Emmeline stated.

"Uh," Abel said in a deep voice, "The café's business isn't doing well, and you still have three kids to take care of. This isn't too bad."

He reached out and took the package.

Initially, Luca planned to take it from her and bring it to Abel, but Abel had already taken it before him.

"How about you try it on?" Emmeline said with a smile. "The salesperson said you could return it and change it if it didn't fit."

"It's not appropriate to try here," Abel explained, "but I'll try it upstairs."

"That's fine," Emmeline nodded, "If it doesn't fit, please tell me. I'll go back and change it."

"All right," Abel said, nodding as well.

For a moment, the two stood silently, looking at each other. It was somewhat awkward.