

Ambush OTQ 941

Chapter 941

Emmeline squirmed a little before saying, "I'll be leaving then."

Benjamin nodded. "Alright. Take care while you're driving. Don't be reckless just because you're a skilled driver."

After Emmeline left Glenbrook, Benjamin took Janie's hand and said warmly, "I'll bring you upstairs to rest."

"But I want to talk about something with you." Janie pulled her hand away from Benjamin's palm.

"What is it?" Benjamin sat down on the sofa and took a cigarette from the cigarette box.

"I told you I'll leave Struyria after I'm discharged from the hospital. Thank you for taking care of me during this period."

"I don't agree." Benjamin turned his head away as he blew a smoke ring.

"I can make decisions for myself," she said.

"This is not up to you to decide. You were hurt because of me!" Benjamin said.

"I'm fine now. You don't have to be grateful for what I did to you, just like how you don't expect Emma to be grateful to you whenever you do something for her," Janie said.

"I didn't think of it that way."

"So why are you stopping me from leaving?"

Benjamin stubbed out the cigarette in the ashtray, stood up, and went up to Janie.

Janie felt threatened by his imposing figure. She wanted to shift backward, but Benjamin took her wrist.

"I'd like to ask you..." Benjamin said hoarsely. "Can you give me one chance to fall in love with you?"

"..." Her eyes widened. "...Are you serious?"

"I've always been serious."

Tears welled up in Janie's eyes.

Benjamin hugged her gently in his arms and said, "Give me a chance to let things go and fall in love with you. I'm not that irredeemable..."

"Mm," Janie replied. She felt a lump in her throat.

She stretched her arms and hugged Benjamin's waist.

While driving, Emmeline's phone that she placed on the side passenger seat began to ring.

She picked up the phone and glanced at the screen.

The call was from Abel.

She turned on the Bluetooth headset, and Abel's charming voice was heard. "Where are you now, babe?"

Emmeline had not been home since lunch with Janie. Abel was also outside attending to some clients, and they had not seen each other for half a day.

"I'm driving," Emmeline said. "I sent Janie to Glenbrook earlier."

"Why don't you turn around and come straight to Ryker Group?" Abel said.

"Why do you need me there? You don't need my help anymore, right?"

"I have a present for you. Come here and you'll see what it is," Abel said while smiling.

Emmeline could not help but be curious.

More importantly, it was an excuse to meet her husband sooner. She believed Abel was thinking the same.

"Okay!" Emmeline said and ended the call.

She took a left turn at the intersection up ahead and went to Ryker Group.

After parking her car in the basement parking lot, she took the CEO's exclusive elevator to the 89th floor.

When she was holding the fort on Abel's behalf, Luca had programmed the elevator to accept her fingerprint.

The secretary was sitting at the receptionist's desk in front of the CEO's office. She saw the elevator doors open and Mrs. Ryker appeared in front of her.

"Ah! Good afternoon, Mrs. Ryker!" The secretary stood up and bowed.

"Mm. Good afternoon!" Emmeline smiled at her.

Her generous demeanor made the secretary admire and envy her.

Emmeline knocked on the door to the CEO's office.

The door opened from the inside. Abel's gallant figure appeared in front of her.

Abel's elegant yet domineering demeanor made Emmeline's heart thump wildly.

Why does he look so handsome whenever I look at him? I can't take my eyes off him!

Chapter 942

Abel smiled naturally when he saw his wife in front of him. He reached out and pulled Emmeline inside.

After he closed the door, his arm went around Emmeline's waist. His body pinned her against the wall, and he kissed her lips.

Their lips took in each other hungrily. The kiss lasted for three minutes. It was only when Emmeline thought she was going to suffocate that Abel let her go.

Abel brushed his thumb over her slightly swollen lips. "I miss you."

"Not to this extent, right?" Emmeline leaned on his chest and fondled his necktie.

"Silly girl. Don't you miss me too?" Abel said and pecked her cheek.

"I miss you, of course." Emmeline held her husband's face with her hands and inspected it like a sculpture. "That's why I'm here after receiving your call."

"I'm glad to hear that," Abel said and playfully tapped her nose.

"You haven't told me why you asked to come here though? What do you have for me?"

"Come over here and take a look." Abel smiled curiously.

Emmeline tilted her head to see past Abel's shoulder.

"Oh!"

An assortment of tarts and desserts were arranged on the coffee table behind Abel.

"Where did all that come from?" Emmeline pushed Abel aside and walked to the coffee table. "I'm hungry just by looking at them!"

"Do you like this surprise?" Abel said with a smile. "Taste them and let me know if they're good."

"I love it!" Emmeline bent slightly to take a closer look. "They look like they'd taste amazing too!"

"Give it a try then. There's something for every mood," Abel said.

"Oh, I never knew my husband was so into desserts," Emmeline said.

"It's all because of you, of course!" Abel picked her up by her armpits. "I started paying attention to desserts because of you."

"Tell me where you bought them!" Emmeline wrapped her legs around his waist.

"They're not store-bought. I hired a master pastry chef, and this is what she sent me," Abel said.

"You hired a pastry chef? Do you want her to teach me how to make pastries?" Emmeline said.

"You're right. I know you're very interested in this, so I contacted this individual over the Internet."

"Wow!" Emmeline stood on the floor, picked up a tart, and put it in her mouth.

As she savored the taste, her eyes sparkled.

"Mm! This is delicious! It's more delicious than anything I've ever tasted!"

"I'm glad that you like it. I'll tell her to start working tomorrow," Abel said.

"Wait, I'm not ready yet," Emmeline said.

"Huh? What else do you need? We have everything at home," Abel said.

Emmeline picked up another tart and placed it in Abel's mouth. "I suddenly have an idea. Why don't we make the second floor of Nightfall Café into a patisserie? That'll complement the coffee we serve on the first floor!"

"Neither coffee nor desserts can make you money. You're probably going to do it out of interest," Abel said.

"I guess that's true. However, it's very rewarding to brew a perfect cup of coffee. The process takes all your frustrations away, and you'll gain a new appreciation of life."

"Do you think it'll be the same when you make desserts?" Abel asked.

"I guess so. Desserts are like works of art. Not only do they have to look good, they have to taste good as well. It teaches you a lot about life. Ah, well, I haven't made my own desserts before, so I can't explain how it'll feel."

Chapter 943

"Of course," Abel said while gently scraping the bridge of Emmeline's nose. "When do you want to prepare the space on the second floor? I'll be your handyman."

"We'll start tomorrow," Emmeline said. "I'm already tired today."

"You can take a nap in the lounge," Abel said. "We'll go home after you wake up."

"Okay!" Emmeline stretched her arms and said coyly, "Hubby, I want a hug."

Abel chuckled, hugged her around the waist, and carried her to the bed in the lounge.

"Be a good girl and sleep tight," Abel said as he tucked her in.

He was about to leave when Emmeline hugged his neck. "Hubby..."

"Aren't you tired?" Abel said while pecking her lips. "Don't seduce me. You know I can't resist the urges."

"I wasn't thinking of that. I want to say... that I've misunderstood Benjamin."

"Benjamin? What happened?" Abel frowned and asked.

"Do you know how Janie was injured?" Emmeline sounded like she was sobbing.

Abel replied. "Didn't you say Janie attempted to take her own life when she tried to return the things Benjamin gave her, and Benjamin said something nasty to her?"

"That was my guess," Tears welled up in Emmeline's eyes. "The truth isn't like that."

"What is it then?" Abel frowned. The matter did not seem as straightforward as he imagined.

"Remember that time I was about to get married to Pockmark Face? Benjamin wanted to destroy his own face so he'll be able to marry me. Janie stopped him from hurting himself..."

“Whew!” Abel gasped. “I didn’t expect that Benjamin would want to destroy his own face!”

“Well, that happened,” Emmeline said. “He knew that if I marry him, there won’t be as much trouble as compared to marrying a stranger.”

“I didn’t expect he would take the risk,” Abel said. “If not for Janie, Benjamin would’ve destroyed his face in vain.”

“That’s right,” Emmeline said. “At the hospital, I told him that I don’t want to talk to him anymore. If Yvonne hadn’t taken the risk to tell me, I would’ve misjudged Benjamin.”

“I’m glad that the misunderstanding has been cleared,” Abel said grimly. “Benjamin is a loyal person, too bad Janie got hurt because of him this time. In any case, this is ultimately our fault, and I should thank and apologize to them.”

“Why don’t you invite them to my birthday party? It sounds like the right occasion,” Emmeline said.

“Sounds good,” Abel said.

Emmeline nodded. She felt a lot more confident.

Abel said, “That’s all that’s been weighing on your mind, right? Close your eyes and take a nap. We’ll go home once you wake up.”

...

The next morning, Emmeline went to Nightfall Café early in the morning.

Sam had just opened the store for the day. She was wiping the tables while humming a tune.

When she raised her head, she saw Emmeline standing outside.

“What brings you here, Ms. Louise? It isn’t a particularly windy day today, isn’t it?” Sam said while checking the weather outside.

“Hey! What do you mean?” Emmeline went behind the counter. “Can’t I visit my own café? Did you become lazy because no one is supervising you?”

“But you’ve always been hands-off, right?” Sam pouted. “This café is nothing but a front anyway.”

“I don’t plan to stay hands-off anymore. I have big plans for this place!” Emmeline said while rubbing her palms.

“What’s gotten into your brain?” Sam said while touching Emmeline’s forehead with the back of her hand.

“Hey! I’m totally fine!” Emmeline pushed her hand away.

“Benjamin, Mr. Abel, and the Wonder Doctor make money for you. You don’t need to work for money. Why do you want to expand the business?” Sam said.

“I’m only doing what I like!” Emmeline said.

"I'd like to do what I like too," Sam said, "But they don't make me money! If Mr. Ryker hadn't paid me three times what other baristas get, I would've resigned a long time ago!"

"What are you saying? You're here because you're my bodyguard!" Emmeline poked Sam's forehead with a finger. "I barely need your services, but Mr. Ademar still pays you every month anyway! It's like you're getting paid four people's salary. I'm sure you must be rich by now!"

Sam stuck out her tongue playfully.

"What do you think? Would you want to expand our business?" Emmeline looked at Sam while grinding some coffee beans.

"What else can we do?" Sam said while biting her fingertips. "As far as I know, the two of us only know how to fight, brew coffee, and make desserts!"

"We'll make desserts then!" Emmeline snapped her fingers.

"Huh? Are you sure?" Sam's eyes widened dramatically.

"That's right. You told me business here will be booming if we serve desserts too, right?" Emmeline said.

I was only saying! Why did you have to treat it seriously? Sam thought.

She imagined if Emmeline started making desserts, she and her neighbors would be having desserts for breakfast, lunch, and dinner every day.

If she could not sell them, they would have to eat them before the expiry date.

Sam knew better than to discourage Emmeline from starting another business.

"I plan to move the things on the second floor to the third floor," Emmeline pointed at the space above her. "We're not using the third floor anyway, and we'll make the second floor a patisserie. What do you think?"

Does my opinion matter here? Sam thought. She grinned and said, "I hope business will boom, and you can give me a fat bonus this year!"

All you know is money!" Emmeline said while brewing the coffee. "Are you planning on getting married soon?"

Sam blushed. She stamped her foot and said, "Let's not go into that topic, shall we?"

"What topic?" A man's voice was heard.

The two women turned their heads in unison and saw a man in a worker's uniform and a hard hat standing at the door.

That man was none other than Luca.

Sam's face turned bright red all of a sudden. Speak of the devil! Ah! I'm so embarrassed!

"Haha!" Emmeline could not help but laugh. "We were just about to talk about him. It's like he travels faster than the speed of light!"

“Why are you dressed up like this, Luca? Are you changing your job?” Sam asked.

“We’re menial laborers today.” Luca pointed behind him. “I’m not the only one.”

The glass door opened, and several bodyguards came in.

They were all dressed in blue uniforms and hard hats.

The last one to come in was Abel.

Emmeline could not help but laugh. “You really look like a worker!”

Abel waved his arm. “It’s best to strike while the iron is hot. We’ll support Mrs. Ryker in expanding her business! Let’s go up to the second floor and change it into a patisserie!”

“Let’s go!” Luca brought the bodyguards to the second floor and moved the furniture to the third floor.

Emmeline had just finished brewing a cup of coffee. Abel took the cup from her.

“I haven’t added any sugar or milk yet,” Emmeline said.

“I like it this way,” Abel said. “Coffee is the best reflection of one’s love.”

So are you feeling bitter? Emmeline thought.

Sam wanted to laugh but did not. She knew that Abel was teasing Emmeline, so it was none of her business.

Sam thought for a while and ran upstairs.

“Let me help you, Luca!”

“See that?” Emmeline said as she glanced at Sam. “That’s the best reflection of one’s love!”

“So what’s going on between us then?”

Chapter 945

“What’s going on between us then?” Abel gazed lovingly into his wife’s eyes.

“We don’t need anything to prove our love between us,” Emmeline said. “It’s like how we know each other’s feelings.”

“Let me feel you then,” Abel said and reached out to him.

Emmeline slapped his hand away. “Stop joking. I’m brewing coffee here!”

The glass door opened, and two boys who looked like they were high school students came in.

“Two cups of coffee, miss.”

The two boys sat in front of the counter and shoved Abel aside.

“You should know how to select your boyfriend, miss. Why would you want to fall in love with a laborer?”

“Huh?” Abel exclaimed.

Emmeline chuckled.

The two boys shot a glance at Abel. They were slightly intimidated by his domineering demeanor, but they were not afraid of him.

“Miss, this man might look handsome, but he’s only a laborer. You shouldn’t believe what he promises you.”

“That’s right, miss. If you’re looking for a date, why don’t you give us a chance? We’re young and harmless.”

“Hahaha!” Emmeline doubled over with laughter.

Are these two kids aspiring comedians?

On the other hand, Abel was seething inside.

Where did these two kids come from? How dare they flirt with my wife?

The two students did not realize that their life was in danger. They leaned on the counter and stared at Emmeline.

She looks so cute, especially when she smiles! I can’t get enough of her!

“You’re so pretty, miss.”

“I love you, miss.”

“Wait!” Abel exclaimed. He went behind them and grabbed them by their collars.

“Do you have a crush on that woman?” he asked menacingly.

The two students shuddered, though they were still defiant. “It’s normal for men to love beautiful women, right? She’s beautiful, and we’re men, so that’s totally normal.”

Abel could not help but chuckle. He tapped his hard hat and said, “No, you’re not a man. You’re still boys. I bet you don’t even have hair in all the right places.”

“Don’t look down on us! I’ve already gone through my growth spurt!”

“We’re no longer boys. We’re men!”

“Oh?” Abel smirked. “Let’s have a man-to-man talk then.”

He turned his head to speak to Luca, who was coming down the stairs. “Go to the rooftop and get me two bricks.”

The two students were surprised.

“Abel, you don’t have to be so serious,” Emmeline said, fearing for the students’ lives.

“Don’t worry. I’m not going to attack them,” Abel said. “I only want to use the bricks to teach them how to be real men!”

But you don't need bricks to be men! Luca thought.

He did not say that. Instead, he ran up to the rooftop garden and picked up two bricks from the flower bed.

The two students' faces went pale when they saw the bricks in Abel's hands. Their legs started shaking too.

They were looking for an opportunity to run to the door.

"Don't go anywhere!" Abel grabbed them with one hand and pinned them down on the chair.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to split your head open with this. I'll teach you how to be a real man!"

The two students sat stiffly in their chairs and nodded.

I'll listen to anything you say, just don't hit our heads with those bricks!

"Take it easy, Abel! Don't frighten the kids!" Emmeline reminded Abel.

She knew that Abel was not going to be violent toward them, though she did not know what he wanted to do.

Abel did not explain it to her anyway.

He stacked the two bricks at one corner of the table and gazed at the two students still in shock. "Look carefully, kids!"

Luca was already grinning. He knew what Abel wanted to do.

Chapter 946

Abel gripped the bricks with one hand. With his other hand, he chopped the bricks and split them cleanly into two.

"Holy sh*t!"

"Holy shi*t!"

The two students were shocked.

"See that?" Abel tossed the bricks on the floor and wiped his hand with a rag. "If you want to be a real man, you need what it takes to protect them. Your voices are still squeaky. What gives you the right to flirt with anyone? What are you going to use to protect the women you love?"

The students were speechless.

Abel grabbed them by their collars. "You should go home! Study hard and develop some skills. You can flirt with whoever you want after you've become a real man!"

As soon as he let go of them, the two boys ran out of the café.

Before they disappeared through the door, Abel yelled, "This woman is my wife! You'd better stay away from her!"

Emmeline and Luca finally burst out laughing as soon as the glass door closed.

“Let’s get to work!” Abel said sternly to Luca. “Get two bricks to replace the ones on the flower bed!”

“Yes, Mr. Abel.” Luca nodded seriously and ran up the stairs.

Once he reached the second floor, he continued laughing for a while more. It would be bad for his health if he did not let it out

With everyone helping, it only took two hours for the second floor to be cleared out.

The renovation contractors that Abel hired had also arrived.

In three days, the second floor was transformed into a homely and romantic dessert café.

On the fourth day, Emmeline went to work in a white T-shirt and a pair of jeans.

The pastry chef that Abel had hired for her would be coming to Nightfall Café today.

Of course, the patisserie was not going to be open for business yet. This was the time for the pastry chef to train Emmeline.

The glass door opened at eight o’clock sharp.

A young woman with a medium build stepped through the door. Her hair was tied up in a ponytail.

Emmeline and Sam stood behind the counter and discreetly observed her.

The woman was probably in her mid-twenties, and she had beautiful facial features and a pair of long legs wrapped up under those jeans.

Emmeline and Sam exchanged glances.

They guessed that the woman must be the pastry chef Abel had hired.

Disregarding her skills at the moment, Emmeline and Sam were impressed by how presentable she was.

The young woman came to the counter and said sheepishly, “My name is Doris Whittaker. Mr. Ryker hired me to be a pastry chef for the café.”

“Good morning! You’ll be teaching us from now on,” Emmeline and Sam said while bowing.

Doris was surprised by the reception. She said, “Don’t be like that. I’m only here to teach you how to make desserts.”

“That still makes you a teacher, right?” Emmeline said.

“Good morning, teacher!” Sam bowed at Doris again.

“Good morning... students!” Doris could only play along.

“Let’s begin then!” Emmeline said, “Teacher, follow me upstairs.”

“Alright!” Doris nodded politely.

While Emmeline and Doris went up the stairs, Sam called out, "Ms. Louise!"

"I'll teach you when I master them," Emmeline said sternly. "Your job here is to brew and sell coffee. You can't leave your post!"

"Alright then." Sam could only nod and watch the two women go up the stairs. She wanted to learn how to make desserts as well!

Sam was eager to learn how to make the most amazing desserts. She imagined she would be happy if she could make something presentable and delicious.

However, Emmeline wanted her to remain at her post and brew and sell coffee.

She had to remain on the first floor and not go anywhere.

She looked around the café. Where are the customers? Who am I brewing coffee for?

Chapter 947

Sam thought for a while and decided to brew three cups of coffee. One for herself, one for Emmeline, and the last one for the new pastry chef.

She had to admit that the pastry chef seemed pleasing to the eye.

On the second floor, Doris and Emmeline stood next to the table.

The former was teaching the latter patiently, while the latter was learning humbly.

Halfway into the lesson, Doris' phone suddenly rang.

Emmeline was practicing what she was taught anyway, so Doris dusted her hands and took her phone.

She frowned when she saw the name of the caller on the screen. She

went to a corner to answer it.

Emmeline did not want to eavesdrop on their conversation, but the second floor was very quiet, and she could not help but overhear what they were talking about.

As soon as the call went through, the other party roared angrily, "Why didn't you answer my calls yesterday? We're about to divorce, and are you playing hard to get?"

"I'm not playing hard to get!" Doris was trying her best to control her temper. "I wanted to talk to you about child support. Even though the children are test-tube babies, they were born while we were married, so you have the right to raise them. It's not up to you to say if you want to ignore them!"

"How much money are you planning to scam out of me then?" the other party said.

"Watch your words, Josiah! I'm not scamming you!" Tears fell out of Doris' eyes. "This money is what rightfully belongs to me. In any case, I wouldn't want to beg you for money even if that means I'll starve to death!"

The other party cursed under his breath and said, "So it's about money then! I knew you would want to bring something alone!"

"I don't care what you think, Josiah," Doris said anxiously. "It's either you pay me 600 thousand dollars as a one-time fee, or I won't sign the divorce papers. Your mistress won't get to marry you even if she bears your child!"

The other party cursed for a while more before saying menacingly, "Fine! Tell me where do you want to meet?"

"We don't have to meet. Just transfer the money into my account!"

"No! You need to sign the divorce papers. Stop standing in the way, I want to marry Diana, and that is final!"

"Sure! As long as you hand me the 600 thousand dollars, I'll sign the papers immediately. Come to my house this evening, and we'll talk."

"Yeah, yeah," the other party said and ended the call.

Doris looked pale. Tears were welling up in her eyes, but she decided not to let loose.

Emmeline was kneading a piece of dough. "Are you alright, Teacher?"

Doris bit her lip. "It's just a minor domestic matter. I'm fine. Sorry to have you worry about me though."

"You can tell me if you need any help. We're all friends here, and friends would help friends whenever they are in need," Emmeline said.

"Thank you, Ms. Louise." Doris smiled. "I can handle this, and I wouldn't want to trouble you."

"Alright then, you ought to be careful," Emmeline said. "I didn't mean to overhear your conversation, but was that person your ex-husband? He sounds nasty."

Doris drooped her head and sighed. "Let's not talk about that during working hours. Mr. Ryker paid me a handsome salary to teach you how to make desserts."

Emmeline smiled.

This woman is very serious when it comes to business, but I like her personality.

Doris was a good teacher, and Emmeline was a fast learner.

In one morning, Emmeline learned how to make three different types of cakes.

At noon, Sam went to the third floor to cook. She made a big pot of spaghetti with over-easy eggs.

They took a short break after lunch, drinking a cup of coffee before resuming work.

By the time Doris went off for the day, Emmeline had learned how to make eight types of desserts.

"That's amazing!" Emmeline wiped the sweat off her brow. "Where did you learn how to make so many types of desserts?"

"I studied for three years in Le Cordon Bleu. I can work in any hotel or restaurant I want," Doris replied.

“Why aren’t you working in a hotel or restaurant then?” Emmeline asked. She had flour on several spots on her face.

“I did exactly that before I got married,” Doris said. “I resigned after I got pregnant.”

“That’s too bad,” Emmeline said. “You sounded like you’re going through a divorce. How are you going to sustain yourself and your children?”

Doris hesitated for a while. “To be frank, I sell various goods through a live stream every night.”

“Wow!” Emmeline exclaimed. “That’s pretty impressive! When the patisserie opens, I plan to move some of the business online. I can’t expect people to drop by this place!”

“I’ll help you then!” Doris said with a smile. “It’s a good idea to take orders through the live stream.”

“That’s a good idea,” Sam came up from the first floor. “You can sell the desserts together with my coffee too!”

“That’ll definitely drive business to the café!” Doris said.

“Alright, that settles it. I’ll have to learn fast so we can start selling!” Emmeline said confidently.

“You’re a fast learner, Ms. Louise,” Doris said. “You’ve mastered the basics. What’s left is controlling the taste through the details.”

“I’m not worried if you’re teaching me,” Emmeline said happily.

“Of course. I need to be elsewhere. See you tomorrow morning!” Doris said.

“See you!” Emmeline waved goodbye.

Doris took off the apron and went down the stairs.

After she stepped out of the glass door, she rode on her electric scooter.

While she sat on the seat, she took her phone and made a call.

She had spent the entire afternoon thinking if she should make that call.

She felt unconfident about meeting her ex-husband alone.

Josiah was an unreasonable man. In fact, his entire family was unreasonable.

Sometimes, she wondered why she married him in the first place. Perhaps she had trusted her parents too much.

She was worried that Josiah might force her to sign the divorce papers without giving her child support. There was nothing that despicable man would not do.

Doris thought she would feel safer if she had some company, especially if that person was a man.

She would be more confident, and the man would prevent her from being bullied.

However, she did not have any male friends. The only man she knew was Waylon!

Somehow, Doris thought that Waylon was very dependable.

It took a long time before the call went through. Waylon spoke calmly, "Ms. Whittaker, are you driving right now?"

Doris was silent for a while. "I was about to."

"Thank you for informing me. I will stay at home for now," Waylon said.

Doris did not understand. "What do you mean, Mr. Adelmar?"

"I said, I'll stay at home for now, so you won't knock into my car!"

Is he that afraid of me? Am I that repulsive?

"But... Mr. Adelmar, I wanted to ask you for a favor..." Doris stammered.

"How can I help you?" Waylon said slowly.

"You can. I need a man to accompany me. I mean, I don't have any... No, what I meant to say is, you're my only... male friend."

Waylon did not understand what she was saying, but he understood the first sentence. Doris needed a man to accompany her.

"Heh! Why would you think of me? Do I look like I'm a pushover?" Waylon smirked.

Chapter 949

"No..." Doris said. "Don't say that, Mr. Adelmar. I still owe you 700 thousand dollars."

"I have no reason to... accompany you," Waylon said. "It's not like I'd go out with whoever invites me."

Who do you think I am? I'm an Adelmar, not a social escort!

Waylon felt dirty just thinking of that.

"It's like this," Doris quickly explained in case Waylon hung up. "I've asked to meet my ex-husband. I want to get some money for child support, and I'll also use the money to pay you back."

"..."

"I've asked him to meet me at my rental house, but I don't trust his character. I'm single and defenseless, and I can't fight against him if he decides to be violent. That's why I need a man to accompany me..."

"So you want me to stand there? Do I look like a bouncer or something?" Waylon said coldly.

"Well... you're the only man I know," Doris stammered.

Waylon did not know whether he should feel angry or amused. He could not help but smirk.

"You're the only person I can ask for help, Mr. Adelmar. There's no one else who can help me," Doris said. "Can you help me, considering that the money will go to you?"

“Never mind then. I’m not going to show up just for money,” Waylon said coldly.

Doris wanted to slap herself. She should have known better than to offer money!

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” Doris said. “I misspoke, Mr. Adelmar. I mean, can’t you take pity on me, a single mother with two test-tube babies? Can you...”

Waylon was not in the mood to listen to Doris’ meandering speech.

However, he was taken aback when Doris mentioned “test-tube babies.”

Test-tube babies... What about them? I was also...

“Give me the location,” Waylon said. “I’ll show up.”

Doris was silent for three seconds. She thought her ears were playing tricks on her.

Wait! Did Mr. Adelmar just tell me to give him the location?

“Ahh! I’ll send it over now!” Doris said excitedly. “I’ll be back home in half an hour. You can come here now.”

“Alright then.” Waylon nodded and ended the call.

He originally planned to visit Nightfall Café to see how Emmeline was going. It looked like he would not be able to go today.

Doris kept her phone away and prepared to start her electric scooter.

The glass door behind her opened, and Emmeline stepped out.

“Doris? Why are you still here?”

Emmeline did not see Doris’ electric scooter from inside the café.

Emmeline happened to go out too, and she noticed Doris riding on the electric scooter.

“I was on a phone call earlier,” Doris said with a smile. “I accidentally knocked into someone else’s car while driving, so I’ve learned my lesson. I’ll make the call first before I drive.”

“Take care while driving.”

“Yes, Ms. Louise.” Doris started the vehicle and sped away.

Waylon went to the location he was given. After parking his car in the parking lot, he found Doris’ apartment unit.

He knocked on the door.

Doris said that she would be home in half an hour. Waylon was twenty minutes late. She should be at home now.

“Coming!” Doris’s crisp voice was heard.

As soon as Doris opened the door, she widened her eyes.

In front of her was a man dressed in a pure white suit. He carried the demeanor of royalty.

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Doris was stunned for a few seconds, but she also felt pride.

That noble-looking man was here to visit her!

Heh! Come look at this, my neighbors! Don't look down on single mothers!

"So am I going to just stand in front of your door? Are you going to give me a puffy hat to wear as well?" Waylon said coldly.

Doris blushed intensely. "Ah! Sorry! Please come in, Mr. Adelmarr!" she said while making way for him to come in.

Waylon walked inside. "Should I change into slippers?"

"I don't have any slippers for men here. You can wear your shoes this time. Next time, I'll..."

Waylon shot a glance at her, which made her immediately shut up.

Ah! I'm careless with my words again! I can't possibly hope he'll come again next time!

Doris' house was a two-bedroom apartment unit. It was slightly aged, but it was well-maintained.

Waylon walked into the house. He noticed a middle-aged woman taking care of the twin babies in one of the bedrooms.

"She's the nanny from my sister's house," Doris said. "She's here to look after the babies."

"Mm." Waylon nodded. He knew Jennie very well.

"Please have a seat." Doris led him to the sofa in the cramped living room and poured a glass of water for him.

"Don't worry about me," Waylon said. He shot a glance at the glass in front of him.

He did not have the habit of eating or drinking in strangers' houses, but Doris pushed the glass toward him anyway.

Someone was knocking on the door.

"It must be that b*stard!" Doris said. "Let me get it."

Waylon did not say anything. He remained seated on the sofa.

"Diana Nelson? Why are you here? Who asked you to come here?" Doris said angrily.

"Why can't I come here? You've asked my fiancé to meet you. I have to come along, right?" a woman with a coquettish voice said.

"Ew! I'm not going to snatch him away from you!" Doris said.

"It doesn't matter if you love him, as long as I do!" Diana said.

"I haven't signed the divorce papers yet. This is strictly family business. Why are you meddling?" Doris said.

"I have to meddle! What if you manage to deceive Josiah to pay you a lot of money? His money is meant for me and the baby in my womb! The baby in my womb is Josiah's true child, unlike your test-tube babies! You don't even know who their father is!"

"Get out now, or I'll slap you!" Doris said angrily.

"You wouldn't dare!" Diana said.

"Try me!" Doris said and lifted her hand.

"Doris! If Diana is hurt, you won't hear the end of it!" Josiah said angrily.

He was about to shove Doris away, but someone grabbed his wrist.

Waylon was standing behind Doris. He was one head taller than her.

Grabbing Josiah's wrist, Waylon pinched a certain spot.

"Ahh!" Josiah's knees went limp.

Diana was shocked. "Jo! What happened?"

Josiah lifted his head to look at the man standing behind Doris.

He looks like a god! Where is he from?

"I was only trying to shake your hand. Why are you so weak?" Waylon said with a smile.

Were you only shaking my hand? Why did it feel like my soul left my body?

Waylon pulled his hand away and dusted it, as though whatever he touched earlier was incredibly filthy.

"What a weak man. No wonder he's impotent," Waylon said.

Diana was gawking at the godlike man in front of her. When Waylon mentioned Josiah's impotency, she thrust her stomach and said, "He's not weak at all! And he's not impotent. This is..."

"Who do you think you are? Do you think you can speak to me?" Waylon glared at her coldly. "Also, are you sure that the child belongs to that man?"