

Ambush OTQ 971

Chapter 971

“The pastry chef is baking the cake,” Emmeline smiled at them, “It’s one of those layered cakes. It’s six layers! Don’t worry, you will see them very soon.”

“Wow!” Moon clapped hard, “It’s six layers tall? There must be a lot of fruit and cream on it! I am sure I will love it!”

“Yeah,” Star chipped in, “My guess is that Mummy is preparing that layered cake so that all the customers can eat as well.”

“You’re so bright, Star!” Abel pinched her face, “You are right on the mark!”

“I understand now,” Timothy said, “Mummy wants the customers to share the joy as well.”

“This is really a good idea,” Sun agreed, “The cafe will be in such a merry mood!”

“We will share the cake with the customers,” Moon clapped again excitedly.

“Yes, let’s do that!” Timothy, Star, and Sun all bought the idea.

They really thought that sharing the joy of their Mummy’s birthday to the customers was the greatest feeling ever!

Suddenly, Emmeline’s phone rang. It was Sam, “Ms. Louise, there are even more customers now. I can’t manage the crowd anymore.”

“Alright, I’m coming down now.”

Emmeline made a gesture to Abel, Benjamin, and Waylon while saying that.

The three men stood up and joined her in going downstairs.

While Benjamin ran down the stairs, he called the Adelmars to instruct the secretary to send some more people over here.

Kendra decided to hand over Quincy to Daisy for now. She went to the preparation room to help out too.

Doris had baked several full trays of pastries, and at this moment, she was baking Emmeline’s cake.

Kendra could lend an immediate helping hand.

At the same time, Emmeline went to the first floor to help Sam make more coffee.

“Emma, this place is so full of life!” A crisp voice came at the door.

Emmeline turned around and saw that Lizbeth had arrived.

She tied up her hair in a ponytail and she was wearing a flowery dress. Adrien was standing behind her.

“Liz, you’re here!” Emmeline was happy to see them. She hurried over to welcome them.

“Emma, it’s your birthday today?” Adrien said, “If Abel did not post about it on social media, we won’t even know about your birthday!”

“Abel posted me on social media?” Emmeline’s eyes expanded, “This is really something that would only happen once in a million chances.”

“You don’t say?” Adrien whipped out his phone and showed her, “Look, ever since he has these social media accounts, he posted this yesterday.”

Emmeline stared at the screen and found that Adrien was right!

Abel was really showing off his wife on social media.

Emmeline did not even have time to check her phone ever since this morning because she had her hands full.

Lizbeth smiled, “Emma, Mr. Abel really adores you. He did something for the first time just for your sake.”

“What about you?” Emmeline smiled, “Isn’t this the same case for Adrien?”

Lizbeth blushed while glancing at Adrien. There was so much love in her eyes.

“Emma, this is our gift for you,” Adrien produced a gift box, “We bought it quite recently, but we don’t know whether you would love it.”

“I would be more than happy to see you here, and you even prepared a gift for me?”

Emmeline opened the box and saw that it was a Shanel handbag. It was the latest model that had just been announced to the world.

“Thank you, Adrien, Liz,” Emmeline was all smiles, “Have a seat, I will bring you some coffee and pastries.”

Adrien and Lizbeth were in an upbeat mood, “Great! We want to be part of your grand opening, to experience this amazing atmosphere.”

“How can I be absent for such an important day?” The glass door was pushed open and they had some new guests.

It turned out that it was Adam who was dressed in black, and Edmond and Erin were following him.

Emmeline could not help but frown. Why were they here now?

She did not need to think hard to realize that Adam must have come because Abel posted about it on social media. Adam would spread the word to Edmond. Erin came because she was currently his girlfriend.

“My sister, happy birthday!” Adam still had that unnatural look on his face when he wished Emmeline happy birthday. His beard moved slightly as his lips opened.

“Thank you, Adam,” Emmeline’s voice was mechanical.

They were her customers today, so she had no reason to ask them to get lost. Furthermore, everything was in the past now.

"I prepare this for you, Emma," Adam produced a delicate-looking box, "Take a look and tell me if you like it."

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"I will check it out for her," Abel intruded from behind. He snatched Adam's gift box.

"Abel," Adam smiled awkwardly, "Yeah, you can do that, of course."

Abel opened the box and saw that there was a pair of crystal glass that was meant for drinking. They looked expensive at first glance.

He shoved it to Emmeline, "Emma will make the final decision. Do you want this?"

"This crystal glass looks good," Emmeline smiled, "We can use it for tea time, hubby."

"We will accept this," Abel said to Adam, "I thank you on her behalf."

"As long as you love it," Adam sighed in relief.

He was terrified that Abel would grab it and smash them on the floor.

If Abel did that, it would be a total embarrassment for Adam because there were so many people around, and there were even live-streamers streaming everything that happened in the cafe.

The most humiliating thing for Adam was that he had no power in front of Abel. He would not be able to fight him at all in his current state.

Edmond and Erin produced their gifts too. They brought some decent stuff.

Emmeline decided to accept those gifts.

It was supposed to be an auspicious day today. Emmeline had made up her mind that everything would end well today. She could not allow any unhappy discourse to happen.

Although she could not bear to see Edmond and Erin, they did not have any scuffles in the past. She should just leave them be.

"Bro?" Lizbeth saw that Edmond was here, so she was pleasantly surprised, "You came too."

Edmond was happy to see his sister, of course.

Although they did not spend a lot of time together, they were still brothers and sisters.

They said that blood was always thicker than water. They felt a connection between them although they were not particularly close.

"Liz," Edmond said to his sister, and there was endless affection in his eyes, "Are you doing good here? Did you get bullied by people?"

"No one bullied me," Lizbeth flashed a bright smile, "Adrien and his parents are so doting on me."

“Glad to hear that,” Edmond replied, “I heard from Dad and Mum that you are getting married soon?”

“Yeah,” Lizbeth’s expression changed into one of bliss, “It’s going to happen next month.”

“That’s great news,” Edmond said, “I will get you some dowry.”

The siblings continued their friendly banter, but Erin’s face was gloomy the more she listened to their exchanges.

There seemed to be some intense resentment and jealousy brewing in her eyes. Her lips fluttered ever so slightly as if she was on the verge of cursing Lizbeth out.

“Thank you, Edmond,” Lizbeth decided to ask about Edmond’s recent activities, “How are you recently?”

A gloomy look entered his face, “Things are not going well.”

“It’s all Evelyn’s fault!” Lizbeth was teary-eyed now, “Luckily she is dead now, or else I swear that I will tear her apart!”

“The truth has not come out just yet,” Edmond frowned, “Those are just rumors.”

“Edmond!” Lizbeth’s brows furrowed, “Are you still defending that evil woman?”

Erin was drooping her head, however, a smug look surfaced on her face.

“That’s my family matter,” Edmond started to become impatient, “Let’s not talk about that here.”

Lizbeth finally stopped voicing her indignance, but tears were still welling up in her eyes.

Flynn was handicapped now thanks to Evelyn. How could she forgive Evelyn?

“Liz,” Adrien pulled her to him, “Let’s get some pastries on the second floor.”

As Erin watched Lizbeth and Adrien leave, she asked in a hoarse voice, “Is that your sister?”

“Yeah,” Edmond nodded.

“How many sisters do you have?” Erin asked.

Edmond was obviously caught off guard by her question, “Why do you ask that?”

“From what I heard,” Erin smiled faintly, “You seem to have another sister, no?”

“She’s not my biological sister, though,” Edmond tried to brush it off, “Let’s not talk about it.”

“What?” Erin’s gaze focused on him, “Do those two not carry the same weight in your heart?”

“I used to feel that they were equally important to me,” Edmond began to explain, “But I really changed my mind after that. Blood is thicker than water, they said. Nothing can change that.”

Erin’s gaze was even more venomous now. It felt like blood was going to drip out of her eyes at any moment.

“Why do you ask me this anyway?” Edmond was beginning to feel suspicious.

“I was curious.”

Erin plastered an innocent smile on her face, while she was gnashing her teeth deep down. The Murphy family, just wait! Don't you all think that I am dead? Let's see how things develop from this point onward!

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“Erin, your expression needs some work,” Edmond placed his palm on her shuddering shoulders and said in a gentle tone, “Let's have some coffee.”

Erin sank into his embrace, “Edmond, you're really good to me.”

“That's only right,” Edmond whispered into her ears, “You're my beloved woman, of course, I need to treat you with love and care.”

“Promise me that you will never abandon me, will you?” Erin gazed up at his face passionately, “You're the only man I can rely on. I don't have any relatives other than you.”

Edmond felt something tugging at his heartstrings, which pushed him to hug her even harder, “You don't have a thing to worry about, my darling. I would never abandon you.”

“Thank you, Edmond,” Erin stuck to him while deep down, a venomous, vicious feeling was fueling her.

Customers came and went. The first and second floors were thronging with people.

They did not know whether their birthday bash for Emmeline would go according to plan. They were supposed to celebrate it at noon.

Abel, Benjamin, and Janie were controlling the second floor while Waylon and his brothers took over the first floor. The employees dispatched by the Adelmars ran up and down to help out wherever they could.

The whole cafe was still as busy as ever.

Now that Kendra lent her help to Doris, her efficiency shot up.

She was almost done decorating the cake when she checked the clock. She had half more hour until twelve at noon.

It seemed that her progress was on time.

“Let's do this!” Doris hyped herself up.

Her face was slightly reddened after the removal of her face mask revealed her face.

As Emmeline continued to scurry around the counter, a magnificent woman pushed the glass door and entered the cafe.

She was wearing a figure-hugging dress, which flaunted her good figure.

Her long hair was dangling on her shoulders, which brought out a graceful demeanor.

Emmeline studied this woman carefully and realized that...

It was Sonia.

It seemed that this “white flower” was here to see Abel.

There was a younger woman next to her. However, Emmeline had no idea who that was.

However, she could deduce that both of them came from rich families.

Sonia scanned the cafe with her delicate eyes, and she stopped looking around as her gaze settled on Emmeline who was in an apron.

There was a cartoon printed on that apron.

Emmeline could not know whether Sonia knew who she was. Anyway, her gaze did not settle on Emmeline for long.

“There are so many people here,” Sonia said, “Business is good.”

“It’s just a cafe, that’s all,” Ysabel snorted disdainfully, “This cafe would not amount to anything significant!”

“Let’s have a seat first since we are here.”

Sonia led Ysabel to a table, and they somehow chose the one that was right in front of the counter.

The previous customers had just gone. The seats were still warm. Sam just cleared the table when they took the seats.

“Give us two cups of coffee,” Sonia said without looking up, “I want more sugar and milk.”

“Give me two durian puffs,” Ysabel had this prideful look on her face as if she was the most important person in the world, “I’ll judge whether they suit our taste.”

Emmeline quickly punched in their orders.

Sam made the coffee while the order for durian puffs was sent to the second floor.

“Are you still in a bad mood? You saw your first love yesterday.”

Ysabel stared at Sonia.

Emmeline was able to pick up her question. The volume of their voices was just loud enough for Emmeline to pick up.

She had to admit that she was curious about Abel and this white flower.

Although she had a bitter sensation enveloping her now, she did not want to miss the chance to learn more about Abel’s past.

“It’s not like that,” Sonia did not look up as she said that.

Emmeline had a feeling that Sonia recognized her, but she was just pretending to be oblivious.

“Then why do you look so unhappy?”

"I thought about those days when we were still together. He used to carry an umbrella for me besides giving me his jacket. However, as fate would have it, we were separated for five years. Of course, I would not be happy when I think about that."

"But you found him again," Ysabel did not understand, "He used to love you so much. I think you still have a chance now."

"That might be true," Sonia said gently, "His scent still lingers on my skin sometimes. It's not like five years are a lot of time anyway."

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Emmeline rolled her eyes. Somehow, her teeth felt sore.

She told herself a million times that she should not feel jealous because of some baseless stuff.

However, even if she forced herself to move away from the gossip, she still could not control the sense of jealousy that was penetrating her from her head to her toes.

She knew she was in trouble especially when Sonia talked about how Abel had cared for her by carrying umbrellas and jackets for her.

However, Emmeline had to stay calm. She could not just confront Sonia right now, could she?

After some thinking on her part, she decided that the best way to resolve her emotion was to ask the person in question directly.

She took out her phone and sent a message to Abel: Your white flower who you used to carry umbrellas and jackets for is here.

Abel was managing the order from the first floor. He was monitoring the preparation of the durian puffs when he received the message.

He could not help but frown, then he carried the tray, "Let me do this."

He was downstairs in no time thanks to his long legs.

However, he did not face his first love. Instead, he went straight for his wife.

He sensed that his wife was hurt by something.

There was no way he would allow that!

He was someone who would stand up for his wife!

"Why are our durian puffs not here yet?" Ysabel knocked on the table, "What kind of service is this?"

Just as Sam was about to apologize, Emmeline stopped her, "It will be ready soon," Emmeline put on her best smile, "Please wait for a while."

Only then Sonia looked up and pretended to be surprised to see her, "It's you?"

"Hmm," Emmeline shrugged, "Do we know each other?"

“We met each other at Bvlgari yesterday,” Sonia answered proudly, “You were right beside my boyfriend.”

“Your boyfriend?” Emmeline made an exaggerated shape with her mouth, “Who is your boyfriend? I believe I am not someone who enjoys being together with someone else’s boyfriend.”

“I am talking about Abel,” Sonia’s brows arched, “Are you trying to play a fool?”

“I can send those words right back at you,” Emmeline snickered coldly, “Abel is my husband. How on earth is he your boyfriend?”

Sonia went stiff as she stammered, “Five years ago, we were together.”

Emmeline chuckled sarcastically, “Then, it would be more accurate to say that he’s your ex. Who doesn’t have an ex-boyfriend, anyway? Don’t you think you’re just being a menace for bringing this non-issue up?”

“Hey, watch how you talk to Sonia!” Ysabel stood up, “Do you even know who she is?”

“All I know is that you guys are my customers,” Emmeline gritted her teeth, and there was a murderous gaze in her eyes, “Or else... I will show you the door!”

Ysabel was intimidated, and she was no longer that feisty, “Let me ask you again. Why is our food not here yet?”

“You plan to run your business with such a snobbish attitude?” Sonia berated Emmeline.

“This is the pastries you ordered!”

A low voice boomed above their heads as Abel put the plate on the table loudly.

They jumped up in shock, and when they looked up, they found themselves staring into a cold abyss that was Abel’s eyes.

“The bad thing about running a business is that we are forced to serve customers like you!”

Abel did not even attempt to hide his cold demeanor toward them.

Ysabel was stunned.

The man in front of her right now was the man at the top of the food chain in all of Struyria. It was none other than Abel Ryker!

He looked even more handsome than his image in advertisements.

Sonia stood up in shock, “Abel? Why are you here? And you are...”

She pointed at the cartoon on his apron and the tray he was carrying, “Aren’t you the CEO of the Ryker Group? Why are you doing these things?”

“Today is the day my wife’s business begins,” Abel went to the counter and placed his arm around Emmeline’s shoulders, “I am supporting my wife,”

"Your wife?" Sonia's brows furrowed, "I just came back from overseas not long ago. I didn't expect that your wife is someone who only knows how to make coffee."

"This is just her part-time job," Abel did not show any friendliness at all.

"Yeah, we know that she's a baker on the second floor too," Ysabel snorted.

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"The most important thing is," Abel planted a kiss on Emmeline's forehead, "She is my wife. That's all that matters to me."

Sonia felt something tear in her heart.

Abel had never been so intimate with Sonia during the time they used to be together.

From what she remembered, Abel was a clueless, mechanical person. However, he transformed into a man who had a fiery love for his wife.

"A-Abel..." Sonia blinked, "I feel that you are taller now. In the past, I can reach your chin, but now..."

She was trying to say that they used to hold each other a lot when they were together. She was implying that her height could only reach his chin.

"Everyone was so childish in the past, talking about heights of all things," Abel was very sarcastic, "We now know how childish everyone was back then."

Emmeline actually cared about Sonia's words, about how Abel used to hug her.

All of a sudden, she felt that Abel's hug was not warm and desirable anymore.

However, after hearing what Abel said, she could not stifle her laughter.

It turned out that they were comparing heights.

Sonia's face turned red.

Although they were comparing heights, in her memories, she was in his embrace. It was the closest distance between them.

She vaguely remembered the minty scent on him. She remembered everything.

Those memories would still drive her heart into a frenzy even after so many years.

Sonia was an example of someone who would rather live in the past.

"Mr. Abel," Ysabel interrupted them, "I heard that you and your wife got together because of some strange coincidence. I even heard that the marriage was just a setup."

"You know so much?" Abel put on a disgusted look, "Who the hell are you?"

"I am the only daughter of the Hemmings family and I work for the Hemmings Group. My name is Ysabel," Ysabel replied, "Our family has business dealings with the Ryker Group."

“Great, thanks for telling me that,” Abel said in a monotone, “Go back and tell your father that he can rest for some time now. We will be ending our cooperation.”

Ysabel was speechless and shell-shocked.

“Mum!”

“Dad!”

“Mum!”

“Dad!”

The four children ran down the stairs merrily.

“Dad, it’s almost twelve. Shall we celebrate Mummy’s birthday now?”

“Mummy, is the cake done? Everyone can’t wait anymore!”

The four children kept asking for hugs from Abel and Emmeline.

Abel bent down and scooped Timothy and Star while Emmeline carried Sun and Moon into her arms.

Sonia’s eyes widened, “Abel, are t-they your son?”

“That’s right,” Abel had an affectionate expression on his face now, “We have quadruplets.”

“H–How old are they now?” Sonia found herself getting increasingly unsettled, “They should be four or five, no?”

“They are turning five soon,” Abel said.

“They are five soon?” Sonia’s face turned pale, “Does that mean that after we broke up, she had your babies immediately after that?”

“You’re damn right about that!”

Abel did not even try to sugarcoat his words. He was a proud and happy man right now. He pecked Timothy and Star.

Sonia felt her legs giving out.

She never forgot about Abel, not even once, in the past five years.

However, Abel was now a father of quadruplets. Those children were going to turn five soon.

How could God do this to her?

“Daddy,” Timothy circled his arms around Abel’s neck, “It’s twelve. We should start Mummy’s birthday bash.”

“That’s right,” Star said, “What are you waiting for?”

“You need to wear the crown on her,” Timothy smiled, “If Mummy is our queen, a queen can’t be without her crown.”

“That’s awesome!” Sun said, “Daddy is going to wear a crown on Mummy!”

“Mummy is our queen!” Moon chipped in, “We love you, Mummy!”

“Let’s begin!”

Abel passed Timothy and Star to Sam, and he produced a box from his pocket.

He opened it and it revealed a stunning, shining diamond-embroidered crown. It was a captivating sight.

The live-streamers at the scene all focused their cameras on Abel. They wanted to live-stream this important moment.

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Abel picked up the crown and set it gently on Emmeline’s head, then arranged the tendrils of hair that framed her face so they fell nicely. She watched him with sparkling eyes, her expression warm and tender.

“Happy birthday, Sweetheart!” Abel put his arms around her and kissed her deeply and lovingly. His voice held unmistakable tenderness and affection.

“Thank you, my darling Hubby!” Emmeline slipped her arms around Abel’s waist, feeling incredibly contented and happy, burying her face into his shoulder.

“Happy birthday!” Waylon, Kenny, and Bowie chimed in from behind him.

“Happy birthday, Emma,” Benjamin offered as well with a smile. “Yes, happy birthday, Emma!” Janie exclaimed happily as she stood beside him.

Adam, Adrien, Lizbeth, Paul, and Erin also came over to give Emmeline their wishes, forcing Sonia and Ysabel to squeeze into a corner.

The quadruplets were even more excited. “Happy birthday, Mommy! Please live a long and very prosperous life!” They chorused.

“Happy birthday!” Even the other customers found the enthusiasm contagious and clapped their hands, joining in the well-wishes.

“Ooh, look, the cake’s here!” Sam exclaimed excitedly.

Everyone turned and saw the cake on a trolley being carried down the stairs by nine strong, burly men. It was a wondrous confection, six tiers high and exquisitely decorated with fruits and buttercream.

Once the massive cake had been safely carried down and set on the floor, Doris came forward. She was dressed smartly in a chef’s uniform, complete with white toque and white mask. Beaming, she pushed the trolley slowly toward Emmeline. The guests stood aside and made way for her.

Sonia and Ysabel huddled together in the corner, watching.

Abel was celebrating his wife’s birthday with his four children! Sonia’s yearning and hopes over the past five years were dashed on the spot. As the rousing birthday greetings continued, tears began streaming down her cheeks.

“Don’t cry, Sonia...” Ysabel put her arm around Sonia’s shoulders. “You haven’t lost yet. Those two and their children are just an accident that happened.”

“What do you mean?” Sonia looked uncomprehendingly at her.

“It’s like this...” Ysabel leaned closer and told Sonia what she had heard about Abel’s mistake five years ago.

“That’s what happened? Sonia looked very thoughtful.

“Yes, that’s why you can’t give up hope,” Ysabel said firmly. “I’m certain that there’s nothing between them, and they’re just putting on a show. It’s despicable, this woman using those children to lure your boyfriend away! You must take him back from her!”

Sonia considered this. Yes, Ysabel was right. She should fight for Abel and make him hers once more. If there hadn’t been children involved, would he have even chosen to be with Emmeline in the first place? After all, Sonia regarded herself as the only one fit to be part of the influential Ryker family! Emmeline was nothing but a wretched cafe owner with a pretty face!

However, she would not be able to do anything about it today, not with the guests still clustering around Abel and Emmeline.

The cake was wheeled into the center of the room, and Emmeline lit the candles. Everyone clapped and began singing “Happy Birthday”; naturally, Sonia and Ysabel did not join in.

Emmeline clasped her hands together and pursed her lips slightly as she made a silent wish, then blew out all the candles in one breath. All the guests cheered and shouted, “Happy birthday!”

Abel pulled Emmeline into his arms and spun around three times with her.

“Be careful!” Emmeline clutched at the crown on her head. “This will fall off, if not!”

“You’re still the queen of my heart, with or without a crown!” Abel kissed her passionately in front of everyone. “Live long and prosper, my darling babe and queen of my life!”

Emmeline turned scarlet with embarrassment and pummeled Abel’s shoulder with her small fists, amusing him so much that he grinned broadly. As she turned her head, she was just in time to catch sight of a crestfallen Sonia and Ysabel leaving. She began cutting the cake to serve to the guests, and Waylon came over to help her.

Doris, who was standing behind the cake trolley, felt her heart skip a beat. What a tall, dashing gentleman...

Waylon sensed that the baker was staring at him and turned to look at her, puzzled. Their eyes met, then widened suddenly.

“Doris?” Waylon could not tell if the person behind the mask was Doris or not.

“Mr. Adelmarr?” Doris gasped in astonishment. “Oh my goodness, is that you?”

“It really is you!” Waylon was astounded. “Why are you here?”

"I'm Ms. Louise's pastry chef!" Doris removed her mask. "How do you know her, Mr. Adelmarr?"

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"I'm Emma's older brother."

"Her brother?"

"That's right!"

"You two know each other?" Emmeline's eyes widened as she stared at the pair.

Before Doris could even blurt out, "Mr. Adelmarr's your brother?" Waylon was already explaining, "She was the one who scratched both my cars."

Emmeline blinked, then burst out laughing. "I see! So did the two of you get up to any mischief after that?"

Doris stared at Emmeline in confusion. Mischief? What mischief?

"Nothing of the sort," Waylon replied. "I went to collect the money for the repairs from her, but she'd twisted her ankle and couldn't walk, so I made her something to eat."

"That's not entirely accurate," Doris corrected, lifting her brows. "Mr. Adelmarr, you made two plates of spaghetti; one for you and one for me."

Emmeline looked from one to the other, her eyes sparkling. "Well, well! My goodness, Waylon, two plates? You really made yourself at home, didn't you?"

"I did indeed make two servings of spaghetti," Waylon conceded. "However, I only ate one plate of it. That way, Doris wouldn't feel the need to be indebted to me."

"You two!" Emmeline was obviously extremely amused. "It seems you might even become friends despite your initial differences."

"Well, I certainly never expected that Mr. Adelmarr's sister would turn out to be you, Ms. Louise!" Doris exclaimed.

"I definitely didn't expect you to be Emma's pastry chef," Waylon said.

"Abel's the one who set everything up," Emmeline replied happily. "Doris is really good at this."

"As long as you're pleased with my efforts, Ms. Louise, I'm happy." Doris looked rather bashful. "I'm still a bit of a clumsy oaf."

"That you are," Waylon agreed, rolling his eyes. "I've been the victim of your clumsiness twice now."

Emmeline grinned. "I admit I'm wondering at the coincidence myself. You ended up scratching my brother's car twice, after all, Doris!"

"I must have owed him a debt in some past life!"

"I must have owed her a debt in some past life!"

Both Waylon and Doris spoke simultaneously as if they had planned it in advance. The former looked disgusted, while the latter looked embarrassed.

“There now, stop fighting about who owes who and when,” Abel cut in. “It’s clear that you’re both fated to cross paths. If you’re not destined to meet, you could be sitting in front of each other and not even be aware of it.”

Doris turned a beautiful shade of pink at this, and even Waylon looked a little embarrassed.

Not too far away, Janie tugged at Benjamin’s sleeve and murmured, “Do you think they’ll end up together?”

“Your imagination running away with you,” Benjamin replied in an equally low voice. “Waylon’s not into women.”

“What?” Janie’s brows shot up; she looked startled.

“Shh!” Benjamin shushed her hurriedly. “He’s not into guys either; the only thing he’s really into right now is medical research.”

The food catered from the Nimbus Hotel arrived at this point, and was immediately sent up to the third floor. There was a buffet set up for the adults, while five children’s meals had been specially prepared for the quadruplets and Quincy.

The quadruplets were particularly boisterous that day, so Kendra and Daisy took them and Quincy out to the terrace garden to feed them.

The rest of the adults stayed on the third floor, mingling and chatting. Adam, Adrien, Lizbeth, Paul, and Erin were all present.

Adam poured a glass of wine and proffered it to Waylon. “It’s been a long time, Mr. Waylon!”

“Heh.” Waylon smiled faintly. “Five years ago, you barged into my room to try and steal something from me. I would never have imagined we’d be meeting again under these circumstances five years later.”

“I sincerely apologize,” Adam replied, his brows drawing together. “At the time, my grandfather had given me orders to investigate if you were a member of the Adelmars. I’m very sorry, Mr. Waylon. I hope you’ll forgive me for the impertinence!”

“Well, now you know the answer,” Waylon said with a grim smile. “What are you going to do now?”

“I fully support Abel and Emmeline being together,” Adam answered firmly. “I’m not going to say a word about this to my grandfather.”

“That’s the way, Adam!” Adrien chimed in. “I don’t know what grudge there is between the Rykers and the Adelmars, but that happened in Grandpa’s time. It has nothing to do with us!”

“I feel much the same way,” Adam agreed. “Besides, Emma and Abel’s boys are almost five years old already. Why dig up old grievances again?”

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“That’s right!” Adrien said firmly. “Abel and Emma have our full support. We’re not bound by whatever happened in Grandpa’s generation!”

“If Oscar Ryker wants to get involved in this matter, he should also ask the Adelmars for their consent!” Waylon’s smile was very cold.

“That’s right,” Kenny concurred. “We won’t stand for Emma being treated badly.”

“Absolutely!” Bowie agreed. “There are eleven of us Adelmars siblings; none of us are pushovers. Messing with us is a bad idea.”

Benjamin added his opinion to the rest. “Abel and Emma are a family already. Nobody should interfere with that!”

“Benjamin is right.” Abel laced his fingers with Emmeline’s, his smile faint but purposeful. “No one is going to separate me and Emma. Not even Grandpa!”

Erin looked disinterested, but in reality, she was all ears. As she sampled the buffet’s offerings, she carefully stored up every bit of the conversation that she was listening to.

Apparently, Emmeline was an Adelmars! Given what the others had said, old Oscar Ryker had a deep-seated grudge against the Adelmars Clan!

Had Erin’s chance for revenge come at last?

Adam raised his glass in a silent toast to Waylon, then did the same to Benjamin, Kenny, and Bowie. After that, he replenished his glass and lifted it in Abel’s direction. “Abel, today I want to take the opportunity to offer you and Emma my sincere apologies for everything that’s happened in the past. From now on, I’ll follow where you lead. Whatever you tell me to do, be assured I’ll do it to the best of my ability!”

Abel smiled. “We’re family, Adam. We’ll let bygones be bygones, shall we?”

“Let’s drink a toast, the three of us,” Adam requested. “Then I’ll know for sure that you and Emma have forgiven me.”

Abel raised his glass. Emmeline did as well, but hers held fruit juice instead of wine. The three of them clinked their glasses together and downed their drinks.

Adam was thrilled, and his expression mirrored his feelings. He no longer looked as moody as he had upon first arriving here. It was truly better to live open-mindedly and be gracious; the true colors of one’s personality could then blossom freely.

Emmeline saw that he truly regretted his past actions and wondered if she ought to reverse the aftermath of the Living Agony technique. If not, any sickness would be particularly brutal for him.

After Adam finished his toast, Paul raised his glass and gestured toward Abel. “Adam mentioned that you’re acquainted with the Wonder Doctor, Mr. Abel. If that’s true, then I need to ask a favor from you.”

Abel’s brows knitted slightly; it seemed likely that this would be about Flynn. “What favor would that be, Mr. Murphy?” He enquired, his expression bland.

“It’s about Flynn, naturally,” Paul explained. “As you know, he suffered a bad head injury. Even though he survived, he has cerebral palsy now. It’s a great impertinence, I know, but could you ask the Wonder Doctor if he would be willing to take a look at him?”

Abel said nothing.

Paul continued, “The truth is, my father contacted the Wonder Doctor previously, but the good doctor declined. Why I don’t know, but that’s why I’m asking if you’d be willing to talk to him since you’re already acquainted and see if he might change his mind. I’ll be more than happy to discuss treatment fees.”

“It isn’t about the treatment fees,” Abel replied slowly. “The Wonder Doctor is very capricious and goes entirely by whim. I’m not actually that close to him, either. In fact, I know him only because I asked him to treat my grandfather twice.”

“Well, you could at least speak to the doctor for me,” Paul persisted. “His assistant turned me down. That’s why I’m asking for your help, so I can at least try and give Flynn a second lease of life.”

“I’ll try, anyway,” Abel answered reluctantly. “The Wonder Doctor might not necessarily say yes to me either.”

“As long as you’re willing to try, it’s good enough.” Paul raised his glass again. “A toast to your success!” He turned to Erin. “Why don’t you drink a toast as well, Erin?”

Erin obediently raised her glass and gave Abel a faint smile. “Here’s to you, Mr. Abel.”

Out of courtesy, Abel drank to the toast. Paul and Erin did as well.

Erin looked a little off-color, however; she was feeling extremely perturbed...

Chapter 979

Erin did not want the Wonder Doctor to cure Flynn. That would mean everyone would know Evelyn had deceived and kidnapped Flynn. Erin did not want to tarnish Evelyn’s name even after she died because Erin was Evelyn.

Yes, Erin was Evelyn, and Evelyn was Erin. She did not die when Adam’s people pushed her down the cliff. She was rescued by Simon, who was shooting for a scene there. With his help, Evelyn underwent plastic surgery and returned as Erin.

Erin was back for revenge: first, the Murphy family, then Adam, and finally, Emmeline and Abel. No one can get what I can’t have!

Meanwhile, Adam and Paul went back after the birthday banquet. Adrien and Lizbeth went up to the first and second floors with the rest of the group. The business was very good that day because an influencer was doing live streaming there and brought in a lot of customers. Everyone had been busy and only got a little rest in the afternoon.

Benjamin persuaded Janie to rest on the third floor. Emmeline was tired, and so did Lizbeth. Her face was flushed from exhaustion, making Adrien’s heart clench a little when he saw that.

"I'm so sorry, Adrien, for making Lizbeth so tired," said Emmeline apologetically.

"She is tired, but I'm happy we can help you," said Adrien.

"Adrien! Are you saying you are happy to see me tired? I know it. You like Emmeline better!" Lizbeth pulled Adrien's ear playfully.

"Of course, I like you more! Also, Emmeline has Abel," said Adrien, pretending to rub his ear.

"Not just Abel. She also has Benjamin and Waylon, but I only have you! Don't you ever betray me," said Lizbeth.

"I would never do that. I'm all yours!" Adrien quickly promised, which made Lizbeth smile sweetly. Adrien held her hand. "Dear Emma, why don't we leave now? My body is aching," said Adrien.

"Emmeline is still working. We can't leave her now," said Lizbeth. "Didn't you say Lizbeth has plenty of people in her life? She doesn't need us here," said Adrien.

"Why don't you two leave first? I'm fine here," said Emmeline. So, Lizbeth, Adrien, Benjamin, and Janine went home. Emmeline even packed some snacks for Janine.

"I'll come again. I really like the atmosphere of the place," said Janine. "Sure! Rest well before you come again. Otherwise, Benjamin would scold me for making you tired," joked Emmeline, causing Benjamin to mess with her hair. "Hey, I never scolded you," said Benjamin. Emmeline laughed.

Soon after Benjamin and Janine left, Emmeline sent Doris back for her nine-month-old child at home.

Later, Rosaline called and told Abel to bring the munchkins to celebrate Emmeline's birthday. She also invited the Adelmars to join the party.

When Emmeline and Abel finally reached home at night, both were exhausted. "We should hire more help for Nightfall Cafe. You wouldn't be able to sustain for long like this," said Abel as he massaged Emmeline's shoulders.

Chapter 980

"I didn't expect the business would be so good when I first started it," said Emmeline, enjoying the massage from Abel.

"That's a good thing, but I'll close it down if it makes you so tired every day!" said Abel.

"Don't you dare! Nightfall is mine. No one else could close it down!" Emmeline protested.

"I don't want you to get too tired. People might think I make you work too hard." Abel held Emmeline in his arms.

"I think you are just embarrassed to have a wife who sells coffee," teased Emmeline, which made Abel turn and look at her in concern. "When did I say this?" he asked.

"Didn't Sonia, your first love, say that before?" Emmeline continued to tease him.

"I knew you would bring this up! Would you just let that go?" Abel held Emmeline up by her waist and threw her on the bed.

“What are you doing?” asked Emmeline.

“I’m punishing you as a husband,” said Abel as he climbed up the bed.

“No! I’m exhausted!” Emmeline wanted to leave, but Abel pushed her down. “Well, you can’t leave me in my current state, can you?” Abel looked at Emmeline seductively.

“Not today, please! I’m too tired,” begged Emmeline.

“Promise me you wouldn’t bring up Sonia again,” said Abel as he pulled Emmeline’s arms above her head.

“Alright, I promise!” laughed Emmeline. Abel kissed Emmeline hard on her lips and released her arms. Then, he carried her in his arms.

“Where are you bringing me?” said Emmeline warily. “To the bathtub. Didn’t you say you’re exhausted? I’ll bathe you,” said Abel.

Abel drew a bath and took off their clothes. He put Emmeline into the bathtub slowly and held her on his chest from her back. Emmeline immediately felt all the tension leave her body once the warm water touched her skin. Abel washed Emmeline’s body gently and started to feel aroused.

“I heard that there’s a way to ease tiredness?” mumbled Emmeline.

“Do you want to try it?” whispered Abel in a sultry voice. Emmeline felt like she was melting into Abel’s arms.

Forty minutes later, Abel carried Emmeline out of the bathtub and covered her in a big warm towel. He placed Emmeline gently on the bed. Her face was still slightly flushed when she fell asleep.

When Emmeline woke up the next day, she felt refreshed. Abel was no longer on the bed. He was busy in the kitchen.

Emmeline held Abel from his back. “Did you have a good sleep, Hubby?” she asked.