

Are Mine 1021

[Chapter 1021 Confuse the Enemy](#)

Something had happened at Macsen Villa, but Emmeline and the other two were unaware of it.

After finishing their meal at Struyria Banquet, Emmeline, Abel, and Benjamin returned to Nightfall Cafe. They quickly changed into their sleek black motorcycle gear and put on their helmets.

Emmeline approached Abel and Benjamin with a confident wave of her hand. "See you at Swan Lake, boys!"

With those words, she lowered the visor of her helmet, ignited the engine, shifted into gear, and twisted the throttle.

"Vroom!" In the blink of an eye, she vanished into the flow of traffic, leaving her companions in awe.

Abel and Benjamin didn't want to be left behind, so they swiftly hopped into their Rolls-Royce and set off toward Swan Lake.

Forty minutes later, the Rolls-Royce arrived at Swan Lake.

Emmeline was already there, leaning casually against her motorcycle, helmet in hand, exuding an undeniable sense of coolness.

A few passing riders turned their heads to gaze at Emmeline, utterly captivated, nearly stumbling as they walked.

With no racing event happening today, there were only a handful of riders on the track, enjoying some leisurely rides.

The driver parked the car, and Abel and Benjamin stepped out, joining Emmeline by her side.

They followed her gaze toward the track, where a small group of motorcycles were speeding by.

"Why don't we join in for a practice session?" Benjamin suggested, "Why just stand here and watch?"

Emmeline tilted her head slightly, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. "Well," she gestured toward the track, "Mr. Abel's Little Flower is in there. I was thinking of confusing our enemies a bit."

Abel narrowed his eyes, observing the flurry of motorcycles zooming past, their shadows flickering like phantoms. It was impossible to distinguish one from another.

"Sonia's here?" he remarked, a hint of surprise in his voice. "What a coincidence."

"She just entered the track," Emmeline replied. "I saw her, but she hasn't seen me yet."

Abel pondered for a moment, contemplating the possibilities. "So, how do you want to play this?" he asked. "Both Ben and I are here. You don't have to worry."

He tossed a cigarette to Benjamin, who caught it effortlessly, ready for whatever plan Emmeline had in mind.

"Ha, a joke," Emmeline scoffed, rolling her eyes. "Am I afraid of her grandma or something?"

"Well, why don't you ride your bike there then?" Abel lit his cigarette, squinting as he took a drag.

Feeling the wind, he quickly positioned himself so that the smoke blew away from Emmeline.

"No rush," Emmeline replied. "Let's just chat here for a while and wait for Little Flower to come off the track."

"Alright then," Abel agreed. "There are cushions in the car. Let's bring them over and sit on the rocks."

Emmeline nodded in agreement.

Luca hurriedly ran to the car and brought back three cushions.

Another bodyguard fetched a crate of mineral water.

The three of them settled down, opening their bottles, and enjoying the conversation and the refreshing drinks. It was a truly blissful moment.

After only five or six minutes, Sonia made her way back from the racetrack.

Amidst the lighthearted banter between Emmeline, Abel, and Benjamin, they occasionally glanced towards the racetrack.

Sonia was riding a V4R, just slightly below Emmeline's bike.

Her motorcycle was a custom edition, disguised as a V4R but equipped with the V5R specifications.

It exuded a world-class level of performance while maintaining a deliberately weathered appearance, giving off an understated vibe.

With a few glances, Emmeline could discern Sonia's skill on the track as they maneuvered through particular turns and inclines.

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Impressive, no doubt. Sonia had some serious skills.

But compared to her...

Emmeline smirked, a faint laugh escaping her nostrils.

She had done her research online and knew that Sonia was considered one of the top motorcycle figures in Struyria.

However, Emmeline herself had achieved the international runner-up title in motorcycle racing back in Reykjavak.

Did Sonia manage to uncover all of this?

Because during that time, she was using the name Erma Adelmarr.

But now wasn't the time for her to reveal her true abilities.

Where's the fun in rushing things when it's all about playing cat and mouse?

Sonia stepped off the track, parked her bike, and swung her leg over.

Even before she took off her helmet, she spotted Abel.

Over here, there were three individuals, two men, and a woman.

No matter which one you singled out, they were all exceptional, captivating specimens that held your gaze.

And the fact that the three of them were together made them shine like celestial bodies, drawing everyone's attention.

Of course, Sonia's gaze couldn't resist either.

As she stepped off her bike and removed her helmet, her long hair cascaded down.

Every move she made was deliberate, yet subtle.

And it attracted a wave of onlookers.

But Sonia's main intention was to catch Abel's attention.

However, this man, whether it was due to a lack of interest or some sort of blindness, along with the other man in black by his side, completely ignored her.

Helpless, Sonia could only hold her helmet and take a step forward.

[Chapter 1022 Underestimating the Enemy Will Be Your Downfall](#)

As Sonia approached the trio, her lips parted slightly as she uttered, "Abel?"

All three of them finally looked up at her in unison.

Emmeline had noticed Sonia's presence earlier, discreetly keeping an eye on her. Abel and Benjamin, on the other hand, had been completely oblivious.

Emmeline pretended to be surprised, as if she had just noticed Sonia, and exclaimed, "You?"

Sonia paid her no mind and continued, her gaze fixed on Abel, "Abel, you're here too?"

Abel responded with a slight delay, his brows furrowing as he expressed his annoyance, "I believe I've told you before, Abel is not a name you can call me."

A tinge of paleness washed over Sonia's face, her features growing darker as she replied, "Back in university, wasn't that how I used to call you?"

"People change," Abel scoffed dismissively, "Don't dwell in the past."

Sonia fell silent, her expression revealing a mixture of emotions.

"Sonia?" a voice behind them spoke up, "So you finally came down? I was in the tent playing with my phone, just noticed."

Sonia didn't turn around, but Emmeline lifted her gaze and saw that it was that infuriating Ysabel.

Ysabel's eyes immediately lit up as she caught sight of Benjamin, and with excitement exclaimed, "Mr. Benjamin?"

She then lunged forward, ready to pounce.

Emmeline, still sitting on the cushion, extended her long leg at that moment.

"Crack!" Ysabel ended up face-planting right between Abel and Benjamin.

This caused both men to hastily stand up and step away.

Abel then reached out his arm to pull Emmeline up as well.

"Quite the infatuation," Emmeline chuckled at Ysabel, "Do you have to fall head over heels at the sight of a handsome guy?"

"It's all your fault!" Ysabel, now in a disheveled state, propped herself up and glared at Emmeline.

But Ysabel didn't dare do anything to Emmeline.

She remembered very well that this smiling beauty could be quite formidable when it came to physical altercations.

Sonia, standing beside them, was already fuming with anger at her foolish and clumsy friend.

She had wanted to play the nostalgia card with Abel, but now she couldn't even remember where to begin reminiscing.

Ysabel, however, was persistent and eager, still attempting to move closer to Benjamin.

"Mr. Benjamin..."

"Hold on a moment!" Emmeline extended her arm to stop her. "Is Mr. Benjamin someone you think you can charm? Get lost!"

"Ms. Louise," Ysabel said, "Isn't this getting boring?"

"What exactly are you implying?" Emmeline sneered, her beautiful peach-colored eyes narrowing.

"Mr. Abel may be your man, so I'll refrain from speaking to him. But who are you to dictate to Mr. Benjamin?"

"I have every right to," Emmeline retorted.

"And what gives you that right?"

"Because I am his family!" Emmeline raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Abel is my man, Mr. Benjamin is my family. Do you think I have no say in their matters?"

"You have different last names, one is York and the other is Louise. How can you claim to be family?" Ysabel challenged, refusing to back down.

"Who cares about our last names? Family is family, and I don't need to explain it to you," Emmeline coldly sneered. "If you want to enjoy your day, find somewhere else to bother."

Ysabel fell silent.

She turned to Sonia, seeking help, and said, "Sonia!"

"Let it go," Sonia spoke in a deep voice. "We came here to practice riding, not to create unnecessary drama."

A smirk tugged at the corner of Emmeline's lips as she picked up her helmet. "Exactly, we're here to ride, not waste time on idle chatter."

Sonia, curious about Emmeline's skills, remained silent.

"Hubby, Ben," Emmeline said as she placed the helmet on her head, "I'm going to practice riding. Wait for me, okay?"

"Stay safe," Abel and Benjamin both reminded her.

"Don't worry!" Emmeline turned and walked towards the motorcycle, confidently swinging her long legs over the body.

Sonia glanced over but couldn't recognize that it was a V5R. From the appearance, it looked like the same V4R model as hers, even older.

A faint trace of disdain curled at the corner of Sonia's lips.

Emmeline, however, felt satisfied. This was the effect she desired.

Sonia, underestimating the enemy, will be her downfall!

The motorcycle roared to life as Emmeline ignited the engine and shifted gears.

"Zoom!"

Kicking up a cloud of dust, she raced a hundred meters away, executing a beautiful sharp turn as she entered the track.

With only a few people playing on the track at the moment, Emmeline's sleek and fierce figure stood out among them.

Abel and Benjamin squinted their eyes, their gazes following her every move.

Sonia, completely focused, watched her intently without blinking...

[Chapter 1023 The Price of Overconfidence](#)

Emmeline was well aware of the eyes fixed upon her, particularly Sonia's penetrating gaze. Was Sonia observing her closely?

A sly smile tugged at the corner of Emmeline's lips as she reveled in her plan. She didn't push the throttle to its limits; instead, she left just a hint of reserve. The speed of her motorcycle remained exhilaratingly fast, yet there was a subtle sense of sluggishness.

Especially during sharp turns, her handling seemed a touch delayed. When tackling uphill sections, her confidence appeared lacking, and the jumps didn't quite reach the expected heights.

Benjamin, familiar with Emmeline's true capabilities, could easily see through her charade. Observing her performance, he knew she was putting on a show.

Abel, although unfamiliar with Emmeline's racing prowess, couldn't shake off the feeling that she shouldn't be this subdued. Her skills, even in this restrained display, surpassed what most people could achieve.

To the casual observer, Emmeline's performance was already outstanding, but she intentionally downplayed her abilities.

Emmeline may not have reached the championship level, but at the very least, she was a strong contender for second or third place. Yet, as Sonia observed Emmeline, a cold smirk played upon her lips. Did she dare to compare herself to me?

At this moment, Emmeline's heart can fully imagine Sonia's mood. Underneath her helmet, Emmeline narrowed her peach-colored eyes and skillfully controlled the motorcycle at about 80% of her true capabilities. She glided along the racetrack for two laps before finally coming to a stop.

For Emmeline, becoming familiar with the course was sufficient. As for the skills, they were ingrained in her bones and soul, ready to be unleashed at a moment's notice.

The motorcycle gracefully slid to a halt in front of the group, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Sonia was taken aback, still not having had the chance to reminisce with Abel. What the hell, she's back already?

Emmeline glanced at Sonia, who appeared somewhat dazed, and knew that her plan had worked. Abel and Benjamin exchanged a knowing look, understanding the cunningness of this girl. It seemed she had managed to deceive Sonia and make her underestimate her.

Removing her helmet, Emmeline confidently strode towards them, her slender and powerful figure shining against the light, radiating beauty and allure. Sonia's eyes darkened, her jealousy evident. She considered herself a beauty, but in the presence of Emmeline, there was always a slight sense of inferiority.

"Emma," Abel stepped forward to take her helmet, "you did great."

"It was just a little fun," Emmeline smiled.

"Emma, have some water," Benjamin unscrewed the bottle cap and handed it to her with courtesy.

Emmeline took a sip of the mineral water and smiled at Sonia. "Just some petty tricks, nothing impressive!"

"Ms. Louise, you're amazing," Sonia smirked, a faint smile playing on her lips. "You've shaken my confidence."

"Ms. Steiner, you flatter me," Emmeline pursed her lips. "It's been a while since I last rode, so I've become a bit rusty."

Sonia sneered inwardly. Rusty? No, your skills are just average at best!

Look at your turns and maneuvers, they were nothing special. And your confidence and technique, at most, only reached eighty percent!

"Have you thought about the wager, Ms. Steiner?"

Emmeline handed the mineral water bottle back to Benjamin but kept her eyes fixed on Sonia.

In her lustrous peachy eyes, there was a touch of icy coldness.

Abel pulled out a tissue and reached out to wipe the corner of her lips.

These two men stood in front of Emmeline, appearing like mere lackeys.

Yet Emmeline treated them as if they were invisible, completely disregarding their presence.

This made Sonia and Ysabel feel a mix of envy and jealousy, a sour taste filling their hearts.

"As for the wager..." Sonia honestly hadn't thought it through.

She couldn't use Abel as a stake since she had no idea what she could do if she won.

"Sonia," Ysabel said, "you promised me that you would help the Hemmings Group."

Sonia nodded, her gaze fixed on Emmeline. "If I win, you'll persuade Ryker Group and Ademar to leave Hemmings Group alone and resume cooperation."

"That's not a problem," Emmeline agreed readily. "But what if you lose?"

"I won't lose," Sonia sneered, her eyes filled with arrogance and confidence.

"You're so sure of yourself?" Emmeline sneered coldly, a twitch at the corner of her eye. "Remember, saying too much will come back to bite you."

"The one who'll be bitten is you. I said I wouldn't lose!"

Sonia tilted her head arrogantly, her tone filled with venom. "Two days from now, you'll see!"

"Very well!" Emmeline's gaze grew sharper, her expression icy. "If you lose, don't let me see you in Struyria!"

[Chapter 1024 Looks Like She Has No Desire to Live](#)

"Give it up already!" Sonia's face darkened as she spoke to Ysabel without lifting her gaze. "Let's go!"

Ysabel looked at Benjamin, gathering her courage to ask him, "Mr. Benjamin, may I invite you for dinner?"

Benjamin kept his eyes straight ahead, refusing to acknowledge her or respond. It was as if he hadn't seen or heard anything.

Before Ysabel could say anything else, Eric stepped in, blocking her path. He spoke coldly, "Have some common sense, will you?"

Ysabel felt a twinge in her nose and could only dejectedly hurry after Sonia.

"She's such an infatuated fool," Emmeline remarked, watching Ysabel's retreating figure.

"More than just a fool," Benjamin sneered. "She's downright insane! I have no idea how Jonathan indulged her like this!"

"In that case, just ignore her," Emmeline suggested. "Women like her will take advantage of any kindness and turn it against you!"

"If she hadn't climbed to the top of Adelmarr that day, let her jump or die for all I care!" Benjamin exclaimed dismissively.

"Saving a life is of boundless beneficence," Abel chimed in. "You did nothing wrong; it's just annoying how women get entangled with you!"

"Who doesn't say that?" Benjamin muttered under his breath.

"Hubby," Emmeline turned to Abel and asked, "What if Little Flower clings to you?"

Abel squinted his eyes and scoffed, "Looks like she has no desire to live?"

"Just like this Ysabel," Benjamin remarked. "If she dares to provoke me again, I'll have her sent straight to the mental asylum!"

"I support that!" Abel chimed in. "If you don't nod your head, they won't release her from the hospital!"

Emmeline sucked her teeth on the side and said, "You two are so harsh!"

Though she said that, she secretly supported them!

Eric and Luca gathered up the cushions and mineral water, and everyone headed back to the city.

The bodyguard took the motorcycle back to the Nightfall Cafe garage, while Emmeline and Abel went straight back to the Precipice.

Benjamin stayed at Adelmarr for a while before returning to Glenbrook.

He contemplated giving Janie a call.

After dinner, he took a shower and changed into a white linen robe. Benjamin half-lounged on the large bed.

Earlier in the afternoon, Ms. Halliwell managed to get him a new mobile SIM card.

He dialed Janie's number using the new one.

The phone rang once, but no one picked up.

Frowning, Benjamin mustered his patience and dialed again.

This time, someone answered on the other end.

During the first call, Janie assumed it was the wrong number from a stranger.

But on the second call, she worried that something might be wrong, so she answered.

"Who's calling?" Benjamin heard a delicate and serene voice in his ear, amidst a backdrop of bustling noise.

He furrowed his brow slightly.

Was Janie still outside?

Glancing at the time, he realized it wasn't late at all, only half-past eight.

It was he who had taken the shower early tonight.

"It's me," Benjamin said in a low voice, "Benjamin."

There was an immediate silence from Janie's end, but he could hear her faint breathing.

After a pause of three or four seconds, she spoke hesitantly, "Is there something you need, Mr. Benjamin?"

"With whom are you?" Benjamin hadn't expected himself to ask such a question.

As soon as the words left his mouth, he wanted to slap himself.

When the call connected and he heard the commotion in the background, he knew that Janie was still in a hotel or a similar place.

Out of reflex, he just wanted to know who she was with.

But who would have thought he would ask that directly?

"Does it concern you?" Janie asked calmly in return.

Benjamin remained silent, truly unsure of what to say.

He felt like he shouldn't have made this call in the first place.

But since the call had gone through, he couldn't just end it with a bitter taste in his mouth, could he?

With him not responding, Janie spoke again, "A university classmate."

"Uh, the one surnamed Lockwood?" Benjamin finally managed to say something.

But he didn't realize how sour his voice sounded to the other person.

"Yes," Janie replied nonchalantly, "He had pursued me during our university days, but he didn't succeed."

"And now?" Benjamin asked.

"Now..." Janie swallowed, "I'm observing his behavior."

"Ah," Benjamin said, "I wish you both the best."

He hung up.

The phone was tossed aside.

Janie was left speechless.

[Chapter 1025 Has Mr Benjamin Experienced Heartbreak?](#)

Benjamin rose from the bed and lit a cigarette, lost in a haze of smoke.

He had no idea what thoughts were swirling in his mind.

On the other end, Janie held the phone, her voice choked with emotion.

Neither tears nor laughter could adequately express the whirlwind of emotions inside her.

It felt as though she was teetering on the edge of madness.

That Benjamin, of all people, had offered his blessings for her and Harold!

And he said it so smoothly!

Was that the sole purpose of this phone call?

Two hot tears welled up, streaming down her face with an audible sound.

The night was restless, and Benjamin slept poorly, tossing and turning.

He woke up at five in the morning.

After getting out of bed, he went for a run in the hills behind, returning to eat a few bites of breakfast before arriving at the office early.

He worked until past nine o'clock when he suddenly dropped the pen in his hand, took off his suit jacket from the hanger, and gripped the car keys, leaving the CEO's office.

Eric emerged from the assistant room, ready to follow him.

"No need to come with me," Benjamin said in a low voice. "I'm fine on my own."

Eric felt confused.

What was happening to Mr. Benjamin?

At the secretary's desk, Joey saw Benjamin enter the CEO elevator and quietly asked Eric, "Mr. Carr, has Mr. Benjamin experienced heartbreak?"

"Heartbreak?" Eric whispered. "He never even had love, so how could he lose it?"

"But Mr. Benjamin's face clearly says 'I'm miserable, don't mess with me!'," Joey insisted. "What else could that expression be if not heartbreak?"

Eric scratched his head. Is that so?

The Bentley raced through the streets, reaching Falmouth precisely at noon.

Using his new number, Benjamin called Janie again.

This time she answered quickly, her voice so cold it could freeze, "Mr. Benjamin, anything else?"

Only heaven knew that Benjamin's words of blessing last night had kept her awake all night, her eyes still darkened with lack of sleep.

"I've arrived in Falmouth," Benjamin said in a low voice. "Tell me where you are."

Janie took a sharp breath, suddenly feeling a sense of panic.

Benjamin had arrived in Falmouth?

"What... What are you here for?" Janie asked reflexively.

"Your location!" Benjamin growled. "Can't you understand?"

Unable to resist him, Janie took a deep breath and replied, "I'll send it to your phone."

Within two or three seconds after ending the call, Benjamin heard the sound of a text message notification.

He opened it and saw the name of a bar.

"Damn it!" He clenched his brow and gritted his teeth. "Is she letting loose?"

At that moment, Janie was indeed in the bar, celebrating a classmate's birthday.

She couldn't fathom Benjamin's purpose for coming now.

In their conversation last night, his words of blessing for her and Harold sounded so natural and effortless.

He had even been magnanimous, showing no trace of jealousy.

After tearing her heart apart, she had started considering accepting Harold, gathering the pieces of her shattered emotions.

And now he had personally come here?

What the hell was he up to?

Janie suddenly realized that she couldn't figure out this man, not even a bit.

In just twenty minutes, Benjamin found the bar.

After parking his car in the nearby parking lot, he crossed the street and stood on the opposite side.

He took out his phone and dialed Janie's number.

Janie had been feeling anxious and kept checking her phone screen from time to time.

The noise inside the bar made her subconsciously afraid of missing a call.

"What's wrong, Janie?" Harold walked over with a concerned and affectionate tone. "Is something the matter?"

"Well..." Janie pressed her lips together. "Mr. Benjamin has arrived in Falmouth. He'll be looking for me."

"The CEO from Adelmair, Benjamin?" Harold asked with a touch of envy and jealousy.

"Yes," Janie nodded.

"Why is he looking for you?" Harold frowned, showing obvious displeasure.

"I don't know," Janie said. "It's probably work-related, right?"

Harold didn't believe her, but he didn't openly voice his doubts either.

Instead, he bent down and wrapped his arm around Janie's shoulder, speaking in a gentle voice. "You're on vacation, and you have enough reason to refuse any assignments from your boss."

"Yeah," Janie replied somewhat guiltily.

"Don't worry," Harold patted her shoulder. "I'll be with you."

And now he had personally come here?

[Chapter 1026 How about being my girlfriend?](#)

Janie hesitated for a moment but nodded in agreement. She didn't want Harold to accompany her, but she couldn't help but feel that this might be for the best.

She admitted to herself that she was somewhat afraid of Benjamin. His presence was overpowering, capable of subtly consuming those around him. She didn't want to be consumed by him again; she knew she couldn't win against him.

"Ring~"

Janie's phone rang, causing her hand to tremble, nearly dropping the device.

She answered the call.

"Come out!" came Benjamin's low, icy voice from the other end.

He had made up his mind. As soon as Janie stepped out, without a second thought, he would grab her and leave.

He would take her back to Struyria.

Once they were back in Struyria, he would dump her in Glenbrook.

The remaining words would have to wait until he was no longer angry.

Janie remained silent, tucking a stray strand of hair behind her ear before rising to her feet and walking towards the exit.

Harold hurriedly followed behind her.

As they stepped out of the bar, they saw a tall, imposing figure in black standing by the railing across the street.

The man was leaning against the railing, with one knee bent, and a cigarette between his fingers. Even from a distance, they could see the coolness etched upon his strikingly handsome face. His deep, slightly narrowed eyes held a melancholic glimmer reminiscent of a starry night sky. He exuded an innate indifference, an elusive aura of danger that was both captivating and unsettling. With just one glance, Benjamin managed to consume Janie once again. But just as that moment unfolded, Harold reached out and firmly grasped Janie's arm. As Janie emerged, a glimmer briefly flickered in Benjamin's deep, piercing gaze. However, as Harold's arm encircled her, that glimmer vanished in an instant. His eyes grew even darker, an abyss devoid of light. Benjamin extinguished his half-smoked cigarette against the nearby trash bin, releasing his legs from their perch on the railing. Standing tall, a stronger, more dangerous aura emanated from him, piercing the air. Harold felt a tremor of unease, and he sensed Janie's body quiver ever so slightly. But they were already halfway across the street, and turning back was no longer an option. Gritting his teeth, Harold mustered his courage and, with a firm grip on Janie's arm, took a step forward. With only seven or eight steps remaining, Benjamin, who had been watching them intently, spoke up, his voice carrying across the distance, "It's alright, no need to come any closer!" Though his voice was far away, it felt as if it echoed from the depths of an eternal snow-capped mountain. Janie's body stiffened, leaving her momentarily frozen in place. Harold, on the other hand, breathed a silent sigh of relief. Benjamin had already turned around, his long legs striding confidently toward the parking lot. Since Janie and Harold were together, appearing so intimate, then so be it. He dismissed the resolution he had just made. What a waste of time! Benjamin regretted his impulsive decision to come running here like a madman. Was he bored? Or had he eaten so much that he was now stuffed? The problem was, he wasn't bored, and his stomach still grumbled with hunger!

[Chapter 1027 I Don't Want to Love You Anymore](#)

"We're just classmates," Janie said, her voice filled with a mix of resignation and sadness. "We were in the past, and we will be in the future. There won't be any other kind of relationship between us."

"What's wrong with me?" Harold furrowed his brow. "Among the men at today's reunion, I consider myself exceptional."

"Unfortunately," Janie shook her head, "you're not the type of person I'm interested in. So let your exceptional qualities shine for someone else."

"But I only like you," Harold insisted. "From our time in university until now, my feelings haven't changed."

"I haven't changed either," Janie said, her voice tinged with a hint of sorrow. "I didn't like you back in university, and I still don't like you now. We can only be classmates, nothing more."

"Janie, do you have feelings for your boss?" Harold frowned. "Benjamin, the CEO of Adelmara?"

Janie froze for a moment, and the mention of Benjamin caused a sharp pang in her heart.

"You hit the mark, didn't you?" Harold sneered. "Janie, you're overestimating yourself. A man like Benjamin, is he someone you could like?"

Janie remained silent, her eyes welling up with tears.

Benjamin, was she unworthy of him?

But why did she foolishly fall in love with him like this, walking down a path of self-destruction?

"Janie, in marriage, it's important to marry someone of the same social standing," Harold said. "Your ideal partner should be someone like me. I have it all ... a successful career, a car, a house, and an annual income of over a million dollars."

Janie didn't hear what Harold said after that.

Ever since Benjamin was mentioned earlier, her heart had been in turmoil.

Tears now cascaded down her cheeks, making a soft pattering sound.

"Janie," Harold grabbed her arm, attempting to continue speaking.

Janie shrugged him off and said, "Just leave, I'm tired and I need some rest."

"Janie, why won't you listen?" Harold persisted. "Snap out of it! A man like Benjamin isn't someone you can love. Look at me, can't you see how good I am?"

As he spoke, he forcefully turned Janie's body to face him.

Growing impatient, Janie furrowed her brow and turned away.

Just as she was about to push away this irritating man beside her, Harold reached out and wrapped his arms around her.

"Get off me!" Janie was startled, a hint of sobriety returning to her.

She struggled free from Harold's grasp and grabbed a throw pillow from the couch, hurling it at him.

Harold quickly backed away, his brows furrowed. "Janie, I mean no harm. I just really like you!"

"Get out! I told you to get out!" Janie angrily retorted. "Believe me, I'll call security!"

"No, please, don't!" Harold hastily waved his hands. "Janie, you're drunk. Rest for now, and we can discuss this tomorrow when you're sober."

Harold opened the door and hurriedly left the hotel.

Janie lunged forward to lock the door, leaning against it as she sank to the floor and began to cry.

The combination of alcohol and sadness churned her stomach, and she rushed into the bathroom, hunching over the toilet, and retching uncontrollably.

As the contents of her stomach emptied and her mind cleared, she still felt woozy and couldn't open her eyes fully.

She leaned against the bathroom wall, making her way back to the bed, where she threw herself onto the covers and immediately fell asleep.

When she woke up, the sky outside was already dark.

The effects of the alcohol had mostly worn off, but her body felt weak and limp.

Janie got up from the bed and entered the bathroom, turning on a warm shower.

Her mind was filled with thoughts of Benjamin, interwoven with Harold's words:

Is Benjamin the kind of man you like? You're overestimating yourself!

Is that so?

Is that so?

Is that so?

Benjamin, am I not worthy of you? Am I not allowed to love you?

As the water cascaded down, Janie's hot tears streamed along with it.

After showering, she wrapped herself in a towel, and the first thing she did was reach into her suitcase for the bottle of "smoked paprika."

She knew that inside was Worryfree.

As long as she drank this powder, she would find release.

No longer would she agonize over that man who sent shivers down her spine with his coldness.

"Benjamin," Janie unscrewed the cap of the plastic bottle, her eyes red as she whispered, "I'm tired. I truly don't want to love you anymore. From now on, we are no longer related..."

She tilted her head back, ready to pour the powder into her mouth...

[Chapter 1028 How Tasty Was Lunch?](#)

She tilted her head back, ready to pour the powder into her mouth.

A searing pain tore through her heart, deep within her being.

A voice from her soul whispered, "Don't, don't, don't stop loving him... Don't stop loving him..."

"Don't stop loving him?"

"Don't stop loving him?"

"Benjamin!" Janie cried out, tears streaming down her face as she hurled the Worryfree in her hand against the wall.

"I can't do it, I can't stop loving you! Let me go to hell, I would rather go to hell than not love you!"

"Sob..."

Janie collapsed onto the edge of the bed, wailing with heart-wrenching sorrow.

After a long while, she lifted her head, her long hair sticking to her tear-stained face, her eyes swollen like peaches.

Yet, her conviction within grew stronger.

If she was consumed by Benjamin, then let him devour her. She accepted it.

Who made her love him so deeply?

Since she couldn't extricate herself, she would surrender.

Was there any shame in surrendering for love?

At least in this lifetime, she had fought hard, regardless of the outcome!

With reddened eyes, Janie took out her phone and dialed Benjamin's number.

At that moment, Benjamin was in his study, poring over several overseas documents on his computer.

Since his return from Falmouth, he hadn't said a word and immersed himself in his work.

Perhaps love and emotions were not meant for him.

So, he didn't waste his energy on such matters. Work, work, and more work.

That was what he should be doing.

As his phone rang on the desk, he furrowed his brows and picked it up.

At first glance, he thought he must be mistaken...it was Janie's number?

She was calling him?

In the moment of hesitation, the ringing ceased.

The phone screen remained lit, engulfed in silence.

Benjamin fell into a momentary silence before redialing.

However, his number was still blocked on Janie's phone.

She hadn't unblocked him, so he couldn't make the call.

Placing the phone back on the table, Benjamin continued his work.

But his heart couldn't find peace.

He worried that something might be wrong with Janie.

Regardless of the perspective, he didn't want anything bad to happen to her.

If something happened, even Emmeline alone wouldn't be able to contain his wrath.

Benjamin stood up and made his way to the bedroom, retrieving another phone with a new SIM card from his suit pocket. He dialed Janie's number.

After what felt like an eternity, someone finally picked up on the other end.

Benjamin heard Janie's voice, soft and filled with unease, "Mr. Benjamin?"

"Just now..." Benjamin's voice was low, cool, and detached, "Did something happen?"

Janie on her end bit her lip and said, "I accidentally pressed the call button."

There was a two-second pause from Benjamin before he responded, "Good that there's no problem, then I'll hang up."

"Beep..."

Janie heard the busy tone as Benjamin ended the call.

But despite that, a faint blush appeared on her face upon hearing his voice.

Her heart seemed to skip a beat, pounding with newfound vigor.

He said it was good that there was no problem?

And he called her on his own, expressing concern for her.

Was Benjamin's heart not entirely made of ice?

Just like a moment ago, she could discern a trace of tenderness in his demeanor.

The next day, Benjamin finished his breakfast and headed to Adelmar early in the morning.

As noon approached, an intercom call came through the secretary's desk. "Mr. Benjamin, Yvonne from Glenbrook is here with lunch."

"Hmm," Benjamin replied, "Let her in."

Yvonne would occasionally bring lunch for Benjamin, especially when she noticed he was in a bad mood or had lost his appetite. She always managed to prepare delicious meals that allowed him to enjoy a good feast.

The door opened, and Yvonne walked in, speaking softly, "Mr. Benjamin, lunch is here."

"Hmm," Benjamin looked up at her, his expression gentle, "Thank you, Yvonne."

"Then I'll go back," Yvonne said.

"Good," Benjamin nodded.

After Yvonne left, Benjamin began to feel the sensation of hunger. He got up, washed his hands in the bathroom, and opened the insulated container.

Inside were four food containers stacked neatly: a portion of rice, seafood soup, broccoli chicken stir-fry, and braised jumbo prawns.

Benjamin furrowed his brow for a moment.

He picked up the utensils and started to scoop some of the broccoli chicken. After savoring a few bites, he swallowed and felt the tension in his brow and around his eyes dissipate.

Then he picked up his phone and dialed Yvonne's number.

Yvonne was in the car with the driver heading back to Glenbrook when her phone rang.

Anticipating the call, Yvonne smiled and answered, "Mr. Benjamin, did you enjoy your lunch?"

[Chapter 1029 Misunderstandings are Inevitable, Just Talk it Out](#)

"Let her know that I want tortellini for dinner tonight," Benjamin told Yvonne. "Get both the seafood and radish lamb versions, and also add a serving of beef and scallion."

"Understood, Mr. Benjamin. I will inform Ms. Janie, and please come back earlier tonight," Yvonne replied.

"I got it, Yvonne," Benjamin acknowledged.

After ending the call and setting down his phone, a smile formed on Benjamin's lips. The food suddenly seemed even more delicious, and everything felt like it was back on track.

He had mentioned that he wanted to have tortellini for dinner, with three different fillings. It was a dish that tasted delightful but was quite labor-intensive to make. Chopping the fillings, preparing the dough, and shaping each piece...it would keep her busy all afternoon.

Well, that would certainly keep her occupied, ensuring that she wouldn't think of leaving.

Before the end of the workday, Benjamin decided to leave early.

He made his way straight back to Glenbrook, changing his shoes in the foyer. As he glanced down, he noticed a pair of familiar women's low-heeled shoes.

A barely noticeable smirk formed on his lips.

Yvonne approached, taking his suit jacket from his hand.

Without hesitation, Benjamin headed towards the kitchen.

There, he caught sight of a slender and graceful figure bustling about, engrossed in the culinary tasks at hand.

Benjamin walked in, positioning himself behind Janie.

With one hand, he reached out and turned off the gas stove. The other hand gently encircled her delicate waist.

Janie jolted as if struck by an electric current, frozen in place with her apron-clad body.

This was a gesture from Benjamin that she had never experienced before.

However, in the next moment, he forcefully turned her body and captured her lips in a demanding kiss.

"Mmm," Janie was taken aback, instinctively wanting to escape.

But Benjamin held her firmly by the waist, his large hand securing the back of her head, imprisoning her in his embrace.

Benjamin's kiss was hesitant, his technique unrefined.

But the heat it emanated was scorching.

Tears welled up in Janie's eyes.

With a whimper, she cried, wrapping her arms tightly around Benjamin, and burying herself in his embrace.

"You fool, you still know how to come back?" Benjamin caressed her hair.

"I admit defeat," Janie choked in his arms. "I wanted to stop loving you, I wanted to drink Worryfree, but I couldn't."

"Worryfree?" Benjamin paused, his face turning serious as he held her petite face. "Where did you get Worryfree?"

Janie hesitated, "I found it on your desk."

Benjamin remained speechless.

"Loving you is too painful," Janie's tears continued to flow. "But not loving you is even more agonizing, so I threw away the Worryfree."

"You scared me to death," Benjamin held her tighter, gently stroking her slender back. "You said you would give me a chance, and I trust your words."

"Do you think I'm not trustworthy?" Janie raised her teary eyes, looking at him with a touch of grievance.

"Then what about this Harold guy you brought up?" Benjamin's gaze grew intense. "The first time I saw him in the elevator, I could tell he had improper intentions towards you. If it weren't for worrying that you

might find me interfering, I would have thrown him out immediately!"

"You're talking about it!" Janie retorted. "What about you? You saved Ysabel and she's always hanging around you. You even go out for meals together!"

"Which eye of yours saw me going out with Ysabel?" Benjamin snapped. "That crazy woman, do you think I've lost my mind to be interested in her?"

"So, it was my misunderstanding?" Janie asked timidly.

"Enough," Benjamin held her again, speaking in a gentle tone. "Misunderstandings happen, but as long as we talk things out, it'll be fine."

"Mmm," Janie mumbled softly in his embrace.

However, despite resolving the misunderstanding in just a few sentences, Janie had been tormented and upset for several days. She had even contemplated drinking the Worryfree, thinking that if she didn't love Benjamin anymore, it would be better to end her life.

"I'm hungry," Benjamin said. "How is the tortellini coming along?"

"They're all ready, just waiting for you to come back and cook them," Janie wiped her eyes, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "You did this on purpose, didn't you? Wanting to have three different fillings?"

A faint smile played at the corners of Benjamin's lips, but he remained silent.

After dinner, Janie returned to her apartment as usual.

It was Benjamin who walked her to the door.

Standing in front of her apartment door, Janie didn't invite him in.

Benjamin's Adam's apple bobbed, and his deep, pleasing voice said, "Rest well. Do whatever you need to do tomorrow."

"That means going back to Adelmars Studios?" Janie asked him.

[Chapter 1030 Office Romance Begins?](#)

"If you agree, let's go back to the office," Benjamin's gaze deepened. "I'm not used to it when you're not around."

Janie pressed her lips together and nodded, "Alright."

Benjamin reached out his arm and gently pulled her closer, planting a light kiss on her cheek.

"Go inside, I'll be watching you."

Janie turned around, locked the door, and entered the apartment.

With lowered eyes, she reluctantly closed the door in front of Benjamin.

Three seconds later, she heard the resolute sound of his footsteps fading away.

Quietly, she opened the door again, watching his cold and upright figure take confident strides toward the elevator.

Just as he turned and pressed the floor button, she closed the door.

Leaning against the door panel, her heart pounded "Thump, thump."

Life has a way of playing tricks on people.

Yesterday afternoon, she was in Falmouth, leaning against the door panel just like before, but this time her heart was being ripped apart.

Indeed, if you hold on during the darkest moments, hope and dawn will eventually come.

The next day, Nightfall Cafe.

Abel escorted Emmeline across the road, watching her open the glass door and step inside before he turned the Rolls-Royce around and drove away.

Doris had already arrived and was engaged in conversation with Sam at the coffee counter.

Four newly hired waitstaff were busy cleaning.

Originally, according to Emmeline's plan, they only needed two waitstaff.

One for the second floor and one for the first floor, and she could manage on her own at other times.

But Abel was afraid that his precious wife would be overwhelmed with too few hands, so he immediately put four people on duty.

The salaries and insurance benefits for all four of them were covered by the Ryker Group.

Surprisingly, Adelmarr didn't manage to snatch it away from him.

Upon seeing Doris, Emmeline was delighted and pulled her aside to take a look around, smiling as she asked, "Are you okay now?"

"I just had a sore throat," Doris replied. "Nothing wrong with the rest of me."

"Well, it looks like your throat is better now," Emmeline smiled, knowing it was thanks to Waylon's efforts.

"Thanks to Mr. Adelmarr's medicine," Doris chuckled. "Fifteen thousand well spent."

Emmeline chimed in, "You know, I almost forgot. Waylon prepared the medicine for you, and you paid him fifteen thousand, right? Does he need that fifteen thousand?"

Doris's mouth fell open, and she raised her hand to cover it, but it was too late to hide the truth.

The words were out.

"I'll give him a call and get to the bottom of this!" Emmeline's expression turned grim as she reached for her phone, ready to dial her senior brother.

"Emma," Doris pressed her hand down, stopping her. "No, please don't call. Things aren't what you think they are."

"What kind of thing is that?" Emmeline frowned. "If Waylon is involved in such disgraceful actions, I'll make sure he regrets it!"

"It's not like that!" Doris insisted. "Mr. Adelmar was just trying to annoy my older sister, so he did that."

Emmeline didn't understand, so Doris had to explain the situation to her again.

"Mr. Adelmar was going to give it for free. But my sister made some casual remarks, and that's when Mr. Adelmar took offense."

"Well, that's still not acceptable," Emmeline said. "A single pill that can be made in two minutes, and he dares to ask for fifteen thousand from you? He's disrespecting me! I'll make sure he gives it back to you!"

"Forget about it, please," Doris pleaded urgently. "If you tell Mr. Adelmer about it, he'll think I went behind his back to complain. That would be even more embarrassing for me."

Emmeline thought for a moment and decided to let the matter rest for now.

But she made a mental note of this debt to Waylon. When the time was right, she would talk to him about it.

Customers started coming in, and Doris went upstairs to attend to them.

Emmeline set downstairs, sipping her coffee.

As she looked up, the glass door opened, and Jenie walked in with light footsteps and a gentle smile.

Today, she was wearing a white professional shirt with a beige high-waisted pencil skirt.

It was both professional and stylish, and she looked stunning.

Emmeline couldn't help but admire Jenie's fashion sense. Her taste in clothing was truly remarkable.

"Jenie," Emmeline exclaimed with delight. "You're back!"

"Yeah," Jenie smiled. "I came back yesterday but didn't get a chance to tell you. I'm here now to report in."

"You look really good today," Emmeline said, grabbing her hand. "Did you pick things up with Ben?"

Jenie nodded, blushing slightly. "I went back to the secretary's office again. Mr. Benjamin said he wasn't used to it when I'm not around."

"Hehe," Emmeline chuckled softly. "Office romance starting, huh?"

"Who said that?" Jenie pouted playfully. "It's just work!"

"Who are you trying to fool?" Emmeline pointed at her blushing face. "Look at you, all flushed."

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Janie nodded, blushing slightly. "I went back to the secretary's office again. Mr. Benjamin said he wasn't used to it when I'm not around."

"Haha," Emmeline chuckled softly. "Office romance starting, huh?"

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"Who are you trying to fool?" Emmeline pointed at her blushing face. "Look at you, all flushed."