

Are Mine 1031

[Chapter 1031 The Boss at the Top](#)

Janie squirmed a bit and said, "I come over to grab two cups of coffee and some pastries."

"Alright," Emmeline turned and instructed Sam, then smiled at Janie and said, "Consider it my treat for you and Ben."

"But how can that be?" Janie said, "It's something I wanted myself."

"I'm not just treating you for nothing," Emmeline said, "Tomorrow, I'm going head-to-head with Little Flower, and both of you have to be there to cheer me on."

"The race is scheduled for tomorrow?" Janie said, "That's so soon!"

"Tomorrow morning, at Swan Lake," Emmeline said, "You and Ben have to be there."

"Of course," Janie said, "Even if it's in Falmouth, I'll make sure to come back in time to cheer you on!"

After Janie left with the packaged coffee and pastries, Emmeline went upstairs.

Instead of doing anything else, she opened TikiTak on her phone and live-streamed the process of making desserts without showing her face.

Then she took her phone and walked downstairs, live-streaming the process of making authentic coffee without showing her face.

In no time, the viewer count reached over ten thousand.

Soon, "Dad of Fours" arrived, followed by "Benvolio Ademar".

The two of them went on stage and started sending extravagant virtual gifts.

Airplanes, rockets, and carnivals bombarded the screen, leaving the viewers stunned.

Who were these two?

So extravagant and bold?

"Dad of Fours" instantly became the top donator.

Shortly after, Waylon arrived, followed by Kenny and Bowie.

Another round of gifts flooded the screen.

Waylon surpassed "Dad of Fours" and became the top donator.

Abel, of course, refused to fall behind and flooded the screen with carnival gifts, surpassing Waylon to claim the top spot.

Sam held the phone, laughing so hard that tears streamed down his face.

Kendra squeezed in as well, sending dozens of hearts and roses, and constantly hitting the like button.

"Get on the car, get on the car," Emmeline instructed Sam, "Stop laughing foolishly."

Sam immediately started offering coffee and pastry packages in the cart, and a lively rush to buy them began.

The first wave consisted of thirty sets, but they were all gone in the blink of an eye.

Emmeline was surprised and took a closer look. It was all grabbed by Abel.

Sam burst into laughter, clutching his stomach and bending over. "Mr. Abel is treating the Ryker Group employees to coffee and pastries, it seems."

"What an idiot!" Emmeline said, "Now it's just contributing to the platform."

Sam added more to the cart, this time another thirty sets.

Again, they were gone in an instant.

Upon closer inspection, they were snatched by Waylon.

It was Waylon's first time playing this platform, and he successfully snatched an order, almost rolling with laughter.

Kenny and Bowie, who were next to him, were too slow with their reactions and failed to snatch any.

Emmeline was not pleased, so she picked up the landline and called Abel first.

"Why did you grab so many of our coffee and pastries? What were you trying to do? I need to attract customers here!"

"Bebe, listen to my explanation," Abel said, "It was Luce's idea. He said that if nobody snatched them, it would kill the excitement, so I followed Luce's advice and grabbed them all at once!"

"Luce?" Emmeline directed her words at the phone, "You'll get yours today. Thirty sets of coffee and pastries. You have to consume at least fifteen of them. Let's see if you can sleep tonight!"

Luce remained silent.

My goodness, spare me!

Sam immediately mentioned Luce (Luce) in the live chat, saying, "Can't sleep? No problem, play Poker with me!"

Luce didn't dare to speak, and now Sam had blurted out this little secret.

After ending the call with Abel, Emmeline called Waylon, her voice carrying a hint of grievance, "Waylon, what's the meaning of this? You snatched them all, and I can't sell anything here!"

"I was competing with Kenny and Bowie in terms of speed," Waylon happily replied, "These two idiots couldn't snatch anything from me, even though it's my first time playing!"

"I'm amazed by you!" Emmeline said, "Thirty sets of pastries and coffee, let Kenny and Bowie give them to the workers to eat and drink, otherwise, you'll all be stuffed!"

"No problem with that," Weylon said, "Are you still offering them? If so, I'll go for it again. I bet Abel and Ben are both eyeing them!"

"Why did you grab so many of our coffee and pastries? What are you trying to do? I need to attract customers here!"

"Babe, listen to my explanation," Abel said, "It was Luca's idea. He said that if nobody snatched them, it would kill the excitement, so I followed Luca's advice and grabbed them all at once!"

"Luca?" Emmeline directed her words at the phone, "You'll get yours today. Thirty sets of coffee and pastries. You have to consume at least fifteen of them. Let's see if you can sleep tonight!"

Luca remained silent.

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Sam immediately mentioned Lz (Luca) in the live chat, saying, "Can't sleep? No problem, play Poker with me!"

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[Chapter 1032 The Fattest Cow Stays at Home](#)

Emmeline spoke up, determined to reclaim her territory. "You guys have taken everything for yourselves, leaving nothing for me to enjoy!"

"It's just a game, isn't it?" Weylon responded. "If you're happy, then everyone's happy!"

"But if you keep snatching everything, I won't be happy," Emmeline retorted. "I want to see genuine customer support."

Upon hearing this, Weylon had a change of heart. "Alright then, I'll immediately notify Abel and Ben. No more snatching. We'll support Emma's business!"

"That's more like it," Emmeline said with a satisfied smile as she hung up the phone. She instructed Sam, "Prepare thirty more."

"Got it!" Sam quickly responded and restocked the cart with thirty servings.

Emmeline thought to herself, It's time to take it slow this time. Let's see everyone's desire to purchase.

But in the blink of an eye, everything was gone again.

Could I be this popular?

Emmeline was puzzled as she stared at the names of the order snatchers. Great Grand Adam?

What the hell, Adam?

Her head spun, and she nearly fainted.

Enough is enough. I won't play this game of live-streamed sales anymore.

One after another, what's left for the outsiders?

It might be Adrien next!

Sure enough, the cart remained empty, and Adrien, under the account name "Addy the Rain," asked, "Are there any left? I'm waiting! Serve them up, serve them up!"

Emmeline felt a bead of sweat forming on her forehead. She pondered for a moment but couldn't be biased.

Alright, let's give Adrien a chance.

She instructed Sam to prepare another round, and predictably, Adrien snatched them all.

Benjamin grew dissatisfied. "@Ermalicious: Hey, sis, Addy the Rain may be your uncle, but I'm your brother. Taking care of him should mean taking care of me too!"

Adrien, thoroughly amused, floated on the screen, "Hahaha!"

Emmeline had no choice but to let Sam prepare another round of servings.

Benjamin hurriedly snatched some, but Abel proved to be his equal, with each of them taking fifteen servings.

Abel was ecstatic.

Benvolio Ademar mentioned @Dad of Fours: You're tough!

Ermalicious floated a message: Now I finally understand what it means to keep the best things within the family.

The first day of live-streamed sales was a success!

But dealing with orders that were snatched by her family members kept Nightfall Cafe busy for most of the day.

Indeed, the online orders merged with the in-store sales, keeping everyone busy until almost six in the evening.

Fewer people would come for coffee if it got too late...they were afraid it would disrupt their sleep.

However, there were still plenty of orders for pastries.

Emmeline and Doris worked together, trying to keep up.

After the rush of orders that came along with the end of the workday, things started to quiet down.

The four staff focused on cleaning and tidying up.

Emmeline, Doris, and Sam sat behind the coffee bar, talking and summarizing their experiences while taking a break.

By this time, it was almost seven o'clock, and Abel called.

Emmeline answered, greeted by Abel's delightful voice on the other end. "Bebe, are you done with work?"

"Just finished," Emmeline replied. "Are you done too?"

"Yeah," Abel said. "No business engagements today. We're going to Leven Mansion for dinner to see the kids."

"Alright then," Emmeline said. "I'll prepare some pastries that Dad, Mom, and the kids love."

"Sounds good," Abel replied. "I'll be there in half an hour to pick you up."

"Alright." Emmeline ended the call, and Doris joined her in preparing the pastries upstairs.

"Ding-e-ling," Doris' phone also rang, and she saw that it was her elder sister calling.

Doris walked to the side to answer. "Sis."

Jennie's voice came through the other end. "Are you done with work?"

"Just about to leave," Doris said. "What's up, Sis?"

"Your brother-in-law is on a business trip, and I have a client engagement. Could you accompany me?" Jennie asked.

"But I need to go home to see the kids," Doris expressed her reluctance. "I haven't seen them all day."

"But I need you," Jennie pleaded. "I've always taken care of you. Can't you sacrifice a little for me?"

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[Chapter 1033 Entered the Wrong Private Room](#)

Doris remained silent, lost in her thoughts. Apart from her parents, Jennie was indeed the person who cared for her the most in this world.

But she couldn't help but worry about her children. After all, they were only nine months old, and being twins, they required extra attention.

"How about this," Jennie suggested, breaking the silence. "You go back and check on the kids first. I'll manage for an hour on my own."

"That works," Doris replied. "Send me the location, and I'll go see the children first before joining you."

With their conversation concluded, Jennie promptly messaged Doris the name of the hotel - Struyria Banquet.

Doris glanced at the message and realized it was a luxurious venue. Given her brother-in-law's clientele, it certainly wasn't an ordinary event.

She responded to Jennie with an OK emoji, indicating her understanding.

"I have a car here," Emmeline said to Doris. "Why don't you take my car back?"

"I'd better take a taxi," Doris declined. "I'm not confident in my driving skills. I rarely drive, so I don't want to risk it."

"I won't be able to drop you off either," Emmeline said. "Mr. Abel is coming over shortly, and we're going to see the kids together."

"You're fortunate," Doris said with a tinge of envy. "Your husband dotes on you, and your mother-in-law loves you. It's not the same for me."

"You'll have that too in the future, don't worry!" Emmeline reassured her, pinching her smooth and fair cheeks. "You have the face of happiness!"

Doris blushed at the compliment, her almond-shaped eyes sparkling.

She hoped Emmeline's words would come true.

Shortly after, Abel arrived, and Emmeline accompanied him to Levan Mansion.

Doris headed back to Macsen Villa.

At this hour, she expected Waylon to be home. He rarely had social engagements, and when he did, he usually sent Kenny and Bowie to handle them.

He would just lounge around at home like a big couch potato.

But surprisingly, Waylon wasn't there this time.

Doris felt unexpectedly relieved. Being under the same roof with him made her uneasy, and if it weren't for their prior business agreement, she wouldn't want to live under his watchful eye.

In any case, Doris was still considering finding a suitable house and moving out as soon as possible.

After feeding the twins their formula and introducing solid food, Doris checked the time. It was already 8 o'clock.

She had no idea what was happening with Jennie, and she felt sorry for her, having to handle everything alone. Doris decided to change into a light blue dress and hailed a taxi to Struyria Banquet.

Jennie had sent her the name of the venue via WhatsApp, along with the room number - Supreme 117.

Doris entered the elevator and arrived at the door of Room 117.

The door was slightly ajar, so she pushed it open and said, "Am I late?"

But then, she froze.

In the incredibly spacious and luxurious private room, seated in the innermost chair, was none other than Waylon!

Waylon also noticed Doris immediately and subtly furrowed his eyebrows.

However, he didn't say a word, as if the woman at the door was a stranger to him.

On the other hand, Kenny, sitting next to Weylon, glanced at Doris, then back at Weylon.

Seeing Weylon's silence, he dared not say anything either.

Doris's face instantly heated up, turning as red as the rooster's crest.

She quickly glanced at the guests in the private room.

Jennie was nowhere to be seen, but beside from the Adelman siblings, two other men held high positions.

Doris realized that she had walked into the wrong private room.

Wait, did she mistakenly enter Weylon's private room?

"I'm sorry," Doris hurriedly bowed, "Is this not 117?"

"Is it Emperor or Supreme?" Kenny asked in a gentle tone, but he didn't address Doris by name.

"I'm looking for Supreme 117," Doris said in a rush, her beautiful almond eyes shining and her long lashes casting shadows beneath them.

"This side is the Emperor," Bowie interjected.

Emperor?

Doris quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, I must have walked into the wrong room."

"You walked onto the wrong floor," Kenny patiently corrected her. "The one to the left is the Supreme."

"Uh, thank you, thank you," Doris nodded gratefully, her face flushed with embarrassment. She hastily turned around and left.

How humiliating, how utterly embarrassing!

Doris covered her face with her hand, feeling the scorching heat.

She had been afraid of him all along, and she even tried to escape him. And now, she had barged into his room.

Couldn't she see the look of disgust on Weylon's face when he looked up at her?

On the other hand, Kenny, sitting next to Waylon, glanced at Doris, then back at Waylon.

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[Chapter 1034 The Embarrassment of the Two Sisters](#)

"Puh!" Doris let out a heavy sigh, stepping into the elevator.

She needed to quickly change her mood and state of mind because she would have to step in for Jennie later.

What could she do in such a flustered state?

Exiting Emperor's building and entering Supreme's, Doris searched for room 117, perspiring all the while.

The door to the private room was closed, so Doris knocked twice.

A female voice came from inside, saying, "Come in."

Doris recognized it as Jennie's voice, tinged with a hint of intoxication.

Hastily, Doris pushed the door open and said, "Sis, I'm sorry for being late."

"No worries. We're in the middle of things here. Come over," Jennie beckoned Doris from the main seat.

Doris noticed that Jennie was indeed slightly drunk.

Elbows rested on the table, hands supporting her head, as if afraid of leaning to one side.

Doris furrowed her brow and moved closer to Jennie's side.

"Mr. Willis, Mr. Greenberg, let me introduce you," Jennie slurred, "This is my sister, Doris, filling in for me with the drinks."

"Now that there are no outsiders, let's drop the formalities," Mr. Willis and Mr. Greenberg squinted their eyes and raised their glasses. "Shall we have a toast to our meeting?"

Doris hadn't even settled properly, and the glasses were already being raised.

She had no choice but to pick up the drink Jennie had poured for her, stand up, and take a big gulp.

"How can you only drink half of it?" Mr. Willis expressed his dissatisfaction. "Your sister's orders have been signed by me. As her sister, isn't a full glass of respect in order?"

"That's right," Mr. Greenberg chimed in, "What's the point of half a glass? How will you drink the rest of the evening?"

Doris held up her glass, feeling a bit uneasy.

She could handle a little alcohol, but she didn't enjoy drinking too much.

For her, the taste of alcohol was unpleasant, a real torment!

"My sister can't handle much alcohol," Jennie said. "Gentlemen, please go easy on her."

"She can't handle much? Who would believe that?" Mr. Willis said. "If she can't handle it, why did you bring her here to help you with the drinks?"

"Well, my husband isn't at home, so what else can I do?" Jennie replied. "If he were here, I wouldn't need anyone else, right? I had no choice but to call my sister. You two should be enough. We're building a long-term business relationship, not just about the drinks."

Although Jennie said so, Mr. Willis and Mr. Greenberg remained persistent.

After all, they had just signed substantial orders from Jennie's husband's company today.

After a few more rounds, the two sisters were both dizzy.

Mr. Willis and Mr. Greenberg weren't faring much better either.

As the evening of drinking came to an end, the assistants of Mr. Willis and Mr. Greenberg helped them walk away.

Doris also supported Jennie downstairs.

Doris was much less intoxicated than Jennie and had no trouble walking.

Jennie, on the other hand, had gone all out for her own company and was so drunk that she could barely walk steadily.

With one arm draped over Doris' shoulder, her entire body supported by Doris, Jennie managed to avoid falling.

As they exited the Supreme building, a group of people emerged from the Emperor's building across the way.

Doris, supporting Jennie, couldn't lift her head and naturally couldn't see Waylon looking at her with a furrowed brow.

He had just finished socializing with several officials from the Imperial Palace and was about to leave when he saw the disheveled sisters.

Waylon frowned and immediately thought of leaving.

As long as he got close to these sisters, trouble was sure to follow.

But before he could turn around, he heard Doris exclaim, "Ouch!"

Waylon turned his head again.

He heard Doris complain, "Sis, are you trying to kill me by demanding money like this? Drinking so much, you almost stepped on me!"

"What else could I do?" Jennie said. "My husband's family always says I do nothing and only spend money on beauty treatments and buying things. Today, he isn't here, and important clients showed up. I had to impress them. Didn't that make that family look at me with new eyes? Ugh!"

After Jennie finished speaking, she bent down and vomited beside the flowerbed.

Waylon was taken aback by the scene and quickly turned his head, heading towards the parking lot.

The two officials who came with him bid him farewell politely and were picked up by their driver.

Just as Waylon was about to get into his car, he turned his head and saw the two sisters also getting into a private vehicle.

It seemed to be Jennie's car.

But both sisters were unable to drive due to their alcohol consumption, so they called a hotel's car service.

"Kenny, Bowie," Waylon frowned and said, "You two go back to the Imperial Palace first. I have something to take care of."

[Chapter 1035 Don't Mess With Me](#)

Kenny and Bowie knew that Waylon was only saying this because of Doris.

Judging from the situation, it looked like the chauffeur was going to send Jennie home in her car. Meanwhile, Doris would have to take a cab home.

After all, she was Emmeline's pastry chef. It wouldn't be good for something to happen to her this late at night.

"Alright, Waylon. We'll head out first then." The two brothers bent down and got into the car.

Waylon also got into the Maybach and said to the driver, "Follow that car just now."

"Yes, Mr. Waylon," the driver, who had been transferred from Osea, hurriedly complied.

Half an hour later, Waylon watched as the car Doris and her sister were in entered a row of townhouses.

The car stopped in front of a gate, and Doris got out of the car.

"Doris," Jennie's tipsy voice came from inside, "How are you going back?"

"I'll just take a taxi," Doris said, "You should quickly take a shower and rest."

"Then be careful," Jennie said, "Text me when you're home."

"I got it," Doris bent over and waved to her sister through the car window, "Goodbye. Rest well."

The car drove past the gate, and Doris turned around and started walking back.

The Maybach stopped by the roadside, its windows rolled down. Waylon watched as Doris' silhouette stretched under the streetlight.

She looked a bit lonely.

Suddenly...

Waylon heard her humming a song:

"It's a long way home, but I'll climb every mountain, cross every ocean. We fell in love, but had one foot out the door. I suppose it was doomed to begin with. Oh, how your beautiful eyes ripped my heart to pieces..."

She sang beautifully, but Waylon was a bit annoyed.

It was already so late, and she was walking alone outside a residential area where it was difficult to find a taxi, yet she still had the mood and the audacity to sing!

Was she not afraid of encountering perverts?

With a huff, Waylon opened the car door and stepped outside.

Not far in front of Doris, a long slender figure had suddenly appeared, causing her to stop in her tracks.

Waylon stood in the backlight, so she was unable to see his face clearly. All she could feel was the dangerous aura emanating from the figure before her.

Doris swung her bag and called out, "Don't come closer. You don't want to mess with me!"

"Get in the car!" Waylon couldn't be bothered to explain himself. "No one is messing with you!"

After a pause, Doris said, "Huh?"

She recognized the voice and leaned forwards, avoiding the light as she narrowed her eyes at the person in front of her.

Oh my goodness, isn't this Mr. Waylon?

"Mr. Waylon!" Doris became delighted. "What are you doing here?"

"I was sending someone home," Waylon said coldly, "Unfortunately, I ran into you. Get in. I'll give you a ride back."

"I'll just take a taxi." Doris' alcohol-addled mind reacted a bit slowly.

"Are you sure?" Waylon frowned. "You want to follow me all the way back to Macsen Villa in a taxi?"

Only then did Doris remember and said, "Oh right, we're going to the same place. Look at me, I forgot!"

Waylon didn't say anything else and simply turned around, heading towards his Maybach.

Doris hurriedly ran over with tiny steps, pulling open the back door then getting inside.

She didn't know that Waylon was also sitting in the back. When they both pulled open their respective car doors, their gazes met inside the car.

Both of them froze for a moment before sitting down with the same rhythm.

However, Waylon turned his face towards the car window and shifted his body towards the door.

Even an idiot could tell that he was trying to avoid her.

But Doris wasn't angry. On the contrary, a slight smile appeared on her lips.

It wasn't easy to find a taxi this late at night, and she was still a bit drunk. It could really be a serious matter if she encountered a bad person.

Now that she happened to catch a ride with Waylon, she would be able to get home cheaply and safely. Wasn't that great luck?

What was there to be angry about?

Doris was on the verge of bursting into laughter.

The car returned to Macsen Villa, and they both got out of the car from their respective sides.

Waylon took longer strides ahead because he was much taller, while Doris followed behind like a shy young bride.

She wasn't trying to run after Waylon; she just wanted to maintain a distance that was neither too far nor too close to him.

If she stayed too far, it would seem like she was treating him like a stranger, which was rude considering he had just given her a ride.

On the other hand, if she got too close, it would seem like she had ulterior motives.

So with some distance between them, the two entered the estate and reached the foyer, where they began to change their shoes.

Doris stood on the side and waited for Waylon to change first.

Their shoes were so close together that if they both bent down at the same time, she was afraid their faces might accidentally bump into each other's buttocks.

[Chapter 1036 Tell Your Sister to Give Up](#)

Waylon quickly changed into slippers. After which, Doris also bent down to start changing hers.

But then her phone rang in her bag.

Doris, still holding one slipper, took out her phone and saw that it was her sister calling.

It seemed her sister was worried and called to check on her.

Doris hastily swiped to answer.

On the other end, her sister's voice came mixed in with some background noise, "Doris, have you reached home yet?"

"Yeah, I just got home, Jennie! Why aren't you asleep yet?" Doris replied.

"How can I sleep before making sure you're back home safely?"

"I was just about to tell you. I'm already in the midst of changing my shoes."

Doris put on the other slipper and walked forward. Her sister continued speaking on the other end, "Doris, I want you to listen carefully"

"Yes, I'm listening. What's the matter?"

"You should try and build a relationship with Mr. Waylon. If you miss this opportunity, you'll regret it!"

Doris happened to walk behind Waylon as Jennie said this.

The hallway was very quiet, so her sister's words came through clearly. Waylon immediately stopped in his tracks and turned around.

Doris was dumbfounded, clutching her phone and stuttering, "Jennie, what are you saying?! Just go to sleep!"

"I'm telling you, Doris..."

Beep beep beep~ The call ended.

Doris blushed, stammering, "Mr. Waylon, it's not what you heard. My sister was just drunk."

"In wine, there is truth." Waylon said indifferently.

Even when drunk, Jennie still knew that missing an opportunity to be with him was a regret that would last a lifetime.

He was the one and only Waylon Adelman, after all.

Any woman would go from rags to riches overnight just by being together with him.

Jennie couldn't be any more sober!

"It's really not..."

Doris hung her head low. Her cheeks were burning, and she wished she could find a hole to hide in.

"Tell your sister to give it up."

Waylon coldly snorted. With an indifferent expression, he walked upstairs.

Doris was then left alone to tidy up her disarrayed and embarrassing thoughts.

The next day was the day of Emmeline and Sonia's race.

The night before, Emmeline finally broke the news to Waylon about it.

"Aren't you just taking matters into your own hands now?" Waylon was a bit angry. "How can you agree to participate in such a dangerous game? You're not a child anymore. You're already a mom of four kids!"

"Do you think I wouldn't decline if I could?" Emmeline said, "Besides, I have no issue with it. It's just a race. What are you so anxious about, Waylon?"

"How can I not be anxious?" Waylon frowned. "Because you like to play around so much, I can't help but worry until I see that you are safe. Do you just like seeing me with bags under my eyes?"

"Don't you worry about me," Emmeline reassured her big brother, "I promise nothing is going to happen. I will be safe and sound throughout the whole thing. Just trust me and get your beauty sleep."

"Ugh I give up," Waylon said, "Since you've already made up your mind, what else can I do? Tomorrow, I'll bring Kenny and Bowie over to cheer you on."

"That's what I want to hear," Emmeline said cheerfully, "I just know you love me the most, Waylon!"

"I just can't be with you!" Waylon grumbled. "Can't scold you, can't hit you. The only thing I can do is spoil you."

"Hehe." Emmeline bid Waylon good night and ended the call.

"You should go to bed early too," Abel had boiled hot milk for her and brought it over, saying, "You will need sufficient energy to beat that sheltered girl tomorrow! And you have to make sure to leave her in the dust!"

"Why? Are you feeling sorry for her now?" Emmeline teased him, her eyes gleaming like stars.

"Of course I feel sorry," Zhan Yuhang pinched her cheek. "I feel sorry that you have to put up with this in the first place! If I had foresight back then, I wouldn't have gotten myself into that lukewarm relationship in the first place."

"That's normal, and I'm not blaming you for it." Emmeline said. "Everyone has had a romantic relationship at some point in their lives. We're not made of stone."

"That is an intriguing statement," Abel held her firmly by the arm and said, "Tell me honestly. How did your past relationships go? Did you hold hands with or kiss anyone?"

Emmeline honestly confessed, "We held hands, but we didn't kiss. I thought that it was a little unsanitary to exchange saliva with someone else, so why would I kiss anyone?"

"I heard that kissing can also lead to pregnancy," Abel pulled her in and dominated her lips with his own.

[Chapter 1037 Playing Mind Games](#)

"Mmf! Mmf!" Emmeline slapped him amidst her muffled gasps, mumbling, "No, don't!"

"I know we shouldn't. I just wanted a kiss," Abel whispered softly in her ear. "You have a big race tomorrow, I can't make your legs go weak."

"You're such a naughty boy!" Emmeline blushed and hit him.

After finishing her hot milk, she fell asleep peacefully in Abel's embrace.

The next morning, Kendra had already prepared a nutritious breakfast.

Abel pulled out a chair for Emmeline.

Emmeline glanced at the clock, her beautiful lashes fluttering as she said, "The race is scheduled for ten o'clock. It's only seven right now. We've got plenty of time."

"Don't you need to go to the race track early to prepare?" Abel handed her a piece of bread.

"That's not too complicated," Emmeline said, "We'll be good as long as we reach by half past nine."

"Isn't that a little late?" Abel said as he served her a salad bowl.

"I want to make Sonia wait," Emmeline smiled. "The longer she waits, the more anxious she'll become."

"I have to hand it to you," Abel laughed. "I can't believe you're actually using military strategies."

Ten minutes before nine o'clock, Abel sent the word out to head to Swan Lake.

All of Emmeline's supporters were already prepared, and upon receiving the order, they each set off and gathered at Swan Lake.

At half past nine, Emmeline and her group arrived at Swan Lake.

Abel had reserved the racetrack beforehand and posted security guards around the area.

The drivers who usually raced here could only be spectators this time around.

The hired race referees and staff were busy organizing things in an orderly manner.

Sonia's people arrived at eight o'clock. They were a group of about a dozen fashionable young men and women.

Among them was Ysabel, who was doing Sonia's every bidding like a personal handmaiden.

Today's race would determine the fate of the Hemmings Group.

If Sonia won, Emmeline had to call off the dogs of the Ryker Group and Adelmarr Group, and spare the Hemmings Group.

Hence, Ysabel was extremely respectful and obedient to Sonia.

The race was scheduled to start at ten o'clock in the morning.

Sonia kept checking her phone repeatedly.

It was already eight-thirty, but Emmeline's group hadn't arrived.

Then it was nine o'clock, and they still hadn't come.

Ten minutes came and went after that, yet still no sign of anyone.

"Sonia," Ysabel couldn't help but worry, "What if they don't come?"

"It can't be, right?" Sonia said, "We made an agreement, Emmeline wouldn't be so irresponsible, would she?"

"Maybe she got scared?" Ysabel said, "She could have just chickened out."

"Hmph!" Sonia remembered seeing Emmeline's driving skills that day and curled her lip disdainfully. "Just what kind of person did Abel fish up? How dare she even think she could compete with me with that level of skill?"

"Exactly!" Ysabel clenched her fist in anger. "You and Mr. Abel are a perfect match. That Emmeline is just some skank from some peasant family. What qualifications does she have to compete with you?"

Just as they were talking, one of Sonia's entourage said, "They should be here. Look, there are a few cars coming from over there!"

Sonia stood up from the chair under the parasol and looked in the direction they were pointing at.

Beyond the security tape, seven to eight luxury cars arrived.

With just one look at this lineup, it was clear that Abel and Benjamin had arrived.

Of course, Sonia was unaware that the Adelmars from Osea were also present! They were also heavyweights in their own niches!

Sonia glanced at the time on her phone...it was half-past nine.

"Guess she's quite composed!" She smirked.

However, as the cars came to a slow stop before her, the dust settling behind them, Sonia felt a bit short of breath when she saw the distinguished gentlemen stepping out of the vehicles.

Sonia then narrowed her eyes as Emmeline and the female members of her entourage stepped out.

Emmeline was dressed in a black motorcycle suit and sported a high ponytail. Her sharp facial features and enchanting eyes gave off an aloof, but charming air.

Watching her from afar, Sonia couldn't help but feel a sense of inferiority and self-deprecation.

In terms of presence alone, Sonia was already at a disadvantage.

Most of the men around her were from influential families, so not only were they spoiled, they were also rather effeminate.

On the other hand, Abel, Benjamin, and Waylon were all mature men at the level of tycoons.

Suddenly, the dainty men on her side seemed like kindergartners.

Meanwhile, the women around Sonia were also the fashionable and trendy types.

Compared to the charming Janie and the charismatic Sam on the other side, they simply didn't hold a candle.

Abel, Benjamin, and Waylon sat down under the parasol.

Each one of them exuded elegance and extraordinary temperament.

Their powerful presence could be felt even from afar, adding pressure to Sonia and her entourage.

Emmeline smiled as she gracefully walked up to Sonia...

[Chapter 1038 I Thought You Wanted to Have Sex](#)

She remained silent, only revealing a light smile. But her presence alone already spoke volumes!

Sonia wore a brownish-red motorcycle suit, her luscious hair and lips further accentuating her allure.

"Let's announce the stakes for the race, shall we?" Sonia spoke first.

"You go first!" Emmeline narrowed her eyes. "We're all listening!"

Sonia glanced at Abel and said aloud, "If you lose, you will have the Ryker Group and Adelmarr Group cooperate with the Hemmings Group again!"

"What if you lose?" Emmeline laughed sarcastically, her beautiful eyes emitting a frosty glint.

"State your terms," Sonia said haughtily.

"I have already said it before," Emmeline said word by word, "If you lose, don't let me see you in Struyria! Ever! Again!"

After a pause, Sonia snorted coldly, "Do you really think you own the entire Struyria?"

"This is the stake of our gamble!" Emmeline's eyes glinted, "If you can't handle it, then you're more than welcome to walk away right now!"

"Says you," Sonia sneered, "Besides, I wouldn't be so sure of victory just yet!"

"Then let's sign and seal it!" Emmeline said coldly, "Once it's official, there's no turning back!"

"Of course I'll sign it. I'm not afraid of you!" Sonia scoffed.

The race staff nearby recorded the terms discussed between the two.

Emmeline and Sonia each signed their names on the document.

"Let's get to it then!" Emmeline rubbed her fist against her nose, "May the best racer win!"

"May the best racer win!" Sonia also said coldly before turning back and walking towards her own area.

Sam handed the helmet to Emmeline, her eyes glistening as she said, "You can do it, Ms. Emmeline! I know better than anyone what you're capable of!"

"Today, I'll show that sheltered girl what I'm capable of!" Emmeline took the helmet, "Just because I took it easy on her, she thinks I'm a pushover!"

"Emma," Waylon patted her head, "Be careful. Whether you win or lose doesn't matter. Try not to get too fixated on it."

"Okay," Emmeline smiled at him, "Just relax, Waylon!"

Abel approached her, putting his arm around her shoulder and whispering in her ear, "Let's go home after the race. I'll make sure to give you a big reward, my dear..."

A blush appeared on Emmeline's cheeks as she pushed him away, pretending to be annoyed, "Dude, you need to pick a time and place."

"I was going to say that I would reward you with a sports car," Abel looked disappointed, "What did you think I mean?"

A hint of bitterness appeared on Emmeline's face as she murmured like a mosquito, "I thought you just wanted to have sex!"

"Well we could do that too," Abel whispered with a smirk, "If that's what YOU want!"

Emmeline was completely flustered by his teasing words. She didn't know what to say.

Abel touched her hair gently, "Go for it, babe!"

Emmeline looked at Abel.

He had a charming smile, a smile that was reserved only for her.

Emmeline couldn't help but feel a flutter in her heart.

How could she lose when she had such a handsome man by her side?

She didn't want any sheltered girls or homewreckers anywhere near her man.

Hence, she needed to win and make sure that sheltered girl, Sonia, was as far away from Abel as possible!

"Let's cheer Ms. Emmeline on and wish for her victory!"

Sam held up the pom-poms, rallying everyone.

Benjamin, Kenny and Bowie took the lead in waving the pom-poms around, swaying their hips rhythmically.

As Benjamin twisted and danced, he chanted, "Emmeline, go for it! Emmeline, victory!"

The rest of them echoed the cheer.

Abel and Waylon also joined in the dance, but they didn't twist their hips.

Actually, Waylon found it quite impressive watching Benjamin's moves, but when he tried it himself, he couldn't get the rhythm right, so he gave up.

Upon seeing Waylon's inability to twist his hips, Abel decided not to do it either and accompanied him.

Doris and Janie were unwilling to fall behind and also did their utmost to twist, jump and cheer.

The scene suddenly became lively and was quite exhilarating.

Emmeline's heart surged with passion, her bright eyes brimming with vigor.

She had her friends behind her back, after all!

Sonia also had friends cheering her on. The atmosphere on both sides was equally passionate.

Emmeline and Sonia each put on their helmets and gloves, then locked eyes under their helmets before heading towards their respective tracks.

Two motorcycles were waiting at the entrance of the ninth and tenth tracks.

The two of them got into position at the referee's command, leaning forward on their motorcycles and ready to go!

[Chapter 1039 The Outcome Was Obvious](#)

A gunshot rang out, and both motorcycles zoomed out, covering a hundred meters in the blink of an eye.

Emmeline controlled her speed, intentionally falling behind Sonia by one bike length.

Sonia glanced at her with a hint of disdain, smiling delightfully beneath the helmet.

You've already lost at the starting line, and you still think you can surpass me?

How dare you try to compete with me with your mediocre skills?

You've overestimated yourself!

Meanwhile, Emmeline remained composed, making a swift turn effortlessly.

Sonia also displayed her proficiency with the steering, maintaining and even increasing her speed while cornering.

In an instant, she pulled the distance between her and Emmeline by one and a half bike lengths.

Sonia was even more sure of herself now.

After all, bikes can move at very high speeds. And what seemed like a distance of one to two meters, could oftentimes be an insurmountable gap.

As the race progressed, the finish line grew closer.

Typically, the difference between who crossed the finish line first and who crossed second was only one or two meters. Sometimes, it was even less.

One's arrogance would always be their undoing!

Emmeline coldly snorted. She hunched over the motorcycle, skillfully controlling it.

There was another section with a steep incline just up ahead.

Both motorcycles leaped into the air almost simultaneously, then landed perfectly.

Upon landing, Emmeline revved her bike and moved forward by half a meter.

Sonia could clearly see Emmeline from the corner of her eye.

Feeling slightly pressured, she fully opened the throttle. The motorcycle roared, darting out like a flash of lightning.

She thought she would be able to leave Emmeline behind this time.

She had witnessed Emmeline's acceleration skills last time, and they were not as good as hers.

But when she glanced backwards, she saw that the distance between the two motorcycles was still the same as before!

In other words, when she abruptly accelerated, Emmeline's motorcycle was able to firmly keep up with her.

Sonia grew a bit anxious. There was another uphill section ahead.

She wanted to take advantage of the slope's momentum to push forward more in the air.

However, both motorcycles leaped and landed perfectly.

As the dust settled, Emmeline's motorcycle had actually surpassed her by half a bike length!

This was bad!

Sonia was puzzled in her mind.

Emmeline's motorcycle skills today seemed to have improved drastically compared to when she last saw her.

Could it be intentional?

Was this all a part of her plan to lull me into underestimating her?

With this thought, Sonia's mind grew even more panicked, and her speed noticeably decreased compared to before.

Even the way she handled a sharp turn on a bend wasn't as skillful now.

As a result, Emmeline pulled ahead by a bike length.

Underneath her helmet, Sonia's eyes started to turn red.

I can't lose. I can't leave Struyria!

Abel is right here. As long as I get to stay here, I will definitely have a chance to get close to him!

Sonia's mind grew chaotic.

In the blink of an eye, Emmeline's motorcycle surpassed her by one and a half bike lengths.

At this rate, Emmeline was almost sure to win.

Unless Sonia could turn the tables in the remaining distance, she was destined to lose.

But things were always easier said than done.

I can't lose, I can't lose!

Even if I can't win, I absolutely cannot lose!

Sonia thought to herself.

There was still one kilometer left in the race. The moment of truth was upon them.

As long as Emmeline maintained her current speed and advanced another five hundred meters, the outcome would be clear.

At that moment, another sharp turn came, and Sonia's motorcycle suddenly scraped against the median barrier.

Sparks flew in an instant as the motorcycle flipped, and Sonia was flung up into the air.

Crash! She landed on the grass more than ten meters away.

The supporters from both sides were dumbfounded!

Everyone stood up under the parasols, shocked that an accident had actually happened.

"This is terrible!" Emmeline exclaimed in her mind.

At this point, the race was no longer important; a person's life was at stake.

Twisting the handlebars, Emmeline's motorcycle turned around on the track and crossed the median barrier, rushing towards Sonia.

Squeak! With a piercing screech, the motorcycle came to a stop beside Sonia, emitting smoke.

Emmeline removed her helmet and threw it aside, dismounting the bike to check on Sonia.

The supporters were also rushing over from afar.

Two cars quickly sped over across the dirt road beside the track, coming to a stop nearby.

The door on the first car opened as Abel and Benjamin hurried over.

Following them was Luca from the driver's seat.

Meanwhile, the people who got down from the other car were from Sonia's group.

[Chapter 1040 Sonia Did It For You](#)

Emmeline had already removed Sonia's helmet.

She was unconscious, clearly having suffered a severe impact during the crash.

There were no visible external injuries on her head, but one of her legs was fractured, with blood gushing out her skin through her flesh which had been pierced by the bone.

Emmeline furrowed her brows, using her fingers to apply pressure on several meridian points and stop the bleeding. She turned to Abel, who had rushed over, and said, "She needs to get to a hospital right now. Her leg is broken!"

Abel hurried over and, seeing Sonia's condition, didn't dare to waste any time. He lifted her up and ran towards the car.

Sonia's group went after him, calling out to her, "Sonia, are you okay? Sonia, how are you?"

But Sonia remained unconscious and was unable to speak.

Because they were in the suburbs, there was some distance to the city center.

Forty minutes later, Sonia was brought into the orthopedics department of the Ryker Hospital.

On the way, Abel had already called the orthopedics department, and the person who answered happened to be Kendra's ex-husband, Henry.

Upon hearing Abel's description, Henry quickly set up the operating room and prepared for surgery.

After Sonia was taken into the operating room, Abel asked Waylon and Benjamin to go back.

It wouldn't look good to have everyone crowded around the door, as if something big had happened.

Waylon was worried and instructed Abel to call him if there was anything urgent.

Benjamin naturally didn't want to leave either and intended to stay with them.

However, Emmeline kept urging him, "Hurry up and take Janie back home. It's been a long day."

Janie said, "Emma, it's okay. I don't have anything to do back home anyway. I'd rather stay here with Benjamin and accompany you."

"I have Abel with me," Emmeline said, "I don't think you would want to be a third wheel, would you?"

Janie and Benjamin fell silent.

"Go on, hurry," Emmeline urged them again, "You're all hovering around like a pack of wolves!"

Everyone had no choice but to go back.

Most of Sonia's people had also left, leaving only Ysabel and three others at the door of the operating room.

The woman was sobbing, "How did things turn out like this so suddenly? What are we going to do now?"

One of the men said, "Can a simple race really result in a life-threatening situation? Sonia's driving skills shouldn't be that bad, right?"

Another man said, "Ysabel, have you called Sonia's family?"

The woman replied, "Exactly! Sonia is the mayor's daughter. If something happens to her, who will take responsibility?"

"I'll call the Steiner family right away," Ysabel cried, "Sonia, you have to hold on. Please be alright!"

Emmeline and Abel stood at a distance, feeling uneasy.

It was supposed to be a simple race, and winning or losing shouldn't have mattered so much. Who would have expected this unpleasant turn of events?

And those outside the race track couldn't see it, but Emmeline knew it all too well.

Sonia's accident wasn't due to her lack of skills but rather a deliberate act.

Sonia had recognized her strength and knew that she would undoubtedly lose.

With less than a kilometer left to go and not much time to spare, Sonia realized she couldn't turn the tide.

So she chose to gamble on her own body and prematurely ended the race.

Technically, Emmeline won, but Sonia didn't exactly lose either.

At the very least, Sonia had successfully avoided Emmeline's demand...not to see her in Struyria!

Emmeline was incredibly smart and immediately understood Sonia's intentions.

"She's actually willing to go to such great lengths," Emmeline leaned against Abel's arm, furrowing her brows and whispering, "If she wants to stay in Struyria so badly, should I really be trying to get rid of her so ruthlessly?"

"What are you saying?" Abel wrapped his hand around her back and asked.

"Do you know?" Emmeline looked up, her gaze somewhat melancholic as she said, "Sonia did this for you."

Abel furrowed his brows in silence for a moment before saying, "Babe, is your head alright? What do you mean she did this 'for me'?"

"It's you who's oblivious," Emmeline said in a low voice, "Sonia knew she was going to lose to me, but she didn't want to leave Struyria and be unable to see you. Hence, she resorted to this strategy to change the situation."

Upon hearing this, Abel was truly at a loss, but he quickly responded, "That's her own doing. It has nothing to do with me!"

Emmeline said, "If I knew she couldn't afford to lose, I wouldn't have competed with her. Don't you think it feels wrong now?"