

Are Mine 1121

[Chapter 1121 Stay Out All Night](#)

Abel took the microphone from Emmeline's hands and turned her face towards him.

Without a word, he lowered his head and pressed his lips against her tender ones.

Before Emmeline could react, Abel had already taken her breath away.

He held her in the dim light, with the background music of "On a Journey".

Almost crushing her into his embrace, he held the back of her neck and kissed her repeatedly.

The long, passionate kisses left Emmeline dizzy and trembling all over.

Her heartbeat became irregular.

"Abel, hubby, um, please, let me go. "

"Hubby, I'm about to faint. I'm begging you to stop."

Seeing her collapse in his arms, she would have slipped to the ground if not for his strong arms supporting her.

Abel then raised his head, and Emmeline could breathe again.

His thumb slid over her swollen and glistening lips.

Underneath him, Emmeline felt his hard penis pressing against her body, her face burning hot.

With drunken and blurred eyes, she whispered, "We're in a KTV. Behave yourself."

"I know." Abel gasped, "But I want you right here."

"Wait until we get back to the hotel." Emmeline gently pushed him, "Do you still want to listen to music?"

"Yes." Abel said hoarsely, "As long as you sing, I can never get enough."

"Then sit there." Emmeline pressed him onto the sofa, "It's been a long time. Let me sing as long as I want, okay?"

Abel obediently sat down and took a few big sips of beer.

The cold liquid entered his body, and the surging desire finally subsided.

They said that loving a woman meant never growing weary of her.

He was in this state with Emmeline, always wanting more and never getting enough.

After playing at the KTV for over an hour, they walked out hand in hand.

It was night, and the street lights were just beginning to illuminate.

The busy and luxurious nightlife began on the night of the imperial city.

"Are you hungry?" Abel asked Emmeline.

She had a tall and slender figure but leaning against him, she still looked petite and adorable, making people want to protect her.

Abel hugged her shoulder and held her half-body in his arms.

"I ate a lot for lunch, so I'm not hungry yet." Emmeline raised her eyes and asked in his arms, "What about you?"

"I'm not hungry either," Abel answered, his voice hoarse and gentle, making Emmeline's heart tingle.

"Then let's continue shopping for a while." she leaned against his shoulder, feeling his body temperature, "We'll eat when we get hungry."

"Okay," Abel kissed her hair, "We won't go back tonight. We'll stay in a hotel."

"Are you being wild?" Emmeline teased him, "Stay out all night!"

"We can do whatever we want. Who cares?" Abel scoffed.

He felt good looking at his wife nestling in his arms like a little bird.

Most of the time, Emmeline was very independent.

But she was also fragile and innocent.

No matter what she was like, she made Abel's heart beat faster, arousing a strong protective instinct.

Holding hands, they strolled along the street, with Emmeline softly humming a song.

It felt like they had traveled back to their high school days.

Turning at the intersection, they walked on another crowded street.

"Can you see the gym?" Abel tightened his grip on Emmeline's hand and stopped. "Shall we go to the gym?"

"Sure." Emmeline said, "I haven't been there before."

"Before I went abroad, I used to go there often." Abel said, "There are many sports activities inside."

"Do they have boxing?" Emmeline eagerly asked, "If they do, let's try it out?"

"Sure." Abel said, "I want to try it too."

"Then let's go." Emmeline said, "Afterwards, we can go for a meal."

"Alright." Abel said, "I have a membership, so we can enjoy many services."

Hearing this, Emmeline became even more eager and pulled Abel's hand towards the sports center.

There were only a few people at this time.

They reported their ID numbers at the service desk, and the receptionist read Abel's membership information.

"Abel?" the receptionist exclaimed.

[Chapter 1122 My Wife Wants to Do Boxing](#)

No wonder she was overwhelmed by his powerful and charming aura as soon as he entered the door.

He was the CEO of the Ryker Group.

The receptionist's heart pounded when a tall, strong man walked out.

He looked about the same age as Abel.

The man stared at Abel momentarily, then exclaimed, "Mr. Abel?"

Abel turned his gaze and quickly walked towards the man.

The man also walked over quickly, and when they were close, they raised their fists and lightly tapped each other.

"It's you!" Tony said, "You returned to take over the Ryker Group. Today is the first time I've seen you. Why don't you come to see me!"

"I'm busy every day." Abel said, "There's always something to do. I don't have time to play."

"What brings you here today?" He saw Emmeline behind Abel and smiled, "You also bring a beautiful lady?"

"Let me introduce myself." Abel turned around and hugged Emmeline's shoulders, saying to Tony, "This is my wife, Ms. Emmeline."

He turned to Emmeline and said warmly, "This is my brother, Tony, who owns this sports center."

"Hello, Mr. Tony." Emmeline smiled and nodded at Tony.

This man possessed attractive features and exuded a dignified presence, making him look good.

Of course, he was a friend of Abel. He could not be a bad man.

"I saw the official announcement." Tony said, "I didn't expect you to get married as soon as you returned to the country, and your wife is so beautiful."

"More importantly." Abel teased, "Our sons are already over four years old."

"Sons?" Tony exclaimed, "All four years old? What do you mean?"

"Quadruplets, four sons, over four years old," Abel explained proudly.

Tony exclaimed, "You're amazing! My Sister-in-law is also impressive. She got pregnant with four babies at once!"

Upon hearing this, Emmeline's face turned red.

The receptionist next to them was also shocked and full of envy.

No wonder she could become the wife of the Ryker Group. Not only was she extremely beautiful, but she was also very fertile.

Giving birth to four sons at once!

Who wouldn't hurry up and marry her, treating her like a treasure?

"Quiet." Abel said to Tony, "My wife is shy."

Although Emmeline was not shy, she was indeed feeling embarrassed.

Tony changed the topic, "What kind of activities would you like to do with your wife? It's on my treat."

"That's not necessary." Abel said, "I still have a few hundred thousand balance in my membership. It should be enough for tonight."

"I said I'll treat you." Tony said, "For your wife and you."

"Alright then." Abel nodded, "I'll treat you next time."

"That's good." Tony said, "I want to catch up with you. It's been several years since we last met. I miss you."

"Okay, I'll make an appointment with you another day." Abel said, "I'll invite the brothers we used to hang out with."

"Great!" Tony was very happy, "What kind of activity do you want to play?"

Abel glanced at Emmeline, full of pride, "My wife wants to do boxing."

"Boxing?" Tony could not believe it, "Really?"

"Aren't you also a training partner?" Abel smirked, "Why not give it a try?"

Tony was dumbfounded, "Really?"

Emmeline smiled and bowed slightly to him, "Please teach me later."

Tony knew that they wanted to play boxing.

Abel married a treasured girl!

"Okay!" Tony told the front desk, "Give them the room cards and let them change their clothes first."

The front desk lady hurriedly handed over two room cards for the changing rooms to Emmeline.

Emmeline reached out and took them, saying, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." The front desk lady stared at her without blinking, "You are really beautiful. I have never seen such a beautiful woman before."

"Of course." Tony said, "She is Mr. Abel's wife. She must be an exceptional beauty."

[Chapter 1123 Enthusiasts or Wailers](#)

Hearing this, Emmeline blushed shyly.

Abel proudly and indulgently put his arm around her shoulder.

Tony turned to Abel and Emmeline and said, "Mr. Abel, Ms. Emmeline, you go change your clothes first. I'll wait for you at the boxing gym."

"Okay." Abel nodded, "You should also get ready."

Since he was going to be a training partner, Tony also had to change his clothes. He had his dressing room.

"Let's go," Abel said to Emmeline.

"Okay." Emmeline nodded and was half embraced by Abel as they headed towards the dressing room.

First, they found the dressing room for ladies, which belonged to their room card.

Abel opened the door for Emmeline.

He said, "Come out after changing, I'll be waiting outside, I'll be quick."

"Okay," Emmeline responded.

Abel closed the door for her and walked towards the men's dressing room.

Five or six minutes later, Emmeline came out in her changed clothes.

Sure enough, Abel was waiting for her at the door.

Both wore white cotton practice clothes with belts tied around their waists.

Abel lowered his head to look at Emmeline with a smile.

Emmeline felt a little embarrassed under his gaze. She said, "What's wrong? Do I look strange in this?"

"You look good." Abel said, "My wife is so beautiful. You look good in anything."

"You are sweet," Emmeline said happily but glanced at him coquettishly.

Abel also smiled happily.

He had never played like this with his wife before. He should accompany her like this more often.

Seeing her smiling so brightly, he could not be happier.

The two of them walked along the corridor.

They passed by a large training ground.

Inside, three or four coaches were instructing several students in their training.

As everyone was training, Abel and Emmeline both stopped in their tracks at the same time.

A female student was sweating as she fought with a female coach.

After a few moves, the female student was knocked down.

She fell right at Emmeline's feet.

Emmeline remembered how she practiced with Abel and bent down and helped the female student.

"Are you new here?" the female coach asked Emmeline with a proud look.

"I'm just here to have fun." Emmeline smiled, "I'm not a student."

"A girl coming to the boxing gym to have fun should know something about boxing, right?" the female coach raised an eyebrow and looked at her up and down.

"A little." Emmeline continued to smile, "At least I like boxing. Otherwise, I wouldn't come here."

"Enthusiasts are fine." the female coach sneered, "Just don't be a crybaby."

Emmeline frowned, "I won't be crying."

"You're quite confident." the female coach smirked, "Do you have the courage to give it a try? I'll help you verify whether you're an enthusiast or a wailer."

Emmeline smiled slightly and turned her peach blossom eyes to Abel, saying, "Hubby, wait for me."

"Okay, be careful," Abel nodded, taking the phone handed to him by Emmeline.

He knew that his wife had good fighting skills.

But he had never witnessed how good she was.

After just a few glances at the female coach's moves, he speculated that Emmeline could greatly surpass her.

So he was not worried when he saw her accepting the challenge from the female coach.

Besides, he was right there beside her.

He would never put his wife in danger.

Emmeline removed his slippers and walked into the training ground wearing thick white cotton socks.

Standing three steps before the female coach, she slightly bent down and said, "Please teach me."

"What?" the female coach asked arrogantly, "Taekwondo?"

She knew many girls played taekwondo, thinking Emmeline was no exception.

"Nothing. There's no specific style." Emmeline smiled lightly, "I just learned a few moves from my father and brother. It's just for fitness."

"Cut the crap. Give it a try." the female coach said aggressively, preparing to fight.

[Chapter 1124 I Am an Amateur, You Are a Professional](#)

Emmeline also took a defensive stance.

Conversely, the female coach took the initiative and launched a series of three kicks.

Her movements were indeed very fast, as swift as the wind.

But in Emmeline's eyes, each of her movements was slow.

Slow enough for Emmeline to analyze them at a glance and then calmly block them individually.

Emmeline blocked her first kick with her elbow and dodged the second kick by tilting her head.

Before her third kick could reach Emmeline, Emmeline kicked back at her.

This forced the female coach to retract her leg and take a step back quickly.

But since she was a coach, she was certainly not to be underestimated. She quickly adjusted herself and launched another attack.

Emmeline took advantage of her weakness and extended her arm, striking directly at her face with her left hand.

The female coach secretly took a breath and was somewhat surprised: this delicate-looking woman had such skill! And she could not figure out her style at all!

This was not as simple as showy moves. She was an experienced practitioner!

They exchanged moves, instantly going through more than ten moves.

The female coach's face clearly showed some impatience.

She had underestimated her opponent.

She thought Emmeline would at most be able to withstand three moves from her and then be defeated by her!

The female coach had disliked her since Emmeline walked out of Abel's embrace.

Why does she have to be so good-looking?

Why could Emmeline be so gently cared for by such a handsome and noble man?

Why did she live her life so diligently and arduously?

Love and career were both not going well.

Anyway, when she saw Emmeline, her heart was filled with resentment.

She would be furious today if she could not defeat this delicate woman.

The onlookers and several other students did not expect Emmeline to handle over ten moves effortlessly.

Not only did she not fall behind, but her momentum grew stronger.

Abel also smiled with his arms crossed.

His wife was truly extraordinary!

Her moves were both fierce and domineering and graceful.

Even the three male coaches on the training ground were amazed by Emmeline.

All three of them stopped teaching their students and came over to watch, exclaiming in admiration.

Sweat dripped down the forehead of the female coach, realizing that she had encountered a master.

Emmeline played with her easily, after more than thirty moves before suddenly changing her move.

"Crack! Bang!"

With one punch and one kick, the female coach was flying.

"Thud!" She landed heavily on the soft and thick rubber mat.

A male coach hurried over to help her up.

The female coach exerted some effort and stood up, swaying slightly.

"You let me win!" Emmeline bowed to the female coach.

The female coach did not say anything, but her face turned pale.

As a coach, she was knocked down by a visitor in the boxing gym.

It was embarrassing!

It was humiliating!

How could her students think of her now?

How could they respect her?

The female coach was angry but also filled with tears of shame.

"Miss." the male coach who helped the female coach up walked towards Emmeline, "I can tell you have some skills. Can I learn from you?"

"I dare not." Emmeline smiled, "I am just an amateur. You are a professional."

"That's just empty words." the male coach said, "Let's practice a few moves. Would you give me the honor?"

Emmeline turned her gaze to Abel, "What do you think?"

Although she was an independent person, after all, Abel was by her side at this moment.

She knew that he would be worried about her.

So she still needed to ask for his opinion.

Onlookers saw the excitement, and experts saw the tricks.

Abel knew that Emmeline had only used five percent of her skills.

She had not revealed her true abilities yet.

"If you're happy, just do it." Abel's starry eyes gleamed, "If you're not happy, don't force yourself."

"Then I'll play another round." Emmeline smiled, "It's a rare opportunity for me to fight with a coach."

"Okay," Abel nodded warmly, "Be careful."

"Okay," Emmeline responded, her cute dimples making her look charming and enchanting.

"Miss, please!" the male coach said.

"Then let's begin." Emmeline freely and confidently got ready.

[Chapter 1125 I Will Never Dare to Provoke You in the Future](#)

The male coach stood there, frowning, asking, "May I ask, where did you learn?"

"From my family." Emmeline smiled. "It's just the skill for self-protecting."

"You're too modest, Miss." The male coach then got ready and said, "Come on!"

Emmeline did not hold back either. She swiftly turned around and faked a kick, followed by two palm strikes.

Her movements were as fast as lightning, flowing smoothly and perfectly coordinated.

The male coach avoided the feigned kick and caught the incoming palm strike.

Emmeline's second palm strike grazed past his ear.

The whooshing palm wind made his ears feel a bit hot.

He could tell that she was a true expert from his first move.

The male coach noticed that Emmeline's moves were fiercer than when she first faced the female coach.

He did not dare underestimate her and prepared himself to take advantage of her moves and seize the opportunity to attack.

This male coach seemed more like an opponent than the female coach earlier.

However, he could only practice with Emmeline in a sparring match, not truly allowing her to unleash her full strength.

After more than thirty moves, Emmeline figured out his tactics and lost interest in continuing to play with him.

Suddenly, she struck out with both palms, one aimed directly at his chest and the other attacking his face.

The male coach could not tell which move was real and which was fake. The mole coach stood there, frowning, asking, "Moy I ask, where did you learn?"

"From my family." Emmeline smiled. "It's just the skill for self-protecting."

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The mole coach could not tell which move was real and which was fake. The male coach stood there, frowning, asking, "May I ask, where did you learn?"

Every move seemed real, and every move seemed fake.

Ultimately, he decided to defend against the one targeting his chest.

But little did he know that Emmeline's moves were real, and the palm aimed at his chest landed a direct hit.

While the male coach was in pain, he also faced a slap.

The male coach could not afford to be slapped in the face, so he hurriedly tried to defend himself but did not expect Emmeline's solid palm to turn into an empty palm.

His palm extended and contracted, flashing before the male coach's eyes, and then he was kicked.

"Thud!"

The male coach flew two to three meters away and fell on his back.

The female coach fell on her stomach while he fell on his back.

Regardless of how they fell, they both lost the battle.

Emmeline won two consecutive matches, leaving the students and members who were watching dumbfounded.

Cheers followed.

Another male coach felt embarrassed and walked over with big strides.

He repeatedly and aggressively said to Emmeline, "Please accept my challenge."

Before Emmeline could speak, Abel stood in front of her.

He said to the burly male coach, "She is tired. Let me accept your challenge."

The male coach hesitated. He wanted to challenge Emmeline to regain the gym's reputation.

He did not expect to challenge this handsome man.

"What's wrong, scared?" Abel sneered, "Or are you guys only picking on women?"

The male coach clenched his fists and said, "Then please!"

Abel said to Emmeline, "Take some rest, honey. I will warm up first."

"Alright," Emmeline smiled, "After you warm up, you can play with me later!"

"Okay!" Abel nodded with his eyes full of affection.

"Be careful." Emmeline smiled and warned him.

Abel fist-bumped the male coach and said, "Please!"

Both of them were straightforward people, and they started fighting in the blink of an eye.

After a dozen rounds, Abel had the upper hand.

Emmeline could tell that he was using really powerful skills.

His movements were fierce, decisive, and every move could be lethal.

The male coach did not expect the women to be formidable, but this man was even more powerful.

It seemed that today, their coaching team had to admit defeat.

Sure enough, Abel swiftly defeated the male coach in just over thirty moves and knocked him to the ground.

Emmeline clapped and jumped up, "Hubby, you're so handsome!"

Abel came back and put on his slippers.

"Hubby, you look so handsome!" Emmeline admired, "It's the first time I've seen you fight like this!"

"You surprised me too." Abel pinched her nose, "Husband won't dare to provoke you anymore!"

"You are better than me." Emmeline smiled, "I'm willing to admit defeat!"

The male coach clasped his fists and said, "Then please!"

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[Chapter 1126 Let's Fight Again](#)

"You're being modest." Abel said, "The martial arts of the Adelman family are really powerful."

"You two admire each other so much!" A deep and powerful voice came from the side.

Abel and Emmeline turned their heads and saw Tony coming over after changing his clothes.

"What a surprise." Tony said, "Your skills are very impressive."

"Thank you for your compliment." Emmeline smiled and said, "I'm just showing off my skills. Please don't laugh at me."

"You're too modest." Tony said, "I've seen both of the coaches being defeated by you. Honestly, I don't think I can match up to you."

"You are being humble." Emmeline said, "You have a martial arts background."

"Cut the crap." Abel chuckled, "Let's fight again to see who's more powerful!"

"Alright!" Tony said, "Let's go to the training room in front. It's quiet there."

Tony led the way while Abel and Emmeline walked behind, holding hands.

They arrived at a corridor with training rooms on both sides.

Tony told Abel, "These training rooms were added last year, specifically for high-end clients. Each room is equipped with a professional training coach."

"I don't need a coach today," Abel smiled, "I want to see how much you've improved in the past five years."

"It's been five years." Tony laughed, saying, "You should look at me with new eyes."

"Hope so!" Abel said, "Show me."

The two of them spoke and laughed as they followed behind Emmeline, entering the innermost training room.

"This is the largest one." Tony opened the door and said, "Please, both of you."

Abel held Emmeline's hand and walked in.

The training room was enclosed, about 100 square meters, with bright and soft lighting.

On the left side of the entrance was a tatami-like wooden platform covered with a carpet, a tea table in the middle and two square cushions on each side.

On the right side of the door was a spacious bathroom, suitable for bathing and changing clothes.

The training area was large, covered with thick and soft plastic flooring.

The environment was quiet, making it easy for people to settle down.

The three of them sat down at the tea table, and Tony personally brewed tea, pouring a cup for Abel, Emmeline, and himself.

After drinking only two cups of tea, Tony told Abel, "I can't fight with your wife. I can't perform normally when facing her. How about the two of us fight?"

"I'm waiting." Abel said, "Cut the crap. Let's fight."

They got up together, removed their slippers, and entered the training area.

Emmeline sat at the tea table, pouring and drinking tea, watching the battle between the two men.

The two men took a fighting stance.

Facing each other at a distance of only five or six steps, they could feel each other's strong aura.

Both men were tall and had strong and upright figures.

Standing there in white training suits, the scent of male hormones made people's hearts race.

Emmeline looked at the two men, watching two lions confronting each other on the grassland.

But no matter how she looked at it, her husband was like the king of lions.

Although Tony was also domineering, his aura was weaker in front of Abel.

The two began to compete.

Both used direct and forceful moves, punches and kicks, creating a dazzling display.

Emmeline shouted, "Great!"

She shouted for both of them.

However, before the word "great" could even be fully uttered, Tony took a kick from Abel and quickly took two steps back.

Abel beckoned with his right palm, signaling Tony to continue.

Tony let out a low roar and pounced forward again.

The two engaged in another intense battle.

Tony was hit again in just a dozen seconds, causing him to lose balance twice.

He stood firm on the plastic mat beneath his feet and charged forward again.

This time, Abel hardly gave him any chance to counterattack. His long punches and swift kicks were relentless, forcing Tony to retreat repeatedly.

At this moment, the outcome was already clear.

Abel's cold and empty move almost caused Tony to fall, but he managed to stabilize himself.

"Do you admit defeat?" Abel sneered, "If you don't, let's continue!"

[Chapter 1127 Can't Wait to Take Down My Husband](#)

"Ok." Tony panted, "You win."

"Good." Abel smiled, "But I must admit, you've improved a lot compared to five years ago!"

"You are more powerful." Tony said, "Luckily, I'm not your enemy. Otherwise, every move of yours would kill me!"

"I'm used to it." Abel said, "During the intensive training period, it was either kill or be killed. Sometimes life and death are decided instantly, so I can't afford to be careless."

"I admit defeat." Tony said, clasping his fists, "I practice boxing purely for the love of it and to stay fit. You fight for your life, our motivations are different, so I'm already a loser."

"Stop talking." Emmeline called them, "Come over and have tea. We can chat while we drink."

The two men walked towards the tea table.

They had just sat down and had a cup of tea when Tony's phone rang.

He picked up and made a few calls, then hung up and said to Abel and Emmeline, "You can continue playing. I have something to do and will be back soon."

"Go ahead." Abel nodded. "Don't worry about us."

Tony said, "I'll invite you to dinner. Please give me a chance."

Abel glanced at Emmeline and asked softly, "Emma, what do you think?"

Emmeline nodded and smiled, her pink lips curved, "Whatever you decide, I'll follow."

"Then you get the chance." Abel said to Tony, "My wife agreed."

"Alright," Tony said, "I'll come over later. You guys continue playing."

"Okay," Abel nodded.

Tony nodded at Emmeline and left.

"Would you like me to practice with me for a few rounds, my dear?" Abel looked at Emmeline and said, "If you're unhappy, you can take it out on me, use me as a punching bag and vent your frustrations."

"I'm not unhappy." Emmeline blinked her peach blossom eyes and smiled, "Besides, if I vent on you, my heart will be broken."

Abel raised his hand and touched her cheek, speaking warmly, "You're making my heart itch with your words."

"Don't talk nonsense." Emmeline held his hand and said, "Get up and fight with me. I can't wait."

"Alright, I will play with you for a while!"

The two held hands and entered the middle of the training ground, then separated and stood face to face.

Before they were ready, Abel suddenly laughed.

Curiously, Emmeline asked, "What's so funny? Am I that amusing?"

Abel squinted his starry eyes at her and said, "You look so serious. Am I your imaginary enemy?"

"You better take me seriously." Emmeline raised her chin and said, "Don't let me knock you down and embarrass you."

"That's true." Abel nodded, holding back his laughter, "My wife is extraordinary. I must be prepared. Otherwise, if you knock me down, it would be embarrassing!"

"Stop talking nonsense!" Emmeline made the ready posture, "Make your move!"

"We can't just fight like this?" Abel said, "Shouldn't there be some rules for the competition?"

Emmeline stopped, her black eyes shining. "What's your idea? Speak up quickly."

"Look at you." Abel laughed, saying, "Are you so eager to take down your husband?"

The speaker said one thing, but the listener heard the other thing.

Emmeline thought immediately about how Abel would feel if she were to defeat him.

She did not intimidate him. Instead, the two became entangled and fell to the ground, with her on top of

him.

Her cheeks turned red involuntarily. She pouted and said, "Let's see what tricks you can develop."

"Here's the deal." Abel said, "If you lose, you have to agree to one condition of mine."

"What condition?" Emmeline raised an eyebrow and said, "I'm not afraid of you. Tell me!"

Abel extended his right hand towards her, his pleasant voice leaving no room for refusal, "Come here."

Emmeline looked at him suspiciously, tilting her head and asking, "Why should I come over?"

"Just come over, then I'll tell you." Abel smiled, "You just said you're not afraid. Why are you backing off now?"

[Chapter 1128 Don't You Want to Manipulate Me?](#)

How could Emmeline back off?

She hesitantly placed her hand into Abel's palm.

Emmeline fell into Abel's embrace after he tightened his hold on her hand.

"Don't play tricks." Emmeline propped herself against his chest, "Tell me your conditions quickly."

Abel lowered his head and whispered in her ear, his voice hoarse, "If I win, I won't use protection anymore, and you'll give birth to a daughter for me, no, several daughters."

Emmeline's cheeks instantly turned red. She never expected his conditions to be like this.

She tried to push him away but could not move him.

Abel held her tightly, almost trying to rub her into his bones.

Emmeline lowered her head and softly complained, "I knew you weren't serious."

"How am I not serious?"

Abel's ambiguous breath blew on the back of her neck.

"Is it considered not serious for a husband to want to have a child with his wife?"

Emmeline buried her face in his arms and whispered, "If you win, I'll do whatever you want."

"Did you say that?"

Abel exuded a hormone-filled scent that made people's hearts race.

"If I win, I won't use protection tonight. You have to agree, and you're not allowed to beg for mercy."

Emmeline's cheeks were very hot. She asked in a low voice, "What if I win?"

"Deal." Abel whispered warmly in her ear, "As you wish."

Emmeline raised her hand and punched him, saying, "No matter how you put it, you will benefit."

"Haha." Abel chuckled, "Don't you want to manipulate me?"

Could someone teach her another way to manipulate him?"

Emmeline said, "I don't want to manipulate you!"

Emmeline looked at him and said, "If you lose, you have to wear three condoms, on one less!"

Abel was dumbfounded.

"Babe, that's too harsh. Can you even feel anything with three condoms? Even if I agree, can you?"

Emmeline did not look at his deep, bottomless black eyes and quickly lowered her head, her long lashes fluttering rapidly.

She thought about it again.

With three condoms, she could not feel anything anymore. It was like going through the motions without any pleasure, and she was disadvantaged.

She raised her fist and pounded twice on Abel's shoulder, scolding in a low voice, "One condom then. Whether to have a daughter or not, I have the final say!"

Abel smiled and indulgently said, "Alright, to have a daughter as soon as possible. I will fight with all my strength!"

"Then tell me, what will be considered a loser?" Emmeline asked, looking up at him with a blushing face.

The charming and shy appearance made Abel's heart skip a beat.

"Whoever falls to the ground first will lose." Abel said, "We'll stop when one of us falls."

"Alright!" Emmeline pushed him away, took a stance, and said with a domineering tone, "Come on!"

"I'll not fight back for the first three moves." Abel stepped back and smiled, "I can't bully my wife."

"Accepted." Emmeline raised an eyebrow, "I'm not that fragile, but I don't regret it!"

"Taking care of my wife is my duty. How could I regret it?" Abel replied.

"Bring it on!" With lightning speed, Emmeline took a deep breath and made three consecutive palm strikes.

Abel put his hands behind his back, moving left to right to avoid each attack.

After three moves, Emmeline's palms did not even touch him, and he began to strike back.

Of course, he still held back a bit.

After all, she was his precious wife, and he would do anything to make her happy. He could not afford to hurt her.

Abel was using dilatory tactics.

He took every move, focusing more on defense than offense.

And his defense was clearly at a high level.

Emmeline could not hurt him, no matter how hard she tried.

A woman's stamina was limited, only lasting about half an hour. Emmeline was already panting and sweating profusely.

But Abel remained calm and composed, as steady as a mountain. His handsome face smiled gently with affection.

Emmeline looked at him, feeling touched in her heart.

[Chapter 1129 Believe It or Not, I'll Do It on the Spot](#)

However, Emmeline also realized her husband's skills were much higher than hers.

Looking at the current situation, she would be at a disadvantage as long as he seriously attacked a few moves.

She did not want to lose.

She did not want him to stop using protection in bed.

It would be easy to get pregnant that way.

Although she also wanted a daughter, it was not the right time.

She did not want a baby to hold her up because she intended to play for at least another year or two.

After all, she was only twenty-three years old and not in a hurry to be pregnant for the second time.

Thinking of this, Emmeline became even more determined to win.

But if they continued fighting like this, she was destined to lose.

Deception had been a useful strategy in warfare. Emmeline frowned and came up with a plan.

She feigned a punch and stepped back, saying, "No, I'm exhausted. Let me catch my breath first."

Abel stopped his attack and said, "Alright, take a break then."

"I'm also thirsty." Emmeline said, "Go and bring me a cup of tea."

Abel felt sorry for his beloved wife and nodded, "Wait here."

He turned around and walked towards the tea table.

Seizing the opportunity, Emmeline swiftly attacked with a sweeping leg, targeting Abel's lower body.

Abel was completely focused on his wife and never expected her sudden attack.

Caught off guard, Abel stumbled and was about to fall.

But he was very experienced and powerful. Just as he was about to fall, he supported himself with his palm on the ground and bounced back up.

Emmeline lost her balance and fell backwards.

Abel hooked his foot and supported Emmeline's body, gently landing her on the ground.

Then he pounced on her, holding her wrists and pressing her beneath him.

"Still trying to trick me?" Abel laughed above her head, "Such petty tricks."

"How did you do that?" Emmeline complained, "I didn't even see it, and I fell alone."

"If I don't have the skills, how can I protect you?" Abel sneered, "If you continue to play tricks with me, I'll do it here since there are no condoms!"

Emmeline was speechless.

Emmeline felt both embarrassed and anxious. Suddenly, she lifted her leg and wrapped it around Abel's waist, trying to flip him over.

Abel hugged her tightly and rolled on the plastic floor. Emmeline was still underneath him.

"Not giving up?"

He held her wrists with one hand and supported the back of her head with the other, lowering his head to kiss her without force.

He devoured her soft lips in an instant, taking her breath.

"Mmm! Mmm!"

The domineering and scorching kiss grew deeper as she struggled. In a moment, Emmeline became weak and limp beneath him.

"Emma." Abel showed his sexual desire, his breathing becoming heavy.

"Don't." Emmeline said hoarsely, "We're in the boxing gym."

"I know." Abel whispered in her ear, biting her earlobe, "Wait until we get back to the hotel."

Suddenly, the training room door was pushed open, and Tony stepped in.

The scene in front of him immediately startled him.

After three seconds of being stunned, he said, "You guys continue, continue!"

He quickly retreated and closed the door again.

Emmeline was so embarrassed that she wished she could find a hole to hide in.

She dared not move underneath Abel.

However, Abel seemed unfazed.

Tony was his good brother, so it did not matter if he saw them.

That was why he had no intention of stopping.

They kissed for a long time. He even wanted to tear off Emmeline's clothes and go further several times.

But they were not at the right place, and he did not want to embarrass Emmeline.

He had to restrain his strong desire and took a deep breath as he got up.

Then he held her soft body in his arms and walked to the tea table, where he sat down.

Placing her on his lap, he embraced her and fed her a few sips of warm tea.

Emmeline curled lazily in his broad, warm embrace, not wanting to move.

Her man gave her a sense of safety and reliance.

Lying in his arms, she felt like she could ignore everything, even if the sky were to fall.

[Chapter 1130 This Man Is No Longer Mine](#)

The two of them sat on the cushion and lingered for a while before getting up and preparing to leave.

They could not keep Tony waiting for too long.

They walked through the corridor and returned to the changing room, where they each took a shower and changed their clothes.

After about twenty minutes, Emmeline came out, looking neat and tidy.

Abel and Tony were already sitting on the sofa in the front hall, smoking and chatting.

"You are ready." Tony asked when he saw Emmeline, "Shall we go eat?"

Emmeline then looked at Abel.

Abel reached his hand towards her, nodding as he said, "Come here."

Emmeline walked over to him.

Abel held her small hand and made her sit beside him, softly asking, "Are you tired?"

A slight blush appeared on Emmeline's cheeks as she shook her head and softly replied, "Not tired."

"What do you want to eat?" Abel asked again.

"It's already evening." Emmeline said, "Something lighter would be better."

"Then let's go eat Cantonese cuisine." Tony said, "Is that okay with you, Miss?"

"I quite like Cantonese cuisine." Emmeline nodded.

She would generally not be picky if the food was not too strong in flavor.

Thirty minutes later, the three arrived at the Fortune Tower.

It was the best restaurant in the city and always packed with customers.

Fortunately, Tony had called ahead to reserve a table. Otherwise, they would have arrived and found no seats available.

Tony had reserved a table in the main hall, in a relatively secluded corner, which appeared to be quiet.

As they walked through the aisle, they still attracted much attention.

Emmeline was young and beautiful, and Abel and Tony were also extremely tall and handsome.

Especially, Abel's cold and handsome face appeared even more three-dimensional and profound under the lights, making many women lose their appetite.

Some people recognized him as the CEO of the Ryker Group, but most people did not know who he was.

His handsome face attracted them.

Sonia was one of them.

She felt bored in the hospital but finally got the attending physician's approval to go outside in a wheelchair and get some fresh air.

She came to eat Cantonese cuisine with a few friends.

Coincidentally, she saw Abel there.

She sat far away.

But the distance made it more convenient for her to peep at that domineering man.

Yes, Sonia was peeping greedily.

For more than five years, every time she thought of Abel, her heart still flipped.

Now, seeing him with her own eyes, she could not control her excitement any more.

Why did he have to be so handsome?

She would not be so obsessed with him if he were a little less attractive.

Sonia was dying to win her heart.

Unfortunately, this man did not belong to her.

Emmeline was by his side.

As she watched him embrace and care for Emmeline, her heart shattered.

It should have been Sonia experiencing the tenderness and care from Abel.

Emmeline took her place only because she shamelessly used her manipulative tactics to become pregnant with Abel's child.

Hmph, just thinking about it made Sonia angry!

"Sonia." Sonia's best friend followed her gaze and saw Abel, whispering, "Isn't that your ex-boyfriend?"

"He's not my ex-boyfriend." Sonia said, "If it wasn't for that bitch interfering, he would be my current husband!"

"You mean you broke up with him because of that woman beside him?" Her friend sneered, "Shame on these mistresses."

"I wish I could tear her apart!" Sonia gritted her teeth and said, "Don't you see I'm still in a wheelchair? It's all because of that bitch!"

"So you were injured while racing with her?" her best friend asked, "Do you want us to teach her a lesson?"

"Abel is there," Sonia raised her chin, "I can't let him look down on me."

She knew it very well.

In front of Abel, not only could she not do anything to Emmeline, but she might also end up suffering.

He would protect his wife!

But how did he treat her in the past?

In the end, it was all because Emmeline stepped between them!

Abel protected his child so that he would protect the child's mother!

If it was her, Sonia, who had given birth to his child, would Abel still protect Emmeline?

"What should we do then?" her best friend was worried for Sonia, "We can't just watch you suffer like this!"