

## **Are Mine 1141**

### [Chapter 1141 Can You Be More Serious?](#)

"Well, what do you look like then?" Emmeline teased, snuggling in his arms, "Spicy strips?"

Abel frowned.

"Can you come up with a better comparison? How did I become spicy strips? Have you ever seen spicy strips that are so hard and strong?"

After a two-second pause, Emmeline's cheeks turned red in an instant.

"Abel, you're so dirty! Can't you be more serious?"

"You're the one leading me to say it."

Abel pursed his thin lips, pretending to be wronged. "You led me into this, and now you blame me for not being serious!"

"Fine, I can't argue with you." Emmeline pinched him. "Your brain is mushy!"

Abel burst into laughter. He just liked to tease his beloved wife.

He reached out his long arm and spun Emmeline around twice.

"Ah! I'm dizzy!" Emmeline exclaimed in his arms.

The handsome man and beautiful woman, flirting and teasing each other, attracted many envious glances.

Luca sat under a parasol in the distance, wearing sunglasses.

He enjoyed watching them having fun.

In his mind, he started fantasizing about how great it would be if he brought Sam.

Like Abel and Emmeline, we could also have a romantic time with Sam.

And the fun would be even more exciting!

After showering at the hotel, Abel asked Emmeline, "What do you want to eat?"

Emmeline replied, "Chicken soup. I used to eat it often on Adelmars Island, and I'm starting to miss it."

"Okay," Abel said, "It's one of the top ten famous soups in the world, a must-try in Dracovia."

"And apple crumble." Emmeline licked her lips, "And canele."

"Then let's go to the commercial street." Abel said, "We can find all of these there."

They took a taxi to the commercial street and found a local restaurant.

They ordered a whole table full of dishes.

Emmeline tasted the chicken with a spoon and nodded repeatedly, saying, "Indeed, this soup is good."

It's fragrant, but I still prefer the taste made in Adelmarr Island."

Abel asked, "What's the difference?"

"It might be the shrimp," Emmeline replied. "The sea area here differs from Adelmarr Island, so the shrimp taste is also different. And the fragrant taro leaves, the taste here is more intense."

"I never noticed before. You're such a foodie!"

Abel indulgently smiled and picked up a curry crab to put in her small bowl.

"I'm not a foodie." Emmeline rolled her eyes. "I just like to study food."

"Aren't you supposed to study herbs?" Abel teased her. "Did the Wonder Doctor become a Wonder Chef?"

"Many herbs can be used in soups and dishes!" Emmeline said. "Food is medicinal. Do you understand?"

"That makes sense." Abel nodded. "Many ingredients and seasonings are herbs."

"You haven't ordered any alcohol yet." Emmeline realized, "Do you want to have some?"

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"No, thank you," Abel said. "I still have to be your bodyguard. Drinking alcohol would be a distraction."

"You make it sound like I'm weak." Emmeline pouted.

Did he forget about her martial arts skills?

"How about we go to a boxing gym later?" Abel asked.

"Why?" Emmeline raised an eyebrow, "To challenge someone? You still want to leave Dracovia, right?"

"I just wanted to take you out for fun," Abel said. "Going to a gym could be an option too!"

"Forget it." Emmeline said, eating her green papaya salad, "I still want to see my elephant prince!"

"Okay, I'll listen to you." As he served her food, Abel said, "Eat more so we can play for longer in the afternoon."

After finishing lunch, it was only a little past 1.00 pm.

The two of them went back to the hotel to rest for a while. At 3.00 pm, they drove to the Elephant Village.

Emmeline was joyful and excited, behaving like a child.

She imagined herself riding on the back of a tall elephant, like a tribal princess crossing through the jungle.

On the other hand, Abel rode on an elephant next to her, like a tribal prince protecting the princess.

Oh, it felt like a beautiful dream.

## [Chapter 1142 Someone Was Abusing Elephant](#)

However, as they got closer to the elephant village, they saw several groups of tourists riding elephants back and forth along the way.

Emmeline was anxious.

She frowned, and a faint worry appeared on her face.

"Honey." she said to Abel, "The elephants look so pitiful. They are all emaciated and have wounds on their bodies. Are they regularly abused?"

"I think so!" Abel frowned deeply.

The elephants passing by were covered in deep hook marks.

Some elephants had blood oozing from their foot pads as they struggled to carry the tourists.

Emmeline felt a sourness, and tears were about to fall.

She was not a saint but could not stand watching animals suffer.

Animals cannot speak and have no ability to fight back, allowing cruel humans to abuse them.

Just thinking about it made her heart ache.

After a while, the car entered the elephant village with more elephants.

There were also more vendors soliciting tourists to ride elephants.

Emmeline and Abel got out of the car and followed the crowd inside.

"Ah!" Suddenly, a piercing cry of a young elephant came from not far away.

Emmeline's heart trembled, and she frowned.

Abel felt her hand clenched in his palm and asked in a low voice, "What's going on, Emma?"

"Can you hear the elephant crying?" Emmeline's eyes welled up with tears, "It sounds like it's in a lot of pain."

"Maybe we should go back."

Abel was afraid that if Emmeline saw the cruel scenes, she would be sad and traumatized.

"I want to go see that elephant," Emmeline said. "It's not being abused, is it?"

Abel hesitated for a moment and nodded. "Well, alright then."

"Ouch!" The elephant's agonizing cry echoed again.

The nearby tourists also expressed sympathy and distress upon hearing it.

"Is someone abusing the elephant?"

"Is this elephant being trained?"

"It sounded very cruel."

Emmeline was increasingly worried.

The small hand clenched in Abel's palm was also sweaty.

Abel knew what the baby elephant was going through.

After five years of special training, he had witnessed such scenes in the jungle tribe.

In front of the elephant park, the villagers had imprisoned a baby elephant for training.

The elephant trainers' iron hooks to beat the baby elephant probably caused its agonizing cries just now.

Usually, the villagers start training the elephants from a young age.

And indeed, it involves a series of cruel acts.

The baby elephants were taken away from their mothers when they were young and forced to separate from them.

They were kept in a very small cage, only able to stand and unable to move freely.

The elephant trainers would use sharp spears to stab them to eliminate their wildness.

At the same time, they were only given very little food and water.

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After enduring physical and mental torture for a long time, the elephant trainers would finally feed the baby elephants.

And then, they would ride on their backs, training them to perform specific actions.

The baby elephants could only submit to the trainers to obtain food and prevent elephant hook pokes.

Abel did not want to bring Emmeline over, afraid she would not be able to see it.

But he also thought that maybe he could help the poor baby elephant.

They crossed through the jungle and entered the elephant park, and finally, they saw the baby elephant.

Indeed, just as Abel had anticipated.

And even more cruelly, not far from the baby elephant, a mother elephant knelt on the ground, seemingly pleading with the mahout to spare her child.

The mother elephant whimpered softly, her massive and emaciated body trembling.

Her heart was convulsing in pain.

Meanwhile, the elephant trainers held a stick with an iron-tipped hook and once again jabbed it into the baby elephant.

"Ah!"

As the baby elephant uttered a piercing scream, the mother elephant wailed and banged her head on the ground.

Tears welled up in Emmeline's eyes.

Just as Abel was about to embrace her, Emmeline scolded the elephant trainers, "Stop! Don't treat it like this!"

#### [Chapter 1143 I'll Buy This Elephant Park](#)

The elephant trainer glanced at Emmeline.

He remained expressionless and did not react.

Just as he was about to go and torment the trembling little elephant again, Abel rushed over and snatched the bullhook from his hand.

It was the kind of sharp tool called bullhook by the locals.

"Don't interfere with my work!" the elephant trainer said angrily.

"I'm telling you!" Abel said in a low and cold voice, "Don't you think this is cruel? This elephant is still a child!"

"It's their fate." the elephant trainer said disdainfully, "They are destined to endure this. We live on them."

Abel said, "You can develop other projects instead of this dark industry! You can't get rich by abusing them."

Emmeline tenderly hugged the little elephant and stroked its head.

Soft hairs were still on its forehead, just like an innocent human baby.

Emmeline's gentle touch seemed to make the little elephant feel the care of a mother.

It made purring sounds from its nose as if complaining and whimpering in distress.

"You're safe now. I won't let them bully you anymore or your mother."

Her hand unintentionally touched the elephant's bloody neck wound from the elephant hook.

The little elephant winced in pain, breaking Emmeline's heart.

"This is our business." The elephant trainer said unfriendly, "You two, leave now!"

"Not just these two elephants." Emmeline said, "I'm buying them. Give me a price!"

"Not just these two elephants." Abel said, "But this entire elephant park, I'm buying it!"

The elephant trainer was stunned momentarily, then sneered and said, "I don't have time to listen to your nonsense! Get out of here!"

"Do I look like I'm joking with you?" Abel said coldly, "I want to talk to your boss."

"How would I know you're not just making things up?" The elephant trainer said, "My boss doesn't joke with me!"

"Because of this!"

Abel suddenly leaned in, and something under his coat pressed against the elephant trainer's waist.

He said in a low voice, "I can kill you with one shot or ensure a worry-free life for you in the future.

Which one do you choose?"

A gun?

The elephant trainer's face turned pale, and he dropped the bullhook and raised his hands.

"Sir, I know you're serious. Please don't shoot me. I'll call my boss right away!"

"You are learning fast." Abel flicked his wrist and put the gun back into his pocket.

There was a rumor online about taking out one's kidney in Dracovia. It seems that even the locals feared them.

"How should I explain this to the boss?" The elephant trainer nervously asked, "How much are you willing to pay?"

"The price should be more than three times the value of all the elephants in the elephant park." Abel said, "I don't want to force you to sell."

"More than three times?" The elephant trainer was shocked.

"Sir, can it be four times? I will keep one-fourth for myself, and I can take care of elephants for you for the rest of my life!"

The elephant trainer knew how to seize an opportunity.

Abel carefully examined the elephant trainer in front of him.

"Sir, please rest assured." The elephant trainer hurriedly said, "I promise not to mistreat them anymore. I will take good care of them! And I know them very well. I am the most suitable candidate!"

"Alright then." Abel nodded. "Ask your former owner to come over, and let's talk."

"Yes, yes! Master! Madam!" The elephant trainer nodded eagerly and took out his phone to make a call.

"The price is three times the entire elephant park?" The person on the other end exclaimed excitedly, "And there are seventeen elephants? I'm going to make a fortune!"

"Come quickly." the elephant trainer said, "I'll have them wait here."

Forty minutes later, the owner of the elephant park arrived, a greasy middle-aged man.

He wore a traditional white stand-up collar shirt with large gold chains around his wrists and neck.

The gold chains were so thick that it was hard to tell if they were real or fake.

## [Chapter 1144 We Are Not Saviors](#)

They sat down around the wooden table under the tree. After the price was settled, they signed a handwritten contract.

The middle-aged man was giddy and excited.

He was going to make a fortune today!

He felt beyond blessed as he was able to make a fortune after praying to the Gods yesterday!

He gave Abel his bank account number. Abel transferred him six million dollars.

“From now on, this elephant sanctuary belongs to me.”

Abel was very cold, “You will never step into this place without my permission!”

“Naturally! I will disappear out of your sight now!”

The middle-aged man stood up and bowed at Abel before leaving hastily as if he was afraid of Abel revoking the contract.

The elephant trainer stared at the back of his former opener and said to Abel, “My new master, what about me?”

“I would leave you out,” Abel said, “Sign a contract with me and look after this elephant sanctuary for me. I will reimburse you additional payments every month.”

“Alright, deal!” The elephant trainer nodded fervently, “I won’t need to worry about losing my job anymore.”

“However, there’s one outstanding issue here,” Emmeline said, “You need to help me rescue those elephants who have been tortured. I will pay for it. For the elephants that meet the criteria for surviving on their own in the wild, you will release them back to nature.”

“Alright!” The elephant trainer nodded, “I will definitely get it done. Don’t worry, Mrs. Ryker!”

“We won’t turn a blind eye to this elephant sanctuary,” Emmeline explained, “There will be someone who will tell you what you need to do!”

“Roger, Mrs. Ryker,” He nodded, “I will fulfill my duty.”

“What about starting with releasing the little elephant?” Emmeline said.

The elephant trainer quickly went to the cage and unlocked it.

The little elephant finally regained its freedom. It was trumpeting, seemingly looking for its mother.

A female elephant stood up from the ground and wrapped its long trunk around it. There were signs of tears in its eyes.

The female elephant let out a long, winding trumpet as if it was thanking Abel and Emmeline.

The little elephant joined in the symphony.

Emmeline could not hold back her tears anymore.

Even Abel, who was always cold and distant, felt that his eyes were getting wet.

It was already five in the evening when they left the sanctuary.

Abel brought Emmeline to a tropical fruit garden to fully embrace Dracovia's culture.

They gazed at the setting sun and the orange-dyed sky before setting out to eat some grilled food by the beach.

After their meal, it was seven at night.

They held hands and strolled back to the hotel.

"Tell me a joke," Emmeline suddenly said to Abel, "I feel stuffy right now."

"Are you still thinking about those elephants?" Abel asked.

"Yeah," Emmeline's face turned gloomy, "We can only save some of them, not all. I feel sad whenever I think of how powerless I am."

"We are not saviors," Abel lamented, "There is too much unfairness in the world. We can only change what we are capable of, one step at a time. We have to leave the other things to the flow of time and fate."

"You are right," Emmeline said, "Our individual powers are really so tiny. We can only change so much, and it might not even matter."

"The most we can do is to harbor goodwill and not turn to evil," Abel consoled her, "We can't save every single suffering being in this world."

"I know, I know," Emmeline muttered, "That's why I feel so depressed."

"What about a joke?" Abel held her hand tighter, "You should feel better after this."

"Do you know how to crack jokes at all?" Emmeline tilted her head at him, "I thought you are always dead serious even if you are not at work!"

"Don't look down on me," Abel rubbed her head, "It's not like I have a stony heart!"

"You really don't smile that much, do you?" Emmeline wondered.

However, she had to admit that Abel was smiling more often the more time they spent together.

He would never know how good he looked with that wide grin on his face!

"Should I begin my joke?" Abel began.

"Yeah," Emmeline nodded, "I'm all ears."

[Chapter 1145 Jokes And Brain Twisters](#)



“There were three men who were caught by the head of a tribe. One of them was a resident of Struyria, one of them was from Magnolia while the remaining one was from Ragnora.”

“The head of the tribe said that all three of them had to be hit by a bat a hundred times if they wanted to leave. Or else, they would have to stay in the tribe as slaves.”

“All three of them agreed to be hit because they did not want to be slaves. The head of the tribe told them that before they were hit, they could all make a request. However, their requests had to be different.”

“The one from Magnolia was very arrogant. He did not ask for anything at all as he received one hundred hits. Although he was badly injured, he regained his freedom.”

“When it was time for the one from Ragnora to receive his punishment, he asked for a cushion to be placed on his butt.”

“In the end, the one from Ragnora was not injured at all after getting batted one hundred times.”

“Finally, it was the Struyria resident’s turn. The Ragnora resident was looking at him smugly. Since he had already asked for a cushion, the Struyria resident could not request the same thing again.”

“Then, it’s bad for him, right?” Emmeline interrupted him with concern.

Abel continued, “The Struyria resident shot a snarky look at the Ragnora resident who thought he was so smart and told the head of the tribe to use the Ragnora resident as a cushion instead!”

He used a silly tone to say that last sentence, which cracked Emmeline up.

“Hahaha! Why did I not think of that? That Ragnora resident was toast then!”

Abel felt a great sense of achievement when he saw how happy his wife was.

“That’s all for my joke. What about you attempting one on your own?”

Emmeline thought about it and said instead, “What about some brain twisters?”

“That’s fine,” Abel replied, “Do you want to test my intelligence?”

“Then, hear me out,” Emmeline said, “There is a frog who suddenly can’t fly...”

“Wait a minute,” Abel frowned, “How can a frog fly in the first place?”

“That’s a good question, right?” Emmeline replied, “That’s because he has eaten a magical biscuit.”

“So the frog can fly now after eating that?” Abel thought that her answer was illogical.

However, Emmeline was trying her best to come up with a brain twister. He was not going to spoil that.

“That’s right,” Emmeline continued, “Then, a snake flies too. Why do you think the snake can fly now?”

“Did he eat the magical biscuit too?” Abel answered with uncertainty.

“Wrong!” Emmeline looked up at him, “That’s the wrong answer!”

“Why can’t a snake fly after eating the same magical biscuit that the frog has eaten?” Abel was not convinced at all.

Her words defied logic. Why could the snake not fly if the frog could?

“That’s because there’s only one magical biscuit,” Emmeline clarified, “Didn’t I tell you in the beginning? A magical biscuit. Singular.”

Abel snorted and pouted, “Okay, I will give you that. Tell me, then, why could the snake fly now?”

“That’s because the snake has eaten the frog who has eaten the magical biscuit!” Emmeline answered shamelessly, “Didn’t you think of that at all?”

Abel felt like he was getting fooled.

However, Emmeline was reasonable with her answer this time. Snakes ate frogs in reality too.

Abel thought that that was the end of it, but Emmeline continued, “Then, a hawk can fly too.”

“I know that now,” Abel cut her off, “The hawk eats the snake who has eaten the frog. So he too can fly now!”

“Wrong! Moron!” Emmeline jumped up to hit him on his head, “A hawk is a bird that can fly in the first place!”

Abel appeared speechless.

In fact, he knew that answer immediately.

He just wanted to lose on purpose so that Emmeline would be happy.

Emmeline began to ridicule him, “Abel, your brain is not that great it seems! I thought my husband was the most intelligent man in the world.”

“It seems that my wife is smarter than me, somehow. It’s my loss today!”

Abel launched into a fit of laughter as he hugged her and swirled around.

“Hey, be serious,” Emmeline patted his shoulder, “We are still on the streets.”

“What do I have to be afraid of?”

Abel did not let go. Instead, he raised her high and said, “It’s not illegal to hug my wife!”

#### [Chapter 1146 Getting Kidnapped In A Foreign Country](#)

“Don’t you embarrass Struyria,” Emmeline fumed with her blushed cheeks, “We need to keep up our appearances!”

“Yeah, you have a point!” Abel finally put her down.

After they walked for ten more minutes, they reached a street that had rows of shops.

It was bustling with people milling around.

Emmeline saw a neon sign across the street: Steamed Pandan Cake.

It was a famous eatery in Dracovia.

Emmeline had always wanted to try it but she never had the chance.

Now that they chanced upon a shop selling that, she could not miss her chance.

“What’s wrong?” Abel asked her.

He was holding a cigarette, but he did not light it up yet.

He simply smoked on it without lighting it up. It was just to alleviate his urge for smoking.

When he thought about their future babies, he thought it was best for him to completely quit smoking.

“Look at that,” Emmeline pointed at across the street, “It’s traditional steamed pandan cake.”

“Do you want to try it?”

“They said that it is very good. I want to try it.”

“Wait,” Abel suggested, “Let’s take it away. We can eat it for supper.”

“Alright,” Emmeline nodded, “I will wait for you here.”

There were no lanes designated for pedestrians, so he had to cross the road once the traffic died down a little.

With a brisk march, he was soon across the street.

It was a very small shop, and it seemed like there was only the owner and an assistant preparing the snacks.

They would pour in freshly stirred eggs into pandan leaves, and they would top it off with crab meat, mushrooms, and all sorts of condiments. Then, they grilled it on charcoal.

There were two people waiting in line already.

They seemed like a couple.

The Dracovian girl was studying Abel. She was blown away by his looks.

When the Dracovian guy saw that his girlfriend was checking Abel out like nobody’s business, he scolded her, “Why are you staring at him like that? Is he that handsome, even more so than me?”

The Dracovian girl shot a look at her boyfriend as if she was wordlessly saying, “You don’t say?”

The answer was even clearer than the sky.

However, the Dracovian girl still cherished her boyfriend as she giggled at him, “Of course, you’re much handsome.” Abel was only a stranger to her.

“Glad that you know that,” The boyfriend replied.

The two of them left with their food.

The Dracovian girl could not stop checking Abel out. She even turned around and got one last look at him.

His handsomeness transcended the borders of nations.

The shop could make five cakes at a time with the oven that they had.

The couple had bought two, so there were only three left.

“I want them all,” Abel said to the owner in Dracovian slang.

The owner told him the price as he packaged those three cakes.

Abel paid for it and the owner thanked him politely, “Come back again if you find it nice.”

“I will!” Abel replied, “Thanks.”

He turned around and was about to walk again but he saw that something was off with Emmeline.

Emmeline was in a fight with two men while he was buying the cakes. It was not even two minutes.

They were in an intense fight too.

The two men were no match for Emmeline.

However, another two men hopped off a van that was parked not far away. They were making their ways toward the fight scene.

One of them was carrying something that resembled a sack.

Abel had a bad feeling about this. He tossed the cakes and ran toward them.

There were many cars traversing the road, and they were sluggish.

So when he jumped in their ways, a few cars began honking at him out of rage.

Abel couldn't care less. He pushed the bonnet of the car with his hand to catapult himself forward over the blocking vehicles.

Then, he stepped on a few other cars to shorten his time in crossing the road.

However, it was already too late.

The man with the sack covered Emmeline's head while she was busy fighting.

Despite her ferociousness, she lost her compass as her sight was taken away by the sack covering her.

Then, the four men carried her up and ran toward the van.

“Emma!” Abel cried out in horror.

The van roared into life and drove off into the distance before he could catch up.

“Emma! Emma!” Abel continued to run after it despite this being a futile effort.

He could never outrun a van.

Also, where the hell was Luca right now? Wasn't he watching her from the shadows?

Why would he be missing in such a critical situation?

Luca sent him a message: Mr. Abel, I have a terrible stomachache. I can't even count how many times I've gone to the toilet just today alone.

He was in the toilet again.

Abel was panicking when he saw a motorcycle passing him.

He punched the motorcyclist without even thinking and rode the motorcycle. He then began to chase after the van.

"Hey, hey!" The motorcyclist stumbled onto the road and shouted, "It's a robbery!"

#### [Chapter 1147 Someone Must Be Behind This](#)

"Robbery!" The motorcyclist cried out.

However, Abel was gone in a second like the wind.

He rode the motorcycle and swerved through a few streets, and finally, the van in question came into his field of vision.

"Emma!"

Abel gunned the motorcycle to ramp up his speed.

The wind was so powerful that it was hard for him to even keep his eyes open.

The men in the van noticed him giving chase. They began to swerve left and right in order to identify a suitable route to go out of the city.

The traffic considerably decreased, and the roads were leading to more secluded areas.

"You damned imbeciles, stop the van!"

Abel was shouting in rage, but of course, the men in the van would not be able to hear him.

"If you even hurt my Emma, don't think that you can see the next sunrise again!"

Abel stepped on the gas pedal so hard that the motorcycle was veering forward with blinding speed. It was like a beast.

He was closing the distance between himself and the van.

It was a van that had no number plate.

Damn it!

He cursed silently. The perpetrator must have been planning this from the start.

Who would want to harm Emmeline?

They were even closer now, and Abel made one last push by stepping on the pedal the hardest that he could.

Smoke was billowing out of the bike right now, but he was able to successfully get in front of the van.

At the same time, Abel produced a gun from his pocket.

Bang! Bang!

He hit the front tires of the van.

The van could not steer straight anymore. It screeched to a stop by the road.

Abel got off the bike and shattered the window of the van with another bullet.

The windscreen shattered into pieces, which revealed the driver and the passenger who looked completely terrified.

They did not expect Abel to own a gun, and certainly they did not expect him to shoot at them in broad daylight!

Abel slipped into the car and pressed the muzzle of his gun on the head of the driver.

“Open the van door! Or I will kill you now!”

“Don’t kill me!”

The driver screamed out and his face had turned pale. He said in a Dracovian slang, “I am a hired mercenary! I don’t know the details!”

“Open the door now and get out!”

Abel’s eyes were bloodshot as he was consumed by a murderous intent. He was trying his best not to kill anyone right now.

The driver opened the van doors with a switch and rolled off the van by covering his head.

Abel kicked him in his head. The driver rolled to a stop on the road and went unconscious.

The man in the passenger seat frantically opened the door and was about to run when Abel shot at him without reservation.

The bullet pierced the man’s ankle, which sent him stumbling to the road.

Three more men jumped out from behind and rushed at Abel with metal bats in their hands.

Abel dodged the hits and shot twice.

One of them had their wrist shot and he yelled in pain, letting go of his bat.

With another two bullets, Abel made the remaining men kneel down on their knees. They were shot in their ankles and they were now immobilized.

He then pointed his gun at the last man behind who was not shot yet.

“Don’t shoot!” The man tossed his bat and shouted, “Don’t kill me!”

“Spill it!” Abel gnashed his teeth. His eyes were frosty, “Who is behind this?”

“No–Nobody is behind this? We are just perverts who lust over women!”

Abel immediately shot at the road around his legs.

With a spark, a deafening sound almost blew away the man in question.

“Don’t test my patience. Say it now!”

The man kneeled down and cried, “Someone gave us three million dollars to kill that lady in Dracovia!”

“Who?” Abel was beyond furious.

Someone was trying to kill his wife. His hunch had come true.

Was that person courting death?

“I really don’t know,” The man explained frantically, “We just accepted the payment and carried out the task.”

“Do you have a number?”

Abel’s eyes were overflowing with murderous aura. His knuckles had turned white as he suppressed his desire to just pull the trigger.

“I don’t have a number,” The man answered, “Just a memo and three million dollars in cash.”

Bang!

Abel did not exempt him from the pain. He shot the man’s wrist and ankle.

Blood began to splatter everywhere.

The man yelled like crazy as he rolled on the road. His consciousness was waning as blood began to form a small pool around him.

#### [Chapter 1148 Tell Him That I Want To See Him](#)

Abel finally kept his gun in his pocket. He said to the four men who were incapacitated, “I will leave you in your condition right now so that you can pass on the word to that bastard. From now on, I will be gunning for his life! You better remind him to watch his back at all times!”

The four men who were bloodied shivered in fear, “Yes! We will! Thanks for sparing us!”

“Get lost!” Abel roared.

Abel was not so sure that he would hold back on killing them by fishing out his gun again.

He had decided long ago that he would not kill senselessly!

The four men dragged their broken bodies up from the road and limped off.

Abel kept his gun properly and opened the van door.

He untied the sack and took it off from Emmeline. Emmeline's head stuck out.

Her face was reddish and there was sweat all over her face. Her hair was in a mess.

There was a cautious look in her eyes.

Abel carried her out of the sack and checked her body, "Emma, are you hurt?"

"No."

Emmeline shook her head while looking around her.

The driver who was unconscious was the only one lying on the ground.

The other men were gone, but there was blood on the tarmac.

Emmeline heard gunshots when she was in the sack. She knew that it was Abel who had done that.

"Where are they?" She asked him.

"They were gone like dogs," Abel replied faintly.

"Why did they try to kidnap me? I don't understand."

Emmeline was confused by the whole fiasco. Something was not right.

Abel hugged her tightly to prevent her from seeing through him.

He was almost certain the culprit behind this.

However, it was just conjecture. He had no proof.

That was why he decided not to say anything for now.

"They must be a bunch of perverts targeting you on a whim."

He did not want to add on to Emmeline's worries, so he tried to sound casual.

"Don't worry, you are fine now, my darling."

"They did that on a whim?" Emmeline looked up at him, "But they are locals."

Abel raised his brows and said, "Your beauty must have caught their eyes. That was why they began to have wicked ideas."

Emmeline cocked up her brows too, "Is that so?"

Abel patted her back and continued to console her, "That's what I think, but everything's fine now."

Emmeline hugged him back wordlessly. Although different questions were swirling in her mind, she decided not to ask now.



She knew that Abel would not let things slide easily if this was something serious.

More times than not, he was worried that she would feel stressed about such things. He just did not want her to be stressed. That was why he sometimes kept her in the dark.

She decided to trust him. Like he said, she should not worry about things that she did not comprehend.

The next day, they returned to Struyria.

After sending Emmeline back to the Precipice, Abel washed himself and went to the headquarters of the Ryker Group.

He summoned Luca into his office immediately when he arrived.

"Mr. Abel," Luca had a gloomy look, "It's my failure of carrying out my duty this time. I had a serious stomach ache. I am not going to make any excuses for myself."

"I am not blaming you," Abel looked distant and cold, "I have something else to ask you to do."

"Just tell me what to do," Luca replied hastily.

"Call Glenn on my behalf," Abel bellowed, "Tell him that I want to see him."

Luca understood the assignment.

He was Abel's closest bodyguard. His words were equal to Abel's words in more sense than one.

This was not a business call either. This call was personal.

Luca knew that Glenn would not dare to refuse him either.

The Ryker Group paid the most amount of taxes in Struyria. The conglomerate invested in many engineering and building projects around the city. It can be said that Glenn's illustrious career was partly backed by the Ryker Group's efforts.

"Roger, Mr. Abel," Luca replied.

"Tell him that I am meeting him at the First Suite in the Nimbus Hotel."

"Roger!"

"Call him now," Abel leaned on his chair lazily.

There was an endless darkness and coldness in his eyes.

Luca took out his phone and called Glenn's secretary, Stuart.

The moment Luca told Stuart that he was calling on Abel's behalf, there was a brief silence at the other end.

Then, there was a whisper, "Mayor Steiner wants to know the location for the meet-up."

[Chapter 1149 Stop Obsessing Over Emmeline, I'll Get Jealous](#)

Calmly, Luca replied, 'Nimbus Hotel, at five o'clock in the afternoon.'

In a hushed tone, the other party repeated, "Five o'clock in the afternoon, Nimbus Hotel."

"Alright," Luca acknowledged with a nod before ending the call.

Checking his watch, Abel noted it was 2.20 p.m., leaving over two hours until the appointed time. He decided to call Benjamin.

Not having seen Benjamin for several days, Abel was unaware of his friend's busy schedule.

Emmeline almost had an accident, but he chose not to disclose this to Benjamin.

If Benjamin were acquainted with Waylon, he would probably be aware of the situation.

Abel wondered if his mutuals nagging him would drive him crazy.

Benjamin answered the phone promptly, his deep and pleasant voice filling the line. "Abel?"

"Are you busy?" Abel inquired.

"No," Benjamin responded, "Just having some tea in the office."

"How about a game of golf?" Abel suggested, "It's been a while since we played together."

"Why did you think of me of me?" Benjamin asked while exhaling a smoke ring.

"Just had some free time," Abel casually replied, "Can't I miss you?"

"Sure," Benjamin agreed, "Come to Adelmars Golf Course, I'll be waiting."

"Alright," Abel confirmed, "See you in half an hour."

After hanging up, Abel headed to the lounge to change his clothes.

Within two minutes, he swapped into black sportswear and returned to find Luca waiting at the door.

Having just taken a pack of diarrhea medicine, Abel hoped it would not cause any inconvenient interruptions.

Upon receiving the notice, the driver went to the underground parking lot to change the car.

Abel and Luca took the elevator down to the ground floor and stepped out through the lobby.

The Rolls-Royce was already parked elegantly on the doorstep.

Luca assisted Abel in opening the car door, then sat in the passenger seat.

Under the dazzling sunlight, the Rolls-Royce smoothly departed from Ryker Square.

After half an hour, they arrived at the golf course behind the Adelmars Group.

Benjamin, dressed in white sportswear, was waiting for them under a sun umbrella.

Abel walked over, and Benjamin stood up to greet him.

One man dressed in black, the other in white—both were pure and handsome, each with their unique qualities, casting a pale shadow on the sun.

"Why didn't you bring Emmeline with you?" Benjamin looked at Abel with deep eyes.

"She's tired," Abel's thin lips curved slightly, "I just came back from Dracovia and enjoyed some peaceful rest amidst the white clouds."

"Sam updated me about Emmeline's brother," Benjamin handed a cigarette to Abel, "The health department asked if you've settled the matter."

Abel took the cigarette but didn't intend to smoke it.

"I have a lighter," Benjamin offered.

"I plan to quit," Abel declined, "I won't smoke anymore."

"What's the situation?" Benjamin narrowed his eyes.

"What do you think?" Abel replied with a smile, his deep eyes resembling a sea of stars in the night sky.

The corners of Benjamin's lips twitched as he looked up at the sky and sighed softly, "Envy and hate!"

"So don't delay, quickly put love, marriage, and having children on the agenda."

"You still haven't answered me," Benjamin changed the subject, "Regarding the Health Department matter."

"It's a minor issue," Abel replied with a light smile, "You used to take care of Emmeline's affairs, but now I handle them. Isn't that how it should be?"

"That's right," Benjamin smiled helplessly, "You are Emmeline's husband, and I have to step aside now."

"But don't you have Janie?" Abel redirected the conversation back to him, "Just focus on taking care of Janie and stop obsessing over Emmeline; I might get jealous."

"I'm sensible," Benjamin snorted lightly, "What's there to be jealous of?"

"You are my rival in Struyria," Abel said, "In short, I can't take it lightly."

"Just kidding," Benjamin glanced at him, "Emmeline sees me as an elder brother, even if I want to compete with you, it can only be in business."

"That makes sense," Abel looked around, "Why haven't you seen Janie for a long time?"

### [Chapter 1150 No Outsiders](#)

"It's in Glenbrook," Benjamin said, "I told her that I want to eat dumplings tonight, and she went back to prepare them."

"Haha," Abel chuckled, "Seems like the office romance is going quite well. So, when do we get to celebrate with a wedding toast?"

"Not just yet," Benjamin smiled, though a hint of helplessness flashed across his face, "I'll let you know when the time is right."

"Don't be coy," Abel teased, "If you like her, go after her wholeheartedly. You should be planning to get married and have children; otherwise, you'd just be fooling around!"

"Are you here to give me a lecture?" Benjamin playfully narrowed his eyes, "Remember, you're my brother-in-law! I could say the same about you!"

"Do you have any advice for me?" Abel shrugged, "Come on, share your wisdom, big brother."

"Enough with the banter," Benjamin chuckled, "Let's play and save your words for the game."

Side by side, the two of them entered the field.

The staff handed them two golf clubs.

Abel and Benjamin each took one and walked to the teeing table.

"Who's going first?" Benjamin asked Abel.

There are various rules for determining the batting order—based on seniority, drawing lots, or simply guessing.

The two opted for the simplest and quickest method—playing rock, paper, scissors.

In the end, Abel won the right to start.

He used the interlocking grip method, standing tall and focused at the tee table, eyeing the ball below.

The club aligned perfectly, ready to strike the ball.

With a graceful swing, the ball soared precisely as he anticipated.

Abel's movements with the cue were fluid and elegant, a series of subtle yet graceful motions that impressed Benjamin, who could not help but exclaim, "Beautiful!"

The rule they set for winning and losing was stroke play—playing a round of 18 holes, tallying up the scores, and determining the outcome. In the end, they ended up in a draw.

"Do you want to play another round?" Benjamin asked Abel.

Both of them were eager to continue and had more to discuss. However, Abel checked his watch and noticed it was already four o'clock. He needed to head back to the Ryker Group to change his clothes before going to the Nimbus Hotel, and the timing was getting tight.

"Next time," Abel said, "I have an appointment."

"That's fine," Benjamin smiled, "Abel, if you need anything, remember to let me know."

Abel glanced at him, a slight curve appearing on his thin lips, "I'll keep that in mind, Benjamin."

Benjamin burst into laughter, his mood seemingly lifted.

After bidding farewell, Abel returned to the Ryker Group, changed into a black suit, and headed to Nimbus Hotel.

At exactly five o'clock, Glenn arrived, wearing a large mask, accompanied by his secretary Stuart.

The waiter opened the door to the private dining room, and Glenn, followed by his secretary, entered the elegantly appointed hall.

A massive rosewood round table, approximately 10 feet in diameter, dominated the center of the room.

Glenn sat dominantly at the innermost chair of the round table, while Abel took a seat uninvitingly.

Glenn's eyes narrowed at Abel's audacious move.

Abel appeared confident and composed as if he wasn't bothered by his status as the parent official of Struyria.

Glenn was about to enter the room but paused to instruct Stuart, "Is the door closed?"

"It's closed," Stuart confirmed, "I'll stand outside then."

"No need," Glenn responded softly, but his words were clear, "No outsiders."

He emphasized the phrase "no outsider" in a subtle manner, almost as if he was preemptively setting a frame before meeting Abel face to face.

"Uncle Glenn," Abel greeted warmly as he stood up from the chair, "You're here."

"Yes," Glenn nodded, "Have you been here long?"

"I just arrived as well," Abel pulled out the chair for the guest of honor, "Allow me, Uncle Glenn."

With a friendly demeanor, Glenn walked over and took his seat as if he belonged there.

Stuart wanted to sit next to Glenn to attend to his needs, but he noticed Luca standing beside Abel in a black suit, looking as imposing as a bodyguard.

Luca's presence gave off an air of strength, like that of a hardened professional.

Stuart hesitated for a moment but eventually chose to stand beside Glenn, much like how Luca was standing beside Abel.

Both men exuded distinct auras—Stuart's was warm and accommodating, while Luca's was cold and vigilant.

"Abel, it's been years since we sat together like this," Glenn spoke kindly.

Abel responded coolly, "Have we even sat like this before?"

He narrowed his deep eyes as if pondering the past.