

## Are Mine 1211

### [Chapter 1211 The 1 US Dollar House Payment](#)

"This isn't all," the woman said. "He wrote a will before he passed away, stating that he wanted to sell this Starhill Garden house and give all the proceeds to his mistress as if taking care of her for the rest of her life. Can you believe it? It's enough to drive me crazy!"

"Indeed!" Doris thought of her sister and remarked, "This property is part of your marriage assets. Why should you sell it and give the money to his mistress?"

"But he left a will," the woman said. "If I don't follow it, his family will blame me for going against his wishes."

"So, what do you plan to do?" Doris seemed to understand the woman's thoughts.

"Well, since that jerk specified that all the money from selling the house goes to his mistress, I'll just do as he said."

"Are you suggesting..."

The woman raised a finger, "I'll sell it for one dollar, and then donate all the house to the mistress, as per the will!"

"One dollar?" Doris exclaimed. "Isn't that too cheap?"

"What? Do you want me to sell it for two dollars and give that bitch an extra dollar? Am I supposed to be that generous?"

Doris, "... Wasn't it more complicated than that?"

Regardless of how much the house sells for, according to the will, the money has to be given to the mistress. Could it be that selling it for more money would mean she's practically helping that woman steal her man?

That was absolutely out of the question!

One dollar, and she still feels like she's giving it away too easily!

She should be lucky she's not getting slapped for being ungrateful!

And now she wants a share of the property!

"Do you think I'm just giving away that one dollar? I can't stand this!"

Tears welled up in the woman's eyes. "Maybe, Ms. Doris, can you negotiate? Would one cent work? One cent feels just right to me!"

"One..." Doris frowned. "Just be magnanimous and give her the dollar. You can't even get a penny out of this."

"Fine, I'll take your advice. Deal!" The woman turned to Haider. "The property contract is being transferred to Ms. Doris. Help with the paperwork, please."

“Sure thing,” Haider presented the prepared contract, “Ms. Doris, please sign the contract. The house is now yours.”

“Wait a moment!” the woman said. “Ms. Doris hasn’t transferred the house payment to me yet. I’ll wait until the payment is transferred.”

“We don’t need to go through that,” Doris opened her bead bag, “I have the exact change.”

She took out a one-yuan steel coin and handed it to the woman, saying, “This clears everything.”

“Alright,” the woman took the steel coin, “I’ll donate the entire house payment to our mistress. She’s counting on this money to live a comfortable life for the rest of her days. Ha ha ha! That’s satisfying!”

The woman carefully placed the one-yuan steel coin in her wallet, wrote a receipt for the transfer fee, and then left.

As she was about to leave the bubble tea shop, she turned back and glanced at Waylon.

He was looking down at his phone, his face expressionless.

She wondered how well she had played her part, hoping to please Mr. Ademar.

With a nervous heart, the woman drove away.

Waylon, still looking down, sent a message to Benjamin, “Give her a bonus. I’m baffled by the reasons she gave!”

After the contract was signed, Haider smiled at Doris and said, “Congratulations, Ms. Doris, on acquiring a three-bedroom apartment!”

“You’ve been very kind,” Doris smiled. “When I move, you must come over as a guest!”

“Of course,” Haider replied, “I’ll be there when you settle into your new home.”

Leaving the bubble tea shop, they got into Waylon’s Maybach.

Doris held the property contract in her hand, feeling a bit dreamy.

She pinched her thigh, feeling the pain.

Taking a deep breath, she murmured to herself, “So, this is happening?”

“Congratulations!” Waylon fastened his seatbelt. “You have your own house now, no more relying on others!”

“But this luck came so suddenly, Doris said. “I just feel something’s off.”

you regret it, you can sell the house to me, Waylon suggested. ‘Ill offer you two steel coins, you’ll double your money!’

“Nice try!” Doris retorted, “This is a stroke of luck, a blessing from above” They knew I had a tough time with two kids, so they looked out for me. Why should I give you a discount? Do you need a house?”

[Chapter 1212 Striking Resemblance](#)

Waylon was speechless. Instead of thanking the heavens, you might as well thank me!

The house was exquisitely decorated, and they bought a complete set of furnishings. Doris, with her two children, embarked on a new journey in their new home.

Emmeline and Janie came to celebrate.

Upon hearing about the incredible deal of buying the house for a dollar, Emmeline felt that there was more to the story.

After some intense questioning, Waylon finally admitted, clutching his head, "It was me who arranged it with Ben, alright? Dear Emma, just don't let the secret slip!"

"I'll keep my mouth shut," Emmeline teased Waylon. "Fine, you finally know how to show some compassion?"

"What are you even talking about?" Waylon rolled his eyes. "I just didn't want you accusing me of taking advantage of a widow and orphan. I got her a house so she could move out and give me some peace. Isn't that a good deal?"

"It can't be that simple, can it?" Emmeline raised an eyebrow at her elder brother. "Is there anything else to it?"

"What else were you expecting?" Waylon said, "For me, Waylon, spending a few hundred thousand for some peace, isn't that worth it?"

Emmeline agreed, "True."

Waylon wasn't lacking in money; he was craving tranquility.

She felt a bit disappointed.

She had hoped that sparks might fly between Waylon and Doris.

It seemed that this stone was not just unpolished; it had no facets to begin with!

"Ding-ling-ling~" Waylon's phone rang in his pocket.

He held onto Emmeline's small shoulders, coaxing her from the patio to the living room, "Go on, go play with Una and Nessa, Waylon needs to take a call."

Emmeline pouted and left the patio, returning to the living room.

Waylon pulled out his phone from his pocket; it was a call from the landline at the Osea household!

He quickly answered, and his father Robert's deep and magnetic voice came through, "Waylon?"

"Dad," Waylon responded, "I'm here, what's up?"

"Trevor Ywain is back," Robert said. "He claims you brought him back."

"Yeah," Waylon acknowledged, "You know the situation. You should release him from custody, let him stay on Adelmarr Island, and keep him out of trouble!"

"That's one aspect of it," Robert continued, "But I heard from Mr. Ywain that you have a pair of twins. When did this happen? How could you keep such a big thing from your father? And that girl Emma, she's helping you keep the secret too, not a word from her to me!"

"Twins?" Waylon turned to look into the living room.

Doris, Emmeline, and Janie were busy with Una and Nessa, teaching them how to speak.

"Dad, you've heard about this?" Waylon questioned, "I've never even been married, how could I have twins?"

"Stop fooling around," Robert said, "Mr. Ywain saw it with his own eyes! He says they're about ten months old!"

"Nice try!" Waylon retorted, "Those aren't mine. How could they be mine? I've had a clear relationship with their mother. Those are not my children. Mr. Ywain is just making things up!"

"...", Robert sounded somewhat disappointed, "They're not yours?"

"They're not!"

"Mr. Ywein said they look a lot like you?"

"Do I look like you?"

"Not at all!"

"Am I not your biological son?" Waylon said, "Looking somewhat similar is just a coincidence. Looking different means they're not mine. So, Dad, don't even think about it!"

"You're driving me crazy!" Robert exclaimed. "You're grown up now. Why don't you hurry up and get married, start a family, and have children? When I was your age..."

"I still have plenty of time before I need to start a family," Waylon stated, "So, Dad, I'm not in a rush."

"...", Robert couldn't argue with his son.

After all, his son was born when he was already forty years old.

He couldn't demand too much from him.

So be it!

He had spent one lifetime worrying, and his grandchildren would enjoy their blessings!

"I'm not in a rush either," Robert said angrily. "I have four lovely granddaughters from your two sisters! Tell Emme to bring the kids over when she has time. Just let her know that Grandpa misses them!"

"Alright, I got it. I'll give Emme the commend right now. I'll tell her that Grandpa misses them!"

"Hmm!" Robert nodded. "Hurry up and do it!"

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### [Chapter 1213 A Woman's Matters](#)

After hanging up the phone, Waylon shook his head.

With narrowed eyes, he looked through the glass door of the terrace into the living room.

Doris held Una in her arms, while Emmeline held Nessa; the two little ones were laughing, looking incredibly adorable.

If these twins were his...

Sigh, how could that be possible?

He hadn't even stayed in Struyria.

Even if he donated whatever, it would still go to Staniue.

The next afternoon, Adrien and Lizbeth suddenly appeared as the night fell.

"Rare guests!" Emmeline smiled as she turned from behind the console. "It's been a while since we've seen you!"

"I took Liz abroad for a few days," Adrien said with delight. "Long time no see, Emma, how have you been?"

"Do I look bad to you?" Emmeline blinked her dark eyes playfully. "I'm in great shape, feeling fantastic, and I can climb five flights of stairs in one breath."

"You're quite the character." Lizbeth laughed. "Seeing you just makes me happy."

"You're not looking too bad yourself," Emmeline playfully pinched Lizbeth's cheek. "Looks like you've put on some weight; Adrien's taking good care of you."

"Have I gained weight?" Lizbeth looked surprised, raising her hand to touch her cheek. "Oh no, I can't afford to gain weight. I need to lose some."

"Why lose weight?" Adrien interjected, "We're planning to have a baby, being too thin might lead to malnutrition."

"You're planning to have a baby?" Emmeline's eyes lit up. "That's wonderful news!"

"So, we're here to tell you and Abel," Adrien said, "we're getting married."

"You said you were going to get married last time too," Emmeline teased, "Have you set a date?"

"Last time, we couldn't find Mr. Ywain, remember?" Adrien explained, "My mom went to the Sanctuary Of Bymyses to consult the master and finalize the date."

That Mr. Ywain again!

Emmeline thought to herself; that old troublemaker had been sent back to Adelmarr Island by Waylon.

He was probably busy cleaning the courtyard for Robert right now.

"So, you've set a date?" Emmeline asked with a smile, "When is it? Abel and I need to prepare."

"Next Saturday, also the sixth day of the month," Adrien said, "the master at the Sanctuary Of Bymyses approved it as an auspicious day."

"Congratulations to both of you," Emmeline exclaimed with a smile, "You've finally made it official!"

"Emma," Adrien turned to her, "invite Abel too. Let's have dinner together tonight; it's been a while since we hung out."

"Sure thing," Emmeline agreed. "We'll let Abel treat you and give you a warm welcome."

"That sounds good," Adrien said, "Where would Emma like to eat?"

"I'm fine with anything," Emmeline looked at Lizbeth and asked, "Liz, what do you prefer?"

"How about the seafood pier?" Lizbeth suggested. "Would that work for you?"

Adrien chimed in, "Women decide matters like these. If you both agree, then it's settled. Besides, the seafood pier is under my jurisdiction too."

"Sounds good, then," Emmeline said. "I'll call Abel later."

"Alright," Adrien nodded, "It's still early; Liz and I will have a cup of coffee first."

"And we'll get to taste your new desserts," Lizbeth added with a smile.

"Then, please have a seat," Emmeline said, "I promise the coffee and desserts will be satisfying."

"It's not just about being satisfied," Adrien jokes, "We need to save room for seafood!"

The two of them set down at the table against the wall, and the waiter brought them coffee and desserts.

Adrien took a sip of coffee and praised it. Lizbeth couldn't stop complimenting the pastries.

"I heard you're getting into franchising," Lizbeth raised an eyebrow and asked Emmeline, "Why don't I join you? I hate being idle all the time."

"That's a good idea, but you'll have to ask Adrien for permission," Emmeline playfully winked at Lizbeth, "He might not be willing to let you go."

"That's fine," Adrien nodded directly, "Women should have something to do; it's good for their physical and mental well-being. Clinging to men all the time can lead to losing oneself."

Emmeline laughed at his words, "Adrien, you're quite something, you know these things too?"

"If you love a woman, you should support her in becoming her best self," Adrien said, "Don't underestimate me, Emma."

"Hehe," Emmeline laughed genuinely this time, "After being apart for three days, we need to see each other with fresh eyes. You've changed, from a playboy to a completely different person!"

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## Chapter 1214 Winds of Change

That was what Amanda thought and did. She grabbed the child beside her and was about to flee the scene, not wanting to stay another second. The frantic Helean saw that and seized her slim wrist. "Hey... What's the matter? Didn't we agree that you'd take on this case?" "If you had told me it was Winters Enterprise, I wouldn't have taken on this case." They only told her a big client suddenly decided to change barristers but did not inform her it was Winters Enterprise. Even standing here made her feel uneasy. Just as Amanda was about to lead Aiden away, Helean immediately knelt on the ground. "My dear Amanda, I'm begging you. This is a task from Simon. Do you think I can return to the law firm if I can't even deliver this itty-bitty task?" As he begged, the seven-foot man attracted the attention and strange glances of the passing employees. She stopped him. "Can't you man up a little? How can you kneel so easily?" The child noticed Helean's aggrieved expression and added, "Mr. Helean, men should only kneel when they do something wrong." That rendered Helean speechless, while Amanda resignedly asked, "Are we going to discuss this case with that person?" "Who?" He looked confused. Though it had been four years, she still refused to utter Elias' name, for her stomach would churn whenever she thought of him. She wanted nothing to do with that sc\*mbag! "The heir to Winters Enterprise! Is he the one we're meeting?" If it is, I'm leaving without any care of the world! Helean replied, "You mean the young master of Winters Enterprise, Elias Winters? No, he's busy with day-to-day work, so we're meeting the vice president." Though the information came as a relief to Amanda, the sound of the sc\*mbag's name remained revolting to her. Her beautiful eyes tinged with complexity, but disgust soon took over. "Okay, but I'm only staying for thirty minutes, no more, no less." Once she finished, she pulled Aiden's hand and headed for the elevator. Helean watched the mother and son from behind and immediately felt relieved to have stopped her from leaving. Otherwise, he could kiss his job goodbye. ... The three arrived at the higher-ups' meeting room on the sixteenth floor. Suddenly, the kid made a request. "Mommy, I want to pee! I can't hold it in!" "I'll bring Aiden to the bathroom while you head inside to talk to them. They've been bugging me about this for a long time. Please, help me." Helean picked Aiden up from the ground and ran toward the bathroom. Feeling

resigned, Amanda shook her head and entered the meeting room. She did not anticipate Imperia's drastic shift during the four years she left this city; even Winters Enterprise had moved. As planned, she spent precisely thirty minutes in the meeting room. When she came out, her cold expression immediately turned into a gentle smile after seeing her baby. "Come on. Let's grab something delicious." "Yay! Mommy, you're the best!" A plump, tiny hand grabbed hers, after which she reciprocated with a firmer grip. Aiden had been her mental support for all these years, sustaining her through the endless darkness. Truth be told, she was relieved she did not abort him but chose to keep him on a whim. "Aiden, what would you like to eat?" "I want... ramen." In the meantime, at a corner down the corridor, a group of people surrounded Elias while he strode over. He seemed to be heading to the meeting room while the people around him were competing to make their reports. Amanda smiled dearly while listening to her son's words, but when she arrived at a corner and looked up, her smile froze in trepidation. It's him—Elias Winters. Guess I have no choice but to run into him after four years. What I dreaded the most finally happened. Instinctively, she retreated a few steps and hid herself. Then, she took out the sunglasses from her bag, confusing Helean. "What's the matter?" "Let's take the stairs." She picked up her son and turned around, heading straight for Plan B. Although she wore eight-inch heels, she still managed to pick up her kid and walk away effortlessly. "Why are we taking the stairs when there are elevators? Also, you're wearing heels. Isn't that tiring?" Helean was flabbergasted but



still hopelessly followed behind her. "Mommy, I want to take the elevator. Taking the stairs is exhausting." "I'll carry you." She was determined not to let Elias discover her child's presence. At last, the man arrived among the crowd of higher-ups. It had been four years, and Elias donned a black, perfectly tailored suit. He looked as elegant and handsome as always, but there was also a trace of maturity on his face. Unexpectedly, he heard a cute voice yelling, "Mommy!" It caught his attention, so he looked in that direction and was slightly shocked. A woman's figure appeared before his eyes like a blinding light. Though the sight of a woman was nothing surprising, she looked strangely familiar to the point that reality started to overlap his memories of his ex-wife, whom he had not seen for four years. Amanda? However, that woman seemed to be worried and glanced anxiously behind her. The problem was that her sunglasses were so huge that they covered most of her face. Elias reflexively

took a step forward with his long legs, creating a distance between himself and the surrounding crowd. "Mr. Winters! The meeting room is over here!" his secretary yelled behind him, but the man paid no heed. He followed the familiar figure to the stairs but did not discover anyone. Frowning, he wondered, Was I mistaken? He stared at the empty stairwell for a few seconds before leaving. When he thought about it, he found it ironic. That woman has disappeared for four years, so how could she appear here? During these four years, he had tried looking for Amanda, but she seemed to have vanished without a trace. His grandfather even nearly severed their relationship because of that. Unbeknownst to Elias, Amanda was covering the child's mouth with her hand while hiding behind the stairwell's door at that precise moment. Even Helean was hiding beside her quietly. It was such a close call. If that man had walked two more steps, he would have discovered them. Meanwhile, the child in her arms blinked his large eyes, creating an adorable sight. Once Amanda heard the footsteps retreating, she removed her hand from his mouth and apologized, "Aiden, I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose. Did I hurt you?" He hugged her like a grown-up and soothed her. "I will always forgive you, Mommy." His comforting words elicited a stunned smile on her face. Yep, that's my baby. Since Helean was clueless regarding the hide-and-seek, he questioned, "Amanda, why are we hiding? Even if we did bump into Elias, can't we just greet him and get done with it? Do you have a social phobia or something?" Too lazy to explain, she replied, "Yeah, sure. Yes."

#### [Chapter 1215 Edmond's Engagement to Erin](#)

Sam standing behind the control panel handed a damp cloth to Emmeline. She took it and wiped her hands before tossing it into the trash bin.

Ysabel's face blushed, and she stammered, "Mr. Adam knows that I had a conflict with you, so he brought me here to apologize. He said if you don't forgive me, he'll send me away and won't let me follow him anymore."

Emmeline chuckled slightly, surprised by Adam's "heroic" charm.

"Emma," Adam said sternly, "I just heard about this from Ysabel. When I heard it, I was furious. How dare she bother my Emma? She does not value her life!" I wouldn't even dare to provoke you!

"Mr. Adam," Ysabel tugged at his shirt collar with a hint of grievance, "I already explained that Sonia instigated me last time. Please ask Emma to forgive me. Don't make me leave you. You're the only hero in my heart. If you don't let me be with you, I'll be utterly devastated. It's better to die!"

"Then apologize to Emma," Adam said coldly, "otherwise, you won't find any peace!"

Honestly, this girl dares to mess with the boss!

Ysabel's expression changed, her eyes turning to Emmeline as she pleaded, "Emmeline, can you forgive me? I don't want to leave Mr. Adam. Please, cut me some slack. I'm begging you!"

A wry smile tugged at the corner of Emmeline's lips.

Ysabel seemed to tend to idolize heroes.

Last time, she was quite fixated on Benjamin after he rescued her on Adelmars rooftop.

And now, she's fixated on Adam.

"Good people" still need a little "polishing."

Emmeline smiled. "Fine, it's water under the bridge. For Adam's sake, I forgive you."

"Thank you, Emma!" Ysabel almost jumped up in relief. "I won't stand with Sonia anymore. I stand with Mr. Adam, no, I stand with you!"

Mr. Adam stands with Emmeline, too. A wise move.

"Emma," Adam said, looking pleased, "I always knew you had a big heart."

"My heart is the ocean," Emmeline chuckled. "Take a seat, I'll have coffee and pastries brought up."

"No sugar, thanks, Emma!"

Seeing Emmeline's genuine smile, Adam perked up in happiness.

Adrien and Adam chatted for a while, and it was about time.

Adrien told Adam, "Adam, Liz, and I have an appointment with her brother, so we won't keep you company."

"Sure," Adam nodded. "Go ahead, I'll wait for Abel."

Adrien held Lizbeth's hand and left, heading to Seashell Hotel.

Soon, Abel arrived, dressed in a dark suit, looking handsome and aloof.

Adam invited him and Emmeline to have dinner, and Ysabel was also eager.

No wonder Sonia was so infatuated with Abel.

This man, at first glance, is hard to look away from.

"Let's leave it for today," Abel said, "I just received a call from Levan Mansion. I'm here to take Emma to have dinner with Munchkin."

"That's fine, kids are important. We can reschedule," Adam said graciously, leaving with Ysabel.

Adrien and Lizbeth arrived at Seashell Hotel.

After reserving a private room, Lizbeth sent a message to Edmond.

In about half an hour, Edmond arrived, accompanied by Erin.

Seeing this woman, Lizbeth slightly furrowed her brows.

For some reason, she couldn't generate a favorable impression of Erin. It was strange.

Seeing Lizbeth, Erin appeared quite friendly, "Liz, did you and Adrien just arrive?"

"Not too long ago," Lizbeth replied casually, "maybe less than half an hour."

"Sorry about keeping you waiting." Erin smiled. "Edmond took me to Bvlgari."

She extended her left hand, revealing a dazzling diamond bracelet on her delicate wrist.

"Do you think it looks nice? It's a new arrival at Bvlgari."

"It's pretty good," Lizbeth agreed. "Adam has good taste, he's skilled at picking gifts for women."

"Liz," Edmond handed a cigarette to Adrien, "I'll be honest with you guys. I'm planning to get engaged to Erin. So, on this trip back to Altney, I'm discussing your and Adrien's marriage plans with Erin. I want to bring her along to formally meet our parents."

Hearing this, Lizbeth felt a twinge in her heart. Edmond wants to get engaged to Erin?

Does he understand this woman?

#### [Chapter 1216 The Title To Mrs Murphy Is Yours](#)

"Like this?" Lizbeth hesitated for a moment but nodded in agreement.

The matter concerning her family's Edmund was not her concern.

"Does Lizbeth seem unhappy?" Erin's bright gaze landed on Lizbeth's face, carrying a somewhat teasing undertone.

"It seems Lizbeth isn't very pleased with me, her future sister-in-law," she said, her words carrying a hint of playfulness.

With that statement, Edmond's gaze also fell upon Lizbeth, seemingly observing how she would respond.

Before Lizbeth could say anything, Adrien spoke up, "Ms. Erin is overthinking it. Lizbeth won't bother with such trivial matters. Once she marries me, she'll be Mrs. Ryker of the Ryker family. She can enjoy a life of luxury and leisure, and I won't burden her with worries. So, as for Ms. Erin, Lizbeth only wishes her well."

Erin, "... Well, that's quite the protective stance!"

Adrien then turned his gaze to Edmond, smiling, "Congratulations, Edmond!"

Edmond nodded, "Thank you, Mr. Adrien."

"Let's order," Adrien pushed the menu toward Edmond, "Feel free to choose whatever you like. You're welcome to provide feedback on the dining establishments."

"I wouldn't dare." Edmond politely smiled. "Mr. Adrien's managerial skills are exceptional. I intend to learn a lot from you in the future."

"Edmond, you're too kind," Adrien said, "Flynn's health isn't great, and the future of the Murphy family's legacy will rely on Edmond's management. The responsibility on your shoulders isn't light."

Edmond remained silent, while Erin proudly chimed in, "That's right, the future of the Murphy family's Altney will belong to Edmond. I'll also rise along with it."

Saying so, she linked her arm with Edmond's and rested her head on his shoulder, coquettishly adding, "Edmond, you truly are my lucky star."

"Let's not rush things," Lizbeth calmly smirked from across the table, "After Edmond takes you back to Altney and you meet my mother, then you can express your gratitude. Being the Mrs. to the Murphy family isn't something just anyone can do!"

"But I'm already carrying Edmond's child," Erin pouted, "Surely the Murphy family wouldn't want its bloodline outside, right?"

Lizbeth, "... She has this move too? Didn't see that coming."

Edmond's face showed surprise, "Erin, what are you saying?"

"Edmond," Erin pouted and acted coy, "I didn't plan on saying it, I wanted to surprise you. But now I have to say it – I'm carrying your child, and I only found out this month."

"Really?" Edmond's astonishment turned into joy, "That's fantastic! I'm extending the family line of the Murphy family!"

During his years abroad, he had indulged himself excessively, and doctors had told him the chances of successfully fathering a child were low.

For him, Erin dropping this bombshell was indeed a momentous occasion.

"Embarrassing!" Erin playfully buried her face in his arm, blushing.

"Don't worry!" Edmond held her close, saying, "The title to Mrs. Murphy is yours! I'll inform my parents, and you can rest assured that you'll be marrying me!"

"I knew Edmond would treat me the best."

Erin remarked, sneaking a glance at Lizbeth from the corner of her eye, exuding an air of triumph.

Hmph, Lizbeth, if I can't be the Murphy family's heiress, I can at least be the Mrs. of the Murphy family!

A daughter married off is like water poured out, and whether you can enter this household in the future is up to me!

Coincidentally, Lizbeth caught this expression.

Suddenly, she shivered and a huge question mark crossed her mind.

Why did Erin's gaze feel so familiar, like that of a certain woman?

Which woman could it be?

Lizabeth racked her brain, and her eyes suddenly lit up. Evelyn Murphy?

This thought jolted her.

She had heard her father mention that Evelyn's body hadn't been found. Could this Erin be Evelyn in disguise?

"Whoa!" Lizabeth gasped, inhaling sharply, a chill running down her spine, causing goosebumps to erupt all over her body.

"Liz," Adrien sensed something was off and asked in a hushed voice, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Lizabeth suppressed her doubts, maintaining a composed demeanor, "It's just a bit chilly."

"In that case, I'll lower it a bit."

Adrien quickly picked up the remote control and raised the room's temperature.

#### [Chapter 1217 Party Poopers Should Leave](#)

Having chosen their dishes, the waiter took the menu, and the four of them chatted over tea, waiting for the food to arrive.

Erin searched for words, "Liz, what brand of handbags do you like? When you get married, I'll give you one."

"No need," Lizabeth scoffed, "I can buy my own."

"Yeah," Erin said sourly, "You're Miss Murphy, you do not lack money, unlike me, have to beg Edmond for anything I want."

"Heh," Lizabeth smiled wryly, a touch of irony in her expression, and didn't respond to her words.

What could be a good response to that?

"Liz," Edmond said, "When you get married, I'll give you a Lotus and a villa in Struyria, how about that?"

Lizabeth replied, "Whatever my parents give me, I'll take. Edmond, you do not need to spend on anything for me."

"How can that be?" Edmond insisted, "You're my little sister, you are getting married, how can I not take care of you?"

"Really, no need," Lizabeth said, "I understand Edmond's intentions, and I appreciate them."

"Edmond," Erin interjected, "Liz means that she's marrying into the Ryker family, and she doesn't need these things."

"Why are you speaking?" Lizabeth glared at Erin in annoyance, "I'm discussing things with Edmond, do you have to butt in?"

"I'm not an outsider, you know," Erin said, "I'm about to become your sister-in-law, a sister-in-law has the right to speak, right?"

"Wait until you become my sister-in-law!" Lizbeth rolled her eyes unhappily, "Don't get too excited too soon!"

"Edmond," Erin poked Edmond's arm, "Look at Liz, I'm just a concerned sister-in-law, and she doesn't appreciate it."

"Alright, alright," Edmond patted Erin's hand, "Let's all calm down."

"Yes," Adrien said coldly, "Liz is my woman. I can tolerate Edmond saying a few words, but as for the others forget it. Don't make everyone unhappy!"

Erin, "..."

She couldn't believe how sharp the former playboy Adrien had become.

Edmond quickly added, "Mr. Adrien is right. Liz is my sister. I can't bear to scold her."

"That's the best way," Adrien lifted his teacup and took a sip, "A good meal, whoever dampens the mood can leave!"

It couldn't be stated any more directly.

Edmond's face was a bit strained, as he had indeed caused some dissatisfaction, brought about by Erin, and he could only endure it.

Erin could sense this and felt a slight pang in her heart.

She didn't want Adrien to kick her out.

Wouldn't that be utterly humiliating?

Wouldn't Lizbeth tease her about it for a lifetime?

Erin rolled her eyes, pretended to lower her head to sip her tea, and remained silent.

Lizbeth also took a sip from her teacup, and an awkward atmosphere enveloped the private room.

Suddenly, Adrien's phone rang.

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat.

The phone lay on the table, and he picked it up, glancing at the caller ID. It was from his brother Adam.

Adrien answered, "Adam?"

"Adrien," Adam's voice came through, "Are you at Seashell Hotel?"

"Yes," Adrien asked, "How did you know?"

"I saw your car," Adam said, "Are you here for dinner or inspection work at this hour?"

"Of course, for dinner," Adrien replied, "Didn't I make plans with Edmond?"

"Oh, right!" Adam recalled, remembering Adrien had mentioned it.

"Why don't you join us?" Adrien suggested to Adam.

"Who else is there?" Adam asked. He was familiar with Edmond like the back of his hand.

This guy used to rely on himself to find channels to help Adam with his "business."

"And Er..."

Adrien intentionally paused, as if he didn't remember Erin's name, "You know, that Ms. Erin."

"..." Adam couldn't place her at the moment and said, "I have Ysabel here, will I disturb you?"

Adrien chuckled inwardly. He knew Adam and Ysabel were together.

He intended to have Ysabel deal with Erin.

That way, his sister Liz could be at ease.

### [Chapter 1218 The Peculiar Woman](#)

"Come over then, it's lively with more people," Adrien said, "The Strait III."

"Sure," Adam replied, "Around two to three minutes."

They hung up the phone.

"Lizbeth, Adam is coming?" asked Adrien.

"Yes," Adrien nodded, "And Ysabel too."

Lizbeth nodded in acknowledgement. She didn't have any particular impressions of Ysabel, neither good nor bad.

However, Erin's expression across the table changed.

Last time, she had arranged for someone to crash into Lizbeth's car, hoping to take out both Lizbeth and Emmeline with one stone.

Little did she know, luck was on their side as they switched cars at the last minute.

And the passenger in the crashed car happened to be Ysabel.

In just two or three minutes, the door to the private room opened, and Adam appeared at the entrance.

With a slight upward curl of his mustache and a faint smile, he appeared quite elegant and talented at first glance.

Erin looked at him, her heart couldn't help but skip a beat.

She recalled her past intimate encounters with this man, and her body unexpectedly grew warm with desire.

But then she remembered how this man had broken her wrist and thrown her off a cliff to be fed to wolves, and she felt a burning hatred for him.

However, at this moment, she couldn't show even a hint of resentment.

Revenge was a dish best served cold, after all.

So, Erin steadied herself, casting a seductive gaze at Adam, trying to capture his attention.

But halfway there, her gaze was forcefully intercepted by Ysabel.

Ysabel's expression turned cold, and her gaze was sharp as she glared at Erin.

Adam was her hero, and any woman who dared to look at him for too long would become her enemy in an instant!

Especially when Erin's seductive and restless intentions were so evident in her gaze.

"Hmph!"

Ysabel huffed and clung to Adam's arm, asserting her dominance as she looked up at Erin.

She wore a pale green Lolita dress that looked quite cute, though a bit overly extravagant.

"Mr. Adam, please come inside," Edmond quickly stood up upon seeing Adam.

"Sure!" Adam nodded and walked into the private room with Ysabel on his arm.

His gaze briefly swept across Erin's face, and an unfamiliar feeling stirred in his heart as Edmond introduced, "This is my girlfriend, Ms. Erin."

Adam's brow furrowed slightly, and he finally focused his gaze on Erin's face.

Erin feigned shyness, lowering her head to avoid his scrutiny.

She knew her appearance was flawlessly constructed, but she still worried that Adam might suspect something.

After all, this man's gaze was not to be underestimated.

Adam himself felt that the woman in front of him was peculiar in some way, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what exactly was off.

"Mr. Adam," Ysabel clung to his arm and pouted, "Am I not pretty today?"

Adam had heard this question from Ysabel about eight hundred times on average each day.

He was quite used to it by now, mechanically nodding, "Beautiful, beautiful!"

"If I'm so beautiful, why are you looking elsewhere?"

Adam, "...". He felt trapped by this woman.

But he did enjoy the feeling of being adored like a hero by her.



He hadn't experienced this feeling before.

In pursuit of this feeling, Adam even felt himself growing taller and more imposing.

"I wasn't looking elsewhere, where did you get that idea?"

"I know you're a gentleman," Ysabel glanced at Erin from the corner of her eye, "If any vixen dares to seduce you, I'll tear her apart in an instant!"

"..."

Adam remained noncommittal, a faint smile playing on his lips. He enjoyed the jealousy and competition for his attention.

Lizbeth and Adrien exchanged knowing smiles.

Erin's face darkened.

But with Adam being Ysabel's man, and even Edmond looking nervous around him, Erin didn't dare to make a scene.

As everyone took their seats, the waitstaff entered to serve the dishes.

Lizbeth purposely engaged Ysabel in conversation, and the two exchanged dishes with each other.

Taking advantage of her conversation with Lizbeth, Ysabel made veiled remarks at Erin, subtly mocking and taunting her.

They successfully isolated Erin.

Furious, Erin clenched her teeth, but she couldn't reveal her anger.

All she could do was play the role of a delicate and gentle woman, clinging to Edmond and acting coy and cute.

### [Chapter 1219 Familiar Faces](#)

Three men, no women, or any hidden twists and turns.

Except for Adrien, who had a clue, Edmond and Adam were carefree.

The three of them drank, smoked, and chatted, appearing quite harmonious.

It took over two hours for the meal to end. Adrien settled the bill, and everyone went their separate ways.

Three days later, Lizbeth returned to Altney, and Edmond accompanied Erin.

With the wedding approaching, the Murphy family needed to meet and discuss.

Mrs. Murphy stood at the villa gate, welcoming Lizbeth. When she saw Lizbeth getting out of the car, she joyfully opened her arms and embraced her.

"Liz, have you forgotten your mother already?"

"How could I?" Lizbeth held Mrs. Murphy, kissing her hair. "You're my dearest mother. I won't forget you!"

Mrs. Murphy's eyes reddened slightly, tears glistening as she nodded.

Although this daughter hadn't grown up by her side, she was still her flesh and blood.

Blood is thicker than water, and that's a heartfelt tenderness and affection.

Erin watched the mother and daughter, her expression dim.

She had been raised by Mrs. Murphy for more than twenty years, but she couldn't compare to their blood connection.

"Mom," Edmond pulled Erin along and introduced her to his mother, "This is my girlfriend, Ms. Erin."

Mrs. Murphy turned to look at the young woman beside Edmond.

Initially, upon hearing that it was her son's girlfriend, there was a smile on her face.

Though not entirely genuine, it was still polite.

However, as her gaze fell upon Erin's face, her expression changed, a crease forming between her brows.

She was certain she had never seen this woman before, but she had an unmistakable feeling of familiarity.

And this feeling wasn't pleasant; it was even... somewhat unsettling.

"Erin?" Mrs. Murphy furrowed her brows at Erin. "Have we met before?"

Mrs. Murphy's change in demeanor was quite unnerving for Erin.

After all, this woman had raised her for over two decades. Even if she turned to ashes, she would probably still find her familiar.

Could she recognize Erin now?

Erin's heart started to race.

But she believed her successful plastic surgery would prevent Mrs. Murphy from recognizing her.

So, she feigned composure, speaking softly with a serene expression, "Mrs. Murphy, a noble and elegant lady like you, Erin wouldn't have had the honor of meeting before."

"Are you saying we haven't met?" Mrs. Murphy continued to furrow her brows. "Yet, why do I feel like I've seen you somewhere?"

"I also find her familiar," Lizbeth interjected, holding onto her mother's arm. "Mom, doesn't she look like..."

"Aunty," Erin suddenly interrupted Lizbeth, "I've prepared a gift for you. I wonder if you'd like it?"

"You're too kind," Mrs. Murphy faintly smiled. "Please, have a seat inside."

They all then walked toward the mansion together.

Erin linked arms with Edmond, secretly letting out a sigh of relief.

Inside the living room, after changing shoes at the entrance, Lizbeth said to Mrs. Murphy, "Mom, I want to go see Flynn. How is he doing?"

"And me," Edmond added, "What's the situation with Flynn?"

Paul rose from the sofa and said, "Flynn seems to be okay. His eyes are moving. He might wake up soon."

"Truly grateful to the Wonder Doctor," Mrs. Murphy's eyes welled up. "The day I meet her, I'll bow to her. She's the one who brought my son back from the brink!"

"Indeed," Paul said, "Thinking back to how Flynn fell to the ground and seemingly died in Struyria, I'm still haunted by it."

"I'll go upstairs to see Flynn," Edmond said.

"Adam and I will join," Lizbeth said.

"Count me in too," Erin said, "I'm worried about Flynn."

"What are you worried about?" Lizbeth scoffed, "Do you even know Flynn?"

Erin's face tightened, and she replied, "Of course, I don't."

"Then why are you worried?" Lizbeth scorned, "Just showing a bit of concern would have sufficed. There's no need to be so fake."

### [Chapter 1220 Flynn Is About to Wake Up](#)

Erin, "..."

Her face turned pale as if her skin had been ripped off in front of her.

She was indeed worried about Flynn, but her concern wasn't for his health but her identity.

Otherwise, the Murphy family would know that "Evelyn Murphy" was the one who harmed him, right?

The Murphy family already knows that "Evelyn" is not dead yet. If they keep investigating, they might eventually trace it back to her, right?

"Ugh!" Erin pretended embarrassment and dry heaved, covering her mouth.

Edmond supported her and asked, "Erin, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Erin shook her head, "Don't mind me, let's go check on Mr. Flynn."

Mrs. Murphy frowned suddenly, what was Erin implying with that heave just now?

They all went upstairs to Flynn's room.

Sure enough, Flynn was lying quietly under the covers, looking relatively well.

Lizbeth's eyes welled up with tears.

Kneeling by the bedside, she held Flynn's hand and choked, "Flynn, it's Liz. Can you hear me calling you?"

"Flynn can hear you," Mrs. Murphy choked up, "Sometimes when I talk to him, his eyelids twitch, so I believe he can hear. He will wake up for sure."

"I am already grateful," Paul said with a choked voice, "After that fall, he was already in bad shape. Now he can still be with us. That comforts my heart. At least your mother and I won't have seen the younger generation off before us in vain!"

"Flynn will wake up," Lizbeth held Flynn's frail hand and said, "Flynn, I know you care for me. Since the day you found me, you've cared for me, worried about me, always thinking of me. Flynn, I'm about to marry Adrien Ryker from the Ryker family. I want you to be at my wedding. Flynn, please wake up soon, okay? I want you to give me away. Flynn, can you hear me?"

The room was silent, except for the quiet sobs of Lizbeth and Mrs. Murphy.

Suddenly, Lizbeth felt Flynn's fingers move slightly in her palm.

She froze for a moment, then felt his fingertips twitch.

"Mom, Dad, Flynn's hand moved!" Lizbeth exclaimed excitedly, "Flynn's hand just moved, is he waking up?"

Upon hearing this, Paul and Mrs. Murphy rushed to the bedside.

Edmond also exclaimed in excitement, "Really? Is Flynn waking up? That's wonderful!"

However, Erin's face turned pale behind them.

What? Flynn was about to wake up?

That's not good!

If he woke up, wouldn't that mean she was walking right into a trap?

Of course, maybe the Murphy family wouldn't immediately suspect her as Evelyn, but it was clear that Lizbeth was already suspicious of her!

If Lizbeth were to share her suspicions with Mrs. Murphy, what would Mrs. Murphy do?

That woman had been her mentor for over twenty years, and it wouldn't be difficult for her to uncover any traces of her true identity!

Thinking about this, a chilling sensation ran down Erin's spine, making her shiver uncontrollably.

"Flynnny," Paul's tears flowed, "Did you hear what your sister said? If you did, wake up, because Liz is waiting for you to give her away at her wedding."

"Yes, Flynny," Mrs. Murphy held her son's other hand, "Wake up soon. Not only to give Liz away, but also to tell us who did this to you. I promise, Mom will get revenge for you!"

Erin panicked and grabbed onto Edmond's arm.

"Erin," Edmond noticed her discomfort, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

"...Oh," Erin stammered, "Edmond, I'm tired. I feel a bit dizzy."

Mrs. Murphy turned her head and looked deeply into Erin's eyes, then said to Edmond, "Ms. Erin has come from afar as a guest. Edmond, please take her to the guest room to rest."

"Sure," Edmond took Erin's hand, "Let's go, I'll take you to the guest room."

Erin could only nod and follow Edmond out of Flynn's room.

"Liz," Mrs. Murphy furrowed her brows and asked Lizbeth, "Do you know Erin well?"