

Are Mine 1271

[Chapter 1271 Death Isn't The Worst Option](#)

Lily and Daniel were both horrified when they heard the voice from outside the divider.

Could Mr. Adelmar be causing harm to someone?

“Mr. Adelmar!” Lily summoned her courage and banged on the door. “Mr. Adelmar, what have you done to him? You can’t take a life!”

“He won’t die!” Waylon’s cold and severe voice resonated from inside the barrier. “I have made him suffer even more than death!”

Daniel and Lily exchanged glances. More pain than death? Waylon, what exactly did you do to Raymond?

Raymond, in fact, wished for death at this point. This agonizing ache was far worse than death.

“Lily, please save me!” he cried pathetically.

Slap! Slap! Waylon slapped him twice. “Even God can’t save you!”

“Please let me go,” Raymond pleaded, his eyes sliding back.

“Even calling upon your ancestors won’t help!” Waylon gritted his teeth. “Did you ever think about this moment when you were bullying women?”

“I know I was wrong, Grandad; please spare me!” Raymond said softly.

“I said I would make you suffer more than death; how can I so easily spare you?”

“Grandad, what else do you want? I can’t take it anymore; please spare me.”

Waylon snorted viciously, straightened up, lifted his foot, and kicked twice with ease.

Although the movements appeared moderate, the internal energy was powerful.

Raymond’s ankles were broken with a “crack! crack!” sound.

The fractures, however, were internal, and there was no abrasion on the surface of his skin.

Raymond moaned in agony and collapsed.

“Remember this,” Waylon said as he bent down to pat Raymond’s lifeless face. “The next time you consider bullying someone, think about how your limbs were broken today; do you still have the courage?”

Waylon brushed his hands, opened the partition door, and stepped out after making these remarks.

He was collected, peaceful, elegant, and graceful.

Lily and Daniel, one on each side, glanced up in surprise.

How could he look like someone who had just taken a life with his immaculate and airy appearance?

Raymond, on the other hand, lay prostrate on the toilet, barely alive.

“Did he die?” Lily wondered.

“Mr. Adelmar, you didn’t kill him, did you?” Daniel inquired.

“Rest assured,” Mr. Adelmar hissed, brushing past the siblings, “there’s still a long way to go before death.”

Waylon trembled as he saw him leave gracefully and quietly. “Sister, sister! What should we do? This is going to be a big problem!”

“I know what to do,” Lily said, her face turning pale. “Why didn’t you keep an eye on Doris? How could you have let Raymond bully her?”

I’m not sorry Raymond bullied Doris; I just find it hard to believe Mr. Adelmar hurt Raymond for Doris.

Isn’t this causing problems for us?

“Waylon,” Lily said, her eyes burning. “Raymond knows Doris and Mr. Adelmar are friends we brought here; do you think we can just walk away from this incident happening at today’s banquet?” D

“What should we do?” Waylon asked, shrugging. “Mr. Adelmar beat Raymond, not us; why can’t we just hand him over to the police?”

“Hand him over to the police?” Lily wished she could strangle her own brother. “Do you think this is child’s play? For the sake of your Doris, you want me to hand over Mr. Adelmar to the police. What am I supposed to do? I finally fell in love with such a man! You want me to hand him over to the police? Is it because you’re satisfied that your sister won’t get married for the rest of her life?”

This was a very difficult position for Waylon.

Mr. Adelmar emerged from the hotel and got into the car in three to four minutes.

“Mr. Adelmar,” Doris asked quietly, “what were you doing just now?”

“Didn’t I say I went back to get my phone?” Mr. Adelmar asked, sitting in the passenger seat without turning his head.

“But your phone...” Doris pointed out. “I saw it in your pocket.”

“Yeah,” Mr. Adelmar confirmed, “I remembered after I went in that my phone was already on me.”

“Is that really all?” Doris was still skeptical.

“What else do you want?” Mr. Adelmar asked. “I went in and out in a total of three to four minutes, with one minute in between. What else do you want me to do?”

[Chapter 1272 Debt](#)

Doris,

Yes, that’s right. The whole thing lasted only three or four minutes, with a one–minute break in between. Can someone truly fight in such a short amount of time?

Mr. Ademar also appeared calm and composed, not like someone who had just been in a fight. If he had battled someone, wouldn't he be sweating profusely after such a brief encounter?

Doris felt relieved.

The chauffeur started the car and returned to Starhill Garden.

Waylon came out of the rear seat and leaned in to help Doris out of the car.

"I can walk," Doris admitted hesitantly. "I can manage on my own."

"Are you sure?" Waylon asked, his brow slightly furrowed and his face cold.

"You can just lend me a hand," Doris explained. "I only have minor injuries and no broken bones."

"All right then," Waylon said as he extended his enormous hand to support her, adding, "Be careful."

They exited the car, entered the security entrance, and finally reached the elevator with his assistance.

Her knees were both burning with pain, and her flesh was torn.

Although her bones were not broken, she had fallen rather hard, and it was excruciatingly painful.

Doris' face had grown pale from pain by the time they reached the twelfth floor in the elevator.

Sweat was flowing down her brow, but she gritted her teeth and stood tall, not saying anything.

Waylon could sense her determination and could tell she was in a lot of pain.

He couldn't insist because she didn't want to be carried

In his heart, he thought, Her determination and tenacity are comparable to those of his family's young martial sister.

Mrs. Flores was taken aback when she saw Doris's condition when they first entered the house.

"Oh my, Doris, what happened to you?"

"It's all my fault," Waylon stated solemnly. "I didn't take good care of her."

Mrs. Flores asked, "How can you blame yourself?" "Wasn't Doris out with Mr. Daniel?"

"Don't mention it," Doris said as she sat down on the sofa. "I ran into a jerk, just my bad luck."

"Get some iodine and some cotton pads," Waylon said to Mrs. Flores. "I'll help her treat the abrasions."

Mrs. Flores dashed off to get the first aid kit.

Waylon took out the iodine and cotton pads and gently wiped Doris' wounds.

Fortunately, the scratches were only superficial and not very deep, so she didn't need a bandage.

"Let them air dry like this," Waylon instructed. "Be careful not to get them wet when shower, and they'll heal in two days."

“Not get them wet?” Doris asked, her brow furrowed. “How can you take a bath without getting wet?”

“A towel?” Waylon asked, frowning. “I refuse to believe that a wet towel can’t be washed for this purpose.”

“Oh, a wet towel works too,” Doris said, lowering her head and apologizing. “I always seem to cause trouble for you.”

Waylon’s lips twitched. “It’s a debt from a past life.” “As long as I’m with you, trouble is always stirred up!”

Doris,

“...” She was well aware that he disliked her.

They escaped with Waylon leading the way, and the Nimbus Hotel exploded shortly after.

Raymond’s relatives arrived shortly afterwards.

Lily and her brother, as well as the wedding banquet’s host, were summoned.

The Richardson family was taken aback when they discovered that the person who had paralyzed Raymond was Waylon, the Imperial Palace’s club owner.

Even if their family held a little position, such as mayor of Struyria, they would still defer to Waylon, who was left with nothing but money.

After all, Waylon could easily overpower them with his wealth!

Waylon is currently funding several new government initiatives in Struyria. Who could possibly challenge him?

Oh no, how can this dispute be settled?

The Richardson family directed their anger at the wedding banquet’s host.

After all, the incident happened at their wedding reception!

They couldn’t escape the responsibility.

When the host of the wedding feast saw this, he couldn’t stand it.

As a result, they shifted the blame to Lily.

After all, Lily introduced Waylon, right?

In a hurry, Lily passed the blame to Raymond.

Who made Raymond behave like a jerk and bully her “girlfriend“?

Waylon’s assistant was the “girlfriend” of her brother.

Even when it comes to hitting a dog, the owner must be considered!

If you, Raymond, act like a thug against their assistant, and Waylon doesn’t beat you, who will?

As a result, the Richardson family's emotions were filled with repressed anger.

[Chapter 1273 A Fight For Doris](#)

A disturbance erupted at the wedding reception held at the Nimbus Hotel, and Adrien quickly received word of it.

Adrien was concerned about the potential impact on the hotel, as he was in charge. He hurried to the scene to retrieve the security footage.

Unfortunately, they couldn't see what had happened inside the restroom as there were no cameras installed.

However, the surveillance outside the restroom captured everything..

A man could be seen rushing out, carrying a woman dressed in white under the bright lights.

But the man returned in less than two minutes, his face flushed with anger.

He stormed into the restroom, only to emerge a minute later.

Then he left gracefully, as if he had only dealt with a minor issue.

Following that, a group of men and women hurriedly entered the men's restroom.

Leading the charge were the daughter and son of the owner of the Imperial Palace club.

Adrien didn't have to look hard to recognize the man as Waylon, coming in and out.

Waylon?

This was intriguing!

Who was the woman he had been holding in his arms?

Her body resembled Doris, even though her face was obscured.

Wow!

Adrien wondered if Mr. Waylon had lost his temper because of Doris.

What had happened inside?

He immediately sent someone to gather more information.

Meanwhile, Lily and the Richardson family, the hosts of the wedding luncheon, were discussing the situation in the private room of the Richardson family

Eventually, Adrien received a report from his employees.

The Richardson family had harassed a woman named Doris, and Waylon had stepped in to defend her.

"Well done!" exclaimed Adrien from his chair. "That scumbag Raymond deserved it! He may not look like it, but he's a disgrace; every time I see him, I want to beat him up!"

This incident seemed quite exciting.

Mr. Waylon, the newly appointed owner of the Imperial Palace club, was the one who had come to someone's defense.

Adrien obtained the surveillance footage and sent it to Emmeline via WhatsApp.

Emmeline had just finished showering and was getting ready to blow-dry her hair at the dressing table.

A WhatsApp notification sounded.

When she picked up her phone, she saw that it was from Adrien.

Seeing Adrien's name, she furrowed her brow, as they rarely exchanged messages. "Why is he messaging me?"

"Who is it?" Abel, who was preparing to take a shower, paused upon hearing her comment.

"Uncle Abel," Emmeline explained, "he sent me a video."

"Just open it and take a look," Abel said. "Your brother wouldn't dare be inappropriate with you right now."

"That's true," Emmeline said, running her hand through her hair while opening the video. with her other hand.

After a quick glance, she abruptly stood up from her chair. "Adam? What happened to him?"

Abel mistook her for referring to Adam and asked, "What's wrong with Adam?"

"Not Adam," Emmeline stated emphatically. "It's Waylon."

"Waylon? What happened to Waylon?" Abel was also astonished.

"Just watch, just watch! Is he holding Doris? Did he fight someone because of her? Come and see!" exclaimed Emmeline.

Abel realized there was a lot of information in her statements after hearing this.

He lost interest in taking a shower and rushed over to Emmeline's phone. "Can you tell me what's going on?"

He played the video and watched it once before becoming slightly surprised. "He fought for Doris? Wow, has he finally come to his senses?"

"Don't take pleasure in others' misfortune," Emmeline scolded, frowning. "I need to quickly ask Waylon what's going on."

"No need to ask," Abel replied. "Someone was bothering Doris, and Waylon came to her rescue; isn't that obvious?"

Waylon came to her rescue.

Emmeline's curiosity was piqued by just one sentence. Could things truly be this fantastic?

She snatched the phone from Abel's grasp and dialed Waylon's number.

Waylon had just finished administering medicine to Doris and was standing on the patio, smoking a cigarette.

He didn't usually smoke, but he was frustrated and just wanted to smoke at that moment.

If it wasn't prohibited to kill someone, he would have killed the jerk!

[Chapter 1274 No One Dares To Object](#)

Ring, ring, ring. The telephone rang.

Emmeline had called.

"Emma?" Waylon spoke swiftly, his voice calm.

"Waylon," Emma asked, a smile on her face, "did you play the hero and save the damsel in distress?"

"You have sharp ears!" Waylon said indulgently.

"You defended our family; that's admirable. I heard about it and recognized it right away," Emma added.

Waylon knew it had to be Adrien's fault. Adrien, after all, managed the Nimbus Hotel.

"What do you mean I defended our family?" Waylon asked. "Someone bullied my assistant, so I intervened. My assistant is just a figurehead and rarely does any work."

"I see," Emma said, sensing Waylon's cautious distance. "Anyway, it's good that you stood for Doris; Waylon, you fought bravely for love!"

"Enough!" Waylon exclaimed, rolling his eyes. "Are you mocking your Waylon? Don't you have anything better to do?" "If you're free, come help me study herbs!"

"I'm busy," Emma explained. "I've been dealing with Nightfall Cafe's expansion; franchisees. from all over have come to discuss collaboration."

"Then why do you care about my business?" Waylon asked, adding, "Take care of your own affairs first."

"I was just asking," Emma explained. "Did anyone express dissatisfaction after you finished fighting? If so, let me know, and I'll confront them on your behalf."

"You're always afraid that the world won't be chaotic enough, you little troublemaker," Waylon exclaimed, "and you never think any task is too big for you!"

"I'm telling you the truth," Emma declared. "Isn't there anyone who's dissatisfied?"

"Who dares to be dissatisfied?" scoffed Waylon. "If they're dissatisfied, they can bring their whole family to find me."

"Haha, Waylon is domineering Emma remarked. "You ruled over Osea, and now you've come to Struyria. Not bad."

"I know," Waylon conceded, "you're just teasing your Waylon when you call."

“You know I’m not,” Emma pointed out. “Is Doris okay? Did she get hurt?”

“She has a minor flesh wound on her knee,” Waylon explained. “I’ve already taken care of it for her.”

“Tell her to rest at home tomorrow, and I’ll come see her when I have time,” Emma added.

“All right,” Waylon replied, “thank you on her behalf.”

“Then I’ll hang up,” Emmeline remarked with a smile, adding, “I won’t keep you any longer.”

This youngster

Emmeline, on the other hand, had already hung up.

“Did you find out?” Abel’s eyes twinkled with curiosity.

“Hehe, it’s interesting!” Emmeline exclaimed, adding, “Waylon and Doris will definitely have chemistry, but Waylon is currently confused.”

“Then let’s wait and see,” Abel suggested. “As long as he isn’t completely oblivious, he will develop feelings sooner or later.”

“You should go take a shower!” Emmeline advised. “When did you become so nosy?”

Her spouse was only wearing briefs and looked attractive and seductive, making her blush and her heart race.

“I’m not nosy,” remarked Abel. “But I genuinely care about Waylon; he’s already thirty.”

“Go quickly!” Emmeline had had enough, grabbed Abel, and pulled him into the restroom.

Abel couldn’t help but say, “Sweetheart, wait for me to finish washing!” before closing the door.

“Are you done yet?” Emmeline asked, her face flushed to the tips of her ears.

This man is quite irritating: he constantly wants to play with her every night.

This seems to be more important to him than managing the Ryker Group

Emmeline bought fruit the next day and went to Starhill Garden to visit Doris.

Doris’s knee wound had already scabbed over; it didn’t appear to be serious.

She was probably scared and anxious at the time, and falling hurt a lot.

“Daniel is the same,” Emmeline snarled. “He clearly took you out, but he couldn’t take care of you; is he even a man?”

[Chapter 1275 Is He Good Or Evil?](#)

“It’s not his fault,” Doris said hesitantly. “At the time, he was busy talking to his friends, and I went to the restroom alone; no one expected to run into that scum.”

“You’re defending Daniel,” Emmeline pointed out. “If my older brother hadn’t taught that jerk a lesson, you wouldn’t have been bullied for no reason.”

“What?” Doris was confused. “Waylon taught Raymond a valuable lesson.”

“Yes, don’t you know?” Emmeline responded. “My brother was the one who directly disabled him.”

“Oh!” Doris said, her face turning pale. “Is it really that serious?”

“You should be grateful,” Emmeline pointed out. “It’s already good enough that he didn’t take his own life!”

“But he only left for three or four minutes,” Doris pointed out. “It takes three minutes for a round trip on the road, and in the middle, he disabled someone’s limbs?”

Emmeline asked, “How much longer do you want?” “If he wanted to take someone’s life, it would only take a few seconds, and it wouldn’t even be bloody; it’s the kind that even forensic doctors can’t detect!”

Doris took a deep breath.

Oh, my goodness!

Is Mr. Ademar a good or bad person?

The doorbell rang while the two were talking.

Mrs. Flores walked to the door and announced Daniel’s arrival.

Daniel was noticeably ashamed when he saw Emmeline there as well.

“I was negligent yesterday and did not properly take care of Doris; I came to apologize and check on her,” Daniel explained.

“Mr. Thomas, you don’t have to blame yourself,” Doris pointed out. “I don’t know what Raymond would have done to me if you hadn’t arrived in time to stop him; I’m already grateful to you.”

“Unfortunately, I don’t have Waylon’s ability to help you disable someone and vent your anger,” Daniel explained.

“Don’t say that,” Doris said. “Everyone has their own way of dealing with situations, and what you did was already excellent.”

“That makes me feel a lot better,” Daniel said, scratching his chin. “Raymond bullied you all night, and I cursed myself for not hitting him!”

“If you don’t have the skills, don’t take the responsibility!” Emmeline exclaimed coldly.

Daniel was taken aback, as if he had heard this before.

He suddenly remembered Waylon telling him this just a few days before.

They truly are like siblings—they are so close!

“Well,” Emmeline remarked as she stood up. “You guys should talk.”

Daniel was relieved since he thought Emmeline was going to leave. He quickly got up said, "I'll walk you out."

"Who said I was leaving?" Emmeline smirked. "Can I trust you, Doris? I'm going to the kitchen to cook for her. Haven't you seen me since noon?"

"Daniel," "....."

"How about I cook for you, too?" Emmeline said to Daniel.

"Well..." Daniel smiled nervously. "How could I have dared to tire Miss Louise?"

"Then I won't keep you," Emmeline responded.

Daniel was surprised and could only say, "All right then, I'll go first, and I'll see Doris another day."

"Doris has us," Emmeline pointed out. "You're so busy; work is more important."

"Daniel," "....."

This lady is actually connected to Waylon!

Emmeline quickly cooked lunch for Doris after Daniel had left.

"Ring Her phone rang, and it was Abel who was calling.

Emmeline quickly answered, "Hubby."

"Aren't you at the Nightfall Cafe?" Abel asked. "I'll come and pick you up."

"I'm at Doris's place," Emmeline explained. "Didn't I tell you last night?"

"I forgot because I was busy," Abel explained. "I'll come and pick you up then."

Emmeline asked, "Do you have something to do?" She intended to stay with Doris and learn more about Waylon.

"It's the weekend today," Abel pointed out. "My parents want us to come over to their house. for dinner."

"I can't believe I forgot!" Emmeline smacked herself on the back of the head. "I'm becoming more and more absent-minded!"

"Wait for me," Abel instructed. "I'll come pick you up, and we'll go directly to Levan Mansion."

"That works too," Emmeline said as she hung up the phone.

"You're not having dinner here?" Doris was still hesitant to leave.

"You heard it?" Emmeline asked, shrugging. "I'm going to see the kids today; they don't have school."

"Then I won't keep you," Doris responded. "I'll be going to work tomorrow."

"It's okay to rest for one more day," Emmeline explained. "Besides, there's still me at the dessert shop, right?"

[Chapter 1276 Guess What](#)

Abel arrived at Starhill Garden half an hour later to pick up Emmeline. The two of them then went to Levan Mansion.

Lunch was already set on the table, and the children were seated around it.

The four little ones didn't have to go to kindergarten today because it was the weekend.

Nowadays, even kindergartens assign homework, making it seem as if the children are in elementary school.

"Daddy, Mommy," Timothy began solemnly, blinking his obsidian-like eyes, "do you know why Grandad and Granny invited you here today?"

Emmeline and Abel were certain in their hearts. The following day was Old Mr. Ryker's birthday, and they were invited to discuss the celebrations. Was there anything they overlooked?

At this important gathering, all of the guests would see them. They couldn't afford to be careless.

However, Emmeline and Abel pretended not to know and teased the four children.

"Mommy doesn't know; what's the matter?"

"Daddy doesn't know either. Daddy didn't do anything wrong, right? Are Grandad and Granny going to punish Daddy?"

"No way," Sun grumbled. "Daddy is the best daddy, and Grandad and Granny know it, so how could they bear to punish you?"

"Then what is it?" Abel asked, his heart melting as he glanced at the children's beautiful features.

"Guess?" Moon asked, tilting her head, "You can guess with me."

"There will be a reward if you guess correctly," Star said, clapping his chubby hands. "I have a lot of prizes that I made myself, and if Daddy and Mommy guess correctly, they can go to my room and pick one."

"Wow! Is there such a good thing?" Emmeline asked, blinking her eyes excitedly. "Then I have to make Daddy guess hard, and I'll help him guess as well, and if we guess correctly, we can go to Star's room and pick a prize!"

"Let me guess." Abel's starry eyes fluttered, his face innocent. "Did Grandad become wealthy?"

"Hahaha," the four kids chuckled. "Daddy's eyes are filled with dollar signs."

"Then it must be..." Emmeline said, "Granny is becoming more and more beautiful."

"Hahaha!" the four children laughed again. "Granny is indeed becoming more and more beautiful, but Mommy guessed wrong."

Rosaline stood next to them, smiling as she watched the family's laughter.

"What could it be, then?" Emmeline pouted, seeming to be confused.

“Let me make a guess,” Abel said. “Is it because you were praised again in kindergarten? Did you get a little sticker?”

“That’s nothing,” Timothy replied, patting his chest. “All four of us brothers get praised every day.”

“That’s right,” Sun confirmed. “Every day, we get a small sticker; nothing special.”

“I received seven last week,” Moon revealed. “One per day!”

“Me, too,” Star replied. “I have received more than anyone else in our class!”

“So, you still haven’t guessed?” Abel asked, his brow wrinkled. “It’s really difficult.”

“Daddy, I’ll give you a hint,” Timothy explained. “Think about your great-great-grandfather.”

“Great-grandfather?” Abel asked, shocked. “Is there something good happening with my great-grandfather?”

“Oh, you’re getting close!” she said, clapping her hands.

“Daddy, keep going; you’re getting closer to the answer!” exclaimed Moon and Star.

“The final victory is entirely up to you, Mommy,” Abel stated. “Mommy, it’s your turn to make a guess.”

“I guess...” Emmeline blinked several times. I’m guessing it must be my great-grandfather’s birthday, right?”

“Wow, Mom is incredible!”

“Mommy guessed correctly!”

“We’ll give Mommy a reward later!”

“Mommy got it right; it’s my great-grandfather’s birthday!”

“Oh, it was so difficult!” Emmeline pretended to wipe her brow, “but I finally guessed it!”

“Daddy will reward Mommy!” Abel exclaimed, leaning down to kiss Emmeline on the cheek.

“Daddy is being affectionate!” Munchkin whispered as they covered their eyes, “We haven’t eaten yet; don’t make us eat dog food!”

[Chapter 1277 They’re All Little Gems.](#)

This is absolutely hilarious! Rosaline and Lewis couldn’t stop laughing.

Despite taking good care of herself and having no wrinkles, Rosaline had a face full of laughter lines.

But seeing their son’s family of six, each one a little treasure, was such a thrill!

Of course, it would be even more wonderful if Emmeline delivered two more. granddaughters!

After playing with the children, everyone sat down to eat.

“Abel, what the kids said earlier is true. Your grandfather’s 80th birthday is the day after tomorrow. We’ve already made all the necessary preparations, but we’re worried that something might slip through the cracks. That’s why we asked you and Emmeline to come over today to discuss whether there’s anything else we need to do. If there is, we still have one more day to fix it.”

“Emmeline and I have taken care of everything on our end, so there shouldn’t be any oversights,” Abel stated after going over everything in his head.

“That’s good to hear,” Rosaline responded. “The entire Struyria is watching your grandfather’s 80th birthday; we can’t afford any mistakes or embarrassing moments.”

“Mom and Dad, please rest assured,” Abel added. “Although Uncle at Meriwether Mansion is the main organizer, Emmeline and I have made all necessary preparations; there will be no oversights.”

“I think everything is fine, too,” Emmeline replied. “The gifts have been prepared, and the congratulatory message has been recorded; we have everything we need.”

“We’ve also prepared a gift for Great-Grandfather,” Timothy remarked. “I checked it for my little brothers today, and there’s no problem at all.”

“That’s good,” Abel said, patting Timothy on the back of his head. “As the oldest brother, you should set a good example for your younger brothers.”

“I know,” Timothy said, nodding. “Mom and Dad can relax; I will look after my younger brothers.”

“Good boy,” Emmeline said as she patted Timothy on the head. “Our Timothy is becoming more and more like a responsible older brother, and Mom and Dad are naturally reassured!”

Sun cast his ballot, saying, “I support Timothy!”

Moon raised her hand as well, saying, “Me too!”

“And me!” Star didn’t want to be forgotten.

“It’s best if your four brothers are united and harmonious; with unity, you can achieve anything!” Lewis told his grandchildren.

Rosaline agreed, saying, “A single chopstick can be easily broken, but a bundle of chopsticks is unbreakable.”

“Grandad and Granny are right!” Emmeline lifted her glass to Munchkin and said, “Let’s toast to Grandad and Granny together!”

“To Grandad and Granny!” Munchkin exclaimed as he lifted his fruit smoothie.

Abel raised his glass as well, and the entire family toasted Lewis and Rosaline.

“Mom and Dad, you’ve worked really hard!”

“Grandad and Granny, you’ve worked extremely hard!”

“Thank you, Mom and Dad!”

Lewis and Rosaline graciously accepted everyone's toast, and the entire family thoroughly enjoyed their supper.

After lunch, Emmeline took Munchkin for a walk in the garden and then went upstairs to check on their slumber.

All four youngsters were well-behaved, resting on their individual children's beds in their respective rooms, and quickly fell asleep.

Abel and Emmeline also rested in their rooms before leaving by car.

Lewis and Rosaline were getting older, so they could take longer naps without being disturbed.

Abel wanted to go to Nightfall Cafe for coffee after leaving Levan Mansion, but Emmeline wanted to work out.

"We ate so much for lunch; if we don't move around, we'll gain weight."

"I like it if you gain weight," Abel replied as he took the wheel. "Don't always think about losing weight."

"I don't care if you like it or not!" Emmeline stated, "Whether I gain or lose weight, it's not for you to judge. My body, my decision! I don't want to gain weight because it will make me sluggish. It has nothing to do with whether you like it or not."

"Then I'll listen to you," Abel indulgently responded. "How about going to Tony's gym for a little while?"

Emmeline paused for a moment before nodding. That works; let's go there."

She then grabbed Abel's arm and pouted, "You need to exercise too, or I'll be the first to dislike you!"

"Don't worry, even when I'm seventy years old, I won't turn into a greasy uncle!" Abel declared.

[Chapter 1278 Who's There?](#)

"Sonia is here," Tony explained, "she just went in with a few girlfriends, and then you two arrived; I thought you had planned it."

"Heh," smiled Abel, "I have nothing to do with her; why would I plan anything?"

Tony shook his head. He knew Abel didn't think much of Sonia; otherwise, they would have met five years ago.

"Who cares who comes?" Emmeline asked, "the sports center is a place for everyone to have fun, so what if we happen to run into her?"

"Didn't you guys have a conflict during the race a while ago?" Tony asked. "The entire Struyria knows about it; I was just concerned that you guys might hold a grudge."

"That's all in the past, Emmeline declared. "If she still can't let it go, she can come race against me again; I'm open to suggestions!"

“Mrs. Abel is formidable!” Tony said as he asked Emmeline, “What do you and Mr. Abel want to play today?”

“My wife has the final say,” stated Abel. “If she wants to box, I’ll box. If she wants to play ball, I’ll play ball.”

“Let’s play ball then,” Emmeline said with a smile. “We just finished eating; boxing is too strenuous.”

“Alright, Tony said, “table tennis it is!”

[Chapter 1279 Outstanding Talents](#)

Abel held Emmeline’s hand and led her directly to the billiards room after swiping their membership cards at the front desk.

The area was a large hall with six billiard tables, and there was no one else inside.

As Tony personally escorted them, two accompanying ladies greeted Abel and Emmeline.

“Take care of Mr. Abel and Madam,” Tony instructed the two females, emphasizing the term. “Madam.”

He was concerned that the two accompanying ladies would be attracted to the charming. Abel.

This was their usual strategy.

Abel’s wife possessed formidable martial arts skills.

These two accompanying ladies must not provoke her.

To be honest, as soon as they laid eyes on Abel, the two females accompanying Emmeline. were captivated by his charisma.

Wasn’t this man incredibly attractive?

They had always considered Tony attractive, but when he stood next to Abel, Tony paled in comparison!

This man not only had physical handsomeness, but he also exuded an exceptional aura.

There was a tremendous sense of dominance and a regal presence that he concealed.

Could it be anyone other than Abel who possessed such enchanting beauty in Struyria?

After further consideration, they realized it could only be Abel!

However, handsome men were always someone else’s.

Abel was accompanied by his wife.

Just look at her; she was also breathtakingly beautiful. They couldn’t help but admire her!

Suppressing their envy, the two escorting ladies respectfully served Abel and Emmeline.

They began by setting up the tripod and asking, “Who will start?”

"Of course, it's my wife," Abel replied, taking the cue stick, thoroughly chalking it, and handing it to Emmeline.

"Then I won't hold back." Emmeline gracefully bent over the table, gripping the cue stick.

She made a magnificent straight shot, steady and strong, aiming at the cue ball and scattering the balls.

The three balls rolled and fell into the pockets simultaneously.

"Nice shot!" exclaimed the four individuals standing nearby.

Abel was even more surprised to see that Emmeline not only knew how to play billiards but also played quite effectively!

"Emma, if I had known you were so good at billiards, I would have brought you here to play earlier.

"I'm not that good," Emmeline modestly replied. "I'm not being humble, but I've only played a few times with Waylon, and occasionally I can make a shot; it's just luck!"

"Madame is being modest," Tony pointed out. "A master can tell if someone is good or not. with just one move."

"I'm just an amateur," Emmeline laughed. "Even if I tell you, you won't believe it."

"But your sense of the game is amazing." Abel remarked. "You pocketed three balls with your first shot."

"Then let me continue, Emmeline said, bending down again. "Let's see if I can keep guessing so accurately!"

"Bang!" With one stroke, she pocketed two more balls.

"And you call this guessing? Who would believe that?" Abel said.

"It truly is just guessing!" Emmeline laughed. "I've played with Waylon a few times; there's no real skill involved!"

"This is incredible!" Tony exclaimed. "My sister-in-law always surprises me!"

As they conversed, Emmeline pocketed two more balls, but if she continued playing, she would miss.

Now it was Abel's turn.

Abel stood in front of the pool table, holding the cue stick with grace and confidence.

The two assistants were captivated by his every move but dared not make a sound.

His every gesture revealed his experience as a player.

With smooth strokes and no wasted movements, he cleared the table in no time.

The assistants counted the balls, and Emmeline had one more than Abel.

However, Emmeline took more time, playing with stability, accuracy, and carefully calculating each shot.

In terms of speed, she was far behind Abel.

If they were to compete in clearing the table, she would definitely lose.

“Clap clap!” Suddenly, a female voice said, “Mr. Abel, such skillful moves,” and applause came from behind.

Everyone turned around and saw that it was Sonia who had approached them.

Abel’s face darkened, and a cold aura instantly emanated from him.

“Mr. Abel, shall we play a game?” Sonia walked over, smiling gently at Abel.

Abel didn’t want to give her any attention; he put down the cue stick and said to Emmeline, “Let’s go, darling.”

“Am I supposed to leave as soon as Mr. Abel arrives?” Sonia smiled and said, “Don’t I deserve a little respect?”

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“Face is something you give yourself,” Emmeline replied, “not something others bestow upon you.

“I just wanted to learn from Mr. Abel because he plays basketball so well,” Sonia said, “but Mr. Abel treats us like enemies.”

“Isn’t that the case?” Abel sneered, “Nightfall Cafe caused trouble, and there was an incident in Dracovia. Are we not enemies?”

Sonia’s face turned pale as she said, “Mr. Abel, I apologize for what happened at Nightfall Cafe. It was my mom who saw me injured during the race and acted out of concern for me. I know I was wrong, but what do you mean by the incident in Dracovia? Mr. Abel, please don’t falsely accuse others. Even if we haven’t become a family, based on our past relationship, you shouldn’t say such things about me.”

“Calling you “light” would be an understatement,” Abel coldly sneered. “If I find out who is behind the incident in Dracovia, I won’t be as polite as I am today!”

Sonia remained silent.

Her mom had told her that the people sent to Dracovia had their limbs broken by Abel.

“Emma, the air here is not good.” Abel furrowed his brows and said, “Let’s go do something else.”

“Hold on,” Sonia said. “Since Mr. Abel refuses to teach me, can I learn from Ms. Louise about the overall situation?”

Abel was about to defend Emmeline, but she coldly laughed and said, “Miss Steiner is my defeated subordinate. What else does she want to learn?”

“I admit that I lost to you in the race,” Sonia’s face lifted, “but I believe that in table tennis, you may not be my match!”

“Huh,” Emmeline smiled faintly, “Miss Steiner just witnessed it; I am indeed not skilled in table tennis.”

“So you’re afraid to compete with me, is that it?” Sonia sneered, squinting at Emmeline.

“What is there to be afraid of?” Emmeline smiled and said, “Isn’t it just a game of table tennis? Although I am a beginner, it doesn’t mean I can’t beat Miss Steiner.”

“If that’s the case, why not give it a try?” Sonia coldly smiled and said, “Considering that Ms. Louise is a beginner, I’ll give you three rounds!”

“No need,” Emmeline said. “I’ll have my husband give me some pointers, and I can easily defeat Miss Steiner.”

Sonia’s face tightened as she fiercely said, “Fine, I’ll see how Mr. Abel can train Ms. Emmeline into a skilled player in such a short time!”

“Then let’s give it a try, shall we?” Emmeline smiled lightly, turning to Abel and saying. “Hubby, teach me.”

“Okay!” Abel nodded. “I’m willing to serve my wife!”

Sonia had a black face and didn’t want to hear the two of them calling each other “hubby” and “wife”.

The constant use of “husband” and “wife” was like a sharp sword, ruthlessly stabbing at her heart.

Abel helped Emmeline choose a pool cue and handed her pink chalk.

The lady who was practicing with them also set up a table of balls.

Abel stood behind Emmeline, his tall figure pressing against her slender waist. He bent down, circling his arm around her waist, helping her grip the pool cue and aim.

“At this angle, shoot faster; keep your wrist steady; don’t shake. The ball can go into either. pocket.”

Abel patiently explained it to Emmeline.

She let him hold her, let him grip her arm, and hit the ball; the two of them were intimately intertwined.

Sonia’s face turned black from watching.

But the others were moved.

“Bang!”

With one stroke, the ball opened, and four of them fell into the pockets.

“Wow, amazing!” Emmeline said in Abel’s arms, “You’re really good!”

“Let’s go again,” Abel said, holding her waist and taking two steps. “This angle, aim for these few balls.”

Emmeline held the pool cue and bent down at the edge of the table. Abel extended his long. arm, enveloping her in his embrace, and taught her hand in hand once again.

The couple taught and learned seriously, looking like a perfect match.

But in the eyes of the people around them, it was clearly just a public display of affection.

Abel embraced Emmeline, showing tenderness and teaching her carefully. She leaned against him, speaking softly with her bright eyes.

Coupled with their natural talent and beauty, they were especially eye-catching, making the hearts of several people race and their blood boil.

Sonia regretted it to the core.

How could she make it difficult for Emmeline?

It was clearly an opportunity for them as a couple, allowing them to show off in front of her!