



Abel rushed in only to see the shadow vanish from the window.

“Seal the hospital!” He roared. “Catch that damn woman!”

“Abel,” Adrien seemed doubtful. “Isn’t Emmeline trapped in the utility room?”

Without saying a word, Abel made a beeline for the elevator.

He was going to the utility room to check for himself whether or not the woman was Emmeline!

The group raced after him.

Alana’s expression was one of grim satisfaction. You’re done for this time, Emmeline!

Abel unlocked the door of the utility room when they reached the dimly lit backyard.

He flicked on the switch only to find Emmeline curled up on a tattered couch sleeping soundly.

That mystery person isn’t her?

She lazily turned over, her eyelids fluttering open at the commotion outside.

She then stretched and smiled at Abel. “You’re finally back.”

It was as if her gaze was putting him in. He unexpectedly reached out to her and held the petite woman in his

Her demure frame and familiar scent began to dredge up lost memories. Zeke suddenly felt that this woman had been in his arms before!

wasn’t a recent memory but no matter how hard he tried to

remember, nothing came to mind.

“She’s my wife. Adrien tried to extricate her from his arms.

He, however, had already carried her Out of the utility room and set her down.

“Let me ask you.” He remained stoic. “What did you see in my grandfather’s room last night?”

“I…” Emmeline thought about it. “I was sleeping with my kids. And then I heard how Mr. Oscar wasn’t doing well so I rushed downstairs. There was a towel on his face when I arrived. I was just about to remove it when all of you came inside. That’s it.”

Abel frowned and muttered, “I saw the murderer.”

“You did?” Her eyes widened. “Did you manage to track them down?”

“No,” he said. “But you’ve been proven innocent. You’re free to go!”

“But, Mr. Abel.” Alana grew frantic. “That person was Emmeline!”

Abel shot her a disgusted glance and turned away.

She was dumbfounded. How is that possible? That woman was her!

Emmeline smirked. Brandon and she managed to pull off their little act with great success.

Adrien helped her up and asked, concerned, “Are you alright, my dear Em?”

She waved him off. “Who’s your dear Em?!”

“I thought you knew,” Adrien said. “The paternity test has been done. I’m the children’s father, not Abel.”

“Don’t touch me!” She shoved him away and sprinted off.

“Em!” He called out. “I’ll bring a dowry when I come to propose!”

The next day, police chief Derrick Campbell came to report to Abel that the suspect who harmed Oscar was arrested.

“Who was it?” There was a murderous glint in Abel’s eyes.

“It was a man with a small frame,” Derrick explained. “He wanted to rob the home but Mr. Oscar found out. He returned last night to the hospital to find out what was happening.”

“Take good care of him,” Abel said. “Hold him legally responsible!”

“Yes, sir!” Derrick nodded. “Leave it to us. We won’t be showing any mercy!”

“Good!” Abel then sent him away.

After leaving the 89-floor building of the Ryker Group, Derrick immediately contacted Emmeline.

“Everything’s been settled. You’re pretty resourceful, lady!”

“But the true culprit is that woman,” Emmeline said. “It’s just a pity I don’t have any evidence for it but I can keep playing with her if she wants!”

“Anything that makes you happy, Boss,” he said. “Just have Mr.

Benjamin let me know if you need me to clean up after you if accidents happen.”

“Sure.” She smiled. “You’ve

improved, I’ll pass your message on to him and get you a promotion within the next half of the year.”

“Thank you so much, Ms.

Emmeline!” He thanked her

graciously by bowing through the phone,

Life was looking up with such a powerful person backing him.

Everything was back to normal the next day.

Emmeline dropped the triplets off at their kindergarten and returned to her cafe to entertain her customers,

“Customers”, but there was usually

only one man.

Its location was fairly femote so there was little traffic.

It didn't really matter. She wasn't earning her keep through the cafe,

She hummed as she brewed a cup of coffee when her stepmother, Alondra Lane, stepped inside dressed in a frilled pink dress.

“Oh, a rare visitor.” Emmeline scoffed coldly. “Did you end up at the wrong place, Mrs. Lane? You shouldn't be suffering from Alzheimer's at this age!”

“You're the one with Alzheimer's!”

Alondra smacked an invitation card onto the bar. “I'm here to give you an invitation on behalf of my niece, the future lady of the Ryker family!”

Unvitation?” She snorted. “Is she getting married to Abel? She's inviting me to her wedding party?”

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