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Emmeline had no plans of using the restroom; instead, she intended to go outside and give those two a chance to get more comfortable with each other.

Janie appeared very reserved when she was with Benjamin, and there was no hint of her flamboyant personality at all.

As Emmeline turned on the faucet, she hummed a nursery rhyme while washing her hands.

“You seem to be very happy today!” came a cold voice from behind.

Upon hearing that, Emmeline’s head whipped around.

Abel covered her mouth and pulled her into a cubicle, locking the door with a click.

“Hey, what do you want to do?” Emmeline muffled her words through Abel’s hand.

Emmeline’s first instinct was to retaliate, but once she realized who it was, she relaxed as she remembered the ointment he had given her the night before.

Abel enveloped her slender waist with his arms and pinned her to the wall, his towering stature looming over her.

His thumb brushed against her lips as he asked, “What do you think I should do?”

“How am I supposed to know?”

Only then did Emmeline notice the suppressed anger in his eyes, and asked in a panic, “Why are you here?”

Abel snorted coldly, “Am I not allowed to be here? Are you afraid that I’ll see it?”

“Huh?” Emmeline was confused

and didn’t understand what he

was referring to.

Abel bowed his head and

continued, “Emmeline, you are not

bad, not bad at all!”

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“What do you mean?”

Abel let out a cold laugh and sneered, "On one hand, you have Adrien waiting for you, and now you have Benjamin here with you. Occasionally, you even find the time to hook up with me. It seems like the rumor that caused an uproar in Struyria five years ago wasn't baseless after all!"

Emmeline's expression suddenly changed as she asked herself, "What is this man talking about?"

"Abel, what do you mean by saying all of that?"

"You don't understand what I'm saying? Are you playing dumb with me? You're a despicable woman!"

Unable to contain her anger any longer, Emmeline broke free from his restraint, and elbowed him in the process.

Abel deftly dodged to the side, then quickly reached out and took hold of her elbow, drawing her back into his embrace once more.

"I acknowledge your skills, however, you are competing against someone with military training. If you do not accept this as your defeat, you are welcome to make another attempt."

"Irrespective of who you are, I cannot withstand being insulted in such a way. Abel Ryker, I insist that you apologize to me immediately for what you said."

"You made me angry. Why should I apologize to you?!"

Emmeline's eyes filled with tears and she spoke in a sharp tone, "I'll say it one more time! Abel Ryker, apologize to me right now!"

Abel was stunned for a moment as he stared blankly at the fiercely angry expression.

He was surprised by the extent of Emmeline's anger, as she appeared on the verge of exploding.

In fact, he had just said those in a fit of rage.

He was wondering how he could explain himself at this point, as there seemed to be no way to do So.

Abel bowed his head and tenderly pressed his lips against the soft but unyielding lips in front of him.

He held her tightly, and Emmeline found herself powerless against his embrace, which felt as unyielding as a sturdy iron wall.

Only after Abel had thoroughly ravaged her lips did he lift his head.

"Emma, sor..."

"Smack!"

With a fierce strike to his cheek, Emmeline forcefully shoved him back and stormed out.

Abel was left leaning against the sink in a state of pitiful despair.

Benjamin and Janie were deep in conversation when she returned to the dining table. Neither of them noticed that Emmeline was acting strangely,

Directly in front of her was a plate of spicy fried fish. Emmeline cut off a piece and ate it, then exaggeratedly exclaimed, "Oh my

God! It's so spicy! Oh! It's burning me!"

"Emma!" Benjamin stood up in a panic and asked, "Is it too spicy for you?"

"Mmmhmm." Emmeline covered her mouth and nodded repeatedly while making a sound of agreement. Her eyes, which had been red-rimmed before, now appeared natural.

"Here, drink some juice quickly."

Emmeline held onto Benjamin's hand as he brought the glass of juice to her lips, taking large gulps.

"Are you feeling better now?"

Benjamin asked with genuine concern as he handed her a tissue to wipe her mouth.

Emmeline nodded and replied, "Yes, I feel much better now. My tongue isn't burning anymore."

Stunned as she watched them, Janie finally asked, "Mr. Benjamin, what is your relationship with Emma?"

"Huh?"

Benjamin was momentarily taken aback by the question before responding, "She's my sister!"

"Oh, no wonder," Janie exhaled with relief, "you two look very intimate."

Abel emerged from the restroom looking dejected. Having attended to his affairs, he hastily departed.

Emmeline ate the rest of her meal in a relaxed atmosphere, but her innermost being belied a tumultuous unrest.

How could Abel have insulted her
in that manner?

Eventually, it was time for everyone to leave.

Janie blinked and asked, "Uh, I took a taxi here. Could either of you give me a ride home?"

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"Mr. Benjamin will send you," Emmeline replied, "I don't think it's safe for you to ride with me."

Janie looked at Benjamin eagerly. He shrugged and said, "Sure, I will send you home."

Abel did not leave immediately after stepping out of the hotel. Instead, he stayed in his Rolls- Royce Phantom, staring at the entrance of the hotel.

He regretted what happened just now. How could he say such things to Emmeline? It should not bother him so much that Benjamin was taking her out on a date. She was an attractive woman, and it was no surprise Benjamin would

fall for her and want to pursue her.

Abel should not have humiliated her because of that. He wished he could take back what he had said earlier.

The car was parked beside the road opposite the entrance of the hotel, and Luca who was sitting in the passenger seat could see anyone who entered or left the hotel.

"Mr. Abel, she is out," Luca said. Abel quickly lowered the car window, and he could see Emmeline stepping out of the hotel in a pair of tight jeans that accentuated her long legs.

"Where is Benjamin? Why are they not together?" He asked. Luca hesitated, "Maybe he has gone to take the car from the basement parking lot."

"Benjamin's car is not in the basement," Abel raised an

eyebrow, "I saw his car just now." Luca was dumbfounded. He had no idea where Benjamin had gone.

Luca and the bodyguards were seated some distance away from Benjamin's table in the restaurant, so he did not notice Janie was also at their table. He could not have guessed that Benjamin was leaving together with Janie

instead.

Janie had used the powder room before leaving, so they stepped out of the hotel a little later than Emmeline.

"Mr. Aber," Luca said, "Ms. Louise is leaving on her motorcycle." Abel frowned. "Her electric bicycle has broken down. Now I see she's riding a motorcycle instead."

"It does not look cheap," Luca commented. "It is a racing motorcycle. It's not the most expensive type, but it could cost her about 60,000 dollars," said Abel.

As they were commenting about her motorcycle, Emmeline had already put on her helmet and left with her motorcycle.

"Follow her," Abel commanded. The driver immediately drove the Rolls-Royce Phantom to follow Emmeline discreetly.

Emmeline was speeding through the street on her black motorcycle like a snake, and Abel's driver was finding it challenging to follow her.

When everyone realized she was not heading toward Benjamin's place like Abel was worrying about, they were relieved. She was heading toward the Nightfall Cafe.

Abel felt like a weight had been lifted from his chest, and he let out a sigh of relief. Luca did not turn to look at him, but he had heard Abel's sigh. Luca was worried about Abel.

Emmeline did not slow down at all: Abel and Luca watched her from inside the car, concerned for her safety. Luca was stunned, "I have to give it to her for handling the motorcycle so well."

"She does well in anything she sets her mind on," Abel agreed.

About ten minutes later, Emmeline finally stopped in front of the cafe. She pushed her motorcycle into the garage and went upstairs.

Abel's driver stopped the car in a parking lot opposite. Luca turned

toward Abel, "Mr. Abel, now that she's home safely, what would you like us to do now?"

After a moment of silence, Abel said, "You guys can move to the bodyguard's car. I want to be alone here for a moment."

Luca looked at him. He knew Abel needed to be alone, so he could take a moment to think about Emmeline. Luca and the driver moved to the bodyguard's car as Abel ordered.

Abel lowered the car window and took out a cigarette. He took a puff, staring at Emmeline's bedroom window. She was

staying a floor above the cafe.

She had turned on the light in her bedroom. His heart leaped as he saw her silhouette in front of the window. He was watching her intently before she pulled over the curtain./

He could no longer see her. His heart sank.

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Minutes later, the balcony light was turned on. Abel could see Emmeline vaguely through the hedge. She was watering the plants.

He smiled gazing at her through the hedge. She looked beautiful tonight. After watering the plants, she bent to sniff a flower. He could not tell her expression, but he was quite sure she had smiled. Everyone loved flowers.

Abel wondered if she knew he had built the little garden for her. He felt bitter and sighed. The moment he looked up again, she was gone. Had she gone downstairs? He would not be able to see her if she had gone downstairs. He should

not have looked away just now.

At the same time, he heard the sound of someone using the swing in the garden. He was relieved to find Emmeline using the swing. He then wondered if she knew he had built the swing as well.

It was comforting to hear her using the swing. It felt as though she was in his arms. His heart ached a little. Emma, have you ever loved me?

Eventually, the sound stopped, but Emmeline did not go downstairs. Abel could not see what she was doing, but he guessed she had fallen asleep on the swing.

He frowned. It was late and

getting cold. She could fall sick sitting out like that. However, he had no way to reach out to her. They had blocked and unfollowed each other both on social media and phone contact lists.

The longer he sat in his car seeing no movement from the swing, the more worried he got. She had indeed fallen asleep on the swing.

Abel got out of the car and threw the cigarette he was smoking. Luca got out of the bodyguard's car as well. All eight bodyguards followed him out of the car.

"What are you doing?" Abel glared at them, "Are you trying to get everyone's attention?"

"No, we only want to keep you safe," said Luca. He asked, "What are you doing out, Mr. Abel?"

Abel glanced at the bodyguards and said, "You guys get back into the car. Luca, follow me."

As the bodyguards returned to the car, Luca followed Abel to the entrance of the cafe. Abel did not knock. Instead, he was studying the garage. It was added on later on, and the wall was not very tall.

Abel thought for a moment and began to run toward the garage. He swiftly climbed onto the roof of the garage. Luca realized Abel

was going to climb into the house.

Luca was about to get onto the roof as well when Abel stopped him. "You don't have to get up here. Just stay there." Luca immediately stopped right in front

of the garage.

Abel took a glance around the roof. There was not a soul in sight, and there was no surveillance camera as well. He moved toward the window and climbed into the room.

"Good job!" Luca cheered for Abel as he watched him beneath. He was impressed that Abel moved so skillfully. He also understood by now the reason Abel asked him

to stay there. It was Emmeline's bedroom Abel was entering.

Abel climbed into Emmeline's brightly-lit bedroom and

immediately took a blanket before

moving toward the balcony. He found Emmeline asleep on the swing.

She was curling up like a cat because she was feeling cold. Abel gently covered her with the blanket. She stirred slightly.

He was worried she would wake up to see him there, so he quickly hid behind a plant. However, she did not wake up. She murmured in her sleep, "Abel..."

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Abel was stunned. Did Emmeline just say his name in her sleep? She was dreaming about him, wasn't she?

However, he was let down the next minute when Emmeline

murmured, "Go away! I don't want to see you again!"

He was frustrated. How could she ask him to go away? Was she that angry with him? He began to feel sorry. It's all my fault, Emma, could you please forgive me and stop being angry?

At this moment, he heard Luca's voice from beneath. Luca was being questioned by a cop on patrol. Luca tried to explain, "Sir, I

am not trying to steal or anything, okay? I am merely looking for a place to pee because I have to go now."

"You will be fine for public urination," the cop said curtly.

"No, sir, I have not even unzipped myself," Luca continued to explain, but the cop was not in the mood to listen, "Cut the crap and just pay the fine. I don't care for your excuses."

Emmeline must have heard the noise too, as she stirred a little on the swing. Abel quietly moved away from the balcony and returned to her bedroom. He watched the cop drive away

before climbing out of the bedroom window and returning to the spot in front of the garage.

Luca immediately ran toward Abel. "Mr. Abel, you are finally back! Abel put a finger on his lips and whispered, "Be quiet! She could hear us from the balcony."

Luca stopped speaking, and they quickly got back into the car. Luca showed Abel the fine he just got, "What should I do about this, Mr. Abel?"

Without saying anything, Abel took out his phone and transferred the exact fine amount to Luca.

Emmeline's murmurs in her sleep

still lingered in Abel's mind. She was asking him to go away, and he was boiling because of it. If she had said nothing else after saying his name in her sleep, he might have transferred more money to Luca because he would have been thrilled.

Luca had no idea what happened on the balcony. He wasn't even sure at first that Abel had only transferred to him the exact fine amount. It wasn't like Abel at all; he used to be generous..

On the other hand, Emmeline slept like a baby covered in a blanket. She woke up feeling refreshed. As she saw the blanket on her, she felt touched. Her nanny Daisy was always so thoughtful.

Emmeline got up and went to the triplets' room. She made sure they were all tucked in before returning to her bedroom.

"Mr. Abel," seeing there was movement in Emmeline's bedroom, Luca told Abel with a yawn, "She's back in her room."

"She has been sleeping out on the balcony for such a long time. Unbelievable," Abel scowled, "She would have fallen sick now if I had not covered her with a blanket."

Luca understood now that Abel had sneaked into Emmeline's house to keep her warm. He looked at Abel with a furrowed brow, "Mr. Abel, would you consider apologizing to Ms. Louise? I am afraid the current situation would do more harm to both of you."

Abel fell silent for a moment and said, "I want to, but she is not giving me a chance to."

"I don't think that should stop you," Luca seemed determined, "Even if she is not giving you a chance, you should at least try. How about waiting here tomorrow night as well?"

Abel nodded in agreement. "I am planning to be here tomorrow as well. She will catch a cold if she stays out on the swing the whole night."

"Is it okay that stay out of the plan tomorrow?" Luca frowned, "I don't want to risk encountering the cop again. They may not believe my excuse the next time, and may detain me to question further instead of just fining me."

"Fine, I will be here myself tomorrow," Abel shrugged. Luca sighed and said, "Well, you could do something more than just wait here. I believe you built the balcony garden, right?"

"Yes, I did," Abel raised an eyebrow, "What are you proposing?"

"You could bring the gardener and tell her the garden needs a trim. Any garden needs a trim from time to time," said Luca.

Abel paused briefly and smiled. "You are right. I could tell her our gardener Mateo demands to trim the garden because it's his job."

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Luca beamed in agreement. "You could tag along with Mateo and stay here for a few days to make sure Mateo gets the work done, Mr. Abel. There will be plenty of time for you to fix the relationship with Ms. Louise."

It did not matter to both of them that the garden was so tiny it would only take half a day to finish trimming it. Abel was thrilled, "Brilliant idea, Luca! Here's your reward for such an amazing idea."

Luca received a transfer of 1,000 dollars from Abel. "Thank you, Mr. Abel! Though I would have thought my brilliant idea deserved more than 1,000 dollars."

The next morning when she was about to send the triplets to kindergarten, Emmeline found a van parked in front of her house. Two men got out of the van. They were Abel and Mateo, the Rykers' family gardener. She remembered Mateo had set up the balcony garden.

She was surprised to find them here with shovels. She took a deep breath and approached them. "Are you here to scrape the garden and the swing? You have to wait until I send my kids to kindergarten to start."

Abel was bewildered. How could she think that he was here to scrape the garden? Mateo was equally stunned. He looked at Abel quizzically, "Mr. Abel, I don't think that's the plan."

"No, that's not the plan," Abel quickly explained, "You have misunderstood us, Emma. We are here because Mateo thinks that it's time to trim the garden. It has been some time since the garden was built. Any garden needs a trim from time to time so it will stay beautiful, right?"

"Yes, Mr. Abel is right," Mateo nodded in agreement, "The plants need trimming to prevent insect infestations. They also need to be fertilized to keep them healthy and vibrant. It's my job to take care of the plants in your garden."

"Well, the garden does need some upkeep," Emmeline was

persuaded. After all, she would not want the plants and flowers in the garden to wither.

"Fine, you can work on the garden while I send my kids to kindergarten," she gave in. It

would be too much hassle to drive her car, so she decided to call for a cab instead to send the kids to kindergarten.

"See you, Daddy!" The triplets waved to Abel as they got into the cab. He waved to them as well, "Goodbye, kids!" He felt

bittersweet sending them off.

Sometimes he wished he were the

triplets' father. If he were their father, his relationship with Emmeline might be better and not so strained.

After sending the triplets to kindergarten, Emmeline took a cab back. She had no filming work these two days, so she could take a break.

Sam had already started baking in the cafe. Emmeline joined her in baking, something she enjoyed greatly. It was satisfying to make delectable desserts from scratch.

Abel entered the cafe and cleared his throat to draw Emmeline's attention. She glanced up at him and said coldly, "Are you done with the garden?"

She was still mad at him for humiliating her yesterday at the hotel. She should have given him a few more slaps then.

"Not yet," said Abel, "We are here early, and we have not taken our breakfast yet." She shrugged, "You are welcome to make your breakfast in the kitchen."

She did not even look at him. "I am sure you can handle a simple task like making your breakfast, Mr. Abel."

He nodded. "Sure. Have you eaten? I could make yours too." She was stunned, and she realized she had not eaten anything since she woke up. She had been busy with the kids.

Abel immediately understood she had not had her breakfast as well. When he was still staying here, she would always have her breakfast after sending the kids to kindergarten. Today, she had not gone upstairs at all after sending the triplets to kindergarten.

"I see," he said, "I will make yours too." He turned toward Sam, "Do you want some too?" Sam nodded, "Sure, why not?"

Abel got upstairs, smiling. If Emmeline agreed to eat what he prepared, she might not be that mad at him after all.

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Daisy had gone out, so Abel had to make breakfast on his own in the kitchen. He wore an apron and began to make breakfast.

Shortly after, he made three sets of pancakes. He was about to bring the pancakes downstairs when he realized it was a bad idea. Sam would be in his way. He needed to speak with Emmeline alone.

However, if he had asked Sam to eat her breakfast alone at the cafe, it would be too obvious that he wanted to be alone with

Emmeline, which could anger Emmeline further. He would not want that either.

He sighed and brought the pancakes downstairs. "Breakfast is ready. Let's dig in!" Emmeline and Sam went upstairs, and Abel returned upstairs as well.

To his surprise, Sam took her plate of pancakes and said, "Someone needs to be in the cafe. I will bring this to eat downstairs."

To his dismay, Emmeline followed Sam downstairs, "I need to watch the desserts I am baking. I will eat downstairs too."

They left Abel sitting in front of his pancakes alone. They did not know he was so full now he couldn't eat the pancakes. He had had a heavy breakfast with Mateo at the Nimbus Hotel earlier. He would not have Mateo working on an empty stomach.

He did not know what to do with the pancakes now. He sighed and

decided to bring the pancakes to the balcony, where Mateo was working. Mateo might enjoy the pancakes after a morning of hard work in the garden.

Mateo was hard at work when Abel found him. "You are right, Mr. Abel. This garden needs a trim. Everything is out of shape now."

"Take your time, Mateo," Abel said, "Why don't you eat some pancakes first?"

"Pancakes?" Mateo was surprised. "We already had a heavy breakfast this morning."

"You should be hungry now after working so hard," Abel brought Mateo the plate of pancakes. "Take a break and have some pancakes now."

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The pancakes looked appetizing, and Mateo began to feel hungry again. "Thank you, Mr. Abel. Then I shall dig in now."

After Mateo finished the

pancakes, Abel brought the empty plate to the kitchen and returned to the cafe. The ladies were still enjoying their pancakes, and they felt awkward as he stood watching them eat.

Emmeline glanced at him. "What are you doing here, Mr. Abel? Aren't you supposed to be working in the garden?"

"I am here to get the empty plates to clean after you are done," he said. Emmeline rejected his offer, "It's okay. Please just leave us alone and let us have our pancakes in peace."

He reluctantly returned upstairs. He simply wanted to see

Emmeline, but she wouldn't let him.

Janie visited at noon. Once she saw Emmeline, Janie immediately gave her a big hug. "Oh my god, Emma! Thank you so much for yesterday!"

"What about yesterday?" Emmeline asked. She began to like Janie now.

"Mr. Benjamin and I had a pleasant conversation when he sent me home yesterday," Janie was delighted, "We talked so much. It felt like we had known each other for a long time."

"Well, that's good to know,"

Emmeline smiled. She was happy

for both Janie and Benjamin. She did not want Benjamin to waste his time on her because she could not reciprocate his feelings. She would want him to have a life that wasn't revolving around hers.

“What have you talked about? Would you mind sharing?” She asked Janie. Janie looked like she was afraid Emmeline would never ask.

“He asked me how I got to know you,” Janie began. Emmeline’s heart sank. It seemed Benjamin was still focusing on Emmeline. However, she believed as long as Janie was there with him, he would soon focus more on other people besides Emmeline.

Someone cleared his throat as he got downstairs. It was Abel.

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Abel did not intend to interrupt Emmeline and Janie, but his presence drew the ladies’

attention nonetheless. Emmeline and Janie turned to look at him.

He was standing by the stairs in his black pants and white shirt which was unbuttoned. He had rolled up his sleeves, exposing his muscular arms. He was tall, dark and handsome, and Janie was instantly attracted.

She had to know who this man was. He was as hot as Benjamin! Janie took a deep breath and asked Emmeline, “Who is this guy,

Emma? You seem to know a lot of hot guys!”

“What, this guy?” Emmeline

paused briefly and said, “He is just my gardener.”

That was a smoking hot gardener! Janie was extremely excited. “You have an eye for hot guys, Emma! Where can I even find such a hot gardener? I would have wanted to date him if I was not already dating our CEO.”

Abel raised an eyebrow. Gardener? He could not believe Emmeline introduced him as a gardener. Though it might be better to hide his identity from strangers. Moreover, he had only been back for a short time, so not many people knew him yet.

“Ms. Louise,” Abel said, “Which types of plants would you like to add to the garden?”

“Leave it to Mateo please,” Emmeline replied, “He knows

best.” Abel nodded, “Sure. How

about lunch? Would you like me to make your lunch?”

Emmeline glanced at the clock on the wall. It was almost lunchtime. “You can make lunch together with Daisy, thank you.”

She had always made lunch. together with Daisy, but today she wanted Abel to make her lunch. Abel nodded and returned upstairs.

Janie was surprised. “Wow, Emma! Did you just order your hot gardener to make your lunch also? I have no idea you have such power over hot men!”

"It's nothing," Emmeline shook her head, "It's just part of his job."

Emmeline tried to divert Janie's attention. "Are you here just to thank me?"

"Of course not!" Janie replied, "I also want to get some advice from you on finding a way into Mr. Benjamin's heart."

Emmeline thought for a while and said, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Benjamin lives alone and rarely cooks. Maybe you could bring some home-cooked meals to enjoy with him together. With time, you will grow on him."

"Brilliant idea!" Janie was excited. "I shall make him meals right now. Thanks, you have the most amazing ideas, Emma!"

"You are welcome," Emmeline smiled, "Go now and make some tasty meals. Good luck!"

Janie thanked her again and left, smiling from ear to ear. Sam waited until Janie was gone before peeking out from behind the counter, "Ms. Louise!"

"Why are you helping that woman to win Mr. Benjamin's heart?" Sam looked concerned, "I think Mr. Benjamin would be sad to know this."

Emmeline shrugged and said, "I think Benjamin deserves to be happy, don't you think so? He deserves someone who makes him happy."

"Mr. Benjamin only has eyes for another woman though," Sam mumbled. Emmeline knew Sam was referring to her. "I cannot

make him happy. You know it." Sam said nothing else

At the same time, Abel was busy making lunch with Daisy in the kitchen, While he was busy cooking, his mind wandered.

He thought he could fix his relationship with Emmeline by using the excuse to trim the garden. However, she had been avoiding him the entire morning, and he barely talked with her.

They had only talked about making breakfast and lunch thus far. At this rate, he would not be able to make it up to her by dinnertime.

This was taking too much time. He had to think of something else. He thought about the flowers in the garden, and he was suddenly reminded of the conversation between Benjamin and Emmeline last night.

Benjamin said last night he would buy Emmeline as many flowers as she wanted. He mentioned flowers were her favorite. That was it! Abel had a new idea now.

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Abel decided he would get some flowers after lunch. He could not stick to his original plan and risked failure. Once he made up his mind, he could focus better on cooking.

Daisy was impressed by the way he was handling the knife in the kitchen. She was surprised that a CEO knew how to cook and was good at it.

Lunch was ready in no time. Daisy went downstairs to let Emmeline and Sam know that lunch was served. She told Emmeline, "I am impressed. Mr. Abel is good at cooking!"

"I thought everyone knew that already," Emmeline smirked. She was happy that Daisy complimented Abel's cooking skills.

"Ms. Louise," Daisy whispered to her, "I think Mr. Abel is a catch! You should consider him."

"Don't waste your time, Daisy," Emmeline frowned, "I am starving! Let's get to lunch now."

"Oh well," Daisy sighed and said, "Sure, after you, Ms. Louise."

Sam locked the cafe door behind her and followed Emmeline upstairs. Mateo had also taken a break and got to the dining room for lunch.

Mateo was shocked to see Abel wearing an apron. "I didn't know you could cook, Mr. Abel." He had no idea the pancakes he had this morning were made by Abel as well.

"It's nothing too difficult for me," Abel shrugged and took off the apron. "We have made everyone's lunch. Try my cooking, Mateo."

"Of course!" Mateo was stunned and quickly went to the washroom. "I will wash my hands first."

Emmeline was excited. She had not had enough of Abel's cooking the other day at The Precipice, so she was glad he was here today and had cooked for her.

Abel was happy to see Emmeline smiling. "Try the mashed potato, Emma. I think you would love it." He pointed toward the bowl of mashed potato in front of her.

She gladly tried the mashed potato and was pleasantly surprised at how tasty it was. She beamed at him, "It's delicious! You are so good at this."

Mateo returned to the dining table and couldn't wait to try Abel's cooking. Daisy and Sam were also waiting eagerly to start eating. Abel quickly gestured for them to start digging in before sitting down beside Emmeline.

Once he sat down, Abel couldn't help but try to get Emmeline to take a bite of everything he had prepared for lunch. "Try the meatloaf. You will love this!" For each bite she took, he would eagerly wait for her comments. "How is it? Do you like it?"

Feeling out of place, the others ate

in silence as they watched Abel trying to impress Emmeline. Thankfully, Abel left right after lunch.

Emmeline returned to work in the cafe. She had wanted to ask where he was going but stopped herself in the end. She sighed as she saw him leaving.

Sam was grinding coffee beans when she said, "What has happened between you two? You look like you need to talk it out."

"It is not so easy," Emmeline sighed, "He has to consider Alana's feelings, and I have to consider Adrien's feelings. It is complicated."

"I don't think it's as complicated as you believe," Sam shrugged, "If

it were up to me, I would simply follow my heart and be with my lover against all odds. Love conquers all!"

Emmeline chuckled. "Life is not a rom-com, unfortunately. There is so much more than just romance in life. Life is also about family, friends and responsibilities. You cannot revolve your life around just romance, or you will end up in a mess."

Sam shut her mouth because Emmeline was right. Indeed, life was not a rom-com, and women would do better without revolving their lives around romance. There was so much more to life than romance, and she should not focus on just one thing in life.

At the same time, Abel had arrived

at Floral Fantasy and was spoiled for choice. The florist swiftly approached him with a smile. "Hello sir, are you looking for a gift for your girlfriend?"

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"Mm." Abel nodded. "How much for a flower?"

The young man could tell the stern-looking man had no experience giving flowers.

"If you plan to give flowers to your girlfriend, your best choice is the rose. That's the symbol of love, of course."

"Mm. Give me a rose then."

"You can't just buy one rose either. You should pair it with something else. Usually, it's baby's breath."

"Give me that too."

"To round it up, I'd recommend two lilies too."

"Mm. Sounds good," Abel said. "By

the way, I want more roses."

"How many? 19? That means 'eternal love.'"

"That's not enough. I'm paying for it anyway, so give me more," Abel said.

"How about 48? It means 'My love for you never changes.'"

Abel shook his head again. 48 is such a mediocre number.

“How about 99 roses? That’ll show your girlfriend how much you love her!”

“Yeah, 99 roses it is.”

The young man wondered if Abel could hold the big bouquet in his hands, but that was not his job to worry about. His job was to sell flowers.

The young man picked out fresh roses from a bucket and started to arrange the bouquet. It took him some time to arrange the 99 roses, baby’s breath, and lilies wrapped up in craft paper.

It was indeed a heavy bunch.

Abel was satisfied with it. After he paid for the bouquet, he brought it back to the car.

The driver and Luca exchanged glances but did not say anything.

Earlier, while Abel was away, they were talking about how their employer had finally seen the light.

Flowers were a good way to make a woman fall in love with a man, but that was a very big bouquet!

Abel brought the bouquet back to the café

Before he opened the front door, he saw that only Sam was on the first floor. Emmeline was not there.

He lifted the bouquet slightly higher and covered his face.

He was a shrewd and experienced businessman, but it was his first time giving a woman flowers.

Moreover, he had an arrogant personality. He was embarrassed to be in that position.

Sam noticed a man holding a big

bouquet of flowers coming through the door.

The bouquet covered the man’s face, and Sam did not know who it was.

However, judging from the man’s suit, Sam thought it was Abel.

“Mr. Ryker? Is that you?” Sam asked.

She stretched her neck to see if she could see the man’s face.

“Mm,” Abel replied and brought the bouquet closer to his face.

He was blushing intensely.

After Sam confirmed that the man was Abel, she tried her best not to laugh as she asked, “Wow! Who are those flowers for? They’re really pretty!”

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Everyone turned their head toward the door. It was Benjamin.

Coincidentally, he was also

holding a bouquet of roses in his hands.

However, the roses in his bouquet were blue.

Benjamin and Abel stared at each other, secretly shocked at what the other party was holding.

Abel thought, What? I didn't know there were blue roses! They look so otherworldly. My roses seem cheap and tacky in comparison!

Benjamin thought, Wow, that's such a big bouquet! I'm sure Abel is here to declare his love for Ms. Louise!

Emmeline felt so awkward looking at the two men.

What's wrong with them today?

After staring at each other for a while, Abel and Benjamin smiled diplomatically.

"You first, Mr. Ryker," Benjamin said.

"Never mind," Abel said. "The florist was giving these out for free anyway, so I took a bunch. You should go first."

Benjamin was speechless. Which florist would give out so many roses for free? You can't lie to save your life, Abel!

Abel turned his head and spoke to Sam. "Sam, put the flowers

Bomewhere. If there's no suitable place, you can throw them away."

He placed the bouquet at the counter and left through the glass door.

Benjamin watched him cross the road without looking back before saying, "Emma, was I interrupting something?"

"No." Emmeline forced a smile, though she felt disappointed.

Couldn't you have come in two seconds later? I want to know what

Abel wanted to say to me!

Emmeline glanced at the bouquet

on the counter. It had lost its meaning.

"Find a vase for those flowers,

Sam. It's such a waste to throw them away."

"Yeah, Ms. Louis  . That's a lot of flowers!" Sam said while glaring at Benjamin.

She also wanted to know what Abel intended to tell Emmeline.

"I... I didn't mean to interrupt, Ms. Louise." Benjamin was pretty upset by what he did. He rushed over to the café as soon as he received the bouquet because he wanted to see Emmeline being happy.

It turned out he had ruined a moment, and he wanted to slap himself for that.

"You won't buy flowers for me," Emmeline said, "So what's the story with the blue roses?"

"Huh? I thought you knew. Didn't you tell Janie to do that?" Benjamin said.

"Janie? Janie Eastwood?"

"That's her," Benjamin said. "She brought lunch for me from home, and she also gave me this bouquet."

"I see, I was wondering why it's blue," Emmeline said. "So it's supposed to be for you."

"What's going to happen now though?" Benjamin said. "I'm sure Mr. Ryker has misunderstood the situation."

"Never mind," Emmeline waved her hand dismissively. "There's nothing much to talk about between us anyway. You came just in time."

Sigh, how should I comfort Ms. Louise? Benjamin thought.

Abel returned to the parking lot across the street. Luca quickly stepped out of the side passenger door and opened the back door for him.

He did not see what happened in the café because he was catching forty winks. He had not slept since last night because he had been staking out at the café with Abel.

Luca noticed that Abel seemed displeased. His expression was as dark as a stormy night.

He wondered what had transpired earlier.

What happened to the big bouquet? Did Emmeline throw it out of the door?

Luca Could imagine the busy traffic trampling mercilessly over the flowers.

As soon as Abel sat down, he said coldly, "Drive."

Luca paused for a second and asked, "Where do you want to go, Mr. Ryker?"

"Back to my office," Abel said. He closed his eyes and rested his head on the seat. "There's still a lot of work to do."

In other words, he did not want to waste his time here.