

## Are Mine 281

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Alone in his mental safe space, Adrien told himself that everything looked so real because Adam needed to convince Emmeline that she was in real danger. Without a few blood splats and bullets, how else could the urgency of the situation be conveyed? Yes, it must all be part of the plan. Or so Adrien thought to himself.

Inside the conference hall, Adam

looked at Abel's vacant seat. It was getting suspicious now. And when he looked at Benjamin, Benjamin was gone too

"Sir, there is a fight up there." a staff member came to Adam.

"What?" Adam jumped from his

Beat. "F\*ck. I was tricked."

"What do we do now, sir?"

"Go up, idiot."

"Yes, sir."

On the 29th floor.

"Emma! I'm here for you!" Adrien shielded his face and headed straight to the ninth room, where Adam said he would keep Emmeline. Adam had thought to kidnap Emmeline once Adrien "rescued" her. But due to the sudden fight, his plan deviated.

"Emma!" Adrien pushed open the door to the ninth floor. Abel

followed suit.

"Abel?" Adrien was surprised to see his brother here. "Why are you here?"

But the moment Adrien saw the gun Abel was carrying, he knew this was no longer just an act. They were fighting for real.

Boom! Boom! Two more bullets came from another direction. Abel rolled into the room with Adrien.

"Mmm!!! Mmm!!!" groaned

Emmeline in a muffled voice. She was bound on a chair.

"Emma!"

"Emma!"

Boom! Boom! Another two bullets came flying. Abel hunkered down out of reflex but the inexperienced Adrien got shot. Blood oozed out from the wound on his chest.

"Adrien!" Abel shot back and tried to get Adrien up.

“Ignore me. Just save Emma,” said Adrien weakly.

Emmeline was getting desperate. She wanted to call out Adrien’s name but she couldn’t. Truth be told, she didn’t expect the cowardly Adrien to show up here in person. Still, she didn’t want Adrien dead. After all, Adrien was

her sons’ father.

“Come, Emma.” Abel removed the ropes and tapes on Emmeline and dragged her out.

“But Adrien...” said Emma.

“Forget about me.” Adrien lay in the pool of blood. “They won’t do anything to me. I’ll just say that I’m in the wrong place, at the wrong time. Abel, take Emma to safety.”

“Emma, let’s go.” But Emmeline stumbled to the ground when she took her first step.

“What happened, Emma?” Abel

helped Emma to get up.

“That bastard gave me some anesthetics. I’m a bit weak now.”

Abel didn’t even ask for her permission and decided to carry Emmeline in his arms.

“Give me your gun. You carry me. I shoot.”

Abel looked at her in disbelief.

“You can use a gun?”

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“Yes.” Emmeline then demonstrated her talent by shooting at the wrist of two guards. Together, they cleared all obstacles on the way.

When they were about to reach the elevator, Adam was there. He shot twice at Emmeline. When Abel heard the gunshot, he turned his body so that his bulletproof vest would take the hit instead of

Emmeline. However, one of the bullets hit Abel’s shoulder, and the searing pain it caused almost made Abel drop Emmeline.

Right then, Benjamin came with an assault rifle. The first bullet grazed Adam’s hair. It was just a warning shot. Adam almost soiled his pants and decided to flee into the stairway. The trio continued to fend off all forces that came their way until they arrived at the car park. Luca was already waiting there in a Rolls-Royce. In a swift motion, Abel ducked into the passenger seat and they drove away, leaving Benjamin on the spot.

“Wait for me, Mr. Ryker!” A female voice came up. “Don’t abandon me here.”

Benjamin looked back. It was the fake Canary No. 9.

“Please. Don’t leave me here. Mr. Ryker!”

The woman continued to chase after the car in her expensive dress. Benjamín had to admit that the woman did resemble

Emmeline a bit. No wonder the Palace Lord used her.

“Please return, miss. You’re not coming with us,” uttered Benjamin sternly.

“But Mr. Ryker bought me for 565 million dollars. He’s just going to throw me away like this?”

Benjamin couldn’t argue with that. Since Abel already bought the woman, only he got to decide what to do with her. All of a sudden, Benjamin heard the police siren. Someone called the police.

“Stash the guns and leave,” Benjamin commanded the elite guards.

“What about me?” The woman didn’t wait for an answer. She just ran into Benjamin’s car shamelessly. Benjamin had no choice but to keep her until Abel knew what to do with her.

As the police surrounded Imperial Palace, the media flocked to the place. They reported that a gang fight had taken place and caused many casualties. When the police found the injured Adrien on Floor 29, he was immediately sent to Ryker Hospital. Answering the police’s questions, Adrien claimed that he was an unfortunate guest

who was caught in the crossfire. There was no way he would rat out the entire family feud. After the interrogation, Adrien decided to call Abel

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When Abel saw that Adrien was calling him, he answered the call right away.

“Adrien!”

“Abel, don’t come to the hospital. The police are everywhere and they are investigating it,” said Adrien weakly.

“How are you, Adrien?”

“I’m fine. I just told the police that I was a guest there. But you’re different. You can’t show your face here.”

“Yes, I know. Thanks, Adrien.”

Abel was planning to head to the

hospital to extract the bullet from his shoulder. It seemed like that was no longer an option. After the call with Abel, Adrien then called Adam.

“Adrien? Where are you? What’s going on?”

“Beat me to it, Adam. There was a gunfight. The police are arresting the suspects. Are you safe?”

“The gunfight had nothing to do with me. It was the Palace Lord’s doing. And I’m a lawful citizen,” lied Adam.

“Good. You should stay away from the Palace Lord. In case you are thrown under the bus,” warned

Adrien.

“Don’t worry. I don’t deal with him. Besides, I only went to him to ask for a small favor. I do not plan to work with him in the future.”

“Good, good. I have to hang up now. The doctor will put me under to take the bullet out,” Adrien stated.

“You were shot, Adrien?” Adam was surprised to hear that.

“Yeah, on my right chest.

Fortunately, my vitals are unaffected.”

“What the... Who shot you? I’m going to kill whoever shot you.”

“Bullets have no eyes, Adam. Emma is safe, at least,”

“Yeah, but Abel saved her. Not you,” Adam grumbled.

“It’s fine. I just want her to be safe. Besides, you got what you wanted, didn’t you? Abel and Benjamin both lost hundreds of million dollars,” said Adrien.

Adrien was right. Even though Adam lost Emmeline, Abel was about to lose his position as the CEO as well.

Back in The Precipice.

Abel’s brain was busy coming up with a way to extract the bullet

from his shoulder. Due to the drug, Emmeline could only lie against Abel’s arm limply.

“How is Adrien doing?” asked Emmeline in a sultry voice. The vulnerability in her made her look extra seductive. For a moment, Abel lost his voice.

“I’m asking you a question, Abel.”

Abel’s fingers brushed against Emmeline’s cheek. “Do you care about him that much?”

“I just don’t want anyone to get hurt,” answered Emmeline.

“I’m injured too. But you didn’t even bother to ask me if I’m doing okay. You brought up Adrien. You...” protested Abel./

“So what do you want, Abel?”

“Do you know what I was thinking and we were running for our lives back then?” Abel leaned down and nibbled on Emmeline’s earlobe.

“How am I supposed to know?” Emmeline dodged away. “I can’t read your mind.”

“I told myself that I won’t allow you to leave my side again,” spoke Abel softly.

Emmeline felt conflicted. For the complicated past she had with Abel, could she ever live a happy life with Abel?

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Emmeline regained her

composure before long. She wasn't a lovesick girl, to begin with.

"Drop it now. How are you going to take the bullet out of you now?" Emmeline asked Abel. She could perform the operation. But now, it was too risky as she was drugged.

"Let me think..."

However, Abel didn't look like he was thinking about the bullet. He could only look at the woman that he nearly lost. They occupied The Precipice in their lonesome and carnal desire charged the air around them.

"The bullet, Abel. The bullet." Emmeline handed out another reminder.

Abel kissed Emmeline's forehead. "One bullet cannot stop me from coming to your rescue. Not even five."

"But you're bleeding. And I'm incapable of helping you out," uttered Emmeline.

"But Emma..." Abel's lips wandered to meet Emmeline's. "You are full of surprises."

"Huh?"

"I didn't know you knew how to fire a gun."

"..." Quick, she needed an excuse. "I took some shooting classes at university."

Abel knew it was a lie straight away. He was professionally trained. He knew who was an amateur shooter and who wasn't. But since Emmeline didn't want to tell him, Abel wouldn't pry further.

"Let me carry you upstairs. You're trembling." Abel caressed Emmeline's lips.

As they moved, so did the undulating beauty under Emmeline's dress. When they were in the room, Abel threw Emmeline to the bed and pinned her down. His hands slid beneath

her dress.

"No... You're bleeding." Emmeline's declination felt more like an invitation.

"I only need my lower half anyway." Abel planted more and more kisses on Emmeline's body. Emmeline was too weak to fight back so she bit Abel's tongue. That was enough to bring reason back to Abel's mind.

Abel let go of Emmeline and got up. He apologized, "Sorry. I lost control there."

"Give me a sleeping gown. I shouldn't look like this."

"Okay."

Abel then gave Emmeline one of his sleeping gowns. Despite the deep feelings they had for each other, there were boundaries between them. And for the

moment, it was best to respect them.

Moments later, Abel summoned Luca.

“Yes, Mr. Abel?”

“Find me a scalpel, rubbing alcohol, gauzes, painkillers, and bandages.”

“All right, Mr. Abel.” Luca frowned. He knew what Abel would be doing.

After Luca left, Emmeline approached Abel in his sleeping gown. “What are you doing?”

“I’m taking out the bullet,” replied Abel nonchalantly.

Emmeline shook her head. “You can’t do it without anesthetics.”

“I’ll be fine. Don’t worry about me.” Abel shot Emmeline a reassuring smile.

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Emmeline said nothing. She knew Abel would never change his mind. What she could do now was to assist Abel. She silently took out the brooch from the dress and straightened the pin behind it. Worst came to worst, if Abel couldn’t stand the pain of the operation, she knew of a way that could knock him out real quick.

Before long, Luca came with the items Abel requested.

“Help me,” commanded Abel.

“Me?”

“Why? You want me to take the bullet out myself?” Abel frowned.

“But Mr. Abel, I might faint.”

“What?”

“I can shoot I can fight. But blood makes me faint.” Noticing the disbelief on Abel’s face, Luca continued.

“My father took me to a slaughterhouse once. I fainted before the animal did.”

Abel was speechless. “Fine. I’ll do it myself.”

“I guess I can give it a try.” Luca felt bad for his employer.

“Okay. If you pass out, I’ll take over.”

“Let’s begin.” Luca removed his

blazer and rolled up his sleeves.

Abel also unbuttoned his shirt, putting his massive pecs and shoulder muscle on public display.

Emmeline had seen a topless Abel before, but the sight of it still stirred something within her.

“Emma. Turn around. It will be very messy. Don’t turn your head even if you hear my voice,” cooed Abel.

“Don’t worry, I’m not afraid of blood.” She had to be there when Abel couldn’t bear the pain. Therefore, she couldn’t run away.

“You just enjoy watching me suffer, don’t you,” teased Abel.

“It sure brightens my day.” Emmeline engaged in small banter to calm Abel down.

“You are the death of me.” Abel pinched Emmeline’s cheek affectionately. The romantic exchange made Luca feel like a third wheel but he couldn’t make himself scarce.

“Disinfect the wound,” ordered Abel.

“Okay.”

Emmeline was watching on the sideline. Although Luca fumbled a bit, he performed the right steps nonetheless. After all, the

personal guards took some first

aid lessons. Abel’s face turned white after the disinfection. He was in pain but he didn’t want to voice it out.

Emmeline took some tissue papers and wiped away the sweat beads on Abel’s forehead. Abel seized the opportunity to kiss her.

“This is the best painkiller there is,” said Abel devilishly. Both Emmeline and Luca blushed, but for different reasons.

“Light the rubbing alcohol to disinfect the scalpel.” Abel gave further instructions to Luca. The latter did what he was told.

After a while, Abel gave the green

light to begin the operation. Weird noises could be heard

intermittently when the scalpel met the flesh. Luca’s lips were trembling and Emmeline clenched the brooch in her hand. It was a scary moment. Abel still didn’t utter a word but more sweat beads appeared on his forehead.

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Emmeline wiped away Abel’s sweat again. This time, she offered him a kiss herself. For solace. CHING

The scalpel hit a metallic object. The bullet, undoubtedly. “I found it, Mr. Abel. Bear with me. I’ll dig it out now.” “Okay.” Abel nodded. Luca took a deep breath and cut deeper into the wound. “Tsss.” Abel sucked his teeth.

As Luca continued the operation, Abel’s face twitched uncontrollably. “Kiss me,” Abel blurted out. Emmeline was stunned. “Kiss me, Emmeline.”

Emmeline offered her lips once more. It wasn't just a peck. It was much longer than that. Abel grabbed onto Emmeline, his tongue entangled with Emmeline's.

With one last push, Luca managed to dislodge the bullet from Abel's wound. He then passed out.

Hearing the loud thud, the couple stopped kissing. Blood was gushing out of the wounds.

Surreptitiously, Emmeline stabbed at a few acupoints with the pin while she pretended to be looking at Abel's wound. The bleeding subsided almost immediately. She then proceeded to put a dressing on Abel's wound.

"Mr. Abel... Are you all right?" Luca regained consciousness moments later.

"So you truly faint at the sight of the blood?" Abel mocked.

"No, I... I... faint at the sight of PDA," Luca stammered.

Suddenly, Abel received a call from Benjamin. He picked it up.

"Mr. Abel, how are you?" asked Benjamin.

"I'm fine," said Abel hoarsely.

"You can't visit a hospital now. I took the liberty to find you a surgeon who can take the bullet out."

"It's already been taken care of. Thank you, Mr. Benjamin."

"Oh?" Benjamin instinctively thought of Emmeline. But no, she was drugged. She couldn't have performed surgery. "Who took it out for you?"

"Luca," answered Abel.

Benjamin could only imagine the Immense pain that came from surgery without any anesthetics. So that was why everyone called Abel the devil from hell.

"Okay. Is Emma safe now?" Benjamin added.

"Yes." It was a succinct answer.

"I'll drop by to check on her." Benjamin was concerned.

"No need. I'm tired now. Emma too. We want to sleep," Abel declined.

Sleep? Together? Benjamin had a bad feeling. But it disappeared almost instantly. He knew

Emmeline very well. She was not one to sleep around and Abel was also a respectful gentleman.

"All right. That's great to hear. I'll come tomorrow then. Let me know if you want me to buy something," said Benjamin.

"Please take care of the kids for us. Tell them daddy and mommy are safe and that we will bring them back in two days."



Benjamin was envious of his relationship with the triplets.

“Okay.” Benjamin nodded.

After the call, Benjamin went upstairs and relayed Abel’s message to the triplet. Abel sure acted more like a father than anyone else.

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The kids were overjoyed to learn the good news.

“Wow, Mommy is home!”

“That’s great; Mommy is finally safe”

“Daddy is genuinely a hero who can save Mommy.”

Benjamin said, “He got hurt too. Later, you all need to thank him. Uncle Benjamin should thank him too.”

Benjamin was truly grateful to Abel for saving Ms. Louise. It would be problematic otherwise. Although he also contributed to the rescue, he still thought Abel

was a man worthy of Emmeline’s trust. It’s a pity that there was a lot of entanglement between them. When would the two be able to sort it out?

“Go ahead. Get some wine from the cellar. Let’s have a drink!” Benjamin spoke to the bodyguard broodingly.

Alana learned about the entire situation at the Imperial Palace in the Ryker Hospital. She was aware that Emmeline had been successfully saved by Abel.

She was the one who first proposed the Canary Plan for Adam. She was shocked that even this strategy failed to stop Abel.

Naturally, Adam felt that his efforts had yielded a successful outcome. His greatest achievement was getting Abel to step down as head of the Rykers family.

Adam had essentially fulfilled all of his goals by this point. He doubted that Abel could overcome the pressure; he had to step down with a debt of 565 million. It was almost a done deal.

That said, Alana did not desire this outcome.

Alana wanted Emmeline to be bought by a wealthy man to make sure she would stay the hell away from them; after all, out of sight, out of mind. Emmeline’s luck in escaping from such a foolproof plan surprised her.

Alana was incensed. She would not sit idly by.

She frowned. Then, Alana came up with another plan to visit Abel at the Precipice by tomorrow morning. Her visit to Abel as his fiancée was only natural, given that she was aware of his injury.

The next morning, Alana dressed up, got in a cab, and headed to the Precipice.

Alana was recognized by the security guard, but he dared not let her in.

Alana was angry. She retrieved her phone and launched Twitter.

She threatened, "Open your eyes and take a good look. I'm going to engage Abel soon. I will be your future mistress. How dare you refuse to open the door for me? Would you rather lose your job now or when I get engaged to Abel? Anyway, if you refuse to let me in, I'll fire you sooner or later."

The security guard gave it some thought because he did not want to lose his job. Working with a powerful person like Mr. Abel had many advantages for him. The security guard pulled out the remote control and let Alana through the electronic gate.

Alana angrily glared at him, then lifted her dress and entered the mansion.

The Precipice had no other staff, just a chef and two cleaners. The cleaners and the chef both stayed in the backyard workers' quarter.

The living room was guarded by two bodyguards at the time.

Luca was still asleep. He had felt worn out recently. Abel advised him to get some rest since everything had been going well lately.

The security system at the mansion was excellent. As long as the security guard did not let anyone in, not even a bird capable of flying in.

Both bodyguards were startled when Alana abruptly stormed into the house. The six-foot-tall, muscular man actually jumped to his feet as they both gasped in surprise.

"You both know I am, I'm Abel's fiancée," Alana interrupted before the bodyguards could say anything.

"I'm here to see Abel."

The bodyguards remained silent. They surrounded her and gave her a close inspection. They also checked the gift she carried with her. By the time they were finished, they were certain Alana had no weapons on her.

"Mr. Abel is still asleep. You can't disturb him," one of the bodyguards finally said.

"I came to see him because I knew he was hurt," Alana said.

She displayed the gift in her hand.

The bodyguard rebuked, "It's precisely because Abel is injured and he needs some rest."

Out of the corner of her eye, Alana saw a pink veil on the sofa at that precise moment.

Emmeline had worn it when she was on display at the Imperial Palace.

Alana turned pale as soon as she caught sight of the pink veil.

Of course, that veil belongs to a woman. Is Abel with a woman? If he did, that woman would have to be Emmeline!

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Emmeline's reunion with Abel following her rescue had been anticipated by Alana. She was still so incredibly jealous as she saw the scene. She wished she could catch Epimeline and tear her apart.

Alana declared, "I'll go upstairs to take care of Abel."

She suppressed her jealousy, wore a forced smile, and said to the bodyguard, "How can a grown man not have a woman to take care of him?"

The bodyguard replied honestly, "Miss Emmeline is upstairs. It's not appropriate for you to go upstairs."

"Are they... in the same room?" Alana asked anxiously.

The bodyguard made a brief pause and thought for a moment. He was a bad liar, and he decided to answer frankly, "Yes, they're both in Mr. Abel's room."

Alana inhaled deeply.

Emmeline, Emmeline, how am I going to get rid of you? Why do you always get to sleep in the same bed as Abel? Despite being his fiancée and child's mother, I am not given that honor. Emmeline, you're truly the thorn in my side. God forbid! I must get rid of you!

Alana's hatred was unknown to Emmeline and Abel, who shared the bed.

Last night, after Abel's wound was treated, the chef prepared some soup to replenish his energy and vitality. Emmeline fed it to him and ate a snack herself. After going through all of that, the two finally got into the big bed and slept next to each other.

Abel awoke in pain in the second half of the night. He carefully observed Emmeline, who was fast asleep next to him, as he sat up in bed. He had a faint smile on his lips.

Abel thought inwardly. No matter what, I saved her, and she's now sleeping by my side. What could be more reassuring than this?

"Emma," Abel murmured hoarsely, and he bent down to kiss Emmeline's tender lips.

He was extremely cautious, because of his fear of waking her.

When he lifted his head, he found Emmeline blinking her beautiful and watery eyes at him.

"Emma, did wake you up?" Abel whispered softly.

"Sob, sob," Emmeline cried out aggrievedly.

"What's wrong? What's the matter?" Abel tenderly embraced her with one arm and apologized, "It's my fault. I couldn't stop myself from wanting to kiss you."

Emmeline wriggled in her chest and cried out, "It's not that."

"I assumed the kissing was coming from the man in the mask. When I opened my eyes, I only saw that it was you. I was so scared, and I had no strength to fight back."

Abel held her tight in his arms and kissed her forehead. He inquired, "Emma, did the Imperial Palace drug you?"

Emmeline didn't answer his query. She feared saying anything about vampire dust. She could make an antidote herself, of course, as long as she went back to Nightfall Cafe.

"I don't know, probably. I just don't have any energy."

"How can we dispel this?" Abel asked with concern.

"I was told by other canaries that the effects of the drug would wear off in two to three days. It shouldn't pose a significant issue."

"That's good," Abel sighed with relief.

Emmeline snuggled in his arms and said, "But I want to go back to the cafe. I'm not used to staying here"

"Why weren't you able to adjust to it?" Abel lifted her little face and said, "This is my house. What's there not to get used to? Have you forgotten that we spent almost two days trapped here the last time there was a security breach?"

Emmeline said with a grievance, "And Alana found us later, I feel like it's immoral for me to do this."

"Immoral?" Abel laughed and said, "How is it immoral? I'm not married, and you're not married. We both feel something for one another."

"You're engaged with Alana," Emmeline rebuked as she felt some bitterness in her heart.

"That's not a problem; that's just..."

Abel wanted to initially claim that it was just a delay strategy, but the sudden and severe pain in his arm caused him to grit his teeth. He inhaled a breath of cold air.

"What's wrong?" Emmeline asked with concern.

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Abel frowned and explained, "It hurts. It hurts so bad that my muscles are twitching."

Emmeline stood up and said, "The painkiller must have worn off. I'll go get some water and medicine for you."

"Can you do it?" Abel asked.

When he noticed how frail she seemed, he felt bad for her.

"I'm fine. I just lacked strength. I can still get water and medicine without a problem."

Abel helped her get out of bed by supporting her with one arm.

Emmeline poured a cup of water, grabbed the painkillers, and returned to the bedside. Then, she gave Abel the medication as he was sitting up in bed.

When the painkiller finally kicked in, Abel dozed off once more. Emmeline, meanwhile, was exhausted, so she curled up in his arms and fell asleep.

Alana could not stand it any longer in the living room. She raised her long dress and prepared to ascend the stairs.

The bodyguard stopped her and said, "Ms. Lane, you can't go up there."

"Abel is my future husband, why can't I go up there?" Alana responded while arching her delicate brows.

The bodyguard said coldly, "I don't care about that. All I know is that Abel is resting, and no one is allowed to disturb him!"

"Slap!"

Alana slapped the bodyguard and reprimanded, "You've got a lot of nerves. Don't you worry that if I marry Abel, you'll be the first person I fire?"

"If Mr. Abel really wants me to leave, there is nothing I can do about it," the bodyguard said while covering his face. "I have to protect him for the time being."

"You...," Alana was enraged and wanted to scream.

The bodyguard said, "There's no point for you to scream. These rooms have exceptional soundproofing capabilities. Mr. Abel won't be able to hear you even if you scream until your lung is out."

Alana was stunned for a while, then she sneered, "You think I have no other means?"

She reached into her handbag for her phone and dialed Abel's number. As expected, the bodyguard was powerless to prevent her from using her phone.

Due to the persistent pain in his wound, Abel was unable to sleep peacefully. He worried about waking Emmeline when the phone rang. He quickly picked it up and, without even looking at the caller, rejected the call. Then he silenced his phone and checked the missed call, only to find it was from Alana.

Abel frowned in disgust.

When Alana saw Abel decline the call, her expression became even more unappealing. However, she was Abel's she knew this man would not do anything to her. So she continued to call him.

Once more, the incoming call rang. Abel got out of bed with a furrowed brow. He grabbed his phone, left the bedroom, and picked it up in the hallway.

"Alana."

"Abel," Alana's ugly expression changed to a pitiful and lovely expression.

She said, "I heard you got hurt. I'm worried about you. I came to see you, but your bodyguard, he..."

"Are you outside the front door?" Abel asked, "If so, could you kindly go? I don't want to see anyone."

"I have entered the villa. I'm in the living room downstairs."

Alana pretended to say aggrievedly, "I was standing here for a while and couldn't breathe because of my poor health, and I felt anxious and upset."

Abel was at a loss for words. He frowned.

What the hell is the security guard thinking? Why would he allow this woman inside?

He said coldly, "In this case, you should hastily return to the hospital. You shouldn't stay here."

Alana cried as she said, "Abel, I took a cab all the way here. Please allow me to see you. I'm genuinely concerned for you. I brought you some nutritional supplements. Please allow me to go upstairs. I simply want to look at you. I promised that I just wanted to have a quick look at you."

Abel was speechless. Abel cast a quick glance toward his bedroom and said, "Wait there. I'm coming down now."

Alana was overjoyed.

Abel is going to come downstairs and personally receive me?

She rolled her eyes at the bodyguard and said, "Hmph! Slave!"

The bodyguard ignored her and kept his poker face.

A cold voice was heard from the stairs, "Who gave you permission to insult my brother?"

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When Abel started to descend the stairs, Alana and the bodyguard looked up. He had exited his bedroom without putting on a shirt to answer the phone call.

He had one of his arms bandaged, and it was uncomfortable to put on a shirt. He was shirtless, Abel just exposed his muscular chest and arms and descended the stairs like a devil from hell.

Alana had fallen into a state of shock. This was her first time seeing Abel shirtless. His sexy aura and strong muscles immediately captured her heart. She was unaware of Abel's question as greed and desire flashed in her dark eyes.

"I'm speaking with you," Abel chided from a towering position in front of Alana.

"I..."

Alana finally replied, "Abel, I was just letting out a little steam. Your bodyguard was being mean to me earlier."

Abel sneered, "Really? My men always have good self-discipline."

"Well, ask him," Alana pointed her delicate finger at the bodyguard, "Did you just yell at me?"

The bodyguard remained silent for a while. He reasoned that he should not argue with a woman, so he reluctantly lowered his head and said in a deep voice, "I'm sorry,"

"That's settled then."

Abel understood that the bodyguard was not to blame. He was well acquainted with his bodyguards, but at this moment, he could not argue with Alana.

"Why are you here instead of the hospital?"

Alana replied, "I came to see you. I ran into Adrien at the hospital, he said you were injured."

Alana seized the opportunity to pounce on Abel. She said sweetly, "Abel, are you alright? Why aren't you at the hospital? There, I'll be able to look after you."

Abel replied coldly, "It's inconvenient. Here is fine."

Alana quickly picked up the bag in her hand and said, "Here are some nutritional supplements I bought for you. Do you want me to make you some broth?"

"I'm good," Abel said impatiently.

"I have a chef. Put it down, and then you can leave."

"But Abel..."

Alana intended to say that she wished to remain and keep him company. Then, she looked up and saw Emmeline standing at the staircase entrance. Emmeline looked very delicate, unlike her usual confident self.

Alana frowned. Her mind was clouded with the dark thought that Abel and Emmeline must have spent the night together.

Look at how sweet and seductive Emmeline looked and how delicate and charming she was. She couldn't stand after Abel exhausted her!

Alana felt a surge of hatred. She rolled her eyes and put her hand over her forehead.

"Oh, Abel! I'm struggling to breathe and feel extremely dizzy."

Alana then threw herself in Abel's direction. Abel had no choice but to reach out and grab her by the arm.

"Abel," Alana said, taking the opportunity to collapse into Abel's arms.

Emmeline was on the second floor as this was happening. She became paler at the sight, Alana glanced at Emmeline from the corner of her eye. She feigned her frailty and said, "Abel, help me to the sofa. My breathing is quick, and my heart is racing. I'm afraid it's the effects acting up once more."

Abel suppressed his disgust and reluctantly supported her toward the sofa.

Alana was completely limp in his arms. It made it difficult for him to move a step. Helplessly, he bent down, picked her up with one arm, and placed her on the sofa.

Just as he was about to get up, Alana extended her arms and encircled his neck. She said, "Abel, don't leave me. I feel terrible. I can't breathe; please save me."

Abel frowned and asked, "How could this be?"

"Did you forget about my after-effects?" Alana panted heavily like a stranded fish on the beach, and she continued, "Abel, hurry up. Quick, I need CPR. If you delay much longer, I won't make it."

The situation was indeed urgent. Abel could not stand by and watch Alana die. He was forced to hold back his disgust. He inhaled deeply, bowed his head, and performed mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on Alana.