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"Come on, eat up, eat up," Abel coaxed, holding her upright and spooning food into her mouth.

By the end of the meal, Emmeline was satiated and comfortably cradled in Abel's lap.

But even after that, she was still too embarrassed to leave the room.

Her mouth and face were marked by the evidence of Abel's "attack".

She couldn't bear the thought of being seen by anyone after what Abel had done to her.

The thought of their gossiping about her nonstop made Emmeline cringe, so Abel made his way downstairs alone.

An hour later, Abel and Luga emerged from the coffee shop with Emmeline's birth certificate in hand.

He had successfully enrolled all three children, including Timothy, in the same daycare.

When they returned to the villa, it was already evening, and

Emmeline was still sequestered in her bedroom.

Abel removed his suit jacket and cupped her face in his hands, planting gentle kisses on her face, which was covered in hickeys and bruises.

He regretted being too rough with her and promised himself to be more careful next time.

Emmeline's skin was naturally delicate, just like that of a newborn baby, and he needed to treat it as such.

Abel couldn't help but worry about hurting Emmeline.

"I'm fine," Emmeline pouted. "You made my skin thicker."

Abel laughed, his eyes sparkling with love and indulgence.

"I was going to say," Emmeline continued, "if the kids are going to stay here, we need to rearrange their rooms."

"I've thought of that," Abel said, picking her up and holding her on his lap. "Not just their rooms, but also your personal items and clothing. We'll have to go shopping."

"But my face..." Emmeline pouted again, looking pitiful.

"It's too late to do anything today," Abel said gently, looking into her eyes with tenderness.

"Tomorrow, I'll take you out and we'll buy whatever you like, for you and the kids," Abel said.

"And for Daisy and Kendra too," Emmeline added. "They live their own things too."

"I've already given them money," Abel said. "They can buy whatever they need themselves."

“Okay,” Emmeline nodded. “You really do think of everything.”

“And this,” Abel pulled out a bank card from his pocket. “It’s for you.”

“What for?” Emmeline asked.

“Our household expenses,” Abel said “From now on, you’re in

“But I have money too,” Emmeline said, immediately regretting her words.

Emmeline had said she had money, and it was true. But Abel might think it was just the money she earned from her coffee shop and stunt work.

“That’s what you call money?” Abel remarked. “You don’t need to work so hard, otherwise, what’s the point of having me as your husband?”

Emmeline thought for a moment and then accepted the bank card. She decided to give this man some sense of achievement, otherwise, she would seem too contrived.

“By the way,” Abel said, “Kendra’s daughter wants to change her name. What do you think would be a good name?”

Emmeline replied, “How should I know?”

“Kendra doesn’t want to use her ex-husband’s surname anymore, and it’s making her upset,” Abel explained.

“Well, how about this,” Emmeline suggested, “you can ask if she agrees, and her daughter can be named Quincy Ryker.”

“Quincy Ryker?” Abel raised an eyebrow, “Why that name?”

“Kendra has been a benefactor to us, and I don’t want her child to grow up being bullied. So, she can take your surname, Ryker,”

Emmeline explained.

“Okay,” Abel nodded, “They are orphans with a widowed mother. I don’t want them to be mistreated.”

“Our four children were delivered by Kendra,” Emmeline continued, “so it’s fate that brought us together. Let’s consider her child as our fifth one.”

“So it’s Quincy Ryker then?” Abel chuckled.

“Do you think it’s not good?” Emmeline was unhappy. “I think it’s great.”

“As long as you’re happy,” Abel kissed her cheek, “I’m okay with anything.”

“Okay,” Emmeline said, “then it’s Quincy Ryker.”

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The next morning, Emmeline woke up in Abel’s embrace.

As she opened her eyes, she was greeted by the sight of his chiseled and handsome face. A night of passion had left a hint of stubble on his firm jawline, adding to his already irresistible allure.

Emmeline reached out and softly stroked his sexy chin, savoring the feel of his rough whiskers against her fingertips.

Suddenly, Abel opened his eyes.

"There's danger ahead," he said in a low, husky voice. "Don't tempt me, don't you know it's morning?"

"Ah!" Emmeline let out a small cry and pulled her hand back, ready to get up.

"Trying to escape?" Abel røfled over and pinned her down, holding her hands above her head.

"Last night you said," Emmeline blushed, that since we're not married, you wouldn't touch me."

"What, you mean I can't even touch you?" Abel teased. "I never said I wasn't going to try."

"You're so annoying!" Emmeline blushed even more and hid her face in the crook of his arm.

"So you're really hoping I'll take it to the next level?" Abel chuckled. "Well, I guess I can't disappoint you."

"No, don't!" Emmeline protested. "You don't want to start a fight so early in the morning, do you?"

"Start a fight?" Abel's mischievous eyes narrowed as he spoke in a low, husky voice. "What kind of fight are we talking about? I seem to remember you saying you're quite skilled in martial arts."

"Abel!" Emmeline was both embarrassed and indignant, her cheeks turning bright red. "Stop being so inappropriate."

"I'm not inappropriate," Abel protested. "I'm young and fun. And by the way, don't call me Abel. It sounds so formal."

"Well, what should I call you then?"

"Hubby, of course. How many times do I have to tell you?" Abel nibbled on her earlobe, sending shivers down her spine.

Hu..." Emmeline hesitated, still unable to bring herself to say it.

Husband?

It sounded so cheesy.

"Call me what?" Abel teased, lightly kissing her, "Are you afraid that calling me 'husband' is a bit premature? Don't want to jump the gun, do you?"

Emmeline hesitated, feeling the weight of the term on her tongue.

"Call me," Abel nibbled on her ear, "Or do you want me to get serious? Don't you feel how hard I am already?"

Emmeline shuddered, feeling his arousal press against her. She couldn't deny the effect he had on her.

“Hubby!” she blurted out, not caring about how ridiculous it sounded.

But as soon as the words left her mouth, she slipped out of his embrace and scrambled out of bed.

Abel was quick to follow, leaping off the bed with a grin on his face.

Emmeline was trapped, with no place to escape as Abel had already caught her around the waist in his embrace.

“Don’t be afraid, let’s go wash up,” he said, smiling warmly at her.

Emmeline’s tense body finally relaxed in his hold.

They entered the bathroom and Abel placed her down before enveloping her in his arms from behind, standing in front of the mirror.

Emmeline looked at herself in the reflection, with the man behind her.

She felt her petite body snuggled against his broad and tall frame, feeling so safe and secure in his embrace.

Without even realizing it, she leaned into him even more.

Abel leaned down to kiss her hair, satisfied with her response.

“Kiss me,” he murmured hotly in her ear. “You haven’t taken the initiative yet.”

Emmeline hesitated, feeling a bit uncomfortable with the idea.

“Don’t make me punish you...” Abel’s dangerous tone made her heart race.

Quickly turning in his embrace, Emmeline wrapped her arms around his neck and lifted herself on tiptoe to offer him a sweet kiss.

“That’s more like it,” Abel said, caressing her small face.

The love bites had faded from her cheeks, and her lips were no longer swollen.

Emmeline’s lips were still slightly pouted.

Last night and this morning, Abel

was very gentle and didn’t use too much force.

After washing up like this, Emmeline could “face the world” again.

“Good girl,” Abel pecked her pouty pink lips again.

“Hurry up and wash up,” Emmeline pushed him, “I still have to make breakfast for the kids downstairs.”

“Let’s make it together,” Abel said, “I’ll show you how much I’ve improved in my cooking skills, my dear wife.”

“Then hurry up,” Emmeline pouted and complained, “stop dragging your feet.”

Reluctantly, Abel finally released her soft little body.

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It was the weekend, and after finishing their breakfast, the family of six was getting ready for a big shopping trip. They had four kids' rooms that needed organizing, and it was no small feat.

As soon as they were done getting ready, they headed down to the kitchen.

"Mr. Abel and Ms. Louise are so in love," Kendra remarked. "Look at them making breakfast together like that."

"That's exactly what we were hoping for," Daisy replied with a grin. "If it weren't for you coming along when you did, our Missy might have missed out on her real hubby."

"They really are a perfect match,"

Kendra said, her voice tinged with envy. "Just look at them, both talented and gorgeous."

"Absolutely," Daisy said with a hint of pride. "The only one who can match up to our Missy is Mr. Abel."

"I couldn't agree more," Kendra chimed in. "I was blown away by Ms. Louise's beauty five years ago, and I've remembered her ever since."

"Thank goodness you remembered," Daisy said. "If it weren't for you figuring out Alana, who knows how long we would have had to keep up the charade."

"Everything happens for a reason," Kendra sighed.

"You're up!"

Emmeline spotted the two women and waved them over to the kitchen. "Go wake up the kids, breakfast is ready."

"It's because we slept in," Kendra said. "We feel bad for making you and Mr. Abel do all the cooking."

"The kids love my breakfast," Emmeline smiled sweetly. "Especially Timmy. I want him to have mommy's cooking every day."

"That's what being a real mom is all about," Kendra said. "As for that Alana, I only met her once, but she gave me witch vibes. Not authentic at all."

"Oh, speaking of which, Kendra," Emmeline interjected. "Did Mr. Abel tell you? Your daughter's name will be Quincy Ryker?"

"Ryker..." Kendra was momentarily stunned. "Quincy Ryker?"

"What's wrong? You don't like the idea of having Mr. Abel's last name?"

"No, no," Kendra quickly reassured. "I'm just overwhelmed with gratitude. It's such an honor to have Mr. Abel's last name."

"You made it possible for our family to reunite," Emmeline said. "So let's have the little one named Ryker, as a way to thank you. And when she grows up, the Ryker family will be her support."

"In two years, she'll be old enough for kindergarten," Abel added. "She'll attend the same one as our four kids."

Kendra's eyes welled up with tears, nodding repeatedly. "Thank you, Ms. Louise. Thank you, Mr. Abel."

"Don't mention it," Emmeline smiled. "From now on, we're family."

"Yeah," Kendra nodded vigorously. "I'll go wake up the kids."

Soon enough, the four little ones came bounding down the stairs, excited and happy.

"Mommy, Daddy!"

The four little ones waddled over with chubby hands outstretched and short legs moving as fast as they could.

Abel and Emmeline quickly knelt down to receive them./

"Wow, Daddy and Mommy made breakfast together!"

"I love Mommy's breakfast the most!"

"I can finally eat Mommy's cooking!"

Timothy cheered, reaching out his
chubby arms to embrace

Emmeline. "Mommy, I love you!"

Emmeline's eyes narrowed in happiness as she stooped down to pick up little Timmy, hugging and kissing him.

"Mommy loves you too, Timmy."

The other three children pounced
on Abel, nearly knocking him over with their excitement.

"Daddy, you're finally our official Daddy!"

"This is just too good to be true!"

"I thought I was dreaming last night, but now I see it's real!"

Abel beamed with joy, tightly embracing his three little ones.

"I must have saved the galaxy in my previous life," he said, his eyes getting moist. "My greatest achievement isn't owning Ryker Group, it's having you guys and Mommy. Even if I could have countless Ryker Groups, I wouldn't trade you for anything. I am so happy!"

Meanwhile, Kendra had come over holding the baby.

"Auntie Kendra said her little one's name is Quincy Ryker now," Timothy said. "So she's our little sister, the fifth member of our brotherhood!"

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"Yes," Emmeline ruffled Timothy's hair affectionately. "So you boys have to take good care of little sister and make sure nobody bullies Quiney."

"Absolutely," Helios thumped his chest. "I represent the sun and I'll protect Quincy!"

"I represent the moon and I'll keep an eye on Quincy!"

"Then I'll represent the stars and surround Quincy."

Kendra was moved to tears, "Thank you so much, young gentlemen, thank you, Ms. Louise and Mr. Abel. Quincy is so lucky!"

"Don't mention it," Emmeline smiled sweetly, untangling her apron. "We're all family here.

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Come on, let's eat!"

"Right, let's eat!" Abel untied his apron too. "After breakfast, we're all going shopping as a family."

"Let's decorate our home to make it beautiful," Emmeline exclaimed, her eyes crescent-shaped with delight.

"I want a Spider-Man-themed kid's bed and desk," Timothy chimed in.

"I want the same as Timothy," Helios added, "since we both love Spider-Man."

"I want a space capsule-style kid's bed and desk," Endymion declared, "so I can feel like I'm sleeping in space."

"I want a raccoon-themed kid's bed and desk," Hesperus piped up in a sweet, milky voice. "I love raccoons."

"Then we'll get what you want," Abel grinned. "And if the store doesn't have it, we'll have them design and customize it right away!"

"And don't forget Quincy's crib," Timothy reminded everyone. "Daddy and Mommy need to get one for her too."

"Right, and we need to get Quincy some things too," the three boys nodded in agreement.

"Don't worry about that," Kendra grinned. "Daisy and I will go shopping for her and pick out some cute clothes for our little sister."

That's a great idea," Timothy nodded. "We have to make sure she's dressed to impress, she's our little sister after all."

“Absolutely,” Kendra smiled back. “You can count on us, Timmy.”

After finishing breakfast, everyone went upstairs to change out of their pajamas into their regular clothes.

Luca had already arranged for the driver to prepare the extended Rolls-Royce.

The family of six left the villa and headed to the city center for some shopping.

Two security cars followed closely behind.

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Their first stop was at the Children’s Furniture International Boutique Mall.

As expected, they had the Spider- Man-themed beds and matching desks that Timothy and Helios wanted.

The brand was Italian, but both Endymion’s spaceship bed and Hesperus’s raccoon bed were purely figments of their imagination.

There was no existing stock of the space-themed or raccoon-themed children’s furniture that Endymion and Hesperus wanted. The sales manager said they could place a custom order based on the children’s requests, and the finished products would be delivered in a few days.

Endymion and Hesperus happily discussed their ideas with the sales manager, who carefully recorded their specifications and contact information.

“Once the design is ready, we’ll send it to you for approval,” the sales manager explained. “If there are no changes, we’ll send it to the manufacturing workshop.”

“Okay, we’ll need to see a sample from the designer first,” Endymion said.

“If there are any changes, we’ll let you know.”

“That’s settled then,” the sales manager shook hands with both Endymion and Hesperus.

“Happy cooperation, young gentlemen.”

“Happy cooperation, Endymion and Hesperus responded with serious faces.

Emmeline and Abel watched from the side, sharing a smile.

“Thank you, Emma,” Abel hugged Emmeline and whispered in her ear.

“Why are you suddenly thanking me?” Emmeline blinked her big eyes.

“For raising my son so well,” Abel’s voice was low and full of affection.

“They are my sons too,” Emmeline teased him, “you don’t have to be so affectionate.”

“Are you arguing with your

husband again?" Abel nuzzled her ear, his voice thick with affection, "Watch out, I might just kiss you right here and now!"

"You big tease!" Emmeline pinched him in secret, blushing and pushing him away, keeping her distance.

Luca stood next to them, his face also blushing.

Mr. Abel and Ms. Louise really are something, they flirt and tease each other regardless of the occasion.

Look at the way they're throwing around affection, even the customers over there are dumbfounded.

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Exiting the Children's Furniture International Boutique Mall, they made a stop to purchase clothing and bedding for their four sons. The children's needs couldn't be overlooked, of course.

The bodyguards went back and forth, carrying large bags, until both of the SUV's massive trunks were completely filled.

Next up was Emmeline's turn to shop for what she needed. Abel took her to the Struyria

International Luxury Center.

Emmeline was drawn to a Parisian

brand, and the whole family

stepped into the store, causing

heads to turn their way.

All six of them garnered attention as they made their way inside.

"Wow," whispered the sales consultant, "they're such a

talented and beautiful couple. And their children are like little angels! This family is just too stunning for words."

A group of well-dressed ladies was quick to pull out their phones and snap pictures of the four

sons.

"Please, no pictures," Timothy stepped in front, "You're violating the right to privacy. It's illegal."

"Put your phones away, please," Helios sternly stated, "Or we'll call the authorities."

"Please cooperate, and delete any photos you've taken," Endymion firmly requested.

"Once those pictures are out there, we'll hold you responsible!" Hesperus kindly warned them.

"These kids are so clever and quick-witted!" The wealthy ladies had no choice but to put away their phones.

"Whose kids are these? Not only are they beautiful, but also so intelligent and adorable!"

"I know right? I just want to take one of them home with me!"

"Please step aside," Timothy interjected, "Don't block our way to Daddy and Mommy."

The wealthy ladies couldn't help but shift their gaze to Abel and Emmeline. This couple was simply envy-inducing!

They looked so loving and affectionate towards each other. Abel's long arms were wrapped around Emmeline, and she leaned into him like a little bird cuddled in its nest

They were the perfect divine couple!

"Wait, isn't that Abel Ryker, the CEO of Ryker Group?" Someone recognized Abel.

"That's definitely him!" another woman exclaimed, "Mr. Abel rarely makes public appearances."

"Then these four children must be his sons."

"Of course they are! They look just like a mini version of Mr. Abel himself."

"And that beautiful woman with

him must be his wife. They are truly envy-inducing."

"Wow, Mr. Abel is already married and has kids. There goes my daydream."

"Mr. Abel really protects his family well, he never officially announced it."

Alana hid behind a mannequin, watching as the family of six entered the store. Emmeline, with her charming and graceful appearance, was clearly the apple of Abel's eye. The sight of them together made Alana envious.

Alana's eyes turned red with envy and jealousy, and she even felt a murderous intent.

She gritted her teeth.

Emmeline! Why are you so lucky compared to me?

Emmeline! If it weren't for you suddenly appearing in Struyria and ruining all my plans, shouldn't it be me, Alana, who is shopping with Abel and their son?

Emmeline! You just wait, I won't let you get away with this!

Alana took out her phone and secretly took a picture of Abel holding Emmeline.

Alana snapped a few more photos of the family, including the adorable quadruplets. Finally, she aimed the camera at the entire family and snapped a group shot.

She sent the photos to Adam, along with a message:

"Look at Abel, with his beautiful wife and kids, and his ownership of Ryker Group. He's the biggest winner in life, isn't he?"

In just a moment, Adam replied with a single sentence: "I'll make sure they all die!"

Alana's lips twisted into a sinister smirk. "Heh," she muttered. "That's exactly what I want to hear."

"Ring ring~"

Abel's phone suddenly rang.

He glanced down and saw that it was the landline of the Levan Mansion.

He gestured to Emmeline and walked to the side to answer the phone.

Pressing the answer button, Rosaline's voice came from the other end.

"Abel, are you at the mansion?"

"What's up, Mom?" Abel asked.

"I was thinking," Rosaline said, "Would Emmeline agree to bring the children to our home for dinner?"

"I happen to be with Emma right now," Abel replied, "let me ask her."

"Okay," Rosaline replied.

Abel covered the receiver and explained the situation to Emmeline.

Emmeline nodded, "Tell Auntie that I agree."

Abel uncovered the receiver and said to Rosaline, "Mom, Emma agrees."

"That's great," Rosaline's tone suddenly became happy, "I was afraid she would be angry and refuse."

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Emma wouldn't be so petty," Abel said, "When does Mom want us to come over?"

"Come over for lunch," Rosaline said, "I've already instructed the kitchen."

"Okay," Abel nodded, "We'll be there soon."

"Great," Rosaline said, "I'll quickly tell your dad, he's been worried."

After ending the call, Abel wrapped his arms around Emmeline's slender waist.

"Thank you for not holding a grudge against my mom, I know she threatened you before."

"Auntie just wants what's best for you," Emmeline smiled, "I won't be unreasonable."

"How about we buy some gifts and head over now?" Abel suggested.

"Sure, Emmeline nodded, "What do Auntie and Uncle like? Let me know."

"It doesn't have to be too complicated," Abel replied, "Mom likes Saeville's chiffon cakes, and Dad likes their earl grey tea."

"Then let's head to Tout de Sweet Cakes first," Emmeline readily agreed.

After purchasing the chiffon cakes and earl grey tea from Saeville, the three-car convoy headed towards Levan Mansion halfway up the mountain.

Rosaline was waiting under the mansion's porch.

As she saw her son's convoy approaching, Rosaline couldn't contain her joy.

The cars pulled into the parking spot, and Abel was the first to get out of the car.

The two security cars followed suit.

Abel opened the car door for Emmeline, and they both hugged the four little ones.

"Granny!"

"Granny!"

The four little ones ran towards Rosaline with chubby little hands and short legs.

Rosaline's eyes immediately blurred with tears.

While saying "yes" repeatedly, Rosaline squatted down and hugged the four little ones in her arms.

"Give me two," Lewis's voice came from beside her, "Grandpa wants a hug too."

It turned out that Lewis couldn't wait and had also come over.

"Grandpa!" Timothy rushed towards him first.

"Hey, sweetie!"

Helios followed suit and jumped into his arms.

The two chubby little ones squeezed into Lewis's embrace.

Lewis was so excited that he almost sat down on the ground.

It was such a happy family reunion, and Lewis was laughing out loud with joy.

"Granny," Hesperus snuggled in Rosaline's arms and said in a sweet voice, "I knew you were our real Granny, and it's true!"

"That's right, that's right," Rosaline wiped her tears, "I always felt something was off, but I didn't see through Alana's schemes."

"But now, we can all be together as a family," Endymion said, "no one can tear us apart anymore."

"Absolutely," Rosaline nodded repeatedly, "it was all my fault for being so foolish and getting deceived by Alana for so many years. Otherwise, I would have found you all a long time ago."

"Forget about that," Lewis picked up Timothy and Helios, "let's go inside first."

Abel picked up Endymion and Hesperus in his arms.

"Emma," Rosaline held Emmeline's hand as they followed behind, "don't blame Auntie, I was also in a hurry last time."

"I don't blame you," Emmeline said, "Abel also used Ryker Group funds to save me. I know you're worried about him."

"But Emma," Rosaline whispered, "I've been wondering, what's your relationship with the Wonder Doctor? How could she give you 300 billion all at once?"

"Shh," Emmeline said, "don't let Abel hear you, otherwise he'll get angry."

"I know," Rosaline whispered, "if he knew the money was from you, he would definitely be mad at me. How can I take your money?"

"That's fine, just don't tell him," Emmeline said. "Let's just forget about this whole thing."

"I'll slowly pay you back the money," Rosaline said. "You did lend it to me."

"We can talk about that later,"

Emmeline replied. "Wonder Doctor didn't say that she needed it back right away."

"But Emma..." Rosaline hesitated. "You're not Wonder Doctor herself, are you?"

"Where did you get that idea, Auntie?" Emmeline smiled. "I don't have those kinds of skills."

"But I remember Grandad saying that Wonder Doctor is a young lady and Abel was supposed to chase after her, but he wasn't interested."

"Wonder Doctor is not a young lady."

Emmeline's mind conjured up the image of Master Robert.

Master Robert had become known as Wonder Doctor in his later years of practicing medicine, and Emmeline simply borrowed his name.

Emmeline chuckled, "He's a seventy-year-old man."

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"Old man?" Rosaline furrowed her brow. "That doesn't make sense. When I saw her, I thought her eyes looked just like yours."

"You flatter me, Auntie," Emmeline chuckled. "I'll introduce you to the Wonder Doctor someday."

"That would be great," Rosaline said. "I don't like being left in the dark."

"But for now, this is a secret between us," Emmeline said. "Don't tell Abel yet, or the whole 300 billion deal might fall apart."

"I won't forget," Rosaline patted Emmeline's hand. "Let's go inside, the food and drinks are ready."

As they entered the living room, Lewis beamed at his four grandchildren.

"Sebastian!" he called to the butler. "Bring me the envelopes I prepared."

"Sure, Mr. Lewis," Sebastian replied promptly, heading to the study to fetch a large red lacquered tray.

On the tray were five bank cards wrapped in red paper and an exquisite jewelry box.

"Come here, my lovely grandkids!" Lewis beckoned to the four little ones.

Timothy held Helios' hand, who held Endymion's, who in turn held Hesperus' hand, and they all walked over to stand in a straight line in front of Lewis.

Looking at his precious grandkids, Lewis and Rosaline felt as if they were tasting honey, so sweet and satisfying.

"Grandpa's giving you guys your allowance, and with that, you can buy whatever you like!"

"Thank you, Grandpa!" The four little darlings replied in unison with their sweet voices.

Lewis then picked up the red- wrapped bank cards and handed them out one by one to the kids.

"Each card has 10 million in it, and there's no password, so keep it safe, okay?"

"Thank you, Grandpa!" The little ones bowed in unison.

But there was still one card left on the lacquer tray.

Lewis picked it up and looked at Emmeline with a raised eyebrow.

"Emmeline, this is for you," Lewis said, holding out the last card.

"Uncle," Emmeline smiled and shook her head. "I'm not a child anymore, I don't need it."

"You must take it," Lewis' voice grew hoarse and his eyes

dimmed. "For five years, the Ryker

you

family made you suffer, made endure hardships. This money can't make up for all that, but it's a small token of my and your aunt's appreciation."

His words brought tears to Emmeline's eyes. Lewis was right,

no matter how much money was on that card, it couldn't make up for the suffering and injustice she had endured.

If it weren't for Robert appearing that night, she doubted she could have survived with her children.

That night, when Robert appeared, Emmeline was feverish and

unconscious, and she wondered if she could even survive with her children.

The three infants were so starved they couldn't even cry anymore.

Emmeline lowered her head and

couldn't help but sniffle.

Rosaline noticed her pitiful

expression and felt a pang in her heart.

She took the bank card and pressed it into Emmeline's hand.

"Emma, if you don't take it, it means you're rejecting Uncle and Auntie, and that would make us sad."

"Emma," Abel hugged Emmeline's small shoulder, "the past is in the past, Dad gave it to you, just take it, be a good girl."

"Um," Emmeline nodded and took the bank card, thanking Lewis, "Thank you, Uncle."

"I have something too," Rosaline said, picking up a beautiful box from the lacquer tray.

"This is the bracelet I wore on my wedding day. I'm giving it to you now, as a sort of family heirloom."

With that, she took Emmeline's hand and slipped an exquisite jade bracelet onto her delicate wrist.

"So when are you two getting married? Lewis asked. "We're all looking forward to the wedding."

"And I'm looking forward to finally being called 'mom' by Emma," Rosaline added, beaming with joy.

Emmeline blushed, lowering her head and saying, "I haven't discussed it with Abel yet."

"Of course, the sooner the better," Abel said, grinning. "I can't wait for you to call me husband without any hesitation."

Emmeline's face was flushed with embarrassment, and she wished she could just disappear.

Abel held her close with tenderness and said with a smile, "How about we do it this month? You pick a date"

"Let Uncle and Auntie decide," Emmeline said, burying her face in his shoulder. "We need to find a good day, right?"

"I'll take care of that," Rosaline said. "I'll go and ask Mr. Ywain in Saeville to find a good day for us."

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"As early as possible," Lewis advised. "Abel and I both agree that it's best to do it within this month."

"Of course," Rosaline smiled. "I was thinking the same thing."

"After we're married, you'll have to call me 'husband,'" Abel whispered in Emmeline's ear.

Emmeline let out a soft "mmm" in his embrace.

“Hahaha!” Abel burst out laughing with joy.

The Quadruplets were also jumping with excitement. “Wow, this is great! We can finally have a toast at Daddy and Mommy’s wedding!”

“And we can be Daddy’s groomsmen!”

“But what about the bridesmaids? Who will be the bridesmaids?”

“I’ll be a groomsman with Helios, Endymion, and Hesperus can dress up as little girls and be Mommy’s bridesmaids,” Timothy suggested.

“I think that works,” Endymion agreed. “I wouldn’t feel comfortable with anyone else being Mommy’s bridesmaid.”

“I agree too,” Hesperus raised her chubby little hand. “Just dress me up as a little girl, I don’t mind.”

“Thank you, my babies!” Emmeline exclaimed with joy, squatting down to kiss each of her children’s faces.

Abel also lifted each of the children up high in celebration.

The entire hall was filled with joyous sounds and a festive atmosphere.

But suddenly, Rosaline let out a sigh.

“What’s wrong, Mom? Why the sudden sigh?” Abel asked.

“It’s just that while we’re all happy and joyous here, it’s so miserable for Aunt Julianna and her family,” Rosaline said.

“What happened to them?” Abel asked with a hint of anger. “Hasn’t Aunt Julianna and her family suffered enough with everything

Adam has done? I just didn’t have the evidence to expose him to Grandad.”

“It’s a battlefield out there,” Lewis said. “You need to watch out for your older cousin, Abel.”

“Don’t worry, Dad. I’ve got it

covered,” Abel nodded.

Adam isn’t someone to be underestimated. He always had two faces, one for the public and another for the shadows. He’s been like that since he was a kid.

Rosaline spoke up, “It was Alana who caused all of this trouble for your Uncle Landen’s family, leaving them with nothing.”

“We’re not to blame for any of

this,” Abel furrowed his brow.

“Emma, the kids, and I were also victims of her actions.”

"At least we're all together as a family now," Rosaline said. "But Adrien won't stop fussing, and your Aunt Julianna had a heart attack because of all the stress. She's still in the hospital."

"I'll go visit them another day," Abel said. "Let's not talk about them today."

"Right, no more talk about them," Lewis said, grabbing Timothy and Helios' little hands.

"Yay, let's have a family meal!" Rosaline exclaimed, pulling Endymion and Hesperus' hands.

"Let's go, babe," Abel grinned and took Emmeline's hand.

During dinner, they learned that the four little ones had chosen children's bedding.

Rosaline said, "Then let's order two sets for each, Levan Mansion also needs to prepare four sets of children's suites, right?"

"Granny," Timothy said, "I already have mine, but I want to switch to Spider-Man's."

"Sure, go ahead," Rosaline said, "it's a new beginning, so let's use something new."

"Mm-hmm," Timothy said, "I'll tell the sales manager later that we need double the amount of children's beds and desks for the four of us."

"I'll go buy four sets of bedding

later," Emmeline said, "let's get the same pattern we picked this morning."

"Then four of you can come over and stay with Grandpa and Granny during the weekends and holidays."

"I can play games with you all in the garden," Lewis added with a smile.

Rosaline couldn't stop beaming with happiness.

After finishing their meal, the four little ones stayed at the Levan Mansion while Abel and Emmeline went to the hospital with gifts to visit Julianna.

When they arrived, Julianna was alone in her hospital room.

Landen was nowhere to be found.

Adam and Adrien were nowhere to be found.

When Abel and Emmeline arrived at the hospital, Julianna was the only one in the room. She was first angry but then burst into tears upon seeing them.

"Aunt Julianna," Abel said, "I know you're upset, but this isn't our fault. You're a reasonable person too."

"I've come to realize that," Julianna said, "it's all Alana's fault that Adrien is like this. Emmeline is a victim too."

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never intended to hurt Adrien," Emmeline said. "If he really is the father of the triplets, I would have been engaged to him by now and eventually married. But who would have known that it was all part of Alana's scheme?"

"It's not too late to realize it now," Julianna said. "It's better to avoid marrying Adrien and having three children that are not his. We don't want to raise someone else's grandchildren, do we?"

"You're right, Aunt Julianna," Abel said. "It's better to clear the air now and avoid any resentment between us."

"What makes me sad is that," Julianna sobbed, "I was so angry that I got a heart attack. Adrien is always at the Imperial Palace,

indulging in wine and women. He doesn't even come home

anymore. Why did I have to raise such a troublesome son?"

Emmeline lowered her head, feeling somewhat guilty even though it was Adrien's own fault.

She couldn't help but wonder what would have happened if she had married him and he turned out to be the triplets' daddy.

Emmeline couldn't help but wonder if Adrien would really change for the better or if he would just fall back into his old habits within two years.

The thought made her break out in a cold sweat.

"Emmeline," Julianna said, "can

you do me a favor? Will you help me?"

"What is it?" Emmeline asked. "Just tell me, I'll do everything I can to help."

"Please talk to Adrien for me," Julianna said tearfully. "If he continues like this, he'll ruin himself."

Emmeline lowered her eyes.

"I know it's difficult for you," Julianna said, "but Adrien only listens to you. I have no other options left."

Emmeline felt uneasy about it all.

She had always felt

uncomfortable around Adrien.

"Emmeline, please," Julianna said. "Don't you want to see Adrien turn his life around?"

"I..." Emmeline looked up at Abel.

He took her cool hand in his and said softly, "I'll support you no matter what you decide. Don't worry."

Emmeline pursed her lips and nodded. "I'll give it a try," she said to Julianna. "But I can't guarantee anything."

"Just promise me you'll talk to him," Julianna said. "I've spoiled Adrien for too long, and it won't be easy to change him overnight."

"I'll call him later," Emmeline said. "But first, your health is more important."

I've been really sick this time," Julianna said. "I had a heart

attack, and the doctors say even if I leave the hospital, my heart won't be the same."

Emmeline bit her lip and tried to reassure her. "Don't worry, the doctors will have a good plan for you."

"Thank you for coming to see me," Julianna cried again, "I'm not meant to have any luck with my three grandsons, and the Meriwether Mansion is just not their destiny."

As they left the hospital, Abel drove while Emmeline sat in the passenger seat.

"Emma," Abel said, "if you're really going to try and talk to Adrien, let

Luca come with you."

Emmeline thought for a moment, then nodded. "That's a good idea."

"Then Luca will be with you for these two days, ready at any time," Abel said.

"That won't do," Lin Shuang objected. "Luca is your most trusted assistant, and I won't feel at ease without him by your side."

"My thoughts exactly," Abel agreed. "I'll only feel at ease with Luca by your side."

Emmeline was about to suggest Sam and Daisy, who were technically her workers but also acted as her bodyguards, but she held her tongue. Their skills were far beyond average.

But she could bring it up with Abel later on when the time was right.

Including her true identity, it was not something that could be explained in just a few words.

Before heading back to the company, Abel fulfilled

Emmeline's request and dropped her off at the coffee shop.

For the past few days, Sam had been the only one working at the shop.

Emmeline felt the need to come to check on the "business situation."

"I'll have Luca come by later," Abel kissed Emmeline's forehead. "Remember to call me if you need anything."

"Sure thing," Emmeline nodded. "You can trust me, I'm not a child."

"You're my baby's mommy and my one and only love," Abel said tenderly

Abel gazed at Emmeline with a tender expression. "To me, you are priceless."

"Smooth talker!" Emmeline blushed, "I suddenly feel like you and Adrien are really two brothers."

"How can he compare to me?" Abel whispered in her ear, "I got four in one shot."

"Get out of here!" Emmeline blushed even deeper, "You're becoming more and more ridiculous!"

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Abel gently hugged her before pushing open the glass door and walking towards the parking lot across the street.

“Ms. Louise,” Sam watched as Abel’s figure disappeared, “It seems like Mr. Abel has had a change of heart. He used to have such a cold, emotionless face, but now he smiles and looks incredibly handsome when he does.”

“You have way too much time on your hands!” Emmeline playfully tapped her head, “Why don’t you focus on your work?”

“But there are no customers around,” Sam pouted, “I’ve been brewing coffee these past few days, and I’ve been drinking it all by myself.”

In that case, make us both a cup,” Emmeline said, “Let’s drink it together.”

“Alright!” Sam pulled out a chair for them and went to make coffee.

After brewing the coffee and adding milk and sugar, the two sat at the table with their respective cups. Sam started complaining.

“I heard from Mr. Benjamin that the engagement party was quite lively, but I didn’t get to attend.”

“You’re so nosy!” Emmeline playfully poked her on the forehead, “Do you have to stick your neck out and eat up all the gossip about your Missy?”

“But didn’t I miss out on all the fun?” Sam pouted, “Such a big event, and I didn’t get to witness it! I bet Mr. Abel caused quite a stir when he showed up to steal the bride.”

“Why don’t we recreate it for you to see?” Emmeline tilted her head and scolded her.

“No need for that,” Sam stuck out her tongue.

As the two were enjoying their coffee, Benjamin and Janie suddenly arrived.

“What a coincidence,” Emmeline said, “I just got here not too long ago.”

Benjamin gestured to Sam with his mouth, “That little rascal sent me a message saying you were here, so I came over right away.”

Emmeline’s eyes turned to Sam.

”

When did this girl send a message to Benjamin?

“Mr. Benjamin,” Sam was

displeased, “I know you care about Ms. Louise, and I was just trying to help you out. But you, you betrayed me so quickly!”

"Ms. Louise didn't blame you either, did she?" Benjamin said. "Why don't you go and make some more coffee?"

"Hmph!" Sam pouted in protest. "I won't argue with you this time, just for Janie's sake!"

"Aha!" Janie exclaimed in surprise.

"So, my face is that important to you guys?"

"Of course!" Emmeline laughed. "You have a bigger face than even Mr. Benjamin here."

Janie sat down across from Emmeline, blinking her big eyes. "Emma, I heard that your true love is Mr. Abel, not Mr. Adrien, right?"

"Adrien was a mistake," Emmeline sighed. "We all fell for it."

"That woman Alana is so cunning and devious," Janie said. "If I ever see her, I'll help you vent your anger."

"I don't even bother with her anymore," Emmeline said. "She did something unforgivable, and she'll get what she deserves."

"At least you're reunited with Mr. Abel," Janie said. "Both Mr. Benjamin and I are happy for you."

While the two women chatted, Benjamin went off to smoke a cigarette by himself.

Emmeline whispered to Janie, "Any progress with Benjamin?"

"It's still the same," Janie pouted. "I just can't seem to get through to him."

Emmeline comforted her. "Just take it slow. With persistence and sincerity, even a stone can be broken."

"Ugh," Janie sighed. "It's just a matter of whether I can heat up that stone of his someday."

After finishing his cigarette, Benjamin walked over and sat down.

Sam had finished making the coffee, and Janie went to the counter to add milk and sugar.

Benjamin drank his coffee black, without any additives.

He asked Emmeline, "So you'll be living at The Precipice with the kids?"

"Not exactly," Emmeline replied, "since the lab is over here."

"Well, that's good," Benjamin whispered, "we won't have to run into Ms. Louise every time we see you."

Emmeline fell silent for a moment, then spoke up again, "Ben, Janie is such a great girl. Would you please take a closer look at her?"

"I know," Benjamin smiled at her, "I won't bother you. Why are you in such a hurry to push me onto someone else?"