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didn't think that way," Emmeline said. "I just hope that you can fall in love with another girl, you deserve someone better!"

"Let's not talk about that," Benjamin said. "When are you planning to get married? I'll prepare your dowry."

"Let's wait until Levan Mansion picks a date," Emmeline said. "I haven't figured out how to tell Master Robert yet."

"Master Adelmarr was expecting this," Benjamin said. "He knows that finding the fathers of the children would lead to something, he just doesn't know who the man is."

"I really hope Master Robert can accept Abel," Emmeline said.

"Then we won't have a problem."

"That shouldn't be a problem, right?" Benjamin said. "Abel is so talented."

"But Master Robert has a temper, who knows if Abel will catch his eye?" Emmeline said.

"Don't worry," Benjamin reassured her, running his hand through her hair. "I'll be the mediator when the

time comes."

"What are you guys talking about?" Janie walked over with a cup of coffee in her hand.

She handed a cup to Benjamin.

"We were just saying how

Benjamin wants to take you out to dinner, and I want to come along,

but he's not too keen on the idea," Emmeline said, playfully nudging Benjamin.

Janie's eyes widened, and her cheeks turned rosy. "Really?"

"You should ask him yourself," Emmeline said, winking mischievously at Benjamin.

"Mr. Benjamin, is that true?" Janie asked, looking at him with anticipation.

Benjamin looked at their young miss helplessly and fondly,

nodding at Janie. "Emma says it's true, so it must be true."

"Wow!" Janie exclaimed, almost jumping up and down with excitement. "Emma is the best! You're my lucky charm for love!"

After finishing their coffee, Benjamin and Janie returned to Adelmarr.

Along the way, Janie kept pestering Benjamin with

questions. "When are you taking mé out to dinner?"

"After these next couple of days," Benjamin replied.

"But you're not busy these next couple of days," Janie protested.

"You're not busy, but I am," Benjamin retorted.

Janie pouted and fell silent. Benjamin glanced at her and said, "Okay, okay, you're starting to sound like a broken record."

"Well, then just tell me what day,"

Janie retorted. "Is it really that hard to take me out to dinner?"

Benjamin pointed to his head, furrowing his brow. "Let me think about it When I decide, I'll let you know."

Janie rolled her eyes in

resignation.

Emmeline headed down to the underground laboratory.

She needed to prepare several medications to treat heart attacks.

As Emmeline was busy preparing the medication, she received a message from Sam: "Luca is here."

Emmeline replied: "Ask him to wait in the coffee shop, and take good care of him."

Sam replied: "One cup of coffee without sugar, plus a sugar-coated beauty."

Emmeline responded with a facepalm emoji and a crying-laughing emoji.

After about half an hour, the medication was prepared, and Emmeline picked up her phone to call Adrien.

It took a while for Adrien to answer the call, and his voice sounded excited but slurred with alcohol.

"Emma, did you call me?"

"Emma, I'm so happy! I thought you had forgotten about me!"

"Emma, I miss you so much..."

Emmeline furrowed her brow and spoke with a cold tone, "Adrien, can you not do this?"

"I don't want to be like this either," Adrien whimpered, "I know you're Abel's woman, so I can't mess around. But I can't control myself. No, I've been trying hard to control myself, not to call or contact you, but Emma, I'm in so much pain..."

"So you went to the Imperial Palace to get drunk and not come back all night?"

Adrien seemed to sober up slightly, “Emma, how did you know I was at Imperial Palace?”

“Adrien,” Emmeline reprimanded icily. “Auntie is seriously ill, and instead of staying by her side at the hospital, you’re out carousing in the Imperial Palace?”

Adrien remained silent.

“Is it if you’re the father of the triplets and part of our family, when things don’t go your way, you act like this?” Emmeline continued, her voice rising.

Adrien still didn’t respond.

“Adrien, answer me!” she demanded.

“But, Emmeline,” Adrien sneered on the other end. “The key issue here is that I’m not the triplets’ father, I’m not your husband, and you’re Abel’s woman. What right do you have to tell me what to do?”

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Emmeline was left speechless, unable to utter a single word. “There are no ‘ifs’ in this world,” Adrien said. “You and I are strangers, and Adrien is still Adrien. I may show kindness to others, but ultimately I look out for myself, haha!”

“Just who is this Mr. Adrien?” A sultry voice came through the phone. “Let’s continue, shall we?”

“Adrien, which area of the Imperial Palace are you in?” Emmeline seethed with anger.

Did this man not even think of his own mother? Julianna lay on a cold hospital bed, and neither of her sons bothered to ask how she was doing.

“You want to know which area?”

Adrien turned to the woman next to him. “Hurry up and tell me so I can let my former goddess know where we are.”

“Of course, it’s C Area, Mr. Adrien’s VIP roomx...”

“Did you hear that, Emma? C Area. Do you know what goes on there?”

“I don’t give a damn about what you’re doing, Adrien. For the sake of your mother, I’m going to come and give you a piece of my mind. You just wait for me!”

“Hahaha,” Adrien laughed

drunkenly. “Come on, Emma, if you dare to come, I’m waiting for you here, hahaha...”

Emmeline ended the call, seething with anger as she stormed up to the second floor.

It was only half an hour later when she came down the stairs.

Sam and Luca were enjoying their coffee when they looked up and saw a handsome young man coming down the stairs.

He was dressed in a black suit and had an air of elegance and refinement about him.

Luca was taken aback and slowly stood up, his first thought being that Ms. Louise was hiding a man upstairs.

And what a charming and sophisticated man he was!

Sam, however, had a different thought.

She stood up and asked, "Ms. Louise, what brings you down here?"

The "man" on the stairs spoke up, "I'm going to Imperial Palace."

Luca finally realized that the delicate voice belonged to Emmeline!

"Uh..." Luca scratched his head, "Ms. Louise, why are you dressed like that?"

"I'm going to Imperial Palace," Emmeline told Luca, "You're coming with me."

"Imperial Palace?"

"Yeah!"

Luca didn't expect that Mr. Abel's

first mission for him to protect Ms. Louise would be to

accompany her to Imperial Palace.

"But does Mr. Abel know about this?" Luca asked. "Imperial Palace isn't a place you just go to casually."

"What?" Emmeline retorted, "You guys are allowed to drink and party, but I'm not allowed to go and check it out?"

"It's not that," Luca replied, "It's just that you had an incident at

Imperial Palace last time you were there, and now you want to go back..."

"Last time was clandestine," Emmeline said, "This time it's

open, so nothing will happen. And

besides, with this disguise, even you wouldn't recognize me. What do I have to be afraid of?"

"Should we let Mr. Abel know?" Luca hesitated.

"He knows what I want to do," Emmeline replied. "So there's no need to tell him for now."

"Alright," Luca nodded. "I'll go get the car ready. Ms. Louise, you don't have to take the road, just wait for me at the door."

"Okay," Emmeline rubbed her chin.

Sam chuckled and said, "Ms. Louise, you really look like a man. I'm already in love with you. Be careful not to catch the eye of a princess at the Imperial Palace."

“Stop talking nonsense,” Emmeline rolled her eyes. “I’m going to the Imperial Palace to beat up Adrien. If any princess dares to provoke me, I’ll give them a good ear-pulling!”

As they spoke, Luca drove the Aston Martin to the entrance and didn’t turn off the engine.

Emmeline pushed open the glass door and got into the passenger seat.

The Aston Martin zoomed out of the parking lot and arrived at the underground garage of the Imperial Palace in just half an hour.

After Luca parked the car, the two of them took the C elevator to the ground floor.

As soon as the elevator doors opened, two princesses came over, cooing, “Hey, guys, want me to accompany you?”

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“Get lost, get lost,” Luca blocked the princesses with a scowl on his face. “Stay away from our young master!”

“Oh my, your young master is so young and handsome,” one of the princesses leaned in closer. “Can’t I play with him? I promise we’ll make your young master happy.”

“Get lost, get lost!” Luca growled. “Our young master isn’t here for entertainment, so go away!”

“Not here for entertainment?” the princess laughed, covering her mouth. “Everyone who comes here is here for entertainment.

You don’t come to the C-area to play poker, do you?”

Emmeline holding a cigar. Without hesitation, she took a puff and blew the smoke in the princesses’ faces.

“Who knows which room Adrien’s VIP is in? Whoever guesses right, I’ll give you a ten thousand reward,” she said.

“I know, I know!” The princesses scrambled to answer.

“Mr. Adrien is a regular at the Imperial Palace. Everyone knows where his VIP room is,” one of the princesses said.

“Well, tell me then,” Emmeline smiled, pulling out a fresh stack of one hundred bills.

“I’ll tell you!” One of the princesses snatched the money out of Emmeline’s hand. “Adrien is in room 5 on the thirteenth floor.

He’s been holed up in there for a few days now.”

“Good girl,” Emmeline ran her smooth hand over the princess’s cheek.

The princess was left dumbfounded, her hand still caressing her face as she stared off into space.

“What’s wrong?” the other

princess asked. "You're only happy for ten thousand?"

The first princess looked at Emmeline's graceful figure as she walked away and said, "Oh my God, that guy's hand was even smoother and softer than my face!"

Emmeline and Luca stepped into the elevator and pressed the button for the thirteenth floor.

As they exited the elevator, Emmeline once again held the cigar in her mouth, half-closing her eyes and pretending to be nonchalant.

Luca followed behind her and thought to himself: "Ms. Louise, as a woman, has no other way to go, but if she were a man, even Mr. Abel might not have a chance against her."

With her carefree and debonair attitude, Emmeline was simply a femme fatale, capable of charming any woman.

Emmeline and Luca arrived at room number five, and she signaled for Luca to knock on the door.

"Who is it?" a woman's voice asked, sounding coquettish.

"We're delivering drinks for Mr. Adrien," Luca said, pinching his nose.

"Just a moment," the woman's voice replied, "let me put on some clothes."

After a few seconds, the door opened.

Luca was about to step inside but then quickly stepped back.

The woman who opened the door was indeed "putting on" some clothes!

The woman was wearing only a three-piece set and had draped her clothes over her shoulders. Her pure white skin startled Luca, causing him to step back.

"Where's the wine?" the woman asked. "I've been waiting for ages!"

Emmeline stepped forward, lifted her foot, and kicked the woman into the room. She then grabbed Luca's arm and dragged him inside, locking the door behind them.

"Ah!" the woman screamed as she fell to the ground. "Who are you? Don't you know this is Mr. Adrien's room?"

"We're here to see him!" Emmeline grabbed the woman and threw her to the door.

"Bang!" The bedroom door was kicked open.

“What’s going on?” Adrien’s drunken voice could be heard from inside. “Just here to get some liquor, aren’t you?”

“Mr. Adrien,” the woman on the ground cried in pain, “someone has broken in!”

“Who is it?” Adrien growled, “Who dares to be so bold?”

As Adrien stumbled out of the room, Emmeline kicked him in the face with a swift blow.

“Gulp!” Adrien fell to the ground.

Luca acted quickly and pulled a bedsheet to cover him up. This guy was only wearing a pair of briefs, and it was not a good look in front of Ms. Louise!

There was also a woman on the bed, and when Luca pulled the sheet, she was flung onto the wall and then fell heavily on the ground. She wailed like a pig being slaughtered.

“Shut up, all of you!” Emmeline said, taking a puff of her cigar and squeezing her voice. “If you keep making noise, I’ll kill you all!”

Both women obediently lay on the ground, crying softly and not daring to speak.

“Who are you people?” Adrien was under the bedsheet and couldn’t see who had come, but he knew they were not ordinary people.

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“Mr. Adrien,” Luca spoke up. “Could you please put on some clothes before you speak?”

“Luca?” Adrien recognized the voice and attempted to sit up, but was promptly kicked back down onto the bed by Emmeline’s swift foot.

Luca quickly caught up and pulled the covers over Adrien, leaving only his head exposed.

As Adrien lay there, he finally got a good look at the young, handsome “young man” who had just kicked him twice. Although he couldn’t quite place where he had seen him before, there was something familiar about him.

“Who are you?” Adrien demanded, shocked that someone would have the audacity to strike him. “You have some nerve attacking me. Do you want to die?”

Emmeline squinted her eyes and crushed her cigar into the ashtray on the table.

“Adrien, you really are bored with life!” Her delicate and beautiful appearance belied her crisp and cold voice.

“Emma!” Adrien exclaimed, startled, and attempted to leap up from the bed.

But Luca quickly threw himself on top of him, holding him down firmly.

“Luca, let go! Emma’s here, I need to talk to her!” Adrien demanded.

“Mr. Adrien,” Luca restrained him. “You can talk, but please put on some clothes first.”

“Clothes?” Adrien repeated in confusion.

Luca nodded. “Well, you’re practically naked. How can you face Ms. Louise like this?”

Adrien nodded in agreement. “Right, right. My clothes, please bring them here so I can get dressed quickly.”

Luca looked around and found Adrien’s closet, throwing his shirt and pants out.

Meanwhile, Emmeline stood with her arms crossed, turning her back to Adrien.

Adrien quickly grabbed his clothes and dressed in a matter of seconds.

“Emma, I’m dressed now. You can turn around and talk to me,” Adrien said, eager to continue their conversation.

Emmeline turned back around to face Adrien, who was struggling to button up his shirt.

“I never thought you would act so recklessly,” Emmeline sneered. “Adrien, you’ve disappointed me.”

Adrien laughed bitterly. “What right do you have to lecture me? You’re not my woman!”

“I’m only doing this because your mother asked me to,” Emmeline said. “Otherwise, I wouldn’t waste my time with someone like you.”

“It’s all because of you that my dreams have been shattered,” Adrien said, looking miserable.

“I misjudged you,” Emmeline said, her voice icy. “When I got engaged to you, Abel was heartbroken but still managed to go to the coffee shop and give me an engagement gift with a sincere blessing. I didn’t see a hint of despair on his face!”

“Why are you comparing me to him? How can I compete with him?” Adrien protested.

“Abel is a man, aren’t you one too?” Emmeline retorted.

Adrien remained silent.

“If you admit you’re a man, can’t you pull yourself together?” Luca chimed in.

“Exactly,” Emmeline agreed, “there’s plenty of fish in the sea.”

Adrien and Emmeline both glared at Luca.

“Did I say something wrong?” Luca asked innocently, “Do you have to wallow in misery over Ms. Louise?”

“You’re right,” Emmeline said, “that’s a very insightful point.”

Adrien remained silent, his eyes downcast. “But I just fell for Emma,” he finally spoke up.

“Adrien,” Emmeline said, “I’m glad we never became family. Today you like me, but when the novelty wears off, who knows who you’ll be infatuated with? So losing me just means losing one of the many flowers in the garden, there’s nothing to be tangled up about.”

Adrien had nothing to say in response.

Emmeline’s words had hit a chord with him. He was infatuated with her, but he couldn’t guarantee that he would always be. Loving a woman for a lifetime was harder than being killed.

As he thought about it, Adrien began to feel less upset.

“Women are a dime a dozen,” Emmeline said. “As Luca said, you don’t need to hang yourself on me. It would be a waste of you. You need to pick yourself up and focus on your career. With a charming and handsome man like you, Adrien, women will be flocking to you anyway.”

Adrien hung his head and pondered Emmeline’s words.

He had to admit, she had a point.

He, Adrien, had never been short of women. Why should he be so hung up on Emmeline, one woman among many?

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think you should think about your mother right now, Emmeline said, hugging her arms. “Women can always be found again, but if you lose your mother, there’s no replacing her.”

“How’s my mom doing now?” Adrien’s head seemed to clear up a lot.

“I gave her a heart attack with all the stress I caused,” he said. “I feel so guilty!”

“Just feeling guilty won’t help,” Emmeline said. “You need to go be with her. If her mood improves, it will help with her recovery.”

“I’m so regretful,” Adrien said, covering his face. “If I hadn’t been so reckless, my mom wouldn’t be so sick.”

have a few doses of regrét medicine here,” Emmeline said.

Emmeline pulled out the prepared medicine from her pocket. “You can give this to Auntie. I believe it will take away your regrets.”

“What do you mean?” Adrien looked at the medicine in

Emmeline’s hand. “There’s no such thing as regret medicine.”

"This is it," Emmeline said. "It will help Auntie's heart disease, and for you, that's regret medicine, isn't it?"

"Where did you get this medicine?" Adrien asked skeptically. "Does it work?"

"It's a secret family recipe," Emmeline said. "Works like a charm. It's a must-have in every household."

Adrien took the medicine from Emmeline, holding it up to his nose to smell it.

"Take one pack a day for five days, and Auntie can leave the hospital. Then you won't have any regrets," Emmeline said.

"... Alright," Adrien nodded. "I'll give it a try for my mom."

Emmeline nodded. "This is a secret family recipe from Louise's family. I'm breaking the rules to save Auntie."

Luca was wondering where Emmeline got this miraculous medicine. But upon hearing that it was a secret family recipe from

Louise's family, he stopped wondering. Otherwise, if he reported this to Mr. Abel, Mr. Abel would also be wondering.

"Thank you, Emma," Adrien nodded. "If my mom gets better, I won't act recklessly again."

"Find a good woman, get married, and have babies," Emmeline said. "Have ten or eight at once."

"I'll definitely find someone better than Emma," Adrien's eyes lit up with hope. "I'll make her have more babies than Abel does."

Emmeline fell silent, her

expression thoughtful. Luca

simply looked on, his expression unreadable.

Finally, Emmeline nodded. "Adrien,

+wish you all the best in making your dreams come true."

Adelmar Group.

"Knock knock," the CEO's slightly ajar door was knocked.

Benjamin looked up from his papers and saw Janie standing there with a smile.

"Do you have work to report?" Benjamin put down his pen.

Janie pointed to the watch on her wrist.

"Mr. Benjamin, it's already past the end of working hours. Everyone's waiting for you."

It was only then that Benjamin realized he had been working for over an hour past the end of the workday.

Benjamin raised an eyebrow from his seat in the CEO's office, as no one dared to move even though it was already past closing time. Finally, Ethan encouraged Janie to go over and ask what was going

It turned out that Ethan's middle school son, Skylar, was having his birthday today, and his wife Grace was waiting for him at home to prepare dinner.

"Oh," Benjamin said, realizing the time, "it's already this late."

"Yeah," Janie added, "Mr. Ethan's wife has been reminding him three times already."

"Is everything alright at their home for her to keep reminding him like that?" Benjamin asked, concerned.

As Ethan was Ms. Louise's brother, Benjamin had a special interest in him.

"His son's birthday," Janie replied when asked why Ethan's wife was urging him to go home.

"I see," Benjamin said. "Tell Mr. Ethan that he doesn't have to go home and cook."

"Why not?" Janie widened her eyes. "You're not trying to take away their right to celebrate their son's birthday, are you?"

"What are you talking about?"

Benjamin raised an eyebrow. "Am I that kind of person? What I mean is, I'll book a hotel for them, and we can all celebrate his son's birthday together!"

Before Benjamin could finish his sentence, Janie had disappeared without a trace.

Within half a minute, Ethan arrived eagerly, with Janie trailing behind.

Her big eyes were sparkling and her face was flushed with excitement.

"Mr. Benjamin," Ethan exclaimed, "what has my son done to deserve the honor of having you personally celebrate his birthday?"

"Well, he's Emma's nephew, isn't he?" Benjamin replied. "Can't I do something for Emma's family?"

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knew that," Ethan scratched his head. "Mr. Benjamin spoils Emma too much."

Benjamin leaned back in his chair and said nothing. Only he knew the depth of his love for Emmeline.

"Well, I'll thank Mr. Benjamin on behalf of the whole family," Ethan bowed.

"Don't mention it," Benjamin said. "Just go to the Struyria Banquet. I have VIP access over there."

"The Struyria Banquet?" Ethan was surprised. "Mr. Benjamin, isn't that too high-end? It's just a kid's birthday."

"It's settled," Benjamin said. "I'll talk to their manager."

“Well, then it’s up to Mr. Benjamin,” Ethan said. “Oh, and I promised Ms. Eastwood a spot too.”

Benjamin looked over at Janie.

“Hi there,” Janie waved playfully at Benjamin from behind Ethan. “I have a birthday present too.”

“Okay,” Benjamin nodded with a stern expression.

Ethan happily ran back to his office. He had to quickly report this good news to his wife. Adelmars Mr. Benjamin was going to help them celebrate their sons birthday.

Before Ethan could make the call, his phone rang.

He looked down and saw that it was his sister, Emmeline.

“Emma!” Ethan exclaimed with joy. “Congratulations on my three nephews finding their biological father.”

“You’ve said that three times already,” Emmeline chuckled. “Hey, why don’t we celebrate together on my nephew’s birthday?”

“Sounds great!” Ethan replied. “And guess what? Mr. Benjamin has secured us a spot at the Struyria Banquet”

“Benjamin is going too?” Emmeline was surprised. She couldn’t believe that Benjamin knew about her nephew’s birthday.

Emmeline knew that Benjamin had arranged everything for her sake. He was always so thoughtful.

“That’s right,” Ethan said. “And don’t forget Jánie, our secretary, helped arrange everything too.”

“Perfect,” Emmeline replied. “It’ll be great to have everyone together.”

“My brother-in-law and the kids have to come too,” Ethan said, grinning. “Who would have thought Abel would become my brother-in-law?”

“I’ve already talked to Abel,” Emmeline said. “He plans to book a private room at the Nimbus Hotel, but never mind, we’ll just follow Mr. Benjamin’s plan.”

“Sounds good to me,” Ethan said,

feeling pleased.

It’s so great, on one side we have the CEO of Adelmars, and on the other side, we have the CEO of Ryker Group.

The top two bigwigs of Struyria are both vying to celebrate his son’s birthday.

After ending the call with his sister, Ethan told Grace the good news.

Grace was also ecstatic and

quickly told their son.

Skylar said, “I also want to play with my four little cousins, so it’s perfect that they’ll all be there.”

In the CEO's office.

Benjamin glanced at Janie and said, "You're good at finding opportunities, aren't you?"

"This isn't what you promised me, is it?" Janie pouted, "You said you'd take me out to dinner, and now it's just a group thing?"

"Well, that works too," Benjamin said, "I was actually planning to take you out separately this weekend, but I guess this will do. One pot for all."

"Hey!" Janie jumped up, "This doesn't count as our dinner!"

Benjamin had already picked up his suit jacket and made a suave exit from the CEO's office.

"Mr. Benjamin," Janie called out, chasing after him, "Your car can give me a ride! I didn't drive today because I sent it to the dealership for maintenance..."

Several executives who were still in their offices poked their heads out.

What's going on?

What's happening?

Janie and Mr. Benjamin?

Emmeline had just finished talking with her brother and immediately called Abel.

Abel was in a meeting.

When his phone rang, he glanced at it and then immediately answered it.

The dozen or so executives in the room looked at each other in confusion.

Mr. Abel never answered his phone during meetings.

But this time...

Not only did he answer the phone, but he spoke in a particularly gentle tone:

"Emma, I've already informed the Nimbus Hotel. I'll pick you and the kids up after work."

"Let's cancel the Nimbus Hotel reservation for now," Emmeline said. "Benjamin has booked the Struyria Banquet, and Janie will be there too."

"Benjamin is going too?" Abel was slightly taken aback

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"Sure," Emmeline replied. "My brother is actually a top executive at Benjamin's company, so we're still friends."

"Ah, that makes sense," Abel said. "Let's go to the Struyria Banquet then. After the meeting is over, I'll come and pick you and the kids up."

"Alright, sounds good," Emmeline said. "I've already got the gift ready, so just head straight there."

“Great, you’re such a good girl,” Abel said with a smile.

As they said their goodbyes, Abel leaned in and gave his phone a kiss.

The entire conference room fell silent at the gesture.

Mr. Abel...

Has this cold and unfeeling person changed his ways?

But then, everyone in the room could hear a soft kissing sound from Abel’s phone.

They all watched as Abel’s handsome face broke into a gentle and sweet smile.

The room was filled with a warm and fuzzy feeling.

After all, it was a rare sight to see Abel smiling.

Love truly does have the power to transform even the most stoic of individuals.

Abel stood up and declared, “The meeting is over.”

The executives happily followed suit, not wanting to delay Abel’s date, even though the meeting was only halfway through.

“We’ll continue tomorrow morning,” Abel added before grabbing his files and walking out.

The executives exchanged looks of admiration.

Look at that!

Abel truly knows how to balance his wife, kids, and work without sacrificing any of them.

Isn’t he just the role model for everyone to follow?

After ending the call with Emmeline, Abel sweetly bid farewell and began to change his clothes.

In their walk-in closet, Abel had bought dozens of luxurious outfits for Emmeline, including formal wear, athletic wear, casual wear, and even evening gowns.

He had also stocked their

children’s closets with a wide variety of clothes, with each of their rooms overflowing with clothing.

Daisy and Kendra helped dress the kids in matching silver-gray suits, each adorned with a dark red bowtie.

After finishing their hair, the four little ones looked like shrunken versions of Abel himself.

As Abel walked in, he was dumbfounded by the sight of his four mini-mes. He couldn’t help but feel a little bit self-obsessed seeing them.

“Daddy,” Timothy exclaimed, “I’m so excited to go to Skylar’s birthday party for the first time!”

“Skylar is your cousin,” Abel ruffled his hair, “and Ethan is your uncle.”

“I know that already,” Timothy blinked his big eyes, “and Auntie Grace, Mommy said her name is Grace.”

“You’re so smart, Timmy!” Abel smiled.

“Daddy,” Helios spoke up, “Do we look handsome like you?”

“Yeah, are we as handsome as Daddy?” Endymion added.

“Of course we are,” Hesperus

chimed in, “We’re all handsome like Daddy!”

“You’re all handsome,” Abel hugged each of his sons in turn, then said, “Handsome four young gentlemen, let’s go see if beautiful Mommy is ready.”

“I’m ready,” Emmeline came down the stairs at that moment.

The five gentlemen looked up and saw a graceful and elegant figure coming towards them.

Emmeline wore a pale blue dress that accentuated her curves and added to her already elegant demeanor, making her look even more stunning.

“Wow!” Timothy exclaimed, “Mommy is so beautiful!”

“Mommy has always been beautiful,” Helios clapped his hands, “but she looks even more beautiful today!”

“Watching her makes my heart skip a beat,” Endymion said, his eyes shining with hearts.

“Daddy,” Hesperus looked up at Abel, “with such a beautiful Mommy, why are you just standing there?”

Abel finally came to his senses and rushed up the stairs, scooping Emmeline up in his arms.

“Wow!” The four little ones exclaimed together, “Close your eyes, Daddy and Mommy are about to show affection again!”

Four pairs of chubby hands were raised, each covering their own eyes. But they all sneakily peeked through their fingers.

Abel ran down the stairs, put Emmeline down, and embraced her delicate waist, planting a deep kiss on her cheek.

“Emma, you’re always so beautiful. I’m worried I’m not good enough for you,” Abel said.

“Well, then you better step up and make yourself even more handsome,” Emmeline replied, wrapping her arms around his neck and giving him a gentle smile.

Abel looked over at their children, who had covered their eyes with chubby hands.

Daisy and Sam were in the kitchen.

Without hesitation, Abel quickly lowered his head and planted a kiss on Emmeline’s soft, pink lips.

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“Warning! Not suitable for children!”

“High risk ahead! Timothy and Helios shouted in unison.

Their cries immediately piqued the curiosity of Endymion and Hesperus, who eagerly took off their hands.

“That doesn’t count!” they protested. “We didn’t see clearly!”

Endymion and Hesperus spoke in unison, “Daddy and Mommy, do it again!”

Emmeline blushed and pushed Abel away, pouting, “The kids are watching.”

“Hahaha,” Abel laughed cheerfully. “They really are four little troublemakers!”

“Daddy, no cheating!” Endymion and Hesperus continued to shout. “We didn’t see it, so you have to do it again!”

Emmeline’s face turned even redder as she protested, “You little rascals, this isn’t proper!”

“But Daddy and Mommy kissed each other, so why can’t we see?” the kids argued.

Timothy and Helios chimed in, “Yeah, that’s not fair!”

“That’s not fair!”

Endymion and Hesperus refused to give up.

Emmeline was about to stomp her foot in frustration when Abel swooped in and planted a kiss on her cheek.

“Wow!” Endymion and Hesperus exclaimed. “That’s so sweet!”

Timothy and Helios burst into laughter, doubling over in amusement.

Daisy and Kendra, who were watching from the staircase, couldn’t help but giggle as well.

Once everything was settled, the family of six climbed into the extended Rolls-Royce and happily made their way to the Struyria Banquet.

Benjamin and Janie arrived first, already having bought Skylar’s birthday presents and eagerly awaiting the birthday boy and his parents.

Shortly after, Ethan arrived with his wife Grace, and their twelve- year-old son Skylar.

Benjamin and Janie handed over the gifts, prompting Ethan to urge his son, “Sky, don’t forget to thank your uncle and auntie!”

“Thank you, Uncle and Auntie!” Skylar happily bowed to Benjamin and Janie.

Meanwhile, Emmeline and the rest of the family had also arrived.

As soon as the door opened, four adorable little boys rushed in.

Ethan chuckled, "Just by looking at them, I can tell they belong to Mr. Abel!"

Grace added, "We've always thought they looked similar, but we didn't dare to say it out loud."

"Adrien and Mr. Abel are like brothers," Ethan explained, "and they do have a resemblance in their appearance."

"Everyone seems to think so," Grace agreed, "but now it's clear that they look more like Mr. Abel."

"Uncle Ethan, Auntie Grace, Skylar," Timothy was the first to greet them. "Hello, I'm Timothy, your nephew."

Ethan immediately scooped Timothy into his arms, choking up as he said, "My poor nephew, you suffered so much, being separated from your mother since birth. I can't help but feel heartbroken when I think about it."

"Helios, Endymion, and Hesperus must have gone through the same thing, Timothy said. "They left Daddy as soon as they were born."

"That's all in the past now," Grace said, taking Timothy into her arms. "From now on, we'll be a family and never be separated again."

"Yeah, that's right," Timothy nodded. "We're a family and we'll never be separated again."

"Skylar," Helios spoke up, "we brought birthday presents for you.

Happy birthday!"

"Thank you, little cousins," Skylar beamed.

It was Skylar's first birthday party, and having so many people there made him very happy.

Luca Carried in all the gifts the family had brought, big and small, one by one.

Emmeline's gift was a teenage sports outfit, while Abel's gift was a matching pair of shoes.

The four little ones were thrilled with their presents, which were all sorts of unique and unusual items. Even Ultraman was in the mix.

When Abel saw Benjamin, he handed him a cigarette.

The two of them went outside to the smoking room to smoke.

Ethan joined them shortly after.

Abel handed him a cigarette as well.

The three men exchanged some words.

"My sister and the kids are in your hands now," said Ethan, his eyes slightly red. "She's been through a lot of hardships before, and I, as her older brother, couldn't be there for her. You better treat her well from now on."

"Of course," Abel nodded. "You can rest assured, brother."

“Even though you’re the CEO of the mighty Ryker Group, here, you’re just my brother-in-law. If my sister is ever wronged, I will definitely teach you a lesson,” Ethan added with determination.

“And count me in,” Benjamin squinted his starry eyes. “I won’t allow Émma to be mistreated either.”

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know Mr. Benjamin has feelings for Emma,” Abel said. “Emma is my woman, and I’ll protect her with my life.”

“That’s good to hear!” Benjamin and Ethan both nodded in agreement.

They trusted Abel’s character, and one thing about him was that he never allowed any young women to be around him except for his family.

This one trait alone had defeated countless men.

However, Benjamin still let out a soft sigh.

After four years of watching over Emmeline, she still didn’t belong to him.

The three men returned to the private room just as the food was being served.

Grace opened the birthday cake that Benjámín had bought and placed candles on it.

“Happy birthday, Skylar.”

“Make a wish quickly,” the four youngsters cheered.

Skylar closed his eyes and made a wish as he blew out the candles in one breath.

With her wish made, the candle flames flickered and died.

“Skylar, what did you wish for?” Timothy asked.

Helios, Endymion, and Hesperus

urged her on, “Come on, tell us all about it.”

“A wish can’t be revealed, hahaha,” Skylar laughed happily.

“Well, then give us the cake,” the four youngsters said eagerly.

“I’ll do it, I’ll do it,” Grace said as she began to cut the cake.

And so began a joyous birthday feast.

Adrien left the Imperial Palace and went home to take a nap. When the alcohol wore off, he got up and took a hot shower. Feeling refreshed, he put on his suit and brought five doses of “Regret Medicine” to the hospital to see his mother.

As soon as Julianna saw her son, she burst into tears, which made Adrien’s eyes feel watery too. He regretted not coming to accompany his mother two days earlier.

Julianna took her son's hand and sobbed, "It's been days since your father came to see me, and your brother hasn't shown up either. I've been so sad."

Adrien patted his mother's hand and said, "You still have me. From now on, I won't lead a dissolute life anymore. I will take good care of you until you get better."

"But my illness, the doctor said it will stay with me. I'm scared," Julianna said.

"Don't worry," Adrien said. "I brought you some regret medicine, it will make you feel better."

"Regret medicine? What do I regret?" Julianna asked.

"Oh, no, no," Adrien said quickly. "I misspoke. It's a secret family recipe that can cure heart disease."

"Where did you get this secret family recipe? The Ryker family doesn't have a history of medicine," Julianna said skeptically.

"Nevermind that, Mom," Adrien said. "Just trust me and take the medicine. You'll feel better soon."

"But is this folk remedy reliable?"

Julianna still wasn't convinced.

"I think it is," Adrien replied. "If you're still hesitant, we can ask the hospital director to confirm it."

"If that's the case, you'd better ask Dr. Carter to come over," Julianna said. "My life is precious, you know."

Adrien promptly notified the attending physician and called for Dr. Carter.

In about ten minutes, Dr. Carter rushed over.

"Madam Julianna, Mr. Adrien."

"Hmm," Julianna said with a stern expression. "My son brought me a secret family recipe for treating heart disease. Can you take a look at it for me?"

Adrien handed over several prepared doses of medicine to Dr. Carter.

Upon opening and examining them, Dr. Carter furrowed his brow and then remarked, "Wow, this is an amazing concoction. I've been studying medicine for half a lifetime, and I've never come across this combination before."

"What are you trying to say?"

Julianna asked. "Just tell me if the medicine is usable."

"It is. Absolutely," Dr. Carter replied. "This recipe was formulated by a master, and it will undoubtedly have a tremendous effect on Madam Julianna's condition."

Of course," Adrien said proudly. "I knew it was reliable."

"Son, who are you talking about?" Julianna asked.

“Don’t worry about that,” Adrien said. “I’ve instructed the nurse to prepare the medicine, and you’ll drink it shortly. Your illness will be cured!”

“Mr. Adrien,” Dr. Carter said respectfully, “May I meet the master who gave you this prescription? I would like to learn from her.”

“Sorry, she’s already passed away,” Adrien said. “You can’t seek guidance from her anymore.”

“Oh, what a pity,” Dr. Carter said, shaking his head. “A master, a divine healer, why did she have to pass away?”

“I told you it’s an ancestral prescription,” Adrien said, annoyed. “Why do you keep hoping that she’s still alive?”

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Dr. Carter left with a hint of regret in his eyes.

Adrien took charge of his mother’s care, carefully brewing the medicinal herbs she needed. After the first dose, Julianna felt a sense of relief and her spirits lifted.

“Adrien,” Julianna spoke up, “did Emmeline convince you to come back?”

Adrien nodded. “Emma is the best woman. I always listen to her.”

Julianna sighed. “I used to dislike her, but now I see that she’s actually quite nice. Abel really lucked out with her.”

“Adam hasn’t come home in the past few days. He’s feeling down about his recent defeat. He’s never lost so badly before,” Adrien shared.

“Get Adam to find a way to put that Abel in his place. He’s too arrogant!” Julianna gritted her teeth in frustration. “And don’t even get me started on your Uncle Lewis and his brood of four grandsons. Just thinking about it makes my blood boil!”

Adrien remained silent, his heart heavy with emotion.

He wished that Alana’s scheme had succeeded, that way the triplets would be his children, and Emmeline would be his wife. But unfortunately, Alana had lost miserably, and now she was in hot water with the law.

~

Adam had managed to pull some strings and get her off the hook, otherwise, she would be facing several years behind bars.

The next day was Saturday, and the Quadruplets didn’t have to go to preschool.

Emmeline headed off to Adelmars Studios for her work as a stunt double, which she loved. Abel was a bit worried, but he knew better than to try and stop her. He understood that Emmeline valued her independence and freedom.

He would simply offer her advice or assistance when needed, or sometimes even solve problems for her behind the scenes.

There were still many tasks that needed to be handled at the Ryker Group that day.

Abel thought for a moment and decided to take the Quadruplets with him to work. The four little ones were thrilled at the idea, even Timothy who had never been to the Ryker Group before.

As soon as they heard that Daddy was taking them, the Quadruplets rushed to change their clothes. However, Daisy and the chef had gone out to buy groceries and were not yet back.

Kendra was busy trying to soothe Quincy to sleep and carefully placed her in the stroller.

With a stable and comfortable living environment, high-end formula, and nutritional supplements, Quincy had gained a lot of weight. Her little face was chubby and pink. Emmeline and Daisy often held her, never wanting to put her down. Even Abel, who wasn't good at holding babies, managed to hold her a few times. Kendra was delighted to dress up the four little ones, making them look cool and handsome.

After half an hour, the extended Rolls-Royce parked at the Ryker Group podium.

As Abel and the four little ones entered the lobby of the building, everyone's eyes were glued to them.

"Wow, come and see, Mr. Ryker brought in four mini versions of himself to work today!"

It had been rumored lately that Abel had saved the entire galaxy and had also found a wife and children. And seeing these four handsome and cool boys today, people began to think that it wasn't just Abel who saved the galaxy, but also the boys' mommy.

"What a lucky girl she is!" people whispered.

She was the ultimate winner in life, having a man like Abel as her husband and four beautiful children like these.

"Daddy, is this the Ryker Group?" Timothy asked. "It's so magnificent!"

"I counted it just now," Helios chimed in. "It has over 80 floors."

"In Struyria, this must be one of the top-ranked buildings," Endymion added.

"I heard Mommy say that Ryker Group is the only company that can rival Adelmara," Hesperus said.

"Promise me you'll grow up well and take over Ryker Group in the future, okay?" Abel said to his four boys, with a smile on his face.

"Well, that's great," said Timothy. "We can all manage Ryker Group together, and we won't have to fight."

"But everyone will listen to Timothy," Helios said, "because he's the big brother."

"Exactly," Endymion and Hesperus nodded in agreement, "we'll all follow the big brother."

"I'll make sure to be a good big brother," Timothy patted his chest, "and take care of my little brothers."

Finally, Timothy added, "And Quincy too!"

"Absolutely," the three little brothers agreed in unison, "Quincy is our little sister."