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Abel looked on with contentment as the children played together, their love for each other evident. Riding the CEO elevator up to the 89th floor, Luca led the quadruplets on a tour of the building.

Meanwhile, Abel was swamped with work, barely able to keep up. As he was buried in his tasks, his secretary knocked lightly on the half-closed door.

“What is it?” Abel asked without looking up.

“Mr. Abel,” the secretary said, “there’s a visitor here, but they didn’t have an appointment.”

“Turn them away,” Abel replied, still focused on his work. “I don’t have time for unannounced guests.”

“Sure,” the secretary said, turning to leave. “I’ll let them know.”

“No need,” a clear voice spoke from behind the secretary. “I’ve already made my way here.”

At that moment, Abel raised his gaze, and his eyes landed on a young woman standing tall at the door. She was stunning, possessing a classical elegance that was undeniable. But he didn’t recognize her.

“Miss,” the secretary frowned. “Mr. Abel doesn’t have time to see you.”

“Not even if I’m a member of the Murphy family from Altney?” The woman smiled lightly, her tone friendly.

“The Murphy family from Altney?”

Abel furrowed his brows. “Who might you be, miss?”

“Evelyn,” the woman smiled. “The name should be familiar to you, Mr. Abel

Abel set down his pen.

Evelyn. He knew that name.

A few years ago, the Murphy family from Altney had approached the Ryker family to arrange a marriage between their families. And the person they had in mind was Evelyn.

At the time, Abel was not yet the successor of the Ryker Group. But the Murphy family had made it clear that they would only consider the successor of the Ryker Group as a suitable partner.

Little did they know that once Abel had taken over, he had immediately declined their proposal.

His Ryker Group didn’t need to strengthen its position through a marriage alliance. And Abel himself had no interest in such matters.

So the proposal had been forgotten and never mentioned again.

Now, the sudden appearance of Evelyn had caught Abel off guard.

“I’ve heard of Mr. Abel’s reputation as a talented individual,” Evelyn said, smiling gracefully. “And seeing you today, it’s clear that your reputation is well-deserved.”

Abel's tone was cold and read more new and amazing novel visit my website" novelzick.com" distant as he asked, "May I ask what brings you here today, Ms. Evelyn?"

"Wouldn't you invite me in for a chat Mr. Abel?" Evelyn smiled politely.

Abel gestured for Evelyn to come in, and she gracefully made her way to the sofa, placing her expensive Hermes handbag on her lap.

The secretary quickly brewed some tea and left the room, but as she was about to close the door, Abel spoke up, "Leave the door open, please."

The secretary was taken aback but quickly understood that Abel was trying to avoid any suspicion, so she opened the door and left it ajar.

Evelyn's face showed a hint of displeasure, but it quickly disappeared.

"If you have something to say, Ms. Evelyn, please do," Abel said, his tone still cold and businesslike.

Abel remained cold and aloof in his tone.

"Is that so," Evelyn's bright eyes flickered as she spoke softly, "Lizbeth came over a while ago and told me that you had lost the love of your life to another man and that she had three children with him..."

Abel's thin lips curved slightly, a hint of a cold smile on his face.

felt sorry for Mr. Abel after hearing about it, so I came to visit him," Evelyn said, her eyes flashing.

"Thank you," Abel replied with a cool shallow smile.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Abel," Evelyn continued. "We have an unusual relationship, so it's only natural that I come to visit you."

"Clap clap," Evelyn clapped her hands twice.

The attendants waiting outside the door brought in a few gifts.

"These are carefully selected gifts for Mr. Abel," Evelyn said, "I hope Mr. Abel will accept them."

"I don't need any gifts," Abel waved his hand, "take them back."

"Wouldn't that be impolite?" Evelyn's face darkened slightly, "These are all fine gifts that I personally picked for Mr. Abel."

"We have no connection between us," Abel's eyes were indifferent, "we are complete strangers. How can I accept gifts from a stranger?"

"But we do have a certain relationship," Evelyn said, "Mr. Abel is unmarried, I am unmarried, and we have a marriage agreement. How can you say we have no relationship?"

"I think Ms. Evelyn has misunderstood," Abel said, "the actual situation is not what you think."

"Mr. Abel, what do you mean?"

Abel didn't answer but instead picked up the intercom and dialed Luca's phone.

“Mr. Abel,” Luca answered, “what can I do for you?”

“Bring them over,” Abel said.

“Yes, Mr. Abel.” Luca hung up the phone and motioned the four little ones to follow him back to the CEO’s office.

In just three or four minutes, the four little ones returned, beaming with excitement.

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“Daddy, we’re back!”

“Daddy, the Ryker Group is so huge!”

“Daddy, all these people work for you?”

“Daddy is so amazing, I admire Daddy the most!”

The four children ran in, vying for Abel’s attention and climbing all over him like monkeys. In no time, Abel had become a tree covered in little monkeys.

Evelyn was stunned, slowly rising from the couch. “Mr. Abel...who are these children?”

“Can’t you tell, Ms. Evelyn?” Abel sneered back. “Do you really think I’d be holding someone else’s son?”

Evelyn stuttered, “They, they’re your children? They look exactly like you!”

“Well, of course,” Abel said, a hint of pride in his voice. “These are my quadruplets, born to my wife.”

“Your...your wife?”

“Daddy’s wife is our Mommy,” Timothy proudly answered for Abel. “Her name is Emmeline.”

“Emmeline is the most beautiful Mommy in the world!”

“We all love our Mommy.”

“Daddy loves Mommy more, they always lovey-dovey in front of us every day!”

“But...” Evelyn’s face turned red with embarrassment. “Lizbeth told me something different.”

“That was a misunderstanding,” Abel said coldly. “Now that you know the truth, you can leave.”

Evelyn felt mortified. She could feel her face turning red, then white.

She awkwardly chuckled, “I guess it was just a misunderstanding. I’ll just take it as a visit to a friend.”

“Ms. Evelyn and I are strangers,” Abel said. “We’re not even friends. Please take your gift and leave.”

Evelyn was at a loss for words. She didn’t know whether to stay or leave.

“Please, Ms. Evelyn,” Abel said. “I have to take my sons up to the rooftop for some sunshine.”

Abel picked up Hesperus and held Timothy’s hand. Timothy held Helios, and Helios held Endymion. The five of them left the CEO’s office, leaving Evelyn standing there in a daze.

After a few moments, Evelyn walked out of the CEO's office and entered the elevator, feeling lost and confused. When she reached the underground garage, she got into her luxury car and said to her assistant, "Find out where Emmeline, Abel's wife, usually stays."

The assistant immediately made a phone call.

After hanging up, he said, "If the Emmeline we found is the same one that Ms. Lizbeth mentioned, she owns a Nightfall Cafe."

"Nightfall Cafe?" Evelyn said, "Then I'll go and meet her."

The driver inputted the location into the navigation system and they arrived at the Nightfall Cafe after a 30-minute drive.

The driver parked the car in the opposite parking lot.

Evelyn crossed the street alone and entered the coffee shop.

The cafe was empty, except for Sam who was scrolling through her phone.

Evelyn took a glance at Sam and knew she wasn't Emmeline. Lizbeth had mentioned that Emmeline bore a slight resemblance to Ker, and she was supposed to be a stunningly beautiful woman.

Evelyn took a seat at a coffee table in the corner and ordered a plain coffee. As luck would have it, just as she hadn't finished her cup, Emmeline arrived.

Emmeline had just finished her work at Adelmars Studios. Since Abel was with the boys at Ryker Group, she hadn't returned to "The Precipice."

She strode in her black biker jacket and half-length Martin boots exuding a cold and imposing aura. At first glance, Evelyn knew she was looking at Emmeline.

Emmeline's presence was commanding and intimidating.

Evelyn quickly lifted her coffee cup to partially hide her face, stealing a glance at Emmeline over the rim. But the deep sense of inferiority within her caused her to lower her head soon after.

Despite her usual confidence in her own beauty, Evelyn couldn't help but feel inferior to Emmeline at that moment. No wonder Abel didn't even bat an eyelid at her.

"Ms. Louise," Sam exclaimed cheerfully, "I knew you would come today, and I've been eagerly waiting for you."

"I'll go upstairs to change first,"

Emmeline tossed her long hair, "and come down to join you for coffee later."

"Okay then," Sam quickly brewed coffee while humming a tune.

In just ten minutes, Emmeline came downstairs wearing a simple white cotton dress and a loose ponytail.

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Evelyn couldn't help but steal glances at her. This woman was simply stunning.

Her petite face, with skin so delicate it seemed like it could break at the slightest touch.

Her deep, dark eyes were like black peaches, and her delicate nose only added to her charm.

Her plump, pink lips were simply irresistible, enough to make anyone's heart skip a beat.

It wasn't just men who found her attractive, even women couldn't help but be drawn to her.

Especially when she leaned over the operating table, her pert little butt and slender, toned waist were enough to make anyone blush.

Sam brought over two cups of coffee and sat down with Emmeline at the table.

"Ms. Louise, you've been so engrossed with Mr. Abel that you've forgotten about me, haven't you?" teased Sam.

"What are you talking about?" Emmeline shot back playfully. "I only missed one day!"

"It feels like it's been days," Sam pouted.

As the two friends bantered, Emmeline's phone suddenly rang.

Without checking the caller ID, she answered, "Hello?"

On the other end of the line, Abel's tender voice could be heard. "Your husband has a name, you know."

"Abel Ryker," Emmeline immediately replied with a smile.

"Don't you think that's too formal?" Abel sounded slightly annoyed. "Using my full name like that."

"But isn't a name meant to be called?" Emmeline countered.

"I just don't want to hear it," Abel replied stubbornly.

"Then what do you want to be called?" Emmeline asked curiously.

"Of course, I want to be called 'hubby'," Abel replied with a hint of playfulness in his voice.

Emmeline couldn't bring herself to say the word "hubby" out loud. She hesitated for a moment before trailing off, "Hu..."

"To call or not to call?" Abel teased on the other end.

"Otherwise, I'll run away with our little ones!"

"That's not fair," Emmeline protested. "I'll be sad if I can't see our children."

"Then will you call me?" Abel pressed.

"Hub...by," Emmeline said, her voice trailing off uncertainly.

"Nope, not good enough. Try again," Abel insisted.

"Hu...bby," Emmeline pouted into the phone.

didn't hear you. Your voice was too soft," Abel replied, unrelenting.

Emmeline couldn't help but let out an exasperated sigh. "Hubby!" she exclaimed, giving in to Abel's playful demands.

"Hubby!" Emmeline shouted, her voice ringing out in the café.

She quickly turned around, scanning the room to make sure no one had heard her.

Luckily, there was only one other customer in the café, a woman sitting in the corner with her head down, sipping her coffee.

"You're embarrassing me!"

Emmeline scolded playfully into the phone. "Can't you stop teasing me?"

"Where are you?" Abel chuckled. "I'll bring the kids and pick you up. How about a seafood feast for the whole family?"

"Sounds good," Emmeline agreed. "I'm at the café. Come and get me."

"Mmm, then you wait for me like a good girl," Abel replied.

"Mmm-hmm."

"Love you," Abel said, making a kissing sound over the phone.

Emmeline blushed at the endearment.

Sam, sitting across the table, heard everything.

"I'm waiting too," he said, teasingly.

"Stop being so cheesy," Emmeline whispered, "there's a customer here."

"Who cares about the customer? I'm just kissing my wife. Come on, I'm waiting for you," Abel teased on the other end.

Emmeline couldn't argue with him and reluctantly gave her phone a quick peck.

"That's more like it," Abel said. "Wait for me, I'll be there in twenty minutes."

"Okay," Emmeline nodded.

After ending the call, her face was as red as a beet.

Sam exclaimed, "Wow, you got all lovey-dovey with Mr. Abel, I'm enough!"

"You're such a brat!" Emmeline blushed even more. "There's still a customer here!"

Sam then remembered there was a stunning lady in the corner and quickly covered her mouth.

But she couldn't help saying, "Ms. Louise, you and Mr. Abel are so in love!"

"What's wrong with being in love?" Emmeline pouted. "Do you want us to fight every day?"

“Of course not,” Sam laughed. “I want to see you two show affection every day. Ahahaha, it’s so sweet!”

Evelyn looked at them, feeling a pang of jealousy in her heart.

She witnessed firsthand the love between Emmeline and Abel.

They say Mr. Abel is a cold and stern man, but that doesn’t seem to be the case.

That man was passionate, tender, and loving.

Of course, his passion,

tenderness, and love were perhaps only for Emmeline.

Evelyn heard Abel was coming to pick up Emmeline shortly.

They seemed to be going out to eat.

She got up to pay and hastily left the café.

“That female customer was really strange,” Sam said as she watched Evelyn’s figure cross the road.

“Why do you say that?” Emmeline asked, puzzled.

“I can’t quite put my finger on it, but she just seemed odd.”

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Evelyn arrived at the parking lot and got into her own car.

“Wait for Abel,” she instructed the driver. “Wherever his car goes, we go.”

“Understood, Ms. Murphy,” the driver replied.

“Hmph,” Evelyn thought to herself, “I can’t wait to see how lovey- dovey they are.”

Sure enough, twenty minutes later, Abel’s extended Rolls Royce pulled

He got out of the back seat and leaned down to speak to the four little ones in the car. “Be good and wait here, Daddy is going to get Mommy.”

“Okay, Daddy!” all four children responded in unison.

Luca got out of the car as well and followed Mr. Abel across the road to the coffee shop on the other side He pushed open the glass door and saw Emmeline and Sam still drinking their coffee.

Thinking back to the sweet kiss Abel blew on his phone earlier, Emmeline’s face flushed with a blush.

It was Sam who spoke first. “Mr. Abel, Luca, you guys made it.”

“Mmm,” Abel nodded, but his gaze was fixed on Emmeline.

Luca just smiled slightly at Sam.

Suddenly, Sam’s face turned bright red.

"Let's go," Abel offered his arm to Emmeline.

She obediently slipped her hand into his arm.

"Goodbye, Ms. Louise. Goodbye, Mr. Abel," Sam waved her little hand. "Goodbye, Luca."

"I'll bring some seafood back for you to eat later," Emmeline said. "Otherwise, your lips will be so puckered that you could hold an oil bottle with them."

"Sure thing," Abel replied. "Pack some more, and Luca can bring them over."

"Thank you, Ms. Louise and Mr.

Abel," Sam glanced at Luca. "Thank you, Luca."

"But I haven't brought them over yet," Luca grinned sheepishly. "No need to thank me so soon."

The three of them left the coffee shop and read more novels visit my site novelzick.com made their way to the parking lot.

As the stretched Rolls-Royce started up, Evelyn instructed the driver, "Keep your distance and follow that car."

"Yes, Ms. Murphy," the driver complied and started up their car as well.

The Rolls-Royce went through two red light intersections and began to turn left toward the direction of the seafood pier.

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After passing through another red light intersection, Luca's bodyguard car sent him a message.

"Mr. Luca, there's a car following Mr. Abel."

But Luca had already noticed it.

But being in the front passenger seat, Luca couldn't see very clearly.

Upon receiving the message, he first sent a message to the bodyguard car behind them: "Keep a close eye on that car."

The bodyguard replied: "Yes, Mr. Luca."

Luca then sent a message to Abel: "Mr. Abel, there's a car with an Altney license plate following us."

Altney license plate?

Abel glanced briefly at the rearview mirror.

His narrowed eyes spoke volumes.

Was it Evelyn's car following him?

He didn't know what kind of car she drove.

But with the sudden appearance of the Altney luxury car, who else but her?

He messaged Luca, "Don't alert Emma."

Luca replied, "Understood."

Evelyn! You never learn!

Abel stared at the Altney car that appeared and disappeared in the rearview mirror, a cold smile curling up his lips.

After a short while, Rolls-Royce arrived at the seafood pier, the largest and most luxurious seafood restaurant in Struyria, which was also one of Ryker Group's industries.

All seafood here was flown directly from the sea, which made it both fresh and varied. It was the top choice for Struyria's aristocrats to dine on seafood.

The Rolls-Royce parked in the car park, and Evelyn's car stopped nearby.

Abel's three bodyguards' cars dispersed, surrounding Evelyn's car.

Abel was the first to get out of the car, and he bent down to help Emmeline out of the car.

Then they took turns carrying each of the four children out of the car.

The family of six walked through the revolving doors of the hotel and headed towards their reserved private room.

While they waited to order, Abel sent a message to Luca behind him.

"Go to the security department and pull up the surveillance footage to see what Altney's people are up to."

Luca replied, "Yes, Mr. Abel," and promptly turned and left.

Upon arriving at the security department, the head of security was taken aback by Luca's appearance.

"Mr. Luca, why are you here in person?"

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"Mr. Abel and his family are dining here," Luca whispered, "Ensure that the security measures are in place both inside and outside the hotel. There must be no mishaps."

"Yes, Mr. Luca!" the head of security replied hurriedly. "So, it's Mr. Abel who's here."

"Indeed," Luca nodded. "Don't alert the other departments. Mr. Abel dislikes too much attention."

"Understood, Mr. Luca," the security head said. "We will make sure to provide excellent security. Mr. Abel can dine here with peace of mind."

"I'll apply for a bonus for your team," Luca promised.

"That would be great!" the security head beamed with joy.

“Now, let me check the surveillance,” Luca said. “There’s a suspicious car we need to keep an eye on. And be alert of the people inside the vehicle.”

“Understood, Mr. Luca,” the head of security replied, sounding nervous.

It seemed like that bonus wasn’t going to be handed out for free; there was work to be done.

The head of security personally escorted Luca to the monitoring room.

Luca scanned the screens until he found the luxury car with the Altney license plate in the parking lot.

He saw a young, slender woman step out of the car.

A male companion, who looked like a bodyguard, followed her out.

Continuing to monitor the surveillance footage, Evelyn and her entourage entered the hotel. They first went to the lobby service desk before heading further in.

Luca was surprised to see on the monitor that the woman was headed toward the security department. She was about to enter the office of the security head.

“You go and find out,” Luca frowned. “What does this woman want?”

Yes, Mr. Luca,” the head of security replied, rushing off to investigate.

Luca kept watching the surveillance footage and saw Evelyn knocking on the security head’s door.

The security head asked, “Miss, what brings you here?”

“Oh,” Evelyn turned around and said, “I have a little favor to ask of you.”

“Please go ahead,” the security head replied.

“Could we discuss it in your office?” Evelyn asked.

The security head hesitated for a moment before opening the office door and saying, “Sure, come on in.”

Luca’s view on the monitor suddenly went blank.

The security head’s office had no surveillance cameras, but after two minutes, Luca received a text message on his phone.

“Mr. Luca, they said someone claiming to be an acquaintance and wants to see the surveillance footage.”

Luca didn’t understand what Evelyn meant, but he figured that she wanted to see their boss, Mr. Abel, in the footage.

Uncertain about what to do, Luca forwarded the message to Abel.

Abel quickly replied, “Let her see.”

Luca gave a reply to the security head: “Agree to her request.”

“But she wants to bribe me,” the security head replied.

“Then just accept it for now,” Luca said. “You’re not derelict in your duties, you’re just doing your job.”

“Okay,” the security head replied. “I’ll turn it in later.”

With the security head agreeing to Evelyn’s request, the office door opened and Luca walked out of the control room, turning to the other side.

Evelyn followed him into the control room.

In the private room.

Abel lifted his head nonchalantly and glanced at the four cameras in the corners.

A cold smile crept up on his lips.

Evelyn’s intention was obvious. She wanted to see how he and his wife interacted with each other.

Was she really that persistent in her pursuit of him?

The dishes were served, and Abel put on disposable gloves and began to peel the lobster for his wife and children.

He peeled them and put them on the children’s small plates.

It was Emmeline’s turn, and Abel dipped a lobster claw into the ginger sauce before feeding it to her tiny mouth.

“Wow, Daddy didn’t invite us for seafood, he just wanted to show off his love for Mommy!” Timothy laughed first.

“Yeah, Daddy’s biased, he only feeds Mommy,” Helios chimed in.

“Because Mommy is my wife,” Abel chuckled. “Of course, I have to take good care of her.”

As he spoke, he leaned in and gave Emmeline a peck on the cheek.

“Wow, this display of affection is even more abundant than the seafood,” Endymion said.

“Daddy loves Mommy too much,” Hesperus chimed in. “I’m so jealous!”

“Mommy is the only woman I love, so, of course, I have to shower her with love,” Abel replied.

“Abel,” Emmeline blushed, whispering, “don’t show so much PDA in front of the children, it’s embarrassing.”

“Mwah,” Abel planted another kiss on her cheek. “Then let’s go home and show each other some serious affection in our bedroom.”

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Emmeline’s face turned even redder at the vulgar language being used in front of the children.

Abel squinted his piercing gaze and casually glanced at the security camera.

Evelyn, have you been fed enough dog food?

My only love is Emmeline, don't you get it?

You're such a boring woman!

Sure enough, Evelyn was in the surveillance room, her face darkening with anger.

She felt a sour ache in her heart, making her uncomfortable.

Getting up from her chair with a cold expression, she suppressed her jealousy and left the surveillance room.

Soon after, Luca entered the room from the adjacent one.

He looked at the cameras and saw Evelyn walking towards the hotel lobby, presumably leaving.

Luca followed her movements and switched between the cameras.

Suddenly, he saw a familiar figure.

Luca quickly zoomed in on the camera.

Upon closer inspection, he realized that it was Alana!

She was sitting at a table in the lobby, eating with another woman.

Luca narrowed his eyes and recognized the woman as Alondra.

He immediately messaged Abel, "Mr. Abel, Alton's woman has left, but I've found something else."

Abel was in the middle of teaching the kids how to crack open crabs when he heard his phone beep. He took off his disposable gloves and checked the message.

"What's the other thing?" he replied.

"It's Alana. She's still out there, living it up," Luca reported.

Upon reading the message, Abel's piercing eyes narrowed.

"What's wrong?" Emmeline asked.

As everything okay?"

"It's nothing," Abel replied nonchalantly.

He quickly messaged Luca, "Ask Inspector Charles what's going on."

Luca received the message and immediately called Inspector Charles.

Two minutes later, Abel received a response from Luca.

"Inspector Charles says that there's a scapegoat in the Brookwater Village homicide case. There's no evidence or identification, and he can't do anything about Alana either."

Abel let out a low, cold hum as he held his phone tightly.

He messaged Luca back, "Take that woman to the basement. I'll handle it personally in half an hour!"

Luca replied, "Yes, Mr. Abel."

After sending the message, Luca immediately called the security guards.

While Alana was in the restroom, the guards quietly took her to the basement without her noticing.

Back in the private room, Abel continued to serve Emmeline and the children before picking up his phone and saying, "I need to step out for a moment to make a call. There's something I need to take care of."

Emmeline nodded understandingly, knowing that Abel had a lot on his plate. "Go ahead, I'll take care of the children."

"Okay, Abel nodded, bending down to give her a tender kiss on the forehead before making his way out.

He headed straight to the hotel's basement, where the wine cellar was located. It was dark, damp, and musty down there.

Alana was brought in, bound, and gagged, and Luca shoved her to the ground with a forceful kick. She fell to her knees on the cold, hard concrete floor.

In the darkness, all she could make out was a tall, imposing figure looming over her.

"Ummph," she mumbled under the duct tape, "who are you? Why am I tied up?"

But her mouth was tightly sealed and she couldn't speak.

Clang! The iron door behind her opened.

In the backlight, Alana saw another tall and upright man entering.

In the backlight, the man was only a silhouette, and his facial features were indistinguishable.

But his towering and majestic figure exuded an indescribable aura of dominance, which made Alana recognize him immediately.

"Abel?" Alana called out under the duct tape.

Abel only heard her muffled sounds of "mmph mmph mmph."

"Abel! Alana tried to lunge toward him.

Abel raised his palm and sent her flying two to three meters away.

Then, he took off his suit jacket and sat down at an old table with some ledger on it.

The cold and distant dim light shone on his sinister and forbidding face.

Alana lay on the ground looking up at this man.

She finally understood why Abel was called the devil from hell.

Looking at his face as cold as an ancient iceberg, she felt bone-chilling coldness, and...

Killing intent!

Yes, it was killing intent...

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Alana was almost scared to death, paralyzed on the ground, too frightened to move.

Abel casually grabbed a bottle of white wine from his side and “smack!” threw it in front of Alana.

The bottle exploded right in front of Alana’s face, sending icy cold alcohol and sharp glass fragments flying all over her face.

She screamed in pain under the duct tape.

She felt as if her face had been punctured by countless small cuts, and the wounds were throbbing with excruciating pain from the sting of the alcohol.

Abel, you are ruthless!

Tears welled up in Alana’s eyes.

Abel strode over and kicked Alana’s face with the tip of his leather shoe.

“Did you ever think this day would come when you schemed against me five years ago?” Abel sneered.

Alana couldn’t speak.

But Abel didn’t want to hear her excuses. This woman always had something slick to say, and he had no interest in listening..

“Umph, umph,” Alana could only bow her head and beg for mercy.

“Begging for mercy? Too late!” Abel sneered. “You schemed against me, my wife, and my children. You knew what was coming!”

Alana shook her head frantically.

She knew Abel was ruthless, but she never thought it would come to this.

“The Brookwater Village murder case – someone took the fall for you, didn’t they? You’re quite skilled, aren’t you?” Abel chuckled. “Who’s backing you up behind the scenes?”

Alana shook her head, refusing to answer.

She knew that if she said anything, she would only end up in an even worse situation.

“Is it Adam?” Abel furrowed his brow.

Alana shook her head vigorously. “No, no.”

“I know you won’t say,” Abel squeezed his wrist. “I’ll settle Adam’s debt with him slowly, but as for you, we’ll end it today. It’s the price you pay for all your misdeeds!”

With that, Abel’s eyes flashed with murderous intent.

Alana lay on the ground like a dead fish.

What was this Hellish Asura, Abel, going to do to her?

Alana's eyes filled with immense fear.

"Luca, give me the knife!" Abel spoke in a cold voice.

Luca grabbed an old kitchen knife from the table.

It was a worn-out kitchen knife.

"N-no, no!" Alana cried.

Warm urine had already leaked out from under her skirt.

"I really don't bother with dealing with women!"

Abel used the tip of the knife to cut the rope on Alana's wrist.

"But when I think of the three innocent lives lost in Brookwater Village, I can't help but want to tear you limb from limb!"

"Those three lives were lost because of me. Even if I kill you now, they won't come back to life!"

"Three lives, three innocent

families. Alana, how could you be so cruel!"

Alana sobbed, her eyes filled with despair and terror.

"Don't worry," Abel sneered. "I won't personally kill you. You won't escape the punishment of the law. Today, I'm just giving you a lesson!"

With that, he put away the knife and chopped off two of Alana's fingers.

There was a flash of blood, and Alana moaned in pain before passing out.

Abel tossed the kitchen knife aside and stood up, brushing his hands off.

"Throw her out!" he ordered.

"Yes, Mr. Abel," Luca replied.

Abel grabbed his suit jacket from the table and quickly put it on before heading out of the basement. He checked his watch

and realized that less than ten minutes had passed.

With a cool and composed demeanor, Abel strode into the private room.

"Got everything taken care of?" Emmeline was serving the kids their food.

"Yeah," Abel replied with a warm smile, "it's all good now. Let's enjoy our meal."

The whole family continued their seafood feast, happy and carefree.

Suddenly, Rosaline called.

Abel quickly answered.

“Hey, Mom.”

“Abel, dear,” Rosaline said gleefully, “I’ve arranged for your wedding day. I’ve got everything checked and set.

“Thanks, Mom,” Abel said, “what day is it?”

“It’s the 29th of next month. Is that okay with you?”

“Yeah, let me ask Emma.”

Abel covered the phone and asked Emmeline, “Mom’s picked the 29th of next month for our wedding day. Is that okay with you?”

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Emmeline counted on her fingers and realized they had just over thirty days to prepare.

“Okay, great Thank Auntie for me,” she said to Abel.

Abel relayed the message to Rosaline, who replied, “Good. We have enough time to prepare for it.”

Abel felt relieved. Once he and Emmeline were officially married, she could call him her husband without any hesitation.

“But Abel,” Rosaline asked, “where are you planning to set up your home? You own several villas, don’t you?”

“I think I’ll ask Emma,” Abel said, mentioning the locations of his several villas to Emmeline.

“I think The Precipice would be best,” Emmeline said. “It’s close to where the kids will be going to preschool.”

“Okay then,” Abel said. “We can stay wherever you want for a few days, and I’ll have the children’s rooms decorated to their liking.”

Emmeline nodded. “I actually prefer the western suburbs. You can see the beach from there.”

“If that’s what you like, we’ll make it our wedding home,” Abel said. “We can always go back to The Precipice after the wedding.”

Emmeline thought it over and nodded. “That works for me.”

Abel told his mother they had chosen Macsen Villa in the western suburbs as their wedding home.

Rosaline was pleased and agreed, “I’ll have someone go over and start preparing it.”

“Thanks, Mom and Dad have been so helpful,” Abel said.

After ending the call with his mother, Abel looked at Emmeline’s face.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Emmeline blushed. “Is there something on my face?”

“That’s not what I meant,” Abel smiled.

“Then what did you mean?” Abel’s gaze was making her feel uneasy.

This man always loved stealing glances at her.

“I was thinking, I should give my wife a big dowry,” Abel said.

“Oh, that’s not necessary,”

Emmeline shook her head. “You don’t have to do that.”

“No, I can’t let the etiquette slip,” Abel insisted. “It’s important to give a dowry.”

“Exactly, Mommy,” Timothy chimed in. “You can’t get married without a dowry.”

“Definitely not polite without one,” Helios added.

“A woman as amazing as Mommy deserves a dowry,” Endymion agreed.

“So I agree with Daddy,” Hesperus said, “we should give Mommy a big dowry!”

Emmeline laughed at the teasing of her four sons.

Abel said, “See, if I don’t give you a dowry, our sons will look down on me!”

“As a man, you have to shoulder the responsibility, so you have to give Mommy a dowry,” Timothy said.

“Mommy has been with you for a lifetime, it’s not easy.”

“And Mommy gave birth to all four of us,” Helios chimed in.

“Mommy has also suffered a lot,”

Endymion added.

“So Daddy can’t let Mommy down,” Hesperus concluded.

“We support Daddy!”

“Then it’s settled,” Abel said. “Altney, the company in Struyria, will be renamed as Emmett Group, and that will be the dowry for Mommy!”

“Wow!” exclaimed Timothy. “That must be worth billions!”

“A few billion at least,” Helios nodded.

“Sounds good to me,” Endymion agreed.

“Alright then, it’s settled!” Hesperus concluded.

have to hand it to you guys,” Emmeline said. “But if that’s the case, then I also want to have a suitable dowry.”

“You already have four precious sons, that’s all I need!” Abel said, “They are priceless treasures!”

“Then we, the four brothers, are Mommy’s dowry!” Timothy exclaimed happily.

“I agree!” Abel laughed, “I really hit the jackpot!”

Emmeline thought to herself that she would tell Abel before their wedding that her dowry was the Wonder Doctor, but for now, she decided to keep it a surprise.

Old Mr. Ryker didn’t also encourage Abel to pursue Wonder Doctor?

Now it’s great, she’s been directly brought into the family.

After dinner, Luca packed a special seafood meal to bring to Sam.

He had the bodyguards squeeze into the first two cars, while he drove a car himself, turning towards Nightfall Cafe.

Just thinking that he would soon see Sam made Luca’s heartbeat “thump, thump”.

[Chapter 389](#)

There were two customers in the cafe .

Sam was busying herself with serving them coffee.

Luca suddenly barging in had seared her out of her wits.

She nearly dropped the coffee cups in her hands.

“Careful there.” He helped her with the cups.

“Thanks. Luca.” She flushed red. “What are you doing here?”

Luca served the coffee to the customers and showed her the neatly packed seafood feast in his hands.

“You forgot about Mr. Abel and

Ms. Louise’s instructions, didn’t you?”

“Oh.” She finally remembered. “Seafood? It completely slipped my mind!”

“figured.” Luca set the food down on the counter. “Eat it while it’s still hot. Those don’t taste good cold.”

Sam opened the container to find it overflowing with food.

“Hey, Luca? I can’t finish this by myself. Why don’t we eat it together?”

“I already ate.” He waved her off. “That’s all yours. Take your time with it.”

“I’ll make you some coffee then.”

It’s okay,” he said. “I have to go. I’m a bodyguard. I can’t neglect my duties.”

Sam seemed reluctant to see him go but couldn’t find any reason to keep him around either. She had no choice but to nod. “Sure.”

“Well.” Luca pursed his lips. “I’ll be going then.”

“Sure.” She waved. “Bye, Luca. Drive safe.”

“Bye... Sam.”

Luca pulled open the glass door and ran out as quickly as he could.

The wind against his cheek clued him in on the flush present on his face.

Alana, whom Luca had thrown out of the hotel, finally woke up in her own pool of blood.

Her severed fingers throbbed with pain.

She got up and took a taxi to the hospital while cradling her bloody palm.

The driver took notice and drove her to the nearest hospital.

The doctor took one look at her fingers and asked, “Where are they?”

“I...” She began to cry. “I can’t find them.”

“I...” The doctor started. “I’m sorry for your loss then.”

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She could only grit her teeth in hatred as she stared at the bloodied mess of her hand missing both her ring and little fingers but now she needed the doctor to help her with her wounds.

She’d continue to be in pain otherwise.

As for her two severed fingers, she believed Abel wouldn’t allow Luca to let her retrieve them even if she were to beg for them.

She knew deep down that she had condemned three innocents from Brookwater just to get back at Emmeline and her children.

She had also nearly pushed Emmeline into becoming Adrien’s wife.

His punishment of severing her fingers was not a light one.

It was only after the doctor treated her wounds and calmed the pain that her pale face was no longer contorted from pain.

She grabbed her phone and called Adam.

It took a while for the call to connect.

Adam sounded impatient. “What bullsh*t did you pull this time, b*tch?”

“Mr. Adam,” she wailed. “My hand. Abel cut off two of my fingers!”

“...” Adam could be heard sucking in a breath through the receiver.

Abel severed Alana’s fingers?

Adam was a cruel man but even he couldn’t help but feel a chill down his spine.

That man is a ruthless one when he wants to be! I can't underestimate him!

"What happened?" He asked.

"Abel found out I wasn't in prison and guessed that I had someone backing me."

"And? What did you say?"

"Of course, I wouldn't say it's you!"

She continued to cry, "That's why he cut off my fingers. It's a warning directed at you, Mr. Adam. He's telling you to be more straightforward!"

"Abel! Ryker!" He was furious.

"You're going too f*cking far! Watch your back. I'm coming for you!"

"Can you get someone to pick me up, Mr. Adam?" She asked.

"I don't want to stay out here anymore. I want to go back to the Imperial Palace. I can only be safe by your side!"

"F*ck me... You finally know the Hellish Shura is real? And you're still hanging around outdoors?"

[Chapter 390](#)

won't! I won't do it again." Alana wailed. "Please get someone to pick me up. I want to be treated at the Imperial Palace."

"Wait a little longer!" Adam gritted his teeth. "You better start thinking about how you're going to take revenge for what you suffered today when you return!"

"That goes without saying. I'm not just going to let this go. I'd rather die!"

"Good." His voice was cold. "Send me the location!"

Alana then sent him her location.

She was back at the Imperial Palace an hour and a half later in Section G.

Adam called for a doctor to administer an IV in the room.

"Mr. Abel," Alana started. "Abel already suspects you. I've been trying to keep you protected."

"I know he's already suspecting me." The look in his eyes was grim. "That man isn't an easy one to fool."

"So what do we do? We're not just going to sit around and wait for him to come to our doors, right?"

"We'll just have to switch our target to Emmeline," he said morosely. "Destroy her and Abel will break."

"Sounds like a plan!"

Alana despised Emmeline. She was more than happy to agree to Adam's plan to cause her harm.

"But how do we deal with Emmeline? Abel keeps her so well protected."

"We'll just have to make use of Grandad," Adam said. "I always thought something about Emmeline's identity was suspect."

"What do you mean, Mr. Adam?" She frowned. "Does Emmeline have another identity?"

"She knows how to use needles as a secret weapon. She knows how to concoct an antidote for Vampire Dust. These are all traits of someone who comes from Adelmars."

"Adelmars?" She was still confused don't understand."

"Of course, you don't. Grandad and the Adelmars family are sworn enemies. Grandad won't want her around if she really is part of the Adelmars."

"I remember something. Auntie Alondra said that Emmeline knew how to treat illnesses. Does that also have something to do with the Adelmars family?"

"..." Light flashed in his eyes. "There was also that drug she had Adrien feed to our mother..."

"What drug?" Alana was at a loss.

"My mother had a heart attack," he explained. "Adrien got the medicine from Emmeline somehow. She got better after taking them."

"Do you still have them?" Alana asked.

"There were five packets in total. We're on the last one!"

He suddenly stood up. "I can't allow my mother to keep taking them. Those will serve as proof!"

"But her health..."

"I don't care anymore!" He grabbed his jacket and was out the door in an instant.

He got to Julianna's ward within half an hour.

She was chatting with Adrien who was peeling an apple for her.

"Emmeline's quite the magical woman." Julianna smiled. "My health has improved so much."

Adrien sighed. "It's just a pity she isn't my wife. It'd be a great fortune to have her as one of us."

"Ah." She sighed. "You've met a lot of women. Are there none like her?"

"I was wondering about that myself." He sliced up the apple and fed the pieces to his mother. "No! I have to launch a countrywide search for a woman like her!"

Juliana nearly spit out the apple. She playfully flicked his forehead and laughed. "Of course, you'd come up with a terrible idea like that."

"How is that a bad idea?"

He was entirely serious. "What's wrong with me going out of my way to start a countrywide search for marriage? It would be so much easier for me to find someone that looks like Emmeline."

"But even if you do find someone that looks like her, they'd be a different person, no?"

“What matters is the heart,” he said. “Anyone that looks like Em should be a good person.”

Her son’s words did make sense.

Anyone that resembled her would be a bombshell with a cunning look in her eyes.

Emmeline was different. Behind her sparkling eyes was purity.

The heart did matter the most here.

The door suddenly opened as the mother-son duo conversed with one another. The temperature seemed to drop as Adam entered the room.