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“Adam.” Julianna was happy to see her eldest son. “You’re here.”

This was the second time Adam had come to visit her since she was admitted to the hospital.

His appearance surprised her. “Nothing going on today?”

“Mom,” Adam started. “The medicine you told me you were taking over the phone. Did you already finish them?”

“There’s still one left for today.” Julianna assumed that her son was asking because he cared for her health. “That medicine is quite the special thing. Four of those and I’m close to recovery.”

“Don’t take the last one,” he said. “Give it to me.”

Give it to you?” Both Julianna and Adrien asked. “What for?”

“Yeah.” She didn’t understand. “This is to treat my illness. What do you need it for?”

“It’s for something important. Give it to me!”

“I can’t do that,” she said. “I can’t give it to you. I need Emmeline’s medicine to stabilize my health!”

“Go ask her for more then. I’m taking the last pack. I’m telling you, it’s important. I need it!”

He swept a glance around the room to find the package sitting on the bedside table.

He grabbed it.

“Adam!” Adrien tried to stop him. “What are you doing? Mom needs that. Why the hell are you taking that away?”

“This thing is important. I’m going to avenge Mom.”

“What do you mean you’re avenging Mom?” Adrien fought back. “Give it back!”

“Who got you so riled up?”

Adam scoffed coldly. “Would you be this ill if it weren’t for them? You almost died!”

Julianna fell silent. “...” Abel was indeed the one that put her in her current state.

“What do you mean, Adam? Are you saying we can take down Abel with this?”

“That’s my business.” Adam sounded impatient. “Take care of Mom. I’m leaving!”

With that, he left the ward.

Adrien didn’t think it was right that he was taking the medicine with him.

How was he supposed to ask Emmeline for more?

Adam was already in the elevator when he caught up to him.

Adrien returned to the room with his head hanging low. Julianna tried to placate him, "Forget it. You can just ask Emmeline for more."

"How am I supposed to do that?"

Adrien looked miserable. "Adam took that as a means to get back at Abel."

"And what's wrong with that?" She asked. "Look at what he did to me?"

"I just think it doesn't make any sense..."

"What doesn't make sense?"

Julianna waved him off. "Just give Emmeline a call and get here to prepare an extra dose for today."

The family of six returned to The Precipice.

Emmeline left her phone back in the living room after heading upstairs to get changed.

The device began to ring.

Abel noticed Adrien's name flashing on her phone.

He frowned as he felt jealousy rush over him.

Adrien cut the call when no one answered.

Emmeline came back downstairs once she had gotten changed into her loungewear.

"Your phone, Em, Adrien called," Abel said.

Emmeline's brows furrowed. She pouted. "Why won't he just disappear?"

"Maybe it's something important. You should call him back."

The more she thought about it, the more his words made sense.

She caved and called him back.

Adrien answered in an instant.

"Emma." He sounded agitated.

"Did you need something, Adrien?" She asked coolly.

"Yeah." He nodded.

"Spill. I have the right to refuse
your request if you start spouting nonsense."

"It's nothing like that." He panicked. "I need you to do me a favor."

"Umm..."

Julianna took his phone before he could finish. “Emma? It’s me. I was wondering if you could prepare another dose of the medication. It works really well.”

“Mrs. Julianna? The dosage should’ve been just right. You should be fine after you finish everything. Why do you need more?”

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“Umm, the last dosage today...” Julianna’s eyes wandered. “It fell to the floor. It’s not usable anymore.”

“Oh, I see.” Emmeline nodded. “Sure. I’ll make you one more and have it delivered.”

Emmeline was clearly unhappy after the call ended.

“Emma,” Abel started. “Luca mentioned you prepared medication for Aunt Juliana. I was wondering about that. You could do that?”

“It’s a medicinal recipe passed down in the Louise family.”

She explained. “The Louise lineage can be traced back to a royal physician. We have quite a few of those recipes hidden away.”

“I see,” Abel said. “And here I was thinking you were the Wonder Doctor.”

“Wonder Doctor?” She smiled. “I’ve heard you guys mention this doctor before.”

“Grandad had also tried to get me to propose to the Wonder Doctor at one point.”

“What happened after that?” She asked playfully.

“You have to ask?” He pinched her cheek. “Because you were the one I wanted!”

She giggled. “Do you regret it?”

“Why would I?” He picked her up.

“It’s not like the Wonder Doctor gave birth to four of my kids.”

“What if I am the Wonder Doctor herself?”

“I’d be the luckiest guy on earth then.” He shook his head. “I’m not out to win a lottery. What’s important is that you’re mine now. I’m content with having you by my side.”

She happily nestled herself into his arms.

She felt cocooned by the security he offered.

“When are you heading out to deliver the medicine?” He was cradling her as if she were a child. “I’ll come with you.”

“Jealous much?” She pouted. “Afraid I’m going to speak with Adrien?”

“A little.” He kissed her cheek. “You almost got engaged to him. Just thinking about it scares me.”

“But nothing is going on between us.” She pinched his face. “You’re such a pain!”

“I know there’s nothing going on between the two of you.” He tightened his grip around her. “I’m worried about him not keeping his hands to himself. He’s obsessed with you.”

She stopped talking. Abel was right.

Adrien was very obsessed with her.

“I left the medication at the cafe.” She wrapped her arms around his neck. “You should come with me to get it.”

“Sure.” He kissed her and set her back on the ground.

Two hours later, the couple reached the hospital.

Adrien had left, leaving only Julianna behind in the ward.

Julianna was envious at first as she watched them walk in until her eyes were rimmed red.

“Oh, Abel. Your mother is lucky to have a son like you.”

“Aunt Julianna...” Abel comforted her. “You’re doing well for yourself too. Adrien comes to see you every day.”

“Adrien is a good boy,” she said. “The problem is Adam. He came here in such a rush. Here I thought he was here to see me but he just took my medication and left.”

Her words gave Emmeline pause.

“Adam took your medication? Which one?”

Abel immediately caught on to how odd the situation was and waited for Julianna to answer.

It was only then that she realized she had slipped. She didn’t know what to say for a time.

“He took the medication I gave you?” Emmeline asked.

“Julianna nodded. “Yes, but it’s probably nothing. There’s nothing much in there after all.”

“But why?” Abel was confused. “Why would he just take your medication like that?”

“He...” Julianna didn’t know how to derail the conversation. “He said it worked well and wanted to look more into it.”

“Aunt Juliana.” He frowned. “Adam isn’t someone who would take an interest in something like this, right?”

“What is he up to?” Emmeline’s heart sank.

Does Adam suspect me of being part of the Adelmars? What’s his problem with them?

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“don’t know what he’s up to either,” Julianna said. “He came here in a hurry, took what he needed, and left.”

Abel’s expression turned grim.

Adam was a man who knew how to scheme and was insidious and cunning.

His actions of taking the medication Emmeline had prepared meant that he was targeting her.

He believed the medicine was non-toxic and harmless. Even if Adam tried, he wouldn’t be able to do anything.

So, what exactly is he after?

It’s just medicine to treat a condition. What use does he have for it?

“Come on, Emma.” Abel held her by her shoulder. “We got it delivered. We should get going.”

“Okay.” She handed the package to Julianna and followed Abel out of the ward.

“I don’t know what Adam is planning.”

Abel was also on guard. “You should be careful. Don’t get close to him.”

“I know.” She nodded. Burden weighed her heart.

Adam shouldn’t have gone out of his way to take the medicine.

Tell me if anything happens, Emma. Don’t make rash decisions on your own.”

“I know.” She took his arm as they approached the elevator. “There’s nothing to worry about.”

Adam took the medicine packet and headed straight for the Ryker residence.

He also carried with him a few special needles.

He was certain his grandfather would recognize them.

Oscar and the Adelmars despised one another. This was a fact that only he was privy to.

He was also the only one among the three brothers who had a run-in with the Adelmars.

Oscar was currently having a pleasant tea time at the table.

The old man was barely surprised to see Adam walk in. “Come join me for some tea.”

Adam sat across from him.

Oscar offered his grandson a cup of tea.

Adam took a sip after taking a thorough whiff.

“Why are you here today?” Oscar asked.

“I wanted to show you something, Grandad.”

“What is it?”

“This.” Adam retrieved a neatly packed bag of needles from his pocket and showed them to his grandfather.

Oscar took a closer look and frowned.

“These are the needles that belong to the Adelmars, are they not?”

“It’s not Adelmars. It also does not belong to Waylon.” Adam smiled placidly.

“How is that possible?” Oscar asked. “The Adelmars have no heir.”

“How do we explain these then?”

“What do you mean?” Oscar asked. “Where did you find them?”

“You probably won’t believe me, Granddad.” He smiled coldly.

“These are the needles that Emmeline uses. It appeared during that banquet where the killer was at.”

“Emmeline...” That shocked Oscar.

“You mean Abel’s woman, Emmeline Louise?”

“What other Emmeline? Just this one thing has turned the world upside down.”

Oscar was still in disbelief. “That’s impossible. You’re telling me the Adelmars have an heir and it just so happens to be Emmeline?”

“I didn’t believe it either,” Adam admitted. “But that doesn’t explain how she could’ve come up with a remedy for Vampire Dust.”

“I don’t believe you,” Oscar said. “Do you think she knows how to do it just because you said she knows how to? Where’s your proof?”

Adam wasn’t going to tell him about what happened at the Imperial Palace. He changed the subject by showing him the medication he had taken from the hospital.

“There’s also this thing here.

Emmeline made this for my mother. The effect was surprisingly good!”

Oscar opened the packet to look inside.

“I don’t really know what I’m looking at but there’s someone who might.”

“You’re talking about Mr. Ywain.”

“Yes,” Adam confirmed. “I remember you saying that Mr. Ywain had also dealt with Robert Adelmars back then. He also knows esoteric medicine.”

“Makes sense.”

Oscar nodded. "We'll go see Mr. Ywain. He'll tell us whether or not this medicine has anything to do with the Adelmars."

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Oscar went upstairs to get changed once the conversation between grandfather and grandson came to a close.

An hour later, the two of them arrived at Sunny Avenue and found Mr. Ywain.

Mr. Ywain was an old friend of Oscar's who specialized in the likes of fortune-telling and esoteric medicine.

The man took a look at the herbs contained in the pack and took whiffs to identify what was in them.

He began to explain, "I can't say for certain that this is a formula from the Adelmars Clan but to see herbs formulated this way and working this well... Only Robert Adelmars would come up with something like this."

Oscar's expression turned grave.

"But Robert hasn't been in the country," Mr. Ywain said. "Where did you get this, Oscar?"

"A girl gave this to us," he answered. "I'll be interrogating her."

"In my opinion." Mr. Ywain stroked his beard. "It wouldn't be far-fetched to say the girl is a disciple of Robert himself."

Oscar and Adam shared a look and left with their findings.

The elder began to speak once they stepped out of the courtyard. "Emmeline is not a simple girl, is she?"

"Is she here to mess with the Rykers on purpose?" Adam frowned.

"That's impossible." Oscar immediately pushed the notion aside. "She was pregnant with Abel's children."

"She must've met Robert Adelmars in the four years after she gave birth then. She then returned to us," Adam deduced.

"But she doesn't seem like she's trying anything. She gave birth and was more than ready to settle down after marriage."

"You forget, Grandad." Adam lowered his voice. "You told me yourself that you and Robert Adelmars hold a grudge against one another. He wouldn't just forget about it now, would he?"

"But it's me who can't let it go! The pain of losing a son..."

Adam listened intently only for the old man to wave it off. "Forget it."

"Are you going to keep Emmeline around with the Rykers then?"

..." Oscar's brows furrowed. "You think Emmeline might be targeting me?"

"I'm afraid she might be a pawn Robert had planted."

"That..." Oscar didn't know what to say. "So, what do you say we do?"

"If she really is someone from the Adelmars, that means we have a ticking time bomb in our midst."

"Yes, but Abel is on her side. How are we going to get Emmeline long enough to interrogate her?"

"That's easy." Adam leaned in to whisper into his grandfather's ear.

"Lure the protector out from a favorable position?" A glint flashed in his eyes.

Adam smiled coldly. "The businesses overseas have resumed production, no? Why don't you have Abel sent there to take a look?"

"We can do that." Oscar agreed. "We'll do that then."

Two days later.

Abel was in the CEO's office when the secretary called in.

"Old Mr. Ryker is here, Mr. Ryker. He's on his way up."

Granddad is here?

Abel was surprised but didn't show it.

"Sure." He nodded. "I got it. Direct him to my office once he's here."

"Yes, sir."

Oscar was at his door no more than three minutes later.

The secretary pushed open the door and respectfully ushered him inside.

"Granddad." Abel got up. "What brings you here?"

"Am I not allowed to come to check on your work?"

"Of course, you can. Feel free to drop by anytime."

"Hm. Well, why don't you walk me through the different departments so I can see what's going on."

"Sure."

Abel took his coat jacket off the rack and put it back on. "Let's go, Granddad."

The two men then went down to the eighty-eighth floor and started their inspection from the domestic marketing department.

Abel meticulously explained everything to the elder as he led the way.

Oscar, meanwhile, was happy to hear about the growth of the company.

A smile gradually made its way to his face.

The main purpose of his visit was not to check on Abel's work but he was more than happy to know that the Ryker family was in good hands.

They had gone through five departments by the time they reached the eighty-fourth floor.

Oscar was panting from exhaustion.

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"Alright, never mind. We're done for today." Oscar finally gave up. "The domestic operations seem to be running smoothly."

"Yes." Abel nodded. "The Ryker Group is currently the leading company domestically."

"What about the overseas market?" The elder finally got to why he was truly here.

"The foreign markets are doing well. We're gaining momentum against our competitors."

"It's not enough to just talk about it," Oscar said. "There was also that overseas partner that caused us trouble last time around. I think you should go take a look yourself. I feel uneasy otherwise."

I've carefully instructed the overseas branch on what to do. Everything will be dealt with in a timely manner."

"So what if you hand it off to the overseas branch? It's not like they can control our partners abroad."

"It's fine for now. You have nothing to worry about, Grandad."

"It's only natural that I worry," Oscar continued. "The stability of the overseas market is related to the Ryker Group's development. It's always on my mind."

What is Grandad trying to say?

"I think you should travel abroad to look over them to play it safe."

Abel frowned and said nothing in response.

Oscar's sudden demand for him to go abroad to visit their business partners overseas put a bad taste in his mouth.

There had to be more with his request.

Rather than just a harmless visitation, Oscar's sudden appearance seemed to concern his request for him to go abroad.

"I'm talking to you. Are you listening to me?" Oscar asked sternly.

"Whatever do you mean, Grandad?"

"Am I not making myself clear?"

want you to travel abroad to see what our partners are up to overseas and report back to me!"

"I got it." Abel nodded. "I'll arrange for a trip in two days."

He could tell that his grandfather's purpose was for him to go on a business trip.

"That's too late. Make it tomorrow," Oscar said. "Have the secretary book you a flight."

"Okay." Abel nodded calmly. "I'll give the order."

"Good. I'm tired. Let's head back upstairs so I can catch my breath. We can check on what flights you can take."

"Let's head back up then." Abel assisted his grandfather into the elevator.

He poured the elder man a glass of water when they reached his office on the eighty-ninth floor.

"Call for the secretary," Oscar ordered.

Abel obeyed.

The company secretary was over in an instant.

"You require my assistance, Mr. Ryker?"

"That would be me," Oscar cut in. "Abel is going on a business trip tomorrow. Book him a flight."

"I understand, Old Mr. Ryker. I'll do as requested."

"Good," Oscar said. "Let me know once the procedures have been handled."

"Yes, sir!" The secretary shot Abel a look.

With a single nod from Abel, the secretary was gone.

He returned ten minutes later with a stack of printouts.

"These are Mr. Ryker's flight tickets, Old Mr. Ryker. The first layover would be at Xandenia. This is the boarding information."

Oscar was shortsighted, leading to his grim-faced assistant scrambling to offer him his glasses.

He took a look at the details after putting them on.

On the papers was Abel's boarding information alongside a few bodyguards.

"This is good. I can rest assured." He put his glasses away.

"You look anxious, Grandad." Abel narrowed his eyes. "Did something happen?"

"Of course not." Oscar immediately covered it up with an excuse. "It's just what happened last time that shook me. I feel unsettled just thinking about it."

Abel's lips curled into a sneer.

Grandad's every move seems to have something to do with Adam. Just what is Adam up to?

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Abel pondered on the matter when a chill suddenly went down his spine.

Adam had taken the medicine that Emmeline concocted the day before.

Was he starting to turn his sights on her?

But what instigated Grandad?

The more he thought about it, the more his brows furrowed.

Oscar got to his feet. "I'm heading back. Remember to let me know before you leave the country, Abel."

"I will." Abel bowed. "I'll come with you, Grandad."

"Sure." The elder nodded.

They left the office and entered the executive elevator.

He saw Oscar's convoy leave from the square, Abel turned to Luca and said in a nearly inaudible voice, "Book for a return ticket immediately. Let none of this news get out. Emmeline can only know about my departure, not my return."

"Yes, Mr. Abel."

Luca did as he was told and got return tickets for himself and Abel along with their entourage of bodyguards.

When they got back to The Precipice, Emmeline had dropped off the kids at the kindergarten.

After he got changed, Abel told her about the business trip he was going on tomorrow.

"That's sudden." She took his coat and hung it up.

"What's wrong? Don't want to see your husband go?" He embraced her.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and said shyly, "That goes without saying. We've only been together for a few days."

"You're a clingy wife, aren't you?" He gave her a quick peck on her lips. "I should've gotten you a flight ticket as well."

"No way." She laughed. "I still have to stay with the kids."

"I'll take you with me on my next business trip," he said. "We'll go as a family. We won't ever be apart."

"How is that possible?" She playfully pinched his nose. "You're so childish."

"I don't want to leave my family behind." He clung on tighter. "I won't be seeing you or the kids for days. I'll miss all of you."

"Idiot." She leaned into his arms. "And here I thought I was the clingy one."

"You're mine," he said seriously and kissed her. "Who's going to care if I want to be clingy?"

She stood on her tiptoes and responded to his display of affection passionately.

He immediately picked her up and deposited her on the bed.

“Damn it. How am I supposed to wait until we get married?”

“Not happening.” Emmeline immediately stopped him. “I have a guest.”

“What guest?” Abel frowned. “Who?”

She broke into hysterics while he remained clueless as to what she meant.

“Aunt Flo,” she whispered. “Aunt Flo is here.”

“...” He finally understood what she meant by a “guest”.

He, at least, knew what Aunt Flo was.

He heard the term back in school.

He just couldn’t wrap his head around why the girls referred to it as Aunt Flo.

“Does your stomach hurt?” Abel knew girls experienced stomach cramps during that time of the month.

They were menstrual cramps.

He gently stroked her lower abdomen.

“I’m fine,” Emmeline answered. “There is some pain on the first day but it’ll get better tomorrow.”

He nodded. “You should drink some hot chocolate. I’ve seen girls drinking that.”

“Oh, you know about it?” She twisted his ear. “Spill. Was your first love a student?”

He wrapped his arms around her. “I swear I’ve never experienced first love in my life.”

“How is that possible? You’ve never liked a girl before?”

“There was no girl. Many of them liked me but I liked playing basketball more.”

“Hahahaha.” She guffawed. “Your first love is basketball?!”

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“I’m telling you the truth.” Abel nodded in earnest. “I went to sleep every night hugging a basketball and praying for first place in tomorrow’s game.”

“From now on, your basketball and I are now rivals. You’re only allowed to hug me to bed. No basketballs allowed!”

“I’m not that stupid anymore.” He pinched her cheek. “You’re soft and adorable. Basketballs are hard and smell bad. I’d rather die than hug a basketball.”

“Hahaha.” She burst into laughter while cradled in his arms.

“I’ll go get you some hot chocolate.” He kissed her. “Just lie back. I’ll be right back.”

“Mm-hmm.” Emmeline nodded happily.

He gave her another kiss before leaving downstairs.

Kendra was helping the chef with preparing the meals when Abel walked in.

“Mr. Abel.” Kendra startled. “The food isn’t ready yet.”

“Oh, there’s no hurry. I’m just here to get some hot chocolate.”

“Hot chocolate?” Kendra immediately understood. “I’ll prepare that and have it delivered to Ms. Louise when I’m done.”

“I can do it myself,” Abel said. “I can get a handle on how it’s done.”

Let me help you then.” She found some dark chocolate.

The chef also prepared some milk.

“This much chocolate should be enough.” She used a spoon to measure the amount of chocolate needed and tossed it into a saucepan.

“Okay.” He nodded. “How much milk?”

“One cup should be alright.”

“We can add a pinch of cinnamon too. It’ll add depth to the flavor.”

“Okay. Let’s do that.”

Kendra handed him the glass jar of cinnamon to which he added some to the saucepan.

It barely took ten minutes for the hot chocolate to be ready.

Abel brought it upstairs himself.

Sure enough, Emmeline was no longer in pain after she finished the hot chocolate.

She felt warm all over. The chill she felt in her palms and feet was gone.

She got up and got out of bed to pack Abel’s luggage.

“I can do that myself.” He held her from behind. “You should just stay in bed and rest.”

“I’m not that delicate,” she said. “I’m feeling much better now.”

“Nope. The one who’s going to end up hurt is me

“You’re going on a business trip tomorrow. I have to help you pack.”

“Leave it to me,” he said. “I always packed my own bags. Even Luca doesn’t do it for me.”

“That’s the past.” She smiled gently. “You have me now.”

He gave her a peck on her cheek.

“But you’re my wife. A wife and an assistant are different things.”

If Luca were here, he’d say, “I’m just an assistant. It’s not like I’m your wife.”

Emmeline jabbed a finger to his forehead. "Quite the tongue you got on you."

"We'll do it together then." He gave her a small peck on her lips.

Emmeline stood on her tiptoes to return the gesture.

They packed the suitcase together.

That was when Daisy knocked on the door. "Mr. Abel, Ms. Louise. Dinner is ready."

Kendra watched the children play in the garden after dinner.

Abel and Emmeline left the home and wandered along the path outside the courtyard wall that led to the mountainside.

The path was bumpy with jagged rocks littered everywhere.

They slowly climbed up the mountain hand in hand.

"Emma," he started. "This is something for you and the kids to keep in mind while I'm gone."

"What is it?" She asked. "Tell me."

"Don't get into contact with Adam."

"I've never involved myself with him. I never liked him."

"Don't go to Grandad's too."

"That's a funny thing to say." She stood atop a rock. "Why would I go to Grandad's when I have no business with him? He never liked me in the first place. What are you trying to say?"

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I'm just reminding you. You have to remember," Abel said, "Anyway, you have to avoid these two things that I mentioned.

"Okay," Emmeline nodded obediently, "I'll remember it very well."

"If anything happens, call and discuss it with me."

"You're being a nag," Emmeline could not help chuckling, "Abel, is something big going to happen? You're making me so nervous."

"Prevention is better than cure," Abel said, "Maybe I'm too cautious, but you should still be more careful."

"I got it," Emmeline said, opening her arms to him. "I can't go down.

Hug me."

Abel reached out to lift her off the rocks with a loving smile.

It had already gotten quite dark when they were coming down the mountain.

They could not see the path beneath their feet.

Abel carried Emmeline on his back as they went down the mountain.

Luca and a few bodyguards were looking up at them from the flat ground at the foot of the mountain.

They were thinking about how much Abel doted on his wife. Carrying her up the mountain and now carrying her down. It is truly a rare thing!

The next day, after having lunch, Abel went on a business trip as planned.

An hour and a half later, Adam received a message, "Mr. Adam, he has boarded the plane."

Adam replied, "Keep an eye on him until he reaches his destination."

"Okay, Mr. Adam," the other man replied.

At 10.00 pm that night, Adam received another message, "Mr. Adam, he has arrived in Xandenia and left the airport."

"Good!" Adam replied with just one word. A proud smirk appeared on his face.

He looked at his watch and knew that tomorrow morning. He could make his move.

In Xandenia, Abel and the others left the airport by car.

They immediately changed to a different car at the next intersection and returned to the airport.

Abel knew that Adam was wily. If this business trip was Adam's idea to urge his grandad to do this, someone must be watching him on the plane.

But now, Abel was sure that he was no longer being watched.

And he was also sure that Adam would not dare touch Emmeline before he arrived in Xandenia.

At this time, it was 11.00 pm in Struyria.

Abel sent a message to Emmeline, "Are you asleep, babe?"

Emmeline had just checked on the children and tucked them in before returning to the bedroom.

The phone on the table sounded, indicating a message had arrived.

Emmeline picked it up and saw that it was from Abel.

Feeling sweet in her heart, she smiled.

"The children are all asleep, and I'm about to sleep too. Have you landed?" she asked.

"Yes," Abel replied, "I have arrived in Xandenia."

"Then stay warm," Emmeline messaged him, "The temperature there is low"

"Okay, goodnight, babe," Abel replied.

Abel put away his phone, squinted his deep eyes, and lit a cigarette.

Seeing Emmeline's message, he felt a little relieved.

Adam had not taken any action yet.

It was obvious that they had confirmed his entry into Xandenia. Would they take action tomorrow?

Of course, everything could be due to his over-anxiety, and he might have misjudged the situation.

However, with his five years of intensive training, he had sensed the danger.

At 3,00 am, the plane to Struyria took off.

When Emmeline woke and washed up, she went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for the children as usual.

Kendra and Daisy were already there. The cereal was boiling on the stove while Daisy was making steamed buns.

"What do you need me to do?" Emmeline tied her apron.

"You are on your period and don't feel well. So leave it to us," Daisy said.

"But I don't feel uncomfortable," Emmeline said, "My belly doesn't hurt, and my back doesn't hurt. I'm fine."

"Mr. Abel told us yesterday afternoon to take good care of you, to ensure that you don't do any work, and to avoid touching cold water," Daisy smiled.

Emmeline puffed out her cheeks.

She knew that the night before, Abel had searched for many dos and don'ts during the period.

The next day, he told it all to Daisy and Kendra.

So, what else could she say?

"Okay then," Emmeline shrugged, "I'll wake up the children."

After breakfast, they went to kindergarten. Emmeline drove to the Nightfall Cafe.

"Ring ring..." Her phone suddenly rang.

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Emmeline held the steering wheel with one hand and picked up the phone with the other.

It was a landline number that she did not recognize.

Thinking it might be a sales call, Emmeline rejected the call.

But the landline number called again quickly.

Emmeline thought about it for a minute, then answered the call with one hand.

An old voice came from the phone. "Ms. Emmeline?"

Emmeline was taken aback. "Yes, who is this?"

"I am Fabian Ryker, the butler of the Ryker residence."

"Oh." Emmeline frowned, feeling something was not quite right, "Sir, why are you calling me? Is there something wrong?"

"It's about Old Mr. Ryker," Fabian said. "Please come over."

Emmeline was anxious. Did Abel

guess correctly? Old Mr. Ryker is looking for me? But what can he want from me?

"Old Mr. Ryker wants to see me," Emmeline asked, "Can you tell me what it's about?"

"Ms. Emmeline, it's better if you come in person," Fabian said, "How can I explain it clearly over the phone?"

"Okay," Emmeline agreed, "Please tell him that I'll be there soon."

After hanging up the phone, Emmeline remembered Abel's instructions.

She felt it was necessary to inform Abel.

So she dialed Abel's number with one hand.

But Abel's phone was unreachable.

She tried three times in a row but only got an unreachable tone.

Emmeline did not know that Abel's phone was in airplane mode.

She put away her phone, turned around at the intersection ahead, and headed toward the Ryker residence.

Abel raised his wrist to glance at the understated yet luxurious Patek Philippe watch. It was 9.00 The plane would land in half an hour.

He hoped that nothing would happen to Emmeline during this time and that all his anxious thoughts were just unnecessary worries.

Emmeline's car passed the flyover as the plane flew in the sky.

Half an hour later, she entered the courtyard of the Ryker residence.

She parked her Aston Martin in

the parking space and suddenly saw Adam strolling from under the corridor.

Adam? When Emmeline saw this person, she immediately remembered Abel's warning, which was true.

But now, she had already entered the Ryker residence.

It was not easy to turn back.

Emmeline held a few needles from her handbag between her fingers.

“Emmeline, how are you?”

With a cigar in his mouth, Adam greeted Emmeline with a graceful and elegant smile.

“Adam, it’s been a long time,”

Emmeline smiled.

Her smile was pure and innocent, with a glimmer of light in her eyes, making her look charming.

Adam narrowed his eyes slightly. It seemed that he was coveting Emmeline.

Unfortunately, she never became his wife. If Abel were not his

brother, he would have fought for her. But now he felt he could not disgrace his family.

“Where’s Abel?” Adam asked intentionally, “Why didn’t he come with you?”

“He went on a temporary business trip,” Emmeline replied calmly, “He won’t be back for a few days.”

“Is that so?” Adam made a gesture of invitation, “Let’s get in.”

“Do you know why Grandad suddenly called me?” Emmeline asked.

“I don’t know either,” Adam puffed his cigar. “I just came over.”

“Oh,” Emmeline nodded, “Then let’s go in together.”

They entered the hall, and Oscar was sitting on the sofa, holding his cane with two hands.

His bald head, tough face, and deep eyes made Emmeline feel like she was seeing a principal from a TV drama.

“Old Mr. Ryker,” Emmeline politely called him.

“Shouldn’t you call me grandad?” Oscar’s voice was cold.

“Grandad,” Emmeline replied immediately.

She and Abel were not married yet, so Oscar had not given her permission to call him grandad. But she felt it was right to show respect to older adults.

She called him Grandad only because he was old, not because he was Grandpa of Abel.

“Hmm,” Oscar put down his cane and sipped tea from his cup, “Just stand there and talk.”

Emmeline was anxious, feeling that the older man had no good intentions. Did he make me stand to speak? Are they interrogating me?

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“Okay,” Emmeline said, raising her chin slightly.

“I wonder what Grandad wants me here for. Any advice?”

“Hmm,” Oscar gestured towards Fabian.

Fabian came over with a small tray.

Emmeline glanced at it and thought it was empty.

But Fabian said, “Ms. Emmeline, please look at what this is.”

Emmeline looked into the empty tray and saw a delicate needle lying inside.

She recognized it at a glance. It was her hidden weapon.

At this moment, she still had two in her hand.

“It’s a needle,” Emmeline answered calmly, “Everyone knows that, right?”

“Whose needle is this?” Oscar asked with narrowed eyes.

“I told Adam last time,” Emmeline scratched her head and looked at Adam, “Adam, last time I showed you. Was it from that store?”

Adam was taken aback because he did not expect Emmeline to remember this.

“You don’t remember?” Emmeline said, “Then I’ll check on eBay and see if that store sells this needle.”

She looked at Oscar and said, “Grandad, how many do you want? I’ll help you place the order. It’s not expensive. I’ll pay for it.”

Oscar did not quite understand what she was saying, “Adam, what is she saying?”

Adam said gingerly, “Emmeline said she’d help you buy it from an online store.”

“Online store?” Oscar frowned. “They sell this in online stores?”

“Yes?” Emmeline said thoughtfully, “I can open up eBay right now. You can choose which store you like.”

As she spoke, she took out her phone and leaned toward Oscar.

“Forget it,” Oscar said, “I don’t want this thing.”

Then why did you ask me whose needle this is?” Emmeline blinked her innocent eyes.

“I don’t know these online stores,” Oscar said. “I just asked you directly, is this a hidden weapon from the Adelmars?”

“Huh?” Emmeline bit her fingertip and widened her eyes. “What clan?”

“The Adelmars,” Oscar said impatiently.

Suddenly, he felt like his grandson had tricked him.

In front of him was a naive and cute little girl who did not seem to know anything.

How could she be as incredible as his grandson had told him?

“Grandad, I know about the scandalous photos posted online, but what about the Adelmars? What’s the news about?”

Emmeline blinked her bright eyes and turned to Adam. “Adam, can you tell me which media broke the news? I want to check it out too.”

“Adam,” Oscar glanced at him, “Are you sure?”

Adam turned to Emmeline with a cold face and said, “Emmeline, don’t play dumb. Last time, I asked you. What is your relationship with Waylon Adelmars?”

“Grandad,” Emmeline pouted, “Adam is being unreasonable. I told him I don’t like Dragon Oath, but he keeps asking me these questions!”

“Grandad,” Adam said, “Don’t listen to her nonsense.”

“Adam, you’re being unreasonable.” Emmeline stomped her foot, “If you want to know about Waylon, wait until I finish reading Dragon Oath, we can discuss it for three days and three nights!”

Adam was so angry that he waved his hand and said, “Three days and three nights? Forget it!”

Emmeline pouted and did not say anything.

“Forget it.” Oscar impatiently waved his hand.

Adam was also annoyed. How could two ordinary steel needles bought online be considered the Adelmars’ hidden weapons? This was too low-end for the Adelmars.

“But Grandad,” Adam immediately reminded him, “You forgot about the medicine?”

“Yes!” Oscar immediately nodded at Fabian.

He lost the first round, but there was still a second round.

Fabian took out the bag of herbs and showed it to Emmeline.

“I recognize this,” Emmeline said. “It’s the medicine I prepared for Auntie Julianna to treat her heart attack.”

“This is not an ordinary folk recipe,” Oscar said sternly, “How do you know this recipe?”