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Abel glanced at Evelyn in silence. "Paul sure did teach his daughter well. You're a well-rounded woman," Oscar said. "You flatter me, Grandad. I'll be sure to prepare more delicacies for you in the future," Evelyn said.

"Perhaps you should stay and be my granddaughter-in-law. My sons are supposed to get married soon, but Emmeline seems to be..." Abel suddenly turned around. Oscar nearly bumped into him. "Are you trying to give me a heart attack?" Oscar uttered.

"I lost my appetite so I'll be leaving now," Abel said. "I dare you!" Oscar yelled. "I apologize, grandad," Abel said as he walked past Oscar. "Mr. Abel, don't leave!" Evelyn held onto his arm. Abel pushed her away.

"Mr. Abel, do you hate me? If you do then I'll leave. Please don't make Grandad angry," Evelyn said with teary eyes. Abel glared at Evelyn in silence. "Mr. Abel, please don't go. I'll leave instead..." Evelyn muttered.

"Abel! You're a man yet you're acting like a child! Get back here! You can leave after lunch!" Oscar shouted. "Abel, cut it out with that. How can you disobey Grandad" Adrien said. "That's right, Mr. Abel. We're all here, so let's not make things difficult for Grandad" Lizbeth added.

"Mr. Abel, please stay. I'll leave. I don't want Grandad to be angry," Evelyn said. "Fine. Let's have lunch together," Abel replied. Evelyn wiped her tears and said, "You're not mad at me anymore? That's great!"

Everyone sat down at the dining table. Evelyn sat beside Abel. "Mr. Abel, you should try this. I made this myself," Evelyn said as she passed the dishes to Abel. At the other end of the table, Adrien said, "Liz, you should try this. It's good for your health. I asked the chefs to prepare this just for you."

Evelyn stood up and walked over to Oscar with a dish in her hand. "Grandad, try this one. I made it myself. It's crispy on the outside and tender on the inside," she said. "You're too kind. You're much better in comparison to..." Oscar decided not to finish his sentence.

Evelyn smiled as she knew what Oscar meant. "Mr. Abel, this one's for you. It's good for your digestion," Evelyn said as she returned to her seat. Abel's plate was filled to the brim. However, he only took a few bites.

"Shall I make some congee for you? I've heard that you often get stomach aches," Evelyn said. "I'm fine," Abel said. "In that case, you should try this herbal soup. It contains essential nutrients," Evelyn continued.

"I'm done eating," Abel said as he placed his cutlery down. "Abel, how can you be so cold towards Ms. Evelyn when she's being considerate of you?" Oscar asked. "Grandad, it's alright. I'm used to this," Evelyn said.

"You're so thoughtful, Evelyn," Oscar said as he glared at Abel. "I'm done here, enjoy your meal. There's still work to be done. I'm leaving now," Abel said.

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Evelyn said hurriedly, "Mr. Abel, work is more important; please leave it to me; I can look after Granddad."

"Okay." He nodded, picked up his suit jacket, and left.

Oscar slammed the fork on the table and snorted, "This bastard is so freaking stubborn!"

"Grandda," Evelyn said, "Emmeline was in danger; it was only natural that Mr. Abel was feeling upset."

"Why should I be understanding?" Oscar snapped and said, "All she has done is give birth to the four children and nothing more! She can never be better than you. What's more, she's dead now!"

Evelyn lowered her head and smiled. How can a dead woman compete with a rich lady like me? It seems that I still have my chance with Abel as long as I'm on Old Mr. Ryker's good side. No, not only him! I also have to be on good terms with Abel's parents and children!"

She quickly carried out her plan. The next time, she went to the kindergarten to pick up four of them. She blocked their way out and said, "I'm your mom's friend; I'm here to visit you all."

"But we don't know you," Timothy looked up and asked, "Are you a human trafficker?"

"Of course not," She squatted down and smiled lovingly, saying, "I'm best friends with your mom, Emmeline. You all should address me as Auntie Evelyn."

"But we have never seen you together with mom," Helios was said to be alerted. "How can we be sure you're her friend?"

"Yes," Endymion said, "we won't believe you before making sure of your real identity!"

"I agree with my brothers!" Hesperus said, "The four of us are not so easy to lie to!"

"I'm not lying to you all," She smiled and said, "I'll go to your house, and you all will know it once we see your grandparents."

"Grandad is coming to fetch us now," Timothy asked. "Are you coming with us?"

She turned and saw Lewis coming down from his car; she had greeted him and his wife the other day. And the two of them knew who she was; she once had a marriage agreement with Abel.

"Ms. Murphy?" Lewis was surprised to see her here, and he asked, "Why are you here?"

"Mr. Lewis," she smiled gently and said, "I'm here to see the things; I'm Emmeline's best friend after all."

"It's so nice for you to miss the kids," Lewis said. "Thanks for caring."

"I'm devastated at what happened to Emmeline."

"Grandad," Helios asked, "is she really mom's friend?"

"Yes," he nodded and said, "we knew her."

"So you're really our mom's friend," Endymion said. "Sorry for misunderstanding you."

"We always welcome Mom's friend." Hesperus said, "Auntie, nice to meet you."

"I thought you were a human trafficker." Timothy broke into a smile and asked, "So, you're not one?"

"Are you terrified of the human trafficker?" She gently caressed his head and said, "I feel so sorry for you."

"Ms. Murphy," Lewis said, "since you're here, let's go to our house to have lunch together. We're no strangers."

"I was planning to," she answered. "I already prepared the gifts to pay a visit."

Half an hour later, her car followed Lewis' car into his mansion.

She took a lot of gifts and toys from her car, and she also bought expensive food for Lewis and Rosaline. Rosaline was happy to see her, and she pulled her to the sofa to have a talk.

"I'm best friends with Emmeline," she said with reddened eyes. "Who would have thought something like this could happen to her?"

"Don't let the kids overhear our conversation," Rosaline said. "They thought that Emmeline was at Osea looking after their grandpa."

"Osea?" She was shocked, and she asked, "Emmeline's not dead? She's at Osea?"

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"Yes," Rosaline said in a lowered voice, "she's at the Aldemar Residence; it will be a matter of time before she passes away."

"Oh," Evelyn said, "this is the first time I heard about the Aldemar family."

"Don't tell anyone about this," Rosaline said even lighter. "Don't let Old Mr. Ryker hear it."

"Old Mr. Ryker?" She asked, "Why?"

"He had a grudge against the Aldemar family, so we don't want to create more trouble."

Evelyn's face crumpled, and she said, "Mrs. Madame Ryker, please rest assured. I'll definitely keep my friend's secret."

"Good to know," Rosaline said. "The kids are so pitiful without Emmeline."

"Madame Ryker, don't you worry." She said, "The kids like me; if you're okay with it, I can look after them for you."

"It's good to have you," Rosalinen smiled and said. "Back then, Abel refused to marry you. Now he should be realizing that he was missing out on a good woman."

"Madame Ryker, I'm not as good as you said." She lowered her head and said, "Mr. Abel and Emmeline were meant to be together, but..."

"Let's not talk about her." Rosaline said, "I hope that Abel can get to know you more, and the two of you might be marrying each other in the future."

If Abel married Evelyn, it would be beneficial to his position in the company. Both Rosaline and Lewis were very well aware of it, and they were weary of Adam attempting to snatch his position.

Abel was there when the two of them were talking. He was in a black suit with a white tie. Evelyn could not lift her eyes off him the moment she saw him; he looked intimidating, but his look could easily captivate any woman.

"Abel," Rosaline waved to him and said, "It's good timing for you to be back; Ms. Evelyn is here."

He frowned upon hearing her name. Evelyn? Why is she everywhere? This is so frustrating.

His facial expression was cold, and he wanted to turn around to leave.

"Abel," Rosaline said, "the food is ready; let's have lunch with Ms. Evelyn."

"Mr. Abel," Evelyn said softly, "please don't misunderstand me; I'm just here to visit your parents and the kids."

"That's right, Daddy," Timothy ran down from the stairs and said, "Auntie Evelyn is mom's friend!"

"Mom's friend is welcome!" Helios was also coming down.

"Daddy, Auntie Evelyn bought this toy!" Endymion showed him the dinosaur toy.

"Look at mine," Hesperus said. "This is a remote airplane; it can fly to the garden!"

Looking at the kids, Abel might still be upset, but he did not say anything. He walked past her and went upstairs to change into his casual clothes. When he came down, the food was served on the table.

"I'll look after the kids," Evelyn volunteered with a smile.

"Daisy can do it," Rosaline said. "You can't get used to it."

"I can slowly practice," she responded gently, "and I'll get used to it after a few times."

"Munchkin," she asked with a smile, "are you guys willing to let me take care of you all?"

Timothy nodded and said, "You're mom's best friend, sure." The rest of them also agreed to it.

She smiled gently, but she was nervous and scared. She was worried that it would be hard to look after them. But in order to get close to Abel, she had to do it.

"Thank you, Munchkin, for giving me the chance." She pretended to be happy, and she said, "Let's sit down and eat together."

Daisy sat to the side and let her look after the kids. She secretly glanced at Abel, and he was totally ignoring her. He did not appreciate her efforts. She gritted her teeth and served the kids food.

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"Try this; it's yummy and nutritious."

"And this one, it's sweet; kids should love it."

Luckily, the four of them were independent when they ate. All she needed to do was pass them some food when they could not reach it. But she was still sweating like crazy at the end of the meal; it was not an easy job after all. She did not even manage to have some hot food.

She was thinking that after Abel and she got married, she would just leave these four children to Lewis and Rosaline.

After lunch, Rosaline did not send Evelyn back home; she brought her to the guest room. Everyone got back to their rooms to rest. Rosaline was talking with Lewis in their room. "I feel that Ms. Evelyn isn't bad," she said to her husband. "Since Emmeline is in this state, we should convince Abel to get to know her."

"I feel like it's a good idea," Lewis said. "After eating the medicine of the Aldemar family, Abel should be forgetting his feelings for Emmeline. This is a good chance to start anew."

"Yes," she said, "Abel is still young; he should find a partner for himself. And he used to have a marriage agreement with the Murphy family; this might be fate."

"If they really get married to each other," Lewis said, "Abel's status will be so much stronger."

"But," she frowned and said, "it seems like he's not interested in her; what should we do?"

"Our son is like this," Lewis said. "His nickname is the Devil from Hell. He's cruel and cold; didn't you hear about it before?"

"I didn't have the chance to hear such a thing," Rosaline smiled bitterly, "but indeed, this nickname suits our son."

"Maybe we should create more chances for them to meet each other," Lewis suggested. "He might develop feelings for her after some time."

"Yes," she nodded and responded, "let me think of how to make this work."

Lewis yawned and said, "Let's have a nap now."

"Okay," she replied, "if we can't sleep well, we will have wrinkles on our eyes."

In the afternoon, Abel went back to work. And he was dissatisfied to see Evelyn still in the mansion; he wanted to leave.

Evelyn hurriedly said, "Mr. Abel, please have a rest. I'm making some soup for you; it'll be ready shortly."

"Yes, Abel," Rosaline said satisfiedly, "look at Ms. Evelyn; she's so good to you; she knew that your stomach wasn't good, so she made some hot soup for you."

His face darkened, and he did not talk. He wanted to leave, but he held himself back. He walked upstairs without saying anything.

"My son is like this," Rosaline said to her with a smile. "He's always cold and expressionless."

Evelyn smiled and did not reply. She liked how cold he was.

"But once he has fallen for someone, he'll treat his partner well." She continued to say, "Just look at how he used to pamper Emmeline; he could literally do anything for her." Evelyn was dissatisfied hearing her words; she wanted to make him fall in love with her and give her everything!

"I'll go to check on the soup." Evelyn said to her:

"Oh," Rosaline said, "I almost forgot about it; you should go check on it."

Abel took a shower after getting into his room; he felt that he stank after working for the whole day. He felt relaxed while changing into clean clothes. Before he could wipe his wet hair, someone knocked on his door. He thought that it was Rosaline.

"Mom, I'll go down soon." He opened the door slightly as he spoke.

But Evelyn pushed the door open, holding a tray with a bowl of hot soup on it.

"Mr. Abel, the soup is ready; please have some. The dinner is still not ready yet."

"Who let you in?" Abel said it coldly.

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Evelyn held the tray, and she looked back. She saw his hair wet, and he was wrapping himself with a towel. The towel covered him from his waist to his knees. His upper body was naked, and she could clearly see his muscular abs. He looked sexy and intimidating, and she was dumbfounded. She almost dropped the tray.

"I'm asking you," he frowardly glared at her murderously, and he asked, "Who the f*ck let you in?"

"I..."

"Get out!"

"Mr. Abel, your soup..."

"I want you to get out now!"

She hurriedly put down the tray and ran downstairs. After a while, Rosaline rushed up. He was fully dressed. "Abel, how could you treat Ms. Evelyn like that? She's our guest!"

"Could a guest pass my room?"

"I asked her to send you the soup!"

"I don't need it!"

"Abel," Rosaline said, "she's a good woman; why don't you try to know her better? After all, the two of you have a marriage agreement."

"It's none of my business," Abel said. "Lizbeth was married to Adrien."

"They are them! You're you!" Rosaline said anxiously, "Marrying Everly will strengthen your status."

"I don't need this to secure my status," He took his jacket and walked out of the room. "I'll be at The Precipice; I won't be coming back tonight!"

"Abel!"

He stomped off the stairs, and he drove off in less than two minutes.

Kendra did not expect to see him here; she was feeding Quincy, and she just cooked herself a bowl of noodles. She put the baby on her lap, and she was about to eat. And she heard the car's engine from the courtyard.

Is Abel back?

Kendra was surprised, and she quickly carried Quincy to welcome him. She saw him parking at the side. She teared up seeing him; Kendra felt alone as there was only her, Quincy, and the staff working in the mansion. The Munchkins were not here; Daisy was not here; and Emmeline and Abel were not here either. She felt alone all the time. With Abel coming back, everything was different. The workers would be working, and the bodyguards would be walking around. The atmosphere was getting lively.

"Mr. Abel," Kendra greeted him timidly.

"Hi. He nodded, and his facial expression softened.

"You haven't eaten at this hour, right?" She followed closely behind him and went back into the main building.

"No," he answered shortly, "make something simple for me."

"Okay," she replied, "I'm on in."

"I'll carry Quincy." He took him over and sat down in the living room.

The baby cried as she left her mother. Even with her cries, he felt peaceful. He stood up and walked back and forth, carrying her. She stopped crying after a while, and she looked at him with teary eyes. Abel was entertained by her expression, and he felt relaxed. Luca was smiling when he saw Abel smile. Kendra was quick to cook the food. Abel asked Luca to eat with him. And the rest of the bodyguards went to another dining room to eat.

Abel saw Kendra's cold noodle on the table and asked with a frown, "Were you about to eat this?"

She pulled the bowl in front of her and said, "I wanted to have an easy meal since I was alone."

"I could save you and your daughter, so I can provide for the both of you." He snorted, "Don't try to save up for me."

She looked down and remained silent.

"Those clothes," he asked, "did you put them away?"

"I've cleaned out a guest room," she said, "and I put all of them into the closet."

"Didn't I give them to you?" He said, "Don't waste them."

"I can't wear them," Her eyes reddened, and she answered, "Ms. Louise's belongings are precious."

He did not say anything; he was fine as long as those clothes were not in his closet.

Kendra's tears streamed down her face. Why is Mr. Abel treating Ms. Louise this way all of a sudden?"

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The following day, Abel was busy with work. His phone rang, and he took it and saw it was from the Lewis Mansion. He put it on speaker, so it did not affect his work.

"Abel," Rosaline was on the other side of the phone; she asked, "Will you be back for lunch?"

"I'll eat in the company," he answered. "There is too much work to be done; I can't rush back and forth."

"Oh, er..." She sounded hesitant.

"You don't have to wait for me." He hung up the phone. He knew that Evelyn was still waiting for him back there. He felt troubled thinking of her.

Someone knocked on his door. "Come in." He said it without looking up. He expected some of the executives to be here to report on their work. There have been more than twenty people coming into his office since this morning.

"Abel?" Someone said it faintly.

He looked up and saw Benjamin; he was so much slimmer, but he looked energetic.

"Benjamin?" He was surprised. "Please come in to have a seat."

Benjamin sat on the sofa right opposite him, and he asked his secretary to make them some tea.

"Why are you here?" He asked.

"One of my steel businesses," Benjamin said with a faint smile, "was taken by you."

"Oh," Abel said, "I didn't know about it." Before Benjamin could reply, he continued to say, "My subordinate told me that Aldemar's company snatched one of our medicine businesses this morning."

"Ha, ha. It seems like we're the same." Benjamin said, "I'm not here for this."

"Then?" Abel put his pen down and looked at him curiously.

"I felt uneasy," He pinched his bridge of the nose, and he said, "And I realized I can only talk openly with you."

"What do you want to say?" Abel smiled faintly and said, "I'm all ears."

"How's your stomach?" He asked.

"Well," Abel nodded his head and said, "the medicine from your family is magical."

"So..." Benjamin stared at his eyes and asked, "All your feelings for Emmeline were gone."

Abel frowned and asked, "Benjamin, what are you talking about?" "Since when have I had feelings for her?"

Benjamin sighed and shook his head. "Just pretend I never asked about it."

"You're so strange." Abel said, "You're making it sound like I've done something wrong to Emmeline. You can't force yourself to love someone, just like you and Janie."

"Janie and I?" He smirked and said, "I'm trying to develop feelings for her."

"How is it working so far?" Abel snorted.

Benjamin shook his head.

"And you dare to make fun of me?" He sneered, "Just like you and her, I won't fall for Emmeline too."

"But the two of you are different," Benjamin said. "Did you forget you two have four children together?"

"I was being tricked back then!" His face turned cold. "Alana drugged me, but I ended up having sex with Emmeline. I'm sorry for what happened, and I did everything I could for her. I just wouldn't fall for her! It's impossible!"

Impossible? You totally forgot how you were all over her. If it weren't for Waylon's drug, you would definitely die for her! But now...

"Why did you suddenly talk about this?" Abel asked, "Are you too bored?"

"Of course not," He stared at Abel, and he said, "I want to tell you..."

He suddenly changed his mind and said, "Just forget it!" "It's useless telling you!"

"Forget about what?" What's useless?" Abel frowned and asked, "What's making you hesitant?"

"I'm saying that; everything's too late now," Benjamin said regrettably. "No one would have thought that..."

"Benjamin," Abel asked, "what are you trying to say?"

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At that moment, someone knocked on the door. "Come in," Abel said.

The door was pushed open. It was Evelyn; she was in a pink dress, and she put on full makeup. Abel was furious to see her, and he asked with a frown, "Evelyn, why are you here?"

She showed him the lunchbox and responded, "Mr. Abel, your mother asked me to bring you your lunch."

"I don't need it," he said coldly. "You can go now!"

"Mr. Abel..."

"Secretary!" He yelled, "Send off the guest now!"

She was scared, and she trembled and walked away. His secretary closed the door behind her.

Benjamin started to laugh. "Abel, you're indeed a very cold man. How could you treat a woman with such cruelty?"

"Well," Abel looked at him coldly and said, "if you don't want to talk to me properly, I'll chase you away too! I don't know how to treat a man gently either!"

"I don't need it," Benjamin said. "My heart is aching."

"You're pretentious!" He did not look at him, and he took his pen to get to work again.

"Let's go," Benjamin stood up and said. "Have a drink with me."

He put down his pen after hearing his words; he had been wanting to drink for quite some time as he felt uneasy.

"Where to?"

"You should choose the location."

"What about the Imperial Palace?" Abel suggested.

"Let's go."

After half an hour, they arrived at Area A of the Imperial Palace. They did not ask for a private room; they wanted to feel the liveliness of the crowd. The waiter served them drinks and fruits, and the bartender was mixing liquor for them. They felt like trouble seemed so far away from them at that moment. Suddenly, someone came into Abel's view. He frowned, looking at her. Benjamin followed his murderous gaze and saw that it was Alana. What is the possibility of us meeting her here?

"Hey," Abel said to the bartender, "go over there and ask that bargirl to come over."

"Sir," the bartender said, "Ms. Lane is serving those customers right now; I can ask somebody else to come over if you want."

"I only want Alana Lane." He said, "Tell those people that it'll be my treat tonight."

"Okay, I'll tell them now." The bartender walked toward them.

The customers happily gave her to Abel after hearing the bartender's words; she was only a bargirl. And they could call for more if someone was treating them.

Alana was dumbstruck, looking in Abel's direction. She did not expect to see this hellish man in this place. He looked dangerously beautiful. She stood up and wanted to run away, but Abel's bodyguards had surrounded her. The three of them looked at her with threatening looks without saying a word. She knew that she could not escape, so she gathered her courage and walked toward him.

"Have a seat." Abel said it coldly with a dangerous smile.

"Mr. Abel." She was scared, and she knelt down where the bartender stood.

"I didn't expect to see you here." He sounded calm but also cold at the same time.

"Y... Yes." She was so nervous that her voice changed.

"The daughter of the Lane family is a bargirl now?" He snorted while drinking his red wine.

"I... I..." She said, "How can I go home looking like this?"

He grabbed her hand and looked at three of her severed fingers.

"But it didn't stop you from wearing a glove to be a bodyguard back at the Ryker Residence!"

"Ah!" She shouted and tried to withdraw her hand, but he was gripping so hard that her wrist was almost breaking.

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"Mr. Abel," Alana was frowning, and she yelled, "it's painful!"

He pushed her away as if he were trash. "I thought you didn't know what pain was."

She remained silent because she did not know what he found out; all she could do was keep her mouth shut.

"Tell me," he said furiously, "why did you disguise yourself and sneak into the Ryker Residence that day?"

She looked down and bit her lips.

"Abel, what do you mean?" Benjamin asked in doubt, "Are you saying that she was at the party?"

"Yes," he answered, "I suspect that she did something back then."

"Then, Emma..."

"It's not me!" Alane yelled, "I'm not that capable! She was being shot, and I didn't even know how to use a gum!"

"Then someone must be behind you!" Abel asked in a lowered voice, "Was it Adam?"

She trembled upon hearing his words. How did he guess that Adam was the one?

But it was impossible for her to admit it, unless she did not want to live anymore. Adam just let her out of prison and is currently giving her heavy training. He promised to make her an assassin. And the basic requirement was to have a strong mentality. She was sent here to get used to humiliation. And it was unlucky for her to run into Abel on her first day.

"Mr. Abel, you're overthinking." She looked down and said, "I don't know Mr. Adam at all."

"Then, why were you with his bodyguards the other day?" "Why were you wearing their uniform?"

"I just wanted to get in and look at you; do you believe me?"

"Of course not!" He gritted his teeth and said, "I cut off three of your fingers; you should be hating me; it's impossible that you wanted to see me!"

She sobbed and wiped her tears with her disabled fingers. "Don't you know that I have been crazily in love with you for years? I will still love you even if you cut off my arm! I've totally put everything behind

me; I just wanted to look at you during the party. It would be more than enough for me to see you from afar. I disguised myself as the bodyguard to avoid being found, and I didn't expect it to make you overthink. Mr. Abel, I

"Shut the f*ck up!"

She wanted to continue, but he stopped her. "You're very good at your words; that's why a lot of people were fooled by you! I don't want to listen to your nonsense!"

"Mr. Abel, what do you want me to do then?" She was still crying. Her tears were true; she was crying because she feared that this man would cut off three more of her fingers.

Adam was right; enraging this man could only mean death.

"F*ck off now!" He snorted, "Before I find anything fishy about you, you better hide yourself. If not, you might be dead without warning!"

"Yes, Mr. Abel!" She did not expect him to let her go this easily. She got up and tumbled her way out.

This was the Imperial Palace; it was a messy place with all sorts of unknown threats. He would not be dumb and corner her in here, even though she had caused many innocent people to lose their lives.

"Abel," Benjamin gasped and asked, "Do you think that she harmed Emma?"

"I can't be sure," he answered, "just that it's weird for her to be at the party."

"She was disguised as a bodyguard." He asked, "As Adam's bodyguard?"

"But Adam denied it," Abel said. "After all, the bodyguards dressed the same."

What he said was true: black suits were the symbolic wear of the bodyguards. And it was common wear among the men too. Just like him and Abel, both of them were in black suits. Just that their brands were different.

"This is hard, to be sure." Benjamin said.

"I'll still look into it," Abel said. "Especially for Adam, he has successfully caught my attention!"

"Abel," Benjamin stuttered and said, "you don't love Emma, but would you seek justice for her?"

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"Hmph." Abel smiled coldly and answered, "Benjamin, are you talking nonsense? I'm a man with responsibility; of course I'll seek justice for Emmeline. This is not related to my feelings for her."

"If she's still alive, how will you face her?" Benjamin stared at him.

He pondered for a while and asked, "Is she still alive?"

"What if she is?"

"I don't have any feelings for her." He answered calmly, "I didn't love her back then, so I guess I won't love her now either."

Benjamin lowered his head and remained silent.

"Let's drink," Abel said. "Don't talk about the nonsense."

Benjamin waved his hand and signaled the bartender to come over. Before they knew it, they had finished a bottle of hard liquor. Abel ordered another bottle of XO. The two of them were not in a good mood, so they drank hastily. Both of them were drunk, and Benjamin started to cry.

"You're useless!" Abel laughed at him and said, "You're a man; why are you crying?"

Benjamin sobbed and answered, "You're drugged by Waylon, and you forgot about your love for Emma! What about me? What about her? How could you know our feelings?"

Abel frowned and asked, "Benjamin, what did you just say? What did Waylon do to me?"

He wiped his tears off and said, "I'm drunk and simply talking nonsense."

"But I heard you saying that Waylon did something to me."

"He fed you the medicine for your stomach!" Benjamin said, "It seems like you totally forgot about it!"

"Indeed, my stomach has been okay recently." He said, "The drug from your family is splendid."

"Of course it is!" Benjamin said, "If not, how can you be so relaxed nowadays?" You're happy without love!"

"What are you talking about?" Abel pushed him and said, "Since when I'm cruel? Look at me? I treat you so well. I know about love!"

"Yes, no one would expect the two of us to be best friends despite our families' grudges."

Benjamin laughed on the spot.

"You're drunk," Abel said. "Let's send you home so you can rest."

"You too," Benjamin pointed at him, and he said, "your cheeks are so red as if you're a shy lady!"

"I'll get back to The Precipice and sleep for the night." They were sent back by their assistants and bodyguards.

When Benjamin was back at Glenbrook, Janie called him.

Knowing that he was drunk, she quickly drove toward him.

"Janie," he laid on the sofa drunkenly and said, "you're here at the right time; I was about to find you."

"You're drunk; let's go up to rest." She wanted to help him.

"Listen to me first," he pushed her hands away and said. "Our matter is still unresolved; what should I do about it?"

Janie was sad hearing his words, but she put on a smile and answered, "I'm not a traditional lady; I won't be forcing you to be responsible for me. We can let the past be the past."

"That can't be done." He shook his head and said, "I would feel like a bastard for it; you have to tell me what you want me to do for you!"

"If you insist..." She groaned and said, "When you love me, please give me a marriage full of love."

"I can't guarantee you this." He pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I know you're in love with Emma," Janie said. "But I can wait, since she's..."

"It's not what you think," he said. "Emma..."

"Do you want to say that she'll forever be in your heart?" She mocked herself and said, "I can accept it."

"That's not what I meant."

"Then what do you want to say?"

"Forget it!" He stood up and said, "I'm dizzy; let's go up to rest."

Abel was back at The Precipice, and Luca helped him upstairs.

Kendra was coaxing Quincy to sleep, and she heard them and walked to them.

"Luca, why is Mr. Abel so drunk?" "How much did he drink?"

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"Mr. Abel and Mr. Benjamin," he showed three fingers and said, "they drank three bottles of hard liquor."

"Three bottles?" She frowned and said, "That's too much, it would damage their bodies. Mr. Abel's stomach just recovered not long ago."

"Who didn't know it?" Luca said, "But Mr. Abel was sad, it was good for him to be drunk."

"I'm making some soup to sober him up." Kendra helped Lucas to put Abel on the bed, and took his shoes off.

"Okay, you can go now." Luca was tucking Abel in.

"Emma..." Abel muttered.

Luca was about to get out but he froze. He ran to his bedside and said excitedly, "Mr. Abel, do you still have feelings for Ms. Louise?"

But, Abel turned his body and slept soundly.

"Mr. Abel," Luca tried to push him, he hoped that he could call out for Emmeline once more.

Despite Emmeline being dead or alive, he hoped that Abel could be someone with feelings. Yet, Abel was sleeping soundly until the evening next day.

Abel opened his eyes and looked at his watch, it was already seven o'clock in the evening. "Luca!" He called out.

"I'm coming!" Luca opened the bedroom door and walked in.

"Mr. Abel, you're finally awake."

"Why didn't you wake me up?" Abel frowned and asked, "Look at the time now, I shouldn't be sleeping, there is still so much work to be done."

Luca scratched his head and said, "You can't blame me, Mr. Abel. I mean, you were a complete mess and Kendra made you a fixer. We didn't force feed you the drink."

"Forget it." Abel brushed him off and said, "I need a shower you can leave."

"But Mr, Abel, Did you think about someone when you're drunk?" Luca approached him.

Abel was stunned as he asked, "Who do you think I'd think about?"

"Well..." Luca said. "The person you missed the most..."

"Are you talking about Kendra?" Abel asked. He said, "Don't worry, I'm fine."

Luca was stunned by this. "But sir. You were calling out a girl's name."

"Wasn't that Kendra?" Abel asked. He continued, "You weren't here when I'm almost dying of thirst."

Luca was speechless by this. It seemed that Abel had truly forgotten about Emmeline. Hypnosis did not seem to work on him.

"I need a shower," said Abel. He continued, "Have Kendra make something light. I don't want to eat anything else." Luca got out after that. Kendra went to make a light dinner after his request.

It seemed that Luca and the others would have to get the cook's help for their dinner. Abel took care of Kendra's child after dinner. Kendra was busy cleaning up with the others. It was a peaceful day.

Abel went to work early the next day, Since he was drinking with Kendra last night, he had to take care of more work that day. Apparently he had guests that day. They were Rosaline and Evelyn. Kendra had met them previously, but they did not have much interaction back then.

"Madam," Kendra greeted. "I'll get you some tea after I tend to my child."

"It's fine." Rosaline said. She continued, "I have something to tell you."

Kendra noticed the tension as she asked, "What do you need, madam?"

"I found out things about you. You have helped my son."

"It's fine, Mr. Abel has helped us too."

"I know it's sad to be a single mother. My son only kept you around out of pity."

"Yeah and I will always be grateful for Mr. Abel."

"But have you ever considered that it's inappropriate for you to be here?"