

Are Mine 571

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“It’s good if you stop talking about Game of Thrones.” Emmeline smiled. “I haven’t had time to see it yet.”

“Hahaha.” Adam laughed. “You reminded me. I already forgot about it.”

“It’s best to forget it,” Emmeline said, “If you mention it again, I won’t be able to stay with you.”

“I’ll listen to you.” Adam narrowed his eyes. “I won’t say anything. I’ll only have dinner with you.”

Not long after, the waiter served the food. Adrien and Adam picked up the food and wanted to put them on Emmeline’s plate.

Adam glared at Adrien while Lizbeth also stared at Adrien’s fork.

So Adrien gave the food to Lizbeth. Adam smiled, then gave the food to Emmeline.

Emmeline did not refuse. She thanked Adam, picked it up, and ate it.

Adam was happy and hurriedly said, “Emma, which one would you like to eat? I’ll pick it for you.”

“I’m fine with anything,” Emmeline answered, “I’m not a picky eater.”

“That’s great,” Adam said, “It’s a pity that Abel doesn’t know to cherish you.”

Cough! Emmeline choked upon hearing that.

“Be careful.” Adam hastily gave her a glass of water. “Drink it.”

Emmeline took a big sip of water under the gazes of Adrien, Janie, and Lizbeth.

Adam became happier as Emmeline did not refuse him. He was a little flattered.

Adrien turned cold. Emmeline said he was the best among the three brothers of the Ryker family. But now she was close to Adam.

In fact, Emmeline only felt no need to fight Adam during dinner.

Adam also served Emmeline soup.

“This is Nimbus Hotel’s specialty chicken soup. Emma, try it.”

Emmeline picked up the bowl and took a bite of the veggie.

“Well, it’s delicious.”

“Try this chicken too. It’s pure and nourishing.” Adam smiled gently. “If you like it, I’ll ask the chef to make it.”

Emmeline obediently took a bite of the chicken. She would not refuse any delicious food.

“It’s good.”

Adrien, Janie, and Lizbeth all stared blankly.

They wondered why Adam was different in front of Emmeline. He did not show gloom, coldness, and cruelty but fawned over Emmeline instead.

After a while, Emmeline was full.

It happened that Janie was going to the restroom, and Emmeline followed.

As soon as they left, two mobile phones on the table rang. One was for Adam. He got up and answered the call outside. The other one was for Emmeline.

Adrien glanced and saw that the call was from Abel.

He swiped the screen to reject the call, then used his phone to text Abel back.

“Nimbus Hotel 19th Floor, Golden Tier No. 11.”

There was no response from Abel.

Adrien smiled slightly. He knew Abel well. If he did not receive a reply from Abel, it meant that Abel had started to act.

Adrien was right. Abel was at The Precipice at this time.

Kendra had dinner ready. Abel waited for Emmeline, but she did not come back. Moreover, after coming out of the garden, Abel never saw Emmeline again.

He thought she went to Nightfall Cafe, so he did not ask her whereabouts. After working in the Ryker Group and returning to The Precipice, he found Emmeline had not returned yet.

Abel could not sit still anymore. After waiting for Kendra’s dinner to be ready, he still did not get any news from Emmeline.

Abel lost his patience. He did not think he missed Emmeline but was only worried about her. What if she accidentally met the bad guys?

Abel took out his phone and called her. Unexpectedly, Emmeline rejected the call. He received a message from Adrien instead.

Immediately afterward, Abel went upstairs to put on a suit jacket. Then, he took the car keys and went straight to the Nimbus Hotel.

Luca chased out of the villa but failed to catch up. He worried something was wrong. So he drove the bodyguard car and followed Abel.

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When Emmeline and Janie returned from the restroom, Adam graciously helped Emmeline pull the chair.

Adam filled the glass with wine for Emmeline. At first, Emmeline did not want to drink it. But she felt depressed. After thinking about it, she drank the wine in one gulp.

“Oh, dear!” Adam was startled. “Why are you drinking in such a hurry?”

“I want to try if I can get drunk to relieve my worries.” Emmeline smiled. “It’s not enough! One more!”

“Emma,” Janie said, “You’ve never liked to drink wine.”

“That’s fine,” Emmeline signaled Adam, “Adam, fill me the wine.”

Adam asked, “Are you okay? I’ll feel sorry for you if you drink too much.”

“What’s the use of being sorry for me?” Emmeline pouted. “I don’t need your concern.”

“Do you still miss Abel?” Adam said, “Just forget him!”

Emmeline felt more aggrieved to hear that. She picked up the wine glass and drank it again.

“Emma, you can’t drink like this,” Lizbeth advised, “Drinking too much will affect your health.”

“That’s right, Emma,” Janie echoed, “Stop drinking.”

“I’m fine. I never made myself drunk,” Emmeline said in a daze, “But right now, I want to drink a lot!”

After the words fell, she poured another glass of wine and drank it with one gulp again.

“Emma,” Adam said, “If you’re unhappy, you can drink as much as you want. I’ll take care of you when you’re drunk!”

“Adam.” Adrien frowned. “You should stop her. She can’t hold alcohol. It’ll hurt her body.”

“Don’t you see that Emma is sad?” Adam said, “Just let her drink to make her feel better. If she’s drunk, I’ll send her home.”

Bang! Suddenly, someone kicked the door open.

Before Adam could see who came in, he got a punch in the face.

Adam staggered and fell on the chair. Only then did he see the person who broke in. It was Abel.

“You b*stard!” Abel grabbed Adam by the collar. “How dare you make my wife drunk? It’s clear you have bad intentions for her!”

“Abel, don’t say nonsense!” Adam quibbled. But what Abel said was correct.

Adam wanted to wait for Emmeline to be drunk. So he could get a chance to be with her.

He knew that Adrien did not dare to confront him. But he did not expect Abel to come. He did not even see Adrien smirking secretly right now.

“Nonsense?” Abel raised his fist. “You don’t understand what I said?”

He wanted to stop from hitting, but Adam punched him in the face.

As Abel was off guard, he failed to dodge Adam’s attack. Without pausing, he hit Adam back.

“Enough!” Adrien came over to stop them. “We’re a family. Don’t fight anymore!”

Abel spat out the blood in his mouth. Adam's punch just now made his gums bleed.

Of course, Adam got injured too. His nose was bleeding.

"A family?" Abel pointed at Adam and sneered. "Adrien, you can ask him. What is he planning every day? Isn't he always thinking about how to deal with me and take Emmeline as his own?"

Adam's expression darkened for a moment.

Even though Abel did not say it wrong, he felt uncomfortable when Abel said it in front of everyone. It was embarrassing.

"Abel, it seems you want to be at odds with me!" Adam snorted coldly and got up. "You really want to deal with me?"

"I didn't want to do that either." Abel sneered. "It's you who forced me."

"You're great!" Adam's eyes were fierce. "You even broke into Avalan Mansion and acted wildly many times. I haven't settled that with you yet!"

"Listen!" Abel pointed at Adam. "If you dare to provoke me again, I don't guarantee I won't use harsh means on you!"

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"You..." Adam snorted angrily. He dared not challenge Abel. He knew he would lose.

Although with his power in the underworld, he should be able to compete with Abel. But he was still afraid of Abel.

If Abel had been impatient, he would have had more means than Adam.

"Go home with me!" Abel took Emmeline's hand.

"I still want to drink!" Emmeline blushed and shook off his hand. "I don't need your care!"

"You refuse me?" Abel snorted coldly. "Then who do you want? Adrien or Adam?"

"It's not you anyway!" Emmeline picked up the glass. "I want to drink!"

"If you want to drink, I'll drink with you at home!" Abel roared, "At least you're safe if you're drunk!"

Emmeline pouted aggrievedly, and her eyes were reddish. "You won't touch me even if I'm drunk, right? You have no feelings for me!"

Abel did not say anything. He did not know how to answer her.

"I won't go back with you," Emmeline said, "I'll go back to Nightfall Cafe if I'm drunk. I don't want to face you at The Precipice. I hate you!"

Abel's expression darkened, and he was gloomy.

"Go away! Don't bother me!"

"Emmeline!"

Abel suddenly took a deep breath and picked Emmeline up.

“Let me go!” Emmeline struggled in his arms. “I said I won’t go back with you! Why are you so arrogant and unreasonable?”

Abel ignored her and walked out of the room.

“Abel, let me go! I hate you!” Emmeline continued to struggle. But Abel had already carried her into the elevator. She writhed crazily in his arms.

“Abel, I don’t need your care! Why do you care about me? You don’t love me! You’re already a stranger! Let me go!”

Abel was full of anger.

Suddenly, he pushed Emmeline against the elevator wall to kiss her chattering mouth.

He blocked Emmeline’s words while her eyes widened in horror.

Abel deepened the kiss domineeringly. Emmeline felt she was almost out of breath. She even felt dizzy and limp in his arms.

The elevator went to the first floor, and Luca was waiting there. When the elevator door opened, Luca entered and was startled to see Abel kiss Emmeline desperately.

The people behind wanted to enter the elevator. Luca hurriedly blocked the elevator door and pressed the up button randomly.

Abel kissed Emmeline all the way and went up again.

When the elevator reached the thirty-ninth floor, they were at the top.

Abel hugged the limp Emmeline to leave the elevator and came to the top floor. There was no one here.

Abel put Emmeline on the ground and bent down.

Emmeline put her arms around his neck and asked tremblingly, “Abel, are you... going to sleep with me?”

Abel smiled. “I just want to tell you. If I don’t take you away, Adam will do this when you’re drunk. He knows no one will come here. You can treat me as Adam...”

“Go away!” Emmeline pushed him away and stood up.

Abel hugged her into his arms again. “Are you sober now?”

Emmeline’s face was already pale.

Abel protected her, but she felt that he was bullying her. She had full of grievances and was unable to vent them. Soon, she could not help but cry.

Abel hugged her and coaxed warmly, “Alright. If you want to drink, you can drink whatever you want at The Precipice!”

Emmeline did not resist him anymore. She was safe and relaxed by Abel's side.

So she lay on his shoulder and cried sadly. Abel picked her up and entered the elevator again.

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Back at The Precipice, Emmeline's eyes were swelling after she cried.

Abel teased her, "You're so ugly. If I knew this, I wouldn't bring you back."

Emmeline sniffed. "You promised to drink with me. If you don't drink, you're a puppy!"

"Alright, I'll drink with you!"

"Yes, drink it!" Emmeline shouted, "You won't do anything to me anyway!"

"What about you?" Abel narrowed his eyes. "You can't do anything to me!"

"Don't worry!" Emmeline said, "I'll fall asleep if I'm drunk. I won't do anything to you!"

"Then let's drink!" Abel said, "Drink until you're satisfied!"

Kendra did not say anything when she saw them like this.

She warmed the dishes again, put the wine on the table, and went upstairs to coax Quincy.

Abel filled the wine for Emmeline and himself.

"Drink!" Emmeline held the glass. "No matter what, just get drunk!"

"Okay!" Abel responded, "I'll accompany you!"

One glass after another, Emmeline, who was not good at drinking, was drunk after a while.

She slumped on the chair without opening her eyes. She was still moaning and yelling, "Drink! Keep going, Abel! If you don't drink, you're a puppy!"

"Emma, you drank too much." Abel picked her up. "You can't cure all your worries with wine. Go upstairs and rest."

"I'm not drunk." Emmeline put her arms around his neck. "I can drink three more glasses."

"You can drink it tomorrow. If you drink it again, you'll feel uncomfortable and vomit."

"I'm already feeling uncomfortable. But I feel better after drinking more. I don't need to think about anything."

"Fool." Abel pinched her nose. "Why are you making trouble with yourself? Do you think drinking is fun? It'll only hurt your body!"

"You don't like me anyway." Emmeline sniffled and whimpered, "So I don't want to be sober anymore. I want to get drunk. So I won't feel sad..."

Abel was speechless.

He carried Emmeline upstairs, put her on the bed in the guest room, and changed her pajamas.

“Abel.” Emmeline knew in a daze that she was in the guest room. She burst into tears. “I don’t want to sleep in the guest room. I want to sleep with you. I want you to hug me. You’re my hubby...”

“Be good.” Abel tucked in the quilt for her. “I’ll ask Kendra to cook you hangover soup, or you’ll have a headache tomorrow.”

“Abel.” Emmeline hugged his neck with tears in her eyes. “Are you really not love me?”

“Whether I love you or not, I care about you all the time.”

“I know. It’s because you’re embarrassed. You have a strong sense of responsibility.”

“What are you talking about? What am I embarrassed about?”

Abel patted her face gently. “I should care about you. Because you’re the mother of my sons.”

“You just don’t love me anymore! I’m so sad!”

“Okay.” Abel tucked her in the quilt again. “You’ll be fine when you wake up after sleep. Don’t drink too much in the future. Alcohol can’t solve the problem.”

“Abel, you really don’t love me anymore...”

Emmeline whimpered and finally fell asleep slowly.

Abel sat on the bedside. He gently wiped away the tears from Emmeline’s eyes and caressed her delicate lips.

“I don’t love you anymore. But Emma, why does my heart throb when I kiss you?”

Abel sighed softly and quietly left the guest room. He went downstairs and asked Kendra to cook hangover soup.

When the soup became warm, Abel fed Emmeline the soup.

Emmeline had never drunk so much wine before. She slept deeply.

Abel put down the bowl and spoon, then hugged her tightly.

He felt relieved. If he had not arrived at the Nimbus Hotel in time, Adam would have taken advantage of the drunk Emmeline.

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It was raining outside. In the night, thunder and lightning flashed.

Abel put Emmeline under the quilt, closed the window, and drew the curtains.

Emmeline breathed evenly and slept soundly.

Abel stroked her face with a slight smile. Then, he went back to his bedroom.

Soon, it was midnight.

Lightning flashed, and thunder exploded. Emmeline woke up by the noise and was sober.

Only then did she realize she was sleeping alone in the guest room desolately and lonely.

There was thunder and rain outside, and lightning flashed one after another.

Emmeline was a little scared. She jumped out of bed with the pillow and entered Abel's bedroom.

Abel was sleeping when he suddenly felt someone slip into his arms. He was slightly startled, then realized that it was Emmeline.

"Why do you not sleep well in the room and sneak around at midnight? You scare me to death!"

Abel turned on the bedside lamp.

Emmeline nestled into his arms sleepily and muttered, "It's raining and thundering. I'm afraid. Can't I sleep with you?"

"You're not afraid of anything but rain and thunder?" Abel pushed her away. "Don't make trouble! Go back to your room!"

"I just want to sleep with you." Emmeline sniffed aggrievedly. "Why are you so heartless?"

"Why do we have to sleep together?" Abel said, "We're not a couple."

"Abel," Emmeline asked sadly, "You really don't love me? No affection for me?"

"I don't love you anymore," Abel answered coldly, "You can't blame me. It was Waylon who gave me the medicine. I don't have any feelings for you. What do you want me to do? You can only blame Waylon."

"But I still love you." Emmeline burst into tears. "I love you more than before. What should I do?"

"How can you force things about love?"

Abel patted her head. "I can't pretend to love you! Why do you insist on forcing me? Go back to the room and sleep well. Stop worrying about whether I love you or not. Aren't you tired?"

Suddenly, Emmeline tore off her pajamas and revealed her attractive figure.

"I'm yours. Don't you want me?"

Emmeline's eyes were full of tears of expectation.

Abel did not say a word but pulled the quilt to wrap her.

"Go back to your room. Don't disturb me!"

"Abel, tell me. You really don't love me anymore? You don't want me anymore?"

"I said it. You can't force me."

"You mean no love? Abel, I won't talk to you anymore!"

Emmeline felt ashamed and angry. She jumped out of bed and ran out of the room.

Abel thought she would return to her room, but he heard Kendra shout, "Ms. Emmeline, it's raining outside! Where are you going?"

It turned out that Emmeline had returned to her room to put on her clothes and ran downstairs.

"I'm going back to Nightfall Cafe! I don't want to stay here anymore!" Emmeline's desperate cry came from the stairs.

Abel got up, grabbed his coat, and ran out of the bedroom. Emmeline had already opened the door and ran out into the rain.

"Notify the guard!" Abel called to the bodyguard on duty, "Don't open the door for Emma!"

Meanwhile, Emmeline had already rushed toward the gate desperately.

Her car was not there. And Luca held the car keys for Abel's car.

"Emma!" Abel chased out with a black umbrella. "Come back! You'll catch a cold!"

"I don't want your care!" Emmeline cried in the heavy rain. "You don't love me! What right do you have to care for me?"

"Emma, be obedient!" Abel rushed over. "Come back with me!"

"I ask one more time! Do you love me?"

Emmeline turned and yelled at him. She was wet all over.

Abel did not answer her.

"You don't answer. It means you don't love me anymore. Why should I go back?"

Thunder exploded above Abel's head. The black umbrella was grounded, and an electric current passed through Abel's body. He suddenly shuddered.

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"I'll never talk to you again!" Emmeline cried and ran away. "I never want to see you again!"

"Emma!"

"Go away!"

Emmeline could not open the gate, so she rushed into the gatepost and controlled the guard.

Before Abel caught up with her, she opened the gate successfully.

"Emma!" Abel yelled, "Don't go!"

Emmeline was already running along the road.

The rain was falling, and her tears were flowing. She ran desperately.

Abel, I'll never see you again! I'll never be close to you. I tried my best to restore our relationship. But I was tired. I don't want to love you anymore!

Emmeline hurriedly waved when she saw a taxi.

“Stop! Please take me away!”

The taxi stopped beside her.

“Emma!” Abel shouted, “Don’t go! I love you!”

Emmeline was already in the taxi, then sped away through the rain.

“Emma!” Abel threw down the umbrella. “I really love you! Come back!”

However, the taxi had disappeared.

Abel desperately ran back to the villa to get the car keys. Then, he drove a bodyguard car and chased after Emmeline crazily.

“Miss.” The driver handed Emmeline a stack of tissues. “Wipe it. You’ll catch a cold.”

Emmeline took the tissue. She covered her face and cried.

“It’s normal for the young couple to have argued,” The driver said, “After all, love is changeable.”

“But I can’t stand it! Abel loved me so much before.”

“Men always like the new and dislike the old. Just let him go.”

“I decided to let him go. But what about our children?”

“Oh, this scumbag is cheating on his marriage!” The driver felt surprised. “It’s more miserable if you have children. Children are the victims...”

“That’s right! That’s why I’m sad! Abel, how can you be so heartless? Waylon, it’s all your fault!”

“I saw you ran out of a villa just now,” The driver said, “Your husband must be from a wealthy family.”

Emmeline kept crying and did not answer.

“If so, you can’t just let it go. You must ask for more property from your husband! The most important thing is to seize the money. Otherwise, what will you do for the rest of your life? Your man cheated and didn’t love you. He won’t be with you anymore...”

“He didn’t cheat.” Emmeline sobbed. “He just didn’t love me anymore.”

“You silly girl. No love is equal to cheating.”

“I said he didn’t cheat...”

“You have to recognize the reality and not have illusions about him.”

“It’s hard to explain to you.” Emmeline wiped away her tears. “Take me to Gold Street, Nightfall Cafe.”

“Drinking coffee at this time? Is it still open?”

“I live there.” Emmeline felt the driver was so nagging. “You just need to drive me there.”

“Okay. Remember, don’t drink coffee. You’ll be prone to cranky thoughts. Just take a bath and get a good sleep. You’ll be fine tomorrow.”

“Yes, thank you.” Emmeline sincerely thanked the enthusiastic driver.

Soon, they arrived at Nightfall Cafe in the heavy rain. Emmeline scanned the QR code to pay the driver.

It was at midnight, so Emmeline did not want to disturb Sam. She unlocked the door with her fingerprints and quietly went to the second floor.

She was wet all over but did not care about changing clothes. She took out her phone and called Waylon.

Waylon had fallen asleep. Suddenly, his mobile phone woke him up.

Waylon picked it up and saw it was Emmeline’s call. He was startled and thought that something must have happened to Emmeline. Otherwise, she would not call him right now.

Waylon quickly sat up and picked up the call.

“Emma, what’s the matter?”

“Waylon, I wanted to die! I’m so sad...”

“Did Abel bully you?” Waylon asked, “Don’t be afraid! I’ll fly over tomorrow to deal with him!”

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“Not Abel, but your Worryfree.” Emmeline sobbed. “Abel doesn’t love me anymore, but I still love him. I’m so sad. It’s all your fault!”

“How can this be my fault?” Waylon was somewhat aggrieved. “If it weren’t for Worryfree, Abel would have died.”

“But Abel doesn’t love me anymore! I still love him! I’m so sad!”

“That’s easy.” Waylon breathed a sigh of relief, then said unhurriedly, “It’s easy to solve.”

“Easy?” Emmeline asked in surprise, “Do you have a way? Can you make Abel love me again?”

“I can’t confirm that,” Waylon answered, “That depends on your fate with Abel, as well as your attractiveness.”

“Then, what else?” Emmeline pouted angrily. “I thought you had a way.”

“I did have a way,” Waylon said, “I can make you not love him anymore. So you won’t have any troubles.”

“Huh?” Emmeline was taken aback. “What do you mean?”

“What a fool!” Waylon explained. “Abel doesn’t have feelings for you. You can eliminate your feelings for him too. What’s the good of falling in love? It’s troublesome!”

Emmeline was speechless.

Waylon, I know you are doing it for my good. So I won't fly to Osea to strangle you!

Waylon seemed not to feel Emmeline's gritting teeth. "When you returned to Struyria, I put Worryfree in your suitcase. Drink it instead of falling in love with Abel. When you forget him, you'll live a better life.

Don't you still have Master and me? We love you."

Emmeline did not answer Waylon.

Waylon asked me to give up loving Abel. Can I do that? Waylon is right. Rather than watching Abel not love me or fall in love with someone else, it would be better for me not to love him. I'm obsessed with love and hurt myself. But can I bear not to love Abel anymore?

Waylon was thoughtful. He even prepared Worryfree for Emmeline. It seemed Waylon knew that if she returned to Struyria to find Abel, she would get a sad ending.

Emmeline pulled the suitcase from the closet and found a paper bag inside. On the paper bag had the words Worryfree.

Emmeline sniffed it. There was no flavor. But this tasteless pack of medicinal powder deprived Abel of his affection for her.

After she took the medicinal powder, she and Abel would be even. They would become strangers and forget each other.

Of course, they could also fall in love with someone else and get married separately. They would not interfere with each other anymore.

Emmeline was a little tempted. At this moment, Abel arrived.

He did not have time to park the car in the parking lot but stopped it on the sidewalk in front of Nightfall Cafe.

It was still raining. Abel patted the door. "Emma, open the door!"

Emmeline was startled when she heard the noise from downstairs.

Is Abel coming? He's fast enough!

After a while, Sam ran out of the room. "Ms. Louise, you're back! It's raining now. Why are you back? You're all wet."

"Is Abel coming?" Emmeline asked, "I heard him shouting outside."

"It's Mr. Abel," Sam answered, "His yelling woke me up, then I saw you."

"Go down and open the door for him first," Emmeline said, "It's raining. He'll get wet."

"What are you doing?" Sam saw Emmeline holding a paper bag.

"Nothing." Emmeline hid Worryfree behind her. "It's nothing. Go to open the door for Abel."

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Sam said, "Alright. I'll run the bath for you later, Ms. Louise. Nothing like a nice hot bath, so you won't catch a cold."

"Sure. Go on." Emmeline nodded her head.

Turning on her heel, Sam ran downstairs.

"Open the door, Emma. It's not that I don't love you. I didn't know I had fallen in love with you all over again. Open the door, Emma. I love you!" Abel pounded on the door as he cried.

"Clank." Sam unlatched the burglar-proof door.

Staggering into the house, Abel had to take a couple of steps to steady himself.

"Where's Emma?" He was drenched from head to toe.

Surprised to see Abel soaking, Sam urgently uttered, "Ms. Louise is upstairs. She's wet too. Go and check on her."

Before Sam could finish talking, Abel zipped past and dashed up the stairs.

He quickly made it to the second floor and pushed open Emmeline's bedroom door.

Emmeline was down on the sofa, unconscious.

A paper bag strayed on the floor while a glass dropped to the ground.

It appeared she had taken something.

"Emma!"

Abel freaked out. He rushed over and pulled her into his arms. "Don't do this to yourself. Don't scare me! What did you take?"

Sam burst through the door and got the scare of her life too.

"What did you take, Ms. Louise? Ms. Louise, please don't do anything stupid."

"Wake up, Emma. Wake up! Why are you so silly? Can't you wait for me to fall in love with you? I have already though, Emma. Please wake up!"

Sam got the story straight. Ms. Louise probably thought Abel did not love her anymore.

Ms. Louise must have taken something for her broken heart.

Sam got down on one knee to pick up the paper bag. One look was all it took to wash the color off her face. She blurted, "Worryfree!"

Abel was stunned. What?

Worryfree?

Did Emme take Worryfree?

Oh, sh*t! Oh, sh*t! Oh, sh*t!

Abel panicked for real. He just realized he had fallen in love with Emmeline again, only for her to drown her sorrows in the Worryfree drug.

Now that he loved Emmeline, was Emmeline going to open her eyes and stop loving him?

Jesus Christ. What the hell just happened?

“Emma! How can you do this? I love you! I love you! Wake up!” Abel was devastated.

Sam’s blood ran cold. How did things end up like this?

She stiffly picked up the glass and brought it close to her nose for a whiff.

It was a heavy stench of... smoked paprika.

Sam took another sniff.

Waylon was indeed a creative guy. Worryfree smelled like paprika.

It was the smell of Mom’s cooking.

“Ms. Louise, why couldn’t you wait and give Mr. Abel a little more time? He found his feelings for you again. He loves you. What about you? Ms. Louise, you make us worry,” Sam wept.

Abel held the soaked Emmeline and sobbed, “Emma, it’s all my fault. I should’ve realized sooner that my heart belongs to you. This wouldn’t have happened. I love you, but it’s too late. You took Worryfree. What am I supposed to do? Are you going to fall in love with someone else? Emma, you’re killing me...”

Sam wailed, “Mr. Abel, there’s no point crying over spilled milk. I’ll run a bath for Ms. Louise before she catches a cold.”

“Okay. Okay.” Abel was drenched and cold too.

“You’re right. We should give Emma a nice hot bath.”

“I’ll run the water.” Sam wiped her tears and went into the bathroom.

It did not take Sam long to draw the bath. She emerged from the bathroom, wiping her tears.

“I’ll take it from here. Go and make Emmeline something hot.” Abel picked Emmeline up.

“Alright, Mr. Abel.” Sam proceeded to the kitchen as she dried her eyes.

Abel carried Emmeline into the bathroom and removed his and her clothes.

He then carried her into the tub.

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With the warm bath bringing the temperature of her shivering body up, Emmeline felt much better.

Her heart raced especially when her bare flesh came in contact with Abel’s scorching but firm pecs.

Come to think of it, Abel was in his birthday suit too.

It was hard to keep her eyes closed as her eyelids were giving her away.

Emmeline had to slowly come to.

“Where am I? What happened?”

Abel caught a whiff of a strong stench of paprika when Emmeline opened her mouth.

Abel furrowed his brows.

What did it taste like when I took Worryfree again?

I don't remember much of it.

I don't recall the smell of smoked paprika though.

Sigh. Waylon is peculiar to come up with some type of drug. Even the taste and smell were unique.

“Emma... Are you awake, babe?” Holding Emmeline tightly in his embrace, Abel breathed into her ear.

“Why are you holding me? This is no way for a gentleman to behave.” Emmeline put up a struggle.

“It's my fault, Emma. I love you. I'm your husband, so it's okay that I hold you. I don't have to be a gentleman in our bedroom.” Abel refused to let her go.

“But I don't love you. You're not my husband. Did I marry you? Don't try to take advantage of me when I'm most vulnerable.” Emmeline pulled a straight face.

Abel answered, “We will soon get married. The wedding planner picked a date for us last month, and it's not long now.”

Emmeline pouted. “But I don't love you. Why must I get married to you? I don't want to be in a loveless and unhappy marriage!”

“We get along well. Besides, I will love and spoil you. I believe that you will fall in love with me all over again,” Abel patiently soothed her.

“Not necessarily. I don't have any feelings for you. I won't fall in love with you.” Emmeline shook her head.

Feeling less than confident, Abel asked in a soft voice, “Will you fall for someone else then?”

With her head tilted, Emmeline gave it some thought. “Someone else? I bet I will since I'm surrounded by amazing men.”

“Are you talking about... Benjamin and whatnot?” Abel cautiously inquired.

“Yeah. You're not the only fish in the sea.”

Abel scowled. “I'm not a fish. I, your husband, am a man every socialite in the city dreams of marrying.”

“But I'm not one to dream. You're free to marry whoever. Just leave me out of it.” Emmeline pursed her lips.

“Emma...”

Emmeline put her finger up his chiseled chest. "It's indecent of you to hold me while you're naked. You have no shame. Let go of me now and get out!"

Abel had no words.

"Get out. Go on. Don't try to pull something on me." Emmeline pushed him out.

Abel put his hand behind the back of her head to pull her close for a passionate kiss.

Emmeline raised her hand to hit him and cried, "Mgh! Hmph! You perv! Thug!"

Her catfight did not scare Abel as he deepened the kiss, nearly sucking all the air out of her.

The little lady went limp in his arms. All her strength was channeled to catching her breath.

As if that was not enough, Abel got a little too excited, and it showed.

Still, he dared not touch Emmeline under such circumstances.

She did not love him anymore and taking her by force would only complicate things.

Still, he could not keep his soldier down. Abel cursed, "Godd*mnit!"

He jolted up from the water.

His manhood, standing tall and proud, brushed against the tip of Emmeline's nose.

Emmeline shrieked.

Abel wrapped a towel around his waist and left the bathroom.

Emmeline's heartbeat went erratic. The only thing on her mind was a replay of that beast.

Feeling a stir in her core, she wiggled to shake the feeling off.

She had "lost" her feelings for Abel, so she could not fall for him so easily.

Otherwise, Emmeline downed half a bottle of smoked paprika for nothing.

[Chapter 580](#)

Abel gave himself a quick wipe-down before taking a seat on the sofa for a smoke.

Sam was cooking in the kitchen.

Ms. Louise took the Worrydfree drug, so she lost her feelings for Abel. However, Abel was now head over heels for Ms. Louise.

The unfortunate turn of events brought tears to Sam's eyes.

Why did God put an idea in Waylon's head to develop such a problematic drug like Worryfree?

What was done was done. Still, why did Waylon have to add a paprika taste to the drug?

Sam wanted to grab the paprika seasoning for a smell comparison.

The bottle of smoked paprika was missing on the spice rack though.

Sam mumbled to herself, "That can't be right. I remember putting it here after making food for the babies. Did I finish the bottle and throw it? I must put it on my shopping list to get another bottle. Otherwise, I can't get the flavors right for the kids."

Emmeline took a nice hot soak and emerged from the bathroom in a towel. She was drying her hair.

Abel returned to the bathroom for a quick shower.

Out of the bathroom, Emmeline put on her pajamas and sat behind her dressing table to blow her hair dry.

"I'll blow dry your hair." Standing behind her, Abel took over the hair dryer.

"Excuse me. I'm not anybody to you," Emmeline replied.

"You're my wife and the mother of my children. You're my only lover, and I'm happy to be of your service."

Emmeline said, "I told you I'm not your wife. I didn't marry you. Sure, I'm the mother of the kids, but it doesn't change anything. We're not in love. You are very well in your rights to seek another woman. I have the freedom to fall for another guy too."

"Don't you dare, Emmeline Louise! The only man in your life is me now and forever!" In an act of asserting dominance, Abel locked her in his arms from behind.

"You're narcissistic. Where did your confidence come from?" Emmelien pursed her lips.

Abel was lost for words.

"Forget it. I don't want to waste my breath with you. I'm going to bed. Please make your way to the guest room." Emmeline waved her arm.

"Emma." Abel did not want to leave.

Emmeline turned around and gave him a couple of shoves, but he remained as still as a log.

Trapping her in his embrace, Abel uttered, "I'm not going to the guest room. I want to hold you in your sleep."

"But just two hours ago, I recall you driving me away and saying that you won't hold me to sleep."

"The incident two hours ago does not exist anymore. I want to hold you in bed now," Abel answered.

"But I don't want to. Just get your *ss to the guest room and stop bothering me. I don't love you. What should we sleep together? We're no husband and wife or lovers. You're just taking advantage of me!" Emmeline pulled a long face.

Abel was rendered speechless.

He had nothing. No comeback or clap back. Zilch.

"But Emma..."

Emmeline sternly exclaimed, "Get out. Don't keep me from my beauty sleep!"

"Will you love me again, Emma?" Abel was tensed up.

"How would I know? One thing's for sure, I don't love you, so I don't want to share a bed with you. Please proceed to the guest bedroom, or I'll call the cops." Emmeline brushed her hair in front of the mirror.

Abel was sad. "Alright. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Abel turned on his heel and headed to the door. He flung the door open and stormed off to the guest room.

Emmeline then heard Abel closing the door of the guest bedroom with a loud slam.

Unable to hold back anymore, the girl rolled into bed and put the sheets over her mouth to laugh hysterically.

"Hahahaha!"

She stumped Abel!

It gave her the biggest thrill!

He should get a taste of being unloved and rejected for once!

"Knock, knock." Sam's voice came from the other side of the door. "Mr. Abel, are you asleep?"

"No," Abel replied, sulking in the middle of his smoke.

"Can I come in?"

"Sure." Abel put out the cigarette and straightened out his pajamas.

With the door opening, Sam walked in.

"Mr. Abel, don't be too upset. We can't change what happened." She stood near the sofa.

"I'll be lying to say I'm not upset. I'm just at a loss of what to do." The expression on Abel's face was grim.