

Are Mine 611

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The siblings looked around and saw a handsome man in white clothes and a hat. He was holding a gold club, and then he bent over a little and swung it. He swayed as the club swung ahead.

“Good swing, Mr. York!” said Flynn. It was a genuine praise, however.

Benjamin turned back and told Janie, “They’re here.”

Janie was wearing a blue short skirt, and she smiled. “Good. They’re getting it for what they did to Emma.

“Let’s go.” Benjamin handed the golf club to his assistant and turned around, and Janie followed him quickly.

They came to the parasol, and Flynn quickly shook hands with Benjamin.

“Sit.” Benjamin took a seat.

Janie was standing right behind him.

Evelyn smiled at her sheepishly. “It’s been a while, Janie.”

“We’re not friends, really.” Janie smiled.

Evelyn felt a little embarrassed, but she couldn’t make any retorts.

Flynn said politely, “Mr. York, this decision came on such short notice. Why did you suddenly do this to us?”

“It’s business. Things change in the blink of an eye.” Benjamin smiled. “It’s normal.”

“But at least tell us what we did wrong. We can improve.”

“You guys did well. There’s nothing to improve. My company just wants to move in a direction you guys can’t help with.”

“You cut off all supplies to our company and snatched the Rykers’ market share, and you’re willing to pay for the breach of contract. This is no coincidence. Something happened.”

“Not at all. This is just a strategic change,” said Benjamin. “If you have any trouble with it, you might have to handle it yourself.”

“May I please ask you to rescind your decision?” asked Flynn. “Just resuming the supply of herbs to us will be more than plenty.”

“Not at the moment,” said Benjamin. “I have a better prospective partner. I see no reason not to work with them.”

“Um...” Just when Flynn was about to say something, his phone rang. It was from the president’s office. He shivered and took the call. “Dad.”

“What is Evelyn doing?” Paul roared. “It’s only been an hour, and we lost everything we had in Struyria!”

Flynn said, “I’m talking to Adelmars boss right now. We’ll come to a solution.”

“Adelmars not the only problem here!” roared Paul. “A few of our partners are canceling their contract too!”

“What?” Flynn froze, and beads of sweat poured forth from his forehead.

Evelyn heard that, and she turned pale, and she sweated buckets.

“Get Evelyn on the phone!” growled Paul.

Flynn frowned and handed the phone to Evelyn.

With trembling hands, Evelyn took the phone. “Dad,” she whispered.

“Do not call me that!” said Paul angrily. “Do you have any idea how much you’ve cost us?”

Evelyn shivered from her father’s anger, and she felt her eardrums explode, so she put some distance between her and the phone.

“Who did you cross this time?” Paul roared. “I just handed business over to you, and you brought it down in a single hour! Who the f*ck did you cross? I don’t f*cking care. Just go on your knees and beg for their forgiveness! Suck a d*ck or two if you have to!”

“Dad...”

Paul hung up in anger, and Evelyn plopped down on her seat, deflated.

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The call was loud enough for Benjamin, Janie, and the staff on the gold court to hear. Embarrassing to say the least, but Evelyn couldn’t care less. Her priority was to find out what was going on, but no matter how much she racked her brains, she couldn’t figure out who she crossed.

She hadn’t met too many people since she took over business on this side. The first person she met was Abel. Wait a minute. Realization struck her, and a chill ran down her spine. Emmeline? Abel did say she’s some sort of super powerful woman. But what did he say? I don’t really remember. No way. I’ve looked into her case. She’s the daughter of the Louise family, and her family’s not even that rich. There’s no way she has the power to bring us down. No way.

Evelyn shook her head and put on a pitiful look. “Mr. York, can you tell us why you did this?”

“How should I know?” Benjamin smiled. “Perhaps your father is right. Maybe you got on some bigwig’s nerves. Why else did they go after your company right after you took over?”

“But I don’t even know who I crossed.” Evelyn looked helpless.

“We don’t either.” Janie said, “Rack your brains, Ms. Murphy.”

“Then it must be Emmelina,” said Evelyn. “I was just talking to Abel in his office, and she was in the waiting room. Could she really be more than meets the eye? Oh, right.” She looked at Benjamin. “I

remember now. When she got shot, you were the one who took her away. So you're close to her, then?"

Benjamin only smiled, but Flynn got the message. "Mr. York, may we ask you to call Mr. Ryker and Ms. Louise?"

Benjamin mused over it. "For old times' sake, I can do you a favor, but I can't guarantee what might happen. You might have gotten the wrong guess."

"Please, Mr. York. Call him," said Flynn. "Perhaps this is our last chance.

"Um..."

Evelyn pleaded, "Please, Mr. York. Please?"

"Fine." Benjamin nodded. "I'll do it."

"Thank you, Mr. York!" Flynn got up, and so did Evelyn. They quickly said their thanks.

Janie harrumphed.

Abel's phone, which he placed on the table outside, started to ring. He had just finished another round and happily got up. Emmeline was weak, and not an ounce of strength was left within her.

"I'll have to take this call." Abel kissed her cheek.

Emmeline panted, and it took everything she had to just grunt.

"I'll whip something up for you when we get back." He whispered into her ear, "You can't be too weak, you know. I need this every night."

"You're a demon." Emmeline narrowed her eyes. "You're fearsome even in bed, you know that?"

Abel pinched her nose and smiled. "Only to you. I won't do it for anyone else."

"You should get the call." Emmeline pushed him. "It's been ringing for a while."

Abel reluctantly got up and left the room, but the call had ended. He picked the phone up and checked his call history. Benjamin? He quickly called him back.

"Hello, Mr. York." Abel smiled. "I knew you'd call."

Benjamin evaded the main topic at first, and he smiled. "You're talking about the biopharm supply, I presume?"

"Of course," said Abel. "I was just waiting for your call. I presume we can sign the deal now?"

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"Yep," said Benjamin. "I have the contract right here. Just bring your stamp over."

Abel checked the time. Hm, Em needs some time to straighten herself out. "We'll be there in an hour and a half."

"Sure thing," said Benjamin. "I'm at Adelmars' golf court."

“Ah, I’m up for a match.” Abel smiled.

“It’s my honor.” Benjamin smiled as well.

And then the call ended. Emmeline heard it. She guessed it must have been from Benjamin. So the Murphys are there. She left the room and wrapped her arms around Abel. “Evelyn and her brother told him to call you?”

“More than likely,” said Abel. “He wouldn’t have called otherwise.”

“Guess we should meet up with them, then.” Emmeline pouted. “I’d love to see the look on Evelyn’s face.”

Abel turned around and hugged her. “Kendra’s preparing a fresh set of clothes for you. You can’t wear this dress now.”

Emmeline blushed. The dress was soiled, so of course she couldn’t wear it. “I’ll tell Kendra what I’d like to wear,” she said.

“That works too.” Abel patted her head. “I’ll be waiting.”

Emmeline went back to the room and called Kendra. “Get me the tracksuit. The one with a red skirt.”

Kendra was holding her phone in one hand and rummaging through the closet with the other. “Oh, got it. I’ll snap a pic.”

“Thanks.” Emmeline ended the call. A moment later, Kendra sent her a picture. She clicked into it and confirmed that that was the set she wanted. Then she texted, ‘Get me a pair of socks and sneakers as well. Yeah, this is the set I want.’

Kendra texted back, ‘Of course, Ms. Louise. I’ll grab some skincare products too.’

Emmeline put down her phone, and then Luca came in holding two cups of coffee. Emmeline and Abel had forgotten about him, and Luca thought it was odd they were staring at them. “Am I late for something, sir?”

“No,” said Abel. “We were just about to leave.”

“Good to hear.” Luca heaved a sigh of relief. “Here’s the coffee you wanted, madam.”

“So did you help Sam with her business?” That’s the whole point I sent him.

Luca had a sheepish look on his face, and he scratched his head. He didn’t just help her with business; he also gave her a bouquet, and she even kissed him. He could feel the taste of her lips on his. Yes, he hadn’t wiped it off just yet. And he nodded timidly.

Ah ha. So it’s done. Emmeline smiled.

Half an hour later, Kendra came bearing clothes and skincare. Emmeline washed herself up and changed into the new clothes. She then tied her hair up into a ponytail, and it made her look younger.

Abel changed into a black tracksuit. He looked cool and lively in it. Half an hour later, they came to the golf court. Benjamin and Flynn came to welcome them.

Janie waved as well. "The gang's all here!"

Emmeline cocked her eyebrow and looked at Evelyn, who was fidgeting under the parasol, and she sneered.

Abel and Benjamin went for a game, while Emmeline and Janie went to get some shade. "Ah, you're here too, Ms. Murphy?" She pretended to be surprised.

Evelyn said nothing, but she looked cold and distant. She wasn't sure if Emmeline was the one bigwig she crossed. No matter how she cut it, Emmeline was just a regular woman. Still she said, "Emma, we're friends. Can you help me out? Tell Benjamin to stop coming down on us."

"I can't tell Benjamin what to do." Emmeline smiled. "You're overestimating my power, Ms. Murphy."

I don't care about you. I just need to use you.

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"I know you can do it." Evelyn held Emmeline's hand, but it was flung away. "He saved you back when you were shot. He wouldn't have done that if you were just his acquaintance."

Emmeline was surprised he did that. She was an inch away from death back then, and Benjamin didn't tell her that he saved her.

"Please, just help a sister out, will you? If you don't help me, my dad's gonna kill me!"

And that's what I'm gunning for.

Evelyn swung Emmeline's arm, pouting. "Emma, pretty please? If you're still mad at me, I'll treat you to something someday."

"I told you I can't help you." Emmeline flung her hand away. "I don't deal with business stuff. You should bring this up to him if you really need his help."

"But it's not that simple," insisted Evelyn. "All I did was run my mouth in Abel's office, and he came down on us. It must be because of you."

"And why are you so sure about that?"

Evelyn had no answer. The waiting room was closed back then, and she had no idea if Emmeline was inside, but this was her best bet. "Emma..." She teared up. "I have nowhere else to turn to. This is my first day on the job, and I'm losing everything. At this rate, my dad will kill me. Please, help a girl out."

"Alright, shut it." Emmeline waved her down. "You're annoying me. Fine. I'll try."

"Really?" Evelyn broke into a smile. "You really have to help me."

"I can't guarantee anything," said Emmeline. "So don't get your hopes up." She asked Janie to call Benjamin.

The men were on the golf court, so they couldn't hear the conversation. The moment Janie called, Benjamin took the call. "Em wants to talk to me? Alright. Coming right away."

Abel stopped playing and returned with Benjamin as well, then Flynn followed quickly. He was a little scared around these men. In front of them, he was nothing. Even when he was a few yards behind them, he could still feel their aura, and it intimidated him.

They came back to the parasol, and Benjamin tossed a bottle of water to Abel. He too opened a bottle and plugged it down, while Flynn opened a bottle himself.

Emmeline said, "Mr. York, this is a request from Ms. Murphy. She'd like you to idea what happened between you two, but you should handle it."

"I see." Benjamin nodded. "I am willing to negotiate, but I won't be lenient. After all, I will be relinquishing a part of my profit just for this favor."

Nervously, Evelyn asked, "What's your plan, Mr. York?"

Benjamin said, "Since Ms. Louise has asked me to go easy on you, then I'll be resupplying your company with the herbs."

"That's great!" Evelyn jumped.

"But..." Benjamin paused for a moment. "It's not time to celebrate just yet. I am not finished."

"What's your term, Mr. York?" asked Flynn nervously.

"I will increase my prices by three percent. If that's alright with you, we can sign the deal," said Benjamin.

"Three percent?" The Murphy siblings were shocked.

Evelyn put on a bitter smile. "Mr. York, that's a bit too much, don't you think?"

"I think it's perfectly fine," said Benjamin. "I'd have canceled the partnership if not for Ms. Louise."

Evelyn looked to her brother for help.

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Flynn looked absolutely upset, but he couldn't say anything about it. In the end, he said, "We have a few companies that have canceled their partnership. They look to you as their leader. If it's possible, we'd like you to convince them to reinstate the partnership."

"Um..." Benjamin looked at Emmeline.

Emmeline said nothing.

"This isn't our problem really," said Benjamin. "I can't promise anything until I've talked things through with them."

"Very well." Flynn nodded. "I can wait."

Evelyn whispered, "But Flynn, a three-percent increment is too much."

"I know, but what choice do we have?" an upset Flynn said, "Either this, or we lose our supply, and our production line becomes a liability."

"That's not good." Evelyn quickly said, "Those things cost hundreds of millions."

"You're not a total fool." Flynn turned to Benjamin. "Mr. York, we have a deal. But please help us with the other partners."

"Very well." Benjamin nodded. "I'll keep that in mind."

Janie whipped out the contract and handed it to Flynn, then they signed the new deal. Evelyn heaved a sigh of relief, but Flynn still looked miffed. This battle ended with a loss, and the one who beat him was Emmeline herself. He noticed Benjamin looking to her for permission, which meant she was the one behind this. Once they left the golf court and got into the car, Flynn said, "This isn't over yet. Far from it."

"What do you need me to do, Flynn?" Evelyn quickly asked.

"Emmeline started this," said Flynn. "You'll have to talk to her if you want this to end. We mustn't get on her bad side, or we're going to lose a lot more ground."

"Are you sure she's that powerful?" Evelyn frowned. She didn't think that was possible. "You don't think she's some sort of mastermind, do you?"

"No way." Flynn sneered. "It's all Abel. He's doing this because he likes her."

"Good." Evelyn sneered. "Then I'm going to ask her out for a meal and punish her for doing this. And I'm going to use her."

"Don't do anything stupid, Evelyn," said Flynn angrily. "I don't mind you taking her out for lunch or anything. It'd be best if she can help us with Benjamin, but don't you dare do anything stupid, or we're done for."

"I know. I won't do anything stupid, so don't worry." Or so she said, but then she sneered. You're not getting away with this just like that, Emmeline.

It was already noon when the Murphy siblings left, so Benjamin asked Abel and Emmeline to have lunch with them. Everyone went to a room in the Struyria Banquet. While the men were out smoking, Janie asked, "Mr. Ryker seems to be smothering you. He's recovered?"

Emmeline blushed and stared at the ground. "Smothering doesn't begin to describe it. He said he loves me more than ever."

"Good," said Janie. "We were all worried sick about him."

"Let's not talk about me," whispered Emmeline. "So what's the situation between you and Ben?"

Janie smiled. "The usual."

"Janie, your efforts will not go to waste," said Emmeline. "He's human too. He has a heart, and I know it."

"Yeah." Janie nodded. "At least he lets me stay with him, and he'd want me by his side whenever he needed company. Just like earlier. I'm happy with that."

“Good luck,” said Emmeline. “He’s a good man. If you let any other woman take him away, I’m going to deck you.”

“Don’t worry,” said Janie. “I’ll make him mine.”

“That’s the Janie I know.” Emmeline smiled. “I’ll help you when you need it.”

“Thanks.” Janie nodded.

The men came back, and the ladies exchanged a look and said nothing more.

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Food was served shortly after, and Benjamin, out of habit, tried to fill Emmeline’s plate with food.

Emmeline tensed up. “Ben, you’re going to make my relationship worse.”

“Sorry.” Benjamin smiled sheepishly. “I’ll try to change.”

“You do. And you know who you should try it out with? Janie,” said Emmeline. “That’s the right thing to do.”

Benjamin gave it some thought and filled Janie’s plate instead, and Janie blushed.

“She’s been working well lately,” said Benjamin. “This is her reward. I believe she has no need for a raise of her bonus.”

Janie almost spat her food.

Emmeline almost choked on herself. “What are you talking about?”

“Calm down, ladies. It’s just a joke,” Benjamin quickly said. And he speared a piece of meat for Janie. “Here. This piece looks great.”

Janie popped the piece of meat into her mouth, but then a wave of nausea overtook her. She held it down and said, “I need to use the restroom.” She got up and made her way to the restroom, and she leaned on the basin and threw up.

Or at least she wanted to. She came up with nothing but bile, and she went white. My period is late. Is this morning sickness? Her heart started to thump furiously. What should I do? What should I tell Benjamin?

A worried Emmeline came looking for her. “Are you alright, Janie?”

Janie quickly turned on the faucet and pretended to wash her hands. “I’m fine, Em. Here for a bathroom break too?”

“Just worried about you,” said Emmeline. “You didn’t look too good back there.”

“I’m fine. Let’s go back.” Janie smiled and wiped her hands on some tissue, then the ladies went back to the room.

Janie was in no mood to eat, and she would space out sometimes. Emmeline was exhausted too, so they ended lunch soon after that.

The next day, Evelyn suddenly called. "I owe you a thank you, Emma."

"Nothing much about that," said Emmeline.

"But I've already reserved a room. Wanna have lunch?"

"No." Emmeline refused to go. She had nothing to talk about with Evelyn.

"But I told my company's top management we'd be there. They're already here. Can't you come?"

"I said no."

"Aw, please? Can't you indulge a friend?"

You are not my friend.

"I can pick you up. Are you at The Precipice?"

"Shut it," said Emmeline impatiently. "I'll ask Janie to come with me."

"I was just thinking about that. We're all friends here."

We are not friends here. I do not want to have anything to do with you. Emmeline had a feeling Evelyn was up to something, and she wanted to check it out. Not like I have anything else to do anyway.

She called Janie. Janie was in her house, using the test kit she just bought from the pharmacy. She was in the bathroom, staring at the kit in disbelief. The results were positive. She was sure about it, and her legs gave out, her world spinning. I'm pregnant. "What should I do?"

She was starting to regret that time she took advantage of Benjamin getting drunk. It would be fine if he did love her, but Benjamin made it clear that he had no romantic feelings for her. Now I'm pregnant. This is bad. "I think I should ask him again." Janie held the kit, her heart beating furiously.

If Benjamin did feel a modicum of love for her, she could die happy. If he didn't... She wouldn't force him to marry her just because of the baby. It would be a depressing marriage anyway. It was then Emmeline called her

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Making the Appointment Alone

Janie tossed the kit into the bin and staggered into the living room to take the call.

"Janie? Are you at Adelmarr?"

"No," said Janie quickly. "I'm at home."

"Huh? Are you alright? Why did you take the day off?" asked Emmeline.

Janie took a deep breath. "Just feeling a little dizzy. Just need some sleep."

"I see," said Emmeline. "Catch a break. I'll see you when I get back."

"Sure, Emma." Janie ended the call.

Emmeline puffed her cheeks. She can't come with me. Guess I'll have to do this myself. Well, let's get going, then. She got changed, put on some makeup, and went downstairs. "Kendra, I'm not coming home for lunch. Tell Abel he can start without me."

"Where are you going, Ms. Louise?" Kendra was holding Quincy in her arms.

Quincy was staring at Emmeline. Amused, she pinched the baby's cheek. "Evelyn asked me out for lunch."

"Evelyn?" Kendra's eyes went wide. "You shouldn't go, Ms. Louise. That woman is bad news."

"It's alright," said Emmeline. "She can't hurt me."

"But..." Kendra was still worried.

"I'll be fine," she assured. Kendra doesn't know I can fight. And I have the needles with me too. She went into the garage and picked the silver Bugatti, then she went to the rendezvous spot.

Half an hour later, she came to a hotel, and Evelyn was waiting in a room. When Emmeline made her appearance, she and Evelyn were surprised.

Evelyn said, "I thought Janie was coming."

"She's under the weather."

"I see," said Evelyn. "That's a shame."

"And this is?" Emmeline pointed at the pudgy, middle-aged man in the room.

"This is Mr. Maldings," said Evelyn. "He's been helping me with the business in this city."

"I see," said Emmeline half-heartedly. She didn't like the sight of this man, but she couldn't just leave.

Morgan Maldings stood up happily, and he extended his chubby hand. "Please, have a seat."

"Sit, Emma." Evelyn held up the menu. "Order anything you like."

Morgan said, "Yeah. The food here is nice."

Emmeline picked up the menu and made some orders. Ugh, just looking at this man makes me sick. I wonder if I can even eat.

The waiter had decanted the wine, and Morgan poured a glass for Emmeline. Just when he was about to pour a glass for Evelyn, she said, "I'd like to try the white wine. It's a local delicacy, they say."

"Sure thing." Morgan put the decanter down and poured a small glass of white wine for Evelyn.

And then the food was served. Morgan held up his wine. "It's an honor to see you, Mrs. Ryker. Why don't we raise a toast to it?"

"Of course." Evelyn raised her glass of wine as well. "I'd like to thank Emma for her help as well."

"I said that was nothing to be thanked for." Emmeline held up her glass as well.

They raised a toast, and Morgan downed his wine. Then Evelyn followed suit.

Emmeline thought there was a lot of wine in her glass, so she took a big swig, but she didn't finish it.

"Oh, that's rude, Emma," said Evelyn. "Mr. Maldings and I downed all our drinks, and it's white wine too. Why aren't you doing the same?"

"Red wine kicks in hard, you know," said Emmeline. "I can't drink."

"Oh, that's a shame," said Evelyn. "But you don't have to drink any more after this glass. You can always go for the juice."

"That works." At least she's considerate. Emmeline finished her wine.

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The Stormy Emmeline

Evelyn poured a glass of juice and handed it to Emmeline. Morgan filled the ladies' plates with food as well.

"Hot." Emmeline frowned. "It's hot all of a sudden, but the AC is on."

Noticing Emmeline's face turning red, Evelyn shot Morgan a look.

Morgan approached Emmeline and put his hand on her shoulder. "Feeling unwell? Shall I take you to a room?"

"Get your hand off me," snapped Emmeline. "I'm fine."

"Just concerned, you see." Morgan wrapped his arm around Emmeline's waist. Look at you. You're already sweating. I bet you're unwell."

"Get off!" Emmeline shoved him away. "I'm fine, so don't touch me!"

"Hey, I just want to help. You look like you'd keel over." Morgan wrapped his arm around Emmeline's waist again.

"Damn you!" Emmeline shoved him away and opened the room's door. She was hot, her whole body was on fire, and she felt desire flaring in her. I was drugged!

Realization struck her, and she knew that this must be Evelyn's doing. She knew Evelyn was up to something, but she didn't think that woman would stoop so low. The desire flaring within her was making her dizzy, and she was going to tear her clothes open.

Quickly, she went into the restroom and splashed some cold water onto her face.

"Are you alright, Ms. Louise?"

Morgan came over, leering at her, and he dragged her into the enclosed space next to them.

"Get off me, you b*stard!" Emmeline slapped him and tried to run away, but he held her.

"You'd better stop. The camera saw me hugging you. Do you have any idea what's waiting for you right outside?"

There's something outside?

"But let's not talk about that. We have a more pressing matter at hand."

"Who are you?" demanded Emmeline angrily. "You're not working for the Murphys."

"Right on," said Morgan. "Evelyn hired me. She wanted me to... drag you into a scandal, so to speak."

"What?"

"You heard me, so come on." Morgan tried to tear her collar open.

"Die!" Emmeline held down her desire and slammed her knee into Morgan's crotch.

The searing pain coming from Morgan's junk almost sent him into a seizure, and he bent over. But that wasn't over. Emmeline quickly abused him to the point he fainted over the lavatory without even saying anything.

Emmeline then opened the bathroom's door only to be met with an unbelievable scene. A few paparazzis were aiming their cameras at the bathroom, obviously here to find some scoop, but all they saw was Morgan lying on the lavatory, unconscious.

Still, seeing Emmeline coming out still whipped them into a frenzy, and they started snapping photos.

"You're done for!" Emmeline's eyes were red with fury, and her cheeks burned like the morning sun. She was alluring yet deadly at the same time. "You're not getting away."

She spun around and roundhouse kicked the cameras, and all the phones and cams were smashed into pieces. Emmeline then grabbed a male reporter and flung him into the wall.

He smashed into the wall with a sickening thud, and blood trickled from his head.

Emmeline was burning up with desire, but she found that violence and blood were great relievers, and she went on a fighting spree. In just a moment, all the paparazzis were lying on the floor, bleeding and moaning in pain.

"Evelyn..." Emmeline gnashed her teeth and stormed toward the room Evelyn was in.

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Violent Fight

Evelyn was happily waiting for Emmeline and the man she hired to get into it, then the paparazzis would jump in and get their scoop. I bet the whole city's going to be shaken from this. They're going to talk about Abel's wife getting it on with another man in this very hotel...

Just the thought of it made her laugh, but then her laughter was cut short by a loud bang. The door swung open, and before she could see what was going on, Emmeline slammed her foot into Evelyn's face.

The impact made Evelyn bleed from her nose and mouth, and she fell over.

"You set me up? You're dead, b*tch!" Emmeline held Evelyn up and slapped her a dozen times.

By the time she was done, Evelyn's head was as swollen as a balloon.

"I'll kill you!" Still beset by rage, Emmeline whipped out a needle and pricked Evelyn's back, then she tossed her out. Just when she was about to continue the abuse, desire flared back up. Emmeline lay on the table, huffing and puffing, but she managed to call Abel.

"You gotta save me, honey."

"Emma?" Abel was shocked. "Where are you?"

"I... I'll give you my location." Emmeline tore at her collar.

"Do it right now!"

Emmeline hung up and gave Abel her location. About ten minutes later, a siren blared in the distance, and Abel came. When he kicked the room's door down, Emmeline was already almost naked.

Abel took his jacket off and draped it over Emmeline. Concerned, he asked, "What happened?"

"Someone spiked my drink. But I beat them up. Including the paparazzis, but I..."

"But you what?"

"I need you." Emmeline buried her head in his chest and bit him. "Come on. I can't take it anymore."

"Dammit!" Abel tensed up, and he frowned. "But we're in a dining room."

"We are also in a hotel, you dolt!"

Oh, yeah. Right. Abel quickly picked Emmeline up and darted out of the room.

A surprised Luca asked, "Sir, what's wrong with the madam?"

"Get us a room!" roared Abel.

"Sorry?" Oh, right. She's hurt, and he needs to help her. Luca quickly went to the reception.

A few minutes later, Abel took Emmeline into the luxury suite.

"Help me, honey!" Emmeline was sweating and panting.

Abel tossed her onto the bed and pounced on her. He had to save her, and he went into it hard. Before long, Emmeline was starting to moan in pleasure.

Two hours later, Emmeline finally stopped moving, and the redness of her face subsided. She lay in Abel's chest, fast asleep.

Abel heaved a sigh, wiped the sweat off his forehead, and quietly got up. He washed himself up and got changed, then he left the room.

Luca and the bodyguards were right outside, and it made Abel feel awkward. Did they hear... No, the rooms are soundproofed well. The thought of that made him feel at ease. "So what's the deal with the guys Emmeline beat up."

“Um...” Luca said, “She beat up a fat guy and three paparazzis. Severely beat them up. They were taken to the hospital, but the whole place is still covered in blood.”

“I see.” Abel nodded. “As long as they’re not dead, then what happens is none of my concern.”

“I grilled them for answers,” said Luca. “They tried to sabotage the madam, but she fought back, so they failed. The madam can’t be sued for self-defense.”

“Good.” And that’s why Emmeline called me. Only I could help her. But that was on short notice, and she wasn’t holding back. That was tiring.

[Chapter 620](#)

Alana Saves Evelyn

“So who’s the mastermind?” asked Abel. “They wouldn’t have any reason to hurt Emmeline unless someone asked them to.”

“It’s Evelyn,” said Luca. “That fatso told me.”

“Evelyn?” Abel’s face fell, and murder filled his eyes.

“But I couldn’t find her anywhere,” Luca added, “I’ve gone through the surveillance footage. A masked woman saved her.”

“Is that so?” Abel asked, “Do you know who her savior is?”

“Not sure,” said Luca. “But it’s probably another customer of this place.”

“I see.” Abel nodded. “We can talk about that later. For now, I need you to delete all the surveillance footage just in case the paparazzis try to use anything against Emmeline.”

“Done. I saw Evelyn spiking the madam’s drink.”

“Damn her!” Abel clenched his fists. “You’re done for, Evelyn!”

“The madam destroyed her,” said Luca. “And she pricked her too. Evelyn’s gonna live in agony for the rest of her life.”

“Which she should.” Abel gnashed his teeth. “Blacklist all the paparazzis who got involved in this. And send that fatso to Arturia.”

“Yes, sir.” Luca went away to do his job.

Emmeline woke up at dusk. Abel had been right beside her all this time. She woke up feeling weak and sore.

Abel pinched her cheek, pretending to be angry. “Happy now? Do you want more? You almost gobbled me up.”

Emmeline covered the blanket over her head. She could still remember how... how indecent she was a while ago.

Abel chuckled and tried to pull the blanket down, but he failed. Emmeline wouldn’t let go.

“My gods, I can’t believe I did that. This is so embarrassing.”

Abel flicked her forehead through the blanket. “If I hadn’t got there on time, you’d probably be grabbing any man you could find.”

“I wouldn’t,” muttered Emmeline. “I still had my consciousness.”

“Because the drug hadn’t worked its full magic,” said Abel. “You almost stripped yourself naked.”

Emmeline screamed. “Please, stop! I’m gonna kill myself!”

“Please don’t.” Abel hugged her. “You worked me to the bone, though. I can still feel it in my back.”

“I’ll whip something up when we get back.” Emmeline poked her head out and kissed Abel’s chin. She chuckled. “Thanks for the help, honey.”

“I don’t mind. It was fun,” he whispered. “So, do you want another go?”

“Please, no.” Emmeline covered herself up again.

Abel laughed. “Just kidding. Now get up. I’ll shower you, then we’ll go home.”

Emmeline poked her head out again and blinked. “Just a shower?”

“Yep.” Abel pulled her out of the blanket. “Now come on. You’re sticky.”

Emmeline wrapped her arms around his neck as he took her into the bathroom. Then she showered.

She couldn’t wear her clothes anymore, so Abel covered her in his coat and took her into the car.

Alana took Evelyn into the guest room of Avalan and let her lay on the bed.

“Thank you,” said Evelyn. Her cheeks were swollen, making it hard to speak.

“Don’t have to say that.” Alana took her mask off. “I was going to stay away, until I saw Emmeline coming out of that room.”

“You know her?”

“Know her?” Alana growled, “I want to kill her!”

Evelyn gasped. “Who are you, and why do you want to kill her?”