

Are Mine 701

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Emmeline's Dowry

"Waylon?" Benjamin was surprised.

"Mr. Adelmar." Abel recalled that Adelmar Island would send Emmeline's dowry.

Waylon said coldly, "How could you two even have the nerve to show your faces before me?"

Abel and Benjamin felt a sinking feeling in their stomachs, realizing Waylon knew everything.

They could not help but lower their head.

"I brought Emma's dowry, but I heard from Sam that something happened to Emma as soon as I arrived."

"Waylon." Benjamin spoke, "This is my fault. I have failed to protect Emma."

"You, Sam, and Daisy can't shirk your responsibility for this!" Waylon exclaimed sternly.

Benjamin and Sam hung their heads. They were at a loss for words.

Waylon scowled, looking at Abel. "What should I say to my brother-in-law in this situation?"

Abel was speechless.

Abel felt deeply ashamed for his failure in protecting Emmeline, so he would listen to whatever Waylon said.

"Waylon..."

"Abel." Waylon sneered, "Don't trouble yourself further if you're unfit to be Emma's husband."

"Waylon." Abel narrowed his eyes, and he raised his head.

"I feel deeply responsible for what happened to Emma, but I will find her. Even if it costs me my life, I won't give up!"

"How can I trust you?" Waylon grunted coldly with his hands behind his back, "Do you remember the fatal gunshot wound on Emma last time? Also, where is Emma now?"

Abel's heart ached, and he furrowed his brow.

Waylon was right. Abel felt like slapping himself because of that.

"Waylon." Benjamin said, "How can we blame Abel for this? None of us wanted anything to happen to Emma!"

"Benedict!" Waylon looked over with a cold gaze, "Why are you siding with an outsider?"

"I'm being objective to the situation." Benjamin added, "It has already been tough for Abel."

“Benjamin.” Abel said bitterly, “What Waylon said is right. I’m Emma’s man, but I let her suffer so much harm. I failed to be Emma’s man, and I felt ashamed!”

“It’s good that you’re well aware!” Waylon continued, “My dad has not found out about this matter. Otherwise, you won’t stand a chance to be Emma’s husband.”

Abel did not say a word.

Abel was not sure what Robert would do to him.

“Waylon.” Benjamin said, “Let’s not tell Master Adelmarr about this yet. Maybe we will find Emma soon!”

Waylon sneered, “That’s for the best. Otherwise, we wouldn’t know how to explain it!”

“What about the wedding tomorrow?” Sam was anxious, “Master Adelmarr will ask about it.”

“Let’s postpone the wedding.” Benjamin suggested, “We will take this time to search for Emma!”

“That’s the only option.” Waylon continued, “I will tell Dad that the wedding has been postponed because of inadequate preparation.”

“Thank you for your understanding, Waylon.” Abel said, “You can punish me however you want if I fail to find Emma!”

“Forget about that.” Waylon replied coldly, “I’m not interested in dealing with you. My priority is to find Emma!”

“That’s true.” Sam grumbled, “Master Adelmarr’s dowry for Ms. Louise is extraordinary. Mr. Ryker, you have to find Ms. Louise as soon as possible. If something happens to her, we’re doomed.”

“I will.” Abel replied firmly.

Sam mentioned that the dowry for Emmeline would be shocking.

What kind of dowry would be shocking?

Abel did not put much thought into the dowry. Instead, he focused on finding Emmelie.

“What’s the progress so far? Do you have any leads?” Waylon asked.

“The only lead we had was cut off when the suspect was handed over to the police,” Benjamin said. “We are still at a loss.”

“I have been thinking about it.” Abel said, “There’s something wrong with Darell.”

“Why do you say so?” Waylon asked.

Then, Abel explained the matter involving Darell.

Waylon agreed, “Abel is right. Darell is quite suspicious. Anyone using Darell must know the ins and outs of this matter.”

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“You’re right.” Abel looked at Benjamin, and he asked, “Who has instigated Darell to extort money from the Adelmars Group?”

“It’s hard to tell.” Benjamin elaborated, “The Eastwood family stirred up a scene in front of the CEO’s office. The higher-ups of the company were there.”

“It wouldn’t be the people of the Adelmars group.” Abel said, “They have no reason to go against Emma.”

“Who else could it be?” Benjamin furrowed his brow.

“Let’s check on the surveillance footage that day.” Abel added, “We need to find the suspicious individuals present when the members of the Eastwood family were causing a scene!”

Benjamin thought for a while before saying, “I got it! The siblings of the Murphy family were there!”

“Is it Flynn and Evelyn?” Abel said, “That’s right. They approached us in a hurry to invite us for a meal. Then, they left swiftly after we rejected their invitation.”

Benjamin asked in doubt, “Did the siblings of the Murphy family notice Darell in that short period?”

“There’s no point in guessing anymore.” Abel continued, “Evelyn must be involved.”

“We don’t have any evidence for the previous incident.” Benjamin added, “This time, it’s only our guess.”

“I have no other options.” Abel said as he stood up from his chair, “I’ll go find Evelyn now!”

...

Evelyn returned to Flynn’s place from the Avalan Mansion, resting on the bed to calm her nerves.

The fierce and menacing face of Adam lingered in Evelyn’s mind.

Evelyn had to collect one billion dollars. Otherwise, she would have to risk losing her life to Adam.

However, what could Evelyn do to get her hands on one billion dollars?

It was not a small number.

Worse still, the Murphy family was suffering a severe setback.

Evelyn was plotting how to swindle her dad when her newly purchased phone rang.

Evelyn lazily picked up her phone, and she threw a glance at it.

Then, Evelyn was immediately surprised. Why is Abel calling me?

Evelyn thought she had mistaken it. She took another look, and it was still Abel!

Evelyn jolted up from the bed.

Did Abel suspect Evelyn’s involvement already?

In the past incident, when something happened to Emmeline, Abel quickly became suspicious of Evelyn. Luckily, Evelyn and Alana did not leave any evidence behind.

Abel was a legitimate business person. Without evidence, Abel could not do anything to Evelyn and Alana.

However, would Evelyn stay lucky this time?

Evelyn's heart raced wildly.

However, Evelyn had to pick up the phone, or else Abel would become more suspicious of Evelyn.

Evelyn nervously swiped the answer button for the phone call.

"Mr. Abel, good evening."

"Ms. Evelyn." Abel's cold voice came through the phone, "I will be waiting for you at Seashell Hotel. Let's have dinner."

Evelyn did not know what to reply.

Abel spoke in a commanding tone as if it was a direct order.

"I will get my chauffeur to pick you up. Get ready."

"I..." Evelyn was flustered. Why is Abel inviting me for dinner?

It was too sudden. Evelyn did not even have the chance to catch a breath.

In particular, Evelyn was still terrified after being frightened by Adam.

"I know where you are." Abel's voice was low and cold, "My chauffeur is outside the entrance. Ms. Evelyn, don't be polite."

"Beep."

Abel had ended the phone call, leaving beeps ringing on Evelyn's end.

Evelyn was stupefied on the bed.

What should I do?

Things happened one after another.

Is Abel setting up a trap, waiting for me?

"Knock, knock." The sound of knocking came from the door, followed by the housekeeper's voice. "Ms. Evelyn, there's a chauffeur here to pick you up. He's asking how much longer you need to get ready."

"I..." Evelyn's face turned pale. She knew she could not run away this time, and she replied, "Give me another 20 minutes."

"Alright."

The housekeeper passed the message. Evelyn quickly got up from the bed to change her clothes.

No matter what Abel wanted Evelyn to do, she did not want to appear weak in front of him.

Evelyn wanted to dress up beautifully.

Men had a soft spot for pretty ladies. Her beauty could come in handy at a critical moment.

After getting ready, Evelyn went downstairs.

A black Range Rover was parked outside the entrance, exuding an imposing vibe.

That was Abel's bodyguards' car.

With anxiety, Evelyn obediently got into the back seat after the bodyguard opened the car door.

The car engine sounded, and the car sped away.

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Storage Room

40 minutes later, the car parked in the parking lot of Seashell Hotel.

Abel's bodyguard opened the car door for Evelyn.

The chauffeur, who was also Abel's bodyguard, escorted Evelyn toward the hotel lobby with another bodyguard.

"Has Mr. Abel arrived already?" Evelyn asked tremblingly.

"Yes." The bodyguard replied coldly.

After entering the lobby, the bodyguard showed no signs of leading Evelyn into a private room.

Instead, the bodyguard led Evelyn through the lobby, walking deeper into the building.

The lighting grew dimmer as they walked further down.

Evelyn felt uneasy, so she asked, "Which room is Mr. Abel in?"

"Basement One." The bodyguard answered with a stoic expression.

"Basement One?" Evelyn asked, "What a weird name for a private room. Are there private rooms at the basement level?"

The bodyguard regained his stoic expression, and he remained silent.

Evelyn did not ask any further.

Evelyn doubted the stoic bodyguards would reveal anything, even if she questioned further.

The bodyguards led Evelyn to a staircase. They escorted Evelyn down the stairs, with one bodyguard walking in front of Evelyn and the other walking at the back.

It wasn't a place with private dining rooms.

Instead, Evelyn had walked into an area resembling a storage area.

Evelyn's heart started pounding.

Evelyn didn't want to keep going, but she knew there was no turning back.

If Evelyn ran away in panic, it would show that she was guilty.

"Cough." Evelyn coughed, trying to give herself some courage.

"We're here." The bodyguards finally spoke up, stopping in front of an iron door to a storage room.

"This doesn't seem right." Evelyn asked, "Would Mr. Abel invite me for dinner in a place like this? Are you sure you didn't make a mistake?"

"Yes." The bodyguard answered, "Mr. Abel is waiting inside. Please, come in, Ms. Evelyn."

"Creak." The iron door opened before Evelyn.

An orange light shone. Evelyn scanned around, and she realized that it was indeed a storage room.

There was a table in the middle of the storage room.

The steaming hot seafood was served on the table with red wine, filling the place with an appetizing aroma.

Abel sat behind the table in a white shirt. He leisurely poured himself a glass of wine.

The elegant man exuded an alluring charm in the orange-hued light.

"Mr. Abel?"

Evelyn was stunned. She was confused about why Abel treated her to dinner here.

"What are you waiting for?" Abel narrowed his eyes under the orange light, "Do I have to invite you in personally?"

Evelyn was puzzled, but she walked into the room, asking, "Mr. Abel, why are you inviting me to dinner at this place?"

"It's quiet here, free from disturbances." Abel smiled, "I like this kind of environment."

Evelyn was uneasy about what might happen next.

Although Abel put on a charming smile, it made Evelyn feel like he was hard to read. The smile even gave off a hint of hostility.

"Have a seat." Abel said gently, "Do you need to be polite to me?"

Evelyn did not know what to say.

Those words made Evelyn feel intrigued.

Am I misunderstanding Abel?

Abel doesn't seem to have suspected me of anything.

Evelyn walked over slowly, and she sat opposite Abel.

Abel poured Evelyn a glass of red wine.

"Mr. Abel." Evelyn asked, "Why did you invite me here? Do you need me for anything?"

"Yes." Abel continued, "I want to tell Ms. Evelyn about the story that happened in this storage room."

"Story?" Evelyn raised her head, and she looked around the storage room.

"Could there be a story in this ordinary storage room dedicated to liquor and miscellaneous items?"

"Of course, there is a story." Abel smiled faintly, "Would you like to hear it, Ms. Evelyn?"

Ms. Evelyn nodded, "I'm all ears."

"Once upon a time, there was a woman named Alana..."

Alana?

Evelyn shuddered.

She pretended to be calm, and she asked, "Alana? What a beautiful name. Is she someone you know, Mr. Abel?"

"Alana was cunning and vicious." Abel added, "Alana plotted against Emma and me multiple times. Alana was punished, but she refused to change her ways."

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Evelyn Exposing Her Secrets

Evelyn felt heavy-hearted.

Alana told Evelyn about her past with Abel and Emmeline.

Abel was most likely referring to that.

However, Evelyn had to pretend not to know Alana as she listened to Abel's narration.

"If killing someone isn't a legal offense, I would have killed her multiple times. Eventually, I couldn't take it anymore. Do you want to guess what happened next?"

"What happened next?"

Evelyn took a deep breath, and her face turned pale.

Later, Abel chopped off two of Alana's fingers.

Abel wanted to take away Alana's life, but Abel did not want to break the law.

A crippling chill crept upon Evelyn's back. Evelyn felt uneasy in her seat.

However, Evelyn gritted her teeth, and she suppressed her fear, trying to keep herself calm.

Abel looked at Evelyn, and he asked in a hostile tone, "Ms. Evelyn, why are you sweating? Is it hot in here?"

"Ah." Evelyn quickly answered, "It's a little hot and stuffy here."

"Really?" Abel smiled, "Ms. Evelyn, I think you have broken into a cold sweat."

"Cold sweat?" Evelyn laughed awkwardly, "Mr. Abel, you're quite humorous. Why would I break into a cold sweat? The storage room feels hot and stuffy. That's all."

"I see. Let me continue the story." Abel continued, "Ms. Evelyn, can you guess what happened to Ms. Alana?"

"How could I have guessed?" Evelyn laughed nervously. "Why don't you reveal the answer, Mr. Abel?"

"Alright." Abel nodded, "Ms. Evelyn, try the dishes. The seafood is not bad."

Evelyn wasn't in the mood for seafood.

However, Evelyn ate an oyster to cover up her panic.

"It's fresh. I like the taste."

"Great." Abel said, "Later, Alana was getting on my nerves. Right at this spot, I..."

"Here?" Evelyn stood up. A chill ran down her spine.

Two of Alana's fingers were chopped off here!

"What's wrong?" Abel said coldly, "Ms. Evelyn seems terrified."

"Here..." Evelyn's face turned pale. She continued what she had blurted out accidentally, "Did you kill Alana here, Mr. Abel?"

Abel spoke slowly, "I was thinking of killing Alana here. We're near the sea. It's easy to dispose of a person by throwing the body into the ocean to feed the sharks."

Evelyn was stunned.

Evelyn's face was ashen. She stood in front of the table with her legs trembling.

"However..." Abel said, "I'm a law-abiding businessman. I don't want to get my hands dirty unless it's necessary. I used this kitchen knife to chop off two of that woman's fingers on this table!"

After Abel finished his story, he put a rusty kitchen knife on the table.

"Ah!" Evelyn sat on the floor in shock, and she almost wet herself.

"Mr. Abel, what are you trying to do?"

"I hated it when people plot against me." Abel gritted his teeth, "Especially when the culprit is a woman!"

"Mr. Abel, there must be a misunderstanding. I didn't plot against you!"

“Really?”

Abel flipped the table, “I’m asking you. Did you team with Darell to kidnap Emma!?”

“Darell?” Evelyn was shocked.

Abel had already looked into Darell.

Did Darell rat me out?

That doesn’t make sense. Darell has never even met Alana or me.

Evelyn had utilized a voice changer in her conversation with Darell on the phone.

Darell had no idea who they were!

“Who’s Darell?” Evelyn asked, “I don’t know this person.”

“You’re quite stubborn.” Abel exclaimed angrily, “You have used Darell, taking advantage of Emma’s concern for Janie to kidnap Emma.”

“Mr. Abel.” Evelyn crawled on the ground. She said with teary eyes, “I have no idea about this. You’re accusing me wrongly!”

“It isn’t a false accusation.” Abel grunted coldly, “Unfortunately, I don’t have the evidence now!”

“Why do you suspect me when you don’t have any evidence?” Evelyn cried, “I’m heartbroken!”

“Do you think I have no way to deal with you because I don’t have the evidence?”

Abel furrowed his brow, “If you don’t want to end up like Alana, spit it out. Where’s Emma?”

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Knocking Herself Unconscious

“Mr. Abel, please,” implored Evelyn. “I never left the mansion. And I cut myself when I was cooking one time.”

“Stop lying or you’ll end up like Alana,” Abel hollered.

“Look.” Evelyn stretched her arm out. “Look at my wound here. I cut myself so I didn’t leave the mansion at all.”

“So?” Abel wasn’t interested in Evelyn’s wound. “You don’t need to leave the mansion to give instructions to Darrell.”

Evelyn shut up. The more she lied, the more likely she slipped up. She had to come up with another idea quickly.

“You don’t trust me, Mr. Abel?”

“I never trust you.”

“I did not harm Emmeline. I’ll prove my innocence with death if I must.”

“Enough!”

“Mr. Abel...”

“Come clean now!” With a loud thud, Abel planted the dagger into the table. Just as Evelyn smacked her forehead against the wall. Blood streamed down her face.

“I am innocent, Mr. Abel...”

After saying her piece, Evelyn passed out.

“What do we do now, sir?” asked Luca.

“Dammit. Check if she’s still breathing.”

Luca knelt and felt Evelyn’s nose. He then replied, “No, sir. She merely lost consciousness.”

“Send her to the hospital. She’s crazy.” Abel gritted his teeth.

“Was it her last-ditch effort? You almost made her confess,” commented Luca.

“It’s not over yet. Bring her to the hospital. She can’t die yet.”

“Yes, sir!”

After around ten minutes, Evelyn was admitted to a hospital. Since it was already dark, Abel decided to return to The Precipice, which felt quite empty without Kendra, Quincy, and Emmeline. Luca ordered some food for Abel but the latter didn’t have any appetite. Why would he be in the mood of eating? He was supposed to marry Emmeline tomorrow. But now, she was missing. For once in his lifetime, Abel felt like a failure. All of a sudden, Abel overheard the rumbling of a car engine outside his mansion.

Luca appeared. “Mr. Abel, Mr. Waylon and Mr. Benjamin are here.”

“Let them in.” Abel rubbed his temple. He felt tired.

“Yes, sir.”

Soon, Benjamin and Waylon entered The Precipice.

“Waylon, Benjamin.” Abel got up from the couch. With his loosened tie, Abel looked disheveled.

“How did the interrogation go?” asked Waylon.

“I was so close to getting the truth but she knocked herself out,” answered Abel.

“She knocked herself out? How?”

Abel then provided a summary of the event that transpired.

“She definitely has something to do with it. She had to harm herself to get out of the pickle,” remarked Benjamin.

“Nothing much we can do when she’s ready to sacrifice herself to cover the whole thing. If we do not relent, she might very well die,” added Waylon.

“No, she won’t die. Not until I find Emmeline,” said Abel.

“So? What’s next? Is there a way to make Evelyn confess?” asked Benjamin.

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Backfire

“I’ll pay her a visit in the hospital tomorrow. I’m sure I can get something from her,” said Abel.

“Okay.” Benjamin nodded.

“Have you eaten?” Abel asked Benjamin and Waylon.

“I don’t have the appetite,” answered Benjamin. Abel wasn’t the only one who didn’t feel like eating today.

“You are a guest here, Waylon. Luca just ordered some food from the Nimbus Hotel. Do you want to dig in?”

Waylon didn’t decline. He had skipped two meals already. In fact, he was just as worried as Abel and Benjamin here. After all, Waylon had looked after Emmeline for five years. For him, she was like a younger sister.

The next day, Abel arrived at the hospital ward very early. Evelyn had already woken up. A bandage covered her bruised forehead. She was lucky to slither out of the situation yesterday but she knew it wouldn’t end this soon. Abel would hammer her down with questions again. And so, she contacted several paparazzi, who were waiting in the ward adjacent.

When Evelyn saw Abel by the door, she gave a faint smile. “Mr. Abel, here to visit me?”

Abel didn’t want to answer the witch before him. He just wanted to find out where Emmeline was.

“You wouldn’t be here if I weren’t injured, would you?” Evelyn pouted.

“I don’t care about you,” uttered Abel sullenly. “Where is Emmeline? Come clean and I might spare you.”

“Mr. Abel, why won’t you trust me? I am willing to die to prove my innocence.” Evelyn wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes.

“Don’t play dumb here,” Abel sniggered. “I can’t think of anyone else who wants to harm Emma as much as you do.”

“Mr. Abel, it wasn’t me. I’m not that cunning.”

“I used to think that way too,” Abel chuckled. “Yes, you’re not cunning. But you’re evil.”

“Mr. Abel, you brought up a woman last night...”

“Alana?” Abel frowned.

“Yes. You didn’t tell me where she is.”

Truth be told, Abel had no idea where Alana was. Because he just couldn't care less. Evelyn knew her plan was working when she saw Abel deep in his thoughts. She knew throwing Alana under the bus would work. Alana couldn't protest because she was imprisoned.

"Alana had schemed against you repeatedly and you cut off two of her fingers. She must hate you and Emmeline a lot. If I'm evil, she's jealous."

Abel couldn't argue against that logic. Alana's jealousy knew no bounds.

Abel cleared his throat. "So you're telling me to go and look for Alana?"

"Yes."

"But how did she know about Janie and Darell?" inquired Abel.

"When there's a will, there's a way," answered Evelyn.

"But Alana wasn't smart enough to infiltrate Emma's inner circle."

"You'll never know."

Abel suddenly had a eureka moment. "Evelyn, thanks for the reminder. Everything makes sense if Alana and you are working together."

Evelyn was caught off-guard by Abel's surmise. Did her plan just backfire on her?

[Chapter 707](#)

Scumbag

"You have such a vivid imagination, Mr. Abel." Evelyn defended herself.

"Imagination?" Abel said coldly. "Alana was the woman who came to your rescue in the hotel, wasn't she? No wonder the silhouette on the security footage looks familiar."

"Mr. Abel!" screamed Evelyn. She didn't expect Abel to turn everything against her. "Do I really have to prove my innocence with my death?"

"What innocence? I won't stop you if you have a death wish. But before you die, tell me the truth. Where is Emma?"

"You force me to do this!" Evelyn tore off the tubes on her and ran her head straight against the wall. "I'd rather die than be framed!"

"You're not dying yet." Abel grabbed Evelyn.

Right then, the door flung open. The paparazzi in the adjacent ward stormed in. Evelyn then pretended to fall on the ground and hugged Abel's leg.

"Mr. Abel, why would you do this to me?"

The camera shutter noise filled the corridor. Some even began to stream it.

"Mr. Ryker, did you cancel your wedding with Miss Louise at the last minute because of Miss Murphy?"

“Mr. Ryker, did you have an affair with Miss Murphy?”

“Mr. Ryker, which woman are you marrying?”

“No photos!” Abel shoved Evelyn away, took one of the cameras pointed at him, and smashed it to the ground. “Leave. All of you, leave now!”

“Mr. Abel, why?” Evelyn grabbed Abel’s legs again. The paparazzi took a few photos and scrambled.

PIAK!

The force of the slap sent Evelyn tumbling to the floor. “You truly have a death wish, Evelyn.”

The slap stung like hell, but Evelyn was happy to take it.

“I am innocent, Mr. Abel...” Evelyn sobbed.

“Die!” Abel kicked Evelyn away. He then whipped out his phone. “Luca, the Ryker Group is terminating all partnerships with the Murphy family. Unless Paul gets on his knees and begs me, let them die.”

“Yes, sir.” Luca was just downstairs. He executed the order immediately.

Evelynn couldn’t believe what she heard. She wasn’t planning to drag her family into this. There was no way her father would forgive her now.

“Mr. Abel!” She clung to Abel’s legs again.

“Shoo!” Abel kicked her away.

“Don’t drag my family into this. They have nothing to do with it.”

“You deserve it,” uttered Abel vehemently. “I can’t wait to see the day you’re disowned.”

No, Evelyn couldn’t let that happen. She would lose everything.

When Abel returned to The Precipice, the photos the paparazzi took already appeared on the headline. Everyone was already speculating wildly when Abel canceled the wedding ceremony out of the blue. The photos only added fuel.

“Wait. Abel Ryker and Evelyn Murphy are dating?”

“So that’s why Abel Ryker canceled the wedding.”

“I feel bad for Emmeline.”

“What a plot twist!”

Just like that, Abel became a trending topic. As he read the comments, his murderous intent snowballed. If only it wasn’t illegal to kill a scum!

[Chapter 708](#)

Confrontation

“Mr. Abel. Your parents are here.” Luca rushed to the living room.

"What for?" Abel got up from the couch.

"They don't look very happy. Perhaps it is due to the news?" replied Luca. Before Abel could say anything, Lewis and Rosaline barged in.

"Dad, Mom," greeted Abel with a shaky voice.

"We don't have a son like you."

"Is it because of the news?" Abel frowned. "You know those paparazzi. Don't trust whatever they write."

"If there was nothing between Evelyn and you, why would you two be caught in that compromising position?" asked Lewis.

It was difficult to explain to Lewis that everything was planned by Evelyn.

"No wonder you canceled the wedding. Emma ran away, didn't she? Because you cheated on her!" Rosaline's body was trembling when she said that.

Abel didn't know what to say. He didn't want to involve his parents.

"Abel Ryker," said Lewis harshly. "This is about the family's image. Give me a solution now."

"I can ask the media outlets to remove those photos. I am innocent anyway. I fear no one," argued Abel.

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“Mom, am I a cheater to you? Haven’t you seen how I treat the triplets?”

“You’re young. Who knows? You might think with your lower half,” commented Lewis.

“Dad, I wouldn’t be thinking about settling down now if it wasn’t for Emma. Why would I cheat on her? Do you think I’m a playboy like Adrien?”

“So there is nothing between Evelyn and you?”

“Nothing at all.”

“What about Emma? You said she got into an accident. What kind of accident?” inquired Rosaline.

At this point, it was useless to hide further. Abel decided to come clean.

“Emma was kidnapped. And I...” A hint of sadness crept into Abel’s eyes. “And I still haven’t found her.

Upon hearing the news, Rosaline slumped on the sofa and Lewis began to stagger.

“Calm down, Dad. Mind your blood pressure.” Abel went to steady his father.

“Who is the kidnapper? Do you have any leads?” asked Lewis.

“None so far,” replied Abel. “I think Evelyn has something to do with it. That’s why I went to confront her. And that’s how the paparazzi got the photos.”

“Evelyn? From the Murphy family? Why would she do this?” said Lewis in disbelief.

“Because she is into Abel,” answered Rosaline.

“Oh, no. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,” Lewis added.

“Is Evelyn going to harm Emma?” Rosaline grew uneasy.

“No, not for the moment. But I’ll keep on looking.” Abel wasn’t sure if he would succeed, but he could never say that out loud to his parents.

“Please make sure nothing happens to Emma. She is the mother of my grandchildren!”

“Abel.” Lewis patted his son’s shoulder. “Let me know if you need my help.”

“Thanks, Dad, Mom.”

“We’ll head back then.” Lewis put his hand on his forehead. “I’m feeling a bit dizzy. I need to rest.”

“Ask the family doctor to monitor your blood pressure too. Let me see you out,” said Abel.

After Abel’s parents left, Luca came with another piece of bad news. “Mr. Abel, the Louises are here too...”

[Chapter 709](#)

The Thirsty Alondra

Not his in-laws too. Was it because of the news again?

"Abel?" Ethan barged in. Alondra and Maxwell were behind him. They all looked at Abel. "What is happening?"

"That's right," said Alondra in a shrill voice. "Did you cancel your wedding with Emmeline for that girl?"

"Mr. Ryker," said Maxwell solemnly. "You are disrespecting us here."

"Maxwell, there have been some technical issues. We are postponing the wedding. We are not canceling it," explained Abel.

"Did you cheat on Emmeline with that girl?" Alondra cut to the chase.

"What?"

"You need to tell us everything, Abel." Alondra pressed on. "It's not right for you to lie to Emmeline like that."

"Emmeline is my only sister and I will not let anyone take advantage of her," said Ethan with a threatening tone.

"Please believe me, Ethan. I put Emma before me. Why would I cheat on her?" Not his in-laws too. Was it because of the news again?

"Abel?" Ethan barged in. Alondra and Maxwell were behind him. They all looked at Abel. "What is happening?"

"That's right," said Alondra in a shrill voice. "Did you cancel your wedding with Emmeline for that girl?"

"Mr. Ryker," said Maxwell solemnly. "You are disrespecting us here."

"Maxwell, there have been some technical issues. We are postponing the wedding. We are not canceling it," explained Abel.

"Did you cheat on Emmeline with that girl?" Alondra cut to the chase.

"What?"

"You need to tell us everything, Abel." Alondra pressed on. "It's not right for you to lie to Emmeline like that."

"Emmeline is my only sister and I will not let anyone take advantage of her," said Ethan with a threatening tone.

"Please believe me, Ethan. I put Emma before me. Why would I cheat on her?"

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"Abel, I don't care about your mistress. Where is Emma?" asked Maxwell.

Abel chose honesty. "She was kidnapped. I failed to protect her."

“Kid... Kidnapped? By who?” Ethan exclaimed.

“Abel, how did that happen?” asked Maxwell anxiously.

“Did you get rid of Emma because she got in the way and you and your mistress?” Alondra was here to stoke the fire.

“Alondra, I don’t need that accusation now.” Abel tried his best to sound polite.

“You know what they say, it’s always the husband.”

Abel understood how that saying came into being. But he wasn’t someone who would murder his fiancé.

“I don’t care. You owe us an answer, Abel.” Alondra began to make a scene.

Emmeline once warned Abel that her stepmother, Alondra, was like the typical villainous stepmother one found in a Disney movie. It seemed like she was quite spot on.

“What explanation do you want?” Another voice appeared by the doorway. It was Waylon’s. As everyone turned around, Alondra saw two handsome men. The sight of their masculine presence stirred something deep within her. Subconsciously, Alondra approached the two men.

“Alondra! Behave!” Maxwell stopped his wife.

“Oh!” Alondra finally woke up. But her eyes were still glued to Waylon. Waylon felt like he was being violated.

“Waylon, Benjamin.” Abel greeted his friends.

“Mr. Benjamin, you’re here too.” Maxwell extended the same courtesy.

“Yes.” Benjamin nodded.

“Are you here to find out the truth for Emmeline too?” asked Ethan.

[Chapter 710](#)

Immeasurable Dowry

“You got the wrong idea. Abel didn’t harm Emmeline at all. In fact, after she was kidnapped, Abel took the brunt of it. We’re all looking for her now,” explained Benjamin.

“Mr. Benjamin, you took Abel’s side too?” Alondra protested.

“The side I took is Emmeline’s,” Benjamin answered.

“No!” Alondra forced her eyes to turn misty. “Emmeline disappeared. Abel owes us an answer.”

“I will find Emmeline. Don’t worry,” said Abel in a husky voice.

“I do not want an empty promise.”

“Alondra!” Maxwell pulled his wife to his side. “Stop making a fuss already. We have enough on our plate.”

“What do you mean I’m making a fuss? Both of us raised Emma. We can’t just let her disappear like that. Oh, my Emma...” Alondra began to sob.

“Fine. If we can’t find Emma, I’ll give you her dowry. For free,” said Waylon.

Alondra’s attitude underwent a drastic change. “Hi, Mr. Waylon. You already prepared the dowry for Emma? May I know what it entails?”

Waylon smiled. “You can have a look at the dowry list. Let me know if you want me to change anything.”
“You got the wrong idee. Abel didn’t herm Emmeline et ell. In fect, efter she wes kidnepped, Abel took the brunt of it. We’re ell looking for her now,” explained Benjemin.

“Mr. Benjemin, you took Abel’s side too?” Alondre protested.

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“Whet do you meen I’m meking e fuss? Both of us reised Emme. We cen’t just let her diseppeer like thet. Oh, my Emme...” Alondre began to sob.

“Fine. If we cen’t find Emme, I’ll give you her dowry. For free,” seid Weylon.

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Weylon smiled. “You cen heve e look et the dowry list. Let me know if you went me to chenge anything.”

“A dowry list? Show me. Show me!” said Alondra earnestly.

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“Auntie Alondra, you said you wouldn’t care about Emmeline’s dowry. Why are you so interested in it all of a sudden?” Ethan chimed in.

“What? I didn’t say that.” Alondra pouted. “I’m... I’m just trying to protect Emmeline’s interest.”

“Ben,” Waylon turned to Benjamin. “Fetch me the dowry list from the car.”

“Yes, sir.” Benjamin left the room.

Ethan, Maxwell, and Alondra couldn’t believe what they just saw. Benjamin, the CEO of Addelmar Group, acted like a personal assistant to Waylon. Just how much of a big shot Waylon was?

“Mr. Waylon,” Alondra cozied up to Waylon again. “Which family are you from? Are you royalty or something? Because you just bossed Benjamin around like that.”

“It’s none of your business. You just need to know that I’m here to deliver Emmeline’s dowry. As her immediate family.” Waylon continued to speak with a smiling face.

“Immediate family?” Alondra laughed. “So Emma is royalty too? Emma is my stepdaughter. Which means I’m also somehow related to the royal family? Wow!”

“Sir.” Benjamin passed a document to Waylon.

Waylon then gave it to Ethan. “Show it to your stepmother. Will this shut her up?”

Ethan merely took a look at the first few items and he already felt overwhelmed. It felt too good to be true so he steeled himself and took another look. However, Alondra snatched the document from Ethan’s hands.

“Let me see!”

As she went through the document, she screamed.

“What’s the matter?” Maxwell tended to his wife, who was clutching the document near her chest.

“Is it true, Mr. Waylon? If we can’t find Emmeline, you’ll give me her dowry?”

“Yes.” Waylon nodded.

“Oh!” Alondra’s voice grew weak as she fainted.

“Alondra!” Maxwell helped Alondra to the couch to lie down. “What an embarrassment. I’m sorry you have to witness this.”

It took a few taps to rouse Alondra, who refused to let go of the list even when she was unconscious.

“Am I dreaming?” asked Alondra. “Pinch me, Maxwell.”