

Are Mine 991

[Chapter 991 I Don't Want To See Her Again](#)

The three of them turned around and were greeted by the sight of Benjamin walking out of the elevator.

His blazer was slung over his arm. He was not wearing a tie and his black shirt was unbuttoned at the neck.

"Mr. Benjamin!" cried Sonia as she threw herself towards Benjamin.

Benjamin scowled and took a step to the side, causing Sonia to stumble forward.

She did not give up and threw herself forward again and wrapped her arms around him tightly.

"I'm sorry for causing you to get hurt, Mr. Benjamin. Are you in pain? I was worried to death!"

Janie just stood beside the secretary's desk. She was stunned by the scene in front of her.

Even though Benjamin shoved Sonia away, Janie still felt like her heart was broken.

Joey just stared at Sonia and wondered if the woman was mad.

Benjamin walked over to Janie and asked, "Why are you here, Janie?"

"..."

Janie pursed her lips and replied coolly, "I came over to deliver you your lunch, but it seems like you don't need it anymore, right? The woman you saved is here to ask you out for lunch."

Benjamin was silent.

Before he could say anything, Sonia interrupted him, "Mr. Benjamin won't eat your lunch. He'll eat with me, so take your lunch and leave!"

"You...!"

The rage in Janie welled up again and she raised her hand to slap Sonia.

"Enough!" said Benjamin as he grabbed her wrist. He was fuming.

"Stop causing a scene here! It's annoying!"

"...."

"See? Mr. Benjamin is talking about you!" quipped Sonia with a satisfied smile.

With a hoarse voice, Janie asked, "What is the meaning of this, Benjamin? Do you feel bad that I slapped her?"

"I said, enough! Enough drama for today!" said Benjamin with a raised voice. He was slowly losing his temper.

"..."

Janie nodded and said, "Okay, I understand!"

She took her thermoses and quickly entered the elevator to leave.

Sonia cried out excitedly, "So you do really favor me, Mr. Benjamin!"

"I just don't want anyone to cause a scene in my office!" replied Benjamin coldly.

He then barked an order to Eric, "Get this woman out of her, I don't want to see her again!"

"Yes, sir!" replied Eric as he nodded.

The two bodyguards behind Eric immediately grabbed Sonia by the arms and dragged her into the elevator.

Sonia was terrified and yelled, "You saved my life! How can you do this to me, Mr. Benjamin?"

Her cries were left unheeded as Benjamin walked into his office and closed the door without looking back.

Benjamin sat on his chair and closed his eyes. He felt more at peace after a few minutes.

After a while, he looked at his watch. It was already noon and he had not had lunch. He was feeling hungry.

Usually, he would either eat the lunch brought by Janie, or he would go to the office cafeteria to grab a bit, but he drove Janie away earlier, so naturally, there was no lunch waiting for him.

He considered going to the cafeteria, but the thought of cafeteria food did not sound appetizing for him right now.

Benjamin picked up his coat and left his office. He drove back to Glenbrook.

As he entered the villa and took off his shoes, he suddenly noticed something was off.

After pondering for a bit, he finally realized what was off. He did not see Janie's shoes at the entrance.

The pair of yellow cartoon slippers that she usually wears around the villa were neatly arranged at the entrance with the other shoes instead.

Yvonne came over and took his coat from him.

Benjamin took the chance to ask her, "Janie isn't back yet?"

"Ms. Janie just left, Mr. Benjamin." replied Yvonne.

Benjamin was taken aback.

"... where did she go?"

"Ms. Janie went back to her apartment. She also told me to tell you that she has recovered and she wanted to thank you for taking care of her."

"What nonsense!"

Benjamin tugged at the collar of his shirt in frustration as he walked in.

After going upstairs to his bedroom, he took out his phone and dialed Janie's number.

The phone rang three times before Janie picked it up. She nonchalantly said, "Hello, Mr. Benjamin."

"Why did you leave so suddenly?" asked Benjamin, displeased.

[Chapter 992 You Should Have Identified the Body](#)

"I have already fully recovered," Janie said, "How would I look if I continued staying at your place?"

"Why does it matter?" Benjamin frowned and asked.

"Of course it matters," Janie replied, "Today, the woman you saved asked me who I am to you, and I couldn't come up with an answer. Benjamin, who am I to you? Why am I living with you?"

Benjamin was at a loss for words.

Indeed, what kind of person was Janie to him?

His girlfriend?

Family?

Whichever it was, he had never defined their relationship.

"So Mr. Benjamin," Janie continued, "Now that I have recovered, there's no reason for me to continue living with you. Whatever it is, I do not wish to be the subject of ill gossip. Nonetheless, thank you for taking care of me during this time."

"Janie," Benjamin felt a lump in his throat, not wanting to explain himself. Still, he said, "That woman today, Ysabel. It's not what you think."

"You misunderstand me," Janie said, "I am not assuming anything. Whatever happens between you and her, or any other woman for that matter, it's your business. I'm not anyone to you, nor do I have the right to make any assumptions."

Benjamin remained silent.

"I'm sorry," Janie said, "I just came back and I need to clean my apartment. I'm going to hang up. Goodbye."

Beep beep. She ended the call.

Bang! Benjamin threw his phone on the coffee table.

He threw himself into his bed, stretching his limbs wearily.

However, he felt a pain on the back of his head.

The impact wasn't severe and he had been given anesthesia as well as some stitches.

But now that the anesthesia had worn off, the wound was throbbing with pain.

"Damn it!" He exclaimed as he thought of that crazy woman, Ysabel. It was really infuriating.

And at this moment, Jonathan called again.

Benjamin saw his name and threw the phone on the sofa.

However, Jonathan was persistent and called three times in a row.

On the third call, Benjamin impatiently answered.

Immediately, Jonathan's voice came from the other end, "Mr. Benjamin, you saved my daughter?"

"Originally, you should be identifying her body right now," Benjamin said coldly.

"I can only blame my own carelessness. I have troubled you, Mr. Benjamin," Jonathan said.

"I'll allow it this one time only," Benjamin's face turned gloomy, "Don't let her come to the Adelmars Group again!"

"I will keep that in mind, but Mr. Benjamin, when will you let go of the Hemmings Group? Or what conditions do you have?" Jonathan asked tentatively.

Benjamin remained silent. When was he supposed to let go of the Hemmings Group? He had to admit, he didn't think about that at all.

"Mr. Benjamin," Jonathan asked cautiously, "Should I have my daughter..."

Before he could finish, Benjamin shouted angrily, "Get lost!"

Frightened, Jonathan hurriedly hung up the phone.

With Janie not in the villa, Benjamin suddenly felt a sense of desolation around him.

The wound on the back of his head throbbed, adding to his annoyance.

Yvonne knocked on his door to call him downstairs for lunch, but he refused.

He then closed the door and fell asleep with a heavy heart.

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Emmeline had been busy with Nightfall the whole day and didn't see Janie come over.

She remembered that Janie said she would come again today.

Did she exhaust herself yesterday?

Emmeline was worried, so she called her.

Janie quickly answered the phone with a crisp voice, "Emma?"

"Janie, are you okay?" Emmeline asked.

"I'm fine," Janie replied with a faint smile, "I'm just cleaning up."

"Cleaning up?" Emmeline frowned, "Doesn't Glenbrook have cleaners?"

After a brief pause, Janie replied, "I'm not at Glenbrook."

"Then..." Emmeline quickly thought of a possibility and asked, "Did you go back to your own apartment?"

"Yes," Janie said, "I haven't been back for a long time, so it's all dusty."

"Why did you suddenly leave Glenbrook?" Emmeline questioned, "Weren't you living there just fine?"

"Well, what's the point of me living there?" Janie said, "It made such bad optics. Besides, I've already recovered."

Emmeline thought for a moment, and realized Janie had a point.

When Janie hadn't fully recovered, it made sense for her to temporarily stay there as a friend and receive care.

But now that she had recovered, it was indeed awkward for her to continue to stay there without any clear identity.

"I'll send a cleaner to help you clean up," Emmeline said, "How can you manage alone?"

[Chapter 993 What a Coincidence](#)

"I'm almost done," Janie said. "The apartment isn't very big to begin with. There's no need to call a cleaning service."

"Well, I'll come over and see you then," Emmeline said. "You haven't had lunch yet, right? I'll help you cook."

"I've already eaten," Janie glanced at the thermal flask behind her.

Originally, she had prepared lunch for Benjamin, but she had brought it over in a fit of anger.

Besides, since that woman who regarded him as her hero wanted to treat him to lunch, there was no need for the food she made anymore, so she ate it herself.

"Alright then," Emmeline said. "Wait for me, I'll be there in half an hour."

Janie couldn't refuse her, so she agreed.

Emmeline gave a few instructions to Sam and Doris, grabbed two cups of coffee and packed some snacks, then rode off on her motorcycle.

By the time she got to Janie's apartment, the latter was still in the middle of cleaning.

However, she was wrapping things up.

Emmeline lent a hand, and the two of them finished the work in a little over an hour. They then sat on the sofa and drank coffee.

Janie's complexion didn't look too good, her eyes lacking luster.

Emmeline tilted her head and asked, "Janie, did you have a fight with Benjamin?"

Janie paused for a moment, before taking a sip of coffee and smiling lightly, "No."

"But you left so suddenly," Emmeline said. "Even if you felt it was inappropriate, you wouldn't have moved out so abruptly. I never heard you mention it before."

"Emma," Janie asked, "What do you think of my relationship with Benjamin?"

Emmeline was taken aback, not knowing what to say as she held her coffee cup.

Indeed, it was difficult to answer Janie's question.

"Right?" Janie gave a bitter smile. "It's awkward between us. Ever since the beginning, Benjamin never acknowledged us as boyfriend and girlfriend. So, how else do you expect me to continue staying under the same roof with him?"

"Ben probably does consider you his girlfriend," Emmeline held Janie's hand. "He just didn't make it clear to you."

"That's because he himself isn't sure," Janie said. "He said before that he wanted me to give him a chance, and I agreed. But afterwards, he still treated me coldly. I don't know what he's thinking."

"Ben just isn't the type to warm up to people so quickly," Emmeline said. "You have to give him time."

"Then I'll just wait for him to fall in love with me to be together," Janie met Emmeline's gaze with her bright eyes and smiled wryly, "It makes me sad to see how unclear things are with our relationship."

"I understand," Emmeline patted her hand. "I support you. It can't just be you putting in the effort between you and Ben. He has to work for it too."

"Thank you for being so understanding," Janie's eyes were a little red. "Now that I left Glenbrook, I suddenly feel relieved. I'm really tired of just being by his side and not having my feelings reciprocated."

"Let's not talk about that," Emmeline said. "Let's have dinner at your place. Shall I give you a little housewarming for your old home?"

"I'd love to," Janie smiled. "But would Mr. Abel agree to it?"

"Would he dare to disagree?" Emmeline laughed.

"I see that the wife has the final say in the Ryker household too," Janie chuckled. "There's a supermarket downstairs. Let's go down and buy groceries."

A few minutes later, the two arrived at the supermarket and headed straight to the fresh produce section.

"Ms. Janie? Ms. Emmeline?"

Suddenly, a tender and gentle female voice came from behind.

Both Emmeline and Janie turned around and were surprised to see Erin not far away.

She was wearing a sandy green dress, her hair flowing loosely. Edmond was by her side, pushing a shopping cart.

Emmeline didn't say anything, so Janie spoke first, "Erin, what a coincidence to run into you here."

"I live in this neighborhood," Erin glanced at Edmond beside her. "Mr. Edmond helped me rent a place here."

"Ms. Emmeline!" Edmond also greeted Emmeline, but he was not familiar with Janie, so he simply nodded politely.

Both Emmeline and Janie smiled lightly in response. Emmeline replied, "Mr. Edmond."

"What a small world," Edmond said. "I didn't expect to encounter Ms. Emmeline at the neighborhood supermarket."

"I'm visiting my friend Janie's place," Emmeline smiled.

"So Ms. Janie also lives here," Erin said, "What a coincidence."

"My apartment is upstairs," Janie smiled lightly. "You're welcome to visit whenever you're free."

"We'll definitely visit some other time," Erin smiled. "We won't disturb you today."

Just as they were about to pass by each other, Edmond suddenly stopped and said, "Ms. Emmeline."

After a pause, Emmeline stopped and turned back, asking, "Do you need something, Mr. Edmond?"

[Chapter 994 Suspect One's Rescuers](#)

"Well," Edmond pondered for a moment before asking, "'Is Mr. Abel able to get in touch with the Wonder Doctor for me?"

Emmeline was slightly taken aback, not expecting him to bring up this topic.

Abel had told her about it, but they both vetoed the idea.

This meant that Abel hadn't had a chance to talk to Edmond about it yet.

"I'll ask him for you later," Emmeline replied.

"Ms. Emmeline," Edmond pleaded, "Please, I implore you to ask Mr. Abel to help me put in a favor with the Wonder Doctor. As long as you're willing to help, there's a high chance that they will accept the request."

"It's not convenient for me to intervene in these matters," Emmeline smiled lightly. "I can only pass along a message."

"Please, I beg you, Ms. Emmeline," Edmond's eyes were earnest. "As long as you say a word to Mr. Abel, he will definitely do his best to reach out to the Wonder Doctor."

"Abel and the Wonder Doctor are not very familiar," Emmeline said. "They have only communicated through phone calls."

"I believe in the weight of Mr. Abel's words," Edmond said. "As long as the message comes from him, the Wonder Doctor will definitely agree."

Emmeline hesitated for a moment.

"Ms. Emmeline," Edmond took out his phone, "Please, would you mind seeing how Flynn looks now?"

Flynn's current appearance?

Emmeline was curious and nodded.

"Mr. Edmond, let it go," Erin pulled his arm. "I'm sure Ms. Emmeline is busy."

"But I have to save my brother," Edmond said. "I can't miss any opportunity."

He quickly swiped the screen of his phone and opened a video clip.

Emmeline only glanced at the video, but it didn't take long for her eyebrows to furrow.

In the video, Flynn was sitting in a wheelchair. His head was drooping and he had a blank expression, with drool trailing down the corners of his mouth.

"How did he end up like this?" Emmeline said with a touch of sadness, feeling a pang in her heart.

Although she wasn't familiar with Flynn, she had a good impression of him.

In her impression, the young man had a good heart and was full of vitality, giving him a much more cheerful-looking disposition than Edmond.

"We're not sure what caused my younger brother to become like this," Edmond furrowed his brow.

"That's why I want to cure him and hear the truth from him personally."

As soon as these words came out, Erin trembled slightly, her face turning pale.

"Wasn't Flynn in the hands of the club owner at the time?" Emmeline frowned. "You're close with him too. Why not just ask him?"

"I did ask," Edmond said, "but he said he didn't know what happened to Flynn."

"Evelyn and the club owner are the prime suspects!" Emmeline said coldly. "Who would you suspect if not them?"

She knew that it was Abel, Benjamin, and Waylon who had rescued Flynn.

She was in disbelief that Edmond would go so far as to suspect the same people who rescued his brother in the first place.

"That's not what I'm thinking," Edmond said, "I just want Flynn to get better and hear the truth in his own words."

Emmeline paused for a bit, then nodded. With a deep gaze, she said, "I'll put in a word with Abel later on. Wait for my word."

"That would be great. Thank you, Ms. Emmeline!" Edmond was overjoyed.

Erin, on the other hand, had a gloomy face, with beads of sweat forming on her forehead.

After buying some vegetables, meat and seafood, Emmeline and Janie returned to the apartment.

They had just sat down to start preparing the vegetables when Janie's phone rang.

She had a feeling that the call must be from Benjamin.

She picked up the phone and as expected, it was him.

Janie hesitated whether to answer or not.

Upon hearing the ringing, Emmeline also turned to look, immediately realizing it was Benjamin calling.

"Janie, answer it. Why aren't you picking up the phone?" Emmeline said.

Janie reluctantly swiped to answer, hearing Benjamin's deep and pleasant voice in her ear.

"I bought some ingredients. Can I come over and have a meal with you?"

"Are you playing both sides?" Janie replied with a counter-question.

"What do you mean?" Benjamin was taken aback on the other end.

"Your admirer," Janie said, "Aren't you going to invite her for dinner?"

"...Give it a rest!" Benjamin hung up the phone without hesitation.

Beep beep beep~ The busy tone came from the phone, causing Janie's eyes to turn red.

"Janie," Emmeline asked, "What's going on between you and Ben?"

Janie pursed her lips and shook her head.

"Don't tell me you guys actually fought?" Emmeline was about to grab her phone. "I'll ask him to come over and apologize to you."

[Chapter 995 Is It Wrong to Love Benjamin?](#)

"No, don't!" Janie grabbed Emmeline's hand. "He doesn't care about me, so an apology won't make a difference."

"If it were before, I would believe you if you said that," Emmeline said, "But now Ben clearly has you in his heart, otherwise why would he want to come and find you?"

"He's just feeling guilty," Janie said, picking vegetables with her head down. "He always feels indebted to me, so even if he does come over, his intentions are not what you think."

"I can't believe that!" Emmeline said. "I'll call him and ask him myself!"

"Emma," Janie felt a bit anxious, "I don't want to see him. Please don't call him."

Emmeline stopped and looked at her, feeling a pang in her heart, "Janie, are you thinking of giving up?"

Janie didn't answer.

"Janie, Ben is a good person. He really is. It would be a pity to give up on him."

"I'm not saying he's not good, but..."

Janie lowered her gaze and said in a bitter voice, "I just feel powerless. I'm making efforts alone, but it all feels very pointless. None of my feelings get reciprocated, and it's very frustrating."

Emmeline fell silent. She didn't know what to say.

Just as she was feeling frustrated, her phone rang. She glanced at it and saw that the caller was Abel.

Janie looked at her and said, "You haven't told Mr. Abel of your whereabouts yet. Quickly let him know so he won't worry."

Emmeline picked up the phone and answered the call.

On the other end, Abel's soothing deep voice immediately came through, "Babe, why aren't you at Nightfall?"

"I was just about to tell you, I'm at Janie's apartment," Emmeline replied. "She just moved back, so I helped her clean up."

"Do you need housekeeping to go over?" Abel said. "I will inform the staff at the Precipice right away."

"No need," Emmeline said, "We've already finished cleaning up and right now we're preparing dinner. I want to stay here and eat with Janie."

"...Alright then," Abel said, "I'll come pick you up later."

"I'm riding a motorcycle, so you don't need to pick me up."

Emmeline replied softly. She could sense that he was disappointed that she wasn't going back for dinner.

"The roads are hard to see at night," Abel said. "Leave the motorcycle to the bodyguards. I'll come pick you up."

"Alright," Emmeline couldn't bear to refuse him, so she agreed, and added, "Make sure you eat well, okay?"

"Okay!" On the other end, Abel still sounded reluctant, but Emmeline had already ended the call.

When facing someone who was feeling down, it was best not to mention happy things. Emmeline did not want to make Janie feel uncomfortable in comparison.

"I see that Mr. Abel isn't too pleased about eating alone," Janie said with a faint smile.

"That's the human male for you," Emmeline winked at her, "You shouldn't feel sorry for him even if he's upset. Give him some space, and he'll become even more attached to you."

Janie didn't respond to the remark.

The two women worked while chatting away.

By the time their little feast was ready, it was already pitch black outside.

Janie was feeling down, so she opened a bottle of red wine.

Emmeline accompanied her and had two glasses.

She already had a low alcohol tolerance to begin with, and with the strong kick of the red wine, she started feeling dizzy after two glasses.

After finishing the meal, both Emmeline and Janie had flushed faces.

For Janie, not just her face, but her eyes were also red.

She hugged Emmeline and sobbed softly, "Emma, was it really a mistake to fall in love with Benjamin? But why do I still love him so much?"

"Emma, do you know how much it hurts? Whenever Benjamin shows me a little tenderness, I become so happy that I lose my bearings. Emma, do you think I'm not putting myself first enough?"

"Today, he even shouted at me for the sake of an unrelated woman. Am I really so undeserving to him?"

"Emma, can you tell me what I am to Benjamin? What kind of relationship do we have? Maybe it isn't going to work out and I should leave him. It's hard to feel like your love is one-sided. I'm really tired, and I'm sick of feeling this way..."

"Janie," Emmeline held her and wiped her tears, "Ben won't just leave you hanging. He's just slow to warm up to you. Just take things slow. I believe you two will be fine..."

"Take it slow?" Janie smiled bitterly with tears in her eyes. "I can't wait anymore, and I don't want to."

Janie leaned on Emmeline's shoulder and cried, her voice getting softer and softer. Eventually, she fell asleep like that.

Emmeline carefully helped her to bed and covered her with a blanket.

She turned off the light and sent a message to Abel: "Babe, I've had some drinks. Weren't you coming to pick me up?"

[Chapter 996 Be a Good Girl and Wait Until We're Home](#)

Abel immediately replied: "I've been waiting downstairs this whole time, silly."

Emmeline felt a warmth in her heart as she replied: "Okay, I'll be right down."

Abel typed: "Just wait by the entrance. I'll come up to get you."

Emmeline: "Okay, love you."

Emmeline saw the way Janie loved Benjamin so painfully and selflessly, yet received so little in return.

This made her feel that Abel was truly her knight in shining armor.

After putting on her coat and picking up her bag, Emmeline opened the door to the master bedroom to take one last look at Janie.

She was sleeping deeply, looking quiet and alone.

Once Emmeline closed the bedroom door and left, she would be the only one left in the spacious apartment.

Emmeline started to sniffle and her eyes became red.

Oh Ben, why can't you just love Janie properly?

She feels so lonely and helpless. It breaks my heart to see her like this...

After locking the door from the inside, Emmeline left the apartment.

With a "click," the door automatically locked behind her.

The elevator door in front of her opened, and Abel happened to step out.

"Babe!" Emmeline rushed into his arms as if she had reunited with a long-lost relative.

Abel was startled. In the time it took her to have a meal, it seemed like they had experienced a life-and-death separation.

As he hugged her back, he finally realized what was going on.

His beloved wife had been drinking!

He was positive that she was intoxicated from the alcohol!

However, the way she jumped into his embrace so wholeheartedly after drinking alcohol made his heart weak and knees go limp.

Feeling the boundless wave of love from Emmeline, Abel's heart was overwhelmed with emotion.

"Babe, I'm so lucky to have you," Emmeline hugged him by the neck, her eyes glistening. "I'm so glad you love me."

"What happened?" Abel held her tightly. "Why do you look like you just had a harrowing experience?"

Emmeline didn't speak. She sniffled a little, then cupped Abel's face, tiptoed, and sealed his lips with hers.

"Mmm," Abel wanted to tell her that someone might come and see them.

But Emmeline paid no attention and passionately entangled her tongue with his.

Abel had no choice but to hold her tightly, responding affectionately.

The neighboring apartment door opened, and a young woman came out carrying a garbage bag.

Seeing the scene before her, the woman sighed softly and retreated back inside.

While passionately kissing Emmeline, Abel pressed the elevator button behind him.

The two entwined as they entered the elevator.

Abel wanted to mention that there might be surveillance cameras in the elevator, and the security guard might be watching them right now.

But Emmeline completely disregarded all of that. She only wanted to cling to him, hugging him by the neck and kissing him passionately.

Abel ultimately decided to ignore it as well and responded to her in kind.

Screw it, just let the security guard in the monitoring room have a good look!

Their passionate kiss continued all the way down a dozen floors until the first. At the end, Emmeline was still immersed in the kiss.

Abel held the back of her head with his hand as he fervently kissed her back.

The elevator doors opened, and several people outside wanted to get in.

But upon seeing the situation inside, they froze in place, their feet stopping in mid-motion. Before they could enter, Abel pressed the button for the elevator to go up.

The onlookers watched helplessly as the elevator doors slowly closed, and the passionate couple disappeared from sight.

Only then did they come back to their senses, feeling unsatisfied.

Abel pressed the button to go two floors up. Soon, the elevator doors opened again.

This time, no one was outside. He picked up Emmeline and stepped out.

Emmeline clung to his neck and whimpered in his arms, "I want..."

Abel was a little out of breath as he said, "Let's go home..."

"Can't we...?" Emmeline refused to give in.

"Be a good girl and wait until we get home..." Abel couldn't resist anymore either.

The woman in his arms was like a soft bundle of fire, making him feel hot and restless.

Carrying the intoxicated Emmeline, the two of them finally got to the Rolls-Royce. Luca quickly opened the car door.

Abel placed Emmeline in the back seat and bent down to sit beside her.

The car door was then closed and the divider in the middle was raised.

Luca drove the car out of the neighborhood.

Emmeline turned around in her seat, lifting her leg and resting it on Abel's thigh. She then leaned forward and pressed her burning lips against his.

Abel's heart trembled, unable to control the desire that surged within him. His breath became heavy as he whispered, "Stop playing around. Be a good girl and wait until we get home..."

[Chapter 997 I Want to Cure Flynn](#)

"Babe, I can't wait any longer. I love you. I love you so much. You love me too, don't you?"

Emmeline raised her head slightly from Abel's embrace, her delicate face glowing in the dim light. She pouted her lips, waiting for a response from him.

"Screw it!" Abel couldn't hold back any longer and flipped her over, pressing her onto the seat...

After some time, Emmeline was sprawled beneath him, having only the strength to breathe.

Abel slowly got up, drenched in sweat.

The limited space in the car restrained his movements to a great extent.

The only force he could exert was the up and down motion.

After all the excitement, Emmeline's drunkenness had completely dissipated, finally realizing they were in the car.

She grabbed Abel's suit and covered herself, her cheeks burning like fire.

"Oh my god, I'm so embarrassed. How could you..."

Abel kissed her lightly, clearing his throat as he smirked, "If I didn't do this, would you have let me go?"

"But what about the front seat?" Emmeline pointed to the driver's seat behind the divider and whispered, "It's not soundproof."

Abel finally realized that the car wasn't moving.

He opened the curtain and looked outside. The night sky was like water, with swaying tree shadows. They seemed to be in the outskirts of the neighborhood.

He straightened his clothes and got out of the car, which was silently parked on a hillside.

Inside the driver's seat, there was no sign of Luca.

That guy had the sense to leave the car here and go somewhere to smoke.

Back at the Precipice, Emmeline fully regained her sobriety.

The alcohol had dissipated along with the flush on her face, revealing a crystal-clear complexion like porcelain.

After the intense and passionate encounter, her big bright eyes looked even clearer and more enchanting.

Abel couldn't help but feel an overwhelming desire to shower her with love from the depths of his bones.

He carried her upstairs and into the bathroom. After filling the bathtub with warm water, the two of them bathed together.

Embracing her tender and delicate body, Abel felt his sexual urges rising again.

But he was afraid that Emmeline's body couldn't handle it, so he had to restrain himself.

But as it turned out, Emmeline was the one who couldn't resist the firm physique pressing against her body.

She let out a soft moan and turned around in his strong arms.

"Emma..." Abel felt weak in the knees.

Before he could react, Emmeline was already sitting on top of him, her rosy lips sealing his shut.

Abel felt as though a surge of electricity was pulsating through his body, letting out a low groan as they engaged in a bout of passion.

...

Emmeline was lying in the big bed like a disassembled puppet as Abel fed her a cup of hot milk.

He lay beside her in his robe, cradling her petite body in his arms.

Emmeline rested her head on his shoulder and told him about meeting Edmond.

Abel caressed her back softly, frowning as he said, "Didn't we agree not to get involved in that matter?"

"That was what we said last time," Emmeline replied. "This time is different."

Abel said, "Flynn's condition may not be able to withstand treatment anymore. The only reason he's still breathing is because Waylon had given him medicine at the time."

"But I could tell from Edmond's tone," Emmeline said in his embrace. "He's suspecting that Flynn's accident was caused by someone on our side."

"...I noticed his tone last time too," Abel pondered for a moment and said.

"That's why I need to cure Flynn and make him speak out about who harmed him!"

"It's obvious," Abel said. "Evelyn colluded with Adam to kidnap Flynn and extort ten billion from Paul. He was beaten by them."

"But we can't prove it. Not to mention, we are just guessing," Emmeline said. "We can only let Flynn speak out the truth."

"I don't think that's a good idea," Abel said. "What if Flynn can't handle the treatment and actually dies?"

"I want to give it a try," Emmeline pleaded. "Just let me try, the title of Wonder Doctor is not just for show."

"It is very risky," Abel looked down at her. "Emma, you have to think it through."

"If you agree, then it's decided," Emmeline raised her chin and kissed him on the lips. "Babe, tell Edmond that the Wonder Doctor has accepted his request."

Abel contemplated for a moment. "Then how much consultation fee are you planning to ask for?"

[Chapter 998 Who Do You Think You Are?](#)

"I don't want a single cent," Emmeline said. "I just want to cure Flynn."

"Alright then," Abel pecked her on the corner of her lips. "I'll inform him tomorrow."

"Okay," Emmeline was delighted. "You and Ben can be my bodyguards."

Abel nodded. "Okay."

The next morning, while Emmeline was still asleep.

Abel was already up. He finished washing up, then went downstairs to the kitchen.

Kendra had already gone out, having prepared breakfast and leaving it on the table.

Recently, Kendra had been going out early in the morning, always taking Quincy with her.

Abel was puzzled when the bodyguard suddenly called.

It was the same bodyguard assigned by Abel to accompany Kendra for shopping.

Something must have happened to Kendra for him to call so suddenly.

Abel quickly answered the call, and indeed, the bodyguard said, "Mr. Abel, there's something I need to report to you."

Abel held his phone with one hand and lit a cigarette with the other, saying, "Go ahead."

"It's about Kendra," the bodyguard said, "For the past three days, her ex-husband, the guy named Henry Grant, has been meeting her at the market."

"What have they been talking about?" Abel exhaled a smoke ring and squinted slightly.

"Nothing much," the bodyguard said, "It seems like Henry misses his kid and wants to reconcile with Kendra."

"In that case, you don't have to interfere," Abel said, "Just ensure the safety of Kendra and Quincy."

"Yes, Mr. Abel, I understand," the bodyguard responded.

Abel then hung up the phone.

Emmeline came down the stairs in her pajamas and asked, "What happened to Kendra and Quincy?"

Abel extinguished his half smoked cigarette in the ashtray and said, "Henry wants to reconcile with Kendra."

"Well, that's a good thing," Emmeline said. "After all, they are a family."

"Yeah," Abel nodded, "As long as Henry stays the same person, it might work."

"But it's still up to Kendra to decide," Emmeline said. "Marriage is like a pair of shoes...only the person wearing them knows if they fit."

"Are we a good fit then?" Abel lifted her from the stairs and held her tightly in his arms.

Emmeline tiptoed and whispered in his ear, "Oh believe me, we fit in all sorts of places."

"..." Abel held back his laughter and kissed her. "Your words are getting more suggestive."

"I learned it all from you, didn't I?" Emmeline pinched his cheek. "I was so innocent and pure, and now I've learned all these bad things from you!"

After breakfast, Emmeline went to the Nightfall Cafe as usual.

Janie also came.

As she was feeling upset, Nightfall Cafe became a suitable place to space out.

The number of customers had decreased over the past two days, but it remained stable.

This kind of situation was actually what Emmeline liked the most.

She didn't care about making a lot of money; she just wanted to have something to do.

If she was busy to the point of exhaustion, without time for reflection and tranquility, then the work itself would lose its meaning.

Janie sat across from her, and the two of them drank coffee while talking casually.

Janie's phone was playing a piano piece called "Return" on repeat.

As Emmeline listened to it again and again, her thoughts slowly wandered away.

Suddenly, the glass door opened, and out of the corner of her eye, two people entered.

Emmeline didn't look and continued talking to Janie.

"Emmeline!" Suddenly, a figure appeared by her side.

Emmeline and Janie both raised their gazes at the same time.

Surprisingly, it was Sonia and Ysabel who had come.

Sonia was wearing a black long dress, her straight hair flowing down. Her facial expression was cool and charming.

Her whole person exuded a deep sense of sadness.

This should not be the kind of temperament that Abel liked.

Emmeline furrowed her brows slightly.

What kind of taste did that husband of hers have back then?

No wonder their relationship never took off.

"What a coincidence to find both of you here." Ysabel said, glancing sideways at Janie.

Janie frowned with disgust, "Who do you think you are?"

"And who do you think you are?" Ysabel tilted her chin. "I already asked. You're not Mr. Benjamin's girlfriend, right?"

"What's it to you?" Janie stood up. "Who are you to meddle in my relationship with Benjamin?"

"Don't forget that it was Mr. Benjamin who saved me," Ysabel raised an eyebrow. "He risked his life to save me, so ever since then, my life is his!"

"And who exactly are you?" Emmeline also stood up with a frown. "You've got quite the lip to be spouting such drivel!"

[Chapter 999 Use My Husband as a Gambling Stake?](#)

"How dare you mock me?" Ysabel glared at Emmeline. "Just because you're Mr. Abel's wife, you think you're so great? Don't be so shameless. The only reason you got Mr. Abel in the first place is because he accidentally slept with you and got you pregnant. Otherwise, the first person that Mr. Abel sought when he returned would have been Ms. Sonia. Where would you fit in?"

Slap! Emmeline slapped her across the face. "You sure have a dirty mouth! You think life has that many 'what ifs'?"

Ysabel was caught off guard and struck by the slap, feeling a little dizzy from the force. She stumbled backwards, gripping onto a chair to prevent herself from falling.

With reddened eyes, she covered her face in anger. "Emmeline Louise! How dare you slap me?"

"Why shouldn't I slap you?" Emmeline rolled up her sleeves, ready to pounce.

If she wanted to give the bitch a beating, it would be as easy as crushing an ant.

"Ms. Emmeline," Sam burst out from behind the coffee counter. "There is no need to dirty your hands for something as simple as that. Leave it to me!"

"That's enough!" Sonia stood in front of Ysabel, her expression cold. "I came here to talk. Can we please have a civilized conversation?"

"Then you better control that little goon of yours and talk to Ms. Emmeline properly!" Sam placed her hands on her and shouted. "Otherwise, I'll kick you both out of here!"

Sonia was speechless.

She glanced around and saw that Emmeline had the numbers advantage. Moreover, this was Emmeline's shop. If things turned physical, she would definitely not have the upper hand.

That being said, Sonia was still the privileged daughter of an influential family. She knew when to be flexible and when to assert herself.

"Emmeline, on behalf of Ms. Ysabel here, I apologize to both of you," Sonia said.

"Sonia!" Ysabel covered her face and said begrudgingly.

"Shut it!" Sonia glared at her impatiently. "What's the use of arguing?"

Ysabel had no choice but to relent, sending Emmeline a vicious glare.

With the tension slightly eased, Emmeline also took a step back and said coldly, "Have a seat!"

She then turned to Sam and instructed, "Bring two cups of coffee, extra sugar and milk. Consider it my treat!"

"Very generous indeed," Sonia elegantly smoothed her dress and sat in front of Emmeline and Janie's table.

Ysabel sat down beside her, sneaking a sideways glance at Janie.

Janie responded with a sharp gaze, causing Ysabel to shrink back.

"What do you want to say?" Emmeline smiled faintly as she looked at Sonia. "Speak!"

Sonia felt slightly overwhelmed by Emmeline's arrogant and unyielding attitude.

But she wasn't one to easily admit defeat. She straightened her neck and said, "The matter about the race."

"I remember," Emmeline narrowed her eyes. "What is the time and place?"

"Next Wednesday, at the Swan Lake racetrack on the outskirts of the city!"

"Agreed!" Emmeline said with a smirk.

"Let's set the terms of the race," Sonia said. "May the best racer win!"

"No problem!" Emmeline replied. "Tell me your terms!"

"I've already written them down!" Sonia took out a sheet of A4 paper from her handbag.

Emmeline took a quick glance at it, then tore the paper apart.

"Emmeline!" Sonia stood up abruptly, "What is the meaning of this?"

"You want me to place my husband as a betting stake?" Emmeline narrowed her eyes, "Firstly, it's impossible for me to lose to you. Secondly, your terms are totally not viable!"

"If you lose, I want you to give Abel back to me!" Sonia said, "Are you too scared to bet?"

"The hell I am!" Emmeline gritted her teeth. "But Abel is my husband. No matter how much of an asshole I can be, I will not use him as a gambling stake. Don't you think that's disrespectful to him? Did you even get his consent?"

"Abel is MY lover. He was five years ago, and he will be five years from now. I haven't changed. But because you came into the picture, we can never go back to the way things were. That's why I'm going to win you and make you leave Abel!" Sonia said.

"Lady, you really must be sick in the head!" Emmeline was so angry she started laughing. "What gave you such confidence? Or perhaps you have been living in the past all this time?"

[Chapter 1000 Miss Me, Babe?](#)

"No matter what you say," Sonia's face turned cold. "Abel is mine. I will get him back fair and square. You're just an accident, using your children to force Abel to be with you. The one who needs to wake up is you!"

Slap! Emmeline swiftly smacked her across the face. "I'm going to wake you up right now! Don't be so conceited!"

Her slap was even harder than the one she gave Ysabel earlier.

Blood quickly flowed from the corner of Sonia's mouth.

"Blood?!" Sonia wiped the corner of her mouth, her eyes turning red. "Emmeline Louise! How dare you hit me?!"

"I hit you because you deserved it!" Emmeline pushed her chair away. "I don't care if it's on the race track or a fist fight. Today, I'm going to teach you a good lesson, you sheltered little prick!"

Sonia quickly got up and moved away. Touching her cheek, she yelled angrily, "Emmeline, is this what you're like? A woman so quick to resort to violence? Would Abel still choose to be with you if he knew this is your true nature? You have been pretending in front of him all along, haven't you?"

"Heh heh," Emmeline tapped her nose with her fist. "You guessed it right. I've been pretending all along...pretending to be a lady, pretending to be obedient. In reality, I'm a barbaric woman who beats up sheltered little shits, and destroys homewreckers and douchey women!"

"I knew it. Abel was deceived by you all this time. Now I'm going to tell him that you hit me and cursed at me. You're just a shrew!"

"Sure, go ahead and tell him," Emmeline laughed. "If you don't, then you're just a coward! Shit, I think you're even less than a coward. You're just disgusting!"

"Just you wait," Sonia's face turned pale, her complexion taking on different shades based on her expression before finally settling on red.

The redness came after she put down her hand, revealing her reddened cheek from Emmeline's slap.

She took out her phone, intending to dial Abel's number.

However, she hesitated because the number she had was from five years ago.

That number was from his university days, and he probably didn't use it anymore.

If it turned out to be an invalid number when she called, it would be so embarrassing.

"Why aren't you calling him?" Emmeline smirked coldly. "I'm looking forward to hearing how he's going to yell at me."

Sonia had an awkward look on her face.

Ysabel noticed and whispered, "Sonia, don't you have Mr. Abel's number?"

Sonia remained silent; her expression gave her away.

"Haha!" Sam burst into laughter, and Janie joined in.

Both Sonia and Ysabel had gloomy expressions.

"You should have said so earlier," Emmeline said. "I'll make the call so you can talk to Mr. Abel."

Sonia fell silent.

Truth be told, she was already regretting her words. She shouldn't have spoken so recklessly.

It had been five years, so it was naturally hard to surmise Abel's true feelings.

But Emmeline had already dialed his number, which Abel then quickly answered.

Emmeline put the call on speakerphone, and Abel's voice came through, asking affectionately, "Babe, did you miss me already?"

Sonia's expression turned pale like she was in pain.

Ysabel's expression also froze in surprise.

"As if," Emmeline deliberately acted coquettish. "You bad man!"

"Bad?" Abel's teasing voice came from the other end. "Well, women like their men a little on the bad side, don't they? Is it because I was too rough last night? We did go at it several times, after all. Still, you were the one who was asking for it. I satisfied your desire, and now you're turning around and calling me the villain? I told you you should stay home and rest today, but you wouldn't have it. Is the fatigue finally catching up to you?"

With the phone on speaker, Abel's risqué phrasing caused all the five women to blush.

Emmeline felt pleased and bashful, Janie was envious.

Sam was embarrassed.

Sonia was filled with jealousy and resentment.

Ysabel was indulging herself in her imagination.

"Babe," Emmeline blushed and spoke in a soft, sweet voice. "Let's save these words for when we're home. Someone else wants to talk to you now."

On the other end, Abel had clearly paused for a moment, realizing his words just now were not only heard by Emmeline.

But it didn't matter. If he said it, he said it.

After all, he wasn't flirting with other women. He was flirting with his own darling wife.

"Who is it?" Abel said in his usual deep and composed tone.

Emmeline handed the phone to Sonia. "Here, it's your cue."

Sonia reluctantly took the phone...

