

Abel and Emmeline stood there, stunned, as Madam Steiner's words hung in the air. The bystanders watched, curious about the unfolding drama.

Was this some kind of intentional humiliation orchestrated by Madam Steiner toward Emmeline?

But Abel didn't hesitate for a moment. He spoke up, "Well, if Madam Steiner is unavailable, then I suppose we'll leave."

With that, he took Emmeline's hand and turned away.

The staff members rushed inside, seeking permission once again.

Upon hearing Abel's response, Madam Steiner's face turned pale.

She never expected Abel to simply walk away like this.

Her original plan was to deflate Emmeline's confidence first, and then call her inside later to humiliate her properly.

But Abel just left with Emmeline without giving her a second thought.

It was clear that he didn't hold her in high regard at all!

Madam Steiner clenched her fists, gritting her teeth. "Emmeline, just wait! I want to see how far Abel can protect you!"

Leaving Ryker Hospital, Abel accompanied Emmeline back to Nightfall Cafe.

Doris came down from the second floor and said, "Ms. Louise, I apologize, but can I leave work early?"

"What's the matter, Doris?" Emmeline asked. "Is something urgent?"

"Not urgent," Doris replied. "The house that caught fire earlier has been repaired by the landlord. I'm going to compensate for the damages and negotiate to rent it back."

"Why would you want to rent it back?" Emmeline questioned. "Aren't you living well at Macsen Villa?"

Doris hesitated for a moment. "Living there isn't ideal. I don't want to cause any trouble for Mr. Adelmar. It's better if I move out."

"Is Waylon giving you a hard time?" Emmeline inquired.

"It's not that," Doris quickly replied. "The two children are always crying and causing a ruckus. Mr. Adelmar prefers quiet. I don't want to disturb him."

"But the villa is spacious," Emmeline said. "The children can't possibly disturb Waylon, can they?"

"Anyway, I just want to move out," Doris insisted. "Living under someone else's roof is not very relaxing."

Emmeline smiled and said, "I understand what you mean. Well then, I respect your decision."

"Thank you, Ms. Louise," Doris said. "I'll go right away. The landlord is waiting for me."

"Go ahead," Emmeline smiled, "If you need any help, just call me."

Doris happily exclaimed, "Sure!" and left with her bag.

As Doris left, Emmeline took out her phone and called Waylon.

He picked up quickly, his voice laced with sarcasm, "Oh, look who decided to give me a call? Who knew you even remembered that I exist?"

"Waylon," Emmeline said, "It's your way of speaking that drove Doris away, isn't it? You should know that only two people in the world can handle your snide remarks...Master Robert and me. Do you think Doris can tolerate your constant mockery?"

There was silence on the other end for three seconds before Waylon responded, "Emma, what are you talking about? Where did Doris go?"

"Didn't you drive her away with your remarks?"

Emmeline replied with irritation. "She went to discuss the house with the landlord and plans to move out of Macsen Villa! Far away from you!"

"It doesn't matter how far she goes from me. I have nothing to do with her! Let her move if she wants to!"

Waylon continued, "Besides, I didn't even do anything to her. We mind our own business. Why does this woman have to complicate things?"

"Anyway, Doris went to see her old house again. She said she'll compensate for the fire damages and negotiate the rent. The house has already been fixed up by the landlord, and she's going to take a look and discuss the price."

"What's that got to do with me?" Waylon replied. "Isn't it good that she's moving out? It'll save me from

dealing with crying children and headaches."

"Forget it," Emmeline sneered, half to herself and half directed at Waylon. "Such a beautiful woman wasted on you and your sharp tongue."

Before Waylon could respond, Emmeline hung up the phone.

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