

No wonder she was overwhelmed by his powerful and charming aura as soon as he entered the door.

He was the CEO of the Ryker Group.

The receptionist's heart pounded when a tall, strong man walked out.

He looked about the same age as Abel.

The man stared at Abel momentarily, then exclaimed, "Mr. Abel?"

Abel turned his gaze and quickly walked towards the man.

The man also walked over quickly, and when they were close, they raised their fists and lightly tapped

each other.

"It's you!" Tony said, "You returned to take over the Ryker Group. Today is the first time I've seen you. Why don't you come to see me!"

"I'm busy every day." Abel said, "There's always something to do. I don't have time to play."

"What brings you here today?" He saw Emmeline behind Abel and smiled, "You also bring a beautiful lady?"

"Let me introduce myself." Abel turned around and hugged Emmeline's shoulders, saying to Tony, "This is my wife, Ms. Emmeline."

He turned to Emmeline and said warmly, "This is my brother, Tony, who owns this sports center."

"Hello, Mr. Tony." Emmeline smiled and nodded at Tony.

This man possessed attractive features and exuded a dignified presence, making him look good.

Of course, he was a friend of Abel. He could not be a bad man.

"I saw the official announcement." Tony said, "I didn't expect you to get married as soon as you returned to the country, and your wife is so beautiful."

"More importantly." Abel teased, "Our sons are already over four years old."

"Sons?" Tony exclaimed, "All four years old? What do you mean?"

"Quadruplets, four sons, over four years old," Abel

explained proudly.

Tony exclaimed, "You're amazing! My Sister-in-law is also impressive. She got pregnant with four babies at once!

Upon hearing this, Emmeline's face turned red.

The receptionist next to them was also shocked and full of envy.

No wonder she could become the wife of the Ryker Group. Not only was she extremely beautiful, but she was also very fertile.

Giving birth to four sons at once!

Who wouldn't hurry up and marry her, treating her like a treasure?

"Quiet." Abel said to Tony, "My wife is shy."

Although Emmeline was not shy, she was indeed feeling embarrassed.

Tony changed the topic, "What kind of activities would you like to do with your wife? It's on my treat."

"That's not necessary." Abel said, "I still have a few hundred thousand balance in my membership. It should be enough for tonight."

"I said I'll treat you." Tony said, "For your wife and you."

"Alright then." Abel nodded, "I'll treat you next time."

"That's good." Tony said, "I want to catch up with you. It's been several years since we last met. I miss you."

"Okay, I'll make an appointment with you another day." Abel said, "I'll invite the brothers we used to hang out with."

"Great!" Tony was very happy, "What kind of activity do you want to play?"

Abel glanced at Emmeline, full of pride, "My wife wants to do boxing."

"Boxing?" Tony could not believe it, "Really?"

"Aren't you also a training partner?" Abel smirked, "Why not give it a try?"

Tony was dumbfounded, "Really?"

Emmeline smiled and bowed slightly to him, "Please teach me later."

Tony knew that they wanted to play boxing.

Abel married a treasured girl!

"Okay!" Tony told the front desk, "Give them the room cards and let them change their clothes first."

The front desk lady hurriedly handed over two room cards for the changing rooms to Emmeline.

Emmeline reached out and took them, saying, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." The front desk lady stared at her without blinking, "You are really beautiful. I have never seen such a beautiful woman before."

"Of course." Tony said, "She is Mr. Abel's wife. She must be an exceptional beauty."

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Chapter 1123 Enthusiasts or Wailers

Hearing this, Emmeline blushed shyly.

Abel proudly and indulgently put his arm around her shoulder.

Tony turned to Abel and Emmeline and said, "Mr. Abel, Ms. Emmeline, you go change your clothes first. I'll wait for you at the boxing gym."

"Okay." Abel nodded, "You should also get ready."

Since he was going to be a training partner, Tony also had to change his clothes. He had his dressing room.

"Let's go," Abel said to Emmeline.

"Okay." Emmeline nodded and was half embraced by Abel as they headed towards the dressing room.

First, they found the dressing room for ladies, which belonged to their room card.

Abel opened the door for Emmeline.

He said, "Come out after changing, I'll be waiting outside, I'll be quick."

"Okay," Emmeline responded.

Abel closed the door for her and walked towards the men's dressing room.

Five or six minutes later, Emmeline came out in her

changed clothes.

Sure enough, Abel was waiting for her at the door.

Both wore white cotton practice clothes with belts tied around their waists.

Abel lowered his head to look at Emmeline with a smile.

Emmeline felt a little embarrassed under his gaze. She said, "What's wrong? Do I look strange in this?"

"You look good." Abel said, "My wife is so beautiful. You look good in anything."

"You are sweet," Emmeline said happily but glanced at him coquettishly.

Abel also smiled happily.

He had never played like this with his wife before. He should accompany her like this more often.

Seeing her smiling so brightly, he could not be happier.

The two of them walked along the corridor.

They passed by a large training ground.

Inside, three or four coaches were instructing several students in their training.

As everyone was training, Abel and Emmeline both stopped in their tracks at the same time.

A female student was sweating as she fought with a female coach.

After a few moves, the female student was knocked down.

She fell right at Emmeline's feet.

Emmeline remembered how she practiced with Abel and bent down and helped the female student.

"Are you new here?" the female coach asked Emmeline with a proud look.

"I'm just here to have fun." Emmeline smiled, "I'm not a student."

"A girl coming to the boxing gym to have fun should know something about boxing, right?" the female coach raised an eyebrow and looked at her up and down.

"A little." Emmeline continued to smile, "At least I like

boxing. Otherwise, I wouldn't come here."

"Enthusiasts are fine." the female coach sneered,
"Just don't be a crybaby."

Emmeline frowned, "I won't be crying."

"You're quite confident." the female coach smirked,
"Do you have the courage to give it a try? I'll help you
verify whether you're an enthusiast or a wailer."

Emmeline smiled slightly and turned her peach
blossom eyes to Abel, saying, "Hubby, wait for me."

"Okay, be careful," Abel nodded, taking the phone
handed to him by Emmeline.

He knew that his wife had good fighting skills.

But he had never witnessed how good she was.

After just a few glances at the female coach's moves, he speculated that Emmeline could greatly surpass her.

So he was not worried when he saw her accepting the challenge from the female coach.

Besides, he was right there beside her.

He would never put his wife in danger.

Emmeline removed his slippers and walked into the training ground wearing thick white cotton socks.

Standing three steps before the female coach, she slightly bent down and said, "Please teach me."

"What?" the female coach asked arrogantly,
"Taekwondo?"

She knew many girls played taekwondo, thinking Emmeline was no exception.

"Nothing. There's no specific style." Emmeline smiled lightly, "I just learned a few moves from my father and brother. It's just for fitness."

"Cut the crap. Give it a try." the female coach said aggressively, preparing to fight.

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Chapter 1124 I Am an Amateur, You Are a Professional

Emmeline also took a defensive stance.

Conversely, the female coach took the initiative and

launched a series of three kicks.

Her movements were indeed very fast, as swift as the wind.

But in Emmeline's eyes, each of her movements was slow.

Slow enough for Emmeline to analyze them at a glance and then calmly block them individually.

Emmeline blocked her first kick with her elbow and dodged the second kick by tilting her head.

Before her third kick could reach Emmeline, Emmeline kicked back at her.

This forced the female coach to retract her leg and take a step back quickly.

But since she was a coach, she was certainly not to be underestimated. She quickly adjusted herself and launched another attack.

Emmeline took advantage of her weakness and extended her arm, striking directly at her face with her left hand.

The female coach secretly took a breath and was somewhat surprised: this delicate-looking woman had such skill! And she could not figure out her style at all!

This was not as simple as showy moves. She was an experienced practitioner!

They exchanged moves, instantly going through more than ten moves.

The female coach's face clearly showed some impatience.

She had underestimated her opponent.

She thought Emmeline would at most be able to withstand three moves from her and then be defeated by her!

The female coach had disliked her since Emmeline walked out of Abel's embrace.

Why does she have to be so good-looking?

Why could Emmeline be so gently cared for by such a handsome and noble man?

Why did she live her life so diligently and arduously?

Love and career were both not going well.

Anyway, when she saw Emmeline, her heart was

filled with resentment.

She would be furious today if she could not defeat this delicate woman.

The onlookers and several other students did not expect Emmeline to handle over ten moves effortlessly.

Not only did she not fall behind, but her momentum grew stronger.

Abel also smiled with his arms crossed.

His wife was truly extraordinary!

Her moves were both fierce and domineering and graceful.

Even the three male coaches on the training ground

were amazed by Emmeline.

All three of them stopped teaching their students and came over to watch, exclaiming in admiration.

Sweat dripped down the forehead of the female coach, realizing that she had encountered a master.

Emmeline played with her easily, after more than thirty moves before suddenly changing her move.

"Crack! Bang!"

With one punch and one kick, the female coach was flying.

"Thud!" She landed heavily on the soft and thick rubber mat.

A male coach hurried over to help her up.

The female coach exerted some effort and stood up, swaying slightly.

"You let me win!" Emmeline bowed to the female coach.

The female coach did not say anything, but her face turned pale.

As a coach, she was knocked down by a visitor in the boxing gym.

It was embarrassing!

It was humiliating!

How could her students think of her now?

How could they respect her?

The female coach was angry but also filled with tears of shame.

"Miss." the male coach who helped the female coach up walked towards Emmeline, "I can tell you have some skills. Can I learn from you?"

"I dare not." Emmeline smiled, "I am just an amateur. You are a professional."

"That's just empty words." the male coach said, "Let's practice a few moves. Would you give me the honor?"

Emmeline turned her gaze to Abel, "What do you think?"

Although she was an independent person, after all, Abel was by her side at this moment.

She knew that he would be worried about her.

So she still needed to ask for his opinion.

Onlookers saw the excitement, and experts saw the tricks.

Abel knew that Emmeline had only used five percent of her skills.

She had not revealed her true abilities yet.

"If you're happy, just do it." Abel's starry eyes gleamed, "If you're not happy, don't force yourself."

"Then I'll play another round." Emmeline smiled, "It's a rare opportunity for me to fight with a coach."

"Okay," Abel nodded warmly, "Be careful."

"Okay," Emmeline responded, her cute dimples making her look charming and enchanting.

"Miss, please!" the male coach said.

"Then let's begin." Emmeline freely and confidently got ready.

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Chapter 1125 I Will Never Dare to Provoke You in the Future

The male coach stood there, frowning, asking, "May I ask, where did you learn?"

"From my family." Emmeline smiled. "It's just the skill for self-protecting."

"You're too modest, Miss." The male coach then got ready and said, "Come on!"

Emmeline did not hold back either. She swiftly turned around and faked a kick, followed by two palm strikes.

Her movements were as fast as lightning, flowing smoothly and perfectly coordinated.

The male coach avoided the feigned kick and caught the incoming palm strike.

Emmeline's second palm strike grazed past his ear.

The whooshing palm wind made his ears feel a bit hot.

He could tell that she was a true expert from his first move.

The male coach noticed that Emmeline's moves were fiercer than when she first faced the female coach.

He did not dare underestimate her and prepared himself to take advantage of her moves and seize the opportunity to attack.

This male coach seemed more like an opponent than the female coach earlier.

However, he could only practice with Emmeline in a sparring match, not truly allowing her to unleash her full strength.

After more than thirty moves, Emmeline figured out his tactics and lost interest in continuing to play with him.

Suddenly, she struck out with both palms, one aimed directly at his chest and the other attacking his face.

The male coach could not tell which move was real and which was fake.

Every move seemed real, and every move seemed fake.

Ultimately, he decided to defend against the one targeting his chest.

But little did he know that Emmeline's moves were real, and the palm aimed at his chest landed a direct hit.

While the male coach was in pain, he also faced a slap.

The male coach could not afford to be slapped in the face, so he hurriedly tried to defend himself but did not expect Emmeline's solid palm to turn into an

empty palm.

His palm extended and contracted, flashing before the male coach's eyes, and then he was kicked.

"Thud!"

The male coach flew two to three meters away and fell on his back.

The female coach fell on her stomach while he fell on his back.

Regardless of how they fell, they both lost the battle.

Emmeline won two consecutive matches, leaving the students and members who were watching dumbfounded.

Cheers followed.

Another male coach felt embarrassed and walked over with big strides.

He repeatedly and aggressively said to Emmeline, "Please accept my challenge."

Before Emmeline could speak, Abel stood in front of her.

He said to the burly male coach, "She is tired. Let me accept your challenge."

The male coach hesitated. He wanted to challenge Emmeline to regain the gym's reputation.

He did not expect to challenge this handsome man.

"What's wrong, scared?" Abel sneered, "Or are you guys only picking on women?"

The male coach clasped his fists and said, "Then please!"

Abel said to Emmeline, "Take some rest, honey. I will warm up first."

"Alright," Emmeline smiled, "After you warm up, you can play with me later!"

"Okay!" Abel nodded with his eyes full of affection.

"Be careful." Emmeline smiled and warned him.

Abel fist-bumped the male coach and said, "Please!"

Both of them were straightforward people, and they started fighting in the blink of an eye.

After a dozen rounds, Abel had the upper hand.

Emmeline could tell that he was using really powerful skills.

His movements were fierce, decisive, and every move could be lethal.

The male coach did not expect the woman to be formidable, but this man was even more powerful.

It seemed that today, their coaching team had to admit defeat.

Sure enough, Abel swiftly defeated the male coach in just over thirty moves and knocked him to the ground.

Emmeline clapped and jumped up, "Hubby, you're so handsome!"

Abel came back and put on his slippers.

"Hubby, you look so handsome!" Emmeline admired,
"It's the first time I've seen you fight like this!"

"You surprised me too." Abel pinched her nose,
"Husband won't dare to provoke you anymore!"

"You are better than me." Emmeline smiled, "I'm
willing to admit defeat!"

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