

"You're being modest." Abel said, "The martial arts of the Adelman family are really powerful."

"You two admire each other so much!" A deep and powerful voice came from the side.

Abel and Emmeline turned their heads and saw Tony coming over after changing his clothes.

"What a surprise." Tony said, "Your skills are very impressive."

"Thank you for your compliment." Emmeline smiled and said, "I'm just showing off my skills. Please don't laugh at me."

"You're too modest." Tony said, "I've seen both of the

coaches being defeated by you. Honestly, I don't think I can match up to you."

"You are being humble." Emmeline said, "You have a martial arts background."

"Cut the crap." Abel chuckled, "Let's fight again to see who's more powerful!"

"Alright!" Tony said, "Let's go to the training room in front. It's quiet there."

Tony led the way while Abel and Emmeline walked behind, holding hands.

They arrived at a corridor with training rooms on both sides.

Tony told Abel, "These training rooms were added last year, specifically for high-end clients. Each room

is equipped with a professional training coach."

"I don't need a coach today," Abel smiled, "I want to see how much you've improved in the past five years."

"It's been five years." Tony laughed, saying, "You should look at me with new eyes."

"Hope so!" Abel said, "Show me."

The two of them spoke and laughed as they followed behind Emmeline, entering the innermost training room.

"This is the largest one." Tony opened the door and said, "Please, both of you."

Abel held Emmeline's hand and walked in.

The training room was enclosed, about 100 square meters, with bright and soft lighting.

On the left side of the entrance was a tatami-like wooden platform covered with a carpet, a tea table in the middle and two square cushions on each side.

On the right side of the door was a spacious bathroom, suitable for bathing and changing clothes.

The training area was large, covered with thick and soft plastic flooring.

The environment was quiet, making it easy for people to settle down.

The three of them sat down at the tea table, and Tony personally brewed tea, pouring a cup for Abel, Emmeline, and himself.

After drinking only two cups of tea, Tony told Abel, "I can't fight with your wife. I can't perform normally when facing her. How about the two of us fight?"

"I'm waiting." Abel said, "Cut the crap. Let's fight."

They got up together, removed their slippers, and entered the training area.

Emmeline sat at the tea table, pouring and drinking tea, watching the battle between the two men.

The two men took a fighting stance.

Facing each other at a distance of only five or six steps, they could feel each other's strong aura.

Both men were tall and had strong and upright figures.

Standing there in white training suits, the scent of male hormones made people's hearts race.

Emmeline looked at the two men, watching two lions confronting each other on the grassland.

But no matter how she looked at it, her husband was like the king of lions.

Although Tony was also domineering, his aura was weaker in front of Abel.

The two began to compete.

Both used direct and forceful moves, punches and kicks, creating a dazzling display.

Emmeline shouted, "Great!"

She shouted for both of them.

However, before the word "great" could even be fully uttered, Tony took a kick from Abel and quickly took two steps back.

Abel beckoned with his right palm, signaling Tony to continue.

Tony let out a low roar and pounced forward again.

The two engaged in another intense battle.

Tony was hit again in just a dozen seconds, causing him to lose balance twice.

He stood firm on the plastic mat beneath his feet and charged forward again.

This time, Abel hardly gave him any chance to counterattack. His long punches and swift kicks were

relentless, forcing Tony to retreat repeatedly.

At this moment, the outcome was already clear.

Abel's cold and empty move almost caused Tony to fall, but he managed to stabilize himself.

"Do you admit defeat?" Abel sneered, "If you don't, let's continue!"

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Chapter 1127 Can't Wait to Take Down My Husband



"Ok." Tony panted, "You win."

"Good." Abel smiled, "But I must admit, you've

improved a lot compared to five years ago!"

"You are more powerful." Tony said, "Luckily, I'm not your enemy. Otherwise, every move of yours would kill me!"

"I'm used to it." Abel said, "During the intensive training period, it was either kill or be killed. Sometimes life and death are decided instantly, so I can't afford to be careless."

"I admit defeat." Tony said, clasping his fists, "I practice boxing purely for the love of it and to stay fit. You fight for your life, our motivations are different, so I'm already a loser."

"Stop talking." Emmeline called them, "Come over and have tea. We can chat while we drink."

The two men walked towards the tea table.

They had just sat down and had a cup of tea when Tony's phone rang.

He picked up and made a few calls, then hung up and said to Abel and Emmeline, "You can continue playing. I have something to do and will be back soon."

"Go ahead." Abel nodded. "Don't worry about us."

Tony said, "I'll invite you to dinner. Please give me a chance."

Abel glanced at Emmeline and asked softly, "Emma, what do you think?"

Emmeline nodded and smiled, her pink lips curved, "Whatever you decide, I'll follow."

"Then you get the chance." Abel said to Tony, "My wife agreed."

"Alright," Tony said, "I'll come over later. You guys continue playing."

"Okay," Abel nodded.

Tony nodded at Emmeline and left.

"Would you like me to practice with me for a few rounds, my dear?" Abel looked at Emmeline and said, "If you're unhappy, you can take it out on me, use me as a punching bag and vent your frustrations."

"I'm not unhappy." Emmeline blinked her peach blossom eyes and smiled, "Besides, if I vent on you, my heart will be broken."

Abel raised his hand and touched her cheek,

speaking warmly, "You're making my heart itch with your words."

"Don't talk nonsense." Emmeline held his hand and said, "Get up and fight with me. I can't wait."

"Alright, I will play with you for a while!"

The two held hands and entered the middle of the training ground, then separated and stood face to face.

Before they were ready, Abel suddenly laughed.

Curiously, Emmeline asked, "What's so funny? Am I that amusing?"

Abel squinted his starry eyes at her and said, "You look so serious. Am I your imaginary enemy?"

"You better take me seriously." Emmeline raised her chin and said, "Don't let me knock you down and embarrass you."

"That's true." Abel nodded, holding back his laughter, "My wife is extraordinary. I must be prepared. Otherwise, if you knock me down, it would be embarrassing!"

"Stop talking nonsense!" Emmeline made the ready posture, "Make your move!"

"We can't just fight like this?" Abel said, "Shouldn't there be some rules for the competition?"

Emmeline stopped, her black eyes shining. "What's your idea? Speak up quickly."

"Look at you." Abel laughed, saying, "Are you so eager to take down your husband?"

The speaker said one thing, but the listener heard the other thing.

Emmeline thought immediately about how Abel would feel if she were to defeat him.

She did not intimidate him. Instead, the two became entangled and fell to the ground, with her on top of him.

Her cheeks turned red involuntarily. She pouted and said, "Let's see what tricks you can develop."

"Here's the deal." Abel said, "If you lose, you have to agree to one condition of mine."

"What condition?" Emmeline raised an eyebrow and said, "I'm not afraid of you. Tell me!"

Abel extended his right hand towards her, his pleasant voice leaving no room for refusal, "Come here."

Emmeline looked at him suspiciously, tilting her head and asking, "Why should I come over?"

"Just come over, then I'll tell you." Abel smiled, "You just said you're not afraid. Why are you backing off now?"

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Chapter 1128 Don't You Want to Manipulate Me?



How could Emmeline back off?

She hesitantly placed her hand into Abel's palm.

Emmeline fell into Abel's embrace after he tightened his hold on her hand.

"Don't play tricks." Emmeline propped herself against his chest, "Tell me your conditions quickly."

Abel lowered his head and whispered in her ear, his voice hoarse, "If I win, I won't use protection anymore, and you'll give birth to a daughter for me, no, several daughters."

Emmeline's cheeks instantly turned red. She never expected his conditions to be like this.

She tried to push him away but could not move him.

Abel held her tightly, almost trying to rub her into his bones.

Emmeline lowered her head and softly complained, "I knew you weren't serious."

"How am I not serious?"

Abel's ambiguous breath blew on the back of her neck.

"Is it considered not serious for a husband to want to have a child with his wife?"

Emmeline buried her face in his arms and whispered, "If you win, I'll do whatever you want."

"Did you say that?"

Abel exuded a hormone-filled scent that made people's hearts race.

"If I win, I won't use protection tonight. You have to agree, and you're not allowed to beg for mercy."

Emmeline's cheeks were very hot. She asked in a low voice, "What if I win?"

"Deal." Abel whispered warmly in her ear, "As you wish."

Emmeline raised her hand and punched him, saying, "No matter how you put it, you will benefit."

"Haha." Abel chuckled, "Don't you want to manipulate me?"

Could someone teach her another way to manipulate him?"

Emmeline said, "I don't want to manipulate you!"

Emmeline looked at him and said, "If you lose, you have to wear three condoms, on one less!"

Abel was dumbfounded.

"Babe, that's too harsh. Can you even feel anything with three condoms? Even if I agree, can you?"

Emmeline did not look at his deep, bottomless black eyes and quickly lowered her head, her long lashes fluttering rapidly.

She thought about it again.

With three condoms, she could not feel anything anymore. It was like going through the motions without any pleasure, and she was disadvantaged.

She raised her fist and pounded twice on Abel's shoulder, scolding in a low voice, "One condom then.

Whether to have a daughter or not, I have the final say!"

Abel smiled and indulgently said, "Alright, to have a daughter as soon as possible. I will fight with all my strength!"

"Then tell me, what will be considered a loser?" Emmeline asked, looking up at him with a blushing face.

The charming and shy appearance made Abel's heart skip a beat.

"Whoever falls to the ground first will lose." Abel said, "We'll stop when one of us falls."

"Alright!" Emmeline pushed him away, took a stance, and said with a domineering tone, "Come on!"

"I'll not fight back for the first three moves." Abel stepped back and smiled, "I can't bully my wife."

"Accepted." Emmeline raised an eyebrow, "I'm not that fragile, but I don't regret it!"

"Taking care of my wife is my duty. How could I regret it?" Abel replied.

"Bring it on!" With lightning speed, Emmeline took a deep breath and made three consecutive palm strikes.

Abel put his hands behind his back, moving left to right to avoid each attack.

After three moves, Emmeline's palms did not even touch him, and he began to strike back.

Of course, he still held back a bit.

After all, she was his precious wife, and he would do anything to make her happy. He could not afford to hurt her.

Abel was using dilatory tactics.

He took every move, focusing more on defense than offense.

And his defense was clearly at a high level.

Emmeline could not hurt him, no matter how hard she tried.

A woman's stamina was limited, only lasting about half an hour. Emmeline was already panting and sweating profusely.

But Abel remained calm and composed, as steady as

a mountain. His handsome face smiled gently with affection.

Emmeline looked at him, feeling touched in her heart.

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Chapter 1129 Believe It or Not, I'll Do It on the Spot



However, Emmeline also realized her husband's skills were much higher than hers.

Looking at the current situation, she would be at a disadvantage as long as he seriously attacked a few moves.

She did not want to lose.

She did not want him to stop using protection in bed.

It would be easy to get pregnant that way.

Although she also wanted a daughter, it was not the right time.

She did not want a baby to hold her up because she intended to play for at least another year or two.

After all, she was only twenty-three years old and not in a hurry to be pregnant for the second time.

Thinking of this, Emmeline became even more determined to win.

But if they continued fighting like this, she was destined to lose.

Deception had been a useful strategy in warfare. Emmeline frowned and came up with a plan.

She feigned a punch and stepped back, saying, "No, I'm exhausted. Let me catch my breath first."

Abel stopped his attack and said, "Alright, take a break then."

"I'm also thirsty." Emmeline said, "Go and bring me a cup of tea."

Abel felt sorry for his beloved wife and nodded, "Wait here."

He turned around and walked towards the tea table.

Seizing the opportunity, Emmeline swiftly attacked with a sweeping leg, targeting Abel's lower body.

Abel was completely focused on his wife and never expected her sudden attack.

Caught off guard, Abel stumbled and was about to fall.

But he was very experienced and powerful. Just as he was about to fall, he supported himself with his palm on the ground and bounced back up.

Emmeline lost her balance and fell backwards.

Abel hooked his foot and supported Emmeline's body, gently landing her on the ground.

Then he pounced on her, holding her wrists and pressing her beneath him.

"Still trying to trick me?" Abel laughed above her head, "Such petty tricks."

"How did you do that?" Emmeline complained, "I didn't even see it, and I fell alone."

"If I don't have the skills, how can I protect you?" Abel sneered, "If you continue to play tricks with me, I'll do it here since there are no condoms!"

Emmeline was speechless.

Emmeline felt both embarrassed and anxious. Suddenly, she lifted her leg and wrapped it around Abel's waist, trying to flip him over.

Abel hugged her tightly and rolled on the plastic floor. Emmeline was still underneath him.

"Not giving up?"

He held her wrists with one hand and supported the

back of her head with the other, lowering his head to kiss her without force.

He devoured her soft lips in an instant, taking her breath.

"Mmm! Mmm!"

The domineering and scorching kiss grew deeper as she struggled. In a moment, Emmeline became weak and limp beneath him.

"Emma." Abel showed his sexual desire, his breathing becoming heavy.

"Don't." Emmeline said hoarsely, "We're in the boxing gym."

"I know." Abel whispered in her ear, biting her earlobe, "Wait until we get back to the hotel."

Suddenly, the training room door was pushed open, and Tony stepped in.

The scene in front of him immediately startled him.

After three seconds of being stunned, he said, "You guys continue, continue!"

He quickly retreated and closed the door again.

Emmeline was so embarrassed that she wished she could find a hole to hide in.

She dared not move underneath Abel.

However, Abel seemed unfazed.

Tony was his good brother, so it did not matter if he saw them.

That was why he had no intention of stopping.

They kissed for a long time. He even wanted to tear off Emmeline's clothes and go further several times.

But they were not at the right place, and he did not want to embarrass Emmeline.

He had to restrain his strong desire and took a deep breath as he got up.

Then he held her soft body in his arms and walked to the tea table, where he sat down.

Placing her on his lap, he embraced her and fed her a few sips of warm tea.

Emmeline curled lazily in his broad, warm embrace, not wanting to move.

Her man gave her a sense of safety and reliance.

Lying in his arms, she felt like she could ignore everything, even if the sky were to fall.

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Chapter 1130 This Man Is No Longer Mine



The two of them sat on the cushion and lingered for a while before getting up and preparing to leave.

They could not keep Tony waiting for too long.

They walked through the corridor and returned to the changing room, where they each took a shower and

changed their clothes.

After about twenty minutes, Emmeline came out, looking neat and tidy.

Abel and Tony were already sitting on the sofa in the front hall, smoking and chatting.

"You are ready." Tony asked when he saw Emmeline, "Shall we go eat?"

Emmeline then looked at Abel.

Abel reached his hand towards her, nodding as he said, "Come here."

Emmeline walked over to him.

Abel held her small hand and made her sit beside him, softly asking, "Are you tired?"

A slight blush appeared on Emmeline's cheeks as she shook her head and softly replied, "Not tired."

"What do you want to eat?" Abel asked again.

"It's already evening." Emmeline said, "Something lighter would be better."

"Then let's go eat Cantonese cuisine." Tony said, "Is that okay with you, Miss?"

"I quite like Cantonese cuisine." Emmeline nodded.

She would generally not be picky if the food was not too strong in flavor.

Thirty minutes later, the three arrived at the Fortune Tower.

It was the best restaurant in the city and always packed with customers.

Fortunately, Tony had called ahead to reserve a table. Otherwise, they would have arrived and found no seats available.

Tony had reserved a table in the main hall, in a relatively secluded corner, which appeared to be quiet.

As they walked through the aisle, they still attracted much attention.

Emmeline was young and beautiful, and Abel and Tony were also extremely tall and handsome.

Especially, Abel's cold and handsome face appeared even more three-dimensional and profound under the lights, making many women lose their appetite.

Some people recognized him as the CEO of the Ryker Group, but most people did not know who he was.

His handsome face attracted them.

Sonia was one of them.

She felt bored in the hospital but finally got the attending physician's approval to go outside in a wheelchair and get some fresh air.

She came to eat Cantonese cuisine with a few friends.

Coincidentally, she saw Abel there.

She sat far away.

But the distance made it more convenient for her to peep at that domineering man.

Yes, Sonia was peeping greedily.

For more than five years, every time she thought of Abel, her heart still flipped.

Now, seeing him with her own eyes, she could not control her excitement any more.

Why did he have to be so handsome?

She would not be so obsessed with him if he were a little less attractive.

Sonia was dying to win her heart.

Unfortunately, this man did not belong to her.

Emmeline was by his side.

As she watched him embrace and care for Emmeline, her heart shattered.

It should have been Sonia experiencing the tenderness and care from Abel.

Emmeline took her place only because she shamelessly used her manipulative tactics to become pregnant with Abel's child.

Hmph, just thinking about it made Sonia angry!

"Sonia." Sonia's best friend followed her gaze and saw Abel, whispering, "Isn't that your ex-boyfriend?"

"He's not my ex-boyfriend." Sonia said, "If it wasn't for that bitch interfering, he would be my current husband!"

"You mean you broke up with him because of that woman beside him?" Her friend sneered, "Shame on these mistresses."

"I wish I could tear her apart!" Sonia gritted her teeth and said, "Don't you see I'm still in a wheelchair? It's all because of that bitch!"

"So you were injured while racing with her?" her best friend asked, "Do you want us to teach her a lesson?"

"Abel is there," Sonia raised her chin, "I can't let him look down on me."

She knew it very well.

In front of Abel, not only could she not do anything to Emmeline, but she might also end up suffering.

He would protect his wife!

But how did he treat her in the past?

In the end, it was all because Emmeline stepped between them!

Abel protected his child so that he would protect the child's mother!

If it was her, Sonia, who had given birth to his child, would Abel still protect Emmeline?

"What should we do then?" her best friend was worried for Sonia, "We can't just watch you suffer like this!"

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