

## Ambush OTQ 851

Chapter 851 Help Me Acquire the Imperial Palace

"Mm," **Abel** replied after a **few** seconds.

*"Mm."? Is that all? What's the meaning of that?* Emmeline thought while frowning.

*Do you think I'm a child?* That was what Abel was thinking.

Even so, he was glad that his wife was still concerned about him.

*I'm glad that she decided to eat out. It's better than coming home and seeing the door to the study tightly shut.*

The waiter served food to the table and opened the bottle of wine.

As the cork popped, Adam shuddered involuntarily.

Two and a half million dollars were gone in an instant.

"Let's open another one," Emmeline said. "Mr. Adam can drink a lot. You're insulting him if you only open one bottle.

The waiter blushed nervously. He uncorked another bottle and poured it into the decanter.

Pop! Adam shuddered again.

That was five million dollars, not including the price of the food.

Adam narrowed his gaze.

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*If I get my hands on the Imperial Palace again, the money spent here will be pocket change!*

*D\*mn you, Emmeline Louise! You'd better approve my proposal!*

Adrien took the decanter and filled Adam's glass.

He was about to fill Emmeline's glass when Adam grabbed her glass.

"I'll fill Emmeline's glass," Adam said. "Let the eldest in the family do it. That's etiquette."

"I didn't know about that, Adam."

Adrien was not going to fight with him anyway. He poured a glass of wine for Lizbeth.

Adam stared at Emmeline. "Emma, I've poured this glass of wine for you. You'll have to drink the entire thing."

"I can't drink. One glass will knock me out," Emmeline said with a gentle smile. "It'll be such a waste if I throw up in the toilet later."

Adam was not sure how to reply to that.

"If that's the case, you should eat more. You ordered **these** dishes, and let's not have them go to waste."

He thought for a while and realized

law, and he did not want to show that he was playing favorites.

He thought for a little more and thought that he should serve his younger brother too.

He seemed irritated. On all other occasions, he was the one whom people served. He never had to serve others before.

Emmeline spoke, "I'm sure you have another reason for inviting me today."

Adam composed himself before smiling, "You're a smart one, Emma."

"Tell me the real reason then?"

"The Imperial Palace." Adam went straight to the point. "I want Ryker Group to approve my proposal of bidding for the Imperial Palace."

"You've mentioned it before, Adam," Emmeline said. "If you want to submit a bid on behalf of Ryker Group, you'll have to submit a feasibility report. Otherwise, the board of directors won't approve your proposal, and the finance department won't be able to give you any money."

"Heh," Adam smirked. "That's only a smokescreen. All I need is for Abel to say yes. Now that Abel has given you executive rights, all you have to do is put your signature and the company stamp on the proposal. There's no point in making things difficult for me, especially when it's such a trivial matter, right?"

"I'm not making things difficult for you," Emmeline said, still smiling. "If you really want ownership of the Imperial Palace, you should go through the proper channel. Otherwise, I can't help you."

Adam's expression sank, though he did not say anything.

Seeing that Emmeline was about to leave, he shot a glance at Adrien.

Adrien did not think acquiring the Imperial Palace was a bad idea. In fact, it would give Meriwether Mansion a bigger say in the family.

Adrien kicked Lizbeth's shin under the table.

Lizbeth understood what Adrien wanted. She immediately took the brothers' side.

"Don't go yet, Emma. We haven't even chatted yet. Why don't we talk about something other than business?"

Emmeline nodded and decided to stay.

## Chapter 852 Walking Into a Trap

Adam thought for a while and realized he should not rush things.

If he offended Emmeline, she might leave in a huff despite Lizbeth's requests to stay.

The best way was still to make her drunk and get her to sign off the approval.

If Adam could get her signature, the finance department would not be able to refuse his request.

A grin appeared on his face as he thought of that.

"Liz is right. We rarely get to sit together for a meal. Let's not ruin the mood by talking about business. Why don't we eat and drink to our fill first?"

Adrien was also in on the plan. He lifted his glass and said, "A toast to your recovery, Emma. Bottoms up!"

"That is indeed worth celebrating. I was so worried when you couldn't see. Bottoms up!" Adam said.

"Cheers, Emma!" Lizbeth said.

Emma smiled. She could tell that she was walking into a trap.

I know I *can't drink, but that doesn't mean I'm helpless!*

"Excuse me, I need to go to the bathroom," Emmeline said while slipping a toothpick between her fingers. "I'll drink when I come back."

"That's more like it!" Adam gestured a thumbs-up at her.

Emmeline stood up and went to the bathroom outside of the private room.

In the meantime, Adrien leaned close to Adam and whispered, "Adam, you'd better not make her pass out. I'll be the first to protest."

"I won't let you do that too," Lizbeth said with a frown. "Just a couple of drinks will be enough!"

"Are you both idiots?" Adam said in a low voice. "If we acquire the Imperial Palace, we'll be set for life! I'm not going to fail at this step!"

"Are you sure you've thought through this? The Imperial Palace will require a big startup capital, and it'll be a hassle to operate," Adrien said.

"Just leave it to me. All you have to do is sit back and wait to collect dividends!" Adam said confidently. Adrien and Lizbeth exchanged glances and did not say anything.

After Emmeline went into the bathroom, she poked her stomach at several spots with the toothpick. Then, she washed her hands and left the bathroom.

After returning to the room, she lifted her glass and said, "Thank you for your hospitality today. Bottoms up!"

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She placed the glass next to her mouth and emptied its contents in one gulp.

Adrien and Adam were shocked. They did not expect Emmeline to drink so quickly.

They drank from their glasses as well, followed by Lizbeth, who did the same.

Emmeline remained composed. Her face was not flushed at all.

That had never happened before.

“Let’s eat!”

Emmeline picked up a lobster and ignored the trout that Adam handed to her.

After that, Emmeline filled everyone’s glasses and toasted them.

The brothers were discreetly surprised, but they drank anyway. Lizbeth also did the same.

Emmeline poured everyone a third glass of wine and wished everyone good fortune.

She gulped down the glass of wine again and grimaced, as though showing that the wine was pretty strong.

Adam and Adrien gawked at each other. They could not believe it.

They finished their third glass of wine, but Lizbeth only managed to drink half.

Soon, they finished the two bottles of wine.

Emmeline excused herself to the bathroom and threw everything up.

Earlier, she had suppressed her digestive system with the toothpick. The food and alcohol were not digested, and she had to throw up to empty her stomach.

The two brothers were feeling the full effects of the alcohol. Their heads were spinning, and their faces were flushed.

“Looks like everyone enjoyed themselves in this meal. If there’s nothing else, I’ll be leaving,” Emmeline said as she picked up her handbag.

“Wait!” Adam exclaimed. “You haven’t signed my proposal yet! You can’t leave!”

Chapter 853 I’ll Replace Your Suit

“I’m not going to approve it, of course,” Emmeline said with a smirk. “You should go through the procedure.”

proper

“Emma, can’t you do me a favor? No, can’t you do Adrien and me a favor? Please approve my proposal!”

“I said I’m not approving it,” Emmeline said. “You’ve asked the wrong person!”

She turned around and walked away. Adam pounced on her. "Emma!"

Emmeline quickly dodged aside.

Adam did not give up. He pounced at her again. "Don't go yet, Emma!"

Just as he was about to get his hands on Emmeline, a figure suddenly appeared between them.

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Adam was shoved aside. However, there was a loud sound of cloth tearing.

When the dust settled, everyone realized that Benjamin was suddenly in the room.

They did not know when he had come in.

One of the sleeves of his suit jacket was already torn. Adam had torn it in the tussle.

"Benjamin? Why are you here?" Emmeline was surprised.

Benjamin shot a glance at his torn sleeve and said, "I was eating downstairs."

"That's a coincidence," Emmeline said with a smile.

When Adam pounced on her earlier, she could have easily fought back, but Adam would be injured, and it would become an awkward situation.

Benjamin's sudden appearance had avoided any further conflict or embarrassment to both parties.

"Mr. York! Why are you here?" Adrien said with a frown.

"Yeah! This is our family business. Outsiders shouldn't get involved," Adam said while supporting himself with a chair.

"I'm not an outsider. I'm Ms. Louise's friend," Benjamin said with a smile.

"You're not as close as family," Adam said while rolling his eyes. "Emma and I are family."

Benjamin smirked. "Family? If you treat her as family, you two wouldn't have ganged up and bullied her."

Adam and Adrien were embarrassed. They did not have a response.

Benjamin York was one of the most influential figures in Struyria, and no one dared to offend him.

Moreover, what he said was the truth. Adam and Adrien were indeed trying to force Emmeline to do something against her will.

"Emma, are you okay?" Benjamin asked while inspecting Emmeline.

"I'm fine," Emmeline said with a smile.

The only thing was that she had to throw up two million dollars' worth fine wine in the toilet. It would be better if the money was donated to charity.

"I'm glad to hear that. Let's go." Benjamin draped his arm over Emmeline's shoulders, and they left the room without looking at the two brothers.

Adam and Adrien were speechless.

A moment later, Adam felt the full effects of the alcohol and collapsed under the chair.

Emmeline and Benjamin went to the underground parking lot, and Emmeline sat in Benjamin's Bentley.

Benjamin took off the torn suit jacket, tossed it into the trash can, and sat in the backseat next to Emmeline.

"I'll replace your suit," Emmeline said. "I should buy another suit for Abel too."

"Sure." Benjamin nodded.

Emmeline had bought many of Benjamin's suits. Moreover, he was her assistant and was like a big brother to her.

The Bentley started to move out. Luca ordered the driver to follow it with the Rolls-Royce.

Half an hour later, the two cars arrived at the parking lot of The Verdaria.

The Verdaria was a high-end shopping mall with many flagship stores of international brands.

Earlier, on the way there, Emmeline said she had thrown up, and her stomach felt empty. Benjamin was worried she might have gastric problems, so he bought her a cup of milk tea at a café.

They went up to the seventh floor by the elevator. Benjamin could find his favorite brands in the men's section there.

Abel's favorite brands were on the eighth floor.

Like Abel, Benjamin usually wore black suits with white shirts.

The sales clerks that attended to them were a beautiful middle-aged woman and a young lady.

They opened their mouths wide when they saw Benjamin.

*Wow! He's **so** handsome!*

They quickly went up to him and introduced to him the latest designs.

Benjamin stumbled a step backward, surprised by the hospitality he was receiving.

## **Chapter 854**

Emmeline smiled. She knew Benjamin's appearance made him popular with the ladies, just like Abel.

"Give him the latest designs you have," she said to the sales clerks.

The sales clerks quickly took Benjamin's measurements and went away. Soon, they returned with two different suits.

"Sir, why don't you try this one?"

"Sir, this one will definitely suit you!"

The two sales clerks glared at each other angrily.

"I was here first! This customer is mine!"

"He's mine! Didn't you see I returned with the suit first?"

"Alright, alright, we'll try both of them, and we'll pick the more suitable one,"

Emmeline said.

The two sales clerks calmed down a little.

"Miss, your boyfriend is really handsome."

"That's right. He's more handsome than all the celebrities."

The two sales clerks tried to flatter Emmeline.

"He's not my boyfriend. He's my elder brother," Emmeline said with a smile.

"He's your brother?"

"Oh my!"

The two sales clerks realized they stood a chance.

"Ahem," the young lady said, "Don't forget you're already married."

The middle-aged sales clerk blushed in embarrassment.

Emmeline took the suit in her hands and handed it to Benjamin. "Try this one first."

Benjamin went into the fitting room with the suit, and the two sales clerks came to their senses.

Three minutes later, Benjamin came out of the fitting room.

The three women were pleasantly surprised.

The two sales clerks gawked at Benjamin, while Emmeline's eyes sparkled with delight.

She knew that Benjamin was handsome, but the suit made him more handsome than ever.

Benjamin smiled when he saw how the three women were regarding him. "What do you think, Emma?" he asked.

Emmeline nodded violently. "This looks perfect!"

"I'll pick this one then," Benjamin said.

He was not very interested in fashion anyway. If Emmeline liked it, he would pick it.

The middle-aged sales clerk was jumping with excitement. She did not expect to close a deal so quickly.

"Sir, why don't you take it off and I'll wrap it up for you?"

"Mm." Benjamin nodded.

"Benjamin, you haven't tried the other one," Emmeline said and pointed at the suit in the young sales clerk's hands.

"Alright!" Benjamin took the suit and went into the fitting room.

He came out a few minutes later, and the three women were equally pleasantly surprised.

"You're a supermodel, Benjamin. Everything looks good on you. We'll take this one too," Emmeline said happily.

"Whatever you say," Benjamin said.

He was about to go back to the fitting room to change out of the suit when

Emmeline said, "Why don't you take off the tag and keep wearing this?"

"That works." Benjamin nodded.

He had thrown away his previous suit jacket, and he was wearing only a black silk shirt.

The weather was slightly chilly, so it was better for him to be wearing a jacket.

The sales clerk helped him remove the tag at the sleeve, while the other sales clerk returned with a bag with the other suit.

Emmeline went to the cashier to pay. Benjamin did not insist on paying. After all, Adelmar Group was paying her credit card bills.

"Let's go," Emmeline said after paying.

When she turned her head, she noticed that Benjamin's tie was crooked.

She put the cup in her hand away and helped Benjamin straighten the tie. After that, she took his hand.

Suddenly, she noticed a young woman staring at them.

Emmeline and Benjamin were stunned.

Of all the people to bump into, they had to bump into Janie.

It looked like she had been there for some time.

In her hands was a shopping bag with the same brand as Benjamin's suit.

It was obvious why she was there.

Oh no! Emmeline thought and pulled her hand away.

"I didn't expect to bump into you here, Janie," Emmeline said with an awkward smile.

## **Chapter 855**

Janie tried to force a smile. "Emma, Mr. York, fancy meeting you here."

"Yes, what a coincidence." Emmeline was at a loss for words.

"Indeed. It's such a coincidence." Janie's face suddenly turned pale.

"Excuse me, miss, the cashier is over there." The sales clerk next to Janie said to her.

Janie handed the bag to the sales clerk. "I'm sorry, I don't think I'll be needing this anymore."

The sales clerk was surprised, and she could see the glumness on Janie's face.

"Pardon me, I suddenly remember I have to be somewhere else. Bye."

Janie smiled faintly at Emmeline and walked out of the tinted glass doors.

"Janie!"

Emmeline wanted to give chase, but Benjamin grabbed her arm.

"It's okay."

"But Benjamin, I think Janie misunderstood us," Emmeline said with a frown.

"There's nothing between us. There's nothing between me and her as well.

What's there to misunderstand?" Benjamin said.

Emmeline pouted, realizing that what Benjamin said made sense.

There was indeed nothing to explain, and chasing after Janie would only worsen the situation.

However, she could not help but feel weird about the situation.



"Let's go," Benjamin said to Emmeline, who was still disheartened. "We still need to buy clothes for Abel."

Emmeline came to her senses. They left the store and went up the spiral escalator to the eighth floor.

After buying two suits for Abel, Emmeline and Benjamin left the Verdaria.

Benjamin was going to return to Adelmara Group, while Emmeline went back to The Precipice.

Before Emmeline went into the Rolls-Royce, Benjamin said, "Don't think of what to say to Janie. There's nothing to explain."

Emmeline nodded. "I know."

Benjamin opened the car door for Emmeline. "Mm. I'll visit Abel later."

Emmeline went into the Rolls-Royce, while Benjamin went into the Bentley.

Back at The Precipice, Emmeline took a quick shower and changed into casual clothes.

She reclined on the bed in her room and sent a message to Abel. "Hubby, I bought two new suits for you. Do you want to try?"

Soon, she received a reply from Abel. "I'm slathered in ointment. I can only wear pajamas."

Tears immediately blurred Emmeline's vision. However, she soon received another message. "I should be fine in another two or three days. Don't worry, keep the suit ready for me."

Tears started to fall from Emmeline's face. "But I miss you. We're living in the same house, but I can't see you."

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder, right?" Abel tried to make her feel better.

Absence does make the heart grow fonder, but when will the absence end?

Haven't you already been hurt enough by "fondness"?

Emmeline did not reply, and Abel knew that she was overthinking again.

However, he could not retract the message. He could only add, "The antidote will be ready soon. You don't have to worry, baby."

Emmeline replied with a nodding emoji.

She did not want to add to Abel's burdens, so she did not dwell on the topic.

She put her phone away and went to the third floor. Waylon had moved the laboratory to one of the guest rooms.

She knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" Waylon's voice could be heard from the inside.

It was either Kendra or Emmeline because no one else would dare to disturb him.

"It's me," Emmeline answered sullenly.

Waylon immediately opened the door and saw Emmeline standing outside.

"What's with the long face?" Waylon asked while playfully pinching her cheek.

"Is the antidote done yet?" Emmeline said while staring at him expectantly.

"It's about 30 percent done," Waylon replied somewhat sheepishly.

"That's still a long way to go, isn't it?" Emmeline seemed more crestfallen than

ever.

"I'm already doing my best. It's been only a few days, and I'm already 30 percent done. It won't take long before it's 60 percent, 70 percent, or even 100 percent."

"When will you be at 100 percent? That won't be easy, right?" Emmeline asked while pouting.

## Chapter 856

Emmeline knew that the last step in pharmaceutical development was always the longest.

It was not surprising if that last step would take a matter of years!

In other words, Waylon did not know when the antidote would be done.

Waylon did not say anything because he knew that he could not promise anything.

Emmeline sat down on a chair and asked, "Any news about the owner of the Imperial Palace?"

Waylon shook his head and said, "I asked my father how secrets of the Adelmars were exposed, and he didn't have an answer for me. He told me that the only person privy to Adelmars' recipes was one of his previous assistants named Ywain. However, there hasn't been any news of him for the past twenty years, and all the books are still in the family collection."

"That's strange. The secret won't leak themselves, right?" Emmeline said.

"That's impossible, of course. I should let Benjamin go and investigate that Ywain guy's whereabouts," Waylon said.

Later in the night, Emmeline and Abel talked to each other on the phone.

In the end, Abel said good night to Emmeline and told her to go and rest.

Emmeline had no choice but to say good night to him.

She lay on the bed and flipped around but could not fall asleep.

There was a lot on her mind.

If the antidote isn't going to be ready anytime soon, would I have to remain separated from Abel?

It hurt her just to think of it.

It won't hurt as bad if it's a matter of staying away from physical intimacy. I can't even afford to see him.

Can we still be considered married then? Are we still in the same family?

Eventually, will we become strangers?

Her tears fell from her face and stained the pillow.

Suddenly, she heard the door open gently.

At first, she thought she was hallucinating.

However, she noticed a crack of light amid the darkness.

She instinctively opened her eyes.

The crack grew wider, and a tall silhouette appeared.

The silhouette's black bathrobe blended together with the darkness of the night.

Emmeline gasped softly. That was Abel.

He had secretly entered her room.

Emmeline bit the corner of her blanket, held her breath, and closed her eyes to pretend she was asleep.

Abel walked silently toward her.

Emmeline could hear his gentle breathing. Soon, she could feel his warm breath on her face.

He must be staring at me.

She felt her eyes turn moist, but she was worried that the tears might flow.

Abel would be angry to find out she was only pretending to be asleep. He would not want her to see his pathetic state.

Emmeline gritted her teeth and closed her eyes tightly to stop the tears from flowing.

Abel was in front of the bed for a few seconds and realized that Emmeline was not really sleeping. He stood up and walked toward the door.

Emmeline opened her eyes. With the dim light from outside the room, she could see the shape of his broad and strong back.

"Abel..." Emmeline called out.

Abel suddenly stopped walking at the door.

Emmeline jumped out of the bed and pounced at him.

"Don't come any closer!" Abel ordered softly without turning around.

Emmeline's feet rooted themselves on the floor. Her outstretched arms were so close to touching Abel.

Abel dared not turn his head around. He could only say, "Go back to bed!"

"I don't want to." Emmeline began to sob. "I want to be with you."

"I want you to go back to bed! Can't you understand?" Abel raised his voice slightly. There was a hint of coldness in it.

Emmeline shifted backward a little but did not step back.

"Hubby..."

"Shut up!" Abel growled. "I don't want you to kill me, so don't let me see you!"

She knew that Abel was lying.

Abel did not want Emmeline to see him not because of the poison, but because he did not want to show his weak side to her.

Of course, he was also worried she might catch a cold.

It was almost winter, and the nights were very cold. Emmeline was not properly dressed in warm clothes.

Abel said nothing and prepared to leave.

"Abel!" Emmeline took a step forward and hugged him from behind with both arms.

She rested her cheek on his back, and her tears stained his bathrobe.

"Don't go, hubby..."

## Chapter 857

In the darkness, Abel felt wetness in his eyes and a twinge in his nose.

He was afraid he might lose control of himself and hug the woman behind him.

If that happened, Deathly Desire would take hold, and he would go berserk!

"Go away!" There was a hint of coldness in his soothing voice.

He grabbed Emmeline's arms by the wrists and pried them away from his waist.

"Stop pestering me!" He ran out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him with a slam.

"Abel! Hubby!"

Emmeline was plunged into endless darkness once more. She sat on the floor in despair.

Her heart had been torn to shreds, and tears silently slid down her cheeks.

Abel ran back into the study, locked the door, and leaned against it.

He took the glass of cold water on the desk and gulped it down. Then, he went to the bathroom and drenched his head in cold water.

He managed to calm his body down.

He gripped the basin and let the cold water run down his hair and into the bathrobe.

As a man with an insatiable urge, his interaction with his wife had stimulated him.

After drying his hair, he lay on his bed and spread his limbs out, allowing the darkness to consume him.

Before he knew it, he saw himself standing in front of the master bedroom.

Behind him was Emmeline. Her arms hugged him around his waist, and her cheek was resting on his back.

He could feel his arousal grow.

He growled softly, pinned Emmeline against the wall, and kissed her lips.

"No, Abel. No..."

The refusal only excited him even more. Instead of stopping, he kissed her even more fervently.

Boom! Suddenly, his body exploded into pieces.

"Ahh!" Abel woke up with a scream. He was only dreaming.

However, the dream had already triggered Deathly Desire.

He was instantly overwhelmed by immense pain.

"Ahhh! Ahhh! It hurts!" Abel screamed and rolled off the bed.

He got to his feet and, while bellowing like a beast, smashed everything he could see.

Bang! He picked up the chair and threw it against the door.

The loud noise woke Waylon up. He instantly knew that Abel had triggered Deathly Desire.

He put on his night robe, ran down the stairs, kicked the door open, and saw Abel standing there with bloodshot eyes.

"Abel! Calm down!" he screamed.

Abel was not listening. He roared and pounced at Waylon.

Waylon quickly stepped aside and dodged the attack. He inserted a silver needle into the back of Abel's neck.

Abel's body went limp, and he fell to the floor.

"Restrain me, Waylon. If you don't, I'm going to kill someone!" he said.  
Waylon inserted two needles in different spots of Abel's body, and Abel stopped moving.  
However, his face was contorted because of the immense pain.  
Emmeline ran over and exclaimed, "Abel! What happened, Abel?"  
"Waylon! Close the door! Don't let Emma see me!" Abel said with much difficulty.

## Chapter 858

Waylon quickly closed the door and locked Emmeline outside.

"Abel!"

Emmeline fell on the door. Her entire body was shaking. "What happened to you, Abel? Please tell me!"

"Go away!" In the study, Abel growled. "Don't come close to me. Don't let me see you. Go away no!"

"Did the symptoms appear again? Please let me look at you! I can help you!"

"Go away! I'm telling you to go away!"

"I'm here, Emma. I'll take care of him," Waylon said to Emmeline through the door. "You should go back to your room."

"But I want to know Abel's condition," Emmeline said while knocking on the door. "Is he in a lot of pain?"

"You can imagine that he is," Waylon said with a frown. "Abel doesn't want you to see him. You should leave now. If you don't, you'll only agitate him further."

"..."

"Stand back. I'm taking Abel to the basement."

"But Waylon," Emmeline sobbed, "His body will deteriorate if he keeps on taking ice baths."

"That's the only thing that can stop him from going insane from the pain! We have no other choice!" Waylon said.

Emmeline could only nod and say, "I'll go away then. Please take him to the basement."

Waylon helped Abel stand up. "Emma is gone, Abel. Follow me!"

"Okay!" Abel said hoarsely through gritted teeth.

Waylon supported Abel's shoulders and dragged him out of the study and toward the basement.

Half an hour later, Abel finally calmed down in the pool of ice.

His body was in terrible shape. Blood seeped from the cracks of his skin and stained the ice pool red.

"You stayed away from Emma, right? What happened?" Waylon asked.

"D\*mn it!" Abel said between gasps of air. "I dreamed that I was with Emma..."

"What?" Waylon blurted. "D\*mn it! How do you control that?"

Abel opened his eyes weakly. "Waylon, can I still put my hope in your antidote? I don't think I can bear with this for much longer."

"You can," Waylon said confidently, "But you need to give me time. Do you think I'm baking a cake? If I can develop the antidote, I can win the Nobel Prize!"

"But I can't wait any longer," Abel said. "I've already kept my distance from Emma. Should I stop sleeping as well? Who knows if she'll appear in my next dream? As much as I can control myself, I can't control my dreams!"

"I... I don't know how to help you!" Waylon said while pinching the bridge of his nose.

Abel was speechless. He did not know what to do either.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Someone was knocking on the basement door.

"Waylon, how is Abel?" Emmeline's anxious voice was heard from the outside.

Waylon went up next to the door and said, "I said he can't see you. You should go back to your room. I can take care of him."

"I'll stay here then," Emmeline said while sobbing. "I can't sleep in my room anyway. I might as well be closer to Abel."

Waylon sighed and said, "Get Kendra to give you a blanket. You can stay outside the door for a short while."

"Okay." Emmeline nodded. "You can call me if you need my help. I'm not going to leave."

"Waylon, Emma will be cold if she's outside. You should tell her to go back to her room," Abel said.

"She's so stubborn! I can't convince her!" Waylon said. "She cares for you. You should let her stay."

"I'm worried she might catch a cold."

"Save your worries for yourself."

"I'm worried about Emma! Aren't you worried for her too?"

Chapter 859

"I'm worried about her, of course!" Waylon huffed. "Are you two still children? I can't be worried about you all the time!"

Abel had no response to that.

"I should've brought Emma to Macsen Villa. None of this would have happened!"

"Even if she goes to Macsen Villa, that's not going to stop me from dreaming about her, right?" Abel groaned.

Waylon rolled his eyes. He was at a loss for a reply.

Well, I can't be guarding Abel whenever he sleeps and poking him with a needle whenever he starts dreaming, right?

Abel's pain gradually subsided in the ice water.

His head was spinning, and he soon fell unconscious.

Waylon took his pulse and concluded that the episode was over. Abel should wake up after sleeping for the night.

But what could they do next?

He remembered Emmeline was still outside the door, so he stood up and went out.

Emmeline was wrapped up in a quilt. She was sleeping while leaning her head against the door.

There were still tears in her eyes.

Waylon was indignant, though he could not help but feel sorry for her. He picked her up with his arms and brought her upstairs.

As soon as Waylon placed Emmeline on the bed, she opened her eyes and asked, "Waylon, how... how is Abel?"

"He's better this time. The symptoms were under control, and he should wake up by tomorrow."

"But... Even if he wakes up, he still can't see me, right? Did the condition of his body worsen?" Emmeline asked while sobbing.

"Mm. The cracks reopened. It'll take at least a week this time," Waylon said.

"A week?" Emmeline was about to cry again. "He was about to recover soon. Now he has to start over!"

"Everything would have been okay, but he had to dream about you! Does he think he can get around Deathly Desire that way?"

Emmeline was surprised to hear that. She wondered if she should feel happy because Abel was still thinking of her, or feel sorry for him.

"Sigh. I can't tell if he'll dream about you again. This seriously scares me," Waylon said.

"You can't blame me. I didn't mean to enter his dreams," Emmeline said.

"I don't blame you," Waylon said while patting her head. "In any case, the most urgent problem at hand is the antidote. I should get back to it."

He poured a glass of warm water for Emmeline, watched her drink it, and returned to the basement.

Emmeline wrapped herself with a blanket. She did not feel sleepy at all.

Even though she was a skilled researcher, she had to admit she was helpless.

By the time the sun rose, her eyes were swollen.

Realizing she had to hold the fort at Ryker Group, she had to look presentable somehow.

She thought for a while and went downstairs to get an ice pack for her eyes.

She met the pastry chef in the kitchen.

"I made some tarts, Ms. Louise. Would you like to try one?"

Emmeline had no appetite, but the tarts looked tantalizing, so she took one.

Before she could place the tart in her mouth, tears began to fall.

The pastry chef was shocked. "What's wrong, Ms. Louise? Are the tarts not to your satisfaction?"

"It's not that," Emmeline said while wiping her eyes. "Your tarts are amazing."

"Why did you suddenly burst out in tears then?"

"I couldn't help but think that Abel is suffering while I'm enjoying tarts."

"Mr. Abel... Is he feeling unwell?" the pastry chef ventured.

"Mm." Emmeline nodded. Tears welled up in her eyes again.

"He should go to the hospital then, shouldn't he?" the pastry chef said. "Medical technology is so advanced now. There's no disease medicine can't cure."

"Abel doesn't need medical technology! He needs that d\*mned antidote!"

"Why? Isn't there one?"

"There isn't," Emmeline said while sniffing. "Only that person has the antidote."

The pastry chef's eyes widened. "That person? Which person?"

"You won't know anyway." Emmeline put the tart away.

"I guess I don't, but... shouldn't you ask for the antidote from him? Surely nothing can be more important than Mr. Abel's health, right?"

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Emmeline smiled wryly. "If only it were that easy. I can't find that person at all. If I know where he is and ask him for the antidote, I'll be willing to do anything for him. But where can I find him? That b\*stard is nowhere to be found!"

The pastry chef said nothing.

Emmeline pressed her lips together. She took an ice pack from the freezer and went upstairs.

After seeing Emmeline disappear around the corner, the pastry chef went back to the kitchen.

He thought for a while and sent Adam a message. "Mr. Adam, I managed to find out something just now, but I don't know if it's important."

Adam replied, "What is it? Tell me! I'm not in the mood to play games!"



“Mr. Abel is ill, but he needs an antidote instead of a doctor.”

“Okay. And then?”

“Ms. Louise was crying. She said ‘that person’ has the antidote, but she can’t find him.”

Adam grinned smugly. Yes, that’s true. I’m that man! But I can’t tell him.

Instead, he replied, “Is that all? Can’t you tell me the whole story in one message?”

“Oh, she called that person a b\*stard.”

“...What else?”

“She said she’d do anything for the antidote. That’s all.”

Did Emmeline actually say that? If I give her the antidote, will she do anything I say? Adam thought. He twiddled the sparse hairs on his chin and grinned maliciously.

I guess this is my chance! But what would I make that woman do?

The first thing he wanted was to have her make out with him and satisfy his urges, but he knew that was a mere fantasy.

More importantly, he wanted funds from Ryker Group to acquire the Imperial Palace.

The Imperial Palace was a lavish establishment occupying a large area. He estimated the bids would go as high as 20 billion dollars.

He had about eight billion dollars in assets, which was far less than what was required.

20 billion dollars was only enough to acquire the place. He had to consider startup and maintenance costs as well.

All of that needed money, and he could not do it alone.

He thought about it a little more and realized he could not rely on Emmeline for the funds.

If he asked for funds in exchange for the antidote, he would be exposing his identity as the owner of the Imperial Palace.

He sipped wine as an idea gradually formed in his head.

He took his phone and dialed a number.

The call was soon answered. “Mr. Adam? Is that you?”

Adam narrowed his gaze. “Mhm.”

“I’ve been waiting for your call, Mr. Adam,” the other person said.

“Mm. We can continue our collaboration now,” Adam said and nodded.

“You don’t have the Imperial Palace anymore. How can we collaborate?” the other person said with a smile.

"If Murphy Group can give me the funds to acquire the Imperial Palace, I'll buy your 'H' at double the price."

"Double? That's a good deal," the other person chuckled and said.

"That settles it. We'll join forces at the auction," Adam said.

"Of course. I should congratulate you in advance on becoming the legitimate owner of the Imperial Palace."

"Hahaha!" Adam laughed.

He decided he would hold Emmeline hostage with the antidote after his ownership of the Imperial Palace was legitimized.

He could already imagine Emmeline lying on his bed naked, waiting for him to violate her.

"Hahahaha!" he laughed again, feeling that he had already won.

The auction of the Imperial Palace happened four days later.

Many big bosses from all over the country gathered in Struyria.

Abel read the news on his phone, but he could not show himself in public with his current appearance.

He asked Emmeline to go. Waylon did not want her to go alone, so he accompanied her. Benjamin went along too.

The Murphy family of Altney was also present. Edmond was their representative.