

Ambush OTQ 871

Chapter 871 What's So Great About Grandchildren.

Timothy, Sun, Moon, and Star skipped toward him.

"Great-Grandpa!"

"Great-Grandpa!"

"Happy birthday, Great-Grandpa!"

"Wishing you good health, Great-Grandpa!"

The last two were spoken by Moon and Star. They did not know if it was Oscar's birthday today, but it felt like the right occasion to say that.

Oscar roared with laughter, hugged the four boys in his arms, and kissed their cheeks and foreheads.

He could not adore them enough.

Julianna pulled a long face when she saw that. Her entire being emanated hostility.

She stared daggers at the four boys, and she gritted her teeth hard.

Rosaline noticed her expression.

Why are you looking at my grandchildren like that? Your daughter-in-law can birth some for you!

Rosaline went over to Julianna and grinned superficially. "Hi, Julianna. I remember you're two years older than me, right?"

Julianna did not know what Rosaline wanted to say.

fringes are turning white."

None of your business!" Julianna said after sulking for a long time.

"I don't mean to meddle," Rosaline said with a smile, "But I'm anxious for you. You don't even have a grandchild yet."

"Hmph!" Rosaline turned her head away and rolled her eyes. "You'd better keep a close eye on your grandchildren!"

"Of course. All four boys are priceless. Can't you see that Father loves them very much too?"

Julianna knew very well that Oscar adored the four boys.

"Well, when we turn old, we'd like to see our descendants multiply. Don't you agree?"

Julianna was about to pop a vein. She coughed hard a few times, and her face turned pale..

“What’s so great about grandchildren anyway?” she mumbled under her breath and continued to stare daggers at the quadruplets.

Rosaline took Emmeline’s hand and said, “Yes. Emma, you should keep a close eye on your that certain people want to claim them as their own!”

kids. I can see

Emmeline could not help but chuckle. She knew that Rosaline was still talking about Julianna.

“Also, if anyone isn’t happy that we have four kids in the family, don’t hesitate to call them out!” Rosaline continued while shooting a glance at Julianna.

Julianna nearly stood up when she heard that.

Landen took her hand and said, “Watch your manners!”

Julianna snorted coldly and turned her head away.

She thought for a while and said to Adrien and Lizbeth, “You two have been engaged for a very long time. It’s time to get married and give birth to children. You don’t want others to criticize you, do you? It’s no effort raising children anyway!”

Chapter 872 Idle Bum

“But Mom,” Adrien said blissfully while taking Lizbeth’s hand, “We don’t want any children in the near future. We’d like to spend more time together as a couple.”

Julianna rolled her eyes angrily.

Landen tried to calm her down. “Our children can do whatever they want with their lives. Why are you so

anxious?”

“I’m almost 60 years old!” Julianna was starting to sob. “When are my sons going to settle down and bear grandchildren for me?”

Landen was at a loss for a response. He wanted grandchildren too, but he was helpless if his sons decided to take it easy.

After Oscar was done pampering his four great-grandchildren, he glanced at the other people in the house and said, “What’s the meaning of this? Adam isn’t here, Abel isn’t here either. Do they still care about what I say?”

Lewis hastily replied, “Father, Abel called me earlier and said he’s busy. He’ll make it up to you another day.”

“He’s busy?” Oscar widened his eyes angrily. “That can’t be. Emma has been taking care of Ryker Group for the past few days. How busy can he be?”

Lewis and Rosaline exchanged glances, then turned their heads to look at Emmeline.

Emmeline remained composed. "It's like this. Abel isn't feeling well, so he's resting at home."

"He's not feeling well? That's not what he said when he called me earlier," Rosaline said.

"...He didn't want the two of you to worry, so he made up an excuse," Emmeline said.

Julianna seized the chance and stood up. "Father, Ryker Group is a family business, and all of us have a stake in it. How can we let an outsider manage it, much less a woman?"

"So what if I'm a woman?" Emmeline also stood up. "Also, I'm only taking care of the company on Abel's behalf. I'm not managing it. What are you worried about? Don't tell me you're afraid that I might claim the company as my own!"

"That won't do either!" Julianna said. "If Abel is busy, Adam and Adrien can help him. You're in no position to speak here!"

Rosaline stood up too. "Abel has given Emma the right to manage the company on his behalf. That only shows that Abel trusts Emma!"

"But Father, this isn't fair! Are my two sons only window dressing for the company then?" Julianna said resentfully.

"That's enough, Mom!" Adrien said impatiently. "I'd rather spend time with Liz than trouble myself over the company!"

"You're useless!" Julianna glared at Adrien.

Lizbeth blushed and lowered her head in embarrassment.

She did not control how Adrien spent his time. Adrien simply did not wish to work.

In any case, Adrien was a lot more dependable than before, and Lizbeth hoped that Julianna could see that..

Julianna continued. "Father, there's still Adam, right? I remember you regarded Adam highly, and you almost handed the reins of Ryker Group to him."

"So where is he now?" Oscar retorted. "Is Adam very busy too? Is he too busy to come and have lunch with his grandfather?"

Landen stood up. "Father, Adam is feeling unwell. He's resting in his home, and he'll come over and make it up to you once he feels better."

"Wasn't he perfectly fine earlier? Two days ago, he even pestered me to fund his acquisition of the Imperial Palace! How did he fall sick all of a sudden? Did he drink too much alcohol?" Oscar said.

Landen had no reply for that.

Julianna said, "Adam has gastric problems. He'll be fine in a couple of days."

"I suppose that's because he drank too much! That idle bum!" Oscar said angrily.

Julianna drooped her head in embarrassment. She wondered why nothing seemed to go her way today.

Chapter 873 Rosaline Wants to Visit Abel

"Heh!" Rosaline lifted her chin and smirked at Julianna.

"You should arrange a marriage for Adam soon. It's about time he settles down!" Oscar said annoyedly.

"He's not young anymore! Can't he be more responsible?"

"Do you think he's irresponsible?" Julianna said with a frown. "That impostor was kicked out of the Murphy family. It'll be hard to find a suitable candidate in the short term."

There are so many wealthy families in Struyria. Why can't he just pick one? I'm sure it's because he's not done fooling around yet!" Oscar said coldly.

Julianna drooped her head and said nothing. Landen dared not look his father in the eye either.

They knew that they could not keep Adam under control.

"Whatever. Let's eat. At least I'm glad that my four precious great-grandsons are here!" Oscar said unhappily:

Landen and Julianna glanced at each other defeatedly.

In stark comparison to them were Lewis and Rosaline, who were feeling very smug.

However, Rosaline shot a glance at Emmeline and felt uneasy.

After lunch, they returned to Levan Mansion.

Emmeline brought the children to their rooms for an afternoon nap. She went downstairs and prepared to return to The Precipice.

After half a day outside, she missed Abel.

Even though she could not see him face to face, it comforted her whenever she talked to him while separated by the door.

Rosaline stood up from the sofa just as Emmeline reached the door.

"Emma, I think I should go to The Precipice with you and visit Abel. I can't be at ease if I don't see him."

Emmeline was taken aback momentarily when she heard that. She could not stop Rosaline from visiting her son.

She could only nod and say, "Alright, let's go then. I'll get the driver to send you home later."

"Okay," Rosaline told Lewis she was going out before sitting in Emmeline's car.

Emmeline drove to Levan Mansion on her own, and Rosaline sat next to her. She could not find an opportunity to call Abel to warn him.

What should I do when I reach home? Would Rosaline be shocked by Abel's appearance? Those were the questions in her mind on the drive back.

The car neared The Precipice and drove through the gates.

After Emmeline parked her car, Kendra wanted to go over and greet her. However, she noticed Rosaline step out of the side passenger seat.

Immediately, Kendra went into the house with Quincy in her arms.

Emmeline was secretly grateful for Kendra's thoughtfulness.

Good job, Kendra! Quick, go and tell Abel what's about to happen!

Kendra ran up the stairs and knocked on the door of the study.

Abel asked, "Who is it?"

Kendra, while panting, said, "Mr. Ryker, your mother has returned with Ms. Louise."

Abel frowned. Why is Mother here? She must want to visit me. What should I do?

"Mr. Ryker, should I say you're not at home?" Kendra said.

"There's no use," Abel said. "You should go downstairs. I know what to do."

"Yes, Mr. Ryker." Kendra went downstairs and put Quincy in the pram.

In the meantime, Emmeline and Rosaline had entered the house.

"Where is Abel? Is he upstairs? Let me go and look for him," Rosaline said.

Emmeline pressed her lips together. "There's no rush. Why don't you have a cup of tea first?"

Kendra quickly went into the kitchen to put the kettle on the stove.

"I can't wait. You said that Abel is feeling unwell, and I've been worried about him since the morning." Rosaline said.

"I'm sorry

for not taking good care of him," Emmeline said.

She was a mother too, and she knew how mothers felt whenever their children were unwell.

"Don't mention it. Bring me to Abel," Rosaline said.

Emmeline bit her lip and nodded. "Sure. Follow me."

They went up the stairs and arrived at the door of the study.

“Why is Abel in the study? He should be resting in his room, shouldn’t he?” Rosaline said.

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“...He said it’s quieter in the study,” Emmeline said.

Rosaline did not say anything. She knew her son desired quiet places.

Emmeline knocked on the door and said, “Abel, your mother is here to see you.”

There was a short moment of silence before Abel’s voice was heard. “I’m fine, Mother. You don’t have to see me.”

“Why can’t I see you? I know you’re ill, but you’re still my son, and I’m worried about you!” Rosaline said while frowning suspiciously.

“I have a skin disease,” Abel said. “I’m slathered in ointment, and I’m in my pajamas. It’s not very appropriate.”

“You’re my son! I’ve seen you naked before! Why are you so shy all of a sudden? Open the door and let me take a look at you. I’d feel uneasy if I don’t see you,” Rosaline said.

“It’s very contagious, Mother. I don’t even let Emma see me. You should leave.”

“What illness is it?” Rosaline became even more uneasy. “You should be in the hospital! Why are you staying at home?”

“The doctors have already attended to me,” Abel explained patiently. “They slathered ointment all over me and told me to stay at home. I’ll visit you in a week.”

“You don’t have to lie to me,” Rosaline said unhappily. “Open the door and let me look at you!”

It was the first time Abel thought his mother was so stubborn.

“Open the door!” Rosaline knocked on the door. “You don’t have to explain to me. Is it so hard to show yourself to your mother?”

Abel thought for a while and went to the bathroom to look at himself in the mirror.

The cracks on his skin had faded a little compared to a few days ago, but it was still horrifying.

He wondered what his mother would think of him.

He also knew his mother would not give up if she did not see him.

“Alright then.” Abel tidied his black night robe and stood in front of the door.

“Mother, you can come in yourself. Emma, you should stay outside.”

Emmeline was silent. She wanted to see Abel very much.

However, she knew that Abel did not want to show his weak side to her.

“Mm, okay. I’ll stay outside,” Emmeline said.

Abel opened the door slightly, and Rosaline squeezed in.

In the next second, Emmeline could hear Rosaline's scream.

After that, Abel exclaimed, "Mother! What's wrong, Mother?"

Emmeline immediately pushed the door open.

She saw Rosaline slumped on the floor, unconscious. Abel crouched next to her.

"Wake up, Mother!"

"What happened?" Emmeline asked.

Abel abruptly turned his head around and revealed his cracked face to her.

"Ahh!" Emmeline gasped in shock. "What... What happened to you, Abel?"

Abel was furious. "Get out!" he roared.

Emmeline did not go out. Instead, she crouched next to him and hugged him tightly. "Abel, does it hurt? Blood is coming out of the wounds. It must hurt a lot, right?"

"I'm telling you to get out!" Abel said coldly and shoved her away. "Who let you inside?"

"Don't tell me to get out, Abel. I'm not going out. I want to protect you. It's all my fault. You're suffering all because of me. I didn't think it would turn out this way..."

Rosaline gradually regained consciousness and heard what Emmeline said.

"So it's you!" She lifted a hand and slapped Emmeline.

Abel quickly grabbed her hand. "What are you doing, Mother?"

"It's all her fault, right?" Rosaline hugged Abel. "How are you going to live like this, Abel? I can't bear to see you like this!"

"I'm fine, Mother. I'll be okay soon." Abel comforted his mother. "It's only a skin disease. It'll only take a few days to recover."

"I heard Emmeline say it's her fault! You have to tell me what happened, Abel. What did she do to you? I'll avenge you!" Rosaline said angrily.

Chapter 875

"I said it's not Emma's fault!" Abel said sternly. "The villain set me up, but it's okay, I'll recover soon."

"The villain? What villain? Did it happen during that time you went to save Emmeline?" Rosaline said.

"...Yes." Abel nodded.

"So it's still her fault then!" Rosaline said angrily. "This is all because of you, Emmeline! This is what my son gets for loving you!"

She stood up and wanted to hit Emmeline, but Abel stopped her.

"This has nothing to do with Emma, Mother. Stop blaming her!"

"Why are you still speaking for her? She caused you to turn out like this!" Rosaline screamed.

"Emma is my wife and the woman I love! I will protect her!"

"You're so confused! Don't you know that I feel sorry for you?" Rosaline said. She wished she could wake her son up with a slap.

"Please don't blame Abel for what he did," Emmeline said while sobbing. "I didn't expect things to turn out this way. If I knew this would happen, I'd rather die..."

"Get lost! Don't let me see you again!" Rosaline said angrily.

"Mother! Emma is my wife and the mother of my children. How can you say that to her?" Abel said.

"She's indeed the mother of your children, but you're not legally wedded to her. I'm not going to let this woman enter the household and bring you bad luck! She doesn't deserve to be your wife!" Rosaline's eyes were bloodshot.

"You're not making any sense at all, Mother!" Abel was furious. His eyes were also bloodshot.

Emmeline shook her head. "Abel, your mother is right. It's all my fault that you're like this. Don't worry. I'll help you no matter what it takes, even if it costs me my life."

"I don't need you to help me. I'm happy as long as you're safe." Abel took Emmeline's hands and hugged her tightly. "Waylon will provide a solution. There's nothing for you to worry about!"

"No! I don't want to see her!" Rosaline grabbed Emmeline by the waist and shoved her on the floor.

"Emma!" Abel wanted to go and help Emmeline up, but Waylon crouched in front of her and picked her up

"I'll take Emma away. You two should stop bothering her!"

He turned around and prepared to leave.

"Waylon! Return Emma to me!" Abel yelled.

"Calm down and think this through, Abel!" Rosaline hugged her son's waist from behind. "Which one is more important, your health or that woman?"

"What use is my health if I don't have Emma?" Abel shoved his mother aside and gave chase to Waylon.

"Put me down, Waylon," Emmeline said in Waylon's arms. "I don't blame Abel. He did nothing wrong."

"I don't blame him either, but I can't bear to see his mother bullying you," Waylon said.

"Waylon!" Abel overtook Waylon and stood in front of him. The cracks on his face were already bloody. "I apologize to Emma on my mother's behalf. At the same time, you should empathize with my mother."

Waylon did not say anything.

He could understand what Rosaline was thinking, but that did not allow her to say such things to Emmeline, or shove her to the ground.

He and his father adored Emmeline and treated her like family. They would not allow anyone to bully her.

If Rosaline were not Abel's mother, Waylon would have tossed her out of the window.

"Give Emma back to me, Waylon," Abel said while stretching out his bloodied arms.

"You look like a devil from hell. Aren't you worried that Emma might be frightened?" Waylon said.

"I'm not frightened." Emmeline burst into tears, pushed herself away from Waylon, and fell into Abel's arms.

Abel wanted to hug her, but Waylon pulled her away once more.

Waylon hugged her tightly and said, "Even if you're not afraid of the devil, aren't you afraid of what Deathly Desire might do to him?"

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Emmeline had no reply to that.

She curled up in Waylon's arms and turned her head away so she did not see Abel.

Her heart ached so much that she found it hard to breathe.

Abel also took a step back.

They knew they should not trigger Abel's Deathly Desire again. Abel would not be able to heal.

Abel said with much difficulty, "I'll leave Emma in your care."

"Don't worry about it. You should tend to your mother," Waylon said.

Abel turned his head away reluctantly and returned to the study.

Rosaline was still crying. Abel comforted her patiently.

Meanwhile, Waylon brought Emmeline downstairs.

Half an hour later, Rosaline calmed down, and Luca sent her back to Levan Mansion.

The next day, Emmeline went to work at Ryker Group.

After she finished the tasks that Abel gave her, she received a call from Janie.

Emmeline quickly answered it.

She had not spoken to her ever since the awkward encounter at The Verdaria, much less met each other.

"Janie? How are you?" Emmeline asked carefully.

"I'm fine." Janie's voice sounded dry. "Emma, I need your help with something."

"Please tell me. I'll do whatever I can to help you," Emmeline said.

"I know you'd help me," Janie said with a smile. "Shall we meet and talk?"

"Sure. Where should I meet you?" Emmeline asked.

"The administration center of Adelmars Studios," Janie said. "I'm working there."

Emmeline remembered Janie was transferred there because she did not wish to meet Benjamin.

"Okay, I should be there in 40 minutes. Wait for me there," Emmeline said.

"Mm. Take care while driving," Janie said happily.

After the call ended, Emmeline picked up her handbag and walked out of the CEO's office.

Luca came out of the assistant's office. "Where are you going, Ms. Louise?"

"Adelmars Studios. I'm going to meet Janie. You don't have to follow me," Emmeline said.

"I think I should," Luca said while scratching the back of his head. "You should know how Mr. Abel will react if he knows that I'm not looking after you. Now, there's also Mr. Adelmars."

Emmeline smiled. "I'll give you the rest of the day off then. Maybe you should get yourself a nice cup of coffee."

Luca blushed when he heard that.

He knew that Emmeline was telling him to go to Nightfall Café to visit Sam.

He hesitated for a while before saying, "I think I should go with you, Ms. Louise."

Emmeline chuckled. She knew that Luca was worried for her.

After all, it would be unwise to offend Abel or Waylon.

"Alright. Let's go then." Emmeline nodded.

"Yes!" Luca followed her.

In less than 40 minutes, Emmeline was already at the administration center of Adelmars Studios.

Even though the property was under her name, it was her first time there.

The administration center was a three-story building. As the assistant general manager, Janie's office was on the third floor.

Emmeline knocked on the door of her office.

"Come in." Janie's voice was heard from the inside.

Emmeline pushed the door open and exclaimed, "Tadaa!"

On the way there, Emmeline stopped by a popular bakery to buy two boxes of custard tarts. Janie could smell them as soon as Emmeline opened the door.

“Wow! How do you know I love the custard tarts from La Fiorentina?” Janie exclaimed happily as she walked around the desk.

“I was only guessing!” Emmeline said.

“Your guess is absolutely right!” Janie impatiently took the boxes from Emmeline’s hands, opened one of them, and bit into a custard tart.

“Mm! I can never get tired of their tarts!” Janie said.

She handed the box to Emmeline. “You should try one too, Emma.”

Emmeline bit into a tart. It melted in her mouth, and it was much more delicious than the tarts she made.

“It’s not bad indeed.” She licked her lips and sat down on the sofa. “How can I help you today?”

Chapter 877

Janie returned behind the desk and took out two items from the drawer. “Please help me return this to Benjamin.”

Emmeline took a step forward to take a closer look.

When she was in front of the desk, she saw that the items were a pair of house keys and a prepaid credit card.

Emmeline immediately understood. Those were the keys to the mansion Benjamin had given Janie and the prepaid card worth ten million dollars.

“But... why, Janie?” Emmeline frowned.

“Emma, you should know my personality. I’m not going to accept such lavish gifts from Benjamin just because I lost his child. Oh, and a sports car, too,” Janie said.

“You’re misunderstanding him. This isn’t compensation; this is a token of his apology. He wants to marry you, but you don’t want to marry him. He didn’t know what else to do, so he’s saying he’s sorry by doing this.”

“It doesn’t really matter. I want to return these items to him,” Janie said solemnly.

“Why? You weren’t like this before,” Emmeline said.

“That’s right. Before this, I had been fantasizing that Benjamin would one day fall in love with me. I was still dreaming that we might have a shared future. Now, I don’t think like that anymore. I shouldn’t torment myself with unrequited love.”

“...Is it because you saw Benjamin and me at The Verdaria two days ago?” Emmeline asked. “You know who Benjamin is to me. He is Robert Adelmars’ foster son, and I am Robert’s goddaughter. Benjamin is like family to me, and I treat him like a brother. It’s not wrong for me to buy a suit for my brother, right?”

I do that all the time. Even Abel is okay with it because he knows Benjamin doesn't have a wife or girlfriend to take care of him."

Janie shook her head. "You're overthinking this, Emma. After meeting you two at The Verdaria, I've realized that Benjamin won't fall in love with me. I've woken up from my dream now, and I'm not giving it any hope. I want to leave this place."

It was Emmeline's turn to be surprised. "Where are you going then?"

"I haven't thought about it." Janie lowered her head. "I think I'm a pretty capable person, and it won't be hard for me to find a similar job."

"Do you plan to start from scratch?"

"I'm still young."

"..."

"You don't have to convince me to change my mind. I'm only asking you for this favor. Please return these items to Benjamin and thank him on my behalf," Janie said.

Emmeline shook her head. "I'm sorry, Janie. I can't help you with this. This is between you and Benjamin, and you should face him yourself."

Janie seemed crestfallen. "Emma..."

"I really can't help you, Janie."

"Alright then." Janie nodded. "I'll go to Adelmarr Group another day and face Benjamin myself."

Emmeline pressed her lips and did not say anything.

After all, she was in no position to comment on the situation.

"Why don't we go and have dinner together?" Janie said with a smile. "It's been a while since we met. I should also celebrate the recovery of your eyes."

"I should also celebrate your recovery. It'll be my treat," Emmeline said.

"Of course!" Janie nodded.

The two women were about to leave the office when a female employee came up to Janie. "Ms. Eastwood, are you about to leave?"

Janie nodded. "Yes. Why?"

"It's like this. Mr. Faughn wanted me to ask you if you know any clinics specializing in plastic surgery."

"Plastic surgery?" Janie exclaimed. "I know a couple, but why would Mr. Faughn need plastic surgery?"

"It's not him, of course," the employee replied. "When Mr. Faughn was shooting an outdoor scene, he saved a woman who fell off a mountain. The fall had seriously injured her, especially her face."

CHAPTER 878 ABEL CAN DIE WITH ME

Janie chuckled. "So not only Mr. Faughn is a director, but he's also a hero!"

"Indeed. The woman is in dire need of plastic surgery. Mr. Faughn wants to hire a plastic surgeon for her," the female employee said.

"I see. I'll look for him later and give him the contacts," Janie said.

"Thank you, Ms. Eastwood. I'll let Mr. Faughn know about it," the female employee said.

"Mm." Janie nodded. Then, she said to Emmeline, "Let's go."

As the two women walked down the stairs, Janie asked, "How is Mr. Ryker now? Is he getting better?"

"The antidote should be ready soon," Emmeline replied. "It's either today or tomorrow."

"Mr. Adelmar is pretty amazing. There's nothing he can't do," Janie said.

Emmeline only smiled. She also had to admit that Waylon was amazing, but the antidote would come from the previous owner of the Imperial Palace this time.

Two days was probably the maximum he could endure.

After dinner, Emmeline and Janie parted ways.

On the way back, Emmeline received a message from an unknown number.

Luca was driving, and Emmeline was sitting in the back seat. She switched her phone to silent mode so Luca would not be alerted by the frequent messages.

"Do you know the price for setting me up?"

Emmeline replied, "You're not in a position to bargain, you b*stard."

Adam smirked. Emmeline probably did not expect he had Mr. Ywain with him.

Mr. Ywain managed to unseal thirty percent of the technique.

On the first day, Adam nearly died from the pain. Every breath brought him immense agony.

He thought he was going to die.

Just like what Mr. Ywain said, the technique only brought him agony without causing death.

Mr. Ywain tried his best to treat Adam and managed to alleviate some of the symptoms.

At least Adam was not in constant pain now. However, the pain would return if he got angry or emotionally agitated.

He had to try his best to control his temper.

That was very difficult. It was even more difficult for the people around him. They stepped around him warily, careful not to anger him.

Eventually, Adam could not take it anymore, so he contacted Emmeline.

Emmeline stared intently at her phone and waited for the reply.

“I know I’m in no position to bargain, but I don’t mind suffering together with Abel.”

Emmeline gasped. That won’t do! I don’t care about the b*stard’s life, but I can’t bear to see Abel suffer!

Abel was her lover and the father of her children. He was irreplaceable.

“What do you want?” Emmeline replied.

Adam smirked. “I can let you know that I’ve found out your technique is called Living Agony. I’ve managed to treat 30 percent of the technique. I’m not in a rush, but I know Abel is.”

Emmeline gasped again, and she frowned hard.

Her technique was indeed called Living Agony. It was a unique but forbidden technique of the Adelmars clan.

Robert did not allow her to use the technique for evil.

However, it was the perfect technique to be used against that b*stard.

Did he manage to treat 30 percent of it? How?

Emmeline was both shocked and frustrated.

However, it was reasonable considering he had access to the Adelmars clan’s poison.

She had to tell Waylon about it so that he could find out who the traitor was.

“Just tell me what you want!” Emmeline sent a message.

“I want to get back at you, of course! You’ll pay for what you did to me!” Adam replied.

CHAPTER 879 I WANT TO MARRY THE UGLIEST MAN

“In your dreams!” Emmeline replied.

“Are you going to risk Abel’s life then?”

Emmeline fell silent.

She dared not risk Abel’s life, not when his body was in a critical condition.

“Tell me what you want!”

“If I can’t claim you as mine, Abel won’t get to claim you as his either!”

What are you planning, you b*stard?

Adam continued, “In exchange for the antidote, I want you to marry the ugliest man in the world. If you don’t, I’d rather live with Living Agony and drag Abel to hell with me!”

Emmeline frowned hard.

What the heck is he thinking? He wants me to marry the ugliest man in the world, or Abel will die?

Emmeline nearly laughed out of anger. "You're really a b*stard!" she cursed under her breath.

Luca turned his head to look at her. "What did you say, Ms. Louise?"

"Oh! It's nothing. I'm reading a novel on my phone," Emmeline said.

I thought I heard her call someone a b*stard. Is it a character in the novel? Luca thought.

"I'm not joking! I'll give you two days to consider," Adam said.

"There is no need to consider. I don't want Abel to suffer, so I'll do what you say!" Emmeline replied.

"Then you'd better find yourself the ugliest man in the world and marry him! I'll be at the wedding ceremony with the antidote."

"You'd better keep to your word. I know you can't endure the effects of Living Agony much longer. You might even be considering taking your own life by now!"

"You're right that I'd rather not live in agony. I will keep to my word!"

"You'll hear from me soon, you b*stard!"

Did she just call me a b*stard again? I've just had about enough!

How I wish I could kill her... after I'm done with her, of course!

Emmeline turned off the phone screen. She leaned back on the seat and closed her eyes.

Luca stole a glance at her through the rearview mirror. He thought that Emmeline was tired of reading and was currently resting.

Back at The Precipice, Emmeline thought long and hard before going upstairs to look for Waylon.

Waylon was busy at work in the laboratory when he heard a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" he asked.

If it was Emmeline, he would let her in. If it was Kendra, he would ask what she wanted through the door.

He could hear Emmeline's voice. "It's me, Waylon. I need to talk to you."

"Coming!" Waylon put the test tube in his hands away and opened the door.

Emmeline stood outside the door, looking distraught.

"What's wrong? Did you have a bad day at work?"

"It's not that," Emmeline said as she sat down on a chair.

Waylon playfully pinched her cheek. "What is it then? You look positively ghastly."

Emmeline sipped some water and said, "What if I told you I'm not marrying Abel?"

“Huh?” Waylon was shocked. “Did you have an argument with him? No, you haven’t even met him today. What happened?”

“Also, I want to marry the ugliest man in the world,” Emmeline continued.

Waylon touched her forehead with the back of his hand. “You don’t seem like you’re having a fever.”

“I’m not joking with you. I’m serious,” Emmeline said.

Waylon bent a little and stared at Emmeline in the eye. “Let me get this straight. You don’t want to marry Abel Ryker anymore.”

“Mm.” Emmeline nodded.

“And you want to marry the ugliest man in the world.”

“Mm.” Emmeline nodded and blinked.

Suddenly, Waylon burst out laughing.

“I knew you’d think I’m joking!” Emmeline pouted and said.

“But why? Can’t you give me a convincing reason?” Waylon said.

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“The reason is,” Emmeline said, “I can get the antidote for Deathly Desire that way.”

Waylon was silent.

Eventually, he said, “What actually happened, Emma?”

“The previous owner of the Imperial Palace contacted me,” Emmeline replied. “I’ve also met him.”

Waylon frowned hard. He took Emmeline’s wrists and inspected them carefully.

“I’m fine. I met him two days ago,” Emmeline said.

“Why didn’t you tell me earlier? What if something happens?” Waylon said.

“But I’m fine, right?” Emmeline blinked. “I’ve also inflicted Living Agony on that b*stard.”

Waylon could not help but chuckle. “Living Agony? You stabbed the previous owner of the Imperial Palace?”

“Mm.” Emmeline nodded. “But it didn’t achieve the intended effect.”

“What do you mean? I taught you the technique myself. Don’t tell me you haven’t mastered it,” Waylon said.

“It’s not that. He told me someone managed to treat 30 percent of the symptoms. That took away a lot of his agony,” Emmeline said.

Waylon frowned. “Who is it?”

"It's the same person who gave him the Deathly Desire poison, of course."

"I see. I guess I'll have to get to the bottom of this as soon as I can," Waylon said sternly.

"He also told me that the person can only alleviate the symptoms but can't completely cure him."

"What happened after that?"

"Today, that b*stard told me to marry the ugliest man in the world and treat his Living Agony before he'd give me the antidote for Deathly Desire."

"That won't do." Waylon folded his arms. "It's a game of chicken now. We'll just have to wait and see who gives up first."

"I don't mind waiting if I'm the one who's inflicted with Deathly Desire," Emmeline said, "But I can't ask Abel to wait. Look at his condition now/ He's suffering every day, and he can't even leave the room. I can't afford to wait any longer."

Waylon thought what Emmeline said made sense.

When Waylon and Benjamin were in the study celebrating the acquisition of the Imperial Palace with Abel, he could not help but feel sorry for him when he saw the bloody gashes on his skin.

Benjamin was very worried too, but he did not show it.

"Also..." Emmeline drooped his head. "You also saw his mother's reaction. She must hate me to the bone."

"She can't blame you." Waylon hugged her and patted her shoulder. "Nobody wanted this to happen. If I were in his shoes, I would drink the poison without any hesitation as well."

At least I'm not interested in women. Deathly Desire won't have any effect on me, Waylon thought, but he did not say that.

"It doesn't matter who drank the poison. I'll agree to the b*stard's conditions for the antidote. I can't bear to see any of you suffer because of me."

Tears welled up in Emmeline's eyes, and her voice became hoarse.

"Yes, but you can't agree to the marriage!" Waylon said sternly.

Tears fell from Emmeline's eyes.

"Waylon, Abel is very important to me! He's the father of my four sons, and I love him very much!"

Waylon had no reply to that.

"I don't care if you agree with what I'll do. I'll save Abel either way. You can pretend I never told you about this."

Emmeline wiped her tears and prepared to leave.

"Emma." Waylon grabbed her wrist. "Why are you acting so rashly?"

“I have to be rash! If I delay my decision for one minute, Abel would have to suffer for another minute!”

“But I didn’t say I can’t save him, did I?” Waylon said with a frown. “The antidote is 50 percent complete. This is already a miraculous speed. Look at my head. My hair is falling in bunches!”