

## **Ambush OTQ 901**

Chapter 901 The Antidote Is Ready

Adam was lying on the sofa with his eyes closed.

Ever since he was inflicted with Living Agony, he rarely drank wine. Instead, he used other methods to relax.

Alcohol usually made him easily agitated, which meant that he would be quick to anger. The symptoms of Living Agony would soon follow.

“Master!” The bodyguard fell to his knees. “B... Bad news.”

Adam immediately sat up. “What happened?”

“Mr. Ywain...” The bodyguard gulped. “Mr. Ywain is missing!”

Adam’s eyes widened dramatically. He remained silent for three seconds before asking, “How did he go missing?”

“He escaped through a hidden back door!” the bodyguard said.

Adam’s head spun, and he passed out on the floor.

The butler came running over and pinched him to wake him up.

As soon as Adam woke up, he was overcome by anger, and Living Agony was triggered.

After the ceremony, Abel, Emmeline, and Waylon returned to The Precipice.

Benjamin went to the hospital because he was worried about Janie.

Janie was still unconscious. The scalpel had nearly stabbed her heart.

If Janie had positioned the scalpel slightly to the left, the consequences would have been lethal.

Benjamin sat in front of the bed and held Janie’s hands.

Janie had risked her life because of him. She had also saved his face from being destroyed.

He realized that if he had destroyed his face, and Abel saved the day, he would have destroyed his face for nothing.

It made him afraid when he thought of that.

He turned his gaze to Janie’s pale face and thought she was less repulsive than before.

Benjamin took her hand and placed it on his lips. “I owe you my life, Janie. Will you allow me to repay the

debt?”

Janie’s fingers twitched slightly, but she did not wake up.

Benjamin reached out and caressed her cheek with his finger. It was the first time he felt sorry for her.

Without him knowing it, his gaze had turned gentle.

Waylon took the antidote sachet and locked himself in the laboratory.

He emerged 36 hours later. Stubble was already growing on his chin.

Emmeline had been guarding the door. She immediately pounced at him and asked, "How is it, Waylon? Is the antidote ready?"

Waylon steadied himself with the door frame. His puffy eyes blinked twice.

"My head is spinning now. I haven't had a wink. Don't shove me."

Emmeline quickly steadied him.

Abel also came over. "Don't keep us hanging, Waylon. How is it?"

"I told you I haven't had a wink." Waylon rolled his eyes. "If I haven't succeeded, I wouldn't have been out here."

As soon as he said that, he began to fall backward.

Abel managed to grab him. He was already asleep.

"That means he's succeeded!" Emmeline exclaimed. "But where's the antidote?"

"That's not important now. Help me bring Waylon to his bed," Abel said.

"But the antidote..." Emmeline was only concerned about that. She was used to seeing Waylon stay up for several days just to do research.

As Abel dragged Waylon along the corridor, a sachet fell from Waylon's hand.

Emmeline picked it up and sniffed it. "Ah! This is the antidote!"

She ran away with the sachet.

By the time Abel tucked Waylon in, Emmeline returned with a bowl. She had dissolved the powder in water.

"Drink this, Abel! I can hug you after you drink it. Oh, I'm so excited!"

Abel could not help but feel sorry for her. At the same time, he was amused.

However, he could not smile because his face would hurt.

Even if Deathly Desire was cured, the cracks on his face and skin had not, so he would have to wear the mask and the robe for the next few days.

"Drink-it! I can't wait any longer!" Emmeline shoved the bowl closer to him.

**Chapter 902 Why Don't We Try**

Abel took the bowl from Emmeline's hands and finished the medicinal liquid in two gulps.

The antidote was very bitter, and Abel's face was scrunched up.

"How is it? How do you feel now?" Emmeline asked expectantly as she stood in front of Abel.

Abel could not help but smile. He patted her head and said, "Emma, why are you in such a hurry?"

Emmeline blushed and said, "Because I can't wait to hug the man I love the most!"

Abel put the bowl away, stretched his arms wide, and brought her close to his chest.

"If you want to know how I feel, why don't you try it out yourself?"

Emmeline buried her head in his chest and said, "Waylon is right there! Shouldn't we go back to our room if we want to try anything?"

"Well then..." Abel picked her up in a bridal carry. "Shall we go back to our room to try?"

"Mm!" Emmeline playfully thumped him and buried her face in his chest.

Abel brought her back to the master bedroom and placed her on the bed.

Emmeline stared at him expectantly for a few seconds before closing her eyes.

Abel was about to lean over and kiss her when a sound was heard from behind. "Mr. Abel..."

Abel turned his head around, and Emmeline opened her eyes.

Luca was standing at the door holding a giant framed photograph with both hands.

"..."

"..."

Luca realized what was going on. He blushed and said, "Well, um, the door wasn't closed, so..."

No one could see Abel's expression under the mask, but he said in his usual cold voice, "Yes?"

"The bridal portrait is ready. The studio sent it over just now," Luca said.

Abel nodded. "Mm. Bring it over here."

Emmeline sat up on the bed.

She had never taken a bridal portrait before. Of course, that one was not shot in a studio but taken at the banquet hall.

Luca carried the photograph into the room, feeling embarrassed that he had interrupted their intimate moments.

He placed the photograph against the wall. Abel and Emmeline turned their heads to look at it.

"Wow!" Emmeline exclaimed and clasped her hands over her heart. "Why are you so handsome even with the mask, hubby? Oh no! My poor heart! I can't breathe!"

Abel did not expect the photo to look so good either, even though it was a screenshot from the live stream.

In the photo, he was dressed in all black. Under the black mask was a pair of eyes as brilliant as stars.

He outshone everyone in the hall, but at the same time, he was menacing and foreboding like a demon.

Emmeline was in his arms. She was dressed in a simple white wedding gown. Her pink face was suffused with bliss, and her entire pose emanated elegance and nobility.

Abel smiled under his mask. "I'm very satisfied. This photo carries extraordinary meaning."

"Yes," Luca said. "It is a record of a legendary love story."

Emmeline and Abel looked at Luca in amazement, wondering when he had become so poetic.

"I didn't think of it! I happened to overhear one of the reporters at the ceremony," Luca said.

"Mm. You can leave now." Abel nodded.

Luca quickly left the room and closed the door behind him.

Abel turned around and hugged Emmeline. "Let's continue, my darling."

He leaned over and kissed her tender lips.

"Ah!" Emmeline shoved him away and rubbed her nose.

Abel was surprised. "What happened?"

Emmeline's eyes were slightly bloodshot. "Your mask hurts."

"Oh, did the nose poke your face?" Abel said.

"Mm. It stings," Emmeline said, teary-eyed.

### **Chapter 903 Haste Makes Waste**

"D\*mn it!" Abel pulled her hand away from her face. There was a red spot on her nose.

"Looks like we still can't make out even if Deathly Desire is cured. The cracks on my body and face haven't healed yet," Abel said disappointedly.

"No! I'm not afraid! I can close my eyes. I don't want to wait even a minute longer!" Emmeline hugged his neck tightly.

"But... my entire body is covered in cracks, even... down there. I shouldn't exert it yet. I'm afraid you'll have to wait until I'm completely healed."

"..." Emmeline drooped her head sullenly. She did not expect the extent of the skin cracks to be this thorough.

Sigh, I want to cry. Why is it so hard to make out with my husband?

Abel hugged her tightly and said, "Haste makes waste. Let's not rush things. Wait until I get better and we'll..."

Abel gulped and whispered into Emmeline's ear, "I'll fulfill all your desires..."

The next day, Abel went to work at Ryker Group in his black suit and mask.

The stream of the wedding ceremony was still trending all over the Internet. Millions of people were sharing clips.

The black mask was sold out everywhere. Many merchants were secretly offering thanks to Abel.

After Abel left for work, Emmeline also left the house.

She wanted to buy some lingerie, in particular... the spicy ones.

Abel's wounds will heal in three or four days. After that...

Emmeline was excited just thinking about it, but she wanted to give the event a ritualistic twist.

While driving, Emmeline took her phone and called Janie, hoping to look for some company while shopping.

The call went through, but the person speaking on the other side was not Janie.

"Emma?" It was Benjamin.

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

"Janie isn't feeling well, so I'm picking up the call on her behalf."

"What happened to Janie? She was fine a few days ago." Emmeline asked.

Benjamin did not answer. Instead, he asked, "Are you looking for her for something?"

"I want to ask her out to go shopping. I told her about it a few days ago," Emmeline said.

"She can't go now," Benjamin said.

"What happened to Janie? Where is she?" Emmeline was starting to become anxious.

Benjamin was silent for a while. "She's in the hospital."

Emmeline's hand on the steering wheel trembled. "She's in the hospital? Which one? I'll come over and visit her now."

Benjamin did not want her to come. He did not want Emmeline to know why Janie was hurt and make her worry.

However, he knew that he could not hide the truth from Emmeline forever. He gave Emmeline the name and location of the hospital.

After the call ended, Emmeline made a U-turn and went in the other direction.

Forty minutes later, she arrived at Janie's room with a fruit basket and a bouquet.

It was a VIP suite with a room for the caretaker.

The bodyguard opened the door. Emmeline saw Benjamin standing there, looking a little haggard.

He smiled a little when he saw Emmeline. "Emma?"

"Is Janie inside?" Emmeline whispered.

Benjamin nodded. "Mm. She's sleeping."

"I'll go and take a look at her." Emmeline put the fruit basket and bouquet on the table.

Janie was sleeping on the bed, covered by a white blanket.

She had woken up the day after the operation, but she had lost a lot of blood and was still very weak.

Emmeline could tell she was seriously injured. She looked under the blanket and saw that her naked upper body was wrapped in bandages.

"Oh!" Emmeline covered her mouth to stop herself from crying.

She grabbed Benjamin's collar and pushed him into the caretaker's room.

"Tell me what happened, Benjamin! Did you hurt her?"

#### **Chapter 904 My Heart Feels Like It's Breaking Apart**

"That can't be. I will never hurt her," Benjamin said.

"So how did Janie become like this? Were you angry because she wanted to return those things to you?"

Benjamin nearly laughed out of anger. "What are you saying, Emma? Do I look like that kind of person to you?"

Emmeline shook her head. "No, but you have to tell me what happened! Who injured Janie?"

"I don't think you should ask that," Benjamin said with a frown. "You want to go shopping, right? I'll give Sam a call. She can accompany you."

He took out his phone.

"I don't want you to call anyone! I want you to tell me what happened to Janie!" Emmeline said.

"You don't have to know." Benjamin seemed displeased. "You can leave now."

"Benjamin York! Why can't you just tell me?" Emmeline was angry.

Benjamin did not reply.

"Did you wrong her somehow?"

"Mm." Benjamin nodded. He was indeed guilty of that.

Tears welled up in Emmeline's eyes. "Did you force her to do that?"

Benjamin did not reply.

“Didn’t you see how risky the injury was? The wound is so close to her heart!”

“I know! It’s my fault!” Benjamin said.

“I hate you! Don’t let me see you again!” Emmeline shoved him away and said angrily.

“...”

Emmeline rushed out of the door while tears streamed down her face.

If she did not leave, she was afraid she might be violent to Benjamin. Worse yet, Benjamin might just stand there and let her beat him.

Benjamin’s face was ashen as he watched her leave.

“Emma...” His heart felt like it was breaking apart, but he was relieved somehow.

It was better to let Emmeline misunderstand than to let her know the truth behind Janie’s injury.

Emmeline came out of the hospital. She was no longer in the mood to buy lingerie, so she went back to The Precipice.

She was Waylon in the living room. After sleeping for more than a day, Waylon seemed to be in good spirits.

Emmeline was slightly taken aback when she realized that he looked very handsome.

She thought it was a pity that he did not have a significant other.

Waylon could see that Emmeline was not in a good mood. “What’s wrong? Did someone owe you money?”

“It’s not a matter of money,” Emmeline said and sniffled. “If only I can solve all problems with money!”

“So what’s going on then? You look like you have a lot to say!” Waylon said.

“Benjamin caused Janie to be injured. I don’t want to see him anymore!” Emmeline said with teary eyes.

Waylon frowned. It was the first time he heard of that, and he did not immediately believe her.

As far as Waylon knew, Benjamin was a sensible man.

“Where is Janie hurt?” he asked.

“The chest. It looks like her heart was almost damaged,” Emmeline said hoarsely.

“I’ll go and take a look,” Waylon said and prepared to go upstairs to get his jacket.

“You shouldn’t teach Benjamin a lesson though. I’ve already scolded him,” Emmeline said.

Waylon smiled. “Oh, so you’re worried about him now?”

“I’m not! He said he’s guilty, so I’m not going to feel sorry for him.”

Waylon patted her head. “I’ll bring some medicine for Janie, and I’ll also ask what Benjamin did to her.”

Emmeline nodded.

After Waylon left the house, Emmeline went upstairs.

She was not in the mood to go to the mall, but she had to get her lingerie somehow.

The first encounter after a long time shall be a memorable one.

Emmeline went into Abel's study and turned on his laptop. She wanted to search for some lingerie online.

When the product images appeared, she blushed immediately.

Phew! I'm so glad I didn't go to the lingerie store!

How can anyone wear something like that? That's barely any cloth at all!

### **Chapter 905 You Must Love Each Other**

Can you even consider that as a piece of clothing? There's barely any cloth on it!

It's literally three black ribbons and a metallic leaf covering the private parts!

What can it cover?

Right, it's not supposed to cover anything. It wouldn't be alluring otherwise. Heheh!

Emmeline grinned at herself while turning her head around to look at the door occasionally.

She was afraid that Abel would suddenly return, or Kendra would suddenly barge in. That would be really embarrassing.

She added the leaf piece to her shopping cart and continued shopping.

After browsing for a while, she selected another piece made out of strings of beads.

She could imagine the beads rolling around her naked body, and that titillated her slightly.

She wondered if Abel would lose control of himself if he saw her wearing only that and lying on the bed.

Alright, these two will do. Emmeline quickly checked out. erased all of her browsing history, and turned off the laptop.

Her heart was thumping hard, and her face was steaming hot, as though she was doing something illegal.

Suddenly, her phone began to ring. The call was from Levan Mansion.

Emmeline quickly answered it. Rosaline's gentle voice was heard.

"Hello, Emma."

"Mm. Madame Ryker," Emmeline greeted her.



“Why are you still calling me Madame Ryker?” Rosaline chuckled. “Did you forget what happened a few days ago?”

Emmeline blushed intensely. “Ah, I’m still not used to it yet... Mother!”

“Good girl!” Rosaline said. Emmeline could imagine the wide grin on her face.

“Are you looking for me for anything?” she asked.

“I was talking to your father earlier, and we’d like to invite you and Abel over for dinner.”

Emmeline was silent for a while. “Maybe we’ll go over in a few days. Abel’s wounds haven’t healed yet. The children might be frightened when they see him.”

“Why is it taking so long? It’s been a few days,” Rosaline said.

“Abel is free of the poison, but the cracks caused by the ice water baths haven’t completely disappeared yet.”

“Oh, my poor child,” Rosaline sobbed.

Emmeline was silent for a few seconds. “It’s all my fault. I’m sorry.”

“But you helped Abel obtain the antidote,” Rosaline said.

“Abel appeared in the nick of time. Otherwise, we might have...” Emmeline said.

“Don’t say that. I said those harsh words because I was desperate,” Rosaline said guiltily.

“I don’t blame you.” Emmeline was starting to sob too. “I’m lucky that Abel was there to salvage the situation. If he didn’t, I don’t know what I’d do next.”

“Yes, Abel revealed his injured face to all the reporters. He’s willing to do anything to protect you. That’s why your father and I hope that you two can live happily and love each other. We were hoping to tell you that at dinner.”

“Mm.” Emmeline nodded. “We will. Don’t worry.”

“You should come back after Abel is better,” Rosaline said. “We’ll also discuss the wedding reception. The one earlier was too shabby. We didn’t invite many relatives and friends, and your grandfather too.”

“Alright. Abel and I will listen to what you say,” Emmeline said.

“I’m glad to hear that,” Rosaline said and ended the call.

By the time Waylon arrived at the hospital, Janie was already awake.

Benjamin was sitting next to her.

Janie’s face was still pale, and her breathing was shallow.

Waylon took her pulse. He could tell her vitality was greatly reduced.

He handed a few pills to Benjamin. “This’ll help Ms. Eastwood recover faster. Help her eat them.”

“Thank you, Waylon.” Benjamin took the pills and gave them to Janie along with a glass of warm water. In a few minutes, color returned to Janie’s face, and she seemed more energetic.

“The medicine of the Adelman Clan is amazing. Thank you, Mr. Adelman,” Janie said.

“Don’t mention it,” Waylon said with a smile. “The pill is selling for a million dollars each on the black market. You’ve just eaten five million dollars worth of medicine. You’d better recover soon.”

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Janie giggled. “You’ve spent so much money on me. I won’t let it go to waste.”

“That’s right.” Waylon nodded. “You should rest. I’ll talk to Ben for a bit.”

“Alright, I won’t stop you two,” Janie said while shooting a glance at Benjamin.

The two men closed the door to the patient’s room behind them and went to the caretaker’s room.

“Waylon, has Emma gone home?” Benjamin asked.

“Mm. She was so mad when I saw her,” Waylon said.

“I don’t mind if she’s angry at me. It’s better than being angry at herself,” Benjamin said.

“I’m sure that Ms. Eastwood is hurt because of you, right?” Waylon said with a frown.

“Mm.” Benjamin nodded. “I wanted to cut my face to save Emma at the wedding ceremony. Janie stopped me and injured herself instead.”

“I guess you were lucky. Otherwise, you would’ve destroyed your face for nothing,” Waylon said.

“I feel guilty for what happened to Janie. It’s all my fault.”

“Is that why you don’t want Emma to know?”

“Yes. If Emma knows about it, she’ll blame herself,” Benjamin said.

Waylon sighed. “You’re right.”

“So are you here to punish me?” Benjamin asked.

“Of course not! I’m only here to give medicine to Ms. Eastwood!” Waylon said.

Oh, I was mistaken, Benjamin thought. He smiled and said, “Thank you, Waylon.”

“I’m glad we’ve got that cleared up,” Waylon said with a smile. “You don’t have to worry about Emma. She won’t be mad at you for more than two days. Before I went out of the house, she even told me not to be too hard on you. Looks like she still cares about you.”

Benjamin felt all warm inside. He no longer felt the agony he had when Emmeline left him earlier.

After saying goodbye to Benjamin and Janie, Waylon left the hospital in his car.

The Maybach stopped before the crossing outside of the path that led out of the hospital's underground parking lot, waiting for its turn to turn right.

Foot traffic was heavy, and Waylon had to wait for a long time.

While waiting, Waylon suddenly heard a soft thud on his car.

He hesitated for one second before he realized someone had knocked into his car.

He turned off the engine, unfastened his seatbelt, and stepped out of the car.

"I'm sorry, sir! I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to do it!"

A young woman apologized to him while picking up various things scattered on the ground.

She was pushing a stroller with a crying baby inside.

Waylon could tell that the stroller had knocked into his car.

The stroller's frame was slightly bent. Scattered on the floor were a milk bottle, diapers, and a bunch of keys.

Waylon frowned hard. What a mess.

Without any hesitation, he crouched down and helped the careless young woman pick her things up.

He did not want to obstruct traffic with his car for too long.

"I'm so sorry, sir. I was distracted while walking and didn't see your car. Is it damaged? It's okay. I'll pay for it."

"Your child is crying," Waylon said while handing a diaper to her. "You should calm them down."

"My baby has a fever. I was so anxious to bring him to the hospital that I didn't see where I was going. Sigh, I should've been more careful."

"Yes, you should." Waylon did not intend to ask her to pay for the damages. He wanted to leave as quickly as possible.

When he turned around, he noticed that a patch of paint had chipped off his car bumper.

Ah... this is bad.

The young woman noticed Waylon was staring at his car. She said, "I promise I'll pay for the damages, but I need to bring my son to the hospital now. Can I have your contact, sir? I'll transfer the money to you later. How much would it cost? Is a hundred dollars enough?"

"A... hundred?" Waylon frowned.

This is a limited edition S680! There are only 30 of them in the world!

"Forget it." Waylon waved his hand impatiently. "I wasn't planning on asking you to pay anyway. You should tidy up and bring your baby to the hospital soon. You're blocking the way."

"No, I have to pay!"

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“No, I’ll get your contact, and when I’m free, I’ll transfer the money to you. Right, is a hundred dollars enough? I’ll take a photo and show it to my neighbor, he’s a mechanic. He’ll tell me how much it’ll be,” the young woman said.

Before Waylon could say anything, the young woman had already taken a photo of the chipped bumper.

After that, she went to the front to take a photo of the car logo.

She did not recognize the logo, and she thought the logo with two “M”s was from some unknown local manufacturer.

“Alright, I’m done taking photos. Let’s exchange contacts before you leave.”

Waylon impatiently took his phone and sent the young woman his virtual business card.

“I’ve already sent the friend request. My name is Doris Whittaker.”

“Mm,” Waylon replied. He planned to delete the friend request later.

“Okay, you can go now. I’ll transfer the money to you once I find out the price.”

Waylon did not say anything.

Judging from her clothes, he was not expecting her to shell out twenty thousand dollars anyway.

He was not going to worry about that, and he walked toward the driver’s seat.

“Ah! Oh no!”

Waylon heard Doris’ voice behind him. He turned his head around again.

He saw Doris trying to push the stroller with both of her hands, but it did not move.

He noticed that one of the stroller’s wheels was crooked.

“Ah, d\*mn it!” Waylon cursed under his breath.

He was going to mind his own business, so he opened the door.

“Excuse me, sir! Please wait!” Doris said.

“What else do you want?” Waylon said coldly.

“The wheel is crooked,” Doris said while pointing at the stroller. “Can you help me straighten it?”

Huh? What did she just ask me to do? Waylon frowned. He thought he had misheard.

He glanced at the stroller. The metal bar was not too thick, and Waylon could straighten it, but it was dirty.

“Sorry to trouble you again, sir, but I really need to send my baby to the hospital,” Doris said pitifully.

The baby began to bawl loudly.

Waylon was suddenly reminded of the quadruplets.

“Let me try.” He walked toward the stroller.

“Thank you so much!” Doris said.

Waylon crouched down and gripped the stroller’s bent frame.

“Hold your baby tight. I’m going to pull,” he said.

“Okay!”

Doris held the baby down with one hand, while her other hand secured the diapers and the cloth bag with the milk bottles.

Waylon gripped the frame tightly and flexed his muscles...

Crack! The wheel split into two.

Waylon and Doris were stunned.

Doris smiled sheepishly. “I guess I shouldn’t have bought things on clearance! It’s so flimsy!”

Waylon stood up, dusted his hands, and took his phone.

“I’ll pay for it. Is a thousand dollars enough?” He said as he approved Doris’ friend request.

“Waylon Ademar...” Doris whispered as she saw the name on her phone. “Don’t worry about it, Mr. Ademar. The stroller isn’t worth a lot.”

“There you go, one thousand dollars.” Waylon had transferred the money to her. “If it’s not enough, I can give you more.”

“I said don’t worry about... Ah! The stroller isn’t worth a thousand dollars! I bought it for forty dollars!”

“But...” Waylon felt guilty for destroying the baby’s mode of transport. It would also be very troublesome for Doris because she had to bring along many things.

Waylon noticed that the baby’s face was turning purple. He hoped that it was not pneumonia.

“How are you and your baby going to the hospital then?”

“Ah, don’t worry. I can make it.”

Doris picked the baby up with one hand and clutched the diapers and cloth bag with her other.

Inside the cloth bag were two milk bottles, wet wipes, household keys, her phone, and other things.

The bag was not closed properly, and the items fell to the ground again.

Waylon frowned. Is she really okay?

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Doris hastily crouched down and picked up the items, but she could not keep the items in the bag.

Waylon could not bear to watch her struggle. He helped her pick up the items and closed the cloth bag properly.

“Thank you, Mr. Adelmar. Thank you.” Doris’ eyes were already teary.

She thought she looked pathetic, especially when her baby was also having a fever.

“Get in the car,” Waylon said. “I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Doris was too shocked for words.

“The stroller is damaged. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have bothered,” Waylon said.

“Sorry to trouble you again, Mr. Adelmar.”

Waylon opened the backseat door and let Doris in.

He placed the items next to her, closed the door, and put the stroller next to a public trash can.

He started the car, went around the hospital building, and drove into the basement parking lot once more.

After parking the car, Waylon opened the car door for Doris.

“Thank you. I’ll go upstairs using the elevator,” Doris said.

“Let me help you.” Waylon picked up the cloth bag and the stack of diapers.

Doris pressed her lips together. “Thank you, Mr. Adelmar.”

Waylon did not say anything.

Usually, he was quite talkative, and it was evident whenever he bickered with Emmeline.

However, he had no feelings for Doris, so he kept his mouth shut.

The elevator arrived at the pediatric department. Waylon helped Doris with the registration.

The outpatient doctor listened to the baby’s breathing with a stethoscope. The preliminary diagnosis was pneumonia.

Doris seemed flustered. “Pneumonia? Does that mean my baby will have to be hospitalized?”

The doctor nodded. “Mm. For about seven to eight days.”

“But I have another child at home. I can’t travel to the hospital every day. Can’t you just give him some medicine?”

“This isn’t a common cold, this is pneumonia!”

The doctor turned his gaze toward Waylon standing next to Doris.

What’s this guy doing here? Is he only window-dressing?

Doris realized what the doctor was thinking. “Ah, he’s not my husband,” she said.

Waylon helped Doris with the paperwork, and the baby was brought to the pediatric ward.

Waylon was about to leave, and Doris saw him off.

Suddenly, Waylon asked, "By the way, where's your husband?"

"We're going through a divorce. He moved out," Doris said.

Waylon said nothing and went into the elevator.

...

Meanwhile, Adam was running out of options after Mr. Ywain ran away. He could only send a message to Emmeline. "Please, Emma, please cure my Living Agony."

"It's too late!"

"Tell me what you want. I'll give it to you."

"Show me your real identity."

"Except that."

"Why are you being so mysterious?"

"Only to you."

"Go and die!"

A second later, she added, "Right, you can't die! It's called Living Agony for a reason!"

"Please, I beg you, Ma'am."

"Honorifics have no meaning now. It was supposed to be a fair exchange, but why did you throw away half of the antidote? You've fallen victim to your own trap! Serves you right!"

Adam sent another message. However, Emmeline had blocked messages and calls from unknown numbers.

None of Adam's messages were read.

When Adam realized that, he felt true hopelessness for the first time in his life.

"Don't let me catch you again, Emmeline Louise! I won't show any mercy next time! F\*ck you, you b\*tch!"

Living Agony was triggered again. While Adam was writhing on the floor, the butler came over and said, "Mr. Adam, Mr. Murphy is here to visit."

"Tell him to get lost!" Adam was not in the mood to meet anyone.

"Yes, Mr. Adam." The butler went away to convey the message.

A few minutes later, he knocked on Adam's door again.

“Go away! I’m not seeing anyone right now!” Adam was curled up on his bed like a snake.

“Mr. Adam, I told Mr. Murphy you’re ill. He said he knows a doctor who might be able to treat you.”

“What? A doctor?” Adam said.

Chapter 909

“Mm, that’s what Mr. Murphy said,” the butler said.

“Let him in then,” Adam said. “Tell him to come to my room. I can’t go downstairs.”

“Yes, Mr. Adam.” The old butler went away again.

Three minutes later, Adam heard a knock on his door and Edmond’s voice outside. “I’m here, Mr. Adam.”

“Come in,” Adam said hoarsely.

He had calmed down, and Living Agony was not as agonizing anymore.

Edmond twisted the doorknob and pushed the door open. He saw Adam curled up in bed as though he had nothing to live for.

“What illness do you have, Mr. Adam? It looks serious,” Edmond said while walking over.

“F\*ck!” Adam cursed. “Didn’t you say you can introduce a doctor to me? It doesn’t matter what illness it is. Get the doctor to me now!”

“I need to know what illness it is, right?” Edmond said. “What if the doctor asks me?”

“Tell me where the doctor is. I’ll go and look for them myself!” Adam said menacingly.

“You must’ve heard of her before. She’s the Wonder Doctor. Her name is well-known among the reputable families in Struyria,” Edmond said.

“Wonder Doctor? Right! How could I have forgotten about her?” Adam said.

“Why don’t you ask if she’s willing to help you?” Edmond said.

“My illness is different from others, my artery has been disabled. I wonder if the Wonder Doctor can do anything about that,” Adam said.

“She can, of course,” Edmond said. “I’ve heard Father say that the Wonder Doctor cured Evelyn’s paralysis with needles. It should be the same, right?”

“I guess I can try,” Adam said. “Abel knows how to contact the Wonder Doctor, but I can’t tell him about this. Can you help me contact her?”

“Sure. I’ll ask Father to give you the Wonder Doctor’s contact,” Edmond said.

“Mm. I’ll buy you a drink when I’m cured,” Adam said.

“That’s not the reason why I’m here,” Edmond said. “I have a batch of ‘H’ coming in through the port. Can you help me think of some way to distribute it? I don’t feel very safe with it in my possession.”



"I'll find a way and let you know," Adam said.

...

Emmeline went to the hospital to visit Janie.

Benjamin was not there.

Janie was recovering fast ever since she took Waylon's pills.

"Can you tell me the real reason why you're injured?" Emmeline asked.

"I told you I was arguing with him and wanted to give him a scare," Janie said. "It's the third time you asked the question."

"Because I don't believe you!" Emmeline said. "Benjamin isn't so cold, and you don't look like you'd act on impulse."

Janie shrugged. "I can't do anything if you don't believe me. I can't force you to believe me anyway."

"I'll eventually find out the truth," Emmeline said. "In any case, you need to rest."

"I'm practically fine. Waylon's pills are miraculous!"

Emmeline took Janie's pulse and found that she was healthy.

"Mm. You should be discharged in a couple of days. I'll come and pick you up," Emmeline said, feeling relieved.

"By the way..." Janie suddenly lowered her voice. "Mr. Ryker is cured of the poison, right? Have you tried... doing that?"

Emmeline blushed. "It's true that his poison is cured, but... we haven't done anything."

"Why not?" Janie did not believe her. "You two don't look celibate at all."

Emmeline's face became tomato-red. "Abel's wounds haven't healed yet. It'll hurt if we make out now!"

Chapter 910

Janie chuckled. "Let me get a mirror for your face. It's as red as a tomato."

Emmeline touched her face and realized it was very warm.

While they were chatting, Emmeline's phone started to ring.

Her phone was placed on the bedside cabinet. Janie glanced at the screen and said, "Speak of the devil. Your husband is calling you."

Emmeline also saw that the call was from Abel. Her face turned even redder.

"Pick it up! Pretend that I'm not here," Janie said with a mischievous grin.

"Shush!" Emmeline said and answered the call.

Abel's attractive voice was instantly heard. "Where are you, babe?"

"I'm at the hospital visiting Janie," Emmeline said softly. "Why did you call me all of a sudden?"

"Because I miss you. What else?" Abel said. "I thought I could get off work at the usual hour, but I need to be elsewhere. When I think that I can only meet you a few hours later, I miss you even more."

Those words were spoken lazily, which made Emmeline's bones turn soft.

She took a few seconds to come to her senses. "Are you going for a business dinner?"

"Just a quick one. I've postponed it a few times," Abel said.

"Oh. Go ahead then. I'll be waiting for you at home," Emmeline said.

"Alright." Abel's bones had also become soft after hearing Emmeline's cloying voice. "Emma, when I come home tonight..."

Emmeline's face turned red all of a sudden. "Shh! I'm still with Janie!"

"...Yeah, yeah. Be a good girl." Abel smiled and ended the call.

Emmeline bit her lip excitedly and put her phone away. Her face was positively gleaming. The delight in her eyes was palpable.

Janie said, "You should go home then. Don't let Mr. Ryker worry about you."

"Alright. I'll come and visit you tomorrow. I'll bring some chicken soup," Emmeline said while standing up.

"Thank you in advance!" Janie said.

"Don't mention it!" Emmeline said and skipped out of the room.

Back at The Precipice, Kendra told her, "Ms. Louise, there's a parcel for you."

Emmeline blushed. Those things have arrived!

"Where is it?" Emmeline asked, eager to open the parcel.

"I placed it in front of your room door. Should I help you open it?" Kendra asked.

"No! I can open it myself," Emmeline said.

"Alright then. You can place the trash at the door. I'll clean it up for you," Kendra said.

"Mm."

When Emmeline went to the master bedroom, she saw two boxes in front of the door.

Emmeline brought them into the room and opened the boxes with a pair of scissors.

It was the first time she bought something like that, and she was very excited to try it on herself.

She wondered what she would look like.

After removing the packaging and cutting the tag, she quickly took off her clothes and put on the “leaf” piece.

She opened the closet door and stood in front of the full-body mirror.

Whoosh! Her face instantly turned as red as a tomato.

Emmeline was too embarrassed to look at herself, but she tried her best to take it in.