



Benjamin, however, purposefully or not, got in his way, leaving Abel grabbing onto nothing but air.

Wonder Doctor had got into the ICU in the time it took to stop her.

“We’ll see just who you are once you’re out!”

He muttered to himself in a low voice. An hour flew by.

It was only then that the duo left the ward.

Benjamin waved to the crowd. “Mr. Oscar is stable. He should be awake in ten minutes.”

“Thank you.” Abel handed the five- million-dollar check to him.

Benjamin didn’t bother checking it and stuffed it into his pocket.

When Wonder Doctor left the ICU, Abel halted her in her tracks. “Do you have a moment, Ms. Wonder Doctor?”

Emmeline stopped but did not turn around. “Who do I owe the pleasure, Mr. Abel?”

She lowered her voice, making herself sound different. There was a furrow between his brows at that.

She’s not Emmeline?

He had no choice but to say, “You’ve saved my grandfather twice now. I’d like to ask you out to dinner to express my gratitude.”

“I don’t have time,” she coolly rejected him.

Benjamin chuckled. “Please excuse us, Mr. Abel.”

Abel was at a loss once the elevator doors shut in his face.

Alana could finally heave a sigh of relief. What was I so worried about?
Wonder Doctor is not someone the Rykers can afford to cross.

Everyone huddled restlessly at the entrance of the ICU as they waited for Oscar to regain consciousness.

Alana yawned and went to the bathroom, wanting to refresh herself.

She splashed water onto her face to wake herself up.

That was when she noticed
someone standing behind her in the
mirror's reflection.

A chill ran down her spine. She
swiveled around only to find...no one behind her.

I must be more tired than I thought. She thought to herself and went back to washing her face.

Someone was standing right behind her when she looked back up.

Ghost!

The figure behind her clamped her mouth shut before she could
scream.

Through the mirror, she realized that the person behind her was none other than one Emmeline Louise.

Emmeline?!

Her eyes widened in horror. Wasn't Emmeline supposed to be locked in the utility room?

What is she doing behind me?

Am I seeing things?

Alana could feel her knees buckling
under her weight.

Emmeline didn't hesitate to ruthlessly backhand her twice.

Alana fell onto the wet floor and was about to scream when Emmeline picked up the dirty rag from the sink and stuffed it into her mouth.

"Ack! Blergh!"

The pungent scent of grimy water was poured down her throat. The idea of death now sounded like mercy compared to whatever was happening to her at the moment.

"Scared?"

Emmeline squatted down and cupped the woman's delicate jaw. "You're such a horrible person. What a waste beautiful face. It would be more fitting for you to look like an ugly old witch."

As she spoke, she brandished a scalpel.

The blade rested against her chin.

"Oomf!"

Alana nearly peed herself from fright as she met Emmeline's gaze.

"What's wrong? You want to beg me?" Emmeline scoffed. "Sure. Prostrate yourself. Or else..."

She put more pressure on the blade. Alana now had no choice and hurriedly got on all fours, and kowtowed to Emmeline.

"Perfect!"

With a flip of her wrist, she retracted the scalpel and disappeared.

Alana immediately spat out the rag and shrieked, "Help! Emmeline is trying to kill me!"

Abel, Adrien, and their team of bodyguards rushed in at her calls.

She was left lying in the middle of the filthy, wet floor of the washroom. Her cheeks were swelling purple and her hair was disheveled. The smell was unbearable.

"Abel!" She leaped into Abel's arms. "Emmeline was here. She tried to kill me!"

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Abel, however, simply pushed her away. "What nonsense. She's still locked away!"

"He's right." Adrien sighed and covered his nose to escape the scent of excrement in the space. "You must be tired. Go home and

"Abel, please." Tears rolled down her cheeks. "I'm not lying. She had a scalpel. She tried to cut my face!"

"Just how much do you hate her?" Abel frowned. "You keep trying to frame her for every little thing!"

"That's true." Adrien smirked. "Look at yourself. You look like a raving lunatic!"

She turned to look in the mirror only to be greeted by the sight of her tousled appearance.

Her own reflection startled her so much, she immediately rushed out of the washroom to escape from everyone's sight.

The moment she was outside, she witnessed Emmeline opening the door to the ICU.

“Emmeline!” She shouted at the top of her lungs. “She’s here! She’s trying to hurt Grandad!”

Her desperate cries had everyone rushing into the room.

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