

Are Mine 811

[Chapter 811 Because I'm Bored](#)

"You don't say?" Waylon retorted.

Abel was silent for a while. Eventually, he said, "Thank you, Waylon."

Waylon was about to hang up, but he added, "Abel, how's the condition of your skin?"

"Pretty bad," Abel said with a frown. "Whenever I take an ice water bath, the skin on my abdomen and thigh will crack. If this goes on, I'm sure my entire body will crack."

"How troublesome," Waylon said with a sigh. "I've already made you some ointment. I'll give it to you tomorrow so you can find some relief for your cracked skin."

"Mm."

"That's only a temporary fix though," Waylon said. "I should bring Emma back with me tomorrow. That should make things easier for you."

"You can't," Abel said. "If Emma is with me, I only have to fight against Deathly Desire. If she's not here, I don't even feel like breathing. You can't take her away."

"What's gotten into your brain? I don't understand love at all!" Waylon said and hung up.

Abel glared at his phone as though he were glaring at Waylon.

You'd better not fall in love then!

The next morning, Waylon came to The Precipice. Benjamin came along too.

Abel had cut some fresh willow tree branches from the backyard.

"They all face south, right?" Waylon asked.

"Yes," Abel replied.

"That works. We can't afford to be careless," Waylon said.

He picked some tender branches and gave them to Kendra, who would boil them.

Emmeline sat on the couch. She could hear everyone busy around her.

Waylon sat down next to her and checked under her eyelids.

"How is it, Waylon?" Emmeline asked. "Will I get to see again after my eyes are cleaned?"

"I think so, yes," Waylon said. "By next week, the cataracts should be totally gone."

"Why don't you clean them two days in a row then?" Emmeline asked. "That way, I'll get to see even quicker."

"You'll go blind!" Waylon said. "Your eyes will hurt when the liquid dissolves the cataracts. You need to give your eyes time to rest."

"That'll take so long," Emmeline said unhappily. "I won't get to do anything."

"What could be so important?" Waylon said.

"Nothing. I'm sure my lab has been neglected," Emmeline said.

"No, it hasn't," Waylon answered.

"No?" Emmeline turned her head to "look" at Waylon. "Did you occupy my lab?"

"To be exact, I moved it," Waylon said. "I didn't want it to go to waste, so I moved it to Macsen Villa."

"Why?" Emmeline raised her eyebrows in alarm. "Why did you need to claim my laboratory? I was doing fine at Nightfall Café!"

"Well..." Waylon shot a glance at Abel. "I was bored, so I thought I'd kill some time by conducting some research."

Emmeline did not say anything. She believed what Waylon said.

She knew Waylon did not like being idle. Whenever he was bored, he would either conduct research on new medicine or bicker with her.

She did not expect Waylon to stay at Macsen Villa instead of The Precipice, so he did not have a chance to bicker with her.

Why isn't Waylon staying over? Emmeline did not understand.

She considered that Abel might be jealous if Waylon stayed over.

"Why don't you come with me to Macsen Villa after you have your eyes cleaned today? I have to admit that I've been bored," Waylon ventured.

Before Emmeline could answer, Abel deliberately coughed out loud.

Emmeline chuckled. "Waylon, as you can see, someone doesn't want me to go," she said.

Waylon glared at Abel.

Suddenly, Benjamin's second phone rang.

[Chapter 812 Wasted Effort](#)

Benjamin took his phone and looked at the screen.

The call was from Altney.

He frowned slightly before answering it.

An old voice was heard. "I'm looking for the Wonder Doctor."

Is that Paul Murphy? Benjamin recognized the voice.

He shot a glance at Emmeline and said, "The Wonder Doctor isn't taking any appointments now. You can tell me if you need anything."

"It's my son, Flynn," Paul said with a sob. "He suffered extensive brain damage, and he's now paralyzed. I hope the Wonder Doctor can save him!"

Flynn is paralyzed? Benjamin was surprised to hear that. "I'll convey your message to the Wonder Doctor. You can wait for my call."

Benjamin ended the call.

"Who's looking for me?" Emmeline perked up and asked.

"It's Paul Murphy," Benjamin replied. "Flynn is paralyzed."

Emmeline was surprised. "What happened? He was fine not long ago."

"Evelyn hired some people to abduct him," Abel said. "They beat him up pretty badly."

"He has a hole in the back of his head, and he lost a lot of blood," Waylon said.

"You know about it too, Waylon?" Emmeline was surprised.

"Flynn would be dead if not for Waylon," Benjamin said.

"What happened?" Emmeline was confused.

She was knocked out the day she was rescued, so she did not hear any news about Flynn.

Waylon briefly told her what happened.

"I see," Emmeline said. "Poor Flynn. I think I should treat him as soon as I can see again."

"I'd advise you to think twice," Waylon said. "I barely managed to keep him alive. His situation is very precarious, and he might die at any time. I don't think you should take the risk. What if his father blames his death on you?"

Emmeline had no reply.

"I agree," Abel said. "We shouldn't meddle with Murphy family matters."

At first, he wanted Flynn to recover so Flynn would tell the truth about the incident. However, Waylon had reminded him of the possibility that Flynn would never recover.

The Murphy family would resent him. It was already evident from Edmond's attitude earlier.

"That's right," Benjamin said. "We should stay away from the Murphy family matters."

Emmeline considered their opinions before nodding and saying, "Alright then, we'll forget about it."

Benjamin called Paul and declined the appointment.

In the meantime, Kendra was done boiling the willow tree branches, and the water had cooled.

Abel took some gauze and began to wash Emmeline's eyes.

It was painful, but just like Waylon said, the pain lessened once the cataracts grew thinner.

She could withstand that level of pain.

After washing for some time, her eyes turned bloodshot, and Waylon told Abel to stop.

Abel wiped Emmeline's face with a towel, picked her up, and placed her on the sofa.

The three men surrounded her and waited anxiously. Kendra was anxious too.

They wondered if Emmeline was able to see again.

Emmeline closed her eyes and rested for fifteen minutes until the burning sensation in her eyes subsided.

She carefully lifted her eyelids.

In front of her, she could vaguely see three figures.

"Ah!" Emmeline exclaimed.

She quickly recognized who those figures were.

She reached out and patted the first head. "This is Waylon!"

She touched the next one and said, "This is Benjamin."

She hugged the third and said, "And this is Abel!"

"Wow! This is amazing!" the three men exclaimed.

"And this is Kendra!" Emmeline sat up and said to Kendra. "Did I get it right?"

Kendra was some distance away, and she was a blur to Emmeline.

"Where's Kendra? She must've grown plumper!" Emmeline said.

Kendra cried tears of joy. She went over and held Emmeline's hands. "Ms. Louise! You can finally see!"

"I can see," Emmeline said with a smile. "It's not very clear yet, but I don't think I'd have any problems bringing myself around."

Abel scratched the back of his head, feeling somewhat disappointed.

If Emmeline could walk by herself, she would not need him to carry her.

[Chapter 813 You Need a Wife](#)

"Victory is at hand!" Benjamin said happily. "I need to tell Janie this good news."

"Don't tell her," Emmeline said. "I should go and visit her myself. I can see her now."

"You visited her yesterday. You shouldn't go again today," Abel said.

"But I want to visit Janie. She needs someone to comfort her now," Emmeline said.

"I can comfort her," Benjamin said. "You shouldn't be going anywhere now."

"I feel fine. I was also thinking of paying the children a visit," Emmeline said.

"You're so busy," Abel said. "Can't you take a break just for one day?"

"Waylon!" Emmeline hugged Waylon's arm. "Why is my husband so strict with me?"

"You can leave him if you don't like it," Waylon said as he draped his arm over Emmeline's shoulders.

"Why don't you pack up and go back to Macsen Villa with me?"

Abel was speechless.

Emmeline quickly hopped over next to Abel and hugged his arm. "I'm not leaving my hubby!"

"See that?" Waylon pointed at Emmeline and said to Benjamin, "She's flown the nest now. I shouldn't have bothered to treat her in the first place!"

Benjamin laughed, which made Emmeline blush.

The three men went to the kitchen to make lunch, while Kendra helped out.

They were excellent cooks and competed against each other, and Kendra had nothing to do.

Emmeline sat next to the stroller and took care of Quincy.

Quincy had put on some weight, and she could stand up now. By the next spring, she would be able to walk by herself.

After lunch, Abel went to Ryker Group, and Benjamin went to Adelmor Group.

On the way to their separate companies, they talked to each other through the phone.

"Do you have any updates about the Imperial Palace?" Abel asked.

"The police summoned a dozen Anthony Greens," Benjamin said. "None of them were a match."

"Same here. All the suspects are proven not to be the owner of the Imperial Palace," Abel said.

"I'm suspecting that it's a ruse. The owner's real name isn't Anthony Green," Benjamin said.

"I think so too. We shouldn't be too focused on looking for someone named Anthony Green," Abel said.

"Let's keep digging," Benjamin said.

"I have another lead, but I'm not sure if I can find her," Abel said.

"What is it?"

"Evelyn might still be alive."

"Evelyn Murphy? How do you know she's not dead?" Benjamin asked.

"Those from the Murphy family told me," Abel said. "When Edmond, the eldest son, went to look for her body in the mountains, they didn't find her or her belongings. That's why I'm suspecting..."

"She got away?" Benjamin said.

"Yep." Abel nodded.

"We should try to find Evelyn then," Benjamin said. "She shouldn't disappear into thin air. Even if she's dead, we'll have to find her body."

"That's right. We should look for her," Abel said.

"Okay!" Benjamin nodded.

The call ended.

Waylon remained at The Precipice. Emmeline was telling him the story of that time she disguised as Emmett.

Waylon laughed at the appropriate places. He gazed indulgently at Emmeline.

"I didn't expect you to be able to get closer to Abel after you disguised yourself as a man."

"Yeah," Emmeline said. "Abel was so interested in Emmett. I was even wondering if he's straight."

"Hahaha!" Benjamin laughed. "He's straight alright, but he's more reserved toward women."

"Like you?" Emmeline stared intently at Waylon.

"Me?" Waylon smiled. "I don't have any luck with women."

Emmeline hugged his arm. "Why don't I introduce some to you?"

"Go away!" Waylon pretended to be angry. "What are you planning?"

"Let's see. I think you're deprived of love, and you need a wife in your life," Emmeline said.

[Chapter 814 Give Me Worryfree](#)

"Oh, how dare you, you impudent brat!" Waylon said while flicking Emmeline's forehead. "I have no need for a wife. I won't have the time to entertain her whenever she's sad!"

"What about a child? Even if you don't want one, I want to see what your child would look like!"

"Stop being ridiculous!" Waylon pretended to be angry. "If you bother me about women again, I'm not going to give you the hair growth ointment anymore. You'll be bald!"

"You're too late," Emmeline said while stroking the back of her head. "The hair has already grown back. You're not going to pluck them out again, right?"

Waylon stretched his neck to see. Emmeline was not lying.

Hair had already grown back on the bald patch and covered the scar.

"Mm," Waylon said and nodded. "It's growing pretty fast. That's because I invented the ointment myself."

"Waylon, why don't you go with me to visit Janie?" Emmeline said. "You can give her some health supplements so that she can recover faster."

"Can't you do it yourself?" Waylon said. "You didn't need me."

"You're a better doctor than I am," Emmeline said.

"No, you're just lazy," Waylon said and patted her head. "Well, at least you won't lose hair over coming up with recipes!"

Emmeline was happy. She went to ask the cook to make some chicken soup. Then, she and Waylon went to buy medicinal ingredients.

After they got back home, they began concocting a supplement, while the cook boiled some soup and placed it in a flask.

By the time Emmeline and Waylon arrived at the hospital, Janie had just woken up from a nap. She was chatting with Yvonne, the caretaker of Glenbrook.

When Emmeline and Waylon entered the room, Yvonne greeted them and excused herself.

Janie nodded slightly as a greeting to Waylon.

Emmeline sat down on the chair next to the bed.

"Emma, can your eyes see now?" Janie asked.

"Mm," Emmeline replied. "I can see things now, but it's not very clear yet. I should recover completely in a few days."

"That's good to hear," Janie said. "When your eyes have completely healed and I'm out of the hospital, we should go shopping."

"You'll need more nutrition," Emmeline said. "I brought you chicken soup."

"Thank you, Emma," Janie took Emmeline's hands. "You're so nice to me."

"Aren't we friends?" Emmeline said. "You were searching for me when I was injured and brought to Adelman Island, right?"

Janie bit her lip.

Indeed, she was trying to look for Emmeline back then, but more importantly, she wanted to look for Benjamin.

"Right, Waylon brought you some supplements. You should get Yvonne to prepare it for you later," Emmeline said.

"Thank you, Mr. Adelman," Janie said to Waylon.

"Don't mention it. You should thank Emma instead," Waylon said with a smile.

"Why are you so humble?" Emmeline said. "I'll bring the supplements to Yvonne."

Janie nodded, and Emmeline went out of the door.

Waylon was worried that Emmeline could not see clearly, and he wanted to follow her. However, Janie stopped him. "Mr. Adelman!"

Waylon turned around. "Hm?"

"I have a favor to ask of you," Janie said.

Waylon sat down on the chair. "What is it?"

"Um..." Janie turned her head away. "Can you give me a dose of Worryfree?"

"Worryfree?" Waylon chuckled. "Why do you want that?"

"I..." Janie turned her head away even more. "You know what's going on between Benjamin and me... I don't want this to go on anymore. I don't like it."

Waylon was silent for a while. "I think you should communicate with Benjamin. You shouldn't rely on drugs."

"It's not a matter of communication. Benjamin doesn't like me," Janie said glumly.

"Maybe you should let it go then," Waylon said. "You shouldn't take Worryfree on a whim."

Tears welled up in Janie's eyes. "Didn't you give it to Mr. Ryker? Please help me, Mr. Adelman!"

[Chapter 815 Fall Guy](#)

"Your situation isn't the same as Abel's," Waylon said. "He had to use the drug because his life depended on it, while you wanted it because you made a wrong decision. You'll need to let the relationship go yourself. If I dispense the drug to anyone who wants to be free of a relationship, many jilted lovers will find me for revenge!"

Looks like he's not going to give me the drug. Janie thought.

Seeing that Janie seemed down, Waylon said, "That's how some relationships are. You're not always going to find someone who would love you back. You need to let it go."

Janie forced a smile and said, "I didn't expect you to be a counselor, Mr. Adelman. You look so cold and aloof."

Waylon smiled. "It's all because of Emmeline."

"What did you say behind my back?" Emmeline came in through the door.

"Nothing. Ms. Eastwood and I are praising you," Waylon said as he went over to lead Emmeline to a chair.

"You're praising me?" Emmeline widened her eyes. She did not believe what Waylon told her.

Did I do something deserving of praise?

"Yeah, I said that you're pretty. I didn't manage to say anything more than that," Waylon said.

"Really?" Emmeline touched her cheeks.

She decided not to ask any further.

Emmeline and Janie chatted for some time. Before she left, Emmeline told Janie to eat the chicken soup.

Meanwhile, in the CEO's office of Ryker Group, Abel had just signed a few documents when he received a call from Inspector Charles.

The police officer said something briefly to Abel, and the latter's expression sank.

After the call ended, Abel gave a call to Benjamin.

"Were you informed of the news?"

Benjamin was surprised. "I just came out of a meeting. What news?"

"A male corpse was found in the mountains behind the Imperial Palace. Apparently, it's the body of Anthony Green, the owner."

"That can't be!" Benjamin was shocked. "And he's dead, too?"

"Inspector Charles said that he received orders from his superior to close the case."

"I'm pretty sure they found a fall guy," Benjamin said, displeased.

"According to Inspector Charles, his superior said not to investigate any further in case of 'accidents,' so they left it at that."

"Looks like we can't rely on anyone else."

"Mm." Abel nodded. "Looks like they're afraid to get their hands dirty."

"Should we go there and take a look?" Benjamin said. "I'd like to see who's the fall guy."

"Sure. Let's meet at the mountain behind the Imperial Palace," Abel said.

They met forty minutes later.

The area was cordoned off, and a team of forensic investigators were busy at work.

Several reporters were reporting the news right in front of the police cordon, saying that the owner of the Imperial Palace had taken his own life, the scandal had come to a conclusion, and the Imperial Palace would be put on public auction.

Inspector Charles was also there. Abel and Benjamin went toward him.

Inspector Charles quickly ran over and greeted Abel and Benjamin.

"Well, that's how the case ends, regardless of whether it's true or false," he said in a low voice.

"Mm," Abel replied with a smile. "I didn't expect you guys to do much anyway."

"We've tried our best, Mr. Abel."

"Mm. Of course." Abel nodded.

"We'll have to take it from here," Benjamin said. "We need to find that person."

Otherwise, we won't be able to find the antidote for Deathly Desire!

"I can't help you any further, Mr. York. I have direct orders to close the case, and the Imperial Palace will be put on auction," Inspector Charles said.

"We're not blaming you. You did your best," Benjamin said.

"Phew." Inspector Charles wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"When is the auction going to be?" Abel asked.

"Are you interested?" Inspector Charles asked.

[Chapter 816 Patisserie](#)

"Any businessman worth his salt will be interested," Abel said with a smile. "It'll all depend on the price."

"We'll have to see how things go during the auction then," Inspector Charles said. "Once the investigation and the paperwork are done, it can be put up for auction soon."

"Mm." Abel nodded.

"If there's nothing else, I should get back to work," Inspector Charles said. "If I linger here for too long, it won't look good on me."

"Don't worry about us. We'll just take a look around here," Benjamin said.

Inspector Charles hurriedly went away. He would rather not be seen with those two influential figures.

Abel and Benjamin were about to leave when they saw Adam.

Adam's head wound had not recovered. He was wearing a hat.

He was also dressed in a black suit and a dark gray trench coat, and that made him look like a mobster.

He looked cool yet amusing at the same time.

"Why is he here?" Abel mumbled to himself and went over to him.

"Adam?"

Adam was shocked when he heard Abel's voice.

"Abel?"

"I didn't expect to see you here," Abel said.

"Oh. I heard that the Imperial Palace will be put up for auction soon, so I'm here to survey the scene."

"Are you interested in the Imperial Palace?" Abel handed him a cigarette.

The bodyguards quickly lit them up.

"If the price is right, of course," Adam said. "I see a few other big bosses around the area too."

"Mm. I'd consider it if the price is right," Abel said.

"You don't have to consider it then," Adam said. "The Ryker family can buy the place and let me run it. The rest of you can sit back and enjoy the dividends."

"That sounds good and all, but the Imperial Palace is nonetheless an entertainment establishment. There's not much money to be had," Abel said.

That's if you run the business legitimately. If you run it my way, the profits will shoot through the roof! Abel thought.

"We can think of other business models," Adam said. "I'm pretty confident in that."

"I wouldn't want you to run underworld activities in the Imperial Palace like the previous owner, Adam. If you get caught, I don't wish for the Ryker family to be implicated!" Abel said that and left, and Benjamin followed behind.

Adam's expression sank as he watched Abel enter his Rolls-Royce.

Indeed, the male corpse at the scene was his fall guy. He wanted to conclude the case that way, and he could repurchase the Imperial Palace in the auction.

That way, he could legitimize himself and his business.

He considered that many other big bosses in Struyria would be interested in the place as well, and the price would be driven high.

If the Ryker family did not fund him, he might not be able to win the auction.

Do I really have to lick Abel's boots? But that doesn't really work on him. Adam thought.

If that's the case... I guess I'll have to lick his wife's boots!

After arriving at that thought, he took his phone and made a call.

After he left the Imperial Palace, Abel returned to the Precipice. On the way, he bought a bouquet of flowers.

Emmeline's eyes could finally see. The occasion was worth celebrating.

Abel parked his car and went into the house.

He saw Emmeline sitting on the sofa talking to a man.

The man had his back facing him, so Abel could not see who it was.

He heard Emmeline ask, "What do you know how to make?"

"Madam, I can make all sorts of breads, cakes, pastries, and other confectioneries."

"Not bad. Why don't you make something for me? I'll hire you if I like what you make," Emmeline said.

"Alright. Should I start now?" the man said.

"Yes." Emmeline turned to speak to Kendra, "You can bring him to the kitchen."

After listening to the patissier describe what he could do, Emmeline was interested in learning from him.

Abel realized that Emmeline was hiring a patissier.

Emmeline noticed Abel coming in with a bouquet and said happily, "Welcome home, hubby."

[Chapter 817 What's Wrong With Him?](#)

Abel hugged her with one arm, kissed her on her lips, and handed the bouquet to her.

"This is for you. Do you like it?"

"This is so pretty! I love it!"

Emmeline took a deep whiff of the flowers and smiled.

"Did you just hire a new patissier?"

Abel hugged her, spun around, and put her down.

"No. He's from Avalan Mansion," Emmeline said.

Abel was surprised. "He's Adam's patissier?"

"That's right," Emmeline said. "At the birthday party, Lizbeth and I said that the dessert was delicious. Adam promised he'd send his patissier over some time later. I didn't expect it to be today."

"I see." Abel nodded. "As long as you like it."

"There should be no problem, right?" Emmeline asked.

She knew that Adam was a cunning character, and she had her reservations.

Abel smiled. "What can a patissier do?"

"That's good," Emmeline said and placed the flowers into the vase.

After dinner, Abel brought Emmeline for a walk in the hills behind the mansion.

It was already near the fall season, and the trees on the hill were filled with small red fruits.

The fruits were not edible, but they were a beautiful sight.

They walked along the path for half an hour before the temperature dropped, so Abel took Emmeline's hand and led her downhill.

Her sight had not fully recovered, and she could barely see anything when it was dark.

However, she was attracted by the beauty of the fruits. She pulled her hand away from Abel and went to pluck a few twigs to put in the vase at home.

"Ow!" The thorns pricked her fingers.

Emmeline jerked her hand away. A drop of blood formed on her finger.

"You're so careless," Abel said with a frown. He took her finger and put it in his mouth.

After sucking it for a while and spitting the blood away, he asked, "Does it hurt?"

Emmeline nodded. She seemed aggrieved.

Abel put her finger in his mouth again.

Emmeline raised her head and looked at him.

Suddenly, she realized she was very attracted to Abel's face.

Even though she could not see very well, she thought Abel was the most handsome man she had ever seen.

She could not resist the temptation anymore, so she tiptoed and pecked his chin.

Abel shuddered.

In other circumstances, he loved it when his wife sneaked up to him and kissed him.

Now that he was under the effect of Deathly Desire, that had become the thing he most feared.

Abel immediately let go of Emmeline's hand and took two steps back.

"What's wrong? Did I frighten you?" Emmeline said.

"No." Abel was flustered. "I nearly tripped on a pebble."

"Let's do that again," Emmeline spread her arms and was about to hug him.

"Wait. I suddenly remembered I have some very urgent business." Abel dodged and turned away from Emmeline.

He walked very fast, as though a wild beast was chasing him.

Emmeline was surprised. What's gotten into him? He's not usually like this. Maybe he does have something very urgent.

She walked downhill behind him.

The sky was getting darker and darker, and the path was bumpy.

Every step was very difficult. Emmeline had to balance herself with both arms.

After taking a dozen steps, Abel turned around.

He felt sorry for Emmeline, who was struggling clumsily to walk.

He gritted his teeth and went back to her.

Without saying a word, He picked Emmeline up with his arms and rushed downhill.

Emmeline's body was soft and warm. He could never find a more comfortable sensation.

Before he knew it, he felt a vague sense of pain emanating from his internal organs.

Oh no. Why is it acting up again?

Sweat beaded on his forehead. The pain was about to erupt like a volcano.

Abel gritted his teeth hard and quickened his footsteps. He brought Emmeline into the mansion.

As soon as he put her back on her feet, he turned around, ran into his Rolls-Royce, and sped out of the mansion.

[Chapter 818 Sorry, Mr Abel](#)

Kendra stood under the eaves. "Ms. Louise, what happened to Mr. Ryker?"

"I don't know," Emmeline answered. "He said he had very urgent business."

"Urgent business?"

He looked so anxious earlier. Could it be that the poison is acting up again? Kendra thought.

Oh no! I guess Mr. Ryker didn't want Ms. Louise to see him go into the basement to take his ice bath. That's why he drove away!

Kendra ran into the living room while yelling, "Luca! Luca!"

Luca came over when he heard someone call his name. "What's wrong?"

"Quick!" Kendra said in a low voice. "Mr. Ryker's poison is acting up again. He drove away in his car by himself."

Luca immediately took the keys to the bodyguards' car and ran out.

Luca drove the car along the hilly road. About a mile away, he saw the Rolls-Royce parked on the grass at the side of the road.

Luca quickly stopped the car and opened the door of the Rolls-Royce.

He saw Abel curled up into a ball, trying very hard to endure the pain.

He roared like a beast when he saw Luca. "Go away!"

"Mr. Abel! Are you okay?" Luca said.

"Go away! Don't worry about me!"

In the darkness, Abel's eyes were bloodshot like a devil's.

Luca could not help but shudder.

"Get... away from me," Abel said with much difficulty. "I might rip you apart!"

"But Mr. Abel..."

"Go away!" Abel shoved Luca away, which caused him to fall back onto the grass.

What should I do? I don't mind if you accidentally injure me, but I can't bear to see you in pain!

"Ahhh! Ahhh!" Abel screamed. He fell from the driver's seat and landed on the grass.

"Mr. Abel!" Luca got up and pounced at Abel, but Abel kicked him away.

Following that, Abel continued to roll on the grass while screaming his lungs out.

His cries of agony echoed in the night. Fortunately, there were no other cars on the road. Someone might have imagined he was a monster.

As he screamed, he clawed himself, as though the pain would disappear after he ripped himself into pieces.

"Forgive me, Mr. Abel!"

Luca pounced onto Abel, hugged him tightly, and knocked him out with a blow to the back of his neck.

Abel grunted and stopped struggling.

Luca took off his necktie and tied Abel's hands. Then, he took off Abel's necktie and tied his ankles.

He dragged the unconscious Abel and placed him in the backseat of the bodyguards' car.

"Sleep for a bit, Mr. Abel. I'll bring you to Mr. Adelmarr."

Luca started the car and floored the gas pedal.

At Macsen Villa, Waylon had just finished his dinner. He was about to return to his laboratory when his phone rang.

The call was from Abel.

Waylon answered it. "Abel?"

"Mr. Adelmarr, it's me, Luca," Luca said with the phone in one hand and the steering wheel in the other.

"Luca? What's wrong?" Waylon could tell that something bad had happened.

Waylon frowned. "Why didn't he take an ice bath in the basement?"

"Ms. Emmeline was around. Abel didn't want to frighten her, so he left in his car," Luca said.

"Sigh, that idiot," Waylon said. "I'll prepare the ice. Bring him here."

After the call ended, Waylon called Benjamin and asked him to bring a lot of ice to Macsen Villa.

The ice must be for Abel, but why is he at Macsen Villa?

He had no time for questions. After the call ended, he went to acquire ice.

In ten minutes, he and Eric drove a pickup truck full of ice toward Macsen Villa.

Abel woke up in the car. His eyes were bloodshot.

Usually, Luca would have been able to knock a person out for at least eight hours. The pain had woken Abel up.

"Uggh!" Abel growled. "Let me go!"

[Chapter 819 You Won't Die](#)

Luca jerked his head around and shot a glance at Abel.

Abel was struggling in the backseat. He managed to get on his knees.

The dim light barely illuminated his face contorted from the pain. He looked like a devil that had ascended from hell.

Luca's face turned pale from the fright.

If Abel managed to free himself and pounce on Luca, a fatal car crash would be inevitable!

To reach Macsen Villa as soon as he could, Luca had taken the intercity expressway. After the intersection in front, he would need to go past a mountain before reaching the villa.

"Mr. Abel, please sit tight and don't interfere with my driving. Our lives are at stake here!" Luca said while gripping the steering wheel tightly.

Thud! Abel fell from the seat.

"Let me go! Why did you tie me up?"

I'm not going to let you roam free. I don't feel secure even when you're tied up!

"Let me go! You b*stard!"

"Mr. Abel, I don't mind it if you curse at me, but please don't make any reckless movements! We're almost there!" Luca said.

"I feel so uncomfortable, I'm going to die!" Abel said hoarsely.

"You won't die! If you sit there and let me drive the car to Macsen Villa, you'll be safe. Otherwise, both of us will die!" Luca said.

"Urgh! It hurts!" Abel growled.

He wanted to struggle, but he was stuck between the rows of seats, and he could not stand up.

Luca tried to look at the situation behind him through the rearview mirror, but Abel was on the floor, so Luca could not see anything.

"Calm down, please, Mr. Abel. Please stay down. Your wife is waiting for you at home, so don't lose control of yourself. You won't be able to see her again if you lose control, and she'll be all alone! Think about her! Once you're feeling well again, you can protect her..."

"Shut up..." Abel grunted and passed out.

The car soon arrived at Macsen Villa. Benjamin and Eric's pickup truck arrived shortly after.

Eric carried a few buckets of ice from the truck. Luca dragged Abel out of the car.

Waylon and Benjamin's eyes widened. D*mn, he tied Abel up!

"I had to do this. If he attacked me while I was driving, neither of us is going to survive," Luca said.

"Take him to the bath in my bedroom. I've already filled it with cold water," Waylon said.

"I'll put the ice in." Eric ran up the stairs carrying the buckets.

Benjamin and Luca dragged Abel up the stairs and placed him in the bathtub.

Abel woke up shortly after he was soaked in the ice-cold water.

His face was deathly pale, and there was no color on his lips. He looked like a corpse.

The pain had consumed him, and he had no strength to struggle. He gasped weakly, waiting to eventually succumb to the pain.

Waylon took his wrist to detect a pulse.

"I'm going to die, Waylon. I'll leave Emma to you," Abel said hoarsely.

"Don't think too much. You're not going to die. It's called Deathly Desire, meaning that it'll make you want to die, but it won't kill you," Waylon said.

Abel did not have the strength to utter another word.

That's true, but I'd rather die!

Waylon slowly inserted a dozen silver needles into Abel's body.

The needles and the ice numbed Abel's nerves, and he managed to catch his breath.

Color returned to his face.

Luca sat down on the floor next to the bathtub and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Phew! That gave me such a fright!"

Abel guessed he must have attacked Luca when he could not control himself. "Luca, did I hurt you?" he asked.

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"You didn't," Luca said with a grin. "You kicked me once, but it doesn't hurt."

"Phew," Abel closed his eyes and breathed a sigh of relief. "I still remember how I nearly killed Adam."

Luca chuckled. "I'm luckier than he is. At least you didn't manage to grab and toss me."

He was very relieved to see that Abel managed to pull through.

Suddenly, Abel's phone rang.

Waylon went out of the bathroom to pick it up. He frowned when he saw the call was from Emmeline.

He was running out of excuses.

Waylon returned to the bathroom and handed the phone to Abel.

"It's from Emma. What are you going to tell her?"

Abel was silent for a while before he took the phone.

He inhaled deeply to suppress the pain and said composedly, "Hey, Emma."

"Hubby?" Emmeline sounded like she was about to cry. "Why did you suddenly rush out of the house? I've been waiting for you, but you're not back yet."

"I have to work overtime tonight because there's some very urgent business I need to attend to," Abel said.

Emmeline sniffled. "I've never seen you like this before. How could you leave me behind?"

"I'm sorry, babe. It was really very urgent, and I didn't have the time to explain. I promise I won't do it next time," Abel said.

"When are you coming home? I'll make supper for you."

Abel lowered his head to look at his body. He guessed that he would not be going home tonight.

"I think I'll have to burn the midnight oil tonight. You don't have to wait for me."

"Oh? Why are you so busy all of a sudden?" Emmeline mumbled.

"I forgot I had some work from before. I was so preoccupied with looking for you," Abel said.

"I see. I'll make supper for you and deliver it over then," Emmeline said.

"No!" Abel blurted.

"Why not? You'll be hungry," Emmeline said with a frown.

"If I'm hungry, I'll get food from Nimbus Hotel," Abel said. "Your eyes haven't fully recovered yet, so you shouldn't be cooking."

"..." Why do I feel like Abel is hiding something from me?

"Hubby, is there something you're not telling me?"

"No." Abel forced a grin and said, "I won't hide anything from you, Emma. Be a good girl and go to bed."

"But Hubby..."

Abel had already ended the call. He growled hoarsely. "Argh!"

"Well, I don't know how you can still smile when the pain is so intense," Benjamin said.

"Heh. He'd rather die than show his fragile side," Waylon said.

How dare he badmouth me? Abel thought.

"Abel, why don't you listen to Waylon and bring Emma here? There's nothing for you to worry about if Waylon can take care of her," Benjamin said.

"I'm not worried, but I can't!" Abel said. "If I separate from Emma, that'll be what the owner of the Imperial Palace wants."

"Still, your life is at stake here," Waylon said.

"Didn't you say the poison isn't going to kill me?" Abel said.

"Do you want to suffer like this? You might not die, but I'm sure you wish you were dead! Look at your skin!"

Abel lowered his head and looked closely. Benjamin and Luca did the same.

Bloody cracks crisscrossed Abel's chest and lower torso.

He did not feel the pain because he was soaking in ice water.

However, he knew that the pain from the skin cracks would be unbearable, in addition to the pain from Deathly Desire.

"Well... I have Waylon's ointment," Abel said.

"It won't last for much longer. How are you going to explain to Emma when the cracks spread to your limbs and your face?" Waylon said.