

Are Mine 841

[Chapter 841 Observing at a Distance](#)

"If there's no antidote available for three to five years," Emmeline glanced at Luca, "Does that mean Abel and I will grow apart? Won't we end up waiting for each other indefinitely?"

"It's not that serious, right?" Luca scratched his head, feeling embarrassed. "It's a big deal...you can only observe from a distance, but you can't participate... That's all."

Observing at a distance?

That's all?

Emmeline pouted, feeling both ashamed and angry. "Well then, just you wait. Today, I'll transfer Sam back to Adelmarr Island so you won't even have the chance to observe from afar!"

Luca was speechless.

"Slap!" He slapped his head.

Why did he feel like he kept saying the wrong things since yesterday?

"That's enough." Emmeline said, "I was just joking with you, I won't bring Sam to Adelmarr Island."

"Then that's good," Luca replied.

After he finished speaking, he felt that he was being too obvious and felt embarrassed.

"However," Emmeline continued, "I intend to marry her off sooner, and she will not be permitted to remain single,"

Get married?

Luca was taken aback. He would not be able to marry someone else.

Wasn't he still there?

He did not dare to talk about this with Emmeline.

It was better to wait for Abel to wake up and let him decide. Plus, it was easier to talk with men.

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The following day, Abel remained unconscious.

Emmeline gently held his wrist, searching for his pulse.

The pulse came and went, indicating that the toxicity was gradually subsiding.

Feeling slightly relieved, she sat beside the bathtub, cradling Abel's hand in her small palm. "If there's no antidote available for three to five years," Emmeline glanced at Luca, "Does that mean Abel and I will grow apart? Won't we end up waiting for each other indefinitely?"

His hand was exquisitely shaped, with slender fingers and well-defined joints, exuding an inexplicable allure.

Just like him, despite being stained with blood, he could not hide his striking good looks.

His chest was strong, his waistline defined, and his abdominal muscles taut.

His legs were lean yet powerful.

Emmeline could not help but gaze at him, her heart secretly fluttering.

"Knock! Knock!" A sudden knock reverberated through the basement door.

Luca rose from the bathroom and approached the door cautiously. Speaking in a hushed voice, he asked, "Who is it?"

"It's me," Kendra's voice responded from the other side.

Luca opened the door, but Kendra hesitated to enter. She remained at the doorway, saying, "I'm looking for Miss Emmeline."

Luca returned to the bathroom and informed Emmeline of Kendra's arrival.

Emmeline immersed Abel's hand in the ice water before heading out to meet Kendra.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Oscar called just now," Kendra explained. "He was trying to reach Abel, but his phone was switched off, so he called the landline instead."

"Oscar?" Emmeline was taken aback. Why would Oscar suddenly want to contact Abel?

"What did Oscar say?"

"Oscar seemed quite furious," Kendra said. "He simply mentioned that he's waiting at Ryker's place and told Oscar to hurry over."

"But look at Abel's condition. How would he get there?" Emmeline furrowed her brows.

"Who knows?" Kendra expressed her worry. "Miss Emmeline, what should we do now?"

"I'll go there," Emmeline stated. "It's not a big deal."

"Why don't you inform the Levan Mansion?" Kendra suggested. "Let Lewis go there."

"But what can I do then?" Emmeline responded. "It's better not to involve the Levan Mansion in Abel's poisoning to spare everyone unnecessary worry."

"Yeah, you're right," Kendra nodded in agreement.

However, as Emmeline prepared to visit Oscar, she could not shake off a sense of unease.

They said the old man was difficult to handle.

"Don't worry about me," Emmeline reassured Kendra, noticing her concern. "I've dealt with Oscar a few times before, and everything turned out fine."

"Please be careful, Miss Emmeline," Kendra insisted.

"Alright," Emmeline acknowledged and headed upstairs to change her clothes.

As she turned around, Waylon stood on the stairs.

He appeared handsome and dashing, but there were dark circles under his eyes.

Since they moved the laboratory here yesterday, Waylon had been tirelessly researching the antidote day and night.

He had a headache at the moment and wanted to step outside for some fresh air when he overheard their conversation.

"Are you going to meet Oscar?" he asked Emmeline.

"The old man suddenly wants to see Abel," Emmeline informed. "I have to go for him."

"That old man is not an easy person to deal with," Waylon commented, furrowing his brows.

Emmeline was well aware of this fact, knowing that Waylon had a conflict with Oscar for over a decade.

"But don't worry," Waylon assured her. "I'll have your back."

"Alright," Emmeline nodded. "I know. You don't have to worry about me."

[Chapter 842 Meeting Old Mr Ryker on Abel's Behalf](#)

She returned to her bedroom, Emmeline changed into an elegant semi-professional suit adorned with shades of blue and white.

Exuding capability and rejuvenation, yet possessing a delicate and captivating allure.

Her bright eyes sparkled, filled with anticipation for life, with a touch of authority.

Upon descending the stairs, Luca was already waiting, positioned near the staircase.

"Miss Louise," Luca addressed, "Master Adelmarr is taking care of Mr. Abel and told me to accompany you to the Ryker family."

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

The chauffeur drove Abel's Rolls-Royce, arriving at Ryker Group within thirty minutes.

Luca's fingerprints were registered at the elevator.

Emmeline descended directly to the eighty-ninth floor from the underground parking lot.

They stepped out of the elevator and saw Adam in the corridor.

He was smoking while calling someone.

With a frenzied and invincible expression on his face, Adam caught sight of Emmeline and promptly ended his phone call, greeting her.

"Emmeline and Luca!"

Emmeline responded with a polite smile, "Adam, you're here too."

"I just arrived," Adam squinted his eyes, "Grandpa suddenly decided to inspect Abel's work, so I have to accompany him."

"It seems that Old Mr. Ryker still values you a lot," Emmeline said, her smile faint, "I'm happy for you, Adam."

Adam furrowed his brow, sensing a hint of sarcasm in Emmeline's words.

However, her radiant smile made him believe that he was overthinking.

He playfully leaned over Emmeline's shoulder, feigning surprise as he asked, "Where's Abel? Haven't seen him around. What's he up to?" She returned to her bedroom, Emmeline changed into an elegant semi-professional suit adorned with shades of blue and white.

"Abel didn't come," Emmeline replied with a smile, "I've come to meet Old Mr. Ryker on his behalf."

"You?" Adam chuckled, "This is the Ryker Group, not a place for you to hang around."

"I know that," Emmeline nodded.

"And yet, here you are," Adam sneered, "Does it mean Abel's hiding?"

"Who said my husband's hiding behind me?" Emmeline raised an eyebrow, "He's simply not feeling well."

"If only you told me sooner," Adam expressed immediate concern, "Which ward is he in? I'll visit him right away, and I'll address him as Grandpa as well."

"There's no need for you to trouble yourself, Adam," Emmeline stated, "I'll seek instructions from Grandpa first and tell Abel later."

Without bothering to engage with Adam any further, she proceeded straight to the president's office, with Luca following closely behind.

Adam narrowed his sharp eyes and sneered softly.

The door to the president's office was slightly ajar, and Emmeline knocked on it twice.

Oscar's voice, old-fashioned yet commanding, emanated from within. "Come in!"

Emmeline pushed the door open and greeted politely yet coldly, "Mr. Ryker."

Oscar's piercing gaze immediately focused on her as he spoke in a deep voice, "What brings you here? I'm looking for Abel!"

"Abel isn't feeling well," Emmeline responded, her face devoid of expression. "I've come to see you on his behalf."

"Hmph!"

Oscar snorted suddenly, rising from his position and walking toward her with his hands clasped behind his back.

"You, a mere nobody, dare to suggest ideas to make decisions for Abel?" he scoffed.

"I wouldn't dare to make decisions on my own," Emmeline replied, "Old Mr. Ryker if you have any instructions, I can relay them to Abel later."

"I simply asked what's wrong with Abel?" Oscar patted the executive desk assertively, "It has only been two or three days since we last saw each other. There are numerous matters in the group awaiting his approval, and he just brushes me off. Can he still be competent as the head of the Ryker family? If not, he should step down immediately and make way for someone deserving!"

"Old Mr. Ryker," Emmeline lifted her gaze to meet his eyes calmly, "You raised Abel. I believe that you're wise and you wouldn't make such a mistake."

Oscar pondered for a moment, then nodded, "Of course."

"That settles it," Emmeline seized the opportunity and poured a glass of warm water, offering it to him. "If there are any orders from you, I'll convey them to Abel when he recovers. He'll respond promptly."

"Talk is cheap," Adam suddenly entered the room, "Time is precious, who can afford to wait for him!"

"What do you mean, Adam?" Emmeline shifted her gaze towards Adam, questioning him, "What's the matter?"

"Take a look at this!" Adam grabbed a document and tossed it onto the desk in front of Emmeline, his voice filled with frustration. "The client from Yanwick terminated the contract because they couldn't reach Abel to discuss the new terms of cooperation. Can you believe it? This is not just a minor issue, it's an international order! Are we playing games here?"

Emmeline furrowed her brow. What else could go wrong?

[Chapter 843 Adam Digging His Grave](#)

"If Abel doesn't show up, at least keep his phone on," Adam added, fanning the flames, "But if his phone is unreachable, who does he think he is? Playing games with the fate of the Ryker Group here!"

"Adam, isn't this a bit exaggerated?" Emmeline sneered coldly, "No matter what happens, it won't jeopardize the fate of the Ryker Group!"

"Why not?" Adam slapped the document, emphasizing his point, "In previous years, contract renewals went smoothly without any conditions. But this year, due to the lack of communication with Abel, the other party proposed these clauses. If we agree to them, every overseas market will dictate terms to the Ryker Group. We can't let that happen!"

"Aren't you supposed to stay out of Ryker Group's affairs?" Emmeline questioned, "How come you know all this so well?"

Adam rolled his eyes, "Of course, Abel couldn't be reached so, the executives from the Ryker Group approached me urgently. Can I just stand there and do nothing?"

"So," Emmeline smiled faintly, "Old Mr. Ryker was invited by Adam."

Adam paused for a moment, "You're right. I can't interfere in Ryker's family matters, so I have to seek Grandpa's guidance. But when Grandpa didn't respond, I took matters into my own hands. Can't you see the reason behind it? You lack understanding! Ignorance is bliss!"

"I don't understand," Emmeline remarked, picking up the document, "I just want to ask both of you, what you want."

"We should continue the cooperation as per the previous agreement!" Adam replied firmly.

"And what is Old Mr. Ryker's stance on this?" Emmeline turned to Oscar, her eyes calm and steady. "If Abel doesn't show up, at least keep his phone on," Adam added, fanning the flames, "But if his phone is unreachable, who does he think he is? Playing games with the fate of the Ryker Group here!"

"Does it even need to be said?" Oscar responded with a stern expression, "This order has remained stable in recent years and is one of the Ryker Group's key contracts. If it suddenly falls through, how will Abel compensate for such a loss?"

"Hmph," Adam sneered, "This is not a trivial matter. If something goes wrong, it'll be hard to deal with it later!"

Emmeline furrowed her brow.

She had never been keen on getting involved in business affairs.

Benjamin was solely responsible for handling all major and minor matters.

As Emmeline was suddenly asked what to do, she did not have an immediate answer. However, she still had Waylon and Benjamin.

So, finding a solution should not be too hard.

"Wait for me," Emmeline informed them, taking the document with her as she left the office.

Oscar remained silent, his face turning blue.

Adam sneered quietly, doubting whether Emmeline could handle the situation after all the effort he put in to coordinate things.

I guess it's my turn to take over since you're in a coma, Abel.

Emmeline headed to the bathroom with the documents. After ensuring no one was around, she called Waylon and explained the situation.

"Who's the other party?" Waylon inquired.

Emmeline glanced at the document and proceeded to read out a series of names to Waylon.

"Oh, their company?" Waylon responded, understanding the situation.

"And then?" Emmeline asked, seeking further clarification, "Is it that straightforward?"

"What do you think?" Waylon replied, "They'll receive a call shortly, and it should be solved."

"Is it really that simple?" Emmeline couldn't fully grasp the concept.

"How many major clients are there in this industry worldwide?" Waylon explained, "The other party is also our partner, and I can propose the terms you just mentioned to them. Do you think they would reconsider?"

"I see," Emmeline smiled softly, "Adam still has a solution."

"Let Oscar wait for the call," Waylon concluded before ending the conversation.

Emmeline took the documents and returned to the president's office as she smiled.

Adam was seated on the sofa, sipping his tea with his legs crossed.

He seemed unaware of what was being discussed with Oscar.

Regardless, Oscar's face had turned from blue to black. The old man did not have any intentions of replacing Abel. He still recognized Abel's character and abilities.

However, he could not tolerate his arrogant grandson's nagging every day.

"Old Mr. Ryker, have some water," Emmeline offered, refilling Oscar's glass respectfully.

A small smile graced her delicate face.

Adam glanced at her, momentarily losing his focus.

However, Oscar's expression remained stern as he said, "If this matter isn't handled properly, it will encourage other partners to follow suit. Let Abel rest for now!"

[Chapter 844 Resolving the Crisis](#)

Emmeline spoke calmly, "Old Mr. Ryker, if you believe that changing the president won't have any impact on the Ryker family, then that's fine."

A graceful smile adorned Emmeline's face as she continued, "I still have my coffee shop. My husband and I manage it, and it's quite comfortable."

Oscar's complexion grew even darker.

It seemed that he had little control over his granddaughter-in-law.

"I'm not well-versed in business matters," Emmeline glanced at Adam casually, "but I believe it would be more fitting for Adam to take charge of the Ryker Group. What do you think, Old Mr. Ryker?"

Upon hearing these words, Adam immediately uncrossed his legs.

Firstly, Emmeline had explicitly mentioned his name, making it appear as if he coveted the Ryker Group's position.

Of course, he did covet it, but he could not let others see that, especially not Old Mr. Ryker. It would imply that his motives were impure and that he cared more about the Ryker family.

Secondly, Adam wanted to hear the old man's response.

The question lingered, was he more suitable than Abel?

With a stern expression, Oscar replied, "Let's discuss this matter once it's resolved."

"Emmeline and Luca," Adam could not contain his restlessness, "It's been a while now, have you informed Abel about this?"

"Of course, I have," Emmeline responded calmly, "Abel asked us to wait for a little while."

Wait for a little while?

Adam sneered. Who did she think she was fooling by going to the grave to burn newspapers?

This morning, the chef had sent him a message, informing him that Abel was unconscious. Did she think he would not find out about it? Emmeline spoke calmly, "Old Mr. Ryker, if you believe that changing the president won't have any impact on the Ryker family, then that's fine."

"Emmeline," Adam interjected, "You're quick to jump to conclusions. If Abel can't resolve this issue, the risks he poses to the Ryker family are not to be taken lightly, you should consider that!"

"I understand," Emmeline smiled confidently, "I have faith in Abel. He told us to wait for the phone call, so we'll wait for it."

As soon as she finished speaking, there was a sudden knock on the door of the office.

Adam opened the door and saw the supervisor from the overseas department.

"Mr. Ryker, Mr. Adam," the supervisor began, "Yanwick has reached out to us."

"What's the situation?" Oscar's gloomy eyes suddenly brightened.

Adam was also taken aback.

Yanwick contacted us?

What did they mean by that?

"They said..." the supervisor could not contain his excitement, "They requested that not only the contract terms remain unchanged from previous years, but also that the number of goods is doubled every quarter! This means our sales volume has suddenly doubled!"

Adam was stunned.

What on earth is going on?

What happened to breaking the contract or negotiating lower prices?

Why are they asking for an increase instead of a decrease?

Adam's expression turned grim.

On the other hand, Oscar's face lit up with joy. He slammed the table and exclaimed, "I knew it! Abel has disappointed me!"

Emmeline smiled, "You're so wise, Old Mr. Ryker!"

Adam could not believe that Abel had regained consciousness.

And now, with just one phone call, he could handle such significant changes in the overseas market.

He turned around abruptly and said to Oscar, "Grandpa, we should be grateful for Abel's well-being. Let's have Abel endorse an application for me. I plan to participate in the bidding for the imperial palace this week!"

"Bidding for the imperial palace?" Oscar frowned. "That location is impressive, but running a traditional business there might not be feasible."

"Grandpa, don't worry," Adam assured. "Leave the auction to me, and I'll handle it."

Oscar appeared deep in thought.

The Ryker Group favored Abel, which made him feel slightly guilty toward his eldest grandson.

However, there was no denying that Adam's abilities and character were inferior to Abel's.

Nonetheless, Oscar, being a fair-minded person, also wanted to make it up to Adam.

He just had not come across a suitable opportunity. Now that Adam expressed his desire to bid for the imperial palace, he pondered.

"Old Mr. Ryker," Emmeline interjected, "Isn't it mandatory to submit a feasibility report for the imperial palace auction? You can only participate in the bidding once the research is approved. We can't act blindly, can we?"

"Then call him right away," Adam insisted. "Have Abel give me his approval!"

Emmeline...

She felt cornered at this point.

She had just made a phone call to Waylon.

While Waylon could handle the coordination of the overseas market, he had no authority to assist Abel in approving the application.

How could they tackle this situation?

[Chapter 845 A Serious Businessman](#)

Emmeline suggested, "Adam, it would be better for me to get the report first and bring it back for Abel's review."

"Then I should go find Abel myself," Adam countered. "It'll be quicker that way."

"It's not convenient for Abel," Emmeline explained. "Let me handle it on your behalf."

"What's wrong with Abel?" Adam scoffed. "Is he hiding something? Is he injured by the gang?"

"Not!" Emmeline retorted, blocking his path. "Where do you think you're going?"

"It's not ideal," Adam sneered. "There was an incident at the imperial palace some time ago. Rumor has it that international mercenaries were hired, and some suspect that Abel was involved behind the scenes. If the president of the Ryker Group is connected to criminal activities, it will spell trouble for the company!"

Emmeline remained silent, but she could not help but feel that Adam was not taking the matter too seriously.

Regardless, Abel and Benjamin had attacked the imperial palace without revealing their identities.

Moreover, the police station was also secretly involved in covering up the incident.

Even if Adam knew of Abel's involvement, he had no intention of getting himself entangled in it.

What concerned him more was that delving deeper into this matter could potentially expose him to undesirable consequences.

"I've also heard about the attack on the imperial palace by the criminal organization," Oscar remarked as he furrowed his eyebrows. "I haven't been able to uncover the mastermind behind it, but if it turns out to be a prominent businessman, the repercussions will be significant." Emmeline suggested, "Adam, it would be better for me to get the report first and bring it back for Abel's review."

"Old Mr. Ryker, there's no need to worry," Emmeline reassured, wearing a smile. "Abel would never get involved in such matters. Please rest assured."

"Hmph!" Adam sneered. "Only he knows if he's involved with it."

"People may forget about their mistakes," Oscar mused impressively. "When I established the Ryker Group, I didn't always adhere to the straight path."

"I don't care about that," Adam replied, his face cold. "Call Abel and ask him to approve my bidding application. Otherwise, I'll find him myself at The Precipice."

Emmeline was speechless.

This seemed impossible. Abel was still recovering in the ice water.

While she was worrying, Emmeline's phone suddenly rang.

She glanced down and to her surprise, it was Abel calling.

Emmeline's heart leaped with joy. Could it be that Abel had regained consciousness?

She quickly answered the call.

As expected, Abel's deep and composed voice came through the line. "Emma, are you at the Ryker Group?"

"Abel," Emmeline's eyes welled up with tears, her voice choked with emotion.

She sniffled, put the phone on speaker and pretended nothing was wrong, and replied, "I was just about to call you, but you beat me to it."

"Tell me," Abel's voice sounded strong, lacking any hint of weakness. "I'm listening,"

"Adam wants to bid for the imperial palace," Emmeline explained. "Can you approve his application so that he can secure the necessary funds?"

"He needs to follow a procedure," Abel stated. "Tell him to submit a business feasibility report, which will then be reviewed and approved by the board of directors. Without their approval, the funds cannot be allocated."

"Alright, I'll let him know," Emmeline replied.

After ending the call, Emmeline turned to face Adam. "Adam, did you hear everything?"

Adam was speechless.

An imperial palace business feasibility report?

Did they expect him to include illegal activities like drugs, arms, and pornography?

But how could he, with his limited traditional business knowledge, come up with a viable project?

"Grandpa," Adam pleaded, placing his last hope in Oscar. "You have to help me with this. If I can get the imperial palace, my business will thrive!"

"Let's follow Abel's suggestion," Oscar stated authoritatively. "Bidding for the imperial palace involves a substantial investment and carries significant risks."

His final hope was shattered as well.

Could he ever reclaim the imperial palace?

"Old Mr. Ryker," Emmeline smiled, trying to change the subject. "I've learned how to make dessert recently. I can bring some for you some other day."

"That sounds wonderful!" Oscar went out of his office with his hands clasped behind his back.

Adam followed him.

She learned how to make dessert from the pastry chef to curry favor with Oscar.

As they walked towards the door, Adam glanced back at Emmeline.

Her graceful silhouette was illuminated by a soft golden glow from the window, radiating a stunning beauty.

Adam's heart trembled with a mixture of resentment, greed, and helplessness.

[Chapter 846 Mad at You](#)

After seeing the two troublemakers, Oscar and Adam off, Emmeline hurried back to The Precipice without any delay.

Abel had regained consciousness, and while she was delighted, she also felt deeply concerned.

How should she face the sight of bloodstains covering his body?

Not only did it cause him pain, but how could he bear for others to see him in such a state?

If she applied ointment to his wounds, he might not even be able to put on clothes.

Abel was a proud man, would he allow her to witness his vulnerable side?

As Emmeline had anticipated, when she hurriedly returned to The Precipice, Abel had already locked himself in his study.

"Abel," Emmeline knocked on the door gently. "Let me see how you're doing. Don't you understand how worried I've been?"

"Go away!" Abel's voice echoed from inside the study. "What are you talking about? I'm perfectly fine!"

"Why are you saying you're fine?" Emmeline's eyes welled up with tears, and she almost mentioned the bloodstains covering his body. But she quickly realized it might embarrass him, so she changed her approach. "You've been unconscious for two to three days. Don't you want to see me?"

Abel remained silent

Why did he not want to see her?

He longed to be by her side at all times, to hold her in his arms forever.

But not now.

Not after he emerged from the ice bath and opened his eyes.

Abel caught sight of himself in the mirror. After seeing the two troublemakers, Oscar and Adam off, Emmeline hurried back to The Precipice without any delay.

He could not believe his eyes. Was that really his reflection?

It resembled a demonic figure straight out of the depths of hell.

His entire body, including his face, was covered in jagged bloodstains.

He appeared disheveled and drenched in blood.

Abel was truly taken aback by his own appearance.

Unbeknownst to him, the consequence of his relentless struggle with Deathly Desire had left him in such a pitiful state.

Waylon witnessed it all, his expression turning pale as he observed Abel's calm yet determined demeanor.

He swiftly applied medication to Abel's wounds, urging him to put on his nightgown and rest upstairs.

Upon entering the bedroom, Abel retreated once again, locking himself in his study.

Waylon understood his intentions and chose not to intervene.

Given Abel's current condition, he did not want to risk frightening Emmeline.

The situation did not seem so severe when he was still immersed in the ice water.

Who could have known that without the ice water, his skin would become dry and cracked?

"Emma," Abel's voice was icy, "you should stay away from me. I am wounded by your presence. Just let me be alone so I can find some relief."

Upon hearing his words, Emmeline's heart wrenched, and she no longer dared to insist on seeing him.

Abel, leaning against the door panel, heard the silence outside and closed his eyes in agony.

"Emma, I'm sorry..."

During dinner time, Emmeline prepared Abel's favorite meal and sent Kendra to deliver it to his study.

Standing at the study door, Kendra lightly knocked. "Mr. Abel, dinner is ready. Miss Emmeline made it herself."

"Place it there, and you can leave," Abel responded from inside the room.

Kendra placed the tray by the door and left.

Abel brought the tray inside and closed the door.

Emmeline sat at the dining table, her eyes red, and she did not touch her food. Waylon sat across from her, observing her with concern.

Noticing her guarded demeanor and lack of appetite, Waylon let out a sigh.

Emmeline was startled, realizing that her elder Waylon was still present. She did not want her own distress to affect his appetite.

"Waylon," Emmeline picked up her cutlery, "The food will get cold. Let's eat."

"I'm mad at you," Waylon said with a calm and handsome face.

"What's the matter?" Emmeline asked, puzzled. "I don't think I did something that'll make you mad."

"You look like it's going to be the end of the world. How can I eat like this?"

Emmeline's lips twitched. "Am I not allowed to feel upset?"

"Does suffering solve problems? If it did, I would gather everyone and suffer together!"

Emmeline was silent

She knew Waylon had a sharp tongue. Despite his outward appearance as a gentleman, he did not hold back when it came to expressing his dislike for others.

[Chapter 847 Go to Ryker Group for Me](#)

"Abel's toxicity has subsided," Waylon informed her, "It's just that he has severe bloodstains on his body and face. He's concerned about scaring you. He hasn't become a ghost, so don't give me that sulky face, as if I owe you something."

Emmeline could not help but laugh at his words, she pouted, "No I don't. I know you've researched the antidote for me without asking for anything in return. I'm grateful, you know."

"It's good that you know," Waylon rolled his eyes. "When I stayed at your house on the first day, you looked like I owe you something. I'm sorry, I'll move out tomorrow."

"It's not the first day." Emmeline raised an eyebrow and looked at him. "What about the second day? Are you going to extort another day from me?"

"How did you remember it so well?" Waylon raised an eyebrow. "Didn't you calculate my living expenses every day? It was crystal clear, right?"

Emmeline burst into laughter, feeling delighted.

"It's a shame you figured it out, and yet you still have to pay me for living expenses! Did you pocket the money? Are you searching for hidden treasures?"

Seeing her smile, Waylon's expression also relaxed.

Waylon's handsome appearance naturally attracted a lot of attention from women.

When he was on Adelmarr Island, it was his cold temperament and his aversion to strangers that kept him alone. Otherwise, he would have been swarmed by the aggressive bees and butterflies on the island.

"I won't argue with you," Emmeline said as she started to eat. "I don't care if I lose, but I'll make sure to eat well, and you should too, Waylon."

"That's good." Waylon served her food tenderly. "Eat up. I can't wait for Abel to recover and I don't want you to become thin from hunger. It makes me look like I haven't taken good care of you."

"How long will it take for the bloodstains on Abel's body to disappear?" Emmeline asked with a furrowed brow. "Abel's toxicity has subsided," Waylon informed her, "It's just that he has severe bloodstains on his body and face. He's concerned about scaring you. He hasn't become a ghost, so don't give me that sulky face, as if I owe you something."

"A couple of days," Waylon replied in a low voice. "You have to trust my ointment."

Emmeline nodded in agreement. She had full confidence that the ointment made by Waylon would make Abel recover.

"It's just that you two better not see each other during this period to prevent the toxicity from resurfacing and nullifying all the previous efforts," Waylon advised. Emmeline's cheeks turned slightly red, and she lowered her head to drink her porridge, trying to hide her embarrassment.

"I did suggest that you should stay in Macsen Villa," Waylon continued, looking at her. "Neither you nor Abel can afford to take risks. Maybe I should change my mind now?"

"How was I supposed to know this would happen?" Emmeline pouted. "If you had told me earlier, I could have hidden away on Adelmarr Island!"

"It wouldn't have made a difference," Waylon replied, setting down his bowl. "That dog in the study would have chased you to Adelmarr Island!"

Emmeline's face reddened once again, and she buried her head in her rice. It wasn't as if Abel had never chased her to Adelmarr Island before, so what was the big deal?

"Life and death are trivial matters for someone who drinks enough water," Waylon added with a smirk.

Knowing that he was teasing her, Emmeline did not try to argue and instead stuffed her mouth with a piece of broccoli.

In the study...

After dinner, Abel took a seat at the desk and casually flipped through a book.

Reflecting on Oscar's extensive workload over the past two days, stirred up a slight sense of irritation within Abel.

Considering Oscar's circumstances, it was estimated that he would not be able to interact with anyone for the next seven or eight days.

However, Oscar could not afford any more mistakes or oversights on his part.

Today's incident indicated that someone had planned something against him.

Although Abel hesitated to reveal the identity of the culprit, it was believed that Adam was the one unable to evade suspicion.

After contemplating for a moment, Abel sent a message to Emmeline. "Emma, can I ask you a favor?"

Emmeline, who happened to be in the bedroom, swiftly replied upon seeing the message. "Are you being courteous to me?"

Abel replied, "I'm afraid you can't help me do so."

Emmeline texted back. "Just tell me."

Abel instructed, "Tomorrow, I need you to go to the Ryker Group and help me with some matters in town. I'll send you an authorization letter."

Emmeline stopped texting for a while when Abel responded, "Are you scared?"

Emmeline then replied, "I don't understand these things. You know that Benjamin manages Adelmarr for me."

Abel reassured her, "You can do it, I'll help you."

After contemplating for a moment, Emmeline replied, "Well, I'll do my best."

A wide smile spread across Abel's face.

Emmeline sent him a hug emoji.

Although they did not exchange tender words, their hearts instantly drew closer, creating a warm and sweet connection.

At night, Emmeline sent another message to Abel, "Would you like to have supper?"

Abel responded, "No, just sleep."

Emmeline understood him, "Alright."

After getting ready for bed, she texted Abel, "Good night, Hubby."

Abel replied, "Good night, babe."

Emmeline hugged her blanket and sat on the bed, lost in thought.

After sitting for a while, drowsiness overcame her, and she snuggled up, drifting into a deep slumber as her eyes were teary.

"Click," the door lock was unlocked, and Abel entered quietly...

[Chapter 848 You Have Flowers](#)

In the darkness, Abel stood silently next to the large bed, dressed in a black nightgown, his tall and imposing figure casting a shadow.

Emmeline lay curled up under the blanket, her small face turned to the side.

Abel approached slowly, and it seemed like he noticed tears in the corners of her eyes.

He lowered his head, raised a finger, and gently brushed it against her cheek.

His fingertips felt cool and damp.

She had indeed fallen asleep with tears in her eyes.

Abel's heart tightened, "Emma..."

Emmeline stirred slightly, speaking dreamily, "Hubby..."

Abel held his breath.

He prayed that Emmeline wouldn't suddenly open her eyes.

His hellish and demonic appearance would become her nightmare.

One second, two seconds, ten seconds...

Gradually, Emmeline fell back into a deep sleep, breathing steadily.

Abel bowed his head, kissed her hair, and quietly left.

The following morning, Emmeline woke up.

During the night, she had a dream. In her dream, she saw Abel leaning over the bed, gazing at her affectionately.

He wiped away her tears and tucked her in.

Finally, he kissed her.

But in her slumber, his face suddenly transformed from its handsome and charming appearance into a ferocious ghost-like visage.

She woke up startled, drenched in cold sweat from the fright.

"Hubby, you won't become like that, will you?" Emmeline whispered.

But they say dreams were often reversed. Abel would not turn into what she saw in her dreams. Besides, Waylon was there to cure him. And if something bad happened, she could cure him too since her medical skills were as good as Waylon's. In the darkness, Abel stood silently next to the large bed, dressed in a black nightgown, his tall and imposing figure casting a shadow.

With these thoughts, Emmeline managed to calm herself down. She washed up and headed downstairs to make breakfast.

To her surprise, Waylon and Kendra were already busy in the kitchen, preparing breakfast that was now laid out on the dining table.

Emmeline prepared a tray with a bowl of porridge, buns, and a few side dishes. She carried it to the study, where Abel had already finished washing up and was standing by the window, smoking a cigarette. It was a rare sight, as he seldom smoked, but being alone in the study made him incredibly bored.

"Knock! Knock!" Emmeline knocked on the door, her voice gentle. "Abel, breakfast is ready."

Upon hearing Emmeline's voice, Abel's heart stirred. The image of her sleeping with tears in her eyes from the previous night flashed through his mind once more. It was almost irresistible, the desire to open the door and embrace his beloved woman in his arms was strong. But the image of himself in that terrifying state held him back.

While washing up just now, Abel realized that he was worthy of the title "devil from hell."

He wore a black bathrobe stained with blood, both on his body and face. Only his eyes remained clear and piercing, emanating a chilling aura. In this state, not even Emmeline would be able to bear witness it without fear.

"Put it there." Abel's voice was low and devoid of emotions as he replied.

"Hubby, are you feeling any better?" Emmeline asked gently.

"You don't need to ask about me. I'll recover in a few days."

Emmeline hesitated for a moment before saying, "I left breakfast at the door, and I'll go to the Ryker Group later."

"Take Luca with you," Abel instructed. "I'll send the attorney to the secretary, and follow my instructions if you need anything."

"Alright," Emmeline responded, putting the tray by the door. She headed downstairs.

After finishing breakfast, Emmeline went upstairs and changed into a suit.

She was then driven to the Ryker Group in a Rolls Royce.

Upon arrival, the Secretary's Office had already received the authorization from Abel. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that the president's wife was in charge for the day. With Abel's reputation, none of the executives dared to make a sound, fearing that the president's wife might catch them making a mistake and report it to him, leading to dire consequences.

At nine o'clock, Abel joined a video conference in the study. His camera was turned off, and a small meeting was held with the heads of various departments. Each department reported on their work over the past few days.

At the end of the meeting, the departments took their respective documents to the president's office to be signed. Emmeline signed on Abel's behalf.

The morning proceeded smoothly and in an orderly manner, with work progressing without a hitch.

"Knock! Knock!" A knock came at the door of the president's office.

Emmeline looked up from the desk and said, "Come in."

The secretary at the desk poked his head inside and said, "Miss Louise, you have flowers,"
Flowers?

Emmeline was taken aback, wondering who could have sent them.

[Chapter 849 A Meeting](#)

The secretary entered the room, pushing the door open with a large bouquet of flowers in his hands.

"Who sent them?" Emmeline inquired, contemplating whether Abel could be the sender. However, she doubted that he would engage in such superficial gestures.

"There's no name on the card," replied the secretary. "I don't know who sent them."

Emmeline rose from her executive chair and approached to take the flowers.

The secretary, mindful of closing the door, left the room.

The bouquet consisted of vibrant red roses interspersed with sprigs of eustoma. The flowers were beautiful and pleasing to the eye.

But who would send such conspicuously red roses?

Emmeline reached for her phone, contemplating whether to ask Abel about it. Perhaps he had whimsically ordered the flowers for her, considering she was working on his behalf that day.

However, before she could dial his number, the phone rang, and an incoming call interrupted her thoughts.

As she read the caller ID, a frown creased Emmeline's forehead.

It was Adam!

Despite her patience wearing thin, Emmeline decided to answer the call.

She said, "What's the matter, Adam?"

"Did you receive the flowers?" Emmeline immediately wanted to scold him and throw the flowers onto the wall.

"Aren't they beautiful? Women like flowers, especially red roses."

"The flowers are beautiful," Emmeline retorted with a cold snort, "but they should be shared and given to others."

"What do you mean, Emmeline?" Adam responded with a cold snort of his own, "You work hard for Abel, and I sent the flowers on behalf of Oscar to express gratitude. What's wrong with that?"

"I'm sorry," Emmeline sneered, "I cannot accept this token of kindness, and the flowers are now in the trash." The secretary entered the room, pushing the door open with a large bouquet of flowers in his hands.

"If you don't appreciate it, then give them back to me. Why would you throw them away? Are you looking down on me?"

"I find it rather meaningless," Emmeline sneered, "Did you send them to the wrong person?"

"Emmeline," Adam's voice sounded on the other end, "Did you misunderstand me?"

"Did I?"

Adam chuckled softly, "Here's the deal. Take the flowers and bring them back to me at the Struyria Banquet. I'll be waiting for you in the King Lounge. Let's have a discussion."

Emmeline was silent.

It was not a bad idea. Confronting Adam face-to-face would resolve any lingering doubts or worries for the future.

"Then wait for me," Emmeline replied coldly, "I'll see you in an hour!"

Adam ended the call, looked at his phone, and chuckled.

"That's what I wanted to hear!"

He had intended to invite Emmeline to dinner and discuss the bidding for the imperial palace. However, he knew that Emmeline would not agree to it.

He thought it would be better to talk to her about it instead of forcing her to agree with the bidding.

Knowing Emmeline's pride and audacity, she would not back down.

Sure enough, an hour later, Emmeline arrived at the Struyria Banquet, holding the discarded flowers in her hands.

Luca followed closely behind her.

In the midst of the bustling crowd, there stood a tall and handsome figure dressed in black. It was Benjamin.

As Benjamin walked toward the elevator, his gaze inadvertently shifted, and caught sight of a stunning figure in black and white.

Graceful and elegant, emanating an air of arrogance, it was Emmeline, the eldest daughter of his family.

Benjamin furrowed his eyebrows.

After observing Emmeline, he did not see Abel or Waylon by her side. However, Luca, Abel's special assistant, was following her.

Benjamin knew that Abel was not in good health, so why did Emmeline suddenly come here? Did she have an appointment?

Who was she meeting?

Benjamin was about to follow up and inquire when his client called out, "Mr. Benjamin, the elevator is here."

Reluctantly tearing his gaze away, Benjamin entered the elevator with the client.

Later, he took out his phone and messaged Eric, "Miss Louise is here, find out which room she went to."

Eric replied promptly, "Yes, Mr. Benjamin."

Upon exiting the elevator, Benjamin received another message from Eric, "Miss Louise entered the King Lounge, and it was Adam who reserved the room."

Adam?

Benjamin's frown deepened. That could not be good.

He quickly replied to Eric, "Don't come here, keep an eye on her."

Eric acknowledged, "Yes, Mr. Benjamin."

Turning the corner, Eric headed towards the King Lounge.

Meanwhile, Emmeline reached the entrance of the King Lounge and went inside.

It was a room that had two entrances, one leading to the refreshment area and toilet, while the other led to the inside where the dining table was located.

Emmeline, holding a messy bunch of flowers, intended to confront Adam and leave.

Who on earth has the time to dine with him?

However, upon entering the room, he discovered that Emmeline had not thrown the flowers away.

Two more people were present in the room.

[Chapter 850 Make Adam Suffer](#)

"Emma!"

"Emma!"

Lizbeth and Adrien simultaneously rose from their chairs.

"You guys?" Emmeline expressed her surprise, "You guys are here too?"

With a cigarette between his lips, Adam narrowed his eyes and remarked, "How can we have a meal without them tagging along?"

"Exactly," Lizbeth chimed in, "Adam didn't mention why he called us here, and now I know that he invited Emma."

"I didn't come for nothing," Adrien smiled, "I was thinking how dull this meal would be with just the three of us!"

"What do you mean?" Lizbeth appeared displeased, "Are you bored of eating with me?"

"How could I dare?" Adrien quickly apologized, "I didn't mean that either."

"That's when we're dining with Adam," Adam shot him a disdainful glance, "Don't you like it?"

"I'm even more afraid," Adrien responded, "I just think the three of us having this dinner feels incomplete. Now that Emma's here, it feels right, but what about Abel?"

Adrien turned towards Emmeline and inquired, "Why didn't Abel come along with you?"

"Abel isn't feeling well," Emmeline explained, "He's resting at home for a couple of days."

"You two don't know this yet, don't you?" Adam extinguished his cigarette in the ashtray.

"Well, she's now the president of the Ryker Group!"

Adrien was taken aback for a moment and quickly pulled out a chair for Emmeline.

"That's thanks to Abel's foresight. If he entrusted me with this responsibility, I couldn't even handle it,"

Adam glanced at him and spoke in a hushed tone, "Excellent!" "Emma!"

"Emma!"

Lizbeth and Adrien simultaneously rose from their chairs.

It was only then that Lizbeth noticed Emmeline holding a large, disheveled bouquet of roses and inquired, "Emma, what happened to the flowers?"

Emmeline grinned, "I haven't had a chance to throw them away yet."

"I'll help you throw them away," Adrien offered, taking the flowers and heading outside to throw them in the trash can.

Upon returning and preparing to take his seat, he noticed Adam's face had turned as dark as ink.

Adrien was momentarily stunned, as it had appeared quite pale just a moment ago. Why had it suddenly darkened?

However, Adrien did not have time to dwell on Adam, so he handed Emmeline the menu.

"Emma, feel free to order whatever you like to eat. It's on me today," Adam said, with Lizbeth and Adrien both present, making it inconvenient for Emmeline to leave.

With no other choice but to settle down, Emmeline picked up the menu and quickly scanned through it. As she perused the options, she marked a few signature dishes.

Not to mention whether she wanted to eat or not, but at least it would distract Adam from his discomfort.

"How about the wine?" Adrien turned to Adam and asked.

"Today, Emma has the final say. She can have whatever wine she wants," Adam replied, feigning a domineering demeanor.

"In that case, I won't hold back," Emmeline smiled, "I'll have the 1993 Romanée-Conti."

Romanée-Conti?

From 1993?

It costs over two million dollars per bottle.

Initially, Adam found Emmeline's suggestion inappropriate, but she followed up by saying, "Make it two bottles. I know Adam enjoys red wine and nothing less eye-catching will do."

Adam felt suffocated as if his brain was deprived of oxygen.

Without delay, Adrien quickly remarked, "Emma understands Adam well."

Though these words were not pleasant to hear as they put Adam in a difficult position.

"Is it alright, Adam?" Emmeline smiled sweetly, but her smile concealed a hidden blade.

Adam's face turned dark, but he forced a smile and replied, "Emma, of course! It's the 1993 Romanée-Conti. We'll have two bottles of it."

"Got it!" Adrien picked up the menu and headed to the adjacent room to retrieve a number and placed the order at the service desk.

Emmeline took out her phone under the table and sent a message to Luca, "Lizbeth and Adrien are here, don't worry."

Luca replied, "Alright, Miss Louise,"

Emmeline sent another message, "You can have your lunch and leave me alone."

Luca replied, "Yes, Miss Louise."

In reality, Luca remained outside the door and kept an eye out for her.

It was better to go hungry than risk anything happening to Emmeline.

Eric came out from the elevator and spotted Luca from a distance.

Instead of approaching him, he hid in a nearby restroom, enabling him to respond promptly if something happened to Emmeline.

After sending the message to Luca, Emmeline messaged Abel.

"I won't be able to return for lunch. Please eat properly."