

Are Mine 861

[Chapter 861 The Auction](#)

The auction of the Imperial Palace started at a price of 90 million. In one minute, the standing bid was 8 billion.

All the big bosses were fighting intensely over it.

The bids slowed down after the price reached 12 billion.

That was the price most of the bosses were willing to pay.

The auctioneer was about to repeat the price when someone called out, "13 billion!"

Everyone turned their heads to the bid caller and regarded him with shock and admiration.

Benjamin tilted his head. He saw that the person was Edmond Murphy from the Murphy family of Altney.

He frowned slightly.

Emmeline and Waylon did not know who Edmond was. They thought that he was a rich idiot.

"14 billion."

The bidder who had called out 12 billion earlier raised his bid by another 2 billion.

"16 billion!" Adam called out.

"Huh," Emmeline exclaimed softly.

That guy wants the Imperial Palace, and he's willing to pay 16 billion dollars for it!

But where is he getting his money? Ryker Group isn't funding him!

"What's wrong, Emmeline?" Waylon whispered.

"That person who bid 16 billion." Emmeline pointed at Adam with her chin. "He's Abel's cousin."

"I suppose you don't want him to acquire the Imperial Palace," Waylon whispered.

"Ryker Group doesn't want him to acquire the Imperial Palace. He might use it for criminal activities," Emmeline said.

"That's why everyone wants the Imperial Palace, isn't it?"

"So why are we here?"

Waylon pouted. "That's because Abel wanted us to come here, right?"

Abel was eager to join in the excitement. They did not have any real reason to be there.

"17 billion," Edmond called.

"Huh," Benjamin said.

“What’s wrong, Benjamin?” Emmeline asked.

“I didn’t expect the Murphy family to have so many spare assets. Why would they want the Imperial Palace anyway?” Benjamin answered.

“Murphy? Do you mean the person who topped the bid is from the Murphy family of Altney?” Emmeline asked.

Benjamin nodded. “Mm. That’s Edmond Murphy, the eldest son.”

“Oh, so he’s Evelyn and Lizbeth’s elder brother,” Emmeline said.

“He’s Flynn’s brother too,” Benjamin said.

Emmeline remembered Flynn. Too bad, that young man was already paralyzed.

While Emmeline was talking to Benjamin, Adam turned his head slightly and exchanged glances with Edmond.

The two men were some distance apart, and the exchange looked accidental, but Benjamin could tell something was amiss.

“18 billion!” The earlier person called. He was pretty stubborn.

“19 billion!” Edmond immediately called.

“20 billion!” Adam stood up.

Most of the people there exclaimed softly, surprised by Adam’s wealth.

The earlier person remained silent. There was no point in keeping up.

There was a temporary lull in the auction hall.

Edmond turned his head slightly and exchanged another discreet glance with Adam.

Benjamin suddenly understood that Adam and Edmond were working as a team.

“20 billion, going once...” the auctioneer announced.

“Oh no!” Emmeline whispered.

“What’s wrong?” Benjamin asked.

“Ryker Group doesn’t want Adam to acquire the Imperial Palace. I don’t want it either.”

“You don’t want Adam to acquire the Imperial Palace? That makes things easier,” Waylon said with a grin.

“20 billion, going twice...” the auctioneer announced again.

No one made a sound except for their wildly thumping hearts.

Emmeline’s palms were sweaty.

Adam was already grinning triumphantly.

20 billion was a high price to pay for the Imperial Palace, but he was happy that he could legitimize his identity now.

No one else had to know about the unmentionable transactions behind the scenes anyway.

[Chapter 862 Waylon Is the Owner](#)

Adam slowly and proudly stood up, waiting for the auctioneer to bang the gavel.

Benjamin raised his hand calmly while exchanging a smiling glance with Waylon.

Adam's expression sank immediately. He noticed that Benjamin was the one who called the bid.

F*ck! Adelmars Group is here, and he's fighting me for the Imperial Palace! Adam thought.

Moreover, he knew that Benjamin was much wealthier than he could ever be.

He was furious. 20 billion dollars was as much as he was willing to pay. Anything more than that would deal a fatal blow to his finances.

Eventually, he made up his mind and gritted his teeth. "23 billion!"

The auction hall fell silent once more.

The heat was stifling. Everyone felt sweat drops roll down their backs.

Five seconds later, the auctioneer announced, "23 billion!"

"The Ryker family is loaded!"

"That's amazing!"

"No wonder they're the wealthiest family in Struyria!"

"We're only here to make up the numbers!"

"Heh!" Adam glanced at Benjamin smugly.

You have nothing on me, Adelmars Group! I'm not going to give the Imperial Palace to anyone else!

Just as Adam turned his head away, fantasizing that he would soon be the owner of the Imperial Palace again. Waylon stood up slowly and called, "25 billion!"

Everyone turned their heads and regarded him with surprise, jealousy, mockery, and confusion.

Waylon stood there with a gentle smile on his face. The other people thought that he looked like a gentleman, though they had never seen him before.

"Who's that man?"

"I've never seen him before. I guess he's not from Struyria."

"He looks noble. Could he be from the royal family?"

The people in the auction hall started whispering to each other. The men envied Waylon's wealth, while the women secretly wished their husbands were as handsome as him.

Adam was incredibly displeased. He stared daggers at Waylon.

As the previous owner of the Imperial Palace, Adam knew who Waylon was, but he had to pretend that he did not

In front of Waylon. Adam could not help but feel as pathetic as a panhandler.

Edmond was flustered. He shot a glance at Adam.

I can't top 25 billion! Both of us only have 23 billion combined! What do we do?

What do we do? Well have to call it quits! Adam thought.

The auctioneer carefully announced the standing bid three times. As everyone waited with bated breath, he pounded the gavel and sealed the deal. 25 billion' Deal!"

Everyone exclaimed in wonderment. The auction was more exciting than a blockbuster movie.

"Waylon, what are you going to do with the Imperial Palace?" Emmeline asked.

"I'll give it to you, of course. You don't want Adam to acquire it, right?" Waylon said.

"That's true, but what use do I have for the Imperial Palace? I'm not interested in becoming its owner! Why don't you take it?" Emmeline said.

"Sure. Feel free to drop by anytime, Waylon said while patting Emmeline's head.

So he's going to use it as his house!

Meanwhile, Adam slumped defeatedly on the chair.

He had lost the will to live.

The Imperial Palace, which he had built from the ground up for several years, now belonged to Waylon!

No wonder Adam's grandfather hated Robert Adelmarr. Adam was going to make Waylon his nemesis!

Edmond came over to Adam with his head drooped. "Adam, looks like the overseas 'H' business isn't going to work out."

[Chapter 863 Anthony Shows Himself](#)

"What can I do about it? Do I look like I can afford to acquire the Imperial Palace now?" Adam said while panting heavily.

"Sigh, too bad." Edmond said glumly. "We were good partners for a few years."

"We were unlucky." Adam waved his hand weakly. "Let's think of something else later. Let me take a breather."

Back at The Precipice, Benjamin and Abel insisted on celebrating Waylon's acquisition of the Imperial Palace, despite the fact that the only thing Waylon had to claim was that he had too much money to throw away.

Abel did not want to see Emmeline, so Waylon and Benjamin took several bottles of whisky to the study.

Deathly Desire was not triggered by alcohol, so the three men did not have to restrict themselves.

"Waylon didn't want Emma to be upset. That's the only reason I played along." Benjamin said with a smile.

"Any problem that can be solved by money isn't a problem at all," Waylon said to Abel. "You won't be happy if Adam acquires the Imperial Palace, and Emma will be upset because when you show her the long face."

"That's impossible. I won't be upset with Emma no matter what," Abel said.

"That's good to know. I'd bring Emma to live in the Imperial Palace if you said otherwise." Waylon said while rolling his eyes.

Abel smiled. "I'll follow along even if you bring her back to Reykjavik!"

Waylon rolled his eyes again. "Fine, you two," Benjamin said. "So what are you going to do with the Imperial Palace, not just going to leave it vacant, right?"

"I thought about it," Waylon answered. "Let's solve Abel's problem for now before thinking of things else."

"I'm happy as long as the Imperial Palace doesn't fall into Adam's hands," Abel said. "He's not the type who would run a legitimate business, and I'm genuinely worried that he might ruin the reputation of the Ryker family."

"Aren't you going to toast Waylon then?" Benjamin said with a smile.

"Of course!" Abel raised his glass at Waylon. "A toast to the new owner of the Imperial Palace!"

Waylon laughed and clinked his glass with Abel.

In the meantime, Emmeline and Kendra were about to eat dinner at the dining hall downstairs.

Quincy was sitting in the stroller, waving her plump arms and making baby sounds.

Suddenly, Emmeline received a message notification on her phone.

She took the phone on the table and glanced at it. The message was from an unknown number.

When she read the message, her eyes widened, and she gasped involuntarily.

The message read, "Hey Emma, I'm Mr. Green. You'd better not tell anyone about this message, or I'm not going to contact you anymore."

Mr. Green Anthony Green? That b*stard has finally shown himself!

"It's time to eat, Ms. Louise," Kendra said.

Emmeline hurriedly stood up. "You can eat first. I'm feeling a little tired, and I want to go upstairs and rest. for a bit."

"But you were fine earlier. What happened?" Kendra asked out of concern.

"I'm okay. I didn't sleep well last night, so I'm feeling a little sleepy," Emmeline said.

"You look a little pale, Kendra said. "You should go upstairs. If you're feeling hungry later, I'll heat up the food for you"

"Okay." Emmeline nodded and went upstairs with her phone.

She closed the bedroom door and replied to the message. "Anthony Green?"

"That's me," Adam replied.

Emmeline smirked. "You're a bold one."

"You don't have to worry about me. I'm sending these messages from a pseudo base station. You won't be able to trace me."

"You should know that we're looking for you."

"I know, of course."

"Now you're presenting yourself to me. What's the meaning of this?"

"Do you want the antidote?"

"You don't say. Let's cut to the chase. What do you want?"

Adam chuckled. "You're pretty smart,"

"I'll get back at you someday!"

"But you'll have to listen to what I say now."

"Just tell me what you want!"

"I haven't thought about it yet. I'll tell you when it's time."

[Chapter 864 Are You Afraid?](#)

"Hahaha!" Despite Emmeline's insult, Adam was not angry, instead, he laughed out loud.

"Emmeline Louise, your husband had hired mercenaries and ruined my Imperial Palace, and now, Waylon has bought the place for you. I can't just allow myself to be bullied, right? I can only find compensation from you. I know both Abel Ryker and Waylon Ademar adore you, so I want them to experience what it feels like to have their darling ruined! Be forewarned, I'm not going to show you any mercy!

Adam put his old-fashioned mobile phone away and crossed his legs. He was not going to reply to Emmeline's messages for now.

He wanted Emmeline to feel anxiety and despair.

The mere thought of Emmeline burning with anxiety made him happy.

Emmeline stared at her phone and waited for a reply, but she did not get one.

She called the phone and found that the number was not in service.

Just like what she was told, the messages were sent from a pseudo base station.

“B*stard!” Emmeline cursed. “Are you purposely keeping me in suspense?”

In any case, it was good news that “Anthony Green” contacted her.

No matter what that b”stard planned. Emmeline would think of some way to get the antidote from him.

“But what should I do now?” Emmeline mumbled to herself while pinching the bridge of her nose.

She did not know Anthony’s whereabouts, and she could not seek him out proactively.

If that’s the case, I won’t do anything then! Let’s see who’s the more patient one!

The next day, Emmeline was in the CEO’s office of Ryker Group.

Her phone vibrated, and she reflexively picked the phone up.

It was indeed a message. However, the message was from an unknown number. It was different from yesterday.

She read the message. “If you want the antidote, come to Mr. Green.”

Emmeline thought for a while and sent her reply. “Tell me the place and time, you b*stard.”

“It hurts when you call me a b*stard. I still like it when you call me Mr. Green.”

“Enough nonsense. Tell me the place to meet!”

Adam sent a reply. “Pleasure Parlor.”

Pleasure Parlor? Emmeline narrowed her gaze.

It was an entertainment establishment in Struyria, though it was a lot smaller than the Imperial Palace.

She had never been there before, but she had heard that the place was a hotbed of underground activity. including prostitution, illegal gambling, and drug dealing.

Adam waited for a while but did not receive a reply from Emmeline. “Are you chicken?”

Emmeline smirked. “You’re chicken!” She replied.

When Adam read the message, he smirked and took a puff of his cigarette.

That’s the way. I like it when you’re feisty,

He sent a reply. Tll be waiting for you.”

Before Emmeline could reply, she received another message. “Come alone. If I find another person with you, you can tell Abel to forget about the antidote!”

Emmeline frowned hard before sending her reply. "Okay!"

"There's no time like the present. Come over now. I miss you."

Emmeline snorted disdainfully. "Get a life!"

She put her phone away, took her handbag, and stood up.

Anthony wants me to go over there now. Obviously, he's not giving me any time to plan.

That's no big deal! I'll just have to take him head-on!

She picked up her car keys and walked out of the CEO's office.

Luca quickly followed behind her. "Ms. Louise, where are you going?"

"You don't have to follow me. I have something to do," Emmeline said.

"I can't leave you alone. Even if Mr. Abel doesn't blame me for neglecting you, Mr. Waylon would... and he's a monster when he's angry," Luca said.

Emmeline knew how nasty Waylon's mouth could get, but she had no choice but to go alone.

As Anthony said, Abel would not get the antidote if anyone went along with her.

The antidote was more important than Luca's feelings.

Ignoring Luca, she pressed her thumb on the CEO's exclusive elevator and entered it.

Luca tried to go in, but the doors were closed.

He could only run toward the normal elevators.

Emmeline arrived at the basement parking lot and went into the car..

She did not drive Abel's Rolls-Royce Phantom. Instead, she took the Rolls-Royce Wraith.

By the time Luca arrived at the parking lot, the Wraith had already sped away.

[Chapter 865 She's Here](#)

"Oh no! Luca exclaimed. He quickly got into the bodyguards' car and followed it.

Emmeline noticed the Range Rover behind her. She floored the gas pedal and left it in the dust.

Luca was no pushover. He drove as fast as he could and tried to follow the Wraith.

In front of them was an intersection with three seconds left on the green light.

The Wraith barely squeezed past the intersection, and Luca was stopped by the red light.

After an agonizing 40-second wait, when the traffic light turned green again, the Wraith was nowhere to be seen.

Luca punched the steering wheel in frustration.

Suddenly, he received a voice message from Emmeline.

I'm just going on a drive. Don't worry about me. I'll be back soon."

Luca could only call it quits.

An hour later, Emmeline arrived at Pleasure Parlor, dressed in black office wear and black leather high heels.

"She's here, Master," the bodyguard said to Adam in the private room.

"Mm." Adam looked greedily at Emmeline through the security camera, twirled his scarce bears, and said, "Does she have a tracker on her?"

"We scanned her when she entered the door. She doesn't."

"Anyone following her?"

"We've observed her for some time. She's alone."

"Heh!" Adam smirked. "She doesn't mind risking her life for Abel."

"What do we do now? Should we bring her in?" the bodyguard asked.

"Let her wait for a while. She can come in after she calms down," Adam said.

"Yes, Master," the bodyguard said and left the room.

The first floor was a bar with a stage in the middle. The place was filled with people.

Under the colorful strobe lights, the partygoers danced wildly to the thumping music.

Emmeline frowned when she saw that.

She was pushed along by the crowd to the bar counter.

She did not plan to drink, so she turned around and prepared to leave.

"Hey, girl!"

A young man next to her turned his head and noticed her. His eyes widened with excitement.

"I haven't met you before! Where in Struyria are you from? You're a masterpiece!"

The man reached out and tried to pinch Emmeline's chin. "Come and have a drink with me." Emmeline slapped his hand away with her handbag. "Keep your hands to yourself!" she barked coldly.

Her irrepressible demeanor intimidated the man. However, his friends were watching him make his move on the girl, and his reputation was at stake.

"You're so pretty, it'd be a waste if I don't get to touch you!" the man said and reached out again.

"Get lost!" Emmeline slapped his hand away once more with her handbag.

She did not want to dirty her hands.

The man's friends began to laugh at him.

"Stop pestering her! Didn't you hear what she said?"

"You're a disgrace to men! Be a little more assertive!"

Those words made him feel embarrassed. He spread his arms and pounced on Emmeline.

"Listen to me! I'll give you a good time!"

"Who do you think you are!" Emmeline could not take it anymore. She kicked him squarely in the chest, and he flew back ten feet and landed on the floor.

"Hahaha!" The people around the man laughed at him.

"Serves you right! She already said no!"

"How useless! Why don't you run home to your mommy?"

"Hahaha!"

Adam watched the scene unfold in his private room. His expression sank, and he turned his head to the bodyguard. "Find that brat and break his arm!"

"Yes, Master!" the bodyguard replied and spoke into the walkie-talkie.

Emmeline dusted her hands and prepared to leave when she noticed two men in black who suddenly appeared some distance away.

The men in black walked toward the young man on the floor, lifted their legs, and brought it down forcefully on his arm.

[Chapter 866 Let's Catch Up](#)

Amid the chaos, one could barely hear the unmistakably crisp sound of bone breaking.

The young man clutched his arm and screamed in agony.

His arm had been broken in several locations by the men in black.

His white T-shirt was soon stained with bright red blood.

The partygoers around him shrieked in fear and ran away in all directions.

Emmeline also shifted herself away from the chaos.

"Take him away!" one of the men in black said.

The other man in black grabbed the young man's heel and dragged him out.

Are they Anthony Green's men? Emmeline thought.

Could Anthony be watching my every move?

She narrowed her gaze and looked around her. Of course, she could not find anything.

A waiter came to her and asked her, "Excuse me, are you Ms. Louise?"

Emmeline said coldly, "Yes, I am."

"Please follow me," the waiter said and turned around.

Emmeline knew she was being led to Anthony, so she followed the waiter into the elevator.

The elevator descended to the second basement floor, and the doors opened.

The waiter said politely, "My job here is done. Ms. Louise, you can go inside."

Emmeline looked in front of her. It was an underground casino filled with cigarette smoke.

She clutched her handbag close to her and tried to act casually while walking around and surveying her surroundings.

However, everyone in the casino looked suspicious.

"Hey, miss, wanna play?" a man smoking a cigarette said.

Emmeline smiled faintly. "I'm sorry. I'm only here to look for someone."

"We can play a game or two. I can show you around."

Emmeline shook her head. "I'm not interested."

The man shrugged and went away.

Suddenly, she heard someone speak behind her. "You're here, Ms. Louise."

Emmeline turned around. A waiter was looking at her with a polite smile on his face.

"Mm." Emmeline nodded. "Where is he?"

"Please follow me." The waiter instructed her to follow him.

They went down a narrow corridor, made a few turns, and stopped in front of a room.

"The person you are looking for is inside," the waiter said while pushing the door open. "Please enter, Ms. Louise."

After Emmeline walked into the room, the door closed behind her.

The lighting in the room was dim, but Emmeline could see a man sitting with his back facing her at the opposite end of the room.

The man was dressed in a loose black trench coat. She could not discern his build, but he looked tall and muscular.

Emmeline narrowed her gaze to look closely. Her instincts told her that the person was the owner of the Imperial Palace.

To be exact, he was the previous owner of the Imperial Palace.

A few months ago, she was put on auction as a Canary in the Imperial Palace. That was when she knew about the man.

"Anthony Green?" Emmeline asked coldly. Her voice was suffused with murderous intent.

The man sitting on the chair did not turn around. Instead, he chuckled and said, "Emma, shouldn't you call me Mr. Green?"

"Hmph," Emmeline scoffed. "I don't have time to waste on you. Where's the antidote?"

"What's the rush? Let's catch up with each other," Adam said behind the mask.

"There's nothing between us but grudges," Emmeline said mockingly.

"Well, we did spend some time with each other..." Adam slowly turned around and gazed intently at Emmeline. "...And I enjoyed those times very much."

"How shameless. I remember you set me up," Emmeline said coldly.

"..."

If I hadn't set you up, how else can I make you spend time with me?

"Why are you so shy, Mr. Green? You don't let me see you directly, or you'd be wearing that stupid mask. I wonder if the face under the mask is indescribably hideous!" Emmeline said.

"Hahaha!" Adam laughed out loud. "I'm afraid I have to disappoint you. I'm exceedingly handsome!"

"Why don't you let me see your real face then?"

Emmeline smirked and crossed her arms.

[Chapter 867 Adam Is Struck](#)

Adam was obviously not going to let Emmeline see his real face.

If he did, he would be known as the man who lusted after his cousin's wife, and his reputation in Struyria would be ruined, not to mention that his grandfather would break his legs.

"Oh? You don't dare to remove your mask!" Emmeline snorted disdainfully. "You're such a chicken!"

Adam's expression sank. He wanted to show his temper, but he decided that he should not be angered so easily.

He snorted and said nothing.

"I'm not going to waste my time with you. I'm here for the antidote!" Emmeline said.

"I will give you the antidote, but you're not going to get it so easily," Adam said.

"Tell me what you want!" Emmeline narrowed her eyes. Adam could tell they emanated danger, and his heart skipped a beat.

Emmeline looked like she would not hesitate to rip his throat out, but she was still so charming.

If I get to make out with her, I guess it'll be worth it even if she kills me, Adam thought.

Adam gulped and said, "Emma, you should know that I've always loved you. I wanted to claim you as mine, but Abel and Benjamin ruined my plans at the most crucial moment."

"Can you be any more shameless than that?" Emmeline said through gritted teeth.

"Of course I can," Adam said matter-of-factly. "Spend a night with me and I'll hand you the antidote willingly. If you face any problems in the future, just tell me and I'll settle them for you!"

"Not only are you shameless, but you're also narcissistic! Why don't you take off your mask and take a good look at yourself in the mirror?" Emmeline was laughing out of anger.

Adam stared intently at her. "I mean what I say. Spend a night with me, and you'll get the antidote!"

Emmeline grabbed the wine glass from the table and threw it at Adam's face.

The dark red liquid splashed on Adam's mask.

At the same time, Emmeline held a steel needle in her palm and stabbed it at Adam.

Adam was a decent fighter. He pushed himself away from the table and evaded the needle attack.

The two people were caught in a standoff with the table between them.

"I'd advise you not to put up a fight," Adam said menacingly. "My men are standing on guard outside the room. As long as I give the order, they'll rush to my aid. You're not going to fight them all!"

Emmeline smirked. "But all I have to do is hold you hostage, right?"

She leaped across the table once more.

Adam dodged, though he was surprised by Emmeline's sudden burst of speed.

Emmeline reached out to grab him but only managed to tear a sleeve off.

Adam was surprised. It felt as though Emmeline had avenged Benjamin.

Emmeline did not stop. She continued to attack Adam.

With no other choice, Adam ran around the table and screamed, "Guards! Guards!"

It was already too late. Adam felt a pinch on his chest. Emmeline's needle had stabbed a certain spot.

"Hahaha!" Emmeline laughed. "Mr. Green, I think we can sit down for negotiations/"

Adam was trembling with anger. His eyes stared daggers at Emmeline.

"D*mn b*tch!"

"Ah ah, watch your language!" Emmeline said with a grin.

The door slammed open, and five bodyguards dressed in black suits came into the room.

"Your orders, Master?"

"Useless, all of you! You're too late!"

The bodyguards were speechless.

We're too late! We came in as soon as we heard you call us!

Emmeline waved her hand at the bodyguards. "He has no use for you now. I want to talk to your master peacefully."

[Chapter 868 Living Agony](#)

The bodyguards turned their heads and looked at Adam in confusion.

"You can go," Adam said glumly and waved his hand.

"Yes, Master." The bodyguards lowered their heads and left the room.

Emmeline sat down on a chair and smiled at Adam. "I guess we're even now, Mr. Green. Give me the antidote, and I'll fix your chest. Otherwise, you'd be wishing you were dead."

Adam gazed menacingly at Emmeline. "Why would I wish I were dead?"

Emmeline smiled. "I've sealed a vein that leads to your heart. An hour later, your heart will begin to ache. No doctor in this world can save you. You will be brought very close to death... but you won't die!"

Adam snorted. "Deathly Desire!"

"No, this is worse than Deathly Desire," Emmeline said. "Adam needs to be aroused to trigger his symptoms, but all you need to do is breathe. Your fate is far worse than Abel's."

"..." Adam inhaled deeply.

"It's not the time yet," Emmeline said. "I told you that the symptoms will be triggered in an hour. That'll give you plenty of time to give me the antidote."

"What if I don't do as you say?" Adam said.

"We can see what happens next," Emmeline said and smirked.

Her charming face made Adam's heart skip a beat again.

"Sure! We'll see what happens!" Adam said. "I don't believe you!"

"Whatever," Emmeline said and waved her hand. "I'll take my leave for now. If you change your mind later, maybe because of the torment, you can come and look for me with the antidote!"

Adam remained silent.

Eventually, he nodded and said, "Fine. I guess I'm unlucky today. You can go now."

"It's your loss for not taking my warning seriously," Emmeline said. "I'll be waiting for you!"

She opened the door and was about to leave when the bodyguards stepped in front of her.

"Let her go!" Adam yelled. "If anything happens to her, you might as well kill yourselves!"

Of course, that applied to him too.

After Emmeline left, Adam immediately rushed back to Avalan.

Mr. Ywain was held captive in his basement, and Adam believed that he would be able to save him.

That was also the reason why he did not heed Emmeline's warning seriously.

Mr. Ywain held up Adam's wrist and took his pulse.

Soon, his expression sank. Adam's expression sank as well.

"What is it, Ywain?"

Mr. Ywain stroked his beard, and he looked hesitant.

"This... is pretty tricky, Mr. Abel!"

"Don't tell me you can't do anything about it!" Adam seemed flustered. "It's almost an hour. You're not just going to watch me writhe in pain, right?"

"You won't die. This is called Living Agony. You'll be in agony, but you'll still be alive!"

"..." That sounds almost the same as Deathly Desire!

"You're not doing this on purpose, right?" Adam's gaze swept around the basement. "Are you deliberately withholding treatment because I'm keeping you captive here?"

"I wouldn't dare to!" Mr. Ywain said with a frown. "You're so powerful. I wouldn't dare to hold you hostage!"

"If you know what the technique is called, why can't you treat it?" Adam did not believe him.

"You overestimate my abilities, Mr. Adam," Mr. Ywain said. "Do you think the techniques of the Adelmars can be easily learned?"

"Don't you have their tomes?" Adam said.

"I don't have the one with the Living Agony technique," Mr. Ywain said. "I've heard Robert Adelmars speak about it, but I don't know how to treat it."

"This is ridiculous!"

Does that mean I have to admit defeat? Must I beg and grovel so that she'd treat me?

If that were to happen, I'm totally finished!

"No!" Adam roared angrily. "You'll have to f*cking save me no matter what. I was hoping that you could!"

"But I can't!" Mr. Ywain was almost falling on his knees.

[Chapter 869 The Symptoms Are Triggered](#)

"But you must at least know something, right?" Adam said. "That's better than not doing anything at all!"

"I can only alleviate the most critical symptoms. I can't completely cure you!"

"That's better than nothing! If the symptoms are triggered, I'll rip you into pieces first!" Adam said.

Mr. Ywain shuddered. He decided that his life was more important. "If that's okay with you... I'll do whatever I can."

Adam gritted his teeth. "Yes! Bring it on!"

If Living Agony was not going to kill him, he might as well give it a shot anyway.

Just when Adam had mentally prepared himself, Mr. Ywain said, "But I can't treat you now. You'll have to wait for exactly one day before I can insert any needles into that spot."

Adam frowned hard. "What the f... Must I wait one day?"

"Yes!"

"F*ck! I might die of pain before that!"

"You won't die!"

"Why must I wait one day? Can't you treat it before the symptoms are triggered?" Adam's face was turning pale.

"The seal is traveling around your blood vessels, and it will return to its original position in one day. I can't guarantee what will happen if I attempt to intercept it!" Mr. Ywain said.

Adam was horrified. He did not expect Emmeline to inflict such punishment on him.

"You b*tch! I won't forgive you!" Adam yelled.

As soon as those words left his mouth, he suddenly wailed, clutched his chest, and doubled over.

"Mr. Adam! Are the symptoms triggered?" Mr. Ywain cried out in shock.

"Ugh! Ahh! Ahhhh!" Adam's face was deathly pale, and sweat drops flowed down his head and dripped on the floor.

"My heart! My heart! Is... Is it going to stop beating? Ahh! Ahh! It hurts! Ugh! Emmeline! If I die, I'll make sure Abel dies along with me!"

His face and lips were white, and he fell on the floor and curled up into a ball.

"Mr. Adam! Mr. Adam!" Mr. Ywain was helpless. "Hang in there! I can only treat it after exactly one day! But I won't be able to completely cure you!"

Adam felt his vision go dark. He would rather pass out so that he did not have to experience the pain, but he was more conscious than ever.

Emmeline returned to The Precipice and parked her car.

She felt happy knowing that "Anthony Green" would eventually contact her, which meant that it would not be too long before Abel received the antidote.

She stepped out of the car and skipped toward the house.

Waylon was waiting for her under the eaves, wearing a sullen expression.

"Waylon," Emmeline called out softly.

She could tell that Waylon was angry.

As expected, Waylon glanced at the time on his Patek Philippe wristwatch and asked, "What time is it now?"

"I..." Emmeline smiled. "It's not too late, isn't it?"

"More importantly, where were you?" Waylon said while gazing into Emmeline's eyes, his gaze filled with equal parts of annoyance and concern. "Luca didn't manage to find you."

It was then she remembered she had shaken Luca off her trail.

"You didn't do anything to Luca, right?"

Emmeline was concerned about Luca.

Waylon snorted. "What do you think his job is?"

"If you give Luca a hard time, Sam will be sad," Emmeline said.

Waylon was confused. Huh? How is Sam involved in this?

Emmeline took the opportunity to walk past him and enter the living room.

Eventually, Waylon figured it out. "Oh! So that's how it is now? I didn't expect you to speak up for him!"

Emmeline went upstairs and gave a daily report about Ryker Group to Abel behind the door.

Abel was happy to hear that. "I knew you have talent in business management. You didn't need too long to get used to running the company."

"Too bad, I'm not interested," Emmeline said with a smile. "I consider myself retired now. You can't make me work again."

[Chapter 870 Take Care of My Own Children](#)

"Of course, Abel said indulgently. "After I'm cured, you can go back to retirement. Leave the menial work to me, Benjamin, and Waylon."

Emmeline chuckled. "Wow. I didn't realize I'm so lucky"

"Of course you are," Abel said with a smile. "You have so many men who love you. Of course, our four boys love you too."

"Oh my, I nearly forgot about them, Emmeline said. "It's Saturday tomorrow. I made some cupcakes for them, and I'll bring them to Levan Mansion."

“Sure. I miss our kids. Take care of them on my behalf, Abel said.

“But... what if your parents ask about you?” Emmeline asked.

“I’ll give them a call in advance and tell them I’m preoccupied with work.”

Emmeline nodded. “Alright.”

She was happy that she made that b*stard walk into her trap, which would solve the problem of Abel’s antidote.

However, she was not going to tell him because she did not want him to worry.

After all, she had to meet that b*stard again.

The next day, Emmeline brought two boxes of cupcakes and tarts to Levan Mansion.

Abel had called them earlier, informing them of his absence. Lewis and Rosaline did not ask Emmeline about him.

The quadruplets rushed down the stairs when they heard that their mommy was there.

Daisy chased after them. “Careful! Watch your feet!”

The quadruplets pounced into Emmeline’s open arms like tiger cubs.

“Mommy! Why did it take so long for you to visit us?”

“We miss you so much!”

“You must be enjoying your private time with Daddy, right?”

“But Daddy isn’t here. Where’s Daddy?”

Star was the first to notice Abel’s absence. Timothy, Sun, and Moon realized it too.

“Mommy, where’s Daddy?”

“Yeah. Aren’t you two inseparable?”

“Why isn’t he here today?”

Rosaline came over and said, “Your daddy called me earlier and said he’s busy at work. He’ll visit you.

Emmeline hugged the four children close to her and said. “Yes. Daddy will bring you to the theme park when he’s free.”

Timothy pouted and said, “But we haven’t seen Daddy for a long time. We miss him.”

Sun nodded and said, “I miss him too.”

“Me too,” Moon added. “I dreamed about Daddy last night.”

“Same,” Star said. “I dreamed that six of us went to the beach together.”

Emmeline's heart was warmed by the children's innocent words. She gave each of them the same amount of love.

Rosaline said, "You should stay for lunch, Emma. I've already told the cook to make your favorite dishes."

Emmeline grinned. "Okay. I'll go and help out in the kitchen. The kids haven't tasted my cooking for some time."

"Good idea. Do you need any ingredients? I'll get someone to buy them for you," Rosaline said.

"Sure. I'll check the kitchen first," Emmeline said.

"I'll be Ms. Louise's assistant. I'm familiar with her style," Daisy said.

"I won't interfere then. I'll take care of the kids. Rosaline said.

The landline telephone began to ring, and Lewis answered it.

The call was from the Ryker family residence.

After the call ended, Lewis said to Rosaline and Emmeline, "We'll go home for lunch today."

"Did Father summon us home?" Rosaline asked.

"It's nothing. Father wanted both our families to have lunch together. He said it's been a while," Lewis said.

Rosaline seemed unhappy. "I thought we'd just eat at home. Abel isn't here today, so there's no point going back."

"We can't possibly decline Father's invitation," Lewis said. "He wants to spend time with his grandchildren and great-grandchildren."

"Alright then." Rosaline nodded. "Emma, we'll be going back to the family residence."

"Mm. I should go and buy some gifts for Grandfather, Emmeline said.

"You don't have to. We have some gifts at home," Lewis said. "I'm sure Father will be happy enough to see the quadruplets."

Even so, Emmeline picked out some cupcakes and tarts and placed them in a box as a gift for Oscar.

After all, Oscar told him he would eat whatever Emmeline made for him.

An hour later, the family arrived at the Ryker family residence.

Landen and Julianna were already there. Next to them were Adrien and Lizbeth in their own world.

Adam was nowhere to be seen.

Julianna snorted coldly when she saw Lewis' family arrive, especially the four boys, who looked like mini versions of Abel.

Emmeline could practically taste the jealousy.

On the other hand, Oscar smiled widely when he saw his great-grandchildren. He stretched out his arms and said, "Hahaha! Won't you give your great-grandpa a hug?"

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

"Great-Grandpa!"

"Great-Grandpa!"

"Happy birthday, Great-Grandpa!"

"Wishing you good health, Great-Grandpa!"

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

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

He could not adore them enough.

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

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

Rosaline noticed her expression.

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

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

Julianna did not know what Rosaline wanted to say.