

## Are Mine 881

### [Chapter 881 Dilemma](#)

Emmeline looked at Waylon closely.

Waylon did not look like he lost a lot of hair. His hair was still thick and well-groomed. It was the perfect adornment to his handsome face.

However, she had to admit that Waylon looked like he lost a lot of weight ever since he came to Struyria.

Emmeline touched Waylon's face and said, "I know you've been worried about me."

"So are you still going to vex me by marrying the ugliest man in the world?"

"I have to save Abel somehow, right?" Emmeline said. "I'll divorce that person when I get the antidote."

"Are you still a child?" Waylon said, annoyed. "If you do that, what will the others from the Ryker family think of you? What will everyone in Struyria think of you? Will Abel still be able to accept you? Do you think the ugly man will let you off so easily?"

"I don't care what anyone else thinks about me! If Abel hates me for doing this, then I've misjudged his character, and if we have to go our separate ways, so be it. I'll take my children and go back to Reykjavik with you then!"

Waylon was speechless.

He thought Emmeline was being stubborn, but what she said made sense.

"Let me think about this," Waylon said while pinching the bridge of his nose. "I'm not against you acceding to that b\*stard's condition, but you'll have to make sure you don't actually get married."

"I can't pretend to get married either! That b\*stard will know if I'm pretending, and things will only become worse!"

Waylon sat on his chair, thinking of what to do.

Developing the antidote was already tricky enough. This problem was even trickier.

He would rather die than watch Emmeline marry the ugliest man in the world!

But how else could he solve the problem?

Waylon stood up. "I'll discuss this with Ben."

Emmeline nodded. "I'll have to warn you though. Don't even think of stopping me. This is the fastest and only way I can save Abel."

"I know." Waylon patted her head. "I'll go to Adelmarr Group. We'll talk later."

Waylon changed his clothes and left The Precipice. He arrived at Adelmarr Group half an hour later.

Benjamin came out of the conference room after a meeting. When he returned to his office, he saw Waylon sitting on the sofa.

"Waylon?" Benjamin was pleasantly surprised. "What brings you here?"

"What else? It's all because of Emma," Waylon said.

Benjamin poured a glass of warm water for him. "What did she do this time?"

"It's about Abel again!"

"She's gone overboard this time," Benjamin said. "You're already developing the antidote as fast as you can. She should know it takes time."

"How should I put this?" Waylon hesitated for a moment. "Emma told me she doesn't want to marry Abel now. She wants to marry the ugliest man in the world."

"Hahaha!" Benjamin burst out laughing. "They're just bickering because of something petty, right? Why do you believe what she says?"

"They weren't bickering. Do you think I have so much free time to entertain her whims?" Waylon said.

Benjamin could tell from Waylon's expression that he was not joking.

His expression also turned serious. "What's the reason then?"

"It's because of the previous owner of the Imperial Palace," Waylon replied.

Benjamin was leaning on his desk. When he heard that, he stood up straight. "What did you say?"

Waylon told Benjamin everything Emmeline told him.

Benjamin's expression turned grim after he listened to the story.

"This is ridiculous. I can't let Emma marry the ugliest man in the world!"

"Of course she can't! I can't think of what to do, so I'm here to discuss it with you," Waylon said.

Benjamin frowned hard.

Waylon continued, "If we don't want Emma to get hurt, we'll have to risk Abel's life. If we want to treat Abel, we'll have to risk Emma's life. How can we decide?"

#### [Chapter 882 We're Not Risking Anyone](#)

"Waylon, we'll have to save both of them. Otherwise, the plan won't work," Benjamin said.

"We can't possibly watch Emma risk her life for Abel while we do nothing, can we?"

"Of course not," Benjamin said.

"Tell me then, how can you get the antidote without risking Emma's life?"

Benjamin pinched the bridge of his nose. "Let me think about this."

"It'll be too late by the time you think of something!"

"If it comes to it, I'll marry her myself!" Benjamin lifted his head and said determinedly.

Waylon could not help but chuckle. "You? Do you think you're the world's ugliest man? Not if all the other men in the world suddenly drop dead!"

"That's easy. I can... destroy my face!" Benjamin said.

Bang! There was a loud noise.

The noise did not come from Waylon. Instead, it came from beyond the office door.

"Who is it?" Benjamin said sternly.

"It's me." That was Janie's voice.

Benjamin walked up to the door and opened it.

Janie stood in front of him. Her face was slightly pale.

"Why are you here?" Benjamin sounded annoyed.

"I'm here to return some things. I didn't knock on the door because I heard someone else was inside," Janie said with her head drooped.

Benjamin frowned. "You can wait in the secretaries' office. I'll call you over when I'm done."

"Mm." Janie nodded, clutched the document folder in her hands tightly, and quickly walked away.

Benjamin closed the door. Waylon asked, "What did you say earlier?"

"I said I can marry Emma. That's the only way we can protect her and get the antidote. We can't find any random man and let her marry him, right?"

"No. You said something else," Waylon said.

"I said..." Benjamin hesitated for a little. "I said I can destroy my face and marry Emma. After we get the antidote, I'll explain the situation to Abel and return Emma to him."

Waylon stood up abruptly. "You can't destroy your face! This is ridiculous!"

"It's not a big deal. If Abel reunites with Emma, I can restore my face again. I know you have an ointment for that," Benjamin said.

"No! I don't agree with it!" Waylon insisted.

"What else can we do then? Are we going to watch Abel suffer without doing anything?" Benjamin said.

Waylon did not say anything, though his expression remained sullen.

"I see. I guess Abel isn't as important to you as Emma is!"

"Nonsense!"

"Why don't you agree then? This is the best solution we have!"

"It's because you're just as important to me as Abel and Emma!" Waylon narrowed his gaze.

Benjamin was silent for a while. "I know you're worried about me, but we're also worried about Emma."

"Nonsense!"

"That's enough! We'll leave this matter as it is for now. I can't let you or Emma risk yourselves."

"What about Abel? He..."

"He can remain celibate for now. I'm not going to let him meet Emma until he's cured," Waylon said coldly.

"Do you think he can? How long will it take, a year? Two years? Three?"

"In any case, I can't let you destroy your face! And that's final!"

Waylon opened the door angrily and stormed out. Benjamin quickly followed him.

"Calm down, Waylon!"

"There's nothing to be calm about!" Waylon entered the elevator, and Benjamin squeezed through the doors.

Janie heard the commotion in the corridor. She stepped out of the secretaries' office and saw Benjamin enter the elevator.

She hesitated for a while before walking toward the CEO's office.

Joey wanted to stop her, but she realized that Janie was no stranger to Benjamin.

They had made out before. Janie even lost Benjamin's child.

Janie closed the door behind her and placed the document folder on the office desk.

Inside the folder was the deed to the mansion and the credit card worth ten million dollars.

She placed the keys to the sports car next to the folder.

She was about to leave when she suddenly stopped walking.

She went around the desk and opened the bottom drawer...

#### [Chapter 883 Let Me Marry the Ugliest Man](#)

Benjamin was a meticulous person. The items in the drawer were neatly arranged, but Janie did not find what she wanted.

She opened the second drawer and did not find it as well.

After that, she turned her head to the drawer of the side table.

There was a plastic pepper shaker inside.

"That's it."

She knew the pepper shaker contained Worryfree.

She took the bottle, stuffed it in her handbag, and left the office.

"I left some things on Mr. York's desk," Janie said to Joey. "Please inform him about that when he comes back later."

"Yes, Ms. Eastwood," Joey replied.

Janie left the building.

Meanwhile, Benjamin and Waylon entered the basement parking lot.

Waylon stepped into his car angrily. Benjamin grabbed his wrist. "Waylon, why are you so stubborn?"

Waylon pushed his hand away and said, "This is not up for argument. You and Emma should calm down and don't do anything rash. If I find any of you doing anything behind my back, I'll break your legs!"

"..."

Waylon started the car and left.

Benjamin could only go back upstairs.

Joey said to him, "Ms. Eastwood was here earlier. She placed some things on your desk."

"Mm." Benjamin nodded sullenly.

As long as Emmeline's problem was not solved, he could not be at ease.

He went into the office and noticed a document folder on his desk. Next to it was a pair of car keys.

Benjamin recognized the keys to be those for the sports car he gave her when she was discharged from the hospital.

What's going on? Benjamin thought as he inspected the document folder. Just like he guessed, inside it was the deed to the mansion and a prepaid credit card.

"Hahah!" Benjamin laughed out of anger, exasperated that Janie had returned everything to him.

Fine, whatever. I'm not in the mood to talk to her now.

He opened the drawer and threw the items inside. Then, he leaned on the chair and closed his eyes.

By the time Waylon returned to The Precipice, he was still angry.

Emmeline carefully came up to him and asked, "So, Waylon... did negotiations break down?"

"If only I could stop worrying about either of you for two seconds!" Waylon huffed and went upstairs.

Emmeline stuck out her tongue and pulled a face at him.

After Waylon disappeared into his room, Emmeline called Benjamin on her phone.

The call was picked up very quickly.

"Emma?" Benjamin said.

"What did Waylon tell you?" Emmeline whispered.

Benjamin chuckled. "You're joking, right? Don't tell me you want to marry the ugliest man in the world!"

Emmeline puffed her cheeks. "So Waylon doesn't agree to it?"

"You don't say?"

"I knew it! Neither of you cares about Abel!"

"..." Didn't I just say that to Waylon?

Waylon cared about Abel, but he did not have a better solution.

"Abel is my husband! Even if you don't care about him, I care about him!" Emmeline said and hung up.

The next day, Emmeline contacted one of the many media outlets in Struyria. She wanted to run an advertisement to find a husband.

The agent did not know Emmeline was Abel's bride-to-be.

After all, the wedding announcement from Abel did not have any pictures. Moreover, Abel shielded Emmeline and did not allow any photos of her to be leaked on the Internet. Any photos would be swiftly taken down.

As far as the general public was concerned, Emmeline was a nobody.

The media agent was discreetly surprised, wondering why such a beautiful woman would need to run an advertisement to find a husband.

What did that say about normal-looking women like herself?

"What are your requirements for a partner?" the agent asked.

"Male, aged between 25 to 35. I need him to be as ugly as possible."

The agent put her microphone away. "Miss, if you have nothing better to do, there's a line-dance gathering at the plaza right outside my office. They meet every other day."

"Do you think I'm joking? I'm very serious about this, and I need it urgently!" Emmeline said.

The agent frowned. She needs a husband urgently? Is that why she doesn't mind an ugly one?

#### [Chapter 884 I Want to Save Abel](#)

"But I'd like to remind you," the female agent said, "With your qualifications, you can absolutely find an outstanding man."

"I don't need an outstanding man," Emmeline said seriously. "I told you I want an ugly man. The uglier, the better!"

The agent stared at Emmeline's impeccable face and thought for a moment. "Oh! Are you planning to take revenge on your boyfriend?"

Emmeline rolled her eyes. You sure have an active imagination!

"Sure, whatever," Emmeline said. "I want the ad to go up as soon as possible!"

"Alright then. Do you want to attach pictures of yourself?" the agent asked.

"Of course. If I don't, people will think that I'm ugly. Even ugly men wouldn't want to marry ugly women," Emmeline said.

"That's true. Every man thinks they deserve a pretty wife, no matter how ugly or unkempt they are."

"Mmhm." Emmeline nodded. "I hope you can take very flattering photos of me."

The agent took the camera next to her and snapped several portraits of Emmeline.

After that, Emmeline stood up and allowed the agent to take two full-body photos.

"Perfect. I'm curious to see who's the lucky guy," the agent said.

"Any interested candidates can look for me at Nightfall Café on Gold Street. They can call the landline at 77889900."

"Okay! The ad will be up half an hour after you settle the bill," the agent said.

Emmeline transferred the money to the agent.

Half an hour later, Emmeline received a link. The media outlet published her ad on the Internet.

For the next half an hour, Emmeline did not stop receiving calls on her phone.

The first was from Abel.

She declined the call. Immediately after that, Waylon called her, followed by Benjamin.

After that, Sam, Daisy, and Janie called her.

Emmeline declined every call except Sam's.

"Are you okay, Ms. Louise? Why did you suddenly publish an ad looking for a husband, and you want an ugly man? Are you taking revenge on Mr. Abel? He didn't do anything to you, right?"

Emmeline was speechless.

"If you want to take revenge on Mr. Abel, shouldn't you have published his phone number instead? He'll have to answer every call!"

"..."

"You shouldn't have given them the number for the café landline! Do you have a grudge against me or something?"

"This is serious, Sam. You'll have to get the photos of the people who called and see which one is the ugliest. If they're not ugly enough, you'll have to politely decline them."

"But why? I can't imagine why you'd do this!" Sam was on the verge of tears.

"I want to save Abel. Just do as I say," Emmeline said.

Sam did not question Emmeline any further when she heard that it was for Abel.

She nodded and said, "Alright. I'll filter the candidates for you."

After the call ended, Sam called Benjamin's number.

However, she could not get through to Benjamin. Benjamin was trying to reach Emmeline.

Sam tried to call Waylon but could not get him as well.

At the moment, Waylon was also calling Emmeline's number repeatedly.

No one could get through to each other.

In the meantime, Emmeline returned to The Precipice.

Waylon heard the sounds of Emmeline's car and rushed downstairs.

Emmeline parked the car and stepped out of it.

When she lifted her head, she saw Waylon standing in front of her.

### [Chapter 885 You're Cuckolding Me](#)

"Waylon," Emmeline smiled and greeted him.

Deep inside, she was extremely flustered. She knew Waylon had a short fuse.

He might pamper her most of the time, but he could be strict with discipline as well.

That was where Emmeline got her medical and martial arts skills.

"I'm not Waylon." Waylon's voice was frigid. "That foolish and impetuous girl gave Waylon Ademar a heart attack!"

"Foolish and impetuous girl? Who? Let me see her!" Emmeline played dumb.

"Hmph!" Waylon showed her the marriage ad on his phone. "Did you do this on purpose?"

"You... You know the reason why I'm doing this," Emmeline said while staring at Waylon in the eye.

"I didn't agree to it!" Waylon said sternly.

"I don't care if you agree or not!" Emmeline retorted. "I'm not a child anymore. I can make my own decisions!"

"So you think you can ignore what I tell you now?"

"But you'll help me, right?"



"How am I supposed to help you with this?" Waylon's eyes were bloodshot. "How are you going to face Abel from now on?"

Emmeline was going to reply when she heard a voice coming from the door. "I've been waiting for her to give me an explanation!"

Waylon and Emmeline turned their heads toward the door. Abel, dressed in a black bathrobe, was standing there.

A white towel was wrapped around his face. Only his eyes were exposed.

"Abel!" Emmeline ran toward him but stopped in front of him. "Why are you outside?"

"Why am I outside? Am I not allowed to be outside?" Abel said coldly.

"What do you mean? You can go outside when you're cured," Emmeline said.

"That's easy for you to say! Everyone knows that I will marry you, even though we haven't had the ceremony yet. Why did you have to cuckold me in public, and you want to marry an ugly man too? What's the meaning of that? How am I supposed to show my face to the public?"

Emmeline took his hand and said, "We'll talk upstairs. Waylon is here."

Abel pulled his hand away angrily and walked ahead.

They went into the study, and Abel closed the door.

"You can explain it to me now. I'd like to listen to your excuses!" Abel said angrily.

"If I said I did it to save you, would you believe me?" Emmeline stared Abel in the eye and said.

Abel narrowed his gaze. "What do you mean?"

"The previous owner of the Imperial Palace and I have reached an agreement," Emmeline said. "If I marry the ugliest man in the world, he'll give me the antidote."

Abel laughed at the ridiculousness of it all. "Did you knock your head or something? Is that the best way to obtain the antidote?"

"That's the best and fastest way. I can't bear to watch you suffer anymore," Emmeline said confidently.

"I don't care what other people think of me!"

"You silly girl! If you've located the previous owner of the Imperial Palace, can't you threaten him?"

"If you were in his shoes, would you want to be threatened? He said he'd rather die together with you," Emmeline said.

"..."

"That's why I can't risk your life anymore!"

"So you'd rather risk your life."

"I can keep things under control," Emmeline said. "All I need is to find someone who would go through the wedding ceremony with me, and I'll explain it to him after I get the antidote. Also, I've inflicted a technique on the previous owner of the Imperial Palace. He'll definitely keep to his promise."

"We'll play the waiting game then. I'm sure I can tough it out!"

"But I can't!" Tears welled up in Emmeline's eyes. "I don't want to see you suffer for even another day!"

Abel was silent for some time. Eventually, he said, "Emma, have you considered that the man you'll marry might not want to let you go?"

#### [Chapter 886 I Want You to Be Normal Again](#)

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"I can keep things under control," Emmeline said. "All I need is to find someone who would go through the wedding ceremony with me, and I'll explain it to him after I get the antidote. Also, I've inflicted a technique on the previous owner of the Imperial Palace. He'll definitely keep to his promise."

"We'll play the waiting game then. I'm sure I can tough it out!"

"But I can't!" Tears welled up in Emmeline's eyes. "I don't want to see you suffer for even another day!"

Abel was silent for some time. Eventually, he said, "Emma, have you considered that the man you'll marry might not want to let you go?"

### [Chapter 887 Showing Her True Colors](#)

"I can't afford to deliberate for any longer," Emmeline replied. "I'll think of some other way to solve that problem after I've obtained the antidote."

"Don't even think that I'll agree to it!" Abel said coldly. "If that's how you're going to get the antidote, I'd rather die than take it!"

Emmeline sobbed. "If that's what you want, I'll marry the ugly man and you can watch us make out with each other!"

Abel's towel-wrapped face leaned dangerously close to her. "I'd like to see you try, Emma. Don't even think of leaving this room."

He did not expect Emmeline to be so stubborn!

Emmeline stared him in the eye and said, "What... What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say! From now on, I'm not letting you leave this room until this whole thing blows over!"

"I guess I shouldn't have told you!" Emmeline shoved Abel away and walked toward the door.

No one understood her, including the man who claimed he loved her!

"Emmeline Louise!" Abel reached out and pulled Emmeline into his embrace.

Their bodies shuddered when they touched, and for a moment, they felt their bones turn into jello.

Instinctively, Abel wanted to hug Emmeline's warm and soft body tightly.

Emmeline also wanted to hug Abel's neck and allow his arms to wrap around her.

The sensation only lasted for a second. They jerked away from each other as though they were shocked by electricity.

Tears fell from Emmeline's eyes. "I want you to hug me, Abel, but we can't! I can't bear this torment for another day!"

Abel gulped. He really wanted to hug her and never let go.

He was even considering pinning her on the bed and releasing his pent-up urges on her.

However, he dared not do so.

"I don't care if you forgive me or not," Emmeline said. "I'll risk whatever it takes. I want you to be normal again!"

She turned around and was about to leave through the door when Abel hugged her from behind.

"I said I don't agree with this, Emma! I'd rather die of Deathly Desire than watch you risk your life and reputation!"

"I don't want this to go on!" Emmeline did not struggle.

"End of discussion. Stay here and don't go anywhere!"

"I don't want to!"

"That's not up to you!" Abel picked her up by her waist.

"Forgive me, Abel." Emmeline hooked Abel's neck with her elbow and tapped a certain spot on his spine with a finger.

Abel's vision went dark, and he immediately lost all his strength.

"Emma! How dare you do this to me!"

"So what if I did?" Emmeline picked Abel up and placed him on the bed. "I know you hate losing to other people, especially women!"

"So why are you doing this to me? Release me at once!" Abel glared at Emmeline menacingly.

"I'm not going to release you. When you're cured, you can punish me however you want," Emmeline said.

"..."

Emmeline was grinning, though Abel detested it.

"Sleep tight. I'll be back with the antidote in three days."

Emmeline tucked Abel in, kissed his face under the towel, and left the room.

"Emmeline Louise!" Abel yelled, but the door was already closed.

When Emmeline went downstairs, Rosaline barged in through the door angrily.

She showed her phone to Emmeline. "What's the meaning of this? I haven't settled the score with you for Abel's condition. Are you planning to publicly ditch my son?"

Emmeline tried to compose herself. "Madame Ryker, this isn't like what you think."

"You posted this ad, right? Julianna called me earlier. Do you know what she said? How am I going to face anyone from now on?"

### [Chapter 888 The Ugliest Man](#)

"Madame Ryker, what's more important to you, your reputation or Abel's life?"

Rosaline frowned. "What do you mean?"

"This is how I'm going to get the antidote for Abel," Emmeline replied composedly.

Rosaline obviously did not believe it. "How is that going to get you the antidote?"

"I'm telling you that it can. Why else would I do that? Does it look like I'm enjoying it?" Emmeline said.

Rosaline thought for a while. "Is that what the villain wants?"

"Mm." Emmeline nodded. "He hates Abel and me, so he came up with this stupid idea."

"Well... I can't say that I'm against it, but how is Abel going to face the public after this? He can't marry a divorced woman, right?"

"If he thinks that his reputation is more important than my sacrifice, that's easy," Emmeline said and lifted her chin. "I'll leave with my children, and Abel can look for another wife!"

"That won't do!" Rosaline said angrily. "I don't care if you leave, but the children have to stay! They have Ryker family blood in them!"

"I gave birth to the four boys. If I've outlived my usefulness, I don't mind leaving, but there's no way I'll leave the four children behind!"

"That's not up for negotiation!" Rosaline said angrily. "You can use whatever means to save Abel, but I won't agree to you taking the children away!"

"That's not up to you to decide," Waylon came over and said. "Sun, Moon, and Star are raised by the Adelmar family. You don't get to decide if they leave or stay."

"And Timothy too!" Tears welled up in Emmeline's eyes. "He was stolen away from me, and I owe him a lot. I'm not going to abandon him again!"

Rosaline had no reply to that.

"We'll bring Timothy along with us too. I'd like to see if anyone dares to stop us!" Waylon crossed his arms.

Rosaline tried her best to look Waylon in the eye. "I'm not going to compromise on my grandchildren, Mr. Adelmar."

"Very well then!" Waylon smirked. "I don't want Emma to be taken advantage of either. We'll consider this settled, and I'll retract Emma's ad."

"I've made this decision of my own volition, Waylon. It's not up to you to decide what I can or can't do!" Emmeline said.

"Why are you so stubborn?" Waylon said with a frown. "Can't you see that they don't care about you? They don't hesitate to abandon you once they're done with you!"

"Now, I'm still Abel's wife. I can't say the same in the future, but I'm not going to separate myself from my children. In any case, I only care about saving Abel now. We can talk about everything else after that!"

Rosaline lowered her head and fell silent.

Her grandchildren were important, but her son was even more important!

She had given birth to her son herself!

Rosaline always had a pragmatic personality.

"Alright then, we'll talk about that later. The most important thing now is to get Abel's antidote," she said.

"That is the end of the discussion then!" Waylon said coldly.

Kendra went over to Rosaline and said, "This way, please."

"Hmph!" Rosaline snorted and walked out of the door.

Waylon turned to speak to Emmeline. "How's the discussion with Abel?"

"He didn't agree to it, and he wanted to lock me in the study. I had to disable him and let him sleep for a while," Emmeline said.

"Of course he's not going to agree to it. I don't agree with it either. Are you going to disable me as well?"

"This is the only way I can save Abel, Waylon. Please don't stop me!"

"I didn't agree with your solution, but after hearing what Rosaline had to say about it, I think I'm ready to give up on the Ryker family. Once you get the antidote, I'll bring you and the kids back to Adelmarr Island."

### [Chapter 889 Pyrrhic Victory](#)

"Mm." Emmeline drooped her head and nodded.

She hoped things would not turn out that way because she did not want their family to be separated again.

The next day, Emmeline went to Nightfall Café.

The ad was all over the Internet yesterday. She figured her mailbox would be full of applicants.

I guess it's time to look for the ugliest one, she thought.

She would contact the man, and they would get married tomorrow morning.

Once she had the antidote and Abel was cured, she would think of how to solve her other problems.

Sam brought a chair for Emmeline, and they sat in front of the computer.

"I've picked a few promising candidates. Take a look," Sam said while opening the folder that contained the applicants' photos.

Emmeline took a closer look. "Huh? That's fewer applicants than I thought. I thought we'd be swamped!"

"That's all the applicants we have. I included everyone," Sam said.

"Why? Am I not beautiful enough?" Emmeline mumbled while touching her face.

"You're beautiful, of course! Your photos are perfect!" Sam said.

"Was the reward money not enough? I thought that would attract more people," Emmeline said.

"Of course not. Every man would be tempted by a reward of 30 million dollars!"

"So what's the reason? The media outlet has been promoting my ad, right?"

"It was everywhere. See? It received three and a half million views!" Sam said.

"I guess they're all blind," Emmeline concluded.

"There's a reason why there aren't many applicants, Ms. Louise," Sam said.

"What is it? They must think that I'm not beautiful enough!" Emmeline said.

"No! You're too beautiful, and the reward is too lucrative. Many people think that it's a scam!" Sam said.

"..."

"That's what most people say when they call our landline. They thought we were an organ harvesting ring!"

Emmeline's eyes widened. "What use do I have for their organs?"

"Well, that's what they said!"

Emmeline huffed and said nothing.

Now that she thought about it, the promise of getting a reward of 30 million dollars for marrying a beautiful woman was suspicious indeed.

If she had asked for a handsome man, it would not have been as suspicious.

Now that she asked for an ugly man's hand in marriage, many people would think that there was something fishy.

"So I've picked these eight for you. You can pick whichever you like," Sam said.

Emmeline scratched her head and browsed through the photos.

Eventually, she settled on a man with a pockmarked face.

The mere sight of him disgusted her. It would be a nightmare if she was stuck with him for life.

However, she had to risk it because of Abel.

"Are you sure you want to choose this one?" Sam asked.

"Do you see an uglier one?" Emmeline said. "Yes, he's the one. I feel like throwing up just looking at him."

Sam began to sob. "Isn't there another way?"

"I wish there was!" Emmeline shook his head. "But this is the fastest way we have. All I want is for Abel to be cured as soon as possible."

"Will he appreciate it though? What if he hates you for doing this?" Sam said.

"That'll be easy. We'll go back to Adelmars Island," Emmeline said.

### [Chapter 890 I'm Worried About You](#)

"Why are you even angry?" Emmeline chuckled. "I didn't take a single cent from you while growing up."



"You're still part of the Louise family, aren't you?" Alondra said. "I know I'm only your stepmother, but I'd be happy for you if you marry a good man. On the other hand, I'd be embarrassed if you marry someone ugly. I wonder what would Mrs. Plummer and Mrs. Guido say..."

"So you're worried that I might embarrass you? That's easy, all you have to do is disown me. Then it won't matter to you who I marry!" Emmeline said.

"But I've already told everyone that you'll be marrying Abel Ryker! Now it's turning out not to be the case, what am I supposed to say?"

"That's for you to figure out," Emmeline said. "I'm free to marry whoever I want, and you have no right to interfere."

"But... if you marry that ugly man, am I still going to get the bridal gifts from the Adelmor family?"

"Hahaha!" Emmeline laughed. "So it's about money after all!"

Alondra's face turned slightly pale. "I'm still worried for you, you know."

"You don't have to worry about me. The money isn't yours either!"

"Emma, I don't think you've thought this through," Ethan interjected. "What actually happened that made you act on impulse?"

Emmeline took Ethan's hand and led him to a chair. "Why are you even angry?" Emmeline chuckled. "I didn't take a single cent from you while growing up."

"You're still part of the Louise family, aren't you?" Alondra said. "I know I'm only your stepmother, but I'd be happy for you if you marry a good man. On the other hand, I'd be embarrassed if you marry someone ugly. I wonder what would Mrs. Plummer and Mrs. Guido say..."

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"Hohoho!" Emmeline laughed. "So it's about money after all!"

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"You don't have to worry about me. The money isn't yours either!"

"Emmo, I don't think you've thought this through," Ethan interjected. "What actually happened that made you act on impulse?"

Emmeline took Ethan's hand and led him to a chair.

She poured a glass of water for him and said, "Ethan, I know you're genuinely worried about me, but I can't tell you the whole story now. All you have to do is place your trust in me, and I'll explain it to you after everything blows over."

"What are you going to do about Abel then? Is it over for you two now? What about my four nephews?"

Emmeline did not have an answer to those questions.

She was also not sure how Abel would react to her marriage with that ugly man.

Ethan, sensing Emmeline's hesitation, knew Abel was not going to be pleased.

"You can tell me if you need any help, Emma. I'll go and talk to Abel. You've given birth to four sons for him, and I'm not going to let him force you into marrying an ugly man!"

Tears welled up in Emmeline's eyes. "It's not like what you think, Ethan. The wedding is tomorrow morning. You can go to Struyria Banquet to celebrate the occasion if you're free."

"Celebrate? I'm not in the mood for celebration!" Ethan was about to cry too.

"Yes, Emma. By tomorrow, you'll be the biggest joke in all of Struyria. You'd better think twice before acting!" Alondra interjected.

"I told you before, you don't have to worry about me!" Emmeline said coldly. "I don't need anyone adding to my problems now."

"Serves you right for being unlucky!" Alondra said and stamped her foot.

"Who's the unlucky one? Watch your mouth before I watch it for you!" Emmeline said angrily.

"Fine! Whatever!" Alondra stormed her way out.

She nearly bumped into a young woman at the door. It was Janie.

Ethan wanted to continue to talk to Emmeline, but he stopped when he saw Janie come in.

"You should go home for now, Ethan. I'll look for you after tomorrow," Emmeline said.

"Alright then." Ethan nodded reluctantly. "I'll attend the wedding tomorrow, in case you need any help."

"Mm." Tears welled up in Emmeline's eyes again. She hugged Ethan tightly.

Ethan tousled her hair, sighed, and left.

"Janie? Why did you come here?" Emmeline said while getting a chair for her.

"I saw that shocking ad, of course." Janie sat down on the chair and said sternly, "Are you doing this because of Mr. Ryker?"

Emmeline nodded. "I can't let Abel suffer for any longer."

"So that's your method of obtaining the antidote? Don't you think you're risking yourself a little too much?" Janie said seriously.