

Lizabeth patted Adrien and asked dissatisfiedly, "Are you jealous? Don't forget that you are Emma's brother."

Adrien glanced at her. Lizabeth glared at him and pouted like an angry lioness.

Adrien finally let go of his fist. He did not forget he was Emmeline's brother. But he also did not forget he almost got married to Emmeline.

Coming to the parking lot, Waylon put Emmeline into the passenger seat. He bent over and fastened her seat belt.

The car was a custom Maybach from the Macsen Villa garage.

It shipped from Osea. Emmeline had not driven it once. She did not go to the villa often, let alone the car there.

She only lived there for a few days while pretending to be Emmett and drove a Bugatti.

"Waylon." Emmeline tilted her head when she heard Waylon sit in the driver's seat. "Is Abel okay?"

"He's all right." Waylon started the car and looked ahead. "I've come forward. Are you still worried?"

"What happened to him? Adrien said he seemed to have lost control."

"Isn't Adrien exaggerating?" Waylon said, "Abel didn't look like that."

"Adrien said Abel hit and smashed like a mad beast."

"But I heard from Luca that it was Adam who provoked him. That's why Abel went crazy to hit and smash things. When he got angry, he got a stomachache."

"Is that so?" Emmeline frowned. "Abel wouldn't have such a bad temper."

"You can't even trust me?" Waylon drove the car with his eyes straight ahead. "When did I ever lie to you?"

He spoke slowly and steadily, and Emmeline felt soothed. She believed his words.

She could not see and only listened to Adrien for everything. Maybe Abel was not that serious.

It was just that Adrien had a bad habit of being exaggerated.

However, Emmeline did not know Abel hit Adam, and Adam was in the hospital.

"Are we going to the hospital?" Emmeline asked Waylon, "Which hospital is Abel at?"

"We'll arrive soon," Waylon answered, "I don't even remember which hospital is. You know that. I don't know Struyria well."

"You can tell me where you're going now. I'll know which hospital to go to."

"But I can't tell where I'm going," Waylon said, "I follow the route in my memory."

"It's rare to hear that a man has a poor sense of direction." Emmeline pouted dissatisfiedly. "Are you that stupid?"

"It's my shortcoming." Waylon glanced at her, "I'm not a god."

"But you have always been like a god in my heart. I don't allow you to have shortcomings."

"Alright. I'll try to overcome my shortcoming as soon as possible. I won't let you down."

"That's good." Emmeline kept her mouth shut.

Soon, they arrived at The Precipice. Emmeline heard Waylon stopping the car.

"Waylon, are we at the hospital?"

"Yes."

As Waylon spoke, he reached to touch the back of

Emmeline's neck. Emmeline immediately tilted her head and fell asleep.

Then, he drove into the yard and parked the car.

Waylon unlocked the passenger seat and unbuckled the seat belt. He carried Emmeline out.

"Is Ms. Emmeline okay?" Kendra greeted Waylon.

"She fell asleep," Waylon answered, "She kept asking me all the way."

"Because Ms. Emmeline is worried about Mr. Abel," Kendra said.

"When she wakes up from sleep, Abel will be fine," Waylon said, "We'll get through it today."

"What if Mr. Abel is ill again?"

Kendra was a little worried. But she did not know what happened to Abel.

"Uh..."

Waylon looked at Emmeline in his arms. He regretted bringing her back.

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