

Waylon realized he should have brought Emmeline to Macsen Villa.

That way, he could prevent Abel's symptoms from flaring up again.

However, he decided to let Emmeline meet Abel tonight. Otherwise, she would throw a tantrum even if he brought her to Macsen Villa.

Emmeline was knocked out until nighttime.

Abel came out of the ice pool in the basement. He sat on the sofa and spoke to Waylon.

He was dressed in a white shirt and black slacks. His face was pale, and he looked lethargic.

"Any leads on the antidote yet?" he asked Waylon.

"It's an antidote, not scrambled eggs. It's not going to be easy," Waylon replied.

Abel was at a loss for a reply.

"How about Anthony? Any news about him?" Waylon said and took a sip of tea.

"What do you think?" Abel leaned his head on the sofa. "That cunning dog."

"If you put it that way," Waylon said. "I guess he's pretty influential if he can make the Imperial Palace practically immune."

"What should I do then?" Abel said. "This is taking a huge toll on me."

"Also..." Waylon said with some difficulty, "Alternating between hot and cold like this is bad for your skin."

"I can feel it," Abel said. "The skin on my legs is cracking."

"That's very painful, isn't it?"

"It's relatively tame compared to Deathly Desire."

"How about this, Abel," Waylon said. "I'll bring Emma to Macsen Villa. The two of you shouldn't see each other for now."

"Why?" Abel straightened himself.

"Do you need to ask why?" Waylon replied. "You can say the drug today was a coincidence, but if you're together with Emmeline... Anything can happen."

Abel was silent for a while. "I don't agree. I don't want to miss her even for one minute."

"How capricious!" Waylon exclaimed. "Can't you suppress your desires for a while?"

"I can't."

"How else can I help you then?"

"I'll try my best," Abel said, "As long as I get to meet Emma."

"..."

What's the big deal about love? Sometimes, it feels more like torture!

"Waylon, you'd better not have any funny ideas! I don't want to take Worryfree again! You can take it

yourself," Abel suddenly said.

"Do I look like I need Worryfree?" Waylon said nonchalantly. "I'm not the one troubled by love. In any case, I don't believe in love, so I won't be troubled by it!"

"Does your life have any meaning then?" Abel retorted. "If you don't have anyone in your heart, what's the point of controlling the entire Osea?"

"..."

I've actually never thought of that.

Kendra came down the stairs. "Mr. Ryker, Mr. Adelmar. Ms. Louise is awake."

The two men stood up at the same time and ran up the stairs.

They jostled each other as they entered the master bedroom. "Emma?"

Emmeline heard two voices calling her. She was happy to see Abel and Waylon.

"Abel? You're okay now!" she said.

"Mm." Abel strode to the bed and held her hand.

He was about to speak when Waylon coughed deliberately.

Abel quickly pulled his hand back.

Emmeline frowned. "What's wrong?"

"Abel didn't wash his hands. He was polishing his shoes with his hands earlier," Waylon said.

Can't you think of a better excuse? He thought.

I can't think of anything else now. Waylon thought.

"You should wash your hands then," Emmeline said.

"Why did you polish your shoes all of a sudden?"

Uh... What should I say? Abel thought.

"He accidentally splashed some water on his shoes while drinking water earlier," Waylon said.

"I think I should go and wash my hands," Abel said.

Suddenly, he had the urge to slather his hands with antiseptic.

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[QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!](#)

Chapter 802 Pamper Her

After Emmeline watched Abel go to the bathroom, she asked Waylon, "Waylon, did you knock me out earlier?"

"Mm." Waylon did not hide it from her.

"Why?" Emmeline asked, feeling aggrieved. "You made me sleep for so long. Didn't you promise me you'll bring me to the hospital to visit my husband?"

"I'm not too familiar with the roads here," Waylon said. "You were so noisy earlier, and I nearly ran a red light because of you."

It was Emmeline's turn to be speechless.

"In any case, Abel is okay now, isn't he?" Waylon said. "You didn't have to worry about anything while you were sleeping."

"..."

I guess you're right? When I woke up, everything was okay.

When Abel came out of the bathroom, Emmeline stretched her arms toward him.

Abel was surprised. She's not asking me to hug her, right?

Emmeline said, "Let me touch you, Abel."

"Why? I feel perfectly fine," Abel said.

"I want to confirm for myself that you're okay. They all say that you're okay, and I can't see it for myself."

"Don't you trust your husband and elder brother?"

She's right for not trusting us. We're all lying to her. Waylon thought.

"It's not that," Emmeline said while waving her arms in midair. "Can't I touch my own husband even if I have no good reason?"

"Abel, why don't you let Emma touch you? You'll be fine," Waylon said.

Abel glared at him. Aren't you worried that my Deathly Desire will be triggered? You pamper her too much! I mean, I pamper her too...

Abel gritted her teeth, leaned close to the bed, and let

Emmeline touch him.

Emmeline stood up and touched Abel's head. It was whole.

She touched his face and did not feel any scars.

She held on to him and got off the bed. Starting from his shoulders, she touched every inch of his body down to his heels.

"You're okay!"

"Didn't I tell you I'm okay?" Abel said while exhaling heavily.

Emmeline smiled and pecked Abel's cheek, which made him shudder involuntarily.

"Let's go downstairs," Waylon said while pulling Abel

away. "You should cook dinner for Emma!"

"I want to go downstairs too," Emmeline stretched out her arms again. "Carry me, Abel."

Abel was surprised. He had to suppress his desires as much as possible. The pain would make him want to die!

"Well, Emma, you know that Abel just got discharged from the hospital, right?" Waylon said. "His strength hasn't recovered fully. Why not... I carry you downstairs?"

Before Emmeline could answer, Abel bent over, picked Emmeline up, and ran down the stairs.

"I'm carrying a log. I'm carrying a log..."

"Hubby, what are you saying?" Emmeline asked while

leaning onto his chest.

"Oh! I was wondering what I should cook for dinner!"
Abel replied.

...

Adam received eight stitches on the back of his head.

The doctors had to shave a patch of his scalp to keep the wound clean.

Adam thought that Abel did that deliberately to him.

However, he did not cause Emmeline's injury on the back of her head. It was Alana and Evelyn!

He lifted his free hand and touched the wound on the back of his head, which caused him to wince.

His assistant came over.

"Are you feeling better, sir?"

"Do I look like I'm feeling better?"

The assistant shook his head and realized his question was pointless.

He could see that his employer's face was pale and guessed that he was in pain.

Despite the pain, Adam felt happy because he saw Deathly Desire take effect.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

He could not reach his phone, so the assistant quickly took it from the bedside cabinet and handed it to him.

Adam glanced at the screen...

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Chapter 803 Mr Ywain Demands Payment



Adam took the phone and glanced at the screen.

The number was saved as "W."

Adam frowned and answered the call.

"Mr. Adam." A low voice was heard.

"You can speak freely. There are no strangers around."

"It's like this," the person said, "The police have been

searching for the owner of the Imperial Palace for the past two days. I'm just giving you advance warning."

"...I see. Thank you," Adam said.

"Bye for now."

"Wait," Adam said.

"Is there anything else, Mr. Adam?"

"That girl named Alana Lane," Adam said. "Is she with you?"

"Mm," the person replied. "She'll probably be locked up a few years after the indictment."

"Oh," Adam said and hung up.

The police have been hunting for the owner of the

Imperial Palace, and Alana is locked up.

Looks like Abel has been busy. Why didn't Deathly Desire bring him death?

If this goes on, will Abel find out that it's me?

Suddenly, Adam thought of someone.

Mr. Ywain from Sunny Avenue! Alana met him before.

If Alana says something about Mr. Ywain, will they pick up the clue?

I can't let that happen!

Adam beckoned to his assistant, who leaned close to him.

Adam whispered something in his ear. In the end, he

drew a line over his own neck.

"Yes, Mr. Adam."

"There's also Mr. Ywain. It's not safe to keep him alive."

"So what about..." the assistant drew a line over his own neck.

"He can live," Adam said. "I still have a use for him."

"Aren't you worried that he might have loose lips?"

"If that's the case..." Adam whispered something into his assistant's ear.

"I see. That works." The assistant nodded.

Adam searched for Mr. Ywain's name in his address

book. He was about to make the call when he received a call from Mr. Ywain.

Does he know I was about to call him?

Adam answered the call, and Mr. Ywain's loud voice was heard.

"Mr. Adam! How have you been?"

Well, my head was nearly split open, but you don't have to know.

"Heh, I'm fine," Adam answered with a smile. "I was about to call you, but you were two seconds faster."

"Haha!" Mr. Ywain laughed. "Great minds think alike! I had a feeling that you were going to look for me."

Adam was surprised. He really knows! Don't tell me

he can predict the future!

Adam chuckled and said, "I see! Why do you think I'm looking for you?"

"Ahem!" Mr. Ywain stroked his beard. "For the 600,000 dollars, of course!"

600,000 dollars? What's that?

Suddenly, he remembered.

Is Mr. Ywain demanding payment for Deathly Desire?

Adam had been very busy, and he totally forgot about it.

"Haha!" Adam narrowed his gaze. "You're right! I was thinking of calling you because of that. I hope it's not causing you any problems with your finances."

"There's no rush!" Mr. Ywain said while stroking his beard.

I might need the money, but I can't sound desperate! How am I going to maintain my image if I did?

"If there's no rush, can you do me another favor?" Adam said. "I'll pay you for both jobs."

Mr. Ywain narrowed his eyes at the mention of another transaction.

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