

Emmeline smiled wryly. "If only it were that easy. I can't find that person at all. If I know where he is and ask him for the antidote, I'll be willing to do anything for him. But where can I find him? That b*stard is nowhere to be found!"

The pastry chef said nothing.

Emmeline pressed her lips together. She took an ice pack from the freezer and went upstairs.

After seeing Emmeline disappear around the corner, the pastry chef went back to the kitchen.

He thought for a while and sent Adam a message.

"Mr. Adam, I managed to find out something just now, but I don't know if it's important."

Adam replied, "What is it? Tell me! I'm not in the mood to play games!"

"Mr. Abel is ill, but he needs an antidote instead of a doctor."

"Okay. And then?"

"Ms. Louise was crying. She said 'that person' has the antidote, but she can't find him."

Adam grinned smugly. Yes, that's true. I'm that man! But I can't tell him.

Instead, he replied, "Is that all? Can't you tell me the whole story in one message?"

"Oh, she called that person a b*stard."

"...What else?"

"She said she'd do anything for the antidote. That's all."

Did Emmeline actually say that? If I give her the antidote, will she do anything I say? Adam thought. He twiddled the sparse hairs on his chin and grinned maliciously.

I guess this is my chance! But what would I make that woman do?

The first thing he wanted was to have her make out with him and satisfy his urges, but he knew that was a mere fantasy.

More importantly, he wanted funds from Ryker Group to acquire the Imperial Palace.

The Imperial Palace was a lavish establishment

occupying a large area. He estimated the bids would go as high as 20 billion dollars.

He had about eight billion dollars in assets, which was far less than what was required.

20 billion dollars was only enough to acquire the place. He had to consider startup and maintenance costs as well.

All of that needed money, and he could not do it alone.

He thought about it a little more and realized he could not rely on Emmeline for the funds.

If he asked for funds in exchange for the antidote, he would be exposing his identity as the owner of the Imperial Palace.

He sipped wine as an idea gradually formed in his head.

He took his phone and dialed a number.

The call was soon answered. "Mr. Adam? Is that you?"

Adam narrowed his gaze. "Mmhm."

"I've been waiting for your call, Mr. Adam," the other person said.

"Mm. We can continue our collaboration now," Adam said and nodded.

"You don't have the Imperial Pelece anymore. How can we collaborate?" the other person said with a smile.

"If Murphy Group can give me the funds to acquire the Imperial Pelece, I'll buy your 'H' at double the price."

"Double? That's a good deal," the other person chuckled and said.

"That settles it. We'll join forces at the auction," Adem said.

"Of course. I should congratulate you in advance on becoming the legitimate owner of the Imperial Pelece."

"Hehehe!" Adem laughed.

He decided he would hold Emmeline hostage with the antidote after his ownership of the Imperial Pelece was legitimized.

He could already imagine Emmeline lying on his bed

neked, waiting for him to violate her.

"Hehehehe!" he laughed again, feeling that he had already won.

The auction of the Imperial Pelece happened four days later.

Many big bosses from all over the country gathered in Struyrie.

Abel read the news on his phone, but he could not show himself in public with his current appearance.

He asked Emmeline to go. Weylon did not want her to go alone, so he accompanied her. Benjamin went along too.

The Murphy family of Altney was also present. Edmond was their representative.

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