

## QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

### Chapter 900 Wishing You Good Luck

Julianna's face turned tomato-red. Indeed, she was here to watch Emmeline make a fool of herself.

Things did not go her way. Instead, Rosaline got the last laugh.

Her friends ignored her and crowded around Rosaline. They raised their glasses and piled on flattery.

Rosaline was immensely gratified. She could not stop smiling.

Most of the guests in attendance were reporters from various media outlets.

Adam had invited them to the ceremony to stream the ceremony live on the Internet.

No one expected Abel to appear halfway.

When the man in the black mask and suit showed up, the number of viewers shot through the roof.

Everyone was commenting about how cool and amazing that mysterious man was.

Instead of becoming a joke, the ceremony turned out to be a legendary love story.

Adam had been watching the ceremony on his phone since the start.

He could not help but be aroused when Emmeline's face showed up on the screen. After that was Pockmark Face.

When he saw Abel appear suddenly in a mask, he

knew he was finished.

"D\*mn it! Why didn't I think he'd do that?" Adam cursed under his breath.

He imagined if he gave Emmeline the antidote, she would be enjoying the night with Abel in bed.

His anger rose, which triggered Living Agony.

While trying hard to stay conscious, he poured away half of the Deathly Desire antidote.

F\*ck you, Abel! You're so lucky! But I'm not going to let you get what you want! You'll continue to suffer!

Adam felt a lot better after he poured away half of the antidote.

However, he regretted his decision when the delivery

boy returned.

Wait, what? Emmeline didn't give me the cure? Did she just scam me?

Adam took his other phone and sent a message to Emmeline. "Do you want Abel to continue to suffer?"

Emmeline grinned when she saw the message.

"Thanks for the antidote, b\*stard!"

"That's not going to be enough! Give me the cure to Living Agony, and I'll give you the rest."

"If I have the components, I can make my own antidote! Thanks anyway!"

Adam was at a loss for a reply.

"As for the cure to Living Agony... I'll wish you good

luck!"

It was then Adam realized he had fallen into his own trap!

He cursed angrily but was soon rolling on the floor because of Living Agony.

He immediately returned to Avalan and got his bodyguards to bring Mr. Ywain out of the basement.

Adam's eyes were bloodshot. "Ywain! Cure my symptoms today, or you will die! You have no other option!"

Mr. Ywain fell to his knees and said, "I wish I could completely cure Living Agony, but I can't do that even if my life is on the line! If you keep me alive, I might be of some other help to you!"

"I need Living Agony cured now! Don't try to negotiate with me!" Adam's face was contorted.

Mr. Ywain slumped on the floor. "I guess you can kill me then! I can't do anything!"

"I'll give you some more time to think of a solution. You might come up with something," Adam said.

"A solution... Maybe I can go back to Sunny Avenue and take a look," Mr. Ywain said.

"Why do you want to go back there? Are you thinking of escaping?" Adam snorted coldly.

"Do I look like I can escape from your grasp?" Mr. Ywain said.

"Hmph! It's good that you know."

"Mr. Adam, please allow me to return to Sunny Avenue. I might have a tome in my collection that holds the cure to Living Agony."

Adam thought for some time and nodded. "Alright then. A bodyguard will bring you back to Sunny Avenue. Be quick!"

Mr. Ywain was delighted. "Thank you, Mr. Adam!"

A bodyguard escorted Mr. Ywain out of the mansion.

Two hours later, the bodyguard came back defeatedly...

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