

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 901 The Antidote Is Ready

Adam was lying on the sofa with his eyes closed.

Ever since he was inflicted with Living Agony, he rarely drank wine. Instead, he used other methods to relax.

Alcohol usually made him easily agitated, which meant that he would be quick to anger. The symptoms of Living Agony would soon follow.

"Master!" The bodyguard fell to his knees. "B... Bad news."

Adam immediately sat up. "What happened?"

"Mr. Ywain..." The bodyguard gulped. "Mr. Ywain is missing!"

Adam's eyes widened dramatically. He remained silent for three seconds before asking, "How did he go missing?"

"He escaped through a hidden back door!" the bodyguard said.

Adam's head spun, and he passed out on the floor.

The butler came running over and pinched him to wake him up.

As soon as Adam woke up, he was overcome by anger, and Living Agony was triggered.

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After the ceremony, Abel, Emmeline, and Waylon returned to The Precipice.

Benjamin went to the hospital because he was worried about Janie.

Janie was still unconscious. The scalpel had nearly stabbed her heart.

If Janie had positioned the scalpel slightly to the left, the consequences would have been lethal.

Benjamin sat in front of the bed and held Janie's hands.

Janie had risked her life because of him. She had also saved his face from being destroyed.

He realized that if he had destroyed his face, and Abel saved the day, he would have destroyed his face for nothing.

It made him afraid when he thought of that.

He turned his gaze to Janie's pale face and thought she was less repulsive than before.

Benjamin took her hand and placed it on his lips. "I owe you my life, Janie. Will you allow me to repay the debt?"

Janie's fingers twitched slightly, but she did not wake up.

Benjamin reached out and caressed her cheek with his finger. It was the first time he felt sorry for her.

Without him knowing it, his gaze had turned gentle.

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Waylon took the antidote sachet and locked himself in the laboratory.

He emerged 36 hours later. Stubble was already growing on his chin.

Emmeline had been guarding the door. She immediately pounced at him and asked, "How is it, Waylon? Is the antidote ready?"

Waylon steadied himself with the door frame. His puffy eyes blinked twice.

"My head is spinning now. I haven't had a wink. Don't shove me."

Emmeline quickly steadied him.

Abel also came over. "Don't keep us hanging, Waylon. How is it?"

"I told you I haven't had a wink." Waylon rolled his

eyes. "If I haven't succeeded, I wouldn't have been out here."

As soon as he said that, he began to fall backward.

Abel managed to grab him. He was already asleep.

"That means he's succeeded!" Emmeline exclaimed.

"But where's the antidote?"

"That's not important now. Help me bring Waylon to his bed," Abel said.

"But the antidote..." Emmeline was only concerned about that. She was used to seeing Waylon stay up for several days just to do research.

As Abel dragged Waylon along the corridor, a sachet fell from Waylon's hand.

Emmeline picked it up and sniffed it. "Ah! This is the antidote!"

She ran away with the sachet.

By the time Abel tucked Waylon in, Emmeline returned with a bowl. She had dissolved the powder in water.

"Drink this, Abel! I can hug you after you drink it. Oh, I'm so excited!"

Abel could not help but feel sorry for her. At the same time, he was amused.

However, he could not smile because his face would hurt.

Even if Deathly Desire was cured, the cracks on his face and skin had not, so he would have to wear the

mask and the robe for the next few days.

"Drink it! I can't wait any longer!" Emmeline shoved the bowl closer to him.

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