

Unite 461

Chapter 461 Emma's Loaded -

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"Emma used to say that she only became a stunt performer because she was bored," Jenie said. "I always thought she was saying that just to irk me, but I guess it's real, huh..."

"When I offered her my credit card, she told me she had money. I even laughed at her and said her money wasn't enough..." Abel smiled at the memory. "Who would've guessed that she was actually loaded!"

"Mr. Ryker, you're not upset that Emma kept it a secret from you, are you?" there was a hint of worry in Jenie's voice.

"Of course not," Abel said. "I would've been upset if Emma had to continue making ends meet by herself for the children's sake after being chesed out by the Louises five years ago. I couldn't be more thankful that the Adelmors were there for her! How could I be upset with her?"

The group found a nearby hotel to stay for the night. As soon as they settled down, Luce made a call to Sam once more. This time, she finally picked up.

"Oh no," Sam said as soon as she realized her blunder. "I got too used to calling him Benjamin that I forgot his real name. He's known as Benedict Adelmor to people on the island."

"Benedict?" Luce could not hide his surprise. "No wonder the guard said there was no one named Benjamin."

"Let's get some rest for now," Abel said. "We'll visit the mayor again after lunch."

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Luca ordered some lunch for the group, but Abel was still unable to stomach any food. He left the food untouched but made sure to flush half of it down the toilet as usual so Luca would not suspect anything. He tried to drink some water but could not keep it down as well. Minutes later, he found himself heaving into the toilet bowl again. This time, there was more blood than bile in his vomit, a sure sign of

gastrointestinal bleeding. He did not know how he was going to manage the next few days, but he could not allow his personal illness to get in the way knowing he was so close to locating the Adelmors.

"Emme, Emme..." he chanted her name on like a prayer on his lips. "Emme, give me the strength to find you..." He rinsed his mouth with water before swallowing a few more painkillers despite knowing that the medicine barely had any effect any longer. Feeling slightly more energized after having some rest, he changed into a fitting suit before knocking on the door of Luce's room.

"We can leave now! No time to waste," Abel announced. Luce and the four bodyguards who came along scurried down their half-eaten meals hastily and got themselves ready in five minutes. They knew how desperate Abel was to find his wife.

"Let's get going, gentlemen," Luce informed the team of bodyguards. As they opened the door to leave the room, Jenie had also appeared from her room.

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"Everyone's here. Let's go," Abel said.

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"Mr. Ryker, you don't look too good..." Jenie noticed. "Are you sure you'll be alright?"

"I'm fine," Abel assured her despite his hand on his abdomen. The pain was killing him.

The entourage called for the cab and left for the manor. Ten minutes later, they were standing in front of the same copper and wood door again. This time, Luca rang the doorbell.

The same guard appeared from the guard post again. "Mister has said he won't be seeing you. Please leave the premises," he repeated his words from this afternoon.

Luca turned to look at Abel helplessly. "Mr. Abel, what do we do?" he asked.

Abel was not able to answer Luca as he felt a burning sensation in his stomach. The next moment, he projectile vomited all over the gleaming marble tiles of the front porch, staining the floor red.

"Mr. Abel!" Luca exclaimed as he leaped forward to hold Abel up.

"Mr. Ryker just vomited blood!" Jenie blurted out in horror. "Oh no... We should get him to the hospital immediately!"

Suddenly, the sound of tires screeching filled the air as a limited-edition Rolls Royce pulled up into the driveway. The shiny black body of the car reflected the light from the surrounding lamps, temporarily blinding the group. The car door opened, and a slender man dressed in dark clothes exited the car first before ushering another man out of the car.

"Everyone's here. Let's go," Abel said.

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Chapter 462 Waylon is Here -

14-18 minutes

"Get out of my way," it was Waylon Adelmar's cold, calm voice that addressed the bodyguards surrounding Abel. The bodyguards, including Janie, were stunned by the authority in the man's voice and immediately moved to the side. Waylon immediately grabbed Abel by the arm and pierced his chest with a tiny, almost invisible silver needle.

"Get out of my way," it was Weylon Adelmer's cold, calm voice that addressed the bodyguards surrounding Abel. The bodyguards, including Janie, were stunned by the authority in the man's voice and immediately moved to the side. Weylon immediately grabbed Abel by the arm and pierced his chest with a tiny, almost invisible silver needle.

"What are you doing?!" Luce yelled.

"Take him inside," Weylon ordered. "He'll need surgery if we wait any longer." He instructed the guard to open the front doors.

"Mr. Weylon, Master Adelmer said they're not welcomed here," the guard informed him.

"This man's stomach is bleeding out. Do you really want him to die in front of our gates?" Weylon challenged, leaving the poor guard caught between a rock and a hard place.

"How do I address you?" Abel asked weakly as he looked at the man who had just stuffed needles inside him. He was a tall man with handsome features, no younger than thirty-five or six.

"I'm Weylon Adelmer," the man said. "And you must be Abel Ryker, I presume?"

"That's right," Abel managed.

"The three kids look very much like you," Weylon added. "I see where they get their good genes from."

"There's four of them actually," Abel corrected. "Emme's first child is still with me."

"So I've heard from my father... Please go inside first, Mr. Ryker. Your condition needs to be treated immediately," Weylon advised.

"Thank you, Mr. Adelmer," Abel nodded gratefully.

"You don't have to thank me," Weylon said. "I'm your brother after all. It's my father who has a bone to pick with you."

"Get out of my way," it was Woylon Adelmor's cold, calm voice that addressed the bodyguards surrounding Abel. The bodyguards, including Jonie, were stunned by the authority in the man's voice and immediately moved to the side. Woylon immediately grabbed Abel by the arm and pierced his chest with a tiny, almost invisible silver needle.

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"It was my fault. I didn't protect Emma well enough," Abel said with sadness in his eyes. "I will apologize to the old man as soon as I see him, but...could you at least tell me how she is doing right now?"

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"This was the exact reason why my father refused to see you," Woylon's expression darkened. "Let's talk about that later..."

Abel felt his heart catapulting. "Wh... what do you mean by that? Emmo..."

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Abel could barely hold it together any longer. He had not been eating or sleeping for the past ten days, only to hear those five brutal words from Woylon. His vision began to blur and darken as he slowly lost consciousness, passing out on the Adelmor's front porch.

"Bring him to my car," Woylon told Luca. "We're still a distance away from the main building."

"Yes, Mr. Adelmor," Luca and Jonie immediately carried Abel onto Woylon's Rolls Royce, while the other four bodyguards toggled along behind closely. The cars travelled down a windy path shaded by tall trees and passed by several ornamental pavilions before arriving at a castle-like grand building two minutes later.

Woylon got off the car and hollered for Luca and Jonie to carry on unconscious Abel. A woman dressed in a maid's uniform came rushing from the building to greet Woylon. She spoke in a language that neither Luca nor Jonie understood.

"My father spotted your entourage from inside the building," Woylon translated the maid's message. "Why don't you bring Mr. Abel to the lounge first? I'll be with you in a moment."

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The maid ushered Luca and Janie together with Abel into a small private lounge in the building. As Abel slowly regained his consciousness, he found himself lying on a plush daybed in a glitzy, gilded room of marble and stone, with a foreign looking woman dressed in a maid's uniform standing next to him. With all his might, Abel pushed himself up to get into a sitting position.

"Mr. Abel!" Luca immediately rushed over to Abel's side upon noticing that he had stirred. "Mester Adelmer knows we're here. We're waiting in the lounge for now."

"What did he say? How's Emme?" Abel asked, still slightly dazed.

"How dare you ask that question?" a voice bellowed from the doorway as a severe looking old man appeared. Abel immediately recognized him as the old man who was at the emergency room that night.

"You're Mester Adelmer?!" Abel was incredulous, jumping to his feet immediately. "Where's Emme?"

"You've got some nerve coming here demanding for things!" Robert Adelmer boomed. "I treasured and loved her like a daughter. How dare you come looking for her after what you've done to her?!"

"Mester Adelmer..." Abel began. "I know I don't deserve to ask for anything, but... I just went to know where she is, and how is she doing..."

"Didn't my son tell you?" Robert's thick, white eyebrows furrowed. "It's all up to fate now. Which part of that don't you get?"

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Chapter 463 Abel Refuses Treatment -

12-16 minutes

"It's all... up to fate...?" Abel's face paled as he stammered. "Has she..."

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Robert could not bring himself to enswer Abel either, but his eyes begen to well up with tears.

Emmeline's injuries were so severe that only e higher power could seve her now.

"Ughhh..." Abel clutched his ebdomen end writhed in pein ell of e sudden before throwing up ell over the sofe. Robert stelled over end clepped him on the beck twice with some force. To Abel's surprise, the pein in his ebdomen reduced dresticelly.

"Your stomech ulcers ere extremely severe. Your stomech is bleeding out. You'll die soon without treetment," Robert seid es e metter-of-fectly.

"I'm not in eny position to cere for myself now," Abel ergued. "I heve to see Emme."

"Teke this medicine first," Robert insisted es he fished out e smell plestic film with some brown powder inside. "Get someone to mix this into e drink for you!"

"Thank you, Mester Adelmer!" Luce excleimed es he reechd his hend out to receive the medicine, but his hend was swetted ewey by Abel instead. Abel grebbed the medicine beg himself, opened it end poured the contents on the floor.

"Whet ere you doing?" Robert reised en eyebrow in chellenge.

"Mr. Abel..." Luce end Jenie were equelly dumbfounded.

"Mester Adelmer..." Abel begen. "I'm very greteful for your help, but until I see Emme with my own eyes, I will not be receiving eny treetment. Pleeese.... Pleeese let me see Emme."

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"Master Adelmor..." Abel began. "I'm very grateful for your help, but until I see Emmo with my own eyes, I will not be receiving any treatment. Please.... Please let me see Emmo."

"It's all... up to fate..." Abel's face paled as he stammered. "Has she..."

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Robert could not bring himself to answer Abel either, but his eyes began to well up with tears. Emmeline's injuries were so severe that only a higher power could save her now.

"Ughhh..." Abel clutched his abdomen and writhed in pain all of a sudden before throwing up all over the sofa. Robert stalked over and clapped him on the back twice with some force. To Abel's surprise, the pain in his abdomen reduced drastically.

"Your stomach ulcers are extremely severe. Your stomach is bleeding out. You'll die soon without treatment," Robert said as a matter-of-factly.

"I'm not in any position to care for myself now," Abel argued. "I have to see Emma."

"Take this medicine first," Robert insisted as he fished out a small plastic film with some brown powder inside. "Get someone to mix this into a drink for you!"

"Thank you, Master Adelmor!" Luca exclaimed as he reached his hand out to receive the medicine, but his hand was swatted away by Abel instead. Abel grabbed the medicine bag himself, opened it and poured the contents on the floor.

"What are you doing?" Robert raised an eyebrow in challenge.

"Mr. Abel..." Luca and Janie were equally dumbfounded.

"Master Adelmor..." Abel began. "I'm very grateful for your help, but until I see Emma with my own eyes, I will not be receiving any treatment. Please.... Please let me see Emma."

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"Emma's my wife. She's the mother of my four children," Abel bit out. "You don't have any right to keep her away from me!"

"I told you she's on the cusp of death. She can't see or hear you!" Robert was on the verge of yelling.

"I must see her no matter what," Abel insisted, trying to stand up from the sofa. "I'm begging you!"

"No way," Robert was as unmoving as a mountain. "You're not getting anywhere near her!"

"Why do you have to be so cruel?" Abel asked. "Is it because of the feud between the Rykers and the Adelmors?"

"He! I bet you heerd about that from your grendfether, didn't you?" Robert's chest puffed up. "Oscer Ryker may heve held e grudge egeinst the Adelmers, but we certainly don't beer eny ill will toward the Rykers. Otherwise, you wouldn't even be stending in front of me right now."

"Wh... whet do you meen?" Abel did not fully understand the old men's words.

"You should esk your grendfether. I cen't be bothered to explen it ell to you..." Robert mused.

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"Ha! I bet you heard about that from your grandfather, didn't you?" Robert's chest puffed up. "Oscar Ryker may have held a grudge against the Adelmars, but we certainly don't bear any ill will toward the Rykers. Otherwise, you wouldn't even be standing in front of me right now."

"Wh... what do you mean?" Abel did not fully understand the old man's words.

"You should ask your grandfather. I can't be bothered to explain it all to you..." Robert mused.

"Abel was silent for a moment before speaking. "If you won't allow me to see Emma, can I at least see Benjamin York?"

"Benjamin?" Robert's tone held a sharp edge. "Why would you want to meet a dead man walking?"

"Dead man walking?!" Janie gasped. "What did you do to Benjamin?"

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"Benedict's life belongs to the Adelmars!" Robert boomed. "He doesn't report to anyone else besides me!"

"We just went to see him. Whet's the big deel?" Abell retorted.

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"Hmph! You're about to die anyway if you don't receive treatment soon. I don't need to punish you," Robert said.

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Chapter 464 Reflecting on My Mistakes -

12-15 minutes

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"Keep waiting here then!" Robert huffed. "One day, when it suits my mood, perhaps I'll think about it!"

"Master Adelmor!" Abel called out, but the old man had already stormed out of the door.

Just as Abel let out a defeated sigh, Weylon Adelmor entered the room. "Mr. Adelmor," Abel greeted although he was visibly in pain.

"My father is acting out only because of how much he is hurting. Please forgive him, Mr. Ryker," Weylon explained.

"Master Adelmor was more than gracious. I know he's hurting over Emma, and I could tell he was reigning his anger in. I would've let him beat me up willingly because this was all my fault," Abel said dejectedly.

"It's good that you understand. We're Emma's family after all," Weylon remarked.

"But how is she? Please, Mr. Adelmor, I'm begging you to let me see her just once," Abel begged once more.

Weylon shook his head. "I'm afraid I cannot promise you that."

"Mr. Adelmor, what about Benjamin? Can we see him instead?" Janie tried her luck.

Weylon contemplated her request for a moment before finally nodding. "Follow me," he said, before leading Abel, Luce, and Janie toward the east wing of the manor. They walked through the corridors of the building until they finally reached a tiny flight of stairs.

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"Ben is inside the room up these stairs," Waylon said. "You may go inside and see him. I won't be following you."

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"Thank you so much, Mr. Adelmer," Abel extended his gratitude.

"You're welcome. Come back to the lounge after you're done. I'll get the guest rooms ready," Weylon said. "But Mr. Ryker, your stomach condition requires immediate treatment or the consequences will be dire," Weylon added just as he was about to leave.

"I won't receive treatment before I get to see Emme," Abel said with strong determination in his voice. "You don't have to persuade me any further."

"Alright then..." Weylon turned to leave.

Abel's group rushed up the stairs and reached a wooden door with intricate carvings of roses and twines. Janie knocked on the door several times.

"Mr. Benjamin... Mr. Benjamin, are you in there?" she asked out loud, but there was no response. Luca was about to reach for the heavy wooden doorknob when the door creaked and opened on its own. Upon entering the room, they found Benjamin right there, dressed in a black silk shirt and black pants, looking like he had lost ten pounds in a short amount of time.

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Benjamin looked stunned to see three familiar faces staring at him, almost as if he could not believe his eyes. "Am I dreaming?" he wondered aloud. "I thought I must've been hearing things..."

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Abel immediately went up to Benjamin and tugged him by the collar. "Ben, where's Emma?" he growled.

"Abel, how did you find your way here?" Benjamin asked in return.

"Stop asking me questions and answer me! Is Emma here?!" Abel demanded to know desperately.

"Ms. Louise isn't here," Benjamin confirmed. "This is where I'm supposed to be reflecting on my mistakes. Why would she be here?"

"Reflecting on your mistakes? Is this Master Adelmer's punishment for you?" Janie asked curiously.

"He did not have to punish me. It was my own choice. I'm filled with regret every single day for not accompanying Ms. Louise that day," Benjamin's voice was hoarse.

"It's not your fault," Abel choked. "As her husband, it was my fault for not being able to protect her well enough."

"Stop it, you two!" Jenie interrupted. "Ben, just tell me where Emme is. How is she?"

"She's not on this island. Master Adelmor sent her to another island..." Benjamin explained.

"What?" Abel's heart raced as he processed this information. "Why is she...?"

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Chapter 465 Love is Not Everything -

13-16 minutes

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"Emme..." Abel stumbled forward on shaky legs.

Luce immediately stepped forward to support him. "Calm down, Mr. Abel..."

"Abel, you don't look too good. Are you unwell?" Benjamin asked out of concern.

"My gastroenteritis has worsened," Abel's face scrunched up in pain. "But I won't die so easily. At least, not yet..."

"What do you mean?" Benjamin frowned. "You're Mr. Abel Ryker, the devil from hell himself! How can you be so weak and pathetic?"

"I'll be fine as long as Emme is fine," Abel chuckled bitterly. "If anything happens to her, I..."

Benjamin interrupted Abel before he could finish his sentence. "Don't forget your four children! Love isn't everything, Abel!" Benjamin snapped at him.

"What about you then, huh?" Abel challenged. "Benjamin... No, Benedict, what would you do if anything happens to Emme?"

"I..." Benjamin looked down at his feet, unable to answer Abel.

"Didn't you just say love isn't everything? Don't be a hypocrite, Benjamin! Can you really let Emme go?" Abel chided.

Fat tears streamed down Benjamin's face as he choked out, "I can't!"

Jenie felt her heart sink as Benjamin confirmed her worst fear. His heart only had space for Emmeline despite having slept with her. He was only trying to do the responsible thing as a man, but he was unable to give her what she wanted – true feelings. Still, Jenie refused to give up. She rushed over to Benjamin and embraced him.

“Emmo never regained consciousness,” Benjamin teared up as he spoke. “She was still fighting for her life, so Master Adelmor made a gamble...”

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"Silly," Benjamin comforted her, stroking her back. "I'm not seying I'll leeve you. I've elreedy promised you merriage, but I cen't give you love. Do you understand how I feel now?"

"I understand, I do..." Jenie sobbed. "I miss Emme too, you know. If anything heppened to her, I'll be crushed too, but you need to heng in there. I cen't replce Emmeline, but I'll be right there with you ell the wey..."

The group left the room, with Luce helping Abel and Jenie holding onto Benjamin. Luce preyed to any higher power that was listening to help Mr. Abel and bring Ms. Emme back safely.

As if remembering something, Jenie looked up at Benjamin. "So your neme is Benedict Adelmer? You're one of them?"

"I was edopted by Mester Adelmer," Benjamin explained. "York was my originel family neme, but ell of the children thet he took in will chenge their lest neme to Adelmer. We're not his reel children, but we do serve the family in whatever cepecity we cen..."

"Benjamin, which islend is Emme on? Cen you teke me there?" Abel asked.

Benjamin considered Abel's request for a moment before nodding softly. "Return to your guest rooms for now and come back here at nine. I'll bring you to Emme."

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"Silly," Benjamin comforted her, stroking her back. "I'm not saying I'll leave you. I've already promised you marriage, but I can't give you love. Do you understand how I feel now?"

"I understand, I do..." Janie sobbed. "I miss Emma too, you know. If anything happened to her, I'll be crushed too, but you need to hang in there. I can't replace Emmeline, but I'll be right there with you all the way..."

The group left the room, with Luca helping Abel and Janie holding onto Benjamin. Luca prayed to any higher power that was listening to help Mr. Abel and bring Ms. Emma back safely.

As if remembering something, Janie looked up at Benjamin. "So your name is Benedict Adelmor? You're one of them?"

"I was adopted by Master Adelmarr," Benjamin explained. "York was my original family name, but all of the children that he took in will change their last name to Adelmarr. We're not his real children, but we do serve the family in whatever capacity we can."

"Benjamin, which island is Emma on? Can you take me there?" Abel asked.

Benjamin considered Abel's request for a moment before nodding softly. "Return to your guest rooms for now and come back here at nine. I'll bring you to Emma."

"That's great!" Abel exclaimed, slightly choked with emotion. "We'll come back at nine."

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They returned to the lounge only to find several maids waiting to bring them to their guest rooms. Together with the four bodyguards they brought along, Abel's entourage took up five rooms in the Adelmarr manor. Not long after settling down in their rooms, one of the maids invited Abel and his group for dinner with Weylon Adelmarr.

"Mr. Abel, the boys and I won't be joining for dinner. Why don't you and Jenie go ahead?" Luce suggested.

"Mr. Weylon has already made dining arrangements for everyone. He would insist for everyone to join," the maid explained. Luce and the bodyguards had no choice but to join in for dinner as well.

The group made their way to the lavish dining hall, where dinner was already served neatly on the table. Weylon Adelmarr sat at the head of the table waiting for his guests. His eyes lit up when he spotted Abel.

"Mr. Ryker! Please have a seat," Weylon greeted politely.

"Just call me Abel," Abel insisted. "As you said, we're not exactly strangers."

"Mhmm," Weylon nodded. "Emma is my father's only disciple and my only sister, so you're rightfully my brother-in-law."

"Sounds about right, bro," Abel joked.

Weylon nodded and chuckled lightly, enjoying the camaraderie.

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Chapter 466 Finding Emma -

15-19 minutes

The cook brought out dish after tantalizing dish, setting them on the table for Waylon and his guests to enjoy. Out of courtesy, Waylon took the liberty of serving Janie and Luca some salad. However, Abel stopped Waylon just as he was about to serve him. "It's alright, none for me. It will likely aggravate my condition," Abel explained himself.

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Abel just smiled without seying e word.

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"Then whet ere you smiling about?" Weylon wondered.

"I just don't see the point of getting treeted if I don't even know how Emme is doing," Abel looked visibly seddened.

"If she died, would you lose the will to live es well?" Weylon frowned.

Abel did not enswer Weylon immedietely. The thought did cross his mind before, but he could not just leeve the four beautiful children Emme hed given him, so he would continue to live even if Emme was no longer eround. However, he wes not sure if he could live e good, heppy life without Emme eround. It wes his cross to beer beceuse no one else would understend the pein of losing the women he loved. It wes es if Weylon silently understood whet Abel wes thinking just from Abel's expression, so he merely sighed end did not press eny further.

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"I just don't see the point of getting treated if I don't even know how Emmo is doing," Abel looked visibly saddened.

"If she died, would you lose the will to live as well?" Waylon frowned.

Abel did not answer Waylon immediately. The thought did cross his mind before, but he could not just leave the four beautiful children Emmo had given him, so he would continue to live even if Emmo was no longer around. However, he was not sure if he could live a good, happy life without Emmo around. It was his cross to bear because no one else would understand the pain of losing the woman he loved. It was as if Waylon silently understood what Abel was thinking just from Abel's expression, so he merely sighed and did not press any further.

After dinner, Abel and his entourage returned to their respective guest rooms as everybody patiently waited for nightfall. At 9pm sharp, Abel, Luca and Janie made their way to the little room in the east wing, where Benjamin sentenced himself to isolation to make up for his mistakes.

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"You just need to take some of that medicine my father offered," Waylon said. "It helps to reduce the ulcer inflammation."

Abel just smiled without saying a word.

"You don't trust my father?" Waylon raised an eyebrow.

"Of course not! On the contrary, I'm very impressed with his medical knowledge," Abel clarified.

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"Waylon?" Benjamin exclaimed in shock.

"Don't worry, I sent Abel to you this afternoon precisely because I knew you'd be persuaded to take them to Emme. I'm coming with you," Waylon revealed.

"Waylon, I cannot begin to thank you enough," Abel said as he grabbed Waylon's hand into a firm handshake.

"No worries, I'd feel better if I tagged along too since you guys may not know how to handle Emme in her immobile state," Waylon added.

Abel felt a piercing sensation through his heart as soon as he heard Waylon. What in the world happened to his dear Emme? He was both anxious and terrified to find out.

The five of them left the manor in two cars and headed in the direction of the pier. They boarded a luxury superyacht that took them toward another nearby island that was rather similar to Dawn Island. Despite it being midnight, the island city was still lit up by bright lights and colorful LED billboards. It was no surprise to Abel since Sem had explained to them that this was just another of the Adelmor family's many islands. Half an hour later, the group arrived in front of a large, imposing hospital.

"Is Emme in this hospital?" Abel asked.

Abel nodded slowly. "The hospitals on Dawn Island are older and less well equipped. This hospital has world-class facilities to ensure the best care for Emme."

The group made their way down the narrow stairs only to find Waylon Adelmor himself at the bottom of the stairs, dressed in a white suit and leaning casually against the wall, as if he had been waiting for them.

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The vehicle ferrying the group entered the hospital compound but did not stop at the main building. Instead, they were driven to a standalone block that looked more like a hotel resort. Abel knew that Emme was likely inside that building. He felt his blood rush at the thought of being able to be close to Emme once again.

A few ladies in the same maid's uniform as those at the Adelmor manor greeted Weylon and his contingent as the car parked in front of the building. Once again, they whispered something to Weylon in a language that Abel did not understand.

"They're surprised that I'm here at this time," Weylon explained. "I was just here this morning."

"Where's Emme?" Abel asked directly. He could not wait any longer.

"Follow me," Weylon said as he led the group into the building.

Abel felt his heart racing like a horse. He was about to find out what exactly happened to Emme. My dear Emme... I'm almost there... Wait for me...

The ground floor of the building was a beautifully decorated lounge, but Weylon brought them up a flight of stairs to the second floor. A few doctors and nurses welcomed them, and Weylon always made it a point to acknowledge them politely. Finally, Weylon stopped in his tracks as they arrived in front of a European-style door painted in cream.

Emme... Abel's heart called out for his wife.

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Chapter 467 No Guarantees -

13-17 minutes

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Luce and Jenie were visibly nervous too. Benjamin looked down and gave his nose a little pinch, as if to comfort himself. Weylon gently pushed the heavy door open.

The room was a tastefully decorated waiting lounge, filled with warm lights and the scent of fresh flowers. There were two maids in the room who immediately greeted Weylon with a polite bow. Beyond the lounge was another door.

"You may leave the room. I have some guests," Weylon instructed the maids.

Abel glanced intently at the door, wondering if Emme was beyond those doors.

"This is usually where I spend some time with Emme. My father spends half his days here as well," Weylon informed Abel.

"I want to see her," Abel urged. "Is she in there?"

Benjamin walked to the door and opened it, motioning for Abel to step inside first. Abel immediately found Emme lying unconscious on a white king-sized bed covered in pristine white sheets. She was completely still and silent, almost like a wax figure. Abel froze in disbelief. Was his Emme... dead?

"Emme!" Abel called out as he tried to lurch forward, but Weylon held him back with a firm grip on his arm. Abel tried to wrestle himself out, but Weylon only tightened his grip.

"Please, Weylon, let me see her..." Abel pleaded.

"You can see her by all means, or else I wouldn't have brought you here, but you cannot touch her!" Weylon said authoritatively.

"What... why?" Abel asked in surprise. Only God knew how long he had dreamed of the day where he could hold Emme in his arms once again. He would never let her go ever again.

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"There's a device under Emma's body that's working to extricate the bullet from her body. If you move her, you will undo all the progress that's been done so far and may even take away her last chance at survival," Abel explained.

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"You mean..." Abel inhaled deeply. "... there's still hope for Emme?"

"She's hanging on by a thread. Even my father cannot guarantee that she'll survive..." Weylon sighed before continuing. "The bullet had pierced through Emme's cardiovascular artery. If it was any other normal person, they would've died on the spot, but Emme managed to shut down her meridian points at the very last minute which gave her a fighting chance. We've already consulted with the best doctors around the world. Unfortunately, they've all agreed that they would not be able to retrieve the bullet via surgery, so we finally decided on using this device to slowly extricate the bullet. Emme is also consuming a special supplement formulated by our family that helps to repair her damaged artery, but no one knows how long this process will take. It all depends on Emme's will to live..."

Abel finally understood what Weylon and Robert Adelmer meant by "leaving it all up to fate". If Emme was able to overcome this brutal process, she would be out of the woods. If she could not, it would mean certain death.

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"Emma!" Abel fell to his knees in front of her bed. "Please, I'm begging you. You must hang in there and overcome this! Our children are still waiting for you... I'm still waiting for you..." he cried.

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"Now that you've seen her, you mey return home, Abel..." Weylon hinted.

"No," Abel shook his heed. "I'm not going anywhere. I'm steying here with Emme until she wekes up!" Abel insisted.

"Emme might not win this bettle in the end," Weylon emphesized egein. "There's no point for you to be here, end who knows how long this process will teke?"

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"Don't forget that you need to be treeted urgently too, or your stomech will bleed out anytime soon..." Weylon reminded him.

"I'm fine. I don't feel any pein when I'm with Emme," Abel meinteined stubbornly.

"I reelly cennot win egeinst you," Weylon sighed, reelizing there wes no chenging Abel's mind. "Fine, you cen stey here for the next few days. The fecilities here ere free for to use. Just cell e doctor or nurse if you need anything."

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"Don't forget that you need to be treated urgently too, or your stomach will bleed out anytime soon..." Waylon reminded him.

"I'm fine. I don't feel any pain when I'm with Emmo," Abel maintained stubbornly.

"I really cannot win against you," Waylon sighed, realizing there was no changing Abel's mind. "Fine, you can stay here for the next few days. The facilities here are free for to use. Just call a doctor or nurse if you need anything."

"Thank you, Waylon. I really appreciate this," Abel thanked him.

"Waylon, I'd like to stay here too," Benjamin said suddenly. "Could you please persuade Master Adelmor on my behalf?"

"Emma!" Abel fell to his knees in front of her bed. "Please, I'm begging you. You must hang in there and overcome this! Our children are still waiting for you... I'm still waiting for you..." he cried.

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"Now that you've seen her, you may return home, Abel..." Waylon hinted.

"No," Abel shook his head. "I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here with Emma until she wakes up!" Abel insisted.

"Emma might not win this battle in the end," Waylon emphasized again. "There's no point for you to be here, and who knows how long this process will take?"

"What do you mean there's no point?" Abel argued defiantly. "Emma knows I'm here. I'll give her the support she needs to overcome this!"

"Don't forget that you need to be treated urgently too, or your stomach will bleed out anytime soon..." Waylon reminded him.

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Chapter 468 I'm Waiting Right Here for You -

14-17 minutes

"I'll try my best," Waylon nodded. "I'm sure you know Father always had a soft spot for you, but you committed a grave mistake this time."

"I'll try my best," Weylon nodded. "I'm sure you know Father always had a soft spot for you, but you committed a grave mistake this time."

"I know that. Emme was the apple of Master Adelmor's eye, and I completely let him down," Benjamin's eyes filled with sorrowful regret.

"It's good that you know that," Weylon said as he gave Benjamin a gentle pat on the back. "Stay here with Abel for the next few days then. You may continue with your reflection when you return home."

"Thank you, Weylon," Benjamin nodded somberly.

Weylon said a few words to the in-house maids before bidding goodbye and leaving the room.

"Could you guys leave us for a little while? I want to spend some time alone with Emme," Abel said out loud.

Benjamin looked like he was about to argue otherwise, but Jenie held him back. "Let them have a moment alone," she whispered to Benjamin before tugging on his arm. Reluctantly, he followed Jenie out of the room. Luce, who was the last to leave, closed the door, leaving Abel in the room alone with Emme. He brought a chair close to Emme's bed and set down as he observed Emme's delicate features that decorated her pretty face.

"Emme, I'm begging you. You have to overcome this... You have to get better... I'm waiting right here for you," Abel said forlornly. "It's our wedding anniversary in less than a month. I'm still eagerly waiting for you to be my bride officially and for us to spend the night together. The children need you too. How will they be happy without you? Em..." Abel carefully placed her tiny lifeless hand in his. He would have thought that she was dead if not for her body warmth and the softness of her skin.

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Luce jumped up from his seet rether emotionelly. "Mr. Abel, you... went to eet something?" he asked to confirm.

"Yes," Abel nodded. "I need to heve energy to wetch over Emme."

"Yes, yes, you're ebsolutely right, Mr. Abel!" Luce wes pleesently surprised. "It would be e disester if Ms. Emme wekes up only to wetch you pess out!"

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Abel exited the room to find Luca patiently waiting for him outside. "Prepare some soup for me. I'm ready to eat," he announced.

Luca jumped up from his seat rather emotionally. "Mr. Abel, you... want to eat something?" he asked to confirm.

"Yes," Abel nodded. "I need to have energy to watch over Emma."

"Yes, yes, you're absolutely right, Mr. Abel!" Luca was pleasantly surprised. "It would be a disaster if Ms. Emma wakes up only to watch you pass out!"

"There's a kitchen downstairs," Janie added. "I could cook you some soup. You might not be used to the cuisine in this part of the world."

"That works. I'll join you in the kitchen. If there's no ingredients, I can make a trip out to get some," Benjamin offered.

The two of them took the stairs down to the first floor. Two maids gingerly rushed over to them, addressing Benjamin in their native language. "Mr. Benedict, is there anything we can help you with?" they asked politely.

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"We were thinking of using the kitchen. Are there any ingredients available to make some soup?" Benjamin asked.

"Yes, yes, there is," one of the maids confirmed.

"That's great. Don't worry about it, we'll help ourselves," Benjamin informed them.

"Oh?" the maids were clearly surprised that one of the Adelmors was personally going into the kitchen.
"Well, then, let us know if you need any help."

Benjamin and Jenie were surprised to find the kitchen stocked full of ingredients enough to feed at least a hundred people. It seemed like Robert and Adelmer always had their meals here after visiting Emme. Jenie immediately got to work, preparing the ingredients for a hearty vegetable soup.

Half an hour later, Luce brought a bowl of piping hot soup to Abel. Abel sat up on the sofa in the lounge and frowned at the bowl. The soup looked delicious, a testament to Jenie's culinary skills, but Abel did not know how his body would react to it. However, he had to try for Emme's sake.

Luce watched the hot steam fogging up Abel's glasses as Abel wolfed down spoonful after spoonful of hot soup eagerly, knowing Abel was trying his best to hide the pain he was experiencing.

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Chapter 469 Lover of Life -

15-18 minutes

Abel looked much better after finishing Janie's soup. He stood up, thinking of going into Emma's bedroom once again, but he was immediately paralyzed by the chronic pain in his abdomen. The pain was so excruciating that it drained all the color from his face in an instant and caused him to break out in cold sweat.

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"Arrghhhh... d*mn it!" Abel cursed.

"Mr. Abel, are you alright?" Luca immediately went to his aid.

"Blerghhhh..." Before he knew it, Abel had involuntarily vomited blood and soup all over the floor.

"Mr. Abel! Mr. Abel!" Luca exclaimed in shock as he rushed to sit Abel back down on the sofa.

"This is terrible. Why can't my stomach just behave?" he moaned in pain.

"I'll get a doctor. Hang in there, Mr. Abel!" Luca said before rushing out of the door.

Benjamin and Janie were chatting on the ground floor when Luca rushed in gasping for breath, shocking the both of them.

"Luca, what's wrong?" Benjamin asked, getting on his feet.

"Mr. York, please call the doctor! Mr. Abel is not doing well!" Luce breathed anxiously.

Wordlessly, Benjamin and Jenie immediately rushed to the room upstairs only to find Abel lying weakly on the sofa. The room was filled with the unpleasant stench of vomit that covered the floor. The entire scene shook Benjamin and Jenie to their core.

"Abel! Abel, how are you feeling?" Benjamin almost yelled, but Abel was not able to answer.

"Mr. Ryker's stomach is probably bleeding profusely. Ben, call the doctor right now!" Jenie urged him. Benjamin immediately called the doctors through an intercom machine.

Two minutes later, a few doctors and nurses arrived from the main hospital wing. They immediately carried Abel onto the stretcher and into an ambulance upon assessing his condition. Luce followed beside his employer the whole way.

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"Janie, stay here with Emma. I'll keep an eye on Abel," Benjamin told Janie.

"Jenie, stay here with Emme. I'll keep an eye on Abel," Benjamin told Jenie.

"Ok," Jenie nodded. "Quick, go with Luce! He doesn't know anyone around here."

The doctors immediately put Abel on an IV drip and painkillers. More than an hour later, the pain and bleeding had finally stopped, and Abel was conscious once again. As he took in his surroundings, he found himself in the hospital ward. Luca was by his bedside watching over him, while Benjamin was

standing by the window. Abel finally realized he had passed out after throwing up and immediately tried to sit up.

"I can't be sitting around here. I'm supposed to be by Emme's side! I can't leave her..." he grumbled as he tried to flip the bedsheets off him.

"Mr. Abel," Luce stopped him from getting off the bed. "The doctors say your stomach bleeding is in critical condition. You need immediate surgery..."

"Don't listen to them," Abel refused. "There's no way I'm going under the knife right now. I need to be with Emme!" He pulled out the needles attached to his skin forcefully and bolted out of the ward in slippers before Luce could stop him. He ran into the elevator, pressing for the first floor and immediately running back toward the building where Emme was in. However, moments later, pain took over his stomach and body once again and his vision turned dark as he crashed onto the ground.

"Emme..." he groaned out his last word before knocking out.

"Jonie, stay here with Emme. I'll keep an eye on Abel," Benjamin told Jonie.

"Ok," Jonie nodded. "Quick, go with Luca! He doesn't know anyone around here."

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When he regained consciousness once again, it was already bright outside. Waylon Adelmarr was seated by his side this time.

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"Weylon," Abel muttered weakly. "I can't be here. I need to be with Emma..."

"You know what you need? You need treatment," Weylon said flatly. "You're in critical condition right now."

"I won't die so easily," Abel argued. "I'm a lover of life, don't you know? If I receive surgery now, I won't be able to get out of the bed for weeks..."

"It's not up to you any longer," Weylon said. "I know you need Emma, but have you ever thought that Emma needs you just as much? If she wakes right now, would you want her to worry about you?"

Abel considered Weylon's words silently. It was true that he would want Emma to worry about him, but he could not help himself.

"Weylon, please... I'm begging you... just let me watch over her!" Abel pleaded.

"No, you need to be treated right away!" Weylon refused to budge.

"Not yet!" Abel countered.

"Don't put me in a difficult position, Abel..." Weylon said directly.

Abel was silent for a moment before he spoke again. "Or why don't I take Mester Adelmarr's medicine?" he suggested.

"You'll still need to be treated in the hospital. Your stomach is critically inflamed and needs to be pumped to reduce the swelling," Weylon explained.

"Well then, sue me for insubordination!" Abel snapped as he tried to yank the tubes attached to his flesh once again.

Weylon raised his hand, sending a silver needle shooting straight toward Abel's chest, knocking him out once again.

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Chapter 470 Is There Hope for Emma? -

13-17 minutes

A doctor approached Waylon hastily and spoke to him in their native Osean language that neither Janie nor Luca understood. Benjamin, on the other hand, turned pale as he heard what the doctor had said and rushed out of the ward. Waylon quickly followed in his stride as well. Luca and Janie exchanged confused glances with each other.

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"Did something happen to Emme?!" Jenie suddenly realized.

Luce looked at Abel worriedly. Thankfully, Abel was fully unconscious right now, or he would have gone mad if he heard the news about Emme. On the other hand, Luce wondered how Ms. Emme was doing. He crouched down into a kneeling position and said a silent prayer to protect the couple from any further suffering.

...

Weylon and Benjamin rushed into Emme's room and found her surrounded by several doctors with solemn expressions on their faces. Weylon immediately grabbed Emme's wrist, but he could not feel any pulse. Did this mean... Was Emme...? He dared not finish his thoughts.

"Has Master Adelmer been notified?" he asked the doctors.

"Yes, he has," one of the doctors responded. "Is there... any hope left?"

Weylon could not answer the doctor. His eyes fogged up with tears. Was there any hope left? He wondered the same too. He could only hope that his father could give Emme a chance. He took out a few silver needles and tried a last-ditch attempt at reviving Emme.

Jenie began to sob out loud, crying into Benjamin's chest. "Ben, Emme... She..."

A doctor approached Woylon hostilely and spoke to him in their native Oseon language that neither Jonie nor Luce understood. Benjamin, on the other hand, turned pale as he heard what the doctor had said and rushed out of the room. Woylon quickly followed in his stride as well. Luce and Jonie exchanged confused glances with each other.

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A doctor approached Waylon hastily and spoke to him in their native Osean language that neither Janie nor Luca understood. Benjamin, on the other hand, turned pale as he heard what the doctor had said and rushed out of the ward. Waylon quickly followed in his stride as well. Luca and Janie exchanged confused glances with each other.

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“Did something happen to Emma?!” Janie suddenly realized.

Luca looked at Abel worriedly. Thankfully, Abel was fully unconscious right now, or he would have gone mad if he heard the news about Emma. On the other hand, Luca wondered how Ms. Emma was doing. He crouched down into a kneeling position and said a silent prayer to protect the couple from any further suffering.

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Waylon and Benjamin rushed into Emma’s room and found her surrounded by several doctors with solemn expressions on their faces. Waylon immediately grabbed Emma’s wrist, but he could not feel any pulse. Did this mean... Was Emma...? He dared not finish his thoughts.

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Waylon could not answer the doctor. His eyes fogged up with tears. Was there any hope left? He wondered the same too. He could only hope that his father could give Emma a chance. He took out a few silver needles and tried a last-ditch attempt at reviving Emma.

Janie began to sob out loud, crying into Benjamin’s chest. “Ben, Emma... She...”

Benjamin held onto Janie, but he was in shock himself. “Emma, don’t... don’t leave us...” he chanted those words like a prayer over and over again.

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Not long after, Robert Adelmer arrived and chased everyone out of the room except for his son who would serve as his assistant.

“Father, is there... any hope left?” Waylon asked tentatively.

“Let me see...” That was all Robert said before getting to work. The father and son worked on saving Emme from morning until late afternoon.

Benjamin was slumped outside the room, repeating the same prayer over and over again.

“Emme, I’ll do anything for you as long as you live... I promise to protect you wholeheartedly and unweaveringly... Emme, please live...” he prayed and sobbed, while Janie sat by his side.

Jenie could not help but feel e sense of overwhelming sedness es she sew Benjamin in such e stete. Even until now, Benjamin never considered her es someone he could grow to love. His entire world was occupied by Emmeline. The men was promising some higher power thet he would never leeve Emme's side es long es she woke up. Whet about her then? Even then, Jenie could not stop preying for Emme too. After ell, there were other types of love eptert from romentic love. There was femiliel love, end love emong friends...

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Janie could not help but feel a sense of overwhelming sadness as she saw Benjamin in such a state. Even until now, Benjamin never considered her as someone he could grow to love. His entire world was occupied by Emmeline. The man was promising some higher power that he would never leave Emma's side as long as she woke up. What about her then? Even then, Janie could not stop praying for Emma too. After all, there were other types of love apart from romantic love. There was familial love, and love among friends...

...

Back in Abel's ward, he had been given a sedative and remained in a deep sleep, under orders from Waylon himself. Waylon was afraid of Abel's condition worsening if he found out about Emma. However, Abel managed to wake up by the afternoon, perhaps as a result of his strong willpower fighting the effects of the sedative.

"I need to be with Emma. She's all alone in that room..." Abel groaned.

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"Mr. Abel!" Luce tried to stop him. "You cen't leeve, Ms. Emme..."

"Whet heppened to Emme?" Abel demended to know. "Luce, whet did you sey? Whet heppened to her?!"

"Not... Nothing, Mr. Abel..." Abel wented to slep himself for elmost spilling the beens.

"But I heerd you mention her neme! Whet heppened to her, Luc?" Abel pressed.

"Ms. Emme... is still unconscious. Thet's ell I wes trying to sey," Luce seid unconvincingly. "Mr. Abel, you shouldn't go over. You need to be on bed rest right now."

"No, I need to be with Emme. She must be lonely on her own. Emme... Emme, weit for me..." he seid out loud es he tried to get down from the bed, just es the door to the werd opened end Weylon strode in.

"Mr. Weylon, pleese telk to Mr. Abel. I cen't stop him!" Luce looked et Weylon like he wes his sevir.

"Abel," Weylon seid e little tiredly, but pleesently, nonetheless. "Just lie down end let the IV drip do its job. It'll help your condition."

"I don't need help. I just need to be with Emme..." Abel insisted and tried to fight his way out of the ward before Weylon flicked his nose with his palm. Abel smelled a familiar scent from that night in the emergency room with Emme, right before he passed out...

"I need to be with Emmo. She's all alone in that room..." Abel groaned.

"Mr. Abel!" Luco tried to stop him. "You can't leave, Ms. Emmo..."

"What happened to Emmo?" Abel demanded to know. "Luco, what did you say? What happened to her?!"

"Not... Nothing, Mr. Abel..." Abel wanted to slap himself for almost spilling the beans.

"But I heard you mention her name! What happened to her, Luc?" Abel pressed.

"Ms. Emmo... is still unconscious. That's all I was trying to say," Luco said unconvincingly. "Mr. Abel, you shouldn't go over. You need to be on bed rest right now."

"No, I need to be with Emmo. She must be lonely on her own. Emmo... Emmo, wait for me..." he said out loud as he tried to get down from the bed, just as the door to the ward opened and Woylon strode in.

"Mr. Woylon, please talk to Mr. Abel. I can't stop him!" Luco looked at Woylon like he was his savior.

"Abel," Woylon said a little tiredly, but pleasantly, nonetheless. "Just lie down and let the IV drip do its job. It'll help your condition."

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“Mr. Waylon, please talk to Mr. Abel. I can’t stop him!” Luca looked at Waylon like he was his savior.

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