

Waylon quickly closed the door and locked Emmeline outside.

"Abel!"

Emmeline fell on the door. Her entire body was shaking. "What happened to you, Abel? Please tell me!"

"Go away!" In the study, Abel growled. "Don't come close to me. Don't let me see you. Go away no!"

"Did the symptoms appear again? Please let me look at you! I can help you!"

"Go away! I'm telling you to go away!"

"I'm here, Emma. I'll take care of him," Waylon said to

Emmeline through the door. "You should go back to your room."

"But I want to know Abel's condition," Emmeline said while knocking on the door. "Is he in a lot of pain?"

"You can imagine that he is," Waylon said with a frown. "Abel doesn't want you to see him. You should leave now. If you don't, you'll only agitate him further."

"..."

"Stand back. I'm taking Abel to the basement."

"But Waylon," Emmeline sobbed, "His body will deteriorate if he keeps on taking ice baths."

"That's the only thing that can stop him from going insane from the pain! We have no other choice!"  
Waylon said.

Emmeline could only nod and say, "I'll go away then. Please take him to the basement."

Waylon helped Abel stand up. "Emma is gone, Abel. Follow me!"

"Okay!" Abel said hoarsely through gritted teeth.

Waylon supported Abel's shoulders and dragged him out of the study and toward the basement.

Half an hour later, Abel finally calmed down in the pool of ice.

His body was in terrible shape. Blood seeped from the cracks of his skin and stained the ice pool red.

"You stayed away from Emma, right? What happened?" Waylon asked.

"D\*mn it!" Abel said between gasps of air. "I dreamed that I was with Emma..."

"What?" Waylon blurted. "D\*mn it! How do you control that?"

Abel opened his eyes weakly. "Waylon, can I still put my hope in your antidote? I don't think I can bear with this for much longer."

"You can," Waylon said confidently, "But you need to give me time. Do you think I'm baking a cake? If I can develop the antidote, I can win the Nobel Prize!"

"But I can't wait any longer," Abel said. "I've already kept my distance from Emma. Should I stop sleeping as well? Who knows if she'll appear in my next dream? As much as I can control myself, I can't control my dreams!"

Waylon helped Abel stand up. "Emma is gone, Abel. Follow me!"

"I... I don't know how to help you!" Waylon said while pinching the bridge of his nose.

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Abel was speechless. He did not know what to do either.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Someone was knocking on the basement door.

"Waylon, how is Abel?" Emmeline's anxious voice was heard from the outside.

Waylon went up next to the door and said, "I said he

can't see you. You should go back to your room. I can take care of him."

"I'll stay here then," Emmeline said while sobbing. "I can't sleep in my room anyway. I might as well be closer to Abel."

Waylon sighed and said, "Get Kendra to give you a blanket. You can stay outside the door for a short while."

"Okay." Emmeline nodded. "You can call me if you need my help. I'm not going to leave."

"Waylon, Emma will be cold if she's outside. You should tell her to go back to her room," Abel said.

"She's so stubborn! I can't convince her!" Waylon said. "She cares for you. You should let her stay."

"I'm worried she might catch a cold."

"Save your worries for yourself."

"I'm worried about Emma! Aren't you worried for her too?"

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