

"I'm worried about her, of course!" Waylon huffed.  
"Are you two still children? I can't be worried about you all the time!"

Abel had no response to that.

"I should've brought Emma to Macsen Villa. None of this would have happened!"

"Even if she goes to Macsen Villa, that's not going to stop me from dreaming about her, right?" Abel groaned.

Waylon rolled his eyes. He was at a loss for a reply.

Well, I can't be guarding Abel whenever he sleeps and poking him with a needle whenever he starts dreaming, right?

Abel's pain gradually subsided in the ice water.

His head was spinning, and he soon fell unconscious.

Waylon took his pulse and concluded that the episode was over. Abel should wake up after sleeping for the night.

But what could they do next?

He remembered Emmeline was still outside the door, so he stood up and went out.

Emmeline was wrapped up in a quilt. She was sleeping while leaning her head against the door.

There were still tears in her eyes.

Waylon was indignant, though he could not help but

feel sorry for her. He picked her up with his arms and brought her upstairs.

As soon as Waylon placed Emmeline on the bed, she opened her eyes and asked, "Waylon, how... how is Abel?"

"He's better this time. The symptoms were under control, and he should wake up by tomorrow."

"But... Even if he wakes up, he still can't see me, right? Did the condition of his body worsen?" Emmeline asked while sobbing.

"Mm. The cracks reopened. It'll take at least a week this time," Waylon said.

"A week?" Emmeline was about to cry again. "He was about to recover soon. Now he has to start over!"

"Everything would have been okay, but he had to dream about you! Does he think he can get around Deathly Desire that way?"

Emmeline was surprised to hear that. She wondered if she should feel happy because Abel was still thinking of her, or feel sorry for him.

"Sigh. I can't tell if he'll dream about you again. This seriously scares me," Waylon said.

"You can't blame me. I didn't mean to enter his dreams," Emmeline said.

"I don't blame you," Waylon said while patting her head. "In any case, the most urgent problem at hand is the antidote. I should get back to it."

He poured a glass of warm water for Emmeline, watched her drink it, and returned to the basement.

Emmeline wrapped herself with a blanket. She did not feel sleepy at all.

Even though she was a skilled researcher, she had to admit she was helpless.

By the time the sun rose, her eyes were swollen.

Realizing she had to hold the fort at Ryker Group, she had to look presentable somehow.

She thought for a while and went downstairs to get an ice pack for her eyes.

"Mm. The cracks reopened. It'll take at least a week this time," Waylon said.

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"I made some tarts, Ms. Louise. Would you like to try one?"

Emmeline had no appetite, but the tarts looked tantalizing, so she took one.

Before she could place the tart in her mouth, tears began to fall.

The pastry chef was shocked. "What's wrong, Ms. Louise? Are the tarts not to your satisfaction?"

"It's not that," Emmeline said while wiping her eyes. "Your tarts are amazing."

"Why did you suddenly burst out in tears then?"

"I couldn't help but think that Abel is suffering while

I'm enjoying tarts."

"Mr. Abel... Is he feeling unwell?" the pastry chef ventured.

"Mm." Emmeline nodded. Tears welled up in her eyes again.

"He should go to the hospital then, shouldn't he?" the pastry chef said. "Medical technology is so advanced now. There's no disease medicine can't cure."

"Abel doesn't need medical technology! He needs that d\*mned antidote!"

"Why? Isn't there one?"

"There isn't," Emmeline said while sniffing. "Only that person has the antidote."

The pastry chef's eyes widened. "That person? Which person?"

"You won't know anyway." Emmeline put the tart away.

"I guess I don't, but... shouldn't you ask for the antidote from him? Surely nothing can be more important than Mr. Abel's health, right?"

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