

Chapter 348

Chapter 348 Her Last Words

My curiosity was piqued, and I tapped in.

The recent files were all videos with the same snowy mountain as a backdrop. Facing the camera,

Olive was pale and had garish bloodstains on her forehead.

I glanced at the woman fast asleep on the bed and quietly slipped out of the room.

In the empty hallway, I tapped on one of the videos.

"Dear Nick, don't cry for me. Life is a journey of constant parting..."

One glance was all it took. I clapped a

hand over my mouth, hitting the pause button in a panic.

I knew what this was. Her last words!

In what Olive perceived as her fading moments, she recorded her last words.

I exited the video she left for Nick and tapped on the next one.

"Dear Cinder, If I'd only known our paths would diverge in such a bitter manner, I would never have relinquished you to Elliott on Christmas."

I crumpled to the floor, burying my face in my hands as tears slipped through my clenched fingers.

I'd expected Olive's present predicament to be a jolt to my system, but witnessing her plight on the video caused my defenses to shatter.

Her lips were pale, and her face was nearly bloodless. The wretched spectacle was so vivid that I could practically see her sprawled out in the snow, immobilized by the bitter frost.

Through the grainy video, I could almost sense the icy winds whipping around her. Oh, Olive, how you had suffered!

I forced myself to endure the full extent of the video.

"Trust me, this has been the most thrilling adventure of my life. But my phone is quickly running out of battery in this brutal cold. I'm afraid I won't be able to recount it in detail. So, I'll share only the three most crucial pieces of information..."

The video paused. I hastily brushed away my tears and pushed myself off the floor.

"Sam Robin?" I gasped.

Aaron hadn't told me about it. Retracing my steps out of the hospital, I confronted him once more.

"Where is Sam Robin?" I didn't mince words.

Aaron's eyebrows arched in surprise. "She told you?"

"Answer me. Where is he?"

Even if Olive had defied the odds and survived without any enduring health consequences, since these were her "last words", I was determined to help her fulfill them.

"Is he still holed up in the station?"

Aaron studied me for a moment, then nodded. "Yes."

"Good. Lead the way," I said.

Olive's POV:

When my eyes fluttered open, the ward was once again swallowed by silence. Cinder was nowhere to be seen.

I lay still, my gaze fixed on the stark white ceiling, questioning if my encounter with Cinder had been nothing more than a dream.

Dr. Wayne came in for a routine check-up, and then he told me that I was in a stable enough condition to board a flight.

"If you're concerned about Aaron discovering the baby, you could seek assistance from your friend."

"Cinder was really here?" I asked in surprise.

Dr. Wayne paused, then erupted into laughter. "Yes, the elegant blonde beauty. You weren't

hallucinating."

My spirits began to lift. "Where is she?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe resting." Dr. Wayne packed his instruments and said, "I'll ask Rita to assemble some nourishment for you. You need to rest."

With that, he pivoted toward the door.

"Hold on," I called out. "Dr. Wayne, are you guys concealing something from me?"

He swung back around, his face etched with astonishment. I knew I was onto something.

"Did Cinder do something? Did she hit Aaron again?"

"Not really," he replied, inadvertently confirming my suspicions. I raised an eyebrow. "Out with it."

Dr. Wayne sighed and reluctantly came back. "You're too perceptive. I should have known better."

"Don't deflect. What on earth happened?" All I wanted to know was Cinder's whereabouts. "Did she go to see Kristy and Chris?"

"No."

I was perplexed. "Then where?"

Dr. Wayne heaved another sigh. "You're aware that Sam Robin has been receiving treatment here because of Mr. Aaron, right?"

Understanding dawned on me. "Cinder confronted him?"

"Possibly."

"What do you mean possibly? Dr. Wayne, it's high time you stop playing coy."

He gave a helpless smile. "I wish I knew the answer, but they haven't returned. The outcome is still unknown."

Suddenly, an uproar echoed from outside. Rita materialized in the ward, her eyes quickly finding Dr. Wayne.

Before she could say anything, Dr. Wayne preempted her.

"They've returned? I'll be right there."

The two hurried out of the room, leaving me alone. My mind was occupied by a tempest of

unanswered questions. It was not a good experience at all.

After a while, the door creaked open, and Cinder sauntered in.

"Where have you been?" I asked, my gaze quickly assessing her.

She'd discarded her down jacket in favor of rugged mountaineering gear, with the remnants of snow still clinging to its exterior.

"Merely some fieldwork," Cinder replied nonchalantly, shrugging off her coat and sliding her goggles off.

She collapsed onto the chair next to me, her face glistening with her exertion. "Aaron and I found

Sam Robin trying to flee. We gave chase, cornering him on the same snowy mountain where your

accident happened. He struggled and got a bit roughed up."

Her tone was casual, as if she were recounting a mundane grocery run. But I didn't need to be a

detective to decipher

the truth behind her words.

"You took him to the snowy mountain and beat him up?" I asked, my tone betraying my disbelief,

"You're aware that the authorities here have already informed the U. S. police, right? What if he decides to press charges?"

Cinder brushed off my concerns. "All that happened was a man fleeing in fear, and we just

happened to be in the right place at the right time to catch him and bring him back."

Her indifference was almost infuriating, but what was done was done.

"So, how is he now?"

"He's fine. Just a minor scuffle," Cinder replied nonchalantly.

Suddenly, a nurse's voice reverberated from outside our room. "Dr. Bing needs to be informed immediately! The patient has hypothermia and needs surgery!" I stared at Cinder, and she shrugged. "It seems Antarctica's providing plenty of patients."

"You were too harsh!" I didn't know what else to say.

Cinder took my hand and said, "Don't fret. Even if he doesn't survive, it won't be on my conscience. He chose to run, getting lost in the mountains. I merely wanted to take it out for you."

"Actually, Aaron had taught him a lesson. Otherwise, he would have ended up in an American detention center, not an Antarctic hospital."

"Honey, it's different. You can't lose your sanity. Aaron boasted to me that you confessed to him on the snowy mountain," Cinder said.

"Oh?" I let out a wail. "For the record, it wasn't me confessing. It was an alien."