

## **A. Nocturne's 248**

### Chapter 248 Terrible Incident

Aoife straightened the bedsheets on Ann's bed for what seemed like the millionth time that day, and sat down heavily in the armchair at the side of her bed.

The room still held that sterile smell of disinfectant that seemed to invade your senses and overwhelm you the longer you stayed there. Aoife had tried everything that she could think of to try and make it at least smell a little more homely, but to no avail.

The constant beep and whirring of the multitude of machines that were hooked up to Ann's eerily still body gave the room a depressing atmosphere, the only thing that made any of them feel better, was that Ann was no longer hooked up to the ventilator that had kept her alive for the past week.

It was a tense moment when the tube was removed, as they waited for her to take her first breath on her own and the weight of the tension in the air was almost unbearable. As soo