

## Chapter 346

Chapter 346 Cinder Arrived

Aaron's POV:

"Aaron, you're always like this." Colston sighed with obvious anger.

I knew it was despicable to toy with Colston's feelings, but I did not care.

"She was caught in an avalanche and almost died." I dropped a bombshell to shift his attention smoothly.

"Damn it!" Colston fell silent for a moment, then rare foul language escaped his lips.

I accepted all his anger in silence. In fact, there wasn't much offensive language. Colston had

always been emotionally stable, and he was my psychiatrist.

"Why are you calling me now? What do you expect me to do?"

After a brief outburst, Colston quickly got back on track.

I told him everything about Olive's situation during this period, especially what happened last night.

"I don't know what they talked about, but I guess her mother told her the true thoughts in her heart and even gave her some self-righteous advice." I wearily pinched the bridge of my nose. "It won't be anything nice. What do you think?"

"I don't know." Colston's answer didn't satisfy me.

"But you're a psychiatric expert!" I protested.

"I'm just a doctor, not a wizard, okay? The information you provided is too vague, and I can't easily make a judgment." Colston added after a moment of silence, "But if your description of Olive's recent state is accurate, I suggest you get out of her sight as soon as possible."

"You'd better know what you're talking about." I lowered my voice, sounding displeased.

"Why did Olive suddenly want to go to Antarctica to find her parents? It can't be because of me, anyway." Colston's words were straightforward, with a touch of acrimony.

"It's me," I admitted straightforwardly.

"You and her parents are triggers for Olive. Her mental state is bad and not suitable for prolonged stimulation. It's best if you bring her back soon and let her receive professional treatment."

Although I didn't want to admit it, I knew that Colston's advice wasn't driven by personal motives.

"That's the problem." Just thinking about it gave me a headache.

"Her physical condition hasn't improved significantly all this time; she can't fly in a plane. Damn it! I

originally estimated that she could get better in a couple of days, but because of last night's

argument, her heart rate isn't stable right now. According to the doctor, she needs to be observed in the hospital for a few more days."

"Calm down, Aaron," Colston reminded me. "Right now, there are only three things you need to do."

"What are they?" I asked.

"First, from now on, don't let her parents have any contact with her," he replied.

"Yeah." I agreed with that.

"Second, try not to appear in front of Olive as much as possible." Colston anticipated my emotions and quickly added, "I suggest sending a friend whom she completely trusts."

"Like you?" My jealousy and anger erupted uncontrollably.

"Not me." Colston had some self-awareness. "I presume you know her best friend, Cinder. Can you contact her?"

"What's the third thing?" I asked.

"Manage your emotions and avoid giving Olive any more stimulation..."

I hung up the phone before he could finish his words.

"Damn it!" I cursed under my breath.

Back in my room, I stared at a contact on my phone for a long time. Although I didn't want to admit

it, Colston was right. Olive's mental state was bad and had severely affected her physical wellbeing.

Right now, she should not be subjected to any more stimulation.

And I was one of the triggers.

Olive's POV:

Aaron had been conspicuously absent the whole day.

His absence was a tad surprising, yet it also brought a sense of relief. It was better for him to stay away from me now.

He should fly back to America,

Germany, or anywhere else.

Yet a part of me was perplexed.

When Dr. Wayne dropped by for a routine checkup, I found myself asking Rita if Aaron had left the station.

Before she could reply, Dr. Wayne chimed in, "He approached me two hours ago inquiring about your condition."

His answer only added to my puzzlement. Aaron was still around, yet he had stopped making his

presence known. Kristy and Chris hadn't appeared again either.

The ward suddenly felt colder and

emptier, with only Rita and a caretaker for company.

Although a part of me welcomed the peace, I knew something was amiss. Aaron must have had a

hand in this.

My suspicions were confirmed the following morning.

I was roused from sleep by the sound of the door creaking open.

Blinking my eyes open, I found an

unexpected figure standing before me.

"Good heavens!" Cinder stood there, clad in a duffle coat. her usually tamed blonde hair in wild disarray.

The signs of a hasty arrival were evident. She looked at me, her hand covering her mouth in disbelief. Tears then streamed down her face.

"Am I hallucinating? Are you really here?" I murmured, my voice barely a whisper.

The next moment, Cinder was enveloping me in a warm, tear-filled embrace. "You fool! We almost lost you!"

Cinder's voice was thick with emotion, and any pretense of self-control was abandoned. I couldn't remember the last time I saw her this vulnerable.

Her emotional outburst was contagious, and soon enough, I found my vision blurring and tears streaming down my face. I hugged her back, whispering apologies into her hair.

"Did Aaron contact you?" After the initial surge of emotions had subsided a bit, my rational mind took over.

It was more of a rhetorical question. I had a hunch about the answer.

Sure enough, Cinder rolled her eyes dramatically. "Yes, but it won't change my opinion of him. And I suggest you do the same."

"Is he outside?" I asked, glancing toward the door.

A tall silhouette lingered just outside. At my inquiry, the door swung open again.

Aaron stepped in, his cheek red and swollen. I stared at him in shock before shifting my gaze back to Cinder.

"I did that. I've been wanting to do it for quite some time," Cinder confessed nonchalantly. "Don't tell

me you're going to blame me for it."

"Of course not!" I blurted out.

Aaron looked at me with a profound sadness etched in his eyes. I averted my gaze from him.

My loyalty lay with Cinder, always. She was my rock and my haven.

"Did you hear that? Now, off you go." Cinder didn't mince words, her dismissal of Aaron as nonchalant as her confession.

She shooed him away, not bothering to hide her disdain, but Aaron stood rooted to the spot. Feeling

the tension in

the room escalating again, I quickly turned to him.

"You should go tend to your face. I want to catch up with Cinder alone for a while."

Cinder shot me a disgruntled look, clearly miffed that I was even considering Aaron's feelings at this

point. However, she held her tongue at the determined look on my face.

Aaron had the good sense to not prolong his stay. His eyes lowered, a picture of dejection.