

Chapter 349

Chapter 349 Incompetent

Cinder's laughter echoed around the room as she collapsed onto the bed.

"You look like you could use some sleep," I observed, noticing the bloodshot traces in her eyes.

The journey from the U. S. to Antarctica was no small feat, and I suspected that Cinder, who had confronted Aaron and apprehended the culprit of my predicament upon arrival, was running on fumes.

"Okay. I'll catch up on some sleep and come back later." Cinder agreed readily.

She kissed me and left the room. I watched her retreating figure, contemplating sending a message to Nick to reassure him of my safety. Strangely, my phone was conspicuously absent from the bedside table, where I left it fully charged.

The absence of my phone made my convalescence monotonous. The station had a weak internet connection, and the TV had a limited choice of channels. Immobile as I was, my only distractions were reading and listening to music. Sleep was elusive because my rest quota had been filled the previous day.

As I lay there musing, a tall silhouette filled the doorway.

"Aaron, is that you?" I asked, squinting into the dim light.

The silhouette paused, but my instinct told me it was Aaron. His recent behavior had me in a whirlwind of confusion. There was a time when he craved my company, as though his existence hinged on my proximity.

Could it be that he had discovered my secret from Kristy? I tensed up and tried to pretend that I had stopped paying attention to the door when it swung open. Aaron's face swam into my line of vision, our eyes meeting in a silent conversation.

No, he didn't know about my pregnancy. From the look in his eyes, I came to this conclusion. Given my knowledge of his personality, if he found out the truth, he couldn't have been so calm.

I chastised myself for my overactive imagination, attributing his recent distance to the inevitable warning from Cinder. After all, even Aaron had to appreciate the deep bond that Cinder and I shared.

"I need to ask you something," I said, shaking off the cobweb of thoughts and redirecting the conversation. "How's Robin doing?"

"He's fine," he curtly replied.

But when he noticed my look, he reluctantly added, "Don't worry. He won't die."

His casual dismissal set my blood boiling. "You should have stopped Cinder."

A brief chuckle escaped Aaron's lips as if I had cracked some hilarious joke. "You expect me to stop her?"

I sighed. "Well, I'll take that back."

"No, you misunderstood." Aaron moved closer, his blue eyes fixed on me. "Why would I stop her? Her desires aligned with mine."

I rolled my eyes. "Well, if you land yourself in legal trouble, don't drag my best friend down with you."

"Ouch! That's hurtful," he drawled dramatically, feigning heartache.

He leaned in, his gaze searing into mine, and exhaled a deep sigh. His intense stare was a silent onslaught, and I capitulated. I could feel the heat creep up to my ears as I awkwardly looked away.

"Maybe you could be honest with me and recharge my batteries, so to speak."

"What are you charging for?"

"Can't you tell?" His face inched closer, and he said, "I'm pursuing you."

Even after all these years, his roguish charm never failed to enthrall me. But I

was no longer the naive girl he knew four years ago.

I pulled away. "Aaron..."

My voice dropped a notch, signaling the gravity of what I was about to say. I wanted to bare my soul to him, telling him about Lukita, my pregnancy, and our relationship.

But before I could form the words, the door was flung open with a jarring force.

"Mr. Morris." Rita's voice echoed in the room.

She abruptly stopped, her eyes darting toward me. Her reaction didn't escape my

attention. Aaron threw a glance at her before turning back to me.

But I noticed the subtle shift in his

demeanor. They were concealing something from me.

"You can go attend to your matter."

The wave of revelation that had been building up inside me receded. I knew not when it would

resurface, but it certainly wouldn't be anytime soon.

Aaron held my gaze. "Promise me you'll say what you were about to when I return. All of it, okay?"

Without responding, I just watched him walk away. When the two disappeared from the ward, my heart throbbed.

This was the fate of Aaron and me. We were always attracted to each other, but we kept missing the chance to be together. He could never see my true feelings, and neither could I.

Despite my understanding, I found myself consumed by an overwhelming sense of despair. Where did I truly belong in this convoluted world?

Just then, my belly moved slightly. Like some sort of guide, my baby was responding to my thoughts! He must have sensed my emotions and was soothing his mommy even in the womb.

Instantly, my heart melted.

I gently stroked my belly, wanting to feel this new life that was connecting with my life. I must keep this baby!

I would prove to everyone that I could be a good mother. I would not repeat the failures of my parents or let my child repeat the traumas of my childhood. He would grow up in a loving environment.

Aaron's POV:

"Your satellite phone kept ringing." Closing the door to the ward, Rita handed me my satellite phone.

I glanced at the number and saw that Colston had called.

"How is that asshole?" I didn't call back right away, but instead, I asked about Sam

Robin's situation.

"There was no incision. He regained consciousness under cardiac resuscitation, except that he is currently blind due to snow blindness. But he vehemently accused you and Ms. Swann of the crime."

I didn't give a damn about this scumbag's accusations. I wouldn't even mind just putting him down if

it were not for the fact that Olive didn't want me to lose control.

"Do we need me to notify Ms. Swann?" Rita asked me.

"It's alright. She went to rest and recover from jet lag. Let's not disturb her."

"But she just asked me about where Dr. Olive's parents live."

Rita's response caused me to pause in my tracks and look back at her.

"When?"

"About half an hour ago."

My steps forward were in a direct 180-degree reversal, and I walked briskly toward Mr. and Mrs.

Woods' place.

Given my knowledge of Cinder's personality, her visit to them couldn't be anything good. But before I

could get there, I met Cinder on her way back.

"You're not going to help by doing this. I tried and only made things worse."

"Do you think everyone is as incompetent as you are?" Cinder's words were as harsh as ever, but I

noticed her somewhat smudged eye makeup.

By the looks of it, she should have been crying earlier.