

## Chapter 36

She counted until he reached his car. He did not turn back.

Olivia lay forgotten on the ground, unmoving. Although the side effects of the treatment had reduced significantly, her body still felt weak. The hard fall felt like it had broken her bones.

Brent and the rest were with Ethan. Madam Burgess used to be around, but she left. Now the house was empty.

Snow fell from the sky, and cold wind came from all directions. Her hands and feet were frozen.

She thought, "Someone please help me."

Her bag was not far from where she was, but she could not turn over and reach for it.

She could only stare at the snowflakes floating in a cruel ballet in the sky. Tears slowly fell from her face as she whispered, "885, 886..."

By the time she counted to 1038, Olivia had recovered enough strength to stand. She used one hand to support herself and got up.

She was freezing. When the car arrived, the tip of her nose was red from the cold. She couldn't raise the arm she used to catch the boy, so she had to use the other

to help her breathe.

“Miss, you must be cold. Are you going to the hospital alone? It’s getting late. You should be careful. You should have someone with you. You’re a beautiful lady. There have been a lot of stories in the news about ladies like you going missing.”

The driver warned her when he saw that she was going to the hospital alone at such a late hour.

Olivia put her hand down. She was warming up from the heater in the car. She watched the scenery outside the window rapidly passing by. Her mouth curled into a smile as she said, “Thank you, sir, but I’m fine. My family will be with me soon.”

She didn’t have any family.

Luckily, Keith was done with work. She had been waiting for the on-call doctor.

She saw a familiar face when she opened the door.

Keith walked in wearing a white coat and his head down. His face looked even more elegant with his silver-rimmed glasses resting on his nose.

Olivia didn’t know he was working tonight. It would be too obvious if she backed out now. Keith lifted his head while she was deliberating on what to do.

The eyes behind the glasses became more vibrant at the sight of her. Then, they quickly turned into a look

of concern.

He didn't think Olivia would come and see him this late. He rushed over quickly. "Is something wrong?"

Olivia was so cold. Her hands were numb, and her arm ached.

She said quickly, "Keith, my arm hurts."

The look on Keith's face changed the moment he heard that the arm with the mediport was hurting. "Quick, let me see. You studied medicine so you should know this. If the mediport loosens, it can cause your heart to constrict. You could be in great danger!"

This was not a small matter. Olivia had been very attentive toward that arm. However, what happened today was unexpected.

Keith began to examine her. Thankfully, the mediport was intact. Keith let out a breath of relief.

Without apprehension, Olivia suggested, "Keith, help me take it out."

"Take it out? You still have a few more rounds of chemotherapy ..."

Olivia looked into his anxious eyes and said lightly, "I'm done with them."

"I did tell you that you're quite healthy now, didn't I? You have a good chance of beating your cancer after you've completed the full course."

Olivia's face drained of color, but she was still determined. Frailly, she said, "I said I'm done with it, Keith."