

Chapter 345

Chapter 345 I Need Your Help

"Sweetheart, don't cry. Tell me what is going on," Aaron implored, his voice softer than I'd ever heard.

He was crouched by my bedside, his warm hand enveloping mine, his lips brushing against my skin.

But I was too consumed by my turmoil to consider his feelings.

A flicker of resentment sparked within me. Just now, Kristy revealed that Aaron had approached them. He had orchestrated this insincere façade of sympathy, leading me to believe that they truly regretted their past actions.

"I need space," I said, my voice raspy.

My mind wanted to escape the presence of everyone, including Aaron. This overwhelming sense of despair made me resent everyone in my vicinity, even myself.

I was foolish enough to journey to the ends of the earth, to the desolate expanse of Antarctica, just

for a postcard. I was the one still yearning for parental love, like a naive pupil, despite being a 30-year-old woman.

If only I had the strength, I would have slapped myself back to reality.

"Honey, talk to me. What did your mother say to you?"

Aaron persisted, trying to piece together the puzzle.

But I couldn't utter a word, not with the thought of Lukita still looming over me.

"I said, leave me alone!" I wrenched my hand free from his grasp.

My eyes squeezed shut, and hot tears coursed down my cheeks.

Aaron tried to comfort me one last

time, but sensing my heightened state, he finally retreated. As his hurried footsteps receded, I

guessed he was seeking Kristy's help to understand the situation.

Whether Kristy would reveal the truth or not was inconsequential at this point. I was resolved to protect this child growing within me, regardless of how Aaron would react upon learning about it.

This child, this life blossoming within me, was not for him. It was my sole connection to family in this desolate world.

My fingers traced a reverent path over the expanse of my flat belly as I yearned to detect some sign of the tiny life yet to take shape within me.

The unborn child, in his nascent wisdom, appeared to pick up on the melancholy waves emanating from his mother and responded with a faint nudge.

This subtle communication sparked a bittersweet reaction. My lips curled up, but my smile was swiftly swallowed by the sadness welling up in me.

Warm tears brimmed my eyes once again, and I allowed them to flow unchecked for a whole night.

My mind, ever the rationalist, attempted to convince me that I had no reason to mourn the absence of two people who had never quite filled the roles of parents. But my heart, the eternal sentimentalist, stubbornly clung to the pain and frustration. The memory of their harsh words was a bitter pill, causing a fresh wave of tears to break free.

When dawn broke, I was a study in silence. Apart from the telltale puffiness around my eyes, there was little outward evidence of my inner turmoil.

Yet, it was as if everyone around me possessed some uncanny ability to see through my facade.

Their eyes bore into mine, filled with a sympathy that I neither asked for nor wanted.

I didn't ponder over whether this was some projection of my mind or a genuine intuition. Instead, I

moved mechanically through the morning, obeying the instructions of the nurses and doctors with numb detachment.

Aaron didn't visit me that morning, and I could guess where he was going. When he finally appeared in the ward at noon, I turned to study him.

With his eyes down, he looked normal, but it somehow confirmed my suspicion. Kristy had kept my pregnancy a secret from him.

Had Aaron known, he wouldn't have been so composed. He might have been able to maintain a

calm demeanor, but his eyes would have betrayed him, instinctively drawn toward my belly. Our

subconscious has a way of revealing the truths we try to hide.

Aaron took a seat next to me, offering me a sip of water. "What did you and your mom discuss last night?"

His silence only lasted five minutes after he entered the ward.

I turned my head away, choosing to correct him instead of answering his question. "Kristy."

"What?"

"She's not my mom. I don't have a mother anymore." I paused for a moment, allowing the words to sink in. "Or a father."

Aaron sagged a little at my words, releasing a heavy sigh. "Okay, Kristy. So, what did you and Kristy talk about last night? Why are things like this?"

"Didn't you go to ask them? Didn't they tell you?" I was too exhausted to even look at him.

The emotional blows, coupled with my deteriorating health, had sapped all my energy. I could not weave any lies.

All I wanted was to recuperate, return to the States, and find a secluded sanctuary where I could bring my child into the world.

But, even the simple act of going to the bathroom was a Herculean task now.

"Damn it!" I cursed, my frustration boiling over.

Aaron took my hand in his, searching my eyes for answers. "Tell me. What's that I can't know?"

"Can you just stay out of my sight?" I snapped, my patience finally wearing thin. "I'm sick of seeing your face right now."

His presence served as a constant reminder of all the reasons that had brought me to this point.

Why did I leave the comfort of my life in America to confront a pair of unfit parents? I could have severed those ties back in the States, sparing myself from the avalanche, the late-night ambushes, and the pain of broken bones.

I wouldn't have wasted my bonus on this. Hell no! The thought of the wasted bonus was a stab in

the gut. I could have used it to purchase a ton of milk powder.

"Honey, remember why you're here?" Aaron's tone was surprisingly patient. "I don't want you and your parents to be worse off for it instead."

"I told you they're not my parents!" His words were a trigger, igniting my anger anew.

"Do you think I don't know what you did? You contacted them and let them pretend that they

regretted abandoning me, didn't you? Kristy told me all about it.

Do you think this false regret is going to fix things? I'm not a teenager!"

"Sorry." Aaron tried to comfort me with a hug, but I pushed him away.

"Aaron, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but I'm not in the mood right now." I paused and continued, "I need to leave this place. And you should go back too."

Aaron's POV:

I had messed up. Badly.

Every interaction with Olive seemed to spiral into a drama that I hadn't anticipated. The confidence I had once prided myself on had crumbled to dust each time I faced her.

I knew something was brewing beneath the surface—a secret that Olive and her parents were carefully guarding from me. And yet I was helpless, unable to penetrate the veil. It was a frustrating reality that made me doubt my capabilities like never before. Now, it felt like I was being systematically pushed out of her world.

Why was she so angry and sad? Why did she have such a big conflict with her parents? I had no idea. And I was accused of taking unauthorized actions. All previous experiences and methods became ineffective, and I was completely lost.

As I looked at the distant snow-capped mountains, the cold wind cut across my face like a knife. I

hesitated until only one thought remained in my mind.

I took out a satellite phone and dialed a number. The line connected quickly.

"Hello, this is Colston Adenauer."

Colston's voice entered my ears. I took a deep breath.

"It's me."

There was silence on the other end of the phone.

I spoke again, "I need your help."

"Are you with her?" Colston's tone became low, and his gentle demeanor disappeared.

"Yes," I said before he could make any sarcastic remarks. "She is in a really bad situation."