

Chapter 365

Chapter 365 Refusal

Sometimes, I felt like an idiot.

In the snow mountain, Aaron's words came to my head from time to time, "One should never feel hopeless."

When I heard Colston's statement, I finally recalled that those were the comforting words I had once said to Aaron.

I lived alone in New York in my childhood. Like a snail hiding in its shell, I'd been trying to forget those days. My painful past was a sore spot I never mentioned to anyone.

Over time, the memory of my childhood was sealed in my mind. Besides, I never paid attention to the signature Lukita.

"Colston, thank you." I wiped my eyes and thanked Colston again. He stared at me with confused eyes. I looked inside the ward through the glass door and continued, "This is the first time I've heard of Aaron's past. I'm sure I'm Lukita."

Colston's POV:

How I managed to leave the hospital calmly with Olive was beyond my imagination.

I sat alone in the living room for a long while after taking Olive to her room upstairs.

Before tonight, I had thought I was ready to propose to Olive. I had decided to raise with her the baby unknown by its biological father.

But things happened too fast tonight. It dawned on me that not everything went as I planned.

I loved Olive enough to do anything for her. I had even withdrawn from this love triangle so she could be back together with Aaron with dignity. *www.nóVéIwóT@m.cóm*

Pushing his beloved one to someone else was the most painful for a man.

I not only gave up my love but defended my love rival and watched Olive exclaim how she and he were meant to be.

However, I was shocked to know Olive was Lukita.

But meanwhile, I was somehow relieved. Perhaps it was a game by heaven, and I was destined to lose.

I took out the ring box from my pocket. In the dim light, the diamond ring gave off silver y light. Gradually, the light vanished before my eyes, just like my excitement about coming to New York.

Olive's POV:

The first ray of morning sunshine slanted over my face. I stared at the ceiling for a long while as if just coming out of a coma.

What had happened the day before was like a dream.

Or I'd rather it were a dream. *www.nóVéIwóT@m.cóm*

But life was real. I must face it. My phone beside my pillow was full of missed calls and new messages from Cinder. I needed to apologize to her for my rudeness and explain why I left hastily after talking to Colston last night.

"Olive! You've finally contacted me! What's the matter?"

I was surprised by how energetic Cinder sounded. She and I both got home after midnight last night.

I told her what happened yesterday while transferring myself to the wheelchair with difficulty.

"The girl Aaron has been thinking of is you? You've been jealous of and mad at yourself?" Cinder asked, astonished.

I nodded resignedly.

"I don't know... how to put it, but that's the fact. Cinder, you got the gist."

"What are you gonna do? What about your doctor

boyfriend?"

Cinder had so many questions. I knew she was concerned about me, but the questions were beginning to give me a headache.

The misunderstanding between Aaron and me had been cleared. It was supposed to be a joyful matter. But I had to admit that I had hurt Colston deeply.

I wheeled myself into the living room, but Colston was gone. There was only a brief sentence on the notepad, "Take care of yourself."

Colston had traveled over 6,000 km and spent eight hours on the plane to see me, but I only proved myself unworthy.

So, he broke up with me. It was over between us.

This had once been the ending I hoped for. His withdrawal from this relationship would save me a lot of trouble. *www.nóVéIwóT@m.cóm*

I was supposed to be relieved, but somehow, I felt suffocated as if under the burden of ten million tons.

I hung up without answering Cinder's last question. Afterward, I sent Colston a message on Facebook, "Sorry. Thank you."

Before long, he read it and replied with a smiley emoji, "I don't like it when my friends are too polite. If you do

want to thank me, look after Aaron for me. He's my friend, and he needs you."

My goodness. Colston was the most gentlemanlike ex-boyfriend I'd ever had. He neither betrayed me nor called me names nor pestered me. We became friends again, and I'd always be grateful for that.

Next, it was time for me to meet Aaron.

I called him several times, but his phone was off. Then, it occurred to me that probably he was still in a coma. I looked down at my wheelchair and had no choice but to call Cinder again.

Yes, I wanted to be independent. But currently, I couldn't go downstairs, hail a cab, and go to the hospital on my own.

Cinder agreed to help me immediately. She didn't complain about me hanging up on her in the morning and came to my apartment after 15 minutes.

But when we got to the ward, a nurse told us the Morris family's physician had taken the patient home.

The good news was that Aaron had woken up in the morning. The doctor said he was out of danger. But like me, he needed to stay in a wheelchair for more than ten days.

Cinder drove me to the Morris' house, but a bodyguard stopped us at the entrance.

"Tell Aaron Ms. Woods has come to see him. He'll let us in."

Cinder pointed first at the walkie-talkie over the bodyguard's chest confidently and then at me. Sitting in a wheelchair might put me at a disadvantage in height, but still, I looked at the bodyguard, smiling affirmatively with my head raised high.

Unexpectedly, after hearing Cinder out with a frown, the bodyguard shook his head.

"Miss, Mr. Morris says if Ms. Woods comes, we can't let her in."