

Chapter 334

Chapter 334 Reflection

Aaron's appearance matched my dream perfectly. Seeing his sunken eye sockets, and his bloodshot, tired blue eyes, I guessed he hadn't closed his eyes since re-ceiving my call from the snowy mountains.

The fact that he could make it here from the United States or Germany within two days was a miracle in itself.

And he managed to enter my room even before my parents, rescuing me from the clutches of Sam Robin. Just his presence alone was enough to deeply move me.

This man must love me so much! That thought occupied my entire mind.

I gently embraced Aaron, running my fingers through his brown curly hair. When people are in love, they often feel so over-whelmed that they want to cry, just like a child. Tears had already welled up in my

eyes.

Chapter 334 Reflection

But that dream had cast a shadow over me, one that was even greater than the impact of Robin's attack.

I dared not utter a single word about Luki-ia.

At this moment, his warmth felt so wonderful, and I wished it could last a little longer.

The weight leaning against me grew heavier and heavier, and suddenly, I snapped back to reality and looked down. Aaron was still hugging me, but he had quietly slipped into a deep sleep.

"Aaron?" My body couldn't bear its weight, and I began to tilt to one side.

Kristy and Chris quickly stepped forward to support Aaron and separate him from me. Their gaze shifted back and forth between our faces as if assessing our relationship. I could sense their doubts, but I didn't say anything.

I didn't know how to explain.

This was Aaron, my ex-boyfriend, and at the same time, the father of my child. But I had a boyfriend now, so I had to keep the child a secret from him.

The complexities and subtleties of this relationship made it difficult for me to speak.

"He is..." When Chris finally spoke up to ask, I hadn't figured out how to introduce Aaron specifically.

"Um... he's Aaron, Aaron Morris." After thinking for a while, I couldn't bring myself to say "ex-boyfriend," so I simply fell silent.

Whatever! I didn't have to explain my relationship with Aaron to anyone!

With the help of Chris and Kristy, Aaron was taken to an available room outside. I was exhausted and burdened with many things in my heart, and soon fell asleep again.

But this time, I dreamt again.

I found myself in a zombie movie, with Sam Robin covered in blood, his eyes emit-

ting a red glow fixed on me. His body twisted, staggering as he approached me with incredible speed. His mouth opened wider than humanly possible as if he wanted to swallow my entire head in one gulp...

I woke up from the dream drenched in cold sweat. The wound on my neck throbbed with each heartbeat. The tingling pain felt like countless ants crawling on my neck. It wasn't particularly intense compared to other injuries, but I couldn't ignore it. Most importantly, the attack was over, but the lingering sense of fear clung to me like a ghostly shadow and I couldn't shake it off. Whenever I closed my eyes, I was forced to relive it.

The door to my room was gently pushed open.

I was startled, and my memory flashed back to that moment. My muscles tensed, and my blood ran cold.

"Who's there?" My voice was filled with

caution, and due to fear, it sounded sharper and hoarser than usual.

"Don't worry." A gentle female voice responded.

I recognized her as the nurse who had treated my wounds, Rita, I think.

Only then did my tense body relax, and I let out a long breath, followed by a sharp headache.

"Sorry...I was so nervous..."

"That's all right, I understand." Rita was a chubby African-American woman, her thick curls tied back, and she often wore a comforting smile on her face.

She approached me, pushing a cart of medical supplies. "Anyone who experiences such an attack would have nightmares for a while. When you return to the United States, make sure to arrange an appointment with a psychologist."

"I will."

My body was still very weak. According to Dr. Wayne, when I was brought to the hospital, my breathing and heartbeat had almost stopped. It was Chris, my father, who pleaded desperately and convinced the emergency doctors to try everything they could.

After being put on ECMO, my heart and lung functions were temporarily replaced by the machine, and I was saved. Sam Robin had bitten into the wound left after the removal of the ECMO, and just stopping the bleeding and disinfecting it almost sent me back into the operating room. So far, half of my face hadn't fully recovered, and I still had a lingering numbness.

"The man who just came here, how is he now?" I couldn't help but ask as I saw Rita finishing the dressing change and preparing to leave the room.

Rita glanced at me with a knowing smile on her face.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm just curious..."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it." Rita interrupted me, but her expression made me realize that she didn't get it and was just giving me an out. "Don't worry, he's fine, just too exhausted from the long journey. He's awake now. When I came in, I saw him talking to your parents."

Rita left.

Not long after, Kristy and Chris walked in.

The sound of the door opening made me tense up again, but as soon as I recognized them, I relaxed and glanced past them.

Aaron wasn't with them.

"Aaron isn't doing so well, we had the doctor give him some nutrients," Chris seemed to catch my gaze and explained proactively.

"He's malnourished?" I was surprised.

The powerful second son of the Morris

Group needed nutrients.

"Not exactly," Kristy added, "it's just that we were afraid he would be sticking too close to you, and we didn't have a chance to talk to you alone."

Hearing this, I finally relaxed.

"What did he talk to you about just now?" I relaxed and lowered my gaze, avoiding my parents' gaze.

If it weren't for Aaron's sudden appearance, I didn't feel like engaging with these two right now. Without Aaron not around, I felt a barrier building between us once again.

To be honest, I wasn't sure how to communicate normally with my parents as their child.

"He talked to us about you. About that postcard." Kristy sounded incredibly guilty. "Sweetie, I am sorry. It's all our fault."

"But please believe us, we love you! It's

just... in the past, we didn't choose to stay with you because of our careers and love. We have always been guilty and regretful. But that was our choice, and we have to pay the price."

"The immense guilt overwhelmed us. You are mature enough now, and we don't dare to have too much presence in your life any more."

"The sense of guilt overwhelmed us. You are mature enough now, and we don't dare to have too much presence in your life any more."