

## Chapter 337

Chapter 337 Taking a Leave

There was a brief silence in the ward.

After I finished speaking, I secretly observed Aaron's expression.

The light in his eyes visibly

dimmed, making me feel guilty and uneasy.

Oops, it seemed like I went too far with my words.

"Sorry," Aaron lowered his head and gripped my hand tightly,

saying in a muffled voice. "In the past, I

wasn't mature enough. I thought that I was so in love with you,

and it was only natural for us to get

married and start a family, but I ignored your feeling."

Now I was sure that Aaron was truly different from his usual self!

He seemed overwhelmed by my words!

"On the plane here, I couldn't close my eyes for a moment. Every

time I did, I thought of that

nightmare."

It suddenly dawned on me about the dream he mentioned on the

phone. In a way, it felt like a

miracle! Across half the globe, Aaron dreamt of the things

happening to me in reality!

"Thank God you are still alive, and I still have a chance to make

amends," Aaron raised his gaze,

staring at me with deep affection. "I swear, from now on, I'm your

devoted follower. I won't make the

same mistake again or break your heart. I will always stay by your

side, even if we never get

married."

Aaron's confession was too passionate, causing my heart to race

uncontrollably,

and my face to flush.

Just then, a nauseous feeling surged up from my stomach. My

complexion immediately turned pale,

and I struggled as I started to retch. Seeing this, Aaron became flustered and quickly pressed the call button.

Dr. Wayne rushed over again. He frowned and sternly glared at Aaron. "What's wrong? Didn't I tell you not to get her emotionally worked up?"

"I didn't..." Aaron looked extremely aggrieved. "Okay, fine, I did. Just check what's wrong with her. Is it a problem with her digestive system?"

Oh God! Please! I pleaded in my mind, desperately signaling to Dr. Wayne.

"Oh, it's nothing serious. Just the sequelae of the concussion. It could last for a while, but it's mild," Dr. Wayne understood my

signal. "You should leave for now. She needs rest."

"A concussion? You didn't mention it when I asked about her condition earlier," Aaron grew extremely worried, his gaze continuously shifting toward me.

"I don't see there's any need." Dr. Wayne displayed excellent improvisational skills. "She was pushed off a snow mountain halfway up, then she got caught in an avalanche, and rolled down a long distance."

"Does she have to stay here for at least another week before she can take a flight? The medical equipment here is primitive."

"Aaron!" I couldn't help but speak up, reminding him to stop. Aaron shut up immediately.

Dr. Wayne smiled and said, "It's alright. The healthcare is indeed poor here, but believe me, your girl is stronger than you think."

As soon as he heard the words "your girl," Aaron was instantly reassured. He obediently followed Dr.

Wayne out of the room, and before leaving, Dr. Wayne subtly glanced back at me.

I was left speechless.

Dr. Wayne's smile just now made him seem like a cunning old fox. Well, it was a compliment.

After they left, I gently caressed my belly and fell into deep anxiety.

Should I tell Aaron about my pregnancy or not?

Subconsciously, I was against it.

Although Aaron was sincere just now and had moved me, the issues between us remained. And there were plenty of them.

The issue with Lukita aside, I couldn't even bring myself to answer him if he asked me when I got pregnant!

"You were drunk, and we slept." Such words definitely wouldn't pass. Aaron would ask why I had such an attitude after waking up.

In the end, the problem would come back to Lūkita!

It was all about that damn Lukita!

I was extremely frustrated. Cinder couldn't find any information about Lukita. Who the hell was she?

Should I ask Aaron? The plot from a couple of days ago in my dream was still vivid in my mind.

This made me ask myself. Can you handle the consequences? The answer was no.

Even for my health, I shouldn't take this risk now.

After thinking this through, I felt drowsy and drifted off to sleep.

...

I woke up screaming again.

"It's me, it's me, Olive..." Aaron held me tightly and soothed me. I opened my eyes, and my blurry vision met concerned gazes.

"Sweetie, did you have a nightmare again?" It was Kristy's voice. Villapt

Only then did I realize that I had been crying again?

The immense sadness from the dream still lingered even after I woke up, and my heart was

pounding.

"No," I lowered my gaze, avoiding all eyecontact. "I just accidentally moved my foot."

Compared to repeatedly returning to the desperate situation of the avalanche in the dream, I found it even more difficult to handle the current situation.

Kristy, Chris, Aaron, and several doctors and nurses were all present. I felt surrounded like an endangered animal, receiving their attention and care.

"I'll contact the nearby research stations of other countries to see if they have a psychologist available," Dr. Wayne said and then left with Rita.

The room was suddenly left with the three people I least wanted to face.

The silence made me feel uncomfortably awkward, especially with the way Kristy was looking at me.

That mixture of shame, worry, and the struggle to say something without daring to open her mouth was just irritating.

"Isn't it the breeding season for penguins now? Aren't you supposed to be working?"

Dr. Wayne's words from yesterday echoed in my ears. Thinking about how these two were cold and aloof until the day before the avalanche, and then crying in front of me yesterday, made me feel nauseous.

They shouldn't have become biologists; Hollywood would have suited them better! Maybe they could have won Best Actress or Best Actor awards.

I was their unexpected accident, something they couldn't abandon but had to turn a blind eye to.

And after thirty years, I suddenly appeared before them, rebellious like a teenager. To avoid being

the subject of gossip and judgmental gazes from people around, they had to put on a show of being model parents, concerned about their daughter. In reality, because of my accident, they hadn't had the chance to go out and observe penguins for several days. I didn't mind assuming the worst of them: deep down, they still resented me. I had disrupted their beloved careers and refused to accept their carefully crafted apologies.

"Don't worry about us. We've suspended our work and handed over the observation tasks to our colleagues," Kristy forced a smile, behaving like a good mother. "Now, the only thing we care about is you."

"Isn't it important to observe penguin breeding? Can you just hand over work so easily?" I asked in surprise.

"Nothing is more important than you, sweetie."

"Aren't your boss and colleagues blaming you? How long did you take leave?"

"We completely stopped for now, and there's no set duration," Kristy seemed excited and relieved that I was willing to communicate with them, and her attitude became unusually positive. "We've decided to return to the United States with you and stay until you fully recover."

"Wow," I exclaimed without any emotion, "So you can suspend work at any time as long as you want."