

## Chapter 343

Chapter 343 Mother-Daughter Talk

Aaron and I gave different responses at the same time.

Rock was momentarily stunned, his gaze shifting between me and Aaron, and then he burst into laughter.

He patted Aaron on his shoulder and said, "Young man, looks like you have to try harder."

"I will," Aaron replied unabashedly.

We arrived at the hospital, joking and laughing along the way.

However, before entering the ward, I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my abdomen. Instinctively, I held my belly, bent over, and the smile on my face was replaced by pain.

"What's wrong?" Aaron had been attentive to my physical condition. Almost immediately, he squatted down to check on me.

"Stomachache? Where exactly?"

"No... it's nothing..." The temporary forgotten anxiety instantly returned.

I was certain that was fetal movement!

Could a fetus of only three months move? I wasn't sure. I had never been pregnant before, and neither had my closest friends, so I had no experience in this regard.

At this moment, along with the movement in my belly, a wave of nausea surged in my stomach once again.

I instantly lost strength, and I turned my head and vomited on the ground.

"It's been almost two weeks. Why are the aftereffects still so severe?" Aaron was on the verge of panicking. He picked me up and rushed towards Dr. Wayne's office.

"Put... put me down..." Although Aaron's embrace was usually very secure, it was different now. I

couldn't bear any jostling!

This feeling was too uncomfortable!

"What's going on?" Rock was also stunned by my sudden symptoms and followed us.

I was so uncomfortable that my face turned pale, and I almost fainted.

"Dr. Wayne! She's vomiting again!" Aaron practically kicked open the office door and rushed in.

"Put her down!" As soon as Dr. Wayne saw me, his face changed, and he immediately shouted.

Thank goodness someone who knew the situation finally spoke up for me.

"You can't carry her like that, it's too jostling." Dr. Wayne quickly approached and asked about my condition.

"It's nothing." I didn't want to say much.

"Please be honest with me, Dr. Wayne. Is she allowed to take a plane now? I'm really worried that there might be other undetected illnesses. She's vomiting unusually."

Aaron's concern was so genuine.

Under normal circumstances, I would have been moved, but now I just felt nervous.

If I were to let him accompany me back to the United States, to undergo a comprehensive physical examination at the private hospital of the Morris family, my secret would be exposed!

I looked at Dr. Wayne in a panic.

"Given her current situation, it will still take a few more days at least. As you can see, her condition isn't stable even for a full day."

Aaron reluctantly squatted down, his eyes filled with concern as he stared at me. "Are you still

feeling dizzy? Is there any other pain?"

"Not really," I was feeling a little guilty." Aaron, I'm feeling a bit tired."

Forgive me, but this was currently the most convenient excuse I had.

Aaron sent me back to the ward. "Can you sleep alone for a while? I need to apologize to Dr. Wayne for that heavy kick earlier. Seems like his door was broken. And by the way, I really can't help but worry about your vomiting."

"Okay, go ahead." I couldn't wait for him to leave.

Dr. Wayne was skilled in improvisation, and he should be able to handle things more easily.

At least easier than me.

I lay on the bed pretending to sleep and ended up falling asleep.

"Sweetie, can you hear me?" In a daze, it seemed like I heard someone shaking my body.

Was it a dream?

"Olive, it's me. There's something I want to tell you." It sounded like Kristy's voice.

I groggily opened my eyes. In the dimly lit room, Kristy was sitting alone by the bed-side, looking at me.

I glanced out the window. Well, it was early morning.

"What happened?" It was an unusual time for her to have a conversation with me, and I couldn't imagine what Kristy wanted to talk about.

But her expression looked serious, and also conflicted, as if she was struggling with something. I

couldn't decipher her specific emotions at that moment.

"I want to talk to you about the baby," Kristy spoke in a hushed tone, seemingly not wanting others outside to hear. "Your father and I heard about what happened last night from Rock. I've been

thinking about it, and I thought it would be better to talk about it with you."

"Talk about what?" I still didn't understand her intention.

But Kristy leaned closer to me, her voice tense and cautious. "If... and I mean if you don't want this child, I can ask Dr. Wayne to help with an abortion."

What?

Kristy's words were like a heavy bomb exploding next to my ear, catching me completely off guard.

At that moment, an infinite rage ignited within me. I almost jumped up from the bed, ready to shout

in anger. But the last shred of sanity restrained me.

I stared at her intensely, "Why are you telling me this?"

"Your father and I have caused irreparable harm to you, and now, I don't want to see you hurt

anymore." Kristy sadly looked at me, with a seemingly mother's compassionate gaze. "I can see that

you and Aaron love each other. But if this child becomes a source of conflict between you..."

"What do you mean?" Finally, the anger broke through my last bit of sanity.

For the first time in my thirty years of life, I experienced the pinnacle of fury.

"Do you think what you're saying now is for my good, Kristy?"

I was so infuriated. I wished I could immediately jump off the bed and give this woman in front of me a good beating.

"You regret giving birth to me so much? So now, when you see your reflection in me, you have the nerve to hide behind the excuse of doing it for my good, hoping I can fix the mistakes you made in the past?"

"No... Sweetie, you get me wrong!" Kristy panicked, "I'm so sorry, I didn't express myself well. But I didn't mean that!"

"Then what do you mean?" My heart ached as if it were dying. Every time I looked into this woman's eyes, I felt like my soul was being torn apart by this devil before me.

Why was there such a cruel mother in the world?

"You want me to kill my child!" I was so angry that tears streamed down my face. My chest cramped, and even the child in my womb seemed to sense my anger and sadness, moving slightly.

"Listen, Kristy, whether you love your child or your business! This is my child, and I will give birth to him or her!" I stared at Kristy with determination, tears flowing endlessly. "I will shower this child with love and provide them with the happiest childhood. I won't let this child endure the same pain and grievances as I did! I will not become another you!"