

Chapter 330

Chapter 330 Dream

I knew exactly what I was struggling with.

Lukita!

"Sweetheart," Aaron knelt on one knee, gripping my hand tightly and affectionately. "Will you marry me? I want to give you and our child a complete family. I swear, I will protect our family for the rest of my life. No one can separate us."

Aaron's tone was more uplifting than usual, and I could sense his excitement.

He seemed genuine about it.

Perhaps it was the encouragement from his affectionate blue eyes that gave me an invisible push. A surge of strength coursed through my body.

"Aaron," I took a deep breath, trying to suppress my excitement and apprehension at this moment. "Do you love me?"

"Is it not obvious enough?" Aaron leaned down to kiss the back of my hand, his lips curling into a charming smile.

"Then...who is Lukita?" I gathered my courage and finally voiced the question that had been weighing on my heart for a long time.

I saw the smile freeze on Aaron's face.

He suddenly fell silent, his blue eyes were still staring at me, but they were no longer affectionate as before.

Instead, I felt indifference.

In that instant, it felt like there was a galaxy separating the man before me.

"How do you know that name?" Aaron's voice grew low, each word pronounced syllable by syllable. "Who told you? Colston?"

My tears instantly overflowed, rushing out like a broken dam.

In that instant, my heart shattered into countless pieces, scattered all over the ground. Once the wind blew, it could never be pieced back together.

There was no need for further questioning. Aaron's reaction had already revealed everything - Lukita was the most important person in his heart. I could never compare to her.

I easily withdrew my hand, and Aaron hardly stopped me.

"I'm not a substitute for anyone," my voice choked. "I have my dignity, and I deserve complete love!"

Aaron didn't respond to my breakdown.

My heart sank little by little.

This hurt more than when I found out about his fiancée and their impending engagement! Aaron was an expressive person, and the love he gave me was passionate and fervent. But what captivated me was every detail of how he had endured for me.

I couldn't imagine how deeply he must have loved that woman to keep her firmly in his heart. No one could mention her, including me.

A tremendous sense of helplessness overwhelmed me.

I didn't need to know who Lukita was or to compare us to see who was more beautiful or talented. In Aaron's heart, she was the most important.

From the very beginning, I had suffered a crushing defeat.

"You should go," I turned my body away from Aaron.

It was quiet in the ward, with no sound for a long time. But I knew he was still there.

At this point, even I wasn't sure what I was still hoping for. But the longer he remained silent, the more a glimmer of despair grew within me.

What was he hesitating about? Was it possible for him to change his mind?

Time passed, and just as a glimmer of hope started to flicker in my heart, I turned my head to look back.

"You have a good rest." Aaron's voice echoed.

Then, his footsteps gradually faded away. The door was opened and closed again.

The hospital room fell into a dead silence.

I held my posture of about to turn around and slowly lay back on the bed, with my tears streaming down incessantly.

He would not come back—I just knew it.

The feeling of a broken heart was more painful than death itself. The agony of having my soul forcibly torn apart swept through my entire body, reaching the deepest part of my being. I couldn't stop crying, as if I wanted to shed all the tears of my life.

"Wake up... sweetie, wake up."

Suddenly, the whole world began to sway, and my body was gently shaken by a pair of hands.

I opened my eyes and saw the worried faces of my parents.

"Sweetie, are you okay?" Kristy asked softly.

"Baby, are you okay?" Kristy asked softly.

"Does it hurt a lot? Is the analgesia pump not working?" Chris was also worried.

But I wasn't in the mood to answer them. I noticed that they had changed their clothes. After a brief blank in my mind, my brain gradually started functioning again. I turned my head to look outside the window—it was already daytime. "Nothing," I reached out and wiped away the tears on my face haphazardly. "I just had a dream."

There was no Aaron at all.

No Aaron, no proposal, no confession. It was just a dream.

"Sweetie, didn't you know you are pregnant?" Kristy asked me cautiously. "Yesterday, after you woke up and learned this news, you fell into a deep sleep again. And now, you're crying in your dream. Did something bad happen to you in the United States and Germany?"

"I've been asleep for a whole day?" I was somewhat surprised.

I thought it was just a dream, but it turned out that I had been unconscious for so long. It seemed that I was truly weak now.

"How is the baby?" I subconsciously touched my abdomen.

"There were some symptoms of threatened miscarriage, but they have been controlled. There isn't enough medical equipment for a more comprehensive examination. The doctor is only sure that the baby is still alive," Kristy said, hesitating once again. "Sweetie, do you want us to contact the father of the child?"

"No need," I rejected the suggestion without hesitation.

I couldn't let Aaron know!

Everything that happened in the dream felt so real. I did not doubt that if Aaron arrived here and learned about my pregnancy, he would react just like in the dream. But if he proposed, I couldn't simply pretend not to know about Lukita and be with Aaron.

However, as soon as I asked him about Lukita, the dream had already played out the scenario for me.

And it was terrible!

I was so focused on that heartbreaking dream that I missed the exchange of glances between my parents. They seemed to misunderstand something.

It was only after a while that I noticed the sudden silence in the room. I looked up at my parents and saw the look of concern and hesitation on their faces as if they wanted to say something but didn't dare.

I knew they had many questions, but I didn't want to explain to them.

To be honest, the news of my pregnancy had caught me off guard, but it didn't make me abandon my prejudice against my parents. At that moment, I suddenly noticed that there was gauze wrapped around my father's knuckles. The other hand had the same thing.

A ridiculous thought popped into my mind, and I couldn't help but chuckle. "Was this from beating up Sam Robin?"

Chris noticed my gaze and immediately hid his hands behind his back.

His unusual behavior made me raise my eyes and catch a glimpse of his expression. Then, I could pretty much confirm that my guess was correct. "Did you beat him up?" I was a bit surprised but immediately found it amusing. "Aren't you afraid he'll

accuse you of assault? You might end up being forcibly sent back to the United States for trial and be separated from your beloved penguins by half the world."