

Chapter 341

Chapter 341 Another Try

I admit that I still lacked courage.

Bringing up Lukita directly was too risky for me. That dream felt too real! And Aaron's care during this time had me hopelessly hooked.

The more I fell into it, the less I dared to ask.

"Oh no, you know how to ask difficult questions..." There was a tinge of shame in Aaron's tone, but he still honestly answered, "Babe, if I told you that I have only been with you, would you believe me?"

I forced a smile, turned my head, and gave him a sarcastic look.

"Manhattan's best candidate for infidelity? Only one woman? Do you think I believe that?"

His answer didn't particularly upset me, but I still cared.

"I still remember your ex-girlfriend, oh, the same red hair and green eyes. Are you sure I'm not just a substitute for someone else?" I practically implied it.

As long as Aaron disclosed Lukita's existence at this moment, I would forgive him.

Everyone had their past, that's no big deal. I had been in a relationship with Vincent for a few years!

I didn't mind these things. But I needed reassurance that he only had me in his heart and that the woman hidden deep inside could truly become the past!

"Oh my god, sweetheart, are you questioning my taste?" Aaron sighed and looked up. "I've explained it to you before. She's not my ex-girlfriend. Even if there were substitutes, they would be substituting for you. After all, you're the first woman I am in deep love with, and the only one."

He looked at me affectionately and stroked my cheek gently.

But my heart sank.

Why?

I had put it all out there, yet he was still playing dumb!

At that moment, all the good feelings instantly lost their color. My world turned black and white once again. Anxiety, helplessness, sadness, and depression... all sorts of emotions overwhelmed me.

"What's wrong? Not satisfied with my answer?" Aaron leaned closer to my face and said dotingly. "Or are you feeling unwell?"

"No." I resisted the urge to cry and avoided his gaze, "I want to go back and rest."

"Got it, my queen." Aaron didn't notice it and wheeled me back to my ward with a smile.

Out of his sight, I bit my lip, not letting the emotion out.

Aaron, did you know what I disliked the most about you? You always treated me like a fool, making decisions according to your wishes! That was why we broke up! In a fit of anger, I returned to the ward and kicked Aaron out of the room that night.

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Aaron's POV:

Why? Had I done anything wrong?

I racked my brain, trying to figure out what went wrong.

Every word I said came from the bottom of my heart, but why did Olive suddenly get angry? The smiles that had finally appeared vanished. She even refused to go out with me again and her temper became explosively fiery. It felt like I was being grouped with her parents and indiscriminately excluded.

I turned to Colston for help once again, but this time, even he was clueless.

"Perhaps it's still about her parents?" Colston hesitated in his tone. "What have they

been doing lately? Has Olive been meeting them?"

"They met last night, and Olive sent me away." "I seemed to have grasped a clue, "I'll go talk to them."

I immediately approached the Woods couple.

"No offense, but I want to know what you guys talk about with Olive last night." I didn't hide my concern, "She was in a better mood the past few days, but now she's gloomy again. I've thought about it, and you're the only variable."

"Don't blame it on us," Chris responded rudely. "When we saw her, she was already in a bad mood.

You were the only one with her before that."

"That's not possible. Everything was fine on our way back. She changed after we returned to the ward," to be honest, I wasn't particularly keen on dealing with Olive's parents.

On one hand, they were Olive's parents, her biggest emotional burden. I sincerely hoped that this burden could be completely lifted someday. But based on the current situation, I didn't think there was any sign of resolution solely through their efforts.

On the other hand, I genuinely despised these selfish parents.

"Anyway, just tell me what you talked about. I'll figure out the rest on my own," I said impatiently.

"Mr. Morris, if I remember correctly, you're just our daughter's ex-boyfriend, not her husband. Why should we tell you every-thing?" Kristy's gaze toward me was filled with wariness and rejection.

This only worsened my impression of this couple.

"Don't you see Olive and I are in love with each other?"

"Sorry, but we don't see it," Kristy was stubborn. "If it's really as you say, then why don't you ask her instead of coming to ask us?"

Damn it! Shit! I was left speechless!

No wonder she was Olive's biological mother; her skill in retorting was equally impressive.

After suffering a defeat, I had no choice but to seek out Olive again. I practically dragged her out, shamelessly insisting that she get some fresh air.

Olive was still in a bad mood.

"Baby, I'm begging you, can you tell me who pissed you off?" I was on the verge of kneeling before

her. "My princess, my queen, my everything! I finally managed to make you laugh for a few days.

Did your parents say something stupid again?"

"It has nothing to do with them."

"Then who does it have to do with? You have to tell me so I can help you solve it."

Olive glared at me angrily. "You."

"What did I do?" I felt so wronged!

"You're just too annoying! Does that reason count?" She spoke in frustration.

"So it's still your parents' fault," I concluded.

"I said it's not. I don't have any feelings left for them!"

"That's the problem!" I caught something wrong. "You're still avoiding them, rather than facing the hurt they caused you."

"Aaron, you think you're a psychologist?" Olive seemed even angrier. "Stop trying to interpret my feelings! It's annoying."

"And you're still avoiding the issue." Although saying this would temporarily make Olive dislike me even more, I believed I made the right judgment.

I crouched in front of her, holding her hands in mine. "Sweetheart, do you remember

what happened on our first day at the snow mountain? You said, before you made that phone

call a hundred times, you

thought the wound didn't exist, but in reality, you were just avoiding it."

I kept kissing her back and encouraged her in my gentlest tone.

"How about trying again? You are very brave."

In my mind, the image of a lovely girl appeared.

"How about trying again? You are very brave." With an innocent and clear gaze, she looked at me.