

## Chapter 351

Chapter 351 Confession

The ward was in chaos.

Cinder exclaimed as she stepped forward to hold me up and pat my back.

"Doctor! Get a doctor!" Aaron screamed as he prepared to ring the call bell.

I grabbed his arm, stopping his movements. I tried to say something, but another wave of revulsion made it impossible for me to muster the energy to utter a single syllable.

Cinder scrambled to grab the tissue from the nightstand and wipe it for me while the caregiver rushed to get tools from the corner to clean up. When I finally caught my breath, I was greeted by a sea of worried faces.

"Why are you still throwing up? Any more vertigo?" Aaron squatted in front of me, gazing into my eyes. I shook my head. "No need to call a doctor. I'm fine."

It was just the baby in my womb reminding me that I still had loved ones. As hard as the pregnancy reaction was, the physical discomfort was nothing compared to the mental soothing it brought.

"Vertigo?" Cinder craned her neck to look at Aaron.

"The sequela of a concussion," he explained. "It's gotten better lately, but it never fully recovered."

Cinder gave me a look before turning back to Aaron and nodding. She stood up and pushed him toward the door. "Your presence is no longer needed here. Give us the room."

"What's that I can't hear?" Aaron protested.

"More than enough for you not to hear!" Cinder retorted bossily.

"Don't forget why you asked me to

come here, and don't make me slap you in front of all these people."

I had rarely seen Aaron so defeated, but the way he was holding back was kind of funny.

After he left, Rita and the caregiver had the good sense to leave after completing their work. The next thing I knew, I was getting eye torture from Cinder.

"What for?" I asked, not understanding why she was suddenly looking at me so silently.

"Are you pregnant?" Her words made my expression freeze.

"My God! You really are..." She subconsciously raised her voice and then silenced herself, glancing cautiously in the direction of the doorway before looking back at me.

"You really are a miracle, my baby!" She lowered her voice and whispered, "Don't tell me that night caused this! Or I'll go crazy."

I didn't know what to say. I just sheepishly withdrew my eyes.

"You gotta be kidding me." Cinder spun hysterically, grabbing her blonde hair.

"There's no need to be so surprised, is there?" I said diffidently.

"You look more emotional than I am."

Cinder suddenly leaned over and looked fixedly at me. "Why aren't you? Don't tell me you did it on purpose!"

"Of course not!" I explained in a hurry, "I admit that I did forget to take emergency contraception after that day, but you know that I was in the lab for over two months straight after that. I was busy as hell. And my periods were already pretty irregular."

"My goodness! What a legendary experience!" Cinder paced back and forth in front of me, suppressing the urge to yell. "So, you came to Antarctica with a little life in your womb, got attacked, avalanched, and admitted to the ICU... And this little guy is fine!"

"You think it's magical too, don't you?" I couldn't help but laugh at her frantic look.

Cinder stopped and gave me a sullen look. "Seriously? Hold on! None of the doctors or nurses here know about your pregnancy?"

"They know, including my biological parents.

I told them to keep it from Aaron."

"Why?" Cinder blurted out, and then she understood. "I see. Well, did the doctor check on the baby?"

"This little one is full of life," I replied. "However, the details will require a detailed lab test when we return to the United States."

"So, you had that guy make a phone call to get me here?" Cinder asked curiously.

"What? Me? No!" I exclaimed, not understanding what Cinder meant by that.

Cinder was surprised by my reaction. "You didn't mean it?"

"What?" I asked confusedly.

"Aaron told me that you became emotionally aberrant after a nighttime conversation with your... biological mother," Cinder explained. "You were rejecting everyone, including him."

"Oh," I said. "I vented my anger on him. I wanted to hide the pregnancy reaction, and he stuck by me 24 hours a day. It really annoyed me."

Cinder giggled. The atmosphere eased a bit, and she took my hand gently.

"Tell me everything about that night."

"Kristy wants me to abort the child," I said quietly.

"What? Why?" Cinder exclaimed in shock.

"She probably thought that my efforts to hide the pregnancy might have been because

the baby wasn't Aaron's. I must say,

Aaron has been sweet here all this time. Everyone thinks he loves me and that we are a perfect match." I laughed bitterly and continued, "So, Kristy probably doesn't want the baby to affect our relationship."

"What era are we in? How is it possible that there are still people who believe a woman's womb must be faithful to a man?"

Once again, I was amused by her words. "I'm afraid if you put that on Twitter, you'd cause a stink."

"Whatever! I mean, she doesn't even know what happened between Aaron and you. You guys are not back together, are you?"

"Of course not."

"That's good." Cinder sighed in relief and immediately acted straight again. "Since you're not back together, you're two single individuals. If he wants to pursue you, he should show his sincerity. If he gives up because you're pregnant, then it's better not to have this man."

I looked at her with a smile, but my mood wasn't exactly bright. Cinder noticed and gazed at me worriedly. "Did you ask him about Lukita? As much as I hate to admit it, maybe it's just a misunderstanding."

"I've asked him if he ever thought of me as a stand-in for anyone, but he brushed me off flirtatiously."

"What did he say?" Cinder's brow furrowed in a serious expression.

I thought about it and replied, "He said that I was the only woman he ever had. Even if there were doubles, they were my doubles. I was the first and only woman he ever loved deeply."

I couldn't believe I still remembered those words so vividly. Cinder rolled her eyes. "He has the nerve to say that?"

"Yeah." I sighed and gripped Cinder's handback tightly. "I'm glad you're here."

An idea popped into my head the moment I saw Cinder at the South Pole.

I looked into her eyes and whispered, "Hon-ey, get me out of here, away from Aaron, will you?"

"Sure! I'm so relieved that you've moved on." Cinder gripped my hand tightly and said, "Don't be soft.

After the baby is born, I can be his or her 'father'. When we get back to the States, I'll find you 100

male

models to play with!"

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