

Chapter 339

Chapter 339 100 Calls

Olive's POV:

In the past week, my mental state had been terrible. Everyone looked at me with the same expression: furrowed brows, dull eyes, pressed lips, full of anxiety and worry, but they dared not say anything other than words of comfort.

Although I found it suffocating, I couldn't be bothered to complain or explode.

I knew that in their eyes, I was now close to a mental patient.

Doing anything more would only confirm their perception. There was no psychiatrist in Antarctica, and if I were to "go crazy," it would only make everyone even more miserable.

Although I didn't care whether others felt upset, I just... couldn't be bothered.

But on this day, when I woke up, Aaron suddenly appeared. He was fully geared up, wearing an outdoor jacket and goggles, and he pushed a wheelchair into the ward. Behind him was Rita.

"What's going on?" I was completely bewildered. "Didn't Wayne say yesterday that I can't get on a plane for now?"

"We're not going on a plane." Aaron took out all of my warm undergarments, outdoor jacket, and other clothing. "We're going somewhere else."

After saying that, he turned to Rita and said, "I'll leave her to you."

"I've got it covered," Rita said confidently and walked towards me with enthusiasm. Meanwhile, Aaron left the room.

"Where is he taking me?" I changed out of the hospital gown with Rita's help and wore all the necessary outdoor gear.

Rita winked at me mysteriously. "You'll know when we get there." I chuckled helplessly. "Even you have been bribed by that guy. Rita, you let me down."

"Haha, just kidding." Rita laughed heartily. "Okay, he said that the environment here is too depressing, and he wants to take you out to relax and have a date. Wayne also thinks it would be good for you. I hope you can feel happy, Olive. You're a kind lady, and I hope you can recover as soon as possible."

Rita hugged me, and then she called Aaron back into the room. He carried me onto the wheelchair, covered me with a thick blanket, and we

left the room. This was the first time I had left this cramped room since the avalanche.

Perhaps they were right. Just stepping out of the room and seeing unfamiliar people coming and going in the corridor already lightened my mood somewhat.

As I was being wheeled away from the hospital, the cold wind blowing in my face reminded me once again that I was in Antarctica.

"I will never come to Antarctica again." I shrank my neck and said firmly.

Aaron took me to the foot of a snowy mountain.

"This is the snow mountain you climbed that day." He pointed to a corner of the mountain. "That's where you experienced the avalanche."

I looked in the direction of his fingers.

From this angle, the snow mountain on the Hut Point Peninsula didn't look very tall at all. The place he pointed at didn't even have much snow. At least, from where we were standing at the moment, it appeared that way.

I squinted, trying to make my vision clearer.

Finally, in the direction Aaron was pointing, I saw a very slight snow slide.

"That's it?" I questioned in disbelief.

"Yes. What you experienced was just a small avalanche, but 'small' is only relative to observers. For those who experienced it firsthand, even the smallest avalanche is deadly enough," Aaron said, leading me further in the direction of the avalanche.

The closer we got to this familiar snow mountain, the flashes of my thoughts from that time became more intense. Although my rational mind told me that the snow mountain in front of me was nothing to be concerned about, that it posed no threat, my hands still involuntarily clenched the handles of the wheelchair.

"Why did you bring me here?" My vocalcords sounded different than usual, tense and stiff, "Is this where you want to take me today?"

"I contacted Colston." Aaron's sudden honesty took me by surprise.

I wanted to turn my head and see his expression, but that movement was still a bit too difficult for me at the moment.

"I told him about your situation, and he confirmed that you are having PTSD now."

"So... is this the treatment plan he came up with? Revisiting the old place?"

"Yes, exposure therapy. It's a short-term structured psychological intervention. By re-experiencing the situation to a certain extent, it allows you to confront that fear again, and gradually familiarize and overcome it with enhanced psychological resilience," Aaron explained. He was surprisingly

frank and his tone softened, resembling Colston's style. "Of course, if you are extremely frightened and can't bear it, just let me know."

After speaking, he continued to wheel me towards the snow mountain.

Today, the wind in Antarctica wasn't as biting as it was on the day of the avalanche. I remained silent, watching the snow mountain in front of me grow larger and gradually merge with the images in my memory. The anxiety and fear within me gnawed away like countless ants.

But every time I showed even a hint of anxiety, nervousness, or mental tension, Aaron would immediately stop and patiently chat with me for a long time.

"Remember when we went skiing with your best friend?" Aaron's voice was deep, carrying a touch of laziness. "Snow isn't terrifying. It has brought you joy as well." Perhaps his description was too detailed, as my memories traveled back to the Christmas vacation five years ago along with his recollection.

We walked and stopped intermittently.

However, limited by my physical condition, we could only stay at the base of the mountain, closest to the spot where I experienced the avalanche.

"That's where your father and the rescue team found you," Aaron reached out to point me in that direction. "See that protruding piece of snow? You fell from there and rolled down to here."

"Just that?" I was stunned.

Back then, I felt like I was almost rolling down to the foot of the mountain! But from this angle, it was a very short distance. The slope wasn't steep either, and it even looked beautiful.

At this moment, I truly felt that this so-called

exposure therapy seemed to be working.

Those fears that were infinitely magnified in my heart quietly subsided at this moment. Immediately

afterward, a warm current surged from the bottom of my heart.

"Thank you, Aaron." I thanked him from the bottom of my heart. "I am not that afraid now."

"Really? That's great." Aaron seemed greatly encouraged, and his mood became uplifted.

He came in front of me, squatted down, and looked up at me.

"Now, can you tell me what happened to you before you called me and was rescued?"

As Aaron's words reached my ears, my heart gave a strong throb.

"Is this also part of the exposure therapy?"

"Yes." Aaron looked at me with encouraging eyes. "While the snow mountain and avalanche can

indeed trigger you, they are not the only themes of your recent nightmares. There is something else bothering you."

I fell silent.

In my mind, some scenes resurfaced—the 100 unanswered phone calls.