

Chapter 340

Chapter 340 Testing

"There is nothing much to say," I said in an onychalant tone.

"Why?"

"It's all in the past. I've moved on."

Aaron's silence made me realize that he didn't believe my words.

The warm stream within me was replaced by restlessness.

"Fine, exposure therapy, I get it. So aslong as I don't talk about it, you'll see it as avoidance and fear, right?" I was getting annoyed. "But I'm just not used to recounting those things."

"Why?"

That simple "why" left me speechless. At that moment, I even doubted myself.

Did I care about those 100 phone calls?

This immediately aroused my unwillingness to admit defeat. I wanted to prove that I had indeed let go of my obsession with my parents.

"Before you...", I started, but my vocalcords suddenly closed up, and not a single word could come out.

Aaron's gaze now felt provoking to me.

I didn't like the way he looked at me now!

"Before you called me," I spoke up again, "I... I called Kristy, my mother... 100times... and she didn't answer until the 101st call."

As I said those words, it felt as if a huge boulder had been lifted from my heart.

But the overwhelming sense of disappointment that followed got me worked up again. And the most evident sign was that I wanted to cry.

My vision became blurry as tears welled up in my eyes, and even my voice took on a sobbing tone.

"The moment she answered the call, I... asked her if she and Chris were waiting for me at Scott's Hut. And then... she apologized to me in a casual tone. She said she was observing penguins, so she had silenced her phone..."

Before I could finish speaking, Aaron hugged me tightly. In an instant, tears streamed down my face. The overwhelming grievances and sorrows seemed to be poured out and released at this moment.

I broke down in tears, and I cried for a long, long time.

"Babe, if you ever get into trouble again, call me anytime. I promise you I'll be available 24/7, and I won't let something like this happen again," Aaron's voice trembled as well.

I pushed him away and noticed that his eye was also red.

"You're crying."

"Yes." Aaron kissed the back of my hand lightly, "My girl has suffered so much, and it breaks my heart."

A hint of bashfulness emerged amidst the overwhelming sense of grievance.

I withdrew my hand. "You are still so good at saying these sweet words."

After telling him about the 100 phone calls, I felt a strange sense of accomplishment. It was a wonderful feeling as if a voice was cheering,

"You did it!"

Then, it felt more natural and less shameful to tell him the rest.

"You know what? I thought I was going today. I waited for a long time but no one showed up. When I was dying, I even dreamt about when I was 11 years old and my parents stood me up at my

elementary school graduation ceremony. They compensated me by sending me to a summer camp in Hawaii..."I told him a lot.

"The summer camp in Hawaii, did you enjoy it?"

I reminisced for a moment. "I can't remember clearly. I tend to forget many

unpleasant memories from my childhood. It's like a self-defense mechanism. But I suppose there were brief moments of happiness."

"Why is that?"

"Because I vaguely remember that after hanging up that call, I planned to commit suicide in Hawaii, using my death as revenge against them." I paused for a moment, then looked at Aaron. "Sorry, it's all bad memory. I was young back then. But now I don't have any such childish thoughts at all."

Aaron held me tightly once again.

I saw his eyes getting moist once more.

Well, the way he suppressed tears with red eyes looked even more attractive than ever before.

"So, does the exposure therapy work, Dr. Aaron?" I joked as we walked back.

"What do you think?"

"I think it's a success. But remember, you are a psychologist today. And I warn you, don't make fun of me with what I said today!" I threatened fiercely.

Aaron smiled charmingly, "I won't."

Suddenly, he stopped.

"Do you see that peak over there?" He gestured for me to look into the distance. "Mount Erebus, an active volcano, the second-highest peak in Antarctica."

"An active volcano? How do you know?" I was surprised as I gazed at the distance.

At that moment, the sunset cast its golden glow upon the snowy mountain, creating a shimmering scene that was reminiscent of the view I saw on the day of the avalanche.

Nature could be cruel, yet it possessed an unparalleled beauty. On the way back, I saw Dr. Wayne.

"What a coincidence, are you coming to admire the snowscape too?" I greeted him happily.

"I've seen this kind of scenery for many years." Dr. Wayne walked towards us with a smile.

Aaron then told me, "Actually, he's been following us all along."

"What?" I was shocked.

"I'm worried that this guy's actions might harm your health. But now I can rest

assured," Dr. Wayne said with a smile, eyeing me with amusement.

I lowered my head in embarrassment.

Aaron's relationship with Dr. Wayne seemed much better. The three of us walked back together, and they engaged in a lively conversation.

"Can she come out tomorrow? I think she should get some fresh air."

"No problem. I can be your guide," Dr. Wayne replied, his tone suddenly becoming playful. "As long as you don't mind having a third wheel."

"Dr. Wayne!" I was a little annoyed.

The two men exchanged knowing smiles.

"How about visiting Scott's Hut tomorrow? I heard it is a scenic spot."

Aaron suggested.

"Yes, it's been 100 years, but it's still well-preserved..."

That night, I finally got a solid sleep.

No nightmares, no sadness, no screaming in the middle of the night. Even Dr. Wayne said that my

physical recovery was progressing normally. As a result, Aaron became even more popular at the hospital.

Everyone jokingly called him "Dr. Morris."

In the following days, he took me to various places on Ross Island for sightseeing. At first, I was quite happy, but the occasional bouts of morning sickness made me wish he would return home soon.

"You've been here for so many days. Are you sure your work won't be affected?"

"Don't worry, I've arranged everything on the flight here. I'll just focus on you." Aaron was still oblivious to my unusual condition. He still believed that my vomiting was merely a symptom of postconcussion syndrome.

He wheeled me along, and I had an impulse.

Aaron has been so gentle with me these days. Sometimes I would throw up, but he didn't find it disgusting at all. He patiently cleaned me up and did everything he could to make me happy.

No one could resist his damn gentleness!

"Can I ask you a question?" I summoned up my courage and asked cautiously.

"You can ask me anything." Aaron seemed completely okay with it.

"Mark your words." I thought for a while, "Then tell me how many women you have been with before."