

## Chapter 301 Me?

"Since this knot cannot disappear naturally over time, the best thing to do is to face it."

That was the advice given by Adenauer.

It was professional, and I approved. Just what to do with it? I didn't know.

"Actually, I saw a postcard today in my mailbox at my place in Manhattan. It said something about celebrating the fact that I own the first house in my life." I told him what had happened during the day. "But that was three years ago! I really can't understand what kind of parents can be so cold to their children!"

Looking at each word on the postcard, I felt overwhelmed with mockery.

Missing me? Were they really missing me? Or was it just a simple courtesy?

If they really missed me, wouldn't they have come back to New York for the most important day of the year? That was ridiculous!

"Besides, I told them through an email that I had taken a job in Germany and had moved to Ulm with my new address. But obviously, they didn't even see that email!"

The more I talked, the angrier I became, and the resentment I felt gradually got out of hand.

At that moment, I wished I were there on the Antarctic Peninsula, grabbing them by their collars and asking how busy they could be. They didn't even bother to check their daughter's email?

Suddenly, a light came to my mind.

"Colston, you said the best way to undo the knot is to face it, right? What do you think I go to the South Pole to find them?"

Anyway, I happened to have a month-long vacation with a generous bonus.

This was a hint from heaven.

"You're going to Antarctica?" Adenauer sounded hesitant, "Alone?"

"Yes. I don't want to be sad like this any-more. Some things should come to an end." The more I thought about it, the more I believed it should be that way.

It was because of this knot in my heart that I always longed to be loved. Even if it wasn't perfect love, as long as there was a little bit, I couldn't let go.

That was the biggest problem I was facing right now, and it was time for me to put an end to my longing for Aaron too.

"Colston, thank you so much indeed. You always give me a push to get out of some self-imposed ruts."

"Well... Olive, Antarctica is so far away.

There's no telling how long it will take to get there and back. And are you sure you can join the science team and meet your parents now?" Adenauer's tone was a little anxious. "Actually, there are many ways to undo the knot. It doesn't necessarily require you to meet your parents face-to-face.

"I know you're worried about me. You're worried that I'll come all this way, but instead of undoing the knot, I'll end up with a new wound." | interrupted Adenauer. "But don't worry. I have a hunch that this journey will make me stronger, whether it turns out to be good or bad."

After this conversation with Adenauer, my mood, which had been disturbed by the dream and the postcard, was much lighter.

"You're definitely going to be the best psychiatrist ever, Dr. Colston." | thanked him earnestly before hanging up the phone.

Because of this phone call, I went back to bed and slept peacefully until dawn.

After a quick wash, I put on light makeup to look better.

I was a person driven by action.

But since it was a last-minute decision, I couldn't apply through conventional means.

Even becoming a volunteer takes time and requires certain certificates, which I didn't have. So, the easiest way for me to go there was through a travel agency.

There are two main ways to travel to the Antarctic Peninsula: one is to fly directly from Chile, and the other is to travel from Argentina and take an expedition ship deep into the Antarctic region, stopping at some islands along the way.

For various reasons, I chose the latter.

Anyway, it might be the only trip to Antarctica in my life. It would be a waste to fly straight there.

This was supposed to be a journey of healing, wasn't it?

I quickly found a travel agent online and, after some communication, booked the trip and paid the deposit. Next on my list was buying equipment for the trip.

After making a quick list of purchases, I opened the door.

A figure almost collided with me.

"Oh... sorry." | subconsciously apologized and looked up to find Aaron standing there.

"Why are you here?" | frowned and sounded wary.

This guy couldn't have been at my doorstep all night, could he? Looking at his different clothes from yesterday, I dismissed this absurd conjecture.

"Wow! It's telepathy or what?" Aaron laughed, his mood light. "Where are you headed? I'll give you a ride."

"What do you want?" I asked warily.

"Can't I see you for nothing?" Aaron shrugged.

I gave him a skeptical look before closing the door and walking past him. He followed me like a loyal puppy.

"Are you going to see that friend of yours from the Swann family? Cinder, right?" he asked.

"No," I replied shortly.

"Then who are you going to see?"

"Do I have to be going to see someone? Can't I just be going shopping?"

Aaron followed me into the elevator.

"Shopping? That does sound like a good way to pass the time. Which mall are you going to? I'll come with you."

"Are you so idle?" | asked incredulously.

"Don't the celebrity parties in Manhattan miss someone like you?"

"Who says they don't?" Aaron said with a hint of regret. "But shopping sounds like a good way to blow off some steam. Let's go. I'll take you to the World Trade Center."

I stopped in my tracks and watched him head toward his car.

He stopped and looked back at me. "What's wrong?"

I wanted to grumble, but all I could do was sigh and roll my eyes.

Forget it! I never had the power to refuse Aaron anyway. So, I followed him and got into the passenger seat.

The World Trade Center was bustling with activity, especially just after Christmas.

The mall was packed with shoppers.

Aaron followed me as I went to a store to buy thermal clothing. He almost instantly figured out my intentions, and I told him about my trip plans.

"Why do you suddenly want to go to Antarctica?" he asked.

"To see my parents," I said coldly, tossing two pairs of leg warmers into the shopping cart.

"Because of that postcard?" Aaron asked, surprised.

"Yes, but not entirely," I said, adding a pair of waterproof gloves to the cart. "Mostly to undo the knot in my heart."

"What knot?" he pressed.

I stopped and turned to look at him helplessly.

When our eyes met, he raised an eyebrow and pointed at himself. "Me?"