

## Chapter 324 Waiting

My hatred towards my parents reached its peak the moment I heard my mother's voice.

"Olive! What's happening?"

Her tone was so calm that no one would have thought she was asking about her missing daughter.

I picked up the satellite phone and held it close to my ear.

"Are you at Scott's Hut now?" Even I was surprised by the tone of my voice at that moment. It was so calm, so calm that there was no trace of emotion!

I could have immediately told them about my current situation and asked for their help. But for some reason, more than anything else, I wanted to know the answer to this question. I just wanted to know how important I was to them. I braved the strong winds, deviated from the planned route, and overcame all obstacles just to meet them. But what about them?

"I'm sorry, dear. But there's a group of penguins nearby... Chris took some colleagues to pick you up. Didn't you see them?" Over the phone, Kristy's tone was so calm.

Although she said she was sorry, I couldn't detect any remorse in her words.

Suddenly, everything seemed so meaningless.

What was the point of coming here? Wasn't it a long journey for nothing more than suicide? I felt ridiculous!

For a moment, I even thought about hanging up the phone and quietly waiting for death to come.

"Olive, what's happening? You've called me so many times, did something happen to you?" Finally, a hint of concern appeared in Kristy's tone. "I'm now on the snow-covered mountain next to Scott's Hut. There was an avalanche, and my leg seems to be broken." I found the GPS coordinates from the satellite phone and reported the latitude, longitude, and altitude to Kristy. "The avalanche transceiver was taken by a scumbag. If you want to save me, just come find me as soon as possible."

After finishing speaking, I didn't want to hear anything else from Kristy, so I hung up the phone directly.

I lay back on the snow, gazing at the pure and vast sky, completely emptying my mind. The satellite phone received a callback from Kristy, but I didn't move.

After all, I had said everything I could say. If my mother still wanted to save me, she shouldn't be calling me now but contacting Chris immediately.

Soon, she hung up the phone. I guessed she was probably contacting Chris.

But at this point, I didn't seem to care anymore about when the rescue team would arrive. I was even hoping that they would find my lifeless body when they arrived.

Since my birth was an accident, a burden to my parents, it wouldn't be too late to fix this mistake now.

I just felt slightly sorry for my friends.

Whether it was Cinder, Nick, Colston, or even Aaron, I was grateful for their presence in my life. Without them, I would never have grown into the person I was today... although I was not particularly outstanding. At least they made me feel the warmth.

The warmth and affection they brought me exceeded that of my biological parents.

Some say that when people reach the utmost sorrow, they become unusually quiet. They don't cry or make a fuss. After their hearts die, they will leave silently. That was how I was feeling right now.

After a while, the satellite phone rang again. It was still Kristy.

I glanced at it casually and didn't move.

As the ringtone repeated over and over again, I silently counted the number of times. While feeling a sense of revenge, my heart also felt empty, filled only with the wind.

Before dialing Kristy's number, I had dialed at least 100 calls.

Almost two hours!

I just wanted to see if she had the patience to call me 100 times. It's often said that parents always love their children, but I really couldn't feel it at all. If she gave me 100 phone calls, it would have balanced things out a little in my heart.

And even as death approached, I could be certain that my parents shed genuine tears for me.

Time ticked away, minute by minute. The wind on the Hart Peninsula's snowy mountains gradually subsided. Sunlight poured down on the distant peaks, sparkling with an unimaginable beauty.

I sat in the snow and took out my mobile phone from the bag.

In such an extreme environment, I held it in my hands for at least ten minutes to warm it up before turning it on. After it turned on, the battery was already more than halfway depleted. And, there was no signal.

I took some photos of the scenery and then, after thinking for a moment, I flipped the camera to face myself.

"Dear Cinder, if I had known we would part ways like this, I would never have given you up to Elliott last Christmas," I choked up as I began to speak.

But I tried to force a smile. "If I had the chance, I would like to spend an hour telling you all about everything that happened in the last few hours. Trust me, it's the most thrilling and dangerous thing I've ever

experienced in my life. But the phone's battery drains too quickly in this freezing environment, and I'm afraid I won't get the chance to tell you in detail. So, I'll just tell you the three most important things..."

"First, there's an explorer named Sam Robinon the Explorer. He wanted to rape me on the way here, and after the avalanche, he took my backpack and the avalanche transceiver. I don't know if he's still alive, but if he is, give him a good lesson for me."

"Second, although this Antarctic trip ended in tragedy and regrets, I've come to accept the fact that my parents don't love me. If they ever contact you to ask about me, there's no need to tell them anything. I don't want any connection with them anymore."

"Third," I flipped the camera back, aiming it at the distant golden snow-capped mountains, "Antarctica is really beautiful. I hope to share this final beauty with you. I hope you won't feel so sad after seeing such a delightful scene."

I stopped recording.

There were many more things I wanted to say to Cinder. In the past, Cinder was always busy with her career, and although we were intimate, we were often apart. I wanted to have a phone call with her that lasted for hours.

But I gave up on that idea.

Who would write such a long farewell letter anyway? Besides, if I talked for that long, I was afraid I would start crying.

I didn't want Cinder to see me in such a miserable and sorrowful state.

Moreover, I didn't think my iPhone's battery could support recording a one-hour video at the current rate of power loss.

After finishing Cinder's final video, I started recording one for Nick. Only I knew how terrible my situation was at this moment. I probably couldn't make it

before the rescue team arrived.

I wanted to bid farewell to everyone sincerely, including my parents.

And also, Aaron.

"Dear Nick, don't cry for me. Life is a journey of constant farewells..."