

## Chapter 338

### Chapter 338 PTSD

I maintained a calm expression and spoke as if discussing today's weather. "So, for the past thirty years, you simply didn't want to come see me. It had nothing to do with work, after all."

Silence enveloped the room.

I had predicted this situation, but I had done it intentionally.

"You don't have to display your guilt in front of me. I'm not being sarcastic or implying anything else."

My tone remained calm, and even my gaze became serene.

"You're weirdos, you dislike human society and prefer nature. That's okay. In the past, I didn't understand and felt sad and resentful, but now I've come to terms with it."

"Now, I hope you can stay true to yourselves and stay the weirdos you are. It would be best if you could make outstanding contributions to the field of penguin research. But please don't say you're giving up everything for me."

"Sweetie, I..."

"Let me finish," I stopped Kristy from interjecting, my tone still calm but resolute. "If you give up your careers now, it will only make me feel that all my suffering in the past thirty years is nothing but a piece of shit."

"Sweetheart..." Kristy once again wore that expression of sadness.

"I'm not saying this in anger. On the contrary, I'm more clear-headed now than

ever. You've left me alone for thirty years for penguins, and you put in so much

effort. Don't let it become meaningless." I looked at Chris.

"Perhaps you should talk to your wife,

Dad. It's annoying to see her like this."

Chris pursed his lips, seemingly wanting to say something but ultimately staying silent.

"Maybe you two should leave for a while," Aaron suddenly spoke after a long silence in the corner.

He looked at Kristy and Chris. "Olive needs to keep a calm state of mind, and I think you both need it too. I'll take care of her here."

No, you should leave too. I silently complained in my mind.

Dealing with the pregnancy issue made it difficult for me to

face Aaron calmly.

After Chris and Kristy left, I immediately closed my eyes and hastily said, "I'll take a nap." Aaron sat quietly beside me, not uttering a word.

And I fell asleep like that.

Aaron's POV:

Since coming to Antarctica, my mood had improved slightly after seeing Olive alive on the first day.

However, as the days went on, the atmosphere in the room grew increasingly heavy.

Despite my efforts to make Olive laugh and distract her, her nightmares persisted.

Even Dr. Wayne frowned more and more, and he spoke to me privately.

"I contacted some nearby research stations, but unfortunately, all the

psychologists returned home earlier last month for Christmas. The earliest one will take at least a

month to come back to Antarctica. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry. It's not your fault."

But deep down, I felt extremely anxious.

Olive was constantly plagued by recurring nightmares, and her sleep quality was poor. Most of the

time, she seemed exhausted. However, once she fell asleep, the nightmares would engulf her.

Even though she didn't say a word, I could hear every sound she made as I slept in the room next to hers.

From her screams and fragmented cries, I could somewhat guess the contents of her dreams:

avalanches, attacks in the ward,

shadows from her childhood... She kept returning to scenes of despair and pain,

repeatedly experiencing the desperation of being abandoned, with no one to rely on or seek help from.

Every time I saw her crying and screaming in her dreams, my chest felt like it was being punched

mercilessly. While feeling heartbroken, I reflected on our past and sank into a deep sense of guilt.

I underestimated the extent of her psychological trauma!

Due to her poor mental state, Olive's physical recovery was not going smoothly. A week had

passed, but she still hadn't reached the point where she could board the plane. After careful

consideration, one night, after soothing Olive to sleep, I left the room and called Colston.

"I need your help."

On the other end of the phone, Colston remained silent for a while, "About Olive?"

"Yes. She's not doing very well." I then told Colston everything that had happened to Olive in Antarctica.

"You should have told me right away." Colston's tone became particularly serious. "She's exhibiting typical symptoms of PTSD, post-traumatic stress disorder."

I was silent for a brief moment.

I was not surprised to hear the PTSD conclusion.

"Now, PTSD is affecting her physical recovery, and I can't risk letting her board the plane. Is there anything I can do to help her?"

"Are you also in Antarctica?" Colston said, then quickly added, "Oh, right, of course, you are in Antarctica. Forget it."

In the field of psychiatry, I had complete confidence in Colston's expertise. Despite our current awkward situation, his concern for Olive was genuine. Just like me, he hoped that Olive could escape from the nightmares as soon as possible.

"There may not be any specific drugs available for her condition in Antarctica, and all you can do is provide psychological treatment. How is her behavior and conscious state when she's awake?"

"She's normal when she is awake, just a bit emotionally down with a tendency towards depression.

But once she falls asleep, she dreams about traumatic events from the past. Also, she got attacked in the ward, and she has become sensitive to the sound of the door opening."

"Typical symptoms of traumatic re-experiencing and heightened vigilance, and she may also experience symptoms of avoidance, numbness, and anxiety disorders. Given your current situation, you may consider exposure therapy to help her."

Colston and I talked a lot that night.

"... Actually, there's one more thing, and it's my biggest concern," Colston suddenly said. "You may not be happy to hear it, but I hope you understand that you are also a source of pressure for her, based on my understanding of Olive."

Damn it!

I wanted to deny it, but I couldn't . Deep down, I knew he was right.

"So, do you mind if I fly over?"

"Are you sure that both of us being present won't add more pressure on her?" I asked.

He remained silent.

"Maybe you should come back."

"Dream on." I hung up the phone without another word.

Returning to the ward, I gazed at Olive, her brows furrowed in a troubled sleep. Two plans formed in my mind.

Then I left the ward, found Wayne, and consulted him for some information.

"... Do you think she can handle it, given her current physical condition?"

Dr. Wayne frowned, also caught in a dilemma.

"I don't recommend it, but it's worth a try. According to your friend, even if she can recover physically after she returns to the US, she will still need to come back to Antarctica if you want to heal her psychological trauma."

Finally, Dr. Wayne made the decision. "I'll go with you."