

Chapter 3

“Are you freaking kidding me? Don’t shout at me when I’m trying to sleep! I’m not so stupid that I don’t know when it’s time to eat. Get out!”

I hadn’t dodged in time and ended up with a gash on my forehead, bleeding profusely. Now, only a scar served as a reminder.

Keith never apologized.

“Don’t disturb me when I’m sleeping,” was all he said.

At the time, I naively believed it was my fault.

I had learned too late that there was either love or indierence.

I had already lost completely.

A loud boom interrupted my thoughts.

I screamed, my heart racing as I looked up in terror.

For reasonsunknownthe hot air balloornhad suddenlycaught re, the ames spreading rapidly.

At the same time, the balloon began to descend quickly.

I immediately pulled out my phone, frantically dialing Keith.

“Help me! It’s eel!”

“If your house isenncall 911. Is it really worth making such a fuss over such a thing?” Keith asked casually.

“No! I—”

“Enough! I have to help Chelle. Whatever it is, I’m sure you can handle it.”

Once again, he ended the call abruptly.

He always took the lead in our relationship.

No matter what I said, he never had the patience to listen to me.

When he mentioned helping Michelle, I didn’t think it would be about helping her with her latest post.

[Thankyou for showingne the magnicentlandscapesAlthoughI’m afraidof heights, with you to guide me, I fear nothing. Being with you makes me so happy.]

It was a video of them skydiving, not a photo of Michelle at the hospital.

I had no timeto watchit all—the amesfromthe hot air balloorgrew ercer, threatening to engulf me.

If I didn’t make a decision soon, I would face the double ament of burning and rapid descent.

I gently touched my pregnant belly, tears blurring my vision.

“My baby, I’m so sorry for everything.”

I sent onaal message to Keith before I jumped.

[I’m breaking up with you for your happiness. Farewell.]

In the next instant, my spirit found itself in the hospital.

Michelle was leaning against Keith, her voice trembling.

“My heart hurt so badly just now. I thought I was going to die.”

Keith gently patted her head. “Don’t say such silly things,” he said softly.

“I hope Astrid is okay. She’s been calling you nonstop,” Michelle said as she feigned concern.

“What’s wrong with her? When we were out at the skydiving park with the boys last time, she was the only one who would make the jump. I taught her how to skydive, so she should be home already but she’s saying the houseis”on

Michelle looked at him tensely. “The house?”is on

Keith hesitated for a moment before nodding. “Yeah...”

“Then... shouldn’t you go back and check?”

“I told her to call thedepartment. There’s nothing I can do even if I go back. Right now, you’re the patient, and your life is more important.”

He gazed at Michelle with nothing but adoration.

Despite my death, I felt a sharp pain in my heart as I watched the scene unfold.

Was my life so insignicant to him?

He didn’t even bother to ask about my condition, ignoring it as if it didn’t matter.

I had taken care of him while he had been in a wheelchair for two years, yet all I received in return was his indierence.

Keith wanted to take leave to care for Michelle, but his supervisor sternly ordered him back to work.

I followed him back to the park o

The supervisor wore a serious expression as he spoke to Keith.

“Who authorized you to take tourists to Zone A?”

Zone A was known for its treacherous terrain.

Once a hot air balloon encountered problems,a at landing spot was nearly impossible.

Inexperiencedividualswouldbe incapabløf executing safe emergency parachute jump.

Keith brushed it o .

“They’re not exactly tourists. One is my girlfriend, and the other is an old friend. My girlfriend can skydive. She wouldn’t get into trouble.”

His supervisor remained skeptical.

“The rescue team reported receiving a distress call byatidnät the landing site. It’s likely that they deviated from their intended location and got into an accident.

“They said it’s probably Astrid.”

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