

Chapter 327

Chapter 327 Rescued

Olive's POV:

"Mom, Dad, you promised me." The 11-year-old girl held her phone, gazing at the family photo on the desk, tears silently splattering onto the floor. "In a couple of days, it's my elementary school graduation ceremony, and you said you would come..."

This was a small bedroom with only a single bed, a wardrobe, and a desk with a chair. There was nothing else.

But I was familiar with everything here.

This was the room in my host family's house. Since I was 6 years old, when my parents sent me to a boarding school, I would stay with this host family during long holidays.

My parents had completely disappeared from my world. Even the family photo in the frame was just taken shortly after I was born. It was our only family photo.

Throughout all these years, I had grown up relying on this photo alone.

"Sorry, Olive, we have an injured penguin here, and we can't make it back," Kristy's voice on the phone lacked any emotional fluctuations. "As a fix, I've signed you up for a summer camp. You can have a free and happy summer holiday in Hawaii."

"I just want you to come back and see me." The 11-year-old me cried, tears falling like broken pearls.

I stood by the bed, staring blankly at everything, my heart throbbing.

However, strangely, everything before me felt unfamiliar. Was this what happened during my elementary school graduation?

Why did I have no recollection at all?

I was lost in thought, frowning as I tried to remember. In my memory, I did go to Hawaii for a summer camp after graduating from elementary school. But the memories of that summer were extremely vague.

"Mom, Dad, do you love me?" The 11-year-old girl spoke astonishing words while holding the phone. "Why do you always give up on me every time you have to choose between me and others?"

"Don't you miss me?"

My heart seized up, as if tearing open a deep wound, and every nerve in my body throbbed in pain.

I finally felt a sense of familiarity.

This feeling of being immersed in sadness was all too familiar!

I would never forget this feeling. It was how I had spent every single day in the past ten or twenty years.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. We do miss you very much. But we really can't make it in time..." I couldn't hear what Kristy said later. Perhaps the younger me had stopped listening.

"I see." She hung up the phone, lowered her head, and stood there in a daze.

There was no trace of sunlight penetrating through the curtains, and the dim room felt hot and silent. I silently watched my 11-year-old self.

She remained motionless in the room, shedding tears silently.

Why would an 11-year-old child bear such heavy sorrow? Tears welled up in my eyes, my nose tingled, and a sharp pain surged throughout my body.

It felt as if I had been run over by a truck, especially in my legs.

"Wait, why am I here?" I finally realized something was wrong.

I lowered my head to look at myself, and to my surprise, I discovered that I had no physical form!

I was... transparent!

What happened?

I tried to recall, and finally, under the reminder of pain, a series of images flashed through my mind: Antarctica, fierce winds, a deviation, mountaineering, rape, struggle, avalanche, a second avalanche, cries for help...

"Am I dead?" I murmured in confusion.

After all, I didn't know what it would feel like for a person after death. But amidst the commotion, there seemed to be a low crying sound. This piqued my curiosity.

I wanted to know where I was right now. Why was someone crying? Could it be that someone was holding a funeral for me?

Perhaps my curiosity was too strong, as everything before me started to distort. Then, suddenly, I felt a void beneath my feet, and I plummeted downward, experiencing free fall.

Again?!

Before I could utter a curse, I landed heavily on solid ground.

In the next moment, an overwhelming wave of pain flooded my brain. I was in such agony that I wanted to scream, but my body was weak and completely out of my control. Thus, I could only hear myself groaning in pain.

"Sweetie! Can you hear me? I'm your mom!" Kristy's voice came closer and then farther away.

Perhaps because I had just returned to that summer afternoon when I was 11, when I heard this voice again, my heart throbbed painfully as if it were soaked in acid. Sorrow rapidly engulfed every cell in my body.

My tears overflowed uncontrollably, streaming down my cheeks. The sound of weeping became more distinct.

"Sweetie, I am sorry! I was wrong! Please, if you wake up, I'll do anything you ask!"

"Me too," Chris's voice followed immediately.

By now, I could probably confirm that I hadn't died.

I was saved.

But I was so weak that I didn't even have the strength to open my eyes. However, my strength was gradually returning—after a fierce struggle with my eyelashes, I finally managed to open my eyes.

A white ceiling, air mixed with the scent of disinfectant, and... two people.

Although I hadn't seen them for many years, I immediately recognized them as my parents.

They had aged. Most of my memories of my parents remained from my childhood, or even before that. In the long years, all I had was that one family photo. But the two people before me had wrinkles covering their faces, with only a few tufts of red hair remaining on my father's once-thick head of hair.

And my mother's beautiful eyes no longer held the radiance they once did, surrounded by fine lines.

She gazed at me affectionately, tears continuously streaming down her face. The moment she saw me open my eyes, she threw herself onto me, holding me tightly and crying uncontrollably.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

"We were late."

I lay on the hospital bed, my mother embracing me, and my father tightly holding my hand without the intravenous drip. I could feel the warmth of his skin slowly transferring to my hand. However, something strange happened.

I observed all of this calmly, without any emotional fluctuations.

Compared to seeing my 11-year-old self as a bystander just now, I now felt more like a bystander.

What happened to me? I furrowed my brow in confusion, trying to analyze myself.

I know better than anyone what my parents meant to me. My longing for their attention had been bothering me, and it was a scar that ran deep in my heart, a presence that caused pain with the slightest touch.

They let me know the taste of grievances, sadness, and longing from a young age.

If I remember correctly, after the avalanche, I even resented them so much. I wished they had died with me in that snowy mountain.

But now, I didn't feel anything at all. "How did you find me?" I silently withdrew my hand held by Chris and spoke slowly.