

## Chapter 328

Chapter 328 Resentment

"You called me on the satellite phone, remember? You told us the coordinates," Kristy said, tears streaming down her face, trying to remind me.

But that wasn't the answer I wanted to hear.

Even though I gave them the coordinates, finding me in the vast snowy mountains was still not an easy task.

And I didn't even know why I insisted on knowing the answer to this question. Perhaps it was the aftermath, where my thoughts in my mind seemed different from what came out of my mouth.

What I wanted to ask wasn't about the specifics of the search. But I didn't know how to express it.

"Before we received your distress call, my colleague received an unfamiliar avalanche signal. It was from a snow pile not far from where you were," Chris provided another answer.

Avalanche signal?

It was like a key phrase, and some images appeared in my mind.

I struggled to roll my eyes and looked at Chris. "Where is he?"

"He's in another ward." Chris noticed the peculiar expression on my face and quickly added in a soothing tone, "Don't worry, he's in a better condition than you, and he woke up an hour ago."

My gaze rested on my father's face. Suddenly, I felt a strong urge to laugh, and so I did. I chuckled lightly and met his gaze.

"So, you're trying to tell me that if it wasn't for him, you wouldn't have found me. Is that what you mean?" I was weak, and my voice was as soft as a feather. Therefore, my tone was not particularly sharp.

However, my father's expression changed slightly, probably because he understood that my tone was not friendly.

"I am sorry..."

From the moment I woke up, I had become immune to "I'm sorry." Or rather, from childhood to now, I had developed immunity to my parents' apologies. It had become their catchphrase.

Whenever they faced me, they would always have "I'm sorry" on their lips.

So now, hearing it again, I didn't feel any comfort. If anything, it made me want to laugh.

"If I were you, I wouldn't be busy apologizing right now. I would arrest that man," I spoke slowly.

My parents' expressions gradually changed as I said those words.

"What do you mean? Is he your companion?" Kristy's expression turned serious.

I gave her a faint look and said, "Haven't you ever wondered why he was the only one with an avalanche signal transceiver?" Everything that happened on the snowy

mountain was vivid in my mind. Sam Robin's disgusting and ugly face made me feel nauseous. I wish I could gouge out my own eyes so I wouldn't have to see that scumbag again.

And my father didn't even bother to think twice and naively believed that he was my companion. He wanted to use this method to claim credit from me and please me, to relieve his guilt as my father.

Watching their expressions at that moment, I suppressed the urge to reveal the truth.

"Why don't you go talk to him?" I stared at both of them. "Maybe he's realized his mistake and will tell you everything he did to me on the mountain." After saying this, I closed my eyes again.

My whole body was in excruciating pain, especially my legs.

"Are my legs broken?"

"No, it's just fractured. The doctor wanted to put a cast on, but we figured you wouldn't like that bulky thing, so they used splints instead." Kristy's eyes were teary.

The room fell into silence.

Chris suddenly stood up and walked out of the room. "I'll be right back."

His footsteps gradually faded away, disappearing outside the door. This 58-year-old man left in a hurry, each step filled with urgency and anger. I figured he must have taken my suggestion. So now, only my mother Kristy, and I remained in the room.

She started sobbing again, and she gazed at me with her concerned and affectionate emerald eyes. "He's the one who hurt you, isn't he? I should have realized it earlier..."

Kristy cried in sorrow, and if this were a TV drama, I might have felt sorry for her. But when it happened to me, it was difficult to forgive her.

I didn't react at all, of course, because my physical condition didn't allow it.

After a while, there was a commotion coming from the neighboring ward. Curses, sounds of fighting, and screams filled the previously quiet air.

Kristy immediately turned her head to look, preparing to leave the room.

However, she stopped as soon as she stood

up, and she looked at me with a hesitant expression, as if she had something to say but didn't dare.

"Go ahead if you want." I didn't even need to see her face. With closed eyes, I said to her.

Kristy hesitated for a moment. Then, I heard her voice.

"I'll be back soon," Kristy said and then hurriedly left. After a while, I heard the commotion of crying and cursing from that ward.

The sound insulation of the ward was not very good, and I could vaguely hear Sam Robin's pleas and apologies. But the situation didn't last long. After a while, the door to my ward was opened again, and my parents returned.

Chris's face was still red, filled with intense hostility. I noticed some redness and wounds on his knuckles.

As for Kristy, as soon as she saw me, her tears started flowing down again.

"Did he..." Kristy sat back to her original position, gently holding my hand without exerting any force. Her eyes were as red as a rabbit's, and her tone was cautious.

Even I didn't know how this scene had managed to strike a nerve. All I knew was that at this moment, a strong sense of irritability erupted from within me. I looked at them, but my heart was cooling down.

"Is that all you have to say to me now?" I yelled with all my strength, "It's always 'I'm sorry'. Do you think I came from the United States to Antarctica just to hear

you apologize? Shut up! Shut up!"

As a result of my emotional outburst, a fit of violent coughing followed. Every bone and organ in my body trembled with each cough, causing excruciating pain. My vision darkened, and I almost passed out again.

And when I got better, I saw my father tightly holding my mother's hand, comforting her by caressing her back.

"After all these years, you seem much more in love," I couldn't help but speak sarcastically. "Yes, children should be born independent, able to run, jump, and take care of themselves. They can't become a burden to their parents!"

I had never used such a sarcastic tone with my parents before. But after experiencing a close encounter with the scythe of death,

I no longer cared about anything.

They forced me to become what I was now!

They deserved it!

Kristy cried so much that she could hardly stand.

"Olive!" Chris called my name in a low voice. But he was immediately stopped by Kristy.

"Sweetie, it's okay if you hate us. But now you're also a mother. Just for your baby, please don't get angry, okay?" Kristy approached me, holding my hand while crying.

I was stunned.