

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller

Chapter 1

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On the day Olivia Fordham was diagnosed with stomach cancer, her husband, Ethan Miller, was taking care of his first love's children.

In the hospital corridor, Keith Rogers said grimly while holding a biopsy report, "Olivia, the results are out. If the surgery is successful, the five-year survival rate for a 3A malignant tumor is 15 to 30 percent."

Olivia gripped the strap of her sling bag tightly with her slender fingers. Her petite face was pale and solemn. "Keith, how long do I have left to live if I don't do the surgery?"

"Six months to a year. It's different for everyone. In your case, it's better to do two rounds of chemotherapy first before the surgery. It will prevent the risk of the tumor spreading or undergoing metastasis."

Olivia bit her lip while forcing out, "Thank you."

"Don't thank me. I'll arrange for you to be admitted to the hospital right away," said Keith.

"There's no need. I don't plan to receive treatment. I won't be able to get through it," Olivia said.

Keith wanted to say something more, but Olivia tipped her head at him. "Keith, please help me keep this a secret. I don't want my family to worry."

The Fordham family was bankrupt. Olivia already had to bend over backward just to cover the medical expenses of her father, Jeff Fordham. If her family knew about her illness, it would undoubtedly make the situation worse.

Keith sighed helplessly and said, “Don’t worry. I’ll keep my lips sealed. I heard that you’re married. Your husband—”

“Keith, please take good care of my dad. I have to go now.” Olivia seemed very reluctant to talk about this and left quickly before he could answer. Keith shook his head.

Rumor had it that she had dropped out of university and gotten married. The top genius in medical school had fallen from grace into devastation.

Throughout the two years of her father’s treatment, she was the only one who took care of everything. Even when she had collapsed from illness and was sent to the hospital by passersby, her husband had never shown up.

Thinking back, Ethan had truly treated her well in the year they had gotten married. Alas, when his first love returned to the country pregnant, everything changed.

There was once when Olivia, who was also pregnant, fell into the water with Marina Carlton, his first love. Amidst her struggles, she saw him swimming toward Marina with all his might. Due to the ordeal, she and Marina both went into labor prematurely.

Olivia had been rescued too late and missed the optimal window for receiving treatment. By the time she arrived at the hospital, her baby had died in the womb. Seven days after the death of her baby, Ethan asked for a divorce, but she had not agreed to it.

Now that she knew about her illness, she could not deny it any longer. She dialed his number with shaking hands, and he picked up after the third ring.

He said coldly, “I won’t see you unless it’s to get divorced.”

Tears filled Olivia’s eyes as she forced herself to swallow her words about her illness. Marina’s voice suddenly came over the phone in the background. “Ethan, it’s time for the pediatric check-up.”

The tears that Olivia had held back for a long time flowed down her face that instant. Her child was gone and her family was ruined, but he now had a family with someone else. It was time for all this to be over.

She no longer begged him like before. Instead, she said weakly, "Ethan, let's get a divorce."

Ethan was obviously stunned for a moment over the phone. He laughed coldly and said, "Olivia, what tricks are you playing this time?"

Olivia closed her eyes and said, "I'll wait for you at home."

It took all of her strength to hang up on him, and she slid to the ground against the wall. The rain blowing into the corridor drenched her as she gripped her phone and bit her sleeve while crying soundlessly.

Ethan stared at his phone blankly after she hung up on him abruptly.

After a year of the silent treatment where she refused to divorce no matter what, why had she suddenly changed her mind today? Her voice sounded tearful as well.

Gazing out at the heavy rain, Ethan walked out of the ward.

"Ethan, where are you going?" asked Marina while chasing after him with the babies in her arms. When she saw him walking away quickly, her gentle expression immediately grew frighteningly dark.

Olivia, that bitch! She still wouldn't give up!

It had been a long time since Ethan had last stepped into the house they shared during their marriage. He had expected to see the dining table laden with his favorite dishes prepared by Olivia, but the villa was dark and empty.

The sky always darkened too early during autumn. Night had fallen although it was only 6 pm.

Ethan spotted a vase of wilted flowers on the dining table. Knowing Olivia, she wouldn't leave wilted flowers sitting on the table, so there was only one possible explanation.

She hadn't been home recently and had most likely been taking care of her father at the hospital.

When Olivia opened the door, she saw a tall man standing by the dining table in a suit. The expression on his handsome face was as cold as ice and his dark eyes were filled with deep hatred.

Olivia was soaked from the run from the car to the house in the rain. When his icy gaze fell on her, a chill went down her spine. "Where were you?" Ethan asked frigidly.

Olivia's eyes, which always gleamed in the past, were dull at that moment. She looked at him indifferently and said, "Since when did you care about me?"

Ethan sneered and said, "You won't be able to sign the papers if something happened to you."

His words stabbed her heart like sharp needles. She dragged her feet forward, dripping wet. She did not cry or make a fuss but calmly pulled out the documents from an envelope.

"Don't worry, I've already signed them," she said.

She put the document on the dining table, and Ethan realized that he had never found the word "divorce" so displeasing in his life. Olivia only had one request, which was an alimony of ten million dollars.

"I was wondering why you would suddenly agree to divorce. Turns out it's for money," he mocked. His scornful expression filled her vision.

The old Olivia would have defended herself, but she was just too exhausted now. So, she only stood where she was and said softly, "By right, I could have taken half of your net worth, Mr. Miller. But I only asked you for ten million dollars. When it comes down to it, I'm still being benevolent."

Ethan stepped forward, casting a long shadow over Olivia. He held her chin with his slender fingers and said in a deep, cold voice, “What did you call me?”

“Mr. Miller, if you don’t like this form of address, then I don’t mind referring to you as my ex-husband. You can leave after signing the papers.”

Her arrogant expression displeased Ethan. “This is my house. Who gave you the right to ask me to leave?” he said.

Olivia smirked and said, “Indeed, I do not have the right. Don’t worry, Mr. Miller. I will move out after receiving the divorce certificate.”

With that, she slapped his hand away and looked him right in the eye. She said icily, “Mr. Miller, bring your documents to the City Hall at 9 am tomorrow. I’ll see you there.”