

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller

Chapter 12

Everly and Olivia, both having suffered from disastrous relationships, went to the salon. Everly picked out two male hairstylists for them.

One of the hairstylists lit up with excitement at the sight of Olivia and immediately recommended some trending hairstyles. She outright rejected the suggestion. “I want it short—as short as possible.”

“Darling, I know the cool girl look is trendy, but getting a pixie cut might limit the outfit styles you can pull off. Why don’t I give you a shoulder-length cut? You’ll look younger and can rock it at any event.”

“It’s fine.”

“Your hair is long and luscious. I can tell that you have kept it for years. It’s really a pity to cut it off.” The stylist shook his head regretfully.

Olivia stared at her reflection in the mirror. Despite her lack of rest, her features still looked as exquisite as ever. Her tresses, which she hadn’t taken care of, tumbled across her shoulders. It made her look demure.

She hadn’t cut her hair in years because Ethan loved her long hair. Since the stylist was reluctant to cut it off, she grabbed the scissors and said, “I’ll do it myself.”

She cut off her hair without hesitation, sending the long locks fluttering onto the ground. It somehow symbolized her parting ways with her lovely youth and innocence.

She returned the scissors to the guy and allowed him to proceed with styling her. “Alright, I’ll leave the rest to you.”

When Everly emerged with her new pink hair, she was shocked at Olivia’s new hairstyle and marveled at it. “Wow. It’s true—you can really rock any style if you’re good-looking. Liv, you look so cool!”

Everly's next order of business was to hurry to the supermarket and buy some gender-neutral clothes for Olivia to match the new middle-part pixie cut. Their new styles attracted lots of attention when they walked down the streets later in the day.

When night fell, Everly took a selfie with Olivia by a storefront and uploaded it to her Instagram. The post was captioned: "Reborn."

She also splurged on a fancy steak dinner with Olivia. It was something she had wanted to devour for a long time. The nice meal put a smile on her face.

"Liv, doesn't this feel like we're back in high school? Our biggest worry at that time was solving calculus problems. Now that you think about it, that isn't tough at all—just use the right formula, and you have your answer, unlike men. You give your all to men, and all you get in return is heartbreak."

Olivia had not drunk in a long time, but she decided to let it go just for that night. She took a sip and joked, "That's because you sucked at math. I never thought calculus was hard."

"Yeah, yeah. No one can beat you, genius. You were only thirteen when you joined us in high school. I thought someone from middle school got lost on their way to class. I wasn't expecting a gifted kid."

Then, Everly poured Olivia a drink and lifted her glass. "Genius or idiot, it doesn't matter. Let's raise a glass to our singlehood! I can finally buy whatever I want now that I've kicked that weasel out of my life!"

However, tears streamed down Everly's face as she was celebrating her newfound freedom.

"Liv, did you know that I used to buy the lowest-grade steak on sale at the grocery store? I saved my ass off to support his studies, and I gave my all to build our future. I'm only 24 this year, yet I've never even gotten myself a proper dress! How could he do this to me?"

They all faced challenges in their lives. Olivia, who was struggling with troubles of her own, had no better advice for her friend than to gently advise Everly to look to the future.

She had wanted to send Everly home, but that tipsy girl forcefully dragged her to the Dark Horse Clubhouse. She sighed, knowing that Everly just needed an emotional release.

After all, she had one full year to process the breakdown of her marriage, but Everly only had very little time to wrap up the loose ends with her boyfriend abroad and rush home. She must have needed more time to get over it.

Olivia did not object to the detour because she knew that she couldn't have fun with Everly for a long time after chemo, and that was if she survived it. That night, she went to a clubhouse for the first time.

The overexcited Everly patted her hand and squealed, "Look at the usher! Isn't he handsome?"

However, her attention was on the painting of a dark horse in the center of the lobby. "Yeah," she absent-mindedly agreed with Everly.

"Just let loose and have fun! If I have to pay for a man, I'd rather it go to a hot one that's good at sweet talk. Don't you think so?"

"You're absolutely right."

Everly, who wouldn't even pay for a cab in the past, transformed into a generous millionaire overnight. She led Olivia into a spacious lounge, where she ordered ten bottles of Armand de Brignac in one go and ignored Olivia's attempt at stopping her.

The clubhouse manager politely introduced ten male models to them, each with a distinct style, ranging from sweet to chic. Everly declared boldly, "Pick whoever you like!"

The men openly flirted with them, and some even showed off their abs. Olivia was too shy to even look at them. "It's alright. I'll just have a few drinks."

Everly picked two men and slammed a wad of cash on the table. She ordered, "Come here! Keep her happy tonight."

The two men looked like boys next door, which was very different from Ethan's cool image. They took their seats beside Olivia, sandwiching her, and one of them poured her a drink. She felt uneasy and wanted to leave, but Everly slapped her on the thigh.

"What's wrong? Are you really going to save yourself for Ethan? Has he ever thought of you when he was sleeping with other women? What are you worried about now that you're divorced? Just let go and have fun! I'll foot the bill."

It was general knowledge that property agents marked up prices for a better profit margin. On top of that, Everly sold villas, and she'd frequently receive hundreds of thousands in commission from her deals. Since she was young, pretty, and a smooth-talker, she raked in a lot of money from her commissions.

Had she not spent that money on her ex, she would've been considered a self-made millionaire. Therefore, she could totally afford a night of extravagant spending, and that was what she had decided on.

Meanwhile, at Collington Cove, the baby's fever finally wore off after the doctor's close supervision over the day. Ethan let out a sigh of relief and tucked the baby in before tiptoeing out of the bedroom. Marina went up to him with a warm smile.

"Ethan, it's late. Why don't you stay the night? I'm worried that the baby will wake up at night. You know he doesn't cry much when you're around."

He rubbed his temples, looking worn out. "I still need to attend an engagement. Dr. Garcia will be around, so get him if you need anything."

Marina looked like she had something to say, but she knew she couldn't force him to stay. She had thought that he'd have gotten divorced when she called him at 10:30 pm, but things didn't go her way.

She reminded herself to take it slow and replied thoughtfully, “Sure. Just be careful on your way back.”

He nodded and got into the car. Brent immediately handed him a key. “Mrs. Miller has returned the key to the villa.”

The look in Ethan’s eyes hardened before he snorted. “She sure moves fast after she’s paid.”

Brent didn’t want to continue the conversation, but the thought of Everly’s Instagram post bothered him.

After a moment’s thought, he blurted out, “But Mr. Miller, she seems to have ... completely given up on you.”