

## **Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 147-177**

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 147-Madam Burgess hastily gave Ethan a quick rundown of how she found Connor.

Ethan frowned even deeper. "You didn't see anyone other than him?" "No. When I found Master Connor, he was crying. He was also holding a hydrogen balloon in his hand. Oh, right, he also kept calling Mama." "Mama?" Ethan thought.

Connor had never been willing to call Marina Mama, so the person he was calling for couldn't have been her. It could only be Olivia.

Brent, who had already brought men to investigate the scene, reported to Ethan right away. "Mr. Miller, I've checked the surveillance.

"Ms. Fordham was the one who sent Master Connor back. She purposefully left Master Connor on Madam Burgess' way home from grocery shopping.

"That way, Madam Burgess would notice him." "Was there anyone else besides her?" Ethan asked.

"No." "Keep investigating." Ethan was even more confused now. Could it be just like Marina said, that Olivia had hired people to kidnap Connor?

If she wanted to threaten him, why would she send the child back without even a request?

Ethan quickly denied that possibility. The child was still wearing the emerald necklace she gave him.

She could've harmed Connor that night. She didn't have to get people to kidnap Connor at all.

It wasn't her.

So why didn't Connor's kidnapers harm her or the child?

No matter how long he thought about it, Ethan couldn't make sense of it. He decided to call Olivia up to ask about it.

When he dialed her number, he found that Olivia's phone was turned off.

Ethan sat up despite his illness. What did Olivia mean by this?

He got someone to track Olivia's location, but he soon found that she never returned to the apartment. She didn't even contact Everly.

Instead, he found that she had just withdrawn a sum of money.

Was she threatened by someone?

Did she strike a deal with them in private?

But the cash only totaled up to 700 thousand dollars.

No kidnapper would ask for merely several hundred thousand dollars. They had kidnapped the richest man's son, after all.

Ethan believed that instead of paying the ransom, Olivia was more likely escaping.

After all, online payments would easily expose her location. But with cash, no one would find her. She must be planning something.

The damned woman was trying to run away again. He should've bound her with iron chains!

Ethan ordered, "Seal all the exits. Don't let her leave!" He stuffed the child into Madam Burgess' arms. "Take good care of him." "Mr. Miller, you're sick. Where are you going?" Grabbing his coat, Ethan rushed to the door. He coughed as he said, "I'm going to get that stupid woman back!" Ethan's face was pale. He held his fist to his mouth time and again as he coughed lightly. He watched as people walked by outside.

He had watched the surveillance footage at the bank where Olivia withdrew money. She didn't seem to be threatened. She even went to the mall leisurely.

No kidnapper would allow their targets to have so much free time that they would go shopping at a mall.

Also, just like Connor, Olivia seemed to have gotten a little plumper. Her mental state seemed to be stable too. She wasn't sickly like she used to be.

Ethan had a feeling that she had been living well in the past few days.

“Mr. Miller, I’ve already asked someone to check. Mrs. Miller never bought any tickets for any transport.

“Aren’t you being too nervous? Perhaps she just wants to go shopping.” Ethan asked, “Would you withdraw several hundred thousand dollars in cash when you go shopping?” Lighting a cigarette, Ethan placed his arm on the window. The white smoke hid his sullen face..

“She placed Connor on the path Madam Burgess takes after grocery shopping.

Now, she’s using cash to buy things. There’s only one explanation—she’s hiding from me.” Brent reported, “We’ve already sent men to search the mall. We’ll find her right away. When that happens, you can ask her any questions you have, Mr. Miller.” The cigarette was about to finish. It was burning only a mere inch away from his fingers, which was a dangerous distance.

Ethan’s gaze turned dark. When he thought about Olivia running away again, fury filled his heart.

“You can run, but you can’t hide,” he thought..

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 148-Meanwhile, Olivia was leaving via the underground passage. She noticed that all the exits of the mall were sealed.

Just as expected, Ethan had no intentions of letting her go.

Ethan must have thought that she was shopping at the mall, so he immediately sent his men to seal the mall. He wanted to block her off.

But he didn’t know that she had already changed her clothes and left through the safety corridor.

She went to the place where she promised to meet Jack. She went to the market nearest to the harbor to buy the things she wanted.

Ethan searched for a long while, but he found no trace of Olivia.

Holding in his anger, Ethan checked every surveillance camera they missed.

Finally, he found Olivia at a junction.

Even though it was taken from the back, Ethan could recognize her right away.

He also saw a man walking very close to her. Ethan punched the screen so hard that it shattered.

The sound of the screen shattering startled everyone. Looking at Ethan's bleeding hand, Brent said, "Mr. Miller, your hand." "Head to the harbor." Connecting the dots, Ethan guessed that they had been hiding at some island for the past few days.

He didn't know what deal Olivia made with the man. The man didn't harm her or the child at all.

The islands lacked resources. So, the several hundred thousand she withdrew was to buy more resources.

Her transport wasn't planes or trains; it was a sea vehicle. It was enough to hide her tracks.

Seeing Ethan's murderous gaze, Brent explained. "Mr. Miller, it's true that Ms.

Fordham rescued Master Connor. Maybe she just had some unspoken troubles." "If she was threatened even a little, she would've sent a signal for help." Ethan had considered that possibility before. But she had been acting freely all along. It was too easy to ask for help, but she didn't.

So it was clear that she had done this of her will!

She had already wanted to leave him ages ago. Now, she even got herself a new man!

Ethan was already feverish, and his eyes were red from the heat. His burning body couldn't even hide the cold air around him. "Putting this aside, Mr. Miller, I think you should get treatment. You're almost 102 degrees." Ethan's eyes burned with rage, but his voice was cold. "Floor the pedal." Olivia moved the stuff she bought onto the speedboat. She knew that Ethan would still be searching the mall right now, but her heart felt uneasy for some reason.

Seeing her pale face, Jack couldn't help but ask, "What's the matter? Is it your gastric again?" "No, I just feel a little uneasy. Let's not dawdle and just go.

When she moved the last painting set onto the speedboat, she heard tires screeching to a halt. She saw a Bentley pulling up at the harbor.

Olivia felt like passing out as her heartbeat quickened. She urged, "Go, just go!"

"He's here!" Jack had already started the speedboat. Ethan's voice rang out. "Olivia, come here." Olivia gazed at Ethan with the sea separating them. "Ethan, just let me go. I've already sent Connor back to you. You're going

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 149-Olivia couldn't make out Ethan's expressions anymore, but she felt that he was smiling.

When Ethan had finished speaking, he looked at Brent. "Is the speedboat not ready yet?" He wouldn't let Olivia leave just like that. But had just finished talking when his sight turned black. He collapsed out of the blue.

It was entirely within expectations. After all, Ethan hadn't slept or eaten properly for so many days. He had a fever as well.

Brent watched the speedboat getting farther away. He sighed helplessly.

"Run away, Mrs. Miller," he thought.

Ethan's words still lingered in Olivia's mind. The speedboat had traveled a long way, but she couldn't feel any warmth in her body.

She sat where she was, curled up into a ball. Her soul seemed to have been sucked out.

Crouching in front of her, Jack gave her some tea. It was only then that she felt warmth. "If you're scared, I can send you back.

Olivia took a sip. The sweetness chased away some of the darkness in her heart.

"I don't want to go back." Olivia gripped the mug tightly. She looked pitiful as if she were an abandoned puppy.

"He'll lock me up and stop me from leaving that room." Jack frowned. He couldn't understand it.

“Since he already has a new lover, why would he be so possessive of you?”  
“It’s not possessiveness but hatred. He thinks that my dad killed his sister. But he’s also why my dad turned out like that.” Olivia was so saddened that she couldn’t catch her breath. “I shouldn’t have tried to do anything with his son.

“In the end, I couldn’t hurt him at all. I even put myself at risk. I’m so useless.” She wanted to make Ethan sad forever, but she didn’t expect to risk her life for Connor’s sake. In just a few days, Connor was so well-fed that he gained two pounds.

“I’m a failure who can’t do anything right. I should’ve died with him. At least it’s better than this. Even after I leave him, I’ll still be haunted by nightmares of him.” Reaching out, Jack caressed her head. There was pity in his eyes.

“You’re a kind woman. You didn’t do anything wrong. The world is at fault for treating you like this.” Jack was a cold man, but at that moment, his voice was extremely warm.

“Don’t worry, our island isn’t that easy to find. After all, there are hundreds of islands in the archipelago.

“Even if he finds us, we’re united. If we hide you well, he won’t be able to find you no matter what he does. He’ll forget about it as time passes.” Olivia doubted it.

Every time she closed her eyes, she could see Ethan’s furious eyes.

“Ah!” Once again, Olivia woke up in the middle of the night. She had left Ethan for two days, but she had nightmares every night.

She would dream that she was running endlessly, but she couldn’t escape Ethan’s cage.

He followed her like a shadow. Then, he turned into a poisonous snake that wrapped around her.

Olivia looked around at the dark room. The sound of the waves crashing against the reefs rang in her ears.

She had already returned to the peaceful island, so why was she unable to suppress her fear of Ethan?

Everly had gone home for the holidays, so Ethan had nothing to threaten her with. Still, she just couldn't fall asleep.

She had wanted to stay on the island for two reasons. Firstly, she would cut off Ethan's longing for her. Secondly, she would ruin the mastermind's plans.

In Aldenvine, that person could see her every move. Now, Ethan didn't even know that she was hiding on this island.

She would wait until that person had let down their guard. Then, she would sneak back to Aldenvine to find out the truth. She would give that person a surprise.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 150-Olivia would feel much better staying on the island.

She didn't want to leave for the time being, no matter what reason it was.

She watched as the sky turned from dark to bright. As the sun rose, Olivia strolled around the island.

Everyone was nice to her. They enthusiastically invited her into their homes for breakfast. They also thanked her for delivering some supplies.

Jerry went out even earlier than Olivia. He sat by the beach as he doodled with the art supplies she bought.

His youthful and handsome face was filled with excitement. "Ms. Olivia, how's this?" He had never formally learned to draw before, but he was talented beyond belief.

His black and white drawings in the past were amazing enough. So now that he could color them, they looked even better. Olivia nodded, feeling comforted.

"You draw very well." If such talent could be coupled with more knowledge, Jerry would be able to achieve big things in the future.

"You taught me well, Ms. Olivia. Will you keep staying on the island?" Jerry's eyes gleamed when he looked at her. "Yes," Olivia replied uneasily. She didn't know how long she could stay here.

She didn't know which would come first, Ethan or death.

“Ms. Olivia, you don’t look too good. You’ve been upset for the past few days too. Are you worried about Connor?” “He can eat and sleep whenever he wants, and people serve him every day.

There’s nothing for me to worry about.” The next few days remained peaceful. No suspicious people arrived at the island. Olivia’s tense mind slowly relaxed.

The sea zone was huge here, and they were on an uncharted island. Other than the locals, no one knew that this island existed.

Even if Ethan tried to use drones, the wind and snow were harsh at sea. It wouldn’t be able to fly far under such horrible weather.

At least Ethan wouldn’t be able to find her anytime soon.

The smile returned to Olivia’s face. She had already made plans. After she endured the length of Ethan’s patience, the mastermind would have run out of patience too.

Olivia found her purpose here. Every day, she taught the children how to read.

She also taught Jerry to draw.

Sometimes, she would learn how to make shoes from Martha under the warm sun.

Jack would go fishing with the villagers. Sometimes, they would return only after a few days. Every time they came back, their boats would be full.

Under the rays of the setting sun, everyone relished the joy of harvest. But Olivia noticed something off about Jack’s hand.

“Were you hurt?” Jack subconsciously hid his hand behind his back. He replied in a low voice, “It’s nothing.” She forced his hand out. She found a large wound on his palm, and blood was streaming from it.

As Olivia stared at Jack, he looked away in embarrassment. He explained, “It’s a small cut. I accidentally cut my hand when I was reeling in a huge fish.” “It’s a huge wound. How can it be a small cut?” Fortunately, she had bought a first aid kit when buying supplies last time. “Come with me.” Under the sunset, the two sat down by the door. Olivia patiently bandaged his wounds. The golden rays fell upon Jack’s mask, giving him a warm glow.



“Be careful next time.” Olivia put the first aid kit away. She noticed that he was still staring at the bandaged wound.

“What’s the matter? Is the bandage loose?” “No.” The man raised his head. The sun tinted his black eyes with a faint light. His voice also sounded a little gentler.

“You’re the first person to have bandaged my wounds.” Olivia calmly looked away. She didn’t know where Jack came from. The people on the island didn’t know about his past either.

While she was lost in thought, Jack grabbed her hand. “What are you doing?” she asked.

“I’m giving you a present as thanks.”

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 151-Jack swiftly led her into the forest. There was a treehouse in the forest, which Jerry showed her two days ago.

Jack swept the fallen leaves away. Then, he led her into the underground secret base.

It was completely dark underground, so Jack lit an oil lamp. The warm glow brightened up the whole base. When Olivia saw the things stored there, she was shocked.

“Are these all yours?” she asked, pointing at the firearms and weapons hanging on the wall.

The man responded in a low voice without explaining too much. Grabbing a small handgun, he placed it in Olivia’s hand.

“The truth always sides with the strong. No matter what happens in the future, you need a weapon to protect yourself.” Touching the heavy gun, Olivia had a nervous look on her face. She gulped.

“You’re giving this to me?” Under the mask, Jack’s dark eyes gleamed earnestly. He said in a cold voice, “If you can’t escape, I hope that it’ll be your final way out.” He pointed the gun at his chest. “Remember this spot and pull the trigger. It only takes one shot.” He knew about her waking up from nightmares every night. He was quiet, but it didn’t mean that he didn’t care.

“If you don’t want to have nightmares, you just have to end it at its source.” Olivia nodded, frightened.

“Come, I’ll teach you how to use it.” Even though Jack was injured, it didn’t affect his movements at all.

As he explained, he took the gun apart. “Before using the gun, you have to understand it so that you won’t accidentally hurt yourself.” “Got it.” Olivia didn’t decline his kindness. She didn’t know what troubles she would face in the future.

She was physically too weak, so it was nice to have a way to protect herself.

Soon, she learned how to take the gun apart and reassemble it. A surprised look flashed across Jack’s eyes.

“Well done. Let’s try using it next.” He took Olivia to the shooting range. “See that bullseye? Aim at it and shoot.” It was Olivia’s first time holding a gun. She wasn’t sure if she was excited or scared, but her arms wouldn’t stop trembling.

Then, she felt the man’s warm chest leaning against her body. Jack put his arms around her from behind, as if embracing her.

He placed his palm on her hand, saying, “Don’t be afraid. Find the target, then shoot. Like this.....” The piercing sound of the gun exploded in Olivia’s ears, threatening to rip her eardrums. The sound was so shocking that her heart almost stopped when she heard it in person.

She stood where she was, feeling numb. There was a dazed expression on her face as she shivered uncontrollably.

“Like this. Get it?” The man’s warm breath reached her ears, pulling Olivia’s thoughts back to reality.

It was only then that Olivia realized something. Jack’s posture looked like he was hugging her, and even his palms were placed firmly on the back of her hands.

Olivia subconsciously tried to move away, but Jack moved faster than her.

In a mere second, Jack had already stepped away and put some distance between them.

His voice was uniquely low and hoarse. He said, "Try it. Remember, don't panic, and don't tremble. You have to aim properly.

"If you have the resolve to use this gun on that person, there's nothing else to fear. Either you or him will die, so you have to be firm. Being nice won't help you." Jack's words were sharp, but he was right. It was true that all her failures were caused by her softheartedness. She was too weak.

She had allowed Marina, Ethan, or even random strangers to take advantage of her. When she thought of that, her gaze slowly grew determined. She lifted her arms again.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 152-"Yes, that's it. Be more determined. If you don't have the resolve, you'll still be the one getting hurt next time. Remember your past." With a bang, Olivia fired the gun. Her arms turned numb. She wasn't used to the strong recoil yet.

Even though she didn't hit the bullseye, she managed to hit the target.

"Well done. You have to believe in yourself." Jack stood behind her again, adjusting her posture. Then, he said softly in her ear, "Olivia, may you be your own sun in the future.

"You won't need to borrow light from anyone else. You were born with wings, so you should be soaring in the sky. Don't stay on the ground any further." Olivia looked at the target in the distance. She pretended that it was her current self.

She didn't know when it started, but her brilliant self had turned meek. She couldn't do anything but be controlled by others.

Not just Ethan, but even Olivia herself hated what she looked like right now.

Shooting forward, the bullet hit the bullseye.

"See? This is what you should be like." Jack let go of her. "There isn't much here, but we do have plenty of bullets." Looking at Jack, Olivia had the urge to ask him about his identity.

When she thought that everyone had their secrets, Olivia changed her mind.

She said softly, "Thanks." For the next few days, she would be here every day. Jack didn't hide anything either. He taught her lots of ways and skills to fight.

He even took her to hunt wild rabbits and chickens in the mountains. Olivia was a smart person. She was quick to pick up new skills, even shooting.

In just a few days, she could already hunt on her own.

She couldn't bring herself to hurt the rabbits at first, but now, she could skin them skillfully. She also cleaned fish and roasted them over an open fire.

This was a life she had never experienced before. Jack seemed very experienced in survival skills. So, both his face and past were intriguing.

Days like this caused her to forget her anxiety and the fear she had of Ethan.

Every day, she would roam the mountains with Jack. She felt that her body had gotten much stronger.

It was different from when it used to suffer from the side effects of chemotherapy. Back then, she would start gasping for breath after picking up pace a little.

There wasn't any internet connection here, so it felt like she was closed off from the rest of the world. Olivia felt very fulfilled here.

She would even follow Jack out to sea sometimes and sail on the raging ocean.

She thoroughly enjoyed every single day here.

When she was on the endless ocean, she would often see pods of dolphins.

She also saw whales lazily coming up for air and sea turtles with seaweed hanging on their bodies.

Jack told her that in spring, everything on the island would come back to life. All the flowers would be in full bloom.

When that happened, not only would they get lots of fish, but the island would be extremely pretty as well.

Olivia suddenly looked forward to it. She wanted to see the beautiful ocean and the lively island in spring.

“What are you zoning out for?” Jack stuffed a cleaned apple into her hand.

Olivia returned to her senses. She smiled. “I’m looking at that cherry tree. It should bloom in a few days.

“I’m suddenly looking forward to the flowers blooming in spring here. I’m imagining the beautiful sights.” Jack’s gaze passed over her face. “Yes, it’s truly beautiful. I’ll go check if there’s fish in the cages we set up a few days ago.” Olivia almost forgot about them. A few days ago, she weaved her first cage. She wondered if something interesting was trapped in it.

“I’ll go with you.” Taking a bite of the apple, she followed behind Jack. She had gotten to know the island very well in the past few days.

She followed Jack to the spot where they set up the cages before.

One of the cages was located in a deeper part of the sea. Without another thought, Jack took off his clothes and jumped into the sea.

Olivia was amazed at his health. She would start coughing if she was exposed to the wind for too long. Even though spring was getting closer, it was still quite cold out there.

While she was thinking, she heard the man coming out of the water with a splash.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 153-A naked and strong body came into view. Jack’s skin was a little darker than Ethan’s, and it was genuinely tanned.

His shoulders were broad, and his waist was slim. The muscles on his chest were well-defined. Like Ethan, there were some scars on his body as well.

The water droplets rolled down his well-defined abs. The man was full of masculine charm.

He held a cage in his arms. Behind him, the sun shone on the sea below, creating glowing ripples of light.

Even though she couldn't see his face, she could sense the joy coming from his thin face.

"It's a huge harvest." Jack stepped onto shore with his bare feet. The seawater streamed down the legs of his combat pants. With his movements, his muscles were displayed clearly.

Olivia couldn't help but look away. "I'll light a fire to roast the fish with." "Okay, then I'll gut the fish. We're in luck. We caught some crabs too." Olivia gathered some sticks and dried wood. She hastily brought the firewood back, but her stomach flipped.

"What happened?" The man, who was gutting the fish, dashed over to her.

Crouching on the ground, he looked anxiously at Olivia.

Olivia didn't throw anything up. She caressed her stomach, her face pale. "It's nothing. I just feel a little uncomfortable. It happens a lot." "Is it very painful?" A drop of water fell on her face. Looking up, Olivia met the man's eyes underneath his mask. Drops of water kept sliding off the ends of the man's hair.

It was only then that she realized she was almost completely in the arms of the half-crouching man.

The man's heat mingled with the moisture in the air as it crept onto her body.

The suggestive atmosphere slowly rose between them.

They weren't touching each other. But Olivia still felt uncomfortable about the close distance.

Jack seemed to notice this as well. He backed away in haste. It was only then that Olivia said, "It doesn't hurt. I just feel like vomiting a little." When Martha heard that Olivia wasn't feeling well, she came over to see her.

She asked in the local dialect, "What doesn't feel right? Maybe you've gotten sick." Olivia shook her head. She knew that it was a recurring problem. She just happened to have run out of gastric medication and painkillers.

"I'll make something light for you to eat. Jack, go and buy medicine from one of the islands around us.

“I’ll go with you, Jack” Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, Tom followed as well.

Jack left in a hurry with the talkative Tom ” Taking Olivia’s hand, Martha said, “Don’t worry. The islands nearby don’t have a lot of resources, but we can still buy gastric medication from them.” Olivia looked at the sky. The weather was great, and even the sea breeze was gentle. But for some reason, Olivia felt anxious as if something big was about to happen.

The cherry trees on the slope had already budded, and the flowers would bloom in a few days.

According to Jerry, she should wait until the sea breeze comes. The entire island would be surrounded by beautiful cherry blossoms then.

On moonlit nights, the islanders would hang a small lamp under the cherry trees as they admired the moon. The scenery was beautiful to the extreme.

Olivia, who used to have wonderful fantasies, was no longer in the mood to wait for the flowers to bloom.

Jack had already arrived at an island nearby. He noticed that the atmosphere on the island was different from before. There were some helicopters on the island.

The islands in the region were extremely poor, and they rarely received any tourists. How could there be helicopters, then?

Tom had always been a sociable person. He grabbed a handful of melon seeds from his pocket, then stopped a random passerby.

He asked, “Sir, what’s going on? Is some millionaire here on

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 154-You haven’t heard, have you? There have been helicopters flying around these parts for the past few days. Everyone in the helicopters wears black clothes and sunglasses. It’s just like what they show on TV.” Jack knew that something was wrong. Ethan must have come looking for Olivia.

Hastily entering a small pharmacy, he bought the stuff they needed. Tom rushed in. “Bad news, Jack. The helicopters took off. They seem to be headed for our island.” Taking the items, Jack said with a cold expression, “Hurry. We

have to get there before they do.” Tom looked at the helicopters above their heads. He sullenly gritted his teeth.

“Damn, it’s much faster to fly than to go by sea. They’ve gotten so much farther ahead of us in such a short amount of time! Jack, hurry up and-” Tom wanted to urge Jack to hurry up, but he noticed that Jack was trying so hard to start the engine that it smoked.

The boat leaped across the sea, sending huge splashes as it went. The speedboat was at its limit.

Jack stared at the helicopters in the sky. There was a cold look in his eyes.

The helicopters and the speedboat were like a barrier between Ethan and him.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t catch up to Ethan.

But even so, he had to rescue Olivia.

On the island, Martha made some oatmeal for Olivia. After blowing on it, she brought it to Olivia.

“Eat it while it’s hot, girl. It doesn’t matter if you have a child or not; you have to take care of your body. You have to eat something even if you don’t feel like it.” “Thank you, Martha.” Olivia ate a few mouthfuls of the oatmeal. She was still nervous.

Before she could eat more, she heard the sounds of propellers coming from the sky. Jerry also noticed the helicopters in the sky.

“Ms. Olivia, look. There are so many helicopters!” Olivia started to panic. The bowl in her hands fell to the ground.

She leaned against the doorframe, mumbling, “He’s here...” Olivia had spent a peaceful time here, but she knew that this day would come sooner or later.

Without another thought, Jerry grabbed Olivia’s hand and ran toward the forest.

“Don’t be afraid, Ms. Olivia.



“Even if they come here, they can’t be sure that you’re on this island as long as you hide. We’ve already told the villagers about it. No one will betray your location.

“Those people will naturally leave when they can’t find you.” Despite that, Olivia felt even more nervous.

It was Ethan, after all. He hated accidents most of all.

If he were just searching, the helicopters could be split to the surrounding islands. This would save more time. But the helicopters had come here together.

This meant that he was confident that he could find her. If she hid, wouldn’t she be causing trouble for the islanders?

While she was worrying, the helicopters circling in the sky had found a place to land.

“Stop looking, Ms. Olivia. Hurry and hide in the mountains. Don’t worry. They won’t find you there.” Olivia hid in the hut. Then, she used the telescope in the hut to observe what was going on.

Everyone was curious about the helicopters that had suddenly visited the island.

One after the other, the helicopters landed on a relatively flat piece of land.

The hatch opened. Brent and Kelvin peered at the surroundings on the island through their sunglasses.

The rest of the bodyguards stood in a row. They wore bulletproof vests and were equipped with guns.

After making sure that there was no danger, Brent guarded the hatch.

Olivia panicked. “Di Ethan come in person?” she thought.

The thought had just crossed her mind when she saw a small tender hand reaching out from the hatch.

Right after that, she saw Ethan in a black wool coat. His body was slender and tall, and he stood upright. In his arms was Connor, who was wearing a panda-themed onesie.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 155-Olivia finally knew why Ethan was so confident that he would find her. Even though Connor couldn't speak, he wasn't a fool. He had lived on this island for a week, so he recognized it!

Thus, Ethan didn't have to waste his time searching every island. He only had to find the island that Connor reacted the most strongly to.

Just like right now. Even before Connor got out of the helicopter, he waved his limbs excitedly. He kept mumbling, "Mama, Mama, Jerry, kitty..." He said all the words he knew.

Carrying Connor in one arm, Ethan smiled coldly. "Looks like this is the place." Everyone stood ready for action. The other party had used firearms before, so they didn't dare take it too lightly.

Kelvin had also stopped smiling like he usually did. He said something over the communicator. Soon, warships appeared on the surface of the sea. They proceeded to surround the island.

Snipers were positioned high above. Other members of the special forces slid from the ropes of the helicopters into the forest. They were all wearing bulletproof vests.

Olivia didn't expect so many people to be summoned just to look for her.

She knew that the Millers had an unusual identity, but even this was a surprise to her. The man standing at the top of the business empire could easily summon armies as well.

As time passed, more ships, helicopters, and special forces arrived on the shore.

It was just a matter of time before they found her.

Connor was so excited that he struggled to get out of Ethan's arms. After making sure that the area was safe, Ethan let him go.

“Good boy. Let’s look for your mommy.” A confident look appeared in Ethan’s eyes.

He thought, “Try escaping now, Olivia.” Connor acted like a military dog. He was very familiar with the island, after all.

Kelvin kept shouting, “Slow down, Master Connor! Careful, you might fall!” Connor dashed forward with his baby steps. He tripped and fell from time to time, but he quickly got up and continued running.

When he spotted the cat, he ran over to it and mumbled, “Kitty, kitty.” Ethan signaled with his gaze. Following the cat, Brent approached a family.

Martha was cleaning up the mess on the ground.

Brent showed Martha a photo of Olivia. He asked politely, “Ma’am, have you seen this woman before?” Shaking her head, Martha spoke in a dialect Brent couldn’t understand.

Running up to the door, Connor dashed toward Martha. “Granny..

Martha was about to explain when a tall man walked up to her. There was a cold look on his face, and he gave off a stern air.

Ethan said in a low voice, “Ma’am, I don’t mean to offend you. I’m only here for my wife. I hope you’ll cooperate with us, or... Ethan added, “I can’t guarantee the sort of disrespectful actions I might take against you.” The intense pressure he gave off sent chills down Martha’s spine. Even so, she waved her hands, explaining that she had never seen this person before.

Ethan was no fool. He could see through a person’s act right away.

Connor was very familiar with the island. He didn’t even look at the houses around him. Instead, he followed the cat here right away.

This might very well be the place Olivia stayed at.

Connor couldn’t understand why Martha ignored him. She used to treat him so well in the past. Ethan patted Connor’s head, then said gently, “Connor, where’s Mama?” Connor stopped mulling over it. Changing directions, he went to the room where he and Olivia used to stay.

Martha wanted to stop him, but Kelvin's tall figure blocked her path. "Excuse us, Ma'am."

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 156-Ethan opened the wooden door. The room had a simple layout, and all the furniture was made of wood.

There was a small bed in the room, and a drawing board was placed next to it.

The picture showed cherry trees under the moonlight. The island looked especially quiet in the moon's glow.

The artist was extremely skilled. From a glance, Ethan could tell that Olivia had drawn the picture.

He was overjoyed when he confirmed it. He had finally found her.

There was also a thick pile of drawings at the side. Ethan calmly looked through them.

A picture showed fishermen returning in the evening light. Smiles filled the faces of the women and children.

There was a youth weaving straw hats while another painted in the morning sunlight. A man with a metal mask leaned against a cherry tree.

Perhaps Olivia didn't mean anything when she drew it. But to Ethan, there was another meaning to this drawing.

This was the man who took her away.

Ethan had a cold air about him. He walked up to Martha with the picture in his hand. Then, he asked coldly, "Tell me, Ma'am. Where is she?" When Olivia saw Ethan entering Martha's house, she had the urge to go back.

A hand grabbed her wrist tightly. Coming back to her senses, she realized that it was Jack. He had returned before she knew it.

Olivia was panicking. "He's here!" "I know. Don't be afraid." Jack patted her head to comfort her. "I'll take you away. Come with me." Olivia's heart was in a mess as she panicked. She swiftly followed Jack down a path off the island, where a speedboat was waiting. She would be free as soon as she got onto the boat.

But she was doubtful. Could she achieve true freedom?

She turned around to look. Someone had already found traces of her and reported it to Ethan right away, Ethan's angry voice sounded over the speakers. "If you run away, Olivia, I'll burn this whole island to the ground!" Her nightmares had come true. Ethan's voice clung to her tightly like a stubborn nightmare.

Olivia's defenses were destroyed. She said in a trembling voice, "I have to go back." Jack said earnestly, "You still have a chance of survival if you leave now." Olivia replied, "At the cost of how many lives? This island does exist on the map. The residents never even had proper documentation.

"Did you see those warships? If he claims that everyone on the island is a cruel terrorist, they'll just open fire. They won't even have to take responsibility for it." Frowning, Jack asked, "Who exactly is he?" "I don't know." Olivia only knew that on the night he rescued her from the sea, Ethan was wearing camouflage clothing. The warship nearby had just sunk a pirate ship.

Flames leaped into the sky, casting shadows on Ethan's face. He looked like he was wearing a terrifying mask.

After their marriage, he would occasionally leave on a "business trip". Those trips lasted a few days up to a month. In those periods, she wouldn't be able to contact him at all.

There was more than one scar on his body. He had scars from blades and even bullets.

He never talked about it, and she never asked.

She only had a vague idea that the Millers were influential like the Carltons.

But she never cared who Ethan truly was.

If she left, all the islanders would get caught in the crossfire. She had already cut off the path she used to take, so she couldn't go back anymore.

While she was hesitating, Ethan had already approached her. He stood on the tall cliff, looking down at the world like a king. "Liv, I've said this before. You can't escape."

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 157-Olivia looked up at him. The sunlight shone on his body, but there was no warmth in his eyes.

Instead, his eyes were filled with rage, mockery, and disdain.

“What exactly do you want me to do, Ethan? Do I not deserve my own life anymore?” They were already divorced, but this man only got even more possessive of her.

His possessiveness was so serious that it was almost perverted.

Ethan’s gaze fell upon the large hand gripping Olivia’s wrist. When Jack noticed Ethan looking, he subconsciously stood in front of Olivia.

Their gazes met. Jack didn’t seem scared at all when he looked at Ethan.

“You’re already divorced. She doesn’t want to go with. you.” Jack’s movements and words made Ethan mad.

Ethan’s eyes were dark as he looked at Jack. There was an upset expression on his face.

Even the air around him seemed restless. The sea breeze passed by, rustling Olivia’s hair, which had grown a little longer.

She was pale in the face as she hid behind the man. Even though Jack had a decent build, the black jacket he was wearing looked like it would tear soon.

Ethan was suddenly pissed. This man was a far cry from him, but Olivia kept running away from him for the sake of this man.

Out of habit, Ethan took a cigarette and lit it. His stance was lazy, but there was a cold and powerful air about him.

“Who are you to her? What right do you have to comment on our relationship?” Jack was at a loss for words. But then, he quickly replied, “We’re friends.” “Friends?” Ethan sneered. “Befriending a kidnapper? You’re quite something, Olivia.” When he said the word “kidnapper,” he sounded especially harsh.

“It’s not what you think it is, Ethan. I can explain about the child.” Ethan narrowed his eyes. Only coldness remained in his eyes.

“Come up here.” The game was already over.

His influence reached the whole world. Olivia had nowhere to run.

Jack also knew that if Olivia went, only hell would be waiting for her.

“Don’t go.” He grabbed Olivia’s wrist, trying to make a final stand. But he didn’t realize that his actions had driven Ethan to anger.

Olivia was used to the sound of guns by now, so she didn’t scream.

The shot was aimed at a spot near Jack’s feet. If Olivia weren’t standing in front of him, the bullet wouldn’t have ended up there.

Olivia hastily struggled free of Jack’s grasp. She knew that the more she resisted and the closer she got to Jack, the worse their outcome would be.

She stood next to Jack, thanking him. “Thank you all for being with me, but... this is the end.” Jack wanted to step forward, but Olivia stopped him. “Don’t come any closer.” She walked toward Ethan. Jack clenched his fists, but he dared not move recklessly.

Several snipers around them were aiming at him. As soon as Olivia left, Jack would be shot on the spot with just an order from Ethan.

Olivia knew what Ethan was thinking. He was never a kind person.

Moreover, Jack had kidnapped Connor and injured Mina before.

So, before Ethan gave the order, Olivia hastily ran into his arms.

She knew that the man would succumb to tenderness. Thus, she softened her behavior and whispered, “Don’t hurt him, please. He’s a good person.” Ethan lowered his eyes to look at her. There was a mocking look in them.

“Are you begging me for the sake of another man? You’ve gotten bold, Olivia.” He held her hand. As their palms touched, Olivia felt his burning temperature.

She felt like it would burn her.

□

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 158-The scalding temperature seemed to spread from the back of her hand to every inch of her body. Olivia was terrified.

“Ethan, the islanders are good people. They took great care of me, and they didn’t hurt Connor—not even a little. Connor loves it here. The kidnapping was a misunderstanding. I can explain...’ She didn’t try to break free from his grasp. Instead, she begged earnestly, “I’ll go back with you, so please let them go, okay?” With the cigarette between his fingers, Ethan caressed her head.

He said in a cold voice, “Liv, why are you always making me angry? If you were this obedient from the start, we wouldn’t have come to this point.” Olivia suppressed her sorrow. She raised her pale face, forcing a smile as tears pooled in her eyes.

“Okay. I won’t run away again. Ever.” “Is that a promise? What do we do if you run away again?” Olivia silently looked at him. The tears in her eyes broke his heart.

Still holding the cigarette between his fingers, he held Olivia’s chin. The burning end of the cigarette was mere inches away from her skin.

She could feel the heat coming from the cigarette. If she moved even a little, she would be burned.

Olivia could only stay in place, allowing Ethan to speak in her ear. “Liv, if you run away again, I’ll wipe this island off the face of the earth. I mean it.” Olivia closed her eyes in humiliation, tears streaming down her cheeks. “Yes, I understand.” As soon as she finished speaking, a kiss stole her breath. Without holding back, he forcefully invaded every inch of her.

She didn’t want it at all. There were at least a hundred people around them.

The sea breeze came in. With a tug, he pulled her into his arms.

The cigarette fell from Ethan’s hand as he deepened the kiss.

Olivia was filled with embarrassment and humiliation. Ethan knew that, but it didn’t mean anything to him. With this, he would show Jack who Olivia belonged to.



Sometimes, men wanted to win so badly that it was absurd.

Right before Olivia suffocated, Ethan finally let go of her. Then, he glared coldly at Jack before taking Olivia away like a victor.

Olivia knew very well that this was just the beginning. Ethan wouldn't let her off the hook so easily.

"Mama!" Connor ran toward her from a distance away.

When Connor scrambled up to Olivia, Ethan reached out and picked him up.

"Go play at the side." Connor pouted in dissatisfaction. But since his father had stopped him, he dared not disobey. He could only look at Olivia pitifully.

He had no idea that Olivia couldn't even protect herself. She was unable to help him.

Ethan handed the child over to Kelvin. Then, he took Olivia into her room.

When the door clicked shut, Ethan forced Olivia against the wall.

Olivia subconsciously tried to struggle. Ethan gripped her hands and raised them above her head. The man's leg was wedged between hers so that she was completely trapped.

Ethan grabbed her chin, then whispered in her ear, "Did you fall for that kidnapper?" When Olivia heard those mocking words, she was extremely upset. She glared at him.

"I didn't fall for him. I just hate you." The words pierced Ethan's heart when he heard them. His half-closed eyes were filled with coldness. "What did you say?" □ □

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 159-Olivia knew that she wouldn't be able to escape this time. So, she stopped being wary like she used to. Looking Ethan in the eye, she spoke in a sterner tone.

"I hate how arrogant and inconsistent you are. You're the one who didn't want me anymore, but you're also the one who refuses to let me go now.

“You said that my father owes you for your sister’s life. Now, the Fordhams have gone bankrupt, and my father is constantly in critical condition. I’ve also sacrificed my marriage and my child.

“Is this still not enough for you? If so, then just take my life as well.” When she said that, she noticed Ethan’s gaze turning colder. In reality, Olivia felt quite nervous. Her heart pounded along with her worked-up emotions.

She continued, “When you’re in a good mood, you give me one billion dollars and allow me to leave. When you’re in a bad mood, you turn around and start looking for me again.

“Ethan, I’m human, not some toy in your hand. Do you know why I’d rather stay on a remote island instead of going back to the bustling city?

“Because everyone here treats me like a human! They respect me and help me find meaning in life.” Ethan tightened his grip. To him, Olivia had simply fallen for someone else.

“Just because he was slightly nicer to you, you’d do anything for him? You even betrayed me and forgot all about our contract. You’re as naive as always.” Olivia frowned. “What is wrong with this man?” she thought.

“I don’t-” “Do you know his identity? Are you aware of his intentions? Nothing in this world is free. You should know what happens when a moth flies toward a flame.” Olivia was upset with the way Ethan described Jack. “Yes, I don’t know his past or his identity, but there’s one thing I know. Unlike you, he won’t hurt me!” When Ethan saw Olivia trying her best to defend another man, his expression sank.

He was like a beast revealing its terrifying fangs. “I said before that you would be punished if you did something wrong. You’ll pay a huge price for your betrayal.” With that, he let Olivia go and turned to leave. Olivia knew that she was in deep trouble.

She couldn’t care less about her own life. But she had formed bonds with Martha, Jerry, Jack, and the islanders.

Olivia hastily wrapped her arms around his waist from behind. She begged, “Ethan, I’ll go back with you. Please don’t harm.

the islanders.” Ethan’s face was tense as a sharp coldness appeared in his eyes. “It’s too late.” With that, he reached out and pried Olivia’s fingers off of him. “Olivia, if that man dies in front of you, will you finally be obedient enough?” Olivia was deeply regretting her actions. She shouldn’t have confessed her truest thoughts.

Ethan had already given her a chance. As long as she submitted to him, he would have let everyone else go.

“Ethan, please don’t do it. I’m sorry. I’m really sorry.” She wanted to take his hand, but Ethan grabbed hers first. Then, he dragged her outside.

Jack was surrounded by several men. He didn’t dare move a muscle. He feared that even a slightly heavier breath from him would give them a reason to pull the trigger.

He had always been good with enduring. He knew that Ethan wanted to make an example of him. If not, Ethan would’ve attacked him on sight.

He was waiting for a chance to fight. But now wasn’t the time.

When he saw Olivia being taken into the room, he didn’t know what sort of terrors she would have to go through again. He was anxious, but he mustn’t make any reckless moves.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 160-Jack knew about crazy people like Ethan. If he showed too much concern about Olivia, he would only be putting her in danger.

Soon, the door to the room opened. Jack watched as Ethan dragged Olivia out with him. Olivia looked so fragile, but Ethan didn’t seem to pity her one bit.

Jack subconsciously tried to move forward. Brent reminded him in a cold voice, “Don’t move.” Jack looked at Olivia in worry. He opened his mouth but didn’t say anything.

A gun had appeared in Ethan’s hand. He looked high and mighty as if he were some god that controlled others’ lives at will.

“Watch closely, Liv. He died because of you.” Olivia was terrified. She didn’t know what she could do now to stop Ethan’s frenzy.

The more she begged, the more it would stoke Ethan's murderous intent. But even if she didn't beg him, he would still do it.

"What should I do? What on earth can I do?" she thought.

At that moment, a clear voice rang out. "Go to hell, you criminal!" It was Tom's voice. He had been hiding and lying in wait for a chance.

Jack had taught him how to use a gun before. But since guns were dangerous, Jack usually forbade him from using them.

Tom innocently thought that the crisis would be resolved if Ethan died. Then Olivia would be free again.

The bullet didn't come from Ethan's hand. Instead, it came from the gun Tom was holding. Tom was hiding in an overlooked corner.

The gun was aimed at Ethan, but Tom wasn't very good at shooting. Because of his panic, his aim was off.

The bullet whistled through the air as it headed right toward Olivia's chest.

No one expected the sudden turn of events. They didn't think that the child would have a gun!

When Olivia saw the bullet, she was already pulled into an embrace.

She could smell the familiar wooden scent. It was just like Ethan's personality, reserved and cold.

His tall figure not only blocked off the snowy wind for her, but it also blocked the bullet.

"Ethan!" Olivia looked at him in panic. At that moment, her emotions were in a mess. All her thoughts centered on Ethan.

"Are you okay? Does it hurt?" Olivia got out of Ethan's embrace. She saw that the bullet had pierced the black wool coat and hit the bulletproof vest underneath. She sighed in relief.

It was also at that moment when all the snipers aimed at Tom instead. Olivia hastily said, "Don't shoot! He's just a child!" Ethan reached out his cold fingers to touch the tears in the corners of her eyes.

He said, "A young beast with fangs is still a beast in the end. Liv, if I hadn't worn a bulletproof vest today, either you or I would've died." Leaning in her ear, he whispered, "Having mercy on your enemies is the same as being cruel to yourself." Ethan's voice was soft, and Olivia couldn't sense any emotion in it.

But she knew that he was mad. He was furious!

Other than matters that concerned her, his mood swings were quite severe.

When he faced other people, the angrier he was, the calmer he appeared.

Olivia hugged him tightly, begging in her soft and humble tone, "Ethan, Tom didn't mean to harm me. He's just a child. Don't Connor didn't know why Olivia was sobbing so much. When he saw her crying, he also felt sad. He immediately started wailing as well.

"Daddy, Mama!" Connor's wails distracted Ethan's thoughts. The child tottered toward Ethan.

Ethan picked the child up. Connor and Olivia were sobbing on either side of him.

He was greatly annoyed.

He had no choice but to compromise. "Fine, I can let the child go. But he..." Ethan glared straight at Jack. His voice was cold as he continued, "... must die."

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 161-Shaking her head, Olivia continued to beg. "Ethan, I-" With one hand carrying the child, Ethan wiped her tears with his other hand.

"Liv, with every plea you make, I'll add one more hole to his body. Do you want to test me?" Olivia instantly shut up. This perverse man was capable of anything at all.

She could only let her tears fall in silence. Ethan whispered, "The more tears you shed for his sake, the more he will bleed later.

” Olivia felt like a heavy boulder was weighing upon her heart. There were thousands of words she wanted to say, but at that moment, she couldn’t make a sound.

She could only shake her head continuously. Reaching out, Ethan rubbed her eyes. “Be a good girl and look away. We can return to our normal lives after this.” Tom, who was being held down, started shouting. Popping out of nowhere, Jerry spoke up as well, “If you want to kill someone, kill me. Don’t hurt Jack “He just wants to improve the islanders’ quality of life. He’s a good man. Even when we took your son away, we never hurt him. We even gave him milk, which is a luxury to us.” The boy had also appeared in Olivia’s drawings. Ethan only responded with two words, “Get lost.” The usually timid boy refused to budge. “If you truly love Ms. Olivia, you won’t hurt her friends. What you’re doing right now isn’t love; it’s hurt.” It was only then that Ethan looked at Jerry. An evil smile appeared on his lips.

“Who told you that I love her? The more she suffers, the happier I am. If killing you could break her heart, that’s the best thing I can wish for.” Jerry couldn’t understand how such cold words could come out of a human mouth. The man’s cold air surrounded him, but Jerry retorted bravely.

“If you hate her, you wouldn’t have protected her on instinct. That bullet was traveling at a high speed. If you hate her, you would’ve simply let her die.

Instead, you held her in your arms.” Jerry exposed Ethan’s mask right away. Even Kelvin gaped in shock.

The meek youth was quite brave, after all. Even Kelvin didn’t dare say such words to Ethan’s face.

“If you truly love a person, it’ll show in your eyes. If you don’t love her, you wouldn’t have humbled yourself and come looking for Ms. Olivia in person.

“If you don’t love her, you wouldn’t be treating Jack as an enemy. Even a child like me knows that love should be sincere. Even if you don’t love someone, you shouldn’t hurt them.

“When you’re hurting her, don’t you feel bad as well?” Ethan let go of Connor and then walked toward Jerry. For a moment, everyone held their breaths, feeling worried for the youth.

As Ethan neared him, Jerry felt his heart shivering. Still, he didn’t back down.

Ethan had a tall figure, and he was considerably taller than the thin youth.

Ethan's oppressive air surrounded Jerry.

"Are you telling me what to do?" Ethan sneered. In the next moment, he had already aimed his gun at Jerry's head.

"I can let him go, but you'll have to die in his place." Ethan wasn't too interested in the youth, and he was even a little fond of Jerry.

Even adults didn't dare meet his gaze and speak such bold words, much less young people.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 162-Everyone tensed up. It was just a noise Ethan made with his mouth, but the youth was already frowning deeply.

Ethan let go of the gun, a look of approval coloring his eyes. "Not bad. You're quite the man. Still, no one can replace his life." Ethan walked toward Jack. Just then, Jack swiftly took out his gun and aimed it at Ethan's forehead.

"Don't move!" Guns were pointed at Jack from all sides. The man had been waiting for a chance to make his move.

"If my lowly life can be exchanged for Mr. Miller's, then it doesn't seem like a bad deal." A rare smile appeared under Jack's mask.

He looked at Olivia with an earnest look that seemed to say, "From today onward, you'll be free." Jack knew very well that as soon as he fired the gun, bullets from all sides would come at him as well. He had nowhere to run.

Olivia was stunned. No one could've expected this turn of events.

She had known Jack for only two weeks. She couldn't allow him to die for her.

"No, don't shoot!" Olivia ran toward the two in a crazed manner.

Ethan, who had a gun aimed at his head, didn't seem to be scared. Instead, maniacal enthusiasm could be seen in his eyes.

"Why don't we make a bet and see who survives?" Olivia shouted, "Don't shoot, Jack. Please, don't shoot!" As soon as he fired the gun, no one would

know how things would turn out. But she was sure that only tragedy awaited them.

Before Jack could shoot, Olivia was already standing between the two.

“If you two are going to shoot, then you should kill me first.” Ethan frowned, upset at Olivia’s sudden interruption. “Take her away.” Throwing herself at Ethan, Olivia hugged him.

Her warm tears trailed down his neck as she said in a trembling voice, “Stop.

Please, just stop. I’ll agree to all your conditions. I won’t escape anymore, I swear. Please let them go.” The woman in his arms trembled uncontrollably with tears streaming down her face. Ethan felt the cold sea breeze on his face. For a moment, he regained his wits.

Seeing how pitiful Olivia’s sobs were, Ethan felt like a hole had opened up in his heart. He wasn’t happy at all. Instead, he felt endless pain.

He felt like he hadn’t seen her smile in a long while.

When he persistently clung to her, was it for revenge? Or was he simply feeling possessive?

No matter what the reason was, right now, he didn’t want to see her cry.

He asked in a low voice, “Are you truly sorry?” Olivia gripped his coat, her messy hair whipping in the wind. There were tears in her eyes as she nodded time and again. “Yes, I’m sincerely sorry.” His slender fingers tucked her messy hair behind her ears. He lowered his gaze, which had a rare hint of gentleness in it. “Then I’ll do as you wish.” Olivia looked at him in disbelief. She thought that she was hearing things.

Bending down, Ethan picked Connor up. Then, he waved at Olivia.

The sea breeze lifted the ends of her clothes. A few strands of her hair, which he had tucked behind her ears, came loose and covered her forehead.

The sunlight gave his body a warm glow. She couldn’t believe that she had caught sight of tenderness in Ethan’s eyes. Was she dreaming?

Not daring to doubt his intentions, Olivia hastily placed her hand in his palm.



As their fingertips touched, he tugged at her. She fell into his embrace.

“We’re going home.” His cold words dashed Olivia’s imagination to pieces. She had no choice but to follow him.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 163-When Olivia passed by Tom and Jerry, they looked at her with heavy hearts.

She smiled at them in an attempt to comfort them.

Jack didn’t say anything. He watched her board the helicopter silently because he knew that now wasn’t the time.

In order not to cause trouble to the people on the island, Ethan mustn’t die here.

However, once he was away from the island... A malicious glint fled across Jack’s eyes when Ethan happened to look back at him as if he sensed the danger.

They met each other’s eyes. The two strong men stared at each other for a second.

Both of them were aware that today wasn’t the end.

Olivia wasn’t able to bid farewell before leaving the island.

She looked at the huge cherry blossom tree and the small wooden house.

Martha was standing in front of her house, sending her off. The kids and the neighbors were watching her too.

Olivia didn’t realize when Jack left. With his back facing her, he advanced deeper into the woods like a lone wolf.

“Goodbye, everyone,” she closed her eyes and thought. It was a pity that she couldn’t watch the cherry blossoms bloom.

Since Ethan had caused a commotion only to bring her home, everyone definitely knew about it.

Thus, her plans had gone out of the window.

“What’s wrong? You hate to leave the island?” His low voice rang in her ears.

Olivia had to be very careful with her words. The last thing she wished for was to anger him because of a slip of the tongue.

She shook her head, not knowing how to respond to that.

Telling him the truth would make him angry. On the other hand, he would see through her if she lied.

Her fear of Ethan made her blood surge. She didn’t know what was the right response.

It seemed like Ethan was aware of that.

She would flinch when he leaned closer toward her. Like a frightened cat, she watched him with alert eyes.

He pulled the jumpy Olivia into his arms. She didn’t dare to defy his actions.

Therefore, she nestled against his chest, listening to his steady heartbeat.

She shrunk herself as she couldn’t read his mind. She wasn’t sure how he would torture her the next moment.

The helicopter landed at the apron in Miller residence.

Olivia was on tenterhooks. Even her legs were wobbling when she alighted from the helicopter.

Ethan was looking at her. She was like a stray cat that had grown cautious of humans after getting tortured.

His gaze alone was enough to fetter her with fear.

Ethan clearly wasn’t doing anything. Yet, her body shuddered when he glanced at her.

Olivia was finally back, but she was more timid and sensitive than before.

She would read his expression carefully and watch her words.

Her attitude evoked frustration in him.

She stared at his back, sensing his anger. She didn't know why he was livid because she neither did nor said anything.

1/2 Olivia secretly caressed the pocket that contained the gun, hoping that she wouldn't have to use it one day.

As soon as they entered the house, Madam Burgess took Connor elsewhere to play.

Olivia followed Ethan upstairs. The moment she entered a room, the door was closed.

The lights weren't turned on. A ray of sunlight passed through the opening from the drawn curtains.

She could see the dust dancing under the glow of light, as well as Ethan's gulping throat.

Darkness shrouded his face, so she couldn't read his expression.

On the other hand, the sunlight was cast upon her lips and neck.

He caressed her lips, transferring the warmth from his coarse fingertip.

She didn't know what kind of trick he had in mind.

Right when she was going to say something, his finger traced downward to her delicate collarbones.

Ethan's breathing became heavier. She couldn't guess what he was up to at all.

When she was going to say something, he finally moved.

He bent over, exposing his face to the sun for a brief second before he kissed her.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 164-Olivia widened her eyes.

For the past few days, she had been guessing how Ethan would torture her.

But... Never in her wildest dream had she imagined it to end up this way.

Like a dehydrated man in the desert who finally found water, he carefully savored her lips as if he was afraid of losing them.

Her heart raced.

Although the sunlight was shining on his face, his eyes were shut. She couldn't read his mind.

It had been a long time since Olivia received such gentle treatment from him.

While she was in a daze, Ethan suddenly bit her lip.

The tingling pain pulled her senses back.

He asked coldly, "Are you thinking of him again?" Unbeknownst to him, he was all she could think of. She wasn't in the state of mind to think about others.

She replied with a deadpan face, "No. How many times do I have to tell you?

We're just friends." He scoffed coldly.

Obviously, he was seeing her as his wife who cheated on him. He wouldn't believe anything she said.

Not only that, he was getting aggressive. He caressed Olivia's face. "Did he touch you?" She widened her eyes, not expecting that question from him.

"No. You'd better not cross the line." Her tone turned icier.

His words made her heart ache. His question was like rubbing salt on her wounds.

The ache in her heart eclipsed the pain of her wounds.

"He touched your hands." Ethan intertwined her fingers obsessively.

Olivia's lips parted, but no words escaped through her lips.

She did not know how to explain her stance.

All she could do was rein her emotions to not agitate him.

However, her concession was a provocation to him.

He suddenly carried her to the bathroom, prompting her to clutch his shirt.

Unpleasant memories began flooding her head as her body trembled.

“Is he gonna go mad again?” she wondered.

Ethan placed her lightly into the bathtub, saying gently, “Don’t be afraid. I’ll wash you up.” “Not this again!” she thought.

The thought of dipping herself in cold water made her shake her head in denial.

“Ethan, don’t do this to me. Please.” The shower was turned on, and the steam filled the bathroom.

Fortunately, it was warm water.

Ethan began taking her clothes off until she was left in her undergarments.

They had done something more intimate before. It had been two years since he last touched Olivia.

After experiencing all kinds of incidents, she had mixed feelings for him.

Love, resentment, anger and other emotions jumbled into a ball within her.

His touch disgusted her more.

“Don’t touch me!” She hugged her chest, repelled by his touch.

With dark eyes, Ethan stared at the woman hugging her knees in the bathtub.

She curled into a ball with teary eyes that expressed evident repulsion.

He sneered. “What’s wrong? You don’t want me to touch you?” Olivia could sense his aura turning dangerous. His eyes were devoid of warmth.

It seemed like he had a serious misunderstanding about her.

She watched him stand up wordlessly. With mockery written all over his face, he was going to leave.

Olivia was confident that Ethan was going to do something; not to her, but to the people around her.

Quickly, she grabbed his wrist.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 165-Ethan stopped in his tracks and looked at Olivia silently.

There was only the sound of water splashing from the shower.

As tense as the air was, the grasp around his wrist was tight.

“Don’t go,” she lied because that was the only thing she could say.

Ethan pinched her chin and commented indifferently, “You’re still pleading for him.” Olivia felt like she was talking to a wall. No matter what she said, there was only one thing that mattered to him—that she had betrayed and cheated on him.

“You’re the one who betrayed me!” she thought.

Frustration was gnawing at her, but she sighed when she thought about Tom and Jerry.

Standing up in the bathtub, she hugged Ethan without giving a care about her wet body.

The water droplets slowly damped his white shirt, but he didn’t push her away.

She wrapped her arms around him carefully. The moment her lips pecked his neck, his body became tense.

“Ethan, I didn’t betray you.” Her quivering voice was soft. It was teeming with sorrow and grievance.

He reciprocated the embrace and crashed her lips with his.

She frowned. It was their first intimacy after two years. It was the same embrace that she had yearned for and relied on before this.

Yet, she was disgusted when she thought about how he had done it with Marina.

Right when she was going to push him away, his phone rang.

The ringtone indicated that it was a call from Marina.

Olivia sighed as she had never been this grateful to Marina before.

Ethan wanted to proceed, but the ringtone echoed against the walls again and again.

Irritated by the noise, he released her.

Impatiently, he answered the call. Marina said something that deepened his frown.

In the end, he hung up the call with an agitated face.

Helplessly, he put on a robe around him. "I gotta go out. Stay here and wait for me." A wave of relief washed over Olivia.

Noticing her joy, Ethan added sternly, "Do not go anywhere." Once he was gone in a hurry, her body slowly relaxed.

It was fortunate that he didn't proceed to the final stage.

The man she was once deeply in love with now disgusted her.

Olivia took a few pumps of body shampoo.

In the bubble-filled bathtub, she began rubbing and cleaning every part of her body that he had touched.

The warm water covered her body. Olivia looked into the blurry mirror, staring at her vague silhouette.

She asked herself in her head, "Even if I'm able to escape his torture today, will I be able to do the same tomorrow?" Ethan was more despicable than before.

Previously, although he gave her the cold treatment due to resentment, she had freedom.

Yet, now, he had fettered her body and mentality.

When her skin was showing tinges of red due to the long bath, she stood up.

Since there was no other way out, she had to step forward bravely.

She contacted Calvin. "Calvin, have you found anything?"

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 166-Considering that it had been days since Olivia left, Calvin should've found something for her.

"Olivia, are you alright?" he asked with concern.

After the incident on the ship, he had been worried about her. He called her a few times but it was all in vain.

"Sorry for making you worried. I lost contact for a few days to deal with something. I'm fine now." He was relieved to hear that. "That's great. I did find something. Can we talk in person?" Olivia sighed as she was still undergoing punishment from Ethan because of Jack.

If she went to meet Calvin in person, she had no idea what Ethan would do to her.

She said, "Calvin, honestly, I'm afraid of alerting the other party. I suspect that there's someone keeping an eye on me. Did you carry out your investigation discreetly?" He nodded. "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing. Mr. Galloway resigned two days after Belle's death." "She resigned? What about that man?" Olivia's brows were knitted together.

It was no wonder that she sensed hostility from the doctor's gaze at that time.

"He resigned a day before Dr. Galloway did. I dug further. The man was a temporary staff hired through Dr. Galloway. His name was fake." "What about Dr. Galloway? She owns a medical license. Her name shouldn't be fake." Calvin responded, "Her full name is Jennifer Galloway. We studied in the same medical college, but she's my senior by a few years.

"She pursued her studies abroad after graduation. She returned to the country only this year." He paused momentarily before continuing, "I found something interesting. She received financial aid from your father before.

Olivia was stunned. It was clearly not a coincidence.



“Calvin, is there any other information? Maybe about her family or friends, and Belle too.” “Calm down. I’ll tell you everything.” He calmed her down.

He added, “Jennifer was raised by her single mother. Her parents divorced when she was young.

“A few years ago, her mother passed away due to an illness and she went abroad to further her studies. It’s been years since she last contacted her father.” Based on Jennifer’s background alone, Olivia couldn’t figure it out. She wondered if Jennifer had been harmed by Jeff before.

Olivia recalled the name list, but Jennifer’s name was not on it.

“This is all I’ve found out about Jennifer. I can’t find her whereabouts after her resignation. As for Belle, her parents have immigrated to another country.

“They didn’t return to the country after she passed away. They didn’t like her since she was young because she was a girl.

“They abused her, so she grew up reserved. And she dropped out of school due to pregnancy.” Olivia recalled Belle’s pale face. “Is her kid alive?” If Jeff was the culprit, Olivia would be able to confirm her guess through a DNA test as long as she could find the child. Calvin replied, “Sorry, I couldn’t track her down after she dropped out of school. I heard that she had an abortion.

“I’ve asked someone to check with several public and private hospitals, but I haven’t been able to find any relevant records.” Olivia’s eyes lit up. “It’s possible that her child is still alive!” Belle kept repeating about someone stealing her child away. Olivia finally found hope from the important clue.

□

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 167-Olivia was in a good mood as she thanked Calvin profusely, “Thank you, Calvin.

You’ve helped me big time.” Now, she had to find Belle’s child.

A DNA test between the child and Jeff would reveal whether he was a scoundrel or not.

Calvin said, “Don’t worry, Olivia. I’ll look more into that man. But it seems like he has expected someone to investigate the matter.

“He left no traces. That’s why I’m unable to find anything. I need some time.”  
At that moment, someone knocked on the door.

“Mrs. Miller, are you done yet?” Madam Burgess asked.

“Yeah.” Olivia hurriedly hung up the call and kept her phone before opening the door.

“You must be hungry. I made something. You can come on down and eat.”  
Madam Burgess was kind-hearted as usual.

Considering her aching stomach, Olivia gladly went downstairs.

As soon as she was downstairs, she heard Connor’s voice. “Mama! Mama!”  
Connor, who was playing with toys, scurried toward her.

Her bad mood was appeased at once. She hugged him. “Connor.” With drool on his mouth, he smiled adorably at her.

Olivia recalled Ethan’s words and was grateful that she didn’t act on impulse back there.

She adjusted the emerald necklace around his neck before carrying him to the dining table.

She was used to babysitting thanks to her experience on the island.

Madam Burgess smiled. “Look how happy Master Connor is. Anyone would think that you’re his mother.” She soon realized that she had put her foot in her mouth. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Miller.

It wasn’t on purpose.” “It’s alright.” Olivia shrugged it off.

They enjoyed the meal. After the meal, Olivia suddenly realized that something was wrong.

Before this, she would lose her appetite whenever Ethan was away because of Marina.

She would cry while staring at the door, waiting for him until her stomach ached or the night dawned.

It seemed like she was slowly getting over him.

The joy upon realization didn't last long. Brent was standing at the door and said with some embarrassment, "Mrs. Miller, I'm here to pick Master Connor up." Olivia's smile went stiff, and she slowly released Connor's hand.

"Right. Ethan isn't mine, and Connor isn't either." Brent walked up to her and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Miller." He carried Connor away, and the latter began crying.

Olivia wanted to stop Brent, but she suddenly recalled her position.

Who was she to Connor? What right did she have to stop Brent from taking Connor away?

In the end, she could only watch the crying boy leave helplessly.

Madam Burgess washed the dishes and left the manor, leaving Olivia all alone in the huge house.

There were people guarding the gates. It appeared like she had freedom, but she was actually cooped up.

Standing before the floor-to-ceiling window, she stared into herself. She wore an ugly smile.

Be it before or now, she had always been alone.

The only difference was that she no longer had anyone to wait for.

Olivia returned to her room. She hugged her knees, staring into the somber sky that was adorned with a full moon.

She thought about the people on the island. Tom and Jerry should be asleep at this hour.

She figured that she needed to talk with Ethan.

At midnight, someone opened the bedroom door.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 168-Ethan returned home after dealing with the Carlton family. He initially thought Olivia would wait for him in the living room like before.

No matter how late he returned home, she would always sleep on the couch in the living room.

She always made sure the lights were turned on when he returned.

However, the house was shrouded by darkness when he opened the door. She wasn't on the couch either.

Ethan was tipsy.

Before this, Olivia would welcome him home. She would grumble while looking for hangover pills for him.

She was naggy, but he loved it.

Unlike before, he felt cold although the heater was turned on.

He opened the bedroom door. Thanks to the lightning from the hallway, he could see the bump on the bed.

Olivia fell asleep a moment ago.

Ethan pulled her into his embrace. The air that reeked of alcohol woke her up.

"You drank?" Hearing her groggy voice, he grumbled, "Olivia, you've changed." It didn't make sense to her. "Are you kidding me? You're the one who had a change of heart first." He wrapped his arms tightly around her. He appeared mild at the moment.

"I didn't. I never did." His drowsy voice rang into her ears.

Olivia didn't buy it. After all, his and Marina's son was already a year old.

How could he claim that he never had a change of heart?

Nevertheless, she knew his character all too well that she should let him be.

Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to have a good night's sleep tonight.

Just like that, she nestled in his arms quietly. She didn't want to tick him off.

As she had expected, her obedient reaction comforted him.

Ethan hugged her tighter and rested his head on her shoulder. "Liv, I barely found you. Can you not run away again?" It had been a long time since she last heard his gentle tone.

If this happened two months ago, she would've been elated.

Now, it didn't affect her emotions a single bit.

She was aware that it was empty words said under the influence of alcohol.

Once the sun rose, he would return to his original self again.

Love and respect wouldn't be able to fix their relationship anymore. One of them had to have a downfall before they could find peace.

That night, Ethan hugged her tightly as if he had found his lost treasure at long last.

There were no hurtful words, only gentleness.

He soon drifted into dreamland. Olivia, who was used to sleeping alone, couldn't sleep because of his warmth.

Belle's death was all she could think of.

After making sure that he was deep asleep, she slid out of his arms.

She put on a cardigan and sneaked to the study.

She reopened the safe, which was unlocked with her birthdate. She didn't know whether to see him as fickle or loyal.

Olivia was confident that she missed something.

Leia's death must be related to Jeff and Belle in some way.

Olivia wasn't in a hurry. Instead of reading other people's information, she flipped through Leia's information.

Leia's death was taboo to Ethan, so Olivia didn't dare to bring it up before this.

Thus, she didn't peruse the documents related to Leia.

Aside from Leia's toys, there was a brown paper bag in the safe.

Olivia thought, "If I'm dead, will my whole life be written on a stack of papers?

And be consigned to oblivion after ten years?" Leia's adoptive parents passed away years ago. What about her friends?

There should be at least a trace of someone's existence in this world.

Olivia snapped pictures of the documents, believing that the truth was hidden within them. While she was on tenterhooks, a cold voice sounded from the door.

"Are you done reading?"

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 169-Olivia raised her gaze to meet eyes with Ethan, who was standing by the door.

He hadn't changed into his pajamas before sleeping, so his shirt was crumpled with some undone buttons.

He leaned against the door frame lazily. His disheveled hair didn't stop him from looking handsome as always.

Olivia was feeling guilty. She wasn't able to completely cut ties with Ethan.

In addition to his unappeased anger during the day, she thought of the people from the island and was scared.

"I-I couldn't sleep," she explained anxiously while he slowly came up to her.

She was sitting on the floor, and the light cast his shadow over her.

Judging from his clear eyes, he appeared to be sober.

His dark eyes carried zero emotions, so she couldn't read his mood.

Olivia hastily placed the documents into the safe while stammering on her words. "I was s—simply looking around." He held her wrist tightly.

Her chest tightened, and her instincts prompted her to beg for mercy. "I was wrong. I shouldn't have read your sister's documents. Don't be angry..." ||

He held her hand while staring at her.

He wondered since when the affection and resentment in her gaze had given way to fear.

“It’s getting late.” His voice was hoarse.

Olivia looked at him, confused.

Ethan set the documents in her hands aside and carried her. “You can take your time and read them during the day.” She widened her eyes in surprise, thinking, “Does that mean I can enter his study and read his documents whenever I want?” “I didn’t change the password because I didn’t want to hide it from you in the first place.” He saw through her.

Ethan placed Olivia on the soft bed and hugged her tightly once again.

“You should rest now.” His groggy voice sounded above her.

She stared at the silver button on his shirt that reflected the moonlight.

His heartbeat was pounding into her ears due to the proximity.

Confused, she couldn’t follow him at all.

“If you don’t wanna sleep, I don’t mind continuing our unfinished deeds from the day,” he suddenly said.

She was surprised and hurriedly shut her eyes. She stayed still She deemed that he wasn’t in his right state of mind.

Ethan stared deeply at the sleeping Olivia, who was curled in his arms.

It had been a long time since they last slept in each other’s embrace.

The next morning, his handsome face appeared in her sight the moment she opened her eyes.

It was as though time had returned to three years ago when she could see him whenever she woke up.

A few strands of his fringe rested on his forehead, tickling his furrowed eyebrows. The sleeping man appeared harmless.

There was a thin layer of stubble around his tense jaw.

Olivia instinctively reached out to smoothen the crease between his brows.

Her hand halted midair when she recalled that they were divorced. When she was going to withdraw her hand, Ethan opened his eyes.

Their eyes intertwined midair. She could see the tiny dust particles dancing in the air too.

Her hand remained stiff in midair. Whether she withdrew her hand or not, it would be awkward.

While she was thinking of how to resolve the awkward situation, his hand around her waist tightened. He suddenly hovered over her to kiss her lips.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 170-Olivia was stunned for a moment. When she finally pulled her senses back, she pushed Ethan away.

The fact that he had touched another woman disgusted her. That was the sole reason behind her instinctive reaction.

However, he held the back of her head and deepened the kiss, rendering her defiant action in vain.

Frowning, she wanted to bite him only to find that he was pinching her cheeks.

Men were inherently stronger than women when it came to strength. Thus, she had no choice but to yield to him.

When Olivia thought she was going to suffocate to death, Ethan finally let her go.

She glared at him with reddened eyes like an angry bunny.

His eyes darkened. "What's wrong? Am I not allowed to touch you?" Before she could respond, he pinched her cheeks harder as he stared at her icily.

Her brows knitted at his psychopathic acts.

She attempted to pry his fingers off. "Release me! If you're sexually frustrated, you can go to Marina. She's your fiancée." "Olivia Fordham, it seems like



you're taking the liberty of my generosity toward you." Enraged, Ethan grabbed her hands.

Learning her lesson from her past experience, Olivia didn't dare to infuriate him by crossing the line.

She caved in to him. Although she had raised the white flag, Ethan noticed the unappeased rage in her eyes.

He released her and headed to the washroom.

She massaged her hurting cheeks while concluding that his mood swings had become more serious than before.

Hence, she made a mental note to herself not to enrage him.

Ten minutes later, Ethan came out of the washroom. He didn't spare a single glance at her when he passed by her to reach the closet.

Olivia was aware of one thing—the angrier he was, the more passive she would become.

She opened the other side of the closet to take a suit out. "Wear this." It was in gray color, which held a certain solemnity and was relatively casual than black.

It was perfect for his schedule today.

Ethan approached her. She thought that he would reject her suggestion, yet he trapped her by placing his hand next to her.

She retreated in reflex.

He drew the distance closer until her back rested against his clothes. She was trapped in the cramped closet.

Slightly nervous, she met his eyes. "You—" "It's been a while since you picked an outfit for me." Ethan caressed her cheeks.

Olivia's heart missed a beat as she thought, "He's always known how to make my heart flutter." "You're the one who isn't home all the time," she grumbled helplessly.

He leaned toward her to capture her lips with his. She was forced to hug his neck to stabilize herself.

The thought of the cramped space made her breathe heavily. She didn't have the guts to shove him away, so she accepted the kiss.

Ethan couldn't put his finger on one thing—that was whether his love for Olivia was greater than resentment or vice versa.

However, there was something he was sure of.

The woman, whom he once thought he could get over, had captured his heart.

The ocean of resentment drove them apart, yet he wanted to slog through it only to hold her in his arms, kissing her and possessing her were the only things he could think about. Ethan wanted to have all of her.

Invisible vines that sprouted from his deep feelings wrapped around her.

“Olivia, let's make a deal.” His voice was hoarse.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 172-Olivia shut her eyes. She was prepared for the slap, but the expected pain never came.

By the time she opened her eyes, he walked away while holding the gray suit she had chosen.

He slammed the door shut with a loud thud, leaving her alone in the room.

She slid onto the floor as her knees became weak.

A moment ago, she was so livid that she didn't realize she was sweating.

Her body was trembling, too. But she didn't know if it was out of anger or fear.

Ethan's gaze was so frightening that she thought she was never going to make it until tomorrow.

It was her first time reprimanding him ever since they got together. She bet she was the first person to do that to him.

She patted her chest. Her racing heartbeat wasn't able to calm down until now.

A few minutes later, Madam Burgess rushed into the bedroom.

Looking at Olivia's pale face, Madam Burgess sighed. "Mrs. Miller, what did you do? I've never seen Mr. Miller this angry before." Olivia finally regained her composure. She tucked her hair behind her ears and smiled. "Nothing. It's just a fight." Madam Burgess was upset by the answer. She seated herself next to Olivia.

"Mrs. Miller, although he has another woman, I don't think he has feelings for that vixen.

"Previously, when you were not around, he returned to the Miller residence every day.

"Take the recent incident, for instance. When you and the Young Master went missing, he couldn't sleep nor eat well.

"He fell sick for a long time. His complexion finally regained its color these days." Madam Burgess placed her hands on Olivia's shoulders. "Please bear with my nagging. I watched Mr. Miller grow up.

"You're the only woman he brought home. The feelings he has for you aren't the same as for others.

"He deserves a punishment for his wrongdoings, but you should consider his genuine feelings." Olivia thought of Ethan's face and sneered. "Genuine feelings? Those feelings are too burdensome for me." "Mrs. Miller-" "Enough, Madam Burgess. I know what I'm doing." Olivia didn't want to hear Madam Burgess say good words for him.

Madam Burgess sighed deeply. "Mrs. Miller, I'm saying this for your sake. It's not like you don't know his character.

"If you don't compromise, you will eventually be the one at a loss." Olivia was stunned for a second. She didn't like what Madam Burgess said, but they were true.

Madam Burgess added, "I can tell that he's never going to let you go after what has happened.

"If you're going to keep your relationship with him rigid, that vixen is going to benefit from it.

“Mrs. Miller, you still have a long way ahead of you. If you’re left with no choice, why not make your life easier?”

“Right now, the route you’ve chosen is making both you and him suffer.” Olivia thought of the incident on the island and the matter she had yet to finish investigating.

If Ethan was going to confine her forever, it would be a dead–end for her.

“I understood, Madam Burgess,” Olivia said.

“Good. Men are easy to please. They’re like kids. Please don’t let that vixen take advantage of your situation, Mrs. Miller.” Olivia was still holding Ethan’s box. Last night, she figured that she needed to talk to him.

But the fight this morning had put her plans on hold.

That afternoon, Olivia came across an article online.

The delayed engagement ceremony between the Millers and the Carltons was going to be held at the end of the month.

There was a picture of Ethan and Marina.

He was wearing a stoic face in a gray suit while Marina held onto his arm with a sweet smile.

The gray suit was the one Olivia picked for him.

They seemed to be a match made in heaven.

Olivia felt like her old scars were being reopened painfully.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 173-Madam Burgess, who noticed Olivia’s pale face, quickly set her phone aside.

“Madam Burgess, why are you reading that?”

“That picture is an eyesore. You should look at heartthrobs in entertainment to make your day.

“I heard that there’s a newly debuted idol group called XO. The way they twist their waists is really hot.” Olivia, who was in a bad mood, chuckled at that.

“You know this kind of stuff?” Madam Burgess placed her hand on Olivia’s shoulder. “Mrs. Miller, people can never be perfect.

“We learn what’s right or wrong through mistakes. We shouldn’t punish ourselves because of others’ mistakes.” Olivia was surprised to learn that Madam Burgess was actually on her side.

Madam Burgess continued, “If Mr. Miller divorced you, he could divorce Marina in the future, too.

“Give yourself some time. It’s-” “I know. Prepare the ingredients. I’ll make dinner tonight for tonight,” interrupted Olivia, as she didn’t want to hear the rest.

Madam Burgess’ eyes lit at her rare attempt to please Ethan.

To Madam Burgess, Olivia and Ethan were the perfect match.

She was certain that the engagement was done because of his impulsive decision.

Thus, his relationship with Marina wouldn’t be able to last long for sure.

“Okay. I’ll call Mr. Miller,” Madam Burgess said.

Olivia turned her phone off and stood up with a cold expression. She recalled what had happened for the past two years.

The Fordham family had fallen, and her father was in a coma.

Ethan wasn’t the sole cause for what happened to her.

It was an undeniable fact that love blinded her vision, causing her to forget about others.

That was why there was an opening for others to take advantage of her.

Olivia didn’t have much time left. Hence, she shouldn’t waste time by having a fight with Ethan.

Didn’t people grow up by withdrawing their claws and putting on a mask?

The presidential management staff made sure to hush their breaths.

Layer upon layer of burden weighed on them. It might take them one trivial mistake to enrage Ethan.

Brent stood next to him while holding a huge pile of documents.

Ethan's eyebrows had not stopped furrowing since morning.

"Mr. Miller, the news of your engagement with Ms. Carlton has gone viral online," said Brent.

Although Ethan didn't respond to that as he read a document, Brent was aware that he was distracted.

Not only had he been reading that page for five minutes, the document was upside down.

"I received a call from Madam Burgess-" "She wants to leave the house?" Ethan finally responded.

Judging from her scoldings this morning, he assumed that she was causing a ruckus at home to leave.

"No. Madam Burgess asked if you're going to go home for dinner. Mrs. Miller is making dinner tonight," Brent corrected.

Despite the good mood, Ethan snorted. "Tell her that I'm busy." After giving it a thought, Brent decided to persuade him. "Mr. Miller, a lot of things have happened to Mrs. Miller recently.

"She's thinner than she was in the past. Please be gentle to her." Ethan pointed at the scratch on his chin. "Do you think that she's gentle to me?" "I bet she has realized her mistake. She's making dinner to make up for it." Ethan threw the document in his hand onto the table. "And must I forgive her because of that?

"Does she think that she's the only one I need? I didn't punish her for escaping, though. Just what does she want me to do?" He kept thinking about how Olivia and Jack held hands on the island.

Suppressing the churning resentment in him, he let out a long sigh.

He slammed the table. "Even if I have to jump off this building, I am not going to go home to have dinner with her." Brent relayed the message to Madam Burgess over the phone.

Five minutes later, Ethan's phone rang. Brent didn't know what Olivia said, but he noticed that Ethan's mood was improving.

"Do as you wish." Ethan hung up the call with a smile.

When he met Brent's questioning eyes, he coughed.

"She wants to bring me dinner. But on her own accord. I didn't force her." Brent was at a loss for words.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 171-"A deal?" Olivia looked at Ethan, confused.

She had nothing to offer him, so how was she supposed to make a deal with him?

The cramped space made it difficult for her to breathe. Even her back was sweating due to the heat.

Ethan bent over slightly. The water droplets dripped on her cheek from his strand of hair, leaving a cold stain on it.

"Stay by my side, then I'll wipe the slate clean with the Fordham family," he proposed sternly.

His proposal repeated in her head before she asked calmly while meeting his eyes, "Stay by your side as what?" He paused momentarily. "I can give you anything aside from the title of Mrs.

Miller." She said clearly, "So you want me to be your mistress?" The disgraceful word displeased him.

He kneaded his eyebrow while explaining, "Aside from a title, we can get along like how we did in the past." "The past..." She chuckled.

Olivia was aware that she should be the meek party in order to win some favor for herself from the negotiation.

However, his condition was infuriating her.

The balloon of anger was inflating, on the verge of exploding.

She grabbed something in the closet. Smiling, she approached him. “Really?

You can give me anything that I want?” It was a long time since he last saw her smile.

Only then did Ethan realize that he wished to see her smile more than resenting her.

Bewitched, he nodded. “Yes. What do you want?” Olivia drew closer to him as her lips reached his ear, “I want...” Suddenly, the image of her kissing his neck crossed his mind. He gulped his saliva.

Next, she hit his head with a box that contained a necktie. “I want you dead!

Why can't you just go to hell, you scumbag?

“I wonder how a human could say such cruel things. Are you out of your mind?

You divorced me and now you're asking me to be your mistress!

“I can't believe an ugly man like you can be this frivolous!” Ethan, who was caught off-guard, hissed in pain because he didn't see that coming.

She grabbed him by the collar. “If you loved me, why would you have Marina by your side?

“You're engaged to her and yet you won't let me go. Is this your kink? Do you take pleasure in having affairs?” Her beating didn't anger him, but her words did.

“Olivia Fordham, shut up!” “I can never let this off, Ethan Miller. You destroyed my family and made us go bankrupt.

“My father is in a coma because of you. How could you say that to my face? I'm going to send you to hell today!” she shouted.

Exasperated, Ethan pulled her out of the closet. Olivia took the chance to punch and kick him.



“You want me to be your mistress? Dream it on, you hideous man! I bet you’re the reincarnation of Zeus.

“I’ve never met someone as frivolous as you are. It’s not like there are no other men in this world. Why must I stay by your side?” Her face turned crimson. She continued, “Instead of mistress, I’d rather be your mother. I would’ve ended your life as soon as I gave birth to you.” Her scoldings ticked him off. His eyes were dangerously dark when he raised his hand.

She raised her chin at him without a care of the consequence. “Go ahead! It’s best you hit me to death right now!”

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 175-The ashtray was heavy. It was difficult for Olivia to hold it with one hand.

She wondered if the blood would splatter on her face if she flung it at Ethan.

Her unconscious thoughts scared even herself, too.

At that moment, Ethan looked back at her. They met each other’s eyes.

Before he could say anything, she asked, “Why did you smoke so much?” When he noticed the ashtray in her hand, the first thing that came to his mind was that Olivia was going to murder him with it.

But her question nipped his suspicion.

Ethan was wearing an indifferent expression. “Does that have anything to do with you?” His voice was full of disdain. She set the ashtray down. Next time, she’ll use something sharp to finish him off.

Suppressing her displeasure, Olivia tugged at the hem of his sleeve. “I... crossed the line this morning. I’m sorry.” Ethan stared at her face, which appeared paler under the light. She came without makeup.

Although she was pretty, she didn’t look lively.

It still softened a part of his heart all the same.

Ethan could never handle it when Olivia acted cute while tugging his shirt.

Whenever she acted that way, he could even pluck a star from the sky if she wanted him to.

“Where’s dinner?” He questioned, finally relaxing the mood.

“Here.” She gladly went along with it and pushed the meal box in front of him.

There was fried chicken, lasagna, salad, and fruit. The cherry tomatoes in the salad were arranged into a heart shape.

It was simple, yet it catered to his liking.

Ethan, who hadn’t been able to have the food she made, stared at the heart-shaped salad for a while.

Memories of her first cooking experience crossed his mind. She was clumsy but serious about preparing him a lunch box.

That day, Olivia ended up with a few blisters on her hands.

Yet, she presented the nicely plated dish to him with a grin. “Here. I made it.

Even if it’s not tasty, you gotta finish it.” At that time, there was always a smile plastered on her face.

Unlike before, she lost self-confidence whenever she stood next to him. Her actions were careful and timid.

Noticing Ethan’s silence, Olivia prompted gingerly. “These lunch boxes are insulated. The food isn’t cold. Give them a try.” She handed him the cutlery.

The familiar taste melted in his mouth, walking him down memory lane.

“I–Is it delicious?” she asked nervously.

He was utterly speechless. Since when did she become so timid around him?

“Weren’t you all fired up this morning?” He raised his gaze to look at her.

She pursed her lips. “Sorry. I lost control of my emotions.” “Have you eaten?” She lowered her gaze. “I haven’t. I was afraid that I wouldn’t be able to come in time before the food got cold.” Chapter 175 In actuality, she had eaten her fill at home.

He pulled Olivia onto his lap. “Let’s eat together.” She pretended to be flustered. “But-” Ethan fed her a spoonful of meat.

“It’s too big of a bite,” she grumbled and pouted.

He then gave her a smaller bite of chicken. “Here.” “Okay.” She ate it obediently, hoping that she wouldn’t burp.

As soon as she wished for that, a burp surged to her throat and escaped her lips.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 174-No one knew Ethan’s favorites better than Olivia. Thus, it should be easy to please him.

The only tricky part was whether he would give her the chance.

Back then, she had prepared dinner for him a few times as well.

Each time, she waited until midnight. Yet, there was no sign of his return.

He would give her the cold shoulder without batting an eye. No matter what she said, he wouldn’t meet her.

Olivia was testing the waters when she called Ethan. Apparently, he wasn’t as cruel as he was before.

After making dinner, she went to Miller Group by car.

She was deeply absorbed in her thoughts while hugging the lunch boxes.

The mastermind knew Ethan and Olivia’s situation like the back of his hand.

Hence, it was highly possible that he was an acquaintance of Ethan’s.

But who could it be?

Kelvin and Brent clearly could not be the mastermind. Madam Burgess was out of the question because she wouldn’t be able to keep things to herself.

Could it be one of the workers in the Miller Group?

Olivia didn’t visit him at work before they divorced. At that time, she assumed he was protecting her privacy.

Now, it seemed like a joke to her.

The public was aware of Ethan and Marina's engagement. It was all over the news.

Yet, there wasn't a huge change to Olivia's identity.

Be it the past or present, she was kept in the dark like a dirty secret.

She took the presidential elevator to go to the highest floor of the building. Every employee had clocked out at this hour.

Only Ethan and his secretaries were working overtime.

Her feet halted by the door.

There were six secretaries working for him. She could recognize the four men and two women.

The moment she entered the office, she met eyes with a lady sitting in a corner.

The lady adjusted her spectacles. Olivia couldn't see her eyes due to the reflection of the glass.

"Mrs. Miller, Mr. Miller's office is right ahead." Brent showed Olivia the way.

The secretaries were buried in their works. She couldn't observe much from that brief glimpse.

In order not to alarm them, she quickly left the area.

Brent knocked on the door, and an icy voice came from the inside. "Come in." He opened the door for Olivia before taking his leave.

The curious secretaries came up to him. "Brent, who's that woman?" Ethan was known for his aloof attitude toward women. Other than for collaboration purposes, no women had ever shown up at this hour.

Brent smacked William Dante's forehead. The latter was the liveliest among the secretaries.

"You talk too much. Have you finished your work yet?" Brent said.

William covered his forehead while muttering a few curses under his breath.

Brent looked at everyone. "Focus on your job." "Yes, Brent." Everyone was eager for the gossip, but no one dared to start the discussion first.

Meanwhile, Olivia was looking at Ethan, who was working.

It was such an irony that she only visited him at work after the divorce.

It seemed like he was so preoccupied with work that he didn't acknowledge her arrival.

She placed the lunch boxes on the table neatly.

The stars twinkled in the somber sky, and the city was illuminated.

Ethan appeared stoic under the lights. He didn't spare Olivia a single glance as of now.

Pin-drop silence filled the office.

She didn't have an inkling to his thoughts.

Judging from how he didn't hit her despite her scoldings this morning, she was confident that he wouldn't be physical here.

Mustering the courage in her, she approached him. The closer the distance was, the more intense she could feel his presence.

Even though he hadn't uttered a word, his presence filled the air.

She walked up behind him, wanting to talk nicely with him.

However, the moment she saw the back of his head, her hand instinctively grabbed the ashtray.

Chapter 174 No one knew Ethan's favorites better than Olivia. Thus, it should be easy to please him.

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Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 176-Olivia's burp was loud in the silent room before stillness inflated in the air.

She didn't expect herself to give the game away that quickly.

Feeling awkward, she looked at Ethan. "I can explain." She blurted that in the heat of the moment, making matters worse.

She observed his expression carefully only to realize that his face was free from annoyance.

Worry sat upon his brows instead.

She thought, "Did I misread his expression? He resents me to his bones. Why would he be worried about me?" "Have more if you're hungry." He gave her a spoonful.

She was confused as she thought, "Does he think that I burp because I'm hungry?" In the end, Olivia was stuffed when the meal was actually made for Ethan.

"Enough. I'm full." She could feel her stomach bursting.

He frowned. "You're all skin and bones. How could you eat only this little?" Then, he fed her another spoonful of lasagna. Her cheeks were puffed like a chipmunk.



At this moment, a woman in spectacles opened the door. “Mr. Miller, we need a signature from you for this doc-” Never in her life has she imagined herself to witness such a scene.

The solemn Ethan, who abhorred contact with women, was hugging and feeding Olivia.

His humility put the secretary in a trance.

Olivia swallowed the food in a hurry and choked on it. Her face turned red instantly. “Water ...” Ethan gave her a glass of water. “How could a grown-up choke on food?” She hugged his neck and nuzzled his cheek. “I was surprised. That’s all.” Her gentle voice sent slight shudders across his body. It made his heart flutter.

Olivia’s breathing was brushing his ears.

He turned his head away to look at the shocked secretary. “Who told you to come in? Leave!” “I—I’m sorry, Mr. Miller.” She quickly closed the door.

Although she was hugging Ethan’s neck, she had been watching that secretary from the corner of her eyes.

Everyone around him was on Olivia’s suspect list.

The opponent’s objective was to drive Olivia and Ethan apart. Thus, the opponent wouldn’t like it when they were intimate.

Too bad there weren’t many emotions shown on the secretary’s face.

As soon as the door was closed, she released him. “That secretary is bold. She entered the office without your permission.” Jealousy seeped into her tone, and he was in a good mood because of that.

“She was in a hurry to get her job done, so she didn’t think much about it.” “I’m full. You can dig in.” She hopped off Ethan’s lap as if she had achieved her objective.

Olivia stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, which made her appear petite.

Mixed feelings churned in his stomach as he watched her back.

She was gazing at the illuminated city, where she didn't feel a sense of belonging.

He placed the cutleries down without her knowing and came up behind him.

"Something on your mind?" "About you and Marina's engagement ceremony. I heard that she's chosen Cherry Blossom Haven as the venue. It'll be gorgeous when the cherry blossoms bloom," she described it with tranquility.

Slowly, she turned around and looked at him. "Speaking about it, you still owe me a wedding."

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 177-When Olivia said that, she forced herself to recall the sad memories so that she could look at Ethan with teary eyes.

She knew that being ferocious against him wouldn't do.

After all, they were once husband and wife.

She knew his character more than anyone else did. Softening his heart was the best option.

Her voice was calm, free from complaints and doubts. Tears were pooling in her eyes, too.

Although tears can disgust someone, they could be a weapon when it was used at the right time.

Now, Ethan's throat parched due to guilt.

"I know." He lowered his head in self-reproach.

He held her shoulders and licked his lip before saying, "I know that many things have happened between us.

"We cannot turn back time either. Let's put an end to Leia's matter. Stay by my side. I'll take good care of you." That was the most significant concession he could make.

Frigid numbness shackled her heart.

He was the person who hurt her deeply in the past. How could she forget about it only because he promised to look after her?

In order not to ruin her plan, Olivia expressed sorrow and rested her head against his chest.

Facing her advance, Ethan had never been this nervous before.

After all, this was the same woman who yelled while pointing at him fiercely in the morning.

Yet, she turned gentle at night.

Their interactions were mostly on the edge for the past two years. Such a calm moment was rare between them.

His body went tense as he quietly waited for her to say something.

“Ethan,” she called.

Olivia’s soft voice was like a cat’s meow, prompting him to hum in response.

She continued, “We need to talk” “I’m all ears,” he said.

She hugged Ethan’s waist and recounted the whole story on the island in a gentle voice.

“At first, I was trying to rescue Connor. But I fell in love with that place later on.

No one hurt me. Everyone on the island was kind to me. I genuinely want to help them.” She raised her head to observe his response.

When she was certain that he wasn’t acting repulsive to that topic, she added, “Tom is cheerful, and Jerry is talented in arts.

“Martha owned only one thermal underwear, but she made it into a diaper for Connor.” “What do you want me to do?” He was surprisingly receptive.

Her expression sparked joy as she told him her plan.

“Got it,” he responded.

Olivia gazed at Ethan in anticipation. "You-" "I can develop the island, but on one condition." Chapter 177 212 Her eyes were twinkling in happiness. "Say it." The squeaky-clean window reflected how he bent over to whisper into her ear.

"I want you to stay by my side forever. You cannot leave me." Her body shuddered slightly.

Previously, he was the person who wanted the divorce. Now, he was the person who wanted her to stay.

She couldn't seem to understand him anymore.

Considering the few months she had left, she nodded without hesitation. "Okay." Her lifetime came with a limitation. There were a few months remaining.

Her quick response made Ethan anxious instead.

He had more questions in mind, but it would upset both of them since it was related to their fight this morning.

He tightened his arms around Olivia's waist. "If you leave me, I will burn that island. You know that I do as I say, don't you?" His body was warm, unlike his icy tone.

Calmly, she tugged his shirt. "Ethan, I have a favor to ask you."

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 178-It was rare for Olivia to show him her good side. Naturally, Ethan was willing to hear what she had to say.

"Yes?" Ethan was in a good mood. His tone became lighter without his knowing.

Olivia said seriously, "I do not want to be locked in the house like a pet. I had given up on my studies before. I had only lived in sadness these two years. I want to have a fresh start." "Let's hear it." Ethan was in a really good mood. That made him more patient, too.

Olivia said slowly, "I want to work at your side." In the past, she had lived her life as a housewife. She had been content with living like that, being loved by him.

She was okay with not being in the spotlight. But she thought she was too much of a failure when she realized she didn't know the people Ethan hung around with.

She didn't even know who they had offended.

If she stayed in the dark, she would always be easily manipulated by that person.

Olivia has never been as enlightened as she was. In the past two years, someone had been pulling the strings in the shadows.

Like her relationship with Ethan, she initially thought that it was only because of Marina.

But after she gave it a thought, it couldn't have been her.

The person forced them to get a divorce. They even destroyed Leia's gravestone to further worsen her relationship with Ethan.

The person's manipulation caused them to be where they were now.

The picture she received last month also managed to make matters worse.

Olivia almost killed Connor.

If she hadn't stopped herself that night, it would've been over between her and Ethan.

He would likely torture her to death. What an evil scheme!

After she understood everything, she did away with her hostility. She wanted to find the mastermind behind it all with Ethan's help.

But she couldn't let Ethan in on her plans. Or else she might risk alerting the mastermind.

Ethan was deep in thought. He was scanning her face for a clue. He wanted to know what she was plotting.

Olivia looked at him openly and said, "I know you don't trust me. That's why I want to work at your side. That's the best way for you to keep an eye on me."

“I want to learn skills that can help me rebuild the Fordham family. I believe I can accomplish that by learning from you.” Olivia knew that was a good excuse. She also knew that Ethan would not suspect anything if she said that.

“If you have thought it through, I have no objections.” Ethan thought she had a point. He should keep her by his side rather than have her cause trouble on her own.

He would be able to keep her from trouble if she was close to him.

Olivia suddenly thought of something and curled her lips. “My only worry is the Carltons. With how our relationship is now, Marina would not allow me to be around you.” In the past, Ethan had always stood by Marina’s side firmly. Her plans would risk failure if Marina came and made a fuss.

Ethan patted her on the head. He said with an icy glare in his eyes, “She doesn’t get to decide if you stay or not.” He then said resolutely, “I’m the one who gets to decide that.” 2/2 (via meld in his arms and said, “Ethan, you’re the best.” than sokist at the cute woman in his embrace. He knew something was not right. But he couldn’t put a finger on it.

It was as if Olivia became a completely different person overnight. He didn’t know if she changed because she finally saw the light or if she was plotting something.

But he didn’t care anymore. Even if she was plotting something, he thought she would not be able to cause any trouble if he kept her close “So, can I start working tomorrow?” Olivia raised her head to look at him seriously.

“What position do you want?” Ethan asked.

He didn’t mind giving her whatever she wanted.

Olivia licked her lips and said, “Secretary. The type that stays by your side.”