Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller

Chapter 2

In the dark of night, Olivia stood alone in the bathroom. The hot water chased away her chills. She rubbed her swollen red eyes and walked to a room.

When she opened the door, a warmly furnished children's room lay before her. She pressed a button lightly, and mellow music from a music box filled the room.

The room was lit with yellow lights. The atmosphere was undoubtedly homely, but Olivia wept unstoppably.

God must have decided to take her life because she had failed to save her baby's.

She climbed onto the cot that was barely more than three feet long and curled up into a fetal position. Tears from her left eye flowed to her right eye, down to her cheek, then finally wet the children's blanket she was lying on.

She hugged a plushy tightly while murmuring, "Sorry, my baby. It's all my fault. I failed to protect you. Don't be afraid. I'll be with you soon."

After losing her baby, her mental health had deteriorated. Olivia was like a pretty flower slowly wilting away. She gazed out into the night, thinking as long as she could leave her father that sum of money, then she could go and be with her baby.

Before dawn the next morning, Olivia was already fully dressed as she looked down at her own smiling face in the photo they'd taken outside the City Hall after they registered their marriage.

In the blink of an eye, three years had passed since then.

She prepared a breakfast that was good for the stomach. Although she didn't have much time left to live, she wanted to live longer to take care of her father.

As Olivia was about to leave the house, she received a call from the hospital. "Ms. Fordham, Mr. Fordham had a heart attack. We've already sent him into the emergency ward."

"I'll be there right away!"

Olivia rushed to the hospital, but the surgery was still ongoing. She waited outside the operating theater with her hands clasped.

She had already lost everything. Her only hope was for her father to live on in good health.

A nurse handed her a receipt. "Ms. Fordham, this is the total bill for your father's emergency treatment and surgery."

Olivia scanned through the details and found that the total bill amounted to more than 100 thousand. Jeff's daily treatment expenses already cost 50 thousand dollars per month, and she only barely managed to make ends meet by working three jobs.

After paying off his hospitalization fees earlier, she only had five thousand dollars left in her card. How was she going to afford his surgery?

She had no choice but to call Ethan. He answered in a cold voice, "Where are you? I've already been waiting for 30 minutes."

"Something urgent came up, and I can't make it."

"Olivia, is this funny to you?" Ethan sneered in response. "I was thinking why you would change your mind all of a sudden. Do you take me for a fool, making up lies like this?"

He actually thought she was lying.

Olivia explained, "I'm not lying. I was reluctant before this because I thought you must have had your reasons for treating me this way, but I see things clearly now.

"There's no point to a marriage like this, so I'm getting this divorce willingly. I couldn't make it because my father had a heart attack and had to undergo surgery—"

"Is he dead?" Ethan interrupted.

It sounded weird to Olivia. Who even spoke like that?

"No. The doctors are treating him. Ethan, the surgery costs more than 100 thousand dollars. Can you give me that ten million? I promise I'll get the divorce!"

He responded with a snort. "Olivia, I hope you know that I, of all people, wish your father dead. I can give you the money, but only after we make the divorce official."

The line went dead after that.

Olivia's face was filled with disbelief. She remembered that Ethan had treated Jeff with respect when they were still together. However, the hatred in his voice earlier did not sound like a joke at all.

Why did he want her father dead?

Everything made sense when she connected the dots with the Fordham family going bankrupt two years ago.

How could there have been such a coincidence?

Ethan must have caused their bankruptcy, but how had her family offended him?

Olivia had no time to dwell on it. The most urgent matter at hand was to gather 100 thousand dollars to pay her father's medical bills.

The doors to the operating theater opened, and Olivia quickly stepped forward. "Dr. Herbert, how is my father?"

"Don't worry, Ms. Fordham. Mr. Fordham made it, but he's still mentally fragile. Be careful not to trigger him in the meantime."

"I understand," Olivia replied. "Thank you, Dr. Herbert."

As Jeff was still unconscious, Olivia asked the nurse, "My father was quite healthy. Why did he suddenly have a heart attack?"

The nurse answered hastily, "Mr. Fordham has been in good spirits recently. He even said that he craved lamb shank.

"I thought that Al Palphino was just 15 minutes away, so I went to buy him mushroom soup. When I came back, he had already been sent to the emergency ward. It's all my fault, Ms. Fordham."

"Did you see anyone before you left my dad?"

"No. Mr. Fordham looked normal before I left. He even said that you like the carrot cake from Al Palphino and asked me to buy a slice. I never thought that this would happen ..."

Olivia felt that things weren't that simple. After asking the nurse to take good care of her father, she rushed to the admission desk to check the visitor records.

"Ms. Fordham, nobody came to visit Mr. Fordham this morning," the nurse working at the desk replied.

"Thank you."

"By the way, have you cleared the bill for Mr. Fordham?"

Olivia did her best to hide her embarrassment as she replied, "I'll pay immediately. I'm so sorry."

She left the admission desk and took a taxi to the City Hall, but Ethan was nowhere to be seen when she got there.

Olivia called him in a panic and said, "I've reached the City Hall. Where are you?"

"My office."

"Ethan, can you come and settle the divorce procedures now?"

Ethan sniggered and said, "Which do you think is more important? The business deal worth hundreds of millions that I'm about to make, or you?"

"I can wait till you're done. Ethan, I'm begging you. I need that money urgently for my father."

"If he dies, I'll pay for his funeral." With that, he hung up.

When Olivia called him again, she realized that he had switched his phone off. The heavy rain beat down on her, and she couldn't breathe as she crouched under the bus stop sign.

Olivia felt nothing but regret as she gazed at the busy street.

If she hadn't gotten pregnant and dropped out of university, then she would have graduated with a degree by then. With her capabilities and academic talent, she would have had a very bright future.

Who could have guessed that the Fordham family's sudden bankruptcy would cause Ethan, who had always loved her dearly, to change?

She had lost everything in the blink of an eye.

One year ago, Ethan had asked someone to take away all her jewelry and luxury handbags. The only valuable item she had left was her wedding ring. She took it off and walked into a high-class jewelry

shop resolutely.

The salesperson eyed Olivia, who was drenched and dressed in cheap clothes, up and down for a moment. She then asked, "Hi, did you bring the invoice and proof of purchase?"

"Yes." Olivia pretended she hadn't noticed the salesperson's judgmental stare and hurriedly handed the invoice with her head lowered.

"Thank you, miss. We have to send the ring to be verified. Can I contact you tomorrow?" Olivia licked her dry lips and said in an urgent tone, "I'm in urgent need of money. Can you speed it up?"

"Okay, I'll try. Please give me a moment." Before the salesperson could take the ring away, a fair hand clamped down on the box.

"This ring is very pretty. I'll buy it."

When Olivia looked up, she found herself face to face with the person she hated the most—Marina.