

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 21-It had been so long since he called her “darling.” Hearing that stunned Olivia, and she lay still in a daze.

She didn’t know how much he had drunk to get to this state. He was behaving as if they hadn’t argued. He pulled Olivia into his arms. Enclosed in the heat of his familiar embrace, Olivia almost could not control herself.

Struggling to remain rational, she reached out to push him away but Ethan stopped her, took her hand, and brought it to his lips. His warm lips gently brushed the back of her hand as he muttered, “Where did you go? I looked for you for so long.” Olivia couldn’t hold back her tears. It seemed that she was set to spend all the tears she had that year. Fighting her tears, she asked, “Weren’t you the one who pushed me away?” “Nonsense.” Ethan held her tighter, drunkenly kissing the back of her ear. “The person I love the most in my life is you. How could I bear to push you away?” Pushing him away, she said, “Ethan, take a good look at who I am.” The lights were off and the curtains were drawn. Under the faint illumination from the yard, Ethan noticed that her eyes glistened with tears.

“Are you tired? Did I just wake you up?” he asked. He lowered himself and gently kissed away her tears, murmuring, “Don’t cry, Liv. I will kill anyone who dares to come near you!” His child-like threat only made Olivia cry even harder. She didn’t know how much he had drunk to end up like this. If he was even a little bit sober, he wouldn’t forget how much he hated her, let alone speak to her like that.

Olivia buried her head in his embrace. Sniffing and trembling, she asked, “Ethan, what would you do if I were dead?” “What are you talking about?” “Everyone dies. Everyone born into this world ages and eventually falls sick before dying. No one can escape that.” “Well, then I will die with you. We will enter eternal slumber together and be laid to rest at the same place.” Smiling helplessly, Olivia tightly held onto his shirt. “Nonsense. I’m sure you’ll celebrate with fireworks and marry someone else the moment I pass on.” Ethan was displeased to hear that. He sat up, grabbed her hand, and placed it on his bare chest under his shirt, his skin flush against her palm. His heart was beating fast, like a drum.

Although Ethan was intoxicated, he began to speak seriously, “Do you hear it?

It’s beating for you. If you die, so will my heart.

With tears in her eyes, Olivia nodded. "I hear it." His palm crept to her waist, startling Olivia. Without warning, Ethan's body pressed against hers. As he planted another drunken kiss on her, his usual aloof behavior was nowhere in sight.

"Liv, let's make a baby." A baby? Olivia's tears streamed even harder down her face.

Feeling her trembling under him, Ethan was frightened and hurriedly wiped away her tears. "Liv, don't cry. I don't want you to. I only want you to be well.

Stop crying!" He held her trembling body tightly in his arms, patiently soothing her over and over again.

Olivia clung to his clothes, pressing her head against his chest. Her tears wet his shirt as she softly moaned his name, "Ethan ... Ethan..."

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 22-Why did things have to turn out like that? Olivia wanted to return to the carefree life she had two years ago.

"I'm here. I'm here," he repeated tirelessly.

Olivia knew that his tenderness would only last a fleeting moment, and she should keep a distance from him. Yet, she couldn't help wanting to hold onto that tiny, remaining shred of his warmth.

She wondered how good everything would be if he were still himself.

When Ethan woke up at dawn, he felt someone in his arms before even opening his eyes. Despite all the alcohol he had last night, he figured that nothing would happen to him. His alcohol tolerance was high and he had great self-control.

He didn't dare to open his eyes. He had a splitting headache and no recollection of what had happened the night before. It was only after mentally preparing himself that he gave in and opened his eyes.

Upon seeing Olivia in his arms, he sighed with relief. However, upon recalling their current situation, he had the urge to shove her off of him. Just as he was about to withdraw his arm, his gaze suddenly fell on Olivia's face, and he stopped. When was the last time he had quietly looked at her like that?

All of their recent exchanges had been filled with tension.

Without any makeup on, her fair, snowy skin glowed. She was a little too pale.

She could even be described as deathly pale.

Olivia slept on his arm with her body curled up in a ball, defensively. In the past, her limbs would be entangled with his.

A self-deprecating smile appeared on Ethan's lips as her body language indicated that she no longer trusted him. At the thought of that, an inexplicable flame of anger ignited within Ethan and he forcefully yanked his arm away.

Olivia hurriedly opened her eyes. She was confused as she took her surroundings in. Her gaze was innocent and beautiful, like that of a kitten.

The moment her gaze fell on Ethan's face, however, her expression shifted.

"You got drunk and you had your hands all over me," she accused.

Just like that, the beautiful moment they shared embracing each other was gone.

With a stern expression, Ethan replied, "I know. Had I been sober, I wouldn't have even touched you." To escape the awkward situation, Ethan took his clothes and headed to the bathroom, while Olivia quickly tidied up the hair scattered all over the bed after he closed the door.

Ethan buttoned his shirt furiously, as he regretted explaining why he had held her while she was sleeping. They were still husband and wife, so it should not have even been an issue.

After thinking it over, he realized that he could have handled the situation better.

When he was about to throw his old shirt into the laundry basket, he felt strands of hair along his arm.

If it were just a single strand of hair, he wouldn't have paid much attention to it.

But scattered all over his arm were at least 20 strands of hair based on his rough estimation.

When Olivia still had long hair, she often complained about her hair loss, trying various shampoos but seeing no results. She even joked that she would become bald one day.

At that time, mischievous as she was, she jumped on his back and teased, "If I become bald, would you ever consider becoming a monk?" Ethan's eyes flickered. Was her hair loss really that severe?

"I didn't lie to you. I'm just sick..." she had said.

Thinking of her pale face and her recent, tearful explanation, Ethan abruptly opened the door and stormed toward the bed.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 23-The bathroom door forcefully flew open, startling Olivia, who was picking up the last strands of her hair. Watching him nervously, she said, "Hey-" Before She could finish, her eyes were attacked by the sight of Ethan's bare, muscular chest. Even though they had spent countless nights together in the past, it made her uncomfortable after not seeing him for over a year. She quickly averted her gaze.

Soon, the shadow he cast and his unique scent enveloped her as he approached. Olivia instinctively cowered and stared at him warily. "What are you doing?" Ethan slowly bent over her, his deep, dark gaze eyes falling upon her as he asked, "You said you were sick. How sick?" Olivia didn't know how to feel meeting his inquisitive gaze. His eyes were devoid of mockery, disdain, and aloofness; he genuinely wanted to know about her illness.

At this moment, Olivia was conflicted. She suddenly had a thought: if she told Ethan now, would he feel even the slightest bit guilty for what he had done?

Sensing her hesitation, Ethan drew nearer, closing the distance between them.

His gaze seemed to pierce through her.

"Well? I'm waiting," he urged.

Olivia was flustered. She felt exceptionally nervous. She began to say, "I-" Just then, Ethan's phone rang. It was a ringtone Ethan had exclusively set for Marina's calls, which had haunted Olivia for more than a year.

When Olivia was still with him, he would rush to Marina without hesitation whenever he heard that ringtone regardless of what he was doing. Olivia still felt anxious whenever she heard that ringtone.

Hearing Marina's exclusive ringtone hit her like a bucket of cold water, leaving her cold from head to toe. She deserved it for not learning her lesson despite getting hurt so many times.

When Ethan turned back to Olivia after answering the call, the look in Olivia's eyes changed. Her conflicted feelings were gone, and in their place was serenity.

She answered, "It's nothing much. I had a cold, and I was in the hospital for a few days." Ethan thought of the withered bouquet in their home. He had also assumed that she had a cold when she didn't return home for those few days.

It had been three months since they last contacted each other after that phone call, and he knew nothing about her hospitalization. It pained him, and he even felt a little guilty. No wonder she had become so much thinner.

Ethan opened his mouth but didn't know what to say. Because of how hostile he had been, he couldn't bring himself to utter any words of concern.

"It's all in the past, Ethan. We've reached the point where we can't stand the sight of each other anymore. Why are we still holding on to this? Let's get a divorce. I'm really tired," Olivia said calmly..

It was a bad topic to raise. As soon as it was mentioned, he thought of her smiling at Keith at City Hall. The thought of it made anger burn within Ethan, which spread as quickly as a prairie fire.

Each time she asked for a divorce, Ethan knew that she was eager to be with Keith.

The answer Olivia received was a cold scoff.

Grabbing her chin, he answered, "I decide whether we get a divorce. Since you haven't reached the point where your current life is worse than death, how can you assume that I will let you go?" With that, he whipped her hand off of him and returned to the bathroom, his eyes glowering with hatred. He didn't see any hair on the bed, so he figured that he was worried for nothing and that she was only focused on getting a divorce.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 24-Olivia found it increasingly difficult to understand him as his temper changed quicker than the weather.

He was the one who had demanded a divorce, yet he would fume whenever she brought up the topic. Had his sister's death driven him off the edge of sanity? Was he experiencing early andropause? What a hormonal man!

Ethan washed up and left, leaving Olivia lying on the bed with her back facing him. Their past affectionate farewells were nowhere to be heard, and the cold slam of the door was the only thing that filled the air. Olivia was aware of her weak health, so she didn't put up much of a fight.

The only thing that hadn't changed was Madam Burgess' kindness. Equipped with an apron and a spatula, she still prepared delicious food for her every day.

"I brewed a healthy chicken stew for you, Mrs. Miller. Please eat it," Madam Burgess announced softly.

With a gentle smile, Olivia replied, "Please make me some fish chowder too, Madam Burgess." "Alright." Looking at the weather outside, Madam Burgess asked, "There's a lot of snow in the courtyard. Are you not going out to play in the snow, Mrs. Miller? I remember that you used to love playing in the snow with Mr. Miller. Wouldn't your issues be resolved through a little play?" "I'm not going out. I'm going to take a nap." With that, Madam Burgess left and closed the door behind her. She found it strange—Olivia disliked fish and she used to be quite lively.

Why had she become so listless and sullen to the point of not stepping out of the bedroom?

She assumed that Olivia was throwing a tantrum at Ethan, so she didn't think too much about it.

After a few days' rest, Olivia's discomfort gradually subsided. Every day, she would consume a large amount of protein and nutrients, which helped to replenish and maintain her white and red blood cell counts.

Ethan came back home to rest every night, but they did not speak. They slept with their backs facing each other, separated by the vast expanse of their bed.

Olivia couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

A few days later, her health was much better than it was before.

Staring at the sky outside, she figured that he wouldn't be home anytime soon as the sky was still bright. For the first time, Olivia left the master bedroom and headed to Ethan's study. As she was entering the password, Madam Burgess called out, Mrs. Miller." It startled Olivia. For the past few days, Madam Burgess had pitied her and lent her phone to Olivia. Hence, Olivia had not lost contact with the outside world, but Lee still didn't know the cause of Jodie's death, which spurred Olivia to take a risk and search Ethan's study.

As Madam Burgess approached her, Olivia thought that her plan had failed.

However, Madam Burgess said, "The lock has been changed, Mrs. Miller. You'll need to use your fingerprint. Let me help you." Then, Madam Burgess wiped her hands on her apron and placed her finger against the lock on the study door.

Olivia was speechless. To Madam Burgess, Olivia and Ethan were just two quarreling youngsters. She didn't know a thing about the grievances they harbored toward each other.

"Thank you." "There's no need for that. Anyway, I'll head back to the kitchen." Olivia entered Ethan's study and noticed that it was no different from before. He was an organized person, and Olivia knew where he placed all his documents.

Soon, she located a safe that contained everything about him and his sister, including childhood photos and toys. It had left a mark on his heart, which Olivia never explored when she was with him.

As she entered the password, her heart ached. His password used to be her birthday, but it likely had already been changed to Marina's birthday.

She laughed at herself as she entered her own birthday. To her surprise, he hadn't changed it. The password was correct.

Olivia opened the door, which revealed many objects inside the spacious safe, including several document folders. At first glance, she saw the words "Cause of Death." Olivia quickly took them out of the safe. She had barely scanned the first few lines when a cold voice asked, "Have you given up on playing nice? Are you resorting to thievery now?"

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 25-Engrossed in reading the contents of the document, Olivia was startled by Ethan's sudden appearance. She dropped the files, which scattered all over the floor.

Why had he come back so early? Ethan usually only returned home late at night. Although they were married, she was a little ashamed, especially since she knew that Ethan hated it when people schemed behind his back.

Olivia swallowed nervously. Her expression was stiff as she said, "Y-You're back." Ethan was clad in a suit and tie, which outlined his tall and slender figure. When his icy gaze fell upon her, Olivia felt like she was trapped in a frozen cellar.

He stalked toward her, taking wide strides with his long legs as he leisurely took off his blazer. Having been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he carried himself with an air of nobility.

Although he was merely removing his clothes, Olivia was so frightened that she nearly lost her composure. She wanted to escape, but her legs seemed to be paralyzed.

Before she was in a relationship with Ethan, he was known for being a ruthless, merciless devil. Finally, she understood why everyone was afraid of him. He carried himself with an intimidating, terrifying air.

Olivia's hands and feet were pressed to the ground. With each step he took toward her, she took a step back. Soon, her back was flat against the safe, she had no more room to retreat, and Ethan was already kneeling in front of her.

"Did you see it?" His voice was calm, and she could read no emotions from his eyes. However, Olivia knew that he was calmer when he was especially angry. His eyes were dark as ink, hiding all emotion.

Swallowing nervously, Olivia nodded warily before quickly shaking her head.

While she had scanned it, she hadn't finished reading it she had only read part of the autopsy report.

Ethan lifted her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze. "Do you know why I didn't want that child?" Chewing on her lip, Olivia whispered, "Because of Jodie." The autopsy report stated that Jodie's true cause of death was not drowning.

She had been strangled before being thrown into the water.

Another important piece of information was that Jodie was three months pregnant. If she and Jeff really did have a romantic relationship, that child was most likely Jeff's.

Brushing his finger against her tight lips, he spoke into her ear, "I checked the surveillance footage of the obstetrics and gynecology department that Leia was in. Jeff was there too that day." Olivia hurriedly explained, "My parents have been divorced for many years. It's normal for my father to have needs like that. Even if they were in a romantic relationship, my father treated her well and never hurt her. My father couldn't have killed her.

"A cold smile appeared on Ethan's face. It was the first time in a long time that he had discussed Leia's death with Olivia.

"You must see Jeff as a righteous gentleman. He treats you well only because he is your father. Nothing is black and white in this world, and no one is perfect.

You only see what he wants you to see."

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 26-Olivia was dumbfounded. His words struck a chord within her.

Ethan was the best example of it. He used to dote on her endlessly, but now he was extremely cruel to her. She couldn't say he had changed. Instead, he was just showing her a different side of him.

Since Ethan was like that, Jeff could be too.

Olivia countered weakly, "Well, no matter what happened, he wouldn't... kill someone." Ethan's finger gently brushed Olivia's cheek. He spoke gently as if he was still her lover, but his eyes were devoid of any tenderness.

"Liv, you're so naïve. Did you also think that I would never leave you?" His words cut Olivia's heart like a knife. It was true that she had thought that he would never change until she saw him holding Marina at the airport. That was when reality slapped her in the face.

Ethan continued, "You've always wanted to know the truth. Today is your lucky day. Jeff didn't want to keep that child, and he didn't want to give Leia a home.

The first three months are the best time for an abortion. On that fateful day, they had another argument. He accidentally killed Leia, but he soon threw her body into the sea." Ethan's tight grip on her chin began to hurt.

"She was my only sister, whom I loved and cherished since I was a child. If she hadn't been abducted by human traffickers, she wouldn't have ended up like this. Do you know how tragic her death was? If it wasn't for the DNA we left behind in the database, I wouldn't even be able to see her body, let alone the child forming in her womb. How old was she? Why did she have to suffer like this?" Olivia broke free from his grip. She was afraid that Ethan, who seemed to be unraveling, would kill her along with himself.

Ethan was still lost in his thoughts. "For countless times over the years, I have imagined reuniting with her. But never had I imagined that we would meet again under such circumstances. Liv, have you seen what a body looks like when it's soaked in seawater for half a month?" Despite the hollow look in his eyes, they were filled with sorrow. Olivia had heard from Eugenia how much he had doted on his sister. He had never given up on searching for her over the years.

Olivia could understand how he felt when he was reunited with his sister at the morgue. He had someone he cared about, and she also had someone she needed to protect.

"Since you discovered her when she was already a corpse, how can you conclude that my father was the one who killed her?" Ethan's gaze suddenly changed, shifting from sorrow to aggression.

"If there is no conclusive evidence, do you think I would let go of the person who could have possibly harmed my sister? After Leia's funeral, I had someone secretly investigate. Otherwise, I wouldn't have known about the many secrets my dearest father -in-law had been hiding." "What secrets?" "Do you know how many women your father, whom you see as a proper gentleman, has had over the past ten years? Oh, I know. You will say that it's normal for a single man in his prime to have needs." Ethan was right; Olivia did think that. Ethan's next statement shocked her, making her jaw drop.

“All the women your father dated are around your age, or even younger than you. While most men prefer young women, no one is as cruel as your father. He put many women through abortions, some more than once.

“The most miserable ones among them are now unable to conceive as they had gone through dilatation and curettage too many times, and some were infected with gynecological diseases for aborting at such a young age. The most unlucky ones among them ended up with mental health issues and committed suicide.”

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 27-To olivia, her father was a kind, benevolent man. Besides sponsoring students, he also frequently donated money to charity funds. In all the ways, her father was righteous and humble. He was the perfect man.

As Olivia knelt on the ground picking up the scattered documents, her face told as she flipped through the pages.

Clearly, she had done thorough research. Even if those women had only been in a relationship with Jeff for a few days, the evidence was clear. In the span of a decade, Jett had ruined the lives of multiple women, all of whom were innocent, beautiful, It was not difficult to understand. Jett was a handsome man. Despite being middle-aged, his regular workouts kept him fit. He was a refined, wealthy, and attractive fatherly figure, which seemed to be a trending archetype. Hence, it was normal that many young girls were attracted to him.

However, he seemed to have a thing for those from the countryside or from poor backgrounds. Perhaps it was because they seemed pure as they had yet to be tainted by the world.

Ethan confirmed Olivia's speculations. “Do you think he sponsors children from rural areas out of goodwill? He only sees them as his prey. Jett is a patient predator who takes his time to groom his prey. Those young women admired him since they were children.

“When they come to the big city, Jett only needs to treat them a little better for them to be willing to climb into his bed. That's why 90 percent of those he sponsors are females. The remaining 10 percent are males, just to cover up his wicked deeds.

Olivia wanted to deny it, but the evidence was right in front of her. It terrified her even more that 60 percent of the female students he sponsored had relations with him. He would quickly grow tired of them and move on to the next one.

Some women couldn't accept the breakup and fell into depression. Not only that, but they also developed mental illnesses, engaged in self-harming behaviors, or even committed suicide.

Finally, Olivia's gaze fell on Leia's information. She had stayed by Jeff's side the longest, for a whole year. Their relationship changed after she became pregnant. Leia wanted to marry him and keep the child, but Jeff refused.

Aside from the photos, there was also a video that showed them arguing in a secluded corner of a hospital. On the night Leia disappeared, Jeff had gone to her apartment.

In the wee hours of the night, around 2 am, Jeff left with a large suitcase. Leia had a slender, petite figure, so she could be forced into a suitcase. Similar murder cases had been reported before.

Since that day, Jodie disappeared, and shortly afterward, her apartment was rented out. All the remaining evidence was gone. After two weeks, fishermen found Leia's body and reported it.

Since Ethan had left his DNA at the police station when his sister went missing, the police contacted him, and through his investigation, they discovered the truth.

Olivia looked at the photos scattered all over the ground. They were all women with bright, radiant smiles. Most of them had been abandoned, and several had even committed suicide. Some continued their studies but became extremely withdrawn.

Olivia's fingers trembled as she held the photos, her mind filled with memories of her father's smile.

"Liv, don't cry. I will never abandon you. Even when you're 80 years old, you'll still be my little princess. My dear daughter, I will always love you." He had given her the best of everything in the world but had hurt other young women. Tears dripped onto Leia's photo. It was then Olivia finally understood Ethan's hatred.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 28-Lela was as important to Ethan as Jeff was to Olivia.

“I’m not denying that he is a good father, but he is definitely not a good person.

Underneath that hypocritical facade lies the heart of a devil. Liv, I won’t hide anything from you anymore at this point,” Ethan said, down on one knee as he held Olivia’s face in his hands.

With a maniacal smile, he continued, “You were once everything to me. I loved you to the point of obsession. However, because you are Jett’s only daughter, the more I loved you, the more I hate you now.” Although he was smiling, Olivia felt a chill run down her spine.

“On the day I fell into the water with Marina, did you intentionally save her first?

Did you want our child to pay for the life of your sister’s child?

“Yes, an eye for an eye.” Olivia grabbed his collar with both hands, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“Are you crazy? Our child hadn’t even had a chance to see the world yet. What did it do wrong? It was innocent!” Tilting his head, he smiled devilishly.

“Then what did my sister do wrong? Wasn’t her child innocent too?” Olivia looked at Ethan, who now seemed like a completely different person. She knew that he would never get over this.

“Ethan, I understand how losing your sister has hurt you□Ethan’s expression shifted, and he yelled, “You don’t understand! No one can truly share my pain! My sister was born premature and had poor health. She had heart disease. She was the cherished treasure of our entire family, and because of your father, she died so tragically!

“She was a beautiful woman, and my day would be ruined if I did anything to tarnish her memory. In the end, she left this world in such an undignified manner.” Ethan reached out slowly, gently caressing Olivia’s cheek. “You will never know how I felt when I identified her body. When I removed the white cloth, I was filled with utter despair. Instead of finding out that she was dead and that I’d never see her again, I wish I never found her.” Olivia opened her

mouth, but couldn't find the right words. Coming from her, even apologizing to Leia would be disrespectful. She finally understood why Ethan had been so emotional and why he had looked at her like that.

To prove that it wasn't Jeff, he must have made a lot of effort. The evidence he had collected proved the love he had for her. He tried to overturn the hypothesis, to clear Jeff's name. But the truth and evidence only separated them.

He had struggled hard, but in the end, he couldn't bring himself to live peacefully with her. Even though Leia was already dead, he still wanted to seek revenge for her.

Olivia knelt on the ground, gripped his collar, and pressed her forehead against his. "Ethan, you must have been in so much pain. The Fordhams have gone bankrupt, I lost our child, and my father lies unconscious in a hospital bed. Can't we stop tormenting each other?" She hadn't spoken to him like that for a long time. The sound of her voice caused Ethan to tremble, and a myriad of emotions flooded his heart.

With no knowledge of his thoughts, Olivia anxiously waited for an answer. Could they reconcile? She didn't want him to continue torturing himself every day.

After a long time, Ethan slowly lifted his head, his eyes bloodshot as he fought his tears. Brushing her cheek with his coarse fingers, he said, "Liv, you will repay the debt your father owes me."

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 29-Tears streamed down Olivia's cheeks.

She knew that she and Ethan could never go back to how things were before.

He had betrayed her and destroyed the Fordhamns, and the Fordhams owed him his sister's life.

Those debts could never be settled. Trying to resolve them would only serve to tighten the knots of their relationship, suffocating them and leading to an inevitable end.

Ethan held her face in his hands, wiping away her tears with his cheeks. "Liv, don't love me. Hate me instead. I betrayed you, I killed our child, and I can

never turn back.” She sensed his inner turmoil, but amidst that, she could feel the tenderness he still had for her like a calm oasis in a turbulent desert sandstorm. However, she knew that the oasis would soon be destroyed by the raging winds.

Ethan left the room, leaving Olivia behind. Olivia knew that this was their final farewell.

When Olivia headed out of the study, Madam Burgess was nowhere to be seen.

The kind-hearted Madam Burgess had always believed their conflicts to be petty quarrels and had even attempted to mediate between them.

In her eyes, Olivia was the singular and rightful Mrs. Miller, hence she was unaware of her grave mistake.

Olivia laughed at herself. With Madam Burgess by her side, she never felt lonely in the spacious mansion. It wasn't until Madam Burgess left that Olivia was hit by the emptiness of the house and the tedium of life.

The sky outside was already dark, and there was a pot of chowder Madam Burgess had made waiting in the kitchen. Olivia poured herself some into a bowl. The steam from the pot veiled her face, obscuring her features.

Slowing eating, Olivia's expression was calm. She had found a solution to the exhausting game they were stuck in.

“Ethan, I will repay the debt my father owes you,” she thought to herself.

Instead of undergoing chemotherapy, she decided to enjoy the remaining days of her life.

Having seen Ethan's pain and turmoil, she was certain that he would no longer be burdened by hatred and his conflicted feelings upon her death.

For Ethan to have a better life, she would just have to give up her own. He would have the beloved wife and a child he had always longed for after she was gone.

He would remain a legendary figure in Aldenvine. Aside from the fact that she would be gone, everything would be fine, and that would be wonderful. Olivia

suddenly felt the chains binding her loosen, and she realized that she had liberated herself from her own constraints.

That night, Ethan didn't return, and the Miller residence was as silent as death.

The next morning, Olivia woke up early for the first time after confining herself to the room for so many days. The rest had greatly improved her spirits, and Madan Burgess had played a significant role in it too.

Under Madam Burgess's care, Olivia appeared to be healthier. Perhaps the chemotherapy medication was working, as her stomach stopped hurting in the past few days.

Olivia changed into appropriate attire and was about to open the door when she saw Brent standing outside with a cold, solemn expression.

He respectfully greeted her, "Good morning, Mrs. Miller." Olivia smiled at him. "Good morning." Brent was taken aback. Ever since the argument, for the past two years, she was either exhausted or weeping with sorrow whenever he saw Olivia. It had been a long time since he had seen her smile like that.

Brent couldn't bring himself to say what he wanted to say next, so Olivia took the initiative to do it.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 30-Olivia and Ethan couldn't avoid reality forever. Hence, Ethan had decided to completely give up on her.

However, Olivia had also made her own decision. Olivia smiled gently at Brent and said, "I'm sorry, please tell Mr. Miller that I regret f." Brent couldn't understand them. At first, Ethan was determined to divorce, then it was Olivia. Now that Ethan agreed, Olivia changed her mind again.

What game were they playing?

If it were Kelvin, he would have started complaining long ago, but Brent's expression remained unchanged. With business-like composure, he answered, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Miller. I can't make the final decision. I hope that you will come with me." "I won't make things difficult for you. Let's go," Olivia answered.

She had already anticipated that. Hence, she wrapped herself tightly in a scarf before following Brent out the door.

Whenever they were about to get divorced, unexpected incidents would occur.

This time, however, things went surprisingly smoothly. Even the snowstorm from a few days ago had stopped, and it was now sunny.

After the snowstorm, the temperature remained low despite the bright sunshine.

It melted the accumulated snow on the treetops, causing it to drip down from the branches.

When Olivia arrived, Ethan was already waiting there. There was no one else in the hall but him. He was sitting cross-legged with his eyes half-closed. He looked exhausted and was rubbing his temples. Ethan was weary, but sleep eluded him.

When Olivia drew closer to him, she detected the faint scent of alcohol on him.

wasn't a drinker in the past, but now he always had to have alcohol at night.

inly, without any warning, two small hands landed on his temples, and with them came a familiar massage technique the scent of hand cream.

Opening his eyes, he said, "You're here." Olivia hummed back in response. Neither of them spoke further. It felt like time had turned back. In the past, she always soothed him when he was weary.

After massaging him for a while, her hands were sore. Since she started chemotherapy, her health was not as good as it was before. As she couldn't lift her hands any longer, she took a rest.

Ethan took out something from his briefcase and pushed it toward Olivia. "I have revised the divorce agreement. If you have any objections, please sign it." Olivia glanced at it. The divorce agreement she had drafted before only had one condition: she wanted ten million dollars in compensation. The current divorce agreement, on the other hand, was much more extensive. It amounted to a billion dollars, part of which was made up of villas, cars, and real estate properties.

She chuckled lightly. "Mr. Miller, you're really generous." Instead of looking at her, Ethan lowered his head to glance at his wristwatch.

"It's what you deserve." Olivia didn't know what he had been thinking all night, but it was evident that he intended to completely separate himself from her. She couldn't call him heartless as he was more sentimental than anyone she had ever known.

She couldn't claim that he was in love with her either as he had been ruthless to her.

Olivia held the pen and crossed out those clauses and conditions. "Thank you for your consideration, Mr. Miller. As I said, I only need the ten million dollars.

You've given me five million dollars. What about the remaining five million?" Ethan frowned in dissatisfaction as he looked at her. "Olivia, don't you know what's good for you?" However, Olivia smiled in return.

2.2 "I'm not used to a luxurious life. Although these past two years have been tiring, they've also been quite fulfilling. Besides, I didn't bear you any children, so giving me only this much is not appropriate." Ethan was about to respond, but Olivia suddenly leaned over the table. She placed her hands on the table and leaned closer to him "Ten million dollars, and I have one more condition." In the dark depths of his pupils, she could see the reflection of her gentle smile.

With a raised eyebrow, he asked, "What is it?" Olivia's lips formed a stunning smile as she sweetly requested, "Ethan, I want you to keep me company for three months."