

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller

Chapter 3

Marina wore a white cashmere coat. Her white pearl earrings made her look gentle and charismatic. Just the shawl around her neck was already worth more than a thousand dollars.

The salesperson went up to her and greeted her at once.

“Mrs. Miller, is Mr. Miller not here today to pick out jewelry with you? There are some new arrivals. Each one of them would suit you great, Mrs. Miller. The emerald piece you asked me to reserve for you is here. Try it on later. I’m sure it would suit your complexion very well.”

The salesperson punctuated almost every sentence with “Mrs. Miller” just to butter Marina up even though she and Ethan weren’t legally married yet. Marina looked at Olivia with a smile and a proud look in her eyes that showed off her victory.

Everyone knew that Ethan treated her like the most precious treasure, but they did not know that Olivia was his legally married wife.

Olivia clenched her hands into fists. Why did she have to bump into the person she least wanted to see in her most embarrassing moment?

Marina said mildly, “You’ll lose a lot of money trading in a good quality ring like that.”

Olivia reached out and snatched the box away with a steely expression. “I’m not selling it anymore,” she said.

“No? What a real shame. I like that ring pretty much. I was even planning to offer you a higher price for it since we know each other. Weren’t you in a rush for money, Ms. Fordham?”

Olivia’s hand stiffened. Yes, she was in need of money, very desperately too. That was why Marina was insulting her so relentlessly.

The salesperson advised her. “Miss, this is the fiancée of the Miller Group’s president. You’re very lucky that your ring struck her fancy. She’ll surely pay you a good price for it, and you won’t have to wait for us to complete the procedures before you get your money.”

It sounded like mockery to Olivia when the salesperson kept mentioning “Mrs. Miller.” A year ago, she had told Marina confidently that she would never divorce Ethan and asked her to give up. In just a year, everybody, high and low, knew who she was.

Olivia felt more and more convinced that her marriage with Ethan was nothing but a scheme.

Noticing her hesitation, Marina smiled brightly and said, “Ms. Fordham, why don’t you name a price?”

That bitch’s cocky expression disgusted Olivia. She said coldly, “I’m not selling it anymore.”

However, Marina wouldn’t let it go. “Ms. Fordham, you’re already at the end of your rope. Don’t tell me that you still care about dignity. If I were you, I would sell it immediately. Has no one ever told you that stubbornness isn’t a good look on you?”

“What a joke, Ms. Carlton. Robbing other people of their things has made you think you really own them. Why don’t you go and rob a bank?”

While they were fighting, the ring flew out of the box in a graceful arc and fell to the floor with a soft clink. Olivia immediately rushed toward it, but the ring rolled to a stop by a pair of elegant leather shoes by the door.

When Olivia bent down to pick it up, a drop of water dripped onto the back of her neck and sent chills through her. She looked up slowly into a pair of cold, emotionless eyes.

Ethan was still holding an open umbrella, and droplets of water dripped from it onto her head. The black wool coat he was wearing complimented his figure and made him look stylish.

Olivia stared at him blankly and recalled the first time she had seen him. 20-year-old Ethan had been wearing a white shirt as he stood on the sunbathed field, but it was as if he had been standing right inside her heart. That image was branded in her mind ever since she was fourteen.

Now, she was wearing a sweater that made her look even skinnier with its fuzzy material. Her chin was sharp, and she looked thinner than she was three months ago. He looked grand and unparalleled, while she looked miserable and pathetic.

Olivia's hand, which was about to pick up the ring, stopped in mid-air. While she was in a daze, Ethan expressionlessly raised his foot and stepped on the ring on his way past her.

Olivia remained crouched. That ring had been designed according to his taste. Its design wasn't exaggerated, but it had a unique style. There was only one ring like that in the whole world.

After he had put it on her, Olivia had never taken it off except when she was showering. If it wasn't because she was really in desperate need of money this time, she wouldn't have gone to such measures.

However, what was a treasure in her eyes was just worthless rubbish to him. He hadn't just stepped on the ring, but also the past that she treated so preciously.

Marina smiled and went to him while explaining, "Ethan, you're here. I just happened to be picking out jewelry when I saw Ms. Fordham selling her ring."

Ethan's cold expression betrayed no emotions. His icy gaze rested on Olivia while she tried her best to suppress her fury. He then asked, "You want to sell that ring?"

Olivia held back her tears and bit her lip to stop herself from crying. "Yes. Would you like to buy it, Mr. Miller?"

Ethan smirked mockingly and said, “I remember you telling me how important that ring is to you. I can see how sincere you were now. Anything that is disregarded by someone else is worthless to me.”

As Olivia was about to answer, she felt a burning pain in her stomach. As the tumor grew, the pain went from a slight ache to a piercing pain.

She looked at the couple, who looked like a match made in heaven in their matching black and white coats under the bright lights. She suddenly lost the strength to explain herself.

A man whose feelings had changed wouldn't be bothered even if she gave him her heart.

Olivia fought against the pain and picked up the ring. Then, she slowly walked back to the counter to retrieve the box and certificate. She didn't want to show weakness in front of Ethan. Although the pain was enough to make her pass out, she still maintained a steady gait.

When she walked past him, she said mildly, “Just like you, I treated it like a treasure last time, but now, it's just a piece of metal I can exchange for money.”

Ethan felt that something was off with her. Her forehead was beaded with sweat, and her face was as white as a sheet. She looked like she was trying her best to fight against some sort of pain.

Suddenly, he gripped her arm and said in a low voice, “What's wrong?”

Olivia shook off his hand and said, “It has nothing to do with you.”

She did not spare him another glance and did her best to keep her back straight as she disappeared from his sight.

Ethan watched her leave. He had been the one to let her go, but why did his heart still ache?

Olivia went to a deserted corner and dug her painkillers out of her bag in a fluster. She knew that all the treatments and cancer medicine had side

effects, so she only bought some painkillers and regular stomach medicine, which was better than nothing.

Gazing out at the heavy rain, she thought, “Is that the only choice I have left?” That was the last person she wanted to meet, but she had no choice but to take a gamble for her father’s sake.

Olivia went home to clean herself up before taking a taxi to Hawthorn Villa. When she had returned to the country more than a year ago, that person had called Olivia once.

They hadn’t met in more than ten years, and Olivia had no idea how she was doing. Judging by the grand villa, Olivia guessed that she had been doing pretty well.

After stating the purpose of her visit, a maid led Olivia into the living room, where a graceful woman was sitting. She was as beautiful as Olivia remembered her to be.

“Liv,” said the woman as she looked at Olivia with her pretty eyes.

However, Olivia couldn’t bring herself to call her “Mom.”