Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller

Chapter 6

The wind blew bitingly cold on her face. Olivia was frozen to the core, but she pushed herself up and continued chasing after the car.

She overestimated the current condition of her body and only ran for a couple of feet before crashing back to the ground.

The car door opened. She saw a pair of shiny, tailored leather shoes halt before her. Slowly, she moved her sight from the shoes and up the trousers until she met Ethan's cold and unnerving gaze.

"Ethan ..." Olivia muttered weakly.

A pair of slender hands reached out to her. In a trance, Olivia thought she caught a glimpse of the young man she had fallen head over heels for all those years back. She could not help but stretch out her hands to him.

Just as their hands touched, Ethan pulled back, extinguishing the light in her after giving her false hope and causing her to fall once more.

She had not injured herself before this, but when she slipped this time, she cut her palms on the pieces of shattered glass on the ground. Blood started trickling down her palms to her arms.

A shadow seemed to flit across Ethan's face, but he stayed motionless.

Olivia was stunned. Back then, he would rush her to the hospital in the middle of the night even though she merely had a cut on her finger.

She remembered the doctor chuckling and saying, "Thank goodness he brought you here in time. Otherwise, your wound would've healed on its own."

The man before her and the one in her memories were the same person. He had the same eyes and face. Looking back, she realized that the

concern he once showed for her was nowhere to be seen, replaced by a shade of icy indifference.

In a cold voice, Ethan said, "Olivia, do you really think that I don't know you? You could easily run a mile and do a somersault. Do you expect me to believe you'd fall after running just a couple of steps?"

He stared at her, the mockery in his eyes like a knife cutting through her.

Olivia bit her lip and tried to explain. "It's not like that. I'm not lying to you. I'm just a little weak because I'm sick—"

Ethan did not wait for her to finish. He crouched and tilted her face upward to face him. His rough fingers brushed her dry, chapped lips.

"You truly are your father's daughter. You two are pretentious to the extreme and would put on a stupid act just for some money."

Those words stung more than the cold wind, and they stabbed at her heart repeatedly. She swatted his hand away from her face.

"My father is an upright person. He would never do anything to harm anyone!"

Ethan sneered. He decided he no longer wanted to discuss this matter with Olivia and plucked a check from his wallet instead. He carelessly wrote on the check, held it in between two fingers, and placed it in front of Olivia.

"Do you want this?" he asked.

Five million dollars certainly was not a small amount. It would spare Olivia the headache of securing funds for her father's medical bills. However, she did not take the check because Ethan would not be

so kind to her.

"I have one condition, though," Ethan added and whispered in her ear. "This money is all yours if you repeat after me. Jeff Fordham's an asshole."

The look on Olivia's face changed instantly, and her hand shot up in an attempt to slap him across the face.

Ethan stopped her by grabbing her by the wrist, and as Olivia struggled against him, she left a bloody handprint on his shirt.

Ethan's grip on her tightened, and his tone became harsher. "Oh? You don't want to do it? He'll have to die in the hospital then. I've already picked a burial spot for him anyway."

Tears streamed down Olivia's face as she asked, "Why did you become like this?"

The man who had once swore an oath to protect her and cherish her for the rest of her life was long gone, replaced by a ruthless person who found joy in making her break down in tears.

The dim light from the nearby lamp post illuminated his face, further emphasizing his annoyance and impatience.

"So you're not going to say it, right?" He released his grasp on her and slowly tore the check into pieces.

Olivia rushed forth to stop him, but he shoved her away and told her in a tone devoid of emotions, "I've given you a chance."

The paper shreds fell from his hands, just like the hope she had had for him.

"No! Don't!" Clumsily, Olivia hurried to pick them up as her tears continued to flow. She looked like a child who had lost everything she valued, anxious and helpless.

Ethan turned to leave, and just when he was about to get in his car, he heard a thud. He turned around to see her figure lying unconscious on the ground.

Kelvin, the driver, had an anxious look on his face as he asked, "Mr. Miller, Mrs. Miller's passed out. Should we send her to the hospital?"

Ethan's gaze was unsettling when he looked at Kelvin. "Are you worried about her?"

Kelvin was confused. He had been working for Ethan for a long time.

It was clear as day that Mr. Miller had been head over heels for Mrs. Miller in the past, but his entire personality seemed to change after going to identify his sister's corpse.

Nevertheless, this was his employer's family matter, so he dared not probe further. He simply drove away.

The car drove further and further away. Ethan looked at Olivia through the rearview mirror and found that she still had not gotten up. The look of disdain on his face deepened.

Apparently, her acting had improved in just a few days.

Despite letting her live a sheltered life, Jeff had Olivia participate in various fitness programs since she was young to prevent her from being a target of bullying. She had a black belt in Taekwondo and was an expert in self-defense.

There was no way someone as fit and healthy as her would faint so often like this.

To him, Olivia was putting on an act for money. As this thought crossed his mind, he averted his gaze from the rearview mirror, refusing to spare her another glance.

Seeing Ethan's car gradually disappear, Keith finally came to Olivia's side.

When Olivia awoke once again, she found herself in the room she had left not too long ago. A needle was stuck in the back of her hand, and the IV fluid slowly seeped into it. Her left hand was bandaged.

She looked at the clock that hung on the wall and saw that it was already three in the morning.

Before she could react, she heard Keith say in a gentle voice. "Sorry. I followed you because I thought you would do something stupid."

Seeing that Olivia wanted to sit up from the bed, Keith rushed to her aid by placing a pillow behind her. Then he gave her some water.

She finally opened her mouth to speak. "Did you witness everything?"

"I'm sorry. It wasn't my intention." Keith was so earnest and sincere, while Ethan was the exact opposite of him.

"It's okay. I'm his wife. There's nothing to hide, anyway."

Keith's expression seemed to freeze for a second. Olivia noticed it and smiled bitterly.

"Right. Everyone thinks Marina is his fiancée now. It doesn't matter if you don't believe—"

"No. I believe you. I recognize the design of your wedding ring. It was an SL limited edition. That's the only pair that exists. The magazines mentioned that SL's boss designed it specially for his wife. And I know that Ethan Miller is the one behind SL."

Back then, Keith suspected that Olivia and Ethan were together, but he dismissed the idea after hearing the gossip between Ethan and Marina. Ethan rarely came to the hospital after that too.

Olivia subconsciously touched the place where she usually wore her ring. Her finger was bare now, and the skin where the ring had once been was a bit fairer than the rest of her hand—as if it was reminding her of her ridiculous marriage.

"It doesn't matter if I'm his wife. We're getting a divorce tomorrow at nine."

"Does he know about your condition?"

"He doesn't have the right to know about it."