

**Olivia F 541**

Chapter 541

Olivia's walls of rationality crumbled. Her babies were her last straw.

A pang of despair twinged her as much as she had looked forward to their birth.

Tears and blood dripped onto the floor.

Kneeling on the bed, she clawed at her hair. "Ethan, you shouldn't have saved me. It's too painful to stay alive!"

She couldn't figure out the meaning of her living.

Her existence itself was a bad omen; she would only bring misfortune to the people around her.

Ethan hugged Olivia again. "Do you know why I saved you? Fine, I'll tell you why now."

He crouched to slip socks and shoes to her feet before carrying her.

"Where are you bringing me to?"

"You'll find out soon."

He carried her to one of the patient rooms that consisted of three compartments.

The patients in the room were bandaged. Some of them were wearing casts, too!

Cyril, whose leg was shot, was hopping in their direction while supporting himself with a crutch. It seemed like he wanted to head to the restroom.

He greeted the couple politely upon noticing them at the door, "Mr. Miller, Mrs. Miller."

"Your leg..." Olivia's voice was hoarse.

He let out a bitter smile. "I'm fine."

At least he was alive; some of them couldn't make it.

"Rest up." Ethan carried Olivia to another patient room to visit everyone. Their last stop was the ICU.

She could see Owen through the glass. There were a lot of tubes inserted in him.

"It's been three days, but his life is still in critical condition. He might not be able to survive tonight.

"Even if he regains consciousness, it will take him a lot of time to recover. He won't be able to recover to how he was before."

Ethan sighed in her ear. "Liv, do you know why I saved you? 28 is the total number of casualties from this mission of protecting you.

"Eight of them are severely injured, 19 are lightly injured, and there's one death."

As soon as the final remark hit her, Olivia bit her lip to fight back her tears. "Where is she?"

“At the mortuary. The first two bullets weren’t fatal. She could’ve survived, but the last shot was a headshot.”

The scene of Mona saving her conjured in her head.

It was as though Olivia could still see the smile on Mona’s face. It was as warm as the blood splattered across Olivia’s face.

“Calm down, Liv. There are a lot of things we have to do. You can’t die.

“You have to live. Only then you’ll be able to catch the mastermind.” He held her shoulders with red eyes.

The last three days were an agony, and he had experienced the pain of losing his children in the meantime.

“I won’t let them off the hook that easily. You must stay alive to watch how I seek revenge, making them pay the price with their lives.”

Olivia’s mind was a mess. Her head was buzzing as she couldn’t hear anything.

Ultimately, she slowly said, “Could you bring me to her?”

“You’re not in the state to go there, Liv. Don’t forget the fact that you barely survived death not long ago.”

Hanging her head low, she grabbed his collar like a convict.

“Please Take me to her...” Her voice was so soft.

Her tears fell onto the cold floor, spattering into tiny droplets.

Her nose was clogged as she said, “I just wanna see her for the last time. Just one last time...”

It pained him to watch her in such a sorrowful state, giving him no reason to reject her request. He

replied hoarsely, “Okay.”

Chapter 542

The elevator door opened when it reached the third-floor basement, taking the chilling breeze in.

Ethan removed his coat to drape it over Olivia’s shoulders. The temperature was colder than it was up there.

It was her first visit to such a place, which seemed different from the movies.

The corridor was brightly lit, but the excessive illuminance over the wall made the place appear rather desolate.

An older man was standing by the door to the mortuary. He was waiting for Olivia under his superior's orders.

"Mr. Miller, Mrs. Miller, the body is cosmetically prepared, but it is a dead body, after all. So, it's not a pleasing sight.

"Please be mentally prepared for it."

"Open the door." Her voice was hoarse.

As soon as the door was open, she saw a white sheet covering a body.

Ethan explained, "I took some measures, so the case hasn't gone public yet. Her family doesn't know about it for now."

Olivia strode toward the body. She had lost her consciousness for three days straight.

Thus, everything that had happened that night felt like yesterday to her. The excruciating pain, strong wind, and cold waves were still fresh to her sensations.

With trembling fingers, she slowly pulled the white sheet to reveal Mona's face.

Although Mona's body hadn't decomposed due to the cold environment, there were livor mortis over it.

Not long ago, she was wreathed in smiles like the dazzling sun; now, she was lying in such a cold place

with a pale face.

Olivia couldn't stop her tears from falling. "Sorry, Mona. I'm so sorry."

She flopped onto the floor while clutching the white sheet.

Her mind rewound her first encounter with Mona.

At that time, Mona was carefully wrapping the flowers she trimmed in the rose garden.

When she was caught red-handed, she hid them behind her.

Like a kid who had done something wrong, she stammered in her words, "M-Ms. Fordham, I'm not stealing the flowers. I thought that it was a waste. I ..."

The thorns pricked her hands, but she didn't notice.

"It's alright, Ms. Fordham. People like us are different from you. Your body can't handle this. I learned how to cook and do the house chores when I was young. This little injury won't hurt."

"I'm clearly older than you, but why do you always have a gloomy air around you? You're so pretty. You should be prettier when you smile."

"If you don't mind, I will always be your family. I will take good care of you."

“Dear babies, be good while you’re in your mother’s belly. When you’re out of there, I will feed you guys delicious food!”

“Olivia, my crush is returning to the country! He’s the kindest person I’ve ever met. I like him a lot. What is that word again? Oh, he had me at hello, and he owns all of me forever.”

“Warren confessed to me! Do you know how long I’ve waited for this day, Olivia? It’s like I own the world!”

“I’ll bring you to Warren after your delivery. You’ll know how kind he is.”

“I-I told you. I swore that I’ll... p-protect you. F-Farewell, Olivia.”

The time they had spent together wasn’t that long. It was only six months, but Olivia was used to Mona’s company, looking after her.

She saw Mona as her family.

She even thought of preparing an immense marriage gift for Mona.

Olivia was determined to live a good life to see Mona walk down the aisle one day.

It would’ve been wonderful to see Mona tie the knot with the person she loved, living the youthful

dream she once had.

However, Mona didn't get married to her crush but was killed by him instead.

Olivia couldn't imagine how despairing and sorrowful it was for Mona at that moment.

Warren didn't kill Mona, but her love that she nurtured for years with his bare hands.

He was such a perfect person. Yet, how could he bring himself to kill Mona?

Olivia was crying in a storm of resentment, regret, and anger.

Ethan hugged her. "Just let it all out."

Kneeling in his arms in that dark room, she wailed while grabbing Ethan's shirt.

Chapter 543

Negative emotions were piling on Olivia. Ethan knew that she was too weak for an emotional

rollercoaster right now.

But he was more worried that something might happen from her bottling her emotions.

Thus, he'd rather she let it all out.

Olivia cried for a long time until her voice turned hoarse, and there were no more tears to cry.

Her eyes were empty, and her legs were numb from the kneeling.



She sobbed in Ethan's arms, and he didn't utter a word. He kept patting her back gently.

Only when he noticed that she had slowly collected herself did he help her get up.

Forming strength from anguish, she figured he was right-she should live.

If she died, everything would go according to the mastermind's plan. She should live to pass on the grief of staying alive to that mastermind.

Olivia wiped the last tear off. When she looked at Mona's body, her gaze turned more determined than before.

She yanked the white sheet downward a little to reveal Mona's hand.

The bracelet Mona treasured was still wearing around her wrist.

Olivia bet Mona wouldn't have thought the bracelet would cost her life when she brought it home that day.

Olivia said, "Ask a technician to dismantle this bracelet. See if we can find anything from it."

"Okay."

She continued softly, "I won't let you die in vain, Mona. I, Olivia Fordham, swear to God that I will make

Warren pay the price with his life as long as I'm alive. Don't worry. I will look after your family. I won't let

anyone hurt them."

Ethan asked, "Are you going to tell the family about this?"

"Secrets can't be kept forever. I don't want Mona to be alone."

They could keep it a secret for days or months, but not years.

Considering how much Mona loved her family, they would be worried now that she had gone missing for two months.

Prolonged pain was not as good as short pain.

If Olivia told her family about it, they would be able to send Mona off for the last time at least.

It would be better than having regrets to find out about it later and not being able to see her for the one last time.

"I'll make the arrangements."

Ethan held Olivia's hand, wanting to leave. But she didn't budge an inch.

Standing at the same spot, she gazed into Ethan's eyes.

Their eyes were red. She wanted to say something, but she didn't as grief clouded her eyes.

He knew her well enough to know what she was going to say.

"The babies..." His voice was throaty.

She raised her head to look at him. "Where are they?"

She had to face the cruel reality no matter what.

"I personally brought some men to search the mountain, but we couldn't find their bodies. Perhaps someone else had taken them away, or they were thrown into the sea."

"W-What!"

"It was a chaotic night. Those assassins might've thrown them into the sea to make sure to get rid of it.

"I asked the team to retrieve their bodies, but we couldn't find anything."

Her already pale face appeared more haggard.

Putting her hands on her chest, she wanted to say something only to be unable to speak.

Her whole body was shaking. Ethan didn't know if it was due to sorrow or anger.

"Calm down, Liv. The babies were born prematurely.

"They're twins, too. Even if they were alive, they might not have been able to survive.

“Your health matters the most. Focus on your recovery. We can have kids in the future.” Olivia, who

didn’t say anything, fainted into Ethan’s arms again.

Chapter 544

The night had fallen when Olivia regained consciousness. She heard cries coming from the corridor.

Fighting through the grogginess, she opened her eyes. She didn’t move.

She stared at the ceiling with hollow eyes instead.

Everything felt like a dream. The haze in her mind rendered it surreal.

Ethan gazed at her with bloodshot eyes. His voice was very hoarse. “Liv, you’re awake.”

From his haggard face alone, it was easy for Olivia to tell that he had been looking after her for days

and nights consecutively without sleep.

She had received IV drips for the past few days. She didn’t eat anything.

He would press damp cotton bugs on her lips whenever they were chap.

Olivia almost couldn’t part her lips when she regained consciousness. She spoke with her eyes

instead.

“What do you want? Are you thirsty or hungry? Tell me.”

“I’m thirsty...”

Elated that she finally made a request, he rose from his seat.

However, his sudden action incurred a pang of dizziness because he hadn’t rested or eaten anything for days.

His tall stature was suddenly falling downward.

Fortunately, Ethan was quick enough to hold onto the table to support himself before falling.

Despite his heart-wrenching state, he hurried to the table to pour a glass of warm water for Olivia without a rest.

She noticed that the clothes on him were the same ones he wore a few days ago.

Obviously, he hadn’t left her side after she fainted that night.

“Slow down, Liv. Don’t choke yourself.” He was wearing distinct dark circles beneath his eyes and a stubble of beard around his jaw.

How was this haggard man the Ethan she knew?

Ethan was the prominent man who was always in his suit and could turn a place upside down with a lift

of a finger.

He was treating her carefully, more carefully than before.

Olivia's throat was so dry that it hurt. So, she kept quiet and drank the water.

After feeding her half a glass of water, he wiped her mouth with a tissue.

He caressed her cheeks as his eyes expressed sorrow.

No woman was as skinny as her after a delivery.

Ethan had carefully ministered to her for over six months, and she barely gained some weight.

However, they were back to square one after the recent incident.

It was as though she had returned to the time when they were having a divorce. She seemed so fragile,

like a delicate flower.

"Are you hungry? You can have fluid food now."

Olivia didn't have an ounce of energy as she nodded weakly.

Ethan asked someone to bring in porridge, which was prepared beforehand. He fed her little by little.

She ate slowly, and he was gentle. There was no sign of rush or impatience.

She was quiet. Her meek attitude rendered him anxious.

“Liv, are you alright?”

Olivia, who finally absorbed some energy thanks to the food, nodded. “You have some of it too.”

Ethan’s red eyes zeroed in on her. He seemed baffled.

She explained expressionlessly, “Ethan, although I hate you, this is a different matter. We’re allies when

it comes to the

babies.

“I need your help to find out who that mastermind is. It doesn’t matter if it has to do with Leia.

“I won’t show mercy to them. I will not let her off the hook that easily the next time I confront her.

“You don’t have to worry about me having suicidal thoughts. I’ve given it a thought.

“I know what I’m doing. I won’t let Mona die in vain for me. I will live. I must live better than anyone else

out there!

“Since that person spent so much money to kill me, my existence must greatly impact them. I should

live to get to the bottom

of it.

“Perhaps there’s a bigger secret behind this!”

Ethan watched the frailty on her face fade. The glint in her eyes changed as though she had reincarnated into a blazing phoenix.

After losing her babies, the resentment had morphed into her strongest armor.

Chapter 545

Olivia had no choice but to accept reality. It had happened, and regretting it would do nothing.

A lot of sacrifices were made in exchange for her life. From now onward, she wouldn’t be living only for herself.

“You don’t have to worry about me doing foolish things. Go home, get a shower, and have a good rest.

Don’t worry, I won’t run away anymore.”

Ethan was surprised to hear her say that. It was as if she had become a completely different person after waking up.

Previously, she was a white magnolia; she always stood with her back straight with sophisticated grace, but she was harmless.

Now, she was a rose that came with thorns. Cold yet enticing, she could give anyone who came close



to her pricks all over their body.

“Liv, I’m not tired...” Ethan wasn’t sure about her current condition, so he wanted to stay by her side.

He would decide after that.

Olivia didn’t say anything more about it. She cast her gaze at the closed door. “I heard someone crying.

Who was it?”

“Mona’s parents. They demanded an explanation. Considering that Mona died for you, I told them

about it. But they took advantage of it and kept causing a racket at the hospital.”

She shook her head, disapproving of his statement. “You will never know how it feels to be a mother.

“We’re willing to do anything for our children. This is not taking advantage.”

She lifted her blanket. She hadn’t fully recovered, so she didn’t have much strength in her.

Turning her head, she looked at him. “Could you help me out of the room? I want to check on them.”

“Okay.”

The moment the door was opened, a woman’s agonizing cry hit their ears at a louder volume.

Raising her gaze, Olivia looked far away to see a middle-aged woman dressed in plain clothes.

The latter’s hair was messy, and her eyes were red, expressing deep sorrow. She was grabbing Brent’s

collar while crying.

There were a few red lines of scratches on his neck, bleeding.

Instead of dodging, he said calmly, "Madam, calm down. What's done is done."

"Calm down? How am I supposed to calm down? I entrusted my fine daughter to you, but why is she dead?"

A man was nearby, staring at the wall with despair. Nothing around him bothered him.

It seemed like they were Mona's parents.

Olivia was resting most of her weight on Ethan. With a throaty voice, she chimed in, "Madam, Mona died for me. If you want to blame anyone, blame it on me."

The woman turned to look at Olivia as her red eyes widened. "A-Are you Ms. Fordham?"

The woman heard a lot about Olivia from Mona. According to Mona, Olivia was a pretty, gentle, and agreeable superior.

However, Olivia had a hurtful past and didn't have a lot of close acquaintances. Thus, Mona intended to take good care of Olivia so that she could deliver her babies safely.

Olivia was said to be six months pregnant. That woman gazed at Olivia's flat belly, which wasn't a sign of a six-month pregnancy at all,

She was gorgeous, but she seemed haggard. Her lips were parched, and her cheeks were skinny.

She didn't look like a pregnant woman at all.

Anyone could see that Olivia was weak. A wind was all it took to blow her away.

As a mother herself, the woman stopped throwing a tantrum.

She watched Olivia approach her step by step. Those steps were difficult yet firm.

Slowly Olivia dragged herself before kneeling in front of the woman.

"Madam, I'm the cause of your daughter's death. If you want to kill or punch anyone, you can come at me."

Chapter 546

It was a heart-wrenching sight to behold. How could Megan Tate bring herself to put up a fight with

Olivia?

Megan was aware that Olivia had lost her mother a long time ago, not to mention that Jeff was in a coma. Her marriage life was unhappy, too.

A kind-hearted person like Megan didn't know how to react to Olivia kneeling before her.

"Ms. Fordham, you're weak, and the floor is cold. You should get up." Megan was old enough to tell that Olivia had preterm labor from her flat belly.

Olivia wasn't the only person hurting.

Cyril hopped over with the help of a crutch. "Mrs. Gurney, Mona protected Mrs. Miller on her will. It had nothing to do with Mrs. Miller.

"It was my fault for not being able to protect Mona. I shall bear the responsibility for it."

Cyril paid Allen Gurney a visit at the hospital before. Despite having only one encounter, Cyril left Megan a deep impression.

She could tell that he was a decent man with one look.

"Your leg..."

A group of built men came out of the patient room behind Cyril in ones and twos. Some of them had their hands injured, while others had their legs hurt.

"Mrs. Gurney, it was our fault. It had nothing to do with Mr. Cyril. He's the saddest person to learn that Mona is dead."

It was heartbreaking yet spectacular to see those robust men covered with injuries.

Ethan helped Olivia to catch her balance before striding through the crowd.

The moment he walked through the built men, the atmosphere changed.

He didn't say a word, and yet Megan could sense danger for some reason that she didn't know.

His eyes were bloodshot, and his handsome face was icy cold.

"I'm their superior, as well as Mona's benefactor. I've asked someone to make arrangements for her funeral and compensation." He was as calm and assertive as Brent.

They were able to remain calm under any circumstances.

It was as though someone's life meant a piece of sand to them that would fly away along the wind.

Megan's anger, which she barely quelled a moment ago, flared up once again.

"Mr. Miller, I know that you're loaded, but money won't be able to bring my daughter back alive. I don't want money. I simply want her back"

A glint of displeasure swept across his eyes. "Is that so? Do you think that it was a wrongful death?"

"Had it not been for her luring the lion out of the den, Liv wouldn't have had a premature delivery, nor

would I have lost my children!

“My men wouldn’t have ended up hurting like this! One of them is still lying in the ICU, too! You’re demanding an explanation from me regarding your daughter’s death?”

“What about my children and men? Who’s going to give them an explanation?”

Megan retreated a step back as she gazed at Ethan incredulously.

“What did you say? My daughter is the cause of all of this?”

He had finally let himself loose after having reined himself in for days.

Megan demanded an explanation, but what about his children?

Olivia was one step to death’s doorstep when she was saved; she almost died. And who was going to hold responsibility for that?

Someone tugged at the hem of his shirt. Olivia cooed, “Don’t speak to Mrs. Gurney like that. She suddenly lost her daughter.”

“Liv, I would like to sympathize with her, too. But do you expect me not to feel pain after losing my children?”

Ethan had been looking forward to his children’s birth. He even avoided Olivia as he didn’t want to

affect her mood.

He anticipated their arrival more than anyone else. Yet, things turned out this way.

Forget about Mona losing her life during the incident. He would've killed her if she was still alive. An

unfamiliar male voice resounded from afar. "Mom, why are you causing a ruckus over here?"

Chapter 547

Olivia looked in that direction to see a tall young man limping over. He resembled Mona.

Despite the same features they shared, Mona was a bright woman, while he seemed cold and glum.

Noticing her gaze, he nodded at her. "I'm sorry about my mother's ruckus, Ms. Fordham. She didn't

know the score."

Brent had told him everything, so he knew the whole story.

He kept Megan in the dark because he didn't want to upset her. He didn't expect her to come all the way here.

He seemed tired as the corner of his eyes were red. His legs had yet to recover, hence the limp.

Before Olivia pulled herself back from her musing, the young man abruptly bowed before her.

He hung his head low, repenting like a sinner. "I know the whole story. It's all my fault. I held Mona back

and hurt you indirectly. This wouldn't have happened if I dodged it."

Olivia said and motioned Brent to help him up.

"Your leg is in bad shape. Don't hurt yourself. The opponent had everything planned. Even if it wasn't you, they would've laid a finger on your parents. Don't blame yourself. It is me who owes Mona."

Allen stared at her flat belly. Although he wasn't a woman, he knew how much a pair of twins meant to a mother.

It wasn't something that an apology could make up for.

Olivia looked at Megan again. "Mrs. Gurney, I'm terribly sorry about what happened to Mona. I am saddened by her departure, too. I understand how you feel, but what's done cannot be undone.

"The remaining people should move on with their lives so as to not let her down.

"Even if you cause a ruckus, she won't be able to come back. We shouldn't do things that make the opponent happy, should we?"

Megan cried, and Olivia reached out to wipe the tears off for her.

"I owe Mona my life. I will look after you guys in her stead. If you don't mind, would you accept me as



your god-daughter?"

Megan waved her hand. "No, no. To what do we owe the honor of being your family? We-"

"Please accept me, Mrs. Gurney. Mona sacrificed herself to protect me, so it is reasonable for me to look after her family. That way, she would be able to rest in peace up there."

Megan accepted it in the end. After comforting Megan, Olivia returned to her room due to her weak body.

Ethan watched Olivia eat in bed. She clearly seemed weaker than ever, but there was a hint of determination coming from her.

Noticing his gaze, she looked at him with clear eyes. Her voice was calm. "Go home and get some rest. I'll focus on my recovery in the hospital."

He had expected her to throw a tantrum, not stay as calm as she was right now. "Liv, aren't you sad?"

"I am. It's just that I've figured it out, and there's no point in being sad. It changes nothing.

"So, why should I waste time dwelling on sadness? Ethan, I told you I'm not going to commit suicide again."

She suddenly reached out to smoothen the crease on his shirt. Despite the gentleness sitting upon her

brows, her voice was menacing. "Besides, I want you to live. Recover and be my strongest weapon."

She flashed a menacing smile at him. "Ethan Miller, you owe me this."

Chapter 548

Ethan washed up and got changed before rushing to the hospital.

He asked before entering the room. "How is she doing?"

Kelvin quickly responded, "It's weird. Mrs. Miller didn't throw a tantrum and even asked to have an extra meal."

"Did she say anything?"

"She asked about the other men's condition and how many enemies we captured. She also asked if

Warren was one of them.

She seemed calm the whole time."

"What did you answer?"

"I told her the truth, that Warren escaped. The other people were under strict interrogations. She didn't say anything after

that. She said that she was tired and needed some rest."

Kelvin scratched his head before continuing, "Mr. Miller, what's up with Mrs. Miller? The way she's

acting right now kinda

scares me. She's too calm about it, so calm that it sends chills down my spine."

"It looks like she didn't lie to me."

Initially, Ethan was worried that Olivia was trying to distract him to commit suicide. Fortunately, she had

figured it out.

He entered the room with light steps, and the person on the bed opened her eyes.

Olivia's eyes showed determination. "I knew that you wouldn't rest. Pull out the bed from that sofa and

get some rest."

He gazed at her for a while. "Liv, are you really alright?"

"How am I not? I'm sticking to the doctor's treatment to be back on my feet as soon as possible. Plus, I

think I can feel my right hand. Find me the best doctor."

Although she didn't stop the treatment for her hand, she couldn't take a lot of medicines or follow some

treatments due to her pregnancy.

Fortunately, the physiotherapist had been treating her. She only realized that she could feel her right hand a moment ago.

This was the only good news in her terrible life.

“Okay. But the preterm delivery has affected your body. So, you have to be bedridden for a month. I will make arrangements for the treatment, but we can’t rush things.”

Olivia looked at the dried autumnal leaves. “Since we’ve captured some of their men, did we manage to get anything out of them?”

“It’s The Black Ravens. But they were only listening to orders, which was to kill their target. They didn’t have the authority to know who the benefactor was.”

“How many were they?”

“100.”

She lifted her gaze. “This is not my forte. Is this considered a lot?”

“The Black Ravens is the most famous assassin organization in the world. They cultivate assassins since they’re young.

“Other than that, the ones eligible to join them are skillful combatants like retired special forces, spies,

and so on.

“They accept people from all over the world. And they rank themselves from C to S based on their skills.

“This time, there were 90 C Ranks, seven B Ranks, two A Ranks, and the remaining one whom they don’t even know which rank he belongs to.”

“What rank is Warren?”

“A Rank. He’s also the commander in charge of this mission.”

Olivia snickered. “He escaped?”

“He was shot in the leg and jumped into the sea. His status? Unknown.”

“How much does it cost to dispatch that many people?”

Ethan raised a finger. “This much.”

“One million dollars?”

He shook his head. “It goes up from 100 million dollars. As I said, they are skillful at fighting. It takes a lot of money, resources, and time to cultivate one.

“A handful of assassins are normally dispatched for a mission, and the price ranges from one million dollars to hundreds of millions of dollars.”

She snorted. “That person has burned a hole in their pocket just to kill me. Who do you think it could possibly be?”

“Considering the motive, Marina and... Leia are suspicious. But 100 million dollars is a huge amount of money for Marina.

“I’ve looked into the Carltons’ bank account. Her entire family might not be able to pay that much money, let alone her. Besides, she wouldn’t have known the way to contact The Black Ravens.”

“Since it’s not Marina, it’s Leia?”

Chapter 549

“Liv, I’m not trying to side with whoever. But this is not the Toxic Hive’s way of doing things.

“If Leia really wants you dead, it’s highly possible that she will find a way to drug you. Would she have chosen this method?”

“As you know, the head of Toxic Hive is Helen. After Mr. Carlton passed away, she brought the Toxic

Hive out of Aldenvine, including Leia. It has been months since they left.” Ethan held Olivia’s hand.

With a gentle expression, he said, “The person who bought off The Black Ravens is not only rich, but

he knows the contact them.

way

“He’s decisive and simple with his way of doing things. He’s ruthless. Liv, did you think about who you

have offended?”

to

She shook her head. “You know my past very well. I got married and was pregnant before I graduated

from university. Who could I possibly offend?

“Not to mention that it’s a powerful fellow that can spend 100 million dollars so easily to put a bounty on

my head.”

He frowned. “I suspect that it has something to do with your real family. You and Ms. Parker took a

DNA test when she suffered from leukemia and found out that you’re not blood-related.

“Someone’s trying to stop you from digging further into the matter, so he hired assassins to kill you

once and for all.”

That was the only possibility.

Olivia had a hunch that her real family was a distinct existence. The thought of that gave her the courage to live on with her life.

Now that she was shouldering her babies’ and Mona’s lives, Olivia was determined to settle the score at all costs!

“Will The Black Ravens keep dispatching assassins to kill me?”

“Logically speaking, no. The fact that they dispatched 100 men is enough to tell how resolute they are.

But they’ve underestimated our men, who are not ordinary bodyguards you see out there.

“That’s why they suffered a lot of casualties. Even though a minority of them escaped, they lost the majority of their people. Forget about B Ranks and A Ranks; C-rank assassins are rare. Now that they’ve failed the mission, they will evaluate the risk and give up.”

Ethan added, “Of course, that person won’t give up just because this didn’t work out. He will think of another way, but he won’t take any action for the time being. You can rest up with peace of mind.”

“Got it.” Olivia suddenly stretched her hand toward him.



Baffled, he couldn't read her next action.

Next, she yanked him over to bring him to the bed.

She moved herself to give him some space. "Night."

He couldn't rest because he was worried about her, so she decided to let him share the bed.

Facing her back to him, she could sense his breathing becoming stable.

Only then did Olivia speak indifferently, "Ethan, I'm sick of this kind of life."

"Liv..."

"I'm sick of hiding. In the end, I couldn't protect my children and dragged someone else into this mess.

Had I not been this weak, would it have been a different ending?"

Ethan hugged her from behind. Her body was trembling in silence.

She was crying quietly, not wanting others to see her weak side.

"I can't forget how Mona stood in front of me and told me to run. Her blood splattered across my face.

"And I can't forget how Owen shielded me until his final breath. Dr. Wells is a woman herself, but she

carried me while climbing the cliff. Her hands were scratched, leaving blood along the rocks."

She was choking on her voice. "I can never forget how the babies wriggled in my belly. They must be scared.

"I promised them that I would take good care of them. But in the end, I couldn't do anything and held so many people back."

Spreading her palms, she looked at her hands. "Do you know? I watched them lose their lives and yet couldn't do anything.

"At that time, I kept thinking why I wasn't the one dying but them. If I was dead, things could've been different. I'm willing to sacrifice my life in exchange for their peaceful lives."

"Liv, it wasn't your fault. You did well."

"Whether the opponent was Leia or anyone else, I was always the passive party. I hid, but things turned out this way in the end.

"Ethan, once I recover, send me to Volt Peak Mountain."

Ethan's expression changed as soon as she brought up that mountain.

"No. How could you go there? Liv, listen to me. Your dream is to be a doctor, right? I can send you somewhere to pursue your

studies.”

“I wanted to save the world before this, but I couldn’t even save my babies in the end. If I can avenge them, I don’t mind staining my hands with blood.”

Chapter 550

Olivia’s eyes were neither calm nor clear; they were teeming with madness and obsession.

What kind of place Volt Peak Mountain was? It was called the Isle of Death in the line of industry.

It was a secret base to train special agents, as well as a very dangerous place.

What kind of people were there?

They were either orphans or people who lost their families-in short, they were alone.

The majority of them were sent there for training when they were young. Of course, there were grown-ups like Olivia, too. They shared a similar background, too.

It was no wonder that Ethan reacted that way. Her rash decision would result in her death.

“Shake that idea off your mind, Liv. You have always wanted to set up a hospital for the citizens. Even if

Marina changed its name, this hospital is still operating.

“The medical staff we have here are skillful doctors from within the country and abroad. I’ve also

established a foundation to help out poor people.

“Over 100 people are benefiting from it as of today. That includes deaf and dumb kids. There are also special programs for elderly people.

“The world might not be a perfect place, but there are people who make up for it. Had it not been for you, some people would’ve died because they were too poor to see the doctor.”

Tears began flooding her eyes. “Even if I could save everyone in this world, I couldn’t save my friends and children.

“What’s the use of saving so many people? There’s only one reason I’m living on, that is revenge.”

Ethan let out a soft sigh, not knowing how to talk her out of it.

“Get some sleep.” She didn’t say anything after that.

She merely looked at that ray of light at the edge of the sky as resentment stormed into her eyes.

Unconsciously, she placed her hand on her belly.

Habits couldn’t be changed easily. Not to mention that she had been doing that for six months.

The moment she pulled her senses back, Olivia realized that her babies were gone.

It was as though a bright neighbor had moved out of the house one day, and she couldn't get used to it.

She thought, "Give me some time, kids. I will surely take revenge for you."

In the following days, Olivia was cooperative when it came to the treatment.

She was slowly recovering, and she could walk around.

Mona's body was sent to her hometown, a village. They buried her body.

Olivia arrived at the church. When she got out of the car, she could hear people singing a hymn from a church.

Then, the priest began performing the mass before the cross.

The cries and prayers lingered along the wind underneath the gray clouds.

Since it was late fall, most of the crops were harvested, leaving only the dry stubble of wheat and withered corn stalks.

It was as if the world had lost its colors; it was grayish in color.

Olivia lived in the cities since she was young. She had attended a few funerals, but it was her first visit to this kind of funeral.

It hit home more than the usual ritual.

Olivia stepped on the soft soil, with Ethan following behind her quietly.

She pointed at the rice field.

“Monasaid that her hometown is pretty. Her hardworking neighbors planted nabana seeds some time ago. When spring comes, it will be a field of blooming nabana flowers.

“The field is painted in green during summer, accompanied by the singing crickets. The kids will try to catch little lobsters in the field barefooted.

“The breeze is there for them to enjoy, and the ridges are the lanes for them to hop around.

“The grain will become mature during the fall. It’ll be a picture of gold when that happens. She will be sitting on the heap of harvested grains, celebrating the joy of harvest with her parents.

“She told me that she was going to bring me to her hometown after my delivery. She would take me to the field to touch the grains and little lobsters.

“There’s a huge apple tree and grapevine trellis on her porch. The apples and grapes they bore are big and sweet.”

“Liv...”

Olivia choked on her voice. “I’m fine. I’m just exclaiming how I’m visiting her hometown in this kind of situation.” After the coffin was placed into the dug pit, people began burying it. The bereaved family was crying. Olivia knelt before the gravestone, touching the smiling face on the picture. “I’ll avenge you, Mona.”