

Olivia F 611

Chapter 611

Olivia didn't know the children at all, but when she heard them crying, she felt her heart squeezing.

She quietly walked up to the tall man. She asked, "Do you need help?"

As soon as she said that, she wondered if she was seeing things, but she saw the man freezing.

The man had his back to her, and he was wearing a mask as well. She couldn't see his expression.

She explained in a kind tone, "Don't misunderstand, sir. I just saw you taking care of two children alone, so I thought you might need a hand."

The man remained silent, but the child in the stroller was crying even louder now.

Olivia's attention was drawn to the baby.

In the milky white stroller was a baby girl wearing a pink jumpsuit. She was crying so hard that her face was all wrinkly. Her tender face was filled with a pitiful look.

Olivia hastily picked the baby up, and the man didn't stop her.

"Good girl, are you feeling hungry? Be good and don't cry."

Her voice seemed to have an enchanting allure. The baby who was wailing just now instantly stopped

crying.

The baby had probably been crying for too long. She now leaned in Olivia's embrace, sobbing quietly.

It was only then that Olivia saw the child's face. Her features were very exquisite, and her eyes were huge and round.

Clear teardrops still hung on her long and thick eyelashes.

The baby was very pretty.

But for some reason, Olivia felt that she had seen the baby somewhere before.

The baby seemed to have thought of something, and she started smiling through her tears. There was a shallow dimple on her left cheek. It wasn't very obvious thanks to her baby fat.

Returning to her senses, Olivia hastily apologized, "Sorry, I was so anxious that I picked your child up. She's not crying anymore, though."

The man beside her stared at her for a long while. He suddenly asked, "Do you not recognize me anymore?"

The man's voice was low, and he sounded as if he was torn.

It was a very small voice, so small that Olivia thought she was hearing things.

Thinking that she was imagining things, Olivia looked at the man with a curious gaze. "Sir, did you say something?"

The man glanced around them warily. "This isn't a good place to talk. Let's talk somewhere else."

Olivia could hear him this time. "Do we know each other?"

The man turned around. Every part of his body was covered except for his eyes.

Somehow, he gave off a dangerous feeling.

A look of confusion flashed across the man's eyes. But soon, he said again, "I'll be waiting for you in the café on the seventh floor. Come alone, and don't tell anyone about this."

When he took the child from Olivia's arms, he said again, "I'll tell you the whole truth."

As soon as the baby left Olivia's embrace, she began crying again. The man stuffed the children into his jacket. Then, he loaded the baby items he had picked out onto the stroller.

After that, he rushed toward the counter to pay for the items.

A bodyguard came over as well. "What did that man say to you, Mrs. Miller?"

Olivia didn't remember what had happened between her and that man. Still, she instinctively chose not

to betray him.

“He was taking care of two children on his own, and he seemed to be struggling, so I helped him out.

He was thanking me.”

Cyril said with a stern expression, “Mrs. Miller, that man looks a little suspicious. Please stay away from him, and don’t approach any strangers recklessly. We’ll leave right after picking out the items.”

“Alright.”

Olivia averted her gaze from the man at the counter. She felt a little nervous. The man said that he would be waiting for her at the café.

Should she go, or should she not?

Chapter 612

Olivia could see that the man knew her, but he had covered himself up on purpose with his outfit. He didn’t seem like a normal person at all, and danger emanated from him.

But it was this creepy man who was holding two babies in his arms. It formed quite a stark contrast.

If he was a kidnapper, no kidnapper would willingly buy so many clothes for the children.

Olivia glanced at the price tags. The clothes cost hundreds of dollars each. The stroller was also filled

with diapers and infant

formula.

The items in the stroller would total up to thousands of dollars at least. No kidnapper would spend that

much money on

children.

The babies were still crying, but the man didn't look impatient at all. He even took out two pacifiers from

his pocket.

The pacifiers were sealed in sterile bags. This meant that the man had sanitized them before setting

out.

He stuffed the pacifiers into the babies' mouths, and the crying finally stopped.

Olivia saw the two children sprawling on the man's shoulders, one on each shoulder. Trails of tears still

hung on their chubby cheeks, yet to be dried.

Their round and large eyes were looking in her direction. Their noses were red, and they were so

adorable that they looked like two kittens.

Olivia felt something odd about it. Babies more than three months old could be carried vertically.

However, when Olivia held the baby girl just now, she felt very light. It was as if she was just born moments ago.

“What are you looking at, Mrs. Miller?” Madam Burgess smiled as she walked up to Olivia with a few articles of clothing in her hands.

“Madam Burgess, look at that man with the two babies. How old do you suppose those children are?”

Carrying the children, the man was about to arrive at the sightseeing elevator. Madam Burgess glanced at them and replied, They look about as old as my grandson.

“But my grandson isn’t even a month old, and his body is still very soft. His neck can’t even support his head, so you can’t hold him like that.”

Madam Burgess’ analysis was just like Olivia’s. She added, “There’s also another possibility. Mrs. Miller, you can see that they’re fraternal twins.

“Their mother must have endured some shock, causing her to give birth prematurely. So, they’re a little smaller than other babies their age.

“Oh, Mrs. Miller, if your children were still around, they’d probably be around that size.”

Seeing Olivia's expression darken, Madam Burgess reached up and slapped herself.

"Forgive this rude mouth of mine, Mrs. Miller. I shouldn't have brought that up. You'll have many more children in the future, I'm sure."

Olivia smiled bitterly as she changed the topic. "How's it going with the clothes?"

"Look, Mrs. Miller. Clothes these days look so nice. They're very soft to the touch too. Back in my day, we didn't even have diapers!"

Olivia glanced at the jumpsuits Madam Burgess was holding. Then, she picked out a few more.

Madam Burgess kept saying that it was enough, but Olivia ignored her. "Children grow up fast. It's better to buy more just in case."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Miller."

11

Olivia looked at the pretty clothes. She couldn't help but think that if her children were still alive, they would be very adorable.

Olivia recalled the baby girl leaning in her arms just now. The baby had tender skin, and her eyes were surprisingly huge. She looked just like a doll. Olivia felt her heart melting when she saw the baby.

The man told her to see him at the café. Who could he be?

Olivia felt uncertain. She had lost her memories, so she couldn't decide if the man was an enemy or a friend.

He wanted her to go there alone.

When she closed her eyes, the image of Mara's body appeared in her mind. Ethan had also told her to stay out of danger.

Olivia decided against the idea. She would go home right after shopping for the sake of her safety.

She didn't have a reason to go there.

After she was done shopping with Madam Burgess, they headed to the parking lot. But then, they heard an ear-piercing noise.

"What happened?"

"Someone is destroying a store."

Amidst the chaos, Madam Burgess took Olivia's hand, trying to lead her away. But unexpectedly,

someone shouted, "Isn't that Olivia? She's the culprit who forced Mara to her death!"

Chapter 613

Madam Burgess was just a middle-aged woman in charge of cooking. She had no idea about the viral

news on the internet at

all.

Olivia only knew that Kelvin was arrested despite being innocent. She didn't know how bad things had

become in real life.

When someone called out to her, she even looked at the crowd in slight confusion. Neither Olivia nor

Madam Burgess knew what was going on.

Everyone instantly turned around to look at them. It was only then that Olivia saw the mixed group of

men and women.

Some were holding a banner while others were holding buckets. The buckets were in various colors, so

they probably contained something like paint.

When they saw Olivia, they swarmed toward her like zombies.

The bodyguards hastily stepped in front of Olivia and Madam Burgess.

Madam Burgess said anxiously, "Mrs. Miller, let's leave right now."

"You heartless capitalist! Pay for Mara's life with your own!"

An extremely angry voice sounded behind her. When Olivia turned to look, she saw someone splashing something at her.

"Watch out, Mrs. Miller!" Madam Burgess stood in front of Olivia right away, protecting her.

Olivia reacted quickly. She pushed Madam Burgess away with one hand. Then, she grabbed the bag with another hand to block some of the liquid that had splashed out.

Madam Burgess was shoved onto the floor. Before she could cry out in pain, she heard Olivia screaming in agony.

Olivia did her best to block the attack, but she couldn't avoid getting a few drops of the liquid on the back of her hand.

She felt an intense burning sensation spreading from the back of her hand.

"It's sulfuric acid!"

"Oh my goodness! Are you okay, Mrs. Miller?"

Madam Burgess was shocked out of her mind. The person who splashed the acid hadn't left when someone suddenly sprung up from the side.

The man had a dagger in his hand as he lunged toward Olivia.

The bodyguards were fending off the other people making a fuss. Those people looked like they had already planned to distract the bodyguards beforehand.

The sharp blade was about to pierce Olivia's heart. The man moved as fast as lightning.

This wasn't an ordinary person. He had to be a trained assassin.

The thought had just occurred to Olivia's mind when she saw the gleaming blade being brought down.

The passersby covered their mouths in terror. But then, Olivia's limbs reacted faster than her brain.

She landed a kick squarely on the man's wrist. The dagger produced an ear-piercing noise as it clattered against the floor tiles.

The man was stunned as well. He probably didn't expect Olivia to react so quickly.

She was only a wealthy lady. When faced with something like this, shouldn't her first reaction be to scream?

While the man was still stunned, Olivia delivered another kick at the man's calf. The sudden pain

caused the man to get down on one knee.

Grabbing the chance, Olivia locked her legs around the man's neck. With a forceful turn, she flipped him onto the floor.

By then, Olivia had already picked up the dagger and held it against the man's neck.

From getting assaulted to getting the man under control, she spent only a few seconds.

Her sequence of actions looked very natural and skilled. It was as if she were in a movie. Madam Burgess was stunned at the sight.

With a face filled with murderous intent, Olivia asked in a cold voice, "Who sent you?"

She was startled at her own actions as well. She didn't have any memories of doing things like this. But when she was faced with danger, all these seemed to be survival instincts etched into her bones.

Blood was already seeping out from the man's neck where the blade was held against it. It roused a murderous instinct.

"Are you alright, Mrs. Miller?"

"I'm fine. There's something off about these people. Call the police," Olivia said in a calm tone. "I'm

going to the bathroom first. Madam Burgess, prepare some sodium bicarbonate.”

Even though her hand wasn't burned too badly, she had to deal with it as soon as possible. If not, her

skin might be further

ruined.

Madam Burgess was puzzled. “Sodium what?”

“Baking soda. Hurry.”

Olivia hurried toward the bathroom.

Unbeknownst to her, the man with the two children was standing upstairs. He had quietly put his gun

away.

A comforted look flashed across his dark eyes. She had grown up.

Chapter 614

The incident just now was simply too shocking, so the police quickly arrived at the scene.

Some passersby who joined in the commotion were terrified by the turn of events. They all ended up

getting arrested.

Olivia had to go to a hospital as soon as possible for treatment. Thus, she wasn't called over to record

a statement right away.

Fortunately, the area of the wound wasn't too large. She had also carried out emergency treatment on time, so the damage was minimal.

After Olivia received advanced treatment, Madam Burgess finally relaxed. She let out a heavy sigh.

"It's a good thing that you reacted quickly, Mrs. Miller. If not, it would've become a tragedy."

Olivia patted Madam Burgess on the shoulder. "Don't be afraid. We're fine, aren't we? Also, you shouldn't try to protect me at dangerous times like that.

"If the acid had splashed onto you, the consequences would've been unthinkable."

At the mention of the matter, Madam Burgess was furious. "Who knew that the guy would be so cruel? I thought that it was paint or something. I never expected it to be sulfuric acid."

"Those people came prepared, so you can't predict their movements with common sense. You must've been so shocked today.

"Don't say that, Mrs. Miller. It's my fault ..."

"It's over now, so let's go home. Prepare something delicious for me tonight. I want to eat two huge servings to calm my nerves," Olivia teased.

“Okay.” Madam Burgess wiped her tears.

She had been alive for quite some time, but she still felt a chill run down her spine when she recalled the incident.

If there had been even one mistake in the incident today, Olivia’s life would’ve been ruined.

As they left the hospital, the bone-chilling wind blew at them from all directions. Thanks to that, Olivia’s mind cleared a little bit.

A man dashed up to Olivia, pulling her into his embrace.

Ethan’s voice rang out from above her head. “Are you okay, Liv?”

Olivia almost couldn’t catch her breath as Ethan hugged her tightly.

She sensed that Ethan’s heart was racing, and his body was trembling a little as well. When she met his gaze, she found his eyes filled with worry.

To be honest, after everything that happened, Olivia felt uneasy and anxious inside.

But all those emotions disappeared with this embrace.

It felt as if her world was raining heavily, but when he arrived, the whole world lit up.

She recalled the stories Madam Burgess told her about Ethan's childhood. People like him probably felt the least secure.

Reaching out, Olivia patted Ethan on the back. She coaxed him gently like she would a child.

"It's okay. I'm fine now, aren't I?"

Ethan's gaze turned cold as it focused on the gauze covering the back of her hand. Olivia said with a smile, "It looks serious, but it's nothing much. Only a few drops got on my skin."

"I'm sorry, Liv."

"It has nothing to do with you. You didn't want me to be troubled by the rumors online. I was the one at fault. I should've

listened to you and stayed at home."

Olivia wrapped her arms around his waist, nuzzling against his neck. "It's alright, it's in the past now.

I'm alive and well. Let's go home now. It's so cold outside."

It was only then that Ethan's cold expression softened. "Alright, let's go home."

He carefully led Olivia to the car and then opened the car door for her. "Hold on, let me make a call."

"Okay."

After Ethan closed the door, his expression instantly turned cold as he turned around. Taking out his phone, he walked to the side to make a call.

Olivia couldn't figure out what he was saying. She only felt that his figure looked extra cruel.

"I don't care what you have to do. Get the person out for me. Yes, just tell him that we won't hold him accountable."

Chapter 615

Ethan brought Olivia back home. She was still suffering from the aftershock.

When she recalled what had happened in the mall, she couldn't help but say, "Ethan, today, I bumped into-

His phone rang, interrupting her. He was so busy that his phone didn't stop ringing throughout the journey.

"Okay, I'll be there soon," he answered the call before looking at her. "What did you want to tell me,

Liv? What happened in the mall?"

She sighed. "It's nothing important. Go ahead and come back early."

"Okay." He stroked her head and turned to leave.

Olivia thought about that strange person. Even if that person wasn't a bad guy, she figured that it wouldn't be something important.

She was merely worried about how things would go now that it had come this far.

It was cloudy. Ethan, who was sitting in the back seat of the car, was wearing a gloomy expression.

Considering that Brent and Kelvin were detained and what Olivia had encountered, it was natural for Ethan to be this moody.

He had been paying attention to public opinion about the matter.

"Mr. Miller, things have come this far. Are we still not going to release an official statement?"

Ethan caressed his ring repeatedly. "No. No one will believe it without evidence. Plus..." He stopped midway.

Cyril gazed at the cold-looking Ethan through the rearview mirror. Murderous intent was looming in the air from Ethan.

"I want to know who's the one plotting all this. Just let it be. Their good days won't last long."

Cyril had a feeling that Ethan already knew who it was although he didn't say it.

Ethan's men had found out the mastermind who hired the assassins. He didn't expect it to be an old acquaintance.

"There it is, Sunset Mansion."

Ethan snorted lightly in response.

Sunset Mansion was located at the seaside. It was an ancient building with an aesthetically pleasing and romantic touch.

It was a hot place for pictures during summer evenings.

However, it was winter right now. The gloomy clouds gave it a slightly desolate and eerie mood.

Upon entering the yard, Ethan saw a woman's side profile.

She was wearing a long wool coat while enjoying her coffee gracefully. Her red nails were rather striking in contrast with the white cup.

The sea breeze was strong, but she appeared calm and collected. She looked out of place with the bad weather.

Hearing footsteps, she turned to look at the incoming man.

The black coat outlined Ethan's built stature, and his expression remained icy as usual.

With a cold air around him, he approached Kayla Harper, who was wearing full makeup.

She greeted, "Long time no see, Mr. Miller."

Her brief salutation dripped with friendly sentiments.

Instead of going along with the courtesy, he dived right into the topic. "Where's the evidence?"

She chuckled. "You're still the cold man as ever. Since you're already here, why don't you take a seat and have a cup of coffee?"

"No need for that. I'm busy. All you have to do is to tell me where the evidence is."

Considering that Ethan wasn't being patient with her, Kayla took a few snippets out of her branded bag.

"Look at these yourself."

The photo wasn't complete; it had been torn.

After piecing the snippets together, it vaguely showed a tall man in a janitor uniform strangling Mara,

leaving her feet dangling in midair.

It was the perfect evidence to clear up the misunderstanding!

"Is this present significant enough to open the floor for negotiation?" Kayla set her cup down before

propping her chin while resting her elbow lazily.

Only then did Ethan sit down. The photo had been edited, hence the blurry image. On top of that, it had been torn. He could tell that she was a careful person.

“What’s your condition?”

Chapter 616

When Kayla slowly rose from her seat, Ethan realized that she was wearing robotic legs right from her knees underneath her coat.

“Your legs...” He was slightly surprised.

Her striking red lips beamed into a smile. “Is it weird? You should’ve known that anything could happen the moment you abandoned me.”

He wasn’t happy with the way she put it, but he was too lazy to correct her.

He asked indifferently, “Tell me, what do you want?”

Kayla didn’t expect him to be this indifferent after noticing her legs, hence the unhappy glint in her eyes.

Suppressing the upsetting emotions in her, she smiled. "I know that you're loaded with cash, so I don't want anything material. I want you to sleep with me."

Ethan's fingers, which were holding the photo, froze. He thought he heard it wrongly. "What did you say?"

She didn't show a hint of awkwardness at all. Her eyes seemed crazed instead.

Abruptly, she hugged him from behind him.

Frowning, he shoved her away.

Since her legs were disabled, she failed to capture her balance and fell onto the ground.

"Ethan, you're still heartless as you were before," claimed Kayla with teary eyes.

He slid his chair to stand up. His eyes were cold. "And you're still having wild imaginations as you did before. Kayla, I told you five years ago that I don't like you."

She flashed a self-mocking smile. "You chose to sponsor me that year because of my face, didn't you?"

"Yes. You looked somewhat like her, especially your side profile," Ethan answered without hesitation.

That was the cruel truth, but she had been having delusions.

Ten years ago, he sponsored Kayla, who came from poverty and aced her studies.

Her journey moving from that little village to Aldenvine was full of hurdles.

She had always wanted to meet the person she was indebted to, then she met him.

At that time, although Ethan was aloof to her, he had never mistreated her when it came to material goods.

He even took her to his mansion after she was bullied in school.

The busy Ethan often went on many business trips, but seeing him a few times a year was enough to make her happy.

She worked harder to develop herself like an ugly duckling determined to be a swan.

Other people had always thought she came from a rich family. No one knew her past. Even she herself almost thought that it was the reality.

When she turned 18, she confessed her feelings to Ethan in her coming-to-age ceremony.

Kayla had always thought that she was someone special to him. Even though he had never done anything intimate to her, he often stared at her blankly.

The naive Kayla mistook that as a sign that he liked her. To her surprise, a sweet relationship didn't

come to her after the confession but a cruel reality instead.

Ethan turned her down explicitly, stating that he helped her out solely because of pity. Never once had

he bore feelings for her.

In order to quell her feelings for him, he even sent her abroad for studies.

Kayla didn't know where it went wrong. She clearly sensed that he treated her differently.

If it wasn't love, why would he choose her out of so many people?

She didn't want to go abroad, so she made a daring decision and asked someone to kidnap her.

She wanted to test Ethan.

In the end, reality proved that she didn't mean anything to him.

She lost her legs in that tragic kidnapping incident.

Ethan never once paid her a visit after that. So, her furious elder brother confronted Ethan.

Her brother visited Miller Group for a week before managing to meet Ethan, but he still refused to see

Kayla. He told her brother to relay a message. "We have nothing to do with each other from today

onward."

Chapter 617

It happened a long time ago, but Kayla could still feel the agonizing pain in her bones.

She was hospitalized for six months, and Ethan left her.

Even after threatening that she would give up on her studies, he merely replied, "Have it your way."

Then, he blocked her contact number.

Kayla spent her days and nights crying. She also married Diego Welsh, who was older than her by 20 years, out of revenge.

He didn't look down on her even though she had lost her legs. Instead, he married her and treated her well.

However, he messed around with some non-famous celebrities because Kayla gave him the cold treatment.

Little did he know that the person in her heart was Ethan. She had been keeping an eye on Ethan, and she was more obsessed than before.

Kayla was overjoyed when she learned the news that the engagement between Ethan and Marina was called off.

Kayla was confident that he wouldn't fall in love with any woman that easily, thinking that no one in this

world deserved him. That lasted until not long ago, when Ethan announced Olivia's identity at the award ceremony that night.

Kayla finally knew the reason behind Ethan's sponsorship after looking at Olivia's face.

It was not that she was any special but simply because Kayla resembled Olivia a bit.

Kayla had never imagined that the restless celebrity her husband was sleeping with would keep provoking her with messages. Hence, she decided to hire someone to eliminate her.

And that brought her a lot of trouble. Even Ethan and Olivia were dragged into it.

Kayla believed that God was fair, for He had bestowed her this opportunity knowing that she had been yearning for it.

She was unbothered that she was pushed to the ground. She got to her feet pitifully. "Ethan, I'm not asking for anything. Just one night. I have a higher-resolution video and photo. I'll give them to you."

Ethan's big shadow loomed over the petite woman. His gaze was colder than the weather.

It was as though he was looking at trash.

No matter how she tried, she was still the pitiful country bumpkin to him.

“Kayla Harper, you’re seriously disgusting.” That was Ethan’s comment on Kayla.

She loved him for ten years only to receive that reply in return.

She quickly wiped her tears away. “I’m disgusting? Am I that bad in your eyes? Will you never spare me a glance even if I give you all of me? Will I never beat Olivia?”

“At least you know your place.”

Her heart sank to the pit of her stomach, and her expression turned crazed almost instantly. “Very well.

Since you think that I’m disgusting, I won’t force you. Let’s see how you’ll clear Kelvin’s name.

“I heard that your right-hand man is detained and that your company is in a mess. How are you going to avert the crisis without my evidence?”

She crossed her arms as if she was waiting for an interesting show to happen. “Karma is real. You’re having it worse than how you treated me back then. Let us see how your lovely lover can help you.

“Your family has always been the dominant family in Aldenvine. Those rich families beneath you have been waiting by the sidelines long ago. I wonder how your company will be dissolved after it loses its footing? When that happens, how will you display your public affection?”

Ethan sneered. “As I expected, I underestimated you. It seems like you haven’t wise up during the past

five years.”

Kayla softened her tone, approaching him. “Ethan, I’m no longer the innocent woman I was five years ago. I know that I can never have you. I don’t wanna steal anything from Olivia either.

“One night. Just one night. Can’t you grant me this wish of mine?”

He avoided her. “Kayla, do you think that my family managed to come this far because of women? Or do you think that a mere woman can take us down? How dare someone like you steal anything from Liv?”

She wasn’t showing any intention of giving up.

He snorted at her expression. “As for what’s happening right now, they’re just barking up the wrong tree, and so are you.” Finishing that, he turned around and left without hesitation.

Kayla shouted behind him, “You will regret this, Ethan Miller! Miller Group is going to be ruined because of you!”

“Stop puffing yourself up. You don’t have the right to do so.” His words were only getting cruel.

She watched him leave.

Gritting her teeth, she dialed a number. "I agree to your request."

Chapter 618

Ethan shut his eyes in the car, taking a break. Cyril noticed that the air in the vehicle was so silent that it crept him out.

Thus, he took the initiative to ask, "Mr. Miller, did the negotiation go bust?"

"It's not that. The negotiation was impossible in the first place. She's ill." Ethan covered his forehead.

"It's been so many years, yet she hasn't changed at all. She's even become worse than before. I shouldn't have softened up and saved her back then."

Ten years ago, he saw the suffering Kayla by coincidence when he was passing by a village in the mountains.

Her family favored sons over daughters.

Her brother went to a high school in another area, and her family wanted her to quit school to marry her off to an old man in the village.

They were planning to sell the wedding gift so that they would have the money to send her brother to school.

Kayla fought for herself through reasonings only to be beaten up by her parents.

Ethan never showed kindness to random people. It was simply because he saw her side profile when he passed by the place.

She was still young at that time, but she seemed to be older than Olivia by two to three years.

That one glance reminded him of the girl he had met only once.

Since he had gone through a painful experience before, he wanted to help out others so that they didn't have to go through the same thing.

Out of kindness, he helped Kayla and sponsored her studies.

He had never thought anything about her, yet she bore feelings for him since that day.

Her feelings drove her into doing those extreme matters to force him.

However, there was something that she couldn't understand. A man would only soften up for the woman he loved.

Therefore, the more Kayla forced it on him, the more repulsive she appeared to him.

"Mr. Miller, the evidence is with her. What should we do?"

"Her social circle isn't clean. It has only been five years, yet she has learned how to hire an assassin.

We can't handle this matter through the usual procedures. If my guess is right, she'll resent me and confront me out of anger. What would you do if you were in her shoes?"

"Join allies. Based on the leads we have right now, eight families are starting to join hands. Not only have they exposed random information, but they also paid a few ghostwriters to drive Miller Group to the edge."

"That's right. She'll surely join allies with others to bring me down. I bet she's also expecting me to beg her to show mercy." "How ungrateful of her. You shouldn't have intervened in her business back then, Mr. Miller. She clearly plotted the whole kidnapping herself, yet her brother put all the blame on you. How could she drag her personal feelings into it? How detestable.

"This is how humans are. The smallest revenge can offset any favors that have been done. Let's head back to the company first. The senior management is causing a racket."

"Okay. Since we know that the evidence is with her, should we use other means to get it?"

Ethan kneded his brows. "I have my plans. Let's go."

He took his phone out. After editing a voice recording, which was recorded not long ago, he sent it to

someone else:

That person's profile picture was black.

"Send it to her husband."

Since Kayla was not going to let Ethan off the hook, he wasn't planning to hold himself back anymore.

The senior management and shareholders gathered in Miller Group. Considering how capable Ethan

had always been, everyone was rest assured to let him handle the company matters.

Who knew that such a huge issue would break out this time? Some of the shareholders, who were

having a holiday overbroad, even rushed back to the country.

The elderly, who had always acted cautiously around him, began slamming the table.

"What the hell are you doing? It's been a day since the issue has come up! And the whole company is

a mess.

The people from the finance department have been taken into custody, and the PR department is doing

nothing. The HR department is on edge. Just what are you thinking as the president of the company?"

Chapter 619

Ethan sat in the main seat without uttering a word.

Usually, his gaze alone was enough to scare one. But everyone was gutsy enough to tell him off today.

“Ethan, you’ve never let me down with your capabilities. That year, everyone agreed to the idea of handing the company over to you. And you didn’t disappoint us. You’ve been managing the company well.

“But how could you make such a big mistake? It’s not only the share price, but our reputation and company have been ruined overnight. Our ancestors worked so hard to build them up. As the president, you should give us an answer to this.”

With a cold expression, Ethan said briefly yet confidently, “Wait.”

“Wait? Wait for what? Do you know how many people are waiting to see us fall to rock bottom? And how many people are biding their time to make things harder for us so that someone else can replace us?

“Honestly speaking, even someone who doesn’t mingle around much in this industry is aware of how important the PR department is. It’s been a day, and what has Miller Group done? What have you done as the president?

“You can wait, but we can’t. How about this? Since your wife is the cause of this, let’s hold a press

conference. Ask her to apologize to the victim and the public as our representative.”

As soon as Ethan heard this, he shot a cold stare at that person.

His voice was icy. “Apologize? Mr. Hopp, an apology should be made by someone who has done

something wrong to convey their regret and make up for their mistake.

“My wife stood up for the right cause, and she’s innocent. But she’s suffering from backlash now. This

is the first time I heard that the victim is supposed to apologize to the perpetrator.”

“Forget about the truth. Is Ms. Fordham really innocent? The victim had a fight with her before passing

away. When the victim was dead, Kelvin showed up at the crime scene too. We believe that he’s

innocent, but will the others believe the same?

“Ethan, people sometimes don’t care about the truth. They simply want to believe what they think is

true. Call Ms. Fordham out to make an apology.”

“I agree. It won’t hurt to make an apology.”

Everyone agreed to that. When they spoke enough of it, Ethan drank some coffee to wake himself up.

After hydrating his throat, he raised his head. “Have you guys said enough?”

Despite his soft volume, the weight in his tone was significant enough to cause a wave of immediate impact.

The noisy people hushed instantly, and pin-drop silence dawned upon the place.

Like a school principal, he swept his gaze across all of them. "Instead of talking about whether my wife should apologize or not, I think you should give me an explanation."

"What do you mean, Mr. Miller? What does this have to do with us? You and Ms. Fordham are the cause for this."

Ethan smirked. "What does this have to do with you? Had it not been for this matter, I wouldn't have known that there's a rat in the senior management. He's benefiting from both me and my opponent."

Everyone began exchanging glances. Some of them dropped their gazes as they didn't dare to look at Ethan.

He slammed the table, and two people fell off their chairs immediately.

"Dear shareholders, are you guys mistaken? I gathered you here not to listen to your nonsense or give you any explanation. As long as I'm still sitting here, there won't be a day where you'll be in the position to give me orders."

Ethan's grandfather transferred all of his shares to him after his grandmother passed away for unknown reasons.

Ethan only took some of it under his name. He transferred some of the shares to his confidants.

Even if someone revolted and took Ethan's shares, no one could shake him off as the core of Miller Group.

Obviously, some of the shareholders didn't know that Ethan and his grandfather had a backup plan.

Now that the topic has come this far, Gary Miller-Ethan's uncle-said, "It's wrong of you to say that,

Ethan. You're the president. We can't interfere with how you usually manage the company.

"But the company's status is shaken because of you. As the shareholders, we have the right to suggest a vote."

He glanced at Ethan's expression and gulped before continuing, "You brought this to the company and aren't going to save it. You're also turning a deaf ear to our opinions.

"As a shareholder as well as one of the Millers, I can't let you have it your way anymore. So, I propose to dismiss you from your position as the president."

Chapter 620

Ethan's slender finger tapped on the table. Finally, Gary had shown his true colors.

As soon as Gary finished speaking, all eyes were on him.

Some of them understood the situation, while some of them were furious and questioning what he was doing.

On the contrary, Ethan, the main character of the issue, appeared calm. His finger was making tapping sounds rhythmically.

Ethan wasn't frantic, but Gary became jittery. The latter's forehead was sweating as he was on tenterhooks.

Anyone in Ethan's shoes would've become nervous and scared after Gary made such a proposal.

However, why was Ethan so calm as though he had foreseen this situation?

"He must be testing the waters!" Gary thought.

As an afterthought, Gary recollected himself. He tried to calm himself down so as to not give the game away.

Ethan said to Gary indifferently, "I'm more curious about who you'll suggest to take my position after

dismissing me.”

“There are a lot of capable young men in the family. There will be someone who can replace you.

You’re an outstanding person, but your quick and decisive actions have offended many people.

“After making such a mistake, do you know how many people are waiting for their chance to make it harder for us? If we let you handle the company, it’s a matter of time before it’s ruined.”

Ethan smiled. “Uncle Gary, you don’t say that whenever it’s time to receive dividends every year. A lot of capable young men? Do you mean your druggie first son or your second son who’s addicted to gambling?”

Now that Gary was confronted at his sore spot, he slapped the table and rose to his feet. “It’s true that my sons aren’t as outstanding as you are. But is it impossible to get someone within the family who’s better than you?

“Even if the answer is negative, can’t we hire another smart president? Do you think that you’re indispensable to Miller Group?”

“Fine. I’ll give all of you a chance. Whoever agrees with Uncle Gary, stand up. If the majority agrees, I will grant your wish and start the vote.”

All of them exchanged glances. With Gary standing up as the leading man of the proposal, people

began to rise from their

seats.

“Mr. Miller, it’s not that I have an opinion of you, but you’re handling this matter too poorly.”

“I think so too. I heard that everyone in the finance department was taken into custody. If the police find

a problem, the company will be over. We should have another person handle this matter at this crunch

time.”

“I second that. This isn’t a personal attack against you.”

There were over 30 people at the scene, and 15 people stood up.

A few of them were hesitating. After Ethan met their gazes, the number of people standing increased.

Gary showed joy. “Mr. Miller, it’s not that I’m not showing you respect, but look. Look at how many

people have an opinion of you.”

Ethan played with his wedding ring out of habit. He would do that whenever cruelty was creeping into

his heart.

The thought of Olivia would placate him a bit.

“Very well.”

Those standing people were frightened after meeting Ethan’s murderous gaze.

They had been waiting for this for a long time. If they didn’t join hands to bring Ethan down this time when he was in serious difficulty, there might be no chances in the future.

“Mr. Miller, look-”

“I’m a man of his word. Get a notary, and we shall start the vote,” announced Ethan firmly.

Gary couldn’t mask his joy. It was as if he could already see Ethan being dismissed from his position.

The triumphant glint in Gary’s eyes didn’t go unnoticed by Ethan.

Ethan reminded him indifferently, “There’s no turning back from this. Please give it a serious consideration. Don’t do something that you’ll regret forever. You won’t get a second chance from me.”