

Olivia F 681

Chapter 681

Darrell had completely revealed his true colors. He didn't hide his arrogance at all, which was a far cry from Ethan's solemn calmness.

He slowly walked up to Olivia, extending a hand toward her. "Glad to be here, Olivia."

Meeting his malicious gaze, Olivia didn't reach out. Instead, she walked past him and helped

Harold up. "Grandpa, I'll take you back to your room."

Harold nodded as he slowly got up to leave. Edmund felt helpless as he looked at Harold's wizened figure.

"Grandpa, are you seriously going to accept his conditions?"

"We don't have any news of Ethan for now. If Darrell is telling the truth, then that's the only thing I can do. But don't worry.

"I've already given Ethan many of the important properties and shares many years ago. Even if I acknowledge Darrell's identity, the properties are all under Ethan's name.

"Darrell won't be able to get them."

Harold's eyes were gleaming cunningly as well. "His only betting chip is Ethan. He wants Ethan to stay alive more than us so that he can use Ethan for negotiations.

"Of course, there's also the possibility that the video he showed us was faked. I agreed to him only as a makeshift plan. If Ethan isn't in his hands, then we have to locate Ethan as soon as possible."

But Harold knew that it was a very slim possibility. If Darrell wasn't confident enough, he wouldn't have made that move.

"Don't give up, Olivia. We have to believe in Ethan."

"Yeah."

Olivia helped Harold back into his room. After lying down on a reclining chair, Harold finally felt a little better.

"Olivia, light a calming candle for me. My head hurts too much."

"Alright, Grandpa."

Olivia went to the rack. Other than containers of tea, it also housed some handmade candles.

She wasn't quite familiar with candles, so she searched the rack.

Her elbow accidentally knocked over a box.

Some fragrant spices spilled from the box, along with a photo that was placed in the box.

Olivia picked it up. Before she could see it properly, Harold shot up and snatched the photo from her hand.

The photo was yellowed, so it must have been around for some time. Olivia caught sight of a young woman in a cocktail dress, and the woman's face seemed to be quite pretty.

But before Olivia could look at it in detail, Harold snatched the photo away. Seeing Harold's stern expression, Olivia couldn't help but ask, "Grandpa, is it a photo of Grandma when she was young?"

Harold mumbled in response, "Just go out for now. Edmund will come over later to handle these things."

Olivia felt that Harold's reaction was a little weird. He seemed to be very concerned about the photo, and when she asked if it was Eugenia, he couldn't give a clear answer.

Sadly, the photo was too old, so it wasn't clear enough. Olivia couldn't see the woman in the photo well.

Then, she thought about it. Not everyone would stay with their first love forever. The woman

might be an unreachable presence for Harold.

Olivia couldn't be bothered about those trivial things, though. The most important thing right now was to

figure out Ethan's whereabouts. She had to know if he truly was in Darrell's hands.

After Olivia left, Harold carefully placed the spices back into the box. As he touched the photo with his fingers, a gentle expression flashed across his face.

"Ms. Nat, I don't even know if you're still alive. It's been so many years..."

After looking at the photo for a while, he put it back with the spices. This time, he took the box and placed it in the safe, sealing it off forever.

The box was like that period in his past, completely hidden in the dark.

Chapter 682

An earth-shaking change had taken place in the Miller family. Darrell walked out of the study with Edmund following him. He was as gleeful as they came.

Meanwhile, Janice was involved in the dramatic love triangle, and she couldn't get out of it.

Jessica was making a fuss again.

For the sake of his so-called chivalry, Kenneth gripped her hand and refused to let go. Janice grew

annoyed.

Janice slapped Kenneth viciously, making him stunned. After such a long time being apart,

Janice had gotten bold enough to slap him!

The movement provoked Jessica. As if protecting a child, Jessica dashed forward and began to

attack Janice.

The family was thrown into chaos. The ladies of the house were pulling each other's hair, and the

household staff didn't dare to take sides.

Only Sharon dashed forward straight away, throwing Jessica onto the floor. Jessica was in so

much pain that she started crying. The scene was in chaos.

Then, Darrell appeared. "Aunt Janice, apologize to my mom."

Janice was still tidying her hair, which Jessica had messed up. When she heard those words, she

slowly looked up at Darrell.

She didn't see Darrell often, and she still remembered him as a small child hiding behind Jessica.

She looked at Darrell, whose face looked a little like Ethan's, but there was a vicious coldness to it.

Like his mother, he looked just like a venomous snake.

“Apologize? Who does she think she is?” Janice patted her dress as she spoke in disdain.

Darrell pulled Jessica to his side and comforted her. Then, he turned to look at Janice. “Aunt

Janice, you should be more self-aware. I admire your commitment to love, and I feel bad for you too.

“You could persist for so many years for someone who doesn’t even like you. But then again ...”

He changed the topic. “You should have some shame. I don’t want to be rude since you’re an elder,

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“My mom had been humiliated by people over the years, and now, it’s about time you realize your position.”

Darrell was stepping over the line. Even Kenneth felt offended when he heard those words.

Kenneth spoke up, “Darrell, is this how you speak to your elders?”

Darrell smiled. “Dad, you love my mom the most, don’t you? So what’s the matter? This woman has bullied my mom for years, so I reprimanded her a little.

“But are you pitying her now? Or have you just been faking your feelings for my mom?”

“Kenny!” Jessica shouted.

Kenneth held Jessica in his arms, comforting her as he denied it. “Nonsense. I just don’t want other people to think that our family lacks proper manners.”

“You’re overthinking it, Dad. She has said even worse things to my mom. I was just giving her a taste of her medicine. Moreover, Grandpa has already agreed to acknowledge me as part of the Miller family.”

Kenneth knew Harold too well. Both Kenneth and Harold were stubborn men, and neither of them would easily admit defeat.

Darrell had only gone to the study for a short while. What did he use to convince Harold?

“Really?” Kenneth’s expression was filled with suspicion.

“Of course, Dad. If you don’t believe me, you can ask Edmund about it. By the way, Mom, you’ve always wanted to move in, right? Go and pick out a room for yourself. We can move in by today.”

Kenneth was bewildered by the sudden change. He looked at Edmund. As expected, Edmund didn’t seem to deny it. By the looks of it, Darrell was telling the truth.

“W-We can move in for real?”

“Yes.” Edmund nodded.

Janice frowned, wondering if Harold had softened his heart.

Chapter 683

Janice didn't know what happened with Harold. But she could see that Darrell had already treated the house as his own.

“Aunt Janice, you and my dad divorced a long time ago. Logically speaking, you're no longer part of the Miller family.

“The Miller family has already shown you enough kindness by providing for you for so many years. Now, my mom is back, and she's the rightful lady of the house.

“If I were you, I would leave this place of my own accord in case I made a fool of myself.”

Jessica said, “Darrell, how could you talk to your Aunt Janice like that? Janice, I've pampered this child too much. Please don't mind what he says.

“This is your home, so you can stay here for as long as you want. No one will chase you away.”

Jessica emphasized her status with every word she spoke. As long as she could make it in here,

she would have all the chances in the world.

But with Kenneth around, she still had to put on a generous front.

Janice crossed her arms. "As expected, your son takes after you. If you don't set a good example,

he won't be any good either. Let's see how many days you can last here."

With that, Janice swaggered away. Sharon hastily followed.

"Mrs. Miller Senior, those people are going too far! Why didn't you fight back?"

"I trust that Mr. Harold knows what he's doing. Something must have happened to Ethan. Let's

observe the situation first instead of acting recklessly," Janice lowered her voice as she spoke.

"Understood, Mrs. Miller Senior."

After Olivia hurriedly out of Harold's room, this was the scene she saw. "Mom, you've suffered so

much injustice."

Janice smiled nonchalantly. "That's no problem at all. It's not even a hundredth of what happened

in the past. By the way, did you hear anything?"

"Darrell--"

Olivia was about to speak when her phone rang. Her immediate reaction was to answer the call.

It was an unfamiliar number. Olivia had a feeling that it was Ethan. It had to be him!

After all, few people knew about her phone number. She had also never received scam calls.

“Hello...”

Her heart was racing. She feared that she might get disappointed again.

But then, she heard the familiar voice coming from the other end of the line. “It’s me, Liv.”

Olivia’s heart finally settled down instead of being on edge all the time.

Glancing around her, she asked in a whisper, “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. Some issues cropped up when I was trying to capture those people alive, so I could only make use of their plans.”

Olivia didn’t know where Ethan was, but his voice was suppressed.

She hid the expression on her face. “Got it.”

They hadn’t talked much before Ethan ended the call. Before Ethan hung up, he said, “Wait for me to come home.”

“Alright.”

Olivia knew that he was trying to avoid alerting the enemy. The enemy was very vigilant. If they knew that Ethan hadn't died, they would do something else.

Janice was about to ask some questions when Olivia gestured for her to stay quiet. Janice instantly realized what was going on.

She muttered, “Good to know that he's alright.”

“I'll tell Grandpa about it. We'll have to play along with him.”

“Got it.”

After learning that Ethan was still alive, Olivia could finally shed the burdens on her heart. To avoid exposing this secret, she quickly hid her emotions and then left dejectedly.

Janice's acting skills were even better. She pouted. “Come on, let's see what this family is up to.”

Meanwhile, the others had already arrived at the bedrooms. Jessica fell in love with the master bedroom, which was about 3,000 square feet. “Darling, can I stay here? This room is so pretty.” “Of course, it's pretty. Mrs. Miller Senior decorated it herself,” Edmund responded coldly.

Chapter 684

Jessica had already noticed that this was the master bedroom. But when she heard Edmund's words, she put on an innocent look.

"Sorry, I didn't know that this was Janice's room. I just thought that it had a nice view. Look, you can see the lake opposite us from here. It has great lighting too. I thought no one was staying here.

"It's okay. Mom, if you like this room, just take it. You'll be the real lady of the Miller family in the future, so you can stay anywhere you want. Don't you agree, Dad?"

Raising an eyebrow, Darrell looked at Kenneth. This time, Kenneth didn't agree with that sentiment. Instead, he looked at the room that hadn't changed from before.

It was the room Janice personally decorated according to Kenneth's preferences. A few memories surfaced in his mind.

"There are lots of empty rooms in the villa. If you want a view of the lake, you can get a room upstairs. It's troublesome to move into an already occupied room."

Unlike his tame behavior in the past, Darrell turned extremely arrogant. "Dad, do you seriously think that this is just a room issue? This is a representation of identity.

"From today onward, Mom is the only lady of the Miller family. Have you forgotten the hardships

Mom has gone through with you throughout these years?

“Now, you finally have a chance to acknowledge our status, but you’re throwing that chance away?”

As Darrell spoke, Jessica began to cry. She looked like she had suffered a lot of injustice with him.

“Don’t cry, I don’t mean anything else by that. I’m just worried that you can’t get used to staying in rooms other people have already lived in before. If you want the room, feel free to take it.”

As Edmund watched the two put on an act, he rolled his eyes.

He wondered how confused Kenneth was back then that he would be manipulated to this extent.

Kenneth looked at Janice. No matter how shameless he was, he couldn’t pretend like it was nothing. With an uncomfortable expression, he said, “Jess likes this room. Can you let her have it?”

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Unable to ignore this, Sharon interrupted, “Mr. Miller Senior, the villa is so huge, it’s overflowing with rooms. I can’t believe that after so many years, Jessica hasn’t changed her ways.

“She’ll take anything that Mrs. Miller Senior likes. She snatched a man from Mrs. Miller Senior previously, and now, she won’t even leave a room alone. What’s her problem?”

“I...” Kenneth also felt that it wasn’t an appropriate thing to do. There were so many rooms for Jessica to choose from, so why would she insist on this one?

Even if Jessica didn’t feel bad about it, he did. He was forced into a corner by Jessica and Darrell, so he didn’t have the option to decline.

Janice lifted her hand to stop Sharon. “Sharon, since they like it, just give it to them.”

“Mrs. Miller Senior!” Sharon stomped her feet. “How can you let them have the room?”

Janice had carefully picked out every decoration in this room. The prized collection consisted of things she got from auctions to please Kenneth.

She spent a lot of money to create a warm room for them, but Kenneth had never once looked at it in detail.

“If I can let go of a man, why would I get hung up over a room?”

Janice said in a nonchalant tone, “Kenneth, I can let you have the room, but I spent a lot of money on the decorations. You won’t mind if I take those away, will you?”

Kenneth thought that she would go crazy, but the woman in front of him was too calm. She didn’t look like the Janice he knew. He felt something bitter in his throat. “Of course.”

Janice pointed carelessly. "Sharon, get someone to help you. Clear my things from this room. I'll be sleeping with Liv tonight."

"Understood, Mrs. Miller Senior. Should we move the collection over as well?"

When Sharon said those words, she formed another grudge toward Kenneth. Other than spending money, Janice had also spent lots of time and effort collecting those things.

When Janice lost her sanity, she never once smashed the items in her room.

"It's okay. Move them to the storeroom. Find an auction sometime and get rid of them at low prices. We'll give the money to Liv as a present.'

Once again, Kenneth looked at Janice in disbelief.

Chapter 685

No one knew better than Kenneth how stubborn Janice was with her feelings toward him. He could still remember her showing him the paintings and antiques she had gathered.

He remembered the expression on her face back then. She looked like she was offering treasures to him.

She was born with arrogance, but for his sake, she tried her best to hide it. She also couldn't help

the smile on her face.

“Look, Kenneth. This is a drawing by a famous artist. I worked very hard to win it at an auction.”

Back then, Janice had stars in her eyes, and she was as proud as the sun in the sky.

When had she changed?

She had turned from a brilliant sun into a cold moon. There was no longer any trace of love toward him in her eyes.

She even nonchalantly asked that the items be sold at a low price.

“Janice!” Kenneth grew furious.

Janice looked at him lazily. “Do you have anything to say about how I deal with my things?”

Before Kenneth would reply, Janice added coldly, “Even if you do, hold it in! I bought them with my money. They have nothing to do with you at all.”

With that, Janice turned around to leave. She didn’t even look back.

Kenneth gazed in the direction she left. He had a complicated feeling in his heart.

Jessica could see what he was thinking. This was what Kenneth was like. He didn’t treasure

Janice when she tried so hard to win his favor.

But now that Janice didn't have any feelings for him anymore, he couldn't get used to it.

"Kenny, is Janice mad at me? Why don't I give up the room? I think it's fine to stay upstairs."

"It's okay. Just stay here if you like it." Kenneth comforted Jessica, shaking off the weird feeling

in his heart.

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Jessica sniffled. "Then I'll talk to Janice later to apologize to her."

"Just leave her be. She's born with that temper," Kenneth said coldly.

In his arms, Jessica smiled gleefully. After waiting for so many years, she finally had her wishes

fulfilled!

Only one last step was left. After driving Janice out of the house, she would be the real Mrs. Miller

Senior now!

Olivia only learned of this after she returned to her room. She comforted Janice, asking, "Mom, are

you okay?"

"Of course, I am. Every painting in that room seems to be mocking my past self for being so

foolish. I don't want to stay in that room anymore, but I also don't want them to take advantage of the things I bought.

"I'll sell them off soon."

After making sure that Janice wasn't sad at all, Olivia was finally reassured. "Grandpa wants us to work with Ethan. We'll observe the situation first, and we shouldn't do anything to alert the enemy.

"Ethan is following the mastermind. That person most probably has something to do with Darrell."

Janice's expression turned dark. "As expected, a venomous snake can only give birth to another snake. I knew that this had to be related to him!

"He used AI to edit the person's face so that we'd believe that Ethan is in his hands. Things must have been in chaos back then, and even he thought that Ethan had died.

"That's why he dares to come back with such arrogance."

Janice replied, "I don't know what plans Ethan has. Only the three of us should know about this.

Let's not disrupt his plans no matter what."

"Understood, Mom."

Olivia responded obediently. She would be fine with it as long as Ethan was safe.

They were out in the open, but the mastermind was in the shadows. They didn't have a better plan, so they could only act according to the circumstances.

"Mom, are you seriously going to sleep here tonight?"

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"What's the matter? Are you worried that your bed won't fit us?"

"Of course not. I'm just worried that you can't get used to it."

Reaching up, Janice caressed Olivia's head. "I have a daughter about your age. She left me a long time ago, and to be honest, I treat you like my daughter.

"So, don't be shy around me. If you have any requests, just tell me."

Olivia nodded, wondering if she was seeing things. She felt as if she saw traces of guilt in Janice's eyes.

Chapter 686

Janice and Olivia maintained a low profile. It was a stark contrast to the image given off by Jessica and Darrell. Jessica was a little nervous at first.

While no one was around, she asked Darrell, “Darrell, what did you do to convince Mr. Harold?”

No one knew better than Jessica the stubbornness of that old man. He wouldn’t give in to anything, and he was a monster who would even part with his biological son.

But Darrell had only spoken a few words to Harold. How did he do it?

“I have my ways, Mom. Anyway, just relax and enjoy your position as Mrs. Miller. From today onward, you’re the owner of this huge villa.”

With Darrell’s guarantee, Jessica grew much bolder.

To verify Darrell’s words, she gave Edmund orders on purpose. After all, Edmund represented Harold’s intentions.

Even Edmund respectfully carried out her orders. Now, Jessica could rest assured and have her way here.

She had completely made herself the lady of the house. She would get anything she asked for.

In contrast, Janice, who used to keep arguing with her over a single ring, seemed to avoid her completely. No matter what Jessica did, Janice never once showed up.

Even though they were both living in the villa, the villa was simply too huge. If Janice wanted to

avoid Jessica, it would be quite difficult for them to meet each other.

Seeing that Janice had given in, Jessica was even bolder with her actions.

Kenneth, who used to always side with her, felt a little upset. Before this, he saw Jessica as a gentle and understanding woman. But now, he felt as if Jessica was the aggressive woman here.

He didn't know about the deal between Harold and Darrell either. When he asked Darrell about it,

Darrell only smiled and told him to stay put in the Miller residence.

Darrell said that he would take care of everything else.

Harold's birthday banquet was just around the corner. Olivia was supposed to be the one preparing

The two were eager to prove their identities to the world. Even before the banquet, everyone had already heard about the change in the Miller family.

Someone also spread rumors that Ethan had died. As a result, the entire upper-class society was thrown into chaos.

Kenneth only heard of it the night before the banquet. He went to Darrell in a rage. "What exactly happened to Ethan? What did you say to Harold?"

“Why are you being so mad, Dad? You hate that woman and her son, don’t you? Why would you be concerned about him?”

Kenneth was even more convinced that this had something to do with him. “He was your brother!

Were you the one who did it?”

“Dad, what are you saying? You’re the one who disowned him, right? If you don’t acknowledge him as your son, why would he be my brother? Moreover, if he’s dead, it’ll benefit us even more.

“After he dies, the Miller family will be ours. Hasn’t this always been your wish? I helped you return to the Miller family. You should be thanking me instead.”

Kenneth slapped Darrell with all his might.

In the past, he only felt that Darrell was too stubborn. He didn’t expect Darrell to be so vicious.

“What exactly did you do? Is Ethan alive or not?”

“His current situation doesn’t concern you anymore, Dad. At the banquet tomorrow, Grandpa will announce that I’m his biological grandson.

“I will be the one inheriting the Miller family in the future, and I’ll be the only son you’ve ever had!”

It was late at night.

On a balcony of an apartment in the city, a slender figure entered through the window.

When the man heard the sounds, he had already jumped out of bed. He skilfully retrieved a weapon from under his pillow.

But the intruder moved even faster than him, and the cold weapon was held against his head. "

Don't move."

The man looked up. When he saw Ethan's eyes, a look of shock flashed across his own. "It's you!"

Chapter 687

The glint in Ethan's eyes was so cold that it was frightening. "I've finally caught you."

The man was going to bite his own tongue in reflex, but the latter took the chance to shove the gun handle into the man's mouth.

Ethan's icy tone could send chills down one's spine. "Wanna commit suicide with poison? Not a chance!"

Since the man's plan had gone out of the window, he smashed his elbow toward Ethan's chest.

Ethan, who had lost to the man a lot of times, came fully prepared this time. Ethan would never give the man any chance.

The man was ruthless, but not to Ethan's extent!

Ethan stopped the man's move by breaking his arm, and the sound of bone cracking could be heard.

After sharing a few moves in between, Ethan kept the man under control.

The man probably couldn't understand why a president like Ethan would be so skillful in fighting.

Ethan was definitely that of his kind!

It was no wonder Ethan could escape such a situation!

When the man wanted to send a message with his other hand, Ethan kicked his knee to force him to kneel.

Before the man knew it, his phone was already in Ethan's hand.

Men began swarming the room. Ethan instructed icily, "Keep an eye on him. Don't let him commit suicide."

"Yes, sir," responded Brent indifferently. His hand, which was holding the man down, was covered with a new scar.

He almost lost his life in the incident.

Kelvin had also gained more composure after what had happened. Without uttering a word, he took out a rope to tie that man so that he couldn't escape.

Meanwhile, Ethan was unlocking the man's phone, only to realize that fingerprint and face recognition were useless.

It was a pattern lock.

He coldly snorted. "You're a careful guy, aren't you? Are you going to unlock it yourself or do you need help from me?"

The man was stubborn. "I have nothing to say. Just kill me."

"Kill you? In your dreams!" Ethan grabbed the man by the collar. "Death is your best option to get out of this, but I'll make sure you pay the price for all of your deeds first. It's fine if you don't wanna say anything.

"We'll just have to spend more time unlocking your phone, then. Search the apartment. Ask someone to unlock his phone."

"Yes, sir."

Ethan brought the man to a confined room. Holding a stack of documents, he dragged a steel chair to sit opposite the man.

Ethan seemed like a cruel officer.

The man's information was written on the documents. He was the most mysterious special agent in a country with the code name "Black Fox".

He won the championship in the International Special Agent Competition before. His position was high in the military.

Sea, land, and air-he was skillful in every kind of combat.

However, he vanished five years ago.

It was not a retirement. He fell off the cliff and went missing during a mission. He had been living in secrecy as of today.

"Black Fox, I've heard of you before." Ethan put the document down. "Since you haven't retired, who are you working for by putting your life at stake?"

Black Fox raised his head to look at Ethan with an indifferent gaze. "Do you think that I'll tell you

anything?”

“There are a lot of ways to make someone speak up. Which one do you prefer?”

“It’s useless. Since you know my identity, you should know that people like us don’t fear threats at all.”

“I expected that you’d be tight-lipped. But Black Fox, you’ve been away from the industry for five years. Do you know that threats, force, benefit, and traps are not what people opt for when it comes to interrogation?”

Ethan took out a syringe. “This is the latest illegal drug ever made. After I inject it into you, you’ll lose consciousness and listen to me. In other words, if I tell you to bark, you’ll bark, if I ask for the truth, you’ll tell me the truth.

“I’m quite old now, and I can’t stand the sight of blood. Give it a thought. Are you going to tell me, or do you want me to question you?”

Black Fox’s eyes darkened. “There’s no such drug in this world.”

Ethan snorted. “You’ll find out after you try it.

He slowly approached Black Fox with the syringe and whispered into his ear, “Soon, you’ll know

Chapter 688

Death and pain would never fear people like Black Fox, but they were afraid of one thing—losing consciousness.

The light above his head shone upon him, showing how wet his forehead was due to sweat.

The cold needle pricked into his skin. The pain was that of an ant's bite to him.

But veins were protruding on the back of his hands as they were balled into fists. He was fighting back in reflex.

Ethan watched him coldly. "Either you spill it now or you'll do it without dignity later. Who have you been working for by putting your life at stake all these years?"

"Who ordered you to hurt my son and Liv? Considering that we're from the same line of work, I can let you die with dignity."

Black Fox gulped down his saliva. "Give up, dude. I will never tell you no matter what. You can deceive others with this but not me."

His countersurveillance was good, and his mentality was much better than average people.

"Very well. I have all the time in my life to wait until the drug kicks in." Ethan returned to his seat.

Casually, he flipped through Black Fox's information. "Nationality, Arlandia. An orphan.

According to the document, you have a younger brother."

Black Fox's eyes widened. Throughout his years of hiding in secrecy, he hadn't expected someone else to find out about that.

"He doesn't know anything. Leave him alone." He was finally fazed.

Ethan flipped the page lazily. "Really? Innocent? What about my barely two-year-old son? Isn't he innocent too? When you pushed him off, did you ever think that he was just a child who didn't know anything?"

Brent entered the room. He whispered a few words into Ethan's ear and passed over a phone.

"Unluckily for you, your phone is unlocked."

There were no suspicious contacts in his phone. There was not even a picture of his younger

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The latest message he received was a message from his apartment's management, urging him to pay the rent.

Black Fox didn't mingle around with others, let alone have friends. He was a disciplined man

"You should know that messages can be restored even after getting deleted."

Black Fox sneered. "Isn't it possible that I have no chat history at all? Do you think that I wouldn't have expected to get caught? Stop wasting your time. As I said, I won't say anything."

"You have it coming." Ethan snapped his fingers, instructing Brent to show footage.

Standing under a dim light, a young man was washing the dishes in a barbecue restaurant with smooth movements. Sweat was trickling down his forehead.

Looking at the busy man, Black Fox could recognize his brother at one glance.

"Your brother is a model student. He takes up three part-time jobs during summer break to earn money to pursue studies abroad. He has a lot of potential, but it's too bad

Ethan sighed. "I've always favored people with potential. But a debt should always be repaid. He can repay whatever you owe me. What do you think of Starry Building?"

"What are you trying to do?"

"Simple. I'll do the same thing you did to my son to your brother. Brent, if I remember correctly,

Starry Building has 32 floors, right?"

Brent added, "You've remembered it wrongly. There are 52 floors. Someone jumped off that building a month ago. I heard that his head cracked and his brain juice splattered all over the ground. His whole body broke apart."

Black Fox was aware that that was the most common threat to exist. However, he couldn't keep his cool because his brother was involved.

It seemed that the drug was kicking in too as beads of sweat were flowing to the tip of his nose.

Brent's phone was put on speaker. A man's voice resounded amidst the noisy background noise.

Man, my sister is going to jump off the building. You look like her ex. Could you please talk her out of it?

"She's my only family. I really can't lose her."

"How can I help you?"

"She wrote a suicide note. She's going to the rooftop of this building. Please come with me."

"Okay. Calm down. I'll come with you." The innocent young man sounded anxious.

Chapter 689

"Don't go!" Black Fox shouted, but the other party couldn't hear him.

Ethan smiled faintly. "What a bright and innocent man. Even though he lost his parents, he doesn't know that his elder brother is still alive. He gets by every day by looking on the bright side. "But someone like him is going to leave because of you. What a cruel reality."

Black Fox's eyes were red, and he lost his composure for real now.

He barked at Ethan, "Just come at me! If you wanna kill me, just do it! He doesn't know a thing!"

Ethan grabbed him by the collar, smirking. "And why didn't you come at me and hurt a kid instead? Did my son know all of this? Do you finally know that it hurts now that you're tasting your own medicine?"

"How could you lay a finger on my son? He's such a young child! And what did you do to Liv in that heavy rain when she was pregnant?"

"What right do you have to beg me for mercy when you can bring yourself to hurt other people's families?"

Black Fox licked his dry lips. It was indeed his fault, so he didn't have any excuse for this. "Please, leave him alone."

“I can do that, but you gotta show me how sincere you are to the deal. Tell me the truth, and I’ll leave your brother alone. Otherwise, he won’t be able to see the next sunrise.

“Of course, you can keep silent, which is what you’ve been doing until now. There are no secrets in this world. It’s a matter of time before I find that person.

“I just need more time. Well, this is the only option you have. Are you going to sacrifice your brother?”

Black Fox was quiet as he fell into a dilemma.

At that moment, hurried footsteps and a conversation could be heard on the other end of the line.

The man was recounting his sister’s situation.

The young man exclaimed in surprise, “We attended the same school. What’s her name? I might

1/3

“Eliza Weaving.”

“It’s her...”

“Do you know her?”

The young man hesitated. “She... She confessed to me two days ago. But I turned her down.”

“No wonder there are pictures of you at every corner of the house. Why? Why did you turn her down? Is she bad?”

“You’ve misunderstood. It’s not that she’s bad, it’s me. My parents passed away when I was young, and my elder brother went missing many years ago.

“I’m not looking for a partner. I wanna focus on my studies because I wanna go to Zudson University. It was my brother’s childhood dream.

“I want to look for him in that university. Considering my circumstances, it’ll be irresponsible of me to accept your sister’s confession.

The young man’s voice was gentle, and it made Black Fox tear up.

Black Fox’s mind was clouded by haziness due to the drug. The past memories flashed through his mind. He couldn’t control his emotions anymore.

On the other hand, the two men had reached the rooftop as their footsteps paced up.

The young man said innocently, “But I’ll try my best to talk her out of it. I won’t let her choose this route.”

The door to the rooftop was opened, and Black Fox almost had a heart attack.

He tried his best to rein his emotions in, but his consciousness was leaving him.

“Damn it! Is there really such a drug in this world?” he wondered.

He finally knew why Ethan wouldn't torture him physically. It wouldn't come anywhere close to mental anguish.

The sound of the wind almost drowned out the young man's voice. “Are you sure this is the right place? There's no one up here.”

2/3

“She might be at the platform ahead. Cross the fence and check if she's there. She's as stubborn as a bull. The man's voice was as luring as a devil's.

Black Fox was on the edge, but his head was getting dizzy. His vision was getting blurry too.

“No! Don't go there!” He slowly flopped onto his knees as his body couldn't take it anymore.

Ethan looked at him. “You have ten seconds to think whether to sacrifice your brother or not. Ten
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Ethan was like a devil pushing someone to their deaths.

The phone was placed next to Black Fox's ear. He could hear his brother running.

"Eliza, don't do anything silly! Where are you!"

"Stop! Glen! Just stop right there!" Black Fox shouted at the top of his lungs.

Glen suddenly stopped in his tracks. "Did you hear that? I think I heard something."

"Now's not the time for this. We haven't found my sister yet."

"Right." Glen crossed the fence.

He thought that his classmate would be there, but he didn't see a shadow after crossing the fence.

The place he was standing was a 15-centimeter platform. It would only take one careless move to

fall off the building and die horribly.

Glen had yet to sense that something was off. "Your sister isn't here. Are you sure that this is the right place?"

"I'm sure." The man's face suddenly darkened like a devil. "I don't have a sister. The person I've been looking for from the start is you."

Glen, who had never experienced such a thing, asked innocently, "What? Have I offended you in any way?"

“Blame your brother if you wanna blame it on someone.”

“My brother? You know where my brother is?”

“Three, two, one. Time to bid goodbye to your brother,” said Ethan.

Black Fox lifted his head, mustering every ounce of energy in him to say, “I’ll tell you! I’ll tell you.

Just leave him alone...”

Black Fox had been sponsoring Glen’s studies with an anonymous name all this while. Black Fox

had also made early preparations by saving up some money for Glen.

Nothing mattered more than family to people like Black Fox.

“You should’ve done that sooner.” Ethan then motioned at Brent.

The man on the other end of the line changed his mind and let Glen go.

The call was terminated.

Ethan injected another drug into Black Fox. “You have ten minutes to sober up.”

“I wanna know if my brother is safe.”

“Don’t worry. I never kill innocent people, especially normal citizens.”

After making sure that Glen was fine, Black Fox slowly said, "That year, I lost my memories after falling off the cliff. Someone saved me."

"Who?"

"I don't know. I've never seen him in person. By the time I regained consciousness, he had left. He wanted me to join his organization. You should've heard of it."

"Which one?"

"Polaris."

Ethan's brows furrowed. There were a lot of huge and small mercenary organizations, but he could count the famous ones with his hands.

Polaris placed in the top three among them. Their nature was different from that of The Black Ravens.

The Black Ravens basically accepted any mission as long as they were paid while Polaris was composed of wanted convicts from all over the world.

Rumor had it that they received financial support from someone.

They kidnapped sovereigns, stole chips and national confidential information, as well as launched

terrorist attacks.

Getting involved with Polaris was significant enough to draw attention from all over the world.

Why would such an organization get involved with Olivia?

“What’s his position in Polaris?”

“I don’t know either. The internal management is very mysterious. Even if there’s a mission, you’ll

“We won’t even know the background of our so-called partners. All I know is that he’s sitting in a very high position. That’s why he was able to give me a mission.”

“What is it?”

“Kill Olivia at all costs.” Black Fox thought for a second before adding, “I’m the first to execute this mission. It’s not considered a mission from Polaris. It’s a mission he personally gave.

“He told me that I could leave the organization as long as I killed Olivia. I... had no choice!”