

**Olivia F 971**

Chapter 971

Krystal was dumbfounded. Why wasn't she playing by the rules?

"Why are you looking at me like that? Do you think you're in a TV show?" Wendy mocked.

"Get lost. Don't make a mess of my place!" she yelled as she covered Willow's eyes with her hand.

"Don't look at her. You'll soil your eyes."

Krystal returned to the room, drenched from head to toe.

She cursed aloud, "Who does that weird old hag think she is? She could've just said she wasn't going to help! What did she pour all over me anyway? Why does it stink so much?"

Kelvin pinched his nose and backed away. "Stay away, Krystal. I think that's probably urine that has been stored for a long time. I'm sure you wouldn't want Mr. Miller to faint from the stench."

Krystal was almost in tears. "Urine? How could she pour urine on me?"

Joel sighed. "If I remember correctly, urine is used to ward off the evil spirits here."

"But I'm a living and breathing human being. Why would she use urine to drive me away?"

"It's all because you ran your mouth. Aunt Wendy was perfectly fine at first. Her attitude changed when

you said you were Mr. Miller's fiancée."

"Has she lost her mind because no one ever wanted her? That's how it goes in TV shows. The people in the shows are usually moved by the woman's sincerity and help her husband out. How would I know she'd be completely different?"

Not only did Krystal fail to move Wendy, but she was even doused with urine. Such misfortune.

"There's a stream over there. You should go wash up. We'll think of another way. There's no turning back now. Mr. Miller only has one more day to live."

Brent decided to take the risk of getting urine or feces thrown at him and ask Wendy for help. He had to give it a try even if it wouldn't work. It was much better than waiting for Ethan to die. I'll go with you, Brent. I'm thick-skinned; I'm not afraid of whatever she might throw at us."

Joel went with them. Chris was the only one left in the room. He sighed when he looked at Ethan, who was clutching his sleeves because he was in immense pain.

"Why did you put yourself through this?"

Ethan could've ended the women with a single shot, but he froze because of her face, which looked like Olivia's. That was why he ended up the way he was.

“She wouldn’t even know what happened to you if you died here.”

Ethan’s organs were affected by the poison. He couldn’t really hear or smell anything. When he tried to talk, he could only make unintelligible groaning sounds.

Just then, the little girl returned. The bells on the little girl’s shoes jingled. She looked like she was just about two or three years old. Her innocent face was delicate and beautiful.

For some reason, Chris couldn’t help but feel like he’d seen this little girl somewhere before. The little girl bore a resemblance to Olivia.

However, her resemblance to Olivia was miniscule. Her features revealed her mixed heritage.

“Is your name Willow? Chris asked gently as he knelt with his hands on his knees.

Willow walked past him as if she hadn’t heard him and went straight to Ethan.

Ethan could only vaguely see the outline of a young girl. He reached out slowly. He couldn’t see the girl’s features clearly due to his impaired vision, but he instinctively felt close to her.

He then felt a soft touch on his palm. Her hand was so small and soft, just like Connor’s when he was younger.

However, he had forgotten what Connor looked like when he was younger after so much time. All he remembered was that he was very small and fragile.

Willow gently held his hand.

Chapter 972

Chris said, "Young lady, can you save her?"

Willow shook her head. She signaled with her hand.

Chris guessed. "Are you saying that you can't, but someone else can?"

Willow nodded.

"Who is it? Is it Madam Wendy?"

Willow shook her head.

This time, Chris understood Willow's hand signs.

"Are you saying that the person is your mother?"

Willow nodded.

Chris' eyes lit up. He quickly asked, "Where is your mother now?"

Willow made another sign.

“Are you saying that she’s gone somewhere far away, and you don’t know when she’ll be back? This won’t do. Mr. Miller only has one day left.

“Willow, do you have a way to make him live longer so we can wait until your mother returns?”

Willow looked at Ethan. The latter’s hearing was also affected by the venom.

There was a delay in his hearing. He could only hear what Chris was saying after several seconds.

He felt all his senses slowly fading away and was sure he was beyond help.

He held Willow’s hand as he waited for death to take him.

“Oh well, I’ll just wait for death,” he mused.

After a while, he suddenly felt some liquid on his lips. He licked his lips instinctively.

Chris’ eyes widened in surprise. He asked Willow if she had a way to prolong Ethan’s life. She actually cut her palm and fed her blood to Ethan.

It was like something out of a fantasy novel. It was too surreal. For a moment, Chris thought he was dreaming.

After some time, he came back to his senses.

“Will this delay the effects of the poison?”

Willow nodded.

Suddenly, Wendy called out from the door, "Willow!"

Willow's face paled. She looked at Wendy in fright, like she had done something wrong. She

instinctively tried to hide her palm.

"Why would you do that? How would I face your mother if you got hurt?" Wendy quickly brought some

medication and a bandage to stop the bleeding

Chris quickly asked, "Madam Wendy, Willow said her mother could save him. Is that true?"

Wendy snorted.

"So what if it's true? Her mother left some time ago, and we don't know when she's coming back. We

don't have a phone to contact her in this village.

"Besides, even if she's back, there's no guarantee she would be willing to save his life."

"Madam Wendy, even if she doesn't want to help, can you at least tell us how to find her?"

"Don't waste your time. No one knows when she'll return. No one can contact her either."

Wendy brought Willow away after she said that.

Willow looked at Ethan with yearning in her eyes. Why did that man look so much like her sister? Was he her father?

She naturally felt a closeness to the man. She felt a pang in her heart when she saw him in such a state.

Wendy brought Willow back to her room and closed the door.

She said in a concerned tone, "Willow, my girl, did you sense something?"

Willow gestured. "Is he my father?"

Willow was almost three years old. She was starting to understand some things.

Wendy said awkwardly, "I ... I'm not sure about that."

After all, Alicia looked a lot like Ethan, but Wendy wasn't sure if he was Willow's father.

"I don't know. But even if he is, he has another woman now. He probably forgot all about your mother.

"He will have children with another woman. Even so, do you want to save him?"

Chapter 973

Willow pursed her lips, not saying anything.

Reaching out, Wendy caressed her head.

“Poor child. You know, your mom worked very hard to be able to leave him.

“If he knows that you and your mom are still alive, he will lock your mom up again. Do you want that to happen?”

Willow shook her head.

“Then you have to pretend that you don’t know him. After all, your mom and the others aren’t in the village. As for whether he can survive this or not, it’s entirely-up to him.”

Wendy sighed. “Your mom went through a lot of hardship in the past. When she was giving birth to you, she was very close to death. You have to be grateful to her and treasure your hard-earned life.”

Willow nodded obediently.

It was quite odd. Not long after drinking Willow’s blood, Ethan could sense that his eyes and ears were getting better.

He could even produce simple sounds.

In the past, for every hour that passed, the red pattern would advance.

After he drank the blood, the toxin seemed to be frozen in time. It didn’t look like it would get worse.

“How are you feeling, Mr. Miller?”



Surprisingly, Ethan could sit up on his own. "I'm feeling much better. How's the situation right now?"

"Not good. The girl's mother can save you, but she has left the village for days. They don't have any way of contacting the outside world here.

"The toxins in your body can only be stalled momentarily. If her mother doesn't come back, we can only..."

Kelvin's voice sounded a little bitter. He refused to say that word.

But Ethan was calm. "People have to die eventually."

"But you're Ethan Miller!"

"It doesn't change anything." Ethan coughed lightly.

If this truly was the end, he only had one regret. He couldn't see Olivia and the children one last time. before he died.

He slowly got up, his footsteps unsteady as he headed outside.

Krystal, who had just washed up, hastily went up to him to support him. "Careful, Sova."

"Go away." Ethan shook her off. It was a simple action, but he used up a lot of his energy to perform it.

He almost tripped and fell.

Kelvin hastily came over to support him.

Ethan said calmly, "Bring me to the child. I want to thank her."

It was thanks to the child that he could stand and speak.

"Understood."

The sun was setting then. Willow was feeding pigeons in the yard.

She couldn't talk, but she was born with a connection to animals. She could communicate with animals without any problems.

Be it birds, insects, and fish, or even snakes, reptiles, and mice, all animals were very close to her. And she treated all lives as equals.

She was as special as her name. She was like a willow that reached up into the sky while also reaching down to the ground.

She was able to be friends with everyone.

She opened her palm. A white pigeon stood on her palm, cooing while it ate.

A flock of pigeons was gathered around her feet, too. It was a very wholesome sight to see.

It was only then that Ethan saw the child's profile. Surprisingly, she had a pair of green eyes that glowed radiantly under the sun like emeralds.

"Willow."

Ethan spoke up, his voice slightly hoarse.

The grains in Willow's hand fell to the ground, and the pigeons flapped their wings and flew away.

She was a little panicked when she saw that Ethan had woken up.

Holding onto the railing, Ethan walked toward her step by step.

He walked very slowly, and he looked like he would fall with every step he took.

Willow hastily ran toward him, the bells on her leg ringing as she did so.

Ethan's knees went weak, and he fell to the ground..

"Mr. Miller!"

Ethan knelt on the ground on one knee. The girl held his hands, supporting him. He managed to stay up in that position.

As their gazes met, he saw the worry in the girl's eyes.

He wondered if he was seeing things. He felt like he saw Olivia's shadow on Willow's face.

Chapter 974

Willow's eyes were extremely clear. It reminded Ethan of when he first met Olivia more than a decade.

Back then, he was wondering how a person's eyes could be this clear.

The thought only stayed in his mind for a second, and it quickly disappeared.

Many people looked alike in this world. The woman who assassinated him looked quite similar to

Olivia, too.

Moreover, his Alicia must be five or six years old now. How could Olivia give birth to a child with green

eyes?

He must have missed Olivia so much that he started seeing things.

Ethan knew that there were lines on his face. The girl was probably scared of it.

So, he put on a gentle expression as he said, "Willow, you're the one who saved me, right? Thank you."

Willow shook her head, but she didn't let go of his hand. She feared that if she let go, Ethan would fall.

"You can't speak?"

Willow nodded.

For some reason, Ethan felt his heart ache for her.

Reaching out, he touched her face. "I can take you away from here. I can get you to the best hospital in the world so that you can get treatment."

Even though the people in the village were skilled in making antidotes, illnesses like being unable to speak should be examined with medical equipment.

Seeing that Willow didn't respond, Ethan smiled again.

"Don't worry, I won't hurt you. If you're scared, you can tell your mom about it when she's back.

"My offer always stands. I'll make sure that even if I die, someone will still cure your illness."

Willow felt sad, and she didn't know how to reply.

Perhaps this position was too tiring, so Ethan sat down and gasped heavily for breath.

Seeing how much pain he was in, Willow wished she could give him her blood again.

Reaching out, Ethan grabbed her hand, which was holding a knife.

He shook his head at her, saying, "It's alright, kid. Thanks.

"Your blood only deals with the symptoms, but it won't cure the root problem. It won't be able to save me in the end, so don't waste your blood on me."

He knew that the blood he drank would extend his life by a day at most.

Even if Willow's blood was all drained, it would only last him two weeks at most. He would still have to die in the end.

Willow looked at him worriedly.

He smiled faintly. He knew that in his remaining time, he wouldn't be able to make it out of this village.

So, he wanted to leave some instructions while his mind was still clear. He didn't want to leave just like that.

"Willow, do you have some food? I'm hungry."

Willow nodded. Then, she ran off quickly.

Ethan waved Brent and Kelvin over. Brent hastily asked, "What are your orders, Mr. Miller?"

Ethan had a calm look on his face. "Give me a pen and some paper. I want to write a will."

When Kelvin heard the word "will", he couldn't maintain his poker face anymore.

He had been keeping it in for the past two days. And that had gone to waste as his eyes instantly

reddened

“Mr. Miller, you don’t have to write a will. You’re fine. You’ll be fine!”

Now that things had come to this point, Ethan was even calmer than before.

“I only have a little more than a day to live. After a lot of hard work, I finally arrived at this village.

“Even if I leave the village, I have to waste about a day to do it. If her mom comes back as soon as I

leave, there’s not much point in leaving for me. I would rather stay here and wait.

“If she doesn’t come back in the end, I’d like to leave behind some instructions. I can’t die without

making things clear,”

“Mr. Miller...”

“Go get the things, Brent.”

Brent’s eyes were slightly red. “Understood.”

Joel’s eyes were red as he said, “Sorry, kid. I couldn’t help you this time.”

“Uncle Tucker, I’m very grateful to you. You’re right. There will come a day when you’re unable to do

anything. I guess this is my fate, then.”

Chapter 975

In just two days. Ethan turned from a normal person into someone whose organs were affected and

who was slowly losing his senses.

In that period, he thought about many things.

The most he thought about were his memories with Olivia.

In the three years they were apart, he couldn't see her, so he could only press forward with the memories.

He was busy with various things every day, and he used his busyness to dilute his love for Olivia..

But every time he was free, his longing would take him by surprise.

It filled his mind and every inch of his heart. Like thorny vines, it wrapped tightly around him.

The more he struggled against it, the more his heart ached.

His body was pierced so much that it was filled with wounds. He was in excruciating pain.

So, when he was in physical pain, he even felt a little better. He thought that if he died, he would travel

to

Olivia's side and see her one last time.

Back then, Olivia was suffering from the terror of her cancer cells. He wondered if he was able to

experience at least a quarter of the pain she went through.



He had only suffered for two days, but she endured it for years.

Every time he recalled those memories, his heart would be wrought in pain.

He felt that even if he repented thousands of times, he still wouldn't be able to make up for the pain

Olivia went through.

Liv ...

Even in his dreams, he was haunted by that woman.

But he had lost her forever. He might not be able to see her ever again

After Ethan got the pen and paper, he began to write his will.

There was nothing much he wanted to say. The heir of the Miller family would be Connor. He had left

all his property to his child and ex-wife.

But the Millers had so much property that just dividing them would take a lot of time to write.

Time ticked by. The sun slowly set.

Ethan watched as the sun gradually disappeared on the horizon. It proved that his life was also

gradually draining out of him.

“Mr. Miller, why don’t you take a break before continuing?”

“It’s okay. I’m worried that I will lose my sight and my hearing later on. I may not even have the energy to pick up a pen.”

He had to write it while his condition still allowed him to.

Krystal burst into tears at the side. She looked at the deity she assumed would never fall.

And for the first time, she saw weakness on his face.

It was as if Ethan’s life was being stolen away instead of time.

Why would fate treat him like this? What had Ethan done wrong?

“Don’t cry.” Kelvin dragged her out. The people in the room were already in a low mood.

When she cried like that, everyone found it even harder to keep it in.

Ethan felt something tickling his throat. He coughed lightly.

However, blood sputtered out of his mouth and stained the white paper.

“Mr. Miller! Brent hastily ran over to him.

The fruits Willow was holding in her hand fell onto the floor with a thud when she saw Ethan coughing up blood.

Everyone looked at her. Tears slowly filled Willow's beautiful green eyes. Crystalline tears splashed onto the floor.

Ethan wiped the blood on the corners of his mouth nonchalantly.

"Oh no, I startled the child."

It was only then that Willow came to her senses. Crouching, she began to pick up the scattered fruits on the floor.

She carried some in her shirt. Then, she placed them on the table in front of Ethan.

Ethan was extra gentle to her. "Is this for me?"

Willow nodded, her large eyes still moist with tears.

Ethan's rough fingers gently caressed the corners of her eyes.

"Don't cry. I just coughed up some blood. I won't die for now."

Willow held a cucumber-like fruit to his mouth, expressing that he should eat.

"Alright, I'll eat it." Ethan couldn't decline the child's request.

Chapter 976

Ethan hadn't eaten in two days.

Oddly enough, the cucumber-like fruit exuded a faint fragrance that helped him regain some appetite.

He took a few bites of it. It was juicy, and the juice was refreshing and sweet.

Everywhere the juice landed on felt a little rejuvenating, and his pain was relieved a lot.

“Is this medicine?” he asked Willow.

Willow nodded. Then, she gave him more produce he had never seen before. He wasn’t even sure if they were fruits or vegetables.

Ethan hastily ate them. They couldn’t rid him of the toxins, but they did replenish some of his energy.

His body got a little better.

“Thank you, Willow.” He reached out again, caressing Willow’s head.

He couldn’t help but say, “I wonder who your parents are to have given birth to such a caring and adorable child as you.”

Willow blinked as she looked at him. Alicia looked a lot like him, so Willow wondered if he was her father.

Willow was deep in thought when Ethan removed his hand from her head.

“Sorry. I don’t have much time left, so I have to make use of every second I have. I can’t play with you.”

Even though Willow couldn’t speak, she was a mature and well-behaved child. Ethan wanted to play with her for a bit.

Sadly, he was running out of time.

He had too many things he hadn’t mentioned in his will. After eating, Ethan had to continue writing the will.

He didn’t rest for the whole night. He could feel that his life, which Willow’s blood had extended for him, was gradually trickling out.

His senses began to deteriorate again. Fortunately, he had completed his will. He wanted to save his remaining time for Olivia and the children.

Originally, his life wouldn’t wane so fast, but he was constantly using up energy, so the toxin spread even faster.

First, Ethan wrote his last letter to Connor. The letter was very long, and he mostly wrote about his wishes. for Connor to grow up well.

He wrote that he wasn’t a good father and that he couldn’t give Connor a complete family.

Instead, Connor was forced to carry the burdens of the Miller family.

Still, he had always loved Connor, but he couldn't keep Connor company anymore.

Next, he wrote to his mother. In reality, he didn't write much.

After all, their relationship was quite cold throughout the years. He mostly asked his mother to take care of his son.

Also, he wrote that if she met Olivia in the future, he wanted her to be nice to Olivia and the children.

Lastly, he wrote to Zack and Alicia, the twins.

When he first met the two, they were just too young.

Now, they should be around five years old, so they must have gotten a good grasp of the world by now.

He expressed regret for not being around in their childhood.

He promised that after he died, he would watch over them as they grew up.

He sealed the letters with red wax, waiting for a chance in the future when someone would hand the letters to their recipients.

Ethan's gaze fell onto the last sheets of white paper.

At that moment, his vision was getting very blurry, like someone with severe nearsightedness. Also, it was only getting worse as time ticked by.

He wrote a lot. Near the end, his hands were trembling, and his vision blurred even more.

As he recalled the past, tears splashed onto the letter.

His letter spanned almost ten pages, but he still felt that he had many more things to say.

He was almost sprawled on the table by now.

His hands were trembling beyond control, and his handwriting was all over the place.

He couldn't quite see, either. He was writing by intuition.

He lost his grip on the pen, so in the end, it fell to the floor with thud.

Ethan bent over, trying to pick up the pen.

But his vision had gotten so bad that he couldn't even see the pen. He could only feel around with his shivering hands.

His fingers touched a small foot.

Willow was the only one who wasn't wearing shoes.

He looked up. Willow was very close to him, but he couldn't quite make out her expression.

Willow stuffed the pen into his hand.

Gripping Willow's hand, Ethan said, "I've already left instructions. After I die, if you're willing, just follow them to the city.

"They'll get the top specialist in the world to treat your voice. I'm sure you'll be able to speak in the future." Warm liquid splashed onto the back of his hand.

Chapter 977

'Willow, are you crying? Ethan asked.

He suddenly chuckled. He was so foolish. Willow couldn't speak, and he was turning blind very soon.

"What time is it? Sorry, I can't see very well anymore."

Willow took his hand and traced the number six in his palm.

"Almost six, hm? Time flies." Ethan sighed lightly.

He could feel that he had almost spent all his energy on staying up.

"Kelvin," he called.

Kelvin had also stayed up the whole night. His eyes were even redder now.

"I'm here, Mr. Miller. There was a sobbing tone in his voice.



Ethan chuckled. You're a man. Why are you crying? I've already told you on the first day that life and death are predestined.

"I know, but... but I've never thought that it would be you, Mr. Miller ..."

Everyone standing here was prepared to take bullets for Ethan and die for his sake.

If death were to come knocking, they were sure that they would die before Ethan did.

No one expected that Ethan would be poisoned while he was unguarded and that he would end up like this in the end

Brent squeezed Kelvin's shoulder to comfort him.

"Mr. Miller, if you have anything to say, go ahead. We're listening."

Ethan reached out. "Help me to the table. I want to write my last words."

"Alright."

The two guided Ethan to the chair.

One of them placed the pen between his fingers while the other placed the paper by his hand so that he could gauge the distance.

Ethan's hands were trembling like that of a Parkinson's patient. He couldn't even hold the pen properly,

let

With great effort, he wrote the last few crooked words on the letter.

"Liv, I'm sorry. I love you."

When he had written those words, he seemed to have used up all his energy. He had difficulty folding

the papers, much less putting them in the envelope.

"Let me do it, Mr. Miller." Sobbing, Kelvin took the envelope.

"When you meet Liv in the future, please give it to her in person."

"Of course

"Brent, help me outside. It's almost dawn, so watch my last sunrise with me. I won't be able to see it in

the future."

Turning away, Brent secretly wiped his tears away. "Understood, Mr. Miller."

Ethan's footsteps were unsteady. He was losing his ability to walk as well.

In the end, Brent carried Ethan on his back. "I'll take you to see the sunrise, Mr. Miller. Hang in there.

I'm sure we can see it."

Brent still remembered the last time he had carried Ethan on his back.

Ethan had taken a bullet to his chest, and if the bullet deviated even a little bit, Ethan would have been dead.

Back then, Brent carried Ethan across the snowy mountain.

Sprawled on his back, Ethan spoke in his ear, telling him that he wouldn't die.

Ethan still hadn't married the love of his life, and he still had things he wanted to do.

But today, Brent had a bad feeling in his heart. He felt that Ethan was truly beyond saving now.

Ethan had courted death many times, and he managed to escape every time. But this time, was he unable to withstand it anymore?

Why did it have to be Ethan, of all people? Other than Olivia, Ethan had done nothing wrong to anyone else. This wasn't the ending he was supposed to have.

Brent refused to come to terms with it, but what could he do?

He didn't know medicine, and he couldn't do anything at all. He could only watch as Ethan left. He had always been a strong man, but he couldn't hold back his tears now. He sobbed as he walked.

The ringing of bells reached his ears. Willow was following them. She didn't leave.

Lastly, they stopped. Brent put Ethan down.

"We'll wait here, Mr. Miller. You'll be able to see the sun when it rises."

Ethan nodded. "Alright."

Chapter 978

Brent had specially selected a spot under a tree for Ethan so Ethan could lean against the trunk for support.

Ethan was visibly weak now.

He was like a candle with wax slowly dripping from it. When the last drop of wax was spent, that was when the light would go out.

The mountain breeze picked up. Ethan felt his mind becoming a little clearer.

He spoke slowly.

"Brent, the thing I regretted the most in my life was agreeing to Marina's unreasonable requests and taking out my anger toward the Fordhams on Liv.

"If it weren't for me, she wouldn't have suffered so much.

“We wouldn’t have to be separated from each other, and our family wouldn’t have to be apart. It can’t even be called a family at this point.”

Brent said, “Mr. Miller, you had your reasons. Please don’t say that.”

“Hah, reasons. In the past, I deceived everyone with that excuse, including myself. But no one would hurt others just because they had reasons.”

Ethan said softly, “When I was a child, I hated my father. I swore that if I had someone I liked in the future, I would treasure her, spoil her, and love her.

“I swore that I would give her a happy family. But in the end, I hurt her deeply while claiming that it was love.

“I repented, but time won’t turn back, and Liv won’t forgive me, either. I deserved this ending. I can’t blame it on anyone else.”

People would have an unusual clarity of mind when their lives were ending. Because they couldn’t see the future, they would become extra aware of the past.

He leafed through his memories like an old man repetitively counting and wrapping his money with a handkerchief that had turned white from one too many washes.

“Alright, there’s no point in saying these things anymore. I deserved this. Liv was right when she said that we won’t meet each other ever again.

“In the end, I’m leaving without my wife or my children to see me off.”

Brent held Ethan’s hand. The joints on Ethan’s hand were well-defined, and his hand was the slender hand of a grown man. But it trembled violently like an old man’s.

“You still have me, Mr. Miller.”

Kelvin had followed them. “And me, too.”

“Yes, I still have you brothers to see me off. I don’t think I have any regrets anymore.”

Ethan chuckled. Now that death was upon him, he grew kinder and more sincere.

“I should have died a long time ago, but Kurt gave me another chance at life.

“Now, I should go and keep him company. I owe him an apology. In the end, I didn’t carry out my promise to him.

“I couldn’t take good care of his family. His son died even before he was born, and his precious Marina also had her legs broken.

“She is now bound to a wheelchair for life.

“Now that I think about it, I’m such a useless man. I never did anything right. I didn’t keep my promise to my brother, nor did I take good care of my family.”

Brent said, “No, you’re the best boss in the whole world. You’re the hero of the nation.

“If you hadn’t risked your lifetime and again to protect this country, it wouldn’t be as peaceful as it is now.

“Mr. Miller, if there’s another chance at life, I still want to work for you and protect you for life.”

Ethan gripped his hand.

“You’re such a silly man. Why can’t you make a better wish? Haven’t you had enough of this drifting and wandering?”

“No. I’ll do everything as long as I can be with you. Don’t die, Mr. Miller.

“I’m so clumsy. If you aren’t around to keep me in check, I’m bound to make lots of mistakes!”

“Mr. Miller, if you die, that bastard Yale would laugh his head off. After fighting for so many years, he still won in the end. We were so close.”

“Mr. Miller, hang in there. That miraculous doctor might be back soon. You have to stay alive and give

the letter to Mrs. Miller in person.”

Kelvin’s voice was getting further. Ethan had lost his senses.

In his daze, he felt like he heard someone saying, “Mr. Miller, look. The sun is rising.”

Chapter 979

When Ethan heard those words, 10 seconds had already passed.

A long time ago, he promised Olivia that he would watch the sunrise with her on every significant mountain in the country.

Back then, he was very busy. Even if he sincerely wanted to spend time with her, he couldn’t squeeze out any time.

He had delayed it, but now, it would never happen. He thought, “Liv, am I being punished for not keeping my promise to you? Is that why I can’t see you for one last time before I die?”

Like a wizened old man, he slowly turned his head. He realized that when he lost his sight, he wasn’t seeing just darkness.

Instead, he couldn’t see any color.

Amid the void, he felt like he saw a patch of golden yellow.



That must be the sunrise.

It was supposed to be an extremely harsh color for the eyes. But for him, it felt like a filter was placed over his eyes.

He was like a fire about to be put out by the wind, weak and flickering.

He couldn't hear the breeze anymore. He was slowly losing his senses.

He parted his lips, and he felt like he had said something but also nothing at all.

Before he lost all his senses, he felt like he had heard the bells ringing for one last time.

Oh, right, it was that girl.

Willow.

Ethan slowly moved his body, depending on his sixth sense, to walk toward Willow.

His whole body was trembling. Even the small act of shifting his body had become wishful thinking.

But he didn't give up. Before he lost consciousness, Ethan only had one thought in his mind.

Perhaps fate had decreed that he would die without his children being there for him.

Willow looked a little like Olivia, so he would treat her like his own daughter. He would like to hug her

before he died.

The toxins slowly invaded his body and organs, but human potential was limitless.

Kelvin was sobbing so hard that his eyes were red and swollen. "What is Mr. Miller trying to do?"

"Let him be free for one last time. Brent stopped him.

The mountain breeze chilled the tears on their faces, but Ethan couldn't feel that breeze anymore.

His knees were trembling violently, and every movement seemed to suck up all his energy.

Even so, Ethan didn't give up. Gritting his teeth, he took one step and then another.

The child was standing in the light.

He should be able to hold her soon.

It was a distance he could have reached within a second, but Ethan spent minutes, or even longer than that.

Willow had her back to him. A flock of pigeons flew in along with the mountain breeze. A speckled pigeon landed on her fingertips and cooed.

Willow's eyes lit up. Mom was back!

She whipped around only to see Ethan walking unsteadily and shakily toward her.

Willow was stunned. Ethan looked like a zombie.

He looked like he had lost his soul, but he was walking solely by will.

He reached out, trying to touch Willow.

But his body wavered, and he almost fell.

“Mr. Miller!” Everyone called out to him.

Kelvin knelt on the ground. He had no idea what exactly Ethan wanted to do.

He heard that people would recall their lives before they died. Perhaps Ethan was dreaming, and his most beloved was in that dream.

No one wanted to interrupt his dream in his last moments.

Perhaps he could die peacefully in his wonderful dream, and he could leave without any pain.

It was already quite cruel for the living. They couldn't do anything for him. They could only watch as the events unfolded.

Ethan couldn't hear their voices. Was it just him?

He felt like his vision was getting brighter, and he saw the teenage Olivia smiling as she looked at him.

“I’m here for you, Ethan.”

Yes, he had killed the young woman who loved him with all her heart.

It wasn’t a bad thing. They could be together in the future.

“Liv, I’ll be right there...”

Chapter 980

Ethan fell toward the void.

His body didn’t hit the ground. Instead, someone caught him.

Ethan had already lost consciousness. His slender body leaned against the person.

Willow danced in elation, the bells ringing as she did so. Even though she couldn’t speak, her face

radiated with joy.

Kelvin and Brent momentarily forgot their sorrow as they stared at the woman who had appeared out of

nowhere.

The woman wore a cool black outfit paired with sturdy Martin boots.

The short leather top outlined her perfect figure and curves. Her outfit looked very modern, and it stood

out a little in the simple village.

As their gazes moved upward from her elegant neck, they saw a decent-looking face.

She wasn't ugly, and she could be described as nice-looking at most. She couldn't be considered pretty.

They had no idea how a woman like her could give birth to a pretty child-like Willow.

The woman wrapped an arm around Ethan's waist as she patted the girl's head with her other hand.

Willow gestured urgently. The woman nodded. "I know."

Brent hastily asked, "Are you the miraculous doctor who can cure the Ninefold Venom?"

"It's doable." Her voice was cold, and she spoke minimally.

The woman placed Ethan's body on the ground. She checked his breath and realized that he could still be saved.

She took off his clothes right away. He was wearing a shirt underneath, and she couldn't be bothered to undo the buttons one by one.

So, she slit the shirt open with a knife right down the middle.

Her movements were slick and decisive. The cold gleam of the knife flashed for a moment, and Ethan's chest was already exposed.

Brent and Kelvin were startled. Her knife skills were lightning-fast.

If she was slicing skin instead of clothes, she could open a wound right away.

The red patterns were like soldiers surrounding a fortress.

Now, it was as if the soldiers were at the walls of the fortress, and they would be attacking at any instant.

If they made it past the moat, the poison would win.

“Is there still hope, doctor?”

“His heart is still unharmed. There’s still time.”

The woman looked at her daughter, saying, “Willow, I’ll need to borrow your blood.”

Willow didn’t object to that as she hastily raised her hand. It was only then that the woman noticed the bandages wrapped around her palm.

The woman quickly realized something.

“You’ve already given him your blood?”

Willow nodded.

The woman frowned. She didn't want to cut her daughter's hand again.

Willow was already holding her hand to the woman. She also stuffed a small knife into the woman's hand.

The woman had given this knife to Willow on her second birthday. It could cut through steel with great ease.

Willow needed to protect herself from birth so that she wouldn't be harmed by others.

The woman hesitated a few seconds at the thought of wounding her daughter's hand with that knife.

In the end, she made a small incision on the girl's hand.

Blood dripped out of Willow's middle finger.

Even if Kelvin and Brent had witnessed that scene before, they still felt amazed when they saw it again.

Where did the girl come from, and how did she have such powers?

After Ethan drank the blood, the woman helped Willow to stop the bleeding as she said, "Carry him and follow me."

Kelvin and Brent rekindled their determination right away as they swiftly carried Ethan down the mountain.

The woman carried Willow in one arm while Willow wrapped her arms around the woman's neck.

Kelvin and Brent were surprised that the woman could walk so quickly, even while carrying Willow with one arm.

The woman was very modern, and she was completely different from the plain village.

Staring at her from behind, Kelvin wondered why she looked so much like Olivia.