

After Death 13

Chapter 13

When Brent felt Ethan's chilling gaze on him, he had to explain. "Mr. Miller, she's with Everly."

It wasn't unusual for Olivia to hang out with her best friend, Everly. Ethan had asked Brent to follow Everly on Instagram to monitor Olivia's move. While explaining, Brent showed his boss Everly's Instagram post.

In one of them, Everly showed off her eye-catching pink curls, but Ethan was instantly drawn to Olivia, who was rocking a different style in the photo. She had gotten a middle-part pixie cut, which—coupled with her tiny face—made her look more morose than her usual sunny disposition.

Her eyes were looking downward, and her collarbone was visible through her Oxford shirt in the photo. Her beauty was almost sacred.

The caption read "Reborn."

Ethan hadn't realized that his fingers were trembling slightly. After a year of being pestered by her, he should have felt relieved that she wanted to let go. But why did he feel suffocated instead?

He reminded himself that his sister was gone. Olivia did not have the right to declare her "rebirth." He convinced himself that he wasn't feeling bad for Olivia—he just wanted revenge.

He wasn't done with torturing her yet, and he would not let this slip.

Deep in his thoughts, he was interrupted by Brent's remark. "Ms. Hilton brought Mrs. Miller to the Dark Horse Clubhouse."

Brent clicked on an Instagram post that showed Olivia lazing on a soft couch in a dimly lit room while a handsome young man in white knelt on one knee and fed her grapes.

Ethan almost crushed the phone after seeing the photo. "Go to the clubhouse."

The air turned frosty, and he couldn't take his mind off the young man in white. He knew he'd make Olivia weak in the knees when he put on a white shirt, and she'd sometimes sketch the image of his teenage self in a white shirt.

It was at that moment he realized that he didn't want a divorce at all. Not only that, but he also wanted to keep her by his side forever. He wanted to subject her to daily torture to atone for Jeff's sin.

While Ethan was fuming, Brent held his breath in the car. He was confused by the situation. In the past two years, Ethan was good to Marina and fulfilled all her demands, but he didn't seem to have any affection for her.

On the other hand, Ethan gave Olivia the cold shoulder, but Brent could tell that she was Ethan's one true love. Alas, Ethan, blinded by hate, would do anything to hurt Olivia.

When Ethan rushed to the Dark Horse Clubhouse, the two women were nowhere to be seen. Apparently, Olivia had to bring Everly home because the latter was making a scene after getting drunk.

Not knowing that he missed them, he ordered his men to look around but found no one. Brent called up the hotels across the city and got nothing too.

"Mr. Miller, she must have found a new place to stay in advance. It'll take some time to find a rental if you're doing it without an agent."

The look in Ethan's eyes darkened when he realized that she planned to leave for good once she received the compensation.

"Look into it! Find her, no matter what it takes!"

The good news was that Olivia hadn't left the premises with a male escort. Still, those who entertained Olivia were tied up and brought to Ethan, who lit a cigar and stared at the two trembling men through

the wisps of smoke.

“Lift your heads.”

The poor men never thought that they’d get into trouble with a big shot. Shaking violently, they stammered, “M-Mr. Miller.”

“Where did you touch her?”

“N-No, we didn’t. The lady did not like touching and kept a distance from us. She had a few drinks before leaving with her friend.”

Ethan snickered and lifted the chin of one host. He examined the young man’s face, which was caked in makeup. The man also smelled of cloying and cheap perfume.

Ethan remarked, “Why would she eat the grapes fed to her by a cheap, trashy man like you?”

The young man was on the brink of tears. Ethan made it worse when he announced, “Cut his fingers off.”

“Mr. Miller, please spare me!”

Thankfully, Brent intervened and showed Ethan the surveillance footage of the lounge. “Mrs. Miller did not have physical contact with them.”

Two of the men were already sobbing. They hadn’t expected to have their fingers cut off just because they fed their client grapes. All they wanted was to latch onto some rich lady, get their share of the money, and retire comfortably.

They finally welcomed a beautiful and stylish young lady today, but sadly, she didn’t even look at them despite their best efforts to woo her. Not only that, but they also had to deal with a devil after she left.

Talk about unlucky!

Ignoring them, Ethan went back to his car and drove around the city aimlessly. Where would Olivia go when she had no place to crash at?

After Jeff was placed in the ICU, she did not need to be at the hospital to take care of him. Her phone was turned off. Clueless, he went to almost all the places they had visited before.

After a futile search, he returned to their newlywed home. He had only stopped by shortly on that night. It had been a while since he visited the villa. Only the furniture was left behind; the interior seemed spotless and devoid of human touch.

It was her habit to arrange fresh flowers on the dining table daily, but even the vase was gone.

In the empty and lonely master bedroom, her presence was removed from all their wedding photos. Only Ethan was left in the photos, looking both eerie and lonely.

Even after the Fordhams went bankrupt, she never took any of the branded clothes he bought for her and only packed some cheap clothes to go.

He then remembered that he had ordered the luxury bags and jewelry to be collected from the villa. She had also returned her diamond ring to him. It was her only possession that was worth something.

Her toothbrush, cup, and towels were gone from the bathroom. His electric toothbrush looked lonely on the shelf.

Next, he shuffled to the nursery that was once Olivia's faith, not noticing that the palms of his hands were slightly sweaty. The door clicked open, and he was greeted by an empty nursery, a sight that made his blood run cold.

She had cut off all her ties to him.

“Mr. Miller, don’t worry. I checked with all the airline, train, and bus operators. There was no trace of Mrs. Miller purchasing tickets anywhere. Since Mr. Fordham is still warded, she won’t leave the city.”

Ethan belatedly found out the reason he did not kill Jeff despite being fully capable of doing so. Perhaps, he subconsciously felt that Jeff was Olivia’s Achilles’ heel. By keeping Jeff alive, he could keep Olivia under his thumb.

“Find her and bring her to me.”

“Roger that.”

Ethan lay on the bed in the master bedroom. The nights when they slept separately were difficult for him too.

Even though he knew that Olivia was innocent, he could not get over the fact that she was related to Jeff. Her happiness reminded him of his poor sister.

It was Olivia’s fault for being born as Jeff’s daughter, and she should be held accountable for her father’s sin. He had an equally intense love and hate for her as he released his pent-up grief and anger by torturing her.

Perhaps, it was time for a new punishment.