

After Death 17

Chapter 17

Olivia lifted her head with a sarcastic smile on her lips. "What a smart question. Did you forget that you were the one who wanted a divorce?"

He ignored her jibe and inched closer with a threatening air. "Were you with him for the past few days?"

At the close distance, she noticed the iciness in his bloodshot eyes, and his face contorted into an aggressive scowl.

She flatly denied, "No. He dropped me off because it was hard to get a cab on a snowy day."

Ethan smirked. "Olivia, don't you know that you always stare upward when you're lying? You haven't changed that habit at all. Did you suddenly agree to the divorce after one year of dragging your feet, all because of that man? Did you vanish and leave behind your dad because of him too?"

Olivia did not bother to cook up an excuse, knowing that it'd only be an insult to Ethan's intelligence and make herself look guilty.

She swiftly steered the topic of conversation, "That's not important. Let's get the divorce over with."

He grasped her wrist to stop her. Even though he didn't use force, she felt the pain shooting through her arm, causing her to frown at him. There was a streak of madness in his face.

He hissed coldly, "I thought that a divorce was the best punishment for you, but I have changed my mind."

Caught by surprise, she blurted out, "What did you say?"

He gave her a wicked look. "I don't want a divorce now." He brushed his slender fingers across her cheeks. "Mrs. Miller, does that make you happy?"

She would have been happy if he had brought her the news half a month ago. After learning the truth, she merely felt sick at his touch. "Let go of me! Ethan, I want a divorce right now!"

He lifted her without much difficulty. She was averse to his embrace, which was once her safe haven. "Let me go! Ethan Miller, are you crazy?"

Putting aside the gender difference in strength, she was too weak from chemo to fight against him. Olivia struggled while he placed her in the backseat of the car, and by the end of it, she looked like she just had an intense workout.

Panting, she confronted him, "Ethan, what exactly do you want?"

"What do I want?" Ethan loosened his tie, a mocking look in his eyes.

"Well, I want you to live in hell. Did you think I was stupid enough to set you free just for you to date another man? I underestimated you. You swore you'd never sign the divorce papers, but in no time, you started dating another man. Are you this thirsty?"

Already grappling with a headache, Olivia felt a heartache upon hearing the insult.

Biting her lips, she fired back, "Didn't you want a divorce too? Why are you acting up when I want to make it happen? You were the one who had an affair first. Why would you care if I want to date someone else?"

Soon, she felt him lifting her chin, telling her with indifference, "Everyone in the world deserves happiness, just not you. Got it?"

She looked into his wintry eyes that glimmered with threat. Then, she heard him muttering the brutal words, "I have the final say in our divorce."

When Ethan bent over her, the loose tie around his shoulders hung by both sides of her cheeks. Olivia noticed that his exquisite wool coat was perfectly smooth. He went about with his arrogant demeanor as though the people around him were nobodies.

Very soon, she would bear witness to his arrogance.

When their car weaved its way out of the barriers, she spotted a long queue of cars on the opposite side of the road. At the head of the traffic jam was a Porsche Cayenne that had crashed into the divider.

Wasn't that Keith's car? Olivia paled when she learned that Keith had gotten into a crash right after dropping her off. She screamed desperately, "Stop!"

Kelvin was smart enough not to stop the car for her. Instead, he ignored her screaming and drove on. When she attempted to force the door open, Ethan yanked her by the wrist, and she fell into his arms. He mumbled lazily, "Why? Do you feel bad for him?"

"Are you crazy? Keith is only paying close attention to Dad at the hospital because we're alumni! There's nothing between us. Why did you do that to him?"

He slowly brushed his fingertips against her cheek and said, "Oh, that's because ... the more upset you are, the happier it makes me."

Olivia clutched weakly onto Ethan's shirt despite her rage. She tried to keep her focus and explained, "Ethan, my dad sponsored Jodie—no, Leia's studies. Even if they had a relationship, I don't believe that Dad would hurt her."

Ethan's expression fell at the mention of Leia. The smirk on his face instantly turned into anger as he carelessly pushed her away. "You have no right to speak her name!"

Olivia felt her back ramming into the hard car door. Already feeble, she now felt like she was about to fall apart.

She slumped in the corner, enduring the stabbing pain in her body. There were no more fight left in her to argue with him, so she closed her eyes and calmed herself down to reduce the pain.

Curling up in her seat, she felt thankful for putting on some blush and lipstick before leaving home to hide her sickly complexion.

Meanwhile, Ethan merely took Olivia's silence as anger. He finally left her alone, but he struggled to calm down. When they arrived at the Miller residence, she was too frail to move.

Once Ethan was gone, Kelvin opened the car door and whispered, "Mrs. Miller, are you feeling unwell?"

Before she could deny it, Ethan haughtily mocked her, "It's an old trick. Did you think I'd feel bad for you if you acted like you were sick?"

In the past year, Olivia had indeed attempted to gain his sympathy by acting weak. As a result, she had become the boy who cried wolf.

Ethan did not have the patience to wait for her and threatened, "You'd better get out now, or I'll take it out on the Rogers family."

Olivia had just texted Keith but received no response, leaving her in the dark about the extent of his injury. She gritted her teeth and got out of the car.

When she stepped on the ground, she was instantly attacked by the biting cold. She felt her legs giving away, and she tumbled over.