

After Death 18

Chapter 18

Thankfully, Olivia did not fall over because Kelvin pulled her at the last minute. She noticed Ethan standing not far away, apathetic.

He was unconcerned about her condition. But again, he might have mistaken her action as an attempt to gain his pity. Given his hatred toward her, she wouldn't expect him to care.

It was Kelvin who inquired with concern, "Mrs. Miller, are you okay?"

"I'm fine. It's probably low blood sugar." Olivia hurriedly made up an excuse before following behind Ethan.

The garden was covered in white after a night of snowing. The housekeepers were nowhere to be found, so no one was there to clear the snow.

The short walk from the car to the house made her pant. Fighting against the wind and snow, Olivia craved the warmth indoors.

Ethan stood by the door with a smirk on his face. "I have to give it to you. Your acting has improved."

Back then, in order to keep him by her side, Olivia had used up all ideas, including crying and throwing threats, which she never thought she'd resort to.

She felt the irony in Ethan's remark, but instead of explaining herself, she chuckled. "Thanks."

She coldly walked around him to get indoors and immediately felt better, thanks to the warmth. Taking off the thick padded jacket, she poured herself a glass of water and leaned softly into the couch.

"So, are you getting a divorce or not?"

"I'll tell you when I'm getting a divorce. You will live here for now."

She sat there with a calm look on her face while toying with the hanging pom poms on her beanie.

"Ethan, you asked for a divorce on the seventh day after my preterm birth. Your urgency puzzled me for a while, but I finally got it after I came across that kid who looked like you. You wanted to leave me as soon as possible to start a family with Marina."

With a quiver in her voice, Olivia went on, "For one year, I stubbornly put aside your coldness and your betrayal by reminding myself of how good you had treated me in the past. I thought keeping a woman was just a phase you were going through and that I would always be your wife.

"I even thought that you had an affair because I wasn't good enough. So, I was ready to change for you, and I was willing to overlook your mistakes. Come to think of it now, I was an utter idiot. When you were enjoying family time with another woman and your kids, I was hopelessly waiting for you in a lonely home.

"It took me a year to accept the reality and my foolishness. That's why I'm letting you go. Seek your happiness or start your new family; it's none of my business."

Olivia stood up and stumbled her way toward him, tears sliding down her cheeks. She stopped in front of him and examined the calmness he exhibited.

Seated upright and expressionless, he had an imposing air about him, as though he was a strict homeroom teacher who'd fly into a rage at any time.

In the past, he only reserved his coldness toward outsiders and treated her with tenderness. Before she knew it, she had become an outsider to him. There was no reason to cling to him anymore.

With her head hanging low, Olivia spoke with a rare despair, "We should let go of each other. How does that sound?"

He felt a little sorry upon hearing the plea, and he noted the exhaustion in her expression, just like a solid dam that had given way after many years of enduring the raging waters. It crumbled into pieces, falling apart and vanishing into the floods.

Giving up was way easier than staying one's ground. No one knew how long she had withstood the challenges before she gave up on her faith.

Olivia was right, though. Ethan wanted a divorce as revenge and also to legalize the status of his out-of-wedlock children.

Ethan was surprised to find that he wasn't as happy as he expected when Olivia gave up on him after a year. "Giving up on you? Dream on! You will be staying here from today. Remember, you're mine forever!"

Olivia's tears dripped onto Ethan's face, which made him affected by her sadness. Frustrated, he took out his phone and showed her the photo of Keith in an ambulance.

"If you stay in touch with him, his family will meet the same fate soon. Olivia, you'd better forget about living a free life."

"You jerk! You should've come at me! Why did you hurt Keith?"

Olivia wanted to slap him, but he grabbed her wrist. With a nasty look in his eyes, he growled, "You sure care a lot for him. Don't forget that you're still Mrs. Miller as long as we aren't divorced."

"I ..."

Before Olivia could say a thing, she was scooped into Ethan's arms. He was blinded by anger as he threw her onto the bed.

Thankfully, she landed on the soft, custom-designed bed she had ordered and did not get hurt. Still, she could see stars after being rough-handled. Feeling sick, she slumped onto the bed and stared at

him with fear.

He loosened his tie impatiently, seemingly possessed by demons. Then, he came to her with a cruel smile. "Liv, you were with him for a few days, weren't you? Did he get intimate with you?"

He sounded more perverted when he mentioned her nickname, which he hadn't been using for a while. Goosebumps appeared over her skin.

Ethan was like a shackled beast, ready to break free and lurch at her at any time.

She shook her head and explained, "We're just friends. Our relationship isn't as filthy as you implied."

"Filthy? Hah!"

Ethan snickered and dragged Olivia by the feet. She fought against the sickness in her body and struggled to break free, but they were like David and Goliath. Little did she know that Ethan hadn't slept well for a few days because he had been searching high and low for her.

Driven by hatred, he desperately needed to release his pent-up emotions. He took off her shoes and socks. After a year without sex between them, he felt an uncontrollable desire rising in him, which was reflected in his eyes.

Olivia knew that look too well and begged him with a shaky tone, "No, Ethan. You can't ..."