

After Death 20

Chapter 20

By keeping her diagnosis a secret, Olivia was making a bet with herself. If Ethan still loved her, she'd turn her death into her revenge against him. Even when she was dying, she wanted to make sure that he carried the guilt with him forever.

However, if Ethan did not love her anymore, it would be pointless to inform him about her diagnosis. Not only would she humiliate herself, but it'd also give Marina a good laugh.

With that in mind, Olivia left the bathroom and went downstairs. Madam Burgess had laid out a feast with many of her favorite types of food.

Olivia invited Madam Burgess to dine with her. The lady wiped her hands on her apron and served Olivia some soup.

"Here's some fruit soup that Mr. Miller specifically asked me to make for you. I told you that he still cares about you, didn't I?"

The dishes were a little on the heavier and spicier side than what Olivia preferred. She erred toward the opposite of Ethan's palate, who preferred bland dishes.

In the past, they always had different dishes for their meals to accommodate their different taste buds. Now that she was ill, she could no longer take heavy foods.

"Mrs. Miller, why aren't you eating? I'm sure that my cooking is as good as before. When Mr. Miller has his meals at home, he'd ask me to make food with a little more spice."

Olivia shot her a surprised glance because she knew that Ethan couldn't handle spicy food.

Madam Burgess must have read Olivia's mind since she explained, "That's why I said he still cares about you. Even when he's not living with you, he wants me to make your favorite food. Back then, you had to force-feed him spicy food, but now, he

eats them on his own.

“It was tough for him at first, I have to admit. He always choked on the spice and had to chug a whole gallon of water. But his spice tolerance has gone up lately.”

Oh, the irony of it all! Ethan ended up trying spicy foods, which she had to give up because of her illness. Perhaps, that was why they would never make a good pair.

She dropped the topic and pestered Madam Burgess until the latter lent her a phone. Thankfully, she memorized Keith’s number. She quickly keyed in the number.

A wave of relief washed over her when she heard his voice. It would be her fault if something bad happened to him.

When Keith was greeted with silence, he cautiously prodded, “Olivia?”

The car crash came out of nowhere, and he had pretty much pieced together the reason behind it.

“It’s me. Keith, I’m sorry I got you into trouble.”

A hint of excitement crawled into Keith’s tired voice. “Were you being hard on me when we were at City Hall because you didn’t want to get me into trouble?”

She struggled to understand what he was getting at. “Keith, I couldn’t call you because my phone was confiscated. How’s your injury?”

“Don’t worry. I wasn’t hurt thanks to the airbag. Is he keeping you hostage? Do you want me to make a police report?”

“He and I are legally married. There’s no way to report him for taking me hostage. Keith, I really appreciate what you’ve done for me, but you don’t need to worry about me anymore.

“Today’s crash was a warning from him. I know you’re just being nice to me, but I’m not worth that sacrifice. I feel more relieved now that I know you’re safe. Well, goodbye for now.”

Olivia quickly hung up, leaving Keith grinning foolishly on the other end. He was glad to know that she had directed the harsh remarks at him out of concern for his safety, not because she still loved Ethan.

After returning the phone to Madam Burgess, Olivia retired to the bedroom to rest. After falling asleep, she was woken up by

the sound of the door closing. She picked up the pungent smell of alcohol that made her sick in her stomach.

Before she could say a word, Ethan had thrown his jacket on the floor. She felt a weight on the bed, followed by his slurred whisper. “Darling, I’m home...”