After Death 21

Chapter 21

It had been so long since he called her "darling." Hearing that stunned Olivia, and she lay still in a daze.

She didn't know how much he had drunk to get to this state. He was behaving as if they hadn't argued. He pulled Olivia into his armis. Enclosed in the heat of his familiar embrace, Olivia almost could not control herself.

Struggling to remain rational, she reached out to push him away but Ethan stopped her, took her hand, and brought it to his lips. His warm lips gently brushed the back of her hand as he muttered, "Where did you go? I looked for you for so long."

Olivia couldn't hold back her tears. It seemed that she was set to spend all the tears she had that year. Fighting her tears, she asked, "Weren't you the one who pushed me away?"

"Nonsense." Ethan held her tighter, drunkenly kissing the back of her ear. "The person I love the most in my life is you. How could 1 bear to push you away?"

Pushing him away, she said, "Ethan, take a good look at who I am."

The lights were off and the curtains were drawn. Under the faint illumination from the yard, Ethan noticed that her eyes glistened with tears.

"Are you tired? Did I just wake you up?" he asked. He lowered himself and gently kissed away her tears, murmuring, "Don't cry, Liv. I will kill anyone who dares to come near you!"

His child–like threat only made Olivia cry even harder. She didn't know how much he had drunk to end up like this. If he was even a little bit sober, he wouldn't forget how much he hated her, let alone speak to her like that.

Olivia buried her head in his embrace. Sniffling and trembling, she asked, "Ethan, what would you do if I were dead?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Everyone dies. Everyone born into this world ages and eventually falls sick before dying. No one can escape that."

"Well, then I will die with you. We will enter eternal slumber together and be laid to rest at the same place."

Smiling helplessly, Olivia tightly held onto his shirt. "Nonsense. I'm sure you'll celebrate with fireworks and marry someone else the moment I pass on."

Ethan was displeased to hear that. He sat up, grabbed her hand, and placed it on his bare chest under his shirt, his skin flush against her palm. His heart was beating fast, like a drum.

Although Ethan was intoxicated, he began to speak seriously, "Do you hear it? It's beating for you. If you die, so will my heart.

With tears in her eyes, Olivia nodded. "I hear it."

His palm crept to her waist, startling Olivia. Without warning, Ethan's body pressed against hers. As he planted another drunken kiss on her, his usual aloof behavior was nowhere in sight.

"Liv, let's make a baby."

A baby? Olivia's tears streamed even harder down her face.

Feeling her trembling under him, Ethan was frightened and hurriedly wiped away her tears. "Liv, don't cry. I don't want you to. I only want you to be well. Stop crying!"

He held her trembling body tightly in his arms, patiently soothing her over and over again.

Olivia clung to his clothes, pressing her head against his chest. Her tears wet his shirt as she softly moaned his name, "Ethan … Ethan…"