

After Death 23

Chapter 23

The bathroom door forcefully flew open, startling Olivia, who was picking up the last strands of her hair. Watching him nervously, she said, "Hey--"

Before She could finish, her eyes were attacked by the sight of Ethan's bare, muscular chest. Even though they had spent countless nights together in the past, it made her uncomfortable after not seeing him for over a year. She quickly averted her

gaze.

Soon, the shadow he cast and his unique scent enveloped her as he approached. Olivia instinctively cowered and stared at him warily. "What are you doing?"

Ethan slowly bent over her, his deep, dark gaze eyes falling upon her as he asked, "You said you were sick. How sick?"

Olivia didn't know how to feel meeting his inquisitive gaze. His eyes were devoid of mockery, disdain, and aloofness; he genuinely wanted to know about her illness.

At this moment, Olivia was conflicted. She suddenly had a thought: if she told Ethan now, would he feel even the slightest bit guilty for what he had done?

Sensing her hesitation, Ethan drew nearer, closing the distance between them. His gaze seemed to pierce through her.

"Well? I'm waiting," he urged.

Olivia was flustered. She felt exceptionally nervous. She began to say, "I--"

Just then, Ethan's phone rang. It was a ringtone Ethan had exclusively set for Marina's calls, which had haunted Olivia for more than a year.

When Olivia was still with him, he would rush to Marina without hesitation whenever he heard that ringtone regardless of what he was doing. Olivia still felt anxious whenever she heard that ringtone.

Hearing Marina's exclusive ringtone hit her like a bucket of cold water, leaving her cold from head to toe. She deserved it for not learning her lesson despite getting hurt so many times.

When Ethan turned back to Olivia after answering the call, the look in Olivia's eyes changed. Her conflicted feelings were gone, and in their place was serenity.

She answered, "It's nothing much. I had a cold, and I was in the hospital for a few days."

Ethan thought of the withered bouquet in their home. He had also assumed that she had a cold when she didn't return home for those few days.

It had been three months since they last contacted each other after that phone call, and he knew nothing about her hospitalization. It pained him, and he even felt a little guilty. No wonder she had become so much thinner.

Ethan opened his mouth but didn't know what to say. Because of how hostile he had been, he couldn't bring himself to utter any words of concern.

"It's all in the past, Ethan. We've reached the point where we can't stand the sight of each other anymore. Why are we still holding on to this? Let's get a divorce. I'm really tired," Olivia said calmly..

It was a bad topic to raise. As soon as it was mentioned, he thought of her smiling at Keith at City Hall. The thought of it made anger burn within Ethan, which spread as quickly as a prairie fire.

Each time she asked for a divorce, Ethan knew that she was eager to be with Keith.

The answer Olivia received was a cold scoff.

Grabbing her chin, he answered, "I decide whether we get a divorce. Since you haven't reached the point where your current life is worse than death, how can you assume that I will let you go?"

With that, he whipped her hand off of him and returned to the bathroom, his eyes glowering with hatred. He didn't see any hair on the bed, so he figured that he was worried for nothing and that she was only focused on getting a divorce.