

## After Death 29

### Chapter 29

Tears streamed down Olivia's cheeks.

She knew that she and Ethan could never go back to how things were before. He had betrayed her and destroyed the Fordhamns, and the Fordhams owed him his sister's life.

Those debts could never be settled. Trying to resolve them would only serve to tighten the knots of their relationship, suffocating them and leading to an inevitable end.

Ethan held her face in his hands, wiping away her tears with his cheeks. "Liv, don't love me. Hate me instead. I betrayed you, I killed our child, and I can never turn back."

She sensed his inner turmoil, but amidst that, she could feel the tenderness he still had for her like a calm oasis in a turbulent desert sandstorm. However, she knew that the oasis would soon be destroyed by the raging winds.

Ethan left the room, leaving Olivia behind. Olivia knew that this was their final farewell.

When Olivia headed out of the study, Madam Burgess was nowhere to be seen. The kind-hearted Madam Burgess had always believed their conflicts to be petty quarrels and had even attempted to mediate between them.

In her eyes, Olivia was the singular and rightful Mrs. Miller, hence she was unaware of her grave mistake.

Olivia laughed at herself. With Madam Burgess by her side, she never felt lonely in the spacious mansion. It wasn't until Madam Burgess left that Olivia was hit by the emptiness of the house and the tedium of life.

The sky outside was already dark, and there was a pot of chowder Madam Burgess had made waiting in the kitchen. Olivia poured herself some into a bowl. The steam from the pot veiled her face, obscuring her features.

Slowing eating, Olivia's expression was calm. She had found a solution to the exhausting game they were stuck in.

"Ethan, I will repay the debt my father owes you," she thought to herself.

Instead of undergoing chemotherapy, she decided to enjoy the remaining days of her life.

Having seen Ethan's pain and turmoil, she was certain that he would no longer be burdened by hatred and his conflicted feelings upon her death.

For Ethan to have a better life, she would just have to give up her own. He would have the beloved wife and a child he had always longed for after she was gone.

He would remain a legendary figure in Aldenvine. Aside from the fact that she would be gone, everything would be fine, and that would be wonderful. Olivia suddenly felt the chains binding her loosen, and she realized that she had liberated herself

from her own constraints.

That night, Ethan didn't return, and the Miller residence was as silent as death.

The next morning, Olivia woke up early for the first time after confining herself to the room for so many days. The rest had greatly improved her spirits, and Madan Burgess had played a significant role in it too.

Under Madam Burgess's care, Olivia appeared to be healthier. Perhaps the chemotherapy medication was working, as her stomach stopped hurting in the past few days.

Olivia changed into appropriate attire and was about to open the door when she saw Brent standing outside with a cold, solemn expression.

He respectfully greeted her, "Good morning, Mrs. Miller."

Olivia smiled at him. "Good morning."

Brent was taken aback. Ever since the argument, for the past two years, she was either exhausted or weeping with sorrow whenever he saw Olivia. It had been a long time since he had seen her smile like that.

Brent couldn't bring himself to say what he wanted to say next, so Olivia took the initiative to do it.