

## **After Death 61**

### Chapter 61

Olivia freed herself from Ethan's grip after Keith left.

She replied flatly, "Oh, I'm doing just fine."

After a few days of rest and recuperation, her complexion looked healthier, a huge contrast to her previous sickly self. He mumbled under his breath, "Right. You've always been as fit as a fiddle."

She secretly snickered at him but did not attempt to add any explanation. Taking his jacket off, she said, "Mr. Miller, don't worry. I will stick to the terms of our agreement. I shall not remarry."

Ethan had poured his heart into drafting their divorce agreement. Even though he gave her wealth, he destroyed her future by adding a clause to the agreement. It prohibited her from remarrying.

If she ever did, she would need to pay him ten times the settlement he provided her, which would stand at ten billion.

Still, she signed the agreement without flinching because her days were numbered anyway.

The alcohol in her stomach made her sick. Attacked relentlessly by the sharp pangs of pain, she held it in and attempted to leave. But he held her wrist where Keith had previously grasped.

She grimaced. "Mr. Miller, your fiancée is still waiting for you. Do you really want the guests to find out that I'm your ex-wife?"

He ignored her words and growled quietly, "It's dirty here. You need to clean it."

Somehow, Ethan felt like the sick one between them. Why did his possessiveness skyrocket after the divorce? He was acting like a psycho.

He dragged her to the elevator. She wanted to argue with him, but the elevator stopped on the fifth floor. A bunch of drunkards staggered in.

Frowning, he took a step back and forced her into a corner. This formed a protective wall that separated her from the drunks. She stared at his back in his pressed suit and the back of his head. His hair was styled immaculately.

He might be a disciplined and meticulous person, but he could also be wild and extreme at times. She feared the contradiction that was him.

At that time, she felt the pain growing in her stomach. Every part of her body was screaming in pain. And she badly wanted to find a space where she could gasp for breath.

But she was stuck in an elevator with four reflective walls. She was also wearing a pair of stilettos and standing right behind her ex-husband. Even doubling over would seem like an admission of defeat.

His broad shoulders were within reach. She had once leaned on his shoulders for comfort, but it was now a place that was out of bounds for her.

She focused on counting the floors in the elevator. After an eternity, she finally reached their destination. The hotel was one of the many properties under the Miller Group, whose business spanned multiple industries.

He stole a glance at her when he keyed in the passcode. It was the same code as his safe—a combination of numbers that was related to her.

Before she could figure out his intention, she felt a force dragging her into the room. He threw the jacket aside and led her into the bathroom.

Holding in the pain, she looked at him. “Mr. Miller, we are divorced. I do not need to fulfill my duty as your trophy wife anymore. I’ll leave now.”

He had pressed on the knob of the shower, and she shivered as the icy water poured all over her

She roared, "Ethan Miller!"

He clasped her face underneath the shower and stared at her. "Liv, didn't I tell you before not to let any man touch you

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The cold touch of Ethan's fingertips traveled down her cheek like a serpent. It didn't matter what they were fighting over, for he was in one of his episodes again.

When they first dated, he wanted her to promise him three things: no cheating, no touching other men, and no leaving.

She saw hints of his extreme possessiveness from the beginning. After all, he had killed off a family and turned them into ashes just because they slapped her.

He'd also be cross when she shined at school. Once, she fell during sports day, and a member of the organizing committee had to carry her to the health center on his back.

It was that night she witnessed Ethan's dark side as he ordered her to wash herself clean. Despite her explanations, he forced her to stand under the shower through the night.

Despite his craziness, she was hopelessly in love with him. For him, she took an academic leave to keep herself out of the public eye. She didn't expect his madness to worsen after the divorce.

Although the side effects from chemo went away, she still struggled with stomach pain. The room didn't have heating. And after the cold shower, she felt nothing but excruciating pain.

"Turn it off! I feel cold! Ethan Miller, it's fucking cold!"

He pushed her body against the cold tiles and flashed her a chilling smile. “Liv, would it help if I warm you up with a hug?”

“Psycho! You fucking psycho!”

Trembling, she reached out to turn off the shower. But he spotted it fast and held her arms over her head. The curves of her body looked perfect under the cascading water.

He was similarly attractive. His abs were visible under the white shirt that was drenched. He pressed his warm body against hers in a flirtatious move.

He cocked his head and whispered into her ear, “Liv, you can only be mine even after the divorce. Have you forgotten about it?”

”

“Let me go! I told you nothing happened between me and Keith.” She kept her temper under control because she didn’t want to push his buttons.

He smirked. “Why did you move into his apartment, then? Liv, did you really think that the Rogers could back you up after leaving the Millers? Why don’t we make a bet on how long the Rogers could hold out?”

Ethan had made a dubious claim, confusing her apartment as Keith’s. But she didn’t have time to go into the details.

She banged her left fist against him to express his anger. She knew that it was useless but still better than not fighting back at

all.

“Ethan, you were the one who cheated and asked for a divorce. And you are the one who’s getting engaged. Please ask your attorney for the proper definition of divorce if you’re confused! What right do you have to control me?”

She confronted him with a teary voice, “Are you a tyrant or something? If you decided to leave my life, why did you barge in as you wish? If this is your new idea of torture, I’d rather be dead.”

He kissed away her tears and answered coldly, “Liv, I gave you a chance, but you squandered it. Divorce is only a separation on legal terms. You will live under my control for the rest of your life.”

She suddenly recalled that, after that night of standing under the shower, he had once asked her if she wanted to leave.

He was a beast that would hurt her. And he was willing to send her away to safety before he spiraled out of control.

“Do you remember what you said? You hugged me and said that we’d be together in sickness and health. You said you wouldn’t abandon me unless death parts us.”

Olivia tried to make out the his handsome face under the dim lighting. “What if I died?” She replied in a thin and unfeeling

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“What if I died?” Olivia’s almost inaudible mumble bounced off the walls of the bathroom, taking him by surprise. “You won’t die because you have me.”

Sure, he might have endless power and wealth one could wish for, and he had access to the top medical resources in the world. But no doctor would guarantee success in treating late-stage cancer.

Ethan might appear omnipotent, holding power over the life and death of other beings. But he was a mere mortal at the end of the day and powerless to save her from the hands of the Grim Reaper.

She chuckled. "Ethan, since my family owed you a life, shall I atone for that with my death?"

"Liv, I would have taken your life two years ago if I wanted to. I hate you, but I love you at the same time. That's why I'm keeping you alive to punish you."

"Did you just say you love me?" She snorted. "If that's true, you wouldn't have betrayed me. I told you I wanted to build a mega-hospital with express access for the needy. So, you built a hospital worth a few billion and named a wing after Marina." She went on, "I said I loved the ocean and picked a spot for our future home, but you ended up building Collington Cove for Marina; I wanted to name our child Connor, but you stole that name for your child with Marina."

"Ethan, do you call that love?"

The icy water trickled down his jaw. It was hard to see the emotions in his eyes because he was staring at the ground. He seemed to have a lot to say and opened his mouth. But nothing came out in the end.

At first, she had wondered if he had a good reason for treating her in that manner. If not, given his character, he wouldn't have kept the passcode around.

Upon second thought, she concluded that he was a conflicted man who could love and hate someone simultaneously. Perhaps, that was his way of taking revenge. He wanted to keep her alive, and he knew where it hurt most.

Her eyes dimmed. Grabbing his collar, she hissed, "Your love is revolting."

"Liv, do not anger me. That wouldn't do you any good." He unbuckled his belt, a move that set her alarm bells ringing.

"W—What do you want to do?"

"Liv, you need to be punished for your mistake." He enunciated each word of his threat before tying her hands behind her. "No, Ethan, you can't do this to me." Olivia panicked, but he was in no mood to listen.

He swiftly tied her up and positioned her under the shower with the help of a towel, all while she struggled futilely. He had a unique way of tying the knot, which made it impossible to be undone. Her soft skin reddened under the rough handling.

He lifted her chin in his fingers and mumbled into her ear, "Liv, I've seriously considered giving up on you."

Despite the tenderness in his voice, he gave her the creeps. He went on, "But whenever I see other men near you, I want to tear them into pieces. Tell me, where else did Keith touch you?"

His mania grew with his increasing tenderness. Reminded of Keith's car crash, she frantically cleared Keith's name, "I only ask that he pay extra attention to my dad at the hospital, that's all. I don't know why you said that about the apartment- Dad's caretaker introduced that place to me. My landlord is abroad."

"Liv, I wanted to trust you, but he visited your place for a few days with stuff for you. Care to explain?"

Tears filled her eyes as she suffocated under his craziness and possessiveness.

"I couldn't get out of bed because I was sick for a few days. He was worried about my health and brought groceries to cook for me. Can't you tell that he's only stayed for two hours tops each time? He'll leave after cooking for me."

He furrowed his brows and played with her cheeks. "Are you really sick?"

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Gently, Ethan loosened his grip on her body. "Liv, remember the punishment from today."

"Ethan, I'm begging you. Just come at me if you're angry. Don't you do anything to the Rogers Family! Hey, untie me. Don't leave me alone here! I'm scared! Ethan, turn off the shower. I'm freezing, and I can't fall sick now..."

She saw him leaving and heard the click of the door shutting behind him.

“Don’t leave me alone! I’m wrong. You can torture me in any way you want, just don’t leave me alone here. I’m feeling cold. Please let me out! I’ll listen... No, don’t turn off the lights! I’m scared!”

There was a moment when he almost caved in after hearing her desperate pleas, but it was a fleeting feeling.

He lazily changed into a new outfit and gracefully made his way to the lobby. There, Marina was searching around for him. She felt relieved when he showed up without Olivia by his side. “Ethan, where were you? I was looking high and low for you.”

“I went to the restroom for a bit. Why?” Ethan concealed his emotions well.

She took his arm, but he silently freed himself from her grip and informed her, “I have another appointment at night. Get the driver to send you home after the event.”

“Okay. Don’t drink too much, and don’t get home too late,” she reminded him while putting aside her displeasure.

He had not agreed to register their marriage at the City Hall that day. She had no choice but to put on a show as his understanding partner and soulmate to get her hands on that marriage certificate.

“Kay.”

After Ethan left, Marina wiped the smile off her face. His new outfit did not escape her keen eyes.

Did he change for the engagement that he would attend later, or was it for Olivia?

“Hello, out of my way, now!” Everly suddenly strutted over in her heels and recklessly bumped into Marina.

“Everly Hilton!”

That did not stop Everly. “Oh, my bad! I totally didn’t notice you at all!”

Marina was speechless at Everly’s jab. She wanted to bicker with Everly, but one of the guests at the scene dragged her back to

the venue.

Meanwhile, Everly was spamming Olivia with calls. She had wanted to get some gossip from Olivia, but her calls went

unanswered.

When she recalled how Ethan was on Keith and Olivia’s heels, she felt uneasy and dialed Olivia’s number once more.

No one picked up, and in the heat of the moment, she cursed, “Ethan Miller, you fucker! What the hell is going on?”

“Are you looking for me?” She jolted when she heard a cold male voice in her ear.

She looked over and found Ethan smoking a cigarette under the tree. The flicker of the lighter danced between the shadows on his face

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Everly’s first reaction upon seeing Ethan was to cower. She might have been bold and outspoken at the event, but she was only bolstered by the effect of alcohol and Olivia’s presence.

She bore witness to Ethan's deep love for Olivia, and she knew that he could be deeply cruel toward outsiders.

Two years ago, she brought Olivia to a bar. When Ethan picked up Olivia, he shot Everly an icy look when Olivia wasn't looking and warned, "This is the last time."

She was drenched in cold sweat when Ethan left, and she was haunted by the look in his eyes for a few nights in her dreams.

Back to the present, Ethan shut the lighter and casually glanced at her, but it was enough to make her tense up.

She gulped and said in a hushed voice, "Um, Mr. Miller, I'm looking for Liv. I'll excuse myself now."

He shook off the cigarette ashes and gave her a look from the corner of his eye. "Let's chat."

She knew it wasn't going to be a casual chat, and as a result, she was reluctant to engage with him. "Well, it's very late at night. How about we chat next time? Promise."

She was ready to flee but turned around and bumped into Brent, whom she secretly described as Ethan's hitman.

Brent said to her, "Please, Ms. Hilton."

Close to tears, she followed them to a nearby cafe. She couldn't stop shaking her legs after she was seated, causing the table to

rattle as well.

When Ethan reached for his cup of latte, he was momentarily surprised by the messed up latte art, all because of Everly's leg- shaking.

An awkward moment passed between them. She smiled politely at him and handed him the latte. "Mr. Miller, have a latte."

Then, she immediately chastised herself in secret for falling into the habit of her line of work. The situation grew awkward.

He put the latte aside and spoke to her, "I want to learn more about Olivia and Keith."

Everly might have no idea about the brand of Ethan's mental disorder, but she knew about his possessiveness.

Olivia's ex-husband couldn't let her go, judging from how he was prodding around about Olivia's life. Everly said bluntly, "Keith probably has feelings for Liv, but she isn't interested in him. Why else would I put in the effort to matchmake?"

Hearing that, Ethan grew a little hostile. She recoiled and stole a careful glance at him as though she was meeting her boss. "Uh, Mr. Miller, are you still interested in Liv?"

She had overstepped the boundary. He dodged the question and rapped his knuckles on the table. "What base are they on?"

"Oh, god, no. I swear they haven't done anything. Liv was upset after the divorce and didn't even step out of her place for a long time. I had to talk her into coming to the event today. I don't know why Keith showed up, but he probably attended at Calvin's invitation. Liv had nothing to do with that."

Ethan's suffocating silence and his unreadable eyes spooked Everly. She couldn't tell if he trusted her words, and she wondered how Olivia managed to live with a man who barely showed his emotions.

"Well, I can swear on my life. If there was something between Liv and Keith, I'd be crushed by a car!"

He finally looked at her but remained expressionless. She gritted her teeth and swore, "I'd be forever alone if that happened!"

He seemed to think that wasn't brutal enough and added to the curse, "You'd be broke for life."

Ethan was shrewd enough to hit her where it hurt. She clenched her jaw and said, "Fine! I'd be broke for life if that happened."

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Ethan finally took Everly's word for it. She wouldn't dare to lie to him.

"Was she sick before this?"

"Yeah, I was going through a breakup with a bastard, so I didn't pay her much attention. Thank god Keith was there to cook

for her."

She had wanted to tell Ethan the truth about Olivia. But she wouldn't know the consequences of doing so, given that Olivia couldn't even put a name to her relationship with Ethan at the moment. She decided to respect Olivia's wish.

Ethan thought of Olivia's pale face and asked, "Why was she sick?"

Her heart skipped a beat as she fought to maintain a neutral expression under his keen gaze. "It was just the flu."

"Just the flu?"

"What else could it have been? Liv has always been healthy."

"That's true," Ethan concurred and concluded that Olivia might have sought pity through her show of weakness to avoid the divorce.

After he received the answers from Everly, he dropped a remark before leaving. "If you're interested, you may report to the Miller Property Corp Tower for work tomorrow."

Her eyes lit up, knowing that the Miller Property Corp Tower was the property business of Miller Group. It'd be an instant

status boost to work there.

"I can't thank you enough, Mr. Miller. You're the best!"

As Ethan walked away, she suddenly thought of something and ran up to him. "Mr. Miller, have you come across Liv? I can't reach her on her phone."

He turned around. "What do you think?"

Everly scratched her head as she realized the pointlessness of her question. Ethan couldn't have seen Olivia because he was standing right in front of her. "Oh, please ignore my dumb question. I was worried for her."

He ignored her and proceeded to leave. After some thinking, Everly gathered up her courage and said to him, "Mr. Miller, please be nice to Liv if you still love her. Don't hurt her anymore. She still cares about you."

Although he cheated on Olivia, he seemed to have lingering feelings for her. Everly's only wish was for Olivia to live out her final days without regret.

She felt more relieved after confirming that Ethan wasn't with Olivia. She assumed that Olivia might have put her phone on silent mode on her way home with Keith.

Little did she know that her friend was imprisoned in a dark bathroom after Ethan turned off the lights and left.

In the past, Olivia had nothing she feared in particular. However, after she almost drowned, she developed a trauma. She recalled watching Ethan leaving with Marina as she sank into the darkness. Her hands were on her belly, fearing that she might lose her baby.

When she regained consciousness, she found herself in an operating theater with a sterile and blinding light right on top of her. There, she parted with her baby in pain.

Since then, she had been scared of complete darkness and blinding lights.

At that moment, the bathroom was filled with cold water. It wasn't enough to drown her, but it brought back memories from the day she fell into the water.

In the bathroom, she continuously pleaded for help, hoping that someone would show up and free her.

Alas, the soundproofing on the 38th floor drowned out her calls. The situation was eerily similar to the fateful day she

## Chapter 67

Staring at the door that seemed shut forever, she lost hope.

No matter how many times she got trapped, the ending was the same.

Last time, she lost her baby. Would it be her turn this time to die?

She remembered that Ethan had arrived half an hour late to her room from Marina's room. Hopeless, she demanded to know, "Why did you choose to save her?"

"Because you know how to swim."

The tears that had welled up in her eyes finally rolled down her cheek when she heard his answer.

She was a pregnant woman, not an immortal. When she fell into the water, her legs were tangled in a web of fishing nets as

well.

He always thought she was indestructible. That was why he must have believed she could withstand the cold shower. She'd at most fall sick from the flu. He had no idea that an insignificant flu might be deadly for a cancer patient post-chemo.

Thinking he was in control of everything in this world, he shall pay for his hubris this time.

She was no longer concerned about a thing in this world except for Jeff. Like a crucified prisoner, she held on, head hung low, waiting for death to knock on her door.

An eternity later, the door creaked open. She looked up and saw a tall figure appearing before her.

Forcing herself to stay awake, she watched as he advanced and stood right in front of her. He questioned, "Liv, have you recognized your fault by now?"

How was it her fault? She wanted to laugh at the absurdity of it, but she was numb all over.

What else could she say? She asked for this. She moved her lips like a dying fish. "Ethan, I was wrong."

His lips curled into a smile in the darkness as he untied her in no time. What followed was her body hanging limply and her frigid remark. "Meeting you in this life was a mistake."

When Brent switched on the lights, Ethan noticed the bloody mess on her wrists.

She would rather injure her wrists in an attempt to free herself. It was different from her past self, who would whimper and complain about the prick of a needle.

He lifted her in his arms. Strands of her dark hair were plastered across her lifeless face. She looked like a porcelain doll.

He felt his chest tighten. He was confused by her weak condition. She was once strong enough to go swimming in the winter. How could a cold shower wear her out?

“Olivia, stop acting.”

He stared at the lifeless body in his arms and touched her cheek. She was cold. Shaking, he screamed, “Call the doctor!”

A terrified Brent quickly called the family doctor.

Ethan was distressed. He thought that half an hour of standing under the cold shower was a enough punishment without pushing her to her limits. Why did this happen to her?

He started taking off her clothes to administer first aid.

Thankfully, she was still breathing, albeit her breaths were shallow.

## Chapter 68

Ethan thought he was familiar with every nook and cranny of Olivia’s body, but It was his first time seeing the scar on her lower abdomen.

He was aware that she went under the knife without anesthesia due to her allergy. Waiting outside the operating theater, Ethan heard her screams of pain from within. He knew of the layers of her skin that were sutured and the amount of stitches. she received on that day.

Apart from the wound on the abdomen, Olivia suffered a new injury on her inner left arm. He suddenly recalled that she once visited the hospital on the day Marina made a scene.

He thought Olivia merely suffered from some minor abrasions from that day, but he was shocked to discover the long scar.

For someone who had a fear of pain, how did she manage to suffer in silence and brush it off later?

Pursing his lips, he remembered Olivia's words before she blacked out. Her words felt like a stab to his heart.

He changed her into pajamas and ramped up the heating in the room as he hugged her tightly.

Soon, Brent arrived with Chris Atkins, and the two men instinctively backed out when they saw Ethan hugging Olivia.

Ethan barked, "Get the fuck back! Check up on her!"

"Of course, Mr. Miller." Chris was Ethan's family doctor. His presence was only required for minor issues, such as a bruise on the arm or a twisted ankle because Olivia was always in good shape.

He always joked that she was as fit as a fiddle, but after two years of not seeing her, he found her lying feebly on the bed, looking as pale as a ghost.

Chris summed up the diagnosis, "Mr. Miller, based on my initial assessment, Mrs. Miller passed out because her body was too weak. She was exposed to the cold just now, so she had to be kept warm to avoid running a fever. The wounds on her wrists are superficial injuries, but they need to be treated carefully."

"She's weak?" Olivia did appear quite unwell some time ago, but she should have recovered from the flu by now.

“That’s right. Her heart rate and pulse are below average, and she shows symptoms of heartburn too. I’m not an expert like my mentor, though. If you are free, you should send Mrs. Miller to the hospital for a detailed check-up.”

Then, Chris pulled out the needle that he had inserted for blood sampling. “I collected her blood to run some tests at the hospital. We’ll need to find out if this is a viral or bacterial infection before we can administer the right treatment.”

“Good.”

It was a torturous night for Olivia, who had a long dream. In the dream, she ran into a young man in a white shirt at the school field for the first time. It was love at first sight for her.

They met for the second time when he saved her from drowning. She vividly remembered the excitement and joy that filled her body. In a moment of panic, she wrapped her arms around his neck. Her body sensed the muscular build of his, which caused her to blush in embarrassment.

After that, they fell in love with each other and went into a relationship. When they were together, he doted on her like never

before.

It would have been nice for the dream to end at that point to save her from the ensuing suffering.

Ethan watched as she frowned and mumbled in her sleep, “My baby! Ethan Miller, give me back my baby!”

She went on, “Ethan, I will give up my life for you. Please let me go. Ethan...”

Every single remark was related to him and full of resentment. He reached out to take her hand and mumbled, “Liv, how can I free you when nobody could free me?”

He was worried that by letting go, he'd lose his only connection to her.

Her hand was scathing hot. Just like Chris had predicted, she was running a fever.

Ethan put a fever plaster on her forehead and prepared some pills for her. But he was interrupted by Brent, who barged in without knocking.

"Mr. Miller, we got the results of the blood test! All of Mrs. Miller's indices were lower than the average. The count of her red and white blood cells was especially low!

"Dr. Atkins said that she could not run a fever because her white blood cell count was at 2.3. A fever can be fatal for her! She needs a Neulasta injection right away!"

"W-What did you say?" The pills in Ethan's hand were scattered all over the floor.

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To Ethan, Olivia was the symbol of vitality. Hence, he was flustered when Brent mentioned the potentially fatal condition that she was in.

Brent went up to him and showed him the photos of the blood test results on the phone. Apart from the blood cell count, Olivia had a lower-than-average count for the other lymphatic cells.

Ethan tried to grasp the consequences of his actions in full. He remembered her desperate screaming when he left her alone in the bathroom.

Feeling disoriented, he replied, "Well, she's running a fever now."

"That's bad. We need to get her to the hospital."

“Get the car.” Ethan recalled how Olivia had always shown up wrapped in a thick down jacket. That was rather unusual because she had only worn thin wool coats during the past winters to look good.

It finally dawned on him. She wasn’t faking her illness all this time.

He clumsily wrapped her up in layers of clothing, seemingly worried that the cold air might seep in.

She looked both pitiful and lovable due to her flushed cheeks. This was not her first fever, so why would it be particularly fatal for her?

When he lifted her in his arms, his chest tightened because he realized that she lost a lot of weight.

Ethan rushed Olivia to a private hospital in the dark of the night. Chris came over with the blood test results and opined, “Mr. Miller, I’ve had a better idea of her condition. Mrs. Miller needs a Neulasta injection first because she’s in a critical condition.”

Ethan was holding on to the feverish Olivia from the moment he arrived at the hospital, and she was mumbling nonstop.

With a hand on her belly, she extended the other hand to grasp at the air. “Ethan, save me! Save our baby!”

She was hooked to an IV drip via the back of her right hand. So he had to stop her hand from moving around to prevent the needle from coming loose.

She grabbed his hand desperately. Her contorted face finally relaxed a little as her anxiety melted into a relieved smile.

“Sweetie, Mommy has found you at last! Are you blaming me because I didn’t protect you well? Don’t you worry; Mommy will be with you very soon.”

Upon hearing her feverish mumble, Ethan's frown deepened. He instructed, "Brent, get Connor here. Just tell them that I missed him."

"Will do."

Ethan only had faith in his efforts—not fate or luck.

Still, he was spooked by the ominous words from her lips. It was true that he once hated Olivia because her family was connected to his sister's death. But he never thought Olivia would die!

He arranged for Olivia to undergo a series of body checkups once she recovered from the fever.

"Liv, you'll be fine. I won't let anything bad happen to you."

However, the reality was often disappointing. Despite Chris' best efforts, he failed to make the fever go away. If the fever went on, Olivia would be headed toward death.

"Loser! You can't even treat a fever!" Enraged, Ethan grabbed Chris by the collar and hissed, "If anything happens to her, I'll withdraw my funding for your research team."

Chris felt it unfair and argued, "Mr. Miller, we tried our best, but this is a very tricky situation. It appears that she has lost the will to live ..."

"Rubbish!" Ethan's eyes glimmered threateningly. Olivia was a tough cooldie. And with Jeff still around, she wouldn't possibly give up on life just yet.

Chris explained helplessly, "Mr. Miller, we're not trying to shun our responsibility here. Look, the brain is the command center of all our bodily functions. Many medical miracles happened because the patients exhibited an unyielding will to live.

"I'm sure you have experienced this before. Even if you're staring at death, there will be a miracle if you are determined to stay alive."

Chris added, "But Mrs. Miller has given up on life. I'm afraid that."

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Ethan let go of Chris' collar and stumbled backward as Olivia's words echoed in his mind.

"Ethan, I was wrong... Meeting you in this life was a mistake."

She must have hated herself to the extent of giving up on her life.

For the first time, Chris picked up a hint of fear on Ethan's face. After a long silence, Ethan finally questioned, "I went through her blood test results. Why are the indices lower than average?"

"In situations like these, she's likely having..." Chris stopped himself from telling the truth.

After a round of chemo, the patient's blood cell indices would fall under the average. Although he had not performed health checks for Olivia in the past two years, he highly doubted that she had cancer because she was healthy and young.

Statistically, cancer patients were mostly middle-aged or older. Since the situation was tense, he didn't want to scare Ethan before there was a conclusive result.

"Likely having what?"

"Nothing. Did you notice anything off with Mrs. Miller lately?"

"She fell ill a while ago, and she suffered an arm injury."

“Oh, that could be the reason. Viral infections might affect the blood cell indices. She probably hadn’t fully recovered when she took that cold shower. That might have worsened her condition.”

Ethan’s heart ached when Chris made the assumptions. Chris noticed the change in Ethan’s expression and added, “Mrs. Miller is immunocompromised now, so please take good care of her. She

can’t catch a cold and fall sick. I’ll increase the dosage of her meds. The priority now is to get her fever down.”

Ethan’s arms hung limply by his side as he muttered, “Okay.”

Back at Collington Cove, Marina was elated when Ethan requested to see Connor. She was not informed of the circumstances. The kid started bearing a close resemblance to his father. And she assumed that was the reason Ethan doted on him.

The more Ethan was interested in Connor, the more it turned the situation in Marina’s favor. She wasn’t too worried about her place in Ethan’s life. Because she knew that he’d agree to register their marriage one day.

Brent showed up at the patient room with Connor in his arms. Olivia was still in critical condition due to the fever.

“Papa, I want a hug.” Connor extended his chubby arms toward Ethan.

Ethan took the kid and pointed at the feverish woman in bed. “Look! Who is that?”

Connor’s eyes lit up. “Mama! I want! Mama.”

Ethan gently placed Connor by Olivia’s side. “Give her a hug.”

The kid was very smart. He wriggled his way into Olivia’s arms without needing further instructions from his father. He then eagerly rested his little head on Olivia’s inner elbow.

Ethan wiped away the tears on Olivia's face and whispered in her ear, "Stop crying. Your baby is back."

For a year or so, Olivia had been having the same nightmare, where a kid would cry and ask her for the reason she abandoned him. But she never got to see the face of the kid.

This time around, she did not see any kid in her dream. Instead, she saw an endless ocean sprawling in front of her, and she waded deeper into the waters. She was in a state of tranquility.

"Sweetie, you've waited for a long time. Mommy will be with you soon."

"Mama!" Suddenly, she heard a kid's voice from behind.