

After Death 7

Chapter 7

Olivia sounded unnaturally calm when she said this. It was as though she had thoroughly let go of Ethan.

However, Keith knew that letting go of someone you once loved was not as simple as this. She was like an injured animal that would hide her wounds in front of others but tended to them when no one was around.

Still, Keith did not probe further about it. He tried changing the subject. "I know you haven't paid for your father's surgery. Since we're friends, I'll lend you some money for now. You can pay me back in the future."

It was not a simple matter for Olivia to obtain such a large sum of money. He had offered help multiple times before this, but she always refused.

Today was no different as Olivia shook her head and said, "No, thanks."

"Olivia, your father's condition is serious. Would you rather be humiliated by that scumbag than accept my help? I have no conditions. I just want to help you. My family might not be as wealthy as the Millers, but this sum isn't much to me. So, don't worry about it."

Olivia was holding a glass of water with both hands. He thought she looked pale to the extreme when she glanced over at him. It made him rather upset to see her in such a state.

"Keith, I know you're a good person, but ... there's no future for me anymore." Whether it was money or his kindness, she couldn't repay any of it.

Noticing the fluid in the IV bag was almost finished, Olivia forcefully pulled the needle free from the back of her hand. Blood gushed out from the wound since there was no gauze to stop the bleeding. However, she did not seem like she cared.

Picking up her jacket, she told him, "You don't need to worry about the money. He'll give me ten million dollars when I divorce him. My father just had surgery yesterday. I'm going to visit him at the hospital."

She was as stubborn as a mule, just as had been when she suddenly decided to give up her studies to marry despite being dubbed the college genius. Even her mentors would sigh in grief while talking about her when Keith joined them for meals.

Olivia seemed to expect that Keith would suggest driving her to the hospital. Before he could say something, she was already gesturing to her phone and cutting off any chance of letting him speak.

"The cab is here." Olivia then put on her jacket.

As she placed a hand on the doorknob, she heard him ask, "Olivia, did you ever regret letting go of everything to marry him?"

Did she regret it?

Ethan was the cause of her family's misery. Her father was hospitalized after suffering from a huge shock right after a car accident, while Olivia herself lost her darling child.

Logically speaking, she should be regretting her decision, but when she closed her eyes, she would remember the shipwreck and the man who had rescued and dragged her back from the storm.

He was the youngster she once met at school.

She forced her tears away and said to Keith, "I don't."

Keith watched her leave with mixed feelings, and the door closed with a click.

When Olivia arrived at the hospital, Jeff was still in the ICU. She could only watch him from afar. The questions she had for him were lodged in her throat.

In her memories, her father was a person who was both kind and humble. Before her parents' divorce, they never raised their voices at each other.

He never remarried after Chloe left. All the spare time he had, he would spend it accompanying Olivia. Ethan kept mentioning her father, which meant the person he hated was not her.

When they were still together, he had mentioned having a little sister that went missing. Her disappearance took a toll on his mother's mental health, which was why she stayed overseas all the time.

What was the connection between his lost sister and her father then?

Olivia decided it was best to start investigating those who worked for her father. She rushed off to find Harvey, her father's chauffeur, and Victor, their butler, at their respective homes.

The two of them had worked for her father for many years. Strangely, one had gotten into an accident and the other had gone overseas, and she was unable to contact them.

The only thing she knew now was that her father was still unconscious. She spent the day in a daze, not knowing what to do. Still, since things had come to this, the only explanation was that none of this was a coincidence.

Clearly, someone had devised this.

But Olivia was no fool. Since she did not manage to obtain any clues from her family's side, she shifted her target to Ethan's chauffeur, Kelvin, and his assistant, Brent.

She checked her wristwatch for the time. It was only seven in the morning, so they should be on the way to Ethan's place.

Olivia dialed Brent's number. After some time, he answered the call and said in his usual polite tone, "Mrs. Miller?"

Olivia tried to suppress her bitterness when she heard him addressing her that way. “Mr. Ingram, I’ve made an appointment with Ethan to settle our divorce. Can you pick me up so we could go to the City Hall together?”

Brent fell silent. Just like Ethan, he did not like any sudden change of plans.

Hastily, Olivia added, “Please don’t misunderstand. I don’t have other intentions. I’m just afraid that something might happen and stall us from getting divorced. I still haven’t settled my father’s medical bills—”

In truth, she was pretty close with them both. She was never rude to them, so when she spoke gently, Brent did not refuse. “Where are you, Mrs. Miller? I’ll be right there.”

Olivia stated a location that was nearest to them. This place was along the road to Collington Cove, which was where Marina lived.

Despite being reluctant to admit it, Ethan was caught spending the night here by the media multiple times. So, he must have been staying here when he and Olivia were apart a few months back.

“Sorry, Mrs. Miller, but we’re almost in Midvale. You’ll have to wait for about 20 minutes.”

“Okay.” Olivia was quite surprised. Midvale was somewhere near the Miller residence.

Did Ethan not live with Marina?

Olivia quickly dismissed the thought. Whether he stayed with Marina was none of her business.

Kelvin drove fast, and they arrived in no time. As always, Brent opened the door for her. “Sorry for the wait, Mrs. Miller.”

Olivia nodded and got in the car. “No worries.”

Brent was a rather stoic person. Compared to him, Kelvin was more lively and talkative. “Why didn’t you sleep in, Mrs. Miller? It’s so cold today. The sun isn’t even up yet,” Kelvin said.

Brent shot daggers at Kelvin to shut him up. Olivia tried to exaggerate things by speaking slowly.

“Initially, I thought Ethan had a change of heart because of Marina. But now, it seems it’s not just because of her. You two have been working with him for so long, so you should know something about his sister.”

The car came to an abrupt stop with a loud screech. Kelvin took his hands off the steering wheel and gestured to dismiss what she said. “You can’t just say things like that, Mrs. Miller.”

Calmly, Brent answered, “Mrs. Miller, you know that we usually won’t ask Mr. Miller about his personal matters. Even if we know something, we can’t disclose anything to you. Please understand.”

Olivia covered part of her face with one hand. A tear slid down between her fingers as she said, “I know I’m making things difficult for you two, but I have no choice. Ethan wouldn’t tell me about it, and my dad is still unconscious after the surgery.

“My family has fallen into such a hopeless state, and I have no idea why. Even if I were to die, I’d want to know the truth. I don’t want to suffer from ignorance every day.”

“Mrs. Miller, what happened to Mr. Miller’s sister is taboo. We don’t know much about it.”

As if knowing that Olivia would continue asking them for help, Brent started writing an address on a piece of paper and passed it to her.

“Mrs. Miller, since we’re friends, this is the most I can do to help you.”