

After Death 71

Chapter 71

The scenery in Olivia's dream changed from the ocean to a lovely sunflower field. A kid was running and giggling in the field. "Mama! Come get me!"

"Oh, sweetie! My sweet child." When she caught up with the kid, she pulled him into a hug. "I finally found you, my baby! I'm sorry. I will protect you well now."

She turned the kid around and was astonished to see Connor's meaty face. It suddenly started pouring, and she had to run to a shelter with the kid. She was drenched by the rain.

At that moment, she woke up from the dream, and the first thing she saw was the kid with a meaty face drooling from his lips.

The drool almost fell onto her face, but Ethan was fast enough to wipe it away. When they exchanged glances, the air became a little awkward. After all, Ethan had sported an image of a haughty company president. Nobody had ever caught him in such an unbecoming act.

Olivia chuckled after she noticed the unfamiliar environment. "Is this a dream? Am I dead? Why would I dream of you both?"

He frowned and said frostily, "Is that what you wish? Death?"

"Yeah. I'll be free after I die." She still thought she was in a dream and pinched Connor's chubby face, which was pleasant to the touch. "Staying alive is tiring."

Unable to understand the adults' conversation, Connor, who had developed a liking for Olivia, attempted to climb onto her. Drooling, he chanted, "Mama! Mama, I want a hug."

His childish talk instantly made her tear up. "W—What did you call me?"

Ethan did not stop her. If she couldn't even stay alive for Jeff, perhaps she needed something new to keep her around.

In fact, he was proven right. The kid had pulled her back from the brink of death.

"Mama! Kiss!" Connor was at an age where he only knew a few simple words. Oddly, he had never called Marina "Mama" before.

When they were together with the nanny, Marina got frustrated from teaching Connor how to address her. She even described Connor as an idiot who didn't know how to address his mother at one year old.

Connor, the sweet child, kept calling out to Olivia. She hugged Connor tightly as though he was the baby she had lost.

Connor wrapped his arms around her neck and rubbed his face against it after he succeeded in hugging her after a few failed attempts prior. Tears trickled down her face. "Oh, dear child, it'd be nice if you were mine."

Connor stared at her with his innocent dark eyes and an adorable smile. "Mama."

His drool fell onto her neck. It was a little chilly and very real, which made her snap back into reality. She examined her surroundings and determined that she was in a hospital room that reeked of disinfectant.

Ethan, standing by the bed without expression, exhibited a rare look of concern in his eyes. "How are you doing? You okay?"

She realized that she was neither in a dream nor in hell. Her face fell upon recalling what he had done to her. "Yeah, I'm alive. No thanks to you, of course."

Chapter 72

Ethan reached out to touch her forehead, but she dodged his move. "Mr. Miller, please don't cross the line."

"I just wanted to know if you're still running a fever," he explained.

To that, she flashed a caustic smile. "Don't you think you're quite ridiculous? You were the one who tied me up under the cold shower. You're not a three-year-old—you knew the consequences, so why did you act like you cared after I caught a fever?"

"I didn't know you were weak. And I didn't know you'd be in critical condition after getting a fever."

Her smile widened. "Does that matter? Plus, we are divorced, but you keep acting like you are in love with me. That's sickening."

She had no idea why Connor was in her room, but she knew that it wouldn't be wise to have him stay around her.

Now that she was back to herself, she gently pulled Connor away from her. She then tossed the blanket aside and took out the IV drip needle from the back of her hand.

Droplets of blood trickled down the tiny wound, but she did not wince nor take a look at it.

"You ..."

Still feeble, she slowly got out of bed with a determined look in her eyes.

Straightening her back, she told him, "Ethan, you were the one who cheated and asked for a divorce. If you are still angry about your sister's death, I can make it up to you with my death."

Without warning, she hopped up to the balcony nearby. They were on the seventh floor, and a fall might mean paralysis or death.

Ethan, shocked by her extreme decision, yelled, "Liv, calm down!"

Dressed in thin pajamas and bare-footed, she stood there in the middle of the icy winds that ruffled the white curtains. Snowflakes landed and melted on her bloodless face. Her eyes were calm and devoid of any passion for life.

"Ethan, you might not know this, but I have loved you for many years. I fell in love with you from the first time we met. I remembered how you saved me from drowning. At that moment, I thought it'd be nice if I could marry you.

"When we started dating, I had the best time of my life. But I also started worrying every day. My life has been smooth sailing from the start, and I worried that one day, God might take away my blessings.

"I allowed myself to carefully savor your love for what I hoped would be a long time. But karma caught up to me soon. In two years, I went from heaven to hell and lost everything overnight.

"At first, I couldn't believe that you had cheated on me. I even thought it was a nightmare and that you might return to me one day. But I woke up to see you swimming toward Marina.

"You abandoned my baby and me. It took me a year to get everything back on track. There was no point crying over spilled milk, so I respected your decision.

"I thought that we would live separate lives after the divorce. But look at what you did to me. You threatened me and even hurt the people who cared about me. I do not know if you hate me or love me more.

"What I do know is that you will not stop if I am still alive. This thing between us will haunt me till death. It's a miserable life that I'm tired of.

"Ethan, you know I was once a cheerful and free spirit. After I agreed to marry you, I felt like I lost my wings. I sacrificed my freedom to stay by your side, but you still betrayed me in the end."

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she continued. "I don't blame you for falling in love with another. I guess I have to blame fate for where we are right now.

"If you are still stuck in a rut because of your sister's death, I will atone for it with my death! From now on, I would love to enjoy my freedom. We're even."

Chapter 73

Olivia stared at the pale moon in the sky, which was an apt reflection of her miserable and meaningless life.

She no longer wished to be involved with Ethan and sought death. In death, there would be no love or hate. Perhaps, he might give up obsessing over her if she were dead.

To her surprise, Ethan jumped and grabbed her wrist when she plunged from the balcony.

Connor was disturbed by the scene and hurriedly hopped off the bed. He then jogged out of the room to look for Brent.

Brent was smoking outside the room but put it out when he saw the kid stumbling toward him. He crouched and patiently asked, "Hey, Connor. Why are you out here?"

Panicking, Connor explained, "Mama ... Cry..." He attempted to communicate with gestures, but Brent had no idea what he was trying to say.

Brent lifted Connor into his arms. "I'll send you back to the room. It's cold out here. You shouldn't catch a cold."

Meanwhile, Ethan was holding onto Olivia's hand. She looked at him emotionlessly. "Ethan, I thought you hated me. You'll get the revenge you wanted for your sister if I die."

Half of his body was dangling out of the window in an attempt to hold onto her. The veins on his arms were bulging, and his temples were throbbing. He grabbed her tighter and hissed, "Olivia, I'll kill your dad if you try to kill yourself!"

She flashed him a half-smile. "He's in a coma anyway, and he might never wake up. Maybe death would be a relief for him."

"Who says he's never waking up? I tracked down Leo. If he leads the surgery, your dad will have an 80% chance of waking up. You were in the medical field, and you must have heard about his reputation."

Finally, he caught a glimpse of change in her expression. He worked on coaxing her, "Sure, I hated you and your dad. But now, your family's done for, he's in a coma, and we're separated. I no longer resent you."

A falling piece of a snowflake was caught in her long lashes. It looked like the brittle wings of butterflies.

"Ethan, you have a new family, and I no longer want to be in this world. Please let me go. It'll be good for both of us." She knew very well that Ethan's ceasefire was only temporary.

She added, "We'll never return to where we were. Never."

He stared at her bloodied wrist with fear in his face. It was rare to see him in such a state.

She beamed. "Oh, looks like you're scared of me dying. Would that make you remember me forever?"

"You cannot die without my permission. I'll hold you tight, and you can get yourself up with my help." He wanted to pull her up when Brent burst into the room. Brent almost lost his mind at the terrifying scene of Ethan dangerously hanging out of the

window.

More importantly, Olivia seemed dead set on dying, which complicated the rescue efforts.

Brent quickly called the bodyguards on the ground to get them prepared. Then, he placed Commor on the bed and joined the rescue. “Mrs. Miller, every hardship is only temporary. Just tell Mr. Miller what’s going on, and I’m sure he will agree to help. Please don’t throw away your life. You’re still young with a long road ahead of you.”

With Brent’s help, Ethan managed to straighten up as they dragged Olivia further up. However, she was determined to meet

her fate.

Rather than getting entangled with Ethan, she chose death. “Brent, it’s the end of the road for me.”

Without warning, she let go of one of her hands, and they went back to square one.

“Mrs. Miller!”

Ethan was bent over the window but did not let go. He held onto her hand, which was his only hope at the moment. He truly panicked.

Even after multiple near-death experiences, he had never felt fear like this. He finally understood how much she meant to him.

“Liv, if you die today, I will bankrupt the Rogers Family. You know I am a man of my word.”

“Ethan, even when we’re staring at death, you are still a self-centered jackass.” She flashed him a wide smile. “You cannot threaten a person who wants to die. Nothing concerns me once I’m dead.”

“Why must you choose death? If you had wanted to kill yourself, you wouldn’t have waited until today. You would have done it a year ago or even at that time when your family went bankrupt. Liv, since when have you become so hopeless?”

Ethan could not read her. In the past, she would fight her way through any challenges and never back down. Why did she see no way out except for death now?

She had survived the darkest period of her life. With the wealth from the divorce settlement, she could have lived a carefree life doing whatever she wanted.

"I can give you whatever you want." He finally gave in.

"Ethan, did you think that I'd forgive you just because you coaxed me after how badly you hurt me? How can you go about with your life, pretending that nothing has ever happened? Do you always think you can control everything?"

She added, "Let me be frank with you—you were never in control. It was Marina who pushed me into the water a year ago. She wanted to know who you'd save if we both fell into the water. I would never gamble with my child's life! Sure, I can swim, but have you thought that I was pregnant? Or that I was suffering from cramps? My legs were tangled in fishing nets, and I almost died with the baby that day!"

She raged. "When I was tied up in the bathroom, I begged you to save me, just like the day I was pushed into the water. But you still thought that I would be fine. Ethan, I'm fed up with your arrogance, your volatile temper, and your contradictory nature! You cannot control my life, and you won't have control over my death."

Then, she swung her body hard, and her fingers slid from his palm.

"No, Liv!"

"It'd be great if I hadn't met you back then. You didn't know that you were a huge part of my youth. You were on my mind for many years just because you glanced at me once. But, it's time to put an end to it today."

She forced a smile. "Ethan, if reincarnation is a thing, I hope I won't come across you ever."

With that, she freed her hand from his grasp.

“Goodbye, my youthful days. Ethan, let’s never meet again,” she

Chapter 74

With steely determination, Olivia jumped off the seventh floor to sever her ties to Ethan.

Unexpectedly, Ethan quickly kicked against the ledge to launch himself into the air and fell beside her. Her eyes widened at the sight.

She wondered, “Is he insane?”

Among the flurry of snowflakes, she locked eyes with him. Glaring, he threw himself at her with all his might like a net.

She had always failed to escape him, like a moth drawn to a flame.

But the flames burned her, and she regretted getting close. Ethan would not stop even after he shattered her heart. He would continue to torment and oppress her.

Ethan hugged her tight, and the two intertwined bodies descended from the air at great speed.

On the ground, Kelvin quickly moved a few inflatable cushions from a nearby event with the help of the bodyguards, and they managed to set it up at the last minute. With a loud thud, Ethan and Olivia crashed into the inflatable cushions before rolling onto the ground.

The cushions buffered their fall, and they were free from any injuries. Seeing that, Brent let out a relieved sigh from the seventh floor. He felt thankful that he came prepared and thus averted a tragedy.

Meanwhile, Kelvin and the bodyguards were flabbergasted. They couldn’t bear the responsibility if something had happened

to Ethan.

Ethan rolled off the cushion and hit the floor hard. Despite frowning from the pain, he never made a sound. He hugged Olivia tightly in his arms to protect her from getting hurt.

Even so, the first thing she did when she climbed up was to slap him across the face. "Ethan Miller! How dare you take away my right to die? I thought you hated me. You should be happy to see me dead!"

Ignoring the pain from his back, he grabbed her tiny wrist with raging eyes.

Like a provoked beast, he growled, "Because death is an escape! I want you to live out the rest of your life in shame and hopelessness to make up for my sister's death!"

She sniffled and felt chills spread across her body. Perhaps it was from the outdoor temperature or Ethan's cruelty.

In no time, he stood up and towered over her. Even the dim light from the street lamp failed to add warmth to his visage. His tensed jaw and features that were a blur in the snow flurry made him appear grimmer. There was a certain regal air about him that made her feel like a peasant at his feet.

Panic set in as she felt that she was not in control anymore. Given the disparity between their status and power, and the fact that she had provoked him earlier, he might give her a harder time from now on.

The hem of his coat fluttered in the cold winds as he lifted her chin. "Olivia Fordham, this is an exception. If you try to kill yourself again, I'll ensure the people around you will join you in the afterlife. Keith Rogers, Everly Hilton, Jeff Fordham... You name it."

He tightened his grip on her chin, almost making her cry from the pain. His gaze was cold. "Olivia Fordham, don't ever think of dying before you fully atone for your sins."

When he reached out, her first reaction was to run.

Chapter 75

Ethan snickered as he took Olivia by the wrist and scooped her into his arms. He was a little rough with her because of his anger, and he pinned her legs against his body with his arms.

She tried to free herself but withdrew her hands when her fingers accidentally brushed against his neck. The warmth of his body lingered on her fingertips.

“Ethan, let go of me.” She struggled with all her might, but it was futile.

Giving up, she stayed in his arms as he walked through the snow–linen path. The snow crunched underneath his boots during the walk to her room. He did not say a word, letting the silence hang over them.

The heating in the room warmed up her freezing body. Unaware of the events, Connor stumbled toward her as though he wanted a hug

She reflexively reached out to hug him when she saw the tears and snot on his face. However, Ethan lifted the poor kid by the collar and instructed his men icily, “Send Connor home.”

“Got it.” Brent was relieved when he confirmed that Olivia was unhurt.

Chris came by and performed a checkup before hooking her to an IV drip. He advised her, “Your white blood cell count is very low. Please do not overexert your body. Or else, no one can save your life the next time.”

She merely grunted as she stared emptily at the ceiling like a ragdoll. Now that Ethan had trapped her and taken away chance at dying, what more could she do?

“Yeah. I understood.”

"You'd better." Ethan finally looked away from her and strode out of her room.

het

Chris cautiously followed the hostile Ethan out and almost bumped into him when Ethan abruptly stopped in his tracks.

Ethan turned around with a scowl and hissed, "Find out the reason behind her low white blood cell count."

He sensed that something was off from the chain of events earlier. Olivia, who had always been fit, had suffered from a low white blood cell count after a fever. Moreover, she jumped from the seventh floor without hesitation.

When he recalled her feeble condition and fainting spells, he believed that the issue was more complicated than it seemed.

Chris nodded. "Sure, Mr. Miller. We'll get her a full checkup tomorrow. You don't have to worry too much. She hasn't done any checkups in the last two years, but there's a low chance of her developing chronic diseases based on her past health records."

"That better be it."

Chris gave Ethan a respectful nod when the latter left the hospital. He was careful not to further anger Ethan at such a sensitive time. Then, he rushed back to his office, where he printed the list of checkups that Olivia had to undergo.

That night, Olivia's fever finally went away. A nurse came in early in the morning to wake her up. "Ms. Fordham, it's time for a checkup."

That immediately pulled her out of her groggy state. "What?"

The nurse patiently explained, “Ms. Fordham, you must undergo some advanced checkups.” That sent a chill down her spine. She wondered if Ethan had picked up any clues on her condition.

Chapter 76

Although Chris only got a few hours of sleep, he showed up looking fresh. Since Ethan wasn’t around, he told Olivia, “Mrs. Miller, your husband really cares about you. Look at how he arranged all these checkups for you.”

Olivia wanted to scoff at Chris’ assumption. Ethan only wanted her to undergo the checkups to keep her healthy and to suffer from his punishments.

She was somewhat curious about Ethan’s expression if he knew she had stomach cancer. Anyway, she did not have much of a choice at the moment. She croaked, “Yeah, let’s do it.”

There was a dizzying amount of checkups to be completed. Endoscopy wasn’t on the list because the procedure was more complicated. The patient would need to take laxatives after midnight to clear the bowels and go under anesthesia.

Olivia wasn’t in the condition to be put through the bowel prep. On top of that, she had stuck to a regular daily routine ever since marrying Ethan. Chris assumed that her digestive system was healthy and did not request an endoscopy.

The results of the checkup were expedited. Olivia was taking some soup after starving for the entire morning when Ethan showed up at the door.

Standing tall, he looked as indifferent as usual. Judging from his attire that commanded authority—a pressed suit and a black and white striped tie—he must have rushed over from work.

She had bought him the tie, and the visual reminder brought back sweet memories from long ago. However, after two years, there was nothing left between them other than pain.

He stared at her pale face, wondering why she always presented herself in a feeble condition. Was there something wrong with her body?

“Mr. Miller, don’t worry. I will not die. I will not think of killing myself too.” She broke the silence and took another mouthful of soup. The back of her hand was all swollen from the injection earlier. She appeared rather pitiful and fragile.

Ethan was no longer angry after a night away. “Are the results out yet?”

“No.” At the mention of the results, she put her spoon down and looked into his eyes. “If something’s wrong with me, will

you...’

He cut her off. “What will go wrong?”

“Well, if I caught a terminal disease, for example.” She stared straight at him. “Will you consider sparing me?”

His heart sank when he heard the question. Taking a seat on the couch, he straightened his back and started rubbing the area between his left thumb and index finger. His tone remained icy. “Tell me about that terminal disease.”

Although she escaped the endoscopy, she did a CT scan, which might not help determine the type of tumor. However, the CT scan would reveal gastric wall thickening.

If the tumor was abnormally large, it might affect nearby tissues and structures. For example, it might affect the left liver lobe. Even the swollen lymph nodes might betray her condition.

Knowing that the results would expose her condition in some way, she looked straight at him. Then, they heard a knock.

“Come in.”

Chris entered with her results in his hand. Seeing that, Olivia stopped drinking her soup. “Looks like the results are in.”

She stared at Ethan, her palms sweaty from the nervousness. She was curious to see Ethan’s reaction to the news of her cancer. Would he feel glad about her impending death, or would he feel a little sad for her? Somehow, the anticipation of his reaction gave some meaning to her upcoming death.

Chapter 77

Ethan silently stared at the paper in Chris’ hands. Feeling pressured, Chris forced a smile. “The results are in. Mr. Miller, you have nothing to worry about. I told you she’d be fine. Take a look.”

Fine? Olivia frowned. A CT scan might miss the symptoms at the early stages of cancer when even the organs function just fine. But it was odd that the scan picked up nothing when she was in the late stage of stomach cancer.

While she was thinking hard, Ethan looked more relieved and grew hostile at the same time. He made his way to her with a grim expression.

She squirmed under his gaze, wondering what he had picked up from the results. Anger was not an emotion she expected to see in him after he learned the truth about her failing health.

He stood in front of her with eyes that burned in rage.

“So...” Her voice trailed.

He suddenly threw the papers at her and bellowed, “Take a look at it yourself!”

She picked up the CT results that showed no abnormalities. Even her blood test results came back normal, with the red and white blood cell counts hovering around 4.

Since she took a Neulasta injection last night, she wasn't surprised by her normal white blood cell count. But the CT scan must have gone wrong somewhere. The top-notch facilities at the hospital couldn't have missed her symptoms either.

The cold, hard truth was laid out in front of her. When she was wracking her brains, Ethan suddenly leaned forward with both his arms by her side. "Olivia Fordham, I underestimated you."

He had a mocking look in his eyes. "Your acting was perfect. I almost fell for it."

"Did you think I was faking my illness?" She finally put two and two together.

He smirked. "And what did you think would change?"

It was a ridiculous accusation. Ethan was the one who hurt her, but he still wanted to drag her through the mud.

Taking a deep breath, she refused to fight with him. If he trusted her, he would not demand answers. If he refused to believe in her words, no amount of reasoning would help.

True, she had clung onto him and cooked up all sorts of excuses to avoid a divorce. However, she decided to give up on the relationship from the moment she signed the divorce papers. Somehow, Ethan perceived her condition as made-up, a ploy to

seek attention.

Her past self would have chosen to speak up, but she was long past that stage. She looked at him quietly and agreed. "That's right. I cannot give up my title of Mrs. Miller. That's why I am faking my illness. My thing with Keith was an act that I put up. Even the suicide attempt was planned. That's my true color—a cunning bitch. Now, do you see me for who I really am?"

He was taken aback at her no-nonsense admission. After staring at her for a while, he said coldly, "Why did you turn out this way?"

That was the last straw that made her blood boil. Puffing and huffing, she clutched the bedsheet and tensed up like a drawn bow. “That was all thanks to you.”

Chapter 78

The air froze from the tension. Chris interfered before the situation worsened. “Mr. Miller, we’re all happy that Mrs. Miller is healthy.”

Refusing to waste any effort on Olivia, Ethan looked away and said emotionlessly, “You’d better behave.”

In an outburst, she let out her pent-up emotions and threw her bowl of soup at the man who thought he was always right.” Behave? Fuck you!” 1

He was the one who pursued her and asked for her hand in marriage. His possessiveness forced her to give up on her future and freedom. Not only did he land her in the current mess, he dared to claim that she was faking her illness.

The soup dripped from Ethan’s tailored, luxurious suit. Seeing red, he gave her a death glare and marched up to her.

Sensing a huge fight, Chris jumped in and blocked Ethan with an anxious look. “Mr. Miller, the soup must have slipped from her hand. Mrs. Miller, say something!”

She straightened herself and replied flatly, “Yeah, it slipped.”

Chris sounded relieved. “Mr. Miller, you heard her. She...”

She boldly added, “If it hadn’t slipped from my hand, it would have hit you right at the back of your head, you asshole!”

Chris was speechless. Olivia was adding fuel to the fire.

Ethan shoved Chris aside and went up to hiss at her through gritted teeth, "Olivia Fordham!"

Fuming, she grabbed a bottle of pills from the headboard and jumped out of bed angrily. Then, she tried to smash the bottle on Ethan's head. "Fucking bastard! I'll fight you!"

Ethan effortlessly caught her weak hands and pinned them behind her back.

Defeated in no time, she was red in the face, and her eyes were misty. Ethan felt complicated when he saw this, and he felt more pain than resentment.

Finally, he drew a sharp breath to calm his anger. He flung her onto the bed and threatened, "Remember what you did today. You'd better pray that you don't fall into my hands."

Her behavior was no different than waltzing across a field full of landmines. He had to exert a ridiculous amount of self-control to stop himself from grabbing her neck.

However, his warning only fanned the flames. She growled, "I would never ask you for help even if I had to jump off the seventh floor."

Giving her a last glare, he left the room and slammed the door behind him. Then, he took his bodyguards with him. Brent caught up to him and asked, "Mr. Miller, aren't you worried that Mrs. Miller might attempt suicide again?"

Ethan took off his jacket and replied with a serious face, "A woman like her would never consider death seriously. I don't want to waste time on her anymore."

Brent frowned at Ethan's conclusion. As a bystander, he had a clearer view of the events. No sane person would bet on their life by jumping from the seventh floor, which might result in grave injuries or death. Olivia could have died if Ethan had not gone after Olivia and Kelvin had not placed the inflatable cushions in time.

Still, Ethan was adamant that Olivia was playing hard to get, and he wouldn't have it otherwise.

Back in the room, Chris requested a nurse to clean up the soupy mess. He flattened the bed and patiently advised Olivia, "Mrs. Miller, you can always talk things out calmly. You shouldn't resolve to extreme methods. Mr. Miller still cares about even stood guard outside your room last night. So..."

Olivia was in no mood for his nagging. Instead, she questioned, "Mr. Atkins, could there be a mistake in the results?" Chris immediately put on a straight face. "Mrs. Miller, you can insult me as much as you want but do not question my professionalism. We ran your results through experts in the field. How can there be a mistake?"

Then, he let out a relieved sigh. "I was shocked to see your low red blood count last night. I even thought you had... Oh, by the way, did you receive any treatment before this?"

He took his duty as a doctor seriously and asked an additional question.

Chapter 79

Recalling the look in Ethan's eyes, Olivia answered quickly, "No."

"That's great, then. It's just a viral infection. You may be discharged after a few days of monitoring at the hospital."

Chris felt as if a burden had been lifted off his shoulders. He gave her some more advice and left after she ignored him.

Olivia had already done a biopsy which had confirmed her stomach cancer, but the CT scan results this time showed nothing. She had only undergone one chemotherapy session. Although it was very effective and the tumor would shrink, it would not disappear overnight.

Evidently, something was off with the results, and only someone from the inside could have tampered with it.

The person who did it must have been fearless if they had dared to do it right under Ethan's nose.

Who could it be? Was it Marina?

Was the incident at the grave not enough that this person had to alter Olivia's checkup results?

Although there were no other suspects besides Marina, Olivia still felt that there was something fishy about the whole incident. If it was not Marina, then the real culprit was very terrifying.

Many things that had happened over these two years may seem like mere coincidences, but it was strange when Olivia thought about it carefully. It was as if someone was controlling her like a puppet.

By right, Ethan could get to the bottom of it easily, but she was a liar in his eyes now. He would just think that she was making up stories. Besides, the culprit would be on guard if they investigated openly.

Olivia dared not alarm Chris, so she had no choice but to investigate the radiologist privately. Coincidentally, Mercy Hospital was owned by the Atkins family, so Olivia already had a plan.

Although news of the previous night's incident had already been hushed, it had reached Calvin's ears. Before Olivia could take the initiative, he came to visit her.

Calvin was different from Chris. While Chris had devoted himself to the research and development of medicine, Calvin had joined the hospital and made it to the rank of director in three years. Calvin could more or less guess the situation between her and Ethan, but he still smiled dazzlingly.

"Olivia, I really didn't expect to see you again so soon. How are you?"

"My fever has subsided. Thanks for asking."

Lying down on the hospital bed, Olivia looked quite pale and sounded weak when she spoke. Noticing her dry lips, Calvin handed her a glass of warm water and said gently, "Here, drink some water."

“Thank you.” Olivia took the glass and drank a big gulp of water. In her haste to swallow it, she choked on the water and coughed violently. Calvin put a pillow behind her and patted her back gently.

“Don’t rush. Drink slowly.”

“You’re still the same as ever.” Olivia had lost the hostile air she had when she was with Ethan.

A look of sympathy came into Calvin’s eyes as he asked curiously, “Did you drop out of university back then for Mr. Miller?”

Olivia smiled helplessly and said, “It was very foolish of me, wasn’t it? I thought I would have a bright future ahead of me, but when I took the leap of faith, I hit rock bottom instead.”

“As long as you’re willing to push forward, the opportunities ahead of you are endless,” said Calvin gently. “You still have a long way to go.”

His kindness, as always, gave Olivia some courage. She asked, “Calvin, since we were once classmates, could you do me a favor?”

“Just say the word. I will do my best if it’s within my power.”

Olivia looked around to make sure they were alone before telling him the gist of the situation in a low voice. She had expected Calvin’s initial reaction to be defending the hospital’s reputation and repudiating her, but he took her checkup report instead. His gentle expression gave way to a sterner one.

“Don’t worry, Oliva. If anyone from my hospital dares to falsify information, I will punish them accordingly.”

After Olivia voiced her concerns, Calvin patted her shoulder and said, “It won’t do the hospital any good if this incident blows up. I will make sure to deal with this subtly and get back to you with an explanation.”

Chapter 80

Olivia saw no sign of Ethan over the next two days, but she had Everly taking care of her while berating Ethan.

“Do you think that idiot got possessed? Why does he keep acting up? First, he wants a divorce, then next, he can’t accept you dating someone new. Now he’s even saying that you’re pretending to be sick. I think you should get some holy water to drive away whatever evil is possessing him,” ranted Everly.

Olivia said calmly, “He’s not possessed. He’s just crazy.”

After two days of rest, she felt back to normal other than her stomach still causing her problems. After hearing her out, Calvin suggested doing another checkup for her, but she politely declined. She just said she had already done a checkup at another hospital and was currently receiving treatment.

Calvin hadn’t thought much about it. He took two days to conduct investigations and came to give her an answer.

“Hey, Everly. You’re here too?”

Calvin was wearing a white doctor’s coat with a white shirt underneath. He was also wearing a black necktie and black pants. He looked tall and handsome.

Everly stopped cursing Ethan out and whistled while raising an eyebrow. “You really are something. Other people would look like a hospital director wearing that uniform, but you look like you are out to seduce someone.”

Calvin laughed politely and pointed at the badge on his chest. “You can doubt my looks, but you can’t doubt my profession.”

Everly teased him some more, but Calvin kept a bright smile on his face. “Olivia, you can be discharged if we find no problems after doing another checkup.”

“Everly, wait for me here. I’ll be right back,” said Olivia.

Everly stuffed a cherry into her mouth and asked, “Do you want me to accompany you?” Olivia waved a hand and said, “It’s okay. It’s just a routine checkup.” With that, she followed Calvin to a checkup room.

The previous doctor had already left, and only Calvin and Olivia were in the room.

“Have a seat,” said Calvin with one arm outstretched.

Olivia was anxious and hastily said when she sat down, “It seems like you’ve found something.”

Calvin nodded, and his smile disappeared. “You were right. Someone really tampered with the results.”

“Who was it?”

Calvin said solemnly, “That day, all the doctors my brother asked to do your checkup were specialists, but Dr. Thurman, who was in charge of the CT scan, suddenly had diarrhea. He didn’t want to waste any of your time, so he handed the task over to Mike Crosby, the assistant intern.

“When Mike had finished the preparations and was about to send your results over to the analysis department, a nurse summoned him out of the room. It was in that period of time that someone came in and switched your CT scan results. The results Dr. Thurman authorized were indeed normal, but it just wasn’t yours.”

Calvin handed Olivia a glass of warm water and continued explaining, “The person behind this is highly skilled. He or she is technologically savvy. They even blacked out the surveillance cameras. There are only a few people in the radiology department, so it was easy for this person to find an opportunity to infiltrate. Fortunately, the cleaner saw what happened and told me everything.”

Olivia took a sip of water and put down the glass. Then, she asked, “Was it a man or a woman?”

“According to the cleaner, the person was wearing a hospital uniform. It was a man. He was very tall, about six feet, and had a muscular build. He wore a large pair of sunglasses, so the cleaner couldn’t see his face clearly.”

“Then, was there anything that stood out about him?”

Calvin nodded and said, “Yes. He has a mole on his right ear. Perhaps he was feeling guilty because he left in a hurry and

nearly slipped on the wet floor the cleaner had just mopped. She saw an eagle tattoo under his sleeve.

“She hadn’t thought much about it at that moment and only realized something was off after the incident. We screen our employees before we hire them. The hospital usually won’t hire people with tattoos on their arms.”

Olivia stared down at the glass of water and groaned. “We can’t find him based just on a tattoo.”

“Don’t worry, Olivia. I’ve already sent the blackout footage to a professional hacker. The original clip should be recovered soon. I’ll tell you as soon as it’s done.”