

After Death 9

Chapter 9

It was dead silent in the car. Marina's voice was loud as she was anxious, so Olivia managed to hear her say the name "Connor."

She remembered the day she received her pregnancy report. She had run into Ethan's embrace and told him about it. "Ethan, you're going to be a father! We're having a baby!"

Her voice was filled with enthusiasm. "I've thought of our child's name. It'll be Colette if she's a girl and Connor if she's a boy. What do you think?"

Oh, how she wished she had misheard Marina, but Ethan looked her right in the eyes and told her, "His name's Connor."

"You asshole!" Olivia's hand was already in the air. She slapped him, yet he did not flinch, letting her do as she pleased.

"How could you name her child after our own?"

The thought of her child was Olivia's final straw. Tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably, and she pounced on him as if she had gone crazy.

"You devil! Why did God take away my child from me? Why weren't you the one who died?" She landed hit after hit on him as she yelled, "He doesn't deserve that name!"

Ethan grabbed both her hands and told Kelvin, "Head to Collington Cove."

This made Olivia go berserk. "We're close to the City Hall already! Settle our divorce first before you head elsewhere!"

"His fever won't go down. I must go back now."

“My father’s lying unconscious in the hospital, yet the nurses wouldn’t even let me anywhere near the hospital because of the bills! Are you saying that your child’s life is important, but my father’s life is nothing?” Olivia yelled in his face.

Ethan’s face darkened at the mention of Olivia’s father. “How dare you compare your father to Connor!”

In a fit of rage, Olivia raised her hand to slap him again, but he gripped her wrist tightly. “Are you done?” he shouted.

The car took a turn, and Olivia watched as they moved further and further away from the City Hall. Ethan locked her tightly in his arms, restraining her movements and preventing her from struggling free.

Long ago, she would be happy and content in his arms, but they were nothing more than shackles to her now. His arms were strong, and with how frail she was right now, she could not break free.

Helpless, she hollered, “Do you love Marina that much?”

However, Ethan was stunned, for when he held Olivia, he found that she had not only gotten just a bit slimmer—she was way bonier than she was a year ago. She was paper-thin, and he could feel her bones prodding him through her clothes.

The woman he once pampered so much was now so skinny and frail. Was this truly what he wanted?

He was just starting to doubt himself when the image of his sister’s corpse flashed across his mind. His grip on Olivia’s waist tightened a little. When he raised his head to look at her again, all that was left in his eyes was an endless pool of darkness.

“Believe it or not, I’ll have someone remove your father’s breathing tube right now if you continue making a fuss!”

Olivia fell silent then. Her hands clutched his clothes tightly as her tears soaked his shirt. It was funny how he was the one who used to say that he would never make her cry, but he was now the reason behind all her tears.

The silence in the car was suffocating. Olivia finally managed to calm herself down, pushing him away before straightening her back.

She then sniffed and said, "It's your business if you want to go to your child. However, you can't ruin our plan. Stop worrying about me not letting you go because I'm going to divorce you no matter what. I don't have the habit of keeping someone else's trash."

Ethan frowned at the word "trash," but Olivia ignored him and carried on with her speech.

"I admit that I've been too naïve in the past to pin my hopes on you. I've seen everything now. Holding on is meaningless, so I'll let things go. Give me the money, and we'll deal with the formalities later on. I promise I'll be there in a call. I won't go back on my word."

"What if I don't want to?"

Olivia looked into his dark, unsettling eyes. The tears that she wept just now made her eyes clearer than ever.

Coolly, she met his gaze and said, "Then I'll jump out of the car. I'd rather die if I couldn't save my father."

Only then did Ethan take out a check and write on it. "I'll wire you the other five million after we're divorced."

Olivia laughed mockingly at him. "Are you so afraid that I wouldn't divorce you? Don't worry. I'll sooner take my own life than stay beside a man like you. Stop the car."

She grabbed the check from his hands, slammed the door shut, and left without looking back.

Finally, she could save her father's life.

She went to cash the check and rushed to the hospital to settle her father's medical fees. She then called a cab and headed to the address Brent had given her.

It was a private, high-end cemetery. Those buried here were either affluent or filthy rich. Ethan's late grandma was buried here.

Olivia bought a bouquet of his grandma's favorite bluebells. It was not long before she managed to find a grave that looked fairly new, which was surrounded by a circle of plum trees. The trees were full of flower buds that would bloom very soon; a name was carved on the gravestone: "Leia Miller."

Olivia knew Ethan adored his sister and that her going missing had been a topic of taboo to everyone around him. It was exactly why she did not know anything about his sister.

Leia. Was this her name? Olivia had never heard of it. She crouched down to look at the photo on the gravestone. It looked like it was taken before she went missing when she was five or six years old. Her face was chubby and cute, and her eyes were somewhat similar to Ethan's.

Olivia had no idea what she could use this information for. She took a picture of Leia's photo with her phone, considering it a clue. Then, she placed the bouquet of flowers that she had bought for Ethan's late grandmother, Eugenia Miller on the ground.

She knelt by the grave and started rambling. "Hi, Leia. I'm Olivia, your sister-in-law—scratch that, it should be your ex-sister-in-law now. Sorry for meeting you in such a state. I promise I'll help you find the real culprit who did this to you."

Olivia then went to Eugenia's grave, which was not too far away. In her photo, the old lady looked as amiable and kind as ever, her smile warm and comforting. Olivia fished out some roasted marshmallows from earlier in the morning and placed it in front of the grave.

"Grandma, I'm here to visit you. It's winter now, but since you're no longer here to steal the marshmallows from me, they've all become tasteless.

After standing for some time, Olivia started feeling tired, so she ended up sitting by the grave. It was as though Grandma was still alive, and Olivia was reminiscing with her.

“Grandma, I’m sorry I couldn’t keep the child. But that bastard Ethan has had two more children already. So you don’t have to worry about the bloodline anymore.”

Olivia continued, “He’s changed. He’s no longer the person I knew. Back then, he told me that he would defend me from anything and everything, but all the sufferings I face now are brought by him. If you were alive, you wouldn’t let him treat me like this, right?”

She forced a smile and said, “Ethan and I are getting divorced soon. You always said that if he wronged me, you’d crawl out from your coffin and kick his ass. My days are numbered, so I’m coming to find you soon. Then we can crawl out from the ground and kick his ass together. What do you say?”

Once again, Olivia looked at the photo of the old lady with a kind smile.

“What does it feel like to die? Is it dark? I’m scared of bugs that would bite me. What should I do? How about I bring you lots of flowers now, and you’ll help me to chase the bugs away when I join you on the other side?”

She looked up into the sky. “I miss you, Grandma.”