

## **After Death 91**

### Chapter 91

The banquet hadn't started, so people were walking around and looking at the displays.

Calista's act of calling Olivia out had attracted the eyes of many.

Noticing the frown on Ethan's face, Marina hastily hooked an arm in his and explained, "Olivia and Calista were classmates. They had some grudges in the past. It'd be inappropriate if you meddled in their business."

Ethan silently removed his arm from hers and straightened his tie.

Marina didn't continue the topic or move closer to him.

Instead, she simply reminded him, "Besides, you and Olivia are already divorced. What would people think if you tried to help her now?"

"We're getting engaged soon, and the hospital is in the middle of preparations. Any rumors about you will greatly affect Miller Group's shares. Logically speaking, you should keep your distance from her."

"Who told you I was going to help her?" Ethan retorted as he left without turning back.

Calista tried to make things worse by pointing at Olivia and declaring, "It's clear that this thief came without an invitation. Everyone should check their belongings to make sure that nothing gets stolen."

"Where's the person in charge? Are you even doing your work? Why is there a thief in here?" The person who spoke was. Michael Crosby's son, Shawn Crosby, who'd appeared out of nowhere.

Shawn had never met Olivia before. He simply looked her up and down and said, "Miss, please leave."

Olivia found it rather amusing. Calmly, she asked, “Why should I leave?”

“Miss, everyone’s seat is based on the amount they have donated. There’s no place for you here,” he explained.

“That’s right. Why waste your time explaining things to a thick-skinned woman like her? We don’t even know if she’s been sanitized. Look at the way she dresses! It’d be so embarrassing to stand next to her!”

Calista had stirred up such a commotion. Although no one came at Olivia, everyone’s words were like knives stabbing her.

Nevertheless, Olivia stood where she was, her face expressionless. Slowly, she said, “I’ve already donated.”

“You? Heh. How much can you even donate? Five dollars? Maybe three dollars? Why don’t you tell us?”

Olivia had never been one to show off, but she was forced into a dead end now and could only say, “Five million dollars.” That made Ethan turn his gaze back to her, a frown gracing his face. He knew that Olivia wasn’t a materialistic person and wouldn’t bother to lie.

He’d given her ten million dollars, and she’d already donated five million dollars. What was she thinking?

“Five million dollars? Aren’t you afraid that your nose would grow like Pinocchio’s for lying?”

Marina added, “Miss Fordham, please be honest. The truth always comes out eventually, and your lies will be exposed. You don’t even have an invitation with you. Stop being pretentious.”

“Who said she doesn’t have an invitation?” “Who said she didn’t donate?” Both Everly and Michael Crosby spoke at the same time as they rushed into the room from opposite directions.

Michael’s eyes landed on Ethan, and he said, “Long time no see, Mr. Miller. I knew you were coming, so I had my men arrange a seat for you. Follow me, please.”

“Thank you,” Ethan said nonchalantly.

Michael then rushed over to Olivia and said in a welcoming tone, “Ms. Olivia, I’m sorry to keep you waiting.”

The expression on Shawn’s face was similar to that of the people around them. Hastily, he asked for confirmation from his father. “Dad, did she really donate five million dollars?”

Michael stared daggers at his son. “Ms. Olivia has a heart of gold, unlike you, idiot!”

With that, he turned to face Olivia with a kind and amiable look. “Ms. Olivia, I had my men specially prepare a seat for you. This way, please.”

He was so respectful toward her that everyone couldn’t help but inhale sharply.

This young woman in a down jacket had actually donated five million dollars! Was she out of her mind?

To Calista and Marina, Michael’s words felt like a slap across their faces, whereas Everly found the entire thing very satisfactory.

With an expressionless face, Olivia walked past Marina without even stopping to glance at her. However, Everly purposely stopped for a moment and said, “Ms. Carlton, you’re going to become Mrs. Miller very soon. Why do you still have to sit behind Liv? And who gave you the guts to make a ruckus in front of her?”

“Everly... don’t be ridiculous.” Marina seethed, punctuating each word.

Everly raised an eyebrow and said, “Trust me, when you die, I’ll do something more ridiculous in front of your grave.”

Seeing Marina dumbstruck made Everly's foul mood disappear instantly. Instead of sitting with Olivia, Everly decided to stand beside Marina instead.

Without the slightest hint of being shy, she raised her hand and said, "Mister, I'm a good friend of Liv's; please get me a seat.

## Chapter 92

As Everly took her seat, the lights dimmed.

Marina whispered a threat, "Don't push your luck, Everly."

"Push my luck? I haven't even exposed you as a homewrecker yet," Everly retorted.

Despite the dim lighting, she could see that Marina had turned as pale as a ghost. This, in turn, brought a cheerful smile to Everly's face.

"I just love how you can't do anything about me even though you can't stand me. Marina, I've got evidence of all the things you've done.

"If you dare provoke me and Liv again, I just might reveal everything to the whole world. If I were you, I would cut my losses and stop right here. Don't act all high and mighty when you're nothing but a sly fox."

Glaring at her fiercely, Marina remained quiet.

Meanwhile, Olivia hadn't expected to meet Ethan again so soon.

They didn't talk at all, and any passerby would have thought that they were strangers. They were both indifferent to the auction going on, not reacting to the high prices offered.

As the auction approached its end, Shawn himself took the stage. "Next is an ancient garden estate that boasts a history of a hundred years."

A classic garden estate was displayed on the screen.

The Fordham residence had been built by Olivia's ancestors. Later, it had been redesigned and renovated to incorporate some modern elements while retaining its historical significance.

Its selling point was its excellent location, which was in the most happening area of the city. It was highly valuable, regardless of whether one wanted it for personal use or business purposes.

From the pictures, Olivia saw the familiar courtyard, where the flowers on the tree were about to bloom. She remembered that Jeff had buried his best wine under the tree, saying that he would dig them up for a toast after she had a child. Alas, he couldn't wait that long.

Shawn announced, "We'll begin the bid at the price of one billion dollars. Feel free to offer a higher bid if you are interested. It'll be hard to find a location like this."

Olivia and Ethan both raised their paddles at the same time.

"Two billion dollars," they said together.

Olivia looked at Ethan, unable to comprehend why he wanted to compete with her. The property was special to her. What did it mean to him?

Just then, Ethan's phone vibrated, and Marina's message appeared on the screen. "Ethan, I want the Fordham residence."

Olivia had saved five billion dollars for this property. The Fordham residence was in a prime location and had great commercial value. Experts had gauged its market price to be in the range of 2.5 billion dollars to three billion dollars.

“2.1 billion dollars,” Olivia continued bidding, determined to win. After her second bid, Ethan was the only other bidder still contending

“Three billion dollars.”

By raising the price, he was telling Olivia that he intended to get the property and that she should stop bidding.

He knew her limits—after donating half her money, she would only have five billion dollars left. Five billion dollars was an astronomical sum to many, but to the wealthy Millers, it was merely a drop in the bucket.

Olivia’s grip on the paddle tightened. Gritting her teeth, she announced, “3.5 billion dollars.”

This was her telling Ethan that she wouldn’t back down. The Fordham residence was very important to her.

However, Ethan raised the paddle once again. “Four billion dollars.”

Everly, who’d been squabbling with Marina just a few moments ago, was suddenly in a low mood. Ethan had to be doing this intentionally. There was no way he didn’t know how important Fordham residence was to Olivia.

Smirking, Marina asked, “What do you think Olivia will do if the price is raised to five billion dollars?”

Finally, it was all clear to Everly. “You’re the one who wants Fordham residence, not Ethan.”

Grinning from ear to ear, Marina answered, “Ethan always gives me what I want.”

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## Chapter 93

Everly ground her teeth in frustration, wondering how such a despicable person could exist. Lowering her voice, she said, "You stole her man. Isn't it enough now that you're Mrs. Miller?"

"Huh? I stole her man? If it hadn't been for her, Ethan and I would have been married a long time ago. Olivia's the one who stole my man," Marina countered, sneering.

"Ms. Carlton, with that audacity of yours, you could set a new Guinness World Record. I can assure you that no one will be able to break your record for centuries. I thought I was bad, but I'm nothing compared to you. You truly set the bar high," Everly retorted.

"Everly, if I were you, I would speak to me politely," Marina threatened, crossing her arms.

“Ooh, someone’s getting angry!” Everly was talented at infuriating others.

“I’m not angry,” Marina replied, maintaining her composure.

Olivia, on the other hand, was boiling inside. She’d raised the bid to five billion dollars. Ethan knew her limits, and he could easily secure the Fordham residence by raising the bid by ten million dollars.

When Ethan didn’t raise his paddle, Shawn called, “Does anyone want to raise the bid?”

“Five billion dollars, calling once.”

Just then, Ethan’s phone vibrated.

“Five billion dollars, calling twice.”

Everly was tense too. Things had evolved from an auction for the Fordham residence into a competition between Olivia and Marina for Ethan’s affection.

Ethan’s phone vibrated once again.

“Five billion-”

Shawn was about to put the gavel down when Ethan announced, “5.01 billion dollars.”

Olivia began to tremble, knowing she’d lost. She’d been utterly defeated.

Donning a victorious smile, Marina gloated, “Like I said, Ethan gives me everything I want.”

Everly glared fiercely at the back of Ethan's head, wishing she could pierce through his skull with her eyes. Meanwhile, Olivia chewed on her lips as she watched Marina walk up to the stage to thank Ethan for giving her the Fordham residence.

Despite wearing a down jacket in a heated room, the sight made her feel cold all over. For a moment, she saw everything go black, and she had to close her eyes and grab the armrest to steady herself.

Everly knew that Olivia had been set to win the bid. Unexpectedly, Ethan had intervened, ruining all her plans.

"Let's go," Olivia said, rising to her feet.

Everly helped her up. Knowing that Olivia was running out of time, Everly wanted to fulfill all her wishes so that she wouldn't have any regrets when she passed away.

Alas, there was nothing she could do about the Fordham residence.

"Liv..." Everly's heart ached for her.

Despite her despair, Olivia plastered a smile on her face as she assured Everly, "I'm fine. Perhaps it was never meant to be."

Marina was Ethan's newfound love, while she was merely his plaything. It didn't take a genius to figure out who Ethan would

choose.

Besides, since he'd taken it upon himself to torment Olivia, it wasn't a surprise that he would use this opportunity as well.

Everly noticed the sorrow in Olivia's eyes, but she didn't know how to console her friend. All she could do was lead her away, saying, "Let's go."

On their way back, Olivia remained silent, her expression devoid of any obvious signs of disappointment. She rested her cheek against her hand as she gazed out of the window.

"Eve, let's take a stroll along the coastal road."

"Sure."

## Chapter 94

The coastal road was famous for its night view. The shimmering bright lights on both sides of the wide asphalt road made it seem like a stairway to heaven.

Olivia rolled down the car window, letting the sea breeze into the car. The chilly breeze seemed to cool her emotions.

While driving, Everly reminded her, "Be careful not to catch a cold."

"It's just for a little while," Olivia replied. She rested her arms on the window sill and leaned her head on it. Then, she closed her eyes, enjoying the liberating feeling the wind brought.

"Hey, I've made up my mind. After I die, scatter my ashes into the sea," Olivia suddenly said.

Everly slammed on the brakes, stopping the car by the roadside. "Olivia, don't make such jokes in the middle of the night. It's not funny at all."

Olivia opened the door and got out of the car, taking in the sea breeze.

"I initially planned to buy the Fordham residence back and have you bury my ashes under the tree in the courtyard. Since I was born there, it would be great if I could be buried there too. Besides, I figured that if I couldn't ever see my father again--"

Olivia paused for a moment before she continued, "Since he wouldn't give me that chance, it doesn't matter. When we die, we all turn into dust. It doesn't make a difference where I'm buried."

Tears welled up in Everly's eyes as she held Olivia, crying aloud, "Why does it not matter? If you're buried at the Fordham residence, I can visit you and pay my respects."

"But if your ashes are in the sea, I'll need to steal Poseidon's trident to see you!"

Olivia smiled in response. "You're quite the jester."

"Liv, look, you look so beautiful when you smile. Please smile more often," Everly pleaded.

"Okay." Olivia put on a wide smile. "After going through so much, I've also come to accept many things. It's all part of life. The more we want certain things and certain people, the more difficult they are to attain."

"Once, I loved someone with all my heart. He made me experience emotions I never knew existed, but now everything is gone."

"It's time for me to move on."

Everly hugged her tightly for a long time, unable to let go.

At that moment, she hated herself for being a nobody who lacked both power and wealth to help Olivia. She despised the capitalists who ruled the world, snatching away everything that others cherished with a mere flick of their wrist.

She secretly swore to make a lot of money and climb to the position she hated, just so she could look down at the rest of the

world.

Yet would the person she wanted to protect most still be around by then?

They found a barbecue restaurant by the seaside.

Olivia ordered a bowl of soup and watched Everly enjoy herself. During their meal, Everly mentioned that she wanted to skewer Ethan and Marina like barbecue skewers and roast them on the grill repeatedly.

As Olivia drank her soup, she smiled and took out her phone. Pinned at the top of her conversation list was her conversation

with “Mr. Miller.”

When she checked his profile picture, she realized that it hadn’t been changed; it was one of the couple photos she’d coerced him to take. He was in black, and she was in white.

Zooming into the picture, one could tell from the shadows that there was a woman with him.

Meanwhile, his shadow was in Olivia’s profile picture too. Back then, she’d claimed that even their shadows were inseparable.

Olivia deleted his contact. When their conversation disappeared, it felt as if he’d disappeared from her life as well.

Chapter 95

When Everly went to get more food, Olivia changed her profile picture to a photo that Everly had secretly taken of her.

Then she took a photo of the ocean and posted it with a caption that read, "Far, far away."

Little did she know that Ethan was waiting for her outside her apartment. Olivia and Everly hadn't returned yet, so he waited in the car.

As he'd watched her retreating figure earlier, he'd recalled how she'd donated five billion dollars, and that filled him with

unease.

It was the same discomfort he'd felt when she'd jumped off the building. He needed an answer to his questions.

Finally, Brent said, "Mrs. Miller is still having barbecue, sir. She probably won't be back soon."

"Where is she?"

"It seems like she's at the seaside. She just posted a picture of it."

Ethan immediately refreshed his social media feed, but the newest post he saw had been made an hour ago by a random fitness guru.

The caption read, "Breaking news! Frequent consumption of fried eggs can lead to this disease!"

"When did she post it?"

"22 minutes ago."

When Brent noticed Ethan smoldering, his voice grew quieter. "Can't you see the post, Mr. Miller?"

Clenching his phone tightly, Ethan said through gritted teeth, "She must have removed me."

It was awkward that she'd removed Ethan from her social media but not his employee.

Warily, Brent pointed out, "She also changed her username and profile picture."

Ethan snatched the phone from Brent.

Her profile picture was now a photo of herself under a dim streetlight. The soft light outlined her silhouette, and her hair was dancing in the wind. Her gentle smile completed the picture.

Ethan swiped his finger over her lips, but all he could feel was the cold phone screen. She'd once vowed to never change their couple photo.

Her new post showed a blurry view of the sea. Ethan asked, "What does she mean by this?"

"Mr. Miller, this isn't my area of expertise. I've never been in a relationship, but when women change their profile pictures and make posts like this, they're usually upset. Tonight's events have likely--"

Brent didn't finish his sentence because he didn't need to point out that what Ethan had done was obviously not great.

"Yeah, I know."

"Mr. Miller, you've been too lenient with Ms. Carlton. Take Collington Cove, for example. It was clearly built for Mrs. Miller, and the same goes for the evening dress. You spent so much time and effort on it,



but she insisted on having it even though it didn't fit her."

He added, "She even changed the hospital name they had initially decided on. It would be no surprise if it made Mrs. Miller disheartened."

Instead of replying, Ethan said, "Take me to the seaside."

"Alright."

Brent easily deduced Olivia's location through Everly's recent post. The two men soon arrived at the restaurant,

where they

saw Olivia carrying a drunk Everly outside.

Just then, it began to snow.

In the snow, Olivia spotted the tall, imposing man standing by the roadside, almost blending into the darkness. If not for the flickering light in his hand, she might not have noticed him at all.

Everly pushed Olivia away and began to curse loudly.

"If I were as rich as you and if your lackeys hadn't been around today, I would've chopped you into a—"

Brent quickly covered Everly's mouth and said to Olivia, "Ms. Fordham, let me take your friend back."

Pushing his hand away, Everly continued shouting, "Hey, handsome guy, why do you look so much like that bastard's lackey?"

## Chapter 96

Brent grimaced at Everly's choice of words.

"By the way, that lackey isn't as handsome as you. He always has a stern face, like this." Everly imitated Brent, who just watched as she dragged herself to the car.

Everly patted the seat beside her and said, "Hey, you're cute. Why don't you let me take care of you?"

Brent was about to decline when Everly added, "I'm really good at taking care of things. The last dog I took care of became so fat and healthy."

Brent didn't know how to respond to that.

Olivia hadn't expected to see Ethan here. Masking her discomfort, she asked calmly, "What about Everly?"

He put out the cigarette in his hand and answered, "Brent will take her home."

Olivia wasn't worried about leaving Everly with Brent. She was more concerned about what would happen between her and

Ethan.

Tiny snowflakes danced around Ethan, creating a stunning scene. He looked at Olivia and said, "Shall we talk?"

Olivia didn't even spare him a glance.

“Mr. Miller, I’ve been good recently. I haven’t had any contact with any man, not even Keith. I’ve deleted his number as well. If any member of the opposite gender is in my vicinity, I’ll run away.”

“So you deleted my number too?” Ethan asked through gritted teeth.

“Your number is still there, and I can still reach you whenever I want.”

“Olivia.”

“Mr. Miller, you don’t need to come get me. My car is here.” With that, Olivia quickly got into the car.

As she was about to close the door, someone’s hand gripped it, stopping her from closing it. On the wrist was a watch worth eight million dollars, gleaming brightly under the streetlight.

Ethan stood tall, blocking the light and snow behind him. Within moments, a layer of snow had accumulated on his shoulders and head. His long arm rested on the edge of the car door, and his domineering presence filled the space between them.

Fixing his eyes on her, he said, “I said, let’s talk.” His tone was heavy, with no room for negotiation. It was a sign that danger was just around the corner.

Olivia observed his figure, taking in the regal air he exuded.

He was blocking the light and wind outside, which made the car seem smaller than it already was. Throughout their marriage, she’d always been in his shadow, vulnerable, and without the right to make any choices.

She lifted her gaze to meet his calmly. “Do you want it now? Is that it?”

After all, that was the only thing that was going on between them right now.

Her question left Ethan stunned.

Taking advantage of that, Olivia closed the car door and instructed the driver to go. In the distance, Ethan's figure faded in the wind and snow, much like her dream when she'd been a student.

Olivia was restless and antsy for the rest of the night, afraid Ethan would retaliate. However, there was no sign of Ethan for the next few days.

Marina, on the other hand, couldn't stay idle. Soon, Olivia learned that Marina intended to raze the Fordham residence and turn it into an animal breeding ground and slaughterhouse.

Furious, Everly cursed Marina out.

"Is she crazy? How shameless can she be? If it wasn't off-limits for building a crematorium, I bet she would use the land to pile dead bodies. Now she's killing cows and pigs there to get under your

skin."

Olivia's face fell when she heard about it. Marina sure was ruthless.

The Fordham residence could be used for commercial purposes or as a personal residence.

However, the graves of the Fordham ancestors lay in the backyard, where they had been buried for over a hundred years. The Fordham family had wanted to relocate, but a fortune teller had advised them not to as it would bring bad luck.

Olivia didn't care about what the fortune teller had to say. In fact, she didn't care that Marina was making her life difficult either.

However, she couldn't just watch and do nothing about Marina desecrating her ancestors' graves.

## Chapter 97

At this moment, Marina was playing with her two children. They were fraternal twins, a boy and a girl. Ethan had named the boy Connor Miller, whereas Marina had named the girl Erina Miller, a combination of Ethan and Marina's names.

"Erina, come here," Marina called. Recently, Connor had learned to walk, but Erina still had to hold onto the furniture when she took steps. The girl was weaker and didn't have Connor's sturdy legs.

"Mom, Mom." Erina reached for her mom.

"You're amazing, sweetie. Let me give you a hug," Marina said, before turning to Connor. "Come here, Connor."

Connor glanced at her before quickly turning away, showing no intention of coming over. He had Ethan's cold, aloof gaze.

Since Ethan had brought Connor back, he'd always been staring out of the window. He ignored everyone and kept to himself.

Occasionally, when he fell asleep, he would call out "Mommy" a few times, but when he woke up, no matter how much they coaxed him, he wouldn't utter the word again.

Since birth, the child had never been close to her. Although he and his sister had shared the same womb, their personalities were completely different. Marina watched him as she mulled over it.

Just then, her assistant entered the room, saying, "All the arrangements have been made, Ms. Carlton. I used my connections to expedite the approval process, and it should be done soon."

Marina handed the child to the nanny beside her so that she could open a bottle of red wine. Watching her glass fill with the dark red liquid, she grinned.

"I want to see how long she can stay calm."

"Mr. Miller and Olivia have already divorced, Ms. Carlton. Since Mr. Miller is so devoted to you, why do you still need to do

this?" the assistant asked.

Marina glared at the assistant, asking, "What do you know?"

The assistant trembled in fear and quickly lowered her head. "I'm sorry, I spoke out of line."

Marina knew well that Ethan's kindness to her had nothing to do with love. He'd done it out of a sense of responsibility. She'd thought that Leia's death would make him completely disgusted with Olivia, but he'd only become more emotionally entangled with her after their divorce.

As long as Olivia was still around, Marina's status as Mrs. Miller would never be secure. She'd waited for several days, but Olivia hadn't fallen into her trap yet.

Nonetheless, she refused to believe that Olivia would remain calm after finding out about her plans to turn the Fordham residence into a slaughterhouse. Soon, she received a call from Olivia.

"Hello," said Marina sleazily.

"It's me, Olivia." Olivia sounded slightly annoyed.

"Why did you call me, Ms. Fordham?" Marina asked.

"Marina, we all know what you want. Why don't you drop the act?" Olivia retorted.

"No need for small talk. I'm at Collington Cove, and by the way, bring that Hilton chick with you." With that, Marina hung up the phone.

Meanwhile, Olivia's face fell. It was clear that Marina wasn't only out to humiliate her—she also wanted to punish Everly for her previous act of defiance. She could already see it coming.

Olivia looked at Everly, who was busy whipping up a soup for herself in the kitchen as she hummed a song, oblivious to what was happening.

"Everly, I'm going to the supermarket for a while. I'll be back soon."

"Do you want me to take you there?"

"No, thanks. I just want to get some fresh air."

Everly didn't suspect anything. After all, Olivia hadn't done anything fun or leisurely lately since she'd been solely focused on improving her health.

"Don't be out too late. I'm making chicken soup for you tonight."

"Okay." Olivia smiled and nodded before she picked up her hat and scarf. Fully prepared, she took a taxi to her destination.

## Chapter 98

She considered all the possibilities for how this could play out on her way to Collington

Cove. All she had to do was abandon her pride and cooperate with Marina. It couldn't be that difficult. What did her pride matter when she was about to die anyway?

It was her first time inside Collington Cove.

The decorations were all to her liking: blue arches, horseshoe-shaped windows, gray walls, and white curtains swaying in the sea breeze. It had a mysterious, romantic air to it.

It was a pity that the owner of the house was Marina.

With the maid leading her, Olivia arrived at the spacious and bright living room. The room sported a 270-degree circular floor-to-ceiling window that provided a clear view of the sea from every angle.

Before she spotted Marina, something touched her leg. It was Connor, whom she hadn't seen for some time.

"Mommy," he called out, his voice cute and pleasant to the ear. His eyes were sparkling like stars in the sky, and Olivia felt a little more affectionate toward him.

Connor opened his arms toward Olivia, drooling as he said, "Mommy, hug me."

Olivia wanted to reach out and pat his head, but the nanny quickly came over and took Connor away. "Oh, come upstairs, quickly, Connor. Mommy will come to play with you later," the nanny coaxed.

Connor was very upset about being taken away and began to cry, reaching out his arms towards Olivia. "Mommy, mommy."

Olivia's heart ached, and she was surprised that she felt this way towards Marina's son.

After a while, Marina appeared on the second floor. As she could hear Connor's voice from afar, she told him, "Good boy, you finally know how to call out to me. I'll come to you later."

Connor ignored her and kept looking in Olivia's direction.

Marina plopped herself down on the sofa as the maid asked, "What drink would you like?"



Marina rested her head on her hand, looking at Olivia with indifference. "I heard that you bake good cakes."

"If that's what it takes to get the Fordham residence, I can bake for you." Olivia got straight to the point.

Marina laughed in response.

"Olivia, Olivia. I should've expected this. After all, your family has its own business. I'm sure you've been taught that you have to give something to get something. I assume you want to talk about Fordham residence. What makes you think you have the right to negotiate with me?"

"What do you want to eat?"

"The maid will tell you."

Following the maid's instructions, Olivia baked a plate of honey cake.

"Too sweet," Marina commented.

Olivia baked a second one.

"Too hard."

Olivia kept finding excuses to reject it. When it came to the fifth attempt, she poured the batter on Olivia's hair. Olivia held her anger in check, letting the flour mixture run down her hair and drip to the floor.

Olivia lowered her head, trying to conceal her emotions. Her voice was very soft, making it difficult to discern her emotions." Ms. Carlton, I'm not a chef, so I cannot bake something to your liking."

Yet Marina didn't stop there. She haughtily responded, "Olivia, you should know that I hold grudges. Didn't I tell you to bring Everly with you? This is the consequence of not listening to me."

Olivia knew that Marina's arrogant and reckless behavior was all thanks to Ethan. Olivia, on the other hand, had no one to back her up. That's why Marina thought she could treat her however she liked.

As Marina gleefully enjoyed Olivia's misery, the latter, who'd been considering it for a while now, suddenly moved. Swiftly, she picked up the remaining bowl of batter and slapped it on Marina's face.

## Chapter 99

Evidently, Marina hadn't expected Olivia to retaliate. Just like that, her new hairdo was ruined. Exasperated, she screamed, "You little bitch! What have you done? No one would dare to do this to me!"

As her face was plastered with batter, Marina couldn't see where Olivia was after the latter had retreated.

Grabbing at the air blindly, Marina tried to seize hold of her. Sensing movement, she lunged forward, only to step on the batter, slip, and fall to the ground.

"No one has done this to me before either, Marina. You aren't the only one who has been pampered their whole life. You can't just ruin my hair as you please."

Taking full advantage of the situation, Olivia slapped Marina hard before stomping on her a few times. "This is for my dead child! This is for my dead marriage!"

"Agh, I'll kill you, you little bitch! Help me, you silly fools! Why are you doing nothing?" Marina was infuriated at being physically assaulted by Olivia.

Meanwhile, the only maid in the kitchen was frozen in shock. By the time the other maids arrived to rescue Marina, Olivia was holding a sharp knife.

“Stay right there!”

Since her face was still covered with batter, Marina couldn’t open her eyes. However, she could feel something cold against

her neck

“If you move an inch, I’ll kill you!”

Marina was utterly shocked. She’d never imagined that Olivia, whom she’d bullied in the past, would suddenly go berserk

Gulping, Marina said, “If you dare to hurt me, Ethan won’t spare you!”

Sneering, Olivia answered, “He never spared me to begin with. Marina, why must you always take everything from me? You even want to take away Fordham residence when I have done nothing to offend you.

“If you keep this up, I’ll just end things right now.”

With that, Olivia brought the knife closer, causing Marina to let out shrill cries.

“Stop it! You’ll be dead meat if you kill me!”

“Well, I won’t be alive for much longer. Trading your life for mine isn’t too big of a sacrifice. I don’t have a lofty, esteemed life

like you do.

“Since my life is in ruins, I don’t see why I shouldn’t end it all right now and take you with me.”

Shivering in fright, Marina cried, “S—stop!”

Olivia sighed, asking, “What other choice do I have? I just want my possessions back. Yet you take the things I work so hard for away from me so easily. Not only that, but you’re determined to destroy them too. Since I have nothing left, you’re coming

with me.”

“It’s just Fordham residence! Y—you can have it back!”

Olivia had prepared more ways to torment Marina, but the latter had folded so quickly. Given Olivia’s unusual, erratic behavior, Marina was truly afraid that she would hurt her with the knife.

“Why should I trust you? You could always go back on your word, and I wouldn’t have a chance to do this again.”

Marina thought to herself, “Do this again?”

Hurriedly, she explained, “I’ll make a call right away to cancel my application. I’ll transfer the deed for Fordham residence to you. If you don’t believe me, we can get lawyers to notarize this agreement.”

Softly, Olivia answered, “Do you think I have no leverage against you? I’ve only been trying to be civil all along”

Chapter 100

Emotional, Olivia violently grabbed Marina’s hair. “Isn’t Ethan a loyal, perfect man? Aren’t you his precious sweetheart? I’m sure everyone would love to hear that he has an ex-wife, and you’re nothing but a heartless, sly woman! I have all the evidence!”

She knew her threat was unlikely to affect the untouchable Ethan, who'd never cared what anyone else thought about him.

However, Marina had worked hard for her achievements, and her reputation was everything to her. Hence, the threat effectively made her quiver in fear.

"Alright, alright, I got it. Well, it's just Fordham residence. I'll give it back to you. Just keep the knife away from me."

"One last thing: if you dare to trouble my friend, I will ruin your reputation. You're a smart woman, Ms. Carlton. I'm sure you understand that it's not worth losing everything over such petty matters."

Before this, Olivia used to think that engaging in such petty fights was unbecoming of her. Now all that mattered was the satisfaction that it brought her.

Marina felt like her scalp was about to be ripped off her head. Her gloating behavior had vanished into thin air, now replaced by desperation instead.

"Yes, yes. I'll listen to everything you say. The knife, please... My neck hurts."

The edge of the knife blade was stained bright red with blood. While Olivia had exerted enough strength to make Marina bleed, it was in no way life-threatening.

"Remember this pain. If this happens again, I will kill you right away."

"Yes, I understand!" Trembling in fear, Marina decided to avoid this psycho in the future.

Finally, Olivia released her grip on Marina's neck. Cursing her rotten luck, Marina kicked the maid aside as she headed upstairs to shower and get changed.

Connor, who'd been forcibly taken away, was wailing for his parents. Despite her best efforts, the nanny's attempts to pacify and soothe him were all in vain.

When her phone fell out of her pocket, Connor crawled over to grab it, drooling as he called, "Dad. Call. Call Dad."

Sometimes, Ethan would video call Connor through the nanny's phone. Hence, the nanny had no choice but to call Ethan.

When it came to Connor, Ethan always answered his calls immediately. The moment the call connected, he was greeted by the sight of Connor's bloodshot eyes. He looked like an albino rabbit.

"Dad," he cried, sounding rather aggrieved.

Ethan wondered what caused Connor to cry like that. After all, he barely cried even when he fell. "What happened?" Ethan

asked.

"Sorry, Mr. Miller. Connor started acting strangely when a guest arrived and insisted on clinging to her. He started crying after I took him away." Since the nanny was Ethan's employee, she didn't withhold any information from him.

"A guest?" Connor hardly ever initiated going near anyone. He wouldn't even show Marina any affection.

"I think they called her Ms. Fordham," the nanny answered, oblivious to Olivia and Ethan's relationship.

Just then, Connor rushed to the window as if he'd made a new discovery.

The nanny trailed after him, calling out to him. Since they were on the second floor, they could see Olivia, who was wiping her hair with a wet towel.

The sight of her filled Connor with excitement. Sprawled on the floor-to-ceiling window, he repeatedly cried, "Mom! Mom!"