

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 81-100

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 81-Olivia said gratefully, "Thank you, Calvin." "Don't thank me. It was our fault anyway. If word about this spreads, our hospital's reputation would be ruined." Olivia replied, "Someone was targeting me, so it has nothing to do with the hospital. I won't tell a soul. I hope that you can keep this a secret too. Don't even tell Chris. I don't want to alert anyone." Calvin nodded in understanding. "Let's put this behind us for now. I suggest that you do another checkup. I'll personally run the tests this time. If there's any problem, we can start solving it earlier too." Olivia smiled and said, "It's no big deal. Don't worry." "Okay then. These machines are radioactive, so you shouldn't be exposed to them too frequently in such a short period of time. If you want to have another checkup in a few months, then you can contact me any time." "Sure." Calvin smiled warmly and said, "You're well enough to be discharged now. I've already asked someone to deal with the procedures. By the way, let's exchange phone numbers." Olivia added his number to her contacts on WhatsApp.

Calvin walked her out of the hospital and handed her the discharge documents he'd prepared. Then, they bid each other goodbye. After Everly teased her and Calvin again, they finally left.

In the car, Olivia couldn't stop thinking about the incident.

It definitely involved an insider at the hospital. The person couldn't have executed his plan so flawlessly unless he was familiar with the ins and outs of the place.

Nevertheless, they didn't have solid evidence. Since Calvin didn't want to make a big fuss about it for the sake of the hospital's reputation, he couldn't investigate every department either.

There were more than a thousand employees at the hospital, including all the doctors, nurses, housemen, and part-timers combined. How was he supposed to investigate all of them?

The only clue he was left with was the surveillance footage. If it could be restored, then they would be able to catch the person who'd tampered with her report.

Olivia pinched the bridge of her nose, clearly exhausted.

Everly, who'd been talking for a long time without getting an answer, couldn't stop herself from tapping Olivia's shoulder.

"What's the matter? Are you thinking about that douchebag again?" she asked.

Olivia recalled the furious look in Ethan's eyes before he'd left. Their relationship was ruined, and all she prayed for now was to have nothing to do with him ever again.

"No," she answered. She looked at the scenery passing by outside the window, wondering when Calvin would find an answer.

However, just after two days of rest, she received a call from the hospital.

"Ms. Fordham, Mr. Fordham's in critical condition. His heart rate suddenly declined, and his breathing is getting weaker. We've just taken him for emergency treatment. Please come as soon as possible." In the hospital corridor, Olivia waited outside the operating theater anxiously while a nurse tried her best to comfort her.

"Ms. Fordham, you have to be prepared for the worst. Judging by Mr. Fordham's condition, he might not..

Olivia dug her nails into her palm and said hoarsely, "I know." The nurse sighed and said helplessly, "I know it's really been hard for you." As she looked at the young woman, who was around the same age as her own daughter, the nurse couldn't help but feel sorry Chapter 81 that Olivia had to carry such a heavy weight on her shoulders at such a young age.

2/2 The nurse knew that Olivia was married, but she'd never seen her husband around. Olivia was always waiting out here alone. Her thin frame only increased the nurse's concern for her.

The doors of the operating theater opened, and Olivia rushed forward at once.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 82-"Doctor, how is he?" Olivia's heart was pounding violently as she gripped her sleeve tightly. She was terrified of hearing the worst.

"Fortunately, the nurses noticed his condition very quickly, and we were able to save him in time. Olivia, I won't keep it from you.

“Your father is in a very dangerous state, and we need the best brain specialist, Leo, to perform brain surgery for him.

“Otherwise... We might not be able to save him next time.” Olivia’s heart sank. She wanted to find Leo more than anyone else. Alas, she didn’t have a wide social circle. Keith had helped her look for Leo before, but to no avail.

When Jeff was wheeled out, she saw how weak he looked with his eyes tightly shut.

She called out, “Dad.” However, it was like throwing a pebble down a well because she received no answer.

One of Jeff’s hands, which wasn’t covered by the blanket, looked thin and wrinkled with age. He seemed to have aged a lot over the last two short years.

Except for the indwelling needle, the rest of the back of his hand was just loose, sagging skin.

It looked nothing like the hand that had held hers when they’d walked home last time.

Olivia leaned against him and wept uncontrollably. She said in a choked voice, “Dad, wake up and look at me, won’t you... No matter what he’d done to other people, he’d never mistreated her. Olivia couldn’t just stand by and watch him suffer like this.

A thought popped up in her mind.

The day she’d tried to jump off, Ethan had said that he could find Leo. Based on his wide network of connections and wealth, it wasn’t surprising that he was capable of finding Leo.

If she hadn’t been on the brink of death, Ethan would never have told her.

She knew how much Ethan hated her and her father, but she had no other way of saving Jeff. She’d never thought that she’d have to go and beg Ethan so soon after she’d just decided to cut ties with him two days ago.

After drying her tears and making sure Jeff was alright, Olivia asked Brent about Ethan’s whereabouts. She then took a taxi to Silver.

In the decadent club, scantily dressed female dancers moved around seductively. In every corner, men and women kissed scandalously, and loud voices came from the booths.

However, the fun and excitement had nothing to do with Olivia. She walked quickly toward a private room deeper inside the club.

Ethan usually didn't like places like this and would choose a quiet spot even for a gathering with friends. Brent opened the door to the private room for her.

The luxurious private room could accommodate more than a hundred people.

Even with so many men and women inside, Olivia still spotted Ethan among the crowd at first glance.

He was leaning against a leather armchair with his eyes shut. He looked very out of place in the rowdy room. With his eyes closed and his sharp gaze hidden, he looked harmless.

Bryan Moore, a dashing man dressed in gray casual clothes, sat next to Ethan, soaking his feet in a tub. A furry blindfold was hanging around his neck. Other people had either a glass of whiskey or Armand de Brignac in front of them, but he had a thermos filled with herbal tea.

One of them seemed to treat the place like a hotel, while the other treated it like a foot spa.

Chapter 82 2/2 Olivia watched as a woman in skimpy clothes walked to Ethan and boldly tried to kiss him.

Smelling her pungent perfume, Ethan jerked awake. The first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was a pair of fiery red lips. As if by instinct, he shoved her away mercilessly.

"Ah!" The woman shrieked and sprawled on the floor right in front of Olivia.

Her short skirt rode up and exposed the sexy thong she was wearing underneath. The men standing around started whistling.

Olivia felt uneasy being in a place like this. She looked up with a flustered expression and met Ethan's gaze.

His eyes were calm, but there was a hint of mockery in them. He'd just played hard to get a few days ago, but she'd shown up in front of him so soon.

It just proved he'd been right about her. He wondered what tricks she'd use this time since she'd tried to commit suicide the last time.

Olivia understood the look in his eyes, but with her father on the brink of death, she had no choice other than to ask him for help. Even if she'd only be humiliated by approaching him, she had no other way out.

The bystanders had noticed her, but other than Bryan, nobody else knew that she was Ethan's ex-wife.

A woman with a hot body looked Olivia up and down, then teased her while chewing her gum, "Hey, ma'am. Are you in the wrong room?" Olivia thought about the time Everly had joked about how girls nowadays wore spaghetti strap tops under their coats, whereas Olivia wore a sweater underneath hers.

In the room full of trendy people, she was the only one wearing a thick down jacket, a knitted hat, and a scarf.

Olivia ignored the woman and looked at Ethan directly. "Eth... Mr. Miller, can we talk privately?" "Can't you see that there's a girl who's prettier than you already lying on the floor? Do you want to be next?" The woman teased her relentlessly.

Ethan looked at Olivia and said coldly, "Come here." His words were like a slap in that woman's face. Olivia made her way through the crowd with everybody watching her and stopped in front of Ethan.

Bryan, who was soaking his feet, looked very comfortable. His forehead was beaded with sweat from the warm water. He was still as health-conscious as always.

The scent of wormwood masked the smell of alcohol and perfume. It also chased away the smell of cigarettes and made Olivia feel a lot better.

Bryan greeted her first. "Hey, long time no see, Olivia. Want to soak your feet?" Olivia turned down his unusual invitation. "No thanks, Mr. Moore." Bryan immediately started lecturing her about the benefits of soaking one's feet.

“It improves blood circulation and metabolism. It also helps relieve insomnia and reduce high blood pressure. What’s more, it improves cardiovascular health.

You don’t look very well, so you should soak your feet. I’ve just made an improvement to the prescription...” Ethan interrupted Bryan’s rambling and pulled the blindfold over the latter’s eyes impatiently. “Go to sleep.” The onlookers watched Olivia curiously, wondering who she was. Why did she seem so close to Ethan and Bryan? However, she looked unfamiliar to all of them.

Ethan sat there with his legs slightly spread, looking extremely intimidating. He glanced over at her mildly and asked, “Why are you here?”

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 83

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 83-Ethan’s impression was still the same as the last time, when she’d thrown a pot of porridge at him a few days ago. She’d been furious and crazy, and she’d looked just like an angry cat.

Now, she was the exact opposite of that. Standing with her head bowed, she anxiously shifted from one foot to the other.

Olivia tried to overcome the discomfort and awkwardness she felt under his gaze. Softly, she said, “I want to ask you for a favor.” A laugh escaped his mouth as he sat with his legs crossed, plucking out a cigarette from a box. She knew he was mocking her. “What do you want now?” He asked.

Jason Yates, a rich youngster, stood not far away from them. Somehow, he was able to discern the slight difference in the way Ethan treated her. As he approached them, he said, “There’s no one in this world who wouldn’t want to ask Mr. Miller for help. Young lady, is this the attitude you should have when you’re asking someone for help? Hurry and light Mr. Miller’s cigarette for him.” Jason ushered Olivia to stand beside Ethan as the latter leaned in his seat, looking as lackadaisical as ever.

Apart from the tit-for-tat exchanges they’d had in the past two years, he’d used to be more polite and had more self-restraint. He’d never smoked in front of her.

Now, though, his collar was open, and the top two buttons were unbuttoned.

The dim light emphasized his already prominent facial features, making him appear all the more formidable.

As Olivia busied herself to find a lighter, she met Ethan's deep eyes, which seemed to be judging her. She couldn't care less what he thought of her and proceeded to bend over with one knee on the couch.

She leaned forward, ready to light the cigarette. Since she and Ethan were not of equal standing, she was forced to be humble around him.

The light from the flame of the lighter cast a flickering glow on his face. As he lowered his eyes, a hint of a smile hung at the corner of his lips for some unknown reason.

"I seem to recall that you once said you'd rather jump from the seventh floor of a building than come to me for help," he said.

That sentence was like a humiliating slap. She hadn't expected her father to get caught up in something like this and hence need Ethan's help. Still, she wasn't in the mood to guess what he thought of her, so she simply bent lower toward him.

In a humble voice, she said, "You're a magnanimous man, Mr. Miller. I'm sure you wouldn't be mad at something so trivial." The gears in Jason's mind started turning.

Ethan had never let any woman close to him, but this woman seemed to be the only exception. Although she was dressed a little too modestly, she had a pretty face, which could suit Ethan's taste.

Hurriedly, Jason poured three glasses of whiskey for Olivia and rapped his fingers on the table. "This is the way things work." Olivia furrowed her brows. Half a glass of this was enough to make her pass out, yet he wanted her to down three of them.

She glanced at Ethan, who then propped a hand under his chin and said nonchalantly, "What excuse are you going to come up with this time? That you're feeling uncomfortable or that you're sick to the point of no return?" The sneer on his lips was as clear as day. He knew that she had a low alcohol

tolerance, but he enjoyed making things tough for her. Perhaps this was him taking revenge on her.

Olivia felt her heart clench when she recalled the times he'd forbidden her from touching alcohol. Things were different for them now. Ethan sat there with his chin tilted slightly upward.

The air of arrogance and prestige he exuded was evident to anyone around him, and it ultimately put a wall between them. To him, she had been a puny and powerless weilding from the beginning.

Now that she'd thought things through, Olivia's mind zeroed in on saving her father. Her life and dignity were nothing in the face of saving him.

She raised one of the glasses into the air and downed the drink in one long gulp. She didn't drink often and was clueless about the quality of the whiskey. All she knew was that her throat was on fire after she finished it.

Pain. Not only did it burn her throat, but it also made her stomach hurt. Her clothes were thick, trapping heat and soaking her in her own sweat.

Her stomach was torturing her as it churned like a whirlpool inside of her. She pressed one hand on her stomach, then reached for the second glass with the other.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 84-Someone handed her a warm glass of milk. "If you can't drink, then don't.

Alcohol is bad for your health anyway. Here, have a glass of milk instead. You'll feel better after having it." Bryan's voice was soft and gentle, similar to how a brother would speak to his younger sibling. He knew who she was and was really kind to her.

Olivia smiled at him gratefully, but before she could thank him, Ethan cut in, reminding her, "You have two glasses left." His voice was as cold as his gaze.

Bryan furrowed his brows at Ethan. He knew how much Olivia meant to Ethan, and if the latter took things too far, not only would his actions hurt Olivia, but he would make himself miserable too.

"Fine." Olivia didn't hesitate as she reached for the second glass of whiskey. The look on her face said that there was no turning back, and she finished the

drink in one go. Her stomach felt like it had been punctured by thousands of blades.

Having drunk too much alcohol too quickly, Olivia couldn't help but feel like the world was spinning around her. All of a sudden, she collapsed.

She thought that she'd crash onto the table. She'd never expected someone's arms to pick her up instead.

Ethan held her in his arms and left the room in a hurry. Olivia was already in a daze as she mumbled to him, "Whiskey ... One more left..." Ethan tossed her into the backseat of the car. His eyes burned with rage as he looked at her. "Just what are you trying to do? Haven't you fooled around enough?" Olivia thought she saw stars when she fell heavily onto the seat. She didn't care about anything at this point.

In a kneeling position, she reached out to Ethan and tugged at his sleeves like a pouting child. She said sluggishly, "I must find Leo. He'll perform the craniotomy for my dad. I'll pay back what my dad owes you." Ethan lowered his gaze to Olivia and noticed a blush had crept across her previously pale face. She was trying her best to stay conscious despite being drunk.

"You can kill me, beat me, or do anything you want to me. I'll pay you back. Just let my dad go. He's my only family. Please..." she mumbled.

Ethan smirked at her in contempt. "You? Paying me back? What else do you have besides your life?" Loosening her grip on him, Olivia stared at him, completely helpless. "What exactly do you want me to do to make you satisfied?" "No matter what you do, my sister's already dead. I don't want you to die, but I won't let you live a happy life either. I'll only feel like life is worth living when I see you wallowing in misery. Am I clear?" "You're so cruel..." Tears streamed down her cheeks, making her look pitiful.

The sight of her in such a state made him feel slightly sorry for her. Much to his surprise, he couldn't feel any hint of joy when he saw her tears.

Annoyed, he loosened his tie and stretched an arm around her, forcefully pulling her into his embrace. She was already in a daze, but the impact as she crashed into his sturdy chest made her even dizzier.

Just as she started to speak again, she noticed Ethan's piercing eyes looking into hers.

Without any warning, he leaned in and pressed his lips against hers, snuffing out any sound she'd been about to make. He pressed on, letting his tongue explore and dominate every inch of her mouth.

He was overcome with restlessness. He'd thought that he didn't want to see her happy and yearned to let her burn in hell, and yet when he saw how she was struggling in torment, he realized that he wasn't even the slightest bit happy.

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212 All he felt was a cold hand close around his heart, strangling and suffocating him.

As his lips touched hers, he caught her familiar scent. Only then did he manage to calm down. Both of them were like a tangled mess. The more she struggled against him, the tighter his grip on her became.

His hands moved swiftly to pull down the zip of her down jacket, but Olivia realized what he was doing and pushed her hands. on his chest. “No!” She yelped, unwillingness written all over her face, but it only made Ethan more angry.

He stared into her eyes and repeated the words she’d said not long ago: “You said I could do anything I wanted to you.”

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 85-Ethan’s words were harsh, but Olivia was left with no other choice. She removed her hands from his chest, and his hands moved to her clothes.

However, when he took her jacket off, he realized that she was wearing a sweater and another layer of thermal clothing under 1. it.

Ethan furrowed his brows in confusion. “Are you an old lady? Why are you wearing so many layers of clothes?” Blushing, Olivia bit her lip and replied, “I’m afraid of the cold.” Suddenly, Ethan realized that she must be extremely thin to look fit even under so many layers of clothes. As his palm rested on the small of her back, he could feel her spine.

It was as if there was no flesh to separate her skin from her bones, and he wondered how she became so thin. The lustful thoughts he’d had just seconds ago vanished, replaced by a sheen of guilt.

Suddenly, Olivia glared at him, as though she’d only just realized what was happening.

In a tone that made it abundantly clear that she wasn’t happy, she questioned, “Aren’t you afraid that Marina will find out about you doing this to me? Don’t forget that we’re divorced.” Ethan’s voice returned to its cool, indifferent tone. “It’s none of your business. I agree with your earlier suggestion. From this day forth, you will pay me back on behalf of your father.” Quickly, Olivia asked, “About Leo ...” “I’ll find him.” Now that Ethan had promised to help her, Olivia could finally heave a sigh of relief. His gaze was dangerously locked on her as he said, “And you... you have to be on call whenever I need you.” Olivia was rather surprised to hear him say that.

His fingers brushed lightly over her cheeks as he teased, “I realized something.

Whenever I touch you, you look like you're going to die. But I still yearn for you... ||

His voice trailed off as he stared into her eyes. "So what better way to torture you than this? Am I right?" Enduring the searing pain in her stomach, Olivia asked him, "Will you regret torturing me like this one day?" "The only thing I know for sure is that I can only smile when you're in pain." Olivia had never imagined that their relationship would end up like this. She asked Ethan to drive her back to her apartment.

When they reached her place, he asked, "Aren't you going to invite me upstairs for some coffee?" It was obvious that he wanted to finish what he'd started in the car. Olivia had no reason to refuse him since Eve wasn't home and the apartment was all hers.

After opening the door, she darted into the washroom, not even bothering to switch on the lights or change into her indoor slippers.

She emptied the contents of her stomach and felt much more relieved and clear-headed now.

Suddenly, she felt an excruciating pain in her stomach and realized that the alcohol had only just started showing its full effects.

Breaking out in a cold sweat, she curled up on the ground, trying to bear the pain in silence, but it seeped across every inch of her body, to the point that even simply breathing felt agonizing.

Her head thumped, and she wandered in and out of consciousness, wondering if she was going to die soon. She bit her lip to stop herself from making any sound.

Ethan waited outside the washroom for a long time, but Olivia made no move to come out. In the end, he knocked on the door and asked, "Olivia, are you okay?" "I'm... fine." She forced the words from her mouth. "Give me a minute. I'll come out after cleaning up." Never in his wildest dreams would Ethan have suspected that she was terminally ill. After all, she'd just had a checkup a few days ago. He walked away, thinking that she was simply embarrassed to face him.

Behind the door, Olivia was curled up in a corner with her arms pressed against her stomach as if to numb the pain.

Now, even the slightest movement caused her immense pain, making her regret her rash decision to down those two glasses of whiskey just now.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 86-Ethan took a furtive glance around the apartment. It wasn't big, but he could feel Olivia's presence in every corner.

When he noticed the baby crib in her room, he remembered that it was the only thing she'd taken with her when she'd left him. As the realization washed over him, his heart turned into a jumbled mess.

After seeing her jump off the building that day, he'd come to realize one thing.

He'd followed after her without hesitation, which made him understand that he couldn't stop loving her no matter how much he hated her.

His love and hate were intertwined. They fused into a prickly bramble full of thorns, coiling tightly around the two of them. It was as though the more he pushed her off into the dark, the closer he got to the edge of a cliff himself.

Ethan picked up a soft toy on the bed. Olivia had always hugged it to make herself sleep for countless nights in the past two years.

If only that incident hadn't happened, he would have been a good husband to Olivia and a good father to their child. Every time her name left his lips, he could still feel the love he felt for her.

He simply couldn't make himself leave her for good.

Meanwhile, Olivia finally felt better after some time. She slowly pushed herself off the ground and walked to the living room.

She'd half expected that Ethan would have left, given that he was someone who valued time. Yet when she raised her head to look around the house, she spotted him on the balcony.

Sparks from a cigarette flickered as he held it between two fingers. It seemed that his smoking addiction had worsened.

Olivia was astonished that he was still here. Was he waiting to pick up where they'd stopped earlier?

A shadow fell across her face at that thought, and she went to get herself a glass of water to clear her throat.

After that, she dragged her feet on the floor as she approached him. "Should we do it here or on the bed?" she asked in a cool and distant tone, as though they were talking about work. Ethan looked up from the cigarette to stare at her sickly face, then exhaled slowly, forming a white puff of smoke in the air. "Do I seem like a pervert to you?" "I'll go to sleep if you're not thinking of doing it," Olivia told him blankly. She secretly thanked her lucky stars that she'd been able to escape it.

All she wanted was to have a good rest. She went into her room and closed the door behind her.

Ethan tapped at the cigarette lightly to make the ashes fall as he watched her disappear behind the door. This was exactly what he'd wanted.

But why was he upset? Was it because there was no longer a shine in her eyes when she looked at him?

He opened the door to see her curled up in bed. Her bed was full of plushies, so she had to curl herself up to fit on the bed. That was the only way she felt safe.

Venturing into the dark bedroom, Ethan stood beside the bed, looking at Olivia.

However, she was too tired to acknowledge him. Thanks to the alcohol, she managed to doze off easily.

The next day, she woke up to find Ethan sleeping on the bed in the master bedroom. Surprisingly, he went straight into the bathroom to shower without mocking or ridiculing her.

The doorbell rang, and she walked to open the door in her pajamas. Keith stood at the door with some bags of New Year's goods in his hands.

"It's New Year's soon, so I brought something over for you." "There's no need to-" Before Olivia could finish her sentence, the door to the bathroom opened.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 87-Ethan had been expecting Brent to send some clothes over for him, so he walked straight out of the bathroom. He turned to look at the open door, only to find Keith standing there.

Raising an eyebrow in question, he said to Olivia, "It seems like we have company." Olivia was still in her pajamas, whereas Ethan was wrapped in only a towel. No matter how one looked at it, they looked just like a couple who'd been married for years.

Keith was neither blind nor stupid; he set the goods down and left, dispirited.

Olivia didn't care to explain, which only convinced Keith that he'd guessed her situation correctly. Nevertheless, this was for the best.

Ethan tossed a glance at the goods on the ground. "Am I not generous enough to you?" Ten billion dollars for their divorce was considered sky-high already.

Olivia answered, "I'll give these to the old guy who collects the trash in our area." Ethan grunted. "Does he come here often?" "He visited once when I had a fever." "There won't be a next time." Ethan's harsh voice matched his stern message.

Stunned, it took Olivia a moment before she replied, "Okay." When Ethan finished packing his things and got ready to leave, she couldn't hold back and asked, "About Leo..." H "I'll contact you when I get an answer," he said, closing the door behind me. It was pretty easy for him to search for someone. Her father could be saved.

Olivia slumped on the couch and let her head fall back against the headrest.

Closing her eyes, she heaved a sigh of relief.

In the afternoon, Keith received a call from his parents.

His father, Frank Rogers, told him that he could have the opportunity to further his studies abroad. He could then take over the position of head of the hospital after that.

"Sorry, Dad, but I'm not thinking of going overseas for now." "It's a golden opportunity. I tried so hard to get you into this. There are only three spots for it in the entire country," Frank answered.

Keith smiled mockingly in response, saying, "This chance should go to Ethan then." "I don't know what happened between you and him, but he was even willing to set aside his status to inform me about this. Even if you don't think about yourself, you should at least think about your siblings." Keith had always been compliant with his parents, but this time, he fell silent.

Noticing that his son was upset, Frank sighed helplessly.

"You've heard of Oakland Hospital, right? Ethan Miller offered to cooperate with us on that project, the one everyone's been talking about in Aldenvine. I'm sure you know what that means." "I know," Keith said curtly.

Failing to get a proper response from his son, Frank finally asked, "What's making you stay?" Keith stood up from his seat, arms behind his back, as he looked out the window at the hall bustling with nurses and patients.

He let out a sigh and explained, "I want to send someone off one last time." Chapter 87 2/2 Frank was at a loss for words at this point. Keith had always been a good child to him, and, as a good father, he didn't want to poke his nose into his son's private life.

However, he couldn't afford to offend the Miller family. On top of that, Ethan was someone he respected as well.

Keith recalled what he'd seen this morning and remembered how Ethan had been so possessive of Olivia during the banquet that night. Even after their divorce, Ethan still wasn't willing to let her off the hook so easily.

Besides, Keith knew that if he got closer to Olivia, it would cause trouble for her.

With this in mind, he closed his eyes and eventually said, "Dad, I'll accept the offer to study overseas. I won't let you down." "Good. I'll make the necessary arrangements for you." Olivia had finally gotten over the worst of days, and her life was starting to take some semblance of normality again.

Early the next morning, she went to visit her father at the hospital. When she reached, she saw the nurse wiping Jeff's face with a handkerchief.

She quickly took the cloth from the nurse, saying, "Allow me." The nurse didn't object and handed it over to Olivia. Then, Olivia noticed two bouquets of gladioli on the table beside the bed. "Did someone come to visit?" She asked.

“Yes. Dr. Rogers was here. I was cleaning up the room when I heard him talking to Mr. Fordham’s attending physician. He’s going abroad for further studies, so we won’t get to see him here for quite some time.” Olivia froze in the middle of wringing the handkerchief dry. She understood the real reason he was leaving. “I see.” The nurse didn’t notice the change in Olivia’s expression and merely told her, “Dr. Rogers is a good person.” “I know.” “If you’re thinking of starting a family, I think he’s a pretty

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 88-Stunned, Olivia stopped what she was doing and said sternly, “Madam, you’ve crossed the line. I want to talk to my father alone. Please leave.” “Alright.” The nurse closed the door gently and left.

As usual, Olivia patiently wiped Jeff’s body and trimmed his hair and nails. Had it not been for the electrocardiogram displaying his even heartbeat, she would have thought that he’d left her for good.

Compared to the snowstorm before, the weather was great today, so she pushed the curtain away to let the sun’s warm rays shine into the room.

“Dad, I won’t be able to stay with you for long. If you don’t wake up soon, you might never see me again. Oh right—Ethan and I are divorced now.” Olivia’s voice was gentle as she spoke to her father, updating him on her life.

Sunlight fell on her face as she smiled.

“He wasn’t very kind to me these two years, but he’s been quite generous since our divorce. He’s given me what he should, including a house, a car, and some shares. I’m filthy rich now.” “I remember you telling me after Mom left that life should have its regrets, because only then would we learn to appreciate things. Since then, I’ve treasured everything and everyone around me, but, in the end, I haven’t managed to keep anyone by my side,” she continued.

“I’ve got some good news too, Dad. I heard that Mr. Crosby has decided to auction our house. I’ll win the auction and get our house back.

” “After Leo treats you and you recover, you live there. I’m sorry I have to leave you alone and for not being able to send you off.

Olivia talked on and on until it was dusk, yet Jeff showed no signs of walding up.

She forced out a laugh helplessly. “Just as I’d expected... Miracles only happen in storybooks.” On her way home, Olivia noticed a piece of news titled “President of Miller Group Customizes Priceless Wedding Dress for Fiancée.” There was a picture of the dress, “Milia Stellae,” attached as well.

To be honest, Olivia didn’t mind Ethan remarrying or having children with someone else, but the fact that he was giving his new wife this dress was heartbreaking.

There were so many wedding dresses in the world to choose from. Why did it have to be this one?

It took her back to that day three years ago. She’d just taken a shower and was lying lazily on the couch. She’d been watching a high-end luxury brand’s press conference on TV.

Pointing to one of the dresses displayed, she’d exclaimed, “Wow! I just love the way Emy designs her dresses! All of them are special. They’re elegant and stylish, but not flamboyant at all. It’s a pity that we didn’t hold a wedding ceremony.” Ethan had pulled Olivia into his arms out of habit. “Who said you could only wear a dress like that during a wedding ceremony? I’ll give you the most unique dress of all, Liv.” A month after that, Olivia had come across a draft of a gown design on the table in the study. There had been other designs. wedged in the sketchbook too.

Seeing them, she’d realized that the reason Ethan had been working late into the night was because he’d been designing a dress for her.

“Do you like this one?” Ethan asked. He had appeared out of nowhere and hugged her from behind.

He rested his chin gently on her shoulder as he spoke, making the atmosphere ever so romantic and heartwarming- “I like everything you draw.” “I’ve discussed things with the designer. The dress will take three years from material selection to completion. Can you wait Chapter 88 2/2 until then?” “I’ll wait for it even if it takes 30 years,” Olivia said. “There are so many diamonds on it. Why don’t we call it ‘Milia Stellae’?” “Sure. It’s all up to you.” “Then, I’ll wear this dress only for you.” Olivia could still clearly recall the time they’d made this promise. She just needed to close her eyes to remember the smile that had spread on his lips that day. His gentle eyes shone like stars in the midnight sky, too.

Now, she didn't need to wait for the dress anymore. All her waiting had brought her was seeing him give the dress to his new fiancée.

Olivia recomposed herself before she headed home. Eve had packed her things in a hurry and moved to her house yesterday.

When Olivia arrived home, Eve was humming and waving the spatula in the air as she prepared food in the kitchen. The years she'd spent saving money to pay that douchebag's bills had made her develop excellent cooking skills.

As the broth boiled in the pot, she busied herself with the ingredients, mixing them together step by step until the dish's aromatic fragrance filled the entire room.

It warmed Olivia's heart and made her feel as though she'd just climbed back from the depths of the underworld.

The aroma of the food helped improve her mood. It dissipated some of the sadness that had been weighing her down.

After stirring the broth with a ladle, Eve took a spoonful out of the pot, blew into it a couple of times, and tasted it. "Hmm. This isn't bad. Liv will love this." "I like anything you cook," Olivia said as she entered the kitchen. Eve was the only person by her side now.

"You're back! How's your father?" "The usual." "Don't worry. He'll get well soon. After all, you already donated all that money today. What a shame, too. You're too generous.

Olivia smiled. "You truly are a money-grubber. One needs to be alive to spend that money. No matter how much money we have, it's useless when we die. It's better to use it to help others." "You're right. That money came from an asshole anyway, so you should spend it however you want. Otherwise, it'd go to that scheming bitch," said Eve.

She continued, "I'll never forget that he was the one who kicked me down the hill. As of late, I even dream of kicking him all the time." "Oh, Eve." Olivia couldn't hold back a smile.

"Freeze." A camera appeared in Everly's hands out of nowhere. "Stay still. This is the smile I want to see." Olivia covered her face with her hands. "You know that I don't like taking photos." "I have to take more photos of you while

you're still in good shape. That way, I'll have something to remember you by in case. you leave..." Everly's voice trailed off.

Olivia then took the camera from her and smiled softly.

"Then you must put on some filters for me. After all, women like to look pretty all the time. I'll have to smile more so that you'll feel better when you see these photos in the future."

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 90—"Mrs. Mil—Ms. Fordham, shall I escort you inside?" Brent addressed Olivia as respectfully as usual.

"There's no need. I'm waiting for a friend... She's here." Olivia had just spotted a woman in a flaming red fur coat. She wore nude stockings underneath and high heels, making her look like an ostrich on fire.

All of a sudden, Olivia didn't want to admit knowing someone like her. It had never occurred to her that Everly was late because she was changing in the car.

Everly walked over with a pair of exaggerated glasses on her face and an overwhelming scent of perfume surrounding her.

Olivia turned away from the horrendous sight and started to leave. "Nope. I got the wrong person. I'll head inside now." "Liv! Wait for me!" Everly called after Olivia.

She approached Brent, stopped right before him, and removed her shades. "Did you piss Liv off again?" Brent was never one to comment on women's clothing, but this time... "Do you think Treasure Trove is a nightclub? Are you going to dance in this?" Everly was a short-tempered person, and she was already unhappy with Ethan.

Seeing his henchman here made her even more annoyed.

"When you die, I'm going to dance on your grave in this dress." Brent didn't bother arguing with her and simply said, "Come with me." However, Everly took out her invitation letter and said smugly, "No thanks. I have my own invitation." Before the two of them were finished with their talk, Olivia had already reached the second floor of the building.

Her father had enjoyed coming here. He didn't have much interest in anything, but he liked collecting antiques.

When the Fordhams had been wealthy, they'd had a broad collection of antiques at home, ranging from valuables from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance Era. Not many knew that Jeff also liked to paint and carve in his free time.

As Olivia walked through the baroque-style hallways, she noticed that several of the antiques displayed in the glass cabinets looked rather familiar. They had once been her father's treasures.

A wooden statuette with a small line of indents on one of its arms caught her eye. It was the one she'd bitten after her father had pulled her leg, saying that it was made of chocolate.

She'd only been six years old at the time, and she'd thought all her teeth would fall out after she'd bitten it. Now, she found it cute and funny with those indents.

Tears welled up in her eyes as a wave of nostalgia engulfed her.

She stood rooted to the spot before the glass cabinet, staring at the statuette, reluctant to leave.

After a while, she finally snapped out of her daze. She turned away from the cabinet, reminding herself of why she was here today.

As she looked away, her gaze locked with Ethan's, who was also standing in front of the stage. He looked dashing in a pitch – black wool coat that outlined his slim and fit figure.

He stared directly at her, his eyes like two deep, bottomless pits. He looked away after a short while.

"Excuse me." Olivia walked past him as if they were mere strangers.

Not long after that, Marina came to him, beaming. "Ethan, why are you here?" Calista, who was beside her, chimed in, saying, "Of course he's here because of you. You two love each other so much that you

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller 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?" Chapter 91 2/2 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.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller 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." Chapter 92 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." Chapter 92 1/2 Chapter 92 As Everly took her seat, the lights dimmed.

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wants Fordham residence, not Ethan.” Grinning from ear to ear, Marina answered, “Ethan always gives me what I want.”

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 93-Everyly 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,” Everyly retorted.

“Everyly, if I were you, I would speak to me politely,” Marina threatened, crossing her arms.

“Ooh, someone’s getting angry!” Everyly 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.” Everyly 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.” Everyly 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.

Chapter 94 2/2 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.”

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller 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.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller 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 Chapter 95 saw Olivia carrying a drunk Everly outside.

Just then, it began to snow.

2/2 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?”

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller 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.

Chapter 96 2/2 "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.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller 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.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller 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.

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller 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 Forham 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” □

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller 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!”

Olivia Fordham And Ethan Miller Chapter 89-It was the night of the charity dinner, which had been fully organized and managed by the Crosby family. The Crosbys had announced that 10% of the money from the auction would be sent to charity.

However, everyone knew the truth—the Crosbys were facing some financial difficulties and were trying to earn some cash by selling off some of their items.

Those in Mr. Crosby Senior’s circle knew that he had an eye for invaluable collectibles, yet they kept quiet about it.

He’d liked hoarding valuables since he’d been young, so there were bound to be lots of treasures hidden in his house.

It wasn’t every day that one got to see him selling his prized possessions, and those who knew him had decided to attend the dinner as soon as they’d received the invitation.

Even those without much money came over to watch the show. The word on the street was that the Fordham residence was going to be auctioned too.

Olivia and Everly arrived just in time.

The latter poked her head out of the car window to take a look before saying, “You go ahead and head upstairs. I’ll park the car and meet you there. Save me a spot in the front row!” “Alright.” Everly had never attended something like this and thought that they could help each other grab a seat. The truth was, the seats were usually arranged for the guests in advance at events like this.

There were two ways the seating arrangement was determined: either according to one’s social status or based on the amount of money one had to offer.

Fortunately, Olivia had asked Everly to settle the donation before they came, so she already had a seat reserved for her. She couldn't simply sit wherever she wanted.

Unfortunately, as Olivia neared the entrance, she realized she'd forgotten the invitation when the guards stopped her from entering.

"Miss, do you have a letter of invitation with you?" The guard wasn't trying to make things difficult for her. It was just that he'd never seen anyone wear a down jacket to an event like this. The dress code usually consisted of gowns and suits. On top of that, he could see that her down jacket was patched up in some places.

Frankly, Olivia said, "It's with my friend." "I'm sorry, but you have to wait for your friend before you two can enter together." Since it was a private event, Olivia understood that the guard was merely doing his job.

Despite getting some looks from some of the guests that were entering the building, she straightened her back, trying to remain calm and composed.

It was at this moment that Marina arrived with Calista, who had an arm hooked around the former's.

Olivia could hear Calista's voice from afar as she said, "Marina, I saw the dress in the interview. They say there are 3650 diamonds inlaid on it and that every diamond is a symbol of Mr. Miller's love for you. I truly envy the love you two have for each other." Olivia pressed her fingers hard into her palms, but she didn't feel the pain. She had always thought that Ethan had designed "Milia Stellae" for her and that all the diamonds were just part of the design.

Now she knew that it was to commemorate his and Marina's love.

Marina was surrounded by a group of women in ostentatious clothes. When her gaze met Olivia's, she coolly looked away, not wanting to have anything to do with Olivia. She didn't want anyone to know about Ethan and Olivia's past.

Chapter 89 2/2 Calista, on the other hand, was a completely different case. Olivia had upset everyone when they'd had a meal together that day.

Besides, the Fordhams had finally gone bankrupt as well. With Marina by her side, Calista looked down on Olivia even more.

“Isn’t this our class’ genius? Why are you dressed so sloppily? When I saw you from afar, I thought you were a beggar.” Calista mocked her.

The guard chose to speak at this inappropriate moment. “Mrs. Miller, do you know this woman? She doesn’t have an invitation with her, but if you know her, you can go in together.” “I don’t,” Marina said curtly.

Calista tried to make things worse by telling the guard, “You should have your eyes checked. Don’t simply allow penniless people to sneak their way into an event like this.” Calista added, “The New Year’s coming, so maybe she was trying to steal something after getting inside. I’m sure you can’t afford it if something goes missing.” The guard nodded repeatedly at Calista. “I understand now. Thank you for your reminder, ma’am.” Calista and Marina rolled their eyes at him and finally entered the building. Just as the guard was about to ask Olivia to leave, Brent, who’d come out for a smoke, saw them.

He immediately stepped in to stop the guard. Only then did the guard allow Olivia to go inside.