

Read Novel Even After Death by Liling Champ Chapter 161-170

Even After Death by Liling Champ Chapter 161-Shaking her head, Olivia continued to beg. "Ethan, I-" With one hand carrying the child, Ethan wiped her tears with his other hand. "Liv, with every plea you make, I'll add one more hole to his body. Do you want to test me?" Olivia instantly shut up. This perverse man was capable of anything at all.

She could only let her tears fall in silence. Ethan whispered, "The more tears you shed for his sake, the more he will bleed later.

" Olivia felt like a heavy boulder was weighing upon her heart. There were thousands of words she wanted to say, but at that moment, she couldn't make a sound.

She could only shake her head continuously. Reaching out, Ethan rubbed her eyes. "Be a good girl and look away. We can return to our normal lives after this." Tom, who was being held down, started shouting. Popping out of nowhere, Jerry spoke up as well, "If you want to kill someone, kill me. Don't hurt Jack "He just wants to improve the islanders' quality of life. He's a good man. Even when we took your son away, we never hurt him. We even gave him milk, which is a luxury to us." The boy had also appeared in Olivia's drawings. Ethan only responded with two words, "Get lost." The usually timid boy refused to budge. "If you truly love Ms. Olivia, you won't hurt her friends. What you're doing right now isn't love; it's hurt." It was only then that Ethan looked at Jerry. An evil smile appeared on his lips.

"Who told you that I love her? The more she suffers, the happier I am. If killing you could break her heart, that's the best thing I can wish for." Jerry couldn't understand how such cold words could come out of a human mouth. The man's cold air surrounded him, but Jerry retorted bravely.

"If you hate her, you wouldn't have protected her on instinct. That bullet was traveling at a high speed. If you hate her, you would've simply let her die. Instead, you held her in your arms." Jerry exposed Ethan's mask right away. Even Kelvin gaped in shock.

The meek youth was quite brave, after all. Even Kelvin didn't dare say such words to Ethan's face.

“If you truly love a person, it’ll show in your eyes. If you don’t love her, you wouldn’t have humbled yourself and come looking for Ms. Olivia in person.

“If you don’t love her, you wouldn’t be treating Jack as an enemy. Even a child like me knows that love should be sincere. Even if you don’t love someone, you shouldn’t hurt them.

“When you’re hurting her, don’t you feel bad as well?” Ethan let go of Connor and then walked toward Jerry. For a moment, everyone held their breaths, feeling worried for the youth.

As Ethan neared him, Jerry felt his heart shivering. Still, he didn’t back down.

Ethan had a tall figure, and he was considerably taller than the thin youth. Ethan’s oppressive air surrounded Jerry.

“Are you telling me what to do?” Ethan sneered. In the next moment, he had already aimed his gun at Jerry’s head.

“I can let him go, but you’ll have to die in his place.” Ethan wasn’t too interested in the youth, and he was even a little fond of Jerry. Even adults didn’t dare meet his gaze and speak such bold words, much less young people.

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Even After Death by Liting Champ Chapter 162-Everyone tensed up. It was just a noise Ethan made with his mouth, but the youth was already frowning deeply.

Ethan let go of the gun, a look of approval coloring his eyes. “Not bad. You’re quite the man. Still, no one can replace his life.” Ethan walked toward Jack. Just then, Jack swiftly took out his gun and aimed it at Ethan’s forehead.

“Don’t move!” Guns were pointed at Jack from all sides. The man had been waiting for a chance to make his move.

“If my lowly life can be exchanged for Mr. Miller’s, then it doesn’t seem like a bad deal.” A rare smile appeared under Jack’s mask.

He looked at Olivia with an earnest look that seemed to say, "From today onward, you'll be free." Jack knew very well that as soon as he fired the gun, bullets from all sides would come at him as well. He had nowhere to run.

Olivia was stunned. No one could've expected this turn of events.

She had known Jack for only two weeks. She couldn't allow him to die for her.

"No, don't shoot!" Olivia ran toward the two in a crazed manner.

Ethan, who had a gun aimed at his head, didn't seem to be scared. Instead, maniacal enthusiasm could be seen in his eyes.

"Why don't we make a bet and see who survives?" Olivia shouted, "Don't shoot, Jack. Please, don't shoot!" As soon as he fired the gun, no one would know how things would turn out. But she was sure that only tragedy awaited them.

Before Jack could shoot, Olivia was already standing between the two.

"If you two are going to shoot, then you should kill me first." Ethan frowned, upset at Olivia's sudden interruption. "Take her away." Throwing herself at Ethan, Olivia hugged him.

Her warm tears trailed down his neck as she said in a trembling voice, "Stop. Please, just stop. I'll agree to all your conditions. I won't escape anymore, I swear. Please let them go." The woman in his arms trembled uncontrollably with tears streaming down her face. Ethan felt the cold sea breeze on his face. For a moment, he regained his wits.

Seeing how pitiful Olivia's sobs were, Ethan felt like a hole had opened up in his heart. He wasn't happy at all. Instead, he felt endless pain.

He felt like he hadn't seen her smile in a long while.

When he persistently clung to her, was it for revenge? Or was he simply feeling possessive?

No matter what the reason was, right now, he didn't want to see her cry.

He asked in a low voice, "Are you truly sorry?" Olivia gripped his coat, her messy hair whipping in the wind. There were tears in her eyes as she nodded time and again. "Yes, I'm sincerely sorry." His slender fingers tucked her

messy hair behind her ears. He lowered his gaze, which had a rare hint of gentleness in it." Then I'll do as you wish." Olivia looked at him in disbelief. She thought that she was hearing things.

Bending down, Ethan picked Connor up. Then, he waved at Olivia.

The sea breeze lifted the ends of her clothes. A few strands of her hair, which he had tucked behind her ears, came loose and covered her forehead.

The sunlight gave his body a warm glow. She couldn't believe that she had caught sight of tenderness in Ethan's eyes. Was she dreaming?

Not daring to doubt his intentions, Olivia hastily placed her hand in his palm.

As their fingertips touched, he tugged at her. She fell into his embrace.

"We're going home." His cold words dashed Olivia's imagination to pieces. She had no choice but to follow him.

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Even After Death by Liting Champ Chapter 163-When Olivia passed by Tom and Jerry, they looked at her with heavy hearts.

She smiled at them in an attempt to comfort them.

Jack didn't say anything. He watched her board the helicopter silently because he knew that now wasn't the time.

In order not to cause trouble to the people on the island, Ethan mustn't die here.

However, once he was away from the island... A malicious glint fled across Jack's eyes when Ethan happened to look back at him as if he sensed the danger.

They met each other's eyes. The two strong men stared at each other for a second.

Both of them were aware that today wasn't the end.

Olivia wasn't able to bid farewell before leaving the island.

She looked at the huge cherry blossom tree and the small wooden house.

Martha was standing in front of her house, sending her off. The kids and the neighbors were watching her too.

Olivia didn't realize when Jack left. With his back facing her, he advanced deeper into the woods like a lone wolf.

"Goodbye, everyone," she closed her eyes and thought. It was a pity that she couldn't watch the cherry blossoms bloom.

Since Ethan had caused a commotion only to bring her home, everyone definitely knew about it.

Thus, her plans had gone out of the window.

"What's wrong? You hate to leave the island?" His low voice rang in her ears.

Olivia had to be very careful with her words. The last thing she wished for was to anger him because of a slip of the tongue.

She shook her head, not knowing how to respond to that.

Telling him the truth would make him angry. On the other hand, he would see through her if she lied.

Her fear of Ethan made her blood surge. She didn't know what was the right response.

It seemed like Ethan was aware of that.

She would flinch when he leaned closer toward her. Like a frightened cat, she watched him with alert eyes.

He pulled the jumpy Olivia into his arms. She didn't dare to defy his actions.

Therefore, she nestled against his chest, listening to his steady heartbeat.

She shrank herself as she couldn't read his mind. She wasn't sure how he would torture her the next moment.

The helicopter landed at the apron in Miller residence.

Olivia was on tenterhooks. Even her legs were wobbling when she alighted from the helicopter.

Ethan was looking at her. She was like a stray cat that had grown cautious of humans after getting tortured.

His gaze alone was enough to fetter her with fear.

Ethan clearly wasn't doing anything. Yet, her body shuddered when he glanced at her.

Olivia was finally back, but she was more timid and sensitive than before.

She would read his expression carefully and watch her words.

Her attitude evoked frustration in him.

She stared at his back, sensing his anger. She didn't know why he was livid because she neither did nor said anything.

1/2 Olivia secretly caressed the pocket that contained the gun, hoping that she wouldn't have to use it one day.

As soon as they entered the house, Madam Burgess took Connor elsewhere to play.

Olivia followed Ethan upstairs. The moment she entered a room, the door was closed.

The lights weren't turned on. A ray of sunlight passed through the opening from the drawn curtains.

She could see the dust dancing under the glow of light, as well as Ethan's gulping throat.

Darkness shrouded his face, so she couldn't read his expression.

On the other hand, the sunlight was cast upon her lips and neck.

He caressed her lips, transferring the warmth from his coarse fingertip.

She didn't know what kind of trick he had in mind.

Right when she was going to say something, his finger traced downward to her delicate collarbones.

Ethan's breathing became heavier. She couldn't guess what he was up to at all.

When she was going to say something, he finally moved.

He bent over, exposing his face to the sun for a brief second before he kissed her.

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Even After Death by Lifting Champ Chapter 164-*Olivia widened her eyes.*

For the past few days, she had been guessing how Ethan would torture her.

But... Never in her wildest dream had she imagined it to end up this way.

Like a dehydrated man in the desert who finally found water, he carefully savored her lips as if he was afraid of losing them.

Her heart raced.

Although the sunlight was shining on his face, his eyes were shut. She couldn't read his mind.

It had been a long time since Olivia received such gentle treatment from him.

While she was in a daze, Ethan suddenly bit her lip.

The tingling pain pulled her senses back.

He asked coldly, "Are you thinking of him again?" Unbeknownst to him, he was all she could think of. She wasn't in the state of mind to think about others.

She replied with a deadpan face, "No. How many times do I have to tell you? We're just friends." He scoffed coldly.

Obviously, he was seeing her as his wife who cheated on him. He wouldn't believe anything she said.

Not only that, he was getting aggressive. He caressed Olivia's face. "Did he touch you?" She widened her eyes, not expecting that question from him.

"No. You'd better not cross the line." Her tone turned icier.

His words made her heart ache. His question was like rubbing salt on her wounds.

The ache in her heart eclipsed the pain of her wounds.

"He touched your hands." Ethan intertwined her fingers obsessively.

Olivia's lips parted, but no words escaped through her lips.

She did not know how to explain her stance.

All she could do was rein her emotions to not agitate him.

However, her concession was a provocation to him.

He suddenly carried her to the bathroom, prompting her to clutch his shirt.

Unpleasant memories began flooding her head as her body trembled.

"Is he gonna go mad again?" she wondered.

Ethan placed her lightly into the bathtub, saying gently, "Don't be afraid. I'll wash you up." "Not this again!" she thought.

The thought of dipping herself in cold water made her shake her head in denial. "Ethan, don't do this to me. Please." The shower was turned on, and the steam filled the bathroom.

Fortunately, it was warm water.

Ethan began taking her clothes off until she was left in her undergarments.

They had done something more intimate before. It had been two years since he last touched Olivia.

After experiencing all kinds of incidents, she had mixed feelings for him.

Love, resentment, anger and other emotions jumbled into a ball within her.

His touch disgusted her more.

“Don’t touch me!” She hugged her chest, repelled by his touch.

With dark eyes, Ethan stared at the woman hugging her knees in the bathtub.

She curled into a ball with teary eyes that expressed evident repulsion.

He sneered. “What’s wrong? You don’t want me to touch you?” Olivia could sense his aura turning dangerous. His eyes were devoid of warmth.

It seemed like he had a serious misunderstanding about her.

She watched him stand up wordlessly. With mockery written all over his face, he was going to leave.

Olivia was confident that Ethan was going to do something; not to her, but to the people around her.

Quickly, she grabbed his wrist.

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Even After Death by Liting Champ Chapter 165-Ethan stopped in his tracks and looked at Olivia silently.

There was only the sound of water splashing from the shower.

As tense as the air was, the grasp around his wrist was tight.

“Don’t go,” she lied because that was the only thing she could say.

Ethan pinched her chin and commented indifferently, "You're still pleading for him." Olivia felt like she was talking to a wall. No matter what she said, there was only one thing that mattered to him—that she had betrayed and cheated on him.

"You're the one who betrayed me!" she thought.

Frustration was gnawing at her, but she sighed when she thought about Tom and Jerry.

Standing up in the bathtub, she hugged Ethan without giving a care about her wet body.

The water droplets slowly damped his white shirt, but he didn't push her away.

She wrapped her arms around him carefully. The moment her lips pecked his neck, his body became tense.

"Ethan, I didn't betray you." Her quivering voice was soft. It was teeming with sorrow and grievance.

He reciprocated the embrace and crashed her lips with his.

She frowned. It was their first intimacy after two years. It was the same embrace that she had yearned for and relied on before this.

Yet, she was disgusted when she thought about how he had done it with Marina.

Right when she was going to push him away, his phone rang.

The ringtone indicated that it was a call from Marina.

Olivia sighed as she had never been this grateful to Marina before.

Ethan wanted to proceed, but the ringtone echoed against the walls again and again.

Irritated by the noise, he released her.

Impatiently, he answered the call. Marina said something that deepened his frown.

In the end, he hung up the call with an agitated face.

Helplessly, he put on a robe around him. “I gotta go out. Stay here and wait for me.” A wave of relief washed over Olivia.

Noticing her joy, Ethan added sternly, “Do not go anywhere.” Once he was gone in a hurry, her body slowly relaxed.

It was fortunate that he didn’t proceed to the final stage.

The man she was once deeply in love with now disgusted her.

Olivia took a few pumps of body shampoo.

In the bubble-filled bathtub, she began rubbing and cleaning every part of her body that he had touched.

The warm water covered her body. Olivia looked into the blurry mirror, staring at her vague silhouette.

She asked herself in her head, “Even if I’m able to escape his torture today, will I be able to do the same tomorrow?” Ethan was more despicable than before.

Previously, although he gave her the cold treatment due to resentment, she had freedom.

Yet, now, he had fettered her body and mentality.

When her skin was showing tinges of red due to the long bath, she stood up.

Since there was no other way out, she had to step forward bravely.

She contacted Calvin. “Calvin, have you found anything?”

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Even After Death by Liting Champ Chapter 166-Considering that it had been days since Olivia left, Calvin should’ve found something for her.

“Olivia, are you alright?” he asked with concern.

After the incident on the ship, he had been worried about her. He called her a few times but it was all in vain.

“Sorry for making you worried. I lost contact for a few days to deal with something. I’m fine now.” He was relieved to hear that. “That’s great. I did find something. Can we talk in person?” Olivia sighed as she was still undergoing punishment from Ethan because of Jack.

If she went to meet Calvin in person, she had no idea what Ethan would do to her.

She said, “Calvin, honestly, I’m afraid of alerting the other party. I suspect that there’s someone keeping an eye on me. Did you carry out your investigation discreetly?” He nodded. “Don’t worry. I know what I’m doing. Mr. Galloway resigned two days after Belle’s death.” “She resigned? What about that man?” Olivia’s brows were knitted together.

It was no wonder that she sensed hostility from the doctor’s gaze at that time.

“He resigned a day before Dr. Galloway did. I dug further. The man was a temporary staff hired through Dr. Galloway. His name was fake.” “What about Dr. Galloway? She owns a medical license. Her name shouldn’t be fake.” Calvin responded, “Her full name is Jennifer Galloway. We studied in the same medical college, but she’s my senior by a few years.

“She pursued her studies abroad after graduation. She returned to the country only this year.” He paused momentarily before continuing, “I found something interesting. She received financial aid from your father before.

Olivia was stunned. It was clearly not a coincidence.

“Calvin, is there any other information? Maybe about her family or friends, and Belle too.” “Calm down. I’ll tell you everything.” He calmed her down.

He added, “Jennifer was raised by her single mother. Her parents divorced when she was young.

“A few years ago, her mother passed away due to an illness and she went abroad to further her studies. It’s been years since she last contacted her

father.” Based on Jennifer’s background alone, Olivia couldn’t figure it out. She wondered if Jennifer had been harmed by Jeff before.

Olivia recalled the name list, but Jennier’s name was not on it.

“This is all I’ve found out about Jennifer. I can’t find her whereabouts after her resignation. As for Belle, her parents have immigrated to another country.

“They didn’t return to the country after she passed away. They didn’t like her since she was young because she was a girl.

“They abused her, so she grew up reserved. And she dropped out of school due to pregnancy.” Olivia recalled Belle’s pale face. “Is her kid alive?” If Jeff was the culprit, Olivia would be able to confirm her guess through a DNA test as long as she could find the child. Calvin replied, “Sorry, I couldn’t track her down after she dropped out of school. I heard that she had an abortion.

“I’ve asked someone to check with several public and private hospitals, but I haven’t been able to find any relevant records.” Olivia’s eyes lit up. “It’s possible that her child is still alive!” Belle kept repeating about someone stealing her child away. Olivia finally found hope from the important clue.

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Even After Death by Liting Champ Chapter 167-Olivia was in a good mood as she thanked Calvin profusely, “Thank you, Calvin. You’ve helped me big time.” Now, she had to find Belle’s child.

A DNA test between the child and Jeff would reveal whether he was a scoundrel or not.

Calvin said, “Don’t worry, Olivia. I’ll look more into that man. But it seems like he has expected someone to investigate the matter.

“He left no traces. That’s why I’m unable to find anything. I need some time.” At that moment, someone knocked on the door.

“Mrs. Miller, are you done yet?” Madam Burgess asked.

“Yeah.” Olivia hurriedly hung up the call and kept her phone before opening the door.

“You must be hungry. I made something. You can come on down and eat.” Madam Burgess was kind– hearted as usual.

Considering her aching stomach, Olivia gladly went downstairs.

As soon as she was downstairs, she heard Connor’s voice. “Mama! Mama!” Connor, who was playing with toys, scurried toward her.

Her bad mood was appeased at once. She hugged him. “Connor.” With drool on his mouth, he smiled adorably at her.

Olivia recalled Ethan’s words and was grateful that she didn’t act on impulse back there.

She adjusted the emerald necklace around his neck before carrying him to the dining table.

She was used to babysitting thanks to her experience on the island.

Madam Burgess smiled. “Look how happy Master Connor is. Anyone would think that you’re his mother.” She soon realized that she had put her foot in her mouth. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Miller. It wasn’t on purpose.” “It’s alright.” Olivia shrugged it off.

They enjoyed the meal. After the meal, Olivia suddenly realized that something was wrong.

Before this, she would lose her appetite whenever Ethan was away because of Marina.

She would cry while staring at the door, waiting for him until her stomach ached or the night dawned.

It seemed like she was slowly getting over him.

The joy upon realization didn’t last long. Brent was standing at the door and said with some embarrassment, “Mrs. Miller, I’m here to pick Master Connor up.” Olivia’s smile went stiff, and she slowly released Connor’s hand.

“Right. Ethan isn’t mine, and Connor isn’t either.” Brent walked up to her and apologized, “I’m sorry, Mrs. Miller.” He carried Connor away, and the latter began crying.

Olivia wanted to stop Brent, but she suddenly recalled her position.

Who was she to Connor? What right did she have to stop Brent from taking Connor away?

In the end, she could only watch the crying boy leave helplessly.

Madam Burgess washed the dishes and left the manor, leaving Olivia all alone in the huge house.

There were people guarding the gates. It appeared like she had freedom, but she was actually cooped up.

Standing before the floor-to-ceiling window, she stared into herself. She wore an ugly smile.

Be it before or now, she had always been alone.

The only difference was that she no longer had anyone to wait for.

Olivia returned to her room. She hugged her knees, staring into the somber sky that was adorned with a full moon.

She thought about the people on the island. Tom and Jerry should be asleep at this hour.

She figured that she needed to talk with Ethan.

At midnight, someone opened the bedroom door.

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Even After Death by Liting Champ Chapter 168-Ethan returned home after dealing with the Carlton family. He initially thought Olivia would wait for him in the living room like before.

No matter how late he returned home, she would always sleep on the couch in the living room.

She always made sure the lights were turned on when he returned.

However, the house was shrouded by darkness when he opened the door. She wasn't on the couch either.

Ethan was tipsy.

Before this, Olivia would welcome him home. She would grumble while looking for hangover pills for him.

She was naggy, but he loved it.

Unlike before, he felt cold although the heater was turned on.

He opened the bedroom door. Thanks to the lightning from the hallway, he could see the bump on the bed.

Olivia fell asleep a moment ago.

Ethan pulled her into his embrace. The air that reeked of alcohol woke her up.

"You drank?" Hearing her groggy voice, he grumbled, "Olivia, you've changed." It didn't make sense to her. "Are you kidding me? You're the one who had a change of heart first." He wrapped his arms tightly around her. He appeared mild at the moment.

"I didn't. I never did." His drowsy voice rang into her ears.

Olivia didn't buy it. After all, his and Marina's son was already a year old.

How could he claim that he never had a change of heart?

Nevertheless, she knew his character all too well that she should let him be. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to have a good night's sleep tonight.

Just like that, she nestled in his arms quietly. She didn't want to tick him off.

As she had expected, her obedient reaction comforted him.

Ethan hugged her tighter and rested his head on her shoulder. "Liv, I barely found you. Can you not run away again?" It had been a long time since she last heard his gentle tone.

If this happened two months ago, she would've been elated.

Now, it didn't affect her emotions a single bit.

She was aware that it was empty words said under the influence of alcohol. Once the sun rose, he would return to his original self again.

Love and respect wouldn't be able to fix their relationship anymore. One of them had to have a downfall before they could find peace.

That night, Ethan hugged her tightly as if he had found his lost treasure at long last.

There were no hurtful words, only gentleness.

He soon drifted into dreamland. Olivia, who was used to sleeping alone, couldn't sleep because of his warmth.

Belle's death was all she could think of.

After making sure that he was deep asleep, she slid out of his arms.

She put on a cardigan and sneaked to the study.

She reopened the safe, which was unlocked with her birthdate. She didn't know whether to see him as fickle or loyal.

Olivia was confident that she missed something.

Leia's death must be related to Jeff and Belle in some way.

Olivia wasn't in a hurry. Instead of reading other people's information, she flipped through Leia's information.

Leia's death was taboo to Ethan, so Olivia didn't dare to bring it up before this.

Thus, she didn't peruse the documents related to Leia.

Aside from Leia's toys, there was a brown paper bag in the safe.

Olivia thought, “If I’m dead, will my whole life be written on a stack of papers? And be consigned to oblivion after ten years?” Leia’s adoptive parents passed away years ago. What about her friends?

There should be at least a trace of someone’s existence in this world.

Olivia snapped pictures of the documents, believing that the truth was hidden within them. While she was on tenterhooks, a cold voice sounded from the door. “Are you done reading?”

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Even After Death by Liting Champ Chapter 169-Olivia raised her gaze to meet eyes with Ethan, who was standing by the door.

He hadn’t changed into his pajamas before sleeping, so his shirt was crumpled with some undone buttons.

He leaned against the door frame lazily. His disheveled hair didn’t stop him from looking handsome as always.

Olivia was feeling guilty. She wasn’t able to completely cut ties with Ethan.

In addition to his unappeased anger during the day, she thought of the people from the island and was scared.

“I—I couldn’t sleep,” she explained anxiously while he slowly came up to her.

She was sitting on the floor, and the light cast his shadow over her.

Judging from his clear eyes, he appeared to be sober.

His dark eyes carried zero emotions, so she couldn’t read his mood.

Olivia hastily placed the documents into the safe while stammering on her words. “I was s—simply looking around.” He held her wrist tightly.

Her chest tightened, and her instincts prompted her to beg for mercy. “I was wrong. I shouldn’t have read your sister’s documents. Don’t be angry...” ||

He held her hand while staring at her.

He wondered since when the affection and resentment in her gaze had given way to fear.

“It’s getting late.” His voice was hoarse.

Olivia looked at him, confused.

Ethan set the documents in her hands aside and carried her. “You can take your time and read them during the day.” She widened her eyes in surprise, thinking, “Does that mean I can enter his study and read his documents whenever I want?” “I didn’t change the password because I didn’t want to hide it from you in the first place.” He saw through her.

Ethan placed Olivia on the soft bed and hugged her tightly once again.

“You should rest now.” His groggy voice sounded above her.

She stared at the silver button on his shirt that reflected the moonlight.

His heartbeat was pounding into her ears due to the proximity.

Confused, she couldn’t follow him at all.

“If you don’t wanna sleep, I don’t mind continuing our unfinished deeds from the day,” he suddenly said.

She was surprised and hurriedly shut her eyes. She stayed still She deemed that he wasn’t in his right state of mind.

Ethan stared deeply at the sleeping Olivia, who was curled in his arms.

It had been a long time since they last slept in each other’s embrace.

The next morning, his handsome face appeared in her sight the moment she opened her eyes.

It was as though time had returned to three years ago when she could see him whenever she woke up.

A few strands of his fringe rested on his forehead, tickling his furrowed eyebrows. The sleeping man appeared harmless.

There was a thin layer of stubble around his tense jaw.

Olivia instinctively reached out to smoothen the crease between his brows.

Her hand halted midair when she recalled that they were divorced. When she was going to withdraw her hand, Ethan opened his eyes.

Their eyes intertwined midair. She could see the tiny dust particles dancing in the air too.

Her hand remained stiff in midair. Whether she withdrew her hand or not, it would be awkward.

While she was thinking of how to resolve the awkward situation, his hand around her waist tightened. He suddenly hovered over her to kiss her lips.

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Even After Death by Lilting Champ Chapter 170-Olivia was stunned for a moment. When she finally pulled her senses back, she pushed Ethan away.

The fact that he had touched another woman disgusted her. That was the sole reason behind her instinctive reaction.

However, he held the back of her head and deepened the kiss, rendering her defiant action in vain.

Frowning, she wanted to bite him only to find that he was pinching her cheeks.

Men were inherently stronger than women when it came to strength. Thus, she had no choice but to yield to him.

When Olivia thought she was going to suffocate to death, Ethan finally let her go.

She glared at him with reddened eyes like an angry bunny.

His eyes darkened. "What's wrong? Am I not allowed to touch you?" Before she could respond, he pinched her cheeks harder as he stared at her icily.

Her brows knitted at his psychopathic acts.

She attempted to pry his fingers off. “Release me! If you’re sexually frustrated, you can go to Marina. She’s your fiancée.” “Olivia Fordham, it seems like you’re taking the liberty of my generosity toward you.” Enraged, Ethan grabbed her hands.

Learning her lesson from her past experience, Olivia didn’t dare to infuriate him by crossing the line.

She caved in to him. Although she had raised the white flag, Ethan noticed the unappeased rage in her eyes.

He released her and headed to the washroom.

She massaged her hurting cheeks while concluding that his mood swings had become more serious than before.

Hence, she made a mental note to herself not to enrage him.

Ten minutes later, Ethan came out of the washroom. He didn’t spare a single glance at her when he passed by her to reach the closet.

Olivia was aware of one thing—the angrier he was, the more passive she would become.

She opened the other side of the closet to take a suit out. “Wear this.” It was in gray color, which held a certain solemnity and was relatively casual than black.

It was perfect for his schedule today.

Ethan approached her. She thought that he would reject her suggestion, yet he trapped her by placing his hand next to her.

She retreated in reflex.

He drew the distance closer until her back rested against his clothes. She was trapped in the cramped closet.

Slightly nervous, she met his eyes. “You-” “It’s been a while since you picked an outfit for me.” Ethan caressed her cheeks.

Olivia's heart missed a beat as she thought, "He's always known how to make my heart flutter." "You're the one who isn't home all the time," she grumbled helplessly.

He leaned toward her to capture her lips with his. She was forced to hug his neck to stabilize herself.

The thought of the cramped space made her breathe heavily. She didn't have the guts to shove him away, so she accepted the kiss.

Ethan couldn't put his finger on one thing—that was whether his love for Olivia was greater than resentment or vice versa.

However, there was something he was sure of.

The woman, whom he once thought he could get over, had captured his heart.

The ocean of resentment drove them apart, yet he wanted to slog through it only to hold her in his arms, Kissing her and possessing her were the only things he could think about. Ethan wanted to have all of her.

Invisible vines that sprouted from his deep feelings wrapped around her.

"Olivia, let's make a deal." His voice was hoarse.

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