

Even After Death Novel

Chapter 24

Olivia found it increasingly difficult to understand him as his temper changed quicker than the weather.

He was the one who had demanded a divorce, yet he would fume whenever she brought up the topic. Had his sister's death driven him off the edge of sanity? Was he experiencing early andropause? What a hormonal man!

Ethan washed up and left, leaving Olivia lying on the bed with her back facing him. Their past affectionate farewells were nowhere to be heard, and the cold slam of the door was the only thing that filled the air. Olivia was aware of her weak health, so she didn't put up much of a fight.

The only thing that hadn't changed was Madam Burgess' kindness. Equipped with an apron and a spatula, she still prepared delicious food for her every day.

"I brewed a healthy chicken stew for you, Mrs. Miller. Please eat it," Madam Burgess announced softly.

With a gentle smile, Olivia replied, "Please make me some fish chowder too, Madam Burgess."

"Alright."

Looking at the weather outside, Madam Burgess

asked, "There's a lot of snow in the courtyard. Are you not going out to play in the snow, Mrs. Miller? I remember that you used to love playing in the snow with Mr. Miller. Wouldn't your issues be resolved through a little play?"

"I'm not going out. I'm going to take a nap."

With that, Madam Burgess left and closed the door behind her. She found it strange—Olivia disliked fish and she used to be quite lively.

Why had she become so listless and sullen to the point of not stepping out of the bedroom?

She assumed that Olivia was throwing a tantrum at Ethan, so she didn't think too much about it.

After a few days' rest, Olivia's discomfort gradually subsided. Every day, she would consume a large amount of protein and nutrients, which helped to replenish and maintain her white and red blood cell counts.

Ethan came back home to rest every night, but they did not speak. They slept with their backs facing each other, separated by the vast expanse of their bed. Olivia couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

A few days later, her health was much better than it was before.

Staring at the sky outside, she figured that he wouldn't be home anytime soon as the sky was still

bright. For the first time, Olivia left the master bedroom and headed to Ethan's study. As she was entering the password, Madam Burgess called out, "Mrs. Miller."

It startled Olivia. For the past few days, Madam Burgess had pitied her and lent her phone to Olivia. Hence, Olivia had not lost contact with the outside world, but Lee still didn't know the cause of Jodie's death, which spurred Olivia to take a risk and search Ethan's study.

As Madam Burgess approached her, Olivia thought that her plan had failed. However, Madam Burgess said, "The lock has been changed, Mrs. Miller. You'll need to use your fingerprint. Let me help you."

Then, Madam Burgess wiped her hands on her apron and placed her finger against the lock on the study door.

Olivia was speechless. To Madam Burgess, Olivia and Ethan were just two quarreling youngsters. She didn't know a thing about the grievances they harbored toward each other.

"Thank you."

"There's no need for that. Anyway, I'll head back to the kitchen."

Olivia entered Ethan's study and noticed that it was no different from before. He was an organized person, and Olivia knew where he placed all his

documents.

Soon, she located a safe that contained everything about him and his sister, including childhood photos and toys. It had left a mark on his heart, which Olivia never explored when she was with him.

As she entered the password, her heart ached. His password used to be her birthday, but it likely had already been changed to Marina's birthday.

She laughed at herself as she entered her own birthday. To her surprise, he hadn't changed it. The password was correct.

Olivia opened the door, which revealed many objects inside the spacious safe, including several document folders. At first glance, she saw the words "Cause of Death."

Olivia quickly took them out of the safe. She had barely scanned the first few lines when a cold voice asked, "Have you given up on playing nice? Are you resorting to thievery now?"