

Chapter 35

Olivia was initially confused by Marina's dramatic response . She wondered how she could trip on flat ground. It all had to be a charade she was orchestrating.

She knew Ethan was coming back. Of course, she brought the baby wherever she went. It wasn't even a surprise that she would fall with the baby in her arms. Even the angle she fell looked like it was intentionally going to hurt the baby!

She was ruthless. She would even use her baby as leverage to get what she wanted.

When she saw that Connor was about to hit the ground, her body acted faster than her rationale. She immediately caught Connor and cushioned his fall with her body.

However, the weight fell mostly on the arm where her mediport was. The doctor reminded her many times not to pick up heavy objects and risk hurting her arm.

She couldn't be bothered with that as the baby was falling . Although he wasn't a newborn , and he was small and light, she didn't think about what it would do to her body.

She fell fast. Her world spun, and her arm burned with excruciating pain.

When she opened her eyes, she saw the baby lying in her embrace. His set of big eyes looked at her curiously. Olivia could finally relax. Thank heavens he was fine.

Ethan quickly came over. The first thing Marina did when she got up was scold Olivia. "Miss Fordham, I know you hate me, but Connor is a child. How could you even think about hurting him?"

At a glance, any bystander would assume that Olivia was trying to hurt the baby.

It wasn't the first time Marina had tried to frame her. Olivia couldn't be bothered to fight. She was breaking out in a cold sweat from the pain in her arm. Even breathing hurt.

Ethan didn't scold Olivia. He bent down to pick up Connor, but the boy refused to leave. His tiny hands grabbed onto Olivia's collar as he babbled something that no one understood.

Ethan glared coldly at Connor. Although Connor was young, he immediately shut up. He looked at Olivia, aggrieved. He looked like he wanted her to carry him.

Marina took Connor from Ethan. He started crying

again, not wanting her to touch him.

“Ethan, Connor wants you,” Marina said pitifully. “I brought him here, but I didn’t expect that Miss Fordham would...”

Ethan unpleasantly interrupted her whining. “I’m sending the both of you home.”

Olivia was still flat on the ground, facing the sky. She wanted to get up, but her body felt like it was eighty years old. She had no strength to get up from the fall.

She needed a hand, so she looked toward Ethan. “Ethan, could you...”

Ethan glanced at her from the corner of his eye and said, “I’ll come back later.”

Olivia could only watch his cold back as her mouth curled into a wry smile. Oh, how cruel he could be.

In the past, he would comfort her even when he knew she was faking her pain. Now, he didn’t believe her when she was hurting so much that she couldn’t get up. This had nothing to do with trust—his heart was no longer with her.

Snow fell on her face. She recalled when she was dating Ethan. He looked cold and aloof as he walked ahead of her. That day, she sprained her ankle on purpose. She sat on the ground and counted in her

heart how long it would take for him to turn around.

He turned back the moment she counted to three and rushed toward her.

It was the first time she had seen panic on his face. She wrapped her arms around his neck and said coyly, "Maybe you shouldn't walk so fast next time."

Ever since then, they walked together with his hand in hers. Never once had he abandoned her.

Olivia counted in her heart, "One, two, three...

"17, 18...

"Ethan, I'm in pain. Please turn back and look at me ..."