

Chapter 32

After counting the days she had left, Olivia figured it might be a good idea to have a companion to celebrate the coming year.

Olivia, as she always did, extended her pinky finger and said, "Deal."

Ethan was stunned. Marina brattily rubbed herself against him and whined, "Ethan."

Ethan didn't look at her. He slowly extended his finger, hooked it with Olivia's, and said, "No take-backs."

They had finally come to an agreement.

This was the only method Olivia could devise. He would stay with her for a month, then she would return his freedom to him.

Marina groaned, "Ethan, I'm not rushing you to get a divorce or anything, but think about our baby..."

Olivia's stomach churned as she looked at how childish Marina was being. "I'm going to the bathroom."

Ethan was great at everything, except choosing people he wanted to keep in his life.

Although Marina was his neighbor, he didn't need to be with someone like her to torture himself. She lost respect for him for even standing next to Marina.

Or was Ethan a sucker for this kind of behavior?

Olivia thought about this on her way to the bathroom. Men just don't say no to a bratty woman, do they?

Every time she was coy and flirty like that in the past, he would grab the moon and stars for her.

One month.

Okay, he was willing to give her one month.

Olivia just squatted by the toilet bowl and vomited her guts out. She shouldn't have jinxed herself. She was just thinking that morning that her stomach had been doing much better in the past few days. Now, she was back to square one.

There was a big patch of fresh red blood that came with it. No matter how many times she looked at it, it chilled her to the bone like a dark omen.

She forced herself to make peace with it. She wasn't going to suffer for long.

Just as she was about to leave after freshening up, she felt someone tug the bottom of her fur coat.

Olivia looked down and saw a little boy that looked a lot like Ethan. It was his son. He had one hand on the sink while another held onto the corner of her coat. There was drool in his mouth as he babbled incoherently, "Ahh, mama!"

She was supposed to hate him. He was the product of Ethan and Marina, after all.

However, she had been a mother, even if it was for a short time. She couldn't hate a child.

Olivia lowered herself and poked the tip of the boy's nose with her finger. She said fiercely, "Hey little troublemaker, don't you dare become like your father when you grow up. You better give your woman the world and worship the ground she walks on."

Little Connor stretched out both his arms and rushed toward Olivia. "Carry!"

Olivia pulled a face to scare him. "I'm a bad lady. I might kidnap you and sell you. Doesn't that scare you?"

Connor laughed. He was far from scared.

His nanny quickly rushed over with a baby stroller. She was very anxious as she said, "Ahh, my dear! You gave me such a scare! Why are you in the women's bathroom?"

The moment she saw Olivia, she quickly dragged the boy over. For a second, Connor was still giggling, but in the next, he looked hurt. “Mama, carry!”

“Young Master, don’t call her that. She is not your mother.”

Then, the nanny picked the boy up and hurriedly left. Olivia looked at his cute and chubby face, and her eyes filled with tears. Her heart ached.

She stared at the chubby hand waving her goodbye as he babbled, calling for her, “Ahh, Mama!”

Olivia was standing by the entrance of the ladies' bathroom. By the time Brent found her, her face was lousy with tears.