

Even After Death

Even After Death Chapter 1666 – Olivia & Ethan – Wendell, who had always been sickly, never imagined that one day his own son would be left outside for many years. He certainly never thought his son would grow into a towering tree despite suffering greatly.

But this big tree seemed to be growing a little crooked.

After all, they were father and son. After being apart for so many years, when the truth finally came out, shouldn't they embrace and share their feelings warmly and touchingly?

Why, then, was his eldest son not at all happy to find his father? Instead, he seemed very interested in the identity of the young master of the Procter family.

No, to be precise, he was interested in the young lady from the Fordham family.

Wendell murmured to himself, "It's not the time. Things are a bit complicated right now. Let's think this through carefully..."

"Am I your son?" Wayne had a hot temper, just like his mother, and wouldn't listen to any advice.

He had only one thought in his mind. Luckily, he had learned about the relationship between the Procter and Fordham families in advance; otherwise, he wouldn't know about this engagement.

Wendell said, "Of course you are. The results of the paternity test are out. The situation with the Fordham family is complicated. Currently..."

Wayne interrupted, "I don't care, is she the Sixth Miss of the Fordham family?"

Wendell replied, "Yes."

Wayne continued, "Was the marriage between the Procter and Fordham families arranged by the elders of the two families?"

Wendell answered, "Yes."

Wayne declared, "That's it then. Hurry up and prepare to propose. I can't wait any longer."

Of course, Wendell felt the urgency. If eagerness were an Olympic event, Wayne would start before the gun. He was filled with a sense of readiness.

Wendell said, "Son, aren't you more curious about your father than about marriage? We've been apart for so many years. Aren't you curious about how I've lived my life?"

Wayne said calmly, "I'm not curious. What's there to be curious about when you're half buried in the earth? Besides, haven't you heard the saying that like repels like and opposites attract?"

It seemed that saying didn't quite fit the situation. But now wasn't the time to dwell on it.

Wendell tried to touch his eldest son's conscience, "Son, I'm very curious about your life. How did you get through everything? You must have suffered a lot, right? You are now..."

"It's so annoying. I have 800 people serving me every day. If I don't like someone, I can use a cannon to blow up his whole family. Who could bear it for me?"

Wayne said this casually, without mentioning his tragic past.

For him, there were only two types of days: the past and the future.

Since the past was already over, there was no need to dwell on it. He needed to focus on the future.

After all these years, he finally met a woman he was interested in, and he was determined to win her over.

Wendell said, "Son, you may not know much about Miss Fordham. As far as I know, she has been married and has a child."

Wayne said, "Yes, she is divorced and still single. What's wrong with that? I just want to give her a home."

Wendell had a headache. He wondered how his eldest son had managed to get this far with his current level of intelligence.

"This marriage is not something you can decide on your own. It concerns both families, so at the very least, the woman must agree. If Miss Fordham agrees to this marriage, I naturally have no objection. But if she disagrees..."

Wayne gritted his teeth, "Then find a way to get her to agree. Haven't you heard of parental orders and the matchmaker's words? She can't escape this arranged marriage! I don't care. If you want me to return to the Procter family, you must let me marry Olivia! Otherwise, there's nothing to discuss."

Dear Reader,

Thank you so much for picking up this novel. Your interest and time mean the world to me. Translating this story has been a labor of love, filled with dedication and hard work to bring the essence of the original to you.

I hope you enjoy every twist and turn of the journey as much as I did. Your support and feedback are invaluable, so please show some love by visiting regularly and sharing your thoughts in the comments.

Happy reading!

Even After Death Chapter 1667 – Olivia & Ethan – Wendell felt a bit tired. What sin had he committed?

It felt more like he had found a father for himself rather than a son.

What kind of son, after not seeing his family for thirty years, would not show concern for his family but instead clamor to get married?

It would be fine if it were just an ordinary girl, but he wanted to marry a divorced woman with four children.

All of this would be manageable, but the most critical issue was that Olivia's ex-husband was Wendell's sister's biological son, and the two of them were still in contact.

His hands were tied, what could he do?

He felt desperate!

Wayne ignored his distress and handed him a cigarette. Wendell waved his hand and said, "I've quit smoking."

Wayne lit the cigarette himself and squatted on the ground.

He felt more like a foreman on a construction site than a king of a country.

Wendell held his forehead. How had his son grown up all these years?

"Just give me a definite answer whether it's okay or not," Wayne said, exhaling a puff of smoke.

Wendell looked at his son cautiously, "What if I said it was very difficult? This matter isn't easy to handle. It's not just about matching family backgrounds. If you liked someone else, even if it were a beggar, I could get you a marriage certificate immediately. But she is from the Fordham family.

You may not know that something happened to the Fordham family recently. Their lineage is no longer connected to the main family, and there's a lot of turmoil. This marriage is complicated."

Wayne flicked the cigarette b-u-t-t away and said, "So it can't be done? I still call you Dad."

He turned and left, leaving Wendell stunned.

Is this child so carefree?

It felt more like he was asking for a wife rather than reconnecting with his family.

Since he couldn't get a wife, would he also lose his father?

Alan, standing by, explained gently, "Uncle Procter, don't mind him, our boss is just like this."

"Is he...doing well?" Wendell had come in a hurry and knew nothing about Wayne's past.

Alan shook his head. "To be honest, not very well. The boss has come this far without any background, connections, or resources. He fought his way up with his fists, kicks, guns, and cannons. If it weren't for his tough life, he would have died hundreds of times.

Don't blame him for being cold and indifferent. He grew up in a rough environment, surrounded by all kinds of people. To survive, he had to cheat and deceive. So you can't compare him with noblemen or even ordinary people."

Wendell felt very uncomfortable hearing about his son's hardships.

Alexander had lived a life of luxury since childhood, but his own son had fallen so far.

Wendell asked, "Didn't he have any adoptive parents?"

Alan chuckled, "Uncle Procter, you've lived a good life for so long, how could you understand the life of people like us? We grew up eating food from many families and were taken in by kind people. Our boss had a miserable life.

Maybe when he was three or four years old, he longed for his parents' love and care. But after going through so many hardships alone, do you think he'd still be like a baby begging for milk now that he's in his thirties?"

Wendell asked, "Does he really like Olivia?"

“At least in all the years we’ve followed him, we’ve never seen him look at any woman twice. Dr. Fordham was an exception, the only exception. We know this is a difficult matter. Uncle Procter, don’t take it to heart. The boss is stubborn. People like us never own anything, so we don’t feel the pain of loss.”

Even After Death Chapter 1668 – Olivia & Ethan – Alan spoke lightly, but Wendell was shocked. His mind raced with thoughts about the life his son had endured.

The slums, all kinds of people, never gaining anything, but not afraid of losing it.

Ever since his wife passed away, Wendell hadn’t paid much attention to Alexander, but he had always been willing to provide for him financially. But when he found his own son, his heart broke.

If this is his son’s only wish, he will do whatever it takes to help him achieve it.

Olivia stood on the beach, looking at the sunset.

Even though Jacqueline should have been buried at the bottom of the sea, she didn’t feel any happiness.

What was the use of the culprit being dead? The Fordham family was still in ruins, and her mother’s whereabouts were still unknown.

Olivia sighed softly.

“You are so young, why are you sighing?” Wayne walked up to Olivia without her noticing. He sat down next to her, not caring about the sand, looking very casual.

He even patted the seat next to him and said, “Sit down. I won’t do anything to you. I’m just chatting.”

Olivia glanced at Wayne, took a few steps back, and then sat down, saying, “Nothing has fallen. Are you still upholding the virtues of a woman?”

Wayne really didn’t like the way she avoided him like the plague.

Olivia shook her head. “Wayne, I can be your friend, but I can’t promise you anything else.”

Wayne suddenly approached, rushing towards her with a strong smell of hormones.

“Dr. Fordham, if you really don’t want to provoke me, then don’t give me hope in the first place!” Wayne said.

“Sorry, Wayne,” Olivia replied.

If Olivia had known that the mission would attract Wayne, she would never have agreed to it.

“Can’t we really try? Even just try?” Wayne asked humbly.

Olivia met his pleading eyes. Love is not like seeking medical treatment; she cannot give any remedy.

Ethan’s cold voice interrupted, “You are dreaming! Liv has agreed to remarry me.”

The two were on edge when they met. Wayne looked at Ethan coldly, “Looking for death? Don’t forget whose territory you are on now?”

Ethan said, “I can beat you up no matter whose territory you are in.”

“You’re just asking for a fight!” Wayne lunged at Ethan like a leopard and punched him in the face.

Ethan raised his hand to block it, and the two of them wrestled with each other.

Olivia quietly retreated, not bothering to say, “Stop fighting.”

She even had someone chop up a coconut, put a straw in it, and sat on a beach chair to enjoy it slowly.

Kelvin was a little nervous, “Madam, you won’t stop it?”

“Why stop them? What does a man’s fight have to do with a woman?” Olivia said indifferently.

On the beach, Willow ran barefoot after a little sand crab, and the bells on her feet rang pleasantly.

They stopped only after they ran to the two people rolling in the sand.

Ethan said, “Baby, since you still care about daddy, daddy won’t hit you anymore.”

Wayne said, “Willow, look at me, I’m your stepfather.”

Willow dug out a small sand crab from the sand, glanced at the two of them like idiots, and walked away silently.

Wayne looked at Willow’s cold and lonely back, “No, what kind of daughter did you give birth to?”

Ethan punched him, “You still want to be a stepfather? You’re dreaming!”

Olivia put down the coconut and waved at Willow, "Baby, we are ready to go home."

Let men settle their disputes with their fists.