Chapter 43

Ethan was silent. He looked so unhappy that Olivia could feel thorns growing around her heart.

Ethan said, "I hope it has nothing to do with you. You were there for three hours. Tell me, what were you doing there?"

Olivia thought it was ridiculous that she even had to explain. "I told you I went to visit Grandma. Is it my fault that I have no one to talk to so I spend all my time talking to my dead grandmother? Besides, it's a gravestone, not a croissant. It would break my arm to do all that. Even if you're trying to frame me for it, at least bring some evidence."

"Look at this then. What is all this?"

Ethan revealed another stack of pictures with Olivia holding a hammer. Even Olivia was stunned.

"An old man in charge of grave maintenance dropped his tools. He looked so pitiful, so I helped him pick his tools up."

Olivia didn't know how someone could take photos like this. She anxiously explained, "I only said a few words in front of Leia's grave. The gravestone was fine when I left. Ethan, trust me. Why would I do

that? What would I have to gain from this?"

Ethan looked at the way she anxiously justified herself and found it ridiculous. He lifted her chin with his slender fingers and pressed the tip of his finger on her lip. "Such a beautiful mouth, but so full of lies. Brent admitted that he told you where Leia's grave was, and that you went looking for a private eye."

She knew Ethan would see through her lies, so she immediately admitted, "Yes. I did have a private eye on the case, but all I wanted was to understand why you're the way you are now. Even when I found out that Jodie and Leia were the same person, I only left flowers on her grave. I went to Grandma's grave after that. Plus, I-I-I'm sick. I don't have the strength to climb the stairs in this house, let alone shatter a grave!"

"Do you think I believe you? Leia had to be Jodie even until the day she died. She had no enemies other than your family. Please tell me. Who else would want to destroy her grave when she's been dead for two years? "

"If no one else would, why do you think I would?"

"Of course you would. You're unhappy that I've been cold to you for the past two years. You blame me for not saving our baby and forcing the Fordhams to declare bankruptcy. You hate me to my guts, and you

hate me even more for Leia. You learned who she was, and you lashed out at her grave."

Olivia kept shaking her head. "It wasn't me..."

Ethan inched his way closer as he continued , "You were resolute about getting a divorce. However, you went back on your word and asked for one more month. What is your strategy here? You're avenging Jeff, aren't you?"

Olivia's anxious tears slid down her face. She realized she was never going to get out of this. She kept shaking her head. "No. I would never think of doing that!"

Ethan ignored her desperate attempts to explain. He tightened the grip between his fingers and grabbed Olivia's chin. His eyes were filled with disappointment.

"Olivia, you must know that I prayed that none of this had anything to do with you. I asked someone to find evidence to prove that, but all I got were these. You went to the psychiatric hospital today, and Belle died after that. What did you say to her? Do you believe if you get your revenge, Jeff will regain consciousness?"

He blamed everything on Olivia. Olivia had no way to explain herself.

Leia was Ethan's kryptonite. Destroying the gravestone and digging the grave up was a massive disrespect to the dead. Someone was dragging the Miller name through the mud.

Who could stand for this?

Ethan's fingers slid down and closed firmly around her neck. His grip tightened slowly.