

# Even After Death

## Chapter 22

Why did things have to turn out like that? Olivia wanted to return to the carefree life she had two years ago.

"I'm here. I'm here," he repeated tirelessly.

Olivia knew that his tenderness would only last a fleeting moment, and she should keep a distance from him. Yet, she couldn't help wanting to hold onto that tiny, remaining shred of his warmth.

She wondered how good everything would be if he were still himself.

When Ethan woke up at dawn, he felt someone in his arms before even opening his eyes. Despite all the alcohol he had last night, he figured that nothing would happen to him. His alcohol tolerance was high and he had great self-control.

He didn't dare to open his eyes. He had a splitting headache and no recollection of what had happened the night before. It was only after mentally preparing himself that he gave in and opened his eyes.

Upon seeing Olivia in his arms, he sighed with relief. However, upon recalling their current situation, he had the urge to shove her off of him. Just as he was

about to withdraw his arm, his gaze suddenly fell on Olivia's face, and he stopped. When was the last time he had quietly looked at her like that?

All of their recent exchanges had been filled with tension.

Without any makeup on, her fair, snowy skin glowed. She was a little too pale. She could even be described as deathly pale.

Olivia slept on his arm with her body curled up in a ball, defensively. In the past, her limbs would be entangled with his.

A self-deprecating smile appeared on Ethan's lips as her body language indicated that she no longer trusted him. At the thought of that, an inexplicable flame of anger ignited within Ethan and he forcefully yanked his arm away.

Olivia hurriedly opened her eyes. She was confused as she took her surroundings in. Her gaze was innocent and beautiful, like that of a kitten.

The moment her gaze fell on Ethan's face, however, her expression shifted.

"You got drunk and you had your hands all over me," she accused.

Just like that, the beautiful moment they shared

embracing each other was gone.

With a stern expression, Ethan replied, "I know. Had I been sober, I wouldn't have even touched you."

To escape the awkward situation, Ethan took his clothes and headed to the bathroom, while Olivia quickly tidied up the hair scattered all over the bed after he closed the door.

Ethan buttoned his shirt furiously, as he regretted explaining why he had held her while she was sleeping. They were still husband and wife, so it should not have even been an issue.

After thinking it over, he realized that he could have handled the situation better. When he was about to throw his old shirt into the laundry basket, he felt strands of hair along his arm.

If it were just a single strand of hair, he wouldn't have paid much attention to it. But scattered all over his arm were at least 20 strands of hair based on his rough estimation.

When Olivia still had long hair, she often complained about her hair loss, trying various shampoos but seeing no results. She even joked that she would become bald one day.


At that time, mischievous as she was, she jumped on

his back and teased, "If I become bald, would you ever consider becoming a monk?"

Ethan's eyes flickered . Was her hair loss really that severe?

"I didn't lie to you. I'm just sick ..." she had said.

Thinking of her pale face and her recent, tearful explanation, Ethan abruptly opened the door and stormed toward the bed.

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