

Chapter 28

Leia was as important to Ethan as Jeff was to Olivia.

"I'm not denying that he is a good father, but he is definitely not a good person. Underneath that hypocritical facade lies the heart of a devil. Liv, I won't hide anything from you anymore at this point," Ethan said, down on one knee as he held Olivia's face in his hands.

With a maniacal smile, he continued, "You were once everything to me. I loved you to the point of obsession. However, because you are Jeff's only daughter, the more I loved you, the more I hate you now."

Although he was smiling, Olivia felt a chill run down her spine.

"On the day I fell into the water with Marina, did you intentionally save her first? Did you want our child to pay for the life of your sister's child?"

"Yes, an eye for an eye."

Olivia grabbed his collar with both hands, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Are you crazy? Our child hadn't even had a chance to see the world yet. What did it do wrong? It was innocent!"

Tilting his head, he smiled devilishly.

"Then what did my sister do wrong? Wasn't her child innocent too?"

Olivia looked at Ethan, who now seemed like a completely different person. She knew that he would never get over this.

"Ethan, I understand how losing your sister has hurt you—"

Ethan's expression shifted, and he yelled, "You don't understand! No one can truly share my pain! My sister was born premature and had poor health. She had heart disease. She was the cherished treasure of our entire family, and because of your father, she died so tragically!

"She was a beautiful woman, and my day would be ruined if I did anything to tarnish her memory. In the end, she left this world in such an undignified manner."

Ethan reached out slowly, gently caressing Olivia's cheek. "You will never know how I felt when I identified her body. When I removed the white cloth, I was filled with utter despair. Instead of finding out that she was dead and that I'd never see her again, I wish I never found her."

Olivia opened her mouth, but couldn't find the right words. Coming from her, even apologizing to Leia

would be disrespectful . She finally understood why Ethan had been so emotional and why he had looked at her like that.

To prove that it wasn't Jeff, he must have made a lot of effort . The evidence he had collected proved the love he had for her. He tried to overturn the hypothesis, to clear Jeff's name. But the truth and evidence only separated them.

He had struggled hard, but in the end, he couldn't bring himself to live peacefully with her. Even though Leia was already dead, he still wanted to seek revenge for her.

Olivia knelt on the ground, gripped his collar, and pressed her forehead against his. "Ethan, you must have been in so much pain. The Fordhams have gone bankrupt, I lost our child, and my father lies unconscious in a hospital bed. Can't we stop tormenting each other?"

She hadn't spoken to him like that for a long time . The sound of her voice caused Ethan to tremble, and a myriad of emotions flooded his heart.

With no knowledge of his thoughts , Olivia anxiously waited for an answer. Could they reconcile? She didn't want him to continue torturing himself every day.

After a long time, Ethan slowly lifted his head, his eyes bloodshot as he fought his tears. Brushing her cheek with his coarse fingers , he said, "Liv, you will

repay the debt your father owes me."

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Chapter 29

Tears streamed down Olivia's cheeks.

She knew that she and Ethan could never go back to how things were before. He had betrayed her and destroyed the Fordhams, and the Fordhams owed him his sister's life.

Those debts could never be settled. Trying to resolve them would only serve to tighten the knots of their relationship, suffocating them and leading to an inevitable end.

Ethan held her face in his hands, wiping away her tears with his cheeks. "Liv, don't love me. Hate me instead. I betrayed you, I killed our child, and I can never turn back."

She sensed his inner turmoil, but amidst that, she could feel the tenderness he still had for her like a calm oasis in a turbulent desert sandstorm. However, she knew that the oasis would soon be destroyed by the raging winds.

Ethan left the room, leaving Olivia behind. Olivia knew that this was their final farewell.

When Olivia headed out of the study, Madam Burgess was nowhere to be seen. The kind-hearted Madam Burgess had always believed their conflicts to be petty quarrels and had even attempted to mediate between

them.

In her eyes, Olivia was the singular and rightful Mrs. Miller, hence she was unaware of her grave mistake.

Olivia laughed at herself. With Madam Burgess by her side, she never felt lonely in the spacious mansion. It wasn't until Madam Burgess left that Olivia was hit by the emptiness of the house and the tedium of life.

The sky outside was already dark, and there was a pot of chowder Madam Burgess had made waiting in the kitchen. Olivia poured herself some into a bowl. The steam from the pot veiled her face, obscuring her features.

Slowing eating, Olivia's expression was calm. She had found a solution to the exhausting game they were stuck in.

"Ethan, I will repay the debt my father owes you," she thought to herself.

Instead of undergoing chemotherapy, she decided to enjoy the remaining days of her life.

Having seen Ethan's pain and turmoil, she was certain that he would no longer be burdened by hatred and his conflicted feelings upon her death.

For Ethan to have a better life, she would just have to give up her own. He would have the beloved wife and a child he had always longed for after she was gone.

He would remain a legendary figure in Aldenvine. Aside from the fact that she would be gone, everything would be fine, and that would be wonderful. Olivia suddenly felt the chains binding her loosen, and she realized that she had liberated herself from her own constraints.

That night, Ethan didn't return, and the Miller residence was as silent as death.

The next morning, Olivia woke up early for the first time after confining herself to the room for so many days. The rest had greatly improved her spirits, and Madam Burgess had played a significant role in it too.

Under Madam Burgess's care, Olivia appeared to be healthier. Perhaps the chemotherapy medication was working, as her stomach stopped hurting in the past few days.

Olivia changed into appropriate attire and was about to open the door when she saw Brent standing outside with a cold, solemn expression.

He respectfully greeted her, "Good morning, Mrs. Miller."

Olivia smiled at him. "Good morning."

Brent was taken aback. Ever since the argument, for the past two years, she was either exhausted or weeping with sorrow whenever he saw Olivia. It had been a long time since he had seen her smile like that.

Brent couldn't bring himself to say what he wanted to say next, so Olivia took the initiative to do it.

"Just tell me what's going on."

"Mr. Miller instructed me to bring you to the City Hall."
"

Olivia had expected it. If the truth was left undisclosed, they would only keep on making excuses. However, now that it was revealed, they were forced to face reality.

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