

Chapter 19

Ethan could easily crush Olivia's dainty ankle in his grasp. He bent over her and slowly inched closer. Her terrified face and her aversion only fueled his desires.

Her heart pumping wildly, she roared at him fearfully and furiously, "Keep your filthy paws off me! I don't want you touching me after you've slept with another woman!"

However, he quickly shut her up with a kiss. Her eyes widened, and she shook her head relentlessly to free herself.

His hand traveled under her neck to hold the back of her head, forcing her to look up at him and receive the punishing kiss. His crisp breath was sickening to her, especially when she remembered that he might have kissed Marina before this.

Olivia mustered all her energy to shove him away and started heaving by the bed. When she was done, she noticed Ethan glaring at her with a grudgeful look.

She said unflinchingly, "I told you not to touch me. You're filthy!"

Ethan was simmering in anger. Olivia's puking was an instant turn-off, and he left to take a call that had just come in.

Soon, Madam Burgess rushed into the room to clean the mess. She felt sorry at the sight of an exhausted Olivia. "Hello, Mrs. Miller."

Olivia greeted her feebly, "Madam Burgess, it's been a while."

"Indeed. The last time we met each other was a year ago when Mr. Miller moved ... By the way, what happened to you and Mr. Miller? He was so nice to you before. I've never seen him so attentive to any other women."

Olivia lay limply on the bed and stared at the starlights on the bedroom ceiling. Ethan had set it up to mimic a starry sky at night.

Back in the good days, he would take all her comments to heart. It was a stark contrast to the present day, where he'd accuse her of playing the victim for attention.

She mumbled, "Oh, would I like to know too ..."

Madam Burgess sighed. "I can tell that Mr. Miller still cares for you even when he's doting on his mistress. He might come home late, but he never spent the night at that vixen's place."

That caught Olivia by surprise. After all, the media had repeatedly reported on Ethan leaving Collington Cove in the morning. Did he not stay the night?

Soon, she laughed at her naïve thinking. It didn't matter if he stayed the night at Marina's because the couple already had kids together.

"Mrs. Miller, married couples fight all the time, but they get over it soon. Why don't you take a step back? A couple shouldn't be holding grudges. I ..."

As an outsider, Madam Burgess would never fully understand the complexity of Olivia's relationship with Ethan. He had a long-time grudge against her, and she resented him more than she loved him. Even without Marina's presence, their marriage wouldn't have lasted.

But deep down, Olivia knew that Madam Burgess was being kind. She then collected herself and got out of bed. "I'll wash up."

"Okay, Mrs. Miller."

Olivia went into the bathroom and scrubbed the places where Ethan had touched her. She even carefully cleaned her hair which had gone unwashed for days. When she saw the amount of hair that fell out, she sat in a corner, hugging her knees and looking lost.

Finally, she picked up the hair on the floor with napkins and disposed of them when she heard Madam Burgess outside the bathroom. She would hate for Ethan to find out about her diagnosis.