

Chapter 33

Olivia was beautiful. Even when she wept, she looked alluring. It was heart-aching to see someone so beautiful and so sad.

Brent said to her softly, "Madam, Mr. Miller is waiting for you."

Olivia snapped back to reality. She reached out to wipe the tears from her face. She suddenly started sobbing again.

"Oh, Brent. I must look awful, don't I?"

Brent had worked for Ethan for many years. He was no stranger to how vibrant his wife was. In the short span of two years, he gathered that she was like a withering flower: yet to witness her full bloom, and perhaps may never get to.

"Don't worry. You still look beautiful. No one is as beautiful as you are." Brent handed her a tissue.

Olivia wiped her tears as she said, "I used to hate people who cry easily. I'm slowly becoming someone I hate. I've become someone I swore never to be."

Brent looked at her sorrowful eyes and responded with something that shocked even himself. "Then,

why are you still holding on?” He knew that Ethan had spent the whole night thinking and changing the terms of the divorce. It was obvious that he was ready to let go.

The Fordhams were bankrupt. Jeff, who was responsible for it, was barely alive. He had tormented and hurt Olivia for two years. He was planning to let her go.

Hence, she was given a generous alimony to ensure her a comfortable life for the rest of her days.

Leaving was the wise decision now. Olivia knew when to back down. Did she think that there was a chance that Ethan would change his mind?

She had finally climbed out of that misery and now, she wanted to go back in again. She was repeating her mistake and bringing herself suffering all over again.

Olivia didn't answer the question but said, “If my baby was still alive, they would be about their age.”

Brent wanted to say something but stopped himself. In the end, he just said, “Madam, you're still young. There will be another chance for you to be a mother.”

She sighed. “I'm not having any more children.”

Desolation colored Olivia's face. Brent could tell that something was off. He wanted to ask more, but Olivia

said, "Let's go."

Ethan was already waiting for her in the car. The aloof look on his face showed indifference. He didn't even turn to look at her. After Olivia got into the car, he folded his arms. He was distant and cold as he said, "What do you plan on achieving in one month's time?"

"You." Olivia threw herself into Ethan's arms.

Yesterday, she was filled with hatred and wanted to get back at him. Once she saw the evidence, she was conflicted. She hated Ethan for what he did to the Fordhams and hated him even more for his betrayal.

However, Jeff's wrongdoings were clear as day. She knew him well enough. Since things were getting nowhere, she wanted to put an end to everything with all she had left of her life. She wanted to leave the world without regrets.

Ethan did not return her affection and only said coldly, "I am getting engaged to Marina after the new year."

Olivia's fingers that were tangled in his coat tightened, and the smile on her face froze.

The backseat was dead silent. The heater was on in the car, but the driver, Kelvin, could feel the chill in the atmosphere.

After a long while, Olivia finally looked up from his arms. "I just want a month."

Ethan saw how fragile she was, and a feeling that he could not explain swirled in his heart. "Even if we had a year, nothing would change, let alone a month. Do you understand?"

Olivia bit her lip. "I understand. But you're mine for a month, okay?"

She was practically pleading. Ethan figured she would do anything for her survival. However, this was the first time he saw a glimpse of sincerity in her eyes.

"Okay, one month it is."

Olivia wrapped her arms around his waist and said, "I will make you whatever you want to eat tonight."