

## Chapter 37

Keith had no idea what she had gone through the past few days. She used to have an inspirationally strong will to live. But now, her eyes had a dark intensity to them, something he had never seen.

They were pools of still water, devoid of ripples.

“Was it him? Did he do this to you?”

Olivia shook her head. “No.”

“But he has something to do with it, right? The Olivia I know wouldn’t make this decision.”

Hurt flashed across Keith’s face. He looked at the snow drifting on the wind outside the window and sighed. “Maybe he did love you once, during that one winter. But this winter, he’s chosen someone else. You should let him go, Liv.”

It was obvious that she had been blinded by love and lost herself. She was oblivious to the history the both of them had and was refusing to give up.

Olivia knew that Ethan’s love for her was in the past. Even if he let go of his hatred toward her, Leia’s death would be a constant needle buried in his heart. It would leave him in agony for the rest of his life.

Since he decided to marry Marina, she would use whatever was left of her life to find closure and make

amends. Even if Jeff regained consciousness, Ethan wouldn't make things difficult for him.

This was the best decision for everyone involved.

Keith looked at her again. The vulnerability in her eyes was replaced with a rare determination.

He sighed. "Since you've made your decision, I have nothing to say. Olivia, you know the consequences of removing the mediport. Are you sure?"

He seemed to love asking Olivia this. Olivia smiled and firmly said, "Yes." 1

She pulled off part of her clothes and revealed her pale shoulder and her arm. The wound from before had healed over.

She insisted on doing it without anesthesia. It was a simple procedure for Keith.

Although she was lucky that the mediport was still attached, her arm took subdermal damage from Connor's fall. Her skin was bruised.

Keith carefully treated her wound. The sharp scalpel cut open her wound that had just healed over. A suffocating pain spread through her and into her heart.

She resisted the urge to scream. Keith felt sorry for her seeing her wincing.

His hands were still moving when he said lightly, "

You can scream if it hurts.”

It was what the doctor told her the last time. Olivia insisted on bearing the pain as she gritted her teeth, one hand gripping the cold table tightly.

Keith quickened his pace. Her arm hurt so much that it felt numb when the wound was sewn up. She was drenched in cold sweat and lay on the chair lifelessly.

Keith brought her a cup of water. He sat opposite her and said patiently, “Olivia, I’ve followed up on your dad’s condition with his doctor. There’s an eighty percent chance that he’ll wake up if we can get the world’s best neurosurgeon, Leo, to operate on him.”

“I’ve looked him up. Leo vanished after an accident five years ago. No one knows where he is.”

Olivia recovered with some water and rest. She could barely breathe from the pain from the wound touching the gauze. Yet, she forced herself to stand and was prepared to leave.

“Thank you, Keith. You don’t have to worry about me from now on. It doesn’t matter if I’ve divorced Ethen; he won’t let me interact with other men. I don’t want to cause trouble for you.”

The elegant look on Keith’s face was replaced with agitation. He put his elbows on his thighs and interlocked his fingers as he spoke. “Olivia, I just want to know what you’re thinking. Why are you closing yourself off? You’re trapping yourself. You

need to step back and take a look at everything around you.”

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