

Chapter 39

Ethan didn't expose her horrible attempt at lying. He called out to her from the side of the dining table. "Come and eat. Wash your hands first."

Rays of light from the chandelier fell on him. Without his suit and tie, the woolly cashmere sweater added a domestic warmth to him. Even his elegant face was less cold than usual.

He was wearing the apron she got him three years ago. It almost looked like nothing had changed.

Olivia went toward him smiling and saw that the table was filled with the spicy food she used to like. If he paid attention to what Madam Burgess had been making for her recently, he would realize that her palate had changed.

He no longer took notice of her like he used to. They tried so hard to revert to the life they had, but that life was far behind them.

A lot of things ended silently, like his love. The answer to everything now was silence and distance.

Although her stomach couldn't handle spicy or oily foods, she had hoped for a feast like this for two years. So, she pushed through the discomfort and ate

it.

Since her life was on a countdown , she appreciated every meal she had even more. It was one meal less for every meal she finished.

Ethan had known her for a long time. He could tell when she was faking happiness . It was obvious that she was forcing herself to be happy. Had his cooking skills depreciated after two years?

Ethan finally spoke to break the silence, “Is the food not up to your standards?”

“No, it’s great. It tastes exactly like how it used to. I was thinking about how long we hadn’t eaten together and how much longer we still have.”

The old Ethan would have said “forever”. Now, he stared at the snow outside the window and remained silent.

Olivia set herself up for that. Why would she ask such a dumb question?

One month was the last ounce of grace he could extend.

Before he could answer, she started to feel a piercing pain in her stomach. She hadn’t eaten spicy food in a long time. It hurt so bad that she was tearing up.

“I’m done. Please help yourself.” Olivia got up and rushed upstairs.

She vomited into the toilet severely. Looking at the globs of blood, she could tell that she didn’t have much time left. She had to seize every moment.

Olivia showered, avoiding the wound on her arm. She noticed that she was experiencing hair loss. However, stopping her treatments now would stop her hair from completely falling out.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror. Although she looked pale and sickly, her skinny face accentuated her eyes. At least, she could leave this earth beautiful.

Ethan was in the home office. Olivia knocked on the door and went in. He was wearing gold-rimmed glasses.

They both wore glasses. Keith looked elegant and classy when he did, but Ethan looked fierce and severe. The glasses couldn’t hide the dangerous look in his eyes.

He looked up and then at her coldly. Olivia immediately said, “I want to see the auroras. You owe me a honeymoon. In Iceland.” 1

Back then, she and Ethan had only signed the papers;

they did not have a wedding. If anyone caught them together on camera, he would ask for it to be deleted. No one knew he was married.

Apart from the marriage papers, everything else a girl dreamed of—the wedding, the dress, and the honeymoon—never happened.

That was why Ethan pampered her greatly after they were married. It was as if he was compensating.

Ethan put down the pen he was holding, adjusted his glasses, and said in a low voice, “You know I’m busy at the end of the year. Plus, it’s hard to predict when the auroras will appear.”

He was trying to say that he couldn’t afford it.

Chapter 40

Now, the man who was willing to spend half a year nurturing a rose garden for her because of something she said, was no longer willing to spend a few days with her outside of the country.

When he loved her, he was head over heels. Now that he didn't, he was unsympathetic.

Olivia gently tugged the corner of his shirt and begged, "I don't have much time left. Can you give it to me, please?"

"Olivia, don't take advantage of the situation." He looked at her coldly. He assumed she was referring to the month they agreed on. He didn't even hesitate to reject her idea.

"Am I taking advantage of the situation?" Olivia mocked. "You think you're wasting your time with me? You're preparing for your engagement, aren't you?"

The tips of Ethan's slender fingers gently tapped on the surface of the table. He coolly looked in her direction and said, "I told you I was getting engaged."

Although his face remained expressionless, Olivia could see the challenge in his eyes.

She was the one who begged for the month. She deserved it.

She looked at him silently, then smiled. "Pardon my wishful thinking. Sorry to bother you."

Olivia opened the door and left. Then, a man's voice called out from behind her. "Pick somewhere local."

She stopped in her tracks, and her face was filled with excitement. "Let's go to Mohe."

Olivia left delightedly ! There was a lower chance of seeing the auroras in Mohe Town, but having him spend her last days with her was enough for her.

It was late into the night. He slept beside her. Olivia wasn't asleep. She curled her body carefully. It was as if there was a sea between both of them.

She didn't dare get too close to him, afraid he would notice the wound on her arm.

He immediately faced the other side when he got in bed and had no intention of paying attention to her. Olivia quietly looked out the window into the night, struggling to fall asleep.

He left for work early the next day. Olivia kept herself busy. She was hoping to atone for her father during her last days. She followed the address in the

document and went to a psychiatric hospital to visit one of the victims, Belle Sanders.

She was sent there two years ago due to her tendency toward self-harm. This was the first time Olivia had visited a place like this. It was quieter than normal hospitals with the occasional sight of security guards wearing protective gear. It was as if the place would go to war anytime.

The nurse who was bringing her up to Belle's room repeatedly reminded Olivia to maintain a certain distance from the patient.

Belle had a roommate. She saw Olivia and started giggling. Belle was a quiet girl. Her long hair rested over the number on her gown. She was hugging her knees as she looked out the window; her eyes were lifeless.

"Belle." Olivia gently called for her. She had met Belle once previously at an innovation competition. She was full of vigor, and her eyes were radiant back then.

The person on the bed moved and turned curiously toward Olivia. Before Olivia could speak, she grabbed her hand and shushed her, saying, "Keep it down. Someone is trying to take my baby."

Olivia looked at the pillow in her arm. She didn't want to trigger her so she nodded and asked, "Who is

trying to take your baby?"

"Tap, tap, tap." The sound of high heels resounded in the hallway. Belle was so terrified of the sound that she hid behind the curtains, shivering.

"She's here. She's here to take my baby!"

Before Olivia could speak, a woman in a white lab coat and a nametag on her chest that said 'director' stood at the entrance. She said fiercely, "Belle's mental state is clinically unstable. She does not have the capacity to entertain guests. Miss Fordham, please leave."

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