

Unfinished 851

Chapter 851

Olivia was startled and quickly rushed forward to pull Jewel behind her. "Mr. Stevenson, we've never offended you nor is there any animosity between us. There is no need for you to go after minor characters like us, right? Besides, we've got a plane to catch, so please excuse us. We'll be on our way."

After she said that, she held Jewel's hand and headed to the street.

Truthfully, Olivia was anxious because Christoff was a highly unpredictable person who was beyond her control. As a dangerous character, not only did he turn up in Summer City, but he also even infiltrated her filming site and identified Jewel.

If the Double Dragon Court got word that Jewel was alive, they would definitely not let it slide, rendering her in utmost danger!

As a result, Olivia felt bad about this. If only Jewel had not gone with her to the filming set, then she would most likely not have encountered Christoff.

Meanwhile, he stroked his chin and his eyes were full of jest as he said nonchalantly toward the duo's backs, "I've waited for you guys for so long, yet you've walked off just like that. That's quite rude of you. What's up? Do you guys want me to give Double Dragon Court a call?"

Olivia and Jewel paused in their tracks suddenly. "Do you want us to kill you and take that secret to your grave?"

Christoff laughed. "Just by the two of you?"

Olivia stated coldly, "Even a worm would turn!"

He took several steps in their direction and Jewel instinctively attempted to take action against him, but Olivia stopped her. Christoff was right; they had not fought for years, so they might not be a match for him even if they joined forces to attack.

Besides, they could not possibly kill him in public anyway.

Christoff continued to walk toward them until he was about a foot away from Olivia, then he finally stopped and bent down slightly. This time, he spoke in his original voice, "If I had intended to make things tough for you guys, I would have told Joseph about this the moment I saw her. After all, Joseph has promised a reward of one hundred million for anyone who tracked down Miss Fenton."

Olivia kept her eyes on him. Even though he had just admitted that he was Christoff, his features and voice did not resemble him, so she had some ongoing doubts. Yet, he spoke using his original voice now, so she felt confused yet shocked. How did he do that?

"So, why are you following us?"

He glanced at her. "To help, of course." As he said that, he strode over to a black vehicle by the roadside.

Olivia and Jewel remained in their spots, unsure of his motives.

Noticing that they had not moved an inch, he exclaimed, "What are you staring at? Get into the car!"

Olivia asked, "Do you know where we're headed?"

He wrapped his arms around himself and revealed a smile. "Do I look like a fool?"

At that, she did not utter a single word. She was not sure whether the man in front of her was a friend or foe, so she had no intention of revealing anything.

He sneered. This woman's quite alert. Then, he turned to her and uttered lightly, "Eugene."

As soon as Olivia heard that, she gasped to herself. He knows everything!

However, she felt insecure to go along with a man like him. At this point, she was unsure whether to keep her guard up or investigate what happened to Eugene by the time they got there.

As such, she voiced out, "Mr. Stevenson, thanks for your kind offer. I would be very grateful if you could keep this secret between us. As for this matter, it's my issue, so I don't want to be a bother to you."

At that moment, Christoff frowned. "Do you know where he is? Although Nambahd isn't that big, it would be quite difficult for the two of you to find someone on your own, right?"

Olivia looked at him warily. "Why are you helping us?"

He said with a smile, "I wouldn't do it for nothing, of course. I would like to befriend you."

Chapter 852

Olivia undoubtedly did not believe Christoff and commented, "Then, you should be prepared for the possibility that your journey will not go according to plan and it will involve some inherent dangers. Isn't it too much of a price to pay to make a new friend?"

He smiled and replied, "Aren't you even a bit moved by my help?"

"No. I don't want to be a burden to anyone," she explained and was eager to leave.

Then, Christoff advised, "The truth is that neither of you will be able to find him. You may also encounter dangerous circumstances, whereas I will not. Since I have clout over there, I'll have no trouble finding someone. Moreover, I suggest you convince her to stay home rather than squander time with me here."

Jewel promptly rejected his suggestion. "No, I have to follow her."

"Olivia is right. Your identity might be easily exposed," he reminded.

"I don't care. I won't let Olivia go with you," she insisted.

However, Olivia reasoned that his words made sense, and she reiterated, "Jewel, you went through a lot to get where you are today. So, stop interfering with my problem!"

Jewel frowned and stated, "Don't bother trying to persuade me. I'm not going anywhere without you." I can't just let you go on your own, especially not when you're with Christoff.

Then, he insisted, "Fine. If you want, let's go together. Don't waste time, or we'll be late for the flight."

At that moment, Olivia stared warily at Christoff, wondering if he was a friend or foe. Consequently, how could she possibly go with him?

He tried to reassure her, "Don't worry. If I had intended to hurt you, I wouldn't have gone to all this trouble."

Olivia and Jewel exchanged glances, but Christoff's patience had run out, so he asked coldly, "What? Are you expecting me to threaten you now?"

She drew a deep breath, held Jewel's hand, and entered his car. This man is so annoying!

Once Olivia was buckled in, he sat next to her and said, "Miss Fenton, please sit in the front." Jewel was displeased, but she restrained herself from expressing her feelings because she relied on them.

While riding in the car, Olivia questioned, "May I ask how you transformed into an entirely different person?"

Suddenly, Christoff leaned in on purpose and asked coyly, "Do you want to learn?"

She knitted her brows slightly and avoided him. "Mr. Stevenson, I can tell you're a gentleman, but with all due respect, may I ask you for a favor?"

"What is it?"

"Can you please not lean in so close to me as you talk?"

Christoff was taken aback by Olivia's inquiry but quickly responded with a grin, "Will I appear impolite if I decline your request, especially after you've complimented me?"

She looked at him and replied, "I'm sure you can figure it out."

"To be honest, how I behave depends on the person. If it means spending time with you, I don't mind pretending to be a well-mannered gentleman. You're a beauty, you know that? Every beauty gets the final say."

Olivia's lips twitched as she snorted, "Don't flirt with me the same way you flirt with young chicks. I'm not going to fall into your trap."

However, Christoff remained obstinate and moved closer to her. "Does that mean I don't need to behave gentlemanly around you?"

At that moment, she did not attempt to avoid him but instead inched closer to him. He was bewildered as to why she behaved in such a manner, and he was curious when she became so brazen. Suddenly, she reached up, jabbed a silver needle into the back of his neck, and said, "You're right. We should behave differently depending on the person, but since you don't believe me when I try to be polite, I have no choice but to be harsh on you."

Christoff initially failed to grasp the meaning of Olivia's words. However, as time passed, he became aware that something was wrong with his left arm and that numbness was beginning to spread across it.

Chapter 853

Christoff raised an apprehensive eyebrow and inquired, "What did you do to me?"

When the driver-cum-bodyguard heard the noise, he checked his rearview mirror. As soon as he was sure that the two passengers sitting behind him did not pose a threat to each other, he anxiously inquired, "Are you all right, Chris?" When he asked that question, he nearly pulled over.

Jewel reached into her boots and pulled out a dagger, fixing her gaze on the driver. If this driver dares to attack...

"I'm fine; keep driving," Christoff instructed. Then, he cast his eyes over Olivia and inquired, "How did you do it? Perhaps, you can do acupoint?"

"Sort of," she responded.

He clutched his numb arm and exclaimed, "I did not expect you to possess such abilities. Now, hurry up and relieve me of this numbness."

"When we arrive at the airport, I will do it."

"Do you treat people who genuinely want to help you in this manner? I feel awful right now."

"This is how you can remain still."

"Fine, I surrender. I'll stay still. You're such a vicious woman."

"So, how did you change your facial appearance? Can you help Jewel with changing hers as well?"

"Yes, but first, relieve me from the numbness."

"Turn around," Olivia said.

However, the man did as he was told without raising any objections. Although Christoff could not feel what she was doing to him, he noticed that the numbness in his arm gradually faded. Then, he turned around and glared at her; with anger and amusement, he uttered, "Ungrateful brat!"

She pursed her lips in annoyance. "I have yet to receive your assistance. How can you call me that?"

He began to choke and nodded vigorously. "Fine. All my efforts to investigate Eugene Nolan on your behalf have been in vain, right?"

Rather than waste time chatting with him about frivolous topics, Olivia urged, "Come on, tell me how you altered your facial appearance. Did you use make-up?"

"Of course not," Christoff smiled. "This is Samuel Court's instinct for survival."

When she heard that, she came to an understanding. No wonder; although Samuel Court is not particularly powerful, nobody in Southeast Asia dares to mess with him, and even the most powerful Double Dragon Court allowed him to establish a foothold. It turns out that this is the secret weapon.

"Fine. I don't need to know about it anymore."

Then, Christoff comforted her, "Don't worry. You can count on me to assist you as promised. Once we arrive in Nambahd, it is still possible to alter your facial appearance. Your new facial appearance can only last for 48 hours."

"Thanks," Olivia replied. After that, she cast a skeptical glance at him. "Are you boarding the plane with that face?"

He smiled at her. "Of course not. I'll let you see a miracle when we get to the airport." Although she was sure that he still had Avery Mauve's face on, she was taken aback to see that he had reverted to his own face as soon as he stepped out of the vehicle at the airport. His facial appearance left her in shock and disbelief that she could not believe it. How does he do it?

Christoff's eyes were sly and flirtatious when he cast another glance at Olivia. Moreover, the scar between his brows added to his feral appearance. "Why? You don't recognize me anymore?"

She questioned him with a threatening gaze. "Has your arm recovered?"

He clicked his tongue and took a step back. "You are a vicious woman."

Olivia was at a loss for words after hearing that.

When they finally got on the plane and landed in Nambahd, it was already 9.00AM the following day. She made another attempt to call Eugene, but the call was unsuccessful.

Christoff reassured her, saying, "What's the rush? Since we just arrived, the first thing on the agenda is to get some rest."

Why wouldn't she be anxious? She wouldn't have gone to Nambahd if she wasn't worried about Eugene.

"No, I'm going to the police station right now. The police will not arbitrarily detain someone."

Chapter 854

"That is not something the police can do. However, what if Eugene's friend invited him to an event as a guest?" Christoff raised the possibility.

Olivia frowned in response to his words. "Do you have any idea who it is?"

Then, he wrapped his arm around her waist and led her into the hotel. "Rest up for the time being and put your trust in me. I can find someone in this area much faster than you."

She struggled to free herself from his grip before asking earnestly, "Please tell me where Eugene is."

"Calm down. I need some time to track him down, but I'm confident we'll find him soon," Christoff reassured her.

As soon as she heard that, Olivia dropped her objections since they also had to leave their luggage in the hotel room. Hence, she requested a suite for herself and Jewel, and as soon as they entered the room, he made a dash for it, but Olivia stopped him. "We should get some rest."

He drew a long breath, leaned against the door, and asked in a displeased tone, "Do you have to be so cautious around me?"

"I told you we needed to rest," she emphasized.

Then, Christoff glanced over at Jewel, who was also keeping a wary eye on him. Even though she was wearing a hat and a mask that effectively covered up her features, her unprotected eyes appeared particularly menacing. Suddenly, he sneered while jutting his chin in Jewel's direction and asked, "Is she no longer interested in changing her appearance?"

Olivia appeared to recall her earlier request, took a step back, and then allowed him to enter the room. Even after he had entered the room, he did not immediately reveal the facial appearance alteration method. Instead, he paced around the room before settling on the couch and scrutinizing Olivia's body brazenly.

However, she gradually lost patience with him. "So, how did you do it?"

"I've traveled thousands of miles to accompany you. Why can't you be nicer to me?" Christoff asked with an aggrieved expression.

She couldn't help but cringe when she saw that. Then, she stared at him and said, "I believe one should be content with what they have. I can treat you much worse than that."

He recalled the day in the studio when she lost her temper and realized that, based on her current tone, she had much better composure than she had back then. "Okay, who told me to be such a nosey parker?"

Afterward, Christoff reached into his pocket to look for something, and his phone abruptly rang. Soon, he swiped the answer key and took the call while maintaining a blank expression, which contrasted with his friendly demeanor earlier. The person on the other end of the line reported something, so he responded, "Are you sure? Okay, I've got it. Send it to Seasons Hotel later." He ended the call and looked over at Olivia. "Do you want to know where Eugene is?" After hearing that, Olivia experienced an immediate onset of anxiousness. "Where is he?"

His gaze was intensely fascinated as he curled his index fingers at her. "Come here. I'll tell you."

Nevertheless, her brows knitted together as she cast a wary glance at him. "Just tell me right here."

"I don't want anyone else to hear it," he replied.

When Jewel heard that, she took a few steps back, implying that she understood the apparent meaning behind his words. Therefore, when Olivia moved closer to him, Jewel decided to retreat.

However, Christoff kept his gaze fixed on Olivia and questioned, "Do you think I'll devour you?"

She stifled the raging rage that was building up inside her because she was eager to find out where Eugene was, and, as a result, she leaned closer to him.

"It's not close enough," he commented.

Olivia took a deep breath and leaned in closer, but Christoff kept telling her to get closer. I'm literally a foot away from him! How close should I get?

Suddenly, she stood up straight and gave him an icy stare as she decided to give up. "If you're not going to tell me, leave!"

Christoff relaxed on the couch, leaning back with his arms on the back. "Do you know what became of the person who once said that to me?"

Surprisingly, Olivia was unfazed by him and instead gave him a dismissive look and responded, "Do you know what happened to the last person who tried to deceive me?"

Chapter 855

After Olivia made that remark, Jewel strolled over. Christoff looked at them with a bewildered expression and asked, "What? Don't you want to know where Eugene is?"

"I wonder if your men are capable of such things."

"Of course, I do. Say something flattering to convince me, and I'll tell you."

"Do you have a death wish?"

"Do you converse with Eugene in this manner?" he inquired with his brow furrowed.

With a poker face, Olivia stared at him. "You aren't him, and he isn't as irritating as you!"

"Is he that good?"

"Better than you."

Then, Christoff arched his brows and stared at her with utter fascination. "Fine. I guess you won't give up if I don't show it to you. What do you know about Nambahd?"

When she saw his serious expression, she nodded and explained, "I've heard about King Hayes Namb's ascension to the throne. His uncle, Sirius Namb, attempted to usurp the throne, and they engaged in a drawn-out battle before Hayes could successfully ascend to the throne."

Christoff replied, "Yes, and can you guess where he is now?"

Suddenly, Olivia's heart sank as she asked, "What? He can't possibly be at Nambahd Palace, can he?"

"He's in Sirius' City Palace," he corrected her.

"What is he doing there?"

"Do you know what he is doing there?"

"What?"

Christoff turned his head to look at Olivia and smiled. "Have you heard of Azalea Namb, Sirius' daughter?"

"Yes, I have heard that she is stunning, but she isn't married yet," she answered.

Nevertheless, he kept dropping hints to her. "Then, do you know whom she is expecting?"

Her brow furrowed, and she had an inkling when she noticed a grin on his face, but she insisted on asking, "Who?"

"Eugene."

Olivia asserted firmly, "No way!"

Christoff shrugged and inquired, "Do you dare to come with me?"

"Where to?" She continued to be skeptical of him.

After getting to his feet, he responded, "Let's go to City Palace, and I'll show you."

Christoff's words threw Olivia's thoughts off, and she flatly refused, "No, because I don't trust you."

At that moment, Jewel moved closer, embraced Olivia, and started signing to her. 'You must have faith in Eugene, who likes you so much! There is no way that he will ever get involved with Azalea.'

He quietly observed them while his arms were folded. "Why would I deceive you? Anyway, you have overheard my phone conversation with my men earlier; they discovered that today is Azalea's birthday banquet, and Sirius plans to marry her to Eugene. Your man may no longer be yours if you show up late."

Then, Jewel gave him a stern look and warned him, "Enough with the nonsense. Eugene has come to investigate the matter involving the amusement park. Why would he attend the banquet celebrating her birthday at City Palace?"

Her warning caused his expression to falter. "It is entirely up to you whether or not to accept that. Furthermore, I'm invited to Azalea's birthday party. If you choose not to attend, I will." Following that, he got up and walked out.

As she watched him walk away, Olivia hurriedly called out, "Wait—"

Christoff halted in his tracks and around to face her. "I told you, if I wanted to hurt you two, I wouldn't have gone through all this trouble."

She expressed her regret after experiencing some pangs of guilt. "I understand, and we're just naturally suspicious of everyone. Is it true that you can enter the City Palace?"

"Eugene is not the only person with a support system. Anyone in our circle has a connection!" Christoff emphasized.

"We'll come with you!"

"I can't bring two women."

"Fine. I'll come alone with you."

As soon as Jewel heard that, she pulled Olivia's arm and asked, "Are you going to follow him without question? How well do you know him?"

Chapter 856

"I don't know, but he is right. If he wants to hurt me, he doesn't need to go to all that trouble when there are plenty of opportunities for him."

Jewel would resort to using sign language whenever she started to feel anxious. 'Do you know what he'll do once he gets into City Palace? Either I'll go with you or you won't. I can't let you take the risk on your own.'

Olivia comforted Jewel by patting her hand and whispered, "It's fine. He can't hurt me." Then, she walked toward Christoff.

As she walked up to him, he cracked a grin. "Have you made your decision?"

Suddenly, Jewel walked toward them and insisted, "Let me go with you."

"I told you it would be inconvenient."

"Dress me as your bodyguard and let me tag along, or I won't let Olivia leave with you."

Christoff sneered, "Can't you gauge the gravity of the situation? You are the one who begged me to take you there. Do you believe it would be acceptable for you to negotiate terms with me?"

Olivia comforted her and suggested, "Jewel, let's split up and carry out the task separately. You investigate the amusement park where the rope snapped, and Mr. Stevenson and I will head to City Palace to locate Eugene. In case you stumble upon any leads, please let me know."

"Olivia—"

Jewel firmly grasped Olivia's arm and insisted, "How do I tell Eugene the bad news if something happens to you?"

"I'll be fine." Olivia reassured Jewel by patting her hands, then she turned to Christoff and prompted, "Let's go."

"Are you planning to attend the banquet with that?" As he smiled wickedly, she wrinkled her brows. "So, what?"

He elaborated, "First, I want you to know that you are accompanying me as my girlfriend. Second, you must refrain from taking unauthorized actions and prying into other people's affairs, regardless of how intriguing they may appear. Otherwise, I won't be able to protect you if something bad happens. Lastly, and most importantly, don't involve me in anything."

In response to Christoff's lengthy explanation, Olivia frowned and stated in a stern tone, "I'm going to look for Eugene. Get me inside, and I'll handle everything else."

"Are you aware that City Palace is unlike any other place where you may act as you please? In the event of an accident involving you, I will be the first person to be suspected. Furthermore, Eugene is inside, intentionally or unintentionally, and you can't get him out. In addition, I'm not going to let you in with your true identity."

Her brows furrowed as she questioned, "Then, how am I going to enter?"

"As my girlfriend," Christoff stated.

Olivia hesitated for a moment. Girlfriend? This means I will have to come into physical contact with him.

When he sensed her hesitation, he continued to tease her, "Don't you want to know whether Eugene betrayed you? What if he's already with Azalea?"

She was speechless after being teased by him. Without a doubt, he was a meticulous person. Nonetheless, she believed Eugene was not in the City Palace because of the marriage matter, and he was held captive by Sirius. After all, Eugene couldn't afford to antagonize the royal family, no matter how influential he was. Perhaps, he was attempting to escape that place, and her identity could interfere with his plans.

At that moment, Christoff took two black pills out of his pocket and gave one to Olivia and the other to Jewel. "Eat it."

Olivia viewed him with skepticism. "Do we eat this to change our facial appearance?"

"Forget it if you don't believe me," he snorted. Then, he reached out to reclaim the pill.

Instantly, she grabbed his hand and snatched the pills from his palms. "I believe you." Afterward, she attempted to put it in her mouth, but Jewel prevented her. "Let me take it first." Then, she popped it into her mouth.

Soon, Olivia ingested the pill while waiting for Jewel to transform.

Soon, Christoff's expression relaxed as he glared at Olivia and bragged, "Do you realize how precious these pills are?"

Chapter 857

Olivia did not bother to entertain Christoff and impatiently questioned, "When are our facial appearances going to change?"

"It will take three hours. Later, I'll bring you for a makeover in the afternoon, as my partner must be impeccably attired for tonight. Now, you should go get some rest." He smirked and returned to his room. Surprisingly, he began to look forward to the banquet tonight.

She felt a surge of exhaustion as she sat on the bed. Then, she reached for her phone and dialed Eugene's number several times, but none of her calls were answered. It appeared that Sirius was indeed holding him captive.

Olivia was still in a daze when her phone rang. She was ecstatic because she thought it was Eugene returning her call, but it turned out to be a call from North. "Mommy, where are you?"

As she did not want her family to worry, she replied, "I'm on the film set."

He snorted, "Liar. Why is your phone's location in Nambahd? Have you gone looking for Daddy?"

When she realized there was no point in remaining silent, she said, "Yes, but don't worry. I'm with Aunt Jewel."

Then, North said, "The signal on Daddy's phone seems to be blocked. I just tracked down his location, and I'll send it to you later."

Olivia was pleasantly surprised when she heard that. "Have you managed to track down his location?" Didn't North say that he was unable to track down the location? Otherwise, she would never have left in such a hurry.

"Yes, and it took me a lot of effort. Please be cautious, Mommy, and contact me immediately if anything goes wrong."

"Okay, I will." She made a promise to his son.

Shortly after she hung up, Olivia received North's text message containing Eugene's coordinates. She showed it to Jewel and asked, "Isn't that the City Palace?"

Jewel reached for the phone and took a glance at it. "Yes."

Olivia remarked in disbelief, "It appears Christoff did not deceive us."

Then, Jewel stated, "I still get the impression that he's planning something."

Olivia agreed and nodded. She had good reason to be wary of him. There was no reason for Christoff to help track down Eugene, given that he had just emerged from a heap of dead bodies. Shouldn't he loathe Eugene to the core?

"It makes no difference to me what his goal is so long as I can see Eugene."

"I believe you're his goal."

"Me?" Olivia inquired, surprised.

Perhaps Jewel had spoken too much that day, causing her throat to become parched, so she resorted to communicating using sign language. 'If he wasn't interested in you, he wouldn't have let you go even after you jabbed him with a needle.'

Olivia hesitated for a moment, contemplated the situation, and concluded that she was still not convinced that Christoff was interested in her. Didn't he and others prioritize benefit over all else? In

addition, he was the ruler of Samuel Court, and he could have any woman he wanted! Why would he be drawn to her?

"I think all he's worried about is the possibility that he'll lose the use of his arm."

"That's what my intuition tells me. Just be cautious!" Jewel reminded her

Then, Olivia responded, "Let's get some rest. I'll attend the banquet tonight while you can inquire with Curtis about the situation at the amusement park."

It was 3:00PM when Olivia and Jewel woke up from their nap to look at themselves in the mirror. Their facial expressions changed, making them more attractive, and their voices sounded different. They would never have believed it was true if it hadn't happened to them.

Jewel stated, "When we go out looking like this, nobody can recognize us."

Olivia agreed and said, "It's no surprise that Samuel Court has the lowest number of murder victims."

Still reeling from their surprise, the pair heard a knock at the door. When Olivia looked through the peephole, she saw Christoff standing there, so she opened the door.

Chapter 858

When Christoff saw Olivia, he smiled. "Are you happy with your appearance?"

"Yes." Olivia smiled and nodded. There was a newfound refinement to her appearance. Despite her attempts to adjust to her new facial appearance, she had to admit that she remained as beautiful as ever.

He knit his brows and insisted, "So, let's go. We'll be able to get to the banquet on time after the makeover."

She stated, "Please wait a moment. I need to get something." With a hum, Christoff nodded. Soon, she came out and left with him.

At 6.00PM, Christoff and a glammed-up Olivia arrived at the City Palace entrance. After exiting the vehicle, he gestured for her to link her arms to his by slightly curling his arms. However, she did not move an inch as she stared in awe at the beautiful palace before her. It was her first visit to the palace, and the entire palace reminded her of ancient mansions. Nevertheless, it was more luxurious and

opulent than mansions at the time, and the enormous palace was heavily guarded by palace guards armed with firearms. She believed that even a fly could not escape such a strictly guarded place.

As he kept an eye on her, he said, "What are you thinking? Tonight, you're my partner." It wasn't until that moment that Olivia shook herself out of her daze and grabbed his arm as they walked toward the palace gates.

"Invitation card." They were stopped by a guard armed with a gun, so Christoff handed the card he was holding to him, who quickly looked at it to make sure it was legitimate. Following that, the guard took out detectors and began scanning their bodies, and the entire procedure took about ten minutes.

Olivia exhaled a deep sigh as though releasing her anxiety. She had a silver needle up her sleeve and was surprised it hadn't been confiscated; perhaps carrying only one did not constitute being overweight. Soon, the two were led into the main hall.

There was such a large crowd that the hall was completely packed. Celebrities, children from wealthy families, businessmen, and politicians all gathered around in small groups and exchanged customary greetings. Moreover, the camera lights from the reporters flashed one after the other at the same time. Those invited were unquestionably influential, either on par with Christoff's standing or higher.

He was ecstatic not because he had received an invitation to a banquet in the City Palace but rather because of the woman standing next to him and the anticipated scene.

Christoff deliberately leaned closer to Olivia and asked, "Do you agree that we are a good fit for one another?"

She stared straight ahead and maintained her cheerful demeanor, but what she said was less pleasant. "I don't think so."

He was utterly unfazed by her demeanor. "Make up a name. How should I introduce you later?"

Olivia glanced at Christoff and questioned. "Who would take notice of me? Right now, I look like a total stranger."

If she still had her own appearance, she might be concerned that Eugene would lose control of himself when he sees her. Nevertheless, she had no reason to be concerned about him anymore, and she could prevent him from becoming envious when he saw her with Christoff.

It can't be denied that the concept of changing one's appearance was highly ingenious. However, Christoff replied, "Think of a name just in case."

She responded, "So, call me Margot Pearce."

He glanced at her. "Seriously?"

It didn't appear to bother Olivia in the slightest. "Perhaps, no one will inquire."

Ultimately, she didn't give a hoot because locating Eugene was more important to her than attending someone's birthday banquet. If Sirius was serious about Azalea marrying Eugene, Eugene would be here tonight. There was nothing for her to do but wait for him to show up.

"Let's greet the King of the City."

Chapter 859

Christoff took a glass of red wine from a waiter and approached the King of the City. Afterward, Olivia finally caught sight of the man making the toast in the crowd. He appeared to be in his forties, was dressed in a dark suit, and had neither greasy hair nor a bald head. It would be difficult to guess his cruel nature just by looking at him.

"Sir Sirius," he greeted him with a smile.

Sirius raised a glass with a grin and a toast. "Mr. Stevenson, did you just get here?"

Christoff smiled as he took a sip of his wine and responded, "Yes, I have just arrived." He embraced Olivia and introduced her to him, "Margot, this is Sir Sirius."

Although she was not used to it, she still nodded slightly. "Hello, Sir Sirius."

He smiled as he looked over at Christoff. "Is she your girlfriend?" His voice was a little louder than usual, and there was an undercurrent of sarcasm.

Christoff smiled and replied, "Yes. My girlfriend."

"Very beautiful," Sirius praised her.

As if his girlfriend had just received a compliment, Christoff smiled as he tightened his grip on Olivia's arm. "If you say so, Sir Sirius."

Sirius smiled politely and gestured to him. "This way, please."

"Thanks. We'll head in first," Christoff replied. Following that, he led her inside.

She asked, "Where is Azalea?"

Christoff glanced at her. "Do you want to see Azalea or Eugene?"

Olivia pushed his hand away and snapped, "What do you think?"

Would she have permitted Christoff to place his hands on her shoulders if she did not wish to see Eugene?

On the other hand, he wasn't the least bit aggravated by the situation. As he drew a chair, he inquired, "What's got you so worked up? She'll appear when the time is right, and Azalea is Sirius' precious daughter. How could he be so brazened as to parade his daughter around?"

Suddenly, there was a commotion in the crowd, and people began filing out.

"Who is it?" she asked.

He arched his brow in apparent suspicion. "Only the King of Namb could cause such an uproar."

A statement like that caught Olivia off guard. "You did mention that the two engaged in a mortal struggle for the throne, didn't you? Are they currently on good terms?"

Christoff snorted, "What do you mean by "on good terms"? They are merely putting on a show for the public. Sirius still holds the title of King of the City, but he has no real power. This is why he wants to marry Azalea off to Eugene, and if he can assist Sirius, everything will change."

She nodded in comprehension. It's no surprise Sirius dupes Eugene with such heinous methods.

"Let's go see what's going on." Then, the pair joined the rest of the crowd outside.

Everything unfolded precisely as Christoff had predicted. A man in his thirties, accompanied by a contingent of guards, walked through the palace's main entrance. He had pointed eyebrows, bright eyes, a flawless face, and a calm, collected demeanor. Olivia recognized at first glance that he was indeed Hayes, the King of Namb. She didn't expect him to look so handsome, though.

Everyone greeted him with a slight bow of the head upon seeing him. "Your Highness." Even though the pair didn't greet him, they followed the rest of the group in bowing their heads in respect.

Sirius hurried over to greet Hayes, and with a slight bow, he said, "Your Highness."

Hayes held Sirius up by the arm and remarked, "Uncle Sirius, you can call me Hayes."

Then, with a grin, Sirius said, "Okay, Hayes, please come in. Azalea has been whining about how she hasn't yet seen you."

"I was preoccupied with some matters," Hayes answered.

"Step inside. I'll have someone bring her out," Sirius said.

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Sirius commanded his subordinates, "Please invite the princess outside."

On the other hand, Hayes was encircled by a large group of people, and he occupied the most prominent seat. Furthermore, everyone stopped a few feet from him in a prudent manner. He appeared aloof as he sat in the center and looked down at the people below him. "Please take your seats, everyone." Afterward, everyone obeyed his command and sat down in their respective seats.

Suddenly, a woman emerged from the inside and made her way toward him, where she bowed slightly and affectionately addressed him as "Hayes—"

The woman looked radiant in her white gown and adorned with a crown. Her big, black eyes were set in a beautiful face, and she exuded a gentle, endearing beauty. She had a sharp nose and cherry lips, which contributed to her stunning beauty.

Olivia was convinced that she must be Azalea! What a beautiful lady! However... Where is Eugene? Isn't Sirius planning on introducing him?

Hayes smiled and reached out his hand. "Azalea, you continue to amaze me with your stunning beauty."

Azalea responded with a tender smile, "Why did you just show up? I've been waiting for you."

He replied, "I prepared a gift for you." Concurrently, he handed her a key. "The construction of the Princess Mansion for you is complete. You are free to move in at any time."

She smiled as she accepted it. "Thanks, Hayes."

Olivia, edging closer to Christoff, asked, "Why is it known as Princess Mansion?"

Christoff admired her initiative to get closer to him, and he explained, "I was told that Princess Azalea played a significant role in the incident, prompting Hayes to crown her as Princess Azalea and had his men construct the Princess Mansion."

She was able to understand after he went into great detail about it. Hayes reigned for six years, which meant a lot of work went into constructing Princess Mansion.

Afterward, Hayes inquired from his seat, "I heard from Uncle Sirius that you're now dating someone. Are you going to introduce him to me?"

Instantaneously, Azalea became timid. "Later, I'll introduce you to him. You are also acquainted with him."

He arched his brow, surprised. "Really? Who is it?"

She beamed a smile at him. "I'm keeping it a secret at the moment. You can find out soon enough when I do the opening dance with him."

"Do you have to be so mysterious?" Hayes questioned. In response, Azalea blinked at him, smiling but saying nothing.

Then, he declared, "What are we waiting for? Let the feast commence!"

When the King spoke, no one dared to object. After receiving the order, Sirius motioned for his subordinates to proceed with the feast.

Azalea smiled and said, "Hayes, I'll go down now. Later, I'll introduce you to him." Following that, she descended the stairs.

With creased brows, Olivia questioned whether or not it was, in fact, Eugene. Is he seeing Azalea? She couldn't quite put her finger on it, but she was sure her heart was racing.

Following the melody of the soft music playing throughout the hall, the lights suddenly dimmed, leaving only a solitary beam of light shining in the center of the dance floor. Everyone's attention was naturally drawn to the two figures in the middle of the dance floor. The man and the woman were impressively tall and stocky, but the woman stood out for her grace and beauty. They locked eyes in a tender display of affection. The man's hand landed on the woman's waist, and the woman's hand landed on his shoulder; then, with their free hands intertwined, they began to dance. They seemed to be fixated on each other, which gave the impression that they were a talented and deeply in love couple.

Olivia confessed that her heart was pounding at that very moment. Who else could that man be if not Eugene? She had been debating internally, worried that she would have to make a lot of effort to find him again if it wasn't him.