

Benefits 451

Chapter 451: Rosie

"I know just what you need to do." Isabella spoke up after a while.

Olivia and Nora stared at Isabella in question as she spoke out of the blue. "What does she need to do?" Nora asked curiously, already catching onto her best friend's mind.

"I think Olivia needs to use the beauty trap on Seb," Isabella exclaimed with a mischievous grin, leaning in closer to the two women.

Olivia's eyes widened in surprise, while Nora's lips curled into a smirk. "The beauty trap? That old trick?" She chuckled, a glint of amusement dancing in her eyes. But then she shook her head, "Nah! You forgot one tiny detail." Nora pointed at Olivia's belly and continued, "She is pregnant. So the aftereffects of beauty trap will be wasted."

Isabella's face fell momentarily before she recovered with a snap of her fingers. "Right, right, forgot about that tiny detail," she replied with a sheepish grin, "We might have to think of something else."

Olivia stared at the two women with eyes so wide they might have fallen out. Yes, she was a few years older than them in age but what was this beauty trap they were talking about? Why did she feel that they were talking in a foreign language.

Nora chuckled at Olivia's gobsmacked look and explained, "Use the beauty trap. Means seduce him, kind of. But in your case, I think it might be a bit difficult since the doctor has advised against it."

"Hmm. We'll need something that might make him remember the old times..." Nora murmured.

Isabella nodded in agreement, "Yeah. The second best option is to use the Nostalgia. Tap into shared memories. So, Miss Brown, what did you and Seb do the most when you were together."

Olivia felt herself blushing at the question making Nora and Isabella laugh out loud as Isabella snickered, "Other than that baby."

Nora nodded, "Yes. I mean the Frosties have definitely shown good sense in falling for women who are kind of intelligent. I mean, even Gabe. Arabelle was delulu1 but intelligent."

Olivia giggled at that while Isabella added wryly, "Yes. I see why Demetri needs to protect you. You even have admiration for a woman who wanted to send you to the heavens sooner."

Nora kicked Isabella on the shin as she made a face at her and then turned to Olivia, "Alright, Olivia. What you used to do other than the down and dirty."

Olivia sighed and thought back to their times, "He loves cars and speed you know. He used to love having me sit next to him when he raced. I used to scream my head off but love it. We loved going to the roller coaster in the amusement park.. and there was this new ride then in the water... it was called a boom ride or something... He'd stand on that platform and hold me as it lifted and rotated. I was never able to do it alone and always fell into the water."

As Olivia tapered off, she realized that they couldn't do any of these things as well and slumped off. They used to race and study together. And he'd taken her to wine and coffee tastings but that that was not possible as well since she seemed to hate the smell of coffee. And that brought her to another realization. She had done none of these things in the last few years, other than the coffee thing...

And she had no idea if Seb had done these things or not. They'd grown apart over the years. She'd become focused on her work and he had... been busy creating scandals. She'd heard all sorts of things he got upto in the media... All those women.

What if they never found something in common again. Were they going to live like a superficial couple forever?

Isabella and Nora also seemed to realise this and quickly shared another look before Nora chuckled, "Guess, we need to find new hobbies for the two of you. Lock you up in some room, get rid of anything that might interfere. I'm sure you will definitely be able to find something to amuse yourselves!"

Isabella nodded and clapped her hands, "That actually is a good plan, Nora baby! And I think it is what Seb had in mind as well. Didn't he kidnap her to an island? So that they could have some time together? Enjoy their honeymoon."

Olivia shook her head dejectedly, "No. He did that so that I wouldn't escape or anyone from you people might try to interfere."

"Those are just excuses, Olivia. Trust me. He wanted to do the dirty with you. And grabbed the chance." Nora added wisely even as Olivia looked at her skeptically. She might have believed that if Seb had indeed made love to her. But after that first night in the tub, where he had rocked her world and yet not 'consummated' the marriage, she'd been feeling unsure. The doctor had not refused them making love until the scare. But he'd been avoiding her before that.

"Whatever. But I don't think Seb is going to take her alone anywhere after the scare. He might take an entire medical team for their honeymoon."

"I have an idea! Listen up. I'll ask Rosie to clear Seb's schedule after that..."

Olivia sighed again, making Nora and Isabella look at her curiously, "This is another thing. His assistant-Rosie! I think she has a thing for him. She is always calling him up at odd hours and discussing work."

Nora blinked, "You think there is another woman in Seb's life?"

Isabella opened her mouth to say something before she thought the better of it and instead spoke up, "You think Rosie has feeling for Seb? Don't worry. Seb doesn't feel anything for Rosie."

"But he always takes her name differently. As if her name is kind of special to him. I mean I know that Rosie is his assistant and he is quite dependant on her but the way he takes her name..."

Before Olivia could continue, Isabella opened her phone and showed it to her..."Rosie is indeed special to Seb..."

Chapter 452: Ensnare

"This is Rosie." Isabella said, as she showed the picture to Olivia and Nora.

Nora guffawed at the man in the picture and then looked at Isabella, " This is Rosie? Did his parents hate him to give him such a name?"

Olivia nodded along, totally dumbfounded by the new revelation. "Nah. His name is Drake Rosette. He once pulled off a heroic move, saving Seb from a persistent stalker by pretending to be his girlfriend over the phone. Apparently, his impersonation of a seductive woman's voice was so convincing that even Seb was taken aback. Word has it, Mr. Rosette's feminine voice could melt the hardest of hearts. Hence, Seb christened him 'Rosie.' "

Nora and Olivia laughed hard as they imagined the tough looking man in the picture talking like a woman while Isabella shook her head," Oh please. Laugh all you want. But Rosie is like a secret weapon. Rosie's talents go beyond just saving Seb from awkward situations. When Rosie speaks, even the toughest guys start talking."

Nora and Olivia laughed even harder at the thought of poor Drake Rosette trying to get the clients to talk by pretending to be Rosie.

Finally, Isabella shook her head," Okay, lets not get side tracked. You said you have an ultrasound next week. We'll have our esteemed Rosie clear Seb's schedule without telling him and then you can begin the Operation Get the Man."

"Operation Get the Man?"

"Uh huh.. Operation: Get the man. The first stage in this is to get him all alone and helpless. Then...."

Finally, as Olivia bade Nora and Isabella goodbye, her bad mood had been uplifted as she thought of the future ahead. Maybe, things that she had thought of as impossible in her future might be possible... With a sigh, she patted her stomach and promised," Your father and mother will be totally together when you come into this world little one. Give mama some courage." Though her baby was still too small to be felt, Olivia felt as if he did respond and curled up happily, rejuvenated with hope for the future.

"Bella baby. Spill the tea. What are you hiding?" Nora asked once they had driven away from Seb's house.

"You noticed that?" Isabella asked with a grimace.

"Uh huh."

Isabella scowled, " Do you think she noticed it too? I hope not..."

"Nah. She was too distracted and I know you better. So whats up..."

Isabella sighed. "Okay, here's the thing. Rosie is no threat of course but there is someone who is quite close to Seb these days. And there have been rumors of their closeness."

Nora stilled, " Really? But Seb wouldn't... would he?"

"We don't know, Nora baby. Seb is like all Frosties but the truth is that he is quite an expert at diverting attention from himself. He uses humor and pranks to stop people from digging in too deeply. And he has been carrying the hurt in his heart..." Isabella muttered.

Nora looked troubled at this as she wondered if Seb could really be cheating on Olivia. He loved her that she was sure of, but everyone could make mistakes. Admittedly, Olivia and Seb had a one night stand and then they married for the baby. So he wasn't committed to her in his heart. And he'd been sleeping with multiple women all through the years, despite loving Olivia forever.. So...

But it could also be a rumor. People liked to talk. And Seb had been missing from the gossip columns since he married. "Who is the woman?"

"She's an up-and-coming model. She's been working on creating her own line of clothing and approached Seb for the funding. As you know, Frost Industries is expanding, and Seb pitched her idea to the others and they saw potential and agreed. And while I think that she is good, I don't like how she looks at Seb... Its all moony eyes. As if the sun sets on him."

"Well, if she is like that, I'm sure Seb won't fall for her, right?" Nora asked, unsure now. Moony eyes. That was also how Olivia usually stared at Seb. And if Isabella was using that term...

"Can't say. He's been treating her differently as compared to his ex girlfriends from what I hear. And she was his latest girlfriend before he discovered Olivia's news."

"Bella baby... This is..." Nora started.

"Troublesome and more torublesome, I know." Isabella agreed.

Nora thought carefully. While she had pushed forward for confronting Ian and she'd been able to talk to Lucien freely for Evana, things were a little complicated in this matter. She wanted to intervene, maybe talk to Seb but wasn't too sure of how he would take it.

"Bella... I think we should talk to Seb." She stated the statement like a question.

"Should we?" Isabella asked as well.

"Well we are family.. And even if he gets angry, he can shove his anger where the sun doesn't shine.." Nora answered. They would be careful of course but they couldn't just sit back.

"Well; he'd do the same for us if it was any of us in a similar situation with our Frosty." Isabella nodded along.

In tacit agreement, they drove towards the headquarters of Frost Industries, ready to have a confrontation... uh no- a friendly talk with their brother in law.

As the two women entered the building, they happened to meet Ian who rasied his eyebrows at their presence. Quickly, he grinned and kissed his fiance," Hello there, doll. I thought you took a leave today. Did you miss me?"

Isabella rolled her eyes at Ian and quickly stepped out of his arms, "No. We are here to see Seb."

Ian raised his eyebrows at that, his gaze moving from Nora to Isabella and then back to Nora..."Ohh! Don't go to his office. Let me arrange a conference room for you. Come along gals." As he lead them into the elevator, he was already typing something on his phone...it was finally Seb's turn... What fun. Conference room two was perfect for this meeting. The cameras and microphones, recorders, everything was working well...

Chapter 453: Uh oh.

As Nora and Isabella settled into the conference room, with Ian disappearing to somewhere to lurk, they could not help but exchange glances, still wondering how Seb would react to their interference.

If Ian was to be used as an example, then he'd react alright but... if not, things would not go well. With a sigh, Isabella leaned back in her chair, her mind racing through possible scenarios. "I just hope Seb doesn't take this the wrong way."

Nora nodded in agreement, her expression reflecting a mixture of determination and unease. "Me too. But we can't just ignore what's happening. That would be foolish."

Soon, the door opened and a man walked in. Nora almost giggled at the man while Isabella cast her a warning look as she smiled, "Drake, how are you this morning?"

The man gave a small smile and nodded his head, "I'd doing well, Miss Isabella. How are you doing? AND good day to you Mrs Frost."

Nora widened her eyes and pointed at herself, "You know me?"

"Of course I should know the lady boss of Frost Industries. I am..."

"I know you. You're Seb's Rosie." Nora answered with a smile.

The man coughed and almost dropped the file in his hand while Isabella tried to cover her smile. No one other than Seb ever dared to call the fierce man Rosie.

"Hey! Don't bully my assistant, Nora," Seb chided with a playful glint in his eye as he entered the conference room. He turned to his assistant with a smirk. "I'll have Demon give you a bonus since his wife teased you."

The sullen look on the man's face melted into a grateful smile before he made a hasty exit, leaving behind a light chuckle in the air at the thought of more money.

Seb then took the seat opposite the two women, his grin widening as he addressed them. "Hello, beautiful ladies. How are you doing? So, is it time for 'the talk'?"

Nora and Isabella looked at each other, "Talk?" before repeating simultaneously.

Seb smiled, " Well, you went to see Olivia this morning. Then the two of you are here. I remember how shocked Ian was after you gave him 'the talk' Nora, so I'm pretty sure, now it's my turn."

Isabella exchanged a glance with Nora, a wry smile tugging at the corner of her lips. "Well, it seems the element of surprise has vanished."

Nora nodded, " Its all your Ian's fault. He is a blabbermouth!"

Isabella frowned at that while Ian who was quietly lurking in the corner scowled- How was this fair? He got the talk and was blamed and now that Seb was getting the talk, why was he blamed again? How was that fair.

Seb smirked at their discussion and then waited patiently. He could guess what they were about but he was not yet ready to talk about Olivia. So he needed to put them on a back foot.

As Isabella opened her mouth to defend her man, Nora continued, " Well it is his fault! He told Olivia about that place for se* toys and now she wants us to get some for her. Who can you blame but him."

Seb almost choked as he heard the words while the 'lurking' Ian grinned mischievously as he watched Seb's incredulous expression, thoroughly entertained by the unexpected turn of events.. He would

willingly accept the blame for this, if they could make Seb stumble! Bravo Nora! She guessed Seb's game and changed accordingly.

Meanwhile, Seb's jaw was practically hitting the floor as he asked, " "Sex toys? Olivia wants... sex toys?" His voice cracked as he wondered if they were pulling a prank on him...

His eyes darted between Nora and Isabella searching for any signs of jest or deception. But the earnest expressions on their faces confirmed the truth of the matter, leaving him speechless for a moment.

Finally, he managed to compose himself enough to speak, though his voice still carried a hint of disbelief. "Well, I suppose that's..."

Nora nodded in sympathy as she said, " I know it must be really galling for you. A man of your experience and his wife needs a... you know what. Anyway, she was too embarrassed to talk to anyone about it. After all, it's not her fault. It is her hormones which are creating a havoc. And the two of you are not allowed to... do the deed so of course she is going to need something to get rid of her boredom..."

When silence reigned after Nora's words, Nora kicked Isabella who was also looking a bit shell shocked, gesturing with her eyes to help her. Her eyes widening at the realization that this was probably the "Isabella is pregnant" version for Seb... Your wife needs se* toys... She shook her head in admiration. Nora had quite a good handle on these Frost brothers.

Quickly schooling her face, Isabella nodded along, " We know you're busy about that project with Miss Emma but still as Olivia's friends and your sisters, we thought that we should warn you. Don't worry, once the doctor gives her the go ahead after the ultrasound, we will personally take her to the store so that she can shop for whatever she likes. Until then, we hope that you can do something to keep her... entertained?"

Nora nodded at Isabella's words, " Yes... keep her satisfied."

Isabella winked at Nora as they watched Seb's lost expression and high fived under the table.

As he was lost in thought, Nora finally turned to Isabella and asked conversationally, "So, who is this Miss Emma? What project has Seb so busy? With me being busy with the remodelling work, I can hardly keep up with news about the Frost Industries. So, Seb? Who is this Emma?"

Seb looked at Nora absently and shook his head, "Emma? She's no one important... Just someone who had a good business idea and needed investment. I... I need to go. Thanks for the... for the advice. I'll take care of..."

"Her se* drive?" Nora added helpfully making Seb wince as he nodded, "Yes. That too. You ladies enjoy the coffee."

As Seb raced out of the conference room, Isabella and Nora burst into laughter, this time high fiving each other openly.. Mission successful! They'd confused Seb and had already judged Seb's reaction about this so called 'threat'- Emma.

Chapter 454: An Awkward Time

Seb stumbled through the door of his home in a daze, his mind still reeling from the unexpected conversation with Nora and Isabella. All the way home, he had been plagued by thoughts of whether they were pulling a fast one on him. He hadn't expected their discussion to take such a turn. He could not have expected this in his dreams!

He'd expected lecture about taking proper care of Olivia, about how he'd married her hastily... He had not expected advice about... Seb blinked. They were definitely upto something... He just needed to figure out what it was.

As he walked in, he was met with a greeting from the housekeeper. He paused, "Miss Greer, how is my wife?"

"Mr Frost! You're home early today! Mrs Frost will be happy. She's doing well. Miss Nora and Miss Isabella's visit seemed to cheer her up. They were talking animatedly and giggling all afternoon like teenage girls."

Seb gulped. Giggling like teenage girls? Didn't teenage girls talk about things like 'that'? Well, this was troublesome. He'd been keeping a distance from her due to the scare among other things. He did not want to cause her unnecessary problems. But she needed release? How was he supposed to handle

that. He did read that se* drive of some pregnant women tended to shoot up but was this safe? The doctor mentioned no intercourse but what about the rest?

No, they couldn't risk that. He would need to keep Olivia occupied and away from Nora and Isabella for the time being. He should have known. She'd been a busy bee all her life so doing nothing all day would have been difficult for her. Why did he not think that? She'd been desperately looking for hobbies... He remembered the 'condom' shaped hat... Holy shi*! He'd been teasing her about the hat looking like a condom but what if that is what she was making due to her... horni... hormones?

"Mr Frost? Do you need something?" Mrs Greer asked as he continued to stand still with a weird expression on his face.

Seb shook his head, "Its nothing, Mrs Greer. Uh.. you can leave early if you'd like."

"Thank you, Mr Frost. I'll leave you alone soon enough." As the woman quickly returned to work with a happy expression, Seb tried to think straight as he walked into his room. He'd been avoiding going to his room since he moved Olivia there, going late in the night and getting up early in the morning, to keep a distance from Olivia while at the same time not worry her.

As he stepped into the room, he paused, staring at the lingerie on the bed. Was she in the bath? Did she fall asleep? What if she hurt herself? How could she go in there all alone without having Mrs Greer waiting outside for her. As his brain supplied him with images of disastrous scenarios, Olivia walked out.

And then his brain stopped functioning. She looked... flushed. He looked at the bath gown that she had loosely wrapped around herself and then her red cheeks and wet hair. Did she... please herself in the bathroom...

His first thought was then followed by the second that he wanted to see it... Seb tried to think straight. He really did. But she looked the way she did that night, on his pillow... all red... and those water droplets on her neck looked so inviting, making him want to lick them off her...

And then she whispered his name, "Seb... you're home early."

He could only nod as he continued to stare at her. Olivia frowned as she took in his expression. He looked dazed and distracted. "Uhh.. did you need something?"

He shook his head again, " No. Don't mind me. Just undress in peace... I mean dress in pieces... I mean..." Without trying to explain what he meant, since he was unsure of what he meant as well, he picked up the rose pink things on the bed and handed them to her,

"Here, wear these."

Olivia blushed and accepted the things before watching him expectantly.

He looked at her in confusion, returning her look with a blank one of his own. When she raised the clothing in her hand and then pointed to herself, he said, " You need me to help you put it on?"

Olivia widened her eyes as he walked to her and started to unbelt her robe before holding his wrist, "Seb! I'm trying to tell you to wait outside while I dress up!"

"Ohh.. Alright. alright..."

However, he made no move to leave the room as he continue to stare at Olivia making her wonder if something was wrong with him. Frowning, she raised her hand to check his temperature, and he moved, stepping back in alarm.

"What are you doing?" Seb asked as he stared at her as if she had grown a second head.

"What am I doing? I'm checking your teperature? Do you have fever? You look out of sorts."

He shook his head, " I am fine.. Do you want me..."

"Of course I want you..."

"to leave?" they said at the same time before staring at each other awkwardly.

With a curse, he caught Olivia by the shoulders, trying not to think about the things that Nora and Isabella had mentioned and gently pushed her to sit on the bed before kneeling in front of her.

As she looked down at him, and he looked at her, he finally spoke, " Livia... I know you have needs. Just... don't use things to fulfill them, alright. You have me... I'd be happy to please you... in any way you want or need..."

Olivia frowned as she looked at Seb, " What are you talking about, Seb?"

Seb frowned. Did he have to spell it out? Fine. He will. Olivia, I'll be happy to go down on you if you'd like. It would be a pleasure to do that. I love your taste."

Olivia's eyes widened as she understood Seb's meaning and asked, " Dam* it, Seb? What kind of plants are you smoking?"

Chapter 455: A Dinner Date

Olivia let out another muttered curse, her frustration evident as she aggressively stabbed at the chicken on her plate. Seb glanced at her, a smirk playing on his lips before erupting into laughter once more.

"I can't believe you're finding this funny! How could they do this to us? Next time they visit, I swear I'll give them a piece of my mind!" Olivia accused Seb with a grimace.

Seb chuckled harder, shaking his head in disbelief. "Hey! I'm the one who should be fuming! Damn it, I should have seen this coming! I should have expected something outrageous from Nora! Heck! I had expected something like this! After what Nora pulled with Ian, I thought I was prepared for anything when they visited!. But somehow, I still fell for her tricks, hook, line, and sinker."

But Olivia was not amused. Instead she pointed her fork at Seb and scowled harder, "And you! How could you believe something so...so outrageous about me and then offer to do... that..." Olivia coloured as she spoke!

She had always believed herself to be a modern woman who could talk about things casually, without feeling the need to blush! But everytime she thought of the way Seb casually said that he liked her taste... it made her feel breathless!

"Hey! You can't blame me for that. They kept talking about taking you to a toy store and then hormones, etc. How was I to know..."

Their eyes met for a moment as Seb paused before the two of them burst into laughter simultaneously until the lingering tension between them subsided.

Covering her face with her hand, she looked at Seb and sighed, "I should have known they were upto no good! I can't believe this is the same Nora who would come to my cafe to sit quietly and study... Demon has totally changed her!"

"Its not Demon! You and I both know he can never be so outrageous!"

Olivia chuckled and nodded, " Yeah! Even he has a limited sense of humor. My gosh! I'm so glad that Antonio cheated on her. It was what balanced everything out, acting as a catalyst, giving her the final push to get out from under that horrible woman's thumb. It would have been such a waste if she had been married to Antonio."

"Yeah! Someone's foolishness was Demon's gain."

"Its such a small world," Olivia sighed...." I never could have imagined that Demon would fall for someone like Nora.. I even encouraged Lucien to approach her when I realized that she'd caught his attention... Thankfully, I did not try to set them up or Demon might have killed me..."

Seb chuckled at that and shook his head," But its odd, isn't it? Nora's arrival brought partners for all of us. Whether it was Gabe taking action for Arabelle, Lucien falling for Evana, Ian going after Isabella or..." he stopped for a minute before continuing in a quieter voice, " Or us getting married. All of us ended up together because of Nora and Demetri. None of this would have happened for them... its like a butterfly effect."

Olivia nodded with Seb's description however, she could not help but ask him a question internally, would they never have come together again if not for Demetri and Nora? Would he have forever stayed away from her if she had not thrown herself at him at their wedding?

As the conversation subsided, a brief silence hung between them, laden with unspoken thoughts and unresolved tension. Seb cleared his throat awkwardly, reaching for the plates to break the silence. "Uhh... I'll clear this. Why don't you go and take a rest?"

As Seb avoided looking at her, Olivia could not help but frown. She was supposed to go and rest? No! She needed to work on her mission to spend more time with him. It was barely eight o'clock now and he wanted her to rest? She was pregnant. Not eighty.

"I don't want to sleep yet. I think I'll go and watch a movie... Do you want to join me."

Seb paused in the middle of clearing the table, and shook his head, "I think I have some work to do since I came from office early. You go ahead..."

Feeling a bit deflated, Olivia nodded and went to watch the movie halfheartedly. She'd rather he would be with her so they would be able to talk naturally more often. If the best part in the stunt that Nora and Isabella had pulled had to be seen then it was that the awkward and surface- interaction that they'd been having had been broken. It was the first time in a long time that he had laughed with her in her presence.

She tried to not look at him as he moved around in the kitchen, but her eyes kept going back to him. This was another difference between him of now and him of the past. In the past, Seb would have been lost with kitched work. He used to hate clearing up and doing dishes with a passion... always looking for Lucien or Ian to make a bet and then do his chores.

As he turned back and looked at her suddenly, her eyes widened and she whipped her head around to look at the large television screen, pretending to be engrossed in choosing a movie. But inside, she longed for that connection they had once shared.

A few minutes later, she heard the sound of footsteps approaching, and she turned to see Seb walking closer, carrying an assortment of snacks and munchies on a tray. Her heart skipped a beat at the sight, warmth flooding her chest at the gesture.

Seb set the tray down on the coffee table in front of her, a faint smile playing on his lips. "I thought you might need some snacks for the movie later."

Olivia chuckled at the large tray and pointed to herself, "Me?" At least his obsession with food was the same!

Chapter 456: Camaraderie

Seb grinned, nodding as he plopped down onto the couch beside her. "Yep, you! And me too, of course. But you're not allowed to judge me!" he added with a playful wink, grabbing a handful of chips from the tray.

Olivia shook her head. It was his obsession with eating that had first pushed her to try new recipes and on the go snacks. His Seb's love for snacks had left an impression on her; it was the way he savored each bite with such unabashed enthusiasm, as if every morsel held a world of flavor waiting to be discovered. Even until the time she sold off her cafe, some of his favourite snacks had been sold there but of course, he had never come to taste them.

"So, what are you watching?" Seb asked, breaking the silence as he reached for the remote.

Olivia glanced at the TV screen, pondering her options. "Hmm, I was thinking of starting a new series," she replied, her voice soft.

Seb nodded in understanding, his gaze lingering on her thoughtfully for a moment before he stood up again. Olivia felt a pang of disappointment at the thought of him leaving, but before she could voice her protest, Seb surprised her by gently lifting her ankles and extending the couch.

"Are you leaving?" she asked, her brow furrowing in confusion as she watched him rearrange the furniture.

Seb shook his head, a warm smile gracing his features. "Not at all. I just thought you might be more comfortable this way," he explained, as he settled the couch's footrest and turned it into a bed so that she could sit with her legs extended comfortably.

"Ohh. This is nice." Olivia sighed as she wiggled her toes. She really did get tired when she had to sit with her feet down for long.

"This works?", Seb asked as he turned on the latest mystery series for her and she nodded. She loved mysteries.

However, as they delved into the first episode, Olivia found herself shifting uncomfortably as she tried to adjust the cushions. The backrest of the couch, with its curved design, wasn't providing the support she needed. With each movement, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of discomfort, her lower back was already starting to protest and ache.

She grimaced. Why did no one warn her of such side effects of pregnancy. Darn it! She couldn't even sit!

Seb noticed her fidgeting out of the corner of his eye, paused the series with a sigh. "Why are you moving around like you've got ants in your pants?" he asked, a hint of amusement in his voice.

"Oh please! This couch of yours is horrible! I can't sit comfortably. What is the point of having it turn into a bed if it cannot even support my back! Its only useful for fuc*ing women when you're in a hurry and can't wait to get to the bedroom!"

As she finished her angry tirade, her eyes widened in realization of what she had said! She frowned. Where did that come from? She had not even been thinking such things... Or had she? Was that why she was so uncomfortable? Thinking of all the women that he had probably fu*ked on this couch.

Seb stared at Olivia and then the couch. He was not going to touch that comment with a ten-foot pole even as he made a mental note to get a new couch or some additional cushions to make her more comfortable in the future. But for now, he had to find a quick solution to ease her discomfort. "Why don't you scoot forward?"

Assailed with guilt for her comment, Olivia looked away and scooted forward slowly until she was almost halfway forward. Maybe he could arrange some cushions for her or she would simply endure through the first long episode and then escape from here citing tiredness.

She felt Seb move in behind her, and before she could react, he gently guided her back until she was leaning against his chest. She tensed at the unexpected closeness, reminded of their wedding night and her mind raced with a flurry of conflicting emotions.

But as Seb wrapped his arms around her waist in a comforting gesture, she found herself relaxing against him, his warmth seeping into her skin and soothing her frazzled nerves. She felt the need to protest this position, but before she could utter a word, Seb placed a finger against her lips, shushing her gently.

She stared at him wide eyed and he nodded towards the television, turning on the series again, silently asking her to concentrate on the show.

Surprisingly, Olivia found herself complying, the familiar sound of Seb's heartbeat against her back creating a sense of security she hadn't realized she needed. However, any thoughts she had of watching the series were gone. Even as the show continued, she was often distracted by the lazy way his arm stayed on her stomach while he helped himself to the many snacks with his other hand, even occasionally feeding her chips and so.

Soon, she found herself sinking deeper into his embrace, her eyelids growing heavy with fatigue. As the minutes ticked by, her breathing gradually slowed, her body relaxing against Seb's. Eventually, the rhythmic sound of his heartbeat coupled with the soft glow of the television lulled her into a peaceful slumber.

Seb knew the exact moment that she had fallen asleep and quickly lowered the volume of the television. Grabbing a tissue, he wiped his hands carefully, before lacing his fingers with hers, the way they used to. Then, he settled back against the couch, content to watch over her as she slept, his heart filled with a warmth and happiness he couldn't quite explain.

With his other hand, he gently caressed her stomach, still marvelling at the fact that they'd made a baby. Soon, he would be able to hold their little one in his arms, a living testament to their love.

Chapter 457: Seb's Personality

"I never cared for any of them, Livia." With a quiet sigh, Seb turned off the television before whispering the truth to her sleeping form. Leaning in, he pressed a soft kiss to the top of her head, his lips lingering for a moment against her silky hair. "No woman has been to my house, not here or anywhere else. You don't have to worry about my past."

A pang of guilt prickled at him as he remembered her earlier comment about his past exploits. He had never been one to discuss his romantic history and specially not with her, preferring to focus on their future together. But perhaps it was good if he made some clarifications. He'd had no idea it would bother her so much.

But maybe he should have thought of that. He knew for a fact that she too had dated other people after their separation and he'd been careful to avoid thinking about that.

Another sigh escaped him, "Alright, I'll tell you all about the past, if that is what you need to not be worried. Just don't expect me to listen about your ex boyfriends, alright? I don't want to know."

As he sleepily and rather grumpily leaned back his head, imagining Olivia with someone else, he failed to see her open eyes and slightly altered breathing. She was awake.

Olivia quickly closed her eyes as she felt Seb's hand caressing her hair. The sudden silence from the television's noise had woken her up but she had not expected to listen to his confession the moment she came to. So he had never brought any woman to the house? At least she didn't have to worry about Seb having memories in this house with different women.

But then why did he say that he never had a woman come over to his house? At the island, there had been so many sizes, they were obviously for different women right?

She felt a small smile break out on her face and had to suppress it forcefully when he mentioned talking about her ex boyfriends.

Unlike him, she did not have a bevy of ex's. She'd had two failed relationships both of which had broken up because she had always been comparing them to him in her head.

She wondered if she should move a bit so he would know that she'd woken up and that they could discuss this topic. But she was so comfortable in this position. The short nap that she'd just had made her feel even more refreshed than an entire night of sleep.

Before she could make a decision, however, the tranquility was broken by the ringing of his phone. She almost giggled as she heard him curse and move to quickly silence the tone, all the while being careful not to jostle her. Why was he so caring?

And then she heard him answer, "Rosie."

She thought of the muscular man, whose picture Isabella had shown her and buried her face in Seb's chest, pretending to be asleep still and decided to eavesdrop. They would discuss this matter of girlfriends later.

Whatever it was that his assistant told him, seemed to make him irritated as he said impatiently, "Just leave that to me. And tell them that I am the one who ordered the push and the deadline. So they better behave themselves and fall in line."

As he disconnected the call and started to make another one, Seb noticed Olivia's slight shift in position, but assumed she was still asleep and getting disturbed because of his voice. This, as the call connected, his voice softened considerably, "Emma. How are you doing?"

"Sebastian! I'm doing well. I guess the news reached you. I'm sorry, I should not have worried your staff and troubled them so..."

Seb sighed at her pitiful voice and shook his head, "Its okay, Emma. Things like these happen. I've already warned them to follow your directions. You won't have any such problem in the future."

"Thanks, Sebastian. I thought I could handle this but I really appreciate you stepping in and your support..."

Seb smiled, his chin unconsciously rubbing against the top of Olivia's head as he continued to talk, "You're still learning, Emma. Its okay to ask for help. And we are partners so I hope next time you will come to me directly. Understand?"

"Yes. I do. Thank you, Sebastian."

"Don't mention it, Emma. And now, go catch up on your sleep. Good night."

Even as Seb disconnected the call and slowly moved behind Olivia, getting comfortable, all the warmth within her seemed to have disappeared as her heart sank, listening to the conversation.

Who was this woman he was speaking to so affectionately and patiently? He said they were partners but as far as she knew the Frosts did not have many partners, preferring to keep things between themselves. He'd even taken the time to call her at this late hour and comfort her. Emma... The name sounded familiar. Where had she heard it in the past?

As Seb's warmth enveloped her, Olivia fought the urge to pull away, to confront him about this woman but then felt foolish at her own self. Wasn't she just repeating her past mistakes, letting her jealousy get the better of her? Even though many things had changed about Seb, there was one thing she was sure of. He would never be two-timed. He'd married her so he would be faithful to her.

However, a little voice within her reminded her that it hadn't taken him long to fall into bed with another woman or a series of women. But she shook it away. She had no right to think of the past. Even the comment that she had made before had been uncalled for. She knew that if wanted answers, all she had to do was ask him..

As she moved about restlessly, her thoughts jumbled, she heard Seb's voice close to her ear, "Olivia? You awake?"

Now she was caught. Composing herself, she slowly opened her eyes, hoping that he would not guess that she's been up for some time...

Chapter 458: Gossip

In the bustling atmosphere of the office, murmurs of the day's events drifted between the small cubicles. A woman leaned over to catch the attention of her colleague, a glint of curiosity in her eyes as she heard him talk, "Did you hear about the dressing down everyone got this morning?"

"Gosh. No. What happened? I've been curious all morning. Mr Rosette was black as thunder and I've never seen that snooty Miss Lia so red in the face. She looked as if she would cry."

"She deserved it." the man said while the woman snorted, " Of course she deserves it. She has no manners, or kindness or any human quality for that matter! I've been so tired of her hypocrisy all the time. And how it was overlooked everytime because she is good at her job! She's been on a power trip for so long!"

The man almost laughed at the venom in his colleague's voice and answered, " Well, it seems her power trip backfired on her. You know the new designs that the big boss sent it for manufacturing? She thought that she could make changes to the original order. When the supplier suggested a cheaper alternative, she actually purchased it. And then, even sent it to the manufacturing unit."

There was a moment of silence as the entire team heard the words before another woman muttered, " It seems she wants to destroy herself! Why would she do something like this without permission from the higher ups? Is she getting a commission or something from the supplier? Doesn't she know we have strict instructions to follow the orders to the tee?"

The man shook his head, " Oh please. That past could have been corrected. But she actually had the guts to argue about this matter with Miss Emma."

A collective gasp echoed among the few gossiping coworkers. Everyone knew that Emma had been brought in by Sebastian Frost himself.

"Arguing with Miss Emma? That's like poking a sleeping lioness. Does Miss Lia have a death wish or something?"

The man nodded gravely, a somber expression crossing his features. "Exactly. You know how important it is to remain on Miss Emma's good side. She's practically the right-hand woman to Mr. Frost, and if rumors are to be believed, she might even be the future Mrs. Frost."

"Is that true? Do you think Miss Emma might be the one to end up with Steamy Frost?"

The women glared at the other woman with narrowed eyes, warning to not call him that in front of the others. The two men in the group grimaced at the nickname but the one imparting the information nodded, " It seems like it. I heard from the Public Relations department that he'd made them prepare an announcement about his relationship but then he changed it at the last minute."

"So, we have to be very nice to Emma?"

The man nodded, "And that is not just a precaution. They are the big boss' words from this morning. They are making an example of Miss Lia. She has been asked to leave. That is why Mr Rosstte was here."

The atmosphere in the office had shifted from idle gossip to a sobering realization of the consequences of crossing the wrong people. As they mulled over the situation, each person silently vowed to tread carefully and avoid attracting the attention of Miss Emma or, by extension, Mr. Frost.

As the sun dipped over the horizon, casting a warm glow over the sand, a woman lay reclined on a plush lounge chair. Her flowing beach attire accentuated her elegant curves, while a wide-brimmed hat shielded her eyes from the glare.

As she lifted the delicate glass filled with a vibrant concoction, her attention was drawn to a nearby commotion. A woman, dressed in professional attire, hurried along the beach, coming towards her. The woman's lips lifted in a smile as she waited for her assistant.

"Good evening, Miss." The woman in professional clothing, muttered breathlessly as she bowed to the woman on the lounge.

The woman smiled, and gently sipped her refreshing drink, "Why are you making a spectacle of yourself?"

"Miss." The woman panted as she tried to catch her breath and then said, "I have news about Sebastian Frost."

The beautiful young miss paused in the middle of sipping her drink and quickly looked up, "What did you say?"

"There is news about Sebastian Frost. It seems he is going to get married."

She gave no reaction, however, her grip on the glass tightened, her fingers clenching unconsciously, exerting too much force.

With a sharp crack, the glass yielded to the pressure, breaking in her hand. Even as the fragments of glass embedded into her skin, causing blood to flow out from numerous cuts, she seemed to remain unaware.

Her assistant's voice pierced through the haze of shock and pain, calling out to her in alarm. "Miss, are you alright? Let me see your hand! We have to get you to the hospital." she exclaimed, rushing to her side with concern etched across her features and tried to take her hand.

Wincing against the searing pain, the young miss nodded weakly, her injured hand trembling as she extended it for inspection. Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes as she watched the blood continue to flow from the deep cuts, staining her skin and the sand below.

"Who is it?" she whispered softly.

The assistant frowned. "What?"

"Who is he marrying? Is it someone named Olivia?"

The assistant finally understood the question and hesitated causing the girl to look up sharply. "Tell me."

"No mam. It is someone called Emma. There have been dating rumors about them and he recently ordered a set of wedding bands..."

Even as she stood up, the pain edging on torturous, the 'young' miss smiled, "Emma? Interesting. So he has finally let go of Olivia? She never would have thought so.. How curious. She never thought he would fall for someone else. It seems it was time for her to return and see for herself the woman who had the power to replace Olivia..."

Chapter 459: An Almost Date

Seb glanced at his watch for the nth time as his thoughts drifted to Olivia, wondering what she was doing today. He had reluctantly left while she was still asleep that morning, and now, as the day

progressed, he couldn't shake the feeling of incompleteness without seeing her. It was irrational, he knew. After all, he'd spent countless mornings heading to the office without so much as a glance in her direction. Yet today felt different somehow, as if his routine had been disrupted in a way he couldn't quite explain.

What the hell! He'd just call her this once. Didn't mean that he was feeling clingy or needy. He was only being considerate. Yes. That is it. He was being considerate towards his wife.

He took a deep breath, mentally justifying his decision as he reached for his phone. With a determined swipe, he dialed Olivia's number, feeling a mix of anticipation and relief as it rang. After a few rings, she picked up, her voice breathless.

"Hey, Seb," she greeted, sounding slightly out of breath.

"Hey, Olivia," He paused before asking worriedly, "Why are you panting? Are you in pain? Are you having trouble breathing? I'll just call the doctor.."

He heard her laugh before she said, "Seb! I am fine! I was just... I was away from the phone alright and had to hurry here. So, why did you call?"

Even as he felt relief hit him, he frowned. What was she doing? As his brain provided some naughty images that might cause her to be breathless, Seb shook his head. Now was not the time to daydream. She'd asked him something..Ah yes, she'd asked why he called.

"I just wanted to know if you're free this evening." Dam* it. Why did he ask that? He didn't even know if he was available in the evening.

He heard her snicker, as she answered, "Seb, I am on medically advised rest. Where do you think I will be going in the evening? Running for Marathon?"

Seb chuckled at Olivia's playful response, feeling a weight lift off his shoulders. "Fair point. I guess I got a bit ahead of myself there."

Olivia's laughter eased the tension in his chest. "It's okay, Seb. I appreciate the thought though. What did you have in mind for this evening?"

"Maybe we could go for a stroll?" Seb offered before shaking his head at his own stupidit*! Of all the things he could have said, taking a walk was all he could think of?

She laughed again, "How... exciting. I'll look forward to going on a stroll with you then."

"Seb..."

Before he could say more, or make some more of a fool of himself, he was thankfully saved by Rosie who knocked on his door and interrupted, "Mr Frost, Miss Emma is here for your lunch meeting."

Nodding in relief, he turned back to his phone, "I've got to go now. I'll see you tonight then. Take care. Bye."

Without waiting for a reply, he quickly disconnected the call and nodded to Rosie to let the woman in. He stood up as he watched her walk in, waiting for her to take a seat.

"Sebastian. Thank you for agreeing to see me at such short notice."

"It's not a problem, Emma. So, what would you like to eat? I'll have Rosie order it for you."

Emma smiled, her face blushing prettily, "I've already told your secretary. He said you have a fixed menu and I could take whatever..."

Seb nodded, "That is good too. Rosie is efficient. So, what brings you here?"

"I was wondering if you could accompany me to an event tonight."

Seb raised her eyebrows at that. "What kind of an event are we talking about?"

"There is an international editor who has flown into the country this morning. She is known for her taste in fashion. Her blogs and articles have made many a brands. She will be attending as the chief guest tonight. Its a charity dinner. If we could go and get into talks with her regarding the showcasing and launch of our product... it would be a great start."

"Emma. I'd have come but I don't think my schedule is free. I'll have to ask Rosie."

Emma leaned forward," I already did."

Seb glanced up at Emma with narrowed eyes. He could be lenient, but he would not accept such behaviour. A mix of surprise and annoyance flickered across his features as he leaned back in his chair, trying to mask his irritation behind a polite smile. He'd already been patient with her but she was now overstepping...

"Actually, I didn't ask. I just peeped when he was writing me in. Your evening calendar was empty."

Seb said nothing, choosing to ignore her explanation.

Emma shifted in her seat, her smile faltering slightly under Seb's scrutinizing gaze. "I... I hope you're not upset, Sebastian. I just thought it would be a great opportunity for us. I mean our brand..."

Seb sighed inwardly, reminding himself to keep his composure and not burst out. "I understand, Emma. But I prefer to not have such..."

While he looked for the right words, she flushed and quickly spoke, " I apologize for overstepping. It won't happen again."

He nodded and the need to say anything more was curbed by the arrival of their food. As they ate, they discussed the approach to take for the editor, whom Emma had researched.

As their lunch came to an end, Seb could finally give her a genuine smile as he concluded, " You've got good insights, Emma. I appreciate the effort you've put into this project."

Emma smiled brightly at the compliment as she stood to leave, " Thank you for your cooperation. Without you, all this would have been only a dream. I'll see you in the evening then. Goodbye."

As Emma gathered her belongings and left the office, Seb's smile faded, replaced by a contemplative expression. He'd already asked Olivia out but going to this charity was important too.

Chapter 460: Viv

The man, impeccably dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, executed a flawless ninety-degree bow as he held the car door open for the stunning woman who had just alighted from the airplane.

Her icy demeanor would make anyone shiver in fear and the driver was no exception as he tried to keep his gaze stuck to the ground. Her cold exterior thawed slightly as she slid into the luxurious interior of the car, immediately greeted by the refreshing blast of the air conditioner.

With each step from the airplane to the awaiting car, Vivenne had felt as though she were traversing a scorching desert. The mere ten steps had seemed interminable, each one a reminder of the sweltering climate she had left behind five years ago. She hated this weather and this country. The only reason she had come back was Seb. Once she'd made sure her goal was accomplished, she would never return here.

Even as her beautiful face would attract the attention of any passersby, it was her cold hazel eyes, that were hidden behind the huge sunglasses that masked her true personality.

"Drive to The Bricks and Brews Cafe." she ordered the chauffeur as he started the car.

The driver paused and looked in the mirror, " Ma'am? Sir ordered me to take you home directly."

Vivienne sniffed the air and answered coldly, " If you have a problem taking me there, then I can go there myself. Then you can explain to your Sir, how you lost me."

The driver stiffened and shook his head, " No, No. There is no need for that Ma'am. I'll take you right away."

With an approving nod, she leaned back in the seat, fidgeting with her phone as she waited to reach her destination. She wondered how Olivia would react when she saw her. It would be so fun.. She had not felt this type of anticipation for a long time...

Her anticipation, however turned into disappointment as the driver stopped outside a desolate building. The building was definitely where Olivia had been running that cafe of hers. And last she'd heard, it had been doing well. So, what was this?

The signboard had been taken down, and construction materials littered the entrance, signaling ongoing renovations.

With a disdainful huff, Vivienne stepped out of the car, her heels clicking against the pavement with purpose. She pushed open the door to the café, the sound of her entrance echoing in the empty space.

Inside, the air was thick with the scent of fresh paint and sawdust. Vivienne's lips curled into a sneer as she surveyed the scene.

Ignoring the debris around her, she stood still, her eyes scanning the room until they landed on the back of a young girl, dressed in worn clothing, diligently working amidst the renovation debris.

There she was.. Olivia Brown. A smirk graced her face. It was true. Even if the filthy could earn money, they would remain filthy. Olivia was still a lowly worker at heart. She could have simply hired someone to do the work, but she'd rather get her own hands dirty and save the money. Cheap.

"Hey, Olivia Brown."

The girl whipped around and Vivienne made a face. This was not Olivia. However, whoever this was, she was too beautiful, making her take an instant dislike to her, " You. Where is Olivia Brown?"

The girl looked at her silently and she wondered if this girl was mute. That would be typical of Olivia and her bleeding heart.

"You. I am talking to you. Where is Olivia? Do you understand?"

The girl shook her head and looked at her with wide eyes, making Vivienne want to throw her hands up.

"I asked where is the woman who owns this cafe? Her name is Olivia Brown."

Finally, the girl shook her head again and spoke in a light voice, " This cafe is not owned by Olivia Brown anymore."

"What do you mean not owned by her?"

The girl shrugged, " It means Miss Olivia Brown sold the cafe."

"What! When did this happen?"

"Last month." The girl answered as she made a frightened face, " What is it, Miss? Did you have some work with her? Does she owe you a debt?"

The woman snorted and shook her head, " Last month... You say she left last month? Do you know where she went?"

The young girl shook her head, " From what I heard she was going on a world tour. So she must have taken some cruise...I'm sorry. I don't really know. Would you like to leave a message, Miss... If she ever calls here, I can tell her about her old friend looking for her."

The woman smiled, " Sure. Tell her that Vivienne Dempsey was here. She will know me."

With that, Vivienne walked back out of the cafe, with a happy smile on her face. It seemed the rumors really were true this time. Olivia was gone and Seb was dating someone called Emma. What perfect timing...

At the door, she bumped into another shabbily dressed woman and made a face full of disgust. 'Gosh. She'd have to take a bath once she reached home with all the dirty people she had encountered. Then she would go and meet Seb Frost soon...

Her disgusted expression grew even more as the girl who had just entered the cafe, called out, "Nora baby... I got you lunch..."

Nora grinned at Isabella and quickly pulled the little bag of sandwiches to herself, "I was starving! Thank you Bella baby!"

"You're welcome, you're welcome. So, who was the haughty bit*h who just left."

Nora looked up at Isabella and shook her head as she unwrapped her sandwich, "Why would you call someone a bi*ch?"

"Hey! She gave me the look. So, who was she?"

"Well, your bi*ch radar is working just fine. I don't know. Someone called Vivienne. But she came to find trouble with Olivia. Might have to warn Seb and snoop a bit"

Isabella smiled at the glint in Nora's eyes. Oops...Someone had gotten on her wrong side... She'd have to ask Ian who this Vivienne was...