

## Benefits 481

Chapter 481: Foes

"Where are you taking me?" Vivienne asked haughtily after some time.

"Rosie's home." Seb answered wryly.

Two sets of eyes turned to him at the same time. While Rosie looked at him in horror, Vivienne frowned, "Who is Rosie? And why are you taking me to her place? Take me back to the hotel!"

"Well, are you sure you will be safe in the hotel if those goons return? And I'd say you are quite well acquainted with Rosie considering you've been treating him like your own personal throne for a while now."

It was at this moment she realized that she has been sitting in someone's lap. She hadn't even realized that she was perched on a man's knees.

Her disdainful gaze melted into a mixture of shock and embarrassment, making her cheeks flush! "You.. you..."

As she turned to look at the man, he grinned and waved his hand at her, "Hello."

Vivienne moved to scramble off him, but the man quickly held her by the waist and spoke, "Miss Dempsey! Please don't move. We're about to reach anyway."

"You you you!"

Just then, the car came to a stop and Vivienne jumped out even before Seb could turn off the engine. As she was about to let loose a litany of curses, Seb spoke up, "Remember that Rosie pulled you into the car, Vivienne. Now, let's go inside and discuss this matter further."

She nodded silently and followed the man into the small apartment, leaving behind Rosie who was still sitting in the car with his legs numb. He stared at the two people who were going to his house as if they owned it and grimaced. When did his home turn into a safe house?

Wasn't Miss Dempsey a threat to Mr Frost? Then why was he being so cavalier about his own safety and compromising his own assistant's safety? As he watched the two people walk into the elevator, he grinned. As if they would be able to enter his house. Fine, forget him here.

Quickly, he scrambled out of the car and hurried after them though. He couldn't let the boss wait. As he raced up the stairs, he realized he was already too late. The two people were staring at each other as if they wanted to kill or atleast maim the other. Uh oh.. He didn't want any of that, he thought silently.

With a quick twist of the doorknob, he swung the door open, ushering them inside before the brewing storm could erupt. At least inside his home there would be no witnesses to any bloodshed.

Once inside, Seb threw the picture that Vivienne had given him and growled, "Explain yourself."

Vivienne stared at the picture for a moment and then stared back at him, "What do you mean explain myself? This is what those people threw at me, when they forcefully dragged me out of the car and then told me that they were going to break my bones for being close to you!"

"I tried to tell them that this was a mistake and that I hated you but the leader said- "Too bad our employer doesn't think that this is hate."

Seb narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing Vivienne's expression for any signs of deceit. "And why should I believe you?" he retorted sharply. "You've been nothing but trouble since you barged into my life then and now! How do I know this isn't just another one of your schemes to cause me trouble. You were the only one who knew you were going to be there. You always travel with your security but suddenly you were all alone. I doubt even those goons were real. They did not even try to follow us! How do I know this isn't just another one of your schemes?"

Vivienne's cheeks flushed with a mixture of indignation and frustration. "Because it's the truth!" she snapped back, her voice tinged with exasperation. "Why would I lie about something like this? I may not like you, Frost, but I'm not about to risk getting my bones broken just for fun. I don't know who it is that

you have offended but keep them away from me! Just let them know that I'd rather be stung by a hundred bees than be close to you! "

Seb nodded and uncrossed his arms, "Fine! As a matter of fact, I hope that too. I'll go see if I can arrange a beehive with a hundred bees just for you, until then I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. You can stay here for the time being while I investigate this matter further. Stay safe and do not try to pull anything weird or I'll have Rosie bury you here."

Seb, then walked out of the house, leaving behind a stunned Vivienne and an indignant Rosie. Being the good host he was, Rosie graciously said, "Make yourself at home Miss Dempsey" and followed his boss with a hundred questions in his mind.

"Boss!"

Seb stopped and turned around, quickly instructing, "Keep an eye on her, Rosie. She is not to be trusted."

"I know that! This is too much of a coincidence. My question is, if you know she is not to be trusted, then why are you leaving her here with me? What if she stabs me to death at night?"

"She won't do that, Rosie. Just relax."

"Relax? If we are to go by our previous suspicions, she is capable of harming Miss Emma, then do you really want to risk your valuable assistant's life?" Rosie questioned him while Seb assured him once again, "She won't do anything herself, Rosie. She has hematophobia."

With that, Seb walked away, leaving behind his indignant assistant. So just because Miss Dempsey had a fear of blood, he was supposed to consider himself safe? What is she poisoned him? There would be no blood involved. Maybe he should smear some blood on himself, to keep her away..."

Shaking his head at his own thoughts over being scared of a dainty woman, Rosette walked back to his house. Maybe he would use this chance to get the truth from Miss Vivienne. If only he had a truth speaking serum that he could feed her, his life would become so easy...

"Is this real? Olivia, did you shop for our babies or for a pet hamster?" Seb quirked an eyebrow, eyeing the minuscule onesies with suspicion.

Olivia couldn't contain her laughter. "These are newborn sizes, Seb. Babies really do start out this tiny."

Seb shook his head in disbelief, picking up another piece of clothing that looked more suited for a doll than a human baby. "Olivia, I'm starting to think we've been hoodwinked. Let's march back to the store and demand a reality check. These clothes are definitely meant for dolls, not our impending bundles of joy."

Olivia chuckled, patting Seb's arm reassuringly. "I promise you, Seb, these are for real babies. They might seem tiny now, but just wait until our little ones arrive. We'll be amazed at how perfectly they fit."

Seb sighed, still unconvinced, but unable to resist Olivia's infectious laughter. "Alright, alright, I'll take your word for it. But if we end up with a wardrobe full of doll clothes, I'm blaming you."

"Okay Okay! But I am definitely blaming you for all that glitter you got! I mean.. what were you thinking buying so many party clothes when we don't even know we're having a girl or a boy? Couldn't you wait?"

Seb grinned at the large array of little clothing that he'd ordered from different places around the world and raised an eyebrow, "Don't be sexist. Are you saying that my boys cannot wear glittering pinks? I've considered the pros for it. See, if our little girl likes pink and sparkly, then we are sorted. And if we have no girls and only boys, then we'll dress them up in that and click a lot of pictures. Imagine what great material we'll have to control them when they are rebellious and jerk teenagers..."

Olivia giggled at that, "You're really planning far ahead! Material to blackmail them?"

With a grin, Seb pulled Olivia into his arms, and brushed her nose with his, "Of course I'm planning ahead. I'm going to be prepared for when our nest is all empty and I will have you all to myself as well. I've always been good at planning. See, I fell for a young girl when she was not even a teenager and planned to marry her quickly. And here I am... though my plan was delayed, it came to fruition, didn't it?"

Olivia laughed at that before shaking her head, " I never did understand what you saw in that little girl. From the time I can remember, she was always grubby with a little runny nose."

Seb smiled fondly at that, " You're right about that. You forgot that she was always following my older brother around, mooning over him while ignoring me."

Olivia wrinkled her nose at that. Well, of course she had a crush on the twins. They were too handsome, too larger than life. Their dimples were to die for. Compared to Demon and Erasmi, everyone seemed to fail in comparison...

Looking at her expression, Seb shook his head and pointed out, " Ha! I knew it! You still think they are the best looking!"

Olivia grinned and nodded her head, " Duh! They are..."

Letting go of her, Seb pouted and crossed his arms, pretending to be angry, " I can't believe that you think those punks are more handsome than I am. How can you break my heart like that?"

Olivia walked close to him and pulled his cheeks, teasing him, " Aww, you're such a baby. What you lack in good looks, you make up in the sweet talk and charms department. They are only aesthetically pleasing while you are pleasing overall. You're Mr Sexy- kinda like Daddy long legs..."

"Ha! Thats better. All right, I'll forgive you for having bad taste initially and your eye problem. Next you'd be saying Ian and Lucien are also good looking."

Olivia nodded but kept her mouth shut. No need to have Seb pouting all day giving her the 'sad' look. Anybody with eyes could see that there was not a single Frost brother who was not good looking. And that reminded her, they'd veered off topic. He never did tell her... She wanted to know. Over the years, she had learnt one thing. One of the biggest reasons she was doubtful of them and their relation was she never knew why he loved her.

"So, Sebastian Frost, you planned to marry the girl because she was grubby and had a runny nose? Or was it because she was chasing your brothers."

Seb chuckled. None of that. I fell for her because she had a mean right hook."

Olivia widened her eyes at that? Was he not talking about her? She'd been such a non violent kid. How could she have a mean right hook?"

Looking at her confused face, Seb smiled," See, the biggest and brightest moment of my life and you don't even remember it. You do remember I was the puniest kid in school. So, I looked from your grade than my own. A few seniors decided they could bully me and caught me up, fighting me for my tiffin."

Olivia frowned. She did remember fighting once in school. Seeing the seniors trying to snatch the food from someone, she'd lunged at them. She could still hear the distinct crack of that boy's nose breaking. She'd been called to the principal's office and had feared for her life when she'd seen her mother sitting there. But then later, the matter had been dismissed for some reason...They must have discovered that they were teasing a Frost.

Even at that time, Demetri, Erasmi, Gabe and Ian had a reputation for being invincible in school. But she remembered quite clearly that he had a reputation too.

He seemed to understand her unasked questions and answered her," Hey! I was famous after I had the growth spurt. But by then, you'd already saved my life and my heart had been reserved for you, my knightess in shining uniform."

Olivia laughed at that and shook her head," Knightess is not even a word! And that wasn't saving your life. I simply stopped them from taking your food..."

"Yes.. And food is life..." Seb answered simply, reminding her what a foodie he always had been. But as she looked into his sincere eyes, she felt her heart beat faster. Had he really liked her for all that time?

She wanted to tell him as well. Confess how she had fallen for him. But before she could, the ringing of the door bell distracted her. With a frown, she went back to the arranging the clothing in the wardrobe while Seb walked out to check who was visiting them.

Chapter 483: Threats

With a curse, Seb walked towards the door. Why were they interrupted everytime? Dam\* it! Wanting to spend quality time with his wife was too much to ask. His irritation, however was subdued when he opened the door and found two people in police uniform standing at his doorstep.

The man stepped forward and flashed his badge. "Good afternoon, Mr. Frost," he said, his voice carrying an air of authority. "I'm Detective James Reynolds and this is my partner Detective Rachel Davis. We're here to talk to you about the death threats that were reported by Miss Emma and Miss Vivienne Dempsey and a few of your other ex's," Detective Reynolds said, his tone serious.

Seb grimaced and stepped aside, 'Of course. Please come in."

As the two people walked into the cozy house, they exchanged a glance. It was quite cozy, completely different from a playboy's home.

Seb gestured to the couch, "Please have a seat. Would you like anything to drink?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Frost. We would only like your cooperation in the investigation. It seems the death threats are mainly connected to you. Do you have anyone suspects in mind? Some ex or current girlfriend that may not have been interested in breaking up with you?"

Seb's eyes narrowed at Detective Davis' tone but he kept his opinion to himself and answered neutrally, "Not that I know of. I've already got some investigators looking into it."

"It seems while the others only got threats, Miss Emma and Miss Vivienne were targetted for their closeness to you. Would you care to explain your relationship with these two women?"

"Emma is my business partner while Vivienne is an old acquaintance." Seb answered shortly.

The two detectives exchanged a glance before Detective Davis spoke again, her tone direct. "Mr. Frost, we do not want glossed-over details. This is a serious threat, and we need your full cooperation. Please provide us with a detailed account of your relationships with these women, as any information could be crucial to our investigation."

Seb's eyes narrowed at this and he answered through clenched teeth, "These are not glossed over details. They are facts."

Detective Davis scoffed and questioned directly, "Just tell us whom did you sleep with of the two women first? And your previous alliance as well. I'm sure it would be a difficult to remember for you, but please do try."

Seb's jaw tensed, a flicker of irritation crossing his features at Detective Davis's insinuations. "I don't appreciate being harassed and interrogated in my own home, Detective. I am under no obligation to cooperate with you and the only reason you are sitting here is because I have been fulfilling my moral obligation. But..." he retorted, his voice firm.

Detective Reynolds raised a hand, attempting to diffuse the escalating tension. "Let's keep this professional, Detective Davis," he interjected, shooting her a warning glance before he took over the conversation.

"Mr Frost. We're just trying to create a time line for the events, we do not mean anything else. We apologize for any misunderstandings."

Seb nodded, accepting the apology but answered warily, "Then, let me be very clear. In the last one year, I have had only one relationship. My days of having only sexual relations are long gone. I'm not some randy teenager. As for the rumors about my lifestyle, then they are a part of my job too! It is part of my glamorous image. Most women I appear with are struggling models in search of fame and publicity. Miss Emma was also one of them."

"However, she later proposed a business idea and we moved to that. Never had any other 'relationship' with her. Vivienne on the other hand was my junior in High school and has recently returned to the country. I do not have women around me all the time like the media implies."

Before they could ask anything else, Olivia entered the room, calling, "Sebby! Are you escaping from doing the chores..." She stopped short at the sight of the uniformed officers and gave him a look.

"And this is?" Detective Davis asked acerbically, her tone smug as if she had just proven the man wrong.

Olivia smiled and walked forward, "Hello Detectives. I am Olivia Brown Frost. Seb's wife."

The Detectives exchanged a glance at that, speechless for a moment. Seb Frost had a wife at home?

Detective Reynolds recovered first, extending his hand to Olivia with a polite smile. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Frost. It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Detective Reynolds, and this is my partner, Detective Davis."

Olivia shook his hand warmly, returning the smile. "Likewise, Detective Reynolds. Detective Davis," she greeted, her tone gracious. "You are here for..."

The detectives were a little hesitant to continue but Seb wasn't, "They are investigating the threats that Emma and Vivienne received."

Olivia nodded at that, "Oh yes. That is really dangerous. Seb has been looking into that as well."

"You know about the women?" Detective Davis' asked, her tone still insinuating something...

Olivia raised an eyebrow at that before sitting down carefully, "Yes, Detective. I do know. Though I haven't met Emma personally, I know she is his business partner. As for Vivienne, she is my estranged half-sister."

Olivia's revelation seemed to add a new layer of complexity to the investigation as the two exchanged another glance. Finally, Detective Davis asked directly, "Mrs. Frost, forgive me for being blunt, but your relationship with Mr. Frost's partner and your half-sister does raise some more questions. At the moment we are looking for a person who would have problems with Mr Frost's relationships. And you are his wife. If he has been cheating on you then... you would have motive too. So, would you mind answering a few questions?"

Seb felt as if he was about to burst with frustration. The detective was now grating on his nerves. Just as he was about to let go and throw the officers out for talking nonsense, Olivia spoke up, "Detective Davis. You are free to question me. Go ahead!"

Chapter 484: Suspicion

Seb turned to Olivia and frowned. Did she not realize that the detective was suspicious of her? Olivia glanced at him and gave him a reassuring smile.

"Mrs. Frost," began Detective Davis, his tone laced with skepticism, "for how long have you been acquainted with Mr. Frost?"

Olivia maintained her smile, meeting the detective's gaze steadily. "All my life," she replied without hesitation.

Detective Davis sneered. "Mrs. Frost, I understand you may believe you've known someone your entire life, but in the context of this investigation..."

Finally, Seb snorted," Detective Davis. You might think you are being professional but you are not with all your insinuations. Olivia indeed has known me all her life. Her mother was my primary care provider. So she's known me since she was a baby."

Detective Davis raised her eyebrows at that," You mean Miss Olivia's mother was your nanny?"

"Yes." Olivia answered, shooting a look at Seb who was affronted at her mother being called that. She sighed inwardly. He was being overprotective and over defensive. Of course, from the tone of the officer, she didn't blame him but there was no need for it, as yet.

"And how long have you been married?", the detective questioned with speculation.

"About four months now." Olivia answered easily.

"So, when Mr Frost's relationship with Miss Emma began, you were already married?"

"Yes. We were married when Emma and Seb signed the business contract." Olivia carefully stressed the word 'business'. Detective Davies seemed to be convinced that Emma and Seb had been in a relationship. It seemed the detective was somehow biased against Seb.

"And how long the two of you had been in a relationship before you decided to tie the knot?"

"We were not in a relationship," Olivia answered again as she leaned back and placed her hand smugly on her stomach. Officer Davies was looking for a target. Well, she'd offer her the target-herself.

Of course, the gesture and the implication was not missed by the other three people. While Seb stiffened, and Detective Reynolds straightened it was, Detective Davis who spoke again as if she'd caught onto something, "So, let me get this straight," her voice cutting through the tense atmosphere. "You were not in a relationship? So, one day Mr Seb Frost simply woke up and decided he wanted to marry you and you agreed?"

Olivia shrugged in answer.

The detective's gaze became even more suspicious, and she asked, "Mrs. Frost, are you currently pregnant?"

Olivia met the detective's gaze steadily, her expression unwavering. "Yes," she answered simply.

Detective Davis's demeanor shifted, a sly smirk tugging at the corner of her lips. "Ah, I see," she remarked, her tone carrying a hint of accusation. "So, your marriage was a result of your pregnancy. Could it be that your insecurity in the relationship led you to send threatening notes to Mr. Frost's love interests?"

Seb's patience finally snapped. With a sharp intake of breath, he rose from his seat, his voice trembling with anger. "That's enough!" he barked, his eyes blazing with fury. "I won't tolerate these baseless accusations in my own home."

Detective Reynolds who had been silent until now once again tried to intervene but this time Seb silenced him with a look as well, continuing, "If you need further cooperation, you are free to contact our lawyers."

Detective Davis's smirk widened, her eyes gleaming with a mix of amusement and superiority. "Mr. Frost, do you have something to hide? Is that why you are so defensive? I'm simply exploring all possibilities," she retorted coolly. "After all, it's not uncommon for individuals to resort to desperate

measures when faced with uncertainty in their relationships. You are known for not having relationships and she trapped you into a shotgun marriage. It's quite the coincidence, wouldn't you say? A shotgun marriage followed by sudden threats to Mr. Frost's love interests."

Olivia's cheeks flushed with a combination of anger and disbelief at the insinuation. Finally, she stood up and cocked her head, her demeanor changed from cooperative to almost hostile, "You have no right to make such baseless accusations. As for insecurity over Seb? He is the last person I need to be insecure about. So, if you really want to do your job, go ahead and look for the person who is sending the notes instead of accusing anyone. You're free to even investigate me but do not cross your limits, Detective. The door is that way."

Detective Davis's smirk faltered slightly at Olivia's sudden shift in demeanor, until now she had been looking at Olivia as if talking to a culprit. But she quickly regained her composure, her eyes narrowing with determination.

"I'll keep that in mind, Mrs. Frost," she replied icily, her tone tinged with a hint of malice "But mark my words, I will get to the bottom of this."

With a curt nod, Detective Davis turned on her heel and headed towards the door, her colleague trailing behind her.

Once the two people were gone, Seb returned and noticed Olivia slumped on the couch. A deep sense of remorse hit him, and he sighed. Walking to her, he knelt in front of her and held her hands, "Olivia, I'm so sorry for dragging you into all of this. If I hadn't been so foolish and careless in the past..."

Olivia opened her eyes and the pained expression in his gaze made her heart ache. They'd come together after so long but even now, they were...

"Sebby! Don't be silly! You're not responsible for all this. Everything will be fine and whoever is responsible for all this, they will be punished."

As Seb hugged her close to him, there was something that bothered him even more. Until now, he'd kept Olivia a secret. But now, with her being in the detective's sight, what if her identity was revealed to the person who was sending the death notes? He couldn't let anything happen to Olivia and would need to take preventive measures.

## Chapter 485: Enemy's enemy

It was late in the night when a man sneaked into the room. Carefully, he looked around the corridor, making sure he was not being watched before walking in, his heart thumping wildly as he walked to the woman laying on the bed.

As he walked to her, he quietly gave his report, "Miss, the police went to Seb Frost's house for questioning today. They are looking for suspects who could have caused the accident. They are now inspecting all his previous relationships, just like you wanted."

"Good. And what did the police report say?", the woman asked casually.

"We haven't been able to look into the report until now. The officer is a bit difficult. She is..." The man stopped before he could give any more excuses and quickly said, "I will try to handle that matter at the earliest."

The woman nodded and raised her hand to let him continue, "There really haven't been any new women around him. In fact even before the attack on Miss Emma, he'd cut down on going to his parties. His last public engagement had been with Miss Emma only. Other than that, he had been in regular touch with Nora Frost, Isabella Ruffalo and Olivia Brown. On the other hand, Vivienne Dempsey is the only one who has been in touch with him."

"And it seems there is some sort of a rivalry between them."

The woman listened intently, her brow furrowing slightly at the mention of the names. "Interesting," she murmured, her mind already spinning possibilities.

"Who is Olivia Brown, remind me again?"

"Miss Brown is their old nanny's daughter. She is treated like family by all the Frost brothers. She was there as a bridesmaid in Demon Frost's wedding as well. They are not that close though."

The woman nodded and then instructed, "Continue monitoring their interactions. Especially Emma and Vivienne Dempsey's movements. I want to know everything."

"Of course, Miss," he replied with a nod, his resolve firm as he made a mental note to intensify surveillance on the women.

As he turned to leave, the woman called out to him once more. "And be discreet. We can't afford any slip-ups now."

Once the man walked out, she sighed and closed her eyes, pondering the information calculatively. As her thoughts converged, thinking about her next move, her gaze fell upon a framed photograph on the bedside table—a portrait of Seb Frost, his handsome features frozen in a carefree smile, as he looked into the camera with his come hither expression.

Her lips curved into a cold, calculating smile as she reached out and picked up the photograph, her fingers tracing the outline of his face with a sense of vindication. Soon, she will have found a way to make Seb hers forever. And this time, if he did not become hers? Well, she'll just have to make sure that he did not live in this world anymore to tantalize and tempt her.

It was time for her next move. The saying that the enemy of an enemy was a friend. So, this would be the best time to question the friend. It had taken her a while to establish a connection with Elena Winthrope. But she finally had her on her side. Elena wanted revenge from Gabe... And she had promised to help.

Everything had been going according to her plan when she first heard the news about the wedding bands that Seb had ordered. Why did Seb order the wedding rings without a bride? Who was the woman that had caught her attention? Elena Winthrope had provided her with the money to continue with her plans but now she would need to hit up the woman for information.

This is what she hated. Why did she have to rely on someone else for information about Sebastian? Why couldn't she be with him? But finally, she picked up her cell phone and made the call to the woman.

As the phone was answered after a few rings, she heard a gloating voice on the other end, "Well well, it is you? I thought you said that the next time we spoke, you would be married to Seb Frost? What happened? Are you calling to invite me?"

The woman clenched her hands at Elena Winthrope's taunting. If she had not taken money from her, she would have gotten rid of her as well.

"Look, there is nothing for you to gain in taunting me. Everything was going as per the plan. I just have to get rid of one hurdle. I need to know..."

"Who Seb Frost is marrying?" Elena finished the question smoothly.

"Yes! Do you know anything?", the woman asked eagerly.

Elena laughed. "You fool! I already warned you that Seb would not marry you easily. But you did not believe me. Just because you have observed what kind of women he has dated in the past and become like them in looks and demeanour, he will not be willing to marry you. The Frosts are crazy when it comes to loyalty. If Seb Frost will marry, there will be only one woman who can wear his ring- Olivia Brown."

The woman narrowed her eyes at the name. "Olivia Brown? The nanny's daughter? Isn't she like a sister to them?"

Elena Winthrope laughed at that. "Like a sister? Sure, to the other Frosts. But not to Seb Frost. She is the love of his life. You didn't know that, did you? The woman tends to blend into the background. And Seb is very happy with that. He has her hidden in plain sight. If you want to win over Sebastian, get rid of Olivia Brown..."

As Elena disconnected the call, the woman narrowed her eyes! Olivia Brown! She really was hidden quite well. She hadn't even considered that woman. Hurriedly, she picked up the phone and called the man who had just left, ordering him, "Olivia Brown. Get everything on her."

The man was silent for a moment before asking, "Miss Brown? But she is not very close to..."

"Do as I say! Olivia Brown!"

Chapter 486: Revenge

Olivia woke up from her sleep due to the shrill ringtone of her cellphone. Sleepily, she grabbed the phone from the bedside and answered, "Hello?"

Still groggy from sleep, it took her a moment to understand what the other person was saying, but her sleepiness disappeared when she understood, "Seb is asleep behind you. I want you to carefully and quietly slip out of the bed and come down to your kitchen. Don't wake him if you know what's good for you..." The voice sent shivers down her spine and she slowly slipped out of the bed, careful not to cause any noise that would wake him up.

As she tiptoes towards the door, she cast one last worried look at Seb sleeping and slipped out of the door. She had barely taken two steps when she stopped short, seeing the two people standing in front of her. Their appearance startled her so much she almost screamed but her mouth was covered even before she could draw a breath and they quickly escorted her from there.

With both her arms being held by each man, she was taken further and further away from the bedroom, until they had reached the large dining room. There, she was soon handed over to the other people who surrounded her quickly while the other two marched back after whispering, "We'll be back once we've handled him."

Her eyes widened as she wondered what 'handling' him meant but she was quickly stopped as something was stuffed into her mouth.

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Seb didn't feel like getting up and out of bed. Today, he did not have to go to work and slave the day away, so he was going to do what he liked best, snuggle in with his wife. Sleepily, he reached out his hand for Olivia, wanting to pull her close. Even if she was asleep, he needed her close. However, his hands only encountered empty space. With a frown, he opened his eyes slowly, wanting to see if she was gone.

Next minute, he felt the bed behind him, dip a bit and smiled contentedly. She wanted to slip in beside him, she was more than welcome to. With a contented murmur, he began to turn around, only to have his movement halted abruptly as his arms were seized and bound.

His eyes snapped open wide in alarm as he struggled against his restraints, his mind reeling with disbelief and anger. "You!" he shouted, his voice laced with fury and shock as he locked eyes with the familiar figure standing before him.

Hurriedly, he tried to scramble to his feet, to evade them, but before he could, his feet were already bound and he'd been trussed up. Cursing, he demanded, "What are you doing here? Who let you in? And why do you have me tied up? Where is Olivia?"

Before he could say more, a rough voice growled, "You talk too much." and then two pairs of strong hands grasped him roughly, lifting him off the bed with a force that left him breathless.

Seb's muscles tensed with defiance as he glared daggers at them, his eyes blazing with a fierce determination as he threatened, "If you..."

He had yet to complete his threat when he was suddenly realized where they were taking him and his struggle intensified. He started with another threat, promising, "Don't do it! You will regret it!"

Just then another person barged into the room, and said with a roar, "Wait!"

Seb felt relief hit him! He was safe. However, in the next moment, he realized the depth of the betrayal as the other person only marched towards him and undid the knots on his arms and legs while murmuring, "Where is the fun if he is not able to flail and flap?"

"You bas\*ard!" Seb shouted but his words fell on deaf ears as in the next moment he was thrown into the bathtub with a force that knocked the wind from his lungs. Seb's chest heaved with exertion as he tried to shake off the shock of the icy water soaking through his clothes.

As he sputtered and coughed, Gabe, Lucien and Ian stood nearby, their laughter echoing off the tiled walls as they high fived each other. They exchanged triumphant glances, reveling in the success of their elaborate prank. Seb's eyes burned with indignation as he glared at them, his mind already plotting his retaliation.

"You three are dead!" he seethed, his words dripping with menace as he struggled to stand up in the bath tub! The bast\*\*ds had even filled it with soap so that he could not get a grip.

"You'll have to stand up to kill us Sebby!" Ian goaded as he laughed harder when Seb grabbed the side of the tub to help steady himself.

Lucien raised his hands and defended himself," Hey! I'm the one who untied your hands and legs! Or you'd be here for a considerable amount of time! Also, this was Gabe's plan! He wanted revenge!"

As Seb was finally able to stand up, Gabe threw the towel in his face and sighed," This is what you get for throwing me under the bus, Sebastian Frost! How dare you volunteer my name to go to that little town to handle everything! I work finance not public relations!"

Seb narrowed his eyes and walked forward slowly as he snarled," You need to get out of your little world! Everybody agreed on that! So why am I the only one here? And.." As Gabe was ready for the argument, Seb yanked him hard...

Gabe's eyes widened in shock as he stumbled forward, his feet slipping on the wet tiles of the bathroom floor. With a startled sound, he lost his balance, careening forward towards the bathtub.

Seb's heart pounded with satisfaction as he watched Gabe's trajectory, a smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. In one swift motion, he stepped aside, allowing Gabe to plummet into the tub with a loud splash.

The sound of Gabe's indignant protests was drowned out by the roar of laughter from Ian and Lucien who then quickly and smartly escaped from the bathroom before they could be punished as well.... while Seb and Gabe then glared at them...

#### Chapter 487: Traitor

Olivia's eyes widened when she noticed Seb walking into the dining room, with his hair still plastered to his forehead. Meanwhile, Gabe followed him at a more sedate pace.

Looking at Gabe, Ian and Lucein broke into laughter again, while Demon commented, "You could have taken a bath at your place, Gabe. You were missing Seb so much that you planned this elaborate scheme just to play with him?"

Seb smirked while the others all laughed while Gabe simply narrowed his eyes, " He is too cunning a ba\*tard! I'm telling you, he is the one who needs to go there, not me."

Demon shrugged his shoulders at the words and peeled the boiled eggs in front of him, placing it in front of Nora who was digging into her churros happily, " Have some protien at least." Nora grinned and ate a piece.

Meanwhile, Seb walked to Olivia with a playful grin and accused with a playful grin, "Good morning," Leaning down, he pressed a kiss to her sugary lips and continued, "Can you believe this traitor here threw me under the bus for a plate of churros?"

Olivia's laughter bubbled forth at the accusation, her eyes twinkling with amusement as she shrugged nonchalantly and watched him lick off the sugar from his own lips. "Hey, those churros were too good to resist. Sorry not sorry," she teased, earning a mock glare from Seb and a grumble of agreement from Gabe who answered, " Do you know how much I had to beg and bribe the chef at that place for him to make so many churros so early in the morning."

Nora giggled and raised a churro happily, " I, for one support the begging you did! These are the best!"

" I second this notion. Ian, learn the begging technique from Gabe! These are good. You can bring them in the future."

Ian rolled his eyes and promised, " I'll beg and learn how to make them for you,my doll."

"And now I want to taste those ! Lucifer! The next time you come to Estania and those churros are not with you... I'll tell the customs officers to not let you in!"

"I'll bring the chef, Angel." Lucy promised into the phone as he munched on his own food, keeping the phone screen towards himself so that Evangeling was able to see everyone.

Gabe tched at all the love birds, and sighed, " Come on ladies! Is this how you repay me for my begging? Can't you try to convince your men to go there in my stead?"

Isabella and Nora shrugged together and answered simultaneously, " Nope. Sorry! We can't live without our men folk!"

Gabe shook his head and sighed, turning to look at Evangeline. She widened her eyes as Gabe appeared in front of the camera and quickly shook her head, " How can you expect that of me? I didn't even get the bribe and had to suffer with watching you all eat... Also, Lucifer told me that the internet signal there might be dodgy... We rarely get to talk as it is... Sorry..."

Gabe finally turned to Olivia helplessly who simply shrugged, " Sorry, Bun in the oven.. Need the person responsible to be with me."

Gabe sighed and slouched onto the chair, " Guess, I'll have to go then. But this is not a good time..."

That sentence had everyone stop and look at him sharply. Shaking his head, he spoke reassuringly, " Relax. It's just a feeling. Elena has been especially quiet these days. I think she is planning something and that is why she is laying low."

Demetri nodded, " Hmm. I noticed that too. She's been transferring money to some off- shore account too. But you don't worry about it. If she makes any movement, we'll let you know. And Seb..."

Gabe nodded, resigned to his fate. So now, he was supposed to go to a small town and revamp the entire place because it was supposed to be turned into a tourist haven for the Frost hospitality sector... of course if the people were a bit hostile, he was supposed to handle that as well. As if he had any personnel experience...

"You guys need to be more careful. Olivia's identity has been leaked. Soon, the press will be at your door questioning you about why you kept your marriage a secret."

Seb stiffened. There couldn't be a worst time for this leak. "How did it get leaked? What do they know?

"Not much. Just that you are married and the person is your childhood sweetheart. It seems Detective Davis mentioned investigating the case and let slip..."

Seb's jaw tightened! What was that detective's problem? How could she let slip those details. Olivia also seemed to be thinking along on the same lines, as she asked carefully, "Are you sure it was a slip and not something deliberate?"

"Oh, I think it was definitely deliberate Olivia. We've got our men keeping an eye on her as well. But you need to be even more careful about whoever the person is."

Seb kicked the chair in frustration, "Dam\* it! I've already got the investigators looking for everyone who shares a past with me! How do I handle this?"

"Seb? Look for someone you rejected..." Gabe answered quietly. Somehow, this had a trace of Arabelle's madness in it. She'd always believed that Demon belonged to her and the more he had rejected her, the more she had obsessed. Gabe sighed. He just hoped that this person who was sending the death notes was not someone as crazy as her. A little less level of crazy hopefully."

Olivia nodded, "Yes. Why don't you check from there. Maybe someone asked you to be with them and you refused..."

"I'll look into it." Seb sighed and looked around at the sombre mood on the table. With a sigh, he forced himself to smile and challenged, "Alright, who wants to arm wrestle for the last two boxes of Churros? They are mine, unless one of you can defeat me!" As the girls all protested, he grinned and shrugged, "Fine! Let your men try and wrestle the boxes for you! But beware, their hands might not be much useful for a few days! Those boxes are mine!"

#### Chapter 488: A Dinner Or A Trap?

Vivienne Dempsey sat at the table with the candle light flickering over her face, as she nervously smoothed down her dress. She wondered if he would come or if he would ghost her.

However, in the next moment, she scoffed inwardly. No one had ever ghosted her to this day, so of course he wasn't going to be doing that. And he's gladly accepted her invitation so he should be here.

As she glanced at her watch for the umpteenth time, the soft chime of the doorbell echoed through the room. Her breath caught in her throat as she watched him step into the restaurant. He really was a beautiful man. If only he had not been Sebastian Frost's assistant, she would have asked him out for a date instead of a simple dinner to thank him. What a waste.

She felt a surge of pleasure when she his eyes widened for a fleeting moment as they met hers. Of course he was not immune to her beauty. She'd carefully chosen this champagne colored dress. It always complemented her features well.

As he neared her table, she smiled at him, "Thank you for coming, Mr Rosette." and extended her hand for a shake.

He took her hand in his and she could almost feel the electricity running up her arms. Gosh, the man had strong hands. He quickly let go of her hand, making her feel disappointed, as he waited for her to take a seat first. " It's my pleasure, Miss Dempsey. And I must admit, you look stunning tonight."

Vivienne smiled at the compliment, inwardly happy but outwardly modest as she shook her head, " You flatter me, Mr Rosette. Call me Vivienne or Viv."

The man smiled and Vivienne almost lost her train of thought. How was he so beautiful? "Then you can call me Drake, Vivienne."

"Drake. You have a nice name. It is better than being called Rosie. How could you let that Sebastian call you by such an atrocious name?"

Drake shrugged, " I don't mind. It is actually quite funny to see the expressions on people's faces when Sebastian refers to me as Rosie and people expect a delicate woman instead of me. It is quite fun to see them all flustered."

Vivienne stared at him for a moment, speechless, before shaking her head, " No wonder you work for Sebastian Frost. You also have a weird sense of humor like him. Doesn't it bother you to work for a man like him?"

She watched the change in the demeanour as Drake's eyes sharpened. It seemed she had offended him somehow. Just then the waiter arrived with a bottle of wine she had ordered previously, while placing the menu in front of them and leaving discreetly after sensing the weird atmosphere.

As the waiter left, Drake spoke softly, " Miss Vivienne. I am well aware of the animosity between my boss and yourself. However, I would appreciate if he would not be the topic of our discussion this evening. It

would feel too much like you trying to pry into someone else's business. Whatever your reasons may be, Sebastian Frost is a good man, whom I respect for his professionalism as well his personal and professional ethics. So, I feel we would be better off to agree to disagree."

Vivienne felt a mutter of irritation at this. On the one hand she did not want to offend this man. She had invited him here to thank him and not to pry. But on the other hand, she did not like Seb and wanted to...

With a deep breath, she controlled the urge to rant against Seb, and sighed, "Of course. Let us not discuss this. I invited you to thank you for saving me that night and for hosting me in your house."

Drake nodded in acknowledgement of Vivienne's attempt to steer the conversation away from Sebastian Frost. He poured them each a glass of wine, his movements fluid and precise, before raising his glass in a silent toast.

"To new beginnings," he said with a faint smile, his eyes meeting Vivienne's over the rim of his glass.

Vivienne returned the smile, clinking her glass against his before taking a sip of the rich, velvety wine. However, on the inside she was seething. While of course her main motive had been to thank this man, she needed to get close to him to get more information about Seb. There was something fishy going on there.

Was he really close to that woman, Emma? And who was the one that had attacked her for a picture that was so misguided that it showed her being close to Seb. Eww.

"So, Vivienne, what do you like to do in your free time?"

Vivienne shrugged, "Nothing much. I like collecting art. I am quite fascinated by Roni Horn's paintings these days. I've tried acquiring one of his recent paintings but it seems impossible."

Drake looked at her in surprise. "Are you talking about his most recent painting called 'Untitled'?1

To say Vivienne was shocked was an understatement. She had not expected this man to be someone who would know...

"You know about him? Have you seen the painting?" She asked in excitement, forgetting her main goal had been to pry more information about Seb...

Drake looked at her carefully and nodded, "I haven't seen the painting but I have heard about it." Of course he did not mention that the painting was something that Seb had shown an interest in as well.

Vivienne's excitement bubbled over as she leaned forward, eager to delve into a discussion about art with Drake. "This is wonderful. Do you also visit art galleries in your free time? Does Sebastian even let you have free time or are you always cleaning up after him? I saw the way he simply ordered you to put me up in your house. I wanted to say something but I was so scared that I was simply thankful to you for letting me stay."

In her excitement, Vivienne failed to realize that she had inadvertently brought Seb back into the conversation...

Roni Horn is an american painter and I have only mentioned him so that it is easy for reference and his painting. No copyright infringement intended here.

#### Chapter 489: Self Invite

Seb was busy working when he received a call from the Reception. "Sir, Miss Emma is here. Should we send her?"

Seb frowned at the interruption. He'd already made it clear to Emma that she was not welcome without an appointment. And because of the increased rumours, he'd sent out a clear warning about spreading of rumours and gossip. Even though nothing had been said directly in matters of the discussions about him and Emma, his stance had been made clear.

Thankfully, this had curbed the spread of rumors, only for them to start different ones now. As far as the employees were concerned there was bad blood between him and Emma now because of these rumors. Though openly there were no discussion due to the threat, he knew people were curious. And if he refused to see her now, then things would only go south.

With a sigh, he rubbed his head and spoke into the phone, "Let her come up."

The person on the other end answered professionally while Seb sighed. He really did not need that at the moment. He needed to make it clear that the only relationship he shared with her was a professional one. That was what he needed to do to avoid her getting hurt again. Her being harmed because of him was not what he needed on his conscience.

As Seb leaned back in his chair, Emma entered his office with a cautious expression, her heels clicking softly against the polished floor. Her posture was rigid and unusually careful. It seemed she too had realized that the tide had turned. The employees who were previously always greeting her cheerily were now probably being cautious and almost scurrying out of the way.

Inwardly he shrugged at the thought. She should not have let her company spread such rumours. The only person his name should be officially 'linked' to was Olivia.

"Seb," she greeted, her voice strained with tension.

"Emma," he replied evenly, gesturing for her to take a seat across from him.

Emma settled into the chair, setting the file on the desk before her. "I've come to update you on the production line. Everything's set for launch next week," she informed him, her tone businesslike.

Seb nodded, though his expression remained guarded. "Good to hear. I'll review the details later."

Her lips pressed into a thin line, Emma hesitated before continuing, "I also have a few ideas for future projects that I wanted to run by you for approval."

Seb's gaze flickered to the file on the desk before returning to her face. "Those proposals need to go through the proper channels, Emma. Submit them to the appropriate department heads. Previously, I treated this as a special case because of our deal. You asked for that. But going forward, you will be treated like our other business partners."

Her shoulders sagged slightly, disappointment evident in her eyes. "Of course, I understand."

There was a moment of tense silence before Emma spoke again, her voice barely above a whisper. "Seb, may I ask you something... personal?"

Seb tensed at that. He did not like this direction. She was too transparent in her feelings, even now looking at him as if she wanted to confess to him again. It made him feel... awkward.

"Emma, what is it?"

She took a deep breath, steeling herself before plunging ahead. "It's about the... threat notes I've been receiving."

His eyes sharpened at that, "Have you received any more of the notes?"

"No no. Nothing like that. I just... recently had a conversation with Detective Davis. She wanted to know if there was anyone I suspected. Of course I didn't know who to suspect. Then she questioned me about my relationship to you. She's done that repeatedly actually. So, when she questioned me again, I answered her truthfully... again, before questioning her why she kept insisting on trying to find a connection there." She.. she told me that you are married, and she suspects that it might be your wife behind the notes. Is it true, Seb? Are you really married?"

Seb's jaw clenched at the mention of Detective Davis. How dare she exploit personal information in the name of investigation. He would have to file an official complaint about this, it seemed. This was just not done!

He fought to keep his irritation in check, maintaining a composed facade as he spoke, "She has no right to spread this kind of slanderous information! As for your question, yes, I am married. But I can assure you, my wife has nothing to do with those threat notes. She's as appalled by this situation as I am."

Emma felt as if the wind had been knocked out of her. She had hoped and hoped that Seb would actually laugh off the investigation. He'd let her know that he was not married and all of this was just a misunderstanding. But that had not happened. He was married? To whom? And what did that woman have that the others didn't to make him give up his bachelor lifestyle? What did she not have?

Emma smiled at him tentatively, a flicker of curiosity in her eyes. "I'd like to meet your wife sometime. Is that possible? Just as a friend...I'd like to see who this woman is that has tamed the wild Seb Frost."

Seb paused, thinking over the proposition thoroughly as he weighed the possibility. Perhaps introducing Olivia to Emma would help prevent any other misunderstandings and let her know that Olivia was innocent in all this.

"I don't see why not," he finally answered. "I'll talk to Olivia and arrange something. It might do us all some good."

Emma's eyes brightened with gratitude, as she inwardly repeated the name- Olivia. That was such a... common name... How was she worthy? Emma was curious to know more... "Thank you, Seb. I look forward to meeting Olivia. How about I organise a dinner at my place? This weekend? Would you be able to make it?"

"I'll let you know. Thank you." Seb answered her, somehow apprehensive at the flicker of excitement in Emma's eyes. He knew the kind of ambitious person this woman was. Was she genuinely only curious or was it something more? He'd have to be more cautious..."

#### Chapter 490: A Dinner Plan

"You must be the only one ma'am who is hosting a dinner for her husband's ex girlfriend so lavishly." The housekeeper shook her head while making dinner preparations. She knew of the rumors that Mr Sebastian Frost was not working on suppressing and couldn't help but wonder what kind of a relationship these two shared that the lady of the house would invite a mistress over for dinner.

From what she had observed, their relationship was actually strong, unlike the other wealthy couples where she had worked in the past. In the beginning it had appeared a bit strained but even then, the two people had seemed to care for each other...

Even as she expertly chopped the vegetables, her attention was on Miss Olivia. In the beginning when she had been employed, the lady had been advised bed rest to save her pregnancy. Could it be because of this that Mrs Frost was willing to overlook her husband's cheating? Many women were expected to look the other way to preserve a relationship.

Olivia glanced at the housekeeper and sighed, "You are wrong, Mari. If it had really been one of his ex's, I don't think I could have been so calm. But while her name has been linked to Seb, she is not really his 'ex' or whatever we want to call that."

The housekeeper glanced at Olivia in surprise and could not help but remark, "Aren't you too sure of Mr Frost? I have read about his past. And forgive me for saying so, but men are not known for their self control..."

Olivia shook her head, cutting her off, "No, I made a mistake of not trusting Seb once. Its not like Seb became handsome overnight. He's been handsome and charming since he was a little kid. Even when I was too young to understand relations, I remember girls and so many mothers all flocking towards him, sighing about how he was going to be a heartbreaker when he grew up."

Mari sighed. She could imagine the boss being like that. Some men had to flirt or at least posture to attract attention. Seb Frost only had to breathe and women would be willing to throw themselves at him. It was a good thing that she was too old for such shamelessness and too lesbian of course.

"So, when I fell in love with him, I had to accept that I would have to be chasing women away all my life." Olivia continued making Mari laugh a bit.

"You're very smart to think that. So, why are you preparing a dinner instead of a broomstick?" Mari asked making Olivia snort with laughter.

"Because I learned the bitter way, that he can chase them away without me needing to. Even as a teenager, with his hormones raging, he hadn't succumbed to temptation. Then I would be foolish to think he would do something to hurt me now."

Mari was astounded. So, they had dated in the past as well? Now she was even more curious. No wonder they seemed to share such a deep connection. The couple had a long history. She wanted to ask more when the man himself entered the kitchen. She watched as he immediately walked towards his wife, as if he were a missile who had found his target. Just as she was thinking that she should think of a way to go out and give the couple some privacy, she heard the madam scold him, "Seb Frost. Do not steal the food. Leave something for the guest."

Mari turned around and realized that the man had indeed found his target. Only it wasn't his wife but the little appetizers she was making. It made her chuckle. Maybe Mrs Frost was right to not worry. There seemed to be only two things on Mr Frost's mind- his wife and food. Grinning, she quickly gathered the cutlery and dinnerware and walked out of the kitchen.

Seb scowled, " Why does she get to eat what you make? We'll order something from outside for her. These are mine!"

Olivia chuckled as Seb almost hugged the plate of smoked salmon canapes and coaxed him, " Come on, Seb. I've made so many. You can just have these later."

Seb shook his head while Olivia tried to coax him, " Please Seb? Okay, why don't I give you something else to tide you over until dinner time?"

Seb's scowl immediately turned into a mischievous grin as he eyed the plate of canapés lovingly. That was just the offer he needed. "Hmm, I suppose I could part with them, but it'll cost you," he teased, leaning in closer to Olivia with a playful glint in his eyes.

Olivia paused. Uh oh..She knew this look. He'd definitely set a trap and she'd walked right into it... somehow. But what trap?

A bit wary now, she asked slowly, " What?"

Seb pretended to ponder for a moment, tapping his chin thoughtfully. "I think a fair exchange would be... one kiss for each piece that is on the plate," he declared, "So there are about 20 pieces here..."

Olivia couldn't help but burst into laughter at his proposal. "Oh, you're ridiculous, Sebby" she exclaimed, "But..."

Before she could say more, Seb then returned the plate to the kitchen counter and quickly caught her chin, " Alright, so we have a deal." and then leaned in to claim his ransom.

Slowly, Seb moved back, his eyes now focused on Olivia's moist lips, and he chuckled softly, "One down, and nineteen more to go. This might take a while... Why don't we sit and complete this transaction?"

Olivia laughed as she was quickly picked up just as Mari came back in. Quickle she turned around as Mr Frost carried his wife out of the kitchen while murmuring, "I think there is something unfair about this trade. I ate one canopy. You are paying me one kiss to not eat one canopy. So I should be paying you for the one I ate as well."

Olivia's laughing protest was soon cut off as Seb paid his due kisses...And if he had trouble counting and gave a little extra kisses... he was never good at maths so sue him!