

Benefits 491

Chapter 491: A Houseguest

Emma shifted nervously, clutching the gift box tightly as the housekeeper escorted her to the living room. The odd look from the housekeeper only added to her unease, making her wonder if she had made a mistake in coming here. But she needed to see for herself. The woman who had made Sebastian Frost take the plunge.

She'd been trying to let go of her feelings for him but she'd been having trouble with that. Maybe if she saw him with his wife, her heart would accept the truth. After all, it was her own foolishness that had made her fall for him.

She just hoped that Mrs Frost was not too biased against her. She was pretty sure that Seb must have told her about her confession to him. Maybe that is why Olivia Frost had invited her over. Maybe she wanted to make sure that she would not try to take Seb from her.

She shuffled on her feet, feeling as if she was being led to the principal's office, as the housekeeper finally spoke, "Please have a seat, Ma'am. Mr. and Mrs. Frost are enjoying some private time but will be here shortly."

Taking a deep breath, Emma tried to calm her nerves as she scanned the room, her eyes lingering on the various frames adorning the walls. They were all generic pictures and paintings. Why was there not a single personal photograph? At least then she would be prepared for how Olivia Brown looked like.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the door opening, and she looked up to see Seb and a woman walking into the room hand in hand. In that single glance, Emma could tell that they had been indeed sharing a 'private' moment, with the girl's lips still slightly swollen and the two of them having a slightly dishveled look. A flicker of jealousy stirred within her, but she quickly masked it with a polite smile as she greeted them.

"You must be Olivia Frost. This is for you. Forgive me for not knowing what to bring. Seb has never mentioned you...." Emma said as she extended the gift box towards Olivia who accepted it graciously.

"Thank you, Emma. Though you did not have to bring any gifts. And don't mind Sebby, he does have a habit of guarding those close to him. I think he believes that if he takes my name in public, he might suffer a loss. So, he'd rather hide me in a safe locker."

Emma chuckled at the answer and soon, the three of them sat down, having a general conversation. Try as she might, Emma was unable to detect any chink in their relationship. She felt awful as she did it but she could not stop herself from trying to poke some misunderstanding between the couple. However, it seemed hopelessly futile as Oliva Frost seemed to have an answer to everything.

Midway through the meal, she realized that Olivia was pregnant and that made things even more unbearable for her. Somehow, she got through the dinner and tried to escape as quickly as possible.

As Emma left, Seb watched her departure with a thoughtful expression, his gaze lingering on the closed door for a moment before turning back to Olivia. She caught his eye and raised an eyebrow inquisitively.

"What?"

"I never thought I'd see you torture someone like that. I thought you invited her over out of curiosity, but it seems you had another motive altogether."

Straightening her spine, Olivia narrowed her eyes, "Of course I invited her over out of curiosity. I would never..."

Before Olivia could complete the denial, she met Seb's gaze and huffed, "You were with her that night!"

Seb frowned. What was she talking about? When was he with her...

Rolling her eyes, Olivia pointed out, "You were with Emma the night I came to say goodbye. I smelled the perfume on you that night and she was wearing the same one so I was a little...."

Seb smiled at that, "So you got a little territorial and decided to show off? Is someone jealous?"

Olivia's cheeks flushed slightly at Seb's teasing words, but she maintained her composure, shooting him a glare. "Jealous? Please, I don't do jealous," she retorted, her tone filled with feigned indignation.

Seb chuckled, leaning in closer to her. "Oh, come on, Livi. Admit it, you were just a little bit possessive," he teased, nudging her playfully with his elbow.

Olivia rolled her eyes. "Fine, maybe just a little," she conceded with a smirk. "But can you blame me?"

Seb rolled his eyes and nodded, "Of course I can blame you. Especially when you know that I have eyes only for you. So, did you quite enjoy marking me as your territory?"

Olivia rolled her eyes and nodded primly even as she thought, but she did have something to be jealous of. As she looked at Emma tonight, she finally realized that Emma had something that she did not.

Emma had the courage to confess. She had confessed her feelings to Seb and even though he had rejected her, he'd heard her. On the other hand, she had never confessed her feelings to him. Not then and not now. That thought was driving her crazy.

As Seb intertwined his fingers with her and she looked into his smiling eyes, she felt the urge to blurt out the words right away. That she loved him. Always had and always will.

Just as Olivia felt the words bubbling up inside her, ready to spill out, a sudden knock on the door interrupted their moment. Startled, Olivia glanced towards the door, her heart racing with a mixture of disappointment and relief as Mari stood there, "Mr and Mrs Frost, you have some unexpected guests..."

Seb and Olivia exchanged a glance. Who could it be? Before either of them could ask, Mari hurriedly left the room, with a huge smile on her face. She decided that she liked working here for the Frosts. They were unlike the other wealthy but boring families.

Chapter 492: Houseguests

As Seb and Olivia exchange puzzled glances, wondering who could have come so late, a young woman entered the door, announcing, "Princess Isidora is soon going to grace you all with her presence and that of her entourage which consist of a friendly dog and another dog with an attitude problem."

Seb and Olivia laughed out loud as the young woman, Isidora's teacher cum nanny made the announcement and stepped aside.

Before anyone could even react, the door opened and the girl dashed forward, her arms outstretched towards Sebastian.

"Sebby!" she exclaimed with unrestrained joy, as she almost threw herself into his arms.

Sebastian's eyes widened in surprise before breaking into a wide smile, as he effortlessly lifted the girl off the ground and twirling her around. Following her, were two dogs who quickly joined in the excitement, yapping around them and Olivia.

As the whirlwind of excitement settled, Sebastian gently set Dora back down, ruffling her hair affectionately. "Dora, you're like a hurricane of joy," he chuckled, his eyes sparkling with warmth.

Dora flipped her hair and rolled her eyes, "I don't know if I like being compared to a hurricane or not. I'll accept that I bring joy to everyone though."

Seb chuckled at this while Dora turned towards Olivia, "Hi, Olivia. Is it safe to hug you? Or will it crush the babies?" Dora asked doubtfully, staring at her small bulge intently.

Olivia chuckled and quickly got on her knees, hugging the little girl as she said, "It is perfectly safe to hug me, and you won't crush the babies, don't worry."

Dora nodded in relief and quickly hugged her back, happily, as she whispered, "You have no idea how worried I was."

Olivia laughed at that, "You're such a sweetheart, you can crush nothing so, don't worry about it."

Seb, on the other hand petted the two dogs who were done with excitement. Gaia had now slouched onto the floor, as if done with the world, while Kitten started to roam around to explore new territory. "Princess Dora, what brings you to our humble abode today?"

Dora pouted and quickly jumped onto the sofa, patting on either side of her, indicating for Seb and Olivia to sit on each side. Dutifully, the two people sat beside her as Dora sighed dramatically, "I was out travelling the world but then I thought you two might be missing me so I just dropped by."

Seb narrowed his eyes and mock glared at Dora, looking into her eyes carefully, "You are lying Princess Dora..."

Dora stuck her lower lip out and pouted, "You, sir, are very rude. How can you accuse me of something like this?"

Seb smiled thinly, "So, what brings you here, Princess Dora? The truth this time?"

"I just wanted to make sure that you don't forget about me." Dora complained while Seb gave her the eye..

"Fine fine! Can't you leave a girl with some dignity? I've been bafaegqfakrEdnaojo."

Seb frowned at that, leaning in close, "What did you say?"

That earned him a glare from the little girl who repeated slowly, "I have been banished from Estania!"

Seb blinked at that. This was not what he had expected. "Banished?" he repeated, slowly, still unsure. What could Dora have done for something so drastic...

Dora nodded solemnly, her lower lip trembling slightly. "Yes, banished. Its not official but it might as well be," she confirmed, her eyes welling up with unshed tears.

As if a dam had burst open, Dora started to talk quickly, "I just made a simply slip up? Can't he forgive me? I am his favourite princess! He dotes on me. And mother loves me the most too! The people all love me! They loved Evana but she is going to move here, so shouldn't my parents want to keep me close? And yet what do they do? Instead of forgiving me for my mistake, they told me to...."

Dora broke off in a wavering voice as the tears she had been holding back slipped through. "All I asked was for a little baby sister or brother."

Sebastian and Olivia exchanged a glance, their brows furrowing in confusion. "But Dora, asking for a sibling seems like a reasonable request. I'm sure they could have talked to you about their choice of having one more child or not. Are you sure you did not misunderstand them?" Sebastian pointed out, his tone gentle.

Dora let out a dramatic sigh, her eyes flashing with indignation, her hands gesturing wildly as she recounted the events. "I did not misunderstand! Daddy was mortified when I made the request! How was I supposed to know that he was giving a live interview on national television?"

Sebastian's eyes widened in realization as Dora's words sank in. "On national television?"

Olivia, who had been feeling sympathy for the little girl until now, almost choked on her own spit. Prime Minister Sterling must have been... Holy hell. She could just imagine what a dive his prim and proper image must have taken. A scandal.

Seb suppressed the laughter that threatened to escape him as he too imagined the scene. The press must be having a field day in Estania....

Just then, he felt a small fist meeting his thigh and looked down to a glaring Dora as she warned him, "Stop that! I can see the light of gossip going on in your eyes! You and I are most like Sebastian Frost! You want to see what happened and everything else that followed! Well too bad! You have a different problem as of now!"

Olivia giggled at this. Uh huh! Dora and Seb were indeed similar in the context that they always had an ear for gossip or any ongoing news around them. It was both useful and infuriating. She could still remember when Dora had casually mentioned that she knew a couple who went to the terrace after the wedding...

Seb on the other hand focused on Dora's words and asked slowly, "What problem do I have?"

"I have decided that I am going to spend the period of my banishment here... With the two of you."

Chapter 493: Houseguests (3)

Seb widened his eyes as he questioned Dora slowly, "You mean you'll be living here- as in, in this country, with Nora and Demon right?"

Dora quickly shook her head at that, " Nah."

"Then you want to live with Lucy? He's going to be your brother in law, right?"

"Nah! Lucien is great but no. I'm going to live with you and Olivia. You are going to have babies soon. I can stay here and help you out. Have you started with nursery preparations? What about clothing and toys? Since I cannot have a younger sibling, I am going to dote on your kids. You can adopt me directly if you want or name me their Godsister, I won't mind. Also..."

Before either of them could respond, a low whine emanated from one of the dogs. Olivia's heart sank as she noticed the poor animal curling up, clearly in distress. She hurried over to the dog, kneeling beside it to check for any obvious signs of illness or injury.

"Dora, sweetie, Kitten here seems unwell," Olivia said softly, her brow furrowed with worry. "Did you notice any symptoms before?"

Dora's face fell as she rushed over to the dog, her concern mirroring Olivia's. "No, I didn't notice anything earlier. She seemed perfectly fine when we left the palace," she replied, her voice tinged with worry.

Just then, the little dog let out another distressed whine making Seb frown harder. Gently, he rubbed the dog's belly. And then, as if in response to Gaia's distress, the other dog, who had been lounging lazily until now, suddenly sprang to attention, emitting a series of sharp barks before sneezing loudly.

Seb's brows furrowed, his senses on high alert as he scanned the room for any clues. Could something here have triggered some response in the dogs? It was then that his sharp eyes caught sight of something amiss—a small spill on the floor a bit further away, next to a gift box that was now soaked in something that looked like oil.

Realization dawned on him and as his gaze met Olivia's, a silent communication passed between them. Olivia gently coaxed Dora away and as soon as the two were out of the room, Seb made a quick call.

"We have a situation here," Seb murmured into the phone, his voice steady yet urgent. "I need you to send a team to pick up everything that's on the floor near the window in the living area. Handle it with extreme caution."

With that, Seb clicked his fingers, "Come on, Gaia, let's go. Livia, call the vet. let them know we're coming." And then, he carefully lifted up Kitten, moving towards the door.

As Seb marched out of the door, he could hear the faint sound of Dora crying and Olivia consoling the little girl. Worriedly, he placed the dog in the backseat, letting Gaia jump in next to the whining dog and drove away quickly.

Seb's knuckles turned white as he thought of the poor dogs. Why would they suddenly get sick. Did it have something to do with the spill just now? Just what did Emma bring in that box that could have caused this?

Finally, the veterinarian emerged, her expression grave, "Mr Frost, your dog-Kitten has ingested something called formaldehyde. It is actually commonly found in many household products, etc. But it is actually quite dangerous to animals and humans alike. Even its fumes are known to cause respiratory diseases. Your dog has consumed it in concentrated form which is even more dangerous. Luckily, you brought him here on time."

"As for Gaia, I think the dog just inhaled the fumes so he got sick. He should be fine soon. Kitten will have to stay here in the hospital as we'd like to observe her for a few days. Don't worry. She is responding well to treatment. Its just a precaution."

As the doctor walked away, Seb relayed the good news to Dora and Olivia, assuring them both, that he would stay here with the dogs.

His mind, however was occupied with the gift that Emma had brought. Whatever it was, needed to be checked. And if he found out that the gift was sent to deliberately hurt Olivia... His eyes hardened. It seemed people tended to take him too lightly if they thought they could get away with hurting someone he cared for. It was time to use his network to look for answers.

"Miss, we have news."

The woman in the bedroom opened her eyes carefully with a smile, "What happened that you are in such a panic? Also, did that box I prepared for Mrs Frost, reach her yet? I can't wait to see the results. It is going to be slow but when the gift shows results, I will be so pleased."

As the woman spoke, the servant shuffled and cleared her throat, "That is what I came to inform you about, Miss. There was a problem with the gift."

The woman's eyes sharpened. Even though the servant could not see the woman who was hidden by the darkness, she felt the gaze as sharply as if a cold knife had been pressed to her throat, "What do you mean there was a problem? I thought we'd convinced her to take the burners and candles... Did she find something else to gift them?"

"We did convince her ma'am. And she took it.. but now the gift box has been sent for laboratory check. It seemed a dog threw over the box and then licked the oils and fell sick..."

The woman clenched her fists, her knuckles turning white with rage. "Damn it!" she cursed, her voice dripping with venom. "How could this have happened? I had everything meticulously planned! Did that woman get the devil's luck?"

"No. I will not let that happen. First, she was safely hidden by Seb and now she is saved by some dogs. This cannot continue! I will have to take care of this myself! All you of have proven yourselves to be useless! That is what you all are! And I have to suffer because of your incompetence!"

Chapter 494: Kitten

Seb slid into bed early in the early hours of the morning. As he looked at the sleeping beauty in his bed, he felt his tiredness almost melt away. Nothing could beat this feeling of coming home to Olivia. And then shook his head at his own thoughts. Thankfully, no one could hear his thoughts or if they knew he was waxing such poetry, he would never hear the end of the teasing.

For a moment, just as he was about to pull her into his arms, he hesitated. Should he disturb her sleep? Sigh. He could watch her sleep all the time and he would get up feeling refreshed. So why move her. But

even in her sleep, she seemed to sense him. Blearily she opened her eyes and gazed at him before smiling and beckoning him close.

Just as he leaned close to her, she threw an arm around his neck and pulled him even closer, murmuring his name softly, "Sebby."

Caught in a chokehold, but happy about it, he caressed her cheek with a smile on his face, "Livi."

With her eyes still half closed, she peered at him, "Why are you staring at me?"

"Because I love you.. And I've realized that I love you more each day."

Her eyes fluttered open when he failed to answer. With a smile, he caught her arm from around his neck and slid close to her, "I like staring at you."

As she smiled with her eyes closed, murmuring, "That is good. I like staring at you too," he realized that he had never seen her like this. Not in the past and not in these days of their marriage. This half asleep, slightly talkative Livi.

Once he'd gotten rid of this danger, he would need to confess to her. About their marriage and his opportunist and jerk-like behaviour and about his love for her. He always hoped she knew that she was the love of his life, but he knew he needed to say it. Though he was kind of scared. Which was foolish, he knew.

The last time he had confessed his love to her, she'd thrown it back in his face. Of course, now he knew she'd been angry and had misunderstood him, but still, there seemed to be a barrier in his senses.

Maybe he should practice confessing to her? That should soothe his anxiety, right? Looking down at the top of her head which was on his arm, he gathered his courage and moistened his lips. He would definitely practise every night until he could say it to the awake Olivia.

Just as he gathered his courage to whisper the words, her eyes snapped open, wide. Startled, he almost rolled over and would have fallen on the floor, if not for her head on his arm.

Olivia lifted her head and stared at him. Why did he look so worried and terrified? Raising her head, she narrowed her eyes and peered at him, "What happened? Is everything okay? Are the dogs okay?"

"Dam* Livi! Why would you scare someone like that?"

Straightening, he caught her head and pulled her close to him again, "Don't worry, everything is alright. They are responding to the treatment. Gaia will be back in a few hours and Kitten will be back in a couple of days."

Olivia raised her head again from his arm and questioned him, confused, "Why is your heart beating so fast? Are you feeling unwell?"

Just as she would have raised her hand to check his forehead, he caught her arm. He needed to distract her quickly. Of course, his heart was beating fast. If he'd confessed a minute later, she would have been awake and he'd be caught redhanded!

"I'm fine, Livi. I was just startled. I was admiring your beautiful face and then suddenly your eyes snapped open. Kind of shocked me."

Olivia blinked at that before blushing and hiding her face in his chest as she complained, "You're too smooth a talker, Seb Frost. You need to keep that mouth shut!"

Seb's lips lifted in a smirk as he quickly jumped on the opportunity, "Well, you could keep it occupied if you want..."

"Sebby! Just sleep."

With a smug smile, he quickly caught her lips in a passionate kiss before snuggling close to her and closing his eyes contentedly.

However, he was bound to be startled as soon after, he opened his eyes to meet a determined gaze. Instantly alert, he shot Isidora a look as he whisper shouted, "What are you doing here?"

Dora blinked at him, her large eyes a bit wet, as she asked, "How is Kitten? And Gaia?"

Closing his eyes, he thanked his stars that they did not get into any playing or he could just imagine what Dora would have witnessed. Carefully, he extracted his slightly numb hand from under Olivia and whispered to Dora, "They are doing fine, kid. Why don't we have this conversation outside? Olivia and the babies need to sleep."

Dora cast him a considering look and quickly stepped outside, waiting right out of the door with her arms crossed in front of her and a worried look on her face.

Once he was there, he assured her, "Kitten is a smart dog, Dora. She discovered something was wrong with the gift and moved to action. She will be fine in no time. I'll take you to visit her."

Dora nodded but still wore a worried look.. "What happened, Miss Dora? Why are you so tensed."

"Seb? Can I ask you something?"

Seb blinked at the hesitation in her tone and nodded, "Of course you can ask anything."

"Why were you sleeping with Olivia?"

Seb blinked. What sort of a question was that? Before he could say anything, she continued, "My grandmother said that if a boy and girl sleep together then a baby might be born. But Olivia is already pregnant so why are you sleeping with her? Have you been lying about having a baby?"

Seb closed his eyes and suppressed the urge to groan.

Chapter 495: An Investigation

Emma stood up from the bed lazily, stretching her arms as she smiled. Today was going to be a good morning. She was sure of it! She'd been restless all through the night, regarding her mixed feelings about Seb and his wife, but she'd finally decided to put that past her. She was finally doing well in her career and it would be foolish of her to jeopardize that just for a one sided love.

Also, she'd already confessed to Seb and received a negative answer so she really should respect herself and move on. What should she do today? Maybe she would go to the mall. Their launch was going to be happening soon and while her designs were all done, maybe going to the mall would give her a better idea about any change in shopping trends. It was always good to observe first hand.

Before she could plan more of her day, however, there was some urgent knocking on the door. With a frown, she wondered who could have come, but then checked her clothing. Well, she was decently dressed so she could check as is.

As she swung the door open, she was met with the sight of Seb standing on her doorstep. A sliver of excitement raced through her at the sight of him, making her forget her previous resolutions and she smiled widely, "Seb, what are you doing...."

Before she could finish her question, however, she was almost pushed out of the way by a few of the security men who had accompanied him. As she looked askance, she realized that Seb was staring at her too coldly.

"Seb, what's going on? Why are they here?" she stammered, her voice trembling with uncertainty.

Seb's expression remained impassive as he strode past her, his steps deliberate and purposeful. He didn't offer any explanation but instead focused his attention on Emma with an intensity that sent a shiver down her spine.

"What did you do, Emma?" he demanded sharply.

Emma's confusion deepened at his question. "I-I don't understand," she replied.

Seb paused and looked at her carefully, "You brought over a gift yesterday."

Emma frowned at the accusatory tone, "Yes. I brought over a set of natural essential oils and oil diffusers as a gift. They are very therapeutic and..." her words trailed off as she met his cold gaze, a fearful feeling settling in her stomach.

Seb's jaw clenched tightly as he stared at her, his eyes narrowed with suspicion. "And where did you get them?" he asked, his voice devoid of emotion.

The knot in her stomach seemed to intensify. "It's a luxury brand, known for its quality products. I got it from the local mall," she replied, her voice trembling slightly.

"I'm well aware of the brand, Emma," he said, his tone icy. "But I need to know why were the oils tampered with?"

Emma's eyes widened in shock at his words, her mind reeling with disbelief. "Tampered with? I don't understand," she exclaimed, her voice rising with panic. The oils were tampered? What did he mean?

Seb took a step closer to her, his presence looming over her like a dark shadow. "Don't play dumb, Emma," he spat, his voice laced with contempt. "The oils you brought were laced with a dangerous substance. Do you have any idea what could have happened?"

Emma's heart pounded in her chest as she struggled to comprehend the severity of the situation. "I swear, Seb, I had no idea," she pleaded, her hands shaking at her sides. "I did nothing! I went shopping yesterday and couldn't understand what gift to pick. There I was approached by a sales lady and she introduced me to the products. I had no idea they were dangerous! In fact, I even brought some for myself."

Seb's gaze bore into hers, his eyes burning, "Do not think that your barbs went unnoticed yesterday Emma. The only reason I have not retaliated is because you are a business partner and I thought to give you a chance to not be foolish. But you better hope that you are able to prove yourself. I won't let anyone endanger my family without retaliation."

Emma's mind raced as Seb's words sank in, her heart pounding with fear and confusion. She had never imagined that something as innocent as a gift could lead to such dire consequences. And of course she could not even defend herself! She had indeed behaved foolishly yesterday, trying to create a misunderstanding between the couple.

"Sir, we've searched the premises, but there are no signs of anything that might indicate Ms. Emma tampered with the oils," one of the security men reported solemnly as he returned to where Emma and Seb were standing.

Seb nodded at the man and stepped away from Emma. Soon, each of the men returned with the same answer and she felt a faint relief within her. She couldn't even imagine if they appeared with something then what would happen. Lastly, the woman who had marched into her bedroom returned with the sealed box of oils, "Sir, this box is unopened."

Seb nodded and turned back to Emma, "Emma, we'll be taking this case back with us for further investigation. Meanwhile, you will need to go with my people to identify the saleswoman."

As Seb would have marched away, Emma called out, "Sebastian? Is everything alright? Mrs Frost?"

Seb paused and turned back, "She is well. Thank you. And Emma, I'm sorry for this but it was essential..."

Emma nodded, "I understand." and watched as Seb and his security team left as quickly as they had come in as Emma almost crumpled to the floor, feeling weak in the knees. She had never imagined Sebastian Frost, who was always joking around, could be so dangerous. The fear in her heart was almost too much. However, she could not help but wonder... what did he mean by something dangerous? Had something happened? How had he discovered this? And did it have something to do with the threatening notes that she had received?

Chapter 496: An Investigation (2)

"Miss Brown." Olivia looked up to see Detective Davis, the same detective who had questioned her and Seb previously, standing there. With a raised brow and a small smile, she returned her greeting, "Detective Davis. How are you?"

The detective gestured to the chair opposite her, "Mind if I join you?"

"Please have a seat." Olivia answered.

"Miss Brown, how are you doing? I heard you recently had a scare. With someone adding some toxics to a gift meant for you..." The detective trailed off and Olivia nodded slowly, feeling a bit wary.

She didn't understand why but the Detective seemed to have some kind of grudge against her. Detective Davis leaned forward, her gaze steady as he studied Olivia's reaction. "Miss Brown, I have to say, this recent incident has raised some eyebrows at the precinct. And Seb Frost is actually stepping on quite a few toes to get answers. He's quite determined to protect you."

Olivia shrugged. She actually had no idea what to say. She knew of course, Seb was investigating, but the extent of it, she had no idea.

"But do you know what I find interesting?" Detective Davis continued.

Olivia sighed. Finally, the woman had come to the point of this 'ambush' meeting.

What do you find interesting, Detective?"

"I find it quite convenient, actually. See, his previous girlfriends received threats which stopped after they broke up with him. His most recent ex, however, was almost killed in an 'accident'. And then, Miss Vivienne Dempsey, my investigation shows me that she is against your relationship. She returned and she too was hurt. More than the perpetrator meaning harm, it feels as if they are trying to get rid of any obstructions that may lie in your and Mr Frost's way."

And then, just when suspicion was mounting, you too became the victim. It is almost as if... you know what I mean..."

Olivia smiled and picked up her decaffeinated coffee, though she was tempted to throw it at the detective's face but she answered conversationally, "I don't know what you mean, Detective Davis. Would you please speak clearly? I don't understand implications, I'm no mind reader."

Detective Davis's expression remained unreadable as she leaned back in her chair, studying Olivia with a calculating gaze. "Miss Brown, let's cut to the chase."

"I prefer being addressed as Mrs Frost, Detective," Olivia cut in smoothly, her eyes hard. It was at times like these she remembered Nora's frustration over people not taking you seriously if you spoke to them nicely. And she'd had enough of the Detective's condescending tone.

Detective Davis narrowed her eyes and spoke sharply, "It's no secret that Seb Frost has a long line of exes, and now, with you being targeted as well, it raises some serious questions. It seems to me that you are trying to warn off his exes! And this recent attack is nothing but a distraction to keep us away from the real culprit... you!"

Olivia's jaw tightened at the accusation, her patience wearing thin. "Detective Davis, if you're insinuating that I would orchestrate an attack on myself to frame someone else or get rid of suspicion, then you're sorely mistaken. And as for Seb's exes, they're just that – exes. He's moved on from them, just as they've moved on from him. Though I suppose it must be difficult for you to understand, given your apparent fixation on his personal life."

The detective's gaze hardened, but Olivia pressed on, her voice laced with sarcasm. "And let's not forget, Detective, that Seb's romantic history is none of your concern."

"But it is of your concern, isn't it Mrs Frost?" Detective Davis jumped onto that and Olivia could only sigh.

"Detective Davis, do you know how many women Seb slept with to get over me?" Olivia asked haughtily.

The question and the tone both caught the detective's attention. Why did the woman sound so gloating over something like this?? s if she was proud of it?

Unaware to the two of them, Seb, who had been informed the moment Detective Davis had arrived at the scene had also entered the premises. Before he could have interfered, he heard the question that Olivia had posed and froze.

Giving her only time to absorb the question, Olivia continued, "It doesn't matter if he's slept with a hundred women or has countless exes, Detective. Seb has never gotten over me and never will. I know because it is the same for me... So, focus on looking for the real culprit instead of fixating on me. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have better things to do than entertain your wild theories."

Seb watched Olivia walk away and still remained frozen on the spot. Dam*! He'd never been more ashamed or more aroused ever! What was wrong with him? While he would never be ashamed of his exploits, for Olivia to state them in black and white like this... It was too hot and too embarrassing. But

too hot! So she did know that he was totally in love with her... Thankfully, he did not have se* with hundreds of women! He'd have to add that explanation as well to the long list of his due explanations!

But before that, he needed to handle a detective. Seb's gaze flickered to the detective, his expression unreadable as he walked in her direction," Detective Davis. I think there's a lot we need to discuss."

Detective Davis turned to face Seb as he approached, her expression guarded, "Mr. Frost," she acknowledged, her tone neutral.

"I understand that you're doing your job, Detective, but there's a fine line between investigation and harassment," he warned. "And if you continue to harass my wife with baseless accusations, I won't hesitate to file a formal complaint against you at the precinct."

Detective Davis bristled at Seb's threat, "Mr. Frost, I assure you, I'm simply following leads and pursuing justice. If you have nothing to hide, then you have nothing to fear."

Seb however, was not satisfied with the answer. He leaned forward, his voice low and controlled as he continued "If you truly believe that, Detective, then I suggest you conduct your investigation with professionalism and respect. If you need to speak with my wife, you can schedule an appointment like any other professional would. But turn up unannounced again? I will sue you..."

Chapter 497: Hello

"What has you grinning like a cheshire cat? You look as if you've eaten about a hundred well fed mice." Ian commented as he munched on his sandwich, looking at Seb intently. Something was definitely up. First, Seb seemed to be glowing like a blushing bride. Then there was that smug grin on his face and thirdly, his eyes were sparkling! Actually sparkling! Never had he thought he would compare his brother's eyes to something like that! And to add to his confusion, Seb had not tried to steal his sandwich even once!

Seb's smile widened and his expression seemed to even turn 'smugger'1 if that was possible...giving Ian the heebie jeebies. What was wrong with this guy? Was he high on something? Did Seb take Morphine by any chance?

Before Ian's imagination could make Seb into a drug abuser, Seb abswered," Olivia loves me."

Ian paused. If anyone were to look at him, they would definitely laugh at his expression, with the sandwich raised up, his mouth open as he stared at Seb. Carefully, Ian placed down his sandwich and asked, "This is news to you?"

As far as they were concerned, these two had always been in love with each other. They might as well have been wearing placards of each other's names on their heads it was so clear!

And then something even more inexplicable happened that almost caused Ian to wonder if the world was going to collapse! The ever shameless, Sebastian Frost blushed! Literally turned red and said, "I wasn't sure. I've not been exactly upstanding recently, okay? But I overheard her tell that to the detective that I wasn't over her and she wasn't over me."

Ian almost shook his head. Again, what was new about that? He could have asked them and they'd have let him know that... This was such a golden opportunity. Covertly, he picked up his phone, turned on the camera and focused, before calling, "Seb, look here."

The man could only blink and Ian had already shared his red faced, grinning like a fool pic to their group, with the caption, "Fool in love."

Sebastian almost growled as he checked his phone with Ian's message. Standing up, he growled, "Delete that picture now!"

Ian quickly locked his phone with a grin, "Nope! Not happening!"

"Ian Frost! Delete it right away or I will..." Before Seb could complete his threat, a series of sounds emitted from their phones, signalling replies to the picture.

With a huff, Seb grabbed his phone and read through the messages while Ian peered over his shoulder, carefully hiding his phone.

"Dude!!! Seb, you're glowing brighter than a neon sign!" Gabe sent the message with a face palm emoji

"Ian? Did you spike his drink with some love potion? Or are you using some filter on your phone? Why is Seb so red?" Erasmi asked. However, before Ian could answer, he answered his own question, "Darn! They should have a special filter for photos- name it after Seb..."

"I never thought I'd get to see Seb blushing like a school boy! My purpose in life has been met! I have no regrets now..." replied Lucien

But it was Demetri's message that made Ian almost double over with laughter while Seb glared at him. "Seb, are you moonlighting as a disney princess? Because that level of glow should be reserved for fairytales."

As Ian wheezed and even Seb couldn't help but almost laugh at himself, he accused Ian, "You just couldn't resist, could you? Now I will have to live with this picture forever..."

"Of course I couldn't resist, princess! This was priceless! Who told you to be like that?"

Seb rolled his eyes and stood up, grabbed Ian's abandoned sandwich, and walked out of the door, "Oh, I have plenty of your pictures so I don't mind if you have one."

But as Seb walked out, Ian continued to grin, "I'll have more, Sebby! This is just the beginning..."

Olivia was in shock. She knew that. But she was in shock at her own audacity. Had she really claimed no boasted that Seb had slept with too many women to forget her? What was wrong with her? Instead of being insanely jealous she'd jsut gone insane and actually preened about something like this.

She could only attribute this to pregnancy brain. She'd read somewhere that the pregnancy brain was a bit illogical. This had to be it. She was under the terrible influence of hormones. She had to be. What if someone had overheard her talking such nonsense. They would have laughed their a** off!

As she sat staring at the blank space on the wall, she failed to notice Seb's arrival. Seb picked up his phone and checked the camera, making sure that he was not looking as red as he had been earlier. Thankfully, he looked normal.

Spying Olivia sitting there facing away from him, he could not help but feel himself flush again. Swearing inwardly, he rolled his eyes and tried to think of something that might distract him and not make him turn red.

Or, he could do something that would not make her notice his blush... Stealthily, he walked towards her, sliding beside her, in a jiffy. Before she could even realize or scream or get scared, Olivia had been lifted and settled onto his lap, his arms around her, resting on her stomach," Livi.."

Olivia relaxed herself as she realized that there was no threat and quickly leaned back. She wanted to talk to Seb. Before either of them could say anything however...Olivia gasped and Seb's looked at his hand in amazement. They looked at each other and then down at her stomach covered by his hand...

Wide eyed, Seb asked her with a whisper, " Did you feel that?"

Olivia nodded, her eyes shining with excitement. "Yeah, I did," she replied, her hand covering Seb's as they both felt another tiny kick.

A smile spread across Seb's face as he marveled at the sensation. "Our little ones are saying hello," he murmured, his voice filled with awe.

I'm pretty sure there is no such word as smugger! But I know you all get the drift....

Chapter 498: A Fight

Vivienne's voice pierced the air as soon as Olivia opened the door, a blend of accusation and concern. "You're pregnant?" she blurted out, her tone hanging heavy with worry.

Without even pausing for a response, Vivienne swiftly took a seat at the table opposite Olivia. Her eyes fixated on Olivia's midsection, as though expecting the news to materialize right before her eyes and the baby to jump out and wave to her from there.

Olivia clicked her fingers, which had Vivienne look up at her as she asked, " Yes. Who told you?"

Vivienne frowned, " How does it matter who told me? What is important is how are you pregnant?"

Olivia rolled her eyes, " Do you need me to explain the human reproductive system to you, Vivienne?"

"You know that is not what I mean, Olly. Who is the father of the baby?" Vivienne asked directly.

Olivia frowned and instead of answering her question, retaliated, " Vivienne? I've already made my stance clear about the relationship between us. And yet, you've been calling me repeatedly. What part of- 'I need time and space' do you not understand?"

"And I am giving you time. But how can we repair our relationship if we don't meet at all? I'm not saying that you accept me as your sister, but can we not work on starting with being friends?"

Olivia grimaced. "I'll think about it. Now, what is it that you wanted to talk to me about? You called me yesterday but did not come. And then you've called me repeatedly today as well..."

" I did come! But I was late. Because I was detained by the police. They wanted to question me about Seb..about something." Vivienne answered as she looked at her face searchingly.

Olivia sighed. " What do you want to know?"

Vivienne's response came swiftly, as if she had been anticipating the question. "I need to know if you've been in contact with Sebastian recently," she stated, her voice tinged with urgency.

When she glanced at Olivia's impassive face, she explained, " Look, I'm not talking about the relationship thing but something else. Here it is. Yesterday, I was visited by a Detective. She wanted to know everything I knew about Seb and you. She was asking me all sorts of questions about the history between the two of you. She somehow knew that I'd been against your relationship and had a hand in your... breakup. She wanted to know if there was any history of obsession or stalking in our family and your mother's side of the family. She was also the one who told me that you were pregnant. I was just shocked!"

Olivia cursed inwardly. It seemed Detective Davis was intent on branding her as the culprit...

"Did she say anything else? Yes! Lots of things. And she mentioned that Seb was not engaged to that Emma. She said someone was obsessed with Seb and that they were taking out any women who were close to Seb. You don't know this but I'd recently met Seb and..."

Olivia raised an eyebrow. She knew of course but she wanted to see if Vivienne was going to tell the truth..."And?"

"And we had an argument, okay? But some idio* clicked a picture from an angle so that it looked like he and I were close. And then that person tried to warn me off by trying to kidnap me and hurt me! I was saved but... whoever is behind him, is very dangerous! And now this Detective thinks that you are that person somehow... Please tell me that you are not involved with Sebastian and these babies are not his? I'll believe you even if you tell me that you are the father and the mother. Please tell me the detective is wrong."

"The detective is wrong." Olivia spoke slowly. Vivienne breathed a sigh of relief as she heard this, only to be cut off when Olivia continued, "Wrong that I am the stalker. I am not."

Vivienne felt a pit in her stomach. "Then, is the baby...are you really expecting Seb's child?"

"Yes." Olivia answered simply.

"That ba*tard! How could he do something like this? Now you see what kind of a person he is? He got you pregnant and then abandoned you! How dare he? How..."

"Stop it, Vivienne! I was the one responsible for this." Olivia cut off her tirade with a single sentence. But Vivienne was still apprehensive. "What do you mean you are responsible for this? Did you slip and fall on his man parts? He must have..."

"Vivienne! I think that is enough! Seb Frost is my husband! I will not hear a single word against him! Now or in the future. So while you wait for me to decide the future of our relationship, think about this

carefully.. He is going to be the father of my children and is the most important person in my life. So, if you want to be a part of it..."

Vivienne was horrified. Was it true? She'd come all the way here because she had heard rumors about his relationship with that Emma. And it was because of those rumors that Emma had probably been hurt so...

Seeing Vivienne's expression, Olivia knew of course, this would mean the end of any 'hope' for their relationship.. She moved to stand up and leave but was stopped by Vivienne, " Olivia! Just wait a minute..."

Olivia paused and turned around with a raised brow.

"How is he not a jer*? Tell me. When did you marry him? Was it recently? Because for the last few months, the rumors were all about him and Emma. If he really was with you, why give mixed signals to other? Why let the rumors..."

"Those rumors were distraction, Vivienne. They were done by Emma's agency to gain popularity for her. And Seb let them grow because they were perfect to keep me safe. Don't you think Seb would have been aware that someone might try to come after him? He wasn't taking chances. And he's been proven right, hasn't he?"

Vivienne sat back and watched her sister leave. She had no idea what to do. She'd waited for the day that Olivia would get rid of Seb forever and instead she had still gotten together forever. Now that she was having his baby... there was nothing Vivienne could do to separate them...

Chapter 499: A Detective

Detective Davis scowled as she slumped into her chair, seething with frustration. "They took me off the case!" she exclaimed. Detective Reynolds shook his head in understanding. "Of course they did," he said calmly. "You're too close to it, Davis. You've been chasing after them like a bloodhound, convinced that Olivia is the mastermind behind it all. Do you really think that Sebastian Frost would take that lying down?"

"But all evidence points to her..."

"What evidence? There is no evidence Davis! It is all circumstantial! You were not trying to investigate! You were trying to prove the Olivia Frost is responsible for it!"

"So, he got scared and had them remove me from the case? Is that it?"

"Seb Frost is not the one who had you removed from the case, Davis. It is me! I asked the superiors to take you off that." Detective Reynolds answered.

"You? But why?"

"Because you're young and foolish, Davis! You revealed things that should not have been revealed!"

"What are you talking about?" Detective Davis asked.

"See, you don't even realize it! When you were taking Vivienne Dempsey's statement, you revealed that Olivia Frost was pregnant? Did you even consider that it could be Miss Dempsey who could be behind everything? Everything happened when she returned to the country. And she has a history of enmity against Sebastian Frost."

"And he has told us about having a stalker previously. Did you pull up the old files to look through them and check out if it was probably that person who had returned? And what about the oils? Did you try to investigate how those poisonous oils came to Emma?"

"Of course they could have been exchanged by Olivia..." Davis tried to speak but Reynolds cut her off, "That is what I am saying! You've already tried and judged Olivia Frost as the culprit. So, all you have been doing is trying to prove that Olivia Frost is the one trying to scare all her husband's exes. This is enough to prove that you are not right for this case. I am your partner and much more experienced about this. I know it."

"You had no right..." Detective Davis tried to defend herself but realized that she couldn't...

Reynolds nodded, "This case is on hold for now. Soon, it will be assigned to another partner and until then, you can move onto other cases."

"But, isn't Seb Frost at risk..."

Reynolds scoffed at that, "Do you think that man needs us to investigate? He has an entire army of private investigators at his command, Davis! Here take a look..."

With that, Reynolds threw the picture of a young woman taken from a surveillance camera onto the table.

"Who is this?" Davis asked in confusion.

"The woman who sold the essential oil and diffuser to Emma. She was employed in the mall but is missing at the moment. And you know what is interesting, she started working on that day itself! So, it was all pre planned! They've already found the name and address of the woman but she is not there either. How long do you think it will take them to dig her up? Not long."

Davis was confused. Had she really been misled? Could it be that her source was wrong? Should she tell Reynolds about it? After all, when she'd first started investigating the case, someone had tipped her that the person responsible for Emma's accident was someone close to Sebastian Frost. Who could it be?

She glanced at Reynolds and then at the picture on the desk. While she'd been asked to bench the investigation and forbidden from contacting Olivia Frost for any more questioning, she could still investigate until she was asked to hand over the files. It could take weeks for someone else to be assigned the case...Fine. This is what she would do. She would start looking at the case with fresh eyes.

"Detective Davis has been taken off the case, Ma'am."

The woman frowned. "Why? She was doing perfectly well. She was following our lead. Was it Sebastian Frost who..."

"No ma'am. It seems to be an internal decision. But now you need to be really careful. Until now, we could use her inexperience in our favour. However, if a new officer were to come in... our cover could be blown."

"We'll have accomplished our mission until then. For now, create a diversion for Detective Davis. She won't let go so easily. You have those bank receipts?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Good, then send them to Davis's desk. She will see that Olivia Frost is responsible for hiring that salesgirl... that should be enough time for us... While she is poking around there, I will make sure to get rid of Olivia and her baby! How dare she get pregnant with Seb's child? The gall of her! Trying to trap him. Also, use Vivienne Dempsey."

"As for the new investigative team, have you planted evidence against that woman like I asked you?"

"Yes, ma'am. If they give a clean chit to Olivia, their next person in interest will be Vivienne Dempsey."

"Good. Now, I just need you to arrange a meeting with Seb and...", the woman paused. "Have you made the arrangements for the drugs?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. Then. That is good. Then go make the rest of the arrangements." As the man scurried away, the woman smiled.

Soon, she would have everything in place and Seb would be hers permanently. Once he had been with her, he would forget the rest...

With the man gone, she stood up from the shadows and walked outwards. Her eyes traced the shape of the moon, settling on the deep curve of it as she thought back to everything she had endured to be with him. Finally, she was so close to her goal...

Seb sighed and rubbed his head. Why were there no leads for him? Who was this person? How were they able to stay hidden so well and for so long? He needed to get rid of them at the soonest...

Chapter 500: The Perpetrator

"Are you certain this is her?" Seb inquired cautiously, his gaze fixed on the sketch artist who presented the drawing to him.

Rosied leaned in beside Seb, his curiosity piqued as he peered at the sketch. A gasp escaped his lips involuntarily. How could it be? He opened his mouth to speak up when Seb cast him a sharp glance. Having worked with the man so long, he did not need any other signal to firmly shut his mouth. However, he did feel antsy...

Detective Davis stepped forward and answered for the artist, "Yes. This is exactly how the woman described her. And as you can see, we now know the identity of the woman of perpetrated the death threats and the attacks as well as the person responsible for trying to harm your wife."

Seb narrowed his eyes at the Detective. The sudden change in her tune did not relieve him but instead highlighted his suspicions. Could it be that she was somehow involved in the entire case? It wouldn't be something shocking. After all, when Nora had been stalked, the man's brother had been protecting him under the guise of the uniform.

Another silent glance passed between him and Rosie, where the latter gave a subtle nod, understanding that they needed to investigate the detective herself.

"You found the woman, Detective Davis?"

The woman nodded and raised her chin, "Yes. I believe I owe you an apology for being suspicious of your wife's motives. But when my partner pointed out my error, I was intent on getting justice. So, I went to the mall to investigate. From there, I found that she had spoken to another colleague during lunch hours and inadvertently let them know where she was from. After that it was really simple to track her down."

Seb raised his eyebrows, "Good detective work, Officer. And how did you get her to confess? Was she willing to give up this face so easily?"

Detective Davis frowned and looked at the man carefully. Why did it feel as if he was being sarcastic? She bristled and was about to snap at him when her eyes met her partners who gave her a warning glance. Swallowing her anger, she shook her head, "It wasn't. At first she even refused to acknowledge that she had been bribed to sell the toxic oils and insisted that it was the company who had hired her."

"We had to use quite a few methods of aggressive threatening to get her to accept her fault and give us a description of the woman. We'll arrest her soon, Mr Frost. You need not worry. This case is going to be over soon."

Seb grimaced and instead answered, "I'd like to meet this saleswoman."

Detective Davis scowled. This time she had not been mistaken. He was indeed disparaging her hardwork. She had spent countless hours interrogating the woman, and now he wanted to intervene? She narrowed her eyes, ready to push back against his audacious demand, but before she could speak, Seb continued.

"I need to speak with her myself, Detective. It's crucial for me to understand her involvement in this," Seb insisted, his tone firm and commanding.

Detective Davis hesitated. She'd made a glaring mistake in the beginning of the investigation of this case and she needed to make sure that this mistake would not come to bite her... Should she compromise?

After weighing the pros and cons, she finally relented with a nod. "Fine, but I'll be accompanying you."

Entering the room, Seb studied the woman carefully, observing her downcast eyes as she nervously fidgeted with her hands. He took a seat across from her and studied her closely.

"Ms. Johnson," Seb began, "I'd like to ask you a few questions."

The saleswoman glanced up, her expression guarded as she nodded in response.

"Can you describe the woman who hired you to sell the oils?" Seb inquired easily.

She gave an uneasy glance towards the policewoman on the side and gulped, "I... I've already given the description to this officer. I am telling you, I did not know that there was poison in that! Please believe me! I just thought this was the company's gimmick to sell their products. I am only a poor woman working temporary jobs to make ends meet. I don't know anything."

"Relax, Miss Johnson. I know you gave a description. I just want some more information. Can you tell me her height? Her build or something that might help the Detective make it even more easier to identify her."

"I.. I'm not sure.."

"Miss Johnson, you gave a perfect description of the woman's looks. I am sure you must remember if she was taller than shorter than you. That is easy to remember if you remember such details. Anything at all?"

The woman nervously shook her head and gulped, her fingers fidgeting even more.

Seb cast a glance at her hands and leaned forward. "Ms. Johnson, it's crucial that you provide us with accurate information. Are you sure you cannot try and think of anything else?"

The woman shook her head and started to cry earnestly. Seb shook his head and walked out with a sigh.

As they exited the interrogation room, Detective Davis turned to Seb, her expression a mix of curiosity and frustration. "What was that all about?"

Seb's smile widened, a glint of satisfaction in his eyes. "She's lying, Detective. It's written all over her face. You need to continue the search for the culprit."

"How can you say that? How can you be so sure?"

"It is quite obvious, Detective. She gave an accurate description of Vivienne Dempsey. To the mole on her cheek! But when I asked her height, she panicked. You've seen Vivienne yourself. At a glance, she is

taller than the average female. And she is quite taller than the 'short' Miss Johnson. If she can remember everything, shouldn't the first detail should be that the woman was taller than her? But Miss Johnson panicked. She hasn't seen Vivienne in reality and only seen a picture..."