

Benefits 501

Chapter 501: The Perpetrator (2)

Detective Davis looked at Seb in surprise. The man had actually gone inside to question the woman because he did not believe that Vivienne Dempsey was the culprit. She could not help but look at him in wonder.

As he walked back outside, she could not help but ask, "Mr Frost, isn't Vivienne Dempsey your enemy?"

Seb paused and turned to look at the Detective in surprise. "Enemy? That is a quite a strong word, Detective."

"But I've done my research. She was the one responsible for your break up with Miss Olivia all those years ago. And even now, from what my sources tell me she returned to the country to take Miss Olivia away with her from here."

Seb smiled at that. "Detective Davis. Vivienne Dempsey is the only blood family my wife has left. Do you really think she came here herself? It was I who orchestrated her return. I did have to proceed with caution because she is as prejudiced against me as you were."

Detective Davis paused in shock at this revelation. How could that be... What was going on... As she followed after the man with a questioning look he directly sent her a gaze and raised an eyebrow, "Detective, you're quite curious. Then here it is. Vivienne stayed away as long as I and Olivia were not together. Once we were together, she would have come back, wanting to break us apart. But by bringing her to my territory, on my terms and revealing the things my way, I can control her."

"But how were you so sure that she was not..."

"Because she has a multitude of servants. If she wanted to do something like this, she would have sent one of them, and not done the dirty work herself. Look for the real culprit, Detective. The one who wanted to use Vivienne as the scape goat."

Once inside the car, Seb sighed and started to drive towards the office. On the passenger seat, Rosie sat stiffly, peering out of the window.

With a sigh, Seb cast a glance at the man and sighed again, questioning, " Really, Rosie? Are you a masochist?"

Rosie stiffened and cast him a defensive glance before shaking his head, " I don't know what you mean, boss."

Seb rolled his eyes at that, " Seriously? You're going to pretend ignorance? What do you think I am? Blind? She stayed at your house for a night, you went out on one date and you handed her over your heart after that?"

Rosie snapped his mouth shut and glared at the boss but before he could defend himself, Seb continued, " Did it not occur to you that she might be using you to keep an eye on me? Isn't that why I put her up in your house? So that you'd keep an eye on her? And instead of gaining any information, I ended up losing my assistant? What will you do when she is done getting all the information from you?"

"She is not using me, alright! We have many other things to talk about other than you, Seb Frost!" Rosie snapped the answer, making Seb break out in laughter.

"So touchy. Really Rosie! You actually fell for Vivienne?"

Drake sighed, " Look boss. I know that she is a suspect in this case. And I am also aware of the thin line I will have to walk to continue to be your assistant and having a relationship with someone who hates you. You do not have to worry that I will compromise anything related to work or the company."

Seb scoffed, " Do I look worried to you Rosie. If the one thing I have to be worried about, it would be Vivienne chewing you and throwing you out to the sea. Just be careful."

Drake sent a sharp glance at Sebastian, unable to believe the words he was listening to. Since when did Seb become so... unvindictive??

"Are you giving our relationship your blessing?" he asked carefully.

Seb laughed at that and shook his head," Rosie. There has to be a relationship for a blessing! Lets see where you are really dating Vivienne. You're going to need prayers instead of blessings."

Rosie was not intimidated as she simply shrugged his shoulders," Oh come on. If I can handle you, then everything else is a piece of cake! Also, you should be thanking me."

"Thanking you for dating someone who hates me?" Seb asked causally.

"No! Thanking me that I am trying to change her opinion of you."

"Really? And how are you trying to do that? By complaining about me? Or are we talking about my generosity towards your payscale. I assure you she won't be impressed by that."

"Tch. I am telling her about how you are not as big a man wh*re as you make yourself out to be. While you've had your fair share of dalliances, the number of women you've actually been with is quite small."

"Really? And did she believe you?" Seb asked slowly.

Rosie shook his and sighed," Not at all! She firmly believes in her opinion of you as a man wh*re."

Seb chuckled at Rosie's answer, shaking his head in amusement. "Well, good luck with her, Rosie. You'll need it."

As they drove on, Seb couldn't shake off the sense of unease that lingered within him. Even though he believed that Vivienne might not be involved, the fact that someone had wanted to frame her meant that they still believed her to be a threat to their plans. Which meant things could go either way.

"Rosie, I need you to keep an eye on Vivienne," Seb said, his tone serious. "I won't comment on your personal feelings, but don't let her manipulate you. We need to uncover the truth behind these threats and she may be involved."

"But didn't you doubt that too? About the oils..."

"I believe that Vivienne won't try to harm Olivia, but I am not willing to take chances, Rosie. Be very careful."

"Don't worry, boss. I'll make sure to tread carefully."

Chapter 502: The World Coming to An End

"Check out the plagiarism claims, Rosie. It is not something we can take lightly. The brand is set to launch and everything is in place. Something like this coming up at this stage..." Seb ordered as he stepped out of the elevator with Rosie trailing behind him.

"It is unlikely to check out as the truth. Miss Emma gave us the original designs...."

However, Seb had only taken a few steps when someone raced towards him and threw herself into his arms. He staggered backwards, almost pushing Rosie into the closed doors of the elevator as he tried to regain his balance.

While Seb tried to make sense of everything, Rosie froze behind his back, his mouth agape.

Seb's eyebrows had already shot up in disbelief and his hands were hovering in the air, as if he was being threatened by a gun.

He looked down at the girl and then at Rosie who was trying to disappear and then at the people on his office floor. At least they had the decency to not be staring. Of course he knew they were all focused here. Dam* it ! He did not need anymore drama and rumors!

Cautiously, he placed his hands on her shoulders and disentangled her from him and stepped sideways, before directly pushing her towards Rosie who had still remained frozen. Quickly, Rosie sent him a glance as he caught her protectively.

Relieved, Seb turned around, only to come face to face with Olivia who was standing there with a frown on her face, observing everything.

Feeling like a deer caught in headlights, Seb, for the first time in his life, felt himself go blank! He wanted to explain himself. But he did not know what to explain. Why did Vivienne cry and throw herself into his arms? He had no idea. How was he supposed to defend himself when he did not even know what was going on?

Just then, Olivia started to walk forward, and he panicked. He needed to block the elevator. What if she misunderstood everything and was going to leave him again. After all, he had no idea what nonsense Vivienne must have spouted against him! But his legs were not listening to the signal from his brain. He was totally dazed and confused.

Thankfully, his hands moved when Olivia neared him and was about to walk past him. Quickly he caught her hand and started to move, "I can explain everything Livi. Just come with me."

Olivia frowned and tried to point towards the elevator but he simply shook his head, "No no. I said lets go inside. I can't let you go...I'll explain Vivienne's presence"

At the door to his own cabin, he stopped for a moment and turned around. Thankfully, Rosie had taken Vivienne into his own cabin...

"Sebby, why is Vivienne...", Olivia tried to ask but she was quickly pulled into the cabin. The next thing she knew, she was crushed against his chest, his arms around her, tight like a vice.

To say, Olivia was confused was an understatement. What was going on? Why was Seb so worried? Why was Vivienne taken to the assistant's office? Why was Rosie holding her so easily and protectively? How did he even know Viv enough to embrace her like this. And what was Seb going to explain? Vivienne had come with her...

Tired of Vivienne's bias against Seb, Olivia had finally told her many truths about the past. About how Seb had been the one who had encouraged her to form a relationship with Vivienne when their father had brought her here. How it was his guidance that had helped her sort her feelings at the time and welcome Viv as her sister.

As expected, Vivienne had been guilt ridden and wanting to apologize to Seb for her prejudice. So, they'd come here. Only to find that Seb was not in his office. She'd been trying to convince a crying Vivienne that she could apologize to him later when he'd walked in and Vivienne had rushed to him.

Finally, when Seb had almost crushed all the breath out of her, she hit his back and spoke, "Seb! I can't breathe..."

Hurriedly, Seb stepped back, and mumbled, "Livia! I don't know what is wrong with Viv! She just threw herself at me! I have nothing to..."

Finally, the penny dropped and Olivia broke into laughter. Seb was panicking because Vivienne had hugged him and he was now worried about her reaction...

Seb paused in his frantic explanation and looked at her warily. With almost tears in her eyes, Olivia wheezed, "Water..."

It took a moment for Seb to understand what she was asking for and he turned back quickly, getting the bottle from his desk for her. She looked at the bottle he held out for her and shook her head, "You drink it! You're sweating! Drink the water, Seb. Let ME explain everything."

As Olivia pushed Seb into the chair, she stood before him. He looked up at her and she could not help but feel her heart clench. She was responsible for the worry and fear in his eyes. And as much as was touched, she also ached that she was the one responsible for this. She had not done anything in this relationship to make him believe that she would never leave him.

"I brought Vivienne here, Sebby. I told her everything. She found out that I was pregnant with your baby and she kept cursing you so I got angry and told her everything about the past. And then she felt guilty about what she had done and wanted to apologize to you..."

Seb blinked as Olivia finally finished her explanation. Olivia stared at him waiting for a reaction but he seemed to have gone into some kind of shock. Gently, she clicked her fingers in front of him and then he burst out, "Holy sh*t! Livi! Give a man a warning at least! I mean, what would you think if your bitter enemy just hugged you out of the blue? I thought the world was coming to an end!"

Olivia giggled at that. Seb was normal now! Laughing, she pulled her phone and said, "I know! You did look shocked, with your hands raised in the air as if you were taken captive by some terrorist! I couldn't resist taking a picture..."

Chapter 503: The World (shaking head in exasperation)

Seb finally gathered his bearings and quickly pulled Olivia onto his lap. Thankfully, she had an explanation for the entire fiasco. Or he dared not imagine how he would have explained everything else.

Olivia threw her arms around Seb and gently rubbed the back of his neck. He was so tensed. Even though she was teasing him about his look, she'd also seen the panic in his eyes when he saw her... And that was after handing Vivienne over to...And that reminded her...

Quickly, she poked her finger into his shoulder, "Why did you push Vivienne into Rosie's arms? I mean, what did you think you were doing? Playing 'pass the parcel'?"

Seb moved away from Olivia and looked up into her eyes, giving her a sheepish grin, "Something like that... What was I supposed to do? I had no idea how to handle her so I passed her to him so that he can handle her."

"How can you say that, Seb? I mean, Rosie handles all these kinds of things also for you? I mean I know he takes your place for events etc, but how could you..."

Seb grinned at Olivia's indignation. She really thought that he'd 'passed off' Vivienne to Rosie who was now 'consoling' her on his behalf.

"Hey! What are you thinking? He is not doing that for me, alright? He is interested in Vivienne. They're dating?"

Olivia looked at him wide eyed as shocked as he had been a few minutes ago..."You're telling me that your secretary is dating Vivienne?"

"Yes."

"And you knew this?" Olivia asked again.

"No. I came to know just recently." Seb answered, not telling her that he'd come to know barely an hour ago... at the police station.

"And she is not using him to get information on you? And spy on you?" Olivia asked askance.

"He can't be sure about that yet. But he is being careful." Seb defended his poor assistant. Of course he had asked the same question.

Olivia shook her head, "He must enjoy walking the edge! So you passed her into his arms because he is her boyfriend?"

"He's not her boyfriend. They've gone out on a few dates but he is looking for that position... yes. So I helped him along."

Olivia nodded, still amazed at Seb. Did he hold no grudges against Vivienne. She'd done so much against him, even when they had broken up, she'd tried to seduce him, to malign his name and ruin his reputation and yet here he was, cool as a cucumber, passing her into the arms of a good man.

Suddenly, she realized... he was more 'idealistic' than she remembered him to be. Gosh! No wonder Lucien always insisted that Seb was the perfect PR to enhance their positive image. The man had such conviction in everyone's good that he didn't see the bads...

No.. that was wrong. He did see the 'bads', he just chose to overlook them. The only time he had refused to look at the positive points only was in her case... When he chose to only believe the worst. Uh oh! She needed to protect this man from her and himself.

"Livi? What are you thinking?" Seb asked slowly.

Olivia shook her head, "Nothing. I think I should leave. You have the brand launch coming up and I've taken too much of your time..."

"What too much time? This is the first time you've officially visited me.. You need to stay here."

"But..."

"No buts! Now that you are here, I need you to protect me from any more rumors. I've barely extracted myself from being linked with Emma and now Vivienne.. I just need to take a look at the office chat and I know they'll all be wondering... why a pregnant woman and half crying woman came to see me.. And the PR department is all about spinning stories... so everything is going to be super colourful..."

There was a sudden knock on the door and before Olivia could scramble off his lap, Lucien and Ian had opened the door wide open and entered the room.

"Sister-in- law!" The two called out loudly, solving Seb's problem with a few words as they quickly marched to her. Ian ruffled her hair, earning a glare from her while Lucien leaned down and kissed her cheek, before murmuring, " Hows my Godchild doing?"

Neither of the men bothered to close the door or lower their voices so that all those busily eavesdropping would know the identity of the woman.

With a grin, Seb high fived Ian and Lucien while Olivia pushed at Seb's arm to let go of her and quickly moved to close the door.

"What is wrong with you guys?" Olivia rolled her eyes and glared at them.

"Well, we heard the gossip so of course we had to come and check this scene out! They are out there discussing about how, the boss has two women. And the second one was crying because the first one was pregnant. Or something like that.."

"Also, your next appointment- Emma, has entered the building, so they are waiting for a something explosive..."

Seb cursed. "Dam* it! These people are too idle! I need to put them to more work! Maybe I'll fire a few people so that the others all drown in work."

"Oh please! It is their curiosity for gossip that has you controlling all the pulse points in the company. And we helped you overcome the obstacle, didn't we. Now everyone knows Olivia is sister in law. Just kiss her once when you escort her to the elevator and then there will be no doubts."

Seb nodded, " That is an awesome plan! Good! Well done brothers!"

"Ha! As if we did that for you to pat our backs. We want a confirmation that we will be the godfathers to both kids."

"Because I am the older one, I'll be Godfather to your older one and Lucy can take the younger one."

Seb snapped his mouth shut at that. He was not giving any such promises. And why were they dividing his babies as if they were grocery? If he agreed to Ian and Lucien's idea, he'd be murdered by Gabe, Erasmi and Demetri... Then his kids would have Godfathers but no father...

Chapter 504: Revolving Door

Emma walked out of the office in a huff and almost ready to cry. She had given everything to this project. Even enduring and ignoring her own budding feelings for Seb, so that she would have this as her career. And now, because some random worker at the factory had mentioned seeing her designs somewhere else, her work was under scrutiny and her credibility at risk.

As she walked out with her head high, telling herself that she was not going to cry, she tried to think of ways that she might be able to salvage this! Could it be that someone was deliberately trying to sabotage her?

First, the accident happened. And then, later she was accused of trying to poison Olivia Frost and now this! It was too much of a coincidence. But who could be targetting her and why?

She wanted to talk about all this with Seb but he'd simply refused to listen. When he'd apologized for threatening her, she thought that everything would be back to normal. But he seemed insistent on keeping her at arm's length! And she was okay with that. However, she was not okay with compromising on her career for him.

She had to find a way to get him alone and talk to him! She'd given all the sketches and files to him to prove that she was the creator! Heck, she was even willing to redo all the designs if that was he wanted! She had not plagiarized the work! But right now, he was so focused on protecting his pregnant wife and child that he wasn't even willing to listen to her!

What had he said? Passed on the necessary evidence to the legal and investigative team of Frost Industries? This project had been his baby, he'd said! And now, he was just passing it on? It was because of that Olivia Frost!

As she stepped into the elevator, she wondered if she should wait for him in the parking. She had already seen his car when she'd come. But what if Olivia was still with him. She would have to take the risk...

In the basement, as Emma stepped out of the elevator, her mind consumed in scheming and frustration, she collided with a little girl who was standing there, waiting for the elevator.

"Hey! Watch where you're going!" Emma snapped, her patience worn thin as she rubbed her sore arm.

Isidora Sterling, taken aback by Emma's sharp tone, raised her chin defiantly. "You watch where you're going! You bumped into me!"

Emma's eyebrows shot up and she snorted, "Excuse me? I don't have time for this. Just be more careful next time," she retorted dismissively as she tried to brush past the girl.

But Isidora was not just anyone. She was a princess and wasn't about to let Emma off the hook so easily. "Maybe if you weren't stomping around like a grumpy giant, we wouldn't have collided! All I was doing was standing here!" she shot back, her voice rising in indignation.

"Excuse me? Who do you think you are? You are the one at fault and instead of apologizing, you are scolding me? You shouldn't be standing in the middle of the elevator exit!"

"I can stand wherever well I please and I wasn't even standing in the middle! Look around!! You should be walking with open eyes when you step out."

Emma, irritated beyond reason, raised her hand, "How dare you! I will teach you a lesson, you ugly little..."

Before she could have slapped Dora, however, a security guard appeared, catching Emma's wrist and pushing it away, as he stood protectively over her...

Emma huffed and stomped away towards her car, while Dora called out, "I am ugly? You are the one who is ugly! It is why you had to have plastic surgery!"

As Emma froze in horror and turned around to scold the girl, Dora had already walked into the elevator while the Guard stood attentively outside, with his eyes fixed on Emma.

Upstairs, Seb stared at everyone in the office. Why did his office turn into some kind of a gathering place all of a sudden? How was he supposed to work with Ian, Lucien, Olivia, and surprisingly, Vivienne and Rosie all mingling here? Couldn't they just all move their small party to the conference room? Leave only Olivia here with him?

Just then, Rosie received a call and announced to him, "Princess Dora is on her way here."

Seb frowned. "Tell her she cannot come here."

"Too late. She has already entered the elevator." Rosie said and then walked out, to receive the 'princess' no doubt! That man! He'd met Dora only once but Rosie was already worshipping the ground she walked on! He was very sure that if Dora had been older, Vivienne would have had tough competition in her courtship with Rosie!

But the question was, why did the door to his office suddenly become revolving? What was it today that all of them were congregating here? He was tempted to scream at them to get lost for now! Would they have dared to occupy Demon's office like this? He'd have them thrown out of the building!

Suddenly there was silence and Seb looked up to see everyone staring at him. Holy mother... Did he say all that out loud? He was going to pretend as if he hadn't said anything! If they heard anything it was their hallucination.

Quickly, he turned back to his work, only for Ian to shake his head, "Seb! We asked you if there has been any progress on finding the person sending the death threats. Any new leads?"

Seb sighed and shook his head, recounting the details from this morning's meeting with Detective Davis and the saleswoman.

"So, the police has considered everyone who is a victim to also be suspicious? That is... interesting..." Ian murmured as he cast a meaningful glance at Seb who frowned as he understood the meaning behind Ian's words.

Chapter 505: Ugly

Isidora, her small frame radiating indignation, marched out of the elevator, her royal demeanor still intact despite the confrontation. First she met Rosie who gave her a smile. Because she was in a mood, she only smiled back at him and complained, "I need to tell Seb something!" and walked towards his office with resolve.

As soon as she entered the door, however, she was surprised to see Ian and her brother in law there along with Olivia and Vivienne. She paused. Uhh... Why were there so many people here? This was not good. If she was alone, then she would be able to shift the entire blame on that woman and convince Seb that she was an angel. But Lucifer and Ian would definitely see through her and give her a lecture about being rude as well...

Hmm... she'll have to quickly think of something.

With a dramatic flourish and the energy of an angry tornado, she flung her arms around him in a tight embrace, her voice muffled against his chest and complained pitifully, "Seb! What kind of people are there in this office!"

Sebastian wrapped his arms around her, surprised and confused at the outburst. He cast a glance to Rosie, questioningly, wondering what could have happened. But his assistant gave him the same confused look he was probably already wearing and soothed her carefully, "Hey, calm down. Tell me what happened."

Dora pulled back slightly, her eyes flashing with indignation as she recounted her version of the encounter with the 'woman' downstairs. "That woman, she... she called me ugly, Seb! Can you believe

it?" Her voice quivered, while tears quickly filled her eyes! How could someone call her ugly? She was the cutest! She'd been told this multiple times!

Seb shook his head, "Who dared to call you ugly? Tell me. I'll teach that person a lesson!"

"That horrible woman I met in the basement! Who does she think she is? Calling me ugly when she is the one who is an imposter! She got a plastic surgery so that she doesn't look like her old self! And she!!!!" And then she let go, letting tears fall down her pretty face.

Lucy and Ian seemed to have disappeared from the room when Seb was listening to her! Those Cowards and escapists! Seb felt a bit helpless at this and looked at Olivia for support while Vivienne narrowed her eyes and walked towards Dora.

With a tap on her shoulder, she quickly had Dora's attention, "Who are you?" She asked her curiously.

Dora frowned as she heard the question before looking way up! Woah! This lady was so tall... She totally could be a model. Forgetting she was crying, she answered Vivienne directly, "I'm Dora. And who are you?"

Vivienne smiled, "I'm Vivienne. Her sister." Vivienne pointed to Olivia who was still standing there in shock. Did the girl have a switch inside? She went from crying to normal in less than a blink!

Following her cue, Dora nodded and pointed to Olivia as well, "I am going to be her daughter soon."

Olivia's mouth fell open at this and Vivienne's eyes immediately narrowed as she looked at Seb accusingly, "You have a daughter?"

Seb rolled his eyes. Of course, there was no way she would not misunderstand him! Just a little while ago she had cried pitifully and apologized to him for misunderstanding him all this while. And yet, here she was, accusing him again.

Thankfully, Dora saved him and shook her head, "No no! I'm waiting for them to adopt me. It is going to take some time. I think I have to renounce my title first and disown my parents. How are you so tall?"

Olivia smiled at Dora's mumbling and decided to save poor Vivienne," Vivienne, she is Princess Isidora, the youngest princess of Estania. She is trying to convince Seb and me to adopt her but we're too scared of her to take that risk."

Immediately, Dora's mood shifted again as she pouted," Llvi! You're being mean to me! How is adopting me risky? What could happen at most? My father will have you both thrown into prison for kidnapping? Look at my cuteness! Aren't I worth a bit of jail time?"

The remaining adults all laughed while Vivienne shook her head and cast another apologetic look at Seb promising," The next time anyone says anything against you, I won't believe it! I promise!"

Seb shook his head, waving away the apology," I don't mind. Just don't try to you know... protect Livia!"

Vivienne laughed and nodded her head while Olivia was giving Dora the expected talking to," You cannot say such things about people, Princess Dora! There could be 'n' number of reasons for a plastic surgery. Ugliness not even being the top one. So, for whatever reason, you should not call someone out like that."

"But she started it!" Dora complained to which Olivia nodded," Yes! But I am sure you're smarter than anyone here and know that there is no need to engage in such behaviour."

Dora snapped her mouth shut at that! She hated it when someone made sense and called her out. "Fine fine! I won't say anything! But you have to talk to her! First she almost flattened me like a pancake and then she scolded him! I am very very angry!"

She looked at Seb for support, knowing that her charm would work better on him but he seemed to be engrossed in some thoughts. Thankfully, her charm worked on Olivia as well, because she patted her head and answered," Alright! We'll make sure that this matter is handled. Rosie here can check the surveillance cameras for you...Though I must say, you would have definitely been a super tasty pancake..."

Dora stomped her feet as she heard this while Olivia laughed, hugging the girl gently.

Meanwhile, Seb had already turned his head to look at his screen. And what he saw on the screen made his eyes harden. Could it be... that Ian's suspicions were true? It seemed far fetched but they would have to look into this matter even more carefully.

Chapter 506: Hello

Dora sat at the table, her gaze shifting between the three men before her: Demetri, Lucifer, and Sebastian. She couldn't help but feel a sense of pride sitting amongst them, knowing that her sisters had indeed chosen wisely when it came to their partners and mixing their genetics! The Frost brothers were undeniably handsome, a fact not lost on the other women of the restaurant who couldn't help but steal glances their way. Hehe! She wanted to make a face at them and tell them that the men were taken. Make them green with envy!

As she observed the subtle reactions of the others, Dora couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for her future boyfriend. Competing with her two brothers-in-law, each possessing their own brand of charm and charisma, would undoubtedly be a daunting task. But that was a worry for another day. Right now, she had more pressing concerns than to worry about her future boyfriend.

Dora knew they were plotting something. But she couldn't figure out what. Seb had invited her to lunch, before effectively sending Olivia back home. And then, Demetri and Lucy had joined in for lunch. Oh shucks! Were they planning to send her back to Estania? If these three tried that together, then she was definitely toasted! No! There was no way in bread¹ that she was going to let that happen! She needed to fight this...But how. The combined power of the three Frosts was too much for her.

As Dora's mind raced with various scenarios, she couldn't help but notice Demetri's hand reaching across the table, placing something in front of her. On it sat a perfectly prepared dish of her favourite pasta and yet, she could only stare at it as if it were an alien. Did they prepare this as her last meal here before carting her off?

She looked at the pasta and then at Demetri before looking down at her plate again. She could not do this! She did not want to go back but how would she argue with them? This time her tears fell onto her hands as she tried to control herself. She could not really beg them to let her stay, could she? It was boring to be in Estania. And Evana was also slowly moving here. Why couldn't she come stay here as well? She loved her mama and papa but she loved all of the Frosties too!

Seb noticed her downturned face and quivering frame and exchanged a worried glance with Lucien who looked equally perplexed. What happened suddenly to make her like this? Seb extended his hand and gently placed it on Dora's shoulder, wanting to console her but that caused her to tremble more.

Lucien turned to look at Demetri, in turn, his face reflecting a question mark as if asking Demetri, 'What just happened?'

Shaking his head at Demetri's look, Seb slowly questioned, "Dora?"

Dora stiffened and shook her head, refusing to look up at any of them, until she felt a gently touch on her hand. She looked up and in the next moment, Demon had picked her up, and placed her on the table so that she was eye level with him. She widened her eyes. If she ever sat on the table top in Estania, her nanny would have a heart attack!

Her wide watery eyes stared at Demon who tapped her nose, "Dora Sterling! You are just like my Nora! Having a vivid imagination. We are not here to send you off back to Estania."

"I won't agree to..." Dora had just gathered her courage to protest being sent back when she realized what he'd said. They were not sending her back? She looked at Demon carefully, trying to make sure he wasn't lying or fooling her.

Just then, she heard Seb speak, "Is that why you've turned from Miss Chatterbox to Miss Silence in the last hour?"

Demetri shook his head at Dora and tapped her nose again, "Miss Dora, I already have documents of your guardianship and further schooling with me while you are here. So, the only time you need to go back is when you want to."

Dora looked at Demetri, trying to ascertain if he was lying, but as always she only saw sincerity! She was going to stay here with everyone! Woohoo! "Thank you Demetri! You're the best!" Dora threw her arms around Demetri and hugged him tight, happily.

Soon after, her appetite seemed to have returned, and Dora ate with gusto as she chatted about her plans and promised to start school soon.

Throughout the dinner, Seb and Lucien kept up a steady stream of chatter while Dora continued to send beaming glances Demetri's way. It wasn't until the dessert was served that Seb broached the topic, they had actually wanted to ask her about. Something that they could not ask directly.

"So, Miss Dora, how do you guess that a person has had plastic surgery? I had no idea you were an expert."

Dora pouted and looked at Demetri with a frown, "I know I shouldn't have said that! I already said sorry! And I am not an expert. I've seen her before and after pictures. She looked totally different. I remember because she was so pretty. The doctors were all showing her pictures to my mother, telling her that she should get a bone structure like her... That woman also had a rounder face before her surgery."

Seb's eyes narrowed at the information. So it seemed Ian's suspicions could indeed have been true. The victims had also been treated as suspects by the Police, with a witness even claiming to know Vivienne.. It was only Emma who had suffered the most and not been investigated for being the sender of the death notes. Could it be that she was the one behind this.

Carefully, he pulled out his phone and placed it in front of Dora, "Dora? Is this her 'before' picture?"

Dora took the phone and peered into it...

Hell but she is a young princess and cannot curse so 'bread' it is

Chapter 507: Emma

Olivia had just pulled out of the parking lot when, out of nowhere, someone darted in front of her car. With a jolt of panic, she slammed on the brakes, her heart pounding in her chest. Thankfully, she hadn't picked up the speed or... she shuddered to think what could have happened.

She breathed raggedly as she watched the figure outside straighten. What was wrong with her? Was she some kind of a lunatic? She watched as Emma then came excitedly to the driver's side of the door and knocked on the door. Feeling somewhat reluctant, she rolled down the window.

Emma's expression shifted from excitement to disappointment as she peered into the car, expecting to see Seb behind the wheel. "Oh, Olivia," she sighed, her shoulders slumping slightly. "I thought you were Seb."

And then as that thought settled, Emma hurriedly moved to look at her body, "Oh my God! Are you and the babies alright? Why did you brake so hard? You could have harmed your babies! And then Seb

would have definitely killed me! He's already been ignoring me after the oils incidence even though my innocence has been proven! What is wrong with you?"

Olivia looked at Emma incredulously! Just who had jumped in front of her car? This woman. And instead of apologizing, she was asking why she had braked? What was she supposed to do? Run the car over her?

"Why aren't you saying anything? Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

"I am fine, Emma. Just relax and would you mind telling me why you jumped in front of my car?"

Emma gave a small grimace as she said, "Its not your car. I am not some lunatic. This is Seb's car."

Olivia narrowed her eyes at that. That was a fine distinction. " Yes. But is's just me in here. So?"

Emma looked at her consideringly before nodding, " I guess, then you'll have to do. I have something urgent to talk to you. Wait, I'll come around the side and sit inside."

Olivia blinked. Of course it must have been urgent. No one would jump in front of a car otherwise. However, she felt some apprehension inside her as she watched Emma climb into the car next to her.

"So, Emma, what is it?"

Emma frowned and sighed, " Its like this. You know that there is some concern and investigation ongoing about the designs which led to the partnership between me and the Frost Industries. The person working in the factory has claimed that she has seen the designs with someone else, a few years ago in her design university."

Olivia nodded. " I heard that there was an investigation ongoing. But you've already provided all the evidence, etc."

"Yes. But they are still investigating me! And... there could be a problem."

Olivia sent a sharp glance at Emma as she heard the last of her words, "Did you really take someone else's work?"

"No! Of course not!" Emma protested hurriedly. Olivia did not say anything this time. She knew Emma wanted to talk so be it.

Emma sighed deeply and continued, "The thing is that the person at the factory is also not lying. She did see these designs in university."

Emma looked at Olivia who was curiously quiet. Why was she not asking her more questions? Or accusing her of plagiarising someone's work? When a few minutes later, Olivia still said nothing, Emma sighed and looked down, "I can prove that those designs belong to me, Olivia. And they would never be able to find the girl that the factory person is talking about."

"You need to be clear Emma. I don't understand. Are you saying you made these designs for someone else and they used it for credits? Or did you buy these designs from her?"

"Neither! I did those designs in university! I was her classmate during university!"

Olivia cast Emma a sharp glance at that. "If you were the classmate, then why did the person at the factory recognise your work but not you?"

Emma gave a pained sigh, "Because I looked different, Olivia! I looked very different in the past. So, I had surgery. Every part of my face has been under the knife! And of course I don't want to talk to anyone about it."

"I have a bad past Olivia! Something that I am not very proud of! If I were to reveal the truth then everything I have done over the years would be wasted. It would be like opening the Pandora's box! So, I have to convince Seb to not investigate too much! Please help me Olivia. Don't you think everyone deserves a new beginning? I've finally had a new beginning with some hope, only for it to be taken away because of the past. Help me Olivia!"

Even as Olivia heard Emma's miserable pleas, she could not help but wonder what it was in the past, that Emma was so desperate to hide? Did she need some kind of help? She wanted to tell Emma that hiding from the past would not help her and she should get help, but before she could say anything, Emma tugged at her elbow, sharply, " Say something Olivia."

Startled by the sudden movement, Olivia almost lost control of the car, causing it to veer dangerously close to the neighboring vehicle. Thankfully, her instincts were on point and she managed to steer it away, even as the driver of the other car shouted curses, and brought it to a screeching halt on the side of the road. Dam* it! What was wrong with Emma? She'd almost caused an accident!

As she turned to face Emma, her tear-streaked face looked back at her, "I'm so sorry, Olivia. I didn't mean to startle you. I don't know what came over me. Can you just drop me off at home? Its near here and I'd be really grateful if you could talk to Seb."

Olivia shook her head wanting to refuse her but couldn't. However, she was so scared to even think of driving with this woman in the car. She could still feel her hands trembling..

Chapter 508: Lost

Olivia pulled the car to a gentle stop outside Emma's quaint house, exhaling a relief as she eased her grip on the steering wheel. Thankfully, this woman will get off here. Once she is gone, Olivia planned to drive down the road and take some deep breaths to calm her nerves. Even though the distance to this house had not been much, she had dared not take a risk, lest Emma try to get her attention again. Thankfully, Seb had always insisted on making her drive back when they went racing. She shuddered to think what it would have been like if she had been a regular driver.

The thought of her husband and the memory brought a smile to her face. There were so many things that she had forgotten. No... not forgotten but kept them locked away to protect herself. And now, they would come back to her at odd times.

"Would you like to come in for a quick refreshment?" Emma asked, her tone warm and inviting, breaking Olivia's reverie.

Olivia hesitated, her mind racing with excuses to decline. Emma seemed to sense the excuses and insisted, " Come on, Olivia. Please come in, if only for a moment. I know I've made you worried with my hasty actions. Give yourself some time to calm down.

Emma's insistence chipped away at her resolve, and she found herself reluctantly agreeing. " Just for a moment, then. Thank you."

She followed Emma into the house, however as she stepped inside, she felt a curious feeling of unease. There was something off about the place, though she couldn't quite put her finger on it. She looked aroundn carefully, but everything looked fine at first glance. The furniture was prettily arranged, decor was homely and beautiful. It looked like a good place. She suppressed a shiver as she felt it again. There really was something odd about this home! She had to get out of here at the soonest. She didn't know why she felt the urgency she did but...

She was about to call out Emma, when her phone rang. Seeing Seb's name flashing on the screen gave her a bit of control, making her realize that there was no need for panic. Hurriedly, she swiped and answered the phone," Seb. How was your lunch date?"

She frowned when she heard the static at the other end and moved a bit towards the door. Maybe there was a problem with the network here and that was why she kept feeling odd.

Just then Emma returned with a glass of water and extended it to her," Here."

She tried to shake off the sense of foreboding that crept up her spine, focusing instead on Emma, complimenting her," "You have a lovely home," though her words felt hollow in the oppressive atmosphere.

Emma smiled, her eyes twinkling with something that Olivia couldn't quite decipher. "Thank you, dear. It's not much, but it's home,"

Taking a sip, she forced herself to smile and look around, now wanting to get in any kind of small talk. She shouldn't have come inside. Finally, as she tried to gaze outside, she realized what was odd about the place. All the windows in the house were covered by really dark curtains.

Before she could ask Emma the reason for this, she felt a headache coming on and frowned. She shook her head, but things started to look disbalanced and she heard Emma's voice coming to her from a distance away.

"Is everything alright, dear? You seem... distracted," she remarked, her gaze piercing.

Olivia shook her head, attempting to dispel the dizziness and slight wringing in her ears, that threatened to overwhelm her. "I'm fine, just a bit tired," she lied, her hands trembling ever so slightly. She needed to get out of here. Something told her that she couldn't get sick here.

Emma's brow furrowed and she stepped closer to Olivia, "Are you sure, you're okay? You look on the edge. Why don't you take a seat for a minute."

Even as she said this, Emma gently pushed Olivia onto the couch, helping her sit. Rubbing her back carefully, she spoke to Olivia, "Don't worry. You'll be fine. Take deep breaths."

Olivia felt herself calm down and focused on breathing. Maybe she was having a panic attack or something.

A little while later, Olivia quickly walked out of Emma's house and fumbled with her keys, her heart pounding in her chest as she reached for the car door. Without a second glance back at the house, she jumped into the driver's seat and slammed the door shut.

With trembling hands, she inserted the key into the ignition, and drove off.

Seb looked down at his phone and then sighed. She was probably still driving. Quickly, he typed up a message for her to call him once she reached home and got back to work.

Getting the information from the clinic in Estania had been a pain. He'd really tried to not use their 'connections' but those people had been quite adamant. And he would have admired their ethics at any other time, but now now when everything was such a mess.

And so now, he'd handed over the task of finding the truth to Evangeline and could only twiddle his thumbs as he waited for the results. He knew of course that Emma could have simply modelled for the clinic and Dora had been mistaken... but somehow his instinct told him, that he was right this time.

Emma had been the only one attacked but no one knew why she drove off the road in the first place. The man Vivienne had hired had mentioned that she'd been the one to swerve first. If their suspicions were true, then Emma had been the one to send the threat notes, then staged an accident for herself. Post that, she'd been probably shocked by Vivienne and thus tried to attack Vivienne, to distract them from her case. And then, she must be the one who bribed the saleswoman for the oils. In each of the case she made sure that she was the victim or intended victim as well, thus driving away suspicion from herself.

He should at least warn Olivia for the time being until everything was confirmed. Just then, he saw Evana calling him.

Chapter 509: Discovered

Seb's heart raced as he saw Evana's number and quickly answered the call, " Evie?"

"Seb, I am at the clinic now. They are extracting the file. It seems it was done by some VIP so they need to go through the directors to get the 'before' pic."

"SO, you're sure that she had not just modelled for the clinic?"

"No! Dora remembered lightly. And of course they wouldn't dare to show a fake picture to my mother and it was their most difficult job, apparently because they had to repeatedly do the procedure due to the patient's demand."

Seb cursed, while Evana paused, staring at the nurse who stood further away, extracting the information. As she heard him, she could not help but ask, " Seb, I have a feeling you seem to know who this is..."

"I am guessing, Evana. And if I am guessing rightly then things are going to be a bigger mess that we can anticipate. So, I am praying that I am wrong and all this is just a nightmare."

"Is Olivia in danger, Seb?"

"I don't know for sure, Evie. I mean sure, the threats and all were always there but this is a whole new scenario and I am assuming the worst..."

"Seb, I've sent you the picture. Let me know," Evana's voice crackled through the phone.

Seb nodded, even though Evana couldn't see him. "Got it. Thanks, Evana. I'll check it right away."

Hurriedly, he opened the email and downloaded the attached picture. As the image slowly loaded on his screen, his breath caught in his throat. There, staring back at him, was a face he hadn't seen in years. A face he thought he'd never see again. He'd prayed he'd never see again! As he cursed, Evie felt a sense of foreboding. She didn't need to question him. She already knew the answer. "I'll get there at the soonest."

But Seb had not heard this as he stared at the picture in shock. Just then, Rosie knocked on his door, "Mr Frost, Detective Davis is here."

The detective entered the office briskly, and began without preamble, "Mr Frost, we've already checked out Miss Emma's background. It is clean. I am sure you're mistaken..."

As Seb heard the words, he was jolted back to his senses. Turning around his laptop, he snapped at the detective, "What kind of a detective are you? You say you've already checked her background? Its clean? Don't you think it is too clean, Detective? Can a normal person have such a white washed background? Specially someone who has been in the modelling industry for a couple of years? Here, this is her record of plastic surgery! Tell me did you find this?"

Detective Davis frowned in shock as she read the file. Miss Emma seemed to have had a lot of surgeries within a short period of time. Scowling, she looked at Seb, "Mr Frost? Getting a surgery is not a criminal offence. Especially, considering the field she is in..."

Without a word, Seb clicked a key and the picture that he had just opened popped up, "This is her before the surgery."

Detective Davis cast it a glance and was about to comment about the girl when her eyes widened and her gaze snapped back to the person in the picture. "This is..."

"Emery Hernz." Seb finished it for her! Dam* it! Why hadn't he connected the dots sooner?

"But wasn't she sent away by her parents? Out of the country?"

Seb sighed, " Yes. It seems she was sent to Estania. Under the pretext of studying. But she was getting surgery there."

Understanding the urgency, Davis quickly called her partner and mumbled, " Contact the Hernz. Question them about the whereabouts of their daughter. Tell them that we will have them arrested if they do not cooperate!"

Quickly, Detective Davis stood up, " Mr Frost, we'll find out everything we can about her past. And I'll go to her house for questioning as soon as I have some evidence. You please warn Mrs Frost until then. And I'll arrange for additional security while I'm at the precinct. Where is Mrs Frost right now?"

"On her way home! She must have reached by now. I'll check."

However, Seb had a feeling of foreboding.. Hurriedly, he called Olivia but she did not answer her phone. Panic began to bubble up inside him as he tried again and again, each attempt met with silence.

Then it hit him like a ton of bricks-she was in his car. Desperation clawed at him as he fumbled for his phone, opening the GPS app.

But what he saw made his blood run cold. The little icon representing the car was moving, but not in the direction of home. Instead, it was heading towards the city limits.

Swearing under his breath, he spoke in a voice strained with worry. "She's not answering her phone, and the car is headed away from home. Something's not right, Davis."

Without hesitation, Detective Davis sprang into action, her eyes flashing with determination. She pulled out her own phone and dialed a number, speaking in rapid-fire urgency. "Get a team ready. We need to intercept a vehicle heading towards the city limits. Don't engage and use unmarked cars. There is a pregnant lady in the car."

Seb looked at Rosie and as their eyes met, the man spoke alertly, "I've already informed the others. And they're on their way."

Seb nodded and turned to the detective, "Let's go, detective."

As Detective Davis walked out, however, Seb paused and whispered something urgently to Rosie who widened his eyes and nodded, immediately starting to make a call.

After this, Seb ran out of the building with a determined stride, his heart pounding in his chest with fear for Olivia's safety.

As he stepped out of the building, he spotted Demetri's car racing towards him. Without waiting for him to stop, he jumped into the car, which then drove off immediately.

"Step on it, Demon!"

Demetri cast a worried look at his brother even as his eyes hardened. It was time to tackle some people...

Chapter 510: Back in the Day

"I still remember that day. It was the worst day of my life. Full of disappointment and greyness. My grades were plummeting by the day, my parents seemed to always be fighting and I was losing hope. And then he entered my life, changing it forever."

Emery sighed and closed her eyes, the scene from that day still fresh in her mind as if it had just happened yesterday.

Her friends had dragged her for a seminar. It was meant to be a distraction for her and a learning experience. Both were a waste to her however. She was just not interested. The seminar promised insights into the burgeoning market, a beacon of opportunity for the growing artist and what not. And there she'd been dragging her feet. Her mind elsewhere.

"Come on Emery! Don't be a spoil sport. Do you know who the guest lecturer is? It is Seb Frost."

"Seb Frost?" Emery had echoed, her tone tinged with indifference. "Who cares?"

"He's supposed to be incredibly handsome," her friend Rachel gushed, eyes shining with anticipation. "And brilliant too! You might actually enjoy this seminar, Emery."

Emery rolled her eyes and let her friend drag her there. It made no difference to her either way. Let Rachel be happy.

As they settled into their seats, she decided to at least go and wash her face, make her feel a little awake or else she might fall face first during the seminar. Hurriedly, she whispered to Rachel to hold her seat and raced away to the washroom.

Once inside the washroom, she stared into her tired eyes and sighed, carefully washing her face before reapplying the makeup. She needed to get a grip.

And then it happened as she walked outside and straight into what felt like a wall. She tried to look up, and see who she had collided with, only to feel a painful tug at her ear. Her earring had snagged in this person's suit jacket.

A gasp escaped her lips as she recoiled or tried to, the snag causing her more pain as her hand instinctively reached for her earlobe. But before she could retreat, his voice, gentle and soothing, halted her in her tracks. "Wait a minute. I'll just..." she felt him free her earring from his jacket, a whisper of a touch of his fingers against her hand, made her shiver, turning her face red.

"Are you okay?" His words hung in the air, and as she looked up, met his gaze for the first time, and time seemed to stand still.

He was beautiful and somewhat perfect and that little bit of concern for her in his eyes made her heart stumble. She wanted to say that she was alright, but her voice caught in her throat, so she could only nod in answer to his question. And as he smiled and stepped away from her with a murmured, "Next time, be careful when you walk." and walked away from her, she felt her heart thundering.

His eyes seemed to twinkle even as he had warned her to be careful. It was as if fate had brought them together. It was what one would call a meet-cute moment. Suddenly, the sadness and fgloom that seemed to have been stuck to her seemed to disappear, a newfound resolve burning within her.

She would find him, and she would seize this chance encounter with both hands. As she made her way back to her seat, her eyes scanned the crowded auditorium, searching for his familiar face. But before she could locate him, the lights on the stage dimmed, and the emcee's voice echoed through the room, making her feel slightly disappointed.

As the woman's voice echoed in the auditorium, Emery wondered if she would be able to see him again, while the woman droned on, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great pleasure that I introduce to you our esteemed guest VIP lecturer for today's seminar. Known for his illustrious presence on the page three circuit, he's not just a face that graces the covers of magazines and newspapers; he's also the driving force behind the scenes of one of the most prominent companies in the industry.

Please join me in welcoming Mr. Seb Frost, the director of public relations at Frost Industries. With his innovative strategies and revolutionary approaches to PR, he's single-handedly transformed the landscape of public relations as we know it."

Amidst the thundering applause, he stepped onto the stage and she froze.

Disbelief washed over her as she watched him step onto the stage, his presence commanding the attention of everyone in the room. It couldn't be, she thought, her heart racing. The man she had collided with, the man she had been so desperate to find, was none other than the guest VIP lecturer himself.

She felt Rachel elbow her and lean close to her and whisper, "I told you he is handsome! See, even you can't take your eyes off him."

Emery nodded. She really couldn't. As he walked towards the podium and adjusted the microphone, she suddenly felt envious of that microphone. A few minutes ago, she had almost felt his touch as well. And she wanted to feel it again...

With a smile, he'd looked straight at the audience but Emery felt as if he were looking into her soul as he thanked the emcee before commenting about how he was unhappy that the emcee had not mentioned anything about his charm and wit.

Within a minute, he had the audience glued to his words, desperate to miss anything. It was that desperation that caused Emery to raise her phone and capture the entire hour's worth of lecture in her phone.

Suddenly, she wanted to leave designing and get into public relations. She would give up fashion designing and take up public relations and then be with this person. She would convince him to let her intern with him and then later, he would definitely fall in love with her...

"So, you are the girl that was his stalker a couple of years ago?", a voice asked incredulously.