

Chapter 86

Seeing the child in Lindsay's arms, smiling sweetly and behaving so well, Olivia's expression remained calm, but her grip on her dress tightened.

Why was it that the child she had looked after had been a nightmare, crying and fussing constantly, while the one with Lindsay was so well-behaved?

Hearing Alex's question, the audience remembered Olivia's experience on the first day when she had volunteered to babysit.

"Do you remember how Olivia turned a calm child into a crying one last time?"

"Of course, I do. The grandmother even got upset and sent them away."

"Look at Alex's face. He has PTSD from that kid."

"It wasn't even the kid's fault. He was fine until Olivia tried to take care of him."

"There's no harm without comparison."

"Ahem, as Alex's and Olivia's fans would say, children can sense things adults can't."

"Pfft, nailed it."

Alex's and Olivia's fans were silent, their faces a bit stung by the truth.

Elric looked at Alex and said, "No, we didn't take on a babysitting job."

With pride, he added, "This little cutie saw how beautiful our Linds is and insisted on sticking with her."



The child, as if in agreement, hugged Lindsay's neck tighter and said, "Pretty, pretty!"

Olivia's frustration grew, and she wished she could throw the child out.

Alex hadn't expected this reason. But he couldn't deny that his sister was very beautiful, combining all the best features of their parents. Of course, their five brothers weren't lacking in looks either.

He asked, "Did you meet the child in the village?"

Elric replied, "No, this is a child Linds helped."

Alex looked puzzled. "Helped? What do you mean?"

With pride, Elric recounted what had happened at Lyle's house. "If it weren't for Linds, this little one would still be crying in his mom's arms. But now, he only wants Linds."

Alex was taken aback and gave Lindsay a complicated look. He had always known that his sister could read faces and perform divination. The old man who adopted her did that for a living. But they had never really taken it seriously.

Back at home, Lindsay had helped Edmund and Brandon using divination. He had always thought she just knew a little about it. When their family learned that Lindsay had chosen divination as her university major, they didn't know what to think, assuming she was just dabbling in it. But now, it seemed she was quite skilled.

She had saved Eddy's son by reading his face, and now she had helped Eddy's cousin's son. This wasn't something a novice could do. They had clearly underestimated their sister.



Unable to resist, Alex asked, "Could you take a look for me too?"

Lindsay was quite exasperated with Alex. When she was nice to him back home, he never acted this clingy. Now that she was indifferent and often ignored him, he kept seeking her attention.

Lindsay responded coolly, "In our line of work, there are three types of people we don't read for, and you're one of them. So don't ask me to help."

Since Alex was practically asking for it, she decided not to hold back. She knew his personality; he would definitely dig deeper. This would give the onlookers more to speculate about and give the paparazzi something to investigate.

As expected, Alex frowned and asked, "What are the three types? Tell me."

Clearly, he didn't believe her and thought she was just brushing him off.



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