

Olivia F 1261

Chapter 1261

"What are you looking at!"

Olivia fiercely smacked him on the head with a pillow.

Wayne quickly averted his gaze. "Sorry, I was groggy from sleep and forgot you were in my arms."

He got up as the flush on his face quickly faded. He leaned on the edge of the bed and said, "I slept really well last night."

"Get out!" Olivia was furious, wishing to chop his fingers off and take the ring directly.

Wayne was distracted all morning, occasionally glancing at his fingers.

"Mr. Maxwell, is there something on your hand? You've looked at it a hundred times," Alan asked as he was puzzled.

Wayne dismissed his unrealistic thoughts and replied, "It's nothing. Go find me some women."

"Women? Mr. Maxwell, you've finally come around. A man should settle down and then focus on his career. Look at your age. Getting married and having children is the best thing you can do now."

"Who told you I'm getting married? I'm asking you to find women to satisfy my needs."

"Huh?"

Alan was confused. The man who previously avoided women like the plague was now actively seeking them out, which was odd.

Still, he obediently arranged it. By nightfall, a group of elegantly dressed women was ushered into his bedroom. They were of various types—innocent, sexy, and seductive.

When Wayne entered, each of them shyly glanced at him.

The women Alan had chosen were impeccable in terms of looks and figure. Wayne casually pointed at one, "You, come here and undress me."

The woman he chose was dressed in white with a delicate face. She was overjoyed while the others looked on enviously.

"Yes," she responded.

Wayne sat on the couch, legs wide apart. He exuded a debauched vibe, yet his face remained strikingly handsome.

The woman knelt between his legs. Just as she was about to touch his button, Wayne furrowed his brows. "What's that scent on you?"

"Gardenia."

"It's disgusting. Get out." Wayne dismissed her and pointed at another woman with a curvaceous figure. "You, come here."

"Yes."

The woman walked toward Wayne with a seductive sway. He thought her figure resembled Olivia's, and she looked like she would be comfortable to hold.

He casually pulled the woman into his embrace. She cooed softly and wrapped her arms around Wayne's neck.

Wayne was unreserved. His hand was finding its way to her bosom.

The woman blushed and cooed, but Wayne's expression remained cold. The next second, he pushed her away.

"Line up, one by one."

Alan thought of the doctor Wayne had carried in his arms before and quickly understood the issue.

"Mr. Maxwell doesn't just want any woman. He probably wants that particular woman without realizing it."

"You mean Dr. Ophelia? But I heard she has children. Surely, Mr. Maxwell wouldn't want her. Besides, she's not that attractive..."

"Have you ever seen Mr. Maxwell carry anyone else?"

"About that..."

"But her medical skills are indeed exceptional. Mr. Maxwell's headaches haven't recurred lately."

"Yes, but don't worry. Mr. Tanner reviewed all the medicinal materials and dosages. The prescription is sound, and all materials are compliant."

Chapter 1262

Alan's expression was cold. "Just don't take it lightly."

"I understand."

Alan lit a cigarette and gazed at the stars. "Mr. Maxwell has been in a bad mood these days. Comfort him more so that he doesn't have another episode."

"Alright."

Before he even finished his cigarette, the last woman was sent out. Alan extinguished his cigarette and exchanged a glance with Wayne. "Is it over already?"

He had someone escort the women away and then entered the room himself. Wayne's collar was wide open, revealing several noticeable lipstick marks. Yet, his face was as stormy as a cloudy sky.

"What kind of trash did you get for me?" he asked.

Not only did he feel nothing, but he was also disgusted.

"Mr. Maxwell, what kind of women do you like? Tell me clearly so that we can find someone suitable for you."

"Someone married and with children!"

Alan was speechless. "Does she also need to know medical techniques?"

"That would be best."

It was almost as if he was about to name Olivia directly. Alan sighed. "I'll do my best."

"And her?"

"She's been at the Royal Hospital all day. She's probably still there."

Wayne just left a remark, "Call me when you find someone." The next moment, he walked away.

Ike shrugged. "Don't bother looking. Even if we bring him Miss Universe, she still won't catch his eye."

In all the years Alan and Ike had been working for Wayne, when had they seen him take a particular

interest in a woman? This woman was the first. Given his obsessive nature, once he genuinely fell for someone, that person might not be able to escape.

"But Ms. Ophelia is already married."

"That's why Mr. Maxwell is still rational enough to look for substitutes. But if the substitutes don't satisfy him and he loses his rationality, do you think he'll break his chains and claim her for himself?"

What was impossible for others didn't mean it was impossible for Wayne. After all, he grew up in a harsh and dirty environment.

Others might climb to their positions through family connections, wealth, and various support. He was different. He made it through sheer ruthlessness and resilience.

Rules and morals didn't matter as much as survival. To him, surviving was instinctual.

Initially, it was about surviving. Then, it became about power.

After achieving that, the next step would likely be to fulfill his desires.

Wayne hurried to the Royal Hospital and saw Olivia surrounded by venerable figures. They were all significantly older than her.

They made detailed notes while wearing reading glasses and holding notebooks and pens.

Grant politely raised his hand. "Ms. Ophelia, could you slowly explain why you're adding this herb?

Doesn't it conflict with the others?"

Olivia patiently explained the dean's question, enlightening everyone. They looked at her with admiration.

"Ms. Ophelia, you're still so young. Your future is boundless! May I ask who your mentors are?"

"You're being too modest, Ms. Ophelia."

"Yes, indeed. Such a talented and humble junior is rare."

After a round of compliments, Olivia stood up and stated, "I need to prepare some meds, so I'm afraid I can't continue."

"The president's illness is important. Please proceed."

She murmured to herself, "Cassia seeds, Gastrodia, Notopterygium, Angelica..."

She looked up at the drawer that stored Angelica above her head. She had to stand on tiptoes to open it.

Chapter 1263

Having experienced this morning's events, Olivia instinctively jumped out of Wayne's embrace.

She made sure there was a distance between them. "Stay away from me."

This move displeased Wayne. He asked, "What, do I have a contagious disease?"

Olivia pinched her nose and made an excuse. "The smell of perfume on you is almost suffocating me."

Wayne glanced down at the lipstick marks on his shirt. He forgot to change as he had rushed out.

Olivia seemed rather pleased with this development. She thought Wayne wouldn't bother her if his desires were satisfied elsewhere.

She crossed her arms and advised, "It's normal to release tension occasionally, but don't overindulge.

Be careful. Too much can lead to kidney weakness and chronic prostatitis."

Wayne gritted his teeth. "How do you know if I'm overindulging?"

"Look at the lipstick marks on you. They're from three different brands, three shades. So, you've been with at least three women today. With those beauties in your arms, could you bear to stop at just one?"

Wayne frowned at her boldness in discussing such matters. "How shameless."

"Wayne, I'm no innocent flower. My children are old enough to be independent. I'm a doctor too. I

probably know more positions than you. Besides, it's a normal physiological response. What's there to

hide about a man relieving himself?"

Olivia continued to gather herbs. Her every pick was precise, almost always grabbing the exact amount needed.

Suddenly, Wayne stood behind her and coolly asked, "And you? What positions do you like?"

The conversation took a swift turn. Olivia paused before calmly responding, "The position doesn't matter. It's who you're with that counts."

After gathering the last herb, Olivia handed them over for a review before reminding Wayne,

"Remember to soak the herbs in mountain spring water overnight."

"Yes, Dr. Ophelia," Wayne replied.

Olivia washed her hands and left. She was confident that the combination of medicine and acupuncture would significantly alleviate Wayne's headaches.

Once Ethan arrived, she planned to add a few herbs to Wayne's medicine to knock him out. Then, she would be able to take his ring easily.

The thought of going home filled Olivia with joy. Even the man she was providing treatment for noticed the difference in her. Wayne's face seemed particularly gloomy compared to hers that was filled with

delight.

"What has made you so happy?"

Olivia's smile widened slightly as she said, "You're recovering faster than I expected. Continue with this treatment and the blood clots in your head should dissipate within a month. After that, stick to my prescription for three more months and you'll be fine."

"Are you so eager to leave?"

"Yes, I've not seen my children in a long time."

After this, she planned to find her children overseas. They must be missing her.

Suddenly, Wayne sat up. "Give me a massage."

"Alright."

Considering Wayne had already vented his frustrations earlier, Olivia assumed he wouldn't misbehave.

After massaging his back and neck as usual, Wayne mentioned, "My hands too."

Olivia retorted, "I thought you treasured your hands too much for me to touch them."

"Massage them."

"As you wish. Just remember, no 'reflex actions' later."

Chapter 1264

Before Olivia could react, she was already lying beneath Wayne.

His gaze was filled with intense desire. Olivia found his actions confusing, especially considering his

earlier encounters. She tried to steady her voice and asked, "What are you doing?"

Olivia attempted to free her hands, but Wayne's grip only tightened. The edge of his ring pressed

painfully against her delicate skin.

Wayne proposed with a provocative edge, "What if I offered you a substantial amount for just one

request from you? Would you accept?"

"What request?" Olivia inquired as she sensed trouble brewing.

"Spend one night with me," Wayne whispered. She felt his warm breath against her ear.

"Absolutely not!" Olivia retorted and aimed for a slap.

Wayne caught her wrist before it could reach his face. He secured both her hands above her head and

left her completely vulnerable.

"I did seek the company of women today," Wayne said sinisterly.

"And how does that concern me?"

"I felt nothing but disgust for them despite their efforts. Due to my childhood trauma, I've always avoided women, but you..."

Wayne's eyes darkened before he continued, "You're the first to elicit any response from me. As a doctor, you wouldn't just stand by, would you?"

His straightforwardness made Olivia feel unsettled. Her face under the mask was filled with anger as she responded, "No, that's beyond my expertise. You need a professional."

"In my eyes, you're the most suited for this 'treatment'," Wayne insisted, reflecting on his involuntary reactions to just the thought of her. Could indulging just once extinguish these desires?

Olivia attempted to de-escalate the situation and explained, "Your issue is psychological, not physical. I can't assist with that. It's best if you see a psychologist. Don't delay any longer. The sooner, the better. Don't waste your time on me."

Don't waste your time on me."

"Just one night. Give me one night and name your price," Wayne persisted.

"Scum, what do you take me for? I'm a doctor, not a prostitute."

Olivia began to resist. She was wearing a casual hoodie in 86-degree Fahrenheit weather to ward him

off. She even zipped it up high to cover her neck, trying her best not to expose any skin. However, her efforts seemed in vain against his determination.

Wayne was unable to restrain himself. He buried his head in Olivia's neck and placed a kiss there.

Chapter 1265

Olivia knew the situation was spiraling beyond her control. How could she tolerate such audacity from a man?

The moment Wayne's touch nearly grazed her skin, she kneed him fiercely in the abdomen. She took advantage of Wayne's momentary pain and kicked him away.

She scrambled off the bed, panicked, and quickly grabbed a bottle of red wine. Not caring about the vintage bottle, she smashed it against the table. Wine spilled everywhere. She pointed the jagged edge at her own neck and sternly warned, "Don't come any closer!"

All this happened in the blink of an eye. Wayne knew she had a fiery temper but had not anticipated her being this fierce. "Don't be rash. I won't touch you. Just put the bottle down."

Olivia would not trust the words of a man inflamed with desire. Her voice was cold. "I'm warning you, if you lay a hand on me again, I'll end my life right in front of you."

"You won't do it. You have children. How could you bear to leave them?" Wayne challenged.

"I might have vulnerabilities, but that doesn't mean I'll let you bully me. I have someone in my heart.

Don't force me into drastic actions," Olivia declared.

With that, Olivia dashed out of his room. She ran straight into Alan. He noticed her haste and the broken wine bottle in her hand. He asked her respectfully. "Ms. Ophelia, what's the matter? Is someone chasing you?"

Olivia glared at him fiercely and said, "Please control your boss!"

Without looking back, she continued her escape. Alan was bewildered. "Ike, what's up with her?"

Wayne appeared at the doorway, half-naked and still with acupuncture needles in his head. Ike's mouth twitched as he said, "Looks like the strong-arming didn't go as planned."

"Wait, no way!"

They couldn't believe it, especially when they recalled how disheveled Olivia was when she left, which deepened their speculation.

"Mr. Maxwell, what did you do to her? She looked so angry like she'd kill anyone. I thought Ms. Ophelia would smash that wine bottle on me."

Wayne returned to his room and slumped on the sofa, still with needles adorning his head. He sat with his arms crossed. The sight was as comical as it was bizarre.

Trying to suppress their laughter, Ike asked seriously, "Mr. Maxwell, what kind of woman can't you have? There's no need to fixate on a married woman."

Wayne spread his hands. "I've tried others. I'm not interested."

"Even so, Ms. Ophelia has a husband and children. You can't just take her by force. She's fierce by nature. If you push her too far and she kills herself, who's going to treat your condition?"

Wayne pondered the phrase "take by force". His gaze was intense and contemplative as he drifted into deep thought.

Although she didn't have any means of communication with her, Olivia knew Undecim had already infiltrated the place. She saw a signal in the courtyard the day before. There was a flower petal arranged into the number ten beside a rockery. That was their code. She was seven, and Undecim was ten.

In that corner, Olivia arranged green leaves to form a zero.

The hidden message was, "Let's meet tomorrow night at midnight."

Chapter 1266

Perhaps due to her intense reaction last night, Wayne did not appear in front of Olivia all day. Olivia spent her day at the Royal Hospital teaching everyone the acupuncture technique.

Just after dusk, Wayne awaited Olivia's arrival so that she could administer acupuncture. He thought about various apology strategies.

His heart raced involuntarily when he heard footsteps approaching. He stood with his back to the person coming and adopted a harsh tone. "I was wrong about last night. Don't get the wrong idea. It's not that I like you. I just have a thing for married women!" he said.

He was even prepared to tarnish his own image to reassure Olivia. His claim of liking married women was merely an excuse. Wayne waited for Olivia's response.

His ears turned red as he continued gruffly, "So you can rest assured, I won't make any moves on you. I keep the promises I make.

"Why are you silent? I've apologized. What more do you want?" he exclaimed angrily.

He turned in anger, only to find himself face-to-face with Grant's wrinkled visage. Grant's trembling lips struggled to suppress a chuckle, embarrassing Wayne.

"Why are you here?" Wayne asked.

Grant came over leisurely. "Ah, Mr. President, I'm old and have hearing difficulties. I didn't catch what you said you liked?" he said.

"What are you doing here?" Wayne asked him with a somber expression.

Grant put down his tools. "I'm here to administer your acupuncture. Don't worry, Ms. Ophelia has taught

me everything," he assured Wayne.

Wayne was furious. He didn't expect Olivia to pull such a move. "Who wants your treatment, old man?

Get out," he said.

Grant had cared for Wayne for years. He even treated him like a grandson and so didn't mind his temper. "Fine. Since Ms. Ophelia has taught all the doctors, I'll get someone you like to come here," he said.

Wayne had no comeback. He could only sit with his arms crossed. He let Grant work on him while he seethed angrily.

Alan advised him after seeing his furious state, "Mr. President, Ms. Ophelia is still angry. It's best not to

trouble her now. She might do something drastic if you push her too far."

Wayne hummed in response but said nothing. He thought of Olivia's fiery demeanor from the night

before and ultimately held back.

As night fell, Olivia timed her arrival perfectly.

"Hoo-hoo?" She mimicked an owl, and a hand pulled her behind the rockery.

"Did you get it?" Undecim asked in a low voice.

"Not yet, but I'm about 90% sure I can get it soon."

Undecim chuckled. "I knew no man could resist you."

"They're tightening security for the multinational conference these days. Escaping won't be easy,"

"How did you get in?"

Undecim raised an eyebrow. "Do you want to know?"

"Smart. What's your plan?" Undecim asked.

Chapter 1267

Olivia had a plan.

"Wait for his insomnia to kick in, then give him the sedative." She calculated in her mind and continued,

"You get ready. If I'm going to act in three days, I'll place a red anthurium here. If the mission is

canceled, I'll put a magnolia."

"I'll wait for your good news," Undecim responded.

After their brief meeting, they parted ways. Olivia returned to her room to rest. Wayne did not visit her that night, and she wondered if he had slept.

The next day, she went to the Royal Hospital as usual. Over the past few days, Olivia had gotten along well with everyone. They had elevated her from Ms. Ophelia to Dr. Ophelia in their address.

Wayne had some time to visit the hospital. He saw Olivia turn sideways and explain medical knowledge to someone. She patiently compared two similar herbs, and the admiration was evident on the face of a young medical student who had just joined.

Wayne pondered why he was drawn to a woman who wasn't even strikingly beautiful. Perhaps it was her unique determination and enviable medical skills.

Every time she administered acupuncture to him, Wayne felt an indescribable connection with her.

Olivia sensed his gaze but pretended not to notice and turned away.

Her intuition told her that Wayne's interest in her was more than mere lust. He had feelings for her.

If it were just lust, her struggles would be futile. He would have a hundred ways to get her into bed.

But he had been quieter these past two days. It seemed he did not want to hurt her, which indicated genuine feelings.

This was the worst-case scenario. Olivia wanted to avoid owing him anything.

Emotions could make people obsessive. Taking the ring would become more complicated if feelings were involved.

Unexpectedly, people from Arlandia arrived early, causing a bustle even in the Royal Hospital as everyone prepared for sudden developments.

When Olivia began adding sedatives to Wayne's medication, Grant was puzzled.

"Why the sudden addition?" he asked.

"I heard the president hasn't been sleeping well these nights. I'm trying to add some sedatives to see if it helps. If not, we'll adjust the dosage," Olivia explained.

Such medication could be addictive if used in excess, so she started with a small dose. Grant agreed with her approach, unaware that this was bait.

"What's keeping everyone so busy these days?" Olivia inquired.

"It's because the people from Arlandia arrived early, throwing us all into disarray," Grant explained.

"Who from Arlandia came?" Olivia wanted to confirm if it was Ethan. Just then, hurried footsteps approached.

"Mr. Tanner, something's happened!"

Grant set down his materials and turned around with a stern expression. "What's all the fuss about?"

"Someone fainted at the state banquet while the president was meeting with dignitaries from Arlandia.

You need to check it out! If the problem is with the food, we might have no way to defend ourselves," the messenger warned.

Grant's expression changed drastically. This visit from Arlandia was meant to be a gesture of goodwill.

Any conflict could potentially spark a global crisis.

"Me?" Olivia was taken aback.

This wasn't necessarily bad. She could confirm if Ethan had arrived.

Finally, Olivia stepped out of the Royal Hospital.

Without glancing at the castle, she followed Grant unobstructed into the banquet hall.

Wayne was in formal attire that day and showed little reaction to her presence.

Grant moved to check on the person, but Olivia stepped forward first.

"Let me do it, Mr. Tanner," she said as she crouched down.

In an unseen corner, she stealthily scratched the man's palm.

Chapter 1268

Olivia wanted to come up with other reasons to find out Ethan's whereabouts. To her surprise, he

showed up himself.

After spending time with Olivia, Grant discovered that her medical skills were better than his. Thus, he

let her treat Ethan rest assuredly.

After all, Ethan was a nobleman. Grant couldn't afford to let mistakes happen. In a soft voice, he asked,

"Dr. Ophelia, how is he?"

Olivia let go of Ethan after checking his heart rate. With an indifferent expression, she answered, "He's

fine. He must have fainted suddenly because of exhaustion and low blood sugar."

Everyone let out a sigh of relief. Ethan was an important figure in Arlandia. He always wore a mask and

rarely showed himself to others.

It would be bad if something happened to him.

Olivia pulled out a few acupuncture needles and inserted them into Ethan's skin to stimulate strategic points throughout his body. Soon, he woke up and began to put on an act.

"What happened?"

"Mr. Miller, you fainted just now. Luckily, this doctor saved you in time with her skills. She looks young, but her medical skills are superb..."

Upon hearing Kelvin's words, Olivia was confused. When did he become so good at talking?

Holding back her smile, Olivia asked, "Did he skip meals?"

"Yeah. He has been busy for the past two days and stayed up for several nights. He was on the plane for more than ten hours too. He hasn't had breakfast today."

"His sugar levels are low. Sir, remember to have breakfast next time. If you don't have the time, at least keep some candy on you."

Ethan was still in Olivia's embrace. Pretending to be obedient, he responded, "Thank you, I'll heed your advice."

It was only then everyone let out a breath of relief. Thank god it was nothing serious.

Then, Ethan said, "But my head hurts, and my heartbeat has been irregular recently. Can you help me take a look later?"

"Sure." Olivia asked someone to help Ethan get up before saying to Wayne, "It's a mere accident.

There's no need to be anxious. When everything's finished here, I'll give him a thorough check-up."

Wayne found the situation strange. He had been fighting against Ethan for a long time, so he knew that

Ethan was like a beast. How could Ethan faint upon meeting him that day?

Nevertheless, Olivia's stern face didn't express any emotions that she knew Ethan. No one knew that not only did the two know each other, but they also shared the same bed.

"Alright." Wayne waved his hand and let the doctors leave.

Before Olivia left, Ethan sneakily tickled her palm.

Olivia felt a tickle in her heart.

He was a master's graduate of medicine. He had published many publications on modern medicine and was a famous specialist.

Olivia was holding her tray and spacing out when Marvin came to her. Content of Dramanovels.com

"Ms. Ophelia, are you thinking about medicine again?"

Olivia felt awkward. If Marvin found out she was thinking about a man, would his impression of her crumble?

Clearing her throat, she responded, "Yeah, I'm thinking about something very important."

Chapter 1269

Marvin leaned closer to Olivia. Excitedly, he asked, "Ms. Ophelia, what topic are you thinking about?"

Can I join in the discussion? I've never heard of the Snowdrop you mentioned previously. You know so many herbs."

Olivia felt even more awkward now. The topic she was thinking about was a bit explicit.

After all, she couldn't tell Marvin about how she was planning to tear open Ethan's clothes and kiss him to relieve her lovesickness.

"Let's discuss this next time."

After taking a few bites of her food, Olivia started preparing Wayne's herbs. Fanning the fire, she waited patiently for Ethan.

With his identity, he would definitely need to socialize with Wayne. Even though they despised each other to the point they wanted to stab one another, they had to have a meal together, chat, shake

hands, and put on a fake smile. After eating, they had many more things to do.

Ethan and Wayne were absent-minded.

Wayne asked, "It must've been tough for you to come all the way here. Please forgive me for the poor hospitality."

Ethan responded, "The pan-fried fish this afternoon was tasty. It reminds me of home."

Wayne said, "If you like it, why don't you stay for a few more days?"

The two chatted for such a long time that the smiles on their faces had stiffened.

When night came, Ethan requested for the doctor who treated him earlier in the day to come over.

Without hesitation, the subordinates went to look for Olivia.

"Ms. Ophelia, he's our country's distinguished guest. Please take good care of him," instructed Alan.

Olivia's hand had reddened from carrying the medical kit. "I got it. I've prepared Wayne's medicine. I've also added some herbs to help him sleep better tonight. Please ask him to take it."

"Got it. Thank you, Ms. Ophelia. But..."

Alan thought about how Wayne had become more irritable recently. When Wayne couldn't sleep at night, he would ask Alan and Ike for a duel. He would only go to bed when he was extremely

exhausted.

If such situations continued, Alan and Ike would go insane!

"Huh?" Olivia looked at Alan.

Gritting his teeth, Alan asked without thinking things through, "What's your husband's occupation?"

"How does it concern you?"

"I'm just curious. Your medical skills are superb, and you're brave enough to go to such places to look for herbs. How amazing must your husband be to be worthy of you?"

At that moment, Olivia thought about Ethan, who was waiting to meet her impatiently. "He's just an ordinary person."

"What about his looks?"

"His only strength is his looks."

Carefully, Alan said, "Actually, Mr. Maxwell is handsome too. He sincerely likes you. Do you want to..."

Stopping in her tracks, Olivia stared at Alan with wide eyes. "Are you here to play Cupid?"

Alan was taken aback. He argued, "No, Ms. Ophelia. I mean..."

Irritatedly, Olivia interrupted him, "Do you know what people like you are called?"

"What?"

"A nosy parker."

Alan was at a loss for words.

No wonder Wayne liked Olivia. She was cool!

"Is the distinguished guest staying here?"

"Yeah."

Alan wanted to follow after them, but Brent stopped him. "We're waiting for Ms. Ophelia."

"Don't forget you're in Raka right now!"

Kelvin snorted. "Who cares? Don't even think of coming in today."

Alan was speechless. He couldn't believe Olivia would actually address him as 'Chief'.

With a thump, the door was closed. Ethan's burning body pressed against Olivia's. Then, his lips

landed on hers.

Chapter 1270

Olivia didn't pretend to be shy. Wrapping her arms around Ethan's neck, she welcomed him. The kiss

ended when she was almost out of breath.

Out of energy, she remained in his embrace and listened to his strong heartbeat.

"Ethan, I missed you." Olivia smiled sweetly in Ethan's embrace.

Ethan, who was initially angry, finally calmed down. "Do you know what you're doing? I haven't had a good night's sleep for the past several days!"

Like a cat, Olivia rubbed her face against his. "I'm sorry."

"When you rub your face against mine, I always feel like I'm having an affair."

Ethan frowned. He didn't like Olivia using someone else's face to be intimate with him.

Reaching out, he wanted to pull Olivia's mask off her face, but she stopped him. "No. my appearance can't be destroyed here. There aren't any materials for me to restore it."

Ethan pulled her to the couch to sit down. "Now can you tell me why you need his ring?"

Olivia jumped onto him again. "We haven't seen each other for a long time. Don't you miss me?"

"Don't change the topic, Liv." Ethan stared at Olivia as if he wanted to see through her. "Tell me."

"Ethan, didn't we agree on this? It's part of my job."

"If your job is putting you at risk, how can I rest assured?"

Ethan hugged Olivia. "Liv, I know I hurt you in the past. But I've changed. Do you know how my life was after you left? I was anxious every day. Even when I was asleep, I would have nightmares. If you hadn't shown up today, do you know how worried I'd be?"

Olivia hugged him back. "I know. I lived the same way in the past. After cutting off contact with you, I couldn't do anything other than wait for you."

The smile on Ethan's face stiffened. "Liv, I..."

He seemed to understand what she had gone through. Wasn't his current situation the same as Olivia's past situation?

Back then, Olivia loved him humbly and was attentive to his actions.

Straddling Ethan's waist with her legs, Olivia wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. "So, I don't want marriage and restraints. Our current relationship is the best. Ethan, don't you want to hug me?"

"Liv, you asked for this."

Ethan pressed Olivia on the couch so that her back was facing him. He didn't want to have sex with her while seeing an unfamiliar face.

Olivia didn't expose his true thoughts. Their fingers intertwined, and sweat dripped from their foreheads.

Ethan's voice was hoarse. "Did he hurt you?"

"Nope. I only treated his headache. Ethan, can you help me out with something?"

"Huh?"

"I haven't gotten his ring, so I can't leave. I want you to be my shield.

Ethan bit Olivia's earlobe from behind. "You don't want me to know what you're doing, but you want to use me?"

Ethan sighed. "Liv, you're taking advantage of my love for you."

"Everything's my fault. Liv, I'll give you everything you want."