Olivia F 1291

ready."

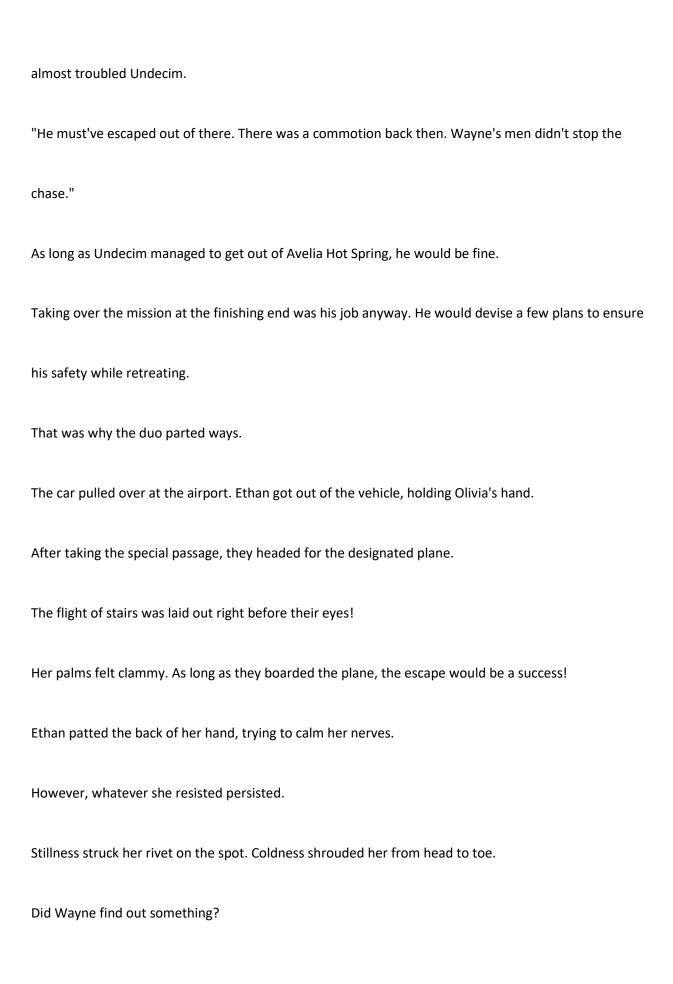
Chapter 1291
Ophelia approached Wayne with ulterior motives, but she genuinely saw him as a patient.
She even prepared his medicine for him before disappearing.
If she were cruel enough to him, he wouldn't have been this unresolved.
Every time he closed his eyes, all he could see was Ophelia's face. Just where on earth did she go?
The solemn sky somehow made Olivia restless.
She was afraid that something would come up and they couldn't leave Carathia tomorrow.
Ethan read through her mind and comforted her, "Don't worry, Liv. I'll take you out of here."
It was a rare moment he didn't act up with his naughty hands today.
His arms cloaked her with warmth, and sleepiness found its way to her. She closed her eyes, drifting
into dreamland.
Before the sky brightened, he pecked her cheek. "Liv, time to get up. Let's go home."

"Home?" Olivia's eyes shot up as she sprang up from bed. Drowsiness vanished within seconds.

"Yup. We're going home." He caressed her cheek. "Don't worry. I'm by your side. Brent has everything

She nodded and went for a quick bath before leaving alongside Ethan. When they left the place, a palette of warm hues painted the sky into a breathtaking picture. Olivia rushed to the car, starting their journey to the airport. Her heart was racing, and she couldn't stop the random thoughts in her mind. Her hand clutched Ethan's sleeve out of anxiety. "Ethan, I'm scared." "Relax. I'm here." He pulled her into his arms, warming her up. "As I said, no matter what happens, you can trust me. Get some eyeshut. We should arrive at the airport when you wake up." Her eyes closed, and she could hear the deafening explosion ringing in her ears again. "I wonder how Undecim's doing." "He's alive. He lost the ring before the explosion. But he must be injured. We found blood but not his body," he blurted the truth that she wanted to hear. A sigh escaped her. "Never mind if the mission is incomplete. What matters more is that we're alive."

It wasn't completely their mistake this time around. The client didn't provide sufficient information and





Thus, how would Undecim know her relationship with Ethan?
Olivia guessed that Wayne was playing a trick with her.
In addition to Ophelia's MIA, Olivia's appearance alone was suspicious enough.
As long as she boarded the plane, there was no second chance for Wayne to turn the table anymore.
This was his last-ditch effort.
As an afterthought, she finally managed to hold her ground.
"Mr. Maxwell, are you referring to Alan? This is my first visit to Raka. I am grateful that he kept me
company the whole day."
Wayne didn't miss the nuance in her expression, but there was nothing out of particular.
"No. I'm referring to an assassin with the codename Undecim," he coldly announced.
"He pointed you as his accomplice."
Ethan smirked. "Accomplice? I wonder what my wife did that she suddenly became someone's
accomplice.
"Wayne Maxwell, you better get your facts right. The truce agreement is signed, but we can breach it
one-sidedly!"







"Don't be afraid, Liv. You don't have to steal rings from others. If you take a liking to a base, name it. I
can drop a bomb for you."
Everyone drew in a sharp breath, shocked by her privilege from such a loving uncle.
Fortunately, the reporters weren't here to hear this. Otherwise, this remark would've become the
headline for international news.
Linus' identity held more weight than Ethan's.
His claim of bombing a place couldn't be taken lightly as a joke. After all, the national military authority
was in his hands!
Despite Wayne's hostility toward Arlandia, he had no means to provoke the country directly. His plan
was to simply build up a few military bases around the country.
If a war broke out, Carathia would be at a disadvantage, considering that the Arlandia and Veutron
were on friendly terms.
Completely stilled by the surprise, Olivia exclaimed at how nice it was to have power for the first time
ever.
She put her life in danger just to steal that ring, and yet, the Heaths could bomb the enemy's army base





The ring self-destructed, but it wasn't difficult to make a new one anyway. Furthermore, his migraine got better, thanks to her. The good he gained outnumbered the losses! Even if Wayne proceeded with the investigation, there was no way he could lay a finger on her. Olivia was protected by the Heath family. "What do you mean, Mr. Maxwell?" "If she's Ophelia..." A sinister grin played on his lips. "That's for the best." Who would've known that such a gorgeous face was hidden under that mask? Not to mention, she was a skillful doctor. The only flaw was that she had gotten married. "According to the information, she didn't get married to Ethan again after the divorce, did she?" "That's right. Ethan had been searching for her until this year. "Although they didn't get married again, they seem to get along better than before. Mr. Maxwell, even if you like her, I don't think you'll have the chance." "If they got along well, they wouldn't have divorced. If you were a woman, would you turn a blind eye to

betrayal and how a man had hurt you?"

Based on the harm Ethan inflicted on her alone and her strong character, she would never give
forgiveness that easily.
"Mr. Maxwell, are you thinking of"
Wayne rested his hands behind his back. His expression remained undecipherable. "Didn't Linus
demand an explanation from me?"
Alan and Ike exchanged looks, fearing what was running on Wayne's mind. "Mr. Maxwell, please keep
your cool."
"Relax. I'm more sober than ever right now. Let's go. I have to take my medicine."
After confirming Olivia to be Ophelia, the stifling weight finally wore off Wayne's chest.
"We'll wait and see, Olivia Fordham," he thought to himself.
On the plane, Olivia sneezed.
Ethan put down the files in his hands and gazed at her. "Too cold?"
"No. Just my nose. It's kinda ticklish." She rubbed her nose while sneaking peeks at Linus.
She reckoned Mason was aware of the situation. Linus didn't say anything about it, but his visit alone
said it all.

"Uncle Linus did Grandpa—" "We can talk about your matter at home." Reclining in his seat, Linus closed his eyes. He didn't have a good night's sleep last night. It hadn't been long since they knew each other. She didn't know him well enough to read his mind. Ethan lightly patted the back of her hand, whispering, "Don't be afraid. I got your back." Those words willed the uneasiness in her away so readily. The few hours of flight took them from the warm Raka to the freezing cold Aldenvine. There was no snow, but the temperature dipped lower than 14 Fahrenheit. Before they disembarked the plane, the gentleman Ethan handed Olivia a thick coat. Back to that familiar place, frantic, somehow caught her off guard. She always grew up to be a good girl from a young age, the daughter Jeff was proud of. While others got to their rebellious stage, she buried herself in her studies. Who would've expected rebellion to strike her this late?

Ethan's brows pursed into a frown. "I went with Liv. If she's done something wrong, we're both held

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accountable for it."
Linus leveled a cold look at him. "The both of you? Who are you to do that with her?"
That remark alone reminded Ethan of his position.
"Need a reminder that you guys divorced a long time ago?" Linus added, rubbing salt over Ethan's
wound.
Ethan remained silent. No matter how much he regretted the divorce, nothing could be done to amend
it.
Without that marriage certificate, nothing bound him with Olivia.
She could only bite the bullet and enter the study alone.
Mason was painting. He cast her a glance without lifting his head. "You're back."
Nothing had been said yet, but the pressure was already weighing on her. The hair on her skin stood.
Was this the prestige of someone who wielded power?
Her head dipped low instantly. "Sorry, Grandpa."
As the good daughter she had always been, she lacked the experience of asking for mercy. But an
apology would definitely work.

He wielded the final brush, completing his work with one final touch.
After placing the brush on the palette, Mason strode toward her and then stood right before her.
His hands rested behind him as he watched the fearful woman.
"Sorry about what?" His tone was stern.
"I shouldn't have lied to you and done dangerous things."
"Looks like you're still sound. Lift your head."
Olivia was the granddaughter he went through the mill looking for. How could he bring himself to punish
her?
He reached out his hand, and she placed her palm above his.
The cold glint in Mason's eyes slowly gave way to warmth. "Do you know how worried I was?"
"Sorry, Grandpa."
"Why put yourself in danger?"
Now that things had come to this point, she recounted the entirety of the story to him.
It pained his heart to hear that. He caressed her head. "It's all my fault. I should've gone for you sooner,







"Yes. You did a good job during the delivery. The baby is safe from infection, and Ethan came just at
the right time. The mother and the baby are both safe."
"I'm glad." She had never been this proud of her decision to give up finance and take up medicine. It
truly had changed her life.
"I bet you didn't eat well in Raka, did you? I asked the maids to prepare more dishes. You should eat
more tonight."
"Thank you, Grandpa." She nuzzled over his shoulder. "You're the best."
"I've announced your identity. Everyone in the circle knows that I have another granddaughter. Bring
the bodyguards with you whenever you're out.
"I just wish she would show herself. If she dares to lay a finger on you, I'll make sure to dig up her
information. Liv, you're not alone anymore. You have a family."
After Jeff's death, all Olivia had was herself. Often, she imagined what it would be like if her family was
still around.

So, this was how it felt like to have a family.

He stood in front of her with his back facing her. His rough yet warm hands made her eyes watery.
"Okay. I should get a shower and rest before the meal."
"Okay, go on."
At one glance, she could see the tall man waiting for her in the cold breeze.
That silly man was waiting for her in the freezing cold weather.
Was he trying to freeze himself to death in that thin layer of coat?
Dashing toward him, she threw herself into his arms with a wide grin.
"Why didn't you wait for me inside? Silly you."
If she had come out crying, he would've barged into the place without hesitation.
"Grandpa forgave me."
"Don't you dare dream about a remarriage," Mason cut him off before Olivia could answer. Chapter 1297
Mason stood there with his hands behind him. He managed to recover quickly under Olivia's care.
Now, he appeared no less different from an ordinary person.
White strands peeked out of his dyed hair, but it didn't wither his imposing manner one bit.
"Mr. Heath." Ethan straightened his back. He paid more reverence to Mason after learning that Mason

was Olivia's grandfather.

"Ethan, I had high hopes for you, but you shouldn't have hurt Liv. You bullied her because she didn't

have anyone behind her back in the past; now, she's out of your league."

Solemnity was evident in Mason's visage. "As long as I'm still alive, I will never let you hurt her."

Words stuck in Ethan's throat. No one could ever forgive him for what he had done to Olivia.

The harm was done due to the jumble of misunderstandings, but the harm was undeniably done.

He couldn't offer any explanations because they would only struck as excuses to others.

"I will never hurt Liv again, Mr. Heath. I swear."

Mason stared at Ethan deeply before saying, "Don't give me empty promises."

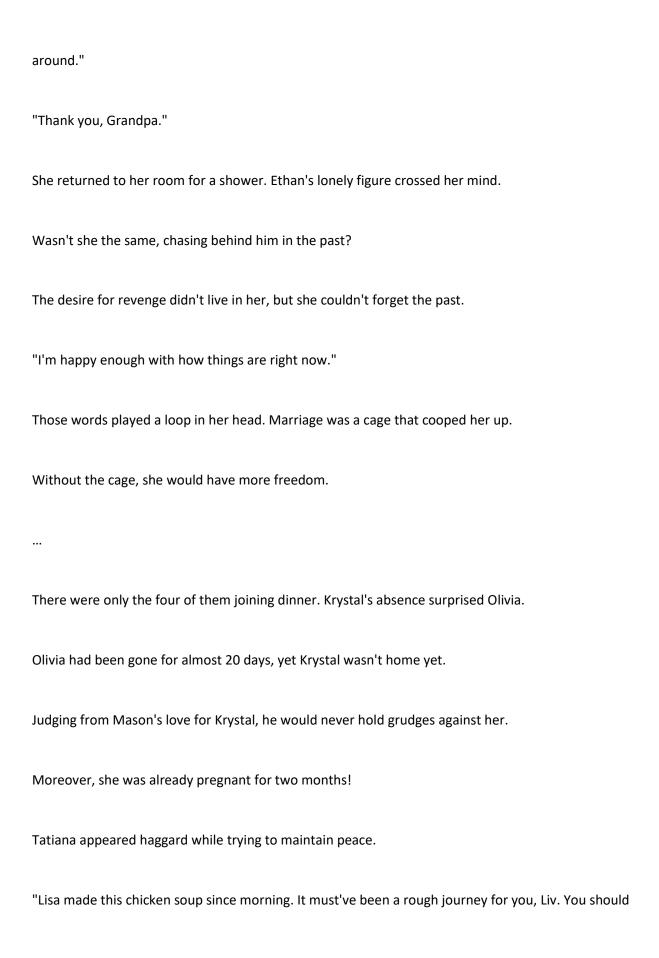
Then, Mason held Olivia's hand and turned to leave.

Ethan's hands balled into fists, and his knuckles turned white. His tall stature formed a long shadow,

and loneliness shrouded him like an invisible cloak.

Olivia didn't stop in her tracks. Her love for him wasn't enough for her to ignore the harm he caused.

"Liv, no one can shake you up. If you don't want to a remarriage, he won't be able to force you with me







"It's Lisa, the maid who followed Mom all the way here when she got married. Ms. Walker has been
looking after Mom for half of her lifetime.
"She raised Krystal too. When Krystal was sent to the countryside, Ms. Walker took care of her. She's
not only a maid to Krystal but also a family."
"I see." Olivia nodded. "You should dissuade Krystal as soon as possible. Yale isn't a nice guy. To a
mercenary person, benefits come before anything."
"I know. But that brat is as stubborn as a bull. She just won't listen. If this goes on, Dad might really
remove her name from the family book."
It pained Linus to think that.
Despite Krystal's incompetence, she was his sister, nevertheless.
Linus walked Olivia to her room and patted her shoulder. "It's getting late. Rest up. You can talk to me if
something happens. We're a family."
Compared to the pretentious Tatiana, who had a way with words, Linus genuinely wished Olivia the
best.

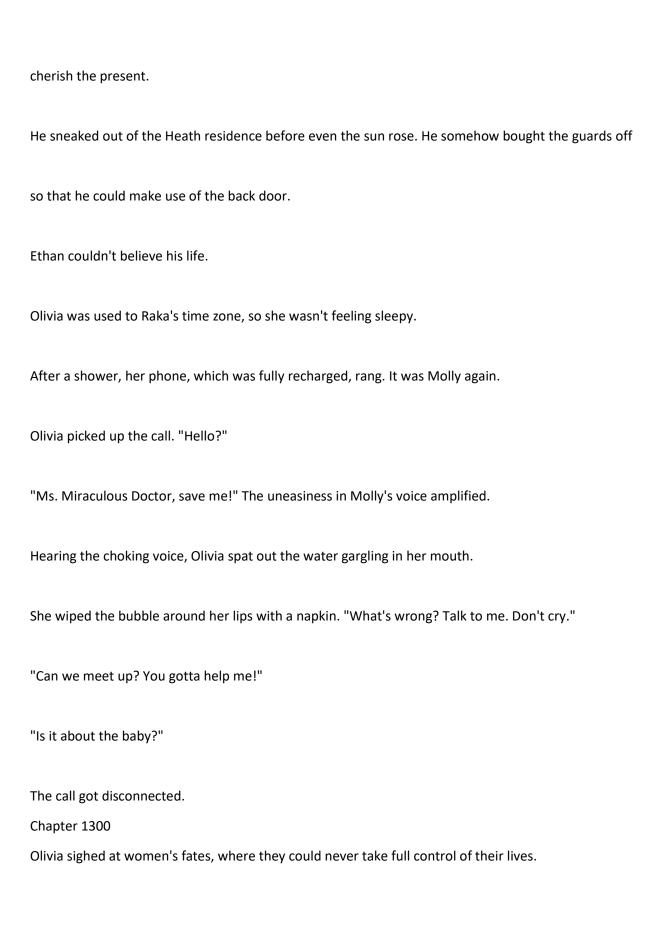


Pushing her was never his intention. Wayne's appearance actually posed a threat to Ethan. Although Ethan managed to take her back to the country safely, her identity was exposed. If she wasn't Septem, Linus didn't have to show up in person—Wayne understood that very well. Based on Wayne's character, Ethan reckoned the man wouldn't let it slide that easily. To add on, Olivia was reluctant to get married again. Even though he was holding her right now, the lack of sense of security still dug up a void in him. A long sigh escaped from him. "Fine. I won't." Nestling in his arms, she was wide awake. Her phone died a long time ago. Many people must have been looking for her while she was away for so long. The Carltons recently contacted her to inquire about the date for the surgery. Losing touch with her worried Warren so much that he also messaged her frequently.

Besides that, there were a lot of missed calls from Molly, who must've called to ask about her baby.

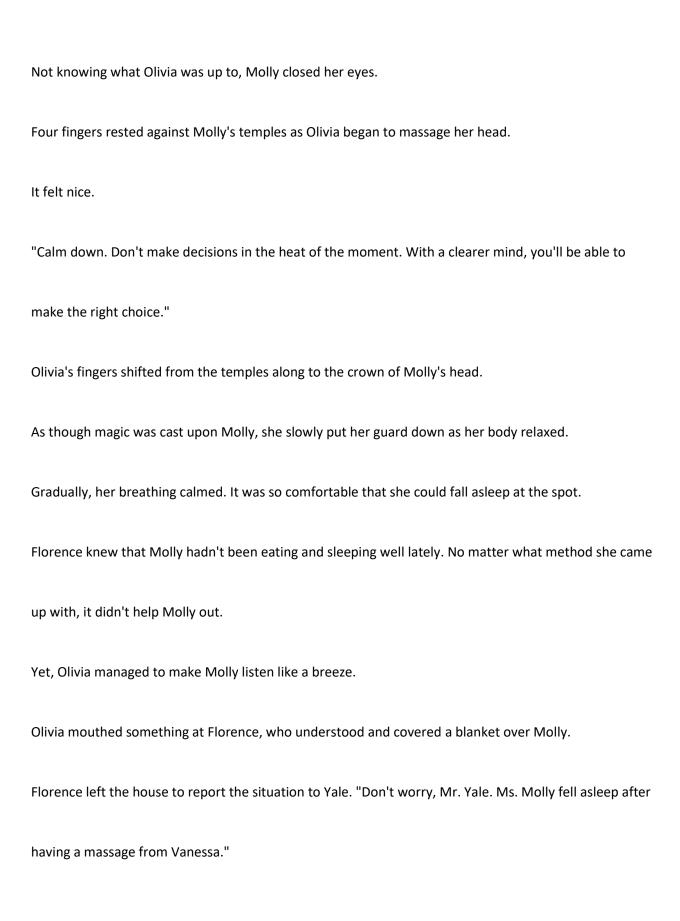
As a mother herself, Olivia could relate to Molly's feelings.

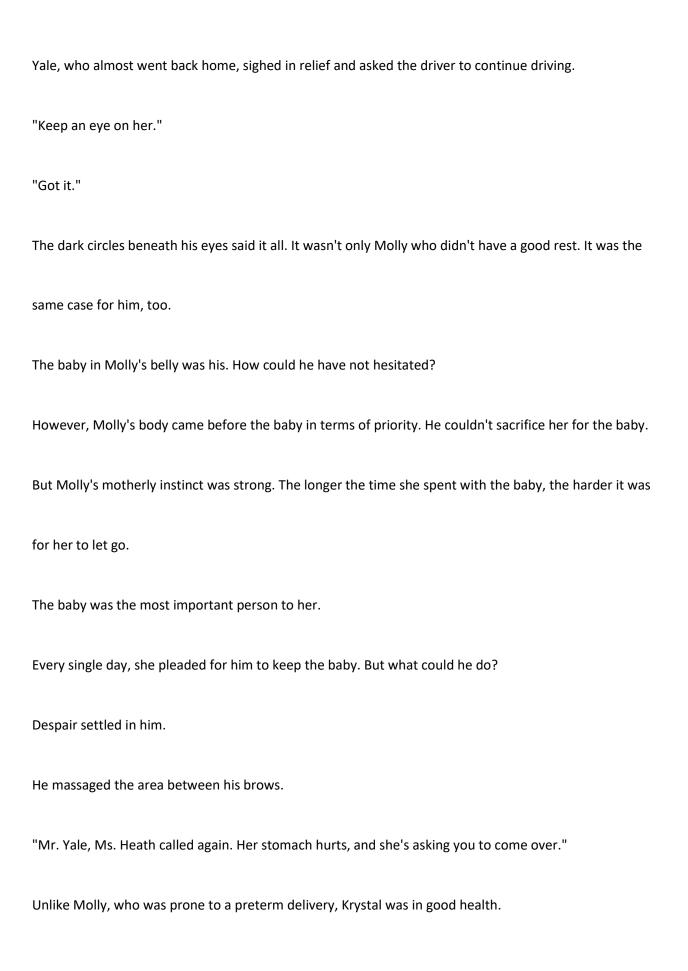




After putting on makeup and wearing a mask, she drove out, heading for the villa in the suburbs. Cautiously, she waited at the junction until Yale's car was driven away before she entered the villa. "Ms. Molly, I'm outside your place." The door opened to reveal Molly and her red eyes. Molly appeared skinnier than before. Olivia patted her shoulder. "Let's talk inside." "Sure." Molly held Olivia's hand, leading her into the house. Florence's eyes of hostility observed Olivia intensely. Olivia cleared her stance by pointing out, "Relax, I'm here to comfort her. Get us a glass of warm water and a warm napkin." Florence actually planned to snitch on Olivia, but the latter appeared trustworthy for some reason. In the end, Florence went to fetch water and a napkin as told. Olivia wiped Molly's face, especially her eyes, with the napkin. Then, she proffered the glass of water to Molly. "Have some water." "Alright." Molly downed the glass of water. Following that, she pulled Olivia's hand to tell her stories.

But Olivia gestured. "Wait. I have the time of my life to listen to your stories. But first, close your eyes."





The baby in Krystal was healthy, too. She didn't show strong symptoms like vomiting.
Obviously, it was an excuse to make him visit her.
Despite that, there was no other option for him.
Tiredly, he responded, "To her place."