

Olivia F 1291

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 ready."

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

almost troubled Undecim.

"He must've escaped out of there. There was a commotion back then. Wayne's men didn't stop the chase."

As long as Undecim managed to get out of Avelia Hot Spring, he would be fine.

Taking over the mission at the finishing end was his job anyway. He would devise a few plans to ensure his safety while retreating.

That was why the duo parted ways.

The car pulled over at the airport. Ethan got out of the vehicle, holding Olivia's hand.

After taking the special passage, they headed for the designated plane.

The flight of stairs was laid out right before their eyes!

Her palms felt clammy. As long as they boarded the plane, the escape would be a success!

Ethan patted the back of her hand, trying to calm her nerves.

However, whatever she resisted persisted.

Stillness struck her rivet on the spot. Coldness shrouded her from head to toe.

Did Wayne find out something?

Worrying that she might give it away, Ethan hugged her and turned around.

A troop of men lined up behind Wayne, and Brent led his men forward.

Wayne guffawed at Olivia. "Your friend is still in my hand. Are you sure you want to leave?"

Chapter 1292

Wayne dropped the bomb. Ethan could feel the swift change of emotion in Olivia as he squeezed her hand.

"Friend? I don't recall her having friends in Raka," Ethan replied calmly.

She regained her composure. Even if Undecim was in Wayne's hands, betraying the organization was a big taboo in the line.

Low-rank assassins might blurt out information under the pressure of threats, but Undecim was an S-rank.

There was no way he wouldn't keep his lips tightly sealed.

Well, she might've overestimated him, but he didn't know her true identity this whole time. She was cautious.

They were partners twice for missions. Friends? They didn't come as close as that.

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!"

Their heights were similar, but Ethan now stood taller than Wayne because he was standing on a platform.

Ethan definitely overthrew Wayne in terms of imposing aura.

Meanwhile, Wayne didn't expect Ethan to breach the agreement over a woman.

"Your wife is involved in a theft. She won't be able to leave the country for the time being."

"Funny. Are you saying that my wife flew all the way from Arlandia to Carathia to steal something? May

I ask what she stole?" Ethan interrogated.

"A ring that carries national secrets." There was a transparent bag in Wayne's hand.

It contained the necessities—like towels and the toothbrush—Olivia used in Carathia.

Uneasiness swept her up.

She received a sudden invitation to Avelia Hot Spring that night. So, she changed her plan at the last minute.

Wayne stared right into her eyes. "A makeover can change your appearance, and a voice changeover can hide your true voice, but not DNA and fingerprints. Don't you think so, Ms. Fordham?"

His gaze could penetrate through her soul.

She calmed herself down, and her smile gave way to solemnity.

"Do you have evidence and witness? Where's the person with the codename Undecim? And where's the ring?"

"I just don't get it. Why would I steal a ring from you? Our countries just signed the truce agreement, didn't we? Why would I provoke war again?"

As Wayne had expected, she was not an easy target to be taken down.

He retorted, "Here's the evidence. Why? Are you afraid of proving your true identity?"

Someone chimed in from behind.

"Proving her identity? This must be a joke. Why must we, the Heaths, prove ourselves to you?"

Chapter 1293

Olivia and even Wayne were taken aback by Linus' appearance. What was he doing here?

He stood as the pillar of strength and a consoling figure in Arlandia. Why was he away from the country?

Besides, Wayne couldn't understand what Linus meant by that, as he thought that Olivia was one of the Fordhams.

Even though she was Ethan's ex-wife, the only powerful family she was acquainted with was the Miller family.

Astonished, Olivia looked at Linus. "Mr. Linus, what brings you here?"

He walked up to her and stroked her head.

"I had to handle something, so I stopped by to see you. If I hadn't come over, I wouldn't have known that you were being bullied. Liv, is it this hard for you to mention that you're one of us?"

Wayne asked, "She's..."

Linus and Ethan stood side-by-side, protecting Olivia behind them.

"She's my niece. My father plans to make an announcement soon, but this brat prefers a low-profile life.

"Wayne Maxwell, do you think that my family would travel so far away just to steal a ring from you?"

"Uncle Linus..." She tugged at his sleeve, feeling uneasy.

Would it bring the Heath family any harm for revealing her identity?

Turning sideways, he caught the concern resting in her eyes.

"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

easily.

Regardless, it felt nice to have someone worried about her. "Thank you, Uncle Linus."

Linus glared daggers at Wayne.

"I don't know what got you all suspicious about Liv stealing your ring, but how could you detain her simply with those towels and toothbrushes? It's not strong evidence."

Even without Linus' help, Olivia should be able to get away with this. The evidence Wayne had wasn't sufficient enough for him to detain her.

It was a mere mind game. He was playing tricks to make her stay.

Now, she had Linus here, Mason's representative.

So what if Wayne wouldn't admit his defeat? All he could do was to release her.

"Sorry." Wayne made way for them.

"Sorry for my incompetence. I don't even have enough evidence, and yet, I misunderstood Ms.

Fordham."

Linus then wrapped his arm over Olivia's shoulders.

"You must be scared back there, Liv. Don't worry. As long as I'm here, no one will hurt you."

They boarded the plane.

This time around, it was a huge defeat for Wayne. His ego took a hit, and he had offended the Heaths

at the same time.

Chapter 1294

That remark brightened Alan up.

"You're right! Linus said he had something to handle here, but what is there in Carathia that needs his

involvement?

"He's obviously here to back Ms. Fordham up! If she's really clean, why would she need such an

influential figure to side with her? There's something up with her.

"Too bad we have nothing to prove that she's Septem. She won't verify her identity out of will."

His brows creased.

Wayne watched the plane penetrate high up the air, his eyes deep. "Even if we discover that she's

Septem, do you think we can do anything to her?"

It was undeniable that Olivia had stolen his ring, but he honestly thought that it wasn't a huge casualty

—aside from the fact that she played with his feelings.

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?

Chapter 1295

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

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,

and you wouldn't have needed to suffer."

Joining The Black Ravens happened before Olivia knew that Mason was her grandfather.

She wasn't a prophet who could foresee the future. Not to mention that her heart was already shattered into pieces back then, too.

She had held on for a long time, all alone.

Mason couldn't blame her for that.

The only person he could blame was himself for not knowing her existence this entire time. He blamed himself for making her suffer so much out there.

"Did that brat, Wayne, hurt you? He's infamous for his cruelty."

Olivia shook her head. "I treated his migraine. He didn't hurt me."

On top of that, he even bore unbidden feelings for her.

"I'm glad to hear that. I'll look after you from now on. Don't you ever put yourself in danger again, okay?"

She nodded meekly. "Okay. Sorry for making you worried."

When it came to admitting mistakes, Olivia's attitude was the polar opposite of the stubborn Krystal.

"Liv, peace is a blessing. I've lost your grandmother. I don't want to lose you either."

She gave him a nod. "I know."

New Year's was right around the corner. Olivia was going to spend the New Year's with the Heath family.

"Okay."

"If that person is still targeting you, she better dispatches those assassins over again."

A strong, murderous aura overflowed from him. "I'll make sure that's the last day she sees the sun."

Chapter 1296

Olivia met Mason's eyes, concerned with her lips pursed. She said in an undertone, "Grandpa, Wayne might've known that I deceived him."

"So what if he knows? Didn't you say that the ring self-destructed? Your mission has failed, but his migraine got better. What else is he asking for?"

Olivia won the upper hand in this matter.

Wayne didn't have evidence, so he couldn't punish her according to the law even if he found out her true identity.

Her concern was that he would never let this slide after getting tricked by her.

When he did something bad to Arlandia, she would be the sinner.

"I'm afraid I'll bring you trouble."

"Silly you. I heard that you saved Princess Sadie in Dexim City. Do you know that your genuine act has saved several countries from war?"

"Princess? That pregnant woman is a princess?" Only then did Olivia learn the pregnant woman's identity.

No wonder that pregnant women wore so many accessories.

Olivia initially assumed that the escaped family abandoned her and left her jewelry, but it wasn't.

Ethan even came in person to look for Sadie.

"To be exact, she's the wife of the eldest prince. He loves her deeply. During the coronation day,

Princess Sadie was kidnapped, and he put off the coronation ceremony."

Many things had happened out of Olivia's knowledge as she didn't have a phone to keep in touch with the outside world.

"I see. Is she and her baby alright?"

"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

around."

"Thank you, Grandpa."

She returned to her room for a shower. Ethan's lonely figure crossed her mind.

Wasn't she the same, chasing behind him in the past?

The desire for revenge didn't live in her, but she couldn't forget the past.

"I'm happy enough with how things are right now."

Those words played a loop in her head. Marriage was a cage that cooped her up.

Without the cage, she would have more freedom.

...

There were only the four of them joining dinner. Krystal's absence surprised Olivia.

Olivia had been gone for almost 20 days, yet Krystal wasn't home yet.

Judging from Mason's love for Krystal, he would never hold grudges against her.

Moreover, she was already pregnant for two months!

Tatiana appeared haggard while trying to maintain peace.

"Lisa made this chicken soup since morning. It must've been a rough journey for you, Liv. You should

have more of it."

She nodded. "Thank you, Mrs. Heath."

"What, Mrs. Heath? We're a family. If you don't mind it, you can call me Grandma."

It put Olivia in an awkward position, but she addressed Tatiana that way out of courtesy, "Grandma."

Olivia played along with it. "Don't be, Grandma. I never see Aunt Krystal in the bad way."

She was different from Krystal, who'd never learned how to make peace with people.

Tatiana filled Olivia's plate and kept talking to her warmly.

After the meal, Linus walked Olivia back to the room.

"Let's leave the matters in Raka at it. Get it out of your head."

She nodded. "Thank you, Uncle Linus. By the way, why is Krystal not back home yet?"

Chapter 1298

It had been hectic for Linus. Although he didn't know the details, he at least knew better than Olivia.

"It hasn't been long since you came, but I bet you know your grandfather's temper. It's not about

Krystal's willingness, but if he wants her back or not."

"Is Grandpa serious about expelling her out of the family?" She was surprised. "She's his daughter,

though. I thought he was trying to straighten her attitude up."

"It was, at first. He thought that she would repent her mistakes, but she crossed the line again.

"He reminded her to keep a distance from Yale, and yet, she didn't listen. She even got pregnant with

Yale's baby. What else can Dad do about this?"

He covered his hand over his forehead.

"Krystal is spoiled. Yale is a bad guy. He's willing to do anything to climb up the ladder. If both families

really become in-laws, we'll either rise or flame out with them."

Olivia was aware that Yale was behind the incident on the ship.

If he got married to Krystal when the truth was brought to light, the Heath family would take the fall

together, too.

No wonder Mason would relinquish Krystal rather than get involved with the Kingstons.

"How's Krystal doing?"

"Mom and Ms. Walker took turns talking her out of it, but she seemed to have made up her mind. She

wants to get married to Yale."

"Ms. Walker?" Olivia repeated.

"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.

Olivia knew that very well, hence the gratitude. That was why she didn't want to drive Krystal to a dead end, even after what the latter had done to her.

The key to answering whether Krystal could return to the Heath residence now depended on herself.

Olivia wouldn't do anything behind the scenes.

"Good night, Uncle Linus."

"Night." Linus gradually got used to their relationship as uncle and niece.

Maybe he took a liking to her in the past because they were actually a family. Who knew?

Olivia shut the door, preparing for a nice rest.

Suddenly, someone pounced on her from behind.

The familiar breath brushed her ear. "Liv..."

Chapter 1299

Olivia buried her face in Ethan's chest.

"Ethan, I do love you, but I can't get over the past. Those days were too painful; so painful that it hurts."

To realize herself ill and abandoned? She didn't even have the courage to reminisce about those days.

"Could you not force me? Please?"

He sighed, his eyes darkened.

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.

Still, it would be unbecoming of Olivia to call Molly back at this late hour. Things could wait until tomorrow.

She lay in Ethan's arms. "Not sleeping?"

"Can't sleep." His eyes zeroed in on her. "I'm afraid you'll vanish and run away again."

A soft chuckle burst. "I won't vanish, nor will I run away. Sleep. You'll get busy at the end of the year."

"No matter how busy I am, nothing's more important than keeping you company."

She planted a kiss on his lips. "After this, wanna take the kids back with me? It should be the school holidays by then."

His eyes brightened. "You're finally letting me meet them?"

Olivia covered the tracks of the kids' whereabouts very well all this time. He couldn't find a shadow of them at all.

"You're their father. Even though we're divorced, you have the right to visit them."

The mention of divorce made him frown. "Liv, I was wrong. I shouldn't have proposed a divorce."

She merely smiled at that. "Sleep. It's very late."

No matter how much he regretted his decision, there was no turning back. All he could do was to

cherish the present.

He sneaked out of the Heath residence before even the sun rose. He somehow bought the guards off so that he could make use of the back door.

Ethan couldn't believe his life.

Olivia was used to Raka's time zone, so she wasn't feeling sleepy.

After a shower, her phone, which was fully recharged, rang. It was Molly again.

Olivia picked up the call. "Hello?"

"Ms. Miraculous Doctor, save me!" The uneasiness in Molly's voice amplified.

Hearing the choking voice, Olivia spat out the water gargling in her mouth.

She wiped the bubble around her lips with a napkin. "What's wrong? Talk to me. Don't cry."

"Can we meet up? You gotta help me!"

"Is it about the baby?"

The call got disconnected.

Chapter 1300

Olivia sighed at women's fates, where they could never take full control of their lives.

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."

Not knowing what Olivia was up to, Molly closed her eyes.

Four fingers rested against Molly's temples as Olivia began to massage her head.

It felt nice.

"Calm down. Don't make decisions in the heat of the moment. With a clearer mind, you'll be able to make the right choice."

Olivia's fingers shifted from the temples along to the crown of Molly's head.

As though magic was cast upon Molly, she slowly put her guard down as her body relaxed.

Gradually, her breathing calmed. It was so comfortable that she could fall asleep at the spot.

Florence knew that Molly hadn't been eating and sleeping well lately. No matter what method she came up with, it didn't help Molly out.

Yet, Olivia managed to make Molly listen like a breeze.

Olivia mouthed something at Florence, who understood and covered a blanket over Molly.

Florence left the house to report the situation to Yale. "Don't worry, Mr. Yale. Ms. Molly fell asleep after having a massage from Vanessa."

Yale, who almost went back home, sighed in relief and asked the driver to continue driving.

"Keep an eye on her."

"Got it."

The dark circles beneath his eyes said it all. It wasn't only Molly who didn't have a good rest. It was the same case for him, too.

The baby in Molly's belly was his. How could he have not hesitated?

However, Molly's body came before the baby in terms of priority. He couldn't sacrifice her for the baby.

But Molly's motherly instinct was strong. The longer the time she spent with the baby, the harder it was for her to let go.

The baby was the most important person to her.

Every single day, she pleaded for him to keep the baby. But what could he do?

Despair settled in him.

He massaged the area between his brows.

"Mr. Yale, Ms. Heath called again. Her stomach hurts, and she's asking you to come over."

Unlike Molly, who was prone to a preterm delivery, Krystal was in good health.

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."