The Dual-Faced CEO: My Superstar Husband Won't Let Me Go

Chapter 1: The Wrong Wedding, the Right Disaster

The grand ballroom of the Golden City Hotel was the epitome of luxury. Underneath a massive chandelier that sparkled like a thousand tiny suns, the polished marble floors gleamed with reflections of golden lights. Every detail of the room screamed perfection: cascading floral arrangements in shades of white and blush, gold-rimmed champagne glasses, and an orchestra playing a flawless rendition of the "Wedding March." Rose petals drifted gracefully from the domed ceiling, carried by an unseen breeze, as though the entire event was touched by magic.

Guests, dressed in their finest evening gowns and tailored suits, stood in reverent silence, their faces alight with anticipation. At the center of it all, the bride and groom walked hand in hand down the red carpet. Her ivory dress shimmered with every step, while his crisp black tuxedo and perfectly combed hair made him look like he’d stepped out of a magazine. Together, they were a picture of romance, a modern-day fairy tale.

Then the doors slammed open.

"Stop the wedding!"

The shout rang out, cutting through the delicate strains of the orchestra and echoing off the vaulted ceilings. The music stopped with a discordant screech, and all eyes whipped toward the entrance.

Standing there, bathed in the warm glow of the ballroom's lights, was a woman no one could ignore. Olivia Stewart.

She was tall, striking, and utterly unapologetic. Her makeup was bold—too bold for an event this elegant—and her crimson dress clung to her figure, accentuating a prominent baby bump. She had one hand perched on her hip, the other cradling her belly, as though daring anyone to challenge her. Her lips curled into a triumphant smile as she took in the sea of shocked faces. This was the moment she had planned for.

The plan was simple: cause a scene, humiliate Daniel Johnson, and expose his betrayal. She had rehearsed her lines, envisioned the gasps, the stares, and the fallout. But as her eyes scanned the room, a sinking feeling began to creep into her chest.

The bride wasn’t Emily Young.

Emily was average-looking, with a sweet, unassuming smile. This bride, however, was breathtaking—practically glowing. Her flawless features and confident posture were miles apart from Emily’s shy demeanor. Even with makeup and a designer gown, Emily could never look like this.

And the groom—oh, the groom.

Olivia’s breath hitched. He wasn’t Daniel Johnson.

This man was tall, broad-shouldered, and devastatingly handsome. His jet-black hair was neatly styled, and his sharp jawline gave him an almost regal air. His presence was magnetic, commanding the room without a word. As their eyes met, Olivia felt her heart stumble in its rhythm. There was no mistaking it. She had crashed the wrong wedding.

Panic began to bubble in her chest. How did this happen? She replayed the instructions in her mind—the address, the time, the name of the venue. Had she really gotten it wrong? She glanced up, and her stomach dropped.

Holographic fireworks exploded across the ceiling, forming glittering letters: “Engagement Ceremony of Isabella Peterson and Mia White.”

The wrong venue. The wrong couple. The wrong everything.

Her first instinct was to run, but her feet felt rooted to the spot. Hundreds of eyes bore into her, their whispers growing louder with each passing second. Before she could retreat, the groom stepped forward, his polished shoes clicking softly against the marble floor. His eyes—cold and calculating—locked onto hers.

"Are you carrying my child?"

The question dropped like a bomb. Gasps rippled through the crowd, and Olivia’s knees nearly buckled.

What?

She opened her mouth to deny it, to explain the mix-up, but the words tangled in her throat. The groom’s voice was calm, almost lazy, but there was a dangerous edge to it that made her skin prickle.

"I asked," he repeated, his gaze unwavering, "if that child is mine."

Olivia’s instincts screamed at her to flee, but there was nowhere to go. The doors behind her were already blocked by security guards in sharp black suits, their expressions unreadable. The crowd’s eyes darted between her and the groom, their curiosity electric.

Somewhere in the back, someone whispered, "Scandalous."

Olivia swallowed hard. Her plan was in shambles, but she couldn’t let herself crumble. If she admitted her mistake now, the humiliation would be unbearable. So, against every rational thought in her head, she nodded.

“Yes,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

The collective gasp was deafening.

Mia White, the bride, let out a strangled cry of outrage. "You lying—" She cut herself off, her manicured hands curling into fists. "How dare you come in here and ruin my engagement!"

Her voice rose to a shriek, and she surged forward as though ready to claw at Olivia’s face. Olivia instinctively stepped back, her hands flying to her belly in a protective gesture. "Don’t touch me! I’m pregnant!"

Chaos erupted. Guests began murmuring loudly, their voices overlapping in a cacophony of disbelief and excitement. Camera flashes sparked from all directions as reporters who had been invited to cover the glamorous event turned their lenses on Olivia.

"Enough!"

The command came from a woman descending the grand staircase. Her presence silenced the room. She was tall, with an air of authority that made everyone—even the enraged bride—pause. Her diamond earrings sparkled as she surveyed the scene with icy composure.

"My son will not abandon his responsibility," she declared, her gaze landing on the groom.

Mia’s face turned an alarming shade of red. "Mrs. Peterson, you can’t possibly believe this woman!"

Mrs. Peterson ignored her, focusing instead on Olivia. "What’s your name, dear?"

"Olivia," she stammered.

"Olivia," Mrs. Peterson repeated, her tone softening slightly. "If you’re carrying my grandchild, you’ll be treated with the respect you deserve. Security, let her through."

Mia exploded. "You can’t do this! She’s lying!"

But Mrs. Peterson raised a hand, silencing her. "We’ll handle this privately." She turned to Olivia with a small, approving nod. "Come with us."

Olivia’s stomach churned. This wasn’t what she’d wanted. She’d expected a quick, dramatic scene—yelling, maybe some tears, and then a hasty exit. Instead, she was being whisked into a vortex of misunderstandings and power plays. As the groom—Isabella Peterson—extended a hand to guide her forward, his lips quirked into the faintest of smirks.

"Welcome to the family," he murmured.

Olivia’s mind reeled. What had she gotten herself into?

Chapter 2: Caught in the Chaos

Olivia Stewart’s day had officially spiraled out of control. She stood frozen in the middle of the Peterson family’s luxurious private lounge, her nerves fraying by the second. The walls were adorned with priceless artwork, the scent of freshly brewed tea wafted through the air, and the grand piano in the corner gleamed under the chandelier’s soft glow. Yet Olivia could focus on none of it—not with Mrs. Chu hovering over her like a hawk, brimming with unwarranted enthusiasm.

“My dear, you must be so tired standing there!” Mrs. Chu cooed, reaching out as if to guide Olivia to a chair. “A pregnant woman needs rest. And don’t worry, from now on, you’ll stay at the Peterson estate. I’ll make sure you and my grandchild are taken care of.”

Olivia’s forced smile felt like it was going to crack. “Oh, no need for all that, Mrs. Chu. I’m perfectly fine, really.”

“Fine? Of course not!” Mrs. Chu insisted, her eyes sparkling with maternal determination. “You need to be under my care. I’ll have a room prepared for you immediately. We’ll hire the best nutritionists, doctors, and—”

“Mrs. Chu,” Olivia interrupted, her voice teetering on the edge of panic. “This is… really just a misunderstanding!”

“Misunderstanding?” Mrs. Chu’s warm expression faltered for a moment, replaced by a flicker of suspicion.

“Yes, I—uh—” Olivia stumbled over her words, desperate to come up with an excuse. Her eyes darted toward Isabella Peterson, who stood a few feet away, leaning casually against the grand piano. His arms were crossed, and his lips curved into a faint, infuriating smirk. He clearly found the entire situation entertaining.

Seriously? You’re just going to stand there and enjoy this? Olivia’s glare practically screamed the thought, but Isabella simply shrugged, his dark eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Excuse me,” Olivia blurted suddenly, clutching her fake baby bump. “I need to use the restroom!”

Mrs. Chu’s eyes widened with concern. “Oh, of course! Let me help you—those tiles can be so slippery.” She took a step forward as if to escort her personally.

Olivia nearly choked. The restroom? Really?

“No! I mean… no need,” Olivia said hastily, holding up her hands. “I can manage on my own. It’s just a quick trip.”

Mrs. Chu hesitated, clearly torn between her protective instincts and Olivia’s insistence. Before she could protest further, Olivia turned to Isabella, pinning him with a pleading look. “Would you mind coming with me? Just to… explain things to Mrs. Chu while I’m gone.”

Isabella raised an eyebrow, his smirk deepening. “Explain things? Oh, I’d love to hear your explanation.”

“Isabella!” Olivia snapped, her voice rising.

His smirk only widened. “You know, I’m a guy. It’s not exactly appropriate for me to follow you into the ladies’ room.”

Olivia’s patience shattered. “Fine!” she exclaimed, spinning back to Mrs. Chu. “I have a confession to make.”

The room seemed to freeze. Mrs. Chu tilted her head, her curious expression slowly hardening into one of suspicion. Isabella’s smirk vanished, replaced by an intrigued frown.

“I’m not pregnant,” Olivia admitted, her voice low but firm. “This whole thing… it’s an act. I’m an actress, hired to crash the party.”

The room fell deathly silent. For a brief moment, Olivia allowed herself to hope that honesty might save her.

But Mrs. Chu’s face turned red with fury. “What?” she shrieked, rising to her feet so abruptly that her chair nearly toppled over. “You mean… my grandchild doesn’t exist?”

Olivia raised her hands in surrender. “I’m so sorry! I never meant to deceive you, Mrs. Chu. This was all Isabella’s idea. He didn’t want to get engaged, so he paid me to… you know, ruin things.” She glanced at Isabella, who was now glaring at her with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

Mrs. Chu gasped, her hand flying to her chest. “You!” she cried, pointing a trembling finger at Olivia. “How dare you play with my family like this? Guards! Seize this woman!”

At her command, two security guards stepped forward, their expressions grim. Olivia’s pulse skyrocketed. She braced herself for the inevitable, but before the guards could reach her, Isabella’s voice rang out.

“Stop.”

The guards froze mid-step. Isabella straightened, his casual demeanor replaced by a quiet authority. He walked toward Olivia, his polished shoes clicking softly against the marble floor.

“Well, Olivia,” he said, his voice deceptively calm. “You’ve certainly made a mess of things.”

She glared at him, her frustration boiling over. “I made a mess? This is your fault!”

“Perhaps,” Isabella admitted, tilting his head thoughtfully. “But I have to say, you’ve surprised me. You’re braver than you look.”

Olivia blinked, caught off guard. Was that… a compliment?

Isabella leaned in slightly, his voice dropping to a low murmur. “Don’t worry. I’ll clean up this little disaster of yours. But you owe me, Olivia.”

“Who said I needed your help?” she snapped, pushing him away.

Isabella chuckled, clearly unbothered by her defiance. “Trust me, you do.”

Before she could respond, Mrs. Chu’s voice cut through the tension. “Wait,” she said suddenly, her eyes narrowing at Isabella. “If this was all a scheme, then does that mean you’re still refusing to marry Mia?”

“Mother,” Isabella said smoothly, his tone oozing charm. “We can discuss that later.”

Mrs. Chu huffed but didn’t press further. Instead, she turned back to Olivia, her expression icy. “You may not be pregnant, but I suggest you leave before I change my mind about letting the guards handle you.”

Olivia didn’t need to be told twice. She darted out of the room, her fake baby bump awkwardly shifting as she ran. She didn’t stop until she found the restroom, where she ripped off the pillow stuffed under her dress and tossed it into the trash.

As she emerged, her heart still pounding, the sound of approaching footsteps made her freeze. She spun around—only to crash directly into someone’s chest.

“Hey!” she exclaimed, clutching her nose in pain.

The man steadied her, his hands firm yet gentle. She looked up, ready to snap at him, but her words died in her throat.

It was Isabella.

“Olivia,” he said, his voice filled with quiet amusement. “You’re not very good at staying out of trouble, are you?”

The Kiss Loan

It was an awkward, unpracticed kiss, but somehow it carried a sweet, innocent charm that instantly captivated Isabella Peterson. Something inside him burst open in a dazzling display, like fireworks lighting up the night sky. Despite his usual aloofness, this unexpected encounter with Olivia Stewart effortlessly breached his defenses.

Footsteps echoed rapidly behind them, but Olivia Stewart, catching a glimpse of the retreating security team, breathed a sigh of relief. She'd managed to slip away undetected, or so she thought.

In a sudden twist, the man she'd been using as a shield—none other than Isabella—turned the tables. In a swift motion, he pinned her against the wall, one hand securely at her side, the other tilting her head back. He claimed her lips with a commanding fervor that left her breathless and dazed.

Olivia's mind blanked as his overwhelming presence enveloped her senses. Minutes passed before she realized she had unwittingly invited this intimate invasion.

"Is this all part of the act? Or did you actually enjoy it?" she thought, struggling to regain control. But the more she resisted, the more determined Isabella became.

"Dang it, did I run into a perv?" Olivia fumed, flailing her arms in a futile attempt to escape. Her efforts only earned her a stronger hold and a soft thud against the wall.

Desperate, Olivia bit down. But Isabella was like a nimble fish, dancing out of reach and leaving her increasingly frustrated and sore.

I fell for it again! she realized, feeling utterly played by this man's superior skill. Exhausted, she slumped against the wall, surrendering to his relentless assault.

Isabella, sensing her submission, softened his approach, transforming from a forceful wave into a gentle caress, playing out a cinematic romance against the wall.

When he finally relented, Olivia gasped for air. Her senses returned in the now-empty hallway, and she made a move to flee, only to be pulled back into his embrace.

"You could at least thank me for helping you avoid them," Isabella's voice rumbled above her.

"Thank you," she blurted, caught off guard by the suggestion.

His deep laughter resonated through her, leaving her cheeks burning. She scolded herself internally, Why am I thanking him when he's the one who took advantage of me? It's like being bitten by a stray dog!

Determined to escape, Olivia ducked her head and made for the exit, only to be yanked back again.

"I already said thanks! What more do you want?" she demanded.

"More," Isabella replied, his eyes lingering hungrily on her lips. This little sweetheart was far too intriguing. As the saying goes, a loan of a kiss from the uncle! Ha!

"You..." Olivia stammered, her eyes widening in shock. "Isabella Peterson!"

The infamous uncle! Realizing her slip, Olivia quickly covered her mouth with her hands.

Isabella's gaze fell on the slender wrist adorned with a bracelet she always wore, a sly grin playing on his lips. This girl was full of surprises, changing her appearance so quickly and convincingly. If not for the bracelet, even he might have been fooled.

Why has she returned after five years? Is she jealous? Regretful? Seeking reconciliation? A myriad of thoughts raced through Isabella's mind, each more tantalizing than the last.

Little one, I'm not forgiving you so easily! But I'll give you a chance to make amends—by keeping me company, warming my bed, and more!

With a haughty posture, Isabella fixed his gaze on Olivia's flushed lips, waiting.

Olivia, backing away until her spine met the wall, thought, My god, this guy is like six feet tall! I'm gonna get a crick in my neck!

Feigning nonchalance, she said, "Uh, handsome guy, could you... let me pass?"

"I only loan kisses, not passage!"

"…"

"And borrowed kisses must be returned!"

"…"

With her face practically glowing red, Olivia muttered under her breath, "Didn't you already take it back with interest?"

"Just now? Ha!" Isabella grinned wickedly, his eyes gleaming with a predatory glint. "That was merely a loan you gave me!"

Shameless! Absolutely shameless!

Olivia cursed him silently, knowing full well she had no chance against him. He had the upper hand in both height and strength, and if he decided to press his advantage...

Her fingers twisted nervously, eyes darting around as if searching for help.

Isabella’s eyes darkened with anger. With a flick of his finger, he cupped her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze.

"Who are you waiting for?"

She froze, shocked that he could read her thoughts so easily. Her expression gave her away completely, further provoking Isabella's ire.

His grip tightened, and he bellowed, "How dare you think of another man in my presence? Olivia Stewart!"

Startled, Olivia shook her head, "Isabella Peterson, you've got the wrong person! I'm not Olivia Stewart, and until today, I didn't even know you."

"Keep acting! You vanished for five years and now appear out of nowhere, disrupting my engagement, yet you claim not to know me? Olivia Stewart, I allowed you into my life, and I allow you to leave it, but I will not have you running in and out as you please!"

"I..."

Confronted by this other side of Isabella, Olivia felt utterly speechless. She shrank back, licking her dry lips, struggling to explain, "Isabella Peterson, you've really got it wrong. My name is Olivia Stewart, and I don't have any friends like that."

Isabella's eyes narrowed. "Edible? I certainly want a taste!"

Olivia slapped her forehead, wishing she could dig a hole and hide in it. "Uh, I meant..."

Before she could finish, the world spun, and she found herself hoisted over Isabella’s shoulder, dangling upside down.

"Ah! Let me down! Put me down!"

Ignoring her cries, Isabella strode forward, carrying her effortlessly.

This guy used to be such a germaphobe! Once, when I nudged him, he made his guards clean his suit with a white cloth. And now, he's doing this?

Olivia bit her lip, clawing at his back in frustration, wrinkling his shirt like a wild beast. Yet he didn't falter, not even shifting his grip as he continued walking.

A line of guards approached, and Olivia cried out for help. But upon recognizing their boss, they quickly averted their eyes and scurried away like mice.

Hanging over Isabella’s back, Olivia felt both uncomfortable and embarrassed, with no escape in sight. She resorted to cursing under her breath, "Isabella Peterson, you big jerk!"

"Smack!"

A sharp slap landed on Olivia's backside, both painful and humiliating.

Isabella Peterson, I curse you to—

"Smack!"

Another slap, louder and more painful. Olivia fell silent, but as Isabella walked, she leaned down and bit him viciously.

"Mm."

Isabella grunted, halting with tension as hard as stone.

Ha! Gotcha!

Olivia flashed a triumphant grin, releasing her bite and feeling quite pleased with herself.

Isabella’s dark eyes glinted with an intense, predatory light, like a wolf spotting its prey. This girl had learned a few things in five years!

Scowling, he carried Olivia through the hotel, into the elevator, and with a swift kick, opened a room door, tossing her onto a massive, luxurious bed.

You Just Really Don't Want To

"Aaah!" Olivia Stewart let out a scream as she plunged into the soft embrace of her comforter. She was about to roll away when Isabella Peterson was already on top of her, pinning her down with a surprising strength. Olivia's arms were held above her head, rendering her completely helpless.

"Isabella Peterson, are you serious?" Olivia exclaimed, eyes wide with shock.

Isabella's eyes were a dark, intense red, filled with an emotion that was both mysterious and overwhelming. Her voice was low and husky, making Olivia's heart race. "I've vowed for five years that the first thing I'd do when I saw you again was prove to you that I can, Olivia."

Olivia's mind was spinning. The proximity of Isabella's face made it hard to think straight. She felt herself being pulled into the depths of those eyes, like she was willingly drowning in a turbulent sea. She involuntarily closed her eyes.

"Olivia... Olivia..." Isabella's words seemed distant, almost like a melody she couldn't quite grasp.

Suddenly, Olivia snapped back to reality and her eyes flew open. Oh my gosh, was she seriously about to get swept away by this guy who kept calling out another woman's name? Nope, she wasn't that kind of girl. No matter how handsome he was, she had to get him to let her go.

Olivia licked her dry lips and carefully pushed at Isabella. "Uh, maybe you could move a little? I get it, you can do it, no need to prove anything."

What kind of logic was that? It sounded more like encouragement than reassurance. Her cheeks flushed a deep red as she sneaked a glance at Isabella.

That glance was all it took to ignite a spark. Isabella seized the moment and captured Olivia's lips in a sudden kiss.

The taste was sweet and faintly fragrant, familiar in a way that tugged at memories.

"Mmm... mmm..." Olivia struggled and protested, but Isabella's eyes were blazing with a storm.

Why didn't she understand? In the presence of a ravenous wolf, resistance was futile. Didn't she know she was only adding fuel to the fire?

Defeated, Olivia's face turned red from the lack of air. Isabella finally released her, his lips trailing gently across her brow and downwards, murmuring affectionately, "Olivia... Olivia..."

A sudden salty taste invaded the kiss. Isabella froze, lifting his gaze to her tear-streaked face, a flicker of fire in his eyes. "Do you really not want this?"

Barely able to see through her tear-blurred eyes, Olivia sighed, resigned. "I can't fight you off, so do what you want. But I have to remind you seriously—my name is Olivia Stewart, not this 'Olivia' you're calling."

It was like a bucket of ice water had been dumped over his head. Isabella felt the thrill vanish instantly. He stepped back, standing at the edge of the bed, looking down at her with a sarcastic smile. "It's only been a few years, and you've already forgotten me?"

Olivia sat up, wiping the tears away. "I never forgot because I never knew! If I'd met someone as unfairly handsome as you before, there's no way I could forget."

Isabella wanted to be angry, but looking at her earnest face, he only felt a tug at his heart—a mix of pain and longing.

"You're really not Olivia?"

"Absolutely not!"

Isabella scrutinized her face closely, searching for any hint of the "Olivia" he remembered. The same gentle features, the same clear eyes—but something was different.

The Olivia he remembered had eyes as pure as a mountain spring, gentle and untainted. But this girl's eyes, though seemingly soft, held a stubbornness and a hint of mischief, and when she looked at him, there was nothing but unfamiliarity.

Maybe she really wasn't Olivia.

Slowly, Isabella's eyes turned cold, like a layer of ice had settled over them. Disappointment crept through him, a thorny vine wrapping around his heart, squeezing the breath from his chest. The woman he'd spent five years searching for, the one he wanted to consume whole, wasn't her.

Isabella pressed a hand to his heart, stepping back with a wave of his hand. "Go."

Olivia couldn't believe her ears. She jumped up, ready to run. But when she saw Isabella's unsteady stance, she hesitated, concerned. "Hey, are you okay?"

How could he be okay? Her face made his heart race, but the unfamiliarity in her eyes tore at him.

"Pissed off" didn't begin to describe his feelings.

Isabella turned away, growling, "Before I change my mind, get out."

Olivia, feeling a surge of relief, quickly made her way out, taking care not to look back. Just as she reached the door, Isabella's voice stopped her again. "Wait!"

She nearly collided with the door, turning back with a nervous bite on her lip. "You promised to let me go!"

Isabella had intended to offer her financial compensation out of guilt but seeing her nervous habit renewed his determination. How could she not be Olivia?

Regret washed over him for letting her go so easily. He reached out to grab her.

Olivia jumped back, slapped his hand away, and dashed out, kicking the door shut behind her.

Isabella barely dodged in time, the door slamming into him with a force that left him seeing stars. His sharp features almost flattened, his nose stinging.

This girl...

He took a moment to recover, and when he did, Olivia was long gone.

Just as he was about to chase after her, his foot hit something—Olivia's bracelet, which had slipped off in their scuffle. Picking it up, he clenched it tightly, a cold smile playing on his lips.

You might think you can escape, Olivia, but if you've really forgotten me, I'll make sure you remember.

Isabella pocketed the bracelet and strode out.

Meanwhile, Olivia had run down three hallways before stopping to catch her breath, leaning against a corner wall. That was way too close, like something straight out of a movie!

The fact that Isabella hadn't chased after her was a relief. She glanced back nervously, relieved to see the empty hallway. If her lips weren't still swollen, she might have thought she'd imagined the whole thing.

Isabella was too used to getting anything he wanted, including women. She shook her head at her own paranoia.

Still, it was safer to leave before Group Peterson's bodyguards found her!

The best plan was to get out while she could.

Just as she turned, a hand in a floral shirt grabbed her.

"Jerk! Perv!" Olivia reacted instantly, swinging her fists wildly.

"Ouch, Olivia! Why are you hitting me?" came the familiar voice of Ethan King.

Recognizing the distinctively dramatic voice, Olivia paused her assault. "Ethan? Where were you?"

Ethan, rubbing his face, struck a dramatic pose. "I've told you, never hit the face. It's my moneymaker!"

Olivia fumed, "Where have you been?"

"I've been looking for you! And why aren't you dressed yet? Daniel Johnson's wedding is almost over..." Ethan's eyes widened at Olivia's swollen lips, his voice dropping to a masculine growl. "You got kissed? Are you still hung up on Daniel Johnson?"

"It wasn't him!"

"Another guy?" Ethan shrieked, "Olivia, are you serious? If you want to let loose, just tell me! You look like you've been—"

"I was almost attacked!"

Ethan froze, his voice trembling, "What... Olivia!"

Olivia rolled her eyes. "Kidding. Almost."

Ethan clutched his chest, returning to his usual dramatic flair. "Oh, Olivia, you naughty little thing!"

Then the realization hit him, his voice rising again. "Almost isn't okay! Who did it? I'll take care of him!"

Olivia quickly covered his mouth. "Quiet down! You're going to give me a heart attack. Let's go!"

She tugged Ethan along, but just then, several security guards appeared at the other end of the hallway.

Uh-oh!

Chapter 5: The Wedding Crashers

Olivia Stewart yanked Ethan King into a nearby corner, whispering urgently, "We need to hide!"

Once the bodyguards were out of sight, Ethan turned to her, puzzled. "What happened?"

Olivia grinned sheepishly. "I caused a bit of a scene. They're looking for me."

"Then let's make a run for it!" Ethan exclaimed. "I know this place like the back of my hand. Follow me!"

Ethan, ever the loyal friend, pulled Olivia along. He was the kind of guy who never asked questions or second-guessed her decisions. No matter the situation, he had her back.

While they ran, Olivia recounted her accidental crash into Isabella Peterson's wedding, leaving out the part where Isabella almost tackled her. Ethan's eyes sparkled with excitement. "Wait, Isabella Peterson is really that hot?"

Olivia rolled her eyes. "That's not the point!"

Ethan sighed dreamily, "If I'd known, I'd have volunteered to be the pregnant bride instead!"

"You seriously have no shame!" Olivia shot him a glare. "This was all your idea!"

Today was the wedding of Olivia’s cheating ex-boyfriend, Daniel Johnson, to her former best friend, Lily Young. Ethan had insisted Olivia shake things up a bit, convincing her to disguise herself as a pregnant woman to "liven up" the wedding. Who knew it would lead to this?

"So, what's going on?" Ethan asked as they paused to catch their breath. Olivia twisted his ear playfully. "You told me they were in Hall One! What happened?"

Ethan winced. "Easy there! I swear they were set for Hall One, but last minute changes had them moved to Hall Two. I texted you as soon as I found out and waited outside Hall Two to catch you. But the ceremony was almost over and you never showed, so I went looking for you."

Olivia checked her phone and saw Ethan’s messages. She felt a bit sheepish. "I had my phone on silent. Oops."

Ethan chuckled, rubbing his ear. "No worries. We’re in this together, right?"

They shared a laugh as they continued down the hallway.

"Are you here for the wedding? Please, come in!" a cheerful usher invited them just as they realized they’d wandered back to Hall Two. The massive poster outside showed Daniel and Emily grinning, looking obnoxiously happy.

Olivia felt an urge to tear the poster to shreds.

Ethan gasped dramatically. "Oh no, Olivia, this is my fault. I was so focused on finding a shortcut out of here that I led us right back!"

Olivia was ready to leave, not wanting to see their faces, but Lily and Matthew Johnson, hearing the commotion, approached them.

Olivia lifted her chin defiantly. "Why should I leave?"

She hadn’t managed to disrupt the wedding as planned, so why should she back down now?

"Exactly! We should confront them right here and now. I’m great at making a scene!" Ethan said, raising his hand dramatically until Olivia swatted it down.

"Cut it out with the theatrics! When we confront them, speak clearly and confidently. Don’t embarrass me!"

"Got it!" Ethan said, rolling up his sleeves.

"What are you doing?" Olivia asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Getting ready for a showdown!"

"No need for that. We need to be classy. Act aloof and unbothered. That’ll get under their skin."

As they spoke, Daniel and Lily approached.

"Olivia Stewart!" Daniel’s eyes held a mix of awkwardness and guilt, as well as a touch of nostalgia and courtesy.

Lily, looking even rounder in her tight wedding dress, forced a smile. "Olivia, you came! It means so much that you’re here to bless us!"

Olivia shook off Lily's hand and linked arms with Ethan. "Oh, I forgot to introduce you. This is my new boyfriend."

She pinched Ethan subtly, and though surprised by the sudden role, he quickly played along, wrapping an arm around her waist with an air of cool detachment. "Pleasure to meet you both," he said politely.

Daniel’s eyes flickered with jealousy at the sight of Ethan, who was undeniably handsome and charismatic.

Lily, trying to recall where she’d seen someone like Ethan, noticed Daniel’s gaze lingering on Olivia. Fueled by jealousy, she snapped, "When did you get a new boyfriend, Olivia?"

Olivia smiled casually. "Right around the time you decided to climb into my ex’s bed."

Lily’s face fell, speechless.

Daniel quickly interjected, "Since you're here, why not come in and have a drink with us?"

Olivia smirked. "Too bad I left in a hurry and forgot a gift. Ethan, how much cash do you have?"

Ethan pulled out his wallet, showing two bills. "Twenty bucks."

Olivia added a five from her pocket. "Here, that makes twenty-five."

Ethan handed the money to Daniel with a grin. "Congrats, man! Best wishes on your big day!"

Daniel was left speechless by the cheeky gesture.

Olivia, without another glance at the stunned couple, dragged Ethan away. As they walked off, Ethan flipped Daniel the bird. "Daniel Johnson, you’re even worse than your name suggests! Enjoy your life with Garfield over there, and keep your distance from my friend Olivia!"

"You… you…" Lily stammered, pointing at Ethan, her face flushed with anger.

Daniel, trying to keep the peace, wrapped an arm around Lily's waist, whispering, "Let it go, love. We have guests to entertain."

As they left, Olivia leaned on Ethan’s arm, head held high like a queen. Once they were far enough, she released him, sniffing as she regained her composure.

Ethan tried to cheer her up. "Come on, Olivia. He’s just a cheating jerk! He’s not worth it. He only went for Lily because of her connections. Let him regret it later!"

Olivia sniffed again. "I’m not sad, just frustrated. Did you see Lily’s belly? It’s real, not a pillow. Everything happened so fast. How could he choose her over me, just for some paperwork? And Lily! We used to be best friends!"

Ethan spat, "Best friends? More like the perfect pair of losers. They deserve each other! What’s that saying? Two peas in a pod?"

Olivia burst into laughter at Ethan’s dramatic antics, especially with his exaggerated gestures.

Ethan seized the moment to change the subject. "So, tell me about our handsome hero!"

"Our hero?"

"Yeah, the one you crashed into! What do you think of him?"

The mention of Isabella brought back vivid memories, making Olivia blush. She quickly turned away, mumbling, "It was such a mishap. Thankfully, Isabella was forced into it. Otherwise, I’d be public enemy number one. But now I’m safe. I just hope he can deal with his overbearing mom."

Ethan teased, "Oh, worried, are we? And your lips—are they swollen from his kisses?"

"Shut up! It’s not…"

Olivia’s voice trailed off, her face turning crimson.

"Really? Then what? Don’t tell me a mosquito got you!"

"Ethan, I know I’ve said the best way to get over someone is to start something new, but this is different. You’ve been there for me through everything, and now…"

Ethan cut her off with a laugh. "Hey, I’m just looking out for you. But seriously, did you really… with Isabella?"

Olivia didn’t answer, but the blush on her cheeks said it all.

Olivia Stewart was in tears. "Who... who said I stole someone's man?"

After Ethan King had a go at her, Olivia was left feeling all sorts of tangled up inside. As she defended herself, she instinctively reached to tug on Ethan's ear, only to notice her bare wrist.

"Oh no! My bracelet!"

Ethan immediately looked concerned. "Think back—did you wear it out today, or maybe you left it at home?"

Olivia shook her head. "I never take it off."

"Then let's retrace our steps and find it!"

Ethan was already on the floor, peering under every piece of furniture. He knew how much that string of wooden beads meant to Olivia—it was the only thing her mom had left her, and she treasured it more than anything.

At that moment, Olivia couldn't care less about being caught by Group Peterson's security. She retraced her steps, even searching the restroom where she'd changed earlier. But there was no sign of the bracelet.

Feeling defeated, Olivia leaned against the wall, exhausted and anxious.

Ethan returned, panting heavily. "I checked the main hall. Group Peterson's folks are long gone. I searched everywhere, but no luck. Olivia, don't worry! Maybe I can buy you another one?"

Olivia shook her head. "Forget it, let's go." Sure, she might find another wooden bracelet, but it would never be the one her mom gave her.

As she shuffled out, Olivia suddenly realized she was back in the corridor where she'd borrowed a kiss from Ethan. Seeing the empty wall in front of her, a flood of memories washed over her, causing her cheeks to flush.

What was she doing, daydreaming at a time like this?

She scolded herself for getting distracted, trying to shake off the embarrassing memories. But then a thought struck her—could it have been him?

They'd searched everywhere, and the bracelet was gone. It seemed like the only remaining possibility.

Olivia tried to recall the moment, wondering if Isabella Peterson had brushed against her wrist. But she couldn't remember. Still, given his reputation for taking advantage, it wouldn't be surprising if he snatched it while she was distracted.

Seriously, how could he do that?

Ethan had already started checking the hallway for cameras at Olivia's request, but there were none. A place like this hotel valued guest privacy too much for surveillance.

With their last hope gone, Olivia covered her face and slowly sank to the floor, tears streaming silently through her fingers. She rarely cried, but this bracelet was the only link to her mom. How could she not be heartbroken? Even if Isabella had taken it, she had no proof. And with Group Peterson looking for her, she couldn't just march in and demand it back.

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have let you come here. Olivia, please, don't cry. You can pinch my ear or slap my face, just don't cry!" Ethan pleaded, circling Olivia in a helpless panic.

Olivia buried her head in her knees, tears flowing like an open faucet, each sob louder than the last. Today had been a disaster. Her ex had married her best friend, she crashed the wedding by accident, escaped a kiss that almost turned into more, and lost her mom's only keepsake. If she'd known it would cost her the bracelet, she'd have let Group Peterson catch her, even if it meant facing the truth about the fake pregnancy.

Olivia wasn't one to wallow in self-pity, but sometimes emotions just overflowed like water breaking through a dam.

"Olivia, can we stop crying?"

"Woo woo..."

"Olivia, people are staring. They'll think I did something to you. Can we save face, please?"

"Waah..."

"How about we go home and cry there?"

Ethan finally managed to drag Olivia out of the hotel and back to their apartment. He tried everything to cheer her up but eventually resorted to their last-ditch plan: a night out at their favorite barbecue joint to drown their sorrows.

Meanwhile, Isabella Peterson stood on the balcony of a high-rise, sipping wine and fingering the very bracelet Olivia had lost, reminiscing about a night as beautiful as a dream.

In the lavish apartment, Isabella's phone buzzed incessantly with missed calls—395 in total—from his mother, who was desperately trying to track down the pregnant woman she believed was carrying her grandchild.

Isabella finally answered. "Mom, I haven't found her."

"How could you not find her? You must not have looked hard enough. She's carrying your child! Once she gives birth, we can send her away. Then you can have any woman you want."

Isabella smirked, knowing his mother's true intentions.

"Mom, don't you think she might be a fraud? If I can have any woman, why worry about an heir?"

"You don't get it! If you won't look, I will!"

His mother's uncharacteristic outburst ended the call abruptly. Isabella shook his head, wondering what chaos his mother would cause in the city. At least it kept her busy, sparing him the constant pressure to marry and have kids.

Just then, a call came in from the family butler. "Second Young Master, the Old Master requests your presence immediately."

"Tell him I'm busy. Inform the Bai family that today's engagement is valid. Tell Bai Miaomiao to polish up at a finishing school before marrying into our family."

"Yes, Second Young Master."

After hanging up, Isabella pondered over the arranged marriage. The Bai family, though wealthy, were nowhere near the Petersons' level. It seemed like a strategic alliance, but Isabella suspected ulterior motives.

Could his grandfather have been compromised by the Bai family?

He swirled his wine thoughtfully. If his mother hadn't pushed so hard, he wouldn't have agreed. But now, with her focus on the supposed pregnant woman, he had some breathing room.

The fax machine whirred, and Isabella glanced at the paper: "Olivia Stewart..."

Why wasn't it Bai Yike?

Disappointed, he scanned the information. Olivia Stewart, 23, a struggling artist who sang on street corners and molded clay figurines to make ends meet. If she were Bai Yike, she wouldn't be living like this.

And then there was the mention of her male best friend, Ethan King—a model with an ambiguous orientation.

Isabella's eyes narrowed. Male friends were never just friends, in his experience.

He downed his wine, set the glass down with a thud, and made a call. "Michael Wright, I need everything on her, especially from five years ago. What was she called then, and what was she doing?"

Isabella Peterson paced around her study, trying to keep her cool. She had just gotten off the phone with her investigator, Michael Wright, who had disappointingly turned up little about Olivia Stewart’s past. It was as if someone had wiped her history clean. But Isabella wasn’t one to give up easily. "Keep digging!" she barked, determination sharpening her gaze.

After hanging up, Isabella dove into her own investigation. Her fingers flew across the keyboard as she hacked into various databases, determined to uncover Olivia's secrets. As she sifted through the digital footprints, something caught her eye: Olivia had once attended a medical university but dropped out five years ago. The timing was suspiciously convenient.

Isabella’s mind raced. Olivia had been hired by her mother as a nurse back then. Could there be a connection? She needed answers.

"Michael, send me Olivia’s current address," Isabella demanded over the phone. Within seconds, Michael texted her the details: Westside Haven, Building A, Apartment 5-1. But before Isabella could tap into the security cameras for a sneak peek, Michael added, "She’s out with her guy friend, having drinks."

"Seriously?" Isabella muttered, slamming her mouse down in frustration. She grabbed her jacket and stormed out, determined to find Olivia.

Meanwhile, on a bustling street lined with food stalls and neon signs, Olivia Stewart was having a night out with her best friend, Ethan King. They were nestled in a cozy corner of a popular burger joint, with Ethan meticulously picking out her favorite toppings while Olivia downed one beer after another, tossing peanuts into an empty can for fun.

"Hey, Ethan, didn’t you have an important fashion show tonight?" Olivia slurred, half-amused.

"Eh, I ditched it. Chilling with my bestie is more important," Ethan shrugged off her question with a grin.

"You’re such a goof. I skipped my karaoke gig, you skipped your show, and we even chipped in for Daniel Johnson’s gift. You think the boss will kick us out for being such slackers?"

"Nah, as long as you’re with me, you won’t starve," Ethan reassured her.

Olivia chuckled, feeling the warmth of friendship soften the edges of her heartache. She mumbled, "Do you think I’m just unlovable? Mom left me, my boyfriend dumped me…"

"Hey, I’m here for you," Ethan declared, his voice strong and steady.

Olivia burst into laughter, "You? Seriously, Ethan, you’re nuts! I’m straight, remember?"

"Whatever. I’m letting it slide today because you’re upset. But if you keep talking like this, I might just have to knock some sense into you!"

"Okay, okay," Olivia giggled, calming down. "You’re right. We both like guys, so what’s the point? I’m not getting a sex change for you, no way!"

Ethan’s eyes flickered with a complex emotion, but he stayed silent, letting the moment pass. Olivia took another swig of beer, her mind drifting again to her ex-friend who stole her boyfriend. "Do you think Ethan, one day you’ll steal my guy too?"

"Comparing me to that backstabber? I’d never do that. I’d drink with you till dawn if it helps, but if you’re still hung up on that jerk Daniel, I’ll lose respect for you."

"I’m not sad about him, more like annoyed," Olivia admitted, the bitterness creeping back in. "He’s just a tabloid chaser. Sure, Emily has a local shop, but if I told him I’m rich, he’d come crawling back, wouldn’t he?"

"In your dreams, girl! Olivia, trust me, no guy is worth it, except maybe me," Ethan teased.

"Are you even a guy?" Olivia shot back, a playful grin on her lips.

"Want to find out?" Ethan challenged, a mischievous glint in his eye.

Olivia recoiled, waving her hands frantically, "Just kidding! Just kidding!"

"Okay, you seem better now. Don’t drink too much; you have that…thing coming up soon. I’ll get you something nutritious," Ethan advised, rising to fetch more food.

"You’d make a great boyfriend, Ethan," Olivia mused, watching him walk away.

Ethan paused mid-step, a bittersweet smile tugging at his lips. He knew better than to hope, but hearing her say that still resonated with him. He shook his head, continuing to the food counter.

Back at the table, Olivia’s vision blurred slightly as she continued her peanut game. Suddenly, she noticed someone sitting across from her. "Wow, Ethan, you came back fast. Did you grow taller and hotter while you were gone?"

She reached out, pinching the handsome face in front of her. Isabella Peterson was not amused, but the mistake was understandable—Olivia was clearly tipsy.

Isabella frowned at the unfamiliar germs she imagined crawling over the table, but she had more pressing concerns. "How close are you and Ethan King, really?" Isabella demanded, capturing Olivia’s attention.

"We live together… kind of," Olivia replied, wincing as Isabella tightened her grip. "Ouch, who are you?"

Isabella leaned in, her expression intense. "You live together?"

Olivia leaned back, trying to clear her head. "Misunderstanding! We share the rent; it’s expensive here. We each have our own space."

Relieved, Isabella released her grip, her demeanor softening. She slumped back into her chair, reclaiming her usual air of confidence.

Olivia, curiosity piqued, studied Isabella. "You look so familiar… have I seen you before? You’re really good-looking."

Isabella couldn’t help but smirk at the compliment, feeling oddly flattered despite the situation. Olivia’s drunken state seemed to amplify her honesty, and Isabella found it refreshing.

Then Olivia leaned in conspiratorially, eyes wide with mischief. "Hey, you’re as handsome as that celebrity… Isabella Peterson, right? I’m just a little curious… who’s the top and who’s the bottom?"

Isabella nearly choked at the implication, stunned by the bombshell. Olivia had misunderstood the nature of her and Ethan’s arrangement entirely!

Fighting the urge to laugh, Isabella ordered, "Sober her up!"

A bodyguard quickly presented a can of iced tea, complete with a straw.

Isabella nudged it towards Olivia. "Drink."

Olivia hiccupped, the alcohol clouding her senses. "Drink what? You said I shouldn’t with my… upcoming thing."

Isabella’s temper flared at the mention of Olivia’s personal details. He wanted to just pour the drink down her throat but stopped himself. Instead, he softened his voice. "It’s a new flavor of beer."

Olivia giggled, "Nice try! Ethan always uses that line."

Defeated, Isabella downed part of the tea himself. "Watch this," he said, tilting the can back.

Olivia watched, impressed despite herself. "Whoa, you’ve got skills."

Before she could finish, Isabella leaned over, pressing his lips against hers, transferring the tea with a surprising gentleness.

"Mm! Mmph…" Olivia struggled, eyes wide, but Isabella held firm, coaxing her to swallow. Only when he was sure she had sobered up a little did he finally pull away.

Panting slightly, Olivia blinked up at him, the fog in her mind clearing just a bit. Isabella couldn’t help but smirk at her bewildered expression. "Now, are you going to behave?"

Olivia Stewart was completely wasted, but somewhere in her foggy brain, she knew this wasn't right. She tried to push Isabella Peterson away, but her arms felt like noodles, and her feeble attempts only seemed to invite more advances. Eventually, she lost her balance and ended up clinging to Isabella instead.

Isabella's eyes, dark and intense, flickered with a dangerous crimson, like a brewing storm ready to engulf everything.

Olivia gasped, feeling her breath thinning out, as if she was being enveloped in an unmistakably familiar scent. It was the same scent she remembered from earlier that day when Isabella nearly overwhelmed her.

No, this couldn't happen!

Olivia's muddled mind managed to work just enough to take advantage of a brief pause in Isabella's assault. She turned her head sharply and exclaimed, "Ugh, I'm gonna puke!"

Isabella immediately backed off, watching Olivia's scrunched-up face with an unexpected pang of concern.

"Get her some ginger ale, quick!" Isabella ordered, and a bodyguard promptly handed over a can. Just as Isabella was about to help Olivia drink it, she noticed Olivia wasn't about to throw up at all. Instead, she was giggling, tossing peanuts into the can, and playfully mimicking rabbit ears with her fingers while singing a silly song about feeling cute and spreading happiness.

The bodyguards around them struggled to keep straight faces, turning away to hide their chuckles.

This little trickster!

Isabella's expression darkened, and his lips pressed into a thin line. He leaned closer to Olivia, holding the ginger ale, ready to sober her up quickly.

Just as he was about to pour it over her head, Olivia tilted her face up unexpectedly, her cheek brushing against his knuckles. The soft, warm feel of her skin made him freeze in place.

Olivia looked at him, her eyes sparkling like diamonds, filled with mischief. "Hey, crazy!" she called out playfully.

So, she was calling out that flamboyant guy!

Isabella's eyes turned icy, and he started tilting the ginger ale again.

"You won't believe it, I saw this super hot guy today, like, drop-dead gorgeous!" Olivia babbled on.

Isabella paused, hand hovering in mid-air.

"But, ugh, he's kind of a jerk."

Calling him a jerk? This little thing had some nerve!

The corners of Isabella's mouth, which had started to curl up, flattened out again. His face was now as rigid as a plank.

"But he was so hot I almost screamed! He was like that movie star, Ethan King, a total heartthrob. You know what?" Olivia leaned in closer, whispering conspiratorially, "Today, I almost pounced on him! No, wait, he almost pounced on me. Why was I being so reserved? I totally regret not going with the flow now!"

Isabella watched Olivia's face crumple in frustration, and despite himself, he couldn't help but smile again. He pulled out his phone, recording her confession. "Sweetheart, say that again, for the record!"

Half an hour later, Olivia's eyes began to clear, recognition dawning on her face.

"Whoa, Isabella Peterson?" she finally mumbled.

This little thing finally remembered him.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"No swearing!"

"No drinking outside!"

"No flirting with other guys!"

The trio of prohibitions hit Olivia like a ton of bricks, leaving her head spinning like a buzzing fly. She squinted at Isabella's ridiculously handsome face, her half-dazed eyes narrowing, "Other guys off-limits, but what about you?"

"I’m the exception," Isabella replied smugly, looking as if she should be thanking him on her knees.

Olivia burst out laughing. This guy's self-confidence was off the charts.

"Why do you care? Who made you the boss of me?"

"Because I'm your man, and it's my duty to guide you," Isabella declared with a tone of absolute certainty.

This arrogant, overbearing jerk!

Olivia rolled her eyes, "That whole thing earlier was just a misunderstanding, okay? You were getting pressured into marriage, and I helped you out. We should be square."

"You cost me a wife, how's that square?"

"I can explain it for you, right now!"

"I've already broken off the engagement with Mia White."

"Oh, I'm sorry, really! I didn't mean to! I just walked into the wrong room."

"Doesn't matter the reason, the damage is done. Now let's discuss compensation."

"Uhh... how much do you want? Though, I'm pretty broke, I even share a place with someone."

Mentioning her roommate situation triggered Isabella's imagination, picturing Olivia and her flamboyant roommate Ethan King flirting all day. He was suddenly furious, his voice turning frosty, "I don't need your money!"

"That's a relief!" Olivia sighed, her face lighting up in a smile. But her relief was short-lived, as she suddenly panicked, "No money? Are you going to send me to jail? Help, someone! Ethan, where are you?"

Olivia looked around nervously. The table they were at was surrounded by Isabella's bodyguards, isolating them from the bustling outside world. No wonder Isabella felt bold enough to kiss her in public without Ethan showing up—he must have been detained by them.

Olivia stood up, bowing repeatedly to Isabella, "Mister, I'm sorry! Please, don't hurt Ethan King. He knows nothing. It was all my fault, although I didn't mean it. I'll apologize, I'll even bring your bride back if you want!"

"No way!"

Isabella's refusal was swift, and his eyes grew colder. Even now, she was concerned about that flamboyant guy. Just how important was he to her?

Realizing that playing nice wasn't working, Olivia decided to change tactics. She folded her arms, sitting back down defiantly, "What do you want, then?"

"It's simple. Didn't you say you were pregnant with my kid? Just give birth to it; my mom's been wanting a grandchild."

The mention of Isabella's mom made Olivia shiver, "You know that pregnancy was fake. How am I supposed to give you a kid? Unless..."

Isabella watched her eagerly as she continued, "Unless you're okay with wearing a green hat!"

Isabella's face darkened instantly. Normally, wouldn't someone suggest making a baby together? This girl never took the usual route.

Seeing Isabella's dark expression, Olivia couldn't help but mock, "To please your son-loving mom, you'd even accept such a plan?"

Isabella stared at her, infuriated yet amused, his lips curling into a wicked grin, "Let's not rush the kid thing. You lost me a wife, so how about compensating me with a wedding night?"

This guy, looking all cool and composed, yet he had such a shameless side!

Was it true what they said, the more handsome a guy, the more of a jerk he was?

Olivia's mouth hung open, and it took her a moment to find words, "Are you really that desperate for a woman?"

"Not desperate, just picky."

"I'm even pickier! Isabella Peterson, don't think you're all that just because you're handsome! I complimented you because you remind me of Ethan King, my favorite star. I'm a huge fan of his, totally head over heels! As for you, it’s just by association. But now, seeing how much of a jerk you are, I've decided to look down on you!"

"Is that so?" Isabella's eyes narrowed, watching Olivia's animated lips, his question loaded with meaning.

Before Olivia could respond, he added slowly, "I thought you'd be eager to get me into bed."

"Pfft—"

Olivia spat out in laughter, causing Isabella to dodge, looking disgusted. A bodyguard rushed over with a towel, but Isabella waved him off.

"Me, wanting to sleep with you?" Olivia pointed at herself incredulously, "You've got to be kidding! I'd rather sleep with a pig than with you!"

Comparing him to a pig!

Or worse, less than a pig!

Isabella's face turned a shade of green, looking more unpleasant than eating ten helpings of something disgusting. His lips tightened into a white line, and he bit out, "Didn't a certain someone say she regretted not letting me pounce on her today?"

Did she really say that?

Olivia felt both mortified and doubtful as she patted her burning cheeks. She must have blacked out from drinking too much, she couldn't recall anything!

Seeing her stubborn denial, Isabella silently played the video on his phone. There, a drunken Olivia was lamenting, "I almost let Isabella Peterson pounce on me, just missed the chance..."

Olivia covered her face with both hands, wishing she could disappear under the table.

Ugh, so embarrassing, she could die!

But Isabella wasn't letting her off the hook. He placed the phone in front of her, gently prying her fingers away, "Look, really look. Who's this woman wanting to pounce on me?"

"I don't know her!" Olivia blustered, determined to weasel her way out, "I don't remember anything from when I was drunk!"

"Well, they say drunken words are sober thoughts. What you say drunk is what you really want to do."

Olivia covered her face again, "Uh... well, you know, I was just talking, heh!"

"I'm giving you a chance to make your dreams come true!"

Isabella Peterson's intense gaze had Olivia Stewart squirming in her seat. She shifted her eyes away, her voice barely above a whisper. "Maybe, uh, maybe not."

"Come on, you don't want to be my girl? Plenty of women would do anything for this offer."

"I'm not that dumb! You rich types have such messy circles. Who knows how many women you've been with? I need to think about my health, you know? What if you have some weird tastes or... hobbies?"

"Okay, stop right there!" Isabella Peterson quickly interrupted, worried Olivia might say something even more shocking. What was she thinking? No wonder Olivia seemed a bit infatuated but not totally captivated—she had some wild ideas about him!

Isabella felt a wave of helplessness. Maybe he needed to present a different image tonight. But one thing was certain: "The women I set my eyes on never escape me!"

"So, Mr. Heartthrob, how many have you had your eyes on so far?"

"Only one."