

Even After Death by Liling Champ

Even After Death by Liling Champ Chapter 1236-After Olivia's reminder, Alan said, "You're right! I was wrong. It was goats. Also, there were those flowers that bloom during winter. What are those called again?"

"Valerian. It has medicinal purposes. It helps with insomnia. Just ask if you have any other questions," Olivia replied calmly with a confident glow in her eyes.

Noticing that Olivia had seen through his ploy, Alan rubbed his nose awkwardly.

"I'll get to the point.

What herbs were you looking for?"

"Moonflower. It's a flower that only blooms when the moon is out. Its petals are bright and attract fireflies."

Alan asked some more questions after that, but he wasn't able to find any holes in Olivia's story.

"I apologize for what happened before this, Dr. Ophelia. Mr. Maxwell is a little quick-tempered. You'll be rewarded handsomely if you heal him."

Olivia frowned. "I don't care for any rewards. I just want to be set free. Who are you people?"

"Don't worry, Dr. Ophelia. We won't hurt you as long as you cooperate. On the other hand, if you decide to do anything you shouldn't, I can guarantee what will happen to you. Don't ask any more questions.

I'll take you to where you'll be living now."

Alan led the way and brought her to a small room.

"I'm sorry, but our resources are limited here. This is all we can offer right now.

You've had a good scare today. You should rest. Also, don't even think about escaping. Mr. Maxwell gets very angry when people don't obey him."

Alan stood at the door with a chilling smile. "Sweet dreams, Dr. Ophelia."

His smile faded after he closed the door. He looked at the person next to him.

"Go to this address and look into this person."

"Yes, Mr. Tanner."

Olivia knew that they would have people look into her at Canwell City as soon as possible. The face she was wearing was that of a doctor. But the real person left home many years ago and died in an accident.

Not even the person's family members knew she was dead. There was no way these men would know.

There wasn't anything suspicious in Olivia's bag, but there was a tracker in one of her teeth. She also carried a pistol and a dagger on her.

As for her phone, she was afraid that they would find something suspicious on it since a lot of data could still be retrieved even if it were deleted.

Hence, she threw her phone into the river before Wayne took her away. It had probably drifted further downstream.

The first phase of the plan was a success.

She only had to gain Wayne's trust and get the ring as soon as possible. Then, she could work with Undecim and leave this place.

She didn't get much sleep that night. She was on guard the whole time.

Alan knocked on Wayne's door in the morning.

Wayne opened his eyes lazily. "Did you finish looking into her?"

"Yes. Please take a look, Mr. Maxwell."

Alan handed him the information on the person known as Ophelia.

He said, "She seems fine from what we found. Ophelia left Canwell City five years ago. There isn't time to look any deeper, so we only found information about her from five years ago."

Wayne nodded and threw the document back to Alan.

“Bring that woman here to treat me.”

Olivia was wide awake as soon as someone knocked on her door. “Who is it?”

“Don’t be afraid, Ms. Ophelia. It’s me.”

Olivia opened the door and looked at Alan cautiously. “You’re the reason I’m afraid. I didn’t get a wink of sleep last night.”

Even After Death by Liting Champ Chapter 1237-You don’t have to be so nervous, Ms. Ophelia. You just have to focus on providing treatment for Mr. Maxwell. He requested for you to go to him and administer treatment.” When Olivia got there, Wayne had just gotten out of the bathroom. He had a towel around his waist. His muscular torso and calves were exposed. The bandages she put on him yesterday were all wet. It looked like some blood was seeping from them. This man was completely unhinged. Olivia had met plenty of men, but Wayne was the roughest of them all. He was a complete maniac. “Don’t you know you’re hurt?” Olivia asked as she pointed at his arm. Wayne dried his hair casually with a towel. He said nonchalantly, “That’s why I asked you to come treat me. Do you have a problem with that?” What was he thinking? Wayne was testing the limits of her patience. Olivia glared at him angrily and poked at his head. “Are you insane? Let me go if you plan to die! I won’t be able to cure you no matter how good I am if you’re uncooperative.” Wayne grabbed her finger and looked at her with anger in his eyes. “I can break this finger with a slight twist. Don’t get too cocky, woman.” Olivia rolled her eyes at him. “Oh please, the domineering act is so out of style.” She began to arrange her medical supplies. Wayne looked at Alan in confusion. “What is she talking about?” Alan cleared his throat. “It seems she’s talking about a type of character in novels—the type of man that would treat women domineeringly. It seems to have gone out of style recently.” Wayne finally understood what he meant. “And what’s in style now?” “Mr. Maxwell, I wouldn’t know. I don’t read novels. How would I know what’s trending?” Wayne stroked his chin. “Do I speak very weirdly?” He didn’t think anything was wrong with how he spoke. That woman was probably just acting out. “Hey, you...” Olivia set aside the bandages and the medical supplies. She picked up a pair of scissors. “Ophelia. That’s my name.” She proceeded to cut open the bandages on his arm after she said that. She saw the bleeding wound underneath and dabbed a cotton ball soaked in alcohol on it. “If you want my treatment, you have to

listen to what I say. Don't let the wounds get soaked. It'll be troublesome if you get an infection. If you want to die, you can always just stab yourself in the heart." Olivia continued to reprimand him with a stern expression, "You might think medical supplies aren't that important. "But in a war-torn area like this, medical supplies are extremely precious to refugees because they can save lives. You shouldn't waste them!" "Why are you concerned about the refugees?" "I'm human. I'm not heartless." Wayne scoffed. "You're just pretending to be kind. I hate people like you who feign kindness." Olivia didn't explain herself, but she meant what she said. People in war-torn areas lived really hard lives. They didn't have resources, medical supplies, or rations. Many of them could only watch as their loved ones died before their very eyes. Olivia bandaged his wounds angrily. Her actions were rough. After she was done with that, Wayne tugged at her hand and said, "Do acupuncture now." Olivia picked up her silver needles. "If I were pretending to be nice, I'd just stab you to death with my needles." Wayne smiled. "Why don't you give it a try? You'll find out if I can destroy a city with a single command."

Even After Death By Lilting Champ Chapter 1238-Olivia knew his identity, but she was just one person. There was nothing she could do to change the situation. Even if she killed Wayne, Carathia's assault wouldn't stop.

Arlandia was forced to respond in kind, but fighting violence with more violence wasn't ideal.

She didn't know how Wayne could talk about something like that so casually.

She composed herself and asked, "Who are you, really?"

"You just need to provide treatment for me. You don't have to concern yourself with anything else."

Olivia looked troubled. She didn't want to talk about it anymore.

She said calmly, "I need to use the bathroom. Go lay in bed. I'll examine you properly later. Your issue is not with your head alone."

Wayne raised his chin. Olivia locked the door as soon as she entered the bathroom.

Since nothing happened last night, it seemed like their suspicion of her had been dispelled.

It was a great opportunity because Wayne had just showered. She noticed that he wasn't wearing the ring on his fingers. It was possible that he left it in the bathroom.

Olivia went through the clothes he took off carefully. She even checked his innerwear. Why wasn't the ring here?

Did he not bring it with him on this trip?

Olivia frowned. Washing her hands, she exited the bathroom.

Wayne was lying in bed as per her instructions. He had his limbs outstretched, and the towel was slightly parted. Olivia could see most of his thighs clearly.

She quickly turned away. This man was incredibly crude.

She sat down by the bed and placed a finger on his wrist to feel his pulse. If the ring wasn't with him, she had to go back to Carathia with him.

She would only get an opportunity to get the ring if he trusted her completely.

So, she examined him very carefully. She moved her finger away after a while.

"How's Mr. Maxwell doing, Ms. Ophelia?"

Olivia snorted. "The problem isn't just in his head. There are dozens of different issues, including some heart problems."

Alan didn't believe it when Wayne said Olivia was a doctor. But he was convinced at that moment.

"You're right. Mr. Maxwell suffered a head injury in the past. Although he had surgery for it, the results weren't really that good. The chances of another success with cranial surgery are low. That's why no doctors dare to try it.

"It's also the cause of Mr. Maxwell's headaches. The same goes for his heart.

I've heard that Vanessa's a great doctor, but we looked for a year and couldn't find her. Can you fix him?"

“I can’t say for sure, but I’ll try my best.”

“You’re third-rate,” Wayne said snobbily.

Olivia had the urge to sew his mouth up.

“Don’t give me that look. Just be honest and give a straight answer. You’re just a third-rate doctor, aren’t you?”

“Sure. I’ll say I can do the cranial surgery. Will you have the guts to get onto the operating table? I’ve got nothing to lose. If you die during the operation, just do better in your next life.”

“Mr. Maxwell, please stop aggravating her. I think Ms. Ophelia is actually quite skilled. Please treat Mr. Maxwell’s head, Ms. Ophelia.”

“No can do.”

“Alright.”

Wayne sat up and looked at Alan. “I remember that you captured some stinking rats a few days ago, right? Bring them here.”

Olivia felt a little uneasy. Then, she saw Alan bringing a few people over.

Those people had tanned skin, round eyes, thick brows, and were wearing rags.

They were clearly refugees from Dexim City.

They looked like they had been starved for a few days. They looked weak, but one of them had some strength left in him and started cursing. He cursed in the local language, which Olivia only understood a little of.

It was clear he was cursing up a storm from his outraged expression.

“What are you planning to do?” Olivia asked.

A dagger appeared in Wayne’s hands out of nowhere. He had a devilish smile on his face as he stuck that dagger into that man’s chest.

Blood splattered everywhere, and some stained her blue shirt.

The man fell to the ground with his eyes wide open, looking in Olivia's direction.

Blood quickly pooled on the floor.

Even After Death by Liting Champ Chapter 1239-The man was weakened to begin with. That stab was enough to kill him instantly.

Some of the blood stained the soles of Olivia's shoes.

She had killed some people over the years too. But she had a bottom line. She only killed people who deserved to die.

Judging from these people's attire, they were just citizens who loved their own country. The man's expression looked a lot like Mona's before he died. Both of them were innocent people who died because of her.

No matter how much time passed, she still couldn't get used to a situation like this.

Olivia touched her own face subconsciously. For a moment, it was like she could feel the warmth and sensation of Mona's blood on her face.

Wayne was pleased by her shocked expression. He slowly walked next to the dead man, crouched down, and pulled that dagger out of his chest.

He twirled the dagger in his hand. He was about to stick the dagger into another person's chest.

Olivia grabbed his hand. "Don't do it!"

The dagger in his raised hand still had the blood of the dead man on it. It flowed from the blade and dripped onto Olivia's face.

"Can you treat me now?" Wayne asked in a whisper, like the murmurs of the devil.

Olivia closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Alright, I'll do it."

Wayne clapped his hands. Alan called some people over to drag the frightened refugees and the dead body away.

If it weren't for the blood on the floor, Olivia would've thought it was all a dream.

She had read about Wayne's savagery on his file. But the words weren't as convincing as what she saw in person.

Wayne took some tissues and cleaned the blood off his blade. Then, he went back to the bed and lay down.

"Let's begin."

Olivia picked up a silver needle and eyed his neck.

Then, Wayne spoke up, "If anything happens to me, the entire city will die with you. Think about it before you stick that needle into me."

What a cruel man!

Olivia started to perform acupuncture, but she still felt very emotional.

Other than his head, Olivia also stuck some needles all over his body. She didn't speak another word throughout the whole treatment.

The room was eerily quiet. There was only one thought in her mind—she had to find that ring and get out of there!

It wasn't in the bathroom, could it be in this room?

The decor of the room wasn't complicated. If she had the opportunity to search the room, it would only take her five minutes.

After she removed the last needle, Wayne closed his eyes. His breathing was steady. It looked like he had fallen asleep.

Wayne was a very paranoid person. It was highly possible that he was pretending to be asleep to catch her off guard, just like how he killed a man to make an example of him.

No matter how anxious she was, she wouldn't choose to do anything then and there. It was clear that Wayne had never fully trusted her to begin with.

She put her needles away and left the room without hesitation.

After she closed the door, Wayne slowly opened his eyes. He was like a leopard that had his eyes on his prey.

It was in the middle of the night. Olivia had stayed in this place for a day and a night. She had been shut in this room almost the whole time when she wasn't providing Wayne with treatment.

She opened the door sneakily after night had fallen.

She had already planned out an escape route during the day. She only had to climb up the tree in the yard and jump onto the wall.

She climbed up the tree nimbly and jumped to the wall carefully.

After she jumped down from the wall, an amused voice rang out next to her.

“Where do you think you're going, Ophelia?”

Wayne, who was dressed in black, slowly walked toward her. “Didn't I tell you to cure my headaches?”

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Even After Death by Lifting Champ Chapter 1240-Olivia looked like a harmless little bunny before Wayne's towering figure. Her body was trembling subconsciously as she moved backward with her hands propping her up on the ground.

She looked absolutely terrified. That was precisely what she wanted him to see.

It was only logical for a normal person to want to run away when they had just seen a man kill an innocent person in cold blood.

It would be more suspicious if she were completely docile. It was a psychological showdown between the two of them.

Olivia said in a shaky voice, “I... I'm just out for some fresh air. I never thought about running away!”

Wayne bent over slightly as he looked at her. With a devilish smile, he asked, "Is that so?"

Olivia nodded her head frantically. "That's right. I'm just getting some fresh air.

Please don't kill anyone else."

"Since you're not running away, why would I harm anyone needlessly? But it's chaotic out here. I'm restricting your freedom for your own good. I hope this is the last time you try something like this."

After he said that, he approached her with the intent of carrying her away. As soon as he touched Olivia, he could feel her trembling violently. It was like she was faced with some terrible beast.

"Are you really so afraid of me?"

Olivia didn't respond, but the fear in her eyes said it all.

Wayne patted her on the shoulder. "Don't worry. I won't mistreat you if you're obedient."

Then, he put her on his shoulder and carried her away.

Olivia was reminded of workers at the dock carrying sacks full of stuff. Perhaps they were bandits who were carrying innocent women away.

There was definitely something wrong with this man!

"Let go of me. I can walk." Olivia hated being in close contact with a stranger.

Even if she wasn't involved with this man romantically, she still couldn't get used to it.

After she struggled for a few seconds, Wayne slapped her bottom. "Settle down!"

Olivia was at a loss for words. That bastard! She would end him sooner or later!

Ethan hurt her in the past, but it was all mental abuse. He would show her some care even when they were doing it. He had never treated Olivia so disrespectfully.

Not even Jeff had smacked her on her bottom before. This man whom she had just met last night actually smacked her! It was so humiliating!

Wayne did that reflexively. He spaced out for a second after he did that. Olivia was wearing a pair of jeans. They weren't too thick, so he could feel how supple her bottom was.

It was something he had never felt before. But he never cared much about these things, so he quickly put the thought behind him.

He brought Olivia to the bed in his room. She looked at him guardedly. "W-What are you doing?"

"I just don't want you hopping over the wall at night again. This way, I'll be able to keep you safe," Wayne said with a chilling smile.

He was like a feral beast. This wasn't protection. He was keeping her prisoner!

Olivia thought it would take some more effort, but things were progressing faster than she expected.

The good thing was that Wayne didn't seem interested in women. There wasn't information about any women he was close with in his file. He could've had his heart broken by someone in the past.

Or else something was bound to happen when they were alone in his bedroom.

It was easier for her to find the ring this way.

Wayne got someone to bring two blankets, which he placed on the floor.

After the door was closed, he said, "Go to sleep."

Olivia sat on the bed without moving a muscle.

Wayne was very impatient. He kicked her off the bed. "I said, sleep!"