

## Trapped in His Love Obsession Chapter 13

### Chapter 13

Livia looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. She could be crazy seeing her hair now.

It's not her. Yes, although it does look neater, prettier.

Livia knows she is indeed looking better with this hairstyle.

'Why have I never tried to straighten my hair? Uh, my stepmother's said that my hair was disgusting like my mother's, that's why I wanted to torture her with seeing the wavy hair every day.

'So childish. Leave it. She must be very happy now because she didn't see my hair anymore.'

Livia didn't think about whether Damian would like her hair or not. Anyway, she doesn't care.

Livia came out of the room and checked her phone.

'Why didn't Assistant Brown send any messages? Did Mr. Damian not come home for dinner.' Livia came down the stairs.

She crossed paths with the waiter is setting the table. The maid looked surprised, then bowed her head politely to Livia.

'Yup, you must have noticed that my hair is weird.' Livia forced to smile and continued to look for the butler.

It turns out the butler was in the kitchen giving some instructions to the other servant.

"Excuse me, Mr. Matt."

Mr. Matt immediately walked toward Livia. "Is there anything I can help you with, Young lady?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to ask if Mr. Damian didn't come back home for dinner."

"Young master is not having dinner at home tonight because there is work." "I see. When will he come home?" asked Livia again to make sure. "I don't have the exact information, Young lady. Usually, it's the middle of the night. I'll wake the lady up when the young master returns later."

“Thank you so much!” Livia grinned. “Your life must be very hard, and I feel sorry for you. Let’s fight together and have a high five.” Livia hung her hands in the air in front of Mr. Matt.

The man was silent and just looked confused. “Tosses. This is it.” Livia demonstrates how to high five.

Even though Mr. Matt felt awkward, he followed.

“Hopefully, our lives will be better in the future,” Livia said.

Mr. Matt nodded his head, although he still didn’t understand what Livia meant.

So, when is Mr. Matt sleeping and resting? Approximately how much is the salary?

“Woah, Woah, who is this?” Livia looked away when she arrived at the dining table. She was already feeling exhausted today and didn’t want to argue anymore. Indeed, fighting is like taking any medicine, routine. But somehow, if Livia is silent and doesn’t care, it’s even more like her two sisters-in-law are getting more and more aroused and provoked to start a fire.

“You straightened your hair?”

“Pfft, so what? Are you doing this to become like the girl in the photo that Clarissa showed you this morning?”

“I was so unlucky!” Livia was furious with herself.

This is your crazy brother’s order!

Livia wanted to spit the words out, but she knew that if she said anything at this moment, it just sounded ridiculous.

So, she better give in and just shut up.

But the problem doesn’t even resolve if Livia just keeps quiet. The venomous mouths of the two sisters-in-law are even worse.

Livia couldn’t stand it anymore. Her ears were sore, especially when she saw her mother-in-law, who actually smiled, happy to see her humiliated like that.

Bang!

Livia banged the dining table.

She was ready to strike back at every word that came out of the beautiful lips of her two sisters-in-law.

And a fight ensued. Everyone spoke loudly. Livia glared sharply at her mother-in-law, who was just watching and enjoying the show.

“Thank you for dinner today, Mr. Matt.” Livia turned to Mr. Matt, who was standing not far from the dining table.

“You haven’t even had dinner yet, Young lady. Please, go back to your seat. You have to eat, right?”

“I have no appetite.”

Livia left the dining room.

She didn’t know where to go, but she remembered that she had no time to tour this house before.

She stepped to cross the big house, and she was sure that she couldn’t get lost. The housekeeper is in every corner of the house. So if she gets lost, she will be able to ask too.

Damian and Assistant Brown were already in the car.

“Tell Mr. Matt there is no need to wake the girl!”

“Okay, Master.”

Brown glimpsed a faint smile on Damian’s lips. They drove the car back to the house.

Assistant Brown sent a message to Mr. Matt. Then he put down the cellphone and focused on driving.

“Young master.”

“Hmm.”

“In two months, Miss Helena will be back.” Brown glanced in the rearview mirror.

Damian was still silent while leaning his head, closing his eyes.

“She will hold a solo exhibition on her return to her homeland. Do you want me to take care of everything?” Brown looked in the rearview mirror again.

Damian had not reacted.

“There have been several companies that have applied to become a sponsor, but if they knew the young master would sponsor Miss Helena, they would definitely back out voluntarily.”

“Do it. I want to see how well she has lived all this time.”

“Okay, Young master.”

The car drove down the deserted street and quickly went into the big gate.

The car finally arrived in front of the main house.

Damian got out of the car while Mr. Matt waited at the door and walked over.

“Welcome, Young master.”

“Go home,” he said to Brown.

Brown, who was about to come in, stopped his footsteps. “Okay, Young master. Have a nice rest.”

Brown lowered his head, waiting for Damian to enter the house. Then, he turned to the car he was driving and exited the main gate.

Mr. Matt helped Damian take off his coat, and he held it like he was holding something very precious.

Damian sits on a chair while Mr. Matt walks behind to get his house slippers.

He took off Damian’s shoes and put the sandals near his feet.

“What happened today at home?”

Mr. Matt approached and handed him the cellphone that he had taken out of his pocket.

“Young lady had a fight with Miss Jenny, Miss Sophia, and Miss Clarissa this morning.”

“That’s great. Who won?”

“Looks like the young lady won. You can see the videos on this phone.”

Damian opened the cellphone that was given to him by Mr. Matt.

Three-on-one fighting drama scene.

His face wrinkled for a moment, but it wasn't long before a chuckle was heard after hearing that final word said by Livia to take down Clarissa

Clarissa's mentality seemed to go down after hearing the words, 'Laugh, it turns out that Miss Clarissa was not the one my husband liked. Ups!

This girl turned out to be really passable.

Like having watched a show that made him satisfied, Damian switches to see the second video.

His smile was visible again, especially when Livia banged the table and put down her spoon.

"Her hair is really straight."

Damian seriously watched the video that was playing.

"Can you guys stop being so horrible?" Livia got up from her seat and looked at his mother-in-law with annoyance. "Can you guys not bother me? Let's live in this terrible place without disturbing each other."

"How dare you say this is a terrible place? You should have known that you are so lucky to marry Brother Damian."

"Oh, yes, yes! Sure, I am so lucky that I can marry Mr. Damian Alexander." Livia was seen biting her lip furiously.

"Do you think you can be like Sister Helena if you straighten your hair?"

Damian, who saw the video, stared intently, and his lips trembled.

Mr. Matt, who was standing next to him, wanted to take the cellphone in Damian's hand, but he didn't dare to do so.

"I don't straighten my hair because I want to be like someone else."

"Haha, shameless! You're so cunning. Is that what your mother taught you?"

"Stop it! Please don't insult my mother. Tell your brother to divorce me if you want me to get out of this house. Tell him to throw me out of this house. I will go out happily. I would embrace you and kneel at mother-in-law's feet in joy."

"You!" Damian dropped the cellphone on the floor.

“How dare you utter the word divorce from your little mouth without my permission. It seems I was too good to you that you could be so

impudent!

Damian got up from sitting.

Mr. Matt took the cellphone that Damian had dropped.

“Hasn’t she had dinner yet?”

“The young lady has eaten instant noodles with the servants in the back house.”

Damian stopped in his step, waiting for more stories. “The young lady greets the maids and invites them to chat. Then they had dinner together.”

“You don’t have to take me. Get some rest.” Damian told the butler not to follow him.

“Alright, Young master, have a good rest.” Mr. Matt lowered his head and waited until Damian climbed the stairs and disappeared into his room.

Then he took a deep breath and walked to his own room.

He doesn’t know what the young master was thinking.