

Chapter 10 Tactfully Flatter Him

Eric noticed it and became more satisfied with Olivia.

This granddaughter-in-law was the one.

Ignorant of Vincent's rules, Olivia just wanted to tactfully flatter him.

Her eyes were sharp enough to notice that Vincent picked up a few chunks of fish, and an idea crossed Olivia's mind. With her chopsticks, she picked up a hunk of fresh and boneless fish into his bowl.

Vincent stiffened distinctly and turned his head for a glance at Olivia. The girl smiled at him lovely.

Amy tittered in her heart and silently waited for Vincent to lose his temper.

She sat next to him, so what? As a serious germaphobe, how would Vincent allow another to pick up dishes for him with a pair of used chopsticks?

Even Eric didn't dare to pick up dishes for him.

In case Vincent would act up, Eric cleared his throat to speak up, "Vincent, Ollie, she doesn't..."

But the old man fell into silence the next second.

Keeping his head low, Vincent silently ate the fish picked up by Olivia.

Happy with that, she stroked while the iron was hot, "What else would you like? I'll pick it up for you."

"I'm all fine."

Before this, Amy didn't really believe in Olivia's 'nonsense' but now was totally convinced.

Although crippled from a car accident, Vincent had been reserved. All these years, he had never given her a proper glance.

Feeling a butterfly in her stomach, Amy resented it and wrung the tablecloth with her hand under the table.

After lunch, Vincent wanted to leave with Olivia.

Kevin asked him to stay a little longer, but Vincent didn't have much interest and treated the members of his uncle's family coldly.

In the car, Olivia began to wrestle with whether she should stay or go.

Since it was the engagement party yesterday, it was reasonable for her to stay at Vincent's home. But the engagement was not marriage, and she should live at her own home.

She certainly wanted to go home even though White's house was like a den of wolves. It was better than taking the risk of being recognized by Vincent at any time. But judging from his look, he didn't plan to send her home yet.

Would he be offended if she requested to go home?

Olivia was so immersed in the thought that she didn't hear Vincent.

When she came to her senses, she hummed, "What did you say?"

Vincent repeated his question, "How did you come up with the idea of pleasing grandpa with tea?"

Olivia swiveled her eyes, lowered her head, rubbed the unhealed scratches on her palm, stuck out her tongue, and sounded a little embarrassed, "Certainly, I couldn't afford such expensive tea."

"Huh?"

She turned her head sideways, "Do you know why my nickname is *White Tea*?"

"My maternal grandparents are tea farmers. Outside their house, they have a large tea field. They've planted tea for years, and that's why I'm named *White Tea*. According to my grandpa, girls with plain names can be raised more easily."

After a pause, Olivia continued, "There is a cliff near my grandpa's house, on which grows a wild ancient tea tree. It is the *Green Snow Bud* tea. Despite its name, it's a kind of white tea. When my grandpa told me about it back then, I had a deep impression, and the tea was picked from that tree."

She took great pains to pick it, dry it well, and pack it carefully before presenting it to old Mr. Barton.

Vincent listened quietly. When an idea crossed his mind, he asked her a sensitive question, "Why are you named by your grandfather?"

Olivia stiffened, her red lips twitching, and looked at him in a fluster.