

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 231

Chapter 231 Two

As she was speaking, she even glanced at Eugene in aggrievement.

Alex was shocked as well. If he were in Eugene's shoes, he would have suspected that it was Aleena who instigated it as well!

Robin had always followed Aleena's order. It would be impossible for him to have the courage to do that on his own accord!

On top of that, Olivia gave him a hard time that day, so it would be impossible for him to have fallen in love with her; it would be more possible for him to have wished to take revenge on her instead!

However, a wise person would turn a blind eye on this sort of matter since they didn't have any evidence. Moreover, it would give each other some leeway as they were friends since childhood. Therefore, her actions of bringing up this matter again today gave people the impression that she was taking Eugene for a fool!

Eugene sluggishly raised his eyes and darted her a look. "Wasn't your cousin the person who placed the blame on you? What, now? Are you asking me to investigate further into this matter to prove your innocence?"

Aleena finally realized that she had talked too much, so she quickly replied, "No, no. I know that that incident had nothing to do with you. All I hope is for you to not be mad at me."

He put on an indifferent expression as he scoffed, "How would I have the courage to be mad at you? I merely reflected on myself. As a friend, I think that I haven't done you any wrong all these years, have I?"

She wore a smile. “No. It was my fault. I’m also responsible for the incident that involved Robin.”

He raised his eyes and cast her a glance. “We are adults, so we must be responsible for our own faults—you shouldn’t bear the responsibility if it wasn’t your fault, but you shouldn’t avoid it if it was! Your repetitive explanation would only give people the impression that you’re feeling guilty!”

The undercurrent in his words made Aleena’s expression change.

She awkwardly stood in place without any idea on how to explain herself.

Nicole walked up to her and held her arm and uttered with a grin, “It’s alright. It was a thing in the past, and you have already clearly explained the situation. Eugene is not a narrow-minded person.”

“Yeah, let’s drink. Young Master Nolan isn’t done drinking yet.” Alex immediately tried to retrieve the situation to prevent the atmosphere from turning freezing cold!

Nicole uttered, “There’s no fun in plain drinking. Let’s play a game.”

“Sure. What game? How about a game of dice? The loser must drink,” Alex looked at Eugene as he spoke, which obviously showed that the latter was the decision-maker.

Eugene suddenly thought of the time when he played this game with Olivia. She wanted to win, but she kept losing; he wanted to lose, but he kept winning even without trying.

His cold expression slowly became warmer, and then he sat up straight. “Alright. Come on. The usual rules—let’s see who can roll the largest number. The person who loses drinks three glasses of beer. The player gets to roll the dice again if they drink a glass. If the loser refuses to drink, they’d have to pay up—10,000 per glass.”

Alex couldn't suppress his laughter. "Are you trying to make up for your loss in relationship through gambling?"

Eugene didn't deny. That was, in fact, what he had in mind. I bumped into obstacles in my relationship, so I should be compensated with success in gambling.

"Sure. No objection from me." Alex was the first to agree.

Everyone else naturally agreed as well. Since they were all from wealthy families and were able to hold their liquor, it would only be natural for them to join in on the fun.

Alex got them some dice cup set—one for each person—and the game began.

Three glasses of beer had been prepared and placed on the table.

The first one to start the game was Eugene. Perhaps due to the increase in the number of people around him, or perhaps it was because they were playing a game familiar to him, he began to feel warm in his heart.

He seemed to be in a better mood than earlier.

He shook the dice in the dice cup before placing the cup upside down on the table with a thud. He took a glance at the dice. The numbers shown enraged him so much that he inhaled sharply.

2? Is there any number even smaller than 2?

He looked at the others and found that everyone else was looking at him as well. "Do you want to have another try?"

He resignedly raised the glass in front of him and drank the beer before swinging the dice cup again. Another round of dice rolling began.

Thud! When he put down the cup, he was sincerely hoping that he would get a larger number this time.

Perhaps earnest hoping would invite a return—he managed to attain a larger number this time.

Yeah. 3!

He closed the dice cup over the dice. With a calm expression, he asked, “Can the person who admits defeat drink only one glass?”

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Super Wife's Three BabiesChapter 232 Admit Defeat

Alex smiled at him with amusement. “Why? Are you going to admit defeat?”

Eugene maintained his composure. “I’m not admitting defeat. I was just asking if there’s this rule.”

As they were friends since childhood, they knew each other well—so well that they could tell what the other had in mind from just listening to what they said. Alex replied, “Sure. If you admit defeat, you’ll only need to drink a glass of beer that is in front of you!”

He thought that Eugene would surely drink, but the latter seemed calm instead. “Why are you looking at me? Continue with the game!” Then, Alex rolled 8 while Aleena got 9, and Hayden got 11.

Nicole lifted her dice cup and took a glimpse at it. She then intentionally put on an expression of frustration while raising her hand. “I’m drinking to roll the dice again.”

Hayden’s brows were slightly furrowed. As he sat not too far away from Nicole, he saw what she got—her number was the same as his. She doesn’t need to worry about losing at all, so why did she roll the dice again? Could it be that she’s trying to save Eugene’s face?

She rolled the dice again.

Nicole looked at everyone before secretly opened the dice cup to glimpse at the dice. With her lips pursed, her smile turned into a wide grin, but her voice was gentle. “I admit defeat.”

Everyone else was excited to see one of them lose. “Sure. Drink, then.”

Alex asked curiously, “Open it and let us see. How many points did you get that you are willing to admit defeat?”

Nicole’s gaze flicked across everyone’s face and finally landed on Eugene’s before she opened the dice cup.

Aleena remarked, “5. It’s indeed rather small.”

Eugene furrowed his brows so slightly that it was barely visible.

Alex grinned. “Let me see if there’s any other people who rolled a smaller number than you?”

As he spoke, he directly opened Eugene’s dice cup. Upon seeing the pathetic 3 lying under his cup, the former laughed in his face. “You have only 3, but you are still not planning to give up?”

Eugene let out a snort, feeling pleased with himself, as if he was showing off to him his success for being able to wait for someone else to admit defeat instead!

Nicole peeked at Eugene, and their gaze happened to meet each other, causing her to smile shyly at him.

Hayden saw this scene. As expected, she intentionally rolled the dice again because of Eugene and admitted defeat on purpose. But how was she able to guess that he rolled a small number?

Alex, who didn't notice anything at all, looked at Nicole and uttered, "See, it was your loss to have admitted defeat. He had only 3, but he wasn't anxious, so why did you panic when you had 5?"

She looked at Eugene and explained with a smile, "I was worried that I would need to drink all three glasses. I thought that it would be better to just admit defeat so that I would only have to drink one instead."

Alex couldn't resist his laughter. "Hahaha, you need to be daring and patient to play with Young Master Nolan. Drink up now! Come on; let's continue!"

This time, since Nicole had admitted defeat, Eugene was able to escape the punishment. Though he didn't drink, he didn't feel good because he was not interested in anyone else other than Olivia.

Therefore, in the next few rounds, no matter what number he got, he only rolled once, and he made sure that he gave away nothing on his face.

Even if Nicole was good at reading expressions, she couldn't tell what number Eugene got.

For some inexplicable reason, Eugene faced obstacles in not only his relationship; he was unlucky in gambling as well. His situation was similar to Olivia's at that night—he kept losing. Out of the ten rounds he had played, the largest number he

had rolled was 7, which was unfortunately still the smallest number among them all!

Nicole continued to secretly help him. Whenever she felt that she might win that round, she would roll the dice again.

However, she couldn't admit defeat every round. It would be too obvious if she did so with any number larger than 8.

Hence, Eugene became the person who drank the most. Of course, he began to lose money at the later period since he refused to allow the alcohol to numb his reasons.

Halfway through the game, he went to the washroom.

As a matter of fact, even though he kept losing, he was still in a good mood. He was suddenly able to understand Olivia's frustration at that moment.

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Chapter 233 Test It Out

She must have been exasperated, but there was nothing she could have done. Some things were just totally unchangeable, as if it had been destined! Just like them,

even if they had parted ways seven years ago due to some reasons, they were still able to meet up again seven years later.

I believe that I'm able to make her fall for me. Even if I can't succeed now, I'll be able to do so in the future! She must be mine!

With his hands supporting the sink, he looked at himself in the mirror. He seemed a little drunk, but he had an adamant expression.

Knock, knock. The sound of someone knocking on the door was heard. He frowned and asked, "Who's that?"

Nicole's voice was heard. "It's me, Eugene. Are you alright?"

He knew what she had in mind. He stood straight and opened the door. "I'm fine. You may use the washroom."

She uttered, "I'm not going to use it. I thought that you were throwing up inside after drinking so much, so I had just ordered a cup of tea to help you sober up." As she was speaking, she handed him a cup.

He replied indifferently, "No, thanks."

She looked at him with concern. "You should stop drinking, since you've had so much."

He darted her a look without saying anything, but his gaze was sharp, as if he had seen through what she had in mind.

Stunned, she quickly explained, "I was just worried that you would feel uncomfortable after drinking so much."

He mumbled, "I'm fine."

When they went back to their seats, the others looked at them with an ambiguous yet suggestive gaze, which caused him to feel a sudden revulsion.

“You guys continue to drink. I’m leaving now.” Right after he said that, the two women in the private room looked at him with an inexplicable expectant gaze.

Unfortunately, without even glancing at them, he picked up his jacket and left the room.

Alex was shocked. “Eh, you are leaving now?” Why do I have a feeling that he is suddenly upset? Feeling suspicious, he strode over to chase after him. “What’s wrong with you?”

Eugene replied, “Nothing’s wrong. You guys should carry on. We’ll meet up again when we’re free.” After he said that, he wanted to leave, but Alex followed behind him. “Why? You don’t like having them around? Aren’t we all friends? Since you were in a bad mood, I thought that having more people would make the atmosphere livelier.”

Eugene looked at him. “I know. You guys can carry on!”

“You’ve been a little distant from us recently. Are you going to stop being friends with us when you get in a relationship?”

Eugene darted him a look. “If we were no longer friends, do you think that I would be here?”

“But now, you are going to leave when everyone else is still here.”

“I have someone waiting for me at home.”

Alex cast him a stare. “Such a show-off. Weren’t you desperate about your relationship matter earlier?”

Eugene glared at him from the corner of his eyes. “What do you mean by being desperate?”

Alex pulled him again. “Fine. Let me tell you something useful. Men and women are different—men are sexual beings, but women are emotional beings. If a man wants to have sex with a woman, he can do so with any woman he finds acceptable to him. On the contrary, women are different; a woman needs to be in love before she’s willing to have sex! Otherwise, she won’t let you touch her. If you really want to sleep with Olivia, tonight would be a good chance for you to test it out. You are in a position where you can easily charge forward or retreat in defense. If she really dislikes your advances, you can give her the excuse that you failed to control yourself because you are drunk—women usually have higher tolerance toward drunk sex; but if she likes you as well, wouldn’t this good news for both of you?”

Unsure of whether he had been brain-washed by Alex, Eugene’s head was filled with this question when he was on his journey home.

He first thought, Maybe I should do something intimate with Olivia—she may accept me after we’ve slept together!


But the next moment, he thought, If I really do something intimate to her, will she be mad at me? Will she ignore me after this? And will I be back to square one after trying so hard to get closer to her?

He kept pondering about all these and failed to get an answer even after he arrived at Muse Peninsula. Nevertheless, his hand instinctively pressed on the lift button to the 59th floor.

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Chapter 234 Thief

When the door of the lift slid open, as if he was enchanted by something, his legs brought him to Olivia's door.

When he arrived at the door, he was stunned  in place, wondering what he should do now.

Am I really going to do something to her?

His reason was persuading his heated brain to go back, but his longing toward her were like vines that wrapped around his legs, causing them to become as heavy as lead while he stood at her door without budging.

Just one look! I'll go back after taking a look at her! But...

Raising his hand, he glanced at his watch. It was 11.30PM, and she might have already gone to bed. It was very late now, so what excuse should he use to get her to open the door for him?

When he was still caught in his thoughts, her door was suddenly opened.

Looking at the person standing at the door, he was rooted to his place. His mind, which was initially working a little slow due to the alcohol, was now completely blank.

He didn't expect Olivia to open the door all of a sudden.

Now, how am I going to explain the reason I'm standing at her door in the middle of the night—instead of being asleep—while being as drunk as a skunk?

Olivia was puzzled as well. She didn't know why she suddenly opened the door. After putting her child to bed, she intended to return to her room to sleep, but she seemed to have heard some sound outside, so she opened the door without thinking—it was as if something inexplicable had led her to do so.

It was just that she found it rather awkward to suddenly meet his gaze. Before she gave herself time to think, an instinctive question escaped her lips. “W-Why are you here?”

Eugene thought about it and answered, “I wanted to come and visit North, but I was afraid that you guys were asleep. You opened the door when I was still hesitating on whether to knock on the door. Why are you not asleep yet?”

The same question was thrown back to her, which left Olivia stunned for a moment. She then looked at him and replied, “I heard some noise at the door; I thought that it was a thief.”

She had a shadow of a smile by her lips and a mischievous glimmer in her eyes. He loved how playful she looked currently.

“Why did you open the door when you suspected that it was a thief? Were you granting entry to the thief?”

Looking at him slightly lifting his chin, the gloominess she had experienced today seemed to have disappeared at that moment. With a hint of provocation and mocking in her eyes, she uttered, “What is there to be afraid of? I wonder who would be the victim after the thief comes in! After all, I'm a thief acknowledged by you!”

Standing at the door, he lowered his eyes and peered at her with both his hands in his pockets. He found that his mood, which had been depressed for the entire day, was suddenly brightened up by her few words. “Yeah, some thieves steal money, but some steal hearts.”

Olivia was rendered speechless by him. Is he not going to get over this?

“And you are the most skillful thief.” The man’s low and husky voice sounded strangely enchanting, causing her heart to flutter uncontrollably. Feeling a little annoyed, she looked at him and asked, “Are you drunk?”

He peered at her with a hint of aggrievement on his eyes, but he meekly nodded. “Yeah!”

She said, “I’ve never seen a drunk person admitting that he is drunk!”

He replied, “Before I saw you, I didn’t think that I was drunk; but after I saw you, I think that I’m rather drunk. Otherwise, how would I get you to care about me?”

His pair of deep eyes twinkled, but his cautious tone made the listener uncomfortable.

Hearing that, she felt a lump in her throat. She then flirtatiously glared at him. “When have I ever not cared about you?”

He didn’t answer her, yet his pair of eyes reflected his answer—today.

She thought to herself, I haven’t even blamed him for leaving so suddenly, which caused me to reflect on myself for a day. She reached out her hand and pulled him in. “Come in!”

Chapter 235 Love Was a Gamble

Unexpectedly, Eugene especially-obediently followed her in.

“Wait for me here!” Olivia turned her head to cast him a look before turning around and entered the kitchen.

He stared at the woman longingly. She was wearing a white pajama, accentuating her tiny, slim waist. Her every movement and expression were so lively; she was just right in front of him and was within his reach.

He finally understood Alex’s joy of not wanting to be human—he now had the intention to turn into a beast as well. Just looking at her made his imagination uncontrollably go wild. He shook his head. It’s all that guy’s fault—he influenced me to have so much filthy thoughts in my mind!

She made him a cup of honey water in the kitchen and brought it over to him. “Drink this. It’ll make you sober up!”

He took the cup, but his gaze was fixed on her.

His fervent gaze made her feel a little uncomfortable. “What are you looking at? Drink up now!”

He hummed in reply before gulping the whole cup of honey water.

After that, the two of them stared at each other.

Olivia lost to this drunk man and moved her gaze away first. With her head lowered, she kept quiet for a moment as she didn’t know what to say.

Eugene, on the other hand, had so much to say, but his remaining reasons stopped him from saying anything.

Therefore, they looked at each other in silence for a while.

The atmosphere was awkward. Finally, Eugene had no choice but to use his remaining rationality to instruct his body to stand up. “Go to bed. I’m going back.”

She subconsciously stopped him. “Aren’t you here to see North?”

He nodded and hummed a reply before turning around and headed toward North’s room.

The little guy was rather sound asleep; he was no longer in the curled-up position he was in yesterday. Today, he was bold and unrestrained—his limbs were spread out, and the blanket, which was initially covering his body, was kicked to a side.

His delicate little mouth was pouted, while his breathing was shallow and regular.

Upon seeing him, Eugene’s expression became gentle. He reached out his hand to stroke his little face.

“Looks like he’s recovered from the incident,” he quietly uttered.

Olivia smiled and agreed. “Yeah. He even consoled me today! He said that he had a dream, and in his dream, he took revenge on them!”

He smiled as well. “Our son is impressive!”

She frowned. This wasn’t the first time she heard him addressing North as his son—yesterday, when they were looking for the child, Eugene called him ‘son’ as well.

She thought that his intention was to console her, but he called him ‘son’ again today.

Therefore, she looked at him and sternly corrected him. “It’s my son who is impressive!”

Eugene looked at her with an obvious smug on his face. “Sooner or later, he will be my son too!”

She looked at him, puzzled. She was indeed slower to warm up to people, but she was aware of his kindness to her, and also his sincerity and attentiveness toward her.

She hadn't had a boyfriend for so many years. The first reason was because she hadn't met anyone suitable. Besides, the other reason was because of North. She was worried that the man would mind that she had a child or would mistreat her child, or perhaps North wouldn't like him. Therefore, due to all sorts of reasons, she had been alone all this while.

She had eliminated all the slightest possibilities that might harm her child!

She couldn't withstand any such possibilities at all!

Last night, she saw it with her own eyes that he was as anxious as her when they were searching for the child; he even took action on Amy to force an answer out of Anna.

He was also worried that the child couldn't sleep properly, so he purposely stayed back to accompany him.

Though his purpose here tonight was not only to see the child, he must have had the two of them in his mind as well. Otherwise, why would he stand at her door?

A person's eyes could never lie. He only had such a gentle gaze when facing North and her.

Love was a gamble—one would lose nine out of ten tries. She had always been unperturbed by romance; knowing that she might lose, why would she still be attracted to love, like a moth to a flame?

However, she felt depressed today, so she had a lot in her mind the moment she watched him leave.