

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 81

Chapter 81 Handle Him as You See Fit

When the CCTV footage of over ten minutes ended, everyone looked at each other. Although the exchange isn't quite intelligible, judging from Luca Matthew's expression, it's obvious that the two women were telling the truth. I never expected him to be such a person.

Luca's knees grew weak. An immense wave of helplessness surged within him, and he imperceptibly inched closer to Harriet as though grasping onto his last glimmer of hope.

Meanwhile, Harriet's expression was utterly grim. Never have I thought that this b*stard would be such a flirt. He's whispering sweet nothing to me while hooking up with other women on the side. Staring at him, she slapped him right across the face.

Her slap was much stronger than Kate's, so much so that Luca felt half his face had gone numb even as a buzzing started in his ears. He gazed at her imploringly. "Miss Harriet, I'm sorry. Actually, I was only doing so to drive her away—"

Before he'd even finished speaking, Harriet cut him a severe look. "Shut up!" Then, she looked at Eugene. "I'm sorry, President Nolan. It was my brother's fault."

Eugene's face started darkening even as he stared at her with a frosty look in his eyes. "Who exactly is your brother? Is he the president that he can have any woman sleep with him?"

Embarrassed by his remark, Harriet inhaled deeply before saying, "He's an artist with Metrostar Entertainment. I invested in his recently premiered movie and felt an affinity with him, so I took him on as a brother. I never thought he'd be so insensible. Since he's at fault in this incident, I'll hand him over to you, President Nolan. Just do with him as you see fit."

Eugene gave a nod of satisfaction. "I'll spare your life for President Grant's sake."

Upon hearing that, Luca panicked and hastily tugged at Harriet. "Miss Harriet, please save me. Miss Harriet—"

Harriet shook off his hand hard. "Think of a way to save yourself, for I can't save you," she remarked indifferently. If it weren't for Eugene Nolan's remark earlier, I would've gotten even

with that woman as well. Not only does this idiot want to die, but he even wants to drag me down with him!

Luca frantically pleaded, "I'm sorry, President Nolan, I didn't know that they're your friends. Please spare me this once."

"You were incredibly conceited earlier. If I weren't here, would you have spared them this once?" Eugene commented placidly.

Luca kept bowing and apologizing. "I'm sorry, President Nolan. I know I was wrong. I'm from Metrostar Entertainment, and President Cohen is probably acquainted with you. President Nolan, please spare me for President Cohen's sake."

Olivia who'd been sitting quietly beside Eugene suddenly interjected, "Go ahead and call President Cohen to see whether he'll intercede on your behalf." Upon hearing this, Luca froze. Lifting his eyes, he stared at them blankly, uncertain whether she was being serious. "Go on!" Olivia snapped.

Terror-struck, Luca trembled and took out his cell phone to make the call. The call was swiftly connected, upon which Luca hurriedly said, "Mr. Cohen, this is Luca Matthews here. I accidentally offended President Nolan from Nolan Group. Please intercede on my behalf. I'll definitely work hard to prosper the company in the future. I beg you, Mr. Cohen."

A man's voice drifted out of the phone. "Hand the phone over to President Nolan." Luca was startled for a moment, having not expected that things would go so smoothly.

Not daring to give Eugene the phone, he merely placed the cell phone on the coffee table in front of Eugene and put the call on loudspeaker. "President Nolan?"

"President Cohen," Eugene greeted reluctantly. In actual fact, they weren't all that close, nor did they usually interact. He merely knew of the existence of such a company and such a person.

"Nice to meet you, President Nolan. I've heard about Luca's incident, so I hereby apologize to you first. It's my company's mismanagement that has caused you trouble and hurt your friends. I'm not trying to ask you to spare him, but I just want to express my stance on this matter. From this moment onward, Luca Matthews is no longer Metrostar Entertainment's artist, so just handle him as you see fit, President Nolan!"

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Chapter 82 Keep Your Distance From Her

Eugene was a touch surprised, for he'd thought that Marcus Cohen would utter a few imploring remarks. While he couldn't have changed his mind, he had to answer the call for Olivia's sake. I didn't expect Marcus Cohen to be such a straightforward person that he gave his artist up without even asking what had transpired. The corners of his mouth lifted a fraction. "Sure. Let's get together sometime."

Marcus' voice drifted out of the phone. "Okay. I'll leave you to do your work first, then."

The corners of Olivia's mouth twitched unbidden. This cousin of mine is really smart. He's making his stance clear to Eugene Nolan when I've obviously related everything to him via WhatsApp. She deliberately had Luca make this call so that he would harbor no illusions. Metrostar Entertainment couldn't possibly allow an artist of his character to stay since he'd started puffing up before even achieving anything much.

After hearing the exchange, Luca's eyes rolled back into his head, and he almost passed out from fright. He persisted in apologizing while bowing. "President Nolan, I'm sorry. Ladies, I'm sorry. I've realized my wrongdoing now."

Olivia threw him a placid glance and remarked indifferently, "How did Metrostar Entertainment produce such trash like you?" After saying that, she turned and looked at Eugene. "President Nolan, since he has been fired by Metrostar Entertainment, he's been suitably punished after all. So, let's just drop it at this."

"Is this even punishment? The two of you are fine only because he was impeded by the situation, not because he has repented and decided not to take it further," Eugene commented placidly.

Sighing, Olivia replied, "I know. If you hadn't been here today, the ramifications might have been disastrous for me and Kate, but it's tantamount to career suicide now that something

like this happened to him at the height of his career. Thus, I don't want to pursue this matter further."

Harriet was also a tad worried. While she hadn't raised a hand against them, her attitude earlier was one of retaliation, so it was a matter of a word from Eugene if he wanted payback from her. Hence, she promptly said to Olivia, "Miss Maxwell, I'm really sorry. I mistakenly took Luca's words for the truth and thought that he was bullied. I then wanted to retaliate on his behalf without having understood the truth, so I owe you an apology as well."

Looking at her, Olivia took a deep breath. "As I said, we both wanted to retaliate on behalf of our friends, so I don't mind. I just have a kind reminder for you—not everyone is worthy to be considered a friend. Some people aren't deserving of your kindness!"

Harriet nodded. "You're right. I still need to improve my judgment of others," she hurriedly replied. Olivia inclined her head slightly without saying anything further.

Eugene glanced at Luca, who appeared to be a lamb awaiting slaughter, his gaze blank and helpless. "I'll let you off this time for Miss Maxwell's sake, but keep your distance from her in future."

Almost bursting into tears from the immense joy, Luca bowed low to him as though he'd been granted amnesty. "Thank you, President Nolan! Thank you, ladies!"

Aleena, who'd witnessed the entire debacle from a corner, gritted her teeth so hard that they almost shattered. Why is there such a big difference in his attitude? I wanted to sit with him, but he disdained me. When Olivia Maxwell went over, however, he promptly called her over to have a seat and even helped to avenge her, getting into a snit for her sake. Why? I like him so much! How am I inferior to her? Her nails unconsciously dug into her flesh, but she didn't feel any pain, her eyes brimming with undisguised hatred.

"Aleena, who's that woman? Why does Eugene seem so protective of her?" The woman beside her stared at them in bafflement.

Aleena snorted. "Protective? Not at all. She just knows some medical skills and happened to have saved Eugene's grandfather, so Eugene regards her quite highly."

"No matter the reason, there'll be sparks if she keeps putting herself into Eugene's path, so you can't just sit around and do nothing," the woman urged.

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Chapter 83 Filthy Thoughts

Aleena said nothing, but she was inwardly mulling over the woman's words. Perhaps I'm too well-mannered. I should just employ a more direct method. D*mn you, Robin, for failing to do such a trivial task!

After the fuss at the cocktail party, everyone looked at Olivia and Kate differently. The most blatant evidence was the fact that everyone seemed friendly with them, with increasingly more people handing them business cards and even expressing their hopes of a collaboration if the opportunity arose in future. Actually, everyone was of the same mind—these two ladies are Eugene Nolan's friends. After all, no one dared to offend his friend.

Kate was ecstatic. Never have I thought that my magazine and I would become renowned in such a way one day.

Meanwhile, no one dared to report the incident at the cocktail party on this night since Eugene had spoken. When they were leaving, Eugene offered to send them back, but Olivia declined. The two women then hailed a taxi home.

Staring the upturned corners of Kate's mouth that just wouldn't go down, Olivia couldn't resist saying, "Alright, just laugh if you want to do so."

Kate laughed unceremoniously. "Ha ha... Don't you think it was a blessing in disguise that I got slapped? Many celebrities expressed their interest in collaborating with me today, so I think I don't need to worry for the next six months."

Olivia burst into giggles. "Your success in taking advantage of Eugene's influence today far exceeded my expectations."

Grasping her hand, Kate declared solemnly, "I know you're the person I should be thanking most. If it weren't for you, Eugene Nolan wouldn't have known me from a stranger on the street, much less be friends with me. D*mn it, I'm Eugene Nolan's friend! I've decided to advertise your designs for free without asking you for a single cent in the future."

Olivia shot her a glare. "You may want to do so, but I may not be interested."

Looking at her dubiously, Kate asked, "Can't you be a smidge more polite?"

Olivia clung to her shoulder. "Why should I? Considering our relationship now, talking about money will only ruin our friendship!" Kate was rendered speechless.

Meanwhile, Eugene went straight to Ruby Palace after leaving the cocktail party, having been pestered endlessly by Alex and Hayden since the incident during the cocktail party came to their knowledge through some unknown individual.

Upon seeing him, everyone in the room hollered, "He's here, he's here!" Eugene was then forced onto the sofa. Knowing that he disliked women, none of the women dared to go forward and tease him.

Since Alex was the master player here, he called out to a female guest relations officer (GRO), "Serenity, hurry up and pour Mr. Nolan a glass of wine. I'm sure he didn't get enough to drink at the cocktail party earlier."

Flashing Eugene a smile, Serenity Morris sensibly poured him a glass of wine before placing it on the table in front of him. "Here you go, Mr. Nolan." Then, she returned to her post. The GROs in Ruby Palace were all insightful ladies, so they usually wouldn't go up to their clients unless summoned upon noticing them talking.

Eugene took out a cigarette from the packet of cigarettes and lit it with a snap of the lighter. Then, he leisurely took a puff, upon which a cloud of smoke enveloped his devastatingly handsome face. "Hurry up and cut the b*llshit!"

"What's wrong? Are you in a bad mood? But didn't you save the damsel in distress?" Alex remarked with a chuckle.

Likewise, Hayden teased, "It's probably because the damsel didn't pledge herself to him."

Eugene shot them both a glare. "Is saving the damsel in distress just for the express purpose of having the damsel pledge herself to me?"

At this, Alex looked at Hayden. "If it's not to have her pledge herself to him, why did he save her?"

"So that she'll pledge herself to him in the future," Hayden tacitly answered with a chuckle.

All at once, Alex gave him a thumbs-up. "Absolutely brilliant!"

Eugene flicked his cigarette ash into the ashtray. "Stop using your filthy thoughts to appraise my actions! What do you know?"

Sneering, Alex urged Serenity, "Quick, play a song to purify my filthy thoughts.

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Chapter 84 Crash and Burn

Serenity nodded with a smile. Then, she sat down a fair distance away from them with her lute in her arms. In no time, the crisp and sweet strains of music floated in the room. Meanwhile, the other ladies exclaimed jokingly, "Don't purify yourself, Mr. Road! We love you as you are."

Chuckling, Alex remarked, "That makes sense. Mr. Nolan here is chaste, so I'm your only hope. How does the saying go again? If I don't sacrifice myself for the greater good, who will?"

"Pfft..." The ladies giggled, while Eugene shot him an affronted glare. "You should have a care lest I throw up at that gross remark!"

Unfazed, Alex leaned close to him with curiosity written all over his face. "So, what exactly happened? I heard that you even crushed Harriet Grant? Isn't there a collaboration between Grant Group and Nolan Group?"

Downing his glass of wine, Eugene replied with utter distaste, "She can't manage her brother well, so I kindly helped her out!"

"Her target was Olivia Maxwell, so what has it got to do with you?" Alex asked in feigned bafflement, craftiness concealed in his eyes.

"Could I have just ignored it when she was right beside me?" Eugene retorted.

Alex arched an eyebrow even as he smirked slyly. "Really? Do you just like her that much?"

Cutting him a glare, Eugene stubbornly declared, "What that man did was practically slapping me across the face right before me, so I just didn't like him. What has it got to do with liking her?"

Alex curled his lips and exclaimed, "Cut that crap! Did you think I don't know you? When have you, Eugene Nolan, ever loved poking your nose into someone else's affairs?"

"He just had to come and seek death, so what could I do?" Eugene shot back.

Alex exchanged a look with Hayden. "You're sure you don't like her?"

"He can't admit it even if he does. After all, Eugene is the kind of person who's used to being pursued."

After snubbing out his cigarette in the ashtray, Eugene demanded with a disdainful look, “Do you two even know what liking someone means?”

The two of them shared a look before they burst out laughing. “Indeed, we’ve never saved any damsel in distress, unlike you.”

“Let me ask you this—what were you thinking back then?” Alex asked.

“Nothing,” Eugene answered perfunctorily.

Alex’s expression turned knowing. “That’s it. It’s game over for you. It’s exactly such subconscious action that’s most terrifying! It seems like you’ve been taken down without you even having realized it.”

Eugene was rendered speechless for the very first time. Actually, he was thinking at that time. When he heard that the man wanted Olivia to sleep with him, his only thought was to kill that man. Perhaps it was because they’d been teasing him, but he abruptly recalled the time when he saw her during the grand competition. I was truly happy back then, delighted even. Could it be that... I have really developed feelings for her?

The next day, Olivia was in the studio, keeping an eye on things since the renovation was about to be done when she suddenly received a call from Eugene just moments after she’d arrived, asking her to go over to Ruby Palace. While he didn’t specify the reason, she knew that he wasn’t the kind of person who’d ask her out for no reason, so she readily agreed and drove over to Ruby Palace right away.

Since she’d been here once, she was familiar with the place. The moment she went in, she noticed a huge crowd gathered in the lobby. As she was wondering what was happening, she heard a woman’s furious bellow. “Ben Roberts, what do you take me for? A back-up lover? Aren’t you on a business trip?”

Stifling his anger, the man proclaimed, “I just came back, okay? She’s just a client, so you don’t need to get all suspicious.”

After taking two steps further, Olivia caught sight of the person who was speaking at a single glance. The man was casually dressed in black, his expression as dark as charcoal. On the other hand, the woman was wearing a red dress, her face brimming with profound ire. Meanwhile, the woman standing beside the man was Anna.

Recognition dawned upon her. Aren't these two people the couple I bumped into when I bought a car? Ben Roberts and Jessica Smith. Huh? Are they crashing now? Inexorable joy inundated her. I just knew that they're going to crash and burn sooner or later. She then squeezed further to the front.

Her face bright red with fury, Jessica sneered. "A client? Ben Roberts, I'm truly impressed that you managed to cook up such an absurd lie! Which part of her screams client?"

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Chapter 85 Ben Roberts, You B*stard!

Reaching out, Jessica grabbed Anna and lambasted loudly, "Come out, d*mn it! You have the guts to seduce a man, yet you don't have the guts to admit it? You're hiding behind a man like a coward!"

Anna surreptitiously tugged at Ben as she murmured pitifully, "You've misunderstood. We were really discussing business.

Livid, Jessica clutched at her and demanded, "Fine, then! Tell me, what did you two discuss that took an entire night?"

"No, I'd just arrived. Mr. Roberts said he was in the room, so I went there to meet him, but you then arrived," Anna quibbled.

Raising her hand, Jessica slapped her across the face again. "So, it's a requirement to strip when you two discuss business? If you continue quibbling, I'll tear your tongue off!"

Anna hid behind Ben, covering her face with both hands. At this time, Ben, who'd been keeping silent, grabbed Jessica's wrist. "Jessica Smith, you should stop while you're ahead. Must you make such a fuss and make this common knowledge?"

Jessica shook off his hold with much effort, her eyes blazing red with fury. "What do I have to fear? Since you two cheaters aren't at all afraid, why would I be afraid? I want to let everyone know that you're a scumbag, and she's a home-wrecker!" As she said that, she took out her cell phone to snap their pictures.

"Ben!" Anna exclaimed before hiding behind the man's back in terror.

Similarly panicked, Ben snatched the cell phone in Jessica's hand and smashed it to the ground, glaring at her furiously. "That's enough!"

Staring at her cell phone that had been smashed to smithereens, Jessica asked with forced calmness, "Ben Roberts, you are determined to protect her, yes?" Ben remained expressionless, but he shielded Anna behind him. This unconscious action instantly infuriated Jessica, and she sneered, "If you hand this woman over to me today, I'll let this matter slide. Otherwise, I'll call off our engagement!"

Inhaling deeply, Ben suppressed the fury within him and stretched out his hands to embrace her. "Alright, stop making trouble for no reason. I've said that there's nothing between us. I'll explain further to you at home."

Jessica slapped his hand away, her face crumpled in disappointment. "If there's nothing between the two of you, why are you shielding her to such an extent? You think I'm a fool, yes?" After saying that, she reached out to grab Anna. "Come over here. D*mn you!"

Terror-stricken, Anna hurriedly dodged. Losing his cool, Ben extended his hands and shoved her away. "Stop messing around!" It was a rather forceful shove, so Jessica stumbled back several steps before falling onto the ground.

The onlookers all exclaimed in surprise, having not expected them to get physical. At this moment, they moved from merely looking on to urging softly, "No matter what, you shouldn't be getting physical."

"That's right. You should just explain properly instead."

"You should give her some leeway since you're a man!"

As her eyes rapidly stung, Jessica scrambled up from the ground and rushed at Ben as though she'd lost her mind, her fists swinging. "Ben Roberts, you b*stard!"

Caught off guard, Ben took several blows. All at once, he then grew enraged and swung his hand across her face. "Are you not finished with your tantrum yet? Isn't this common to men? I've already explained things to you, so when are you going to cease this nonsense? And you call yourself a socialite? You're no different from a shrew on the street! You want to call off the engagement, yes? Go ahead!" After he'd said that, he wanted to leave while pulling Anna along, but unexpectedly, he was kicked back into the crowd just after having taken two steps.

At the same time, a woman's voice rang out. "It's even an insult to scumbags to label you as a scumbag. Are you even human? You want to make yourself scarce after hitting someone, huh?"