

Super Wife 1121

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 1121

Never the Chosen One

Unexpectedly, one of Olivia's close friends joined the auction as well, and she ruthlessly yelled a number that sent Olivia into the depths of despair, "15 million!"

Olivia pouted. "That's not what you said last night!"

Eugene replied, "That's because my wife didn't say so last night. To me, everything my wife says is right!"

Eventually, she laughed and chided flirtatiously, "Stop it."

He mirrored her smile as he said, "All right, don't worry too much about it. What do you want to eat tonight? I'll buy the ingredients."

Meanwhile, in the office, Alex looked at Jewel silently, not knowing what to say nor where to begin.

He had spent the previous night wide awake. Logically, he should be elated that he was finally able to put an end to the issue that he had always been conflicted over, but for reasons he wasn't sure of, he just couldn't bring himself to feel any joy. It was as if a hole had been punctured in his chest.

He asked himself over and over if their relationship was just going to end like this. Why didn't he feel like a burden had been lifted off his shoulders, but rather as if he had lost something? He was the source of her misfortune, and his and his mother's woes were caused by her mother and his father, so what did it have to do with her? Why did he blame someone who was completely uninvolved in the matter?

It would be different if he were happy, but he knew very well that he was far from being happy—in fact, he felt as if he was about to be ripped apart from the pain. Why were they tormenting each other like this?

After wrestling with his thoughts for an entire night, he finally had an answer. The next day, he headed to Muse Peninsula and rang Jewel's doorbell, but he didn't receive any response even after multiple times. It was then that he clearly felt a sense of fear, and a rush of anxiety welled up in him all of a sudden.

Did she leave? What if she got depressed and got into an accident?

His hand even trembled as he dialed her number, and at that moment, he finally understood what Eugene said to him in the past, that Jewel had never been the chosen one.

Now, he was relieved that he was still able to see her, but her eyes had lost the joy and bashfulness they used to carry upon seeing him, nor was there the deliberate avoidance from the previous night. She only looked calm, as if she didn't know about this matter.

This caused him to turn frantic, and he cautiously took a few steps closer to her. "Jewel, I didn't want to break up with you. I only said all of that last night to explain why I haven't come to see you in two

months. I admit that I was hesitating, but it's not because I don't love you, but because I'm worried that I can't make you happy in the future."

"I know, I just found out about this too. Thank you for hiding it for so long so that I won't be humiliated. Even though I've lost my memory, I don't think that my mother is someone like that. I'll look into this matter so that I can give you a satisfactory explanation!"

At that, Alex furrowed his brows. His heart was filled with panic as he stepped forward and grabbed her hand. "Jewel, I've come to my senses after thinking about it for the entire night. This matter really isn't important. I love you, so I'll accept everything about you. I only want to be with you."

Jewel stared at him and asked, "Have you really thought about it? Do you think that your love is strong enough to overcome the fact that my mother is the reason why you lost your father, and the reason why your mother lost her husband?"

"Yes, that's fine."

"It may be fine to you, but what about your mother?"

"I'll convince her."

Jewel chortled. "Do you think it's possible? You've already predicted what would happen in the future once you've accepted me. If you were able to overcome that, you wouldn't have hesitated for two months."

Alex clutched her hand, his voice carrying a trace of sorrow as he said, "I've also seen what my days would look like if I lost you. Jewel, if I had to give up something, I'll choose to give up my grudges and spend the rest of my life with you."

However, Jewel broke free from his touch, her eyes turning red. "You're always the one making a choice, but you've never asked me how I felt. What do you think I am? A tool that you can use at will? Do you think I don't have feelings or opinions, and that I can't feel any pain?"

Super Wife's Three Babies chapter 1122

Robbers

Just then, one of Olivia's close friends joined the auction as well, and she ruthlessly yelled a number that sent Olivia into the depths of despair, "15 million!"

Amy instantly jolted in shock and hurriedly tugged on the woman next to her. "Eleanor, have you lost your mind? Why are you calling out 15 million for it?"

Eleanor replied, "It's pretty. I quite like it!"

"What's so special about it? I used to have a sapphire necklace that looked like this, but the craftsmanship was much finer, and the color was brighter too. It was gorgeous, like a starry sky reflected in a dark ocean, but even a necklace like that was nowhere close to 15 million! You really do have too much cash to burn."

A mocking smile appeared on Eleanor's face. She assumed that Amy was bragging again, but she asked carelessly instead of dwelling on the matter, "Is that so? Then, why haven't I seen you wear it?"

Amy let out an awkward cough. "I didn't like it, so I gave it away."

Hearing that, Eleanor scoffed. "You're quite generous. If I were you, I'd immediately get it back. If this necklace is already worth 15 million, won't that necklace of yours be hundreds of million?"

Amy chuckled sheepishly. "This isn't just about money. How can I ask someone to return something I've given them?"

Eleanor let out another scoff without replying. However, no one else followed after she made her bid, and she scored the necklace with a price of 15 million in the end. Once she had completed the transaction with the staff, she headed back outside.

Amy couldn't help but tease her, "I shouldn't have come with you."

"Why?"

"I'm afraid of running into robbers! This is worth 15 million, you know?"

Eleanor let out a self-deprecating laugh. "Oh, don't you know what situation I'm in? Spending money is the only thing that can comfort me now."

Amy knew that with her husband's exploits, the only thing she had left was her fortune. Hence, she soon calmed down at the thought.

Unfortunately, as soon as they stepped out of the auction house, they were surrounded by a group of men. They appeared to be regular bidders as they were all dressed casually yet exuded an air of extravagance, but their gazes were vicious, as if they could silently end their lives any second.

As she faced the men, Amy shivered in fear.

Her first thought was, It's over! We really ran into robbers! No wonder people always said not to flaunt your wealth—it was no surprise that they were targeted by these robbers when they had just placed a 15 million bid on a necklace!

At that moment, she wanted nothing more than to shove Eleanor forward, then wail to the robbers that her husband was in charge of a small company that was on the brink of bankruptcy, so he had no money, and that it was this other woman who was the wealthy one!

Even so, she couldn't just lose her only wealthy friend like this, so she dragged Amy with her as they backed away and asked in a trembling voice, "What do you want?"

A young man in his twenties spoke up, "Don't be afraid, we're not bad people. We just want to take a look at the necklace you just bought at the auction."

Most of the time, money was the key to a person's confidence. Hence, Eleanor was much calmer compared to Amy's state of panic. After all, there was nothing for her to fear if the issue was about money.

She replied calmly, "Why should I show it to you? Move before we call the police."

The young man smiled soothingly. "I don't want to force you either, we just want you to let us have a look. If it's the one we're looking for, we're willing to offer twice the price for it, and we'll return it to you if it isn't. Moreover, we'll reimburse you accordingly!"

Amy refused firmly, "That won't do either. What if you're just another group of liars who'll switch it out with a fake?"

The man's face fell as he looked at Amy before he retrieved something from behind his hip and pressed it against Eleanor's waist.

However, he laughed breezily and continued in a gentle tone, "Help us out. We've been looking for this necklace for a long time, and if it really is the one we are looking for, just name a price and we'll pay for it!"

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A Deal

Naturally, Eleanor sensed what the man was pressing against her waist, and her firm expression started to crack. Frightened, she retrieved the necklace she just bought from her bag and handed it to the man. "T-Then you can have a look!"

The man took the necklace and thanked her politely before handing it to another man behind him. "Hugh, take a look at this!"

Hugh was a man in his forties, and he accepted the necklace solemnly. Then, he used a magnifying glass to inspect it carefully.

Meanwhile, Eleanor and Amy stared at him intently throughout the process, worried that he would switch the necklace out, but it seemed that he did not intend to do such a thing.

Not long later, he returned the necklace to the man and shook his head, reporting somewhat morosely, "Sir, it isn't the one we're looking for."

Hearing that, the man glanced at Hugh with a frown and asked again, "It isn't?"

Hugh shook his head. "No, this is a replica that was made recently, not longer than twenty years ago."

The man nodded and handed the necklace back to Eleanor. "Thanks for your help. This isn't what we're looking for, so you can leave."

After that, he handed them 1,500 in cash and said, "Take this as thanks for giving us your precious time."

Eleanor hurriedly rejected him, "It's fine."

"Take it." The man forcefully shoved the money in her hands.

As Eleanor was full of panic and only wanted to leave as soon as possible, she accepted it and quickly said, "All right, thanks."

After she finished speaking, she was just about to leave when Amy stopped her. "Hold on, let me ask them something."

Eleanor was speechless. Was this fool fearless? Couldn't she see that they were carrying guns? However, she was unable to break free from her grip, and it didn't seem like a good idea to remind her in front of the men, so she could only sit through the ordeal a little longer with her.

Meanwhile, Amy had not noticed the man pulling his gun out at all. What she did see, however, was the money he gave them and his tempting offer. So, the necklace wasn't just there for decoration after all! In that case, she could show them the one Olivia had. She wouldn't lose anything by doing so, anyway.

She looked at the man and asked, "Why are you looking for this necklace?"

The man turned to her and said, "That has nothing to do with you. If you see a necklace that looks like this, you can contact me. The price will be up to you."

After saying that, he ordered one of the men to hand two of his name cards over.

Amy immediately accepted it before saying, "I used to have a sapphire necklace like this at home. It's much prettier than this one, and I think it's quite dated too, but we gave it away. I'll go and see if I can take it back, and if I manage to, I'll let you know."

The man immediately asked, "Who did you give it to?"

At the sight of his solemn expression, Amy decided to be cautious and replied vaguely, "My husband was the one who gave it away, and I didn't ask. It was a long time ago, so I have to go back and ask him."

The man said, "Okay, in that case, contact us if you have any news. I can ensure that as long as it's what we're looking for, we won't pay you any less than 30 million."

Amy's eyes immediately lit up as she hurriedly replied, "All right, wait for me. Once I look into it, I'll let you know!"

Upon saying that, she dragged Eleanor away and left.

Meanwhile, the man narrowed his eyes as he looked at their retreating backs. "Go and look into this woman."

His subordinates asked dubiously, "Sir, do you think she has what we're looking for?"

The man replied, "There's some hope. It's better than us having absolutely no clue where to start looking!"

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Henry's Request

Meanwhile, the fans who had dispersed were discussing fervently amongst themselves.

"Olivia is so gentle. She's completely different from Margot. I can't believe how shy she is."

"An actor's duality is their best charm!"

"Do you know what's the most amazing thing? Acting is just one of her side gigs! Our idol is a big shot!"

Looking at the quiet entrance, Olivia secretly let out a sigh of relief. If they came to see her every day like this, she might have to give up her job.

Just then, Sophia walked over with a small laugh. "Olivia, it looks like a hat and a mask will be one of your daily necessities from now on!"

Olivia replied, "I hope not. I'll just come here less often in the future."

The two were still conversing when a cautious male voice sounded from the door. "Olivia..."

Looking at the source of the voice, Olivia caught sight of Henry's face. It seemed like he had lost weight again. She hadn't seen them ever since he told her that she wasn't their real daughter, and although she regularly purchased gifts for him, she would normally send a bodyguard to deliver them to him.

Now, this unexpected and sudden meeting made her feel awkward. She couldn't say they were close as she had resented him for seven years and even found out that he wasn't her real father. It would be difficult for them to become close in such a short amount of time. However, she didn't feel as if she should be angry at him. After all, he had raised her for over twenty years, so she was still indebted to him.

Hence, she hesitated for a long moment before asking, "Why are you here?"

"I wasn't busy today, so I came over to see you," Henry replied.

"Then come in and sit."

As Olivia led him into her office, Sophia prepared tea for the two of them.

Taking a sip of tea, Henry asked awkwardly, "How's the studio recently?"

"Not bad. Did you have something to talk to me about?"

Henry nodded silently, as if he couldn't bring himself to speak.

Seeing his look of hesitation, Olivia pressed, "What is it? Just tell me."

"Well, Amy met a man at the auction house the other day who was looking for the necklace in your blanket. I was thinking that he might know your true identity, so do you want to show your necklace to him? He might be able to help you find your family."

Hearing that, Olivia froze. "What is he like?"

"I haven't seen him, but I just wanted to know what you think about it. I heard from Amy that he looks like he's in his twenties, and he seems wealthy. His subordinates call him 'sir', and he's generous with his money, too. Amy's friend, Eleanor, got a necklace that looks like yours at the auction house for 15 million, and he wanted to take a look at it. He even said that if it's the one he's looking for, he's willing to pay 30 million for it. However, even after he found out that it wasn't, he still gave them 1,500 as a thank-you gift. I think that he's quite wealthy!"

Olivia frowned and said, "15 million for a necklace and 1,500 as a thank-you gift? Are you sure he isn't some kind of run-of-the-mill scammer? He might have switched the necklace out while they weren't

looking.”

“That’s what I suspected too, but when I asked Amy, she said that she was afraid of this as well and specifically went to have the necklace authenticated to ensure that it was still the same.”

Even so, Olivia found it hard to believe. It wasn’t just because of the suspicious story; she merely didn’t trust anything that was related to Amy and Anna.

“Regardless of whether it was switched out or not, I don’t want to get into any trouble. I’m living a happy life now, and as for my biological parents, I don’t have any emotional attachment to them whatsoever. Even if they were facing hardships back then, they still abandoned me, so they have no right to know how I’m doing now. You and Mom are my actual family, and I don’t want to go out of my way to look for them, so I’ll just leave things as they are. If we’re destined to meet, we will, but if not, then so be it!”

Henry felt an ache in his heart at her words. Although they had spoiled her in the past, ever since he took Amy and Anna in after the death of Olivia’s mother, she had not had an easy life.

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Henry stood up and said, “Okay, you don’t have to look for them if you don’t want to. I just wanted to tell you about this. I have his number here, and if you change your mind, you can contact him. You can show him a fake necklace too; there’s no saying you can’t find something from him. It’s still a lead, isn’t it? But this is just a suggestion of mine, and you can decide whether you want to meet him or not. I...”

At his words, Olivia sensed that he was about to leave, but she had barely said anything to him. Hence, she asked urgently, “How are you?”

Henry jolted at the sudden question before he slowly lowered himself back onto the couch. “I’m doing quite well. Without Anna constantly kicking up a fuss, it’s just me and Amy now. Sometimes the kids will go to see Hugo for a few days, so things are pretty quiet.”

“What about the company? How is it doing?”

Choosing to hide the bad news from her, Henry replied, “The company’s all right. We got a large order a few days ago, and it’s enough to keep us busy for a while.”

Hearing that, Olivia stood up and retrieved a card from her bag before handing it to him. “There’s 150 thousand in this card from my salary. I saved it for you to get something to eat.”

“No, no, I have enough money,” Henry hurriedly refused her offer.

However, Olivia stuffed the card into his hand and said fiercely, “Just hold onto it. Did you know that you’ve lost weight?”

At these words, she felt a lump in her throat. “Mom is going to say that I didn’t take good care of you.”

Henry’s eyes immediately turned red, and his hand trembled as he held the card.

“Olivia... I’m sorry.”

Not wanting to burst into tears, Olivia quietly readjusted her breathing and said, "It's fine, it's all in the past. In fact, I have to thank you. If it weren't for you and Mom, I would've frozen to death in that hospital!"

"A-Are things going well with you and Eugene?" Henry probed tentatively.

Olivia nodded. "Yes, he treats me well. You don't have to worry about me."

"Good, good," Henry mumbled.

"Olivia, someone's looking for you outside." Sophia's voice sounded by the door, followed by three knocks.

"I'm coming," Olivia replied.

Henry rose to his feet once more. "I'll get going, then. If you need anything... Just give me a call."

Olivia nodded and said, "Same goes for you. Call me if you need anything."

Henry didn't reply, but he bobbed his head profusely as his heart warmed. Did Olivia finally forgive him?

As Olivia looked at his slumped figure, she felt her eyes burn with tears as she was forced to accept a cruel fact. He had gotten old, even more than when she had first returned. Now, he seemed to even struggle with his gait.

She inhaled deeply and left the office with Henry. Immediately, she caught sight of the unfamiliar man standing by the entrance. He was leaning slightly on the front desk and exuded an air of nonchalance.

When he saw her, a smile appeared on his face, but it was a smile that was strangely filled with mischief.

Olivia merely nodded slightly at him, only returning to greet him after she saw Henry out.

"Nice to meet you, sir. Were you looking at me?"

The man stared at her and asked in an arrogant voice, "Are you Olivia? Eugene's woman?"

Olivia furrowed her brow instinctively. Not only was this man incredibly rude, but she also had a strange feeling that she knew this man.

However, she still remained cautious and replied, "Yes, do you need anything?"

The man first looked at his surroundings before he asked carelessly, "Don't you make custom designs here? I want to order one."

Olivia's frown eased at his words, but she didn't reply. Instead, she stared at him for a long time with a sharp gaze.

The man crossed his arms and returned her stare without avoiding it. His gaze was bold and flirtatious, while his smile turned even more mischievous.

Seeing that she hadn't said anything in a while, he spoke up again. "Miss Maxwell, you keep staring at me. Did you fall for me?"

Hearing that, Olivia narrowed her eyes slightly. At the sound of his familiar voice and the sight of his carefree attitude, she broke into a smile and reached out to pinch his ear.

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Olivia said fiercely, "Christoff, do you think that I won't recognize you just because you changed your face?"

Behind her, Sophia jolted in shock and hurriedly took a few steps back.

Is this Christoff? My goodness! Why does he look so different? What kind of witchcraft is this? Also, isn't Olivia being a little too fierce? How can she pinch his ear like that?

Christoff yelped, "Ow, ow, ow, it hurts! Woman, can't you be a little gentler?" At that, he hurriedly rescued his ear from her grasp.

Olivia scoffed. "What do you mean, gentle? Can I be gentle to you? Did you know that I was looking for you to teach you a lesson?"

Christoff chuckled. "I do. Look, I'm here now. You can do what you want with me!"

Hearing that, Olivia said viciously, "Okay, you said that yourself. Sophia, get me some rope."

Sophia hurriedly replied, "Okay. What do you need the rope for, Olivia?"

"I'm going to tie him up and send him to the police!"

However, Christoff was unfazed by her threat. He looked her up and down with a bold gaze and asked curiously, "How did you know it was me?"

Olivia lifted her chin slightly. "I'd still recognize you even if you turned into a pile of ashes."

Hearing that, Christoff raised an eyebrow and laughed. "Are you that familiar with me?"

"Not really. It's just that you're the only one who's this wicked."

Christoff sent her a vicious glare. "Not as much as your Eugene!"

Olivia snapped fiercely, "Don't criticize my boyfriend!"

Christoff took a deep breath out of anger, but before he could rebuke Olivia, Sophia re-emerged with the rope.

"Here's the rope, Olivia."

Christoff glanced at the rope nonchalantly, thinking that she wouldn't actually tie him up.

However, when he saw Olivia accept the rope and slowly approach him, he couldn't help but feel nervous and backed away from her. "Huh? Are you serious? I didn't do anything wrong."

Olivia gazed at him as she stretched the rope a few times in her hand. She stretched it so hard, it cracked. "Is that so? Then, why did Eugene go to Nambahd? Don't tell me it was a coincidence. You planned it, didn't you?"

Christoff was unable to shake off his guilt and went to sit on a chair in the lobby.

“Yes, it was me, but what happened to him in Nambahd has got nothing to do with me. That’s all his own doing. You can’t put the blame on me, right? Besides, I was only focused on taking revenge on him back then, and I wasn’t even close to you yet! Look, I’ve come to beg for mercy after we became friends, haven’t I?”

Olivia scoffed. “Nonsense! You only came over because you saw that Azalea was caught and knew that she would give you up!”

“No, I always wanted to come here, but Eugene didn’t allow it. Ever since the race, he’s had a problem with me. He has already taken most of the assets that belonged to Samuel, and the ones he didn’t touch have been closed down. I didn’t have any spare time because of everything that was going on, and you have no idea how difficult it is to meet you. If I don’t change my entire face, I can’t even step a foot into Summer City.”

However, Olivia couldn’t be bothered to pay attention to his rambling. After taking the rope, she immediately wrapped it around his neck and down his arm, skillfully trapping him onto the chair.

Christoff was amused by her actions. “You’re really going to tie me up?”

He was fully capable of breaking free, but as he knew that Olivia was still unhappy with him, he had sincerely shown up at her door so that she could vent her anger.

Olivia scoffed. “Did you think I was joking?”

He tilted his head sideways to look at her, a mischievous smile appearing on his lips. “If you tie me up like this, someone might think that you’re trying to do something to me!”

Olivia narrowed her eyes before sending him a gentle smile. “I really do have to do something. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure that you’ll never forget it.”

Christoff tossed her a flirtatious look in reply. “Then, I suggest you tie me to a bed. That way, I’ll never forget it!”

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That’s a good idea. I’ll arrange more people for that. I promise that they will serve you as comfortably as you wish!”

“Does that include you?”

Olivia laughed. “Of course. I’ll prescribe medicine for you and complement their efforts.”

Christoff snorted. “You are only brave enough for that.”

She didn’t want to talk about that topic anymore and changed the subject. “Do you know why Eugene targeted you?”

He didn’t realize that he was a hostage and replied meaningfully, “Why else? He’s petty and jealous. He doesn’t trust you enough or the fact that our relationship is platonic. However, he cared too much to do anything to you and chose me instead.”

She hugged herself and stared at him coldly. "You and Azalea worked together and threatened the driver's family in order to force him into pretending that he molested her. Your purpose is to make Eugene stay in Nambahd. Was I wrong?"

He craned his neck. "Yes, I wanted to separate you both so I can be alone with you for a while. What's wrong with that?"

She was so angry that she hit his head. "You're pretty confident in making such grand claims, huh? You aren't even being defensive at all."

He glared at her. "I just wanted to help you test whether your so-called boyfriend is worthy of your dedication. Wasn't I working for your benefit?"

She was furious. "Benefit my *ss! It's a human life that isn't valuable as far as you are concerned, is it?"

"Who died?"

"The driver."

"How is that my fault? I didn't kill him!"

His unbothered expression drove her mad and she grabbed his collar with one hand. "Do you think I don't have proof? Even if you didn't kill him, it's definitely connected to you. He died because of you! Don't you feel any guilt?"

"I contributed the money, so he contributed his effort. It isn't something irredeemable; I merely borrowed his identity and did not even do anything to Azalea. You can't just blame me for it!"

She was frustrated. "He was jailed for the crime of molesting a princess of Nambadh because of your plans. That was why he committed suicide."

Christoff argued, "That's on Azalea. She could have let him go without further investigation, so she was the one that caused his suicide."

Olivia retorted, "You are to blame too!"

He acquiesced. "Fine, I'm to blame as well. Your reason for taking revenge is pretty strange. I didn't even cause his death; even if it was, how is that your business? Why do you have to take revenge on me?"

She was overcome by rage. So, this was the leader of Samuel Court. He was cruel and brutal and lives meant nothing to them.

"I can't stand the fact that you can deny accountability every time. Even if the driver isn't connected to me, you caused Eugene's rope to break at the amusement park, right? You lent manpower to Azalea which nearly killed my son too. Can you say that it isn't your fault?"

As she finished speaking, her hand shifted up to grip his neck. It was forceful enough that it nearly robbed him of his breathing which took some getting used to. He suddenly wanted to lose his temper but didn't do anything after recalling that Olivia was the one choking him and wondered if there was another woman who would dare choke him like this.

It's been a long time since Christoff had taken such punishment. Olivia was such a violent woman; did she intend to kill him by exerting that much strength?

He forced out a word. "No."

She wasn't really planning on killing him though. Although the details of the event at the amusement park weren't clear yet, she knew that Christoff definitely did not do anything to her sons. He might have sent his people, but he would never let his subordinates target her or her children even if they were just her godsons.

She might have known that, but she was still angry since he did make Eugene go to Nambahd. He also must have caused the misunderstanding between her and Eugene too.

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Even if he isn't the mastermind, he's still an accomplice!

After seeing Christoff's pale face turn red and then green, Olivia released her grip. "You better give me an appropriate explanation, or you will never emerge from here alive."

Christoff couldn't help coughing after he was let go and cursed at her after catching his breath. "Are you trying to kill me, you damn woman? Do you think I cannot take you in a fight?"

She crossed her arms and tilted her head to anger him deliberately. "Of course. Can't you read the situation? I can kill you any time I want."

He sniggered. "You've underestimated me!"

As he finished speaking, he tensed his arms and caused the ropes binding him to snap open. She feigned shock and retreated several steps.

Sophia thought they were about to fight when she saw Olivia move away and screamed in fear, "Olivia, should we call the police?"

Olivia secretly felt for something on the table and calmly replied, "There's no need. I will bring him to them myself."

He shook off the ropes binding him and got up abruptly before approaching her slowly, his mouth curved victoriously as he threateningly spoke, "Do you think you still have the chance to do so?"

He thought that she would retreat as he continued forward, but somehow, she did not do what he expected. He had only gone two steps when she came forward with a charming smile and seductive eyes. She resembled a succubus as she approached him.

Christoff felt his breath slow down and his body relax for some reason, while his movements stopped as well. He saw her spread her arms toward him and thought she was about to yield and hug him. He became overjoyed. Now that's what I'm talking about!

He had been there to give an apology, but she had nearly killed him. She might have choked him and bound him, but they had come to an understanding. She had expressed all her anger, hadn't she?

He reached out instinctively and brought her into his embrace. "You're so evil. Do you really want to kill me?"

She giggled. "I will never go that far."

He became delighted. "I knew you couldn't do that."

He didn't expect his nape to sting briefly as he finished talking, which wasn't serious and felt like a mosquito bite. He was wondering about it when he felt his entire body begin to hurt. It got worse over time and seemed to go all the way down to his bones.

Olivia had emerged from his embrace by then and smiled widely at him with a challenging expression. "So, do I have a way to send you to the police station?"

Christoff stared at her in fear. "Y-you...What did you do to me?"

She pouted innocently. "I just wanted you to experience my sons' fear."

He felt skeptical. "Your sons went through this too?"

She sat in front of him. "Not really, though your feelings of fear are probably similar."

He sounded scornful. "What sort of fear can this cause?"

She leaned forward with her hands on the table while staring at him. "You should never underestimate this sort of pain. I know that you can stand it and escape this place, but do you know why you hurt so badly? Do you know the consequences of your escape, or the after-effects of this?"

He frowned deeply. "What consequences?"

Just as she said, he could stand that level of pain since members of Samuel Court had survived multiple life-and-death situations to be where they were, so this pain was nothing to him. However, humans would always feel fear toward the unknown; he didn't know how she had done it and so he felt uneasy.

Of course, this was Olivia he was facing. Had it been someone else, he would have been dead.