

Super Wife 1181

Super Wife's Three Babies Chapter 1181

The Cooking Debate

"Master—" Olivia yelled in frustration. How can he say such a thing? Does he want to see me get married or not? "I'm not as bad as you say I am."

Then, she suddenly thought of something and sneakily asked, "Master, do you think my cooking tastes bad because you've been tasting my mother-in-law's cooking these few days? I remember you finishing the food I made, so how bad could it be?"

Hector deliberately angered her by saying, "I think your cooking is bad all this while, but now that I've tasted someone else's cooking, I have something to compare it to, so it went from bad to really bad."

Pouting, Olivia yelled, "You can praise my mother-in-law's cooking if you want to, but don't praise someone at the expense of another!"

That made Ellen feel slightly awkward, so she gave an embarrassed smile. "My cooking isn't that good either."

"You don't have to be modest. Your cooking indeed tastes good." Then, Hector turned to Olivia. "Can your cooking even compare?"

That made Olivia frustrated. "What's wrong with my cooking? I can make delicious food too. Why don't you ask Eugene and my sons?"

Then, she turned to look at the five.

Eugene cooed, "Yes, my girlfriend's specialties are very delicious!"

The four children also nodded in agreement.

Looking proudly at Hector, Olivia taunted, "See? It's very delicious, yet you keep complaining it's bad."

Hector argued, "Some words aren't to be taken seriously."

Olivia shot him a look and scoffed arrogantly. "Now I finally know why you've been so grumpy with me lately."

Hector frowned. "When have I been grumpy?"

While counting with her fingers, Olivia replied, "You told me off to my mother-in-law, said I'm always outside, and kept complaining about me. What else are you but grumpy?"

Hector had no words to refute and thus proved that he was indeed grumpy!

While the two argued, Ellen felt very awkward, and her face blushed and paled alternately! Then, she took the chance while Hector was speechless to say, "Alright already. Now that you're all home, we can start dinner. The food is ready."

The crowd headed inside, and Eugene snuck over to hold Olivia's hand, whispering, "My wife's cooking is the best!"

Olivia stared at him and smiled, feeling somewhat embarrassed but happy. But she still arrogantly said, "My cooking has always been good. It's not as bad as my master says it is."

Eugene found her behavior very cute and held her hand even tighter.

After dinner, Eugene went into Ellen's room.

Since Ellen and Jewel shared a room, she sensibly left after seeing Eugene coming in. "I'll go and find Olivia."

The door was opened and closed again, then Eugene went to sit beside Ellen.

Not knowing why he came, she asked, "What's the matter?"

Smiling, Eugene replied, "It's nothing. I just came to talk."

Ellen cleaned out a spot and asked, "Is Blake asleep?"

Eugene replied, "Yes, he is. We went out and found a new house. It's just beside the clinic."

Hearing that, Ellen concurred, "That's fine. It's not a good idea for our whole family to stay here."

Eugene complained, "It's mostly because I can't sleep in the same room with Olivia because George lives here as well."

Then, Ellen leaned closer and asked, "Eugene, does George like her? I noticed he keeps looking at her."

Eugene found that funny, wondering, Is it necessary to whisper? He answered, "Yes, he does. But I've already talked to him, and he has agreed to stop pursuing Olivia."

Ellen was relieved to hear that. "It's lucky you have had children with her. Olivia's senior is a great man and treats her well. You should treat her well too, so that she won't regret being with you."

"Yes, I understand."

He grabbed Ellen's hand and asked, "Mom, do you regret marrying him?"

Once he asked that question, he could clearly feel his mother's hand trembling and felt annoyed with himself. What kind of question was that?

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Having a Conversation With Ellen

Who wouldn't regret marrying such a scumbag? However, he did not expect his mother to say, "No, I don't."

Frowning, he asked in disbelief, "You don't?"

Ellen gently shook her head and explained slowly, "Although he has never felt anything for me and even framed me in order to get a divorce, trapping me in a wheelchair for many years, I still don't regret marrying him. If I hadn't married him, I wouldn't have had you and Brian."

Hearing that, Eugene choked up as tears suddenly started gathering in his eyes. He pulled her into his arms, feeling a pang in his heart. "Mom..."

Having tears in her eyes, Ellen gently patted his back while comforting him, "It's fine. Everything's fine now, and I've gotten over it. Rather than remembering those painful moments, I would rather forget them. I can mention it to you now because I've put it behind me."

Eugene hugged her for a while before releasing her. His eyes were red when he added, "I keep thinking that things have been too easy for them. It's only fair if they experience the same pain you've experienced."

Ellen calmed him down by assuring him, "That's not necessary. Let the past stay in the past. I'm happy now. I have two great sons and a powerful daughter-in-law and grandsons. Four grandsons, to be exact."

At the mention of Olivia and the children, Eugene felt happier and suddenly remembered why he had come here. He took Ellen's hand in his and asked, "I think you're happy these days because you saw your savior. Am I right?"

Ellen seemed a little uneasy as she embarrassedly snapped, "Of course, I'm happy that I get a chance to repay his kindness."

Eugene asked, "Have you thought about how you're going to repay him?"

That question rendered Ellen feel somewhat conflicted. "I'm not sure either. He seems like he doesn't lack anything and lives a carefree life. Don't you think it'll be insulting if I offer him money? The least I can do is cook him food."

Eugene smiled. "Who says he doesn't lack anything?"

When Ellen heard that, her eyes lit up, urging him, "Do you know what he needs?"

Eugene replied, "He needs someone to accompany him, care for him, and talk to him."

At that moment, Ellen suddenly felt her cheeks warming up, and she stammered. "D-Don't lie to me. There are so many people coming in and out of this clinic every day. How could he have no one to talk to?"

Looking at his mother's embarrassed expression, Eugene burst out laughing. "How can that be the same? How can speaking to a patient and speaking to a family be the same? Would you tell your patients about your thoughts? Mr. Gedding has spent all his time doing research that he has put off his marriage for many years. Now that he's grown older, he has no one to talk to, so I think he might feel lonely. You should understand how it feels, right, Mom?"

Ellen felt inexplicably embarrassed and tried to explain, "Now that I have sons, a daughter-in-law, a daughter, and four grandsons, I no longer understand how it feels to be lonely."

Smiling, Eugene tried to convince her. "We can't replace your spouse, and even if your marriage with Dad wasn't perfect, it doesn't mean you can't be happy with another person. You have to be brave, just like what Mr. Gedding said, you need to fight for your own happiness!"

Embarrassed, Ellen reprimanded, "What do you want to say?"

Eugene decided to be frank and emphasized, "Mom, I want to help you find someone. A spouse that can accompany you all day and night. Mr. Gedding is still single. Both of you are about the same age, and you have special feelings for him. If you can be together, Olivia and I will be very happy for you!"

Ellen was shy and angry. "What special feelings? I just think that I should do something because he saved my life, not because I have feelings for him. Stop trying to play matchmaker. What would he think of me if he discovered this?"

Chuckling, Eugene asked, "Repaying one's saving grace by marrying him. Isn't that how fairy tales are written?"

After giving him a shove, Ellen chastised, "Nonsense. Get out of my room. I'm already so old, and you guys haven't gotten married yet, so how could I think about dating? How would the others see me if they found out?"

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You Can Do Whatever You Want

But Eugene did not leave but continued, "Your age and other people's opinion are external factors, so don't think about them. Think about yourself, Mom. Would you consider Mr. Gedding if you're going to start a new romantic relationship?"

Ellen felt a hot sensation surging in her cheeks. Her upbringing had made her used to restrain her emotions. Even if she thought Hector was a good man, she would habitually hide her real feelings. However, she felt extremely shy when talking to her son about this topic.

"Alright. You don't have to worry about me. I'm doing fine alone."

However, Eugene refused to give up. "Mom, you can be honest with me. Everyone has their right to happiness. You're only 54, and according to the average lifespan of Cricians, you still have at least twenty years to live. You've been living half your life full of grievances; do you still want to continue living like that for the next twenty years of your life? I'm not saying that you must accept Mr. Gedding as your partner. I just want you to be happy and have someone to accompany you for the rest of your life. If you don't like him, I can help you look out for others."

Ellen hurriedly declined. "No. No need for that. I-I..."

Eugene laughed. "Are you saying Mr. Gedding is a good match?"

While glaring at her son, Ellen scolded, "Do you think it's appropriate to say that? It's so embarrassing."

“Mom, you have to change your perspective. You should know that good things are limited, and you won’t be able to get them if you don’t fight for them. I can see that Mr. Gedding treats you well, and that’s something you can’t just ask for!”

By now, Ellen was blushing. “Stop with the nonsense. How can you tell he treats me well? What’s more, I’m Olivia’s mother-in-law and his soon-to-be in-law, so stop thinking that he’s nice to me because he always talks to me.”

Eugene was unconvinced. “We saw it today. When we startled you just now, Mr. Gedding subconsciously protected you behind his back. Such subconscious behavior precedes the perception of one’s brain, which happens in the absence of rational analysis. So, it is a clear sign.”

Those words made Ellen inexplicably blush because she had seen it too. Although she was quite touched back then, the feeling wasn’t as strong as how shocked she was now. Why did she feel Hector was a rare and valuable man after listening to Eugene’s explanation?

Eugene continued, “Mom, I can see that you feel happy whenever you’re with him and that happiness is something we as children can’t give you. I just want to tell you that if you think he’s a good man, then be brave and pursue him. You should do whatever you want to do. That’s your right, and no one can interfere with that. Also, there’s nothing to feel embarrassed about, and you have our full support.”

Hearing that, Ellen choked up and felt like something was stuck in her throat, rendering her unable to talk. She had been alone for many years. Was she lonely? Of course! Especially during quiet nights. She would ask herself what she did wrong to deserve all those sufferings. Her husband cheated, plotted against her, and almost killed her.

She could not figure it out, nor could she let it go. There was no one she could talk about her grievances with. It was so tiring that she previously felt like ending her life, but her rationality told her she had to continue living to make up for her son’s efforts. She had been adding restrictions upon restriction onto herself, forcing herself to do this and that. However, she had never asked herself what she wanted.

Having been without desire and at peace with herself for many years, she was used to suppressing her emotions. But now her son told her she could be herself and do whatever she wanted. Also, she had their absolute support and good wishes. That feeling instantly made her forget all the sufferings she had experienced over the past few decades.

Eugene grabbed her hand and patiently wiped away her tears, coaxing her, “Don’t cry. Didn’t Mr. Gedding tell you that your happy days are coming? He’s alone, and you’re alone. Olivia and I can rest assured if you two can be together. Isn’t that the best of both worlds?”

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Alex Arrives

It was past 11.00PM when Alex arrived, but Eugene, Olivia, and Jewel were still awake, waiting for his arrival.

After seeing the face of the person he missed so dearly, Alex was so elated that he could not control his actions in approaching her. Then, he pulled her into his arms regardless of the others and whispered, “I missed you so much.”

Jewel felt his warm breath beside her ear and could not help shivering. She then pushed him, slightly embarrassed, "Let go of me. We're in public."

But Alex only glanced at Eugene and Olivia. "Don't be scared. It's about time they have a taste of their own medicine."

Olivia looked at Eugene and pretended to sigh. "Jeez. I told you we shouldn't have come. He's clearly here for his girlfriend, not to visit Blake. Come on, let's go home and sleep!"

Eugene immediately concurred, "Yes, a wrong choice of friend. We were so wrong!"

Just as the two were about to leave, Jewel quickly called out to them. "Wait. He knows Blake must be asleep at this hour, and we can't wake the child up, can we?"

While speaking, she nudged Alex, who smiled and said, "My girlfriend's right. That was exactly what I thought."

Olivia looked at Eugene, asking, "Have you ever heard of a more perfunctory answer? He's even too lazy to find an excuse."

Eugene threatened, "No, I haven't. Forget it. Let's go home."

Alex yelled, "Hey, are you leaving? I haven't eaten anything."

Then, Eugene looked at him and coldly asked, "Do you need us to help you with that?"

Alex replied in three words, "No, thank you."

Then, Eugene looked like he had guessed the answer and remarked, "There's food for you in the kitchen. If you don't feel like eating at home, there's a good restaurant one kilometer to the east of this clinic."

Once that was said, he brought Olivia back to her room.

In the meantime, Alex held Jewel in his arms and leaned his forehead against hers, asking in a raspy voice, "Jewel, did you miss me?"

Looking around and feeling slightly insecure, she pushed him and urged, "Release me. Others might see us."

But Alex refused to do so. He finally got to hold his girlfriend in his arms, so how could he bear to let go of her now? "What's there to be afraid of? It's not like we're having an affair or something."

"This is someone else's home. It's inappropriate for us to behave like this."

"Then tell me. Did you miss me?"

Seeing that she couldn't break free, Jewel grumbled, "No."

Alex looked at her with resentment. "We haven't seen each other in a week. How could you not miss me? Is this how a girlfriend should behave?"

Jewel was exasperated by his serious tone and scoffed. "We video call each other every day. What's there to miss?"

Smiling, Alex grabbed her hand and placed it on his chest. "Touch. Don't you miss touching me?"

Having nothing to say, Jewel smacked his chest. "You're so childish. Didn't you say you haven't eaten dinner? Why don't I heat up the food?"

But Alex pulled her away, saying, "We're going to eat at a restaurant."

Jewel frowned. "Why are we eating out? Godmother saved you some food she cooked."

"I just want to spend some alone time with you!" After saying that, he pulled her into a cab.

Jewel felt resigned. Even if they ate at home, there wouldn't be anyone interrupting them either. He had openly announced his arrival, so who would be so insensitive as to interrupt their time together?

However, she had underestimated what the man wanted to do. He did not intend to just spend some time with her because once they got inside the car, he immediately pulled her into his arms. Then, his masculinity began to show, and he could not wait until they arrived at the restaurant to kiss her.

The lingering kiss gradually became rougher and even showed signs of getting out of control.

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Spending Time Alone With Jewel

Jewel was a little frantic as she peeked at the driver in front of them, who just happened to be looking at them through the rearview mirror. Does he think we're a cheating couple?!

That thought made her feel even more uneasy, and she gently pushed Alex, hoping he would stop. However, the force of the push was equivalent to her playing hard to get, and it stimulated his desire to conquer her even more. He grabbed her fists and raised them over her head so that it was easier for him to kiss her.

He had missed her dearly before seeing her, and now that he did, his feelings had gotten out of control.

"W-Wait—" Jewel took the time when he was gasping to scream. Her lips were slightly parted while panting, and her eyes uneasily glanced toward the front.

It was then that Alex realized his girlfriend was shy, so he shot the driver a stern gaze and ordered, "Focus on driving."

Perhaps the driver could sense Alex wasn't someone easy to deal with. He quickly withdrew his gaze and focused on driving.

However, Alex did not continue the kiss but pulled Jewel into a hug and pecked her forehead. He then exclaimed as though he hadn't seen her for a long time, "I missed you so much!"

Jewel closed her eyes and listened to his heart beating rapidly, excitedly, and strongly!

She suddenly felt very relaxed, and her hands slowly wrapped around his waist, saying, "I miss you too."

Meanwhile, Alex looked at her in shock and thought he might be hearing things. Compared to his intense feelings and eagerness when it came to relationships, she was more of a slow and steady type, which would often cause him to feel insecure. He would think she was taking pity on him or that maybe

she got with him because he had saved her life. Anyway, he felt she did not like him as much as he did, but what did she just say? Did she say she missed him too?

While cupping her face, Alex asked in disbelief, "Jewel, say it again. You missed me, too, right?"

Jewel frowned, slightly disliking how silly he was acting. Would she have let him kiss her in the car if she hadn't missed him? Then, she arrogantly turned her head to the side, ignoring him.

At that moment, the cab stopped, and Jewel paid the fare before descending the car without waiting for him.

Alex did not mind that and quickly chased after her. He pulled her hand and complained, "Why didn't you wait for me?"

Jewel smiled, and the two entered the private room to order their food.

Dinner wasn't the main thing they came here for. Alex just wanted to spend some time alone with her to relive how much he missed her.

As there was a couch in the room for customers to rest on, Alex pulled Jewel onto it after dinner. He played with her fingers, asking, "When are you planning to return home?"

Jewel replied, "Eugene might be returning home these few days, and I'll head back after he comes back. I don't feel safe leaving Olivia and the children here either."

"Then I'll stay with you."

"You don't have to do that. I can manage on my own."

Alex gave her a hurt look. "Don't you want me to stay?"

His gaze seemed funny to Jewel because it made her feel like he was complaining that she did not miss him. She laughed and argued, "I'm afraid you'd be busy."

Alex arrogantly snorted. "What's there to be busy about?"

Pouting, Jewel asked, "Is that something a company president should say?"

Alex said, "What's wrong with that? Can't a company president miss his girlfriend and want to leave work for her?"

While he spoke, he tightened his grip around her, acting like he was ready to give away everything just to be with her.

That made Jewel speechless, but she also found it hilarious. "Fine, then don't work. I'll earn money to provide for you."

Alex chuckled after hearing that. "Sure. I'll be your little boy toy."

Lifting his chin, Jewel observed it left and right before commenting, "You're too old to be called a boy."

Alex replied, "I'll visit a beauty parlor and make myself look younger. Dear mistress, do you have any other requests?"

Jewel could not contain her laughter any longer. "That's all for now."

Then, Alex continued to ask, "Do you need any other services? Kissing, hugging, and everything physical is free of charge."

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Bumping Into Damian

Jewel glared at him. "I want you to behave!"

While looking at her aggrievedly, Alex began deliberately running his hands over her body. "Can I misbehave?"

Jewel grabbed the hand that was trying to get inside her shirt. "Stop. I won't let you be my boy toy if you misbehave."

Pouting, Alex said, "Forget it. Then we'll switch roles." Then, he grabbed her hand and placed it on his chest. "You can touch this spot as much as you want."

Jewel arrogantly withdrew her hand. "I'm not that insatiable."

Alex reasoned with her, "There's a chance to get laid, yet you just let it slip away?"

"Yes. I can't afford the consequences."

"It's fine. Let's just take it slowly..."

At first, Jewel wanted to say something, but before she could speak, Alex kissed her, stopping the words that were about to exit her mouth.

The two stayed together at the restaurant until 1.00AM before deciding to leave, but they encountered a staggering drunk man once they left the room. That man immediately ran toward Jewel like he was about to pick up a fight.

Alex was startled and immediately pulled Jewel into his embrace despite knowing the man would not have hit her. However, he could not hold back his rage and kicked the man. "Don't you look where you're going?"

After getting kicked, the man fell to the ground and roared, "Who the f*ck are you? How dare you kick me?"

Once he was done, he struggled to his feet and glared at them. But when he saw it was Alex and Jewel, he immediately froze. He then began trembling and breaking out in a cold sweat, sobering up from his drunken state. Without saying another word of nonsense, he turned around and ran.

Meanwhile, Alex was puzzled, wondering why that voice sounded so familiar. When he saw the drunk man had fled, he immediately recalled who it was. "Damian?"

He gave Jewel the things in his hand and instructed her, "Stay here." After that, he chased after the man.

But it was obvious that the man was more familiar with this place because Alex had lost him after a while.

Jewel did not know what was happening and instinctively chased after them. "What's the matter?"

Alex pulled her into his embrace without saying anything. Instead, he brought her back to the restaurant and found someone to ask. "That man that ran away. Which private room was he in?"

The restaurant staff replied, "The second room on that side."

Alex asked, "Does he come here often?"

The staff answered, "Yes. He's a regular."

"Is his name Damian Fenton?"

"I'm not sure, but he brings several people over every time he comes here."

Pulling out a wad of cash, Alex gave it to the staff. "Tell me everything you know!"

The staff hesitated momentarily. "I'm not sure, but he seems to enjoy gambling. He would always talk to his buddies about how much he won or lost and bring a different woman here every time."

"Is there a casino nearby?"

"The bar in front, Hill Club. There's an underground casino there!"

Frowning, Alex thought, Hill Club? Isn't that Double Dragon Court's property?

Then, a thought flashed across his mind, but it was too quick for him to comprehend anything. He then heard someone coming out of the room. Two drunk men came out staggering while holding onto two golden-haired women. The tattoos on their bodies and fierce expressions made it clear that they weren't good people.

Alex narrowed his eyes and pulled Jewel to secretly follow them.

The four hailed a cab on the sidewalk and left, so Alex found another car to chase after them.

After following them for over ten minutes, the four arrived at a bungalow and then entered happily.

At the same time, Alex guessed that those men might be living with Damian. Since he was worried he might startle the enemy, he wasn't in a hurry to get Damian.

When they returned to the clinic, Jewel asked, "Do you recognize that man?"

Alex took a deep breath. "He's Damian Fenton. Do you remember him?"

First, Jewel had no recollection of him, but she suddenly remembered Alex had previously mentioned that name.

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Helping Out in the Kitchen

"Is it the man that brought me away?"

Alex replied, "Yes. I was just wondering why he ran after seeing us."

Jewel suggested, "Maybe he's afraid you would get back at him!"

Narrowing his eyes, he shook his head and disagreed, "It's not that simple. When you just returned, Eugene and I thought about it and felt that Damian Fenton guy must know something, or maybe he's somehow involved in how you lost your memories."

Jewel frowned. "Are you suspecting he has something to do with my amnesia?"

"Yes, or else he wouldn't have taken off after seeing us."

She then suggested, "I'll find him tomorrow."

But Alex was worried for her and dissuaded her, "I think it would be better if you didn't. We're on Double Dragon Court's property, and it would be troublesome if someone recognized you."

Jewel assured him, "It's fine. I'll just put on a disguise."

"No. Just let me do it." Alex grabbed her hand. "I don't want him to find you, so be good and stay here."

Nodding, she agreed, "Alright. Let's stop thinking about it and return to bed. It's almost morning."

The next day, when Hector entered the kitchen, Ellen was busy making breakfast. "Is there anything I can help with?"

His sudden greeting startled Ellen, and she almost threw away the spatula in her hand.

Hector hurriedly approached her. "It's just me. Oh, God. Did I startle you?"

Relieved, Ellen said, "It's you. Why are you up so early?"

He replied, "I'm older and sleep a lot lighter. When I heard movement in the kitchen, I thought it might be you because those youngsters would not wake up so early and help you make breakfast."

Chuckling, Ellen remarked, "Those youngsters have a different work schedule than ours. They work until late, so of course, they can't wake up this early. That's why I don't call them and just make a simple breakfast for myself."

Hector sighed. "What else are you making? I'll help."

But Ellen declined, "No, that's not necessary. Just take a seat."

Hector insisted. "It's fine. Although I'm not as good as you in the cooking department, I can still help you and keep you company!"

Once he finished, Ellen instantly recalled what Eugene had said to her last night, and her cheeks uncontrollably blushed. At that moment, she felt slight resentment toward Eugene for pointing that out because she now felt like everything Hector said had an implied meaning.

Seeing that she wasn't replying, Hector grabbed the bowl of spinach and asked, "Do these need to be washed?"

Ellen replied, "Yes. I'm going to stir-fry them later. It's better to eat lighter foods in the morning."

“Sure. I can do that. Let me cook for you.”

Smiling, Ellen agreed, “Sure.”

Soon after that, he washed the spinach and skillfully chopped them. Then, he heated the pan and poured in some oil before adding the spinach.

The dish was done within five minutes, and Hector brought his food to Ellen, proudly asking, “Why don’t you give it a try?”

Ellen was slightly shy, but seeing his enthusiasm, she did not let him down and had a taste.

It was more delicious than she expected, so she complimented him, “It’s delicious. You have the potential to be a great chef. The food smells and tastes great.”

“Hahaha...” Hector laughed joyfully. “Stop flattering me. My cooking isn’t as consistent as yours. Sometimes they taste good and sometimes they don’t. You just happen to be lucky today.”

Ellen assured him, “That already deserves praise. Most men don’t even know how to cook.”

That answer brightened Hector’s mood. “That’s because they have someone to pamper them. I don’t. I can’t keep eating outside and would sometimes envy people like you who can eat home-cooked food, so I began learning how to cook. I won’t complain no matter how bad it tastes anyway.”

Ellen looked at him and thought of something before asking, “Why don’t you find someone to look after you? Or just cook for you?”

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Meeting of Old Flames

Hector paused for a moment, and then he chuckled. “Who’s going to fall for me? I look like I’m in my eighties.”

Ellen laughed. He hadn’t changed one bit since she met him eight years ago.

Hector asked, “Why are you laughing? You think I look like some shriveled-up raisin too, don’t you?”

And Ellen laughed more. “Just reminded of our first meeting. You haven’t changed a bit since then. You were in a robe, for God’s sake. And I thought you came straight out of the thirteenth century.”

Hector smiled awkwardly. “Just couldn’t be bothered to spice myself up, that’s all.”

Ellen smiled. “But it has its own merits. I mean, you haven’t changed a bit in eight years.”

“Because at this point in life, you can’t really change much.”

She smiled again. “It’s not a bad life.”

He looked at her, unmoving. “You should smile more. You look nice when you smile. If you don’t, you’d look so dead, even a corpse would look more alive than you.”

The smile on Ellen’s lips faded, and she sighed. “I was in a rut, and my thoughts clouded my head. Life was tough, and if it weren’t for you, I couldn’t have lasted so long.”

Hector waved her down. "Fate already had this written down in her books."

Ellen nodded. "Yeah. We ran into each other again after so many years."

While they were chatting, Olivia and Jewel were still hiding in the shadows, wondering if they should step in. Jewel whispered, "Hey, the old git seems to be interested in Godmother."

Olivia nodded. "Guess I'll have to talk to him. He needs to make the first move."

"And what are you two doing?" Alex blurted, and the ladies jumped.

Hector and Ellen were notified as well, and they looked in Alex's direction, and the ladies came out.

"Sorry for being late."

"Need any help, Godmother?"

Ellen said, "No. Just tell the kids it's time to eat." And she looked at Alex. "Ah, you're here. When did you land?"

Alex approached them. "About eleven, Miss Parker."

Jewel said, "And this is Mr. Gedding. Mr. Gedding, this is my boyfriend, Alex."

Hector nodded. "I see. You and Eugene are both capable lads from what I've heard."

Alex humbly said, "He's a lot better than I am."

Hector nodded. "You're both great in my books. Sit. Food's going to be served soon."

Jewel said, "No, Mr. Gedding, you sit. I'll help."

Twenty minutes later, everyone sat around, and Eugene introduced Hector and George to Alex. Alex made small talk.

Blake took the bowl of meds and finished it. Everyone was watching, after all, and then he scrunched up his face.

Ellen handed him candy. "Here's a candy."

He gulped it down and looked a little bit better. Everyone looked worried about the boy. It was unfortunate enough he had to take so many meds even when he was just a child, and he wouldn't even cry about it.

Alex didn't feel too good either. "How are you doing, Blake?"

Blake proudly answered, "I'm fine."

"Good. That's good to hear."

North popped a piece of meat into his mouth and looked at Alex. "Uncle Alex, are you here to see my Aunt Jewel or Blake?"

Blake looked at him. The little swindler again. He smiled. "Both."

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Into a Corner

Blake said, "I see. But we just want to know who you're actually here for. I mean, there must be a main dish and a side for a meal, right?"

Alex shot the brat a look. "You're likening them to food?"

Blake said, "It's alright, Uncle Alex. Just say you're here for Aunt Jewel."

Without raising his head, Terry said, "Hey, don't say his line for him."

Everyone laughed. It was surprising to see four kids backing Alex into a corner. They wanted to see more.

Jewel looked a little awkward. "He's here to see you, Blake. I'm just conveniently here."

Alex looked at the kids. They didn't even miss a bit. Bit annoying and amusing at the same time. Guess they are Eugene and Olivia's kids. He cleared his throat. "If we're going with the priority list in my head, then it's Blake. That's what I was planning. But if we're going with the order of appearance, then I came to see your aunt. You were all asleep, but she was the only one waiting for me."

The kids gave him thumbs up. Alex pretended to wipe his sweat, then he looked at Jewel. "Gotta be smart just to be their uncle."

Jewel shot him a look, telling him to shut up and eat.

Ellen smiled. "Guess Jewel found herself a good partner."

Alex said, "Of course. Don't want to get on the kids' bad side."

It was a lovely meal, but Hector had a perpetual frown on his forehead. He had a bad feeling about this. The more he talked to them, the more he felt that they had known who the kids were. There's no way Olivia's family and friends have known about her godson unless the kids have stayed with her for a long time. Even if Eugene and Olivia see them as their own, their friends and family won't take them as part of their family. What should I do?

He couldn't believe they could cross all distances and come together. Fate must have a long story waiting for them indeed.

After lunch, Olivia took Blake to Hector's room so he could check his pulse. She could do it herself, but she needed an excuse to talk to him. Just like what she expected, the condition didn't get better, but it didn't get worse either. That was good enough, though. At least they would have more time.

After the checkup, she stood at the doorway. "Eugene!"

Eugene came over a while later, looking nervous. "What is it?"

"Nothing. Take him away. I need to talk to Mr. Gedding."

"Sure." Eugene took the boy away.

Surprised, Hector asked, "What do you need?"

Olivia smiled. "Just wanted to talk."

Hector's heart skipped a beat. He was worried she might say they knew that the kids were theirs, and now they were taking them back. But she seems to be in too much of a jovial mood for that. He calmed down. "What is it?"

"Oh, calm down." Olivia sat down beside him. "You're fifty-five now, aren't you?"

"Yeah. I am surprised you remembered."

"Of course. You're the one who taught me everything I know, after all."

"Oh, someone's sweet." Hector smiled. "So, what is it? Spill it out."

"Hey, don't make me sound like a demanding brat. Just wanted to have a little talk." She huddled closer to him. "So, what do you think of Eugene's mother?"

Well, this is a surprise. Hector said, "She's nice, but why do you ask?"

"So, do you like her?"

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Questioning

Shocked, Hector quickly said, "What are you talking about? She's your mother-in-law. What is the meaning of this?"

Olivia held his arm. "Aw, you're not getting any younger, and you still don't have a partner. And I'm going back eventually, so you might need someone to date. If it's Ellen, then I can always come over to see you." I am so smart. Then my kids can come home with me. Master won't have to say goodbye, and he can have a partner too. I am going to make this work one way or another.

"I don't feel that way about Ellen," said Hector.

Olivia pouted. "Yeah, right. You protected her when you thought you guys were in danger, and you defended her, and you made lunch with her."

Panic flashed in Hector's eyes, and he quickly said, "B-Because I am a man. I couldn't possibly let a woman stand in front of me when there's danger. And you don't know how to cook. I couldn't let her cook for everyone all by herself, or she might complain about you. I trash-talked you so she wouldn't have anything to say. That doesn't mean I like her."

Olivia looked him in the eye. "You sure you don't like her?"

"Yes."

A sigh escaped Olivia's lips. "Fine. I thought you liked her too. Guess her feelings will go unrequited." She pretended to leave.

Wait, what? Confused, Hector wanted to know more. "What are you talking about?"

Olivia stopped and looked at him. Flatly, she asked, "What? I thought you didn't like her."

Hector coughed. Awkwardly, he said, "Just asking. It's fine if you don't want to tell me about it."

Olivia stood around, staring at him. "Fine. We got a house for them. If you don't like her, then we'll move out."

Hector's frown deepened. "And where are you supposed to go? Not like I can't host you guys. Just stay."

"I don't mind, but we're a big family, so... I thought you liked Ellen, so I wanted to match you guys up. Thought I could get an excuse for her to stay. Guess I was wrong on that part." And she turned.

"Hey, wait." Hector looked a little impatient. "Can you finish your story before you leave? Geez, you never change."

Olivia gave him a look of suspicion. "But I made things clear. You said you didn't like her."

"I mean, yeah, but that doesn't mean you can't stay. The boy still needs to get treated. You can't move," said Hector sheepishly.

"But the house is right behind the center. Not far away anyway. The kids will come over lots, but I don't think Ellen will."

My gods, why does she keep talking about Ellen? Hector was a little annoyed. He didn't exactly have feelings for her. Aside from the meeting eight years ago, they'd been living together for less than two weeks. But he didn't dislike her. He liked staying with her. He liked how gentle she was. He liked that she cared about him. It was a feeling he couldn't describe.

Frustrated, he tore at his hair. Give us more time to get along, dammit. You can't expect us to fall in love right away. We're not young anymore. The spark isn't as volatile.

The look on his face made Olivia laugh out loud. "So, what do you want, Master?"

Hector shot her a look. "You won't even let us get along for a while longer, and you expect me to tell you how I feel about her?"