

## Super Wife 1191

### Super Wife's Three Babies Chapter 1191

#### A Talk

Olivia felt smug. Gotcha. And you were acting like a prude too. Don't forget, I've been under your wing for a long time, and you've never been so nice to any woman before. She huddled closer. "So, you do have feelings for her."

"I didn't even think about that until you brought it up. I've always seen her as your mother-in-law."

Olivia looked at him, her eyes shining. "Alright, putting all the benefits of dating aside, just tell me this: do you like Ellen?"

A hint of embarrassment flashed in Hector's eyes. "I mean, I do feel good about her. I like talking to her. She's always gentle, unlike you kids. Honestly, I feel for Eugene for putting up with you."

Oh, so now you're dissing me. Taking Eugene's side because he's your crush's son, huh? She pouted. "Stop with the diss. I never put Eugene through anything hard."

Hector shot her a look. "Yeah, right. I've seen how you treat him. You made him come all the way to pick the boy up instead of going over to him."

Olivia pouted. I mean, he's our son. Of course, I can tell him to pick the boy up. Nothing wrong with that. "He made a willing choice."

Hector said, "I'm your mentor. I will take your side, but a word of advice: just because he likes you doesn't mean you can make him do anything you want."

Olivia harrumphed. "I'm not using his love for me to do anything. The fact that my sons are backing me is enough for him to do anything for me."

Again? Hector wanted to ask how much they knew about the kids, but then he might alert them to things he didn't want them to know. Forget it. They aren't bringing this up, so I'll just pretend they have no idea who the kids are. Without my permission, they can't take the kids anyway. He shot her a look of slight disdain. "You seem proud of taking advantage of him."

"Hey, fair trade. You're going to be the same once you marry Ellen."

Hector harrumphed, and his beard trembled. "She's not as bossy as you are."

"You're already taking her side?" Olivia laughed.

"No, this is a fact. She's a gentle soul."

"What matters is the kind of personality you like. Eugene likes mine, so you don't get to complain."

Sigh.

Since Hector wasn't saying anything, Olivia said solemnly, "Ellen hasn't had an easy life. She's lived a part of her life in a wheelchair, and lady love hadn't been kind to her. She was tricked and betrayed by her husband and almost died, but she'd been nice to us. Because she was raised that way. You're better

than Eugene's father just because of the fact you see the goodness in her. And you saved her life too, so she might just accept your love. This is what fate wanted for you. If you like her, then be nice to her. Make the first move. If you don't, then don't lead her on. If you ask me, I'd want her to marry you, though. So, I won't have to worry."

Hector sighed. "I know, but someone like me having a family? Get real."

"What? Of course, you can have a family." Olivia frowned.

Another sigh escaped Hector's lips. "You won't get it. It's better if I'm alone. I won't drag anyone down into my mess.

Oh, I see. It's the project he's researching. A pioneer in the field. If news gets out, there's going to be a ton of people hunting him down, and the people around him might get dragged into this. No wonder he's been single all this time. That's impressive.

"I know, but it's impossible to stay isolated forever. If you don't want to drag anyone into this mess, then you shouldn't have even talked to anyone. Or you should've just left them alone, but you couldn't. You'd help anyone who came to this center. And you can never cut ties with me or George or the kids. Just because you're worried about dragging someone into this mess doesn't mean you can avoid it. We're all safe for now, so don't worry about things that haven't happened. Besides, if you have Eugene helping you, you can be safer."

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Hector looked at Olivia. "But it'd be unfair to her if I dragged her into this."

Olivia smiled. "And you said you didn't like her, but you're actually worried about her."

Sheepishly, Hector said, "I have to take responsibility."

"You should," replied Olivia. "Her last marriage failed, so she's going to be very insecure. If she decides to date you, then hold her tight. No one can see the future. Maybe what you're worried about won't happen. You're not getting any younger, so seize every moment you can. If you like her, go for it. Don't factor us into the equation. Eugene and I are very supportive of you two."

For some reason, Hector got nervous. "Eugene knows too?"

Olivia said, "You made it too obvious."

God damn.

Alex was in Eugene's room and told Eugene about the meeting with Damian.

Surprised, Eugene asked, "Did he see Jewel?"

Alex sighed. "I don't know, but I think he did. Wouldn't have been that shocked if he'd only seen me."

Eugene narrowed his eyes. "Then you'll have to find him ASAP. If he knows that Jewel had joined the Double Dragon Court, or worse, if he was involved in it, then the Court might know that she's still alive."

Alex said, "And that's what I'm worried about. The Court hasn't made its move, and we can't use our trump card yet. If Jonathan and Joseph do nothing, I'll ignore them."

Eugen said, "You two should fly back soon. It's safer on our turf."

"Jewel won't leave. She's worried about Olivia and the kids. I'll stay with her. I think you should go back. Once you get back to us, I think I can take her home with me."

"Fine. Then you seek Damian out. I'll go back tomorrow and come back in about three days."

"Sure."

"Are you sure that's the place he's in?" asked Eugene.

"More or less. If I miss him, I can always check the casino." And he left.

Eugene made a call to get some bodyguards over. There were women, children, and the elderly here. With Damian roaming around, he thought things were getting dangerous.

Alex was about to leave when Jewel came up to him. "Where are you going?" She was in a hat and mask, and she had makeup on. Alex almost couldn't recognize her.

"Jewel?"

Jewel laughed. "Seeking Damian out? I'm going with you."

Alex laughed and hugged her. "Don't. I don't want him seeing you. If he contacts the Court, it'd be bad for you."

"It's alright. He must've seen me yesterday anyway. Besides, if the Court does know I'm still alive, you think hiding's going to do me any good?" She held his hand and softly said, "I don't want you to do this alone."

She wasn't trying to be cute or anything, but Alex still thought this was too much for him anyway. She was seldom so sweet and gentle, and his mind was buzzing from the overload. As if he was mesmerized, he said, "Fine."

A smug smile curled Jewel's lip. "Let's go then." She dragged him away.

Alex was about to go, but then he snapped out of it. "No. I'm still worried. You should stay back. You might think nothing of your safety, but Olivia and the kids need you."

Jewel wanted to say something, but Alex huddled closer and kissed her forehead. Like a father cajoling his young child, he said, "Just wait for me. I'll be back in a moment."

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Clues

Jewel pouted, but Alex had a point, so she said, "Be careful."

"I know. Don't worry." Alex got himself a car and drove to the place he tailed those men the night before, but before he could get close, he saw a few police cars surrounding the area. Curious about what had happened, he got out of the car and asked around. "What happened?"

"Someone died, I think," said a man.

Shocked, Alex asked, "Who? A man or a woman?"

"A woman," the man said.

Alex felt a lot relieved hearing that. As long as it's not Damian. If he's dead, a lot of leads are going to go cold.

The cops led two men and a woman out eventually, but their heads were covered in black cloth. Alex wasn't sure if Damian was inside. It'd been years since he saw him, so Damian might have changed. And then a corpse was taken out. A white cloth covered it, keeping the victim's face from being seen.

The group of people were taken to the cars, and the cops left. But... Even including the corpse, there were only four of them, not five. Is Damian not here?

Once the cops were gone, the crowd made some small talk and left. Alex stopped the guy who talked to him earlier and handed a cigarette over. "Are you a local, cowboy?"

"Yes." The man pointed at a nearby house. "That's my home over there."

Hmm, not far from where the corpse was found. "You must know this family well, then."

The man leaned over and lit up his cigarette with Alex's lighter. "Not really. Barely seen them at all. But they've been here for a long time, so I found some patterns. They usually leave home in the afternoon, and sometimes they'd stay out for a few days. Nocturnal creatures if you ask me."

Alex nodded. "Those people were not a family, were they?"

The man chortled. He said matter-of-factly, "Of course not. Those women were there to have some fun. They bring back different women every time. Sometimes they come home with one, sometimes two, sometimes more."

I see. "So, there are three men inside then?"

The man said, "Yeah. This place used to be home to two Criecean women. One died, and then the men moved in a while later."

Surprised, Alex asked, "Criecean women? And a pair of them?" For some reason, it reminded him of Jewel and Helena."

"Yes. Most people wouldn't even rent this place because of its past, but the men didn't care. Been here for nearly ten years too."

Hurriedly, Alex asked, "Do you know the name of the woman who died?"

"No. Someone you know?"

Alex lied, "I'm here to look for someone. This is the address they gave me, but they're not here. You said someone died here, so I wonder if that might be my friend. Do you still remember what they look like?"

"Not exactly. They don't come out much, so I barely saw them. Only from afar too, but I thought they were beautiful."

Alex asked, "Do you remember how old they were? Were they sisters or mother and daughter?"

"The latter, I think."

Visibly excited, Alex quickly whipped out a wallet containing Jewel's earlier photo, and he handed it over quickly. "Was one of them this woman?"

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Checking Out

The man took the photo and frowned. "I think one of them did look like this girl, but it's been a long time, so my memory's fuzzy. If you want to know more, check with the cops. They were alerted to this case, so there should be a record."

"Thanks." He whipped out a stack of cash and handed it to the man. "I think the locals should know more about their neighbors. If they ever come back, can you give me a call?"

"Sure. Nothing to it, so save the money. Just give me your number."

Alex left his number and gave the man the money. "Keep the money. Thanks for your help. I'll check with the cops now." And he got into his car. Panic flared in his heart. Even though he had no evidence, he had a feeling that the women were Jewel and her mother. All of a sudden, he got scared of the truth. If the answer was the very thing he had in mind...

Before he could come up with any plan, his phone rang. It was from a worried Jewel, and he felt soothed. "Hey, Jewel."

"Found them?"

A sigh escaped Alex's lips. "No. One of the women we saw last night is dead. The cops took two men and a woman away, but their faces were covered, so I am not sure if Damian was with them. I'm going to check with the cops. If he's not among the suspects, then he might've run away."

A moment of hesitation later, Jewel said, "I think we should drop this. Not like I'm going to run into him anyway."

"We are not letting him run away. He has the answers to a lot of questions. Don't worry. This won't take long."

Jewel was still a little apprehensive. "Do you have any friends in Mastar?"

"Yeah, I do. I'll get him to help me out." And then he made a call. I gotta make this trip and find out the truth. If it's too dark, I can spare Jewel from it.

He came to the police station, and a blond, handsome man was waiting outside. He had deep-set eyes and an aquiline nose. With stiff Crieian, he greeted Alex. "What brings you to Mastar, Alex?"

Alex smiled and hugged him. "To see a friend. Been well, Peter?"

Peter said, "Yeah. "So, what would you like to find out?"

"A murder in Number 68, Martin Avenue. It's been a long time, but can you check it out?"

"Of course."

They went into the police station. Alex was only following Peter around while he did all the talking. Peter was the young master of the Charles Family, so he had a bit of privilege here.

The cops whipped out the record for the murder, but they only allowed Alex a few minutes to go through it. Alex thanked them and checked the name of the victim. He suspected that it was Helena, but seeing her name still made his heart sink. He was glad he didn't bring Jewel along, or this piece of news would've broken her heart.

And then he checked the summary of the case. She died from banging her head against the stairs? How is this possible? This is perfunctory. If it was an accident, Jewel wouldn't even have been taken to Double Dragon Court. He checked the record again and noticed that the one who called the cops was Damian, and he was listed as the victim's son-in-law.

He pointed at the record, "Is the guy who looked into this case still alive? Can we reach them?"

The cop asked, "Is something wrong?"

"I just want to know where the victim's daughter went. A bit odd that her son-in-law was the one who called the cops."

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Before the Departure

"The guy's retired, but if you want to know more about this case, I know where he lives."

"Thank you. One more question; you guys caught a group of suspects earlier, right? Is there a Crieian called Damian Fenton?" Alex inquired.

Peter explained, "That's the guy he's looking for. Can you see if he's among the suspects?"

The cop looked at Peter and made a call. He exchanged a few words with the person on the other end of the line before grunting and ending the call. Then, he turned to look at them and shook his head. "No one called Damian among the suspects."

Alex nodded in acknowledgment. So, he escaped. Alex wasn't surprised in the slightest. When he saw there were only four suspects, he already knew that was the case. He sure is a sly guy. I wonder if I should talk to the retired cop or see if I can run into Damian at the Hill Club.

He then asked for the retired cop's address and had Peter accompany him to Hill Club to try their luck. However, it was a wild goose chase. Damian was nowhere to be found.

Alex came back exhausted, and Jewel quickly went up to him, worried. "You're late. You should've stopped if you couldn't find him. It's not like we're staying here all the time."

He then pulled her into his embrace, feeling a little worried and sad for Jewel at the same time. "We're going back home tomorrow."

Jewel paused for a moment. "But Eugene's going home tomorrow. He's been putting it off for days now; he can't keep it up much longer. Let's wait until he comes back."

Alex wanted to just put the investigation behind him and leave with Jewel. "Eugene will get someone to keep them safe. You'll be in danger, too, if you stay around."

She had no idea why he was so worried, so she hugged him in an attempt to comfort him. "What are you worried about? The Double Dragon Court isn't some sort of supermarket. It's not like Damian is connected to them. Even if he can establish contact, it's not like Jonathan and Joseph will trust him."

Alex had no proof that Damian had contacts in the Double Dragon Court, but his gut feeling told him that must be the case. Still, saying that he had come to this conclusion based on his intuition was a bit too far-fetched for a reason, and Jewel might not believe him. In the end, he relented. "Fine, we'll wait until Eugene comes back."

...

Morning came, and Eugene had to go back. He'd been out for too long, and work was piling up. There was no way he could keep dragging this out. First, he went to the kids' room and told them to take care of their mother and not make her angry.

Then, he came to Blake and gently said, "Tell your mother and grandfather if you're unwell, Blake."

The boy wrapped his arms around Eugene's neck. He was reluctant to see Eugene leave, so he asked, "When are you coming back, Daddy?"

"In three days. In the meantime, you kids be good. Call me if you need anything." He told them a lot of things before heading to Olivia's room. "Stay at home at all times if you can. If you truly need to go out, bring some bodyguards with you. Shannon and the gang are here. Tell them to run your errands if you need to."

Olivia lowered her head as she replied, "I know. Don't worry about me."

Noticing her dour mood, Eugene pulled her into his arms. Even though it was only a short separation, he was still reluctant to part. He held the back of her head and pressed his lips against hers. The kiss was intense; it was as if he wanted to kiss as hard as he could before his departure.

Though, Olivia was feeling a little uneasy. Even though they were alone for now, someone might come in later. The door was not locked, after all.

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Albert Comes

She pushed him a little, her face red. "Alright, you should go now. Safe flight."

Eugene tightened his hug and pressed his forehead against hers. Like a puppy, he said, "I'm already missing you."

A frown creased Olivia's forehead. I bet he was thinking about something more intimate when he said that. Is he mad? Does he seriously want to do it in broad daylight? Thinking of that, she shoved him away. "And you're going to hold it in."

A smile curled the man's lips, and he rubbed his cheek against hers. "What were you thinking just now?"

She looked at him dubiously. Get real. There's no way you meant it literally when you said you missed me. That would be so not like you if that were the case.

Realizing what she had in mind, Eugene said, "Oh, I do want it, but not now. Don't be scared."

Her lips twitched. Seriously? You've kissed and hugged me. You can't be serious about doing that.

The man then continued, "You all should stay here for now. Don't move houses until I come back." After bidding his goodbye to Olivia, he emerged from the room and told the bodyguards about their duty. Then, he left with a heavy heart.

After he was gone, Alex left as well, but he didn't bring Jewel with him since he needed to find Damian.

Jewel frowned as she looked at the entrance in worry.

Noticing her, Olivia asked, "Alex seems busy. What's he up to?"

Jewel took Olivia into the room and told the latter about the meeting with Damian the other day.

Olivia looked shocked. "What? Is Damian working for Double Dragon Court? I've never heard of him before, though."

"Me neither," said Jewel. "Alex's worried, though. He was out the whole day yesterday just to look for Damian."

Olivia looked solemn. "You have no recollection of meeting that guy before?"

"No." Jewel shook her head.

"I see. Still, you should be careful. If push comes to shove, you should go home. If the Double Dragon Court knows, you'll get in trouble. Alex and Eugene can keep them away from you, but it will still be a hassle."

"Yeah. I'll go back once Eugene comes back. I can't leave you to fend for yourself."

"It's alright. George and the bodyguards are here. You don't have to worry about us."

They were going to talk more, but someone knocked on the door, and Olivia said, "Come in."

George opened the door and leaned on the doorway, looking exhausted.

"George?" She was surprised to see him here. Her senior was usually working in the clinic and seldom came back. It was always busy there, after all.

George came in and poured himself a glass of water. He downed half of it and said, "Someone wants to see you."

That was even more surprising. It'd been over a year since Olivia stopped working at the clinic. So, she couldn't help but wonder, Whom could it be? "Who is it?" she asked.

"Some guy named Albert Bleu. He said you'd know who he is if I told you his name."

"Albert? He sure knows a lot of stuff." She was speechless. I can't believe he came all the way here.

"Prince of Eurosia?" asked Jewel.

"Yeah. Have you contacted your aunt?" Olivia nodded. "Winnie, I mean."

"No. I don't remember anything about her, so there's nothing to talk about. She did give me a number, though. Why do you ask?"

Olivia closed the door. "Albert came to my shop and said your aunt knows his mother. They're good friends, too."

Jewel was quiet for a while before she exclaimed in surprise, "Wait, Eurosia's previous queen is my aunt's friend?"

Olivia said, "Yeah. I couldn't believe it as well. If you can contact her, ask her what's going on in Eurosia. I'd like to know why they are in such a hurry to find the necklace."

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Reason

"Sure, I'll do it in a bit," said Jewel. "But what will you do now? Are you going to see him?"

George was getting more and more confused as their conversation went on, and he quickly asked, "What? Why is Eurosia roped into this?"

"Oh, right." Olivia looked at him. "Remember that necklace we stole from them, George?"

"Of course, I remember. I almost swam my way into a watery grave, you know. How could I possibly forget about it?" There's no way I could forget that. That mission changed our lives, he thought to himself.

Olivia felt her stomach churning as memories from back then flooded her mind. The three of them almost died after that mission. When Joseph found out they failed to get the real necklace, George took the brunt of the blame so Olivia and Jewel could be safe. Olivia could never forget how badly they were wounded back then, and her senior was even bedridden for a long time.

The ladies were punished, too, but not as badly as George. He almost died back then. The people from Double Dragon Court had only tossed him into the sea as they thought he couldn't survive the beating. It was brutal, and even Olivia once thought he would die. Thus, it was a miracle he was talking to them right now. "George—" Olivia started.

Before she could say anything further, he interrupted, "Alright, stop with the melancholy. I'm fine. You mentioned they are searching for the necklace just now. By the necklace, do you mean the one which serves as the proof of the heir?"

"Yes." She nodded. "That's the one."

Alright, this is getting even more confusing. "But the queen's still alive and in power, right? Why are they searching for the necklace? For a coup?" George asked.

"No idea," Olivia responded. "That's why I asked Jewel to find something out for me."

Still confused, he questioned, "So, why is he looking for you, then?"

She slowly said, "Because I have a necklace that looks just like the one they're missing."

George was shocked upon hearing that. Did she take the necklace from that girl? Sweat drenched his back, and he worriedly inquired, "You have the necklace? How did you get your hands on it?"

She sighed. "Long story. I only found out recently I'm not my parents' real kid. Dad told me I had that necklace on me when he first found me."

Jewel then added, "And after we inspected it, we found that it looked more authentic than the one we stole. I think she might be Eurosia's princess. Just abandoned."

George was in disbelief. "Do you have the necklace with you? Let me see it."

Olivia looked miffed. "No. I don't lug it along with me everywhere I go."

The man calmed down for a moment. "I see. If that's the case, you might truly be a princess."

Out of instinct, she argued, "No way. If I were a princess, I wouldn't have been abandoned and come to Criccia. This is either a coincidence or my necklace is a fake as well. The girl did tell us they made a lot of fakes."

Jewel stared at her intently. "But you're getting worried, or you wouldn't have cared about Eurosia. Furthermore, you're a good appraiser, so you must know whether the necklace is fake. You just can't find a good reason to explain why you have the necklace or why you were abandoned."

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Seeing Albert

After having Jewel call her out, Olivia stared at the ground in silence. A moment later, she started, "Perhaps the necklace I have has a better quality than the one we stole, but that doesn't mean it's the real deal."

Then, George asked, "Do you think Albert might know you're the missing princess and is here to take you home?"

To his question, she replied, "No, he just wants to see my necklace. I told him I had lost it, but he probably didn't believe that, so he came all the way here. I have no idea why he's looking for the necklace. I don't want to get into their nation's affairs. I have no idea how I came to possess this

necklace, and if their necklace is indeed missing, he can accuse me of theft, and I will have no defense. We did steal from them, after all."

He nodded at that. She has a point. "So, how did he find out you had the necklace? Did he recognize you as the thief back then?"

"Nah, Amy ran into him and told him about it."

"Oh, that stepmom of yours?"

"You mean Anna's mom," Olivia retorted. She disliked that woman, to begin with, and now that she knew her dad wasn't her biological father, she refused to acknowledge that woman as her stepmother.

Oh, she's irked, alright. George smiled. "She's always been a sore spot of yours."

To his remark, Olivia chose to remain silent.

"In any case, I'll send Albert on his way. He doesn't know you have the necklace, but if he finds out, he's going to hound you. Let's skip out on meeting him." Right after saying that, he turned around and was about to leave.

Seeing that, Olivia stopped dawdling around. Quickly, she said, "Wait. I'll see him."

Confused, he asked, "Why? You don't want to get involved in his matter, anyway."

Jewel looked at Olivia before explaining in her stead, "But if Eurosia is in trouble and Olivia is indeed their princess, it'd be treason not to help the nation."

George froze for a moment. "Don't tell him you have the necklace until you find out why he's here. I don't want him to think you're a thief. Eurosia isn't big, but you shouldn't underestimate any nation. They can easily destroy a civilian if they want to."

"I understand," said Olivia. Then, she looked at Jewel. "Keep an eye on the kids, Jewel. I'll check things out."

They came to the clinic. It wasn't a busy day, but there were a lot of patients anyway. Some were hooked to IV infusions, some were undergoing alternative treatment, and some were buying meds over the counter. Even among the crowd, Olivia could spot Albert easily.

He was on a chair, and even though he was just sitting silently, there was no denying that this man was regal and elegant. Standing behind him was River. The man had his hands tucked behind his back, looking impatient.

Albert saw Olivia the moment she approached him, and he stood up right away. "Hello, Miss Maxwell."

She looked at him. "Here to see me?"

"That is the case, yes."

She didn't look surprised at all. "Your sources are fast," she teased.

A dry smile curled his lips. "Nah. I reckon they were a bit slow, or I'd have found you sooner."

Olivia wasn't mad that he was searching for her. After all, he wanted to find where that necklace was. "Not the best place to talk."

"Lunch is on me."

"Sure."

They were about to leave, and a worried George interjected, "Where are you two going? I'll come with you."

Olivia told him, "It's alright, George. We'll be back in a moment." With that, she left with Albert.

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Are We Friends?

They came to a nearby restaurant and asked for a room. Gentlemanly, Albert pulled the chair out for Olivia and made the orders. He wasn't overly sycophantic; he was polite and caring. It felt nice being in his company. Even when the food was served, he let her eat without any interruptions.

River dug into his food quietly as well. When Olivia finally put down her cutlery, the men did as well, and Albert asked, "Do you want anything else?"

"It's alright. I had my fill."

"So, um, are the kids alright?"

"They are."

"I know it's less than polite to disturb you, but this is urgent."

Olivia smiled. "If this is about the necklace, I'm sorry, but I can't help. I have no idea why you would come all the way here for a necklace. It's perplexing, to say the least."

Before he told her why he came, she wouldn't let him see the necklace. Jewel was right. Olivia was suspecting that the necklace she had was proof that she was heir to Eurosia's throne. Judging from the color and craftsmanship, it looked like the real deal. However, this is not good news since it means the current queen's necklace is fake. There's no way both are real. In other words, she lied to her people and usurped the throne with a counterfeit, she deduced in her mind.

If she finds out I have the necklace, she might issue a kill order without finding out how I came to possess the necklace. As for Albert, I'm still not sure which side he is on. If he's the queen's enemy, he can use the necklace to snatch the throne away from her, and I'd be nothing but their pawn, Olivia thought to herself. Even though she might be a descendant of Eurosia's royalty, she didn't care. Not

when her life was on the line. So what if they were related by blood? Many people would kill their families for power, especially those born to royalty.

Albert was in a rut. He had been out for so long yet still made no progress. Olivia was his only lead, yet she refused to admit that she had the necklace and was trying to find out the reason behind his sudden visit. He was starting to wonder if she was simply curious or if she actually had the necklace and was just waiting for him to be honest before she would show anything.

“Miss Maxwell, you’re a smart and beautiful woman, and you’re Eugene’s girlfriend, too. I don’t think you would be interested in anything that is none of your business. Thus, I believe you do have the necklace, but you won’t admit it for some reason. Is it because of me? Do you wish to have more honesty from me?”

Olivia put on a perfect and dazzling smile. “Oh, this is very much my business. I used to be the owner of that necklace. Of course, I’d like to know why you’re searching tirelessly for it.” She sipped her glass of wine calmly, and Albert was a little miffed.

He chuckled. “Are we friends, Miss Maxwell?”

She tilted her head, her eyes glinting with cunning. “Why are you throwing the ball into my court, Mr. Bleu? This is a hard question to answer. Everyone has different definitions of friends, after all.”

Albert frowned at that. “So, what kind of people do you consider as friends, Miss Maxwell?”

“Well, they don’t have to risk their necks for me, but I have to trust them with my own life. People who make small talk with me don’t get to be my friends.”

Albert knew things wouldn’t be easy, but Olivia was making it difficult to progress with her clear rejection. So, she’s saying she doesn’t see me as a friend, even though I think of her as one.

Before he could explain himself, River couldn’t hold it in anymore. He stepped ahead and shot Olivia with an icy look.

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Wrong Move

“Shut it, woman. Just answer his questions and be done with it.”

Olivia’s face darkened immediately, and she sneered. “You’re going for violence now, I see.”

Albert quickly apologized, “No, of course not.” He then chided River, “Stand down!”

Hurriedly, River shouted, “But Sir—”

Olivia stood up and looked at them coldly. “I’ve lost the necklace, and I am not keen on repeating myself too many times. Do not disturb me again, or I will call the cops.” With that said, she turned to leave.

Albert quickly caught up to her and apologetically said, “Please wait a minute, Miss Maxwell. I am very sorry about his behavior. Don’t worry; I will make it up to you.”

She looked at him coldly. “Save it. I don’t care how you deal with your men. And now, I’m telling you we cannot be friends. That is all.”

She went around and tried to leave, but River grabbed her. “Hold it right there! Do you think you can come and go as you please?”

Angered, Olivia looked at him darkly with narrowed eyes. Then, she grabbed his arm and spun around like a top, tossing him over her shoulder and slamming him against the ground.

The man was dumbfounded. He couldn't believe that he had just been thrown over the shoulder, by a woman no less. If it weren't for the pain coming from his hips and back, he would've thought he was hallucinating. This pipsqueak can fight?! I can't believe she just flipped me over her shoulder. This is mortifying! If this finds its way back home, I can no longer show my face in Eurosia. I can no longer protect Sir!

Albert was shocked as well. She can fight? Hmm, on second thought, this is not surprising at all. There's no way Eugene's girlfriend is just some useless woman. "I apologize for what happened, Miss Maxwell."

Olivia looked at him coldly. "Enough with the tricks. I won't fall for it." Then, she looked at the ashamed and mortified River lying on the ground. Smugly, she said, "I can come and go as I please. Try and stop me." With that, she held her head up high and strutted out the door.

River clutched his stomach and got back up. He was too ashamed to face Albert, and he sheepishly said, "Sir."

Albert was red with fury, and he kicked River down once more. Gritting his teeth, Albert scolded, "How dare you take that tone with her!"

River thought that was a bit unfair to him, so he said, "Sir, she obviously wasn't going to give the necklace. We do not have much time left. You cannot take this slowly."

Albert pointed at him. "And going the fast lane worked about as well as I expected. You just ruined what little goodwill we had."

"Fine, then we'll go all in. Now that we know where they live, we can hold her loved ones hostage, and she'll give us the necklace."

Albert was furious. "Shut it! I would've dealt with her ages ago if she were easy prey. And even if we can get a chip to bargain with her, do you think Eugene won't come after us?"

River wasn't as confident as before but still protested, "But Eugene's main forces are back in Criccia. There's no way he can do anything to us in Mastar."