

Super Wife 1291

Super Wife's Three Babies Chapter 1291

Love Can't Be Forced

"Are you done, gentlemen? Your meal is ready, so why don't you two come in and have something to eat? There's nothing between men that can't be solved with a fight. If there is, then it can be solved with another round of drinks."

Eugene responded with a grunt and sat up despite his pain.

At seeing this, the restaurant's owner immediately instructed one of the waiters, "Go help him up."

"It's not necessary," said Eugene.

Nevertheless, the waiter arrived and helped him up weakly.

George gave him a contemptuous look, then pushed himself to stand up on his own to show that he was stronger than the man. Unexpectedly, however, no sooner had he sat up than he was forced to lie down again. He swore resentfully, "Damn you, Eugene! You hit me really hard just now."

Eugene darted a frosty look at him while massaging his own aching belly. "I'm just more resilient to pain than you are. Don't you know in your heart how hard you hit me just now?"

George was speechless. Fine! His lips curled into a smirk. I'm in a sorry state now, but you aren't any better either. None of us can throw stones at one another with the pot calling the kettle black.

Led by the owner himself, both men entered the restaurant and had a quick wash. This time, they sat in a private room, where the table was full of all kinds of liquor—beer, white wine, red wine, and so on.

Eugene handed a bottle of beer to George. "You've hit me already, and now we're gonna get drunk together. Can you get over this and move on?"

George shot a glare at him. "Didn't you hit me as well?"

Eugene smiled. "You didn't let me go easy on you. How about I go easy on you in drinking? Here's a toast to you," he said, raising his glass and draining his drink right away.

George was pissed off by that smug look on his face. He took the opened bottle of beer and retorted with stubborn defiance, "Do I need you to go easy on me?"

Both men knocked back a bottle of beer each without saying a word.

Eugene held out another bottle of liquor. Then, he asked, "Which of you is better at holding your liquor, you or Olivia?"

George replied, "Olivia? Not even two of me would be a match for her."

Eugene said, "You can't drink as much as I can, then. I drank her under the table once." As he spoke, he clinked his glass on George's with smugness written all over his face.

George simply couldn't believe this. He asked suspiciously, "You actually drank her under the table? You've got to be bragging."

Eugene replied, "Well then, just you wait and see. If you don't believe it, you can ask Olivia when we get back." His eyes were smiling as though he had suddenly recalled the past, at which time he and Olivia weren't yet in a relationship. They were engaged in a drinking contest; he had wanted to lose the contest and express his love to her with Dutch courage, only to end up winning from start to finish without much effort, whereas she kept losing despite trying to win against him.

Seeing the happiness written all over his face, George wished he could strangle him. He snatched my happiness away from me! He swallowed his drink in one gulp before plonking his glass onto the table with a thud. "Do you know how much I want to kill you?" he said to Eugene viciously.

Only then did Eugene turn to look at him. He replied, "I do. I'm staying at the clinic, and you're knowledgeable in medicine. Taking my life would be a piece of cake for you."

George nodded as if persuaded by the man's words. For some reason, however, there was a note of hurt in his voice. "You're right. But if you died, I wouldn't be able to explain myself to Olivia."

Eugene let out a sigh. "The thing about love is that it can't be forced. I wouldn't dare say I love Olivia more deeply than you do, but we already have four children together, plus she's now pregnant. Whether it's for the sake of fulfilling our mutual yearning for each other or for the sake of our kids, it's for the best that we become a pair."

At the mention of this, George felt even more frustrated. He retorted angrily, "Had Master used my sperm back then, you would've had nothing to do with this!"

Eugene replied, "But did you forget Mr. Gedding saying that he had done a lot of experiments and that only my children with Olivia were born? Do you think he wouldn't rearrange the DNA to find out the reason for this? But the kids are already six years old now, and it's still unknown what the problem is. I think this is not just a matter of DNA but also a matter of destiny."

Listening to this, George nearly suffered a heart attack out of anger. Master did actually say that only the combination of Eugene's DNA and Olivia's worked. At the thought of this, he tossed another drink down his throat in sorrow. As he put down his glass, he grumbled in vexation, "Do you mean my DNA isn't as strong as yours?"

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A Friendly Match

Eugene was rather embarrassed, too. Olivia got me here to talk to him, not to piss him off. If he gets hopping mad this time, that lady's gonna come after me!

After pondering for a moment, he said, "I'm not sure about this, but I know you're certainly not meant to be with her as much as I am. Otherwise, Olivia and I and the kids wouldn't have reunited from different parts of the world. George, you have to admit that the timing and order in which everyone comes in is important; some people are only meant to keep company for a while. Olivia always knew that you're nice to her. When she learned that you weren't coming back for lunch, she even went looking for you without eating anything. I know you're having a hard time accepting it. If it were me, I'd

have a hard time accepting it, too. That being said, if you're angry, please take it out on me instead of putting Olivia in a tight spot. She's pregnant now."

George glared daggers at him. "Shut up, will you? I know that better than you do!"

Eugene replied, "Alright. Let's drink to our hearts' content, then!"

Olivia stayed in the clinic until closing time, but both men had yet to return. One of them went out, while the other went looking for him. The one who went out has yet to come back. But why is the one who went looking for him also yet to return? They're not answering my phone calls either. At this point, she got worried. Blood Rose is running riot right now. Don't tell me something bad happened to them. She hurriedly went to Kyle, asking, "Kyle, can you go to the restaurant to take a look and see if they're okay?"

Kyle replied at once, "Don't worry, Mrs. Nolan. Few people can match Mr. Nolan when it comes to fighting skills. I'll go now to take a look." He was just about to set out as he spoke.

Alex chimed in, "I'll go with you."

Although the two men had left, Olivia remained on pins and needles. At the sight of this, Jewel couldn't help but advise her, saying, "Don't worry, they're both very good at fighting, so they won't get in trouble that easily. Let me try calling them again." She was just about to make the phone call as she spoke, but before she could dial the number, there came the sound of the door being opened.

Olivia also spun her head toward the sound, only to see two people wobbling in through the door. No, they're a couple of drunks, but that doesn't seem to be an accurate way to put it either. They're a couple of wounded drunks, to be exact. She had been worried if they were in danger in the first place, and this instantly had her with her heart in her mouth. Walking a few steps toward them, she asked anxiously, "How did you get like this? Did you two run into Blood Rose?"

Fearing that she might get anxious, Eugene went over to her, wanting to explain the situation. However, he was as drunk as a lord. As a result, his legs gave out on him, causing him to lurch with each step as if being tossed around by huge waves. The ground felt uneven under his feet, and he staggered and fell toward her.

At this rate, he's going to throw himself on top of Olivia... For a moment, everyone had their hearts in their mouths.

Even Eugene himself broke into a cold sweat. He seemed to sober up a little; then, with the last shred of sense left in him, he managed to stop and steady himself. However, everyone appeared to be spinning before his eyes. He reached out, trying to grab Olivia's hand, only to fail despite several attempts. In the end, it was Olivia who took his hand, asking, "Why did you drink so much?"

Eugene replied with a smile, "George is so good at holding his liquor. I think I'm drunk." As he spoke, he turned to glance at George, who was being supported by Kyle. He continued, "Don't worry. George and I only had a friendly match, that's all."

Olivia's lips twitched uncontrollably for a moment; she was bewildered beyond words. "A friendly match? You call this a friendly match?"

Upon hearing this, George, who looked even worse than Eugene did, immediately retorted with a drunken slur, "What kind of a friendly match is this? This is me making mincemeat of him."

Olivia took a look at George. Indeed, his face is less bruised than Eugene's. But how can he brag that he's made mincemeat of Eugene when he looks like hell with dirt all over himself? This looks more like a fistfight to me. She said with a worried expression, "Alright, hurry up and sit down. Let me put medicine on both of you."

Looking at Eugene, George said belligerently, "Put medicine on me first."

Olivia good-naturedly replied, "Okay, no problem. Sit down first, will you?" As she spoke, she was about to go over to help the man.

Eugene yanked her into his arms without ever releasing his hold on her. "You put medicine on yourself. Don't order my girlfriend around."

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Can't Let Olivia See This

George replied with a frown, "She is my junior, and I'm only letting her put medicine on me. This is none of your business."

Eugene was drunk and also slurred his words, but his thinking was clearer than ever. "I'm her boyfriend and the father of her sons. How is this none of my business? How could you actually order a pregnant woman around? Not even I have the heart to do that. What right do you have?"

Olivia was rendered speechless. Seeing the two of them arguing again, she quickly stopped them. Then, with Alex's help, she sat Eugene down on the couch. "Enough already! It's nothing, I'm just going to put medicine on him. Just sit here for a while, and I'll put medicine on you later, okay?" she said. Seeing that he didn't object, she turned around and was about to leave.

Unexpectedly, she was grabbed by the arm before she could leave.

Eugene looked at her while shaking his head. "No, it's not okay," he replied. Stretching out his long arm, he then pulled Olivia—who was already two steps away from him—back into his arms.

Olivia couldn't help but fall onto his lap.

Eugene said in a gentle voice, "As a pregnant woman, you need plenty of rest."

Looking at the man, Alex felt amused for some reason. Even at this point, he still remembers to care about his girlfriend. "Let me do it, Olivia. You take him back to his room and let him sleep. You can't do anything as long as he's here."

Just then, Jewel came over with the first aid kit in hand. Fearing that Eugene might hurt Olivia by accident in his drunken state, she quickly turned to ask Alex, "Can Olivia take Eugene back to his room

with him being so drunk? If she can't, why not let him crash with you for the night? Olivia is pregnant, you know."

However, Olivia said, "It's okay, I can do it. You two put medicine on George, then. Let me teach you how to use it."

Alex replied, "No, you don't have to. I know a little about it. Applying medicine isn't that difficult, anyway."

All this time, however, George's eyes had been fixed on Eugene and Olivia, who were locked in an embrace. All of a sudden, a bout of jealousy washed over him. In just a few seconds, he felt a stinging sensation in his eyes. What little remained of his reason was directing him to run away from here as soon as possible. I can't let Olivia see this... Suddenly, he stood up and tottered upstairs.

A worried Olivia urged, "Kyle, go help George upstairs, will you?"

Kyle answered with a grunt before catching up to George in a few steps.

"It's not necessary. I can manage by myself," said George, trying to act strong. That being said, his hands were clinging to the handrail. For some reason, his legs felt weak. A feeling of dizziness came over him; the next thing he knew, he almost rolled down the stairs.

Luckily, Kyle never left, and he held onto the man in the nick of time.

This time, George didn't chase Kyle away anymore. He went upstairs with the latter's help.

Jewel exchanged a brief look with Alex before turning to look at Olivia. "Olivia, we'll help you get Eugene back to his room before we put medicine on George."

Olivia replied, "Okay." With that, she stood up to leave, but Eugene was still holding her in his arms and wouldn't let go. She turned around and said to him, "I'm not going to put medicine on George anymore. I'm taking you back to your room to sleep."

Eugene seemed to sober up a little at her words. He replied obediently, "Alright." As he spoke, he rose to his feet, standing bolt upright as if he weren't drunk at all.

Olivia also found this amusing. "Can you walk by yourself?"

Eugene replied, "Of course. I can even hold onto you."

Olivia said, "It's okay, I can walk by myself. You walk on your own, okay? Can you find your room?"

Eugene replied, "I'm not drunk. I can even walk with you in my arms." As he spoke, he bent down and was about to scoop her up in his arms.

This scared the hell out of Alex and Jewel, who hurriedly lunged at him and tried to drag him away. However, the man wouldn't budge at all. He looked back and put out his hand toward Olivia, saying, "Sweetheart..."

Olivia immediately followed him in resignation. "Okay, I'm following you from behind."

Eugene frowned. "No, I want to hold hands with you," he replied with a hurt expression.

As soon as these words left his mouth, Jewel couldn't help but chuckle, but she said nothing.

Alex wasn't that easy to deal with, though. He laughed unapologetically, asking, "Do you think it's fine by you to hold hands with me?"

Eugene responded with a slap, "You're ugly!"

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Why Didn't You Fight Back

Alex was both amused and annoyed. "How am I ugly? I look much better than the way you look right now. Do you know what you look like? You look just like my family's dog, Buster!"

"You can't even hold a candle to Buster." Eugene shot him a haughty glare while stubbornly taking Olivia's hand. "Let's go home. It's sleepy time."

Looking as if he had seen a ghost, Alex darted a look at Olivia with a playful smile on his lips. "Does he always talk to you like that?"

A cold sweat of embarrassment broke out on Olivia's face. "What do you think?"

Alex couldn't help but laugh, commenting, "Just how much did he drink to actually say something so frightening?"

Olivia also wished to know the answer. At this moment, however, she had no choice but to go along with the man. I've got to get him back in his room quickly lest he makes a fool of himself.

After much effort, the three of them finally got Eugene upstairs to the door to his room. However, he refused to go in no matter what. "This isn't my room," he said before leading Olivia by the hand toward her room.

Alex and Jewel exchanged a brief glance before standing at the door with helpless expressions on their faces.

Olivia had known long ago that Eugene would certainly come to her room. I'm always unable to get him out of my room. Now that he's drunk, it's even more out of the question. At this moment, after laying him down on the bed, she heaved a sigh of relief. "Can you help me take a look at George? It's not good to bother my master at such a late hour, anyway."

"Okay," replied Jewel. "Can you manage on your own, then?"

Olivia said, "Yeah, it's okay. You two may go back now."

Jewel put the first aid kit on the table, saying, "We're going out, then."

Olivia saw them off until the door was closed. She looked back and saw Eugene, who was sitting obediently on the bed. At this moment, he didn't look the slightest bit as difficult as he had been just now. "Can I put medicine on you?" she asked.

Eugene replied, "I'm not hurt. Come over here, sweetheart."

Olivia went over to him, warning, "Don't make a scene, or I'll kick you out of here."

He responded with a grunt while hugging her around the waist. "Sorry, sweetheart."

She frowned. "Sorry for what?"

Eugene looked up at her. "Sorry that I lost you. I made you owe such a big favor and caused you and our kids to suffer so much."

Olivia couldn't help but smile. She stroked his hair with her hand, saying, "Just treat me better if you know how life has been difficult for me."

He replied, "Mm-hmm. I want a kiss."

She got worried. How typical of him to push his luck. He'd ask for hugs and kisses, which would end with him asking to sleep with me, and there'd be no end to it. How can I fool around with him now that I'm pregnant? Hence, she replied in a tone that brooked no refusal, "No!"

Eugene stared at her with puppy-dog eyes. "Just one kiss."

Olivia replied with a snort, "How can I not know what you're up to? I'm pregnant, so we have to restrain ourselves. Do you understand?"

Eugene frowned in suspicion before nodding at last. "Okay. Just a hug will do, then."

Listening to the man's hurt tone of voice, Olivia found herself unable to refuse him and asked in a soft voice, "Do you want to sleep, or do you want me to put medicine on you?"

Eugene shook his head. "You don't have to put medicine on me. You'll be tired out doing that."

She broke into a smile. "Applying medicine isn't tiring at all."

He spoke about whatever came to mind. Suddenly, he looked up and said as if asking for a reward, "Sweetheart, I didn't fight back much today."

Olivia frowned slightly. "Why didn't you fight back, then?"

Eugene seemed somewhat tired. He rested his head in her arms, and his voice sounded weak. "As long as he took it out on me, he won't put you in a tight spot anymore."

She felt a sharp twinge in her nose. Cupping his face in both hands, she chided, "You idiot! Doesn't this hurt?" She touched the bruise at the corner of his mouth with her finger.

Eugene dodged out of reflex. "It hurts. Sweetheart, I want to hold you while we sleep."

That left Olivia lost for words.

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Misled

In a suburban villa, there resided an old couple nearing the age of 50. Although they were childless, they loved each other very much. Every now and then, they went out traveling to relax.

As soon as they came back, their neighbors came over to visit.

After they were finished dealing with the neighbors, the old couple went back into their house, but they no longer walked with a lurch as they had just now. Instead, they hurried into the bedroom in light footsteps.

They pressed a button that looked like a small bell on the painting of a puppy lying on its stomach. The next moment, a secret door opened on the wall on the opposite side, and they went directly underground. Then, they took off their disguise, revealing their originally good-looking features.

They were none other than Blood Rose's subordinates, Farren and Anthea. "Miss Blunt, Jewel Fenton has fallen out with Olivia Maxwell." Judging by their voices, they were by no means nearly 50 years old; it was clear that they were in their early twenties.

Blood Rose had been lounging lazily on the couch. The moment she heard this, her eyes lit up. "Who did you hear that from?"

Farren explained with a smile, "I just went to Mason Horne's parents and planted the blame for his death on Olivia as you instructed. Just as expected, they made a scene at the clinic as a result, so I stood by and looked on for a while. Olivia said you took revenge because you held a grudge against Jewel, whereas Jewel replied that if you held a grudge against her, you would've settled the score with her instead of killing Mason. In any case, they had a nasty argument."

Blood Rose's eyes narrowed. "Really? They argued in front of everyone? Could this be some sort of a ploy?"

Farren thought for a moment before recounting every detail of what he had witnessed today. "There were many onlookers at the clinic at the time, plus Mason's parents were demanding an explanation, so perhaps all that noise had gotten on their nerves. At first, Olivia said she had no idea who the murderer was and that they had to wait for the results of the police's investigation. But then, the old couple questioned her as we had taught them to, asking her why their son was strangled to death with a steel wire—the same way in which they had been retaliated against. Why did their son get killed as soon as he agreed to donate his blood marrow to her son? Wasn't that because of her? Their son got wrongfully murdered while her enemy was retaliating against her, and so on."

He continued, "In any case, they were screaming and wailing in grief. Olivia promised to give them some form of compensation, but when she saw that the couple still wouldn't let up, she started passing the buck, saying that the two previous incidents were related to her friend Jewel. Even if her enemy wanted to get back at her, they wouldn't do so by killing Mason instead. I think she was trying to make the old couple go away. Little did she know, Jewel overheard this and got displeased at once. She said to Olivia, 'You keep saying that I'm your bestie, but now that something happened, you try to dissociate yourself from me. If this had something to do with me, why would they kill the one who was supposed to donate his blood marrow to your son?' Olivia got upset, saying, 'How could you say that? I risked my life to save you back then!' Jewel said that she was going back to her home country tomorrow, that she didn't need Olivia to save her no matter whether she was alive or dead, that this was the end of their friendship, and things like that. After that, the clinic closed its doors, so I couldn't hear what was going on inside."

If Blood Rose had been suspecting at first that this was a trap, she now thought the whole story was melodramatic. I never thought they could argue to such an extent. She let out a sneer, saying, "I

thought they were very close when I saw how determined they were to live and die together the other day.”

Anthea replied with a smile, “That’s right, Miss Blunt. It’s really marvelous of you to come up with the trick of getting Mason’s parents to make a scene. Olivia was feeling guilty in the first place, and this only made her even more ashamed of herself. So, she had no choice but to use Jewel as a shield, but she didn’t expect Jewel to overhear what she said. This time, there was no way she could explain herself anymore. The more desperately the words were spoken, the more sincere they were. Even if they didn’t fall out as a result, they would no longer be as close as before.”

As soon as she finished her speech, Blood Rose let out a snort of laughter. Holding her chin high like a queen, she said, “So much for sisterly friendship, eh? Their friendship fell apart as soon as I made mischief between them. Ha!”

There were seven other hitmen in the room, who were all her subordinates. Hearing her say that left them naturally licking her boots in every way possible.

Super Wife’s Three Babies Chapter 1296

The History Between Them

“Of course! Even the second in command fell head over heels for Miss Blunt. Jewel is nothing she can’t handle.”

“What’s your beef with them, Miss Blunt?”

Blood Rose’s gaze turned colder and her lips curled into a cruel smile at the words. A long while later, she sighed. “It’s a long story. To put it simply, their pretentious friendship disgusts me. She and Olivia had been close in the past. The haughty pair always looked down on us as if they were superior to us. Back then, there was another guy called George, who was also close to them. The trio spent most of their time together. Later, George and Olivia left, leaving Jewel alone behind. Tell me, what kind of friends is that? I felt bad for Jewel, so I suggested she spend time with us. I merely wanted to take her under my wing. However, the stubborn girl refused to join us. She’d rather go on a mission on her own instead of with us. Therefore, I didn’t insist because I respected her decision.”

Farren asked, “What happened next? You told us she was dead.”

Blood Rose sneered. “Later, she finally realized that being a loner in the organization couldn’t work. Finding that I was close to Joseph, she made a move on the second in command. I found out that she went to his room many times. Clearly, she’s trying to steal him from me.”

Anthea frowned with disdain. “Why didn’t you get rid of her, Miss Blunt?”

Farren seconded her view. “Anthea is right. That woman is shameless.”

Blood Rose sighed again. “I wouldn’t have known her intentions. I merely thought she had something to discuss with him. Every time she left his room, she either received extra training or punishment. I only learned from someone that she was trying to seduce the vice leader, but he wanted her to focus on self-improvement. She never listened to his advice, so she got punished.”

Others chimed in with distaste.

“My goodness, she has no shame.”

“And you just endured it, Miss Blunt? We all know the second in command likes you.”

Blood Rose chuckled. “Back then, I was mad. However, we worked for the same organization. We would see each other all the time, so I had no choice but to tolerate her. The most I could do was ignore her. After all, everyone had their own karma. There was a time when the vice leader assigned us to the same mission. She got burned to death in that mission, but that was what we assumed. I had no idea what happened after that, but it seems like she was fine. However, she never reported back to us. Her disloyalty was obvious, so the second in command could never forgive her. He ordered us, so she must die. Besides, she killed Phantom. That’s unforgivable.”

The story ignited the crowd.

“Tell us what to do, Miss Blunt.”

“Yes, Miss Blunt. Don’t hold back. We’ll get it done for you.”

Her lips curled into a cunning smile. “Keep an eye on the people in the clinic. Jewel is returning to the country tomorrow. We should give her a lift.”

Excited, Farren ran his fingers along the keyboard to pull up the map. “Where should we do it, Miss Blunt? We could force her car to stop by setting up a roadblock on the way to the airport and kill her, or shoot her to death in the departure hall.”

Blood Rose remarked, “Then there’ll be too many of us. It’ll draw the police’s attention to us. We must keep a low profile for the time being. It feels good to know that we irritated them, but they can’t do anything to us.”

Farren suggested, “We’ll wait for her at the airport. Let’s discuss the deployment. After all, they don’t recognize us.”

A glint of amusement flashed across Blood Rose’s eyes as an idea occurred to her. Bending her forefinger, she beckoned her men to come over.

Her companions gathered around her in a circle.

Blood Rose lowered her head and whispered, “You guys don’t know Jewel like I do. She often boasts of herself as a kind woman. Here’s the plan...”

After she shared her idea with them, the group laughed. “Let’s do this. We might be able to capture her alive.”

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Arriving at the Airport

The expression on Blood Rose’s face told her companion that she was looking forward to the idea. “It’ll be fun.”

The next morning.

She sought Farren for an update. "How is it? Did Jewel book a flight ticket?"

He answered, "She didn't. But I found a record of Alex's name."

The answer took her aback for a moment. She joined him in front of his laptop and looked at the results. The name Jean Louis lay next to Alex's.

A faint smile was formed on her lips. "That's her. She changed her name after she left the organization."

There was a glow in Farren's eyes. "How did you figure that out?"

She explained, "Phantom told me about that. Otherwise, I couldn't have found Jewel hiding in the clinic on my own."

He suggested, "I'm heading to the clinic to keep watch on them. I'll remember to keep in touch with you."

She calmly replied, "There's no need to rush. The flight is taking off at ten. There's even time for breakfast."

He smiled. "Breakfast sounds good."

...

Unlike Blood Rose and Farren's steadiness, Olivia was worried about her friends. If she was in Jewel's shoes, she would be less on edge. However, she was pregnant. Her friends decided that she was in no condition to provide them with aid.

Therefore, she could only stress her concerns. "Jewel, Alex, did you two put on the bulletproof vests? I don't think they would be that reckless to open fire in public, but there's no guarantee they wouldn't take the risk when they're cornered."

Jewel nodded. "We did. Don't worry about us."

Olivia took out two bottles and handed them to Jewel. "These are bone-softening powder. Use these on them when needed."

Jewel accepted the kind gesture with a smile. "You're well-prepared."

Olivia saw no point in denying it. "I started making preparations since we planned on luring out the enemies."

Eugene spoke up by reminding his friends, "Always beware of any stranger who approaches you, especially when you're in the washroom, which is less crowded. It's risky, but it helps us to rule out the enemies."

Nodding, Jewel assured Eugene, "I understand."

Alex chimed in, "Don't worry about us. I'm not letting her out of my sight."

Eugene and Olivia offered a few reminders before releasing Alex and Jewel.

Eugene stayed behind to ensure his wife and children's safety. However, he asked Shannon and Kyle to go with the pair.

Once the group left, Eugene and Olivia went to North's room. Even though they didn't go with Alex and Jewel, they backed the pair up in their base.

Since the plan was drawing the enemies out of their hideout, the trio was responsible for monitoring the changing condition in case the plan went south.

North sat in front of his laptop. His fingers skillfully inserted a few commands into it. Soon, he pulled up the monitoring images of the departure hall.

They could see the departure hall from all angles.

...

Jewel and Alex arrived at the departure hall. The pair had been taking note of their surroundings in silence. They found their people among the crowd while some other people seemed suspicious to them.

Suddenly, Shannon's voice came out from the earpiece. "Jewel, beware of the man in a blue suit on your front left. And there's another girl in sportswear behind you. Both of them look suspicious. They have been observing you for quite some time."

Jewel whispered, "All right."

The duo went to check in at the counter. A voice came out of the earpiece again. It was Olivia this time. "The couple checking in at another counter seems suspicious too."

Jewel glanced at the couple, who stood a few feet from her and Alex, and hummed an affirmative response.

After getting their boarding passes, Jewel and Alex exchanged a look. Both of them headed to the washroom separately.

They were well aware that Blood Rose's men were watching them. The enemies were waiting for an opening to strike.

Jewel and Alex refused to wait any longer. Might as well create an opening for them.

At least it gives us the upper hand.

Just when she was about to arrive at her destination, a man's voice grabbed her attention. "Mavis! Stop it right there and turn around!"

Jewel turned around and glanced in the direction of the voice. A woman with a child in her arms was hurrying in Jewel's direction. The woman kept casting a glance behind her, but she didn't stop.

It seems like the man is talking to her.

Meanwhile, the man continued to throw insults at the woman. "How dare you disrespect me, Mavis? You took my son to run away with you! Just wait, you'll regret not outrunning me."

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You Haven't Changed

The woman looked terrified and the grip on her child tightened. It looked somewhat realistic but Jewel didn't want to interfere. Even if they weren't the assassins who were pursuing her, she was still in danger herself and couldn't save the woman.

The man had probably spotted her and suddenly shouted, "Mavis Bender, stop where you are!"

The woman in front of Jewel looked scared and quickened her pace as she fled with her child. The woman looked back as she ran which made her stumble, and Jewel bumped into her even though Jewel had deliberately avoided her. The collision made the woman fall backward uncontrollably, flinging her child more than 2 meters high which made the child burst into terrified tears. Jewel knew well that she should be on guard against anyone who came close to her, but she couldn't just ignore the child and frantically reached out to catch the child.

Suddenly, a bright light flashed past. Although Jewel only caught a brief glance of it, she could discern that it was a steel wire fired by Blood Rose.

Olivia's frantic voice came through Jewel's earpiece. "Watch out!"

Jewel knew she had fallen into a trap since she knew how powerful the wire was. It could pierce such a thick concrete wall, much less her body. However, she couldn't just let the small child actually fall down since it would definitely result in death.

She might be able to avoid the wire.

She stretched her arms backward and curved her waist forward to form an arch which was at the end of her physical limitations to avoid the wire, making the claws of the wire brush past her. She didn't even know that her body was that flexible.

Just as she was thanking the fact that she could save the child without getting hurt by the wire, Blood Rose's wire fired toward her again at a faster speed. Jewel had just caught the child and didn't have the time to catch her balance.

At that very instant, she saw a figure flash past. The wire changed direction at once, its claws embedding into the wall.

Jewel looked over to see Alex, who had quickly thrown a dart at Blood Rose which was the one Phantom had used. Even though Blood Rose was alert enough that the dart did not hit her, it allowed Jewel to avoid the wire.

Alex headed toward her and looked at her with a shaken expression. "Are you okay, Jewel?"

Jewel hugged the crying child and replied succinctly, "I'm fine."

Blood Rose narrowed her eyes and sneered at the duo leaning toward each other. "So loyal, huh?"

Jewel exclaimed angrily, "You haven't changed at all and even used a child to your advantage."

Blood Rose smiled mockingly. "You haven't changed either and like interfering in other people's business."

She then shifted her glance toward Alex and raised her eyebrows meaningfully. "Your boyfriend is pretty handsome. If I sleep with him, will it feel much better than killing you?"

A wave of disgust rose inside Jewel. "If you haven't slept enough, go back to bed."

Blood Rose laughed wildly. "Why? Your boyfriend may even be willing."

Alex sniggered. "I only want to throw salt at the head of a shameless woman like you to absorb all the water inside."

She frowned, eventually understanding what he meant. At least he had a good read on her since she was already used to being shameless. She laughed quietly.

"Are you embarrassed? Is it because Jewel is with you? I'll help you get rid of her then."

The door to the washroom opened just as she finished speaking and an old woman with silver hair, a wrinkled face, and a humped back emerged before staring at them curiously, seemingly ignorant of what was happening.

Jewel was worried that the old woman might get hurt by Blood Rose and shouted, "Get back inside!"

Her voice was loud enough to make the old woman jump with shock and clutch her chest. "Oh, dear. You nearly scared me to death."

Even as she said so, the woman didn't heed Jewel's words and started moving forward again. The elderly woman would bump into Blood Rose if she continued doing so.

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Blood Rose's Accomplice

Blood Rose didn't strike anymore and stared coldly at the old woman shuffling toward her with interest.

However, Jewel didn't continue stopping the woman anymore. While she was worried that the old woman might be hurt by Blood Rose, she also suspected that the old woman might be in cahoots with Blood Rose. She didn't move at all, feeling conflicted.

Blood Rose clutched herself and laughed meaningfully. "Aren't you kindhearted? Why don't you save everyone? Is a child's life worthy but not an old woman's?"

She abruptly reached out to grab the old woman.

Jewel became shocked. They probably weren't working together after all.

Alex had the same thought as Jewel and rushed toward Blood Rose almost instinctively when he saw Blood Rose grab the old woman mercilessly.

Jewel took several steps to reach the old woman and asked Blood Rose angrily, "Are you even human?"

Blood Rose was busy taking on Alex and didn't say anything, though victory flashed across her eyes.

Jewel was ignorant of this and immediately consoled the old woman when she saw the latter turn pale with shock and pat her chest continuously. "It's okay. Just go inside the washroom and hide for a while."

The old woman was obedient and muttered, "What are you doing?"

As she spoke, she moved with difficulty and turned around.

Just as Jewel had lowered her guard against the old woman and was looking anxiously at Alex, the old woman suddenly drew a dagger and stabbed it toward her.

It was far too late by the time Jewel had noticed it, but with the child in her embrace, she could only protect the child by hugging him tighter instinctively. The dagger went into her back, but thankfully, she had moved backward slightly by then, so the injury didn't seem that deep, though the sharp pain did make her stumble.

Olivia and Eugene, who had been sitting in front of the computer, were so shocked that they couldn't breathe, fearing that the sounds might affect Jewel's reactions. Blood Rose was simply despicable; not only had she disguised herself but also used such a small child for her own benefit. They wanted to ask how Jewel was, but now clearly wasn't the time.

"Jewel!" shouted Alex anxiously, blaming himself for not being able to discern that the old woman was Blood Rose's accomplice. He wanted to go over to check on Jewel, but Blood Rose kept attacking which kept him occupied for the time being. His movements became more violent due to his anger.

Jewel knew this as well. Alex was no match for Blood Rose and was lucky enough to be able to defend himself. The man pursuing Blood Rose earlier was gone, probably already dealt with by their own people, so now Jewel could only depend on herself. However, she had just been stabbed which affected her physical reactions, plus she had a crying child with her. She couldn't just go on the offensive with the old woman as well, since hurting the child wouldn't be worth it.

After brief consideration, she had no choice but to reach for the small bottle Olivia had given her and pulled the cork with one hand. Just as the old woman attacked once again, Jewel swung her hand, throwing the bottle of white powder toward her opponent. She and Alex had already taken the antidote, so they would be unscathed if they inhaled the powder. However, other people wouldn't be so fortunate.

The old woman knew that this was another substance that could weaken her entire body and instinctively moved away from it, covering her face, nose, and mouth while waiting for the smell to disperse. However, Jewel moved forward with the child in her arms and kicked the old woman directly in the chest.

The old woman slid some distance away on the floor, grunting in pain which made a fragrant smell enter her nostrils easily. She tried to get up but suddenly felt weak, unable to get up even after several attempts.

Jewel knew that Olivia's bone-softening powder had taken effect and ignored the old woman since her target was Blood Rose. She suddenly felt that Olivia's powder was extremely useful and planned to use it on Blood Rose as well, but Blood Rose had been smart enough to give up on fighting with Alex at close range and quickly run outside.

Then, Jewel quickly stuffed the child into Alex's arms and ran after Blood Rose, becoming panicked when she saw Blood Rose was about to reach the reception hall. If Blood Rose fled outside, it would be much more difficult to capture her as there were so many people there.

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The Looming Trap

Suddenly, a man wearing a silver mask obstructed Blood Rose's way.

Jewel was thrilled to see that the masked figure was one of their own.

With a sudden halt, Blood Rose fixed her gaze intently on the person before her. She finally grasped the reason behind the absence of any backup for their group of six. It turned out that meticulous preparations had been made from the very beginning.

A flicker of doubt crept into Blood Rose's mind—could this unexpected encounter be a well-orchestrated trap set up for them?

The thought fueled her anger further, as she realized that falling into their clutches would inevitably lead to her demise.

Acting instinctively, she swiftly withdrew a handgun from her pocket, aiming it directly at Kyle before pulling the trigger.

However, at that precise moment, Blood Rose felt a sudden pain in her wrist, causing the bullet to veer off its intended course.

Seizing the opportunity, Kyle stepped forward and deftly kicked the firearm from Blood Rose's hand.

Simultaneously, Jewel swiftly caught up and snatched the fallen weapon.

Only now did Blood Rose realize what had struck her wrist—a small, white vial emitting a faint fragrance upon shattering against the ground.

She instinctively held her breath, recognizing it all too well. Many of her comrades had fallen victim to its effects.

With the gun aimed squarely at Blood Rose, Jewel taunted, "Care to try another escape?"

While still covering her mouth and nose, Blood Rose cast a disdainful glance at Jewel, displaying no signs of fear.

She clearly knew Jewel's true nature—someone inherently compassionate, advocating for peace, justice, and kindness. That was precisely why the assassination mission had been meticulously tailored for someone like her.

However, Blood Rose hadn't anticipated that they had also set the trap for her. She had clearly underestimated them. Is she truly daring enough to pull the trigger without considering the consequences? Oh, I shouldn't underestimate her, should I? Does she truly possess the courage for such a bold move? Look at her, so naive and tenderhearted, burdened by countless concerns. If it hadn't been for their timely preparations, I would have already had her right in the palm of my hand.

Blood Rose didn't feel any threat from Jewel in the slightest. With unwavering determination, she launched a fierce attack on Kyle, and her steel wire sliced through the air with deadly precision. She aimed to dispatch him swiftly, even if it meant seizing an opportunity to escape amidst the ensuing chaos of the crowd.

However, as Eugene's trusted right-hand man, Kyle proved far more challenging to overcome.

While Blood Rose could hold her breath, there were limits to how long she could sustain without air, particularly during the intense combat with Kyle.

In truth, Blood Rose understood Jewel well. The reason Jewel hesitated to shoot wasn't due to an inability to do so but rather concern for alerting the passengers and causing harm to innocent bystanders.

Choosing not to shoot was merely a temporary strategy until the situation demanded otherwise. The scent of the bone-softening powder permeated the surroundings, and Jewel firmly believed that once Blood Rose took a breath, she would swiftly succumb to unconsciousness.

Jewel doubted that Blood Rose could hold her breath indefinitely. Regardless, she knew that the combined efforts of herself and Kyle would prevent Blood Rose from escaping under any circumstances.

Their intense skirmish lasted a mere two minutes, and Blood Rose reached her limit. Awkwardly covering her mouth and nose, she cautiously drew a breath through the filter of her sleeve.

Yet, even this precaution could not diminish the potency of the bone-softening powder.

After exchanging blows with Jewel and Kyle for a while, Blood Rose felt her body become weak and powerless. Even her once formidable steel wire could now be effortlessly intercepted by her adversaries.

Seizing a momentary advantage, Jewel delivered a powerful kick that sent Blood Rose crashing to the ground.

Determined to stay conscious, Blood Rose stubbornly fought to keep her eyelids from closing. However, despite her tenacity, the effects of the bone-softening powder inevitably overcame her, and her eyes gradually slipped shut.

Finally feeling a sense of relief, Jewel inquired, "What about the others? Wasn't there another man pursuing her?"

"Don't worry, our team took care of all three of them," Kyle reassured.

Jewel released a sigh of relief. "That's good to hear. Let's try not to alarm the passengers and quickly transport her away."

Kyle nodded in agreement. "Got it."

At that moment, Alex rushed over while cradling an unconscious child in his arms. Noticing the bloodstains on Jewel's back, he anxiously asked, "Jewel, are you alright?"

Jewel turned her head and reassured him, "I'm fine. How is the child?"

With one hand holding the child securely, Alex swiftly removed his own jacket and draped it over Jewel's shoulders. "He's safe. Let's hurry back."

She still harbored concerns. "Wait, let's go back together with the others. I'm worried that Blood Rose might pull some tricks again."

Anxious about Jewel's injury, Alex urgently insisted, "Look at her, she's in no condition to pose any threat. What more tricks could she possibly have? Let's go back quickly and have Olivia examine your wound."