

Super Wife 1351

Super Wife's Three Babies Chapter 1352

Falling Into Your Hands Willingly

Halma rolled her eyes at him, grumbling, "If you said you couldn't get used to living in your family's luxury mansion, I might actually believe you." "I really have nowhere else to go." Nathan grabbed her shoulders and said with utmost seriousness, "I had a big fight with my parents today. I think my dad was right. Everything I have now is given by them. But I don't want to live like this anymore. I don't want to be unable to speak up for my girl when she's being mistreated. Starting today, I'm going to work hard to make your life better. I'm no longer Ace Baker's son, nor am I Eugene Nolan's nephew—I'm just Nathan Baker. Are you still willing to love this version of me?" Halma appeared to be unmoved by his words, but in her heart, she was deeply astounded. He had a big fight with his parents and even ran away from home in anger, huh? She pushed him, saying with feigned disgust, "Who would like you now that you have nothing left? You'd best go back!" Nathan laughed upon hearing that. I was in a much more miserable state back then than now, but she didn't push me away even then. How could she really tell me to go back? She doesn't mean it. He tightened his arms around her as he murmured, "No, I can't go back anymore. I've vowed to not live with them anymore. If you don't take me in, I'll have to live on the streets." Halma frowned before asking with concern, "Do they know that you came out at such a late hour?" Nathan reassured her by saying, "Don't worry. They know I'm coming to you."

She curled her lips before taunting, "Your parents already have a problem with me, and now you're running away from home because of me. Can't you stop attracting more animosity toward me?" "I'm just returning the favor in kind." Nathan lifted her chin with his hand. "This is me seeking revenge for you, little girl!" The light in Halma's eyes dimmed for a moment. Despite her annoyance, she said under her breath, "You don't have to. They're your parents, after all. Actually, I can understand why they did those things. It's all for your own good." Nathan, however, let out a snort. "They never knew what I wanted. Anyway, let's not talk about them anymore. Just give me a straightforward answer. Will you take me in or not?"

Halma raised her chin haughtily and snorted. "What if I say no?" Nathan thought about it for a moment before stating, "Then I'll ask again later." She could hardly hold back her laughter at that. "Look at you! You're hopeless." "From now on, I'll have to rely on you to take care of me," he announced. Listening to his words, Halma felt like crying, but she blinked back the tears about to well up in her eyes. Then, deliberately making things difficult for the man, she demanded, "In that case, you have to pay rent."

Nathan agreed immediately upon hearing that. "Okay! How much is it?" She pondered for a moment before saying, "You'll be responsible for making three meals a day!" Startled, the man asked again for confirmation. "Three meals a day?" Only then did Halma realize that something was off. Annoyed and embarrassed, she stepped on his foot right away. "What are you thinking about? I'm only telling you to be in charge of making meals. I've been cooking for you all these years, so it's about time you take over." She carried his suitcase into her house in a coquettishly proud manner. Nathan held his foot while howling in pain for a while. Seeing that she was ignoring him, he grinned and picked up the things on the floor before following her into the room. Walking a few steps up to her, he asked with a smile, "So, are you finally turning the tables on me now?" Halma let out a snort. "Of course! Every dog has its day, you know!" She held his chin between her fingers playfully like a rascal. "Who would've thought that you

would end up falling into my hands, little brat?" Nathan laughed with great satisfaction. Leaning closer to her ear, he replied affectionately, "Yeah, I fell into your hands willingly!"

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Please Take Care of Me From Now On

Halma's ears reddened visibly. Feeling butterflies in her stomach, she took a step back as if she had been startled. "Y-You haven't eaten yet, have you? Let me whip something up for you," she mumbled before quickly fleeing into the kitchen. Nathan watched with smiling eyes as the woman ran away. Luckily, she's still willing to trust me. After briefly putting his belongings in order, he went to the kitchen and embraced her from behind. "My girlfriend is not only capable at work but also an expert at housework," he commented. Halma darted a look at him. "Do you feel like you're getting a real bargain?" "I do," Nathan replied, to which she asked, "Check out this kitchen. Is this big enough for you?" He looked around. "That depends on what we're going to do here." She didn't quite understand what he meant, so she looked at him in annoyance, asking, "What else do you think the kitchen can be used for?" Instead of answering her question, Nathan looked at her with a cryptic smile.

Only then did Halma seem to realize what he meant. Just when she was about to lose her temper, she heard the man say with a straight face, "It's a bit small, but it's just the two of us, which is a good thing. If we have several kids at once like my uncle, we might have to get a bigger house." Halma was lost for words. Is that all? Have I been overthinking it? Nathan found her puzzled expression inexplicably cute. He ruffled her hair with a smile before murmuring, "That's okay, though. I'll work hard to get us a bigger house next year." Frowning, Halma pursed her lips and muttered, "You haven't even moved in yet, and now you're feeling bitter already?" "Of course not!" Nathan hurriedly replied. "You have no idea how much I want to live here with you. We can go to work together during the day and cook together when we come back in the evening. At night, we can watch movies and have dates together. What a wonderful life it'll be." Halma glared at him. "Who's going to cook with you? You're going to pay rent, remember?" "I haven't learned how to cook yet, have I? I'll learn it from you first. After I've learned how to cook, I'll start cooking for you," he offered.

All of a sudden, Halma remembered that back when this man dated Melanie, Melanie had said she didn't know how to cook, to which he had replied, "I'll learn how to do it. I won't let you go hungry, anyway." Even though a scene like that wasn't so much as to bother her, it felt like a thorn in her flesh that could never be removed. As a result, her spirits dropped instantly. He has said those pickup lines to countless other women before. I can't even tell whether he really means them or not. Seeing how Halma's mood suddenly went from happy to gloomy, Nathan grabbed her shoulders. "What's wrong? If you don't mind my bad cooking, I can make something for you right now," he suggested, trying to take the spatula from her. She dodged him. "That's enough. Are you trying to blow up my kitchen?"

Nathan teased with a grin, "Of course not. I'm not that clumsy, you know. I might not be a pro home cook yet, but I still know my way around the kitchen after seeing you cook for so many years." Halma finally chuckled upon hearing that. It's not necessary to hold onto the past. Since I've chosen to forgive his past, I should also forget about those unworthy people and stuff. Nathan stayed by her side while she was busying herself in the kitchen. Just as he had said, he wasn't completely clueless when it came to cooking. In fact, he even helped her with some tasks. Halma thought that this way of life seemed pretty good. Twenty minutes later, a simple spread was served on the dining table. The couple sat facing

each other with a plate of pasta placed before each of them. Nathan smiled. Raising his plate toward Halma, he announced, "Please take care of me from now on, my dear girlfriend!" Halma let out a snort at that. "Behave yourself, or you'll get nothing to eat!" "Aye!" he replied.

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They're Absolutely a Family

After dinner, Nathan played for Halma the video that Eugene had played for the Snow Family today. He knew that Halma already believed him now, or she wouldn't have let him in and allowed him to stay. However, there was no way she could be unperturbed by this incident, so he wanted to give her some peace of mind. Halma never expected him to have actually spoken to Lexie. Watching the video, she asked, "Who recorded this?" "My uncle," Nathan replied, feeling somewhat proud of himself. However, he couldn't help but sigh before explaining, "Just as expected from him. It didn't even cross my mind to record a video to prove my innocence to you, but he already figured out what I wanted to do. You didn't know about this, but when you ignored me, I was at a complete loss for what to do. I was running around like a headless chicken, with my only thought being to find evidence to make you believe me. So, I went to Lexie Snow. Although I didn't really want to see her, I wanted her to testify for me. But who would've thought that this woman really had no sense of shame? Just listen to what she is saying. Not only did she refuse to help, but she even spouted her twisted logic in such an unapologetic way. Just who does she think she is? She even tried to brainwash me. At the time, I thought that if she wouldn't help, then we would go to hell together. That's why I fell out with her right then and there."

After watching the video, Halma felt all warm and fuzzy and reassured in her heart, though she still had concerns. And so, she asked, "Wouldn't your doing so affect the collaboration between your family and hers?" Nathan had disdain written all over his face. He despised his father's unscrupulous way of doing things. He replied with a snort, "If a company like that refuses to collaborate with us, then we won't collaborate with them!"

Halma replied, "You can't say things like that. Collaboration is about making money, and no one would have a problem with making money. If you offended the Snow Family like this, it would affect your immediate interests. Knowing their character, you could've just chosen to not collaborate with them next time. This time, however, you guys were the ones who took the initiative to say there'd be no collaboration. Shouldn't it be considered a breach of contract on your part?" Nathan took her hand while looking at her tenderly. "Look at you, worrying like an old lady. It's okay. My uncle has solved it for me." Halma was quite relieved when she heard that Eugene was involved. With his involvement, of course, there wouldn't be any problem. I've never seen how he dealt with problems before, but how should I put it? I can't help but admire this man. Not only do I admire him, but I admire Olivia, too. They're absolutely a family! Both of them are high in IQ, EQ, and AQ. A faint smile played on her lips and she felt as though her anxious heart was finally put to rest. In the end, she replied softly, "Good to hear that."

Nathan stared at her expression, seemingly dissatisfied with her response. "So, what do you think of how I did today?" he asked. Halma turned her head to look at him, and her lips brushed against his cheek as a result. For a moment, she was startled. She never expected him to get so close to her. She had wanted to poke fun at him, but when she saw his face begging for a compliment, she murmured, "I

think you're pretty cool!" As she spoke, she pecked him on the lips, her eyes locked onto his as if she could see right through his heart. Nathan clearly saw his own reflection in her tender eyes, and the feeling of being seen and cherished made him feel happy, sweet, and a little lightheaded. How can such a light kiss soothe my lovesickness for her? As if under her spell, he felt an unbearable itch deep down inside. Stretching out his long arms, he pulled her into his arms, kissing her on the lips once again.

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Sleepover

Nathan did not describe the incident in detail to Halma, since he felt it wasn't necessary to let her know about troubling issues. Besides, he was also too embarrassed to let her know about it. She just had to believe that he hadn't done anything traitorous behind her back. Meanwhile, Halma also thought the incident had been dealt with, so she reconciled with Nathan. Olivia and Eugene helped a lot in the process, and Nathan hadn't been there when they had registered to get married. Aside from giving their thanks and blessings, they wanted to treat Olivia and Eugene to a meal. However, both Olivia and Eugene missed Mastar too much and couldn't stay long in the country, so they turned down the invitation. Halma still felt embarrassed because their schedules had been delayed another day for no reason because of her and Nathan, so she headed directly to Olivia's studio to visit her after she finished her work in the morning. Meanwhile, Olivia saw Halma enter the studio as soon as she finished up some tasks. Halma looked completely different than before, with her beautifully made-up face, smiling lips, and glowing eyes. It was completely different from how she had looked yesterday. Raising an eyebrow, Olivia teased, "The power of love is amazing." Halma looked somewhat embarrassed by her teasing and replied snottily, "I'm far too kind and pretty not to give him a chance." Olivia's lip curled slightly. "Ha! Who was the one affected by a mere comment yesterday?"

Pouting, Halma glared at her. "Why do you have to mention something I don't want to talk about?" Olivia considered for a moment before commenting, "Fine, then. Considering that you are now happy after going through so much, I'm not going to trouble you. Tell me how Nathan managed to convince you." Halma sat opposite Olivia and smiled. "He didn't. I was the one kind enough to keep him." Olivia's eyes brightened as she repeated, "Keep?" Halma laughed happily, yet it held a hint of resignation. "He moved over to my place yesterday." Olivia's eyes lit up again. "Moved to your place? Are you two—" Halma quickly put a stop to Olivia's wayward thoughts. "Stop, stop! He's just staying there. That's what happened last night. Is he still even human if he tried to take advantage of me?" Olivia let out a laugh upon hearing that. "So, you two were chatting under the covers, eh?" Halma retorted, "Haven't you and Eugene done that before?" Olivia sighed. "We're doing that now. It's far too difficult to look at something without being able to get a taste." Halma snorted. "If you're this covetous, how can Eugene stand it?"

Olivia instinctively wanted to say something but forced it down before it came out.

Halma stared at her appraisingly. "What's that look? Does he not crave you? Or do you have other ways to satisfy him?" Olivia realized that they were getting way off track and quickly dragged the conversation back on course. "We're talking about you and Nathan. Why are you mentioning me? Go on quickly." Halma laughed. "I'm guessing it's impossible for Eugene not to crave you. It must be the second option, then. You're satisfying him in other ways." Olivia thought that Halma was extremely accurate in her

assumptions. Eugene was her nemesis since she had never stopped after getting pregnant. She wondered how he had lived in the past when he was now so insatiable with her. "Alright, alright. You're the smartest and I'm in awe of you. Why is he sleeping over at your place? What about his mother?" At that, Halma replied, "He said he has fought with his parents and that they gave him everything he had, so they controlled many parts of his life. He has decided to be self-sufficient from now on and not stay in Muse Peninsula anymore. If I don't let him stay over at my place, he will have to sleep on the streets. Don't you think I'm kind and pretty?" Olivia pondered over this for a moment before asking suspiciously, "Aren't his parents divorced? Did he leave his mother alone at home?" Halma was taken aback when she heard that. "What did you say? His parents are divorced?!"

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Teaching Halma a Lesson

"I heard that she owns a petty magazine publisher. We should teach her a lesson someday!" "What are we waiting for? Let's do it now! We could teach her a lesson when she leaves for the washroom." Lexie kept quiet the whole time. Her expression softened at her friend's suggestion. She's right. I can't do anything to Nathan, but his girlfriend is just a magazine publisher. I don't need to be afraid of her. The group had finished their lunch a while ago, but their eyes just couldn't leave Olivia and Halma. At last, their wish came true. Halma finally left her table and headed to the washroom. The group exchanged a look and followed her. Halma took one of the cubicles before discovering that some people came into the washroom after her. Since it was a normal thing, she paid no attention to them. She wasn't expecting to get dumped over with a bucket of dirty water. The water soaked her from head to toe.

She was relieving herself when the water poured down on her, but the urge for relief vanished as soon as the water hit her. She screamed. Giving no thought to her condition, she immediately looked up. However, the culprit was no longer standing there. She pulled up her pants before reaching for the door. Somehow the door was locked from the outside, so she couldn't open it. Halma growled, "Who's out there? Open the door!" As soon as she finished the words, a woman poked out her head from another cubicle, her face covered by a scarf. She struck Halma with a broom handle. She hit Halma repeatedly, not caring where it hit. Halma tried to see the person's face, but the handle was made of wood. When it hit her, it hurt like hell. She had nowhere to hide in the limited space, so she could only cover her head with both hands. She cried out in pain but she shouted, "Stop it! Don't let me catch you, or else I'll make you pay!" Either the person was exhausted or Halma's warning got to the person, which was why the person finally stopped attacking Halma with the broomstick. Halma looked around and saw nobody, so she thought her assailants were gone. Therefore, she turned the doorknob, but to no avail. Then, she took out her phone to call Olivia. As soon as the call was connected, her assailant returned, hitting her with the broomstick again.

She immediately shoved her phone back into her pocket. She knew Olivia wouldn't hang up on her. She only put her phone away because she worried that her assailants would flee if they found that she was on a call. Besides, she was recording. I'll eventually get back at them. She yelled, "Who the hell are you? Why are you attacking me? Do I even know you? Are you aware that you're committing a crime right now? Show yourself if you're a decent person. Sneaking around is what a chicken does. Argh!"

There was no way her assailants would answer. They wanted to teach her a lesson, so they wouldn't even expose themselves. Her painful cry only encouraged the attacks. Halma had nowhere to escape. After all, the space in the cubicle was limited. Suddenly, she heard whistles as if it was a cue to the group. She had been waiting for Olivia. Knowing Olivia, she would surely know that Halma was in danger. Therefore, Halma had been paying attention to her surroundings. What is the whistle about? Before she could process the gesture, the broomstick had stopped striking at her. Is that a cue for them to leave? At that, she no longer hesitated. Just when the woman was descending, Halma stepped on the edge of the toilet and grabbed the woman's hand. The woman was frightened. She struggled and managed to slip her wrist out of Halma's grasp. Halma was frustrated. She pushed the door to go after them, but the door just wouldn't budge. It was her first time getting pranked. Annoyed, she kicked the door of the cubicle to vent. Even so, the door remained unmoving. Fueled by anger, she growled, "F*ck! Just you wait! I'm coming for you once I get out!"